

THE YEAR ZERO

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Robert Wakefield was born in Salford England in 1965. He spent some time in the Royal Air Force and then took up a career in the Prison Service. In 2007 his first novel Knights of God was published and within one month became a bestseller in the UK and USA. His second novel Legacy is achieving much the same attention. This his third novel is more a political statement of how frightening the world is becoming. A story of despair and hope in a crazy world.

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CHAPTER HEADING

**YEAR ZERO
DEVILS APPRENTICE
EDUCATING WILBUR
JOHANSBURG**

**TNT FOR THE BRAIN
WINDOW ON THE WORLD
JOHNS STORY
BAPTISM**

**THE CEREMONY
JOHANSBURG 2
AMOS STORY
THE ESCAPE**

**THE CONDITIONING MASTS
FEDERAL EUROPEAN GOVERNMENT
MIRIAMS STORY
LUKES STORY**

**MARKS STORY
THE PROPHET ISAIAH
ESTERS STORY
NATHANS STORY**

**SIGNAL TO THE WORLD
CLAMPDOWN
THE JOURNEY
FEDERAL EUROPEAN HQ. UK PROVINCE**

**THE CONCENTRATION CAMP
THE PROFESSOR
INCOMMUNICADO
LAB RATS**

**PARADISE
THE FABLE OF FLIGHT 33
THE VISION
PARADISE TWO**

**THE NEW WORLD ORDER
PARADISE THREE
THE ARCHITECT
A KNIGHTS TALE**

**THE MELTING POT
MARATHON MAN
MASSACRE
WARRIORS**

**GROUND CONTROL TO MAJOR TOM
A TRIAD OF HOPE
CATCHING THE FISH
FIRST STRIKE**

**FELLING A KING
LET THERE BE LIGHT
THE FINAL DAY
THE LABYRINTH**

**AVENGING THE VENGFUL
THE SAINTS ARE COMING
THE LABYRINTH CONTINUED
TUTOR TO A KING**

**BEACH COMBERS
THE SILENT STORM
THE JIG
LA NANG PROVINCE**

**WASHINGTON DC
THE FINAL MESSAGE
THE END
MISSION ACCOMPLISHED**

THE YEAR ZERO

The sun shone upon him from the topaz heavens and he felt the warmth of life that grasped him by his very soul. His arms were horizontal to his body and his body pinned upon the upright of the wooden cross. A wooden cross twenty foot tall how he got there had been a mystery although being here now was no mystery at all. He was stained from head to foot in dirt and his own vomit. His clothes were loose on his thin frame and his head ached with a constant drone. This however was the best day of his life. It had been the day he had awoken to the truth.

YEAR ZERO + 6 MONTHS

It had been just an ordinary day for Wilbur. He awoke dressed in a white shirt, his favorite tie and pinstriped suit. His body had a deep bronze tan and his blonde hair shone with vitality even in the lowest light. He headed out the house for work stopping at the snack van where he bought his morning coffee. The trees were evergreen, the flowers had bloomed well this summer and the streets were spotlessly clean. He acknowledged his neighbors all heading for another day at the office complex. He passed the fountain trickling sweetly and the rose beds that had the deep scented aroma of spring.

He sat at his desk and began the job he had done since he could not remember. The office of Sunshine Promotions where Wilbur confirmed bookings and made holiday arrangements that appeared upon his computer screen. He had no recollection of the destinations but images of tranquility filled his minds eye. At the end of the day he bid farewell to his colleagues and walked home. He passed the Fountain singing gently and breathed in the aroma of fresh flowers from the wonderful arrangements. He went to the snack van and he fancied a burger coated with cheese and plastered with onions. He ate the meal and went home.

The next day he arose bright and breezy as he had ever been. He went to the snack van and ordered his morning coffee which he sipped slowly as

he paced his way to the Office complexes. He sat at his desk with the tropical plant pot by his side that reminded him of the wonderful holidays he arranged for his clients and images of sunset beaches made him smile broadly. That day though the headaches had begun. A deep throbbing pain above his left ear and a humming that resounded in his ears drums. Then in the middle of his day a vision occurred to him. The pain so unbearable in his head that he imbedded it into the keyboard of his computer. The sickening smell of corpses that hit him first made him feel physically nauseous then he realized the stench of death was emanating from himself. His arm reached out to support his head but it wasn't his arm he thought. The fingers were just bones and the skin as pale as ash. He lifted his head from the desk but he was no longer in his office. He looked bewildered down a long never-ending production line, nameless faces going on forever sat opposite each other along a conveyor belt that stopped and then juddered back into life. In front of them were microchips and other electronic devices. The production line made small changes to the components then the belt moved on endlessly. The atmosphere so cold and unfeeling it made him shudder with dread.

The demented faces staring at him were all attired in overalls of gray drab material and the skies outside were just as dull. Shaking his head the pain stopped abruptly and the office returned with the plant pot on his desktop. The moronic smile upon his face had returned but his hollow eyes were haunted at what had just occurred. Wilbur became concerned and he couldn't figure out why he kept having these dark visions of despair and he felt his hands trembling with an unknown fear.

The day ended and Wilbur bided good day to his colleagues in his office and he headed off robotically out into the glorious sunshine of the dusk and a red haze christened the horizon signaling the enveloping curtain of approaching night. His eyes looked upon the beauty of the sunset and a feeling he had never known gripped him by his very soul. This was the first day God had returned to him.

As Wilbur walked home passed the glorious fountain in the square his headache abruptly began again. He looked around and the fountain had gone and instead just a stack of old rubble and bricks stood there bizarrely. All around him devastation, flattened buildings, charred remains and a

stench of pollution that stank of rotting corpses. The flowerbeds were nothing more than squares of garbage with mists of methane gas coming from them that made his stomach churn with a queasy sensation. Interwoven with the rubble were walkways lined with gray overall wearing people who ambled along in orderly lines. These lines of gray people were everywhere and he was amidst this tide of madness. They were skeletal thin adorning sores of lice and other insect bites on their heads. Their skin reddened hideously swollen by malnutrition and maltreatment. Their faces gaunt and haunted with eyes that resembled those of the living dead. They were queuing at the machines where they collected a white-labeled can where they peeled back the lid and drank the contents. Wilbur knew these drink machines had been where his burger van had stood. Then they meandered off vanishing into tin shacks amongst the devastation.

“Hey,” Wilbur said grabbing the man in front of him by the arm. The man just ignored him and ambled on down the line. The man behind Wilbur bumped past him, as if he didn’t exist. Another bumped into him nearly knocking Wilbur off his feet.

“Hey,” he called to the multitude of others in other lines who all paid no attention to his calls but they scurried on like mindless rats, taking no heed to anything. Wilbur was in despair like a ghost stood here invisible to everybody else in this featureless world that he had recognition of. Wilbur broke from the line and ran around the streets wildly wondering if he had gone completely insane. This place totally trashed a surreal nightmarish world that seemed to have loomed from the pages of some apocalypse.

“Hey anybody,” Wilbur called out now in desperation feeling cold and very frightened. All the Streets though were deserted and wreckage of mangled cars covered the roadways. The buildings were all collapsed and bombed out. Skeleton remains of human bodies lay in grotesque poses along the gutters and rats ran around in huge hordes picking from the bones of the dead. The place reeked of death, desolation and decay. Wilbur wanted to cry he did not know which way to turn or which way to go but he just kept running.

He turned a corner and stood there before him a Cross at the front of a demolished building with the sign bent and twisted that had wrote upon it. –St Johns Church-. It meant nothing to Wilbur who read it out.

“S.T. Johns Church,” he said in a blank tone.

He knew someone had been on that cross he stretched his arms out before it symbolically. He had a strange sense of peace here, the only thing that had not been completely destroyed a simple wooden cross. He shinned up the wood pole and placed his feet on a platform halfway up. There were two rings either side on the horizontal section and with precarious balance he grabbed hold of them with his hands. Spread-eagled in the poise of the crucified man he found a moment of solitude stood above the madness, chaos and destruction of the street below.

He had no idea of how long he had stayed there for, but eventually day had turned into night. He didn’t want to get down amongst the madness he had discovered and be apart of the crazy world in which he had awoken too. His arms wracked with pain but it made him realize that he was alive, his stomach gnawed with hunger as he had vomited a gray liquid that now clung to his chest and his head ached so bad he felt as if it would explode. He clung there as if for his very life. He had been enlightened somehow but he couldn’t explain it. He stayed there for his salvation, his self esteem for his soul. He felt rejuvenated but if he died here he no longer cared as below him, down there had no meaning and here he felt as if something within him was still alive. The voice in the night took him by surprise.

“Man watcha doin up there,” the voice had said and began laughing with a boom.

“You can see me, you can really see me,” Wilbur said with relief.

“Yeah man watcha doin hanging up there,”

“Don’t go please, I’m coming down.” Wilbur took his hands from the rings that had gone numb with no circulation and he went across the rubble where the man now stood. The man had dread-locked hair, a broad nose and mouth. He was black skinned and tall with broad shoulders.

“So can you tell me what’s happening,”

“Oh man it looks as if you’ve just had the big wake up call, boom da boom” the man laughed again, “I’m Amos follow me and ill take you to the Prophet Isaiah, on the way we gotta do some shopping,”

Wilbur followed the man through the rubble whilst he scavenged in buildings filling a sack with the objects he found.

“Here drink this,” Amos said throwing him a metal can.

“What it is,”

“Its Coke man, its da real thing, not the shit that blows your brain away,” he laughed again. “Drink it man enjoy,”

Wilbur pulled the ring and drank the fizzy sugary liquid. He had never been so parched and the liquid seemed to evaporate as it entered him.

“So what we doing,” Wilbur asked feeling heady with the surge of energy that the drink had given him.

“We doin the shopping man, get some food and supplies. You look like a ghost, here take these you look as if you gonna need them,” Amos threw a small container that rattled in the air. Wilbur caught it.

“What is this,” he asked bemused.

“Vitamin pills Man perk you up make you look peachy again,” he laughed again.

“What’s your name again,” Wilbur asked the stranger his memory seemed to be hazed.

“Its Amos bet you don’t know yours,” Amos laughed again.

“Yeah my names Wilbur,”

“How da ya know that Man,” Amos asked suspicious and confused.

“Look its on my arm,” Wilbur held his arm out for inspection.

“WIL 8UR.” Amos read it out then laughed like he hadn’t done in a long time. “Man your da best it means Workstation One, Level Eight, Utopian Region. Never mind hey Man Wilbur suits you just fine,”

“My name is Wilbur,” Wilbur looked at his arm again puzzled.

“Come on man we gotta shoot,” Amos headed back through the rubble and Wilbur followed him until they came to a stairwell that descended under the earth.

“This is the tube station man Piccadilly,” he informed him.

“The what station,”

“Never mind man just follow me we nearly there,”

In the Tube Station Wilbur was greeted by strangers than a man with a white beard and white hair came to him. He had kind eyes and it looked upon the new arrival with warmth.

“Hello welcome to our community. I know you’re confused and you look very stressed,” the white haired man held his hands out in an open gesture. “Yep,” Wilbur nodded feeling the exhaustion overcoming him. “Get some rest and we will begin your re-education. I am Isaiah the leader here,” Isaiah went to shake Wilbur’s hand but he just collapsed into a heap on the train station platform.

DEVILS APPRENTICE

Basra. Southern Iraq. Before Year Zero.

It had been many years since the coalition forces had invaded Iraq. Sgt Marcel Sinclair and Sgt Paul Jacobs of the SAS walked the perimeter of the target area once again. The mosques blasted out the azan (the call to prayer) and the streets were reasonably serene. The market though still bustled with people buying from the fruitier, fish stalls and other necessary articles. The SAS men were working undercover dressed in loose fitting jezebels and donning a red/white checked shameel of the Shiite Muslim. They walked passed the carcasses of cattle hung up whose blood still ran from the tear in their throat. They placed the sports bag near a water trough and casually walked away. It had been another routine operation to infuriate the population and fan the waves of war news back home.

Police Sergeant Aref Sabawi had been watching the two strange men from the seat of his car. He had lived in Basra since he was a boy and knew everybody in Town. He radioed in for back up.

“This is Alpha Nine request back up central market suspects two terrorists and I think they just planted a bomb in the market,” he said with his voice trembling with panic getting out of the drivers seat.

“Clear the area, there’s a bomb, Quickly run,” he screamed out.

Marcel realizing they had been rumbled pressed the remote detonator. BOOM, bodies, carcasses of meat and fragments of the market were thrown into the air. Proceeded by people screaming and the panicking

sounds of terror. Dead bodies lay strewn amongst carcasses of animal and human meat. Blood and vegetables were soaking into the sand. Women screamed out in anguish and others stone deaf by the blast stared about them in instant trauma.

“Freeze,” Aref Shouted bringing his 9mm browning to the firing position. “Fuck were compromised,” Marcel, said who had already taken out his Glock pistol and fired three shots as they ran into the side streets. The Police Sergeant managed to duck behind his car as the three rounds whizzed above his head.

More Police were arriving as the back up had come running to the Sergeants call. Three Officers chased the SAS but Marcel clicked off a few more rounds in his wake. He hit one policeman killing him instantly and wounded another.

The two covert operators fled into the narrow alleyways where dogs barked and women who had been hanging washing ran back indoors. Aref gathered his men, who knew their town well and they divided into two groups to encircle the bombers. Marcel and Jacobs ran like the wind down the meandering alleyways but the place was like a maze. They came to the end of the sandstone buildings to find Iraqi Police with Automatic weapons in their hands blocking the exit way.

They doubled back through the maze to find more Police covering the exits in that direction.

“You have one minute,” A voice came over of Aref using a loud hailer ”to lay down your weapons before we move in,” he warned them.

“Fuck, Fuck,” Marcel raged” How much ammo you got,”

“One clip,” Jacobs responded.

“Damn me too,”

“You are completely surrounded with more of my Officers arriving on the scene every second. So any escape would be impossible,” Aref reaffirmed their position.

“Looks like the games up old chum,” Marcel said with an ironic grin.

“Okay hold your fire, were dropping our weapons now and coming out with our hands raised,” Jacobs called as they marched out with their hands on their heads. They came out of hiding to be surrounded by AK47 wielding Iraqi Police Officers.

“Get on your knees,” they were ordered.

They complied receiving kicks and rifle butt blows from the furious Iraqi peacekeepers. Nearly half unconscious they were handcuffed with plastic ties and thrown onto the back of a pick up truck.

At the Central Basra Police Station both men were photographed, fingerprinted and asked a hundred questions. They both refused to answer any of the questions directed at them, so they locked them up in the holding cells on insurgency charges.

“There both British,” Aref spoke to his comrade bemused, “We best pass this on to the Government to handle,” he picked up the phone.

The situation had gone diplomatic with the Iraqi Government infuriated at learning that Special Operations Teams were blowing up their market places and shooting at their police officers.

“You will both be hung for this,” Aref told them coldly still angry at the death of so many innocent people.

That evening Marcel reflected on how bad there situation had really become. They had been undercover for over a month planting car bombs, placing roadside IEDs and putting the C4 parcels in public places. They had made the headlines on several occasions and all those incidents were blamed on the handful of real insurgents that had not the resources to carry out such large operations. The Southern part of Iraq a few weeks back had been quiet and peaceful. The main terrorist attacks were upon the American Forces in the North. The South being so calm had lead to its doom. The British Public were demanding the brave troops who had liberated Iraq be allowed to return home-Mission accomplished. So secret units had been sent out to stir up hostility and Marcel had been the perfect choice for this brutal and terrible task. They had been caught in the act, the worse case scenario for plausible deniability. The two prisoners sat perplexed of how if at all possible could they get out of this situation.

The next moment there were sounds of automatic gunfire and more heavily mounted MG bursts. The wall of the Police Station abruptly exploded with a thundering mechanical crash and a Centurion Tank stood in the opening. Four British Soldiers SA80 in hand ran to the holding cells.

“How’s it going Boys,” they cajoled opening the cell door.

“Thought you’d never get here,” Jacobs replied with a wry smile.

The cell door opened and they followed the rescue party through the wreckage of the Police Station. Four Iraqi Policemen were stood with their hands on the heads with other British soldiers training their weapons on them.

As the two SAS men were rushed passed them Jacobs looked into the faces of the Police Officers.

“You’ll never get away with this, if this is western democracy then we spit upon it,” Aref yelled at the two SAS men.

“We will get away with it old boy, that’s how it goes in the real world,” Marcel answered him not with scorn but respect for a man who had managed to catch him.

EDUCATING WILBUR

Wilbur’s re-education began by learning who he was all over again. Some of the dreams or visions as Isaiah called them sometimes brought him bolt upright in his sleep. He recollected a world of wonder that had been mankind before the Evil of man had decided that they did wish to share this paradise with anybody else. This had gone on all through mankind’s history where the poor were taxed, where the unfortunate were made slaves and where the weak were annihilated. Wilbur contemplated why couldn’t we all be just equal, but he knew that even in times of peace the strong had preyed upon the weak. The rich upon the poor and those in power had used it with dishonesty and disgrace. So many questions he had in his mind and he knew now what a jigsaw puzzle his mind had become. “Wilbur I need a word,” Isaiah said coming into his rudimentary quarters of a lost property room in the station.

“Yeah fine,”

“We need to cut open your right hand,” Isaiah informed him abruptly

“Why”

“You carry the mark of the beast,”

“What mark,” Wilbur looked at him with horror.

“They put a microchip in your hand called a verichip, it has a bar code and has locating device can be used to track you. Every bar code they put on

products had a six at the beginning, a six in the middle and a six at the end. In the book of revelation it predicted everyone would carry the mark of the beast, Before the Year Zero they outlawed money people used cards to buy goods with credits being counted electronically. It had been prophesized that no one would be allowed to buy or sell without this mark. The mark of the beast was the first curse they put upon us. All this we will talk about later first we need to get it out before you're registered as missing. The factory workers sometimes pass away of natural causes and from time to time find they find the corpses to ascertain they are no more," "Just do it, lets not talk anymore," Wilbur replied being overwhelmed by explanation.

Isaiah led Wilbur to the ticket office where they set him in a chair. Amos was there and a woman Wilbur had never set eyes on before.

"Wilbur this is Ester she joined us last year she has volunteered to help with the procedure,"

"Hey," Wilbur smiled at her. Ester had long brown hair that hung down the back of the white coat she now wore. She turned and had alluring brown eyes. Her demeanor serious and her mouth showing no hostile emotion replied.

"Hi,"

"Okay lets begin," Isaiah said as Ester swabbed back of his hand with alcohol and with almost a hint of pleasure Ester said;

"This may hurt," Wilbur winced as a scalpel sliced into his hand.

Isaiah had the next turn opening the wound with tweezers he parted the two flaps of skin. Wilbur felt the ligaments and the finger bones being forced apart. Ester had a thin pair of tweezers that had long nose she forced them into his muscle. She located the bullet shaped object and began to force it out.

"Aaargh," Wilbur groaned with the pain.

Within a few seconds of Wilbur gritting his teeth the small object had been completely removed.

Next Ester took a needle and began stitching up the wound by this time Wilbur had tears in his eyes.

The verichip Isaiah placed in a tin box and gave it straightaway to Amos.

"You know what to do with this,"

“I know man what to do with it.” Amos took the tin and ran off into the night. He found a suitable corpse of a worker who had dropped dead through natural causes a while back. He assumed he’d already been ticked off the missing list. He pushed the verichip into the putrefied flesh of the right arm.

“God Man you one stinky mother,” Amos remarked with the disgusting odor coming from the corpse.

Wilbur had recovered his senses the wound on his hand now only throbbed with the four stitches holding it together.

“Okay now we have to do the same with the bio chip in your head, if its malfunctioned it may cause gangrene and if it’s leaking anything it shouldn’t,” Isaiah informed him matter of factly.

“Will it hurt,” Wilbur asked still shaken from the arm op.

“Drink this lots of it,” Isaiah handed him a bottle of 100% vodka they had distilled themselves and used for surgical procedures only Wilbur winced at the strength of the alcohol and its coarse taste.

They waited a while until the bottle had been nearly drained and Wilbur had a moronic smirk brandished across his face.

“Lets begin,”

Isaiah found the hole in his skull with his fingertips where they had inserted it. Ester cut a square of hair and then shaved the top of Wilbur’s head. She used the scalpel and made the incision. Isaiah held a torch shining the beam into the cut. Searching with the tweezers they found the metallic looking object in the gray orb of his brain. As gently as he could and with the patience of a Saint he lifted it slowly.

“Here goes,” Isaiah had said as the object began to lift.

Attentively he pulled the biochip so it became visible a fraction at a time. Wilbur’s face contorted fiercely with the strange sensations of pain.

“Nearly there,” Isaiah reassured him as it was now clearly visible.

With a sucking sound the Biochip the size of a thumbnail came free. Ester quickly cleansed the wound, stitched it and dressed it.

“All foreign objects removed successfully,” Isaiah said proudly.

“You will find your visions become more vivid with no inhibitor to quell them,” he had continued with.

“Okay thanks for the warning,” Wilbur replied still dazed from the operation.

“One more thing the X10 Multi-beta Drink you’ve been living on has a detox period. You will still have to drink a can a day for some time yet,” Isaiah informed him but Ester shot him an accusing glance.

“That stuff I threw it up. It tasted real bad do you not have an alternative,” Wilbur protested.

“There’s no alternative you will have to grin and bear it. If you want to survive,” Isaiah cleaned up the instruments in the sink.

JOHANSBURG SOUTH AFRICA-YEAR ZERO

Ben Mitchell the Shift manager readied his team before the iron gate of the elevator.

“We were under quota yesterday Joel, try make it up today,” he wiped the sweat from his brow as the heat underground could be unbearable at times.

“Ok boss,” Joel the Foreman acknowledged a big muscular framed black skinned man who had worked at the Sonder Gold Mine since he had been a boy.

They heard the generator fire into life and the rattling of chains as the Elevator bringing the night shift began to rise. The team of twenty workers waited patiently and silently. They found no joy going into hell, not like the shift who were coming up they could hear, their rapturous laughter already. The lift shock abruptly as it stopped and the metal gates opened.

“Hey Joel have a good shift,” Mugabe a fellow worker from his village had said to him.

“You don’t get too drunk now,” Joel, answered him back with irony.

The day shift crammed into the lift and the grated sliding door locked them into the elevator car. The generator whined and the lift began its descent into the abyss. The lift had completed half the journey when it felt as if God had hit a hammer on the Earth. The lift shuddered so violently and then dropped. Freefalling twenty foot but it halted sharply as the emergency brake kicked in. The men in the lift were thrown in the air then smashed onto the floor. Joel had broken his nose and his back had hit the

metal plate driving the wind from his lungs. He could taste the metallic taint of blood in his mouth.

“Is everyone okay he gasped,” he looked around in the darkness but the elevator light bulbs were shattered and had gone out.

“I’m okay,” Samuel responded

“Me too,” another voice responded.

“Mitchell’s not moving Joel,” Joel crawled through the battered bodies towards the shift manager.

He tried to lift his head but it flopped to one side. He had seen this many times before when chickens had their necks snapped for the dinner plate.

“He’s dead,” he responded.

They lay there in the darkness for an age awaiting the Mines rescue teams to arrive. Then Joel caught the faint sound coming from above.

“Shush everyone,” he told the others.

“Heelloo, Hello,” he made the echo of the voice calling from above.

“Hey, hey were trapped down here,” Joel and the others responded.

“So are we trapped too,” the voice responded which puzzled them.

“What’s happening,” Joel questioned.

“Everywhere outside is gone, boom big bomb,” came the answer.

They looked at each other in the darkness with a knotted ball of dread growing within them.

TNT FOR THE BRAIN

The headache that had plagued Wilbur since his awakening had gone. The biochip even though malfunctioning had still been receiving the fm conditioning frequencies and the vibrations had tormented him with pain. A knocking sound in his head that sometimes would drive him insane. With the Biochip removed he only had the dull pain of healing which he found miniscule in comparison.

Life at Piccadilly Tube Station was never dull there were at least twenty people here but Wilbur had only ever met a handful. They were always busy searching for supplies and he had also noticed the odd secret meeting he had not been privy too. With Isaiah's help he picked up reading again with miraculous ease as old knowledge had rekindled within him. He read newspapers from before year zero and began to gain a perspective of a world that had abruptly vanished. Isaiah filled in many of the gaps and eventually he had figured out what really had occurred.

“So your saying the conquest of all mankind had been preplanned for over a century before it actually occurred,” Wilbur asked one of the countless questions with his mind active and brimming with curiosity like a five-year-old child.

“That's correct a global Elitist group through secret societies had a doctrine of goals they needed to achieve. So each generation had the mission of one of the goals. First they gained control of all the financial institutions. When they had complete dominance over the banks they then concentrated on controlling currency and in effect they had the wealth of the world in their grasp.”

“If money were too suddenly have no value then they would of collapsed, sorry my heads trying to see why people didn't stop this,”

“Money they invented and it was money that led to control, let me explain. They formed secret societies plotted against the people of this world. Their major people, the people in charge used influence to recruit rich and influential backers. Eventually they owned their own companies and corporations as fronts. So they were nameless and faceless individuals. They invested in one business, banking and ruthlessly they monopolized this industry. After they had the banks they took control of the major

governments as it took money to run for Government so all they did was bankroll the selected people they had chosen. Who were in league with their own ideals. Elections became shams of fixed votes through computerized counting, as the New World Order owned the Election counting systems. So they always fixed it to get the right results. The peoples right to choose had once and for all been eradicated from the equation. I remember a time when Scotland sensing the coming storm made a brave stands in the elections. They were only a few seats away from Independence and then the votes came in. The safe seats they required were suddenly clouded with election fraud as too many slips been placed and others tampered with. It had been deliberate sabotage so the Scottish would stay enslaved to a system that had nearly managed to escape from. Pity other countries in the world at that time had not the courage to stand as one against oppression and demand a fair world for all people. Then with so many countries and so many leaders the Election Software Company itself became a global industry whereas every Government who wanted a fair election had to sign up to computerized voting. It was hailed as the only trustworthy and foolproof system for a democratic society but they controlled the computers they did the count. It all was a complete sham. They did however find some opposition but it was too few and too far between as I have explained even then they used nefarious means to undermine the slightest opposition. To counter this threat from the many nations who had diverse ideas to their own, they began amalgamating the world. We in the UK were railroaded into the European Federal Government where we came under a complete dictatorship. Twelve Council members more corrupt than the worse gangsters of our time. The first law they passed ironically made them immune to every law in the twenty-six states they had dominion over. They could murder, exhort and rape in the name of the Federal European Union without any charge. It would have been Adolph Hitler's best dream who had used all his airpower to try and conquer our noble Isle and he failed. We had lost control over our laws, police forces and military we gave it all way to this European Government without even a murmur. The brave dead soldiers on the beaches of Dunkirk must have been spinning in their graves. God rest their souls"

“I remember fragments in my dreams, I remember that taxes increased, people became really poor and riots were breaking out in major cities,”

“There was some insurrection, too few and by then far too late. The world had been sliced into many parts, Europe, North American Alliance, Asia, Eurasia and the Russian federation.”

“Did people in other countries suspect that something terrible was about to happen,”

“Some did but whoever came forward as a spokesman for the people they were imprisoned without charge and then they were the first of the conditioning experiments. Money had gone by this time everything was now credit on a chip. You did a days work got a credit and you could eat. You complained or you refused to work, they stopped your credits and you starved to death,”

“So why all the devastation out there,” Wilbur asked pointing to the entrance of the Tube Station.

“They had worked it out this new world elite they had no need for so many people as it drained resources and so they decided that mankind needed a cull. They had tried before with manmade diseases Aids, H.I.V and Bird Flu but man is a virulent creature they discovered”

“You mean massacre”?

“I mean bombs dropping out the sky and tanks mowing people down in the streets. It was wholesale slaughter and it lasted, the killing for over a year,”

“The survivors like me were caught and conditioned,”

“Yep that’s about it,”

“So why aren’t we fighting them now, why don’t we wake everybody up and pay these bastards back,” Wilbur angry and incensed by these callous rulers who had overthrown the free world.

“We will be soon, things are in motion but they take time, and we are at a loss without one man,” Isaiah said musingly.

“Which man,”

“Methdios is his name, he’s being held in a top security prison in the East. We have a man inside working at the prison,”

“If he’s a prisoner Methidios why haven’t they conditioned him,” Wilbur had a puzzled but fascinated look wrote upon him.

“They haven’t not yet, he’s the one who invented the biochip and the radio grids. They need his knowledge for the time being .So they keep him locked away as he’s a man of conscience and has expressed views that are of concern to the New Worlds directions. Our man in the Prison says Methdios has a way of beating the system that he created. He’s our only hope of regaining any sanity from this insane world,”

As Wilbur walked along the platform pondering all this new information and trying to get focus to his own life he was suddenly interrupted.

“You like listening to all that bullshit,” Amos had spoken, ”Banning Habeas Corpus, no trial by Jury, imprisoning you without charge. Isaiah finds all that stuff intriguing coz he remembers it. He forgets we don’t quite get it but still he brainwashes it into our own paranoia,” Amos had continued seriously.

“Maybe he is telling us how things went wrong. Maybe he’s trying to make certain if we ever get out of this mess that the world would of learnt from its past mistakes,”Wilbur explained to him.

“Man your as bad as he is,” Amos shook his head and walked away.

WINDOW ON THE WORLD-YEAR ZERO

They watched the monitor open-mouthed agape with bewilderment. The International Space Station looked down upon the blue glory of the planet Earth. They made out pinpricks of flashes on the screen and they knew only nuclear devices caused such anomalies.

“Oh My God, there’s a nuclear war,” Pulaski the Scientific Officer held her hand over her mouth as she stated the dreaded sentence.

“Get NASA on the line,” the Commander Trivarchious told the Communications Officer Chow Yun.

“There’s nothing all Comms are down,” Chow Yun informed him assuredly.

“EMF must of took out the link,” the Commander mused perplexed at what was occurring upon the Earth.

“I don’t figure it Commander we’ve had flashes in most of the third world regions but the west and east seem to be pretty much untouched. If there were to be a nuclear war you’d have put money on it being between East

and West. I don't figure it at all it may be some natural phenomenon like a super volcano or something we have not yet figured," Captain Clemence made his own views known of what they were witnessing.

JOHNS STORY -YEAR ZERO

John Stokes had joined the Prison Service 5 years before Year Zero. He had been posted to High Security Prison at Wisbech, Cambridgeshire. HMP Whitemoor. The most secure detention facility in Europe at the time. He worked on Delta Wing with the Murderers, Armed Robbers and professional Gangsters in our community. He walked the Landings after 5 years learning from the Officers who had grinded the landings before him and he himself had built up rapports with many Inmates. Confident now as he strolled the wing not like the first year when fear had consumed his stomach each time he had entered this place. The fear had become numb as he had seen so much violence and had to use violence that he no longer feared fear itself. That morning he would soon learn how to fear once again.

"Mr. Stokes Sir have you seen this " an Inmate named Jackson 8 years GBH had called him to his cell.

Stokes Entered with the glowing box showing the devastation of Buckingham palace upon the News Report.

"Wow that's bad," he mouthed.

"They'll be bringing back hanging for this Mr. Stokes" Jackson commented.

"Well this worlds gone mad wars in Iraq, Iran, Korea and there announcing a new Syrian front the American/Russian coalition" Stokes echoed his thoughts on world events.

Then the News changed to the bombs exploding at Parliament Square. Both Officer and Inmate fell silent, they knew what was occurring would be a major event upon both of them.

The Next day came fast as the News on the glowing box had filled every body's heads with the tragic news and the images reverberated in their

minds. John made his way to Delta Wing for Unlock. His work colleagues discussing the tragedy in the Tea Room.

“Who’s our boss now then Gov, No home SEC or King” Jenkins asked the Senior Officer.

“Who gives a fuck someone still has to unlock these creatures. Lets get them out,” he said standing.

“Stand Fast” a voice boomed from the Center of the Wing.

It was Governor Reilly with black clad Special Forces units in his wake.

“All go back into the tea room ill debrief you on our new function,”

Coming onto the Wing John Stokes espied them first, four American Generals decorated to the hilt upon their green uniformed jackets with an escort of armed men walking onto Delta wing. They looked deadly serious and had an intimidating air wrought upon them.

The Briefing hadn’t taken long but the message would take many years to sink in before it rotted their souls.

“Today the atrocities committed in the capitol declare for us to conduct extreme courses of action. Civil unrest is on the rise and the prison population is at a high. We need space and men today you will provide escort while we make that space,”

“Provide escort while we make that space” The Governors words rang in John Stokes mind. Weren’t those words that caught him aghast it was what he had been asked to do?

“Stokes get two strong orderlies for burial duty”

John Stokes out of a wing of 130 inmates had to choose two who would survive. One hundred and twenty eight others condemned to death.

Delta Wing had three spurs red, green and blue which each holding roughly between forty and forty-eight prisoners. The inmates were already thundering on the doors as unlock was thirty minutes late. The first door was opened red spur cell number 12 landing 1. The occupant was Miles Mendoza a Jamaican yardie convicted of four gangland murders in Soho London.

“Hey Man wots goin on you know, this shit unlocking us when you want blood clot,” Miles did his usual moaning as the officers escorted him to the exercise yard.

The silenced heckler and Koch rang once as his brains left the back of his deadlocked head. The two escorting officers nearly collapsed in shock until the black clad men began shouting orders.

“Okay Move it get the next one”

John Stokes had chosen Jackson and a young prisoner named Hugh who had killed his girlfriend for cheating on him with a knife. The coroner had counted 47 stab wounds and the Judge had labeled the attack frenzied. Stokes had rapport with these two violent men and had seen beyond there moments of madness and found a human within. The Soldier looked at Stokes piercing eyes through the ski mask.

“Get a move on” he motioned

Jackson and Hugh had been briefed by Stokes. They grabbed the body by feet and hands and carried him onto the Sports field. They never said a word carried on robotically until they carried out the fifth body.

“Mr. Stokes are they gonna us kill us too,” Jackson asked his voice trembling.

“I don’t know” John remarked earnestly then added” If your busy they need you, so lets get busy”

D wing all 128 inmates lay in a neat line on the Sports field and then C wing began to join them. At Nightfall Alpha and bravo lay out there too. As the moon rose the segregation unit and hospital were empty as the prison population stared deathly at the stars. John Stokes was physically and mentally exhausted although nearly 600 prisoners had now to be buried. Not individually but in pits thrown in and filled in the most economic fashion. Johns shift had finished at 8pm but no staff were allowed to leave the prison. At dawn 8 pyramid mounds of the dead prisoners had been created on the football pitch.

John’s eyes wanted to close and his heart wanted to cry. Jackson and Hugh completely dumbfounded and totally exhausted were asleep on the slope of a burial mound.

“Mr. Stokes” a voice called.

John turned to see the Senior Officer at the Sports Field gate.

“Mr. Stokes bring those inmates inside give us a hand with the new arrivals”

New arrivals John thought but as he got to the Prison Reception he saw the line of green buses stretching back to the horizon.

“Who are they?” he asked

“Insurgents” the Reception Officer added.

Then they came women in there eighties, children as young as five and mentally ill people dragged from hospitals.

“What the hell have these supposed to have done” John mouthed seeing the wretched coming in.

“Who cares mate lets just do the job,” the Reception Officer stated nonchalantly.

The New arrivals were processed: stripped, showered and given orange boiler suits the Americans had supplied. They were marched to the wings then the exercise yard and then they made new pyramids on the football pitch.

BAPTISM

It was soon Wilbur’s turn to do a little scavenging and Amos led him outside showing him the ropes. As they left Piccadilly they went from one bombed out shell of a building to another.

“Be careful here man,” Amos pointed to the huge towers where cameras monitored the City in every direction.

“How you evade them,” Wilbur looked concerned at these almost alien structures rising above the ruined landscape.

“They have blind spots and nowadays the cameras are not always manned 24/7 like in the old days,” Amos informed him.

They crossed open ground, which used to be a roadway and Wilbur noted the huge column that had toppled to the ground.

“Poor old Nelson,” Amos mumbled to himself.

They entered a doorway of a building still relatively unscathed. Amos ran off down the dusty aisles with his shopping list. Wilbur looked at the dust-covered items on the shelves. Strange names of products were on things that he had long forgotten their meaning. He glanced upon an orange

square block and it triggered something in his mind. He grabbed one of the orange blocks and pocketed it quickly.

“Come on man we got work to do,” Amos called down to him, his sack already bulging with booty.

On the way back Wilbur made out a pack of dogs roaming wild on the streets of the City.

“We don’t wanna mess with them mothers, they nasty man. Leave them to chase the rats and pray they leave us alone,” Amos told him knowingly as many times the Pit bulls, Rottweilers, and other savage mongrel dogs had chased him through the ruins. He had even fought off two pit bulls with a scaffolding pole a few months back. He knew the meaning of the term dangerous dog all too well.

They passed the fallen column and into the maze of devastation. Amos grabbed Wilbur by the shoulder and forced him down slowly.

“Shush,” he whispered too him.

Wilbur lay there in the brick dust and the cobwebs but couldn’t hear a single thing. He glared at Amos with annoyance but Amos let his eyes wander to their right. Wilbur could see it a disk like object with black evil eyes. It hovered above the ruins scanning the terrain. It seemed to stay an age then as quickly as it had appeared it disappeared again.

“What the hell was that,” Wilbur gasped out knowing he could breath out now without swallowing cobwebs.

“It’s a drone they use them to patrol the streets, they sneaky things you can hear the vibration of them coming if you stay toasty out here,” Amos said.

Wilbur breathed a sigh of relief once they got back to Piccadilly for the first time he looked upon this place as home. He had seen how dangerous the city had become and he realized this place was a haven.

In the Tube station they had running water still however with no electricity they had not the luxury of warming it for ablutions. Wilbur sat on a chair whilst the shower ran cold water in the background drowning out the voices of the others. He took out the orange block he had taken; He unwrapped the greaseproof paper and sniffed the block under the wrapper. The coarse smell brought back a flood of hidden memories from his lost world. He sniffed it again and he was now a young boy. His mother had

caught him using foul language and he stood there with a carboric block of orange soap in his mouth.

“That will teach you not to swear,” his mother scolded him and he had tears in his eyes with the foul taste that burnt his mouth.

His Mother made him bite into that block for over an hour before she allowed him to remove it. Wilbur recalled washing his mouth out with cold water over and over again.

Wilbur had tears in his eyes now with the memory. He felt angry not being able to truly understand who he was and where he had been. He got in the shower with the soap in his mouth and stood there with water cascading over him. He then took out the soap scrubbed his whole body down. The sins of the past he cleansed away and his body smelt pure again with the overpowering stench of carboric. When he came back into the main tube station he was a rejuvenated man. He had shed a tear for who he had been and now rejoiced for what he had become.

THE CEREMONY – ZERO YERO –1 DAY

Shrouded in black cowls symbolizing the power of darkness, the thirteen formed a circle in the Temple. On the west wall stood an altar of a naked woman crouched on all fours with an altar cloth over her back. The God Baphomet looked down from the wall onto the proceedings. A representation of Satan, which has been referred to throughout all the ages by different names. The goat of a thousand young, the black goat, the Judas goat and most significantly the scapegoat. The goat head of Baphomet set into a pentagram with the five points of the star. Three points up and two down is the correct position of the pentagram symbolizing the spirit of man. In this ceremony the pentagram had been inverted. The two horns of the goats representing duality thrust up in defiance the other three points inverted putting the Holy Trinity in denial. The circle encompassing the pentagram had Hebraic symbolism with the magical words of the Kabala spelling out-Leviathan-. The Serpent of the watery abyss-Satan-.

Black candles alighted the Temple epitomizing the light of Lucifer, the living flame, the burning desire and the fires of Hell. On the altar of the

naked nymph stood one larger black candle and one white candle. One stood for the left hand path of Satan and one for the right hand path of God.

A gong resounded calling forth the spirits of the abyss. Then a bell rang out nine times. On each ring the bell rotated then the gong resounded again. A silver chalice was passed amongst them and each took a sip from the cup.

The Priest began making an invocation to Satan:

“In nomine Dei nostri Satanus Luciferi excelsi!

In the name of Satan, the Ruler of the earth, the King of the world, I command the forces of Darkness to bestow their Infernal Power upon me!

Open wide the gates of Hell and come forth from the abyss to greet me as your brother and friend!

Grant me the indulgences of which I speak!

I have taken thy name as a part of myself! I live as the beasts of the field, rejoicing in the fleshly life! I favor the just and curse

The rotten!

By all the Gods of the Pit, I command that these things of which I speak shall come to pass!”.

“Come forth and answer to your names by manifesting my desires!”.

“Shehamforash! Hail Satan” they called and the gong resounded again.

The Priest now called out the First Key listing the Temporal Laws of Satan

Mortimer his face hidden under the ceremonial cowl had attended too many of these debacle meetings and he had never really entered into the spirit of the occasion. It had been a means to an end. Worshiping the right ideals to get the right connections in the power-mongering world of the Elite. The ceremony today seemed different; today Mortimer began to fear the malevolent forces that they had been adulating.

The Priest called out to his Lord over the power his magicians that had gained in domination of the World.

Behold! saith Satan, I am a circle on whose hands stand the Twelve Kingdoms. Six are the seats of living breath, the

Rest is as sharp as sickles, or the Horns of Death. Therein the creatures of Earth are and are not, except in mine own hands

Which sleep and shall rise!

The Priest calls the cycle of time to bring it forth on this hallowed eve.

Mortimer felt light headed, he perspired uncontrollably and adrenaline ran through his veins. He had an experience of becoming unsteady as if the earth was opening up beneath his feet.

The Priest now thanked their Lord for the misdirection they had conjured upon the whole world.

The mighty sounds have entered into the third angle and are become as seedlings of folly, smiling with contempt

Upon the Earth, and dwelling in the brightness of the Heaven as continual comforters to the destroyers of self.

The gong rang and silence fell. They paused for a moment and the gong rang out again calling in the New Age. The Satanic Age that would be fulfilled on this day. Mortimer heard the drone of the gong reverberating. He had been apart of the great misdirection, shaping the European Economic Union to swallow up the United Kingdom. The EEC an idea masterminded by Herman Goering for the Nazi States vision of the future of Europe. Napoleon had seen England as the biggest threat to Europe with its vast trading Empire. Himmler and Goering had passed on their secret documents of their vision of the post war Europe before their demise. Mortimer had been one of the guardians of the heralded way forward. Dismantling his own Country as an Economic force so Europe could reap the spoils. Winston Churchill had stated if he had to choose between Europe and the open sea. He would turn to the sea every time. That's what Mortimer wanted to do now was sail away into oblivion and far away from this madness around him.

They now prayed for the salvation of their Master and his breaking of the bonds of his imprisonment.

Ineffable King of Hell!

The Priest held the symbolic phallus to the four corners shaking it at each cardinal direction. To make the pious and sterile delight in the sexual pleasures of the world.

O ye swords of the South, which have eyes to stir up the wrath of sin,
 making men drunken which are empty;
 Behold! The promise of Satan and His power, which is called amongst ye
 a bitter sting! Move and appear! Unveil the mysteries
 Of your creation! For I am the servant of the same, you're God, the true
 worshipper of the highest and ineffable King of Hell!
 On the fourteenth key they called out to laws of vengeance and injustice to
 be wrought upon the earth.

O ye sons and daughters of mildewed minds, that sit in judgment of the
 inequities wrought upon me - Behold!
 Then on the sixteenth key he called on the Demons and ancient Gods of
 the old to aid them in their hour of need.
 O thou, the governor of the first flame, under whose wings are the
 spinners of cobwebs that weave the Earth with
 Dryness; that knowest the great name "righteousness" and the seal of false
 honor. Move therefore, and appear! Open the
 Mysteries of your creation! Be friendly unto me, for I am the same! The
 true worshipper of the highest and ineffable King of
 Hell!

The Priest let the gong resound as they called out for dominion over the
 Earth.

O thou second flame, the house of justice, which hast thy beginnings in
 glory and shalt comfort the just; which
 Walketh upon the Earth with feet of fire; which understands and separates
 creatures! Great art thou in the God of stretch-forthand and Conquer.
 Move therefore, and appear! Open the mysteries of your creation! Be
 friendly unto me, for I am the same!
 True worshipper of the highest and ineffable King of Hell!

On the seventeenth key they called the numbered one of revelation and
 asked him to bring about the reign of Hell upon the Earth.

O thou third flame! Whose wings are thorns to stir up vexation, and who
 hast myriad living lamps going before thee;
 Whose God is wrath in anger - Gird up thy loins and harkens! Move
 therefore, and appear! Open the mysteries of your creation!
 Be friendly unto me, for I am the same! The true worshipper of the highest
 and ineffable King of Hell!

The gong resounded six times. Then six times and then six times again. On the eighteenth key they called for Lucifer to be cast out from the fires of hell.

On the final key they prayed and chanted for the law of thrift to be placed upon the Earth and the laws of the Jungle upon Mankind.

O ye pleasures which dwell in the first air, ye are mighty in the parts of the Earth, and execute the judgment of the

Mighty. Unto you it is said: Behold the face of Satan, the beginning of comfort, whose eyes are the brightness of the stars,

Which provided you for the government of the Earth, and her unspeakable variety; furnishing you a power of understanding to

Dispose all things according to the providence of Him that sitteth on the Infernal Throne, and rose up in the Beginning saying:

Lucifer the King.

Open wide the gates of Hell! The lower heavens beneath you let them serve you! Govern those who govern! Cast

Down such as fall. Bring forth those that increase, and destroy the rotten.

No place, let it remain in one number.

Diminish until the stars be numbered. Arise! Move! And appear before the covenant of His mouth, which He hath sworn unto us...

The Ceremony had ended and Mortimer now pondered upon what they had unleashed upon the Earth. He felt sick for the misery about to be unleashed upon mankind and he wanted to shed a tear but he knew weakness would not be tolerated amongst his peers.

JOHANSBURG SOUTH AFRICA-YEAR ZERO + DAY ONE

Joel had been the first to climb up the metal grating onto the roof of the elevator. He stood on the roof that had slanted at a forty-five degree angle. The cart had been completely thrown out of its housing and the only thing stopping it falling into oblivion had been a metal cable. The cable looked stressed and it groaned with the weight of the lift shaft and the occupants it had to bear.

“Ok we gotta climb,” Joel rubbed his big hands together not looking forward to gripping the wire cable that would most certainly chafe the skin off them.

“Up there Boss, all that way,” Benjo Protested.

“You can stay here and starve to death if you like. We aren’t getting rescued so it’s either climb or die my friend,” Samuel a tall thin worker confided to him.

Joel’s mind had been on the job at hand and he now took hold of the cable with both hands. He felt the years of solidified grease on the wire and the sharp threads of metal that punctured his skin.

“Ill go first use your legs try to not to think about the pain. If you get exhausted, stop use your legs to rest and your arms to climb,” he advised them.

Joel began snaking up the wire, it seemed easy going at first and he knew the technique he applied gave him a double hold. So if his hands slipped on the grease his legs would secure him he hoped. There was no light in the shaft and no way of telling how far until they reached the end. After ten minutes Joel’s body ran like a river with perspiration. His shoulders felt as if they would pull out his arms from their sockets and his inside legs were so painfully chaffed by the sharp wire. He paused to take in some deep lunged breaths and then he plucked up the courage to continue. The sudden yelp then a loud scream made him jump out of his skin. The heart rendering screams seemed to echo and carry on for all eternity. Then the loud thuds of flesh and bone smacking into the lift carriage below. The wire swung as the carriage moved and they all clung on for dear life. After a few moments the swinging began to subside.

“What’s happening,” Joel called down with gritted teeth.

“Its Benjo he lost his grip he’s gone and he took someone else with him. I’ve no idea who,” Samuel related the news along the wire.

Joel now had a new urge of gusto. There was no way he was going to let go of this line. Those screams haunted him and had driven from his mind all the torments of his own pain.

It must have been a twenty-minute hard climb before he found the lift shaft entrance. He had another problem now; the aperture was a good eight-foot away from the cable he hung from. Exhausted and frustrated he could hear the harsh breaths of the others following in his wake.

“What now Joel,” Samuel asked him almost with disdain seeing the futility of what they had achieved.

“Hold on I have an idea,” Joel’s mind raced. He knew he was the Leader and these men depended on him more now than at any other time.

“Okay I’m going to jump across, Samuel Ill need your shoulders and strength to give me the push I will need to reach the ledge,”

“Your crazy,” Samuel protested.

“You got any better ideas my friend,” Joel waited for an answer but Samuel stayed silent.

Samuel climbed to Joel and the Foreman placed his huge feet on the other mans shoulders.

“You ready,” Joel said.

“I’m ready to die,” Samuel didn’t fancy the prospect of this huge mans whole weight upon him all at once.

“You pull up with your arms to counter my jump,” was Joel’s only advice.

Joel took a deep breath and measured the distance. He said a silent prayer then leapt. Samuel felt the full weight pushing down upon him and he heaved with all his might to stop himself from being forced off the cable. Joel flew across the open expanse and hit the ledge with a thud. He slid and fell back into the abyss. His hands scrapped along the dirt-stone floor ripping the skin off them completely like paper. His fingertips managed to get a hold and he hung their suspended.

“AAAagghh,” he screamed trying to lift his huge frame but he did not have the strength.

“I cant do it I’m sorry my friends, I cant hold on,” Joel felt his fingers prizing away without any will of his own.

“You tried man,” Samuel knew they were doomed now.

Joel had his last four fingers keeping him from death and he knew they would give up at any second. His left arm fell by his side and his right two fingers had doubled their burden, He felt the tendons ripping in his shoulder with the strain. Then in slow motion he felt them slip to the edge. His right hand gave and he lost his last grip on the ledge but he never fell. He hung there waiting for the fall. He looked up to see the hand holding his arm.

“You’ve finished your shift early I see my friend,” it was Mugabe above clinging to his wrist.

“Hey I’m glad to see you my man,” Joel found the strength to lift his left arm and Mugabe took hold of that too.

Mugabe lifted his friend over the ledge and then found a rope and threw it to the others. One at a time he hauled them onto the ledge.

Joel stood there making sure all his boys were safe. He had lost two fine men on this day. A few moments after they were all on the ledge an ear-piercing crack deafened them and the wire cable had finally gave. They made out the lift shaft smashing into rock as it tumbled into the abyss below them.

Joel walked out the mine entrance to see the red African earth had turned to a gray dust. All the mine buildings were flattened and imploded. In the raging dust storms he made out people, women carrying babies, old men and young boys all heading to the mine.

AMOS STORY –YEAR ZERO-+ MONTH TWO

The riots in Birmingham had gone on for several days and they had managed to slow down the Military occupation. The clean up Squads were moving in, finding pockets of resistance and terminating all they found. Square-by-Square on a grid map they moved in combing for any survivors. Amos had lost his family and friends in the first air strikes and as the cruise missiles had flew overhead, javelins of dread. He had watched the storms of death engulf his city. He had joined a small band of rebels that were holding out in the Bull Ring shopping mall. They were heavily armed and the first wave of Chinese and Russian soldiers who entered the Mall for plunder were brutally driven back by the unexpected resistance. The soldiers had then sealed each entrance of the shopping center piling on whatever rubble they could find. Amos knew they had plentiful supplies of food and drink so being trapped was of little concern. “Just let them slanty eyed bastards just try and get in here brother. We will smash them into dust,” Errol the bandleader had announced. A muscular black man with long dreadlocks and a renowned local drug Baron. It had been Errol who had supplied the Guns and ammunition they now possessed. In retrospect though he had become their savior for the time being.

“We are trapped man, like rats in here,” Amos reminded him.

“Yeah Brother we making a stand, If those mothers want us there gonna have to come and get us,” Errol slapped a mag into the M16 he carried.

It wasn't long before they heard the North doors detonated and glass sprayed from the Mall shop windows with the blast. A rain of fragmented crystals fell about them jingling on the solid floor.

“Come on, come on and meet the devil man mother fuckers,” Errol roared firing his M16 into the gap they had blown into the entranceway.

On the first floor they peered down as RPGs rocket propelled grenades replied to the automatic fire. The rockets zoomed up the walkway and exploded in midair. More debris rained down over them but Errol never took cover he just kept emptying magazine after magazine into the doorway.

“Come on you Mother Fuckers,” he shouted defiantly.

Then a wall collapsed and a turret of a T80 Tank battle tank came through the hole it had made in the wall. It stopped dead with the gun elevating to

their position. Fire came from the barrel and a H.E round smashed the upper mall floor cracking it like an earthquake. Errol lost his footing and the others scrambled back for cover. Amos glanced down to see the olive green uniforms of Chinese Infantry swarming into the mall.

“Damn there in,”

Errol was already firing into the ones brazen enough to chance the stairwells.

“Come on Man we gotta split,” Amos called to him.

“You get along now, I’m gonna have myself some fun. I always wanted a Vikings funeral I’m gonna burn me some Mother fuckers before I go Bro,” Errol was in seventh heaven being allowed to kill people without any come back. Amos had a more human nature however and knew his partner had been on the verge of becoming insane for some time. He had become absorbed with this morbid fascination of the carnage he could cause at will.

“Good luck Brother,” Amos ran with the others hearing the M16 firing away behind him.

Amos found a small emergency door and with his shoulder forced it open. He ran off into the rubble under the collapsed road system that used to be spaghetti junction.

The Chinese soldiers had taken cover and the T80 couldn’t get enough elevation to target the madman above them. Errol laughed out loud and it echoed from above chilling the soldiers who dared not show their face.

“Come on, Come on, you all scared of a Rasta man,”

The sniper round from the skylight above hit him in the back of the head. Errol fell over the balcony and landed on the escalator beneath him.

Amos scurried like a rat through the ruins. He didn’t know where he was going or where he was coming from, but he felt he had to keep moving to stay alive. He was right as the Chinese were searching and killing the other insurgents who had been in the mall. Two days later a patrol caught him he was stunned with a tazer gun that hit him with 50,000 volts, which floored him and sent his body into convulsions.

Isaiah had told him how he had found him unconscious in an abandoned slave factory. The factory plant had malfunctioned so instead of repairing it they closed it and gassed all the workers. Somehow Amos had survived and he now believed in miracles.

THE ESCAPE -YEAR ZERO + MONTH TEN

They reached the Fenland marshes of East Anglia with vast expanses of farmland only broken by the small town or village. They followed the railway line into the Town of March and made their preparations. Wilbur looked again through the binoculars at the immense thirty-foot wall shrouded with an anti climbing dome.

“How we gonna get in there,” he sighed out aloud.

“Were not, you are,” Amos told him by surprise.

“How,” Wilbur replied shocked but his main question that wracked his mind was “Why Me,”?

“You’re an unknown and still look gray enough to pass as a runaway.”

Isaiah answered the question in his mind for him.

“You get in by knocking on the gate looking dazed. They’ll take you in for processing. Somewhere in there John will find you,” Amos continued with the plan.

“Say he doesn’t,” Wilbur protested.

“He will be there. He knows the plan,” Isaiah reassured him.

“Okay so once I get in. How I get out,” Wilbur mind raced with this enigma unexpectedly placed upon him.

“John knows a way. He told us needs another man to carry out his preparations,” Isaiah spoke but he didn’t come across as being so certain himself. This panicked Wilbur and he went back on the attack.

“I don’t know about this? All seems too risky to me,”

“Everything we have worked towards depends on you succeeding,” Isaiah now raised his voice the first time Wilbur had experienced this.

“That’s why we kept feeding you on X10. It wasn’t a detox just to keep you looking the part for this job,” Amos now confessed of how they had duped him all along.

“Wow, you fed me that toxin and now you put me on the spot here as well,” Wilbur became accusing.

“Didn’t want you worrying about it,” Amos resounded guiltily.

“Thanks for the concern” Wilbur spat out with irony.

That afternoon Wilbur had a bout of nervous fits and his head ached with anxiety. Isaiah and Amos sat silently waiting for him to decide if the

mission was to go ahead. Wilbur had managed to pluck enough courage and he stood and began walking to the Prison Gate.

“That’s my boy,” Isaiah nodded behind him.

“You da Man,” Amos added.

Wilbur walked through the empty car park and reached the wooden arched gate unnoticed. He paced up and down for a few moments waiting to be seized.

“Some Prison,” he mocked pressing a buzzer on the wall.

A few moments later a voice responded over an intercom.

“Yeah, who is it,” the voice said with an apathetic drone.

“I don’t know,” Wilbur, answered him.

“What you mean. You don’t know,” the voice now sounded annoyed.

“I don’t know,” Wilbur repeated.

“For Christ’s sake another bleeding runaway,” the Operator cursed.” Wait there ill send someone to get you,”

Wilbur waited at the gates for a few minutes when a door in the massive gate opened. A white shirted Officer became visible in the doorway.

“Come with me,” he said to Wilbur and he followed him into the passageways of numerous gates and corridors. They stopped briefly as they reached a door with RECEPTION written above it.

“Here we go matey, they’ll sort you out for sure in here,” The Officer smiled sadistically.

In the Reception Wilbur found himself in a cubicle where he was forced to remove all his clothes.

“Put this on,” the Officer handed him an orange boiler suit” There one size fits all,” he added for his own entertainment.

Wilbur was soon alone in a holding room behind a steel door he sat there on a wooden bench and waited. He felt as if all eternity had stood still and he began to panic that the plan was not going as foreseen. Then keys jangled in the lock and another guard appeared. He was unusually tall over six foot four. He had black streamlined hair and his eyes were blue and piercing. He walked into the holding room and put his finger to his mouth. “Shush,” he whispered then continued” Follow me but say nothing no matter what,”

Wilbur proceeded in the Officers wake as they passed the reception desk where two other Guards were busy with paperwork. They entered the main corridor, which seemed to stretch for miles. They were finally alone but the Officer being precautious spoke from the side of his mouth.

:"I'm John be careful there's cameras monitoring us. I'm supposed to take you to processing which is the terminology used for termination here.

Don't panic all's set. Luckily we had another runaway a few months back.

We can switch his body with yours," John tried to explain to him the complex plan he had worked on for months.

"Switch how," Wilbur questioned.

"Don't worry yourself he's dead, once we get to processing you're supposed to get a lethal injection. The other body is in the morgue freezer I will need a lift to get the body through the final stage of processing,"

"This all sounds a bit grizzly. Wont they suspect something. Age of body. The fact the other body will probably be frozen solid," Wilbur made his apprehensions.

"No sweat buddy. I'm also the Burial detail too. Were short handed here nowadays. Only around twenty of us in the place,"

They reached a room with SEGREGATION UNIT written above it.

"This is it, processing," John led them into the area now doubled as a morgue.

"Make yourself at home, no camera in here," John swept his arm openly.

"Gee thanks," Wilbur acknowledged him with.

"Okay your Guys in this one." John pointed to a gray square door in the wall amidst other doors. This is where the hatch opened and they slid a body out. Wilbur had seen something similar before he couldn't recall where.

"Wait here...Coffee and biscuits over there in the office. Feel free help yourself. Ill be back soon," John turned to walk away.

"You leaving me in here with the dead," Wilbur said shocked.

"Don't worry they wont bite you. I wont be long," with that he had gone.

Wilbur glared at the gray hatches of the morgue doors and he involuntary shivered as it gave him the creeps. He made a coffee but his stomach was in no mood for bourbon biscuits. He sat there in this surreal cold place with the stench of disinfectant in the air.

A long while later when John returned accompanied with another prisoner attired in an orange boiler suit. His hair brown, long and unkempt. His face youthful but his eyes behind his spectacles told a thousand untold tales. They were red raw and held a despair of being incarcerated here for such a long time.

“Hey Man, I’m Methidios,” he held out his hand and his demeanor had an unexpected elation.

“Hi I’m Wilbur glad to meet you,”

“Okay we don’t have much time. We need to get the body in the bag and take him to the outside area before the Evening Shift change,” John got them back to business.

The morgue hatch opened and they slid out a young man in his twenties lay his arms across his chest in peace. His skin had the gray tinge like Wilbur’s and he made him feel queasy the diet of the toxic X10. They lifted the body, which felt like frozen food and placed it in the plastic black body bag. They zipped it up with Wilbur and Methidios carrying either end. They walked down the main corridor until they came too an electronic Gate that barred their way. John pressed the metal silver button on the intercom.

“Officer Stokes taking out burial detail to the Sports field,”

“Okay John rather you than me. You clear to go,” the voice replied and a loud click unlocked the door.

They ventured out into the Prison grounds onto what used to be a sports field.

“What are all those pyramids,” Wilbur asked about the giant molehills sprouting everywhere.

“Burial mounds there’s thousands of unfortunates lay to rest here,” John held his voice quiet which reflected his shame and remorse.

“Oh I see,” Wilbur replied apologetically.

They disappeared into the maze of mounds until they came upon a garden shed in one corner of the field. John unlocked the padlock and went in. He came out holding two shovels and handed them to them.

“This Guy has done his duty. So lets bury him now with respect,” he had said with solemn honesty.

They dug a hole in the ground and laid the body bag gently inside it.

“Espirito Sancti,” John said a few appropriate words and they began to shovel the earth back in.

The grave unmarked like all the other mass graves on this plot of land. The fresh brown earth contrasted with the weed covered gray mountains in its wake.

“Okay you’ll need to stay hidden in the shed until its dark. Methidios you place a dummy in your cell like we spoke about,” John double-checked their preparations.

“Yep he looks pretty real. Almost scary but he’s sleeping soundly,”

“Why what we doin from here,” Wilbur asked anxiously.

“I’m going back inside the shift change was ten minutes ago. So hopefully the new guy in the Control Room will have no idea you’re out here. In the Shed you’ll find the equipment you’ll need for getting out. Good luck,” John had informed them.

“Hey John thanks a million man,” Methidios told him.

“Lets hope you’re worth the effort,” John smiled back then disappeared.

In the confines of the shed they waited the sun to set and darkness to fall.

“We got a fence with geophones and a thirty foot wall to conquer you ready man,” Methidios told him of the obstacles bluntly.

“What’s a geophone,”

“If you touch the fence, try to cut it or even breathe to hard on it the alarm will go off in the Control room and well be technically what you say – Fucked.” Methidios handed Wilbur a long canvas bag and he grabbed one similar.

“How we gonna get around that,” Wilbur stated with panic.

“Ill take care of it,”

“Jeez what’s in this,” Wilbur stated lifting the bag onto his shoulder.

“Don’t worry man were not got to lug it far,” all Methidios told him.

They came out of the shed and using the mounds for cover they made their way to the fence line. Methidios went to a support post and began unscrewing a white plastic box, which housed the control panel. He attached a length of wire to one of the microchip cards then strung it out to the next post. He then repeated the process attaching the wire to the other control panel.

“Ok fence is dead. Clear to get through watch you don’t trip on the wire,” Methidios pointed his finger to where it lay across.

Wilbur got to work with the bolt cutters snipping the wires on the fence. He cut out a neat square large enough for them to get through with their equipment.

“Okay get out the poles,” Methidios began getting metal poles out of his bag and attaching them together.

“What are these for,” Wilbur asked.

“Were going to build an A-Frame lower it onto the dome. Attach a rope to the cross of the A-Frame and we can climb to the top of the wall,”

Methidios explained but not the fact that every basket ball post, football net frame and weight lifting bar had been stolen and hand machined to build this device. A task that had took many months of preparation and nefarious activity.

It took them longer than Methidios had predicted to build the A-Frame as it was like assembling a jigsaw puzzle in the dark. Then attached the rope then took each side of the V section and hoisted it up to the wall.

“Perfect,” Methidios exclaimed climbing the rope. He reached the top section of the A and then scaled onto the dome. He straddled it for safety and waited for Wilbur to join him. They then recoiled up the rope and threw it over the other side. They ascended down landing outside the Prison walls they used the wilderness for cover and made there way into the town of March. To their surprise they found John waiting for them along with Amos and Isaiah.

“Glad you made it okay. We were getting worried,” he confessed.

“Johns joining us now, his work here is done,” Isaiah informed them.

“Plus they’ll be hell to pay when they find their prized prisoner has gone missing,” John laughed.

THE CONDITIONING MASTS

They returned to London triumphant they had scored their first victory against the oppressive system. Isaiah looked upon Wilbur with a warm air of respect. He didn't wait long before renewing his education of the world he had now awoken into.

“Many years ago a new technology called mobile telecommunications came upon us. This new technology enabled people to walk and communicate with each other with mobile devices called phones. The network where the phones got their signal from should have been covered by satellites with less air pollution however phone masts went up everywhere and everywhere they were built people had headaches with the modern way of life placed the blame on this nuisance. Cancer cases increased and mass depression set in amongst the populace. These masts were the conditioning grids and the phone technology the subterfuge to test weak spots in their network. They found too many gaps; in fact they had to impound the TV Antennae systems making everybody use digital networks. The TV Antennae's were powerful as boosters they had discovered, which could plug any hole through bad reception or maintenance. This ensured that the UK would always be under the conditioning umbrella once they launched Year Zero.” Isaiah again began his explanation of how the world had been slowly manipulated.

“Oh so this signal triggers the microchip they implanted in peoples minds, but I don't get how they get people to believe their doing one thing, when they're really doing another like working in these slave factories,” Wilbur's mind spun on Isaiah's revelations and like a child a thousand questions formulated in his thoughts.

“The conditioning process has been developed over many, many years it first appeared as brainwashing where through repeated suggestion could eventually lead people to believe or follow certain ideologies the main leaps in this field came during the Chinese Revolution. Then it developed by adding mind-altering drugs and persuasion the United States of

America tested this on young servicemen in the Vietnam War. Whilst the North Vietnamese were developing the brain washing further on, with the help of the Chinese authorities. The next step in development came with a process called whitewash where they came up with a genetically engineered drug, which could completely eradicate the memory function of the brain. It destroyed old brain cells however it made new so in effect they had a blank canvas for the persuasion and drug inducing to take hold.” Isaiah reiterated the history of mind control for him.

“How did they utterly convince me I worked in an office and lived in a nice home whereas I slaved on a production line and slept in a tin shack? I still believe I’ve gone completely crazy but Isaiah what your telling me even though I don’t follow it all with no preconception of some of the things your talking about, but I feel in my heart that I know within me, the truth of your words are bringing me out of the hell hole where I had been,” Wilbur had stated born again into a new world of misery and mystery.

“You’ve started already hell-hole not a word you would of known, anyway Ill tell you later, why you believed you were doing one thing whilst actually another. Magicians used to call this technique sleight of hand. So where were we. Ah yes, after the white-wash and the persuasion came conditioning where they forced key images by implanting them with the bio chip into your head and the radio wave frequencies triggered certain events. So if they wanted you to sleep a certain key wave would make you sleep and also trigger a dream sequence programmed in your biochip. If they wanted you to eat you’d get an image of your favorite food whilst you drank that X10 the toxic substance in the can, which contained more bio formula. This process was actually invented many centuries ago by a guy called pascalli who when he rang a bell his dog ate. When he rang the bell but put no food out the dog would still salivate in expectation. So they simulate a situation in your mind and you in a dream like state carry out this command. Your mind forms its own images of a false reality, a perception of what your actually doing however under a hallucinogenic state of consciousness”

“I still don’t know what your saying is right or if I’m really here or if I’m not. I am still very confused.”

“Your back at the white wash stage now that the bio chip has malfunctioned and the Bio chemicals has been purged from your body. You’re a sinner stood before God who has cleansed you of all sin,” Isaiah said religiously.

“Now we can continue further, we will inject you with endorphins that will bring your mind back with more clarity and with deep regression hypnosis we will bring some of your old self back for you. This is your choice you may wish to remain ignorant of your past life or we can give you a jump start bring you back some sense of your previous reality. I must warn you this process can be mentally unhealthy and you will not recover your full memory. You will only recover fragments, which we call snap snots and your head will have to figure out the rest of the jigsaw puzzle yourself. It will not be a pleasant experience, you will be confused, angry and some memories can bring back things you would least rather forget. At least you will have some idea of how this world has altered and how you have been altered by it,” Isaiah paused waiting for the consent he needed to continue.

“Okay I’m willing to try this,”

“Are you certain,”

“Yep I don’t much like being a blank canvas whatever this jigsaw is your going on about, well its my jigsaw and I want it back,”

“Very well we will begin tonight,”

Wilbur found himself strapped to a chair in the Ticket office and a syringe of endorphins injected into his temple.

“Ouch,”

“That’s just physical pain, a pain that is short lived. The mental pain will hurt much more, now watch the medallion,” Isaiah swung a gold coin on a chain too and fro whilst Wilbur’s eyes followed it spinning, catching little reflections of light.

“Concentrate keep looking deep into the coin,” Isaiah spoke softly but commandingly.

“Your eyes are becoming heavy, very heavy there like weights that you cant lift up,” Isaiah watched his eyes close firmly.

“Your feeling sleepy, very sleepy you’re floating away into the depths of your mind,”

Wilbur stood in a house with a painting of the sun setting above the fireplace. There were armchairs and a brown leather coach. He noticed the glowing box in the room with moving pictures and sound coming from it.

“TV, I remember, I remember this place,”

Two strange people were in the house, a woman busily moving about the room and a young girl no more than four playing with toys on the floor.

“Who are they,?”

“Darling,” the woman said to him.

“Candace,” I remember your name he thought.

“Darling how are you,” she continued.

The young girl I know her, who is she. Why do I know that girl please remember I know its important to me.

“Was she your daughter,” Isaiah’s voice entered his dream.

“Oh my God it’s my daughter, what’s your name sweetie,” Wilbur knelt on one knee talking to the little girl that looked at him with deep loving blue eyes.

A huge whoosh screeched above them it was followed by the mightiest explosion he had ever heard. The glass of the house imploded and shards hit him in the face and in the chest. The Little girl lay bleeding on the carpeted floor and Wilbur picked her up into his arms. His wife had been at the window and bits of her were sprayed around the room. He looked outside the gaping hole to see the jet liner that had smashed into the suburban houses across the street. A huge fireball of jet fuel ignited and human torches were running up and down the street. He heard the screams of pain and he glanced down to see his daughter dead in his arms. Wilbur screamed out aloud and then the ceiling of the house fell upon him,”

“Wilbur your safe, your safe here come round,” Isaiah’s soothing voice broke through and Wilbur just stared like a blank canvas in shock at the opposite wall. Then he began to sob as a swathe of emotions broke forth within him and he felt his face and chest and could feel the glass shard scars still there.

“You need to get some rest ill introduce you to a wonderful old recuperater later called whiskey it will not help your remembering its not famed for that ability however it will help remembering a little easier,”

A little time later they were back in the underground station itself Wilbur had tried to sleep but his mind was now so active with so many haunting images of his past.

“How you feeling,” Isaiah asked with concern.

“Like shit, I know another new word I’ve remembered,” Wilbur, replied solemnly.

Isaiah brought out a golden liquid in a bottle. He poured some in a mug and handed it to Wilbur who took it. He drank it down in one gulp with his throat filling with fire and he recalled its taste, which warmed him inside.

“This stuff make you feel like shit but its good therapy,” Isaiah re-filled Wilbur’s mug and handed it too him.

“So this regression, when we start again,” Wilbur asked now sipping the whiskey.

“We don’t,” Isaiah told him firmly.

“We don’t,” Wilbur repeated,” But I want to, I need to learn more,” Wilbur pleaded with an anger of the visions still raging within him.

“You will learn more, the endorphins and the regression have re-opened your mind, whatever you recalled is a spark, and you will soon get more sparks. The Pandora’s box of your past life will come back of its own accord,”

“Why can’t you regress me further,” Wilbur now stated.

“You have so much locked in your head it is best if it comes out slowly.

We have in the past overdone the regression unlocking memories so painful it drove people insane and then to suicide. The deeper memories are always the most painful that we had tried to forget. This is the best way believe me,” Isaiah had hurt in his eyes as memories of the ones he had lost through his experiments came to mind.

“I had a wife and a child, a little girl her face so bright and eyes were so full of life. They both died when a metal flying object came falling out of the sky,” Wilbur now with the whiskey in his veins told of the vision he had seen.

“The object was called a plane used to carry passengers across oceans.

The people used them to travel allover this world. On Year Zero they used

atomic bombs and electronic magnetic pulse weapons. These things killed many, many millions and the Electronic magnetic pulse stopped all the machines working. Planes all over the world just fell out of the sky. That day when their instruments stopped working, the clocks of the world stopped dead and the A bomb used indiscriminately to wipe out any countries who resisted the New way forward.” Isaiah explained the reasons why his own family had died also but he kept his own nightmares to himself.

“I understand all your say. I remember the weapons your talking about,”
“Yes your memory is beginning to recover, anyway we have two bottles of whiskey to drain join me lets have a moment of memory lapse,” Isaiah smiled placing his arm around Wilbur’s shoulder in a gesture of comradeship.

FEDERAL EUROPEAN GOVERNMENT BRUSSELS HQ

The parliamentary building and numerous offices seemed immense and vast with empty chairs stood as reminders of past ghosts. The corridors were eerily silent and you could hear even a pin drop. The seven Leaders of the Commission had responsibility for the whole of Europe what was left of it. Isaac Duvall the ordained president sat at the head of the Oval table fanning through notes before he opened the days meeting.

“Our first concern gentlemen is production, the slave population is dwindling. We have outbreaks of plague where we have had to sanitize whole factories and natural wastage is now beginning to diminish stock. It will still be eight years before the test tube hybrids can come online then we can be rid of the old world forever,” he referred to the test tube manufacturing process where embryos were brainwashed through their young life through biological manipulation and the existing biochip technologies. They were planning to replace the existing slave force once the hybrids had reached the age of ten.

“The Chinese say they have one Division of Infantry over their allocation. Its around one thousand young men. If necessary they could be conditioned and used as population replacement,” Geoffrey Mortimer responded with his news.

“See it’s done, “the President nodded agreement.

“I will make the arrangements with their Ambassador,” Mortimer answered.

“That will also ease the second concern of the Global Council. The Military strength is still far too high we need to get it down to one thousand units per Global region. We currently have three thousand in Europe we need to get this down by sixty per cent within the next two years. I know we have vast regions to manage but we cannot afford insurrection even from our own,” The President got his second motion on the table.

“We have heard troubling rumors of insurrection in the UK. The recent Escape from a top Security Prison of one of our esteemed Prisoners. Is this true Mister Mortimer,” Günter Schmidt now made his own comments.

“Marcel Sinclair is dealing with it. A few renegades who are hiding in the ruins of London are believed to be responsible. We got some CCTV footage and now are trying to root them out” Mortimer informed them.

“I want and need to be kept informed of this and any other incident,” the President stated in a rage.

“Of course,” Mortimer bowed his head trying to deflect the verbal charade.

“Within the next year the Grand Architect of the Global Government has decreed there will not be a thinker left in the populace, beside ourselves of course and the other noble councils. This world will be totally ordered then. The Grand Architect has also warned us that the Great day is fast approaching and we must keep strictly to the deadlines he dictates,”

They all clapped and arose at the mention of the Supreme Rulers name but Geoffrey only showed homage half-heartedly. The constant culling of his fellow man had made him become rail thin with stress and he shivered at night with cold plagues of nightmarish dreams. He too had chanted at the secret society meetings.

“Bring the people down, put them in their place,” he had raged.

He had been a fast riser on the Political ladder with the connections he had made. When Year Zero came he relished the fact of supreme power over all in his dominion. It hadn't actually turned out like that. His dominion no more than twenty-five slave farms and a few thousand troops, all that remained of the once glorious United Kingdom. His position on the Council now fraught with paranoia of his equals, constant fear of failure or even treachery. The power lust of the Grand Architect had driven the world to oblivion.

The Architect Nigel Ralffe Cullen President of the New World Order but Geoffrey knew all too well who he was supposed to be. They worshipped this World Leader as a living God. They held ceremonies of sacrifice. Dark rituals in dark places where they all adorned dark cloaks. Geoffrey had sold his soul to eternal damnation and would forever languish in the fires of Hell. He knew this he had seen it in their ceremonies and the horrors of what he had witnessed had nearly driven him insane. The day of reckoning approached. The final battle of the dark and the light. The forty-two month reign of the Grand Architect had been predicted and their

Leader planned to eradicate every chance of insurrection on the earth before that day occurred.

MIRIAMS STORY-YEAR ZERO-+ ONE WEEK

The suburban town of Swinton Greater Manchester stood relatively peaceful in that July afternoon with the sun basking in the sky. Miriam and her two boys were strolling through Victoria Park. The boys were soon giddy running ahead to the play area as they tried to beat each other to the swings. Joseph was just nine years of age and the swiftest and Jason only six soon lagged behind. The boys dropped suddenly holding their ears as a low frequency drone so powerful brought them to their knees and they began to be sick. Overhead AWAC electronic warfare aircraft flying over them in the sky. In their slipstream SU25 Russian Fighter Bombers screamed in dropping ordnance on the highly populated shopping malls and Industrial areas. Explosions cracked and thumped over the whole area. "Mummy," Jason screamed crying.

Miriam ran over grabbing her boys made her way to the highway. At the roadside they could see trucks of Chinese soldiers rolling into town. A truck abruptly braked and a British Officer and a Chinese soldier got out of the vehicle.

"Help us," Miriam pleaded but the Chinese soldier hit her in the head with the butt of his AK47. Two shots rang out from a 9mm Browning pistol and even though stunned with her nose broken, she made her boys dead bodies on the pavement.

"Nooooo," she screamed as the rifle butt hit her again sending her into oblivion.

Miriam came around in a caged truck with other unfortunates. A man leant over her and she wondered what he was doing.

"Don't worry Miss I'm fixing you up, that's all," he stated calmly" my names Nathan,"

"Thank you," she responded noting he had been cleaning her wounds with bottled water and a handkerchief.

“Where are we going, what’s happening...have you seen my boys,” she asked all at once.

“Nobody knows we’ve stopped twice. Where they lift this cage off with a forklift and we’ve been in warehouses full of cages like this. Were being herded like cattle for some reason. Thousands of people caught up in this war. We have no news why... it’s sending us all crazy,”

The trucks rolled into the Birmingham decontamination facility. Miriam joined one line and Nathan joined the other.

“Good luck,” he had wished her.

The next they both recalled had been Isaiah who had dragged them out of the crashed truck wreckage in the heart of London. He had told them how the truck had hit an unexploded bomb and it had detonated as they passed by. They had been the only two lucky enough to survive. Miriam though was only glad to be alive for one reason. So now she would have the chance to avenge the death of her sons.

LUKES STORY –YEAR ZERO-+ WEEK TWO

Luke had enjoyed himself the days following Year Zero he had always been a bit of a Lad and the Riots that followed were like all his Christmases coming together. The game was on beating the Army and Police to raid the best stores and shops. Luke knew a clear out operation was in place with the authorities taking whatever they wanted for themselves. Computers, HD TVs and Digital Cameras were the primary goal, but when the Electricity stopped and the petrol stations ran dry to fuel generators these plastic appliances were nothing but cumbersome nuisances. So the goals had changed for the looters and the pirates of the State. Tinned food and survival clothing became the new currency of the streets. Luke was in a gang of four fellow looters their target today was a pristine castle like complex with ornate eagles guarding the walls and glass domes high on the roof. The Trafford center had been the Temple of the middle class shopper before Year Zero declared war on the retail industry. The best place of entry was the underground car park which was

now empty a rare site for any other day before the madness had begun and cars were rare sight too still with no petrol to power them. On most streets metal charred remains of once proud motor vehicles were the only reminder of a society that had freedom of mobility and the freedom to travel at will. A world of curfews, roadblocks and armed patrols had taken control of the roadways. They broke the class doors with a metal rubbish bin and the plate broke loudly after battering it violently for a few short minutes. They had no fear of alarms but if the men in black were here also they would have to be extremely careful. The Police and Army now shot on sight no arrests no paperwork just boom it was a coppers wet dream world.

Luke was seventeen he had done 4 months in a Young Offenders Institution at Hindly Wigan when he had turned sixteen. He had always been a rebel without a goal and he followed the older looters like a lost sheep. He liked the thrill of the chase and for three weeks it had all been fun.

“Come on Young un” Andreas called a polish immigrant who had survived by petty thefts and shoplifting since entering the UK five years previously. He had a long black bearded face and had the demeanor of a devil with an angelic heart.

The four men ran down the still polished marble floor even the shopping center had been abandoned for weeks with most of the storeowners and assistants now taken away to the work camps. Their heads shaven and bar-coded. Nathan had seen the cargo trucks with these lost souls aboard them it had given him a cold shiver on witnessing the despair wrote upon their sallow faces.

They came onto the main mall on the second story and even though the light made the place seem unreal it had been the utter nothingness that haunted them all. Luke had been here before when the place had bustled with people and cadences of conversations. The shops they wanted to target were at the far end of the mall. As they made haste along the top floor came opposite to the mini China Town attraction and that’s when Andreas stopped dead in his tracks.

“What the Fuck” he mouthed before the hail of bullets hit him.

Luke looked down the corridor where the Red Dragon ran its body along the length of Chinese restaurants. There they were Chinese Soldiers running down the dragon's body towards them. More shots rang out and another looter fell dead. Luke ran with all his strength back down the mall the other comrade in crime was fast on his heels. Bullets whizzed passed them cutting little tornados on their eardrums as they came close. Luke heard the gurgling scream and heard the tumble of his comrade in his wake.

“Shit” Luke mouthed glanced around his shoulder see the Chinese Soldiers racing down the mall and the pool of blood from his comrade. Trickling crimson seeped onto the polished sheen of the walkways. A Soldier slipped on the crimson ooze and Luke heard him curse in some Mandarin tone.

Luke knew they had passed the staircase and with one mad leap he dropped down on the bottom mall. The drop was thirty feet but the ice cream stall had broken his drop. The stall collapsed under his weight and lay dazed momentarily on the splintered wood. Shots ricocheted off the yellow wooden structure bringing him back to his senses. Luke got under the Soldiers beneath the walkway then ran in the opposite direction. He veered left at the first emergency exit sign and ran to find plate glass doors blocking his way. A stone plant pot was on the side and Luke grabbed hold smashing it against the obstruction. He knew the sound would alert his pursuers and his urgency increased as blow after blow he hit the glass frantically. He heard the shouts of mandarin as a Chinese soldier had discovered where he had gone. Luke hit the doors again and this time the glass cracked. He looked over his shoulder and saw the shadows of the Chinese coming though the Emergency door. He hit the glass again and it shattered completely, He was out the frame of the door and ran for all his worth.

MARKS STORY-YEAR ZERO-+ WEEK FOUR

The screech of brakes and the wail of sirens were the dark shadowy music of the ghetto. Shouts and screams reverberated down the alleyways and occasionally an automatic rifle would hammer like a cash register gone insane, the world though had gone insane completely insane. The district of Walkden was being systematically destroyed, tanks demolished houses, flamethrowers killed any occupants and then the police came in rounding up the survivors. It had started on Saturday a few boisterous people had set up a protest against the new regime, they had type written there grievances on a4 paper and handed these out to passer bys. The protest had gained moral support at least with a few people joining their ranks. They had gathered to protest the new regime. They carried placards and banners. Peace not War, Freedom of Speech and Stop the War. The demonstration began to grow with more and more support. Spirits of the people rejuvenated and they held hands in solidarity and unity. The whistle that made everyone look to the heavens. The thump and whistle before the boom hit the group of people. A mushroom cloud of arms and legs scattered in the air then splattered upon the concrete paving. More thumps came and the protestors ran for their lives. Mark had bore witness to this and now he cowered in the empty streets as the search and destroy teams were snaking through the council estates.

Captain Marcel Sinclair had been indoctrinated by the power of the new regime and his task of urban clear up was something he accomplished with relish. His units the Knights of the 1st Order of Bapohmet were all Masons or from well connected families of the UK. They deemed they were on a New Crusade as the Knights Templars and Hospiliters had done so in the Middle Ages.

“Fire” he ordered the Mortar Squad.” Lets cleanse the scum of this Earth,” he added like a Roman General with complete power bestowed upon him by his masters.

The Tanks were now rolling down the Main highway and his black clad search and destroy teams followed in the tracks.

Mark had heard the Shock and awe of bursting shells splintering houses to brick and the awful screams of the flamethrowers. The whoosh of hot fuel and then the piercing shriek of people burning to death.

“Lord Protect me,” he mouthed as he ran across the open highway to the abodes not yet targeted.

“There’s one of the blighters,” a voice yelled as machine guns whipped up dust at Marks feet.

He ran into a building as it exploded on his entry, the noise deafened him and the smoke blinded him but miraculously he was unscathed. He crawled out the rubble and ran further into the jungle of concrete.

However Marks luck had ran out as he raced around a corner a bullet hit him in the head. Luckily it had been a glancing blow and had only knocked him cold. He was taken away for processing like the other captives.

THE PROPHET ISAIAH

The Prophet Isaiah had been blessed with foresight and he had preached to the people the coming of the whirlwind. He had gone into hibernation as the whirlwinds had struck the earth and he prayed to God bring an end to the coming wrath of the Devil. He had tried to voice his discord that had been publicized widely on the Internet until the Internet was destroyed by the malevolent forces. Many Prophets had come before Isaiah but no one believed in the coming Revelation as the Devil had taken control of the world and now his forces were wreaking havoc across every land.

“God do not desert us in this hour of utmost need” Isaiah prayed as Tornado jets rocked the heavens above.

The testament of time had been ravaged by lust and want. Consumerism and greed had become the Gods of the people. Only those with eyes to see had seen. The majority of the Prophets were now martyred by the new regime and Isaiah hid away in a cave on the mountains praying waiting for a sign from God.

ESTERS STORY-YEAR ZERO-+ WEEK FIVE

The women were herded into cages on the backs of flat bed trucks and Ester heard her Papa shouting before the shots rang out. She couldn't bear look at what had just happened her Father who had protected all Her life was suddenly no more. The dank interior of the cage was filled with cries and wails of women's grief. The truck drove away quite quickly and Ester peered out the cage see a scene that would haunt her forever. The body of her Papas dead body sprawled in the middle of the road. Her Mother was in the cage on her knees unable to stand with mourning and the shock of her life being torn asunder. At the Decontamination Center the cage had been fork lifted off the truck and then they lined up with thousands of other people. Huge buildings like aircraft hangers were where the queues of bodies were leading them too. Ester clung to her Mothers arm as morning passed and by afternoon they reached the hanger marked: SHED ONE. At the entrance of the Shed they were told to undress, sat upon stools and had their heads shaved losing all their feminine dignity. As they walked into the honeycombed structure the lecherous guards glared upon them with mockery and lust. Some women the pretty young ones were taken to one side and they could hear the sound of rape and fornication as they waited in line. The heart rendering screams and whimpers of utter despair could be discerned in the background.

They walked through a cascade of water as freezing water showered them and at the other end a tattooist awaited to place a line of numbers of their forearm. Sat there on a wooden chair with the red-hot needle in front of their eyes. They were too terrified to protest any humiliation, as they knew it would bring about their demise. They were traumatized and even the micro chipping of their skull had become a blessed relief from the torment. Then they were attired in gray boiler suits and shipped away to Quadrant D.

Ester had been rescued but still to this day she had not seen any sign of her Mother and lived in hope somewhere out there she was alive.

NATHANS STORY-YEAR ZERO-+WEEK SEVEN

The day after Operation Armageddon came an era known as the English Civil War. Riots and looting broke out in every major Town. Gangs of Skinheads drove around in stolen buses, fighting and mugging whomever they could find. Anarchy ruled the street and the streets were no longer safe to roam. Nathan had joined one of these unruly groups, he hadn't wanted too but the law of the jungle now prevailed. He knew to survive it was better to side with the strongest than be victimized like the weak. No law or no order only chaos the created chaos of the New World Order reigned.

The bus drove along pavements smashing into an old Bolton Evening Newspaper stand and then drove into the pedestrian zone of the shopping center. The bus skidded to a halt before the stone lions on the steps of the Free Trade Hall. The Skinheads disembarked wielding axes, machetes and baseball bats. The armory of the street. They ran up the steps hacking and smashing open the wooden doors.

Griff the self appointed leader a burly lad with a sharp misshapen nose and unusually broad shoulders spoke out. Stood atop the stairs looking down upon his motley bunch.

“This will be our home from now on. We are the rulers of this town,” he stated triumphantly.

Griff had visions of grandeur becoming King of his feudal possession and his Army of thugs were his assurance of power. Nathan had other ideas it reminded him of how the old world had been shaped and he longed to be free of these madmen.

The Russian forces were already rolling into Bolton, securing the perimeter and cordoning off the roadways. Dmitri Vladinsky a Captain in the Spetsnaz special service unit would lead the first ground forces into the interior.

“On me,” he shouted in perfect English as his men began walking down the High Street.

It had been Nathan that had caught sight of the green camouflage jackets and the hooped blue/white tunics of the Russian soldiers.

“Soldiers coming,” he warned the others from the doorway of the Free Trade Hall.

“At last a war,” Griff smiled sadistically caressing his grizzly axe.

“They have guns,” Nathan pleaded.

“So will we soon,” Griff stated with authority.

They hid in the Hall, behind the seats in the main hall, in the shadows of the alcoves and behind the curtains of the entranceway. They crouched silently with baited breath waiting the soldiers to arrive.

They hadn’t waited long when a lone Russian wandered through the doorway. He went to top of the aisle, stopped and looked around brandishing a silver AK74SU semi automatic. After a few moments of suspicion he relaxed and placed the weapon over his shoulder. He lit a strong scented cigarette and stared upon the smoking ban sign on the wall and said to himself.

“Fascists”.

He took a long inhalation of tobacco before he noticed the shadow on the ground coming towards him. He turned in panic trying to grip his AK as the baseball bat hit him square in the face.

“Welcome to England,” Eddie one of the oldest of the group declared hitting him again and again on the ground.

Nathan grabbed the AK and immediately went to the entrance to notice more Russians coming up the stairs.

“Company,” he warned the others.

They hid again rapidly as three Russians came into the hall.

“Boris,” they called into the hall.

“Boris,” they called again scanning the place with their weapons poised.

A shadow moved within the seat arrangements and the Russians became visibly edgy.

“Halt,” they shouted then began spraying the aisles with bursts of automatic fire. The upholsterer turned into storms of foam and bullets whizzed over the skinheads.

Eddie stood up with his hands raised above his head.

“I surrender,” he yelled to them as the bullets had been real close but the Russians just fired killing him instantly.

Nathan returned fire hid in a seat well he could only see their boots. He took their ankles away with careful aimed bursts and then Griff came with a rage the axe held above his head. He brought it down upon the writhing bodies severing heads and mutilating bodies.

“Shit, more coming, they’ve heard the firing,” a voice called from the doorway.

“Get the guns,” Griff ordered.

Armed now with four AK`s a gun-battle ensued at the entranceway. Shots were exchanged and the doors were splintered with bullet holes.

Dmitri had now reached the square with his men. He signaled for them to flank both sides of the doorway.

Nathan crouched with the wall at his back and peered out every now and then. He heard the dull thumps and then looked at his feet.

“Grenade,” he yelled running for cover.

The blast somersaulted him into the air with the red upholstered chairs and fragments of glass flying through the air.

Silence fell and Nathan became anxious waiting in the shadows. Dmitri had been on the radio had tired of this game and had called in an air strike. The Euro fighters hugged the landscape coming up Saint Peters way they turned abruptly and locked onto the ground lazar designator. Dmitri held the designator alighting up the trade hall for the fighter-bombers. The two planes released their missiles simultaneously which dropped from the wings and the missile rockets ignited zooming them towards the target area. Dmitri could see the two streaks of missile fire fly above him then hit the Free Trade Hall with a rapturous thunder. The whole building imploded from within and a mushroom cloud came from the rooftop.

It had been night when Nathan had regained consciousness. He crawled out of the debris with his clothes chalky white plastered with dust. His jeans were just shreds and they were caked in dry blood. He crawled up the stairwell on his elbows and made it out of the building. He lay on the square and the rain came down from the heavens washing the grime from him. He lay there until the morning when the black clad SSS men had found him.

Griff too had managed to survive. He had run through Bradshaw gate when the Russian forces had spotted him. He walked into the White Swan public house with the No smoking sign on the glass window. He spat at it knowing that draconian law had been one of the first steps of stealing people’s individual freedoms. He stood at the bar and poured himself a large brandy into a dusty glass. He turned as the door burst open with three Spetsnaz soldiers stood in the aperture.

“Freeze,” they bawled like from some TV Cop Show with their guns pointed towards him.

Griff took out a cigarette from his packet and lit it. He turned coolly to the Soldiers before him.

“Fine me now you fuckers,” he snarled at them as they opened fire. The brandy bottle shattered and the cigarette had been shot in half. Griff lay in a pool of blood with a broad smile displayed upon his death mask.

SIGNAL TO THE WORLD- YEAR ZERO- + YEAR ONE

Joel had set up the Morse code transmitter it had been used to send telegraphs from the mine if there had been a power failure. Day in, day out someone had sat their tapping away hoping to receive a message of hope. The mines population had grew to over two hundred refugees. They had a water supply pumped from a reservoir in the mine and also plenty of provisions. It would seem the whole of Africa had been hit by atomic bombs and everywhere in their surrounds had been devastated.

The antennae on top of the Post Office Tower had been the place Methidios had chosen to position the transponder. The booster TV Antennae sent out the first ULF ultra low frequency message and they prayed that unwanted ears would not pick up the signal. The broadcast they sent out every day in the slim hope that someone, somewhere would respond. After ten days of utter silence a faint bleep answered their call.

“We gotta message man,” Amos shouted out excitedly.

The beeps in the archaic Morse code were repeated and Methidios delicately wrote down every word.

“What’s it say,” Wilbur asked with an air charged with expectancy.

“Its from South Africa they say a group over two hundred hiding in the disused gold mines. I told them to give out our frequency and to use book of revelation for code references not to repeat this part of the message again. If this gets out uncensored we will have a secure communication

system. We don't want to be telling prying ears our location every time," Methidios stated

"Tell them King James edition of Revelation," Isaiah commented.

Within a month we had established regular contact with the group in South Africa.

"There looking to us and waiting for us to do something," Methidios spelled out the hope they were spreading to other survivors.

"Tell them to find if they can an Engineer, anyone with electrical experience and some voice recording equipment, tell them to have everything ready in twenty one days time, then we will be ready to make our move. Hopefully we can use them to send out stronger signals to other people in the South. Maybe soon we could have communication with the whole world. Tell them not to give up hope we will be in touch again soon" Methidios informed Amos who typed out the message in code.

Methidios sat at the desk by his notes working intently. Wilbur ventured over it had been the first opportunity he had to get him alone.

"The brain washing. ...How's it work, I mean Isaiah explained but you helped design this thing wanted to know how they messed me up like that,"

"Okay confession time, the process they use to get human readable output consists of multiple technologies working together to get total mind control. They use sensing chemistry, which is the gray liquid in your system. Then micro arraying from the chip to signal processing from the radio waves to alter subconscious and conscious functions," Methidios explained the fundamentals.

"So if we turn the signal off people will just wake up right," Wilbur knew the technicalities would go over his head got back to basics.

"Nope they would need to detox off the chemical cocktail as well,"

"I just vomited all that gray stuff up once the signal stopped," Wilbur, confessed his story of waking up.

"You'd have kicked yourself years back if you knew what you had thrown up consisted of. Twenty per cent of that gray stuff is made up of monatomic gold. It's a great conductor it settles in the body never rusts and the body cant break it down naturally," Methidios laughed at the

brilliance of it however Wilbur gave him a look of disgust so Methidios changed tract.

“Yeah well your DNA is pretty unique it must have been fighting against the foreign RNA chemicals they had pumped into you. In the end your body’s defenses recognized the Biochip as a foreign object and began attacking it. You had a late adverse reaction, others who had the same adverse reactions usually after biochip insertion were bolt shot in the cattle sheds,” Methidios explained coldly.

“Yeah I’ve been told about that abattoir,” Wilbur said without rancor.

“Want to know more, I’m not boring you,” Methidios asked with concern.

“Yeah sure,”

“Okay they used electro-magnetic-energy-pulse-shape and focused waves. There the primary signals from the TV, radio and E.L.F towers they have at their disposal. They can use these to control voluntary muscular movements, control emotions, produce sleep, transmit suggestion, interfere with memory function and produce an experience then delete it. So your heads like a DVD disk on remote control leave it to play, stop it, rewind it or even forward it. This is known as S Squad. Silent, Sound, Spread, and Spectrum. This is the official name of the conditioning technology.”

“Okay I get the idea use different frequencies or waves to trigger programmers in the biochip,”

“Yeah exactly its synthetic telepathy where they beam ideas or suggestion through the electro magnetic transmitter which are the old radio and TV signals altered with microwave frequency bands, The human brain is on frequencies between 1310mhz to 2982mhz microwaves same as the ionosphere which they named the God effect, like when its stormy you get a headache before the storm breaks. The dense cloud cover blocks natural electrical waves God sends down to us. That’s why they began using Chemical trails blocking out God with aluminum and barium deposited in the heavens by highflying planes. It caused the phenomenon of Global Warming and brought about the new directives in which they used to steal the freedoms from the people of this world. It caused massive climate change blocking out the sun and made it easier for the radio signals to be picked up by the biochip which are a buzzing or chirping sound,”

“Yeah the headaches I got were exactly like that as if insects were crawling in my head,” Wilbur recalled the horrendous headaches he had experienced.

“We will have to jam these microwaves from the source for they could use the waves for suggestion and we could end up liberating people who could unexpectedly turn violent against us with the biochips in place,” Methidios made known some of the concerns they still had to evaluate.

“When do you think you’ll be ready to begin the wake up,”

“Soon as we locate the source. In unity of thought we can convert and reconcile the world to God and save our souls from damnation,”

“That your quote, its pretty good,” Wilbur asked.

“Nah Isaiah been preaching again,”

“Yeah I like this one he said the best. We will build a new nation in a single day,”

“Yeah that ones cool,”

“Anyway thank you for the information it really helps me cope with what has been done,”

“No sweat man anytime,”

IMPERIAL PALACE BEIJING ASIAN PROVINCE

The Asian consortium sat around the meeting table in the Forbidden City in the Throne room of the newly appointed Dragon King Tao Han Chang. Tao Han had confirmed to the doctrines and policies of the New World Order. His country had helped clear up many crimes of the forgotten past. He once ruled over a Billion people but now his domain had only thousands of slaves toiling in the rice paddies. He read the new request from the European Sector, which asked for yet another thousand of his personal bodyguard to be slaughtered.

“I will never understand the western mind. First they reap the harvest we had toiled over for many years. Then they burn it to ashes and now they want us to blow the ashes upon the wind,” The Dragon King spoke out his thoughts.

“What should I tell them Emperor,” the Vice Chancellor asked him politely.

“Delay them for the time being. They have drank our well of people dry and I no longer have faith in where are destiny lies,”

“What are you suggesting Emperor,” Zen Ben Zu the President of the Asian Sector now challenged his loyalty.

“We will wait watching the calm waters if they turn into a turbulent sea I will have no choice but to consult with the Lord Buddha,”

“That’s blasphemy you will bring ruin upon us going against the Architect,” Zen Ben Zu protested again.

“That is my decision and it is final,” the Dragon King ended the meeting abruptly.

CLAMPDOWN

The Headquarters of the Special Security Services in Whitehall had picked up the ULF signal whilst doing routine maintenance on their communication network. The Engineer had a shock when the taps of Morse were being thumped out on his maintenance equipment and he immediately informed his Superiors of the anomaly. It took two further weeks of Bureaucracy before Marcel Sinclair Head of the SSS heard about it.

“These are troubling developments, we need to trace every source of the signal and wipe out these vermin lairs,” he stood straight-backed in his Black uniform that had been creased to perfection. He addressed the security assembly of twelve men who were responsible for the European Sector.

“We have heard there are at least four other signals and maybe more coming from all sectors. Do you think Mr. Sinclair we need to inform the global council or are you adept enough to deal with this matter yourself,” the head of the Council Duvall asked him.

“Leave it with me Sir they’ll all be gone by the end of the month,”

Methidios had been troubled by the recent interference he had sensed whilst communicating with the other dissident groups. He decided to run his own trace of all signals and it wasn’t long before he found the interception trace the Security Services had on their hot line.

“All Stations the line is compromised. Move immediately to alternative locations. Any further broadcasts must be rapid and whilst mobile. Station Alpha out,” the message sent Methidios called out into the Tube Station.

“Okay people we gotta run get a move on,”

Marcel Sinclair had the London Lair pinpointed and squadrons of bomber planes were now on the approaches to take care of the rest.

“This should be good show, I’ve got the pilots videotaping that African Goldmine getting whacked. Something fun to watch when we get back,” he stated to his men in the back of the APC who grinned back moronically.

The group of twelve soldiers clad in black, armed to the teeth with phosphorous grenades and Heckler and Koch machine pistols.

Wilbur followed the others into the tunnel of the Tube station following the old railway tracks. Wilbur kept to the rear making sure everyone had evacuated the place. A woman with two children was the last one to pass him. He hadn't seen children in a long time and he stared after them with a hurt swelling within him. The boom brought back his attention as a grenade landed in the empty station. He stepped back into the darkness of the tunnel as it swallowed him from sight. SSS personnel were running down the steps and he heard more booms as a grenade exploded in every room before entering.

"I take it their taking no prisoners," he said to himself with bitter irony. "Com on Man we gotta split this joint," Amos had run back and was pulling his arm for him to catch up with the others.

The F16 Tomcats had bunker-busting bombs and they swooped over the velds of Africa coming in upon the target. The Sonder mine was a hive of activity. Hundreds of people had gathered here as a last vestige of hope. Mothers breast-fed newly born babies, men labored building a new settlement and children played as the gray dust had begun to vanish on the wind. The Tomcats had visual. They armed the missiles and released. The people looked up at the screeching planes overhead then they saw the missiles streaking towards the earth. The bombs exploded spreading flames and turmoil everywhere. The Tomcats circled then came in again dropping more ordinances. The mine lay empty not even a whimper could be heard.

THE JOURNEY

As they came out of the tunnel they found a staircase leading back up to the streets of London. They could spy the dragon searchlights of Helicopters scouring the ruins behind them and they could hear the rotors rattling in a hectic rhythm that mimicked their heartbeats.

“We have to go from here, it is no longer safe,” Isaiah concluded in calm reassuring tone which made everyone see why he had become the Great leader. Isaiah instructed Mathew and Nathan two of the group of what needed to be done. They scrambled away in the ruins carrying .22 Air Rifle for protection. They came to one of the major camera banks that stood there towering above the city. Mathew took aim and fired at the camera display. It hit the metal casing missing the target.

“Let me try,” Nathan said taking hold of the weapon.

He fired a carefully aimed shot and the lens shattered. He fired again getting another and then another. They left one camera, which pointed west and made certain it caught sight of them. They ran through the rubble and could already hear the helicopter coming to their location. They hid in the bombed out dwellings as the dragon light illuminated the night. They came to the metal covering and lifted it with a metal bar. They climbed down into the rat-infested sewers.

“This was Isaiah’s plan right,” Nathan held his nose the stench was so bad.

“Yep the Victorian sewer system home of vermin, shite and now us,”

Mathew remarked as they ran down the underground passages.

The rats in the tunnel scattered and the noise of their movements gave them both the judders.

In the roadway Wilbur came across the most bizarre site. Motionless people dressed in costumes of all ages lining up in the empty cold streets of the City. Still lifelike dummies of long forgotten icons of a vanished society who now held no significance in this world anymore. They appeared spookily alive these caricatures frozen in a moment of time. They were lined up under bus shelters as if waiting for the next bus to come along. Some were skulking in empty shop doorways and others manned mock guard posts to exit routes out of the City.

“What the hell is that,” he mouthed in question.

“The Waxworks where there had dummies of famous people on display it seems the Security Services have a sense of humor placing them as guards like this,” Isaiah informed him.

Their discovery in London had forced them to flee the City and they had no option but to head north. They followed the old M40 road for bearing and keeping to the fields for cover. They went scavenging in the small towns they came upon and they found some supplies at abandoned service stations. In Banbury most of the perishable food stocks had long been defrosted and they moved with the mountains of maggots writhing upon them. The stench in some old supermarkets of rotten meat was so bad it made them wretch involuntarily. The tinned foods, powdered soups and some glass containers had managed to survive. They knew though that when these food sources ran out, their scavenging existence would have to come to an end. That could be decades away and then again could be tomorrow when this food supply would become inedible. Some tinned foods even tasted tainted already and mild food poisoning a common malady they endured.

“This is supposed to be baked beans in tomato sauce,” Mathew said spitting the contents of his mouth onto the ground.” Tastes more like chewy peas in vinegar,” he added swigging water to take the foul taste away.

Taste though was unimportant if it kept their hunger sated. One day on the outskirts of Solihull two helicopters buzzed them. They circled above them like hungry vultures whilst they hid in the woods and hedgerows. They circled four times before heading off back to the south.

“Think they spotted us,” Wilbur asked with concern.

“I don’t know, strange how they circled here. Best keep moving they may have called ground forces to this location,”

FEDERAL EUROPEAN HEADQUARTERS-UK PROVINCE-

WHITEHALL Marcel hands clasped behind his back strolled up and down the long marble corridor. He passed the ancient pillars where Nelson, Wellington and Churchill had marched along before him.

In the Communications Room the duty staff had been liaising with various search parties that were scouring the rubble of London and airborne units had gone further a field. The search ever widening looked unhopeful and Sinclair stood at his Station waiting for news.

“Why can’t we find them,” he said angrily as the hours drew on.

“They’ve just vanished Sir,” the Operator in Communications Room told him solemnly.

“That’s not good enough. They can’t just vanish into thin air. Their out they’re somewhere and if we don’t find them soon. Those god dam Bureaucrats in Brussels who are immune themselves to every law in the land. Who just sit there in their Ivory towers will be condemning us right now. So you better find them if you want to keep your brain in your head,” Sinclair ranted away.

“They are beyond reproach and were just pawns in their global chess game,” Captain Wilson added philosophically.

“Yep it may be just a game,” Sinclair spat back, “They’re really panicking over this little bunch who’ve put a bug up the whole councils arse. So their bobbing up and down like bloody jack in a boxes for they realize even a Pawn can kill the King,” Sinclair mused staring deeply into the polished marble floor imaging the many retributions that could befall him.

“We have to catch these insurgents or our heads will roll,” he added after a pause.

“Any ideas of how we can catch them,” Captain Wilson tried to placate himself.

“That’s your responsibility Wilson not mine,”

The Communications Officer suddenly broke their conversation.

“We have a sighting near Solihull in the Midlands Sir,”

“Excellent,” Sinclair face beamed. “I wonder if their brazen enough to visit the museum there. I have an idea,”

“What idea,” Wilson added.

”I think they’ll head to the conditioning farm out of curiosity. It’s a morbid fascination for their egos. I want you to join them there and

infiltrate them. We need to know if this is a solitary group or is there a network of these insurgents,”

“Are you mad Sir there’s no way they’d believe I am one of theirs,”

“Yes they will, get to medical station they will give you a X10 transfusion they’ll have you looking nice and ghostly. You’ll blend in splendidly,”

Captain Wilson persona appeared horrified at the proposal but he dared not refuse the order.

THE CONCENTRATION CAMP

Isaiah took Wilbur and Amos into the wilderness it took them four days of hard hiking avoiding the many cameras that monitored the landscape. They reached District Central, which used to be the Town of Birmingham. They came upon the long abandoned conditioning center. The wire fences and watch towers were still in position and the red, /white barrier across the gateway.

“I remember this place it used to be called Star City,” Amos announced with shock at the distant memory.

“The trucks would roll down here and park in the square beyond,” Isaiah informed him.

Stood like two rusting giants were aircraft hangers with large sliding doors and outside were the cargo cages that had been used to transport the prisoners here.

“Here they separated the women from the men, the signs there,” Isaiah pointed and Wilbur read out the words –Decontamination Center.

“They used the bombs and the pretext of a global war to bring the people to submission. They convinced them they had radiation poisoning and they were herded like cattle into the hangers,”

Wilbur felt uncomfortable his mind flash backed to being dragged by his feet from the rubble of his suburban house. Escorted by soldiers wearing black respirator masks and placed onto the back of a Bedford truck with more unfortunates.

“Wait my wife, my child,” he recalled saying before a rifle butt hit him in the head.

In the hangers there were cubicles in the first section with saloon doors and a shelf at the far end.

“Here people were told to undress and place their possessions on the shelf. They were given plastic bags that were tagged to make it look as though they would soon get their property returned to them,”

They walked through the cubicle area still stank of disinfectant. The walls were all gray and the cubicles impersonal and cold. Wilbur could feel the cold, as he had stood here naked shivering with both cold and anxiety. The next section through heavy plastic screens stood many chairs and a table opposite each one.

“Place your arm on the desk,” the white-coated Doctor had said. Wilbur remembered seeing the needle and the grain of rice size verichips they were injecting into people.

“What is this,” he recalled questioning still in shock with his shaven head and the barcode thumping that had been typed on his head by the tattoist. “Anti-contamination capsule it will help cleanse the radiation from your blood,” he had been told.

Isaiah looked about this square inhuman environment and could see the emotion awakening in Wilbur’s eyes.

“The verichips were invented many years ago. They tried it sell it to the people as a miracle cure invention that could restore hearing and repair damaged sight. Then it became the ultimate fashion accessory no more credit cards or money to carry about, Get Chipped the advert motto had gone with massive advertising campaigns fronted by popular celebrities and politicians promoting the technology of the new way forward. Wave your arm over the scanner at the shops making it so simple to shop. They didn’t realize it had other abilities hidden controlling abilities that kept people tagged. It recorded everything people purchased and it could be activated to kill anyone who was anti authoritative,” Isaiah informed Wilbur of this technologies development.

“You okay to move on,” Isaiah asked seeing how freaked out Wilbur had become here.

“Yeah sure,” he nodded in response.

The next screens had many cubicles with examination beds and surgical equipment still on the side tables. Wilbur didn’t recall this place however it gave him a shudder of incoherent dread.

“Here is where they injected the white-wash into peoples heads. It was done so methodically that people were zombies within a minute walking through this screen door. They sat them down and injected the whitewash into the cerebral fluid and then their life’s memories were gone forever. They were then wheeled off into the next section where the conditioning began,”

They carried on through the echelons of surgical centers where people were inserted with bio- chips and had images constantly transmitted into their brains.

“When the process had been completed they’d take the conditioned subject to his work location and for a week they’d go through the routine of his labor. He or she would be zapped if they did anything wrong until they conformed exactly into the time frame of the working regime. The Doctors, the Soldiers, the Trainers and the other staff that had worked at these centers were all assassinated. Rounded up by the Security Survive lined up against walls and unceremoniously shot. The New Order rewarded the locality of those who served them with a death sentence once their usefulness was done,”

They entered another area with aluminum walls where red splats of concealed blood were still visible. Wilbur felt real uncomfortable in this particular spot.

“This is where they killed them,” he asked already knowing the answer.

“This was known as the cattle shed, anyone who had adverse effects to the biochip processor conditioning was brought in here. They bolt shot them in the head with a cattle punch,” Isaiah filled in the terrible gaps

“Lets get out of here it freaks me out,” Wilbur said sauntering back along their tracks.

“Isaiah how come you know so much about all this,” Wilbur asked stood in the Bio Chip laboratory.

“I worked for them, nothing I am proud of. I worked in a programme called Echelon where we in the UK spied on USA citizens and the USA spied on UK citizens. A system of control but if we ever got caught then our Governments couldn’t be blamed for spying on their own kind. At Year Zero I worked with the clean up squads targeting the main dissidents that had been identified through Echelon. I brought people here to be

conditioned and when I witnessed first hand the true evil that was occurring I had no other option but to find a way out. I found a corpse with my hair color and I blasted his face off. I place my ID and wallet in his clothing. I cut off hands and threw them to some scavenging dogs and then I walked into the rubble. I considered suicide I had become so ashamed but also I was angry and wanted revenge. I found a book the Saint James Bible in a ruined house and I sat there reading it in the sunlight. I found God in the depths of the Evil world all around me. I turned to the Book it guided me of staying alive and helping others. One day God may even forgive me for my sins,”

“I never knew you had been part of the system,” Wilbur acknowledged.” If God has not yet forgiven you, the People at Piccadilly and myself have for sure. Least your repenting so it shows you are a good man and nothing to do with the corrupt base people who had employed you,”

“I am repentant and I am over my guilt. There is work to be done of utmost importance. I brought you here to show you what’s at stake if we lose.”

“Whatever we must do I am ready,”

In the main office a portrait hung on the wall of a dark haired man attired in a gray uniform with red General lapels. His chest adorned with medals and a three-clover swastika displayed upon his breast.

“Nigel Ralffe Cullen First President of the New World Order,” Wilbur read the plaque under the portrait. “This guy has just an ordinary sounding name, for all the evil he brought upon the world” Wilbur now addressed Isaiah.

“It would be if that were his real name,” Isaiah mentioned but went no further.

“I don’t get you,” Wilbur said puzzled.

Isaiah began scrawling his finger on the settled dust of a tabletop.

“Rearrange the letters you find the truth if everything,” he stated walking away.

Wilbur went over and read the writing on the tabletop.

NIGEL RALFFE CULLEN

LUCIFER FALLEN ANGEL

“Its an anagram,” Wilbur stated seeing what Isaiah had been doing. Then he glanced back at the portrait and could swear he sensed evil coming from those eyes.

Wilbur stayed in the room and sat at the desk contemplating the dreadfulness of this unholy place. He opened the top drawer of the desk he found a book with a black cover tucked inside.

M.O.O.D The Manual of Obedience Database the cover read.

“What’s this,” he mused flicking through the pages.

Doctrine of Control

Outputs

How to create controlled situations-Manipulation of the economy.

Control-by-Control.

Wilbur read the chapter headings. They came upon a list of controlling outputs.

1. Allocates opportunities
2. Destroys opportunities
3. Controls the economic environment
4. Controls the availability of raw materials
5. Controls capitol
6. Controls bank rates
7. Controls the inflation of the currency
8. Controls the possession of property
9. Controls industrial capacity
10. Controls manufacturing
11. Controls the availability of goods
12. Controls price of commodities
13. Controls the labor force
14. Controls payments to Government officials
15. Controls legal functions
16. Controls personnel data files
17. Controls Advertising
18. Controls Media contact
19. Controls material available for TV viewing
20. Disengage attention from real issues
21. Engage emotions

22. Create disorder, chaos and insanity
23. Control design of the more probing tax forms
24. Control surveillance
25. Control storage of all information
26. Develop psychological analyses and profiles of all individuals
27. Control sociological factors
28. Control healthcare system
29. Devise new diseases and limit cures to Members of the Order only
30. Dumb down the population using Movies and TV
31. Gain control of all Civil Liberties
32. Making thinking anything out of the mainstream a crime
33. Isolate groups Smokers, Homosexuals, Ethnic Minorities etc make them hated by their own society.
34. Prey on weaknesses
35. Cripple strengths
36. Leach wealth and substance from the populace.

Wilbur went through the Doctrine of the New World Order and this black book had been standard issue to every Officer in the Special Security Forces before the Year Zero.

Keep the public ignorant

Maintain access and control points

Create preoccupations to lower defenses

Attack the family unit

Control the education of the young

Give less cash and more credit to keep society indebted to the System

Attack the privacy of the Church

Destroy all faiths so people believe in a one world Government

Tighten control of all external Computer input and output sources on the Internet.

“This is unbelievable its a manual of manipulation just like Isaiah had told me. They really did have all this planned out for many years,” Wilbur commented to himself scanning the pages.

How to track a person’s life by paper trail and then make them insolvent.
Checking accounts

Credit card purchases

All products bearing UPC (Universal Product Code) are tagged.

Check Saving records

Check Real estate

Check Business

Automobile

Safety deposit boxes

Stock Market

Stage Two

Bring in all creditors at once. Compound all debts with astronomical interest.

Use Legal Teams with extortionate cost to bring about demise of Enemies funding.

Call in all loans and other HP agreements.

The Book got too political for Wilbur's liking but he knew this manual had left nothing out. No room for error they were highly efficient in gaining domination. Wilbur threw the book back into drawer with disgust. "What's done is done," he stated

Wilbur had a last glance around this terrible place and made preparations to leave when the crashing of metal suddenly caught his attention.

"Whose there," he called into the shadows.

Silence followed and next Wilbur heard footsteps with Isaiah stood next to him clutching a 9mm Browning.

"Where you get that from," Wilbur asked at the gun.

"Never mind that where is the blighter, Come out now before I start shooting shadows," Isaiah pointed the weapon towards the shadows.

"Okay don't shoot please," a voice responded.

"Come out show yourself," Isaiah said in a more relaxed tone.

A gray skinned man with unkempt ginger hair came out from behind a collection of steel drums.

“Who are you,” Isaiah asked him.

“I don’t rightly know. I don’t even know how I got here,”

“Wilbur get that piece of aluminum over there,” Wilbur went over to a bench and picked up the foot thin strip of metal.

“Ok wrap it around his right forearm,” Isaiah instructed still having the gun trained on him.

Wilbur got the man to hold out his forearm and folded the metal around his hand like a crude bangle.

“Why you doing this,” the man asked.

“Don’t worry its for your safety. You have a RFID chip in your arm if we wrap it in aluminum it means you can no longer be traced until we get time to remove it,”

“Ok let’s get out of this place,”

They headed north and regrouped with the others. They were curious at the new arrival however it was something they had not seen before, as they were all waifs and strays at one time. They headed through Staffordshire keeping to the woodland and then at Stoke Isaiah sent a party into the town on a mission.

The party raided an Electronics shop smashing the flat screen TVs and getting the squares of aluminum from the back of the appliances. They returned and Isaiah oversaw the construction of a square shed with aluminum tiles placed on the outside.

“Why you going to all this trouble,” Amos asked him.

“Were obviously wanted men now so I’m taking all precautions as they will be monitoring the RFID frequencies for all unknown contacts. So I’m going remove his implant in this trace free operating theatre. So we wont be detected”

“You’re wasting your time. I don’t trust that guy. Something odd about him and I’ve caught him on more than one occasion removing the bangle you put on his arm,” Amos abruptly confessed his misgivings.

“He’s been taking it off,” Isaiah stated shocked.

“Only on the QT, but I’ve seen him doing it,”

“Very interesting. I thought it had been peculiar how we found him at the center. Lets not be too hasty judging but we best keep an eye on him from now on,”

The operating theatre had been readied the newcomer who was placed in a chair looked tense and his right hand lay out on a table awaiting surgery.

“This may hurt a bit,” Ester, told him slicing the skin with the scalpel.

“Is this necessary,” the newcomer winced.

“Absolutely,” Isaiah assured him pulling the skin apart and bringing out the verichip.

“Hmm unusual its black not orange like the others,” Isaiah noted.” Amos wrap it in aluminum and go get rid of it,” with that Amos went to do his grim duty.

Isaiah now searched the skull for the biochip indentation. He traced his fingers again and again over his skull but could find no sign.

Amos went straight to Mark with the chip. Mark had a telescope set up it was the best they could find.

“I got it,” Amos lay the black chip on a piece of white paper.

Mark using the longest microscope in the world with the telescope inverted pointing downwards. He peered into the large aperture and examined the verichip.

“Yeah your spot on. There is writing on it,”

“I read about this in the Lab at the Conditioning Center. What’s it say,”

“Hang on its real tiny. Okay I see it.... SSS Issue Verichip,”

“We have the spying bastard,” Amos grinned viciously.

Captain Wilson found himself handcuffed to the steering wheel of a car they had discovered. They had tied his feet under the chair. They jacked the car from the rear so the wheels were off the ground. Amos glued the accelerator to the floor and put the car in drive.

“Have a good journey back to your compatriots,” Amos said mockingly.

“The car was on the M6 facing south and the wheels spun maddeningly off the ground.

“Ok let him go,” Isaiah stated as Mark lowered the jack.

The wheels spun burning black rubber that clouded the air as the car hit the ground. The car sped off down the M6 with the Captains only control being able to steer it somewhat uncomfortably with his handcuffed hands.

“That should get him back home in good time,” Amos added as the speeding the car was already zooming away into the distance at top acceleration.

“He should do okay it had a full tank,” Mark stated mischievously.

The Black OH-58 recon helicopters had the car sighted as it passed Birmingham on the old toll road Motorway traveling in excess of over one hundred miles a hour. They followed it down the M40 and onto the carriageway of the M25.

“Please stop now this is your final warning,” they tannoyed down to the unknown vehicle but it went on regardless.

“This guys real stubborn,” the Pilot stated firing cannon rounds across his pathway.

Captain Wilson screamed out a nonsensical muttering of curses.

“You bloody imbeciles it’s me,” he cried out again in vain.

He realized now the only way he was going to get through this, if somehow miraculously he could stop the car.

The Pilot had fired the warning rounds and now got into position to get target lock and finish the job.

Wilson could see the helicopter turning in his rear view mirror and was well aware of his intentions.

“Fuck it,” he raged turning the wheel sharply and doing a 360-degree turn in the car.

This maneuver put the helicopter out of sync and had slowed the car sufficiently. Wilson came out of the spin white knuckled and now drove it straight into the metal barrier. The force made his head hit the windscreen as the car stopped dead, but apart from horrendous whiplash and a few grazes he had survived.

THE PROFESSOR

The Professor had prior knowledge of the coming events and he had a ready-made bunker built under his home, a relic of the last centuries Cold War. He had stocks of tinned food, a water supply and had power from an array of car batteries. He had rigged up a generator also which he powered himself on an old bicycle. He sat beneath the earth waiting the storm clouds of the war to end. On the roof he had a huge satellite dish not the domestic type that were used to capture TV stations. This Satellite had been for research as the Professor had been a long and proud member of the S.E.T I (Search For Extra Terrestrial Intelligence) organization.

To wile away his lonely days he routinely sent out signals bouncing them off satellites onto the Earth in the hope of receiving a reply. He also used an old SETI channel for scanning the airwaves for signals in the UK. He had picked up the worrying conditioning frequencies and had honed in on some Military Traffic, which he listened too with interest. The whole situation looked bleak with the whole world under occupation.

One day whilst scanning the heavens he received a long awaited signal. He listened to it carefully it was old Morse code and it had been sending out an S.O.S. repeatedly for some time. He found the frequency array and sent back a few short lines of Morse.

“I can hear you,” A voice came over the intercom making the Professor spill his cup of tea.

The signal came back again and the response almost instantaneous.

“Thank God please help us this is the International Space Station. We have six crew onboard. NASA no longer responds to any of our transmissions. We have supplies for roughly half a year then we are dead men. We need you to contact the USA Government and arrange a rescue operation,”

The Professor didn't know how to answer this. Should he tell them the awful truths that they were doomed to orbit the Earth until they had died or should he tell them a lie. He opted for the second option.

“Hello Space Station things on Earth been pretty bad. There's been a bit of a war. Things are quieting down and everything is slowly returning to normal. Communications are not fully restored as you have discovered but do not fear I will get your message to the appropriate authorities.” then as

a afterthought added,” I thought you guys had an emergency escape capsule,”

“Yeah but of all the luck we had a collision with a piece of space debris the size of a peanut. Pretty powerful nut and of all things to hit it clipped the engine housing of the escape capsule. Its beyond repair so are only hope of rescue is from you Guys down there,”

The Professor had someone at last to converse with, he learnt the Space Station Crew personnel off by name. The Commander of the Mission Trivarchious came from Utah in America. The Science Co-Coordinator Justin O’Connor came from the UK. Captain Clemence from Australia. Captain Pulaski from Russia. Captain Chow Yun from China and Captain Hendrickson from Norway. The Professor pleasantly surprised there were six different nationalities amongst the six of them up there in Space.

INCOMMUNICADO

As they left the Conditioning Center behind them they came into the hills near the town of Bolton. On the top of Winter Hill stood a tall TV antenna. “Hey Guys, ill catch you up,” Methidios told them ambling up the mountain.

“Wilbur, Amos go with him,” Isaiah ordered.

They reached the summit and Methidios took off his pack back and took all kinds of electrical devices he had collected.

“What we doing up here man,” Amos moaned as the cold wind cut through him.

“Wont be long wanna send a message to those chaps in South Africa let them know we haven’t forgotten about them.” Methidios explained his actions.

Methidios attached a few wires into one of the gray control boxes that stood at the foot of the tall antennae. He took out a computer keypad and began tapping on the Enter and Space bar.

“What you doing now,” Amos asked him again.

“Sending out a short Morse message. Nearly there,” Methidios finished and packed up his equipment.

“Okay were good to go,” he told them as they began descending back down the hill.

They hadn’t got more than five hundreds yards away from the Antennae when a Tornado Jet came out of the clouds and began dropping bombs onto the hillside.

“Quick leg it,” Amos yelled as they ran for their life down the hillside. One hundred yards ahead they could make out the woodland and they hastened their pace towards it. The Tornado was bombing indiscriminately the signal Methidios had sent had been instantly traced. The authorities were now monitoring all known communication frequencies the Terrorists had used previously.

They reached the wood fighting for breath with more bombs exploding on the hillside behind them.

“That was a close call man,” Amos declared

“That was a wake up call their monitoring all frequencies. We were lucky to have escaped,” Methidios added.

“Looks if they’re getting serious,” Wilbur made his own comment.

LAB RATS

They watched them bring in the harvest and carry it to the milling sheds. A huge treadmill with people manning it covered in white powder grinding the wheat into flour. Others were tending to pigs, hens and other livestock. Some collected eggs, which were boxed; some milked cows by hand and carried buckets back to the farmhouse. Cheese and butter were prepared here. It seemed almost ordinary except for the fact this was one of many of the slave farms. Every task done robotically by minds controlled by biochip and radio waves.

“This is slavery,” Amos spat out.

“This has always been slavery, before Year Zero people worked and were burdened by taxes whilst the Elite and big corporations were tax exempt. The poor paid for the whims of the rich. At that time we knew in our gut

we were getting cheated but now they have no idea that they are being cheated, that is the only difference,” Isaiah added his philosophical muse. Wilbur looked at the E.L.F towers and the speaker like boxes that he knew were sending out an indiscernible signal. Then he looked at the huge drums and Isaiah had told him they were demonic psychotronic devices. Wilbur didn’t know what that meant but Amos had explained it could give people painful volts of energy if they strayed from the herd or even kill them if they were no longer of use. A sound weapon that sent out powerful microwaves.

“Who collects that milk and the eggs,” Ester asked changing the subject.

“Yeah once a week either a helicopter or truck arrives. They collect what they need and leave,” Nathan who had found the farm informed them.

Wilbur looked again through the binoculars. The sight in the lens both nauseated and angered him. The gray overalls, the gaunt tormented features and the orderly way they juddered into life with the invisible prod of the signal given off by the E.L.F towers. This slave farm was typical of the many others and it brought back deeply hidden memories of anguish to most of them.

“We should go down there and save them from this misery now,” Wilbur demanded.

“We could not do that,” Isaiah answered him straightforwardly.

“Why, Why the hell not,” Wilbur’s frustrations were turning to anger.

“Because we are not ready yet and nor are they,” Isaiah affirmed his position.

“Damn they look like sewer rats from here,” Amos had picked up the binoculars and made his own observation.

“Their not fucking rats...their people,” Ester blasted him coldly with burning hatred in her eyes.

“I meant LAB rats,” Amos mouthed trying to somehow make it sound better.” Hey I didn’t mean any offence,” he protested.

“Just leave it Amos now is not the time,” Isaiah advised him.” Okay lets make a move I think we’ve all seen enough here,”

After weeks of traversing the wilderness they reached the Town of Kendal, which had been a sight for sore limbs. Isaiah ever cautious had

reconnoitered the town for three hours before he let Amos and Mark who were the most eager to venture in. They like children ran around the streets and within a short time had declared the small area of the town clear. In the shopping Mall they all went berserk getting new clothing and replacing worn out footwear. Drinks machines were crowd barred open. Shop windows were smashed through to get to prized possessions. Mark had claimed a Mountain Bike and had a mobile phone on a holster.

“What you want that for,” Amos had asked him.

“Don’t know looks cool though and I found all these,” Mark opened a bag full of phone batteries. They all have charge in them,”

“Who you gonna call man,” Amos laughed out loud.

“Its for games. The games on the phone,” Mark replied defensively.

Isaiah being more than practical went to the camping shops collecting butane gas burners for cooking. A hunting knife for skinning game and tents for shelter. Miriam, Mary and Ester hit the beauty parlors getting shampoos and scents. They shopped for exquisite clothes, which would have no real purpose out in the wilderness. Mathew found some books and writing paper to add to his journal he had started. Methidios hit the telecommunications stores taking the necessary equipment he would need to try and send out another signal. They spent the night in a Hotel drinking at the bar and sleeping in the rooms above.

“We can’t risk another night here,” Isaiah protested knowing the towns were patrolled regularly.

“Isaiah chill out man have some fun for once in your life,” Amos ribbed him fondling a prized bottle of white rum.

“The cautious man in these times is a wise man,” Isaiah responded prophetically.

“Ill be incautious soon too,” Amos replied swigging the bottle of rum dry.

On the morn they ate a hearty breakfast and headed into the countryside. As they marched out Marks phone began ringing.

“What the Hell,” he looked at the incoming call astonished.

“Maybe you’ve not paid the bill,” Amos told him.” They’ve finally caught up with you,”

“What should I do,” Mark looked at the ringing phone terrified.

“For Gods sake answer it,” Isaiah told him.

“Hello,” Mark talked into the receiver.

“Who am I talking too,” the voice stated.

Mark put his hand over the phone and whispered.

“He wants to know who he’s talking too,”

“An idiot tell him,” Amos cajoled.

“Give me the damn thing,” Isaiah demanded grabbing the phone from him.

“This is Isaiah and who may you be,”

“You can call me the Professor. I’ve been hiding out since this all began .I’m not going to give you my real name or location for obvious reasons,”

“Hey that’s reasonable and it’s the same here. Were a group of survivors and this is the first contact we’ve had with someone else in the UK who isn’t trying to kill us” Isaiah admitted to him hoping that was the case.

“I’m not surprised my first human contact has only been with the Space Station,”

“You’re kidding,”

“No I talk with them everyday poor souls hurtling around the planet with no means of escape,”

“Sounds grim but no grimmer than anybody else at the moment,” Isaiah added truthfully.

“I better go the satellite about to shift Ill be in touch same time tomorrow if okay take care,”

“Sure thing. You too,” Isaiah didn’t know quite what to make of that conversation but at least it told them, there were others in the same predicament as themselves.

“How he know the phone number,” Amos mused scratching his scalp.

“He used telemetry and he must have access to an old communications satellite,” Methidios explained to him knowingly.

“However he did it. All I know man is, its given me the creeps,” Amos still scratched his head none the wiser.

PARADISE –YEAR ZERO-+ MONTH EIGHTEEN

They founded a settlement on the banks of Lake Ullswater and their first priority was to build rudimentary shelters to live in. They caught a few domestic cattle and a pig which was more a boar hiding in the wild. They also found chickens and the fishing in the lake had been bountiful. They planted seeds in the dirt and also fruit seeds hoping to sprout trees of pears and apples. At first the going had been tough but they soon got into the rhythm of this life. They were happy and they felt secure away from the destruction and malevolent forces that patrolled the cities.

Wilbur was glad to be away from the rat-infested cesspits that had once been thriving cities. In the countryside he felt a well being of himself. He had invoked his sense of humanity that had been wiped from this world. He reflected on Isaiah knowing if this great man had not made a stand none of what they were achieving would have been possible. He had been a rock of humanity and they stood by him now with blind loyalty for him and each other. Isaiah a Prophet one of the few amongst them who could remember what had occurred before and during the Year Zero. The soothsayers of a forgotten world and the preachers of the new hope for mankind.

In the fields crops were ripening, the fruit trees heavy with buds of life and domesticated beasts roamed wild on the pasture. They had everything here to begin again. In their minds there was always the shadow of the malevolent Forces of Evil who had judged themselves equal to God and had tried to destroy the fruit of humankind. Isaiah had told them it had been the Devils work they were doing.

Rain and thunderstorms buffeted the sky and it kept the Black helicopters grounded so they were thankful for it. The harsh winter had just passed which had forced them to light fires in the night. The thermal signature had been a threat but freezing to death had been bigger concern. The summer was fast approaching and they sat around a campfire contemplating the new life they had created and the old world they had left behind.

“It rained a lot before Year Zero. We had summers without even a single dry day,” Isaiah reflected back to the old times.

“Was they’re always so much rainfall,” Wilbur questioned him further. Isaiah laughed then explained, “The Global Government began a myth called global warming. It had been another device to tax people further and deprive people of everyday resources. They had planes dropping barium and aluminum into the clouds, which they named chemtrails. This phenomenon designed to bring about weather change to prove that the planet was really heating up. The barium and aluminum hung in the atmosphere blocking out the sun and causing a cooker effect on the planet. That had been the idea but mother earth had fought back against this man made deception. Constant rain fell day after day washing the pollutants from the clouds.” Isaiah had explained to them.

THE FABLE OF FLIGHT 33

John stared longingly in the flames of fire and then he spoke.

“I recall a strange event that happened just before the eve of Year Zero. Flight 33 had left Manchester on a drizzly Tuesday morning enroute to London Heathrow. In Mid-flight the plane was hijacked by four Islamic Terrorist. Whilst at Whitemoor Prison I came across Paul O’Connell. He had been on that plane,”

“I remember the story of Flight 33 in the press. It sort of ended after the hijack we never got to hear of that story anymore,” Isaiah added his own comments.

“The story had been abruptly buried by the Government controlled media and Paul O’Connell found himself locked on Delta wing serving a life sentence for terrorism. Paul had only been a passenger onboard that plane that day,”

“I don’t get you man,” Amos muttered.

“He told me of what had really occurred that day. The four Islamic terrorists were onboard Flight 33 and they had tried to take control of the

plane. They had crude sharp knives that had been cunningly disguised as belt buckles.”

“Nobody move. Anybody moves they will be killed,” the Terrorist Leader had started shouting but the passengers confronted them. A scuffle broke out in the aisles and the terrorists were disarmed.

“He then told me that onboard was an Officer in the Royal Logistics Corp who had just finished a tour of Iraq. He had recognized one of the terrorists as Mohammed Zhalik.

“I don’t get it this guy was transported to Guantanamo Bay two months back. There’s no way he should be here on Flight 33,” the Logistics Officer had reported this strange occurrence.”

The Pilot Captain Alexander had learned of the foiled terrorist take over but he had his own concerns. They had lost all communication with the ground and the plane had begun banking left. He had lost control of the plane and it had begun flying of its own accord.

“What you make of this,” Alexander turned to the Co-Pilot.

“Were being flown by remote control. I have heard this can be done but I’ve never experienced it until now,” the Co-Pilot stated calmly but they both had worrying concerns.

“Get the stewardess see if anyone on the Passenger roster has any technical expertise,” Alexander now suggested.

Sandy Roberts Chief Stewardess checked the roster and found that they had a Flight Engineer Richard Mullins on the list. She quietly made her way to row 3b and leaned over to a portly man reading the Telegraph Newspaper and whispered in his ear.

The Engineer after hearing the Pilots concerns lifted the hatch in the aisle and then disappeared into the cargo hold. Richard found the gray box that now controlled all the aircrafts controls and after a few moments of tinkering disabled it. Captain Alexander sighed a breath of relief as the plane came back under his control.

“Well done,” he thanked the Engineer.

Then as things were seemingly getting back to normal two Euro Fighters appeared on either wingtip. The Fighter Pilots had explicit instructions to shoot the plane down. Flight Lieutenant Powers glanced over at the passenger’s faces in the windows and they didn’t appear stricken and in fear for their lives. He came level with the cockpit and waved to the

Airline Pilot. Alexander waved back giving him the thumbs up and okay in sign language. The pilot pointed to his own plane and indicated the Airliner should follow him. The Euro fighter took up escort and Flight 33 followed his slipstream.

“As long as the plane conforms to our flight plan we wont shoot it down,” Powers radioed over to the other Euro fighter.

“No problems Powers your in charge on this one,” Flight Lieutenant Gray responded to him.

“Eagle one what is the situation over. You need to shoot that plane down,” RAF Strike Command HQ came over the radio net.

“Eagle One that’s a negative on shooting down over,” Powers informed them.

“What you mean that’s a negative, Shoot the plane down Lieutenant that’s a direct order,” the HQ now screamed at him.

“I’m afraid that’s still a negative over. Coming into land at Brize Norton E.T.A two minutes over,”

“Powers shoot it down, you have to shoot it down,” the voice sounded almost crazy from HQ now.

“No can do over,” Powers told them firmly.

“You will be court marshaled for this insubordination Lieutenant,”

“Okay that’s an affirmative over,” Powers hung up on them.

“Fucking idiots,” he said to himself.

The Airliner landed successfully but the passengers were rounded up and locked in a hanger. They disappeared vanished forever from society.

Captain Alexander was told to fly the plane back to Manchester the next day with no passengers onboard. As they took off the plane went back to remote control and Flight 33 hit Buckingham Palace killing the Royal Family and the Monarchy of the UK on the eve of Year Zero. O’Connell had escaped whatever fate had befallen the others and ended up on a wing in Whitemoor Prison,” John paused sipping hot coffee laced with whiskey.

“Wow that story is bizarre,” Amos acknowledged.

The first signs of the harvest they had planted were coming to life. The wild flowers began to bloom and the buds of new fruits hung off the branches.

“This is wonderful here,” Ester watched the sun rising and the green hills come to life in vivid color.

“It’s a very serene place. Its almost like heaven,” Wilbur announced to her.

“Come with me,” Ester grabbed him by the hand and dragged him down the hill.

“Hey, Where we going,” he half protested.

“To enjoy the day,” she laughed out with a womanly cry.

They followed the mountain streams. Ester picked flowers it reminded her of when she had been a girl. Wilbur breathed in the fresh air and washed in the cold crystal water. It cleansed him of the slave factory existence of decay and depression that still hung in his mind.

They came upon a hidden copse with the sun illuminating a circle of a small shaded spot within the trees. Ester led him through the trees giggling like the young girl she had rediscovered within herself.

“Lets make love,” she whispered into his ear and engulfing him with her arms.

They lay on the soft moss of the earth under the light of the glorious sun. They made love, more than that, the passion raw and intense. It released the physical and spiritual strains they had been subjected to endure. Lay there under the blue skies and naked to the world. They experienced freedom of the soul, the warmth of love and the emotions of being truly alive. Wilbur looked to the heavens with a glow in his heart and a new fire awoken in his eyes. After they bathed in the lake and strolled back like lovers hand in hand to the others.

“You are truly beautiful,” he told her.

“And you are too, my love,” she replied.

THE VISION

The man crawled up the mountain on all fours like a wild beast. His face wrought with terror and his clothing ripped to rags. On his heels rising up the mountain were lashings of hot sulphur that gave off intoxicating acrid gases. The great river of lava scorched and destroyed everything in its path. The man glanced over his shoulder, he perspired so much his shirt clung to his back with the air so hot and poisonous. Scrambling forever higher and higher climbing for his very life with the great river of fire following his every step.

He glared into the river of lava and he could see the tormented faces of the damned. They were screaming out in untold misery and he felt a single tear in his own eye. Also in the lava he made out Demons that snarled like wild dogs. They rose out trying to pull him into the infernal abyss but the man scrambled up with his knees bloodied by the effort. He finally reached the pinnacle, the last man on the earth stood upon tiptoes on the last piece of land that had been the Earth. There was nowhere else to run and he glared down at the approaching doom. He stared across the fiery sea and made out flames rising and licking the heavens. The sky had turned pitch black with blood red clouds in its existence. Lightning so powerful it blinded his eyes streaking across the sky, a fury of electrical flames that burned the air and deep resonating thunder that shook everything with its might. In the distant flames, a throne of fire hung above the river of tumultuous lava and sat upon the throne the goat headed Baphomet. His red eyes were gloating over the total devastation beneath him and the heavens playing the tunes of Hell above. Hammers beating upon an infernal anvil with the orchestra of the powers of darkness having dominance over the forces of light.

The mans shoes began to smolder with the ground so intensely hot. The sea of lava rising and rising. It drew closer nearly reaching the pinnacle. Stood like an eagle on the last eerie of the World. The man raised out his arms in the sign of the cross and stood defiantly before the Devil. "I do not fear thee," he shouted across the abyss.

The Devil roared so loud that thunder buffeted the sky and flames arose high up into the sky. Then he roared again a tongue of fire shot across the expanse and the man watched the Hell fire coming upon him.

Wilbur sat bolt upright in the tent. He was covered in dank perspiration and his heart raced like a hunted animal. He had browsed through the book of revelation that night and when sleep had took him the nightmare had haunted his dreams. It had seemed so real he didn't know whether his imagination had caused the dream or had it really been a vision as it had felt so real.

PARADISE TWO

The crops were ready to be harvested and Isaiah caught the aroma of baking bread in his imagination as he collected in the wheat. The others too worked hard collecting in the various crops and Wilbur's shirt covered in grime with the rigor. He never even noticed Ester coming towards him and when he turned she was before him.

"Hi Love," he greeted her with.

"I have some wonderful news," she confirmed.

"What's that," Wilbur Questioned.

"Were going to have a child isn't it wonderful," She explained with her face beaming.

Wilbur smiled grabbing her towards him but he didn't want her to see the terror in his own eyes. The vision still haunted him and it brought back the dark memories of his past. He was back holding his dead daughter in his arms. Why bring another child into this awful World and how could it survive in the conditions of their concealment. They were creating something to live in a world thwart with danger. Wilbur feared the news but he had not the heart not to tell her, his own opinion.

They walked hand in hand out of the field and Ester told all the community their good news. Mark had been listening and decided it was time for another journey to the local town to find alcohol and other celebratory goods.

“You be careful,” Isaiah would lecture him but the young man never took no heed of old mans opinions.

Mark returned that evening with wine, vodka and cigarettes. He had also found a box of cigars, which Isaiah took from him.

“Hey,” Mark said as he grabbed them from his booty.

“I will need these,” was all Isaiah told him before walking away.

“Man,” Mark moaned then smiled at the old mans gall.

At this time also a group of four stragglers were discovered by Amos living wild in the hills. Their leader Hazeus a Hispanic from the Dominican Republic had been in the UK on a work visa when all hell had broken loose. The four of them had been employed fruit picking in the local orchards and since Year Zero had hidden here in the wilderness. Isaiah, John and Methidios had been the only ones with a full memory of the past events but now four others who could spread their own enlightenment. The total in the community rose again when another straggler Joseph a local Cumbrian Man was found by Mark living rough on an expedition he had carried out to Keswick. After the spy incident every newcomer had been treated with suspicion. They blended in and soon any misgivings were forgotten. Hazeus had a natural adept as a hunter and with a sporting crossbow he regularly brought venison, pheasant and rabbit to the dinner table.

THE NEW WORLD ORDER

Nigel Ralffe Cullen the first President of the New World Order sat upon his throne in the Pentagon room of the Pentagon. He sat there more like an Ancient Pharaoh than a political Leader of the age. He demanded abeyance and worship from his chosen minions. He had rose to power like a shadow on the Eve of the Year Zero. He had master minded the new divisions that dominated the world. He didn't tolerate failure in any aspect and had become renowned for his brutality in dealing out punishment. The Councils that sat before him had members replaced many times prior by his foul temper. On the lawns of the Pentagon the past Party Members carcasses hung on stakes a stark warning to any who dared question the authority of this man.

Nigel Ralffe Cullen held the world in the palm of his hand; he undeniably controlled the remnants of all civilization. If he clenched his fist he could crush the life out of all that existed. The seven members of the US Supreme Council administrated over his ten Kingdoms. Each Kingdom had its councils it was the classic model of divide of conquer regime driven by fear and paranoia. The World splintered asunder under the control of megalomaniacs and psychopathic executioners.

PARADISE THREE

He paced up and down outside the shack and Amos sat there keeping him company.

“Your gonna wear out the grass man,” Amos cajoled as the tooing and froing began to grate on his nerves.

A scream emanated from within and Wilbur stopped dead in his tracks.

“Stop panicking man, she'll be okay. It's a natural thing,” Amos tried to calm him again.

“I hope so. I feel useless out here,” Wilbur looked worried and his mind wouldn't rest.

“Well you did your part and now she's doin hers,” Amos added chauvinistically.

Miriam appeared in the doorway and Wilbur ran to her.

“What’s happening,?”

“You can come in now,” was all she revealed.

“About time,” Amos stated aloud.

“No not you, Just the father,” Miriam placed the flat of her hand before Amos.

“Man always the bridesmaid never the bride,” he winked at her.

“What is it,” Wilbur asked excitedly.

“You have a baby girl,” Ester voice came from inside.

Ester sat up under a cover, her face flushed with exertion. In her arms she held a wrapped bundle.

“How are you,” Wilbur asked her.

“I’m good, look. Look at your daughter,” she insisted.

Wilbur glanced down at the tiny face that peered back at him. The babies blue eyes seemed to pierce his very soul. He wanted to cry so overcome with mixed emotions.

“She’s beautiful, just like her mum,” he reached out and held his daughter.

“She’s...called Eve,” Ester informed him.

“Eve,” Wilbur smiled into the babies face.

“The door burst open and Amos appeared in the entrance way.

“I’m sorry but I couldn’t wait any longer. Okay where is the little one,” he said perplexed.

“Here,” Wilbur nodded to him.

Amos went over and peered at the little bundle. His eyes lit up and his face filled with a broad smile.

“It’s a miracle, you’ll be a famous baby,” he said to Eve.” The first born in this new age,”

“We have called her Eve,” Ester enlightened him.

“When you getting to work on Adam,” he replied back.

“Not for some time yet,” Wilbur answered and they all laughed.

“Man I nearly forgot. Isaiah gave you this,” Amos fiddled in his jacket and brought out a thick Cuban cigar.

“Wow,” Wilbur eyed the treasure.

“Its yours man, take it,” Amos handed it over.

THE ARCHITECT

The Architect had never shown any mercy and made no allowances whatsoever for weaknesses. His Council the hierarchy were strangely powerful showing attributes of the Architect himself. A new Rome he had created from the ashes of the old World. A Fourth Reich, a New World Order or a Hell upon the Earth. Mortimer had met the Architect only once previously and he still had a nervous twitch every time he reminisced the occasion.

Duvall and Mortimer had been summoned to Washington, the Pentagon Citadel with the many hidden occult symbolism in the street patterns. The Druids had called them ley lines, the Ancient Egyptians had built their pyramids in coalition of these hidden forces and Washington had been built on the most powerful supernatural grid on the planet. It was by no accident the Streets resembled the satanic ceremonies and the hidden forces of the unknown, readying to erupt beneath its surface.

Mortimer and Duvall walked with uncertainty towards the pentagonal temple that had recently been made ornate by layers of gold. As he entered the black onyx archway mutilated bodies greeted them hung up on the walls like works of grotesque art. Naked women cavorted pole dancing and swinging up high above them seductively like a perverts trapeze act. Their faces were consumed by insatiable lust and the Nymphs shot their tongues out as if they were snakes.

In the center of the pentagonal that had once been a lush garden now stood a Church of black onyx. Mortimer walked down the black marble corridor into the bowels of the Satanic Church. In the Temple only a snaking path could be discerned. The rest of the floor was just a chasm that fell forever into the abyss. Mortimer dared to glance down and he looked straight into the fires of Hell. What he witnessed before his eyes, too horrific, too demonic and too debacle to ever think upon again. Mortimer and Duvall knelt in submission before their Master. Nigel Ralffe Cullen sat upon a throne attired in a pinstriped suit with a white shirt accompanied by a plain black tie.

“Sign these,” he handed over to them a papyrus scroll each

The writing on the scrolls was archaic and indiscernible. Mortimer tried to fathom what the agreement meant before him but he had no idea. He dared

not question the Architect he knew only death would follow that course. Duvall took out a knife and ran the blade along the palm of his hand. He passed the knife to Mortimer who had to pluck up the gumption before he slid the sharp edge into his flesh. Duvall took out a feather and dipped into the wound. He scrawled his name in blood at the bottom of the parchment. Mortimer now took the feather and dipped it into his life's blood. He signed the paper selling his soul to eternal damnation.

As they came out of the Temple they noticed a beautiful blonde swinging naked above them.

"Watch this," she boasted swinging higher and faster.

Mortimer stopped dead gaping in wonder above him at her beauty. Then he noticed the razor like sheet of metal she was nearing with every swing.

"Watch out," he called.

"Its okay it's my Masters will," she answered as her feet hit the razor sharp edge and severed off completely. The swing came back again and the blonde had toppled. Her neck hit the razor edge and her head landed at the feet of Mortimer, He ran down the corridor to catch up with Duvall.

A KNIGHTS TALE-YEAR ZERO- + MONTH 32

Marks prized possession had been the Mountain Bike he had discovered in Kendal. He regularly went on forays allover Cumbria to nearby farmhouses and villages coming back with treasured supplies. Isaiah had always warned him not to be going out alone and never to stray too far. Mark being young and impetuous decided to venture on an expedition to the Town of Keswick in the North. He set out early in the morning before anyone had arisen. He reached the town by midday cycling passed the abandoned premises, the empty streets and rusting cars. He peered through cobweb covered shop windows scouring for alcohol, tobacco and prized tins of food. He kicked down the door of a convenience store and then lifted his scarf over his face. He waited as the putrid smell of rotten produce had vented some before he plucked up enough courage and

willpower to enter. Even in the daylight the grime covered windows made this place a dank hole and it gave him the shivers.

He moved quickly going first to the cigarette kiosk and he found it fully stacked with stock.

“Bingo,” he said piling thousands of smokes into his scavenging bag.

He realized some of the tobacco would be gone stale but most of this load would still be fine. Then he examined the Alcohol section taking 2 cases of Fine Scotch Whiskey, which he lifted, into his bag, which became so heavy he now had to drag it along.

“Cool,” he beamed knowing the whiskey had become the Rebels firewater and he would be treated like a hero when he returned with his booty.

He now began filling the rest of his sack with tins when a humming noise caught his attention. He swiveled around to see a circular disk hovering with three helicopter type rotors keeping it airborne. The disk wasn't big, no more than three feet wide and had black domes of hidden cameras atop of it.

“Surveillance drone,” Mark cursed at it hovered in the doorway filming him scavenging.

“Go away,” Mark called chucking tin cans at it. The drone shot up rapidly to avoid the objects.

Mark used the moment to drag the sack outside and then balance it on his handlebars. The huge consignment on his steering could be a burden to most people, but not to Mark who had mastered transporting awkward loads this way. He peddled down the street looking over his shoulder for the drone. It had seemed to have disappeared then he caught it again following him along the rooftop line. He turned down the narrow alleys dodging in and out of wheelie bins. He hid under bus shelters and drove through houses but still it managed to cling to his tail. He grabbed a metal washing line pole and spun around his wheels grinding dirt until he came to a complete stop.

“Okay lets do this,” he said angrily as the drone now head height paused twenty foot away from him stationary. Mark a knight at the joust brought the washing pole into the charge position and drone taunted him remaining steady accepting his challenge.

Mark peddled like fury building up momentum towards the drone and he brought the lance upright into a direct striking position. At the last

moment, a split second before impact the drone shot sideways and Mark peddled past his quarry. He turned the bike again the wheels eating gravel as he spun about. He renewed the charge with his face gritted with heroic determination. He raced down the hill at breakneck speed and raised the lance for impact. The drone hovered up as he approached and he watched it descending above him. It shot out a barrage of tiny darts beneath it and Mark lowered his head as they hit his back, shoulders and skull.

“Aaaggh, aagghh, aaaghh,” he cried out as they hit him.

With the darts no bigger than matchsticks sticking out of him like a hedgehog he struggled to keep control of the bike. He felt queasy with his vision blurring and he became suddenly very weak. The bike toppled and mark crashed down beneath it. The immobilizing drug in the darts had taken effect. Marks head began to spin with the clouds circling above him.

“I’m sorry Isaiah,” Mark stated before he fell into unconsciousness.

THE MELTING POT

“You said there was once a world of harmony. I’m just curious what was the world like before Year Zero,” Wilbur asked his mind always seeking enlightenment of his lost past.

“There had been a sort of harmony but also there has always been wars for gold, oil, land and other resources. Mankind’s greed has no bonds. There were also times of peace and accord,” Isaiah answered the question with duplicity.”

Wilbur walked by his side silent he knew Isaiah would reveal more as the old mans eyes drifted with consternation.

“The last war was very different. It had been orchestrated and planned over hundreds of years with ruthless efficiency,”

Wilbur knew the question he had originally asked had been diverted but he felt Isaiah had something more important to reveal to him.

“They used their own populations to destroy each other in Civil wars.

They began by taxing people so much that they became virtual slaves. So

many taxes, for so many things and at such high rates in the end it wasn't worth people working at all. Then they withdrew meat, milk and cheese. The stable diet of the western world became extinct as the domestic cattle were slaughtered. Then they shipped in immigrants so all different nations created melting pots of diverse cultures with language barriers and mistrust. Communities became powder kegs of race, religion and custom. This in an environment of abject poverty, constant starvation with food sources running low and anger running high. Yes that is what they wanted Ordo Ab Chao –Order out of chaos so they fanned the intense anger, hate and loathing. Until it had built up to make people revolt and then they lit the fuse.

Ordo Ab Chao –Order out of chaos. Martial law was declared an infamous incident at this time began known as the siege of York. Millions of people were caught up in hate riots and mob violence within the City. The people cried for help and they were thankful when the authorities initially arrived. The Government forces just blockaded the City and stopped anyone coming in or going out. In the fury and hate of the riots people began committing heinous crimes. They sealed off millions of people then let them starve to death. Anarchy in the air and the revolution had begun that's the reaction they had wanted. -More hate and more fury.

Ordo Ab Chao –Order out of chaos. These cauldrons of hate scenarios were erupting in every city, in every country across the globe. People were being massacred in civil uprisings, Civil Wars, even peaceful protests turned into bloodbaths.

With the world in absolute chaos they then decided to restore order and they called in –Operation Armageddon-. Russian paratroopers were dropping over British skies, Chinese Amphibious vehicles landing on the beaches of Brighton and American jets thundered across the skyline. Air strikes were brought upon every Major City and then infantry would move in and cleanse the towns. The Elite Lords, MPs and the wealthy who had funded and power brokered the chaos had believed they were supremely immune. The Devil is the great deceiver and they soon found themselves rounded up and betrayed themselves. They were thrown alive into furnaces at a Steel Mill, the express way to Hell.” Isaiah recounted the scenario of Year Zeros breakout.

Isaiah had anger but also tears in his demeanor such was the power of the things he now talked about.

“We must build a better world next time,” Wilbur said optimistically.

“Be careful what you wish for. We lived in a so-called democracy in reality it was feudal system of Royalty and Lords. The crown still officially owned even the land you had paid for and toiled over. So you believed that you had possessions but everything was controlled. Interest rates, Inflation and tax all con tricks to keep serfs being serfs. We need a new world where people are beholding to no one. You can live your life without constraint. We all know right from wrong and we all seek justice for any wrongdoing. We need to live by a simple code not thousands of petty laws constraining our freedoms. I fear the dice have been cast and we will never get another chance. The auction hammer has finally come down on mankind fueled by greed, lust, hate and every other sin. If by perchance we did get another fresh start, we must make absolutely certain it is to be done the right way. There has been too many sacrifices, too many martyrs to mourn and we owe them the debt of a better world,” Isaiah had revealed his soul to Wilbur.

MARATHON MAN

Mark found himself unable to move. Strapped to a chair in a bare magnolia room with a glass window directly in front of him. He remembered rooms similar to this from old movies. Interrogation suites where someone observed through the one-way glass mirror. He sat there staring at his own reflection and trying to pierce through the glass to discover where he could be. He didn't know how they had gotten him here but he remembered the deal with the drone. Hour's maybe a whole day passed but Mark sat there contemplating his fate. He knew it would be fruitless to call out. He knew whatever came through that door would probably be his worst nightmare. He realized it best to sit quietly and await his doom with some decorum.

He began to fall asleep with his arms numb by the tight straps and his legs wrought with pins and needles he tried to forget about the uncomfortable pain. Then the door opened and a man dressed meticulously entered the room. Attired in a black neatly creased shirt with the badge of a three-
clover swastika upon his lapel. His hair neatly trimmed and shaved at the sides and back, in typical military style. His nose slightly hooked like a bird of prey and his eyes held no emotion within them.

“Good day I’m Commander Sinclair. I hope you are comfortable,” he paced the room with his hands cupped behind his back.

“Not very,” Mark responded dryly.

“Well that can soon change depending on how cooperative you are going to be,” Sinclair turned and stared directly into the prisoners face.

Mark stayed silent keeping his lips tight and showing his determination to not betray his comrades.

Sinclair paced the room again circling the chair like an Eagle waiting to swoop upon its prey.

“Lets begin, shall we? What’s your name,” Sinclair stopped as he asked the question.

“I can’t remember,” Mark said defiantly.

“Of come now I had the courtesy to give you mine. Only manners that you give me yours,” Sinclair appealed to him.

“I don’t have a name you people took that from me,” he spoke with honesty, as Mark had been the name Isaiah had given him from the good book.

“What were you doing in Keswick,” Sinclair changed his line of questioning.

“Shopping,”

“What for,” Sinclair pushed the question.

“Supplies,”

“And who were you shopping for,” Sinclair placed his hands on his shoulders peering menacingly into his face.

“Me,” Mark answered meekly.

“Just for you. Twenty bottles of whiskey. One hundred cartons of cigarettes and over a hundred items of tinned food. That’s a lot wouldn’t you agree just for YOU,” Sinclair now snarled at him like a cat.

“Yes I confess, I’m an alcoholic, a heavy smoker and I suffer from bulimia,” Mark challenged the face that was pressed close to his own.

Sinclair drew back and laughed out sarcastically to Marks response.

“You are really determined that you don’t want to co-operate,”

“I’m being truthful I have nothing to hide,” Mark lied.

“Well soon find out if you have anything to hide or not,”

Sinclair left the room and Mark had a short respite to conjure up his resources. The Interrogator returned a few minutes later with two SSS Troops accompanying him and they wheeled in front of them a square trolley. Mark glanced at the gruesome instruments on the trolley with dread.

“Hold him,” Sinclair ordered as the two attendants forced his head back wards and they applied pressure on his chin to open his mouth slightly.

“Uggghhhh,” Mark made a guttural moan at being manhandled.

They push a horseshoe shape clamp in his mouth and then turned a screw, which forced Marks jaw to open with the pressure of the steel device expanding. Mark was now powerless to close his mouth and he sat gawping with the metal brace cutting into his gums and teeth.

“Say Aaargh,” Sinclair laughed mockingly as he took a dentist drill off the trolley. The drill attached to a power pack by a cord.

“Have you ever seen the film Marathon Man it was one of my all time favorites,” Sinclair stated as the drill whizzed into motion in his hand. He brought the drill towards Marks face pointing the sharp spinning end towards his eyes.

“Aaargh,” Mark tried to turn his head away but the Goons held him firmly.

Sinclair put the drill in his mouth and Mark whimpered knowing what was about to occur and powerless to prevent it.

“This may hurt a bit,” Sinclair told him as he began drilling through one of his front teeth. Mark trembled violently with fear and shock. Then he became rigid as the drill hit a nerve he experience an electric pain shoot through his whole body.

Three busted teeth later Mark had begun sobbing and his mouth a burning cauldron of unbearable pain.

“Shall we continue or do you fancy a chat now,” Sinclair asked him taunting him with the drill ready in his hand.

“Ill taaalk,” Mark made a throaty reply through the metal vice.

“That’s splendid,” Sinclair loosened the screw a little so the prisoner could converse more freely.

“So where are the others hiding out,” Sinclair went straight to the questions he needed answered.

“They are heading North to Carlisle. I was straggling behind collecting provisions In Keswick hoping to catch them up before you caught me,” Marks mouth dribbled with blood and he had to constantly swallow to talk.

“You’re lying again,” Sinclair snapped.” If you want to play games fine,” he began retightening the screw again.

“Okay, Okay stop please,” Mark, pleaded.

Sinclair paused from turning the screw.

“Their hiding out near Ullswater we’ve been there for the last year now,” Mark told him but he felt no shame, as he couldn’t bear this torture session to continue any longer.

“This another one of your lies,” Sinclair spat at him.

“No, No I swear it,” Mark pleaded again.

Sinclair turned to the two goons.

“Send out recon and check it out,” he told them as they hastily left the room.

“If your lying to me this time, you’ll be praying you were dead when I return,” Sinclair warned him and then left the room himself.

MASSACRE

The dawn sun held the same beauty as every day here at Ullswater. The fields were vibrant, the air clean and fresh. Wilbur awoke to the cry of his newborn daughter and Isaiah had already drunk his first coffee before the cock had crowed. Amos still sound asleep however when the giant hornets had come over the crest of the hill. The Apache Gunships hovered above the rise then fired the FFAR missiles torching every hut and tent in the village. Wilbur grabbed Eve as the fires of his vision erupted all around him and Isaiah threw his coffee cup coming out into the open.

“To the Lake, Run to the Lake” he yelled

The people scrambled through the flames as cannon rounds burst and popped in the air. A man was cut in two from the waist by the bullets and he lay there grotesquely in two halves still screaming. A woman ran in circles on fire trying to extinguish herself. In the midst of this nightmare Wilbur huddled Eve and grabbed hold of Ester who was still naked. Then ran for all there worth as the Helicopters droned overhead.

The Pilots had infrared detection and they picked off their targets one by one. They laughed as their bullets hit the mark and they congratulated each other as Explosions tore the countryside apart. Isaiah had reached the Lake and directed them to a certain point.

“Get here. Stay this side,” he guided them.

They ran into the water clinging to the mud banks and they hearkened the screams of death of those who were too slow. Explosions of FFAR and Maverick missiles rocked the earth.

“This is Hell,” Wilber deliberated from his reading.

“This is fucked up man,” Amos said with bitter anger.

“Keep here prepare to go under if the choppers pass,” Isaiah was saying.

“Why here,” Methidios asked as nervous as the rest.

“There’s a old vent, a sewage pipe that side. Chances are if their using Infrared they’ll pick that up before they detect us. So stay here and stay hidden,” with that Isaiah ran back into the village to try to find any other survivors.

“Darn he’s crazy,” Amos cursed but he admired his courage.

The Gunships had been actively searching for them with infrared. They had run for cover as Apache Gunships came thundering from the horizon.

They dived into the lake and tried to mask their heat signature. They realized getting wet wasn't enough as they had been through this drill before and they coated themselves in mud. A thermal vent seeped sewage into the water from a nearby slave factory. The Laser Designator picked up the vent figuring they had huddled together in the lake waters.

The Pilots had satisfied themselves the village had been cleared but for good measure they passed again with the cannons tearing everything apart. "Okay Sky hawk one well light up the target," the Pilot said switching to laser designator.

Isaiah hid in the ruins seeing the mutilated bodies of his people and he cried out to God.

"Why Lord, Why does it always end this way. Give us a chance for mercies sake," he shook his fists up to the clouds above.

The Euro fighters were in bound and had target lock from the laser designator.

"Just like the Nam," the British Pilot stated ironically.

"More like Dresden," the German Luftwaffe Officer stated more seriously.

"Target locked. Acquisition confirmed releasing now," the Pilots acknowledged as they dropped the bombs from the sky.

Isaiah could see the two drums like objects tumbling from the heavens and instinctively he wrapped himself in a tent covering and poured a bucket of water all over himself. The Napalm hit the ground and sheets of all consuming flames carpeted the earth. The people in the Lake ducked under the water. Some were scolded as the surface boiled, some were not fast enough had the flesh scorched from their faces and others drowned as their last breath had been toxic as the napalm engulfed all the oxygen in their lungs.

The Helicopters circled for an age before they were satisfied and headed back to base. Many people had 3rd degree burns and many had been killed outright. Ester treated the wounded on the bank and Amos had already started digging the graves.

The planes and helicopters drifted away and silence reigned. Isaiah coughed out and sucked in air deeply as he came out of his watery cocoon. He stared down at the Lake to see the many bodies floating on the surface.

The survivors gathered the few that were left. The whole community had been destroyed.

As they walked back to the village Nathan strolled by Isaiah's side and he could see the hurt in his eyes of the massacre.

"Isaiah I know this may not be the time, but who are these people who commit such atrocities,"

"They are minions of the Beast as mentioned in Revelation," he spat out in reply still half drowned by the watery grave he had nearly delivered upon himself.

"I still don't understand," Nathan was insistent and questioned him further.

"This New World Order is consisted of seven heads who rule over ten new kingdoms of the World. The beast of Revelation has seven heads and ten crowns it has all been written. Their ultimate mission is to deceive mankind as they restore order out of chaos. They bar-coded civilization with their unholy number 666 the number of the Beast,"

"I must read this book again to find out more," Nathan conjectured.

"The Good Book says they will rule the Earth for forty two months. If that is true we must now prepare for it means their time will soon come to an end. I am predicting their reign began on the commencement of Operation Armageddon and the day the clocks stopped ticking around the world, heralding in the Year Zero,"

"What was Operation Armageddon,"?

"The day they used the Military Forces to destroy Mankind just like they have done here. They sent Armies from different nations to different countries to massacre whole populations. They didn't want soldiers of their own country killing their own kind however some of their minions didn't care who they murdered. The Chinese and Russian Armies were sent here to Britain," Isaiah's face turned crimson with torment.

Isaiah now turned to all assembled his eyes were red with tears and his fist clenched with anger.

"The time of hiding is over, the time of war has now begun, and this is a time to be counted as men or be damned forever. I made a bargain with God that never again would I take up arms against my fellow man. Today I break that oath. If you walk with me now, you walk on the road of war and fury. I will not hold it against any one who wishes not to walk this

path. We leave now so make up your mind of where you now stand,” Isaiah stated with a new strength. The robe of the priest had been discarded and the courage of the warrior had now been revealed.

WARRIORS –YEAR ZERO-+ MONTH THIRTY SIX

An Old Army base at Rise bottom had been where Isaiah had lead them. A former home to a Fusiliers Regiment it now lay abandoned as Isaiah stepped through the main gate. They passed the Guard House and walked down the main avenues.

“How come this place is untouched,” Methidios looked about him with a hidden chill at the ghost town this place had become.

“Lots of places still untouched, this unit had tried to revolt against the overthrow, they had made a stand against inhumanity to mankind but with tactical missiles and the New Order having control of the fighter jets they were soon destroyed. Their graves are on the fields of England’s green meadows, Brave fellows,” Isaiah had stated wishing more would of made a stand but how could they against an invisible enemy at that time. An enemy within. The Enemy their own rulers and leaders not many had seen the dreaded betrayal of trust until it was all too late.

They first made their way to the Quartermaster stores to see what they could salvage. They broke a door down to gain entry to be greeted by a treasure trove of much needed equipment. They found clothing, new boots, sleeping bags, binoculars, knives, water bottles and everything else they would need for the coming months. Wilbur’s whose last shoes were a pair of trainers from Kendal that had two huge holes in the soles by now. He grabbed a pair of warm looking boots and slid them over his frozen feet. Amos had a tank Commanders helmet comforter over his Afro trying to look like a Caribbean Sherlock Holmes. Then it turned into a unisex fashion parade each showing off the worse outfit they could possibly find. Even the straight-faced Isaiah laughed and they had a moment madness in a crazy world.

The Armory became their next port of call. A concrete bunker with a solid plate steel door case it ever exploded. They found a petrol driven forklift truck and Amos took great pleasure ramming the wall with the forks. Hitting the wall every time at the fork lifts top speed. He buffeted on impact with every collision like on some crazy fairground ride. "Is that safe," Isaiah asked with concern glaring upon the danger high explosives sign but Amos was having so much fun nobody wanted to spoil his day.

The forklift got them started and they finished off by pounding the concrete with sledgehammers. It had taken half the day to make a hole through the reinforced concrete that had been big enough to get them inside. The first thing they noted was the gun rack of SA-80s and the boxes of 5.56mm and 9mm ammunition. In a corner they found two 50mm Barrett sniper rifles and large crates with Javelin anti tank missile systems. "Were dammed lucky most armories had been cleared out, this is an excellent find," Isaiah stated.

"This is a Gangsters paradise man," Amos remarked brandishing a LMG. "What are these," Wilbur pointed at the round cylindrical objects with prongs jutting out.

"There Anti-tank mines don't mess about with them and those boxes there marked C4 are to be taken deadly seriously," Mathew pointed out the armaments in the place.

They spent the last part of the summer weapon training. They learnt everything from stripping the gun down, cleaning and reassembling. They used the range on the base to atone their firing skills. Nathan and Hazeus turned out to be natural born crack shots with a steady hand and a calculating eye. They could set targets at any distance and their minds like computers automatically adjusting for wind speed and drag. They hit the bull's-eye ninety nine times out of every hundred shots. They both claimed the Barrett's and no one could argue they were both gifted snipers. The high velocity weapons could go through brick walls, hit targets using infrared sighting scopes and they could also be armed with H.E high explosive rounds.

Amos liked to blow things up he had a natural destructive nature. He became an expert under Isaiah's tuition with explosives and he claimed the Javelin Anti-Armour weapon as his own personnel friend. Mathew too

became adept with explosives his main skill lay in counter insurgency training they were also completing. Wilbur and John got handy at close support tactics with the automatic weapons. Isaiah coached, guided and grilled anyone unfortunate enough to do something stupid with the dangerous equipment. Amos one day set C4 charges around the barrack blocks his idea was too practice blowing open the doors of the building simultaneously. The explosion that followed smashed every window on the base complex and the building had vanished without a trace. They found one of the doors over half a mile away. Isaiah banned Amos from any more self-training and kept the remainder of the C4 under lock and key.

The days were long with Counter Insurgency, Ambush and Recon exercises. They were having fun but deep down they knew they were preparing for a more serious purpose. They learned how to communicate silently with only hand signals but also they discovered a batch of short wave radios. Methidios got to work setting them to a shadow frequency on the available conditioning net. They learned the arts of camouflage and subterfuge.

In a nearby bombed out village of West mere they found the wrecks of houses were ideal for urban combat exercises. Flash bangs cracked and doors flew off hinges. Buildings were cleared with communication, skill and co-ordination. They learned tactics of close support and concentrated fire. Isaiah would stop exercises in the midst patting people on the back or pronouncing them dead for some inept error they had committed. He began splitting people into teams and he choose the people who worked well together.

“I think were nearly ready. There is nothing more I can teach you. Time is short and we are about to embark upon a great adventure. The first step upon the long awaited revolution,” Isaiah had spoken like a General. They cheered and fired a few rounds in the air. The days of playing soldier had ended and the days of becoming Men were about to begin.

“I’m ready I was born ready Man,” Amos stated with a Javelin missile launcher strapped on his back like a cruise missile, a backpack full of C4 and a SA80 rifle in his arms.

GROUND CONTROL TO MAJOR TOM – YEAR ZERO- MONTH FORTY

The Professor liased between the two parties. Holding the mobile phone near the communications mic that was connected to the satellite dish beaming out emissions into outer space.

“The International Space Station should be coming into communication range now,” He told the listener on the phone.

“Let me know when you have link up,” Isaiah told him.

“ISS this is Earth Station one do you receive over,” the Professor talked into the microphone.

“Hello Professor Commander Trivarchious here, how’s it going,” the Space Station responded.

“Things are fine I have someone here on a landline who would like to talk to you,”

“Sure thing put him through,” the Commander confirmed.

“Hello Commander, hello Space Station your speaking to Isaiah I’m sort of the Leader of the Resistance here on Earth or at least in the UK,” he corrected himself.

“Hello to You Isaiah,”

“I need to update you on the current situation on Earth. Things have been a little crazy down here so you may not believe me,” Isaiah knew the Professor had kept them in the dark and they needed to know the truth if they were going to be able to help them.

“Hey Try me, believe me hurtling around this planet for the seven hundredth time I’m liable to believe anything,” he stated half joking and half serious.

“Yeah I can imagine you can. Well the World has had a change of power we have been taken over by a Master Race who have slaughtered most of the world’s population and enslaved the rest using brainwashing technologies. That’s it in a nutshell,”

“Wow I wasn’t ready for that one. We had noticed the Infrared scans of the earth are not showing populations where populations should be. We

had noticed the nuclear devices going off there weren't that many so we didn't know if it had been tests or some sort of minor war. We put some of it down to system glitches and we figured NASA had been hit by some scandal or worse we figured a major natural disaster. Man the World being conquered like you say. I just cant picture it in my head its just too out there," the Commanders mind raced with doubt and fear.

"Its not a pretty picture indeed. I could go through all the politics of how, why and when but there are more important issues to discuss with the small window we have available to us. We have a slight chance of defeating them and restoring order back to the world. We need your help to achieve this," Isaiah got to his main point.

"Sure thing, anything that will help me and my crew get back on terrae firma," the Commander added hopefully.

"I can't promise that we can rescue you but you have my word we will do our very best. We have some good minds still ticking on Earth. You are now in a position to help us. You can rescue the entire World," Isaiah told him truthfully and firmly.

"Okay well were doing nothing here but twiddling our thumbs. Saving the world sounds a good a pastime as any," Commander Trivarchious afforded himself a brave laugh.

"I'm handing you over to our Communications specialist Methidios he will go through what is required. Good luck up there Commander,"

"You too,"

While Methidios explained the technical details on the mobile phone Wilbur noticed Isaiah was smiling broadly.

"I take you had some good news," Wilbur questioned him.

"Oh yes very good news that Commander up there is a very brave man and like I told you before there's lots of things you can learn from in a name," and with that Isaiah strolled away leaving Wilbur perplexed.

Methidios had spent weeks tracking the various signal types and trying to find the main transmitter. He had the help of the Professor now and also the crew of the Space Station.

"I got a trace," he shouted out unexpectedly.

"Where," Isaiah asked impatiently.

Methidios triangulated the position on the map before him.

“Here, Goon hilly radar station in the South West of England,”

“Your positive,”

“Yep couldn’t be more, all the math’s are right,”

“We need to get everything in motion. The time of prayer is over and the time of reckoning is about to begin,” Isaiah had stated on hearing the news.

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A TRIAD OF HOPE

The group split into three units after the Army base. They took what provisions they needed and bade farewell.

“Ill miss our little chats,” Wilbur shook Methidios by the hand.

“Yeah well one day soon well sit on some veranda and tell our grand kids about these times,” Methidios smiled.

“Yeah that will be a good day,” Amos added empathetically.

Wilbur spent an age saying goodbye to Ester and his baby daughter Eve.

“I will miss you like crazy but Methidios is a good man he will make sure your okay,” Wilbur had said to her.

“You take care too my Love,” Ester had a tear in her eye but she realized the importance of what they were attempting and would not of dared stop them going. In her heart she rather wished Wilbur had not to be going away.

“Lets get moving good luck everybody were doing Gods work and don’t you forget it. The people of this country and maybe the world are dependent on us. Go with glory in your hearts and faith in your stride. The day of reckoning is coming and the Temples of the evil men in Brussels will soon shudder with our might. Go in peace and vanquish the enemies of the Lord,” Isaiah made the final speech and the three groups went into their different routes.

Methidios followed the M6 on his way North to Scotland. Mathews group followed the M5 to the South West of England and Isaiah's group went back down the M40 towards London.

CATCHING THE FISH

The ISS Space Station circling the Earth came upon the calculated trajectory that had been worked out rigorously over the last twelve hours. They used a booster to slightly alter the rotation of their orbit and luckily the solar panels were working perfectly.

“Okay were only going to get one shot at this,” Commander Trivarchious said solemnly knowing the risks involved were great to his crew and for the people of the Earth.

Leaving the Space Stations Habitation Module Captain Clemence opened the Air Lock and waited the steel door to close firmly behind him. The outer door opened and the freezing atmosphere of Space confronted him. He attached the lifeline and like a skydiver left the Station to be dragged in its wake. Traveling at 17,500 MPH and 220 miles above the Earth he felt the G Force of being dragged by the Station. He hit his thruster pack to stabilize his speed and slow the speed of the drag. Clemence glanced up at the huge truss of the Station that supported all the habitation and other modules. He could see glint of the cooling radiators and the golden gleam of the solar panels. He now stared upon the blue aura of the Earth and was filled with an almost spiritual like revelation.

“Skipper I'm outside the Station now. Getting my equipment sorted out here,”

“Good Man Clemence we got target on radar closing fast, “the Commander warned him time was running tight.

“I'm ready Skipper,”

The Space Station hurtling along getting caught in the force of the Earths gravitational pull for extra speed to get a correlating course on the target. In the distance glinting like a star with reflections of the suns rays was the Aurora Satellite. It had been a broadcasting satellite for some major TV

Companies and had frequency arrays second to none for beaming signals down upon the Earth. Captain Clemence had a thick cord with a crude hook clip like mountaineers use however this one was as big as an open hand. His mission was to hook the satellite and then the Station could drag the object aboard. From there they could trawl it into the cargo hold and have it reprogrammed for their own purpose. Then eventually release it back into Orbit circling the Earth beaming out its message of hope.

“Closing one thousand meters,” the Commander informed them

“Roger that Skipper I have visual,”

“Hook it and release Sam, we don’t want any mishaps on this,” The Commander used the Captain’s first name it was a term of concern for his friend.

Clemence now four hundred feet off the starboard side if he had a collision with the satellite it would mean certain death. If he hooked and didn’t release the drag would tear his lifeline and he’d float away in space forever. The risks were extremely high but the mission was of utmost importance. He had the hook extended out in his right arm ready to strike.

“Okay here goes wish me luck on hooking the fish,” he said breathing in the adrenaline-laden fear that had overcome him.

The satellite became really large and the Captain worried now he had over extended his calculations. He concentrated on the job at hooking the J shaped exhaust pipe on the left corner of the module. The satellite seemed to be gaining on him with breakneck speed. Any second now he would be in the catch position as they were both traveling at phenomenal speeds both man and machine. The slightest error could now be fatal. The Captain reached out seeing the J shaped exhaust his hook target coming into his grasp. Then static came over the airwaves and silence fell.

“He should of hooked it by now,” Commander Lindsey Pulaski stated with concern.

“Sam come in.. Sam Come in,” the Commander said into the communicator with growing concern.

“Aaarrrgh,” they heard a scream as the communications came back online.

“Sam are you okay buddy. Sam come in Over,”

“I’m fine Skipper we lost Comms for a second there, when the satellite interrupted the signal I think. The Fish was a bit bigger than I expected I

took a knock on the shoulder it's pulled it out of place. Hey but I'm ok and you Guys better get towing that satellite aboard after all my hard work,"
 "Were bringing you in first. Good Job Captain Clemence,"
 "Thanks Skipper,"

FIRST STRIKE-YEAR ZERO-+ MONTH FORTY TWO

A month later Methidios with his band in the highlands of Scotland had commandeered an old radar station near loussiemouth. Their main task would be to broadcast the message out over the UK. They spent their days setting up recording equipment to run continuously. They recorded the messages having many attempts to make it sound authentic and to keep it understandable. Methidios had another idea, he planned using the old underground communication systems of fiber optics with ambitions of communicating to the entire world and maybe even getting the Internet turned back on.

The Headquarters of the SSS at Whitehall were a series of Ministry of Defense buildings that had stood outside Admiralty Arch. The famous Arch had fallen and the buildings were in disarray. The SSS were in the underground chambers and on Horse Guards parade their stood rows of Black Tanks, APCs and Helicopters.

"What you reckon their numbers are," Amos asked with concern.
 "Around two hundred." Isaiah answered before turning to the others," We need to place the Anti Armour mines on the perimeter of the square and along the Mall. We can't afford them getting a tank out here to find us. On the helicopters attach the C4 with remote detonating devices. Make sure you tape the C4 onto the fuel bays we need to create a living hell for them out there," he gave them the orders and like shadows they moved lumbering with the heavy mines.

Methidios had a plan only an experiment to determine how the anti-brainwashing of the masses would take effect. They needed to determine

the side effects and dangers that they would encounter. Once the conditioned people were free they could broadcast out the test message and see if the people waking up would understand what was happening to them. The Slave Farm at Elgin quite near their base became the place chosen for this experiment. They placed the transmitter close by and began beaming out the signal.

The Four E.L.F towers were blown and Ester laughed as these symbols of hate tumbled to the ground. Methidios was the first to run down to the tin sleeping shacks. Inside the Sheds gaunt, emaciated and lice ridden people attired in rags were lay there stupendous. They looked lost and bemused and their empty eyes looked upon the strangers armed with hypodermics and vials of enzyme plasma.

“Hey its okay were here to help,” Methidios reassured them.

Systematically they began injecting everybody who let them as they just lay there stunned like lost sheep.

“This wont hurt,” Ester injected another poor soul.

The Alarm rang out through the Corridors of the SSS Central Command Center. Marcel came walking rapidly into the control center, which had grid maps of Great Britain and lights indicating different military and slave farm locations.

“What the Devils going on,” the Commander asked with the Claxton resounding.

“A facility in Scotland all the radio coverage has been sabotaged or malfunctioned,” the Operator responded.

“Switch that bloody alarm off,” silence fell.” That’s better okay well scramble the choppers and two infantry teams to go check it out. Also get maintenance send someone up there to check out the problem,” Marcel went through the procedure.

“Aye Aye Sir,”

Wilbur caught sight of them first scrambling from the underground bunker entrance. The black clad SSS Units. They embarked on an APC, the Armour plated Warrior vehicle roared away going over a magnetic mine. The blast shook the earth and the APC shot twenty foot in the air. The vehicle landed upside down blazing away. The air was soon rank with the stench of burning bodies and smoking fuel. The other SSS troops stopped dead in their tracks scanning the horizon, believing they were

under fire. The first tank that reached the perimeter hit a mine. A loud thud and smoke emanated from the view slits. The Tank Commander opened the hatch with his clothes smoldering and black smog coming from the interior of the vehicle.

“Its gonna blow,” he yelled fanning his arms as flames engulfed him.

BOOM! The Tank exploded and the turret flew off into the heavens.

“What the hell is going on now,” Marcel raged coming out of the Main building.

“Were under attack Sir,” came a reply.

Marcel examined the two craters and the wreckage on the parade ground.

“Idiots the damn roads been mined. Try going over the rubble,” he suggested to a Tank Driver.

The Challenger Tank lifted upwards as it traversed over ruined buildings. Bricks and concrete were crushed into dust under its tracks. The Targeting Sight illuminated with a heat signature and gave it off audible bleeps as it locked onto the target.

“Adios Mother Fucker,” Amos mouthed squeezing the trigger of the Javelin.

The rocket left the tube on an arcing trajectory. Its tail alighted with rocket fire like a shooting star falling from the heavens. It dropped as it homed in and came at incredible speed onto its target. The Challenger shuddered violently with the impact and even the Chobham Armour had been penetrated. The tank exploded into a fountain of igniting ordnance lighting up the whole area.

“Over there get after them,” Marcel called out as he had roughly worked out where the missile had emanated from.

Four SSS troops brave enough to lead the way scrambled passed the burning APC and ventured into the City. Nathan had them in his sights. He had taken position half a mile away in an old Church Tower.

“Vengeance is mine said the Lord,” he squeezed the trigger and the round shot through the air with velocity. He loaded fired again, four times in succession. The First SSS Man the bullet hit him in the head the 50mm round smashed it like a melon. The second and third were both chest hits but the cavlar bulletproof vests were no match for such a powerful round. It holed the flak jackets and lifted them off their feet backwards. The

fourth hit an SSS Man in the right arm near the shoulder. The 50mm took the arm clean off.

“For Christ’s sake,” Marcel roared with frustration.” Get the Helos up we will flush them out,” he now commanded.

Two Apache Gunships fired up and hovered in the air within a minute. Isaiah waited until they were above the SSS Compound and then hit the detonating device. A bright orange flash, then boom. The two Helicopters waddled in midair aflame. Marcel watched with horror the rotors cart wheeling as if in slow motion and the two burning machines collide above him. He darted for his life back into the Bunker as they simultaneously hit the ground. One landed on an APC full of ammunition. The tumultuous secondary explosion shuddered the foundations of every structure in the vicinity. The explosion carried on endlessly as more and more ammunition went boom. It looked like Guy Fawkes had climbed out of Hell to make his presence known. The SSS men covered in the bunker with their hands over their ears lessening the deafening detonations. At last a silence fell with just the odd smoldering round popping and zipping off into the night. “Okay move out,” Marcel radioed over the short wave communication radio. The SSS men came back onto the inferno of the parade ground that had been completely devastated.

Then like ghosts Isaiah’s team vanished from the destruction they had caused. They hoped this tactic would put the fear of God into the Establishment.

The people in the Highlands of Scotland were beginning to come around confused and scared. Methidios led them into the safety of the hills. It would still be a few days before they could begin to fathom what had befallen them. That’s what Methidios had predicted.

“Hey this Ladies coming too,” Ester, stated as the woman smiled gently at her.

Others began being sick spewing out the gray gruel from their guts.

“What’s happening,” John? Asked confused.

“Ill be damned Wilbur was right. Once the signal stops it brings them around. It’s a miracle,” Methidios replied with joy.

“Hey don’t worry your in safe hands, we need to keep moving,” Ester got the ones who had thrown up back on their feet. The line of saved souls meandered off into the Highlands.

The activity at Brize Norton Airbase had continued all that day. Marcel watched the huge Galaxy Transport planes landing periodically. Chinese, American, South American, South African and Estonian Soldiers arriving to curb the insurgency in the UK.

“It’s a bit of an overkill don’t you think,” Marcel stated to a recently arrived American General.

“The Global Governments involved now, they’ve called a manhunt to destroy these dissidents once and for all,” General Benjamin Franks of the newly formed Masonic Airborne Unit had stated.

“My heads probably going to roll on this one,” Marcel reflected bluntly.

Isaiah had also seen the activity in the sky. The huge transport planes coming and going and he realized the game would soon take a deadly turn.

“So what we gonna do now, go back into hiding,” Wilbur said with the dreaded knot in his stomach that they were getting out played.

“That is what they would expect us to do,” Isaiah looking at the heavens tried to read the enemies mind.” Our only hope lies in capturing their base in Whitehall,” he stated unexpectedly.

“That’s insane! That’s complete madness, you said yourself there’s at least two hundred personnel there,” Wilbur now ranted but someone had to be objector to this crazy idea.

“That only means twenty each, sounds like good odds to me,” Nathan pointed out sarcastically.

“We have these,” Isaiah produced a green army duffle bag he had carried with him that had contained some of the Anti Tank mines they had laid. He emptied out the contents of the bag before them.

There were four SSS uniforms and five pistols with attached silencers.

“Where you get these from man,” Amos looked at the equipment with disbelief.

“In the back of an APC, whilst you were busy mining I did a bit of souvenir hunting,”

“So we just walk in boom da boom the bad men,” Amos used his hand as an invisible gun mimicking the shooting motion.

“Exactly, we stick together our main objective is to capture their communications. Then we will cause havoc with the hunters. At the very least it may enable Methidios and Mathew

The time they need to get the task done,”

FELLING A KING

John heard the helicopter long before he set eyes upon it. The dreaded humming noise of the enemy that sounded like a biblical plague of locusts, coming over the horizon. John shouldered the MILAN rocket propelled missile and waited with anticipation. The Sea King came into vision racing along the valley; John had it in the viewfinder and fired. The Pilot glimpsed the snaking trail of doom emanating from the slopes of the valley. He tried to steer clear but it had all been too late. The cockpit shattered with the impact and missile ignited. The Sea King spun and spun descending gradually in a spiraling motion. A tail of black smoke made rings in the air below the scudded clouded heavens. It seemed as if it fought to stay afloat in the heavens then it gave up and crashed onto the tundra.

John and Methidios ran over to the smoking wreckage. They reached the side door to find it buckled open.

“There’s someone inside,” Methidios informed him seeing a figure propped up on the passenger seat.

They struggled to get him unbuckled out of the safety belt and then they dragged him to the doorway. The lone survivor they dragged clear of the debris and lay him on the meadow. He adorned a black SSS uniform of high rank.

“Both Pilots are dead,” Methidios stated glancing the charred remains in the hole of the cockpit.

John glared at the face of the survivor for a long time before he got the courage to speak.

“What is it,” Methidios asked him coming concerned by the silence.

“Its him,” John stated bluntly.

“Who?”

“Prince Henry,” John revealed the last known living line to the English throne.

“Wow you sure man,” Methidios now stared at the survivor with new interest.

“Yeah I’m sure,”

“Okay Man what we do now,” They both looked perplexed at the enigma before them.

LET THERE BE LIGHT

Commander Trivarchious had heard of the woodpecker effect as a Pilot in the Navy he had been told of the low frequency waves that the Russians had constantly beamed on to the west. The frequencies were tuned into brain patterns causing illness, anxiety, depression and anger. A sophisticated psychological warfare project when the signal had been discovered the anomaly had the similar sound to that of a woodpecker. The Commander now listened into the various signals emanating from the Earth and that same woodpecker signal was being beamed around the World. He traced the source to the Haarp radio facility in North America and knew they were beaming signals into the ionosphere over North America that were instantly beamed back down over the Entire world.

Commander Trivarchious perplexed by what he had been told from his contacts on the earth, he found his loyal values of Patriotism, Discipline and honor were all being tested. The Aurora satellite had been housed in the hold and Hendrickson and Yun were working hard setting the frequencies and adding the new receiver information. Methidios had specifically designed the telemetry of the arrays it would beam down and had talked them through procedure over the mobile-Seti phone link.

Commander Trivarchious looked at the beauty of the Earth and it mystified him of how something of such beauty could be manipulated by mankind. He deliberated upon the unfolding events and he knew this Mission could be the most important one of his entire life. The Aurora satellite they had hooked now stood in the Russian cargo hold. Captain Hendrickson the Engineering Officer was occupied altering the frequency arrays. He worked to a blueprint provided by Methidios upon the Earth. The Commander entered the hold eager to know how the operation had been progressing.

“Everything Okay Hendrickson,” He asked glancing around the hold, one of the few places he rarely frequented.

“Fine Commander need another few hours should be as good as gold,” he reported.

Commander Trivarchious attention had fallen upon the packing cases and a large metal crate that had been bolted to the cargo hold wall.

“I wonder,”? He mused to himself stroking his chin.

The Commander went over to the intercom.

“Pulaski that cargo manifest of the replacement parts for the Hubble what exactly is it that we are storing down here,” he asked.

“Give me a minute ill get up on my screen,” the Officer responded now searching the ships database.

“Okay I got it,” she responded a few moments later.

“Lets have it then, read it out to me,” the Commander had a hint of excitement in his tone.

“We have a spare motor, a truss for the motor, four spare solar panel arrays and shields. Oh and the main item we have the replacement optical housing system. That’s one expensive piece of kit. That’s why we bolted it to the hold,” she explained going through the inventory knowing the lens had cost over a billion to build.

“Could we rig a guide line to the satellite that would tow the optical array along with it,” Commander Trivarchious now asked her.

“We don’t have a rig for the optics,” She responded bemused.

“I know, I know but say we built a light weight frame what’s the weight hold ratio and could the Aurora drag such a weight unhindered,” the Commander rephrased his question that was bubbling in his mind.

“I don’t know, I mean, I would have to do some calculations,” Pulaski now sounded suddenly confused.

“Get straight too it,” the Commander tried to give his voice authority came over only with enthusiasm.

Captain Clemence walking past the cargo bay when the Commander appeared in the doorway.

“Clemence get some welding equipment down here on the double,”

Trivarchious now ordered him with the same urgency.

“Aye aye Skipper,” with that Captain Clemence disappeared along the corridor.

THE FINAL DAY

Mathew lead a group of four it had took them over a month to get here. They surveyed the scene through high-powered binoculars.

“I’ve counted around twenty personnel,” Hazeus informed them.

“In the Chateaux,” Mathew questioned.

“Nope four by the radar and sixteen in the main building,” Hazeus reaffirmed his count.

“Okay good be exact with information may mean life or death once were in there,” Mathew advised them all.

Hazeus had a keen eye and he occupied the high ground with a Barrett 50mm. Mathew and Luke had a SMG with a custom fitted silencer. Miriam had an LMG and she was ready to mow down anything that moved before her.

Mathew and Luke crawled ahead using the tall grass and the hidden ravines to make stealthy progress. They reached the wire fence and touched it with a branch just in case it had been electrocuted.

“Clear,” Mathew stated now cutting a square hole in the wire to gain access into the compound.

The guards here were far from alert as there had been no threats to watch out for. Four of them now played cards outside the entrance of the Satellite Station. Mathew sauntered over walking up to the card table. The men glanced up puzzled by the unexpected intrusion to their game. He fired point blank with the SMG into all four of them. Cards flew in the air and were shredded by bullets.

“Okay were in,” he signaled to Hazeus.

The huge Satellite dish stood above the square complex of the Control Center.

Inside the Radar Station Mathew and Luke found it surprisingly empty but then again it pumped out the same signal pattern continuously. The computer banks were massive more from the beginning of the computer age than state of the art. They placed the C4 and set the alarm clock detonators for one hour.

“Okay were done here. Moving to clear the chateaux.

The white stoned Chateaux had exquisite gardens and a mini waterfall fed from the mountain streams and it filled pools crammed with exotic colored

fish. There were sculptured privet bushes and they hid behind them now making their way precariously to the main building.

They reached the main doorway unopposed two pillars either side with a solid oak door before them. Isaiah had taught them about counter insurgency techniques. They donned their respirators and listened to the radio for the GO from Hazeus. He had been constantly monitoring the building through his thermal imaging sight.

“Two targets main hallway,” Hazeus reported.

The door blew off its hinges. Mathew and Luke ran in spraying the interiors, the two in the entrance hall were pelleted with 9mm rounds.

“Two Down,” Mathew acknowledged.

“Okay room on your left, two moving to door,” Hazeus could see them coming to investigate.

Mathew sprayed the door at chest height.

“You dropped them, door twelve o’clock and stairway hostiles incoming,”

Luke sprayed the door twelve o’clock at hazeus call and then took cover behind a leather sofa. Mathew emptied a mag up the stairway and a body came tumbling down. He now too took refuge in an alcove.

“Okay more above you. But they’ve paused. Ill give them some wrath of God,” the thermal imager had a target-highlighted top of the staircase.

Hazeus squeezed the trigger. The 50mm Armour Piercing round thumped the brickwork going straight through and lifted the hostile into midair with the force of the shot.

“That should shake em up...Hostiles exiting house at rear and flanking east of main building,” Hazeus now reported his sighting.

“I see em,” Miriam confirmed firing bursts of automatic fire into their direction.

“Moving on ground floor were going to clear it,” Mathew stated.

Boom-Boom- flash bangs rocked the Chateaux as they flushed out the last two enemies on the ground level.

“Were moving to the staircase,” Mathew informed.

“One guy at top taking him out now,” the 50mm recoiled and another hole in the masonry appeared.

“Okay he’s down. Your clear to ascend, over,”

“Hazeus I’m getting return fire can you pinpoint them over,” Miriam had said with automatic fire crackling over the airwaves.

“Okay I see em,” Hazeus fired twice in succession.

“Okay their down,”

“Thanks you’re a sweetie,” Miriam replied.

“Hey no problem, the upper floors I have multiple activity be careful guys. Go easy,”

“Okay will do,” Mathew said with a calm tone.

Room by room they flash banged and moved in on the second floor. In one of the Main bedrooms they found four scantily clad females. They were oblivious to the commotion and obviously conditioned as sex slaves.

“We got friendlies here too. Four at our location. Hold fire Hazeus may be more,”

“No problemo,”

THE LABYRINTH

Wilbur passed the smoldering APC he could reek the burnt fuel and charred bodies. The grizzly remains of skeletons with crusts of blackened debris where flesh and hair had melted on the bones. The empty eye sockets stared out hauntingly he paused there in terror for a brief moment. Under the streets of City of the London lay hidden another City. A huge bunker complex with its own Tube Station, shops and covering a vast area that would of housed tens of thousands if desired. Isaiah had a strange sensation of some sinister force stirring hidden in the world beneath him. As they passed the wreckage of the choppers they neared the hornets nest. The silenced 9mm Browning would be their only advantage once discovered the small arms would be of little significance. They wore the black SSS uniform with the three-clover swastika. They had peaked caps and gloves helping to hide their identity. The main entrance secured from within and a camera monitored the entry point.

“Ill take this,” Isaiah stepped forward and pushed the intercom.

“Hey there its Unit twelve returning from patrol. No sign of the rebels appears they got clean away,”

“Yeah we know, Sinclair’s face was a picture,” the Communication operator replied.

“Yeah they sure took him by surprise, anyway you opening up its bloody freezing out here,” Isaiah now replied.

“Yeah sure,”

The door opened automatically and they descended the concrete stairway that seemed to go down forever. At the bottom were steel bombproof doors that were ajar.

“Get these closed Nathan. Your job is to hold here and protect our escape route. If things get too hot well meet back at the church tower,” Isaiah instructed him.

“Sure boss,” Nathan started turning the metal wheel and the doors were hermetically sealed.

AVENGING THE VENGFUL

Marcel entered the complex network of streets that lay beneath London City via the Whitehall Tube station. He passed the rows of quaint shops designed to be scenic but they lay disturbingly empty under the glow of the neon street lighting. He passed the red pillar type post boxes and the red phone boxes all added to represent normality in this secret world. He passed the architectural building of Whitehall Town Hall, which had grandiose statues of Great Britons, laid out its astra turf lawn. Winston Churchill, Queen Victoria and Cecil Rhodes icons of a lost world of glory and patriotism. The plan was to house the Royal Family, the Lords, the Parliamentary members, the Judges and some well-connected celebrities in this model village when Operation Armageddon had begun and rung in the gong of the New Age. The instance when the clocks had stopped and when time would begin again. These upper class and top echelons had helped to establish the New Order with their Secret Societies and monopolies on greed, however they had been the first to be swept away when Year Zero came. They were duped like the rest of the world. They

had played their part and now their significance was of no importance anymore.

The Satanic Ceremony that had awakened the Devil and freed him from the infernal fires to roam freely without constraint upon the Earth. This had been the real dawning of the New Age he didn't want his rivals name gloating at him on the recording of time. So he ended the B.C and A.D to begin his own era .The Year Zero ST Satan Time. Moving along the streets under the yellow orbs of the street lighting Marcel made headway to his destination. He knew his own days were numbered and not just by the beast. The European Council would surly do away with him for the way the recent uprising had gotten out of hand. He had an advantage. He had prior knowledge of one thing that may aid him. He knew where they would be now.

In the dark Masonic Temple of Baphomet that lay in the center of the City beneath the Earth. The Temple had a Greco-roman design. The rectangle entrance way held up by Romanesque pillars of grandiose beauty. At the apex of the rectangular roof stood the figure of baphomet the hermaphrodite goat headed figure with his right hand pointing upwards and his left hand pointing downwards. As above as below. Marcel reached the door and sneaked through it into the cloakroom area. He put on a black cloak with cowl. He could discern the guttural resonance of chanting coming from the interior of the building.

This day all Hell itself would be unleashed upon the Earth. The end of days of the forty-two month banishment where the Devil would be confined to plague mankind alone. As the clocks of the World struck midnight and the Devil stood on the terrae firma of the Earth he would reign supreme for a thousand years. This all mattered little to Marcel, self-preservation was all he was now interested in. He opened the sanctum door and stood behind the long draping black curtain. The smell of candle smoke, incense and the perfume of womanly scents wafted in the air. All seven of the Council were here with three female attendants partaking in the ceremony. One of the females knelt as the altar with a black and a white candle burning on her back. A sword lay horizontal on her backbone balanced precariously.

Marcel brazenly slipped into the circle unnoticed and kept his head nodded whilst they made their incantations to their Master. He waited an

opportunity to spring his surprise but for the moment enjoyed the fiendish thrill of being the wolf amongst the sheep. The gong resounded on the – Hail Satan- and the naked female attendants took the sword from the altar. They played with it frivolously imitating sex acts before pointing it up towards the image of Baphomet high up upon the Temple West Wall. “Minions of Satan, Mighty Demons, Lords of the flame and the eternally damned arise and prepare yourself to reap the Earth,” they all said out the infernal prayer.

The Females were now cavorting again with the sword and Marcel decided with everyone’s attention on them it would be prudent to make his move. He stepped back flicking the cloak from off him with his left arm. He brought out the MP5 Heckler and Koch he had hidden beneath it.

“Good Evening Gentlemen,” he shouted out loudly.

All seven cloaks suddenly turned to face the disturbance.

“How dare you interrupt this sacred ceremony,” Duvall the Head Priest attacked him for the interruption.

“No, No I’m not here to interrupt it. In fact I’m here to give you a one way ticket to Hell, as you’ve always wanted” and with that he sprayed each one of them with bullets.

The female acolytes charged him with the sword and he shot them too.

The only one he left alive was the woman quivering underneath the altar cloth with a puddle of urine visible beneath her.

THE SAINTS ARE COMING

The Châteaux had converted into some kind of brothel with rooms specializing in bondage, fantasy rooms and other even wilder things.

“These bastards were sick fucks,” Luke said with fury finding a tortured woman chained to a wall. She had deep lacerations of whip marks and other injuries.

“Next floor six guys barricading the hallway. Definitely not friendly permission to give them a wake up call,” Hazeus had taken away Luke’s attention.

“Go ahead man be my guest,” Luke responded to him.

Hazeus fired a 50mm Armour piercing round with an explosive head. It went through the brick wall like butter and hit the barricade exploding instantly. Through the infrared he made out two guys writhing in agony and another lay still on the floor.

“Two injured and one confirmed,” Hazeus reported.

Luke and Mathew were already descending the next staircase and could hear the screams above.

“Okay were moving now,” Mathew informed him.

They reached the last floor and it hadn’t taken long to take out the disorientated occupants. It had taken roughly less than ten minutes to clear the building and they had twenty minutes left on the clock before Goon hilly radar station went boom. Miriam attended to the wounds of the tortured woman. There were six women in total and they ambled like zombies carrying out tasks in their own surreal world.

“Man this has gotta end, you cant treat people like this its insane,” Luke contemplated.

“Yeah well we better get them out of here. Soon this place will blow and the signal will stop,” Mathew said hopefully.

“Methidios even had doubts about shutting down the signal. It will fix the brainwashing but it wont fix the brain damage he told me. They need that damn chip out of their heads if there ever gonna be normal again. Man it’s all fucked up,”

They had too virtually manhandled the women out of the chateaux and they sent them on their way.

“Poor sods,” Miriam remarked.

“Anyway its best we weren’t here either,”

THE LABYRINTH CONTINUED

The corridor now came to a crossing point with direction signs written on the wall.

< Medical Center.... <Armory.... >Communications...>HQ.

“Okay Amos you go blow the Armory. Me and Wilbur meet you in the communications room,”

“Okay Boss,”

Amos headed off to the left and the others right clinging to the walls listening for the slightest footstep.

“Company,” Isaiah stated with alarm as four SSS soldiers came into vision ahead.

“Soon as we get close. Drop em,” he added.

The four men were talking animatedly and were paying little heed to the two men approaching.

“Heads up,” Isaiah said to them firing the 9mm into the two on the left side.

Wilbur fired getting the first but the man lurched forward at him. Wilbur punched him instinctively forgetting he had the pistol in his hand. It hit him and the gun fired again point blank and splatter of brains plastered the walls. Isaiah got the third man with two well-aimed shots in his back.

Wilbur trembled in shock looking in horror at what he had just done.

“Its Gods Will now come on. We need to move,” Isaiah grabbed his arm helping him along.

Amos had reached the Armory unchallenged and opening the door his eyes lit up with the entire ordinance gathered in here.

“Rambo Land,” he mused looking at the M60 and other large Machine Guns.

“Man dis is gonna blow big time...Errol my man I promised you a Viking Funeral well my Bro today you gonna get that black ass blown all the way to heaven,” Amos began laying the C4 charges and setting the timer detonators.

Wilbur had recovered the thought of killing had always seemed something he could handle but now he had actually killed a man he felt completely dreadful. More than dreadful he felt he was no longer human and the fact he would soon have to kill again was constantly plaguing his mind.

“I hear voices,” Isaiah remarked and Wilbur’s worse fear had come sooner than he had been expecting.

“The room left,” Isaiah made out the direction.

Wilbur grabbed Isaiah by the shoulder and stopped him in his tracks.

Isaiah looked at him curiously.

“Can’t we just tie them up? Do we have to kill them,” Wilbur whispered almost pleading.

“My son it’s them or us. Remember your little girl how you held her dead body in your arms. Remember the window imploding on your lovely wife. These people did those things. We are not here to judge but to carry out Gods work,” Isaiah told him.

“You know how to hurt people,” Wilbur stung by Isaiah’s advice.

“I do, when they need to see the truth before there very eyes,” he added with remittance.

“Lets go,” Wilbur pushed ahead and entered the room first.

Wilbur had peered around the corner there were three SSS Troops in the room. One sat at a chair, one in his locker getting changed and another by a coffee machine. He went in shot the guy in the chair in the neck who slumped forward. Fired two rounds into the back of another who fell head first into his locker and the last dropped his coffee as the bullets hit him in the face. Wilbur fired until the 9mm clicked empty and then stood their trembling.

“Good Job,” Isaiah had said but Wilbur remained silent he was still in shock.

“Take it easy,” Isaiah cautioned.

“If were here to slaughter then lets do it quickly before I have another chance to think about what I am doing here,” Wilbur said coldly.

Amos had the charges laid and he moved back into the corridor. Straight away four SSS guards came around the corner. Amos looked at them with dread and one of the SSS Guards became instantly suspicious.

“Do we have any Negroes in the SSS. Aren’t they banned,” he stated bringing his MP5 up to the firing position.” You there,” he called.

“Fuck you Negro,” Amos replied firing the 9mm at the four.

Shots bounced and ricocheted around the corridor then two rounds caught Amos in the chest taking the wind from him. He dived back into the Armory for cover, screaming as the floor knocked his injuries.

“Call in reinforcements. Sound the Alarm,” the SSS Officer now directed. Amos crawled to the gun rack and grabbed an M60 and a belt of ammunition.

“Ok Rambo lets see if your thing works my man,” he loaded in the belt and holding the weapon lent out from the Armory doorway.

“Come on Mother Fuckers,” Amos roared firing the full belt into corridor. Silence fell and he glanced at a pile of dead bodies in the walkway.

“Yeah you da man,” then bullets returned smashing the plaster all around him.

“You want some more. Me and Rambo here are going to kick your ass. Just you wait,” Amos shouted out feeding in another belt.

Nathan heard the alarm and realized they must have been compromised somewhere inside the Labyrinth. Then thud on the doors behind him.

“Hey what’s going on? Whys the door barred,” Came voices.

In the corridor ahead came SSS Troops running about in response to the Claxton blaring.

“Okay fun time,” Nathan mouthed firing HE rounds into the corridors and watching them explode.

He now switched to conventional ammo as the survivors had taken cover in the corridors. He used the Infrared sight and picked off any fool enough to show themselves.

Captain Lawrence came running to the crossroads to see wounded being ferried to the Medical Center and then he came upon the first dead bodies under his feet.

“What’s the situation,” he asked all that he had passed receiving just confused responses.

“Anyone know what’s going on,”

“Sir one guy is holed up in the armory,” A soldier informed.

“How in Gods name did he get in there,” Lawrence looked perplexed but could see that his men were in chaos.

“Lets get a raiding party organized. Cordon off the corridors and get some search parties organized. Make certain we got no more infiltrators in the building.”

They reached the Communications Room when they made out the signs of automatic fire behind them.

“Sounds as if Amos is in trouble,” Isaiah stated.

“Shall we go back and help him out,” Wilbur spoke as the alarm sounded.

“No. Too late. We have to get our job done,” Isaiah placed a new clip into the 9mm. It wasn’t necessary but a force of habit before contact.

In the Communications Room there were five stationed operators. They monitored the surveillance cameras on the corridors, one talking over the radio net and another who had started a log commanding the incident that just erupted at the armory.

“Okay we got you. One confirmed hostile in the building and you want us to muster a full lockdown search of the area. Will do over,” the operator had said.

Wilbur gazed at the electronic map on the right wall. Red, white and green lights indicating Military installations, slave farms and the E.L.F system.

“Now,” Isaiah had spoken taking his mind away from the map system and pushing Wilbur into the doorway.

They both fired at the Operators who were preoccupied and took them out completely unawares.

“Lock that door,” Isaiah motioned to Wilbur who closed the heavy steel plate door and bolted it firmly.

Isaiah began reading the unit names and call signs on the daily roster bulletins.

Amos had begun bleeding badly from the two chest wounds. He knew one bullet had punctured a lung as he found it difficult to breath. The other had broken his ribs, which hurt him like hell when he maneuvered but the lung on his left was still intact. He tried staunching the bleeding as much as he could when two gas grenades exploded outside the doorway. He placed his scarf over his face and eyes to lesson the stinging sensation. He checked the detonator timer there was only thirty seconds left ticking on the clock.

“Okay Errol I’m coming man...Coming to join ya,” he coughed up blood as he spoke.

Captain Lawrence had his assault team were ready. They had a bulletproof shield to get to the armory then they would fire at the perpetrator from a protected wall. Then suddenly out of the fog of tear gas a man appeared with two unpinched grenades in his hands.

“Adios Mother Fuckers,” Amos yelled opening his hands. The grenades fell to the ground and the Assault team watched them roll on the floor beneath them. Then the grenades blew throwing the SSS men allover the corridor. The few who recovered came around as the Main Armory now exploded. Boom it shuddered the concrete roof and hairline cracks began to appear all along its structure. The earth shook violently and the after blasts raged storms of fire in the walkways. The ceiling grew weaker with the constant buffeting and then the roof collapsed crushing any who had survived the blast of the armory.

Nathan ducked as the dust cloud roared down the corridor towards him. Choking on the fine grains of concrete dust and blinded by its density. He took out his respirator and put it over his head for air.

Wilbur nearly lost his footing with the shockwaves and had to hold onto the wall.

“Godspeed Amos old friend,” he whispered.

“Alpha Bravo Ten Niner come in over,” Isaiah spoke into the radio system.

“This is Alpha Bravo how can we help over,” the F16 Squadron Leader responded.

“Alpha Bravo we have a terrorist unit that has commandeered six tanks over. The terrorist force may be escorting other vehicles too. They are all to be deemed hostile over,”

“Received Over,”

“Map reference of target is 61-40 heading south-south west. Could you neutralize this threat over,”

“Will do, changing direction. ETA three minutes to target over,”

The platoon of six Chinese T74 Tanks were heading North up the A1. They had been mustered to investigate the recent failure of the Slave Factory in Scotland. They were accompanied by troop carrying Ural trucks, a radio detector unit, an ammunition truck and a fuel truck. Choi Yung a Sergeant sat in the Radio van following the convoy procession rigorously.

“Rebels these westerners have no idea how to control their population,” he scoffed to the radio operator behind him.

“Target Acquired, we have missile lock engaging now,” the Squadron Leader confirmed.

The four F16 Phantoms dropped out of the sky for the turkey shoot, coming up the road behind the convoy.

“Missile away,” came over the air as the Mavericks were launched taking out the Armour instantly. Then the cannons fired strafing the trucks with fuel truck exploding instantly. The canvas of the Urals was pebble dashed with bullet holes. The F16 Phantoms turned came back for one final sortie. Choi Yung drove the radar van under the billowing black cloud of smoke coming from the fuel truck. The phantoms hit the Urals until they too were ablaze then they headed back South to home base. Choi Yung turned to the radio operator to find him dead with a bullet in his side. He grabbed the radio equipment and began contacting his own HQ.

The banging on the door alarmed Wilbur and the voices in the corridor.

“Open the door,” the voice boomed again.

“Go to hell,” Isaiah shouted back. “Wilbur its time you left,” he continued whispering under his breath.

“How,” Wilbur looked puzzled.

“The air vent,” Isaiah pointed upwards to the grill on the ceiling.

Isaiah stood on a desk unscrewing the cover and Wilbur lifted himself up into the claustrophobic metal shaft.

“You coming,” Wilbur held his arm out to Isaiah.

“No,” Isaiah replied abruptly trying to put the cover back on.

“You have too, your our leader,” Wilbur protested.

“Wilbur you have a wife and a child. What was taken away from you the Lord has given back to you. You’re a good man and that’s what the world needs right now... Good men. Run along before they get in. I have unfinished business here.”

“God bless you Isaiah,”

Isaiah could hear the thumping as a battering ram hammered at the metal plate door.

Bang-Bang-Bang. The metal on metal thud became deafening. Isaiah placed the grenades on the side as he crouched behind the upturned table.

Whoosh the door flew open and the four bodies clinging to the metal pole appeared in the doorway carried by the momentum.

“Good day,” Isaiah welcomed them sliding two grenades into the entranceway. They dropped the pole in panic and tried to flee in any direction. Crack-Crack. The grenades went off then silence fell and Isaiah waited patiently for them to make their next move.

Marcel Sinclair had come from the chamber to the devastation of the bunker above him. He ran along the corridors until he came to the few men outside the Communications room door.

“How many are in there,” he questioned.

“No idea Sir, the place is like a madhouse,” the soldier responded truthfully.

“Come out. You surrounded no need to prolong this” Sinclair now shouted.

“No need to prolong it,” Isaiah laughed out loud.” Sinclair you come and get me I’ve waited a long time for this,” with that Isaiah lobbed another grenade into the corridor.

There followed a loud crack and then a scream.

“Jacobs you slimy bastard. You been working for the other team,” Sinclair nodded and four grenades shot into the communications room.

Crack-Crack-Crack-Crack. The console exploded, the Electronic map frizzled into darkness and the monitor screen smashed. The room went dark and smoke bellowed out.

A SSS Trooper emanated in the hazy doorway Isaiah fired two rounds into his exposed throat. He dropped to his knees making a horrendous gurgling noise before he fell dead.

“The bastards still alive,” a voice called from the corridor.

“Remind you of our cell in Basra being stuck in their old chap,” Sinclair now goaded.

“The companies a lot better in this one,” Isaiah responded as eight grenades with two of them being phosphorus were thrown into the control room.

Crack-Thump and then a white flash of incandescent fire. Isaiah died instantly his body covered in fire. Sinclair entered the room and stood above the body. He lent down and turned him over. Isaiah lay there with a peaceful smile gracing his face.

“What the hell you smiling about dead man,” Sinclair spat at him with disgust then he saw the grenade Isaiah had lent upon. When he had turned him over the lever had been released the pin had been removed and grenade charged it went Boom. Marcel Sinclair died side by side with Isaiah.

The air in the corridor had cleared and Nathan looked through the respirator lens into the walkway ahead.

“Hold as long as you can,” Isaiah words repeated in his thoughts.

“Well old man if your alive or dead I’m here for the long shift it seems,” he mouthed to himself.

The SSS Troops appeared again and Nathan fired hearing the cries of death with every shot. A SSS Trooper tried to throw a grenade but Nathan hit the exposed hand and the phosphorus grenade ignited with a flash. The burning man came into view from the side passage screaming until finally the flames completely engulfed him.

“One ticket to Hell on the express way,” Nathan remarked.

Captain Lawrence climbed from the out of the rubble of the collapsed ceiling. His skin hung in flaps around him. He had sixty percent burns and his mind clouded in shock. Like a ghoul he wandered the corridors aimlessly. He terrified anyone who crossed his path.

Wilbur kept moving up the shaft. He used his back and knees to anchor his position as he went forever upwards. He had descried the grenade blasts and he had tears in his eyes. He had no doubt Isaiah had died. The shaft narrowed becoming gradually tighter then he reached the filter, which blocked his path.

Nathan had one bullet left . The last of his ammunition for the Barrett. He got out the Browning, which had one clip in it.

“Ten rounds” he mused.

He turned the wheel and the bomb door began to open slowly.

“At last,” a voice came from outside and then he saw the grenade in the aperture.” What the...”voices cried out as the grenade exploded.

Nathan like an apprehension materialized in the center of the bombproof doors. He breathed hoarsely through the respirator. He fired the 9mm into the assembled mass of SSS Troops. Four MP5 machine pistols blasted back cutting Nathan into shreds.

“Bastards,” he gasped out his final breath.

Wilbur reached the end of the shaft. He rotated himself ninety degrees and beat the vent cap with his feet. He stared down at the immense drop beneath him and with every thud he prayed he wouldn't lose his precarious grasp. It took a while before it finally gave. He climbed out into the middle of the City. He glanced around like a frightened deer making sure there was no movement to be seen. He stood and ran into the cover of the City ruins.

TUTOR TO A KING

At Loussiemouth the young Prince was soon back on his feet again. He had been no more than twenty and had brown hair that held a noble curl. He lay on a bed in an outer chamber that had been guarded twenty-four hours a day. The rest of Methidios group were unsure of how they should greet this icon of the past who dressed in the uniform of their enemy. Methidios had decided that John would be only one allowed to visit him. John had watched him regain his strength as his broken arm, ribs and leg had mended. He knew now that the body had healed it would be time to work on his mind.

“Henry we know who you are,” John held his voice calm yet authoritative sat by his bedside.

“I see,” was the only response the Prince gave him.

“We have a problem you’re a symbol of the past. A past you can imagine most people here would rather forget,” John now worked on discovering his loyalties.

“I understand,” the Princes eyes sharp blue held confidence and they never gave anything away.

“When I was a child I had been brought up with tales of noble Kings from our ancient past,” John smiled at the Prince as he spoke gaining his trust.

“King Harold, King Arthur and King Alfred who had burned the cakes. They were Great men; visionary rulers that stood by their people against tyranny and their people loved them for that. Arthur had a round table and took council from Lords and the common man. They listened and ruled with the heart and with strength and honor. This world has had enough of dictatorships, of governments corrupted by greed and a Royal line that has lost complete touch with its people. This is a new age, we need a strong communal leader, a guide, a light in the darkness, a breath of reassuring air,” John hesitated.

“The people will look up to you with utmost respect and pride if you could become such a King,” with that John stood and left the room.

BEACH COMBERS

The two Hind MI7 helicopters appeared on the horizon then they disappeared behind hilltops.

“Damn we got company,” Hazeus looked over their shoulder as they got as far from the Chateaux as possible.

Mathew, Luke and Miriam were at the head romping across the moors towards the coast.

Dmitri Vladinsky reached the Chateaux with his men. They first observed the objective before his soldiers moved in. They found the dead SSS guards and knew they were hot on the terrorist tail.

“Tell the choppers its safe to move here now,” Dmitri informed his radioman.

Hazeus watched the group of around thirty Spetsnaz briefly halt at the Chateaux and now they moved out towards his location.

“Mama mia how they know we went this way,” he said frustrated.

Then he heard the reason why they had found their trail so fast. He made out the sounds of dogs barking. Two great wolf hounds that dragged along their handlers on the chase. The hunting hounds had picked up the scent of the quarry and were eager to pursue.

Mathew Luke and Miriam were descending the cliffs to the beach. The sonorous roar of the sea greeted them.

“Where the hell is Hazeus,” Mathew suddenly realized he had strayed behind.

Hazeus took careful aim and fired hitting the first dog it yelped out and then died. He fired again hitting the second one.

“Forgive me,” Hazeus eyes looked to the heavens. He was not proud of himself killing innocent animals but the enemy was closing in on his comrades.

The Spetsnaz had gone to ground and Dmitri had his binoculars out scanning for the sniper.

“Josef go now,” he indicated to his man who broke cover and darted through the undergrowth in zigzag lines.

Hazeus fired and the round hummed like a piano tuner in the air. Josef had already gone to ground as the bullet whistled by him.

“Hmmm,” Hazeus murmured at his miscalculation but it had been too late.

Dmitri had clocked the Sniper point and his mortar team was already assembling their weapon.

Thump-Thump then the horrendous whistle as the ordinance rained down. They dropped either side of Hazeus who buried himself into the tundra. The death rain exploded and hot shrapnel landed on his back.

“Santa Maria,” he cursed as a piece of glowing metal burnt his backside.

Thump- Thump again more mortar rounds were flung into the heavens. Hazeus weathered the storm cowering in the long grass.

Dmitri had reached the sniper position whilst the mortar had distracted him. He could see the Terrorist now no more than ten feet away from him. He aimed the AK74 and fired. Hazeus hadn’t known what had killed him.

The Spetsnaz ran along the beaches and others searched the heights of the cliffs. The beach party lobbed grenades into every cave.

“We got incoming,” Luke warned them hearing the grenade blasts getting closer.

“Well we can’t run, we have only option to engage them here,” Mathew conjectured.

Luke lay behind a collection of rocks, Mathew peered out the mouth of a cave and Miriam camouflaged herself under a covering of washed up seaweed. The Spetsnaz had split up into many teams. The group on the beach numbered only six. They came along in the open without a care in the world. Luke popped up momentarily like a gopher coming from its hole. He fired two short bursts flooring two of the hostiles. Then Mathew leaned out the cave mouth and killed two more. Miriam then let rip from the clump of seaweed with the MG and the last two were nearly severed in half.

“That is for my boys,” She spat at them.

Dmitri had heard the gunfire and came scrambling down the precarious cliff paths with his men. He looked at the six bodies lay on the sand and knew they had been professionally ambushed.

“Careful,” he instructed his men.

The Spetsnaz stuck to the cliff face using any bump in the sand or other natural feature for cover.

“We got more coming, but there being very cagey,” Luke could make them out from his position on the beach.

The first Russian came into full view. Luke popped up and fired hitting him many times Square in the chest. Another Spetsnaz showed himself but only to throw a grenade. Luke had given away his position the grenade cracked next to him and he died instantly.

“Bastards,” Miriam screamed opening up the MG

Bullets smashed into the cliff face, splinters of rock and lead reverberated along the beach line. Miriam kept firing her hands vibrating and empty cartridges shooting into the air. The juddering stopped and silence fell as the belt ran out of ammunition. The Russians appeared from cover and returned fire. The seaweed shuddered and bits of kelp scattered like paper on the wind. Miriam under the wet vegetation had no protection and the bullets ripped her to shreds also. Mathew alone withdrew into the cave and waited for the first to venture near the entranceway.

The Hind pilots smoked perfumed cigarettes and drank vodka on the card table at Goonhilly. The countdown timer reached zero in the radar station. The building exploded violently with debris flying into the sky. The huge radar arrays crumbled and the Hind helicopters were blasted into the air. The earth shook for miles around.

Mathew felt the shock wave and began to laugh out loud.

“Have you got any leeches for that,” he had called recalling some long distant saying that meant nothing to him but seemed appropriate at this time.

Dmitri had heard the triumphant cry and had his flamethrower operator blasted the cave with fire before they ventured near it. Mathew had died in the engulfing torrent of fire that consumed his hiding place.

THE SILENT STORM

Methodios sat in the bunker at Loussiemouth the man who was about to orchestrate and change the whole world. He had all the arrays and transmitting power he could of ever dreamed of. The Aurora Space Satellite had its green light blinking as the link had been activated. All the TV antennas in the UK were also under his guiding hand. He would send a signal so powerful that would bounce around the UK and into the Space to be broadcasted to the whole world. He had the optic cables buried deep underground and under the oceans that had powered the Internet back online. He worked hard constantly for many months and the simple laptop before him with one push of a key would bring about a new era. He had to wait for the conditioning signal to be destabilized. The radar scanner screen jumped erratically informing him the woodpecker effect was still predominant. He tapped a pencil on the table impatiently sat there watching the screen with growing concern.

John and Ester crouched in the undergrowth near the slave farm. They were armed with syringes filled with an enzyme once injected into the body attacked the biochemistry of the biochip. Using a TV satellite dish and a laptop they beamed out a jamming signal that blocked out the ELF waves from the towers. They already had a dry run of this experiment at Elgin and they had roughly worked out how long it would take to detox the slave farms population. They had calculated with Methodios it should take them roughly an hour to fully recover. They had needed this information to see how effectively they were going to react to the broadcasted signal.

The food processing facility at Glenloss close by to their new base at Loussiemouth. The workers were housed in rudimentary barns sleeping on the straw like animals. Four towers on each cardinal point controlled their daily lives. They arose at dawn spent all day cutting the grain stalks by hand, another group collected in the harvest and took it into the factory. Then it was processed on the production line into cereal meals. A hive of worker ants all carrying out tasks in orderly procession it was the industrial revolutions worse nightmare. The end products were bricks of wheat that were collected by the authorities fortnightly. The authorities

had their tasks to do as well. Filling up the machines with the toxic X10 and carrying out a head count of the population.

John and Ester waited for the black humvee to arrive pulling a trailer full of the monatomic gold food supplement. An extremely beautiful blonde lady and two other male Scientists stepped out of the vehicle. They all carried pistols on a belt but they laughed at each other's jokes and seemed to be at ease. John watched them through the binoculars carrying out their routine duties. They were at the processing center less than three hours with most of it spent loading up the wheat bricks into the trailer. The blonde giggled out loud before getting back into the humvee.

"Smug bastards," John commented.

They watched the Humvee leave and then got the mobile satellite dish to block out the ELF towers ULF signal. They ran down the hill to watch the gray skinned people looking about themselves like lost sheep. Ester went to inject the first patient but he fell too his knees and began vomiting out the gray liquid. The others two were became sick and John and Ester stood and watched them.

"Its like Wilbur had known all along once the signal is isolated the body has an adverse reaction to the chemicals within it," Ester spelled out her thoughts of what they had preliminary discovered at Elgin.

"There coming around you can tell by their eyes their waking up," John added excitedly.

Ester looked at the people in her midst coming around from the nightmare. They were bemused like children but they were alive.

"Look John a new world awakening around us and we will be apart of it," she said hopefully. Then her thoughts drifted far away to Wilbur and she missed him now more than ever.

THE JIG

The Aurora Satellite was re launched from the ISS Space Station. They watched it emerge from the hold and then its lights flashed indicating that its systems were okay. Following in its wake came the jig towed upon a taught steel wire. The truss had the optical lens mounted on it and a rotating positional motor powered by two solar panels that glowed golden yellow from the sunlight like giant wings. The Aurora began beaming down the message of hope on the same frequency as the conditioning waves. The Earth signal beamed out by Haarp far too powerful for the satellites telemetry waves to penetrate.

“As I expected,” the Commander said knowingly.

“We got a red hot signal coming from the Haarp aerial station,” Clemence voice held expectancy.

“Okay as the good Lord once said- let there be light,” Commander Trivarchious stated nodding his head for the operation to commence.

The jig motor began tilting the massive lens it moved smoothly and slowly on the housing.

“Set angle ratio at four point five zero degrees,” Pulaski had her calculations configured by the computer.

“Adjusting,” Clemence acknowledged working a joystick that remotely controlled the jig housing.

“What will this do exactly Commander,” Hendrickson asked who felt a bit aggrieved being in the dark.

“I don’t know exactly but the idea is, you remember when you were a kid and we used a magnifying glass to burn paper,” the Commander explained.

“Yeah,” Hendrickson answered unimpressed.

“Were doing that on a much bigger scale. I reckon one-minute concentration hot enough to burn paper, five minute enough to blacken wood. We need a ten minute concentration hot enough to melt aluminum,”

“What exactly are we melting,” Hendrickson asked again.

“Were going melt away the oppression of the world,” the Commander trailed off as other developments took his attention.

The Lens lit up like a star and glowed in the darkness of space like a halo. The golden ray of light deflected the suns energy, which penetrated

the ionosphere. They could see the spot on the Earth illuminated where the ray now struck.

The Haarp aerial station a massive Military structure with aeries covering miles of terrain. They could alter the weather, they could cause electrical storms and they could brainwash the Earth. The metal turned brilliant white as the ray from the lens made the whole area glow. Within three minutes the metal gave off thin black wisps of smoke then began slowly to drip as it evaporated. The main conditioning booster system of the United States of America turned from sturdy metal into a mass of molten rain. The aeries bent and twisted out of shape with the intense heat.

The people of America no longer heard the woodpecker signal buzzing in their brains. The ringing sounds had gone and instead a signal of hope came through to them all. The Aurora now free of all limitations circling the globe spreading the new words of hope and peace upon mankind.

LA NANG PROVINCE SOUTHERN CHINA

The Duty Officer picked up the red phone and then put it down looking astounded. The Dragon King dressed in the full regalia of the Asian Kingdoms finest royal silks. He paced down the corridor into the red roofed building of the old Imperial Temple. He lit incense and bang the gong announcing his presence before the divine deity. He knelt before the golden Buddha a custom long banished since the dawning of Year Zero. “Lord it is a long time since we have spoken. I hope your ears are still open to my words of wisdom. The Demons of the Ancients have reared themselves upon the earth. I was drunk with their words of power and ambition. Lord I am now sober and ashamed by my role. I will restore your love and faith back into the hearts of mankind if it’s the last thing I ever do.” The Dragon King hit the gong again and left the Temple.

“What’s the matter,” the Sergeant asked him.

“Prepare the missile for launch,” the Officer stated.

“Who we firing it at,”

“It seems the world has gone mad again my friend, our soldiers have been massacred by friendly forces. We are going to retaliate,”

WASHINGTON DC

The Oval Office had been moved to the far safer confines of the Pentagon. In the garden center of the Pentagon stood a gold statue of Baphomet. The President of the New World Order Nigel Rallfe Cullen sat at the head of the table upon a massive Golden Throne.

“The Time the prophets foretold I would reign upon on this Earth for would soon and I will prove their soothsaying to have been wrong. Today is the dawning of their prediction and I am still here. The World will soon tremble when this day is complete. The damned will walk upon the Earth and my Demons will set up dominions of their own. The Great Day is closing in and nobody can stop me. Even him up there the Great Soothsayer and redeemer of Mankind is now impotent to my power.” the Devil laughed out loud

The seven council Members of the Global Government cheered on their Kings proclamation.

The Missile had been fired from the Silo the rocket took hold and it vanished into the glorious heavens. The 20KT Warhead cruised over the beautiful islands of the pacific with the water far below crystal green. The Ballistic Missile had shot in a great arc. It began its descent just off the coast of Hawaii flying over the volcanic jungle island. It now gained momentum on its dive and the guidance system began hugging the terrain as it went at fantastic speed.

A messenger ran into the Temple of Lucifer his face covered in cold sweat of dread.

“What do you want,” the Devil Roared at him.

“Sir we have radar contact incoming missile,” the Officer reported.

“A missile who would dare,” the Devil snarled.

The Missile hit the bull’s eye, falling smack into the center of the Pentagram. The mushroom cloud ballooned up into the heavens. A great cry could be heard allover the world as the Devil was cast back into the pits of despair. The shockwave followed that cracked open a hole in the Earth where the Devil and his minions were sucked under the ground like a huge vacuum cleaner clearing up the debris. Then miraculously the explosion suddenly inverted going back on itself until the Pentagon stood there unscathed.

THE FINAL MESSAGE

The Auroras signal hit the world like an everlasting light with the communication coming through loud and clear. The conditioned people of the world had suddenly awoken. They gawped around themselves bemused at the gray ghosts in their midst and then they heard the message coming from the heavens.

The slaves on the farms, in the factories and in the service of the New World Order suddenly found no message telling them what to do. They just stopped silently confused. Some SSS Soldiers laughed out unconcerned at this new glitch in the system. Then the low frequency broadcast came it woke up the brain and made the bio chip malfunction. “People of the World your awaking to a dawn, you have been brainwashed and forced to live a life of slavery. Your day of freedom has arrived. The enemy who did this to you are still in power so be vigilant and strike wherever you can and where they will least expect it,” Methidios message had started to come through.

The SSS Guards were suddenly mobbed and their weapons ripped from them. All over the world revolution broke out amongst the enslaved and the slavers.

“People of the world wake up and rejoice, You’ll probably at this moment very confused. Don’t be afraid.” Methidios voice came again to them all through the biochip receiver still in their brain.

“A world power had brain washed you but now you are awake. The world you’re breathing and feeling around you is real. I need you to listen as good people this very day are fighting for your freedom. A new world is being born this day. So take heart, be strong and be in unity” Methidios message paused then came back online.

“Our leader the Prophet Isaiah recorded a message for you that I would like you to hear.”

The tape crackled then the reassuring voice of the preacher came over the airwaves.

“People we will build a new nation in a single day. In unity of thought we can convert and reconcile the world of God and in doing so save our very souls,”

The message repeated again on the half hour and on the hour continuously.

The people who had awoken found they had a new vitality for life. They fought like wildcats all over there was insurrection. The SSS soldiers called upon the High Command for advice but they received no communications. They knew it pointless trying to fend off so many and most just dropped their guns and ran for their lives.

THE END

Wilbur had used the mobile phone signal the Professor provided to track the others in the City of Lincoln. He walked through the empty streets of the ancient city and came to the halt before the Castle walls. People were gathering outside and within the main entranceway.

“What’s going on,” Wilbur asked puzzled.

“It’s the Coronation of our King,”

Wilbur made his way through the throngs of recently freed people trying to find a familiar face amongst them. He entered the Great Hall and sat on a throne at the head of a long table sat the newly appointed King of England. Wilbur made out John and Methidios sat at the top end of the long table. The conversation focused on a map before them and who would govern each new realm of the Kingdom.

Wilbur walked to the end of the table and stood facing the King staring straight through him.

“Who is that man,” Henry said with annoyance becoming uncomfortable.

“Wilbur what do you want here,” John asked feeling embarrassed like a child being caught stealing biscuits from the barrel.

“You all know why I’m here, Isaiah had a dream and this was not his vision of the way forward,” Wilbur answered them coldly.

“Have that man arrested,” the King called out becoming increasing afraid of this man who dared stand before him.

Wilbur raised his arm and fired two shots in succession. The room fell silent and all heads turned to the King. A bullet had splintered the wood by his right ear and another by his left ear both missing him by a whisker.

“Stop him,” the King yelled but nobody moved.

Wilbur tossed the pistol on the table where it landed with a clang.

“Never again,” he said to them all before turning and leaving the Great Hall.

“Damn that mans audacity, lets continue our discussion hopefully undisturbed,” the King tried to bring back normality.

John stood first and followed Wilbur out of the hall. Then Methidios and then the whole assembly left the King with a map of a fantasy Kingdom and a bullet-ridden throne.

MISSION ACCOMPLISHED

The International Space Station had shifted from its orbit and had put them on a collision for re entry. Catching the satellite had taken the Station from its relatively safe course and now it had got caught in the gravitational pull of the Earth. They all knew soon they would be burnt up as the Station came in contact with the Earths atmosphere.

“You did it, Well done,” the Professors voice of jubilation came over the channel. He had been checking for the woodpecker effect signal but it had vanished from this hemisphere of the world.

“You people down there better take good care of things now,” the Commander lectured him.

“Don’t you worry the good people who fought this war have noble hearts my friends,” the Professor told them confidently.

“Well old friend were on the final check out I’m afraid,” the Commander held his tone calm as he spelled out the dreadful news.

“I don’t understand,” the Professor sounded distraught.

“One minute to impact Commander,” Officer Pulaski informed him.

“Were coming back to Earth it would seem,” Commander Trivarchious half explained to the Professor but the old man had already figured what had happened.

“God speed to heaven,” the Professor had emotion in his voice as he replied.

The Commander turned to his crew. The inevitable was about to befall them but strangely they showed no fear.

“You’ve been the best Crew and companions a Commander could of asked for. You did a great job. You saved the Earth mission accomplished,” he told them

“Skipper you led us all the way,” Clemence praised him back as the front of the Space Station began to glow white-hot.

A moment later the debris of the International Space Station fell like light rain over the entire world. Upon a new world of hope for all mankind. A world of freedom where everyone would be treated as equal. A world of morals and humanity. A world not fostered by greed or manipulated by the strong. A world worth fighting for, dieing for and living for.

The End

Peace and Humanity to all upon the Earth

RW