

A deceptive look through the eyes of a political psychopath.

Through Jaded Eyes

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THROUGH JADED EYES

BY
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“Let every eye negotiate for itself,
And trust no agent”
– William Shakespeare

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CHAPTER 3

“IT BEGINS”

“Those allied with God are equally targets of the Devil.”

“You feel the last bit of breath leaving their body. You're looking into their eyes. A person in that situation is God!”

-Ted Bundy

The people of a fearless nation never saw the backlash as the tide began to rise.

It was an explosion in the heart of a busy city street that began what would be the eventual collapse of an entire empire. The cause was never found – terrorists, rebellion, an overheated car – it did not matter, because it was regardless who began the fire.

It was how they tried to put it out.

In a fraction of a second that followed the explosion, a fearless nation – suddenly faced with a situation as alien to them as the thought of fear an emotion – felt their hearts jump into their throats.

“What was that?!” a voice broke the silence – a deafening sense of fractured time that seemed to spread with the smoke.

“There’s a fire!” another voice, this time a woman.

“Is anybody hurt?!”

THROUGH JADED EYES

It was in this chaotic instance - this concise interlude of disorder and disarray - that a sickness built from control would fail to be controlled, and a nerve was struck.

The smoke began to clear, enough for visibility's sake, revealing the damage done. It was not a pretty sight. "He's hurt! Call an ambulance!"

A crowd was beginning to gather, onlookers gazing from afar, thrown from their daily tasks into what would become the final breath to break free of TRITE's control, and their eyes were the culprits. It was unfortunate that their destinies would lie at the end of three cocked-and-loaded rifles.

The crowd that had gathered around the casualty – an elderly man, his leg severed and his eyes beneath fading consciousness, the only signs of life his slurred screams of pain. As a woman dialed for an ambulance on her cell phone, control broke the silence through the ashes.

"FREEZE!" a commanding growl from afar. "You're under arrest in the sanctity of Palguata Armada" (a fancy way of being taken into captivity for being "Sick"). The TRITE officers were quick to respond to situations such as this, though they were never quite prepared. It took less than a minute for the three gun-toting officers to appear from beyond the ashes, their polished M-16s raised and aimed square at the heads of the unlucky citizens of a sadist nation weaned on mistrust and violence. Those with the decency to help an injured civilian were now staring down the barrels of three M-16 rifles. "Stand up, hands raised."

The woman on the cell phone, a literal second away from saving an innocent man's life, was now defending her own against those trained to keep order and nothing else. They were in no way prepared for what the next minute would bring (after all, they were officers, not soldiers).

"He's hurt! We need to get him to a-"

“MA’AM, YOU ARE UNDER ARREST FOR –“

The woman put her phone down and stood up, walking towards the officers with hands raised, still pleading for justice – for life...

“Please! This man needs help! I’m a nurse, I can get him into a hospital in a second! Just let me-“

“MA’AM, FREEZE!” he barked. “DO NOT GET ANY CLOSER! WE WILL BE FORCED TO FIRE!”

“Please, just – “ she took another step forward, and then another right before the bullets began to explode through her chest as she fell mid-step, enough force behind the fire to blow her clear off of her feet. She flew through the air in a hail of blood spray and landed on her back, the first to fall but miles away from the last.

It was code for the officers from this moment on, as they were trained to eliminate those contaminated who did not follow orders (though they were also trained to affiliate themselves with bloodshed, so they took it upon themselves to keep their fingers pressed firmly upon the triggers). It was a few seconds of personal Armageddon, a brief moment in which the Apocalypse set its fire as the bodies of the onlookers began to fall one-by-one, shot down in the wake of bloodlust and greed.

And not a soul tried to run, not a finger flinched; it was so deeply imbedded within them to trust their government’s judgment that it never once occurred to them that the act might be wrong. And the hands behind the guns were too busy doing what they could, rather than questioning if they should. This was their eventual downfall.

Within seconds it was over. The chaos fell still, silently bestowed upon a mini-battleground, laid waste to a street full of the dead and the dying. The innocent had been raped of their justice.

But the firefight did not end the way the officers intended it to, because they were never trained in the event that the gun might be

THROUGH JADED EYES

pointed at them (after all, who would dare question the “All-Knowing” and the “All-Seeing”?).

Other than the three standing officers, there were two survivors. One was about to tell the nation how he felt with the sound of a gunshot. The other would be the only living witness as to what really took place that morning; it would be the final push upon tired shoulders. Both were crouched behind a single dumpster, but only one was smart enough to stay, because our Apocalypse is not over...

CLICK “Move a muscle and I’ll blow your fucking head off – I SWEAR I’LL FUCKING DO IT!”

With the cock of a gun, one of the officers found himself standing in death’s way, with a loaded pistol pressed firmly against the temple of judgment and clarity, the beholder of “justice”. The other officers, unprepared and suddenly instinctive in their actions (there’s no code for “holy shit”), turned to face the sight before them: their fellow man of badge with this beast...this frenzied creature without a purpose (or maybe just the first to stand up for what was his), standing behind him, one hand around the officer’s neck and the other holding a loaded pistol square against his temple.

“I SWEAR I’LL DO IT!”

The others raised their weapons, but at this point, neither had a clue what to do with them. One stuttered: “DROP YOUR WEAPON! I WON’T HESITATE TO-“

“YOU THINK I’M SHITTIN’ YOU?! I’M GONNA BLOW THE FUCKER’S HEAD OFF AND-“

It was a slow-motion climax to a vicious gunfight as two M-16s unloaded on both their fellow comrade and this “threat to order” – this beast – who stood behind him, hoping that their reaction to the situation

RYAN W. McCLELLAN

would be rewarded by ignorant minds (how would anyone know what happened?)

But vigilance, though misunderstood and disregarded far too often, will never collapse alone.

The officer's body dropped, exposing the other man's chest, and as it began to explode with blood as the bullets punctured flesh and shattered ribs, his pistol found its line of fire square upon one of the standing officers' legs; two bullets punctured the officer's thigh and he collapsed in a dead heap with a scream of agony.

As the last man standing dropped his M-16 and ran to his comrade's aide, it couldn't have been more ironic that the man who ordered the slaughtering of an entire street of individuals would be the one left alone and shouting for help...

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"SOMEONE GET SOME HELP, NOW!" the standing officer barked, crouched beside his fallen comrade, hoping someone would answer his pleas upon this lifeless street, littered with the bodies of the innocence he had overlooked because his orders had told him to see differently. No response.

There was one – Daniel, the only remaining witness, hunched behind a dumpster, the other son of Admiral Sathers. He could feel the sickness within him, and hence, refused to respond.

"HELP!" screamed the officer. Then someone appeared in a nearby doorway.

It was a little girl, her eyes wide with innocence as she scanned the street, taking in the dead bodies like it were nothing but roadside litter. She was dressed in blue pajamas; the gunfire must have woken her up (though you would expect people to have grown used to a war zone, played out upon the streets they walk each and every day).

THROUGH JADED EYES

The officer noticed her, standing in the middle of the street, amongst a sea of death. He called out in desperation.

“LITTLE GIRL! Go get help, now!”

She stood there, stagnant and unquestioning, staring from afar at the frazzled officer.

He repeated: “GET HELP!”

And the Sickness was bleeding through now, making its way within the officer, sinking beneath his skin as he felt the weight of his dying comrade upon his shoulders. “GET HELP!” She did not flinch; she did not move...just as the Sick were trained.

And then it took over. A pistol cocked and the muzzle fell squarely upon the little girl – by far the most innocent one of them all - drawn out of her home in curiosity, now staring down the barrel of a heated pistol. And yet, she only stared...had guns lost all impact on the adrenal gland, that even a child would show no fear and no reaction to a gun aimed at her skull?

The officer could feel the Sickness growing deeper within him, seeping into his bloodstream, corroding his arteries. The sweat was flowing, dispensing onto the hot concrete below, his heart racing, pounding into his ears. It overwhelmed him, fogging his thoughts...

And then the situation took a turn for the worse, as a middle-aged woman intervened as she appeared in the doorway, and made her way over to her daughter. “Come inside, sweetie...” when maternal instinct gave way and she could sense the presence of danger. With one glance, she whispered: “Oh my God...”

“GET HELP!” the officer screamed, trembling with fear; his gun, once an extension of his own body, now shook in his hands, feeling like a separate entity...

The mother grabbed her daughter, quiet in her actions as she made one final attempt at saving her daughter's life, but the Sickness had already bled its way through the officer's skin and into his heart.

He pulled the trigger.

The mother and her daughter, still embracing each other as they choked upon their final breaths, fell into the arms of the cold blood before them.

And it was then that justice was no longer justice. Not a soul would have ever questioned the authority of a TRITE officer, nor does anyone dare challenge the hand that hold a loaded pistol...but this morning was too much; it had gone too far...

There was one who remained, aside from the officer: Daniel, who had sat hunched behind a lone dumpster with the original assailant of the downed TRITE officer...and he was the last remaining witness who had yet to commit a homicide that morning.

And he had intended for it to stay that way, but upon the spilt blood of a child (above all, one who had, in no way, committed a crime worth being shot over), something else was slowly rising up inside of him. The Fear did not dissipate, but rather, it exaggerated itself, until it no longer operated as a Sickness. And it amplified itself upon this torso-ridden street avenue as the screams inside slowly filled his lungs...until he could no longer retain them.

The officer had no time to look, let alone react, as this savage war cry reached his eardrums. And a once-unarmed Daniel now held a tiny handgun – the same handgun previously used to assassinate the one downed officer (soon-to-be TWO).

One single breath as he aligned the shot, and he pulled the trigger until the chamber clicked empty.

THROUGH JADED EYES

The officer fell in a heap of dead weight, but Daniel's rage was nothing but prehistoric now; something primal and aggressive seemed to flow through his arm and into that gun, out of spite to show the world he wasn't done with the violence he had been holding in for so long.

He made his way over to the downed officer, raising the pistol and bringing it down upon the officer's face, again and again, splicing his forehead open, and clearly dislocating his jaw. The scream never left his throat as he reeked vengeance upon his enemy – the government's tyranny.

And then it was over. A TRITE officer was gunned down in an act of revenge, rebellion, and revolution. The final breath from which the Cure was bred had cleared its lungs, and a new breed had begun.

The war was on.

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“The harder you hold onto something in an attempt to control it, the more damage it will cause when life decides to give it thorns”

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