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LEE BOYLAND

with VISTA BOYLAND

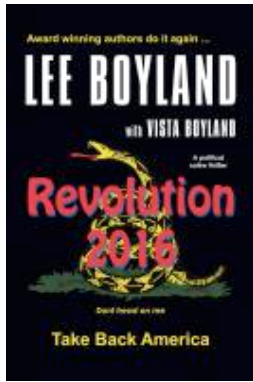
A political
satire thriller

A yellow and black patterned snake is coiled around the title text. The snake's head is at the top left, with its tongue flicking out. Its body winds around the words 'Revolution' and '2016'. The tail is at the bottom right, with a rattle. The snake is set against a dark background with some green foliage at its base.

Revolution 2016

Don't tread on me

Take Back America



Democrats win control of the House and Senate in 2014, and pass sweeping gun control legislation. Constitutionalist and gun owners rally to defend their Second and Fourth Amendment rights. States begin to defy the federal government and clashes occur. The military must choose between obeying the Commander in Chief's orders, or supporting their oath to defend the Constitution. Resistance begins in various locations, and then spreads across the nation. Patriots rally to take back America.

Revolution 2016

Take Back America

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Your free excerpt appears below. Enjoy!

Revolution 2016

Take Back America

A Political Satire Thriller

Lee Boyland

and

Vista Boyland

Revolution 2016: Take Back America

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ISBN 978-1-62646-865-8

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Published by BookLocker.com, Inc., Bradenton, Florida.

Printed in the United States of America.

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BookLocker.com, Inc.
First published January, 2014

First Edition

© Cover design by Lee Boyland, featuring the Revolutionary War Gadsden flag
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Cataloging Data

1. Benghazi—Fiction. 2. Terrorism—Fiction. 3. Technothriller—Fiction. 4. Political Satire—Fiction. 5. International relations—Fiction. 6. FEMA Corps—Fiction. 7. Middle East—Fiction. 8. Baghdad—fiction. 9. Iran—fiction. 10. Militias—fiction. 11. Second Amendment—fiction. 12. Gun laws—fiction 13. Contemporary fiction

Novels by Lee and Vista Boyland

Revolution 2016

Clash-of-Civilizations Trilogy

The Rings of Allah

Behold, an Ashen Horse

America Reborn

OAS Series

Pirates and Cartels

<http://www.LeeBoylandBooks.com>

The Bill of Rights

Amendment II

*A well regulated Militia,
being necessary to the security of a free State,
the right of the people to keep and bear Arms,
shall not be infringed.*

Amendment IV

*The right of the people to be secure in their persons,
houses, papers, and effects, against unreasonable
searches and seizures, shall not be violated, and no
Warrants shall issue, but upon probable cause,
supported by Oath and affirmation, and particularly
describing the place to be searched, and the persons or
things to be seized.*

Military Officer's Oath

I, (state your name), having been appointed a (rank) in the United States (branch of service), do solemnly swear (or affirm) that I will support and defend the Constitution of the United States against all enemies, foreign and domestic; that I will bear true faith and allegiance to the same; that I take this obligation freely, without any mental reservation or purpose of evasion; and that I will well and faithfully discharge the office upon which I am about to enter. So help me God.

Military Enlisted Oath

I, (state your name), do solemnly swear (or affirm) that I will support and defend the Constitution of the United States against all enemies, foreign and domestic; that I will bear true faith and allegiance to the same; and that I will obey the orders of the President of the United States and the orders of the officers appointed over me, according to regulations and the Uniform Code of Military Justice. So help me God.

This book is dedicated to

*Ambassador Stevens, Glen Doherty, Sean Smith
and Tyrone Woods killed in Benghazi*

and

*The crew, passengers and Bart,
killed in Afghanistan on a CH-47 helicopter,
Call sign Extortion 17*

Author's Foreword

The story told in *Revolution 2016* has been rattling around in my head for several years. A story of events I was afraid could occur. In the spring of 2013 I realized it was time to write the story because events were beginning to happen. Vista and I stopped work on our second OAS series novel, and began writing this story.

We started out to write a political thriller, but as more events occurred as the story progressed, it became a satire—a political satire thriller.

The story is based upon infringement of the First and Second Amendments to our Constitution; progressive-liberals' obsession with gun control; the oath our military takes to defend the Constitution; and zero tolerance.

Court rulings and unconstitutional laws have slowly eroded freedoms guaranteed by our Constitution. Patriots have had enough and are starting to push back. Can the progressive tide be turned back? *Revolution 2016* is the story of how patriots set about doing just that.

We want to thank all of those who helped bring this story to life by proof reading, offering suggestions and providing encouragement. Special thanks to our readers, Less Merritt, Joe Oblack, Holly Vellekoop, and Michael Mullins. Any mistakes are the authors and no one else.

Lee and Vista Boyland
Near Cape Canaveral, Florida

Main Characters

U.S. Government

Executive Branch

Barrington “Barry” Abomba: president of the United States
John Blabberman: vice president of the United States
John Barnerman: director, Central Intelligence Agency
Victoria “Vickie” Barrett: special advisor to President Abomba
Jay Schpinmeister: White House press secretary
Gene Haggler: secretary of defense
Edison Helder: U.S. attorney general
Jerome Heinz: secretary of state
Jane Incompentado: secretary of homeland security
Colonel Virgil Savage: FEMA Corps (Blue Shirts)

U.S. Congress

Nellie Balogni: U.S. Congresswoman from California; Speaker
Betty Boxnutter: U.S. Senator from California
Carlos Crux: U.S. Senator from Texas
Senator Dana Finkelstein: U.S. Senator from California
Harold Realdick: U.S. Senator from Nevada; Senate President

U.S. Military

Major General Anthony Beck: U.S. Army, chief of staff CENTCOM

General Garry Lackiemann: U.S.AF, commander, NORTHCOM
Colonel Rebecca Collins: U.S. Army, CENTCOM
General Sampson Doughberry: U.S. Army, commander CENTCOM
General Robert Dumpsterson: U.S. Army, chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff
Captain Tom Hazzard: U.S. Navy, commander SEAL Team 6
Brigadier General Charles Roberts: USMC, CENTCOM
Colonel Harold “Rocky” Rockford: U.S. Army, DELTA
Brigadier General John Ulrich: USAF, CENTCOM
Colonel Charles Vickers: U.S. Army, MP commander, Baghdad, Iraq

StatesAlabama

Lieutenant Colonel Able: U.S. Army, National Guard
Sheriff Barringer
Robert Bowden: mayor, Mudford
Colonel Harry Callahan: Highway Patrol
Lieutenant Bale: Highway Patrol
Major General Jones: U.S. Army, adjutant general
James Todd: governor

Arkansas

Constance Butterworth: Tommy's teacher
Eleanor Hamm: Tommy's principal
Betty Randall: Tommy's mother
John Randall: Tommy's father
Tommy Randall: student

Colorado

Arthur Bartow: U.S. Army E7, retired, Colorado Militia
Orville Bartow: U.S. Army E7, retired, Colorado Militia
Colonel Bob NLN: U.S. Army (DELTA) retired, commander of Colorado Militia
Brian Ebert: attorney for Colorado Militia
Robert Hickengooper: governor
Sergeant Lee Jenkins: sniper, U.S. Army, retired, Colorado Militia
Pat Jenkins: Lee's wife
Jeb Justice: CBS Channel 4 reporter
Major General Clay Morrison: U.S. Army, Adjutant General
Rex: German Shepherd dog
Alphonso Zapata: attorney general

Kansas

Imam Ali: Muslim cleric
Mrs. Baxter: Susie's teacher
David Connors: Chairman, Shawnee School Board
Reverend Holmes: pastor
Julie Murray: Susie's mother
Susie Murray: schoolgirl
Tom Murray: Susie's father
Zackary Murray: Susie's grandfather
Harry Rogers: superintendent of Schools

Ms. Upton: Susie's principal

Oklahoma

Veronica LeGrange: chief judge, U.S. District Court for the Western District of Oklahoma

Richard Knuckle: ACLU

Allan Sowash: CAIR

Vermont

Colonel McGill: National Guard

John Wilson: governor

Constitutionalists

Lieutenant Colonel Albert East: U.S. Army, retired; former Congressman

Race-Baiters

Tobias Dullston: Reverend, activist, National Kinetic Organization

Joseph Scoundrell: Reverend, activist, Spectrum Shove Coalition

News Media

Linda Adjetivo: Central News Network anchor

Glenn Deck: host, radio talk show and TV show

Sean Haddley: host, radio talk show and TV show

Doug Kellett: host, Radio Talk Show

Rusty Limbo: host, radio talk show and TV show

William O'Ripley: host, The O'Ripley Quotient

Islamists

Ali: Hezbollah, Chicago

Hakeem: Hezbollah, Chicago

Ibrahim: Hezbollah, Denver

Hamid Khomeini: Grand Ayatollah, Iran

Wael el-Kordi: The Egyptian

Marwan: Hezbollah, Denver

Muqtada al-Sadr: Mahdi Army

Sayed: Hezbollah, Chicago

Prologue

The 2014 U.S. elections are a month away and Democrats plot to win control of the House and Senate. If they succeed, progressive-liberals will be free to unleash all the pent up legislation they have been trying to impose on America for decades. They will complete the transformation of America. Transform America into, into what? Yes, that is the question—*Into what?*

Election 2014: Sunset of the Great American Experiment,

A prelude chapter to *Revolution 2016* was released as a free Kindle book on Amazon, and is included as the remainder of the prologue.

**The White House
Washington, DC
October 11, 2014**

Victoria Barrett stood beside President Abomba in his small private office, which was actually a small, combined study-dining area, only accessible through one of the four doors in the Oval Office. Scrutinizing the other three members of the president's inner-inner circle enjoying a second round of cocktails before dinner, Barrett was mentally reviewing her master plan. *The 2014 elections are three weeks away. Tonight's the final strategy and planning session, and if we keep the Senate and win the House, this will be America's last election—a fact two of them really don't need to know.* Amused by the thought, she smiled. *Assuming a win, we have forty-six months to take control of the country. Plenty of time if we follow the Obsidians' plan, but my main problem is keeping Senator Betty Boxnutter and Representative Nellie Balogni, two important players in the plan, from giving the game plan away. Even though they don't know all the details, they both talk too much. The Obsidians are worried about maintaining secrecy, and their mastermind, a billionaire financier, is concerned about being able to control Abomba's ego. Oh, well ... that's why I get paid the big bucks,* Barrett snickered.

Edison Helder, the U.S. attorney general, who was standing close enough to hear her laugh, asked, "What's so funny, Vickie?"

Barrett gave Helder a knowing smile, “Just thinking about how much fun we’ll have after we take control of the government.”

“Yeah, guns first ... that’ll be the ball-buster. Once we have the guns—”

“We’ll own the country,” the president said, finishing his AG’s sentence.

“No ... no we won’t,” Helder responded. “We won’t have the country till you replace all the four star military commanders with men or women loyal to you.”

Barrett nodded, “Ed’s right. So far we’ve replaced 198 senior officers and it’s time to finish the job. CENTCOM is the key command.”

“Good idea,” the president said sticking out his chin. “As soon as I finish my last round of campaign speeches, the First Lady and I are leaving for Hawaii. We plan to stay there through Thanksgiving. While I’m gone, prepare a list of the commanders I need to replace, along with a list of recommended replacements. I’ll give you my choices when I return.”

California’s Senator Dana Finkelstein approached the group in time to hear Barrett’s last statement and the president’s reply. “Barry, don’t announce any changes before the November elections. I suggest waiting until December. Assuming we take the House and keep the Senate, replacing commanders before we introduce gun control legislation in January will shake up the military and establish your absolute authority. They won’t dare object.

“We expect the Second Amendment gun-nuts to resist, and you’ll need the military to suppress them.”

“Yeah, you’re right,” the president responded, “and I have Jane Incompentado quietly staffing my police force. She says they’ll be ready to enforce the new laws once they become effective in 2016.”

“Oh, I didn’t know she was that far along. Where’s she hiding them?” Finkelstein asked.

“Dana, Homeland Security is a huge agency,” Barrett answered before the president could reply, not wanting the senator to learn all her plans. “We’re considering expanding the Federal Police to include a military element.” There was no reason for Finkelstein to know the president’s version of Iran’s Republican Guard was being formed as a secret component of FEMA’s Blue Shirts—something only she, Abomba and Helder needed to know.

During dinner, Senator Harry Realdick praised Barrett’s idea of delaying the unpleasant provisions of The Universal Health Care Act until

January. Various provisions of the law effected different segments of the population, so Barrett's plan called for phasing in one provision at a time. After the first segment of the population was forced to accept the new regulations, the next segment would be regulated and brought to heel. The plan was designed to minimize the act's impact on upcoming elections and it appeared to be working.

Barrett steered the dinner conversation, making sure Finkelstein and Realdick didn't learn too much. Only Abomba and Helder knew about the Obsidian Group, and only Barrett knew its members' identities. The Obsidians' mastermind was obsessed with managing events and taking down small governments. Now moving into the big leagues, his next target was the United States. Establishing and controlling a world government was the Obsidians' ultimate goal.

Abomba knew the Obsidians managed his career, and as their representative, Barrett was the final authority in the White House.

After dinner, Helder, Finkelstein and Realdick departed and the president retired to his private quarters. Barrett went to her office to call Mayor Rom Cristo in Chicago to check on the status of the special voter drives—another name for illegal voters. According to Rom the teams of community organizers were almost finished recording the names on all the tombstones in every major cemetery in Illinois. Other teams around the state were transferring the tombstone names to 3 x 5 cards, and adding phony addresses. Illegal aliens could use the information on the cards to register and vote at polling places. Rom ended their conversation by saying he liked to think of voting illegals as proxies for those citizens who were no longer able to travel to polling places. As Barrett hung up, a sudden amusing thought prompted her to laugh. *Yes, Zombies would frighten voters—even if they were all Democrats.*

A call to Congresswoman Dee Dee Vasherfrau in Florida's 23rd District proved equally assuring. According to Dee Dee, similar plans were being implemented in south Florida. On Election Day, busloads of newly documented proxy voters would arrive at polling places ready to vote for Democrats. Dee Dee assured her they could expect a 150 percent voter turnout—Democrat voters of course.

Calls to other swing states resulted in similar assurances.

Barrett's last call was to the head of the Obsidians. After listening to her report, the billionaire ended the call with his usual curt command, "Make sure *nothing* goes wrong."

**The Lodge at Pebble Beach
Pebble Beach, CA
Friday, October 31, 2014**

President Abomba made the 32-foot putt, and then, mugging true to form for the cameras, lifted his right leg high with the knee bent and hopped around the green on his left foot yelling, “*Yeah! ... Yeah!*” like a schoolboy. Then, having finished his five-hour round of golf—one of 190 plus he’d played in the last five and a half years—he tossed his putter to his caddy and sauntered toward the lodge.

Having enjoyed a working vacation at the famous lodge for the last week, Abomba had found time—despite his busy schedule—for four more rounds of golf. After spending four days lolling round the pool, the First Lady had become bored and gone shopping in San Francisco, leaving the First Kids in the care of four Secret Service agents. With the president’s huge entourage taking over the entire lodge, FLOTUS figured there was little chance of danger befalling them. Special arrangements had been made for the dog, Beau, who was to be walked three times a day, served a strictly organic diet, and kept in his own quarters. The president couldn’t stand having him in the same room with him—unless, of course, photographs were being taken.

Senate President Harold Realdick, Senator Dana Finkelstein, Senator Betty Boxnutter, and future Speaker of the House Nellie Balogni were waiting to greet Abomba in the 19th Hole lounge. Vickie Barnett had been riding herd on the group, making sure they stayed on script. She was concerned about all the reporters who were skulking around. When Abomba finally strolled in they all jumped to their feet to greet him.

Completely ignoring everyone standing for him like he was royalty—for in his mind he was—the president went straight to the bar. Grabbing a *Yuengling* from an ice bucket on the counter, and jutting his chin out to assume a pose he’d copied from Benito Mussolini; he turned around and finally deigned to acknowledge the group’s presence by nodding in their direction.

“Oh, Barry, after five hours on the course, you should be exhausted, but you look *wonderful*,” Nellie Balogni gushed. “Thank you *so much* for campaigning for me ... and ... well really, for all of us. The voters worship you, and your efforts ensured us another victory.”

Realdick, Finkelstein, and Boxnutter voiced their concurrence.

Flopping in a nearby chair and propping his feet on a coffee table, Abomba nodded. *Yeah, it's true. The voters do worship me, and well they should after all the wide screen TVs, cell phones and food stamps I've given them. As for these fawning fools—my useful idiots—I'll have to put up with them for now, even if they do annoy the First Lady.*

While it was true the president had campaigned hard for his inner group of politicians, the truth was he loved fund raising and giving speeches—especially ones where he used his teleprompter: something he depended on, even when speaking to school children. By using the electronic visual text device, he didn't have to look down at notes, could eyeball the crowd, and to his delight, strike his favorite Mussolini poses for the press. Under-informed audiences were awed by the idea he'd memorized his speeches.

Abomba had thoroughly enjoyed himself while campaigning in Las Vegas, Los Angeles, San Diego, Oakland and San Francisco. Best of all, he'd been able to squeeze in several rounds of golf at the most exclusive courses on the West Coast. Now that he was wrapping up his trip, he was beginning to feel exhausted and desperately in need of a vacation. It had been almost a month since his last one.

Sunday morning a Marine helicopter would fly him and the First Family to the Oakland International Airport, where they'd board Air Force One for the flight to Hawaii, and the president's much needed monthly vacation. The First Kids whined to their mother over leaving Beau. They wanted him to go with them. "Ask your father," the First Lady told them, "It's his call if the dog goes with us or flies solo." Disheartened when their father refused, they perked up when the president said, "Don't worry, the Secret Service'll bring him on another plane."

Once the First Family was airborne Sunday morning on Air Force One, Abomba felt positive he would be sufficiently recovered from this week's ordeal to give a rousing pre-election speech on Monday, November 3rd. Smiling to himself before falling asleep in one of the big bird's luxurious leather recliners, he gloated, *According to Rom, the election's in the bag. Now all I have to do is let Vickie run the show, and I'll reap the rewards.*

**Plantation Estate on Kailua Bay
Oahu, Hawaii
Sunday afternoon, November 2, 2014**

The First Lady stepped out of the limousine, looked over the palatial mansion with its manicured grounds, and finally smiled. “Barry, it’s good to be back in our regular vacation house.” Gesturing toward the palatial mansion where they’d been forced to vacation the previous two years, she continued, “That horrible place we had to stay the last two times was almost unbearable. Not at all up to my standards.” Gesturing toward her regular vacation house, FLOTUS continued, “The owner knew we usually vacationed in Hawaii for Thanksgiving or Christmas. Yet the SOB rented *my* house to someone else. Twice! He rented it to someone else *twice*. Well this time, I called him and made it clear I wanted *my* house. I told him I’d have his guts for garters, if I didn’t get *my* house this time.”

“Huh, what was that you said ... ‘Guts for’—what? Where’d you get that expression?” POTUS asked FLOTUS who ignored him. “Well, I guess what you said must’ve worked, ‘cause here we are again, and everything’s the way you like it—even if he did raise the rent to \$28,000 per week. But, hey! Who worries about stuff like that? We aren’t paying for it. *Yeah, that’s true, but wait a minute. That gives me an idea. Maybe I’ll have the IRS seize the mansion for our personal use ... Make it a presidential retreat, like Camp David ... Hmmm, I’ll have to give that some thought.*

“I’m glad this makes you happy, Hon,” he said giving the First Lady a buss on the cheek, “but tell me ... where *did* you get that expression?”

“I think it’s something the people in England used to say,” The First Lady replied, bestowing a rare smile on her husband. I’m not sure what it means ... heard it used in a BBC TV program. Sounded bad, so I used it. Guess it is bad, ‘cause it worked,” she shrugged.

“Ask Vickie, she’ll know what it means. She knows everything.”

“Is she coming?”

“Nah. She’s minding the store. She may fly out after the election, provided we have a big win. Guess we’ll probably have a bunch of guests, once the results are announced.”

“*No way,*” FLOTUS hissed, her eyes flashing and her mood suddenly sullen. I don’t wanna be bothered by your hangers-on. After all I’ve done for them, you’d think they’d leave me alone.”

Deciding he was in a no-win discussion, Abomba changed the subject, “Let’s go for a swim before dinner.”

Early Monday morning found President Abomba standing before an array of TV cameras and reporters. His address to the nation would begin at 7 a.m., and he planned to wow the people on the eve of the election. At 6:59, a voice in Abomba’s earbud began counting down, and he assumed his favorite pose. Preparing to speak, he stared into the camera’s lens and waited for the red light to come on.

Across the nation, viewers saw President Abomba bathed in the morning sunlight, standing erect, with the Punchbowl National Memorial Cemetery of the Pacific providing a dramatic backdrop. Rows of white crosses, reflecting the morning sun, stretched to the northwest toward Pearl Harbor and the Pacific Ocean.

“Aloha from the beautiful island of Oahu,” the president began. “Behind me is the Punchbowl, the final resting place for many of our military killed during the Pearl Harbor attack and the war in the Pacific. I can’t think of a more fitting place from which to honor the heroic men and women serving in our military today.

“Tomorrow is a day when citizens exercise their most precious right—the right vote—and I call on every man and woman to do so ...”

Abomba rambled on, praising the military’s sacrifices, and then, enumerating all of his successes: taking credit for killing the world’s number one terrorist; and unashamedly pointing out how he’d righted the ship of state, after the previous captain nearly capsized it. More important, he boasted of how he’d rebuilt America’s image in the world, stating he alone was responsible for setting the stage for international peace.

Nearing the end of his address, the president bragged about how he’d personally taken command and solved America’s healthcare problems, and then began his closing remarks.

“Yet, while I have made remarkable progress, my work is not yet finished ... In order to complete ... the transformation of America ... into the nation of my vision ... I need a House and Senate ... filled with men and women ... that share my vision ... A vision of a tolerant nation ... with social justice for all.

“A nation where people can marry ... whom they choose ... Dress how they choose ... Live where they choose.

“That is my vision ... a nation ... with health care for all.

“A nation ... that will be a shining example ... for the world.

“Remember, vote tomorrow.

“Aloha.”

With the exception of FOX, the major and minor networks hung on the president’s every word, amplifying and enhancing his statements. Problems with the Universal Health Care Act forgotten, news anchors did everything but bow to Abomba—and that, of course, would come later.

The president spent the remainder of the day on the golf course.

Plantation Estate on Kailua Bay

Oahu, Hawaii

Tuesday afternoon, November 4, 2014

The president and his chief of staff were watching early election returns on NBC. Abomba was ecstatic. Polls in the Eastern Time Zone had just closed and the excited TV announcer was proclaiming a sweeping victory for Democrats. Exit polls in the central time zones were also projecting a Democrat sweep of the House and Senate. In Chicago Democrats were projected to win all the seats in state and federal elections. “YEEHA!” the president yelled, “Switch to FOX, I wanna listen to them cry,” he told his aide, while laughing so hard tears ran down his cheeks.

FOX had declared most of the Democrat candidates in the eastern time zone winners, and the announcer was saying, “Based upon exit polls, it looks like a total Democrat sweep in Illinois and Ohio. If the trend continues, Democrats will control both the House and Senate. We’re projecting Democrats taking Massachusetts, Connecticut, New Jersey, New York, Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, Florida, Illinois, Indiana, Missouri, Michigan, and Minnesota. Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Pennsylvania, West Virginia, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Arkansas, and Oklahoma are still too close to call, but none of them look good for Republicans.

“President Abomba’s delays and changes to the Universal Health Care Act, coupled with his increases in welfare and amnesty for undocumented immigrants seem to have tipped the scales in his favor. Going into the election, the President’s popularity was over sixty-seven percent and rising.” Looking solemnly into the lens, the announcer said, “It looks very bad for Conservatives.”

Whooping and jumping up, Abomba yelled, "I GOTTA CALL VICKIE. Looks like we've won," he added, dancing a jig around the room.
"Now I can complete the transformation of America."

"Patriotism means to stand by the country. It does not mean to stand by the president or any other public official, save exactly to the degree in which he himself stands by the country. It is patriotic to support him insofar as he efficiently serves the country. It is unpatriotic not to oppose him to the exact extent that by inefficiency or otherwise he fails in his duty to stand by the country. In either event, it is unpatriotic not to tell the truth, whether about the president or anyone else."

– Theodore Roosevelt

"As democracy is perfected, the office of the President represents, more and more closely, the inner soul of the people. On some great and glorious day, the plain folks of the land will reach their heart's desire at last and the White House will be occupied by a downright fool and complete narcissistic moron."

– H.L. Mencken

2014

Chapter 1

The O'Rippley Quotient
FOX Studios, New York, NY
November 10, 2014

William O'Rippley opened his nightly show with his usual talking points memo: a disturbing exposé on curious events in cemeteries in and around Chicago; and issues related to new federal gun control legislation.

After introducing his first guest, the show's producer, and sometimes roving reporter, Jeffrey Waters, who appeared on the split screen next to him, O'Rippley began his first segment by saying, "Welcome Jeff. In the past your roving reports have not only been enlightening, but also very entertaining. That's why I can't wait to hear how you found out about the curious happenings in Chicago's cemeteries, and what your investigation uncovered. Please tell our viewers about these miraculous headstones you discovered while on location in the Windy City."

"Well Bill, I recently started receiving numerous e-mail messages alleging voter fraud in and around Chicago during the November fourth election. One message contained several photos of headstones and suggested I should hurry to Chicago the following Sunday morning to video headstones in several cemeteries—a map showing the cemeteries' locations was attached.

"Our team arrived at the first cemetery at seven o'clock Sunday morning and was met, as you will see, with quite a spectacle," Waters said, setting up the clip viewers were about to see.

Two seconds later, after the split screen had segued to a wide-angle view of a large cemetery with row after row of headstones, O'Rippley said, "So—I don't get it Jeff ... what's the big deal, where's the spectacle? All I see are headstones marked with what look like identical stickers."

"Wait for it Bill ... Get a load of what the stickers say ... here it comes," Jeff said, as the camera slowly zoomed in on a headstone and filled the screen with the image of a six-by-six inch, royal blue sticker. Placed just above the name of the deceased, the sticker's bright red lettering read, **'I VOTED.'**

“*What did I tell you ... was that spectacular or not?*” Jeff asked, when he and O’Rippley reappeared on the split screen.

“*WHOA!* O’Rippley declared, his face morphing from surprise into a grin, “*Did every sticker say the same thing?*”

“*Yep, they sure did, and that wasn’t the end of it,*” Jeff said, when O’Rippley’s split screen disappeared and was replaced with images of more headstones. “*Here’s what our cameras recorded at the second cemetery—same stickers saying the exact same thing on every headstone—just like the first cemetery.*”

“*Now here we are entering the third cemetery. As you can see, the scene at third cemetery was a repeat of what we recorded at the first two. Since we’d encountered no resistance to our filming, we decided to press on to the fourth.*”

“*However, as you will see, the situation there was different,*” Jeff said as O’Rippley’s face reappeared on the split screen.

“*What happened there?*” O’Rippley asked.

“*Apparently someone in authority got wind of what we were doing and decided to put a stop to it. Because as we were approaching the fourth cemetery’s gated entrance, I noticed a patrol car parked on the side of the road. Sensing things were about to get dicey, I directed Andy, our cameraman, to start filming through the vehicle’s windshield. And when we roll this next clip you’ll see it was a good thing I did,*” he said, when the split screen showed the patrol car whipping away from the curb and stopping sideways in the middle of the street.

“*If you listen carefully to the audio you can hear me instructing Andy to keep the camera on the officer and record what he says.*”

The viewers watched as the scene unfolded.

“*Sir, I’ll have to ask you to turn off your camera,*” the officer said, approaching the driver’s side of the car and holding his hand up in front of the camera’s lens. “*The cemetery is closed. Please turn around and leave immediately.*”

“*Why is the cemetery closed, officer?*” Jeff asked.

“*Sir, this is police business. Please turn around and leave.*”

“*Officer, we’re journalists with FOX News. Can you tell us why the cemetery is closed?*” Jeff asked.

“*We received a bomb threat, and we’re waiting for SWAT and the Bomb Squad. Now I must insist you leave for your own safety.*”

“Officer, we received a report alleging voter fraud related to messages placed on some of the cemetery’s headstones. Can you confirm this report?”

Now visibly angry, the police officer pointed back down the road and told the driver, “Sir, I’m ordering you to leave the area immediately. Failure to do so will result in your arrest.”

The video faded, and once again Jeff and Bill appeared on the split screens. “Well, Jeff, I guess the ‘I VOTED’ sticker *could* be classified as a bomb ... a political bomb.”

“How about an IPB, an improvised political bomb?” Jeff joked, prompting O’Rippley to join him in a hearty laugh.

Now serious, O’Rippley looked into the camera and said, “Voting headstones may be funny, but voter fraud isn’t. Accusations of voter fraud are serious, especially in a national election. Charges of election fraud are sweeping the nation. Take Florida for example. Colonel Albert East was defeated in his bid to win back his old House seat. Some precincts reported voter turnout ranging from 115 percent to 182 percent.” Shaking his head, O’Rippley said, “Must be the new math. I always thought 100 percent voter turnout meant every registered voter had voted. East naturally protested, and the election supervisor, a Democrat, denied his request for a recount.”

Jeff shook his head. “Just like the last election.”

O’Rippley agreed.

After the commercial break, O’Rippley introduced his new guest, Senator Carlos Crux, Republican, Texas. “Senator, thank you for finding time to be on my show. Let’s get right to the issue. Homeland Security’s purchase of 1.8 billion rounds of ammunition, and three thousand reconditioned, mine-resistant ambush-protected (MRAP) armored personnel carriers last year caused quite a fuss. Now we’ve learned that the department is acquiring two thousand Bradley Fighting Vehicles, several thousand SAWs, squad assault weapons—light machine guns—and is considering acquiring shoulder launched anti-tank rockets.

“What is Secretary Incompentado up to?”

“Bill, this is a troubling issue. The secretary has refused to answer questions and hasn’t responded to a letter from myself and ten other senators.

“Even more troubling is the new lexicon being distributed by the White House. Veterans with any type of disability are now being referred to as potential terrorists.”

O'Rippley grimaced as Crux continued, "Veterans who have defended our liberty are now being targeted. All veteran organizations are being placed on the attorney general's watch list.

"Many of our citizens now think that Senator Finkelstein's gun legislation will be the precursor to gun confiscation.

"Senator, are we about to lose our Republic?"

Senator Crux frowned and looked into the camera. "Bill, I'm afraid Senator Finkelstein's gun control legislation will pass. The President and the progressive-liberals in both houses have no respect for our Constitution and plan to totally ignore the Second Amendment. Two quotes attributed to Thomas Jefferson come to mind: 'Those who hammer their guns into plows will plow for those who do not,' and, 'When the people fear their government, there is tyranny. When the government fears the people, there is liberty.' "

Chapter 2

**Joint Base Andrews
Prince George's County, MD
17 December 2014**

General Sampson Doughberry, the U.S. Army's newest four star general, gloated as he swung his short, chubby legs out of the limo and hurried toward his aircraft, a C-37 Gulfstream 550. Having just left the White House where the president had expressed his confidence in him, Doughberry had a new assignment and he was pumped.

It's gratifying to work with a President and an administration that recognizes ability and loyalty. I've worked hard to implement the President's policies. Now that he's rewarded me by appointing me commander of Central Command, I must continue to serve him by following his directives—the first of which is to assert myself, Doughberry grunted as he propelled his pudgy frame up the plane's boarding stairs. *I must immediately take command and leave no doubt that I'm the new boss.*

Nodding a greeting to his traveling companion and executive officer, Colonel Rebecca Collins, Doughberry settled back into one of the Gulfstream's luxurious leather seats and waited for the plane to take off.

"Well, m'dear we're off to Tampa," he said, cocking his baldhead to the side and grinning suggestively at Collins. "Time to take the bull by its horns and jerk those CENTCOM asshole commanders in line with the President's agenda," he postured, sitting up straight with what he deemed was a look of steely-eyed determination.

Usually quiet and observant, Collins commented, "Need I remind you Sam m'dear, they're *your* assholes now? How about a drink to celebrate?" The colonel, a fine looking woman of thirty-seven years, was not only the general's closest advisor, but also his sometimes lover.

**CENTCOM
MacDill AFB
Tampa, Florida
17 December 2014**

Major General Anthony Beck, CENTCOM's chief of staff sat brooding at his desk. He'd just been informed the new commanding general was en route from the airfield, when two brigadier generals—commanders of two subcommands—walked into his office. *Here we go again*, he sighed, assessing the overall gloomy mood of the pair. *From the perturbed looks on their faces they're no more eager to meet another new commanding officer than I am.* "Good morning gentlemen."

"Good morning, sir," Charlie Roberts and John Ulrich both replied.

"We've been through this before. You know the drill. I sent you General Doughberry's official biography, so you know what I know." Standing, he continued, "Let's go meet and greet our new boss."

Beck led them down the hall and into the commanding general's conference room, where they found two senior officers already waiting. Seated at the far end of the long conference table, with their heads together and obviously in deep conversation, Navy Captain George Hubbard, representing the 5th Fleet, and Vice Admiral Theodor Hass, CENTCOM's vice commander looked up when Beck entered.

Looks like they're as conflicted as I am over getting another new boss, Beck observed, noting each man's sour expression, as he walked the length of the table, chose a chair facing them and nodded a greeting. Both men only shook their heads and shrugged, so he directed his attention to other arriving staff members. All of whom seemed equally out of sorts and less than happy about being there.

Noticing Charlie Roberts looking longingly at the empty serving table where coffee and doughnuts were usually available, Beck suppressed the urge to smile. *That figures*, he thought. *Marines are always hungry ... or thirsty ... and John and the others are looking down the table wondering why there's no agenda.* Stifling his disgust, he gazed out the window behind the vice commander and brooded over the latest turn of events.

What a way to make a first impression. Doughberry made no effort to coordinate his arrival with me or follow any change of command protocol. Beck shook his head, *I couldn't even publish an agenda, because I had no idea what he planned to say or do. Seems to me he wanted it that way: either that or he's following the President's orders. Everyone is*

apprehensive over meeting yet another new CENTCOM commander—and well they should be.

Beck frowned. *After all, any one of us could be reassigned or retired with no notice—take what happened to our last commander, General Scott, USMC. He'd only been in command six months when President Abomba sacked him. I think Scott must have known what was coming, because he asked me to accompany him when the President summoned him to present CENTCOM's final report on what Abomba referred to as, "that unfortunate Benghazi incident." Scott wanted me there as a witness, because he knew he could trust me to tell the straight of what occurred.* Beck continued frowning, remembering how the commander had stalwartly refused to use the accepted terminology by referring to the incident as "workplace violence." Instead he'd summed up his report by saying, "Well, with all due respect Mr. President, I'm of the opinion that reducing the embassy's security force by half actually invited the jihadis' attack."

"YOU ARE ... are you? Well ... THAT WILL BE ALL," the president had stormed, giving Scott a vindictive look. "I'll expect your letter of resignation on my desk within the hour."

It took courage for Scott to take that position—especially in light of the fact that Abomba had replaced three previous CENTCOM commanders and four International Security Assistance Force commanders over the past four and a half years."

Turning his attention to the other officers, Beck studied the worried expressions on their faces and their body language. While some attempted to appear relaxed, others were anxiously fidgeting. *They all know the score ... never in the history of the United States military has a Commander in Chief changed so many four star commanders during a war.* Beck had just decided to keep that thought to himself, when CENTCOM's new commander entered the room.

Everyone stood as General Doughberry, a baldheaded, forty-four-year-old, overweight man of medium height, with a noticeable paunch and pasty complexion, walked to the empty chair at the head of the table. "I'm your new commanding officer, General Sampson Doughberry," he announced, scowling and plunking his aluminum briefcase on the table.

"Be seated," he barked, and then, making a show of taking his seat, unsnapped his briefcase, whipped out a brown leather portfolio, and set the case on the floor beside him.

So that's the way it's going to be, Beck decided, surprised by the general's less than healthy looking physique and arrogant behavior. He

was, however, intrigued by the attractive female Army colonel accompanying him.

He's a real piece of work, but who's his lovely companion? Beck wondered, watching the woman pick up a chair, and after placing it a few feet behind the general, take a seat and cross her shapely legs. *Hmmm ... now there's some nice eye candy. Wonder who she is and why Doughberry hasn't introduced her. Okay, now she's taking a notebook out of her briefcase. She must be his executive officer.*

Brigadier General Charles Roberts, a Marine with three combat commands in Iraq and Afghanistan as a platoon leader, company commander, and brigade commander had also notice the woman and wondered the same thing. *Either she's his assistant or ... Oh, no—no woman that lovely would*—Roberts swallowed hard, quickly dismissing the revolting image he'd had of the colonel doing the bald headed little general. Deciding instead to concentrate on what he knew about the man, he reviewed Doughberry's undistinguished military career.

What in God's name is the President thinking? Roberts asked himself, comparing Doughberry's experience—or rather his lack there of—to the other men in the room. *According to my sources he was nothing but a staff officer who'd never held a combat command or accomplished anything noteworthy other than vigorously embracing and implementing the current administration's gays in the military policy. And what else did they say? Oh, yeah ... then he became an outspoken advocate of women in combat assignments. After that he'd attracted President Barry Abomba's attention, and his star rose like a ground based interceptor missile launched from its silo. First, Secretary of Defense Haggler deep selected him for major general, and not long after that for lieutenant general. Then, the President appointed him CENTCOM'S new commander, and the little weenie got his fourth star.*

What a farce. Every general officer and colonel in the room has more experience than this guy. Roberts caught himself before he shook his head. *He's completely lacking in command presence. There's something about him that reminds me of Looney Tunes' cartoon character, Elmer Fudd—baldhead, pudgy cheeks and nasally voice.* Roberts suppressed the urge to laugh and allowed his gaze to sweep the table. *I can tell by the mixture of blank and apprehensive expressions, they're all as perplexed as I am. But I've gotta hand it to pokerfaced Beck. He's been through this so many times he's perfected the art of disguising his emotions. Take the way he's pretending to study his notebook. Power to him, but it's this kind of bullshit that makes me wonder what the hell has happened to our country.*

Roberts, who'd just returned from Afghanistan, where things had gone from bad to worse to horrible, had been deeply disillusioned by his Commander in Chief's decision to pull troops out of the conflict. Less than 20,000 non-combat U.S. military personnel remained and they were—though no one dared admit it—prisoners in their own camps. Once troop levels fell below 50,000, President Hamid Karzai had openly expressed his hatred of America and branded the remaining troops infidels—thereby placing a target on every man and woman's back in the country. Green on blue attacks had become so common they were no longer reported. Roberts was also disturbed by the growing unrest at home. The divide between conservatives and progressive-liberals was so wide it had become a gulf. Roberts sensed the United States was a volcano preparing to erupt.

Sitting next to Roberts, and mirroring his concern over growing unrest in America, was Brigadier General John Ulrich, a graduate of the Air Force Academy and resident of Colorado Springs. Last year his state had passed draconian gun control measures, similar to the ones proposed by the senior U.S. senator from California. While gun control bills had failed in the U.S. House of Representatives, the newly elected Congress would be seated in seventeen days, giving Democrats a majority in both houses. Ulrich expected federal gun control legislation to pass and be signed into law in the coming year.

Soon after Colorado's gun control legislation passed, dire warnings about the dangers of bringing a firearm into the state were issued by several sportsmen's television programs and hunting magazines. Magpul, a Colorado manufacturer of magazines for rifles, immediately announced it was relocating to another state. HivIZ quickly follow suit. Out-of-state hunters opted to hunt in other states, and TV programs filmed in Colorado quickly relocated to friendlier states, taking with them high paying jobs. Still the progressive-liberals demanded even stricter gun regulations. *Many gun owners are refusing to register their weapons, and the governor is threatening to send the state police to seize unregistered guns. If he does, I fear there'll be bloodshed.*

Ulrich had no doubt the ultimate goal was total gun confiscation. *If the government attempts to confiscate citizens' guns there'll be a revolution—a civil war between progressive-liberals and Constitutionalists ... Americans killing Americans*—A sickening prospect that sent a chill down the general's spine.

General Doughberry's twangy voice interrupted his thoughts.

"Gentlemen, before traveling to Tampa to take command, I met with President Abomba, Secretary of Defense Gene Haggler, and Secretary of

Homeland Security Jane Incompentado. The President and his secretaries are concerned about the increasing terrorist tendencies of right-wing groups.” General Doughberry’s announcement caused everyone but the vice commander to stare at him in consternation.

What the hell’s this all about ... what right-wing groups is he talking about? Beck wondered, struggling to maintain a blank expression as he wrote “right-wing groups” in his notebook.

“The President expects to see domestic violence once Senator Finkelstein’s three gun control bills are passed. The senator will introduce her first bill in three weeks, and identical bills will be introduced in the House by Speaker Nellie Balogni,” Doughberry continued, speaking rapidly and oblivious to his staff’s incredulous expressions. “I’ve been ordered to prepare plans to support Northern Command, NORTHCOM, and Homeland Security in putting down the expected terrorist riots.

“Secretary of Defense Haggler has directed the Army and Marine Corps to implement training programs based upon FM 3-39.40, Internment and Resettlement Operations, which as you know have provisions for controlling civil unrest.

“DHS is preparing plans to counter a possible civil war.” Doughberry paused, suddenly annoyed by the looks of shock and revulsion on the faces staring at him.

“Is there a PROBLEM?” he demanded, abruptly standing and placing his hands on his hips.

Several awkward seconds passed during which no one replied. All were too flabbergasted to comment on orders they considered bordering on being illegal. Finally General Beck said, “Excuse me, sir, but what about the Posse Comitatus Act? It restricts military forces from performing domestic law enforcement duties.”

Sitting down again and jerking his chair forward, Doughberry turned abruptly and scowled at Beck. “The Posse Comitatus Act became law in 1878,” he sneered. “It’s been amended several times and expanded since 9/11. Today it’s outdated—like the Second Amendment.”

A collective silent gasp went around the room.

Ignoring his staff’s response, Doughberry shuffled some papers in his folder. Then leaning back in his chair and glaring around the table he continued. “Now, as to my previous statement regarding the President’s concerns over civil unrest, let me review some history.

“Federal troops have been used to quell disturbances several times in the last century. President Eisenhower federalized the Arkansas National

Guard and sent troops from the 101st Airborne Division to Little Rock, Arkansas on September 24, 1957.

“President John F. Kennedy federalized the Alabama National Guard to enforce desegregation at the University of Alabama in 1963.

“More recently, Operation POWER GEYSER, a secret counterterrorism program, has a commando force of 13,000 troops—troops who’ve been used to protect presidents during the last three inaugurations.

“Based on POWER GEYSER, Attorney General Helder has ruled that the President can expand the force to deal with large-scale domestic terrorism, and his orders are exempted from the act.

“The AG has placed Evangelical Christians, Catholics, Mormons and Orthodox Jews on the same level with Hamas, al-Qaeda and the Ku Klux Klan.

“CENTCOM will provide the necessary men, women and equipment to support NORTHCOM and Homeland Security in maintaining order.

“Are there *anymore* questions or comments?” Doughberry concluded, standing and flipping his leather folder shut.

No one offered any objection, for all knew doing so would end their career. Standing they watched their new commander strut from the room,

My new boss is partially correct, Beck thought as he returned to his office. *Eisenhower and Kennedy were upholding the Constitution. Enforcing unconstitutional laws is a different matter.*

"This year will go down in history. For the first time, a civilized nation has full gun registration. Our streets will be safer, our police more efficient, and the world will follow our lead into the future!"

– Adolph Hitler, 1935

"Foolish liberals who are trying to read the Second Amendment out of the Constitution by claiming it's not an individual right or that it's too much of a public safety hazard don't see the danger in the big picture. They're courting disaster by encouraging others to use the same means to eliminate portions of the constitution they don't like"

– Alan Dershowitz

2015

Chapter 3

Friday, January 9, 2015
Breaking News

Central News Network's anchor Linda Adjetivo interrupted the show's usual dribble with a news alert. Wide-eyed and breathless, she excitedly reported, "We have just learned that Senator Dana Finkelstein and Congresswoman Dee Dee Vasherfrau have introduced identical gun control bills in the Senate and House of Representatives. Now we'll have the tools to end gun violence in America.

"Walt Twister will have complete details at five o'clock."

So excited she almost crossed herself and uttered *Santa Madre de Dios*, Linda blushed and caught herself just in time.

Topeka, KS
Monday, January 12, 2015

Susie Murray, wearing a black *abaya* under her heavy winter coat, stepped off her school bus, shouldered her backpack and headed up the driveway toward her house. Walking around back and entering through the laundry room door, she dropped her backpack on the floor, hung up her coat, and snickering softly to herself, pulled her matching black *niqab*, a head-cover with an eye slit, down over her face. *Mom's gonna love this*, she grinned, pushing open the kitchen's swinging door.

In the kitchen Susie's mother, Julie, was standing at the counter preparing an afterschool snack. When she heard the bus stop out front, and then someone opening the back door, she naturally assumed it was her daughter.

"Susie, is that you?" she called over her shoulder. "I made your favorite snack. Wash your hands," she said turning around holding a plate of freshly baked chocolate chip cookies. "And pour yourself a glass of mi—**YIKES!**" she screamed as the kitchen door swung open and a black-shrouded figure seemed to float into the room. "**WHAT IN HEAVEN'S NAME?**" she exclaimed, stumbling backwards and nearly spilling the cookies.

“Who-who are you ... w-what do you want? Julie asked, her voice trembling.

“**MOM ...** Susie squealed, “**IT’S ME!**” she laughed, twirling around, “Isn’t this totally *awesome*?”

“**Susie, that wasn’t funny. You almost scared me to death.** What in the world is that awful thing you have on ... why are you wearing it—and how can you even see to walk in it?” Julie asked, leaning over to peer at her daughter’s eyes through the slit in the head covering.

“It’s called an *abaya*,” Susie giggled, “a dress that Muslim women wear. And this is a *niqab*,” she said removing the head-cover from her face.

Biting her upper lip to calm herself, Julie placed the cookie plate on the counter, turned to face her daughter and frowned. “Susie Murray, I don’t think this is the least bit amusing, and I want to know where you got that dreadful thing.”

“Mrs. Baxter, my social studies teacher, gave it to me today, and I don’t think it’s dreadful at all. I think it’s cool, and so do the other girls in my class. We all got one, because we’re studying Islam. Mrs. Baxter said we must wear Muslim clothing while we’re learning about the Prophet Muhammad and Allah. She’s allowed us to bring them home today to show our parents. We got prayer rugs too,” Susie chirped, “but we have to leave them at school, and we’re going to kneel on them to pray to Allah just like Muslims. Allah is the Muslim’s name for God. Don’t you see how wonderfully spiritual it all is? We’re even going to learn how to use prayer beads.”

Feeling there was something terribly wrong about all this but not knowing what to say, Julie shook her head in disbelief. Finally she said, “Susie, take that—whatever that is—off and I’ll pour you a glass of milk. You can tell me what you’ve learned after you’ve finished your snack.”

Julie, an on-again, off-again churchgoer, remembered enough about her childhood Sunday School classes to know the God of the Bible clearly said, “Thou shall have no other Gods before me,” and she was troubled. *I know nothing about Islam and Muslims, but I don’t think this is something our daughter should be studying in school—at least not the way it’s being presented. Yet Julie seems so eager to learn, so I’m not sure what, if anything, I should do about this?* she fretted, while Susie devoured four cookies and gulped down a glass of milk.

“Those cookies were great Mom,” Susie said placing her empty glass in the sink.

“I’m glad you liked them. Now tell me what you learned today.

“Well, Mrs. Baxter says Islam is a beautiful peaceful religion—the only true religion and Allah is the only true God. The Prophet Muhammad founded it a long time ago, after Allah had the angel Gabriel tell him the true biblical stories. Then Muhammad recited them to his people. So, Mrs. Baxter says that means the Qur’an, which records Muhammad’s recitations, is the true word of God; because, since God revealed his word directly to Muhammad, he was Allah’s—God’s—last prophet.”

Muhammad is Allah’s, God’s last prophet, Julie frowned. Raised as a Baptist and instilled with the Biblical doctrine that there is no other God but *Yahweh*, Julie felt a chill run down her spine. *What’s going on here?* she wondered, shocked at what she was hearing. *I’ve got a vague idea who Muhammad was, and I’ve heard the name Allah. I’ve even seen Muslim women wearing strange clothing on television and in Kansas City—but Islam being the true religion?*

“What else did Mrs. Baxter teach you?”

“Well,” Susie continued, “She said Muhammad was a great man, a man who brought peace to Arabia, and then the whole world. Islam is the religion of peace, and following the Prophet’s example is the way to paradise, heaven.

“Like I told you Mom, Muslims are very spiritual. They pray five times a day. Mom, we hardly ever pray. Islam is cool and I can’t wait to learn more about it.”

Smiling at her daughter, Julie Murray swallowed hard. Attempting to put a good face on something that troubled her deeply, she said, “Susie, I’m sorry I raised my voice to you earlier, but you did frighten me. I’m glad though that you’re so eager to learn something new. However I think we need to share this with Dad and our pastor to hear what they have to say about it—especially your wearing that whatever-you-call-it.”

“An *abaya*, Mom,” Susie said, rolling her eyes and scooping up the garment. “I’d better go hang this up so it doesn’t wrinkle and then get on my homework. What’s for dinner?” she asked flitting out of the kitchen.

“Pizza, and it’s just us. Dad won’t be home till tomorrow evening.”

During and after dinner Julie continued to worry about her discussion with Susie. Since Susie’s Dad, Tom, was away on a business trip, she couldn’t share her concerns with him, but then she remembered he’d be calling later that evening, and decided to do two things: first to ask him what he thought about their daughter learning about Islam, wearing Muslim clothing, and praying to Allah; and second to attend church the following Sunday and discuss Islam with her pastor.

As expected, Tom called at ten o'clock. After listening patiently to him recounting his successful closing of a business deal, Julie broached the subject of Susie studying Islam and coming home wearing an *abaya*.

"I have to say, Tom, she scared the *bejesus* out of me coming in the back door wearing that dreadful black thing. And then all that talk about Allah being the only true God. It gave me the willies. I really think we should go to church and ask Reverend Holmes what he thinks about all this."

"Sure, Hon, whatever you think is best. It's nice though she's so interested in learning something new," Tom muttered, not knowing what else to say, but making a mental note to ask a friend who'd served in the military in Saudi Arabia about Islam.

The following Sunday Tom and Julie stood to one side in the church vestibule waiting for Reverend Holmes to finish saying goodbye to other members who'd attended the morning service. As soon as the last person walked out the door, they approached Holmes, hoping to discuss their concerns about Susie's interest in Islam.

"Pastor, we need talk to you," Julie said softly, her eyes tearing up. "We need guidance and some answers," she continued, her voice shaking and anxiously looking around to see if anyone else was listening. "Our daughter Susie's sixth-grade social studies teacher is telling her things about Islam that are very disturbing," she said, taking a tissue out of her purse to dab her eyes.

"Her class is studying Islam, and she and the other girls are wearing an ... uh, whatever you call it—some kind of long, black Muslim dress with a hood on it and an eyehole slit to look out of—at school. She wore it home the other day, and I can tell you this right now she scared the dickens out of me. Worse than that, when I asked her why she was wearing the hideous thing, she said her teacher wanted her to and that Islam is the only true religion—" Julie paused to catch her breath and stare wide-eyed at the reverend. "And, uh, this is the part that's upsetting us," she continued. "She says the teacher says that because their god is the true god—I think they call their god, Allah ... isn't that right Hon?" she asked, turning to her husband for support.

"Well, I uh ... yeah I think so," Tom responded with a shrug, seemingly disinterested, but actually still in the dark about the religion, because he'd failed to ask his friend about Islam.

Flustered and annoyed because Tom appeared not to share her concern over what their daughter was being taught at school, Julie gave him

a hard look. Then turning back to the reverend, she said, “Anyway—I’m *upset*, and *I* want to understand what the teacher meant by telling our daughter Allah was the only true God, and He revealed His word directly to Muhammad ... to no one else. Does this mean that Christians are wrong in what we believe?”

“I’m terribly confused.”

Taken aback by Julie’s statements, Reverend Holmes coughed nervously, attempting to formulate an answer. “Julie, some Muslims believe this to be true. It’s important to remember that as Christians we must be inclusive, accommodate other religions, and above all, not be critical.”

Like the Murrays, Holmes knew very little about Islam and its Prophet, but this didn’t prevent him from reciting the accepted politically correct mantra. “After all, we all know Islam is the religion of peace,” he added.

Tom, who was kicking himself for not having spoken to his friend, knew he was at a disadvantage. However there was something about the pastor’s statement didn’t make sense, so he replied, “If that’s true Reverend, why are most terrorists Muslims?”

His sensitivities offended, Reverend Holmes suddenly became condescending. “Tom, only a very small percentage of Muslims commit acts of terror. Think of all the horrible things Protestants and Catholics have done down through the ages in the name of religion. The Spanish Inquisition for example. No, we mustn’t repeat Islamophobes’ false statements.”

“Yes ... I guess you’re right,” Tom awkwardly replied—still not buying it, but distracted and embarrassed when Susie came bouncing up wearing her “cool” *abaya*.

“Mom, all the girls in Sunday school *loved* my *abaya*,” she said twirling around. “They want one too. Mr. Anderson said he’s going to invite a local imam to come and teach a lesson about Islam. Isn’t that cool?”

Reverend Holmes nodded, “Yes, Susie, that sure is.”

Chapter 4

Baghdad, Iraq
Wednesday, February 11, 2015

Professor Doctor Wael el-Kordi, known as **The Egyptian**, followed Yosif up the stairs to the roof of a four-story building across the street from the walled U.S. Embassy compound. Yosif walked to the south side and said with a reverential bow of his head, “Esteemed one, behold the *kafir’s* abomination.”

El-Kordi remained silent, carefully observing the Great Satan’s new embassy compound. Surrounded by a twelve-foot high wall, the fortress was designed to withstand a ground assault by *mujahideen*, holy warriors. Buildings were set back from the wall to prevent damage caused by a car or truck bomb detonated next to it. After several minutes, El-Kordi’s lips formed what could be considered a smile. Turning to Yosif, he said, “What is the current status. How many *kafirs* are left?”

“Excellence, the American pigs have become weary of Iraq. When the embassy first opened, it employed a staff of sixteen thousand. Now there are less than six thousand, and half of them are *kafirs*, infidels. Only a hundred Marines remain. Many of the buildings are now empty.”

El-Kordi slightly cocked his head sideways. “Yes, the American pigs have also run out of money, so they hired locals for security.” Once again a trace of a smile appeared on his lips. “The *kafirs* are incapable of learning from their mistakes,” or perhaps they are too proud to admit them, he surmised before continuing. “A sensible person would have learned from our assassination of their ambassador in Benghazi. We were able to place true believers in their security force, just as we have done here. Now, thanks to them, we have the exact coordinates of each building.”

El-Kordi turned to gaze down at the huge 104-acre compound with twenty-one buildings on the other side of the road. It was the largest embassy compound in the world.

A key member of the Muslim Brotherhood, the *Ikhwan*, El-Kordi—The Egyptian—was an engineer and military tactician. *Not only do we have the exact coordinates, we also have the structural plans. The American’s*

architectural firm posted them on their website, and an Ikhwan brother downloaded them before the plans were removed ... such stupidity—or was it arrogance? “Now it is time to crush their miserable, blasphemous, billion dollar house,” he said softly.

Apparently the embassy planners had given no thought to an attack by heavy military weapons when designing the U.S. Baghdad embassy. Located in the center of the city on the banks of the Tigris River, the billion dollar plus compound was actually a small town roughly the size of Vatican City in Rome. The compound’s twenty-one buildings included: the embassy itself, residences for the ambassador and staff, a PX, commissary, cinema, retail and shopping stores, restaurants, and schools. The compound also had a fire station, power generation plant, water purification plant, wastewater treatment plant, and telecommunications center. In addition, for security purposes, it had a limited access, hardened structure known as the classified facility. When it opened in 2009, the facility could accommodate over 380 families. Now, greatly understaffed the compound was a sitting duck.

**The Capitol Building
Washington, DC
Friday, February 13, 2015**

Speaker Nellie Balogni banged her gavel to quiet the representatives. It was time to vote on House Bill 1, the sister bill to Senate Bill 3, which had passed two days prior. Both were titled, *The Comprehensive Firearms Registration and Storage Act*. The bills required all citizens to obtain a permit for each firearm possessed. A separate five-page application and a background check—estimated to cost \$50—as well as proof of secure storage were required for each firearm they possessed. The bill also limited the magazine capacity for: semi-automatic rifles and pistols to six cartridges, and shotguns to three; pistols to less than 9mm; rifles to less than 5.50mm; and shotguns to smaller than 16 gauge. Assault weapons were prohibited, and a long list of rifles and carbines so designated was appended to the bill. Each registered firearm had to be stored unloaded in a weapons safe with two individual locking mechanisms. Ammunition had to be stored in a separate safe in a different room. An amendment allowing more than one firearm to be stored in the same gun safe had barely been approved. Another provision of the bill limited the use of deadly force to situations in which the person using

deadly force had to have been struck by the assailant with sufficient force to draw blood. Otherwise, any person using deadly force would be charged with attempted murder or manslaughter. Failure to register firearms would be a felony with a minimum ten-year prison sentence.

“Representatives, return to your seats and record your vote,” Balogni said when the din died down.

Five minutes later the vote was in and the bill passed. Two Republicans voted with the Democrats for a total of 263 yeas and 172 nays. Since both bills were identical, the combined bill would be sent to the president for his signature.

President Abomba, Attorney General Edison Helder, and DHS Secretary Jane Incompentado watched the final vote tally on a 55-inch plasma screen in the president’s private office. The president smiled, raised his bottle of *Yuengling* beer and said, “Now we can begin.”

Incompentado shook her head, “Not yet. Your fat doughboy general isn’t ready. I think he’ll need another four months to find the bathroom.”

Helder snorted, “Now Jane, I’m sure that’s the first place he found ... or maybe it was the officer’s club. However, I do agree, the fat asshole is still stumbling around.”

“Good observation,” the president agreed, laughing at Helder’s comment. “Now, let’s begin writing implementing regulations.

“Jane, how is your FEMA Corps doing?”

“Barry, we’re ahead of schedule. We’ll graduate our fourth class of Blue Shirts this month, giving FEMA Corps 1,200 new officers. By mingling the operating budget and personnel roster with the Corporation for National and Community Service’s, it will be very difficult to determine the exact number of Blue Shirts.

“Ed has done a great job monitoring returning military from Afghanistan, Iraq and Africa, and identifying those men with the proper psychological profile for recruitment—proper for us that is,” she smirked.

The attorney general smiled in response to her compliment. “Yes, some have the precise attitude we looking for.”

Helder shook his head in mock resignation. “I wonder what Heinrich Himmler would think of our ‘Blue Shirts?’ Probably not much, but we would never have gotten away with Brown Shirts.”

The president chuckled and put his feet up on his desktop, “Good work, both of you.

“We have control of the banking system, the automobile industry, and a whole bunch of support from the main stream media—they’re totally behind us and doing a wonderful job of discrediting our opponents.

“Ed’s enforcement of hate-crime laws has shut up most of the conservative big mouths and pastors. There are only three or four talk show hosts still causing trouble.” The president scowled, “To paraphrase the Prophet—Will no one rid me of this host ... or hosts?”

The two men looked at each other and nodded. Then the president continued, “Cheered on by the west coast progressive-liberals, our Universal Healthcare program will soon begin to redistribute the nation’s wealth,” again the president chuckled, “What a bunch of useful idiots.

“How soon can we put the new gun confiscation law into effect?

“At least a year,” Jane Incompentado answered. “We need to build up the Blue Shirts, which entails training them to operate heavy weapons and vehicles. Your new Army chief of staff is arranging for groups of Blue Shirts to train at the armor school on Bradleys. Another group is going to the infantry school. We just sent a platoon of the best to Fort Bragg for special demolition training.”

“Excellent,” the president said, grinning broadly as he stood.



President Clinton created AmeriCorps in 1994 to provide a wide range of public services from education to environmental clean-ups. Both Presidents Bush supported and expanded the modest program. The real expansion came with the passage of the *Edward M. Kennedy Serve America Act* of 2009, which increased the number of AmeriCorps recruits to 250,000.

Chapter 5

Topeka, KS

Sunday morning, February 15, 2015

Susie Murray led her grandfather, Zackary Murray into her Sunday school classroom. After introducing him to Mr. Anderson, she said, “Grandfather, I’ll be right back. I have to go to the ladies room,” and flitted out of the room. She hadn’t told her grandfather Imam Ali was going to teach her class about Islam, nor that she and her girlfriend, Betty, were planning to wear their *abayas* and *niqabs*, however, she was certain doing so would be a wonderful surprise.

While Susie and her friend were donning their Muslim garb, Imam Ali entered the classroom and Mr. Anderson greeted him, “Ah, Imam Ali, welcome. I’d like you to meet Mr. Zackary Murray. His granddaughter, Susie, is one of our students.”

Looking from Susie’s teacher to the imam in astonishment, Zackary scowled and made no attempt to greet the imam.

Responding to Zackary’s scowl with a curt nod, Ali intently scrutinized him. *You haraam salle—You bastard—you think you can give me trouble. We’ll see about that. You look to be around sixty, about five-foot-ten and in good shape for your age. I’ll wager you were in the military.*

Imam Ali was partially correct. Zackary Murray had retired as a Foreign Service Officer, but that was his cover. Actually he was a CIA case officer with deep State Department cover.

Immediately sensing Zackary’s hostility toward the Muslim, Mr. Anderson attempted to defuse the situation. Nodding and smiling amicably, he said, “Mr. Murray ... uh, Imam Ali has been invited to tell the class about Islam ... uh, how it is similar to Christianity and Judaism. After all, we all worship the same God ... Right?”

“*Do we?*” Murray retorted, still scowling at the imam. He was about to continue when his son and daughter-in-law, Tom and Julie, entered the classroom.

Tom, who'd long suspected that his father was more than a Foreign Service officer, had never pressed for details—but now, seeing Zackary glaring at a man in Muslim clothing, wished he had. *What in God's name is this guy doing here? Oh yeah, that's right. Susie told me Mr. Anderson had invited a Muslim to speak to her class. I just didn't know it was today. It's obvious from Dad's sour expression this isn't sitting well with him. I don't remember very much about our two years in Saudi Arabia, and his other assignments to Pakistan, Iraq, and Libya were unaccompanied tours.*

"Uh—Dad, I see you've already met Susie's Sunday school teacher," Tom said, gesturing to Mr. Anderson while giving the imam a 'who're you look.'

"Ah, yes—Susie introduced us," Anderson said stepping forward, "and now I'd like you to meet Imam Ali. He's the worship leader at the local mosque, and we're overjoyed to have him here to tell us about Islam and how similar it is to Christianity. Imam Ali, this is Mr. Murray's son, Tom, and his daughter-in-law, Julie."

"Good morning," Tom said shaking the imam's offered hand, "and this is my wife, Julie."

Julie offered her hand, which the imam rudely ignored for several long seconds before reluctantly giving her outstretched hand a perfunctory shake. Julie's face flushed and Tom and Mr. Anderson stared at the imam.

What on earth is he thinking? Mr. Anderson wondered.

Incensed by the imam's rudeness, Tom was about to call him on it when Zackary stepped forward. "Julie, don't let this man intimidate you. Muslim men don't touch the hand of an inferior woman," he said, his words dripping sarcasm, "to him, you—actually all of us—are inferior *kafirs*—infidels."

While Mr. Anderson was frantically thinking what to say next, Susie and her friend Betty, both covered head to foot in their black *abayas* and *niqabs*, bounced into the room.

"Hi everyone! Don't we look fabulous?" Susie squealed, rushing up to her parents. "I love these long black skirts and masks," she said, lifting her skirt and whirling like a dervish.

"God in heaven!" Julie gasped, mortified at her daughter's behavior.

"Holy hell!" Tom muttered, completely flummoxed by the sight of his daughter in her Muslim garb.

"*What the hell!*" Zackary angrily exclaimed. Outraged by the sight of two Muslim females whirling around in a Protestant church, he stood glaring at the spectacle before him.

Allah be praised for this delightful turn of events, Imam Ali smirked, realizing the girls' appearance in their black garb had unintentionally won him a small victory.

"Grandfather, isn't this cool?" Julie squealed, rushing up to Zackary and whirling around in front of him. "This is my friend, Betty."

"SUSIE! Is that you?" Zackary exclaimed, his body rigid and his fists clenched.

"Tom, what in God's name is going on?"

"I'm so sorry about this Dad, I—"

"Susan! Take off that damnable rag and throw it away," Zackary demanded.

"Now wait a minute, Dad—"

"No, Tom," Julie pleaded. "Don't be upset with your father. It's *my* fault."

"You knew about this? Tom asked, glaring at his wife and demanding an explanation.

"Well, uh—no not exactly. Don't you remember, I told you about Susie's social studies teacher making her class wear Muslim clothing? I never guessed she would bring her school clothes to church—"

"What do you mean by her teacher making her wear these things?" Zackary interrupted, continuing to clench and unclench his fists.

Stepping in front of her grandfather Susie removed her *niqab* and gaped at him in dismay. "Grandfather, why are you so upset? We're studying Islam in school. We wear Muslim clothing and pray to Allah on prayer rugs so we can experience the true meaning of the *ummah*—the unity of Muslims all over the world. We want to be a part of it Grandfather because, OMG ... it's *epic*—it's *totally awesome*," she said, sighing and rolling her eyes dramatically. "We're learning about what an *awesome* man Muhammad was, and how he brought peace to his world."

"Allah be praised," Imam Ali gloated.

"WHAT? Who fed you that nonsense?" Zackary demanded, his voice the temperature of liquid nitrogen.

"W—well ... our class i—is—" Susie stuttered backing away, shaken by her normally sweet, gentle grandfather's fury. She'd never seen him angry and he was frightening her.

Swallowing hard and holding back tears, Susie sheepishly continued, "Gran'pa, we, uh ... are studying Islam in our social studies class. Mrs. Baker says Islam is the one true religion, because God, Allah, revealed His

true word to Muhamm—” her voice had slowly become a whisper as she looked up and saw Zackary scowling down at her.

Zackary’s expression also frightened Julie, and she moved close to her daughter. Jerking on the *abaya*, she said, “Susan, take that ... that whatever-you-call it off. It’s upsetting your grandfather.”

Reveling in the old man’s anger, Imam Ali decided to probe for its source. *Let’s see what’s got this old goat so riled up*, he decided, and was approaching Zackary when more class members began entering the room.

Mr. Anderson, who’d been watching the imam’s reaction, began to panic. *If something isn’t done, this is going to turn into an ugly scene. Tom’s father isn’t going to back down. Do I dare ask him to leave?* he worried, and was about to do just that when he saw Reverend Holmes enter. *Thank God the reverend’s here. I’ll let him handle the situation.* Catching Holmes eye, he nodded in Tom’s father’s direction.

What’s going on? Holmes wondered. *Oh, I forgot about the Muslim cleric coming, and Anderson looks worried. Why is that visitor standing with the Murrays glaring at the imam?* Holmes wondered, turning his attention to the Muslim. On the surface the imam appeared unperturbed and wore a bland expression, but his eyes told a different story—focused as they were on Zachary, it was obvious they projected pure hatred: a realization that sent a chill down Holmes’ spine.

Trying to determine who or what was responsible for the friction as he walked toward Anderson, Holmes noticed two small females garbed in Muslim attire—one bare headed and the other wearing a black covering over her head and face. Gesturing toward the black-garbed figure looking back at him through a slit in the head covering, the reverend said, “Good morning. And who have we here?”

Relieved to have an opportunity to break the tension, Anderson chimed in, “Reverend Holmes, I’d like you to meet Imam Ali. He is going to teach our class about Islam.”

“Imam Ali, welcome to our house of worship. It’s a pleasure to have you here. I’d forgotten you were coming today, but I’m looking forward to your presentation. After Mr. Anderson asked me about inviting you, I realized that I knew very little about your religion.”

“Thank you, Reverend. I welcome the opportunity to introduce your congregation to Islam, the world’s fasting growing religion,” Ali replied sneering at Tom’s father.

“And you are?” Holmes asked turning toward the visitor glaring at the imam.

Embarrassed by the situation, Tom quickly stepped forward. “Reverend Holmes, this is my father, Zackary Murray. I don’t believe you’ve ever met him. He’s visiting with us today ... and you know how impetuous Susie can be,” Tom said, nodding at his daughter. “We were totally unaware she planned to wear Muslim dress to church—apparently to honor Imam Ali ... and frankly, well ... Dad’s a bit upset.”

So that’s the source of the problem. Holmes concluded. “No, I don’t believe I’ve ever met your father. Good morning, sir. I hope you’re enjoying your stay, but perhaps, given the imam’s presence, it’s best if you discuss your displeasure with your granddaughter after church. We wouldn’t want to offend—now would we?”

Tom cringed at the statement and saw his father bristle.

“Now Tom, if you’ll join me, I’d like a word with you before Imam Ali begins his program,” Holmes said, stepping a few feet away from Zackary and the others.

Turning his back and speaking softly so he wouldn’t be heard, the reverend said, “Tom, I see nothing objectionable in Susie wearing Muslim dress to please Imam Ali, but since your father is so unreasonably upset I think it would best for him to leave.”

“*Excuse me!*” Tom hissed, aghast by his pastor’s statement and knowing full well asking his father to leave would precipitate a confrontation. “I don’t think so. My father has worked in Muslim countries, and I’m anxious to hear what he has to say about the imam’s presentation.”

“Tom, we must be respectful of other faiths. We are an inclusive people. I do not want your father to cause a scene. I think it best for him to leave. He acts as though he’s an Islamophobe.”

Julie, who was curious about what the reverend was saying, had joined her husband. Holmes’ statement shocked her, and she saw her husband’s jaw set.

Locking eyes with Holmes, and finally seeing him for what he was, a weak-kneed, small-minded appeaser, Tom said, “Reverend, if you ask my father to leave, you’re also asking my family to leave—to leave your church.”

Tom’s statement caused Holmes to step back. Now he faced a real dilemma—lose a family, which could cause a riff in the congregation, or risk insulting the imam.

Zackary, who’d taken Susie by the arm and walked away from the imam, watched his son and daughter-in-law talking to Holmes. Seeing Tom’s countenance suddenly hardened, and the reverend take a small step backwards, Zackary correctly surmised he was the subject of the

conversation. Telling Susie to stay where she was, he walked over to Tom and asked, "Is there a problem?"

Knowing he had to defuse the situation, Holmes turned to Zackary and said, "Mr. Murray, Imam Ali has been invited to provide a presentation on Islam, one of the world's great religions. I am concerned that you may disrupt his presentation. I hope you can understand my concerns."

Looking at the whining minister with contempt, Zackary replied, "I have no intention of embarrassing the imam, however I will question any false statements he makes. Do you have a problem with that?"

"Uh ... uh ... untrue statements. I don't understand. Why would an imam make false statements?"

"Reverend, you have a lot to learn about Islam. I spent a good many years in Muslim countries and know of what I speak. Do some research. Start with the Arabic word *taqiyya*. It translates as 'deception.' If it will ease your mind our family and my granddaughter's friend will sit at the back of the classroom. You have my word there will be no further disturbance."

"Very well then. Mr. Anderson let's get on with the program."

Imam Ali, who'd been observing the discussion and hoping the heretic would be asked to leave, was annoyed to see the family taking their seats. Following Mr. Anderson to the front of the classroom, he thought about what had just transpired. *Now that he's staying, he may cause me a problem. Wish I knew more about him. I'd best choose my words carefully. Insha'Allah, God willing.* Ali used the Muslim's standard exhortation to avoid responsibility by declaring whatever happened was Allah's will, and thus it had to be.

Mr. Anderson began, "Good Morning class. Before we start, let's welcome our visitors. Thank you all for coming. It's so nice to see so many in attendance. As you know, we have previously learned Islam is one of the world's major religions. Instead of reading from a book about Islam, we've invited Imam Ali from our city's local mosque to tell us about his religion and how similar it is to ours.

"Please welcome Imam Ali."

Ali stood, "Thank you Mr. Anderson, and you, Reverend Holmes for providing me this opportunity to inform you about our great religion.

"Our Prophet, Muhammad, was chosen by Allah. Allah is our name for our God. You call Him by other names. Muslims believe Allah sent the angel Gabriel to reveal His true word to Muhammad, and Muhammad

recited Allah's revelations to his friends and neighbors in a town called Mecca ..."

With Zackary listening intently, Ali continued his bland presentation.

Thirty minutes later Imam Ali had completed his presentation, and Mr. Anderson asked if there were any questions.

Betty, Susie's friend, who'd removed her *niqab* because she felt suffocated and was perspiring heavily in her hot *abaya*, rose to her feet. "Mr. Imam, you said Jesus was a prophet, and Muhammad was God's last prophet. Isn't Jesus the Son of God?" she asked, using a wad of tissues to wipe the sweat from her face.

Zackary looked at the young girl's flushed face and chuckled.

Ali smiled at the girl. *Such impertinence. No Muslim girl would dare ask such a question. Kafirs! One day they will be true believers or they will be slaves.* "No, that is one of the minor differences between our religions. We believe Jesus was a prophet."

"But we pray to Jesus," another boy said.

Imam Ali smiled and nodded, "Yes, I know."

"Did Muhammad ride a camel?" Another boy ask.

Ali smiled. *Ah, this is better.* "Yes, camels and horses were the only means of transportation in Muhammad's time. He rode camels and horses to bring the word of Allah to other Arabs."

After a dozen more such questions, Zackary stood and asked, "Imam Ali, is it true that Muslims consider our worship of the Holy Trinity, God the Father, Jesus His son, and the Holy Spirit idol worship?"

Ali noted the shocked expressions on the other *kafirs'* faces. *I knew he was going to be trouble.* "Yes, that is another of the minor differences in our religions. Jews also do not accept Christ as the Son of God."

"I believe that's enough for today," Anderson said, rising quickly and approaching the imam. "Your talk has been most informative, and we can't thank you enough for taking time to enlighten us about Islam. I now realize we have much to learn about your faith," he concluded, patting the imam on his back.

"You are so very welcome," the imam said, respectfully bowing his head. "It was my honor to have this opportunity to speak your class."

"In return I would also like to invite your class and the entire congregation, to attend a service at my mosque to experience for yourself our peaceful worship of Allah. Experience the peace and tranquility of true believers."

After attending the 11:00 o'clock church service, Tom and his brooding father walked out of the sanctuary. Tom was conflicted. His dad, who'd stoically sat through Holmes' non-spiritual, feel-good sermon, was still in a dark mood.

Julie and a contrite Susie, carrying her tote bag, tagged along behind. After Sunday school, Susie had removed her *abaya* and *niqab*, rolled them up and stuffed them into her bag.

Susie was worried about facing her grandfather's wrath when they got home. *I can tell from the way Gran'pa's looking at me he's still upset, and I don't understand why. I'm only doing what my teacher wants me to. What's so wrong with that?*

As the Murray family approached the church exit, they got in line with other members to bid Reverend Holmes farewell.

"I'm pleased you came to visit us, Mr. Murray. Thank you for not causing a scene," he quietly said, shaking Zackary's hand. "Your question and Imam Ali's answer surprised me. I now realize you are well versed on the subject of Islam. Perhaps, if you're so inclined, you can share some of your experiences with me during your stay here."

Zackary nodded and replied, "I'll be pleased to, but be advised you may be shocked by what I tell you."

"Oh?" Reverend Holmes responded, nonplused by Murray's remark.

Robert Johnson Elementary School
Monday afternoon, February 16, 2015

Zackary and his daughter-in-law, Julie, had been waiting in the teacher's lounge for their scheduled after school appointment with Susie's social studies teacher, Mrs. Baxter and Ms. Upton, the school's principal. To pass the time, Zackary had been reading the social studies textbook and pointing out erroneous statements and historical inconstancies to Julie. Setting the book aside when the bell signaling the last class of the day rang, Zackary and Julie sat quietly listening to the sounds in the hall of excited students eager to be on their way home.

A few minutes later when Susie, accompanied by her social studies teacher and the principal entered, both Murrays stood. After introductions and the perfunctory handshakes, Julie asked her daughter to wait in the library. Susie departed and the Murrays returned to their seats, expecting the two women to join them, but neither one made a move to do so. Instead Ms. Upton placed her hands on her hips and gave Zackary a hard look. "I

understand you wish to discuss Susie's social studies class. Do you have a specific topic? We both have other meetings to attend and don't have much time," she said, cocking her head to one side.

Zackary read Upton's dismissive attitude and haughty expression, a skill he'd perfected during his many years in the field, and realized what he was up against. "Won't you at least take a seat, so we can discuss this more congenially?" he asked carefully evaluating the two women. *Baxter's in her fifties and probably tenured. No doubt she's old-school and accustomed to following her own curriculum—most likely has little to no knowledge of Islam, other than what her textbook provides. Ms. Upton, on the other hand, is in her early thirties, displays a trace of arrogance and is most likely controlling and opinionated.* His conjecture soon proved correct.

"Well, if you *insist*, but please be brief. We're very busy at this stage of the school term," Upton replied.

After both women were seated, Zackary began, "Susie has told me about her social studies class, where the students take Muslim names, wear Muslim clothing, and pray to Allah. Is this—?"

"Yes. We refer to it as immersion," Ms. Upton interrupted. *You pompous old fool; how dare you question our curriculum?* She'd taken one look at the older man and formed an immediate dislike of him. A close friend had reported the Sunday school incident, and now she was convinced she was dealing with an Islamophobe.

"I see. Does that mean that you're also going to immerse your students in Judaism and Christianity?"

Mrs. Baxter stared at the man with silver hair and piercing blue eyes. *I've wondered about that from time to time, but Ms. Upton said—*Upton's voice ended her conjecture.

"That's completely unnecessary. Our students are exposed to these religions both at home and socially," Upton answered with a superior tone.

"I see ... then surely you plan to follow up with immersion in Hinduism and Buddhism."

Upton's nostrils flared. "We have no such plans, nor does the Common Core curriculum call for immersion in those faiths."

"How about praying to God ... our God, the Judeo-Christian God. Or one of the Hindu gods?"

"*Certainly not!*" Upton retorted. "That would violate separation of church and state," she smugly added, and was about to continue when she realized she'd trapped herself.

She was searching for a way out when Zackary added, "So, either Islam is not a religion, or you're giving Islam favorable treatment."

"The school board is certainly not showing favoritism to Islam," Upton snapped.

"Good. In that case logic dictates that Islam cannot be a religion.

"And, if that is indeed the school board's position, they are definitely correct."

"What?"

"Your logic isn't flawed. Islam is an ideology, a complete way of life that includes a religious component and is governed by Shariah law."

Abruptly standing, Ms. Upton scowled down at Zackary and Julie and hissed, "Mr. Murray, Mrs. Murray, thank you for sharing your concerns with us. However, your *islamophobic* fears are completely without merit. If you don't agree with my position, I suggest you take it up with the school board at their next meeting. It's at 6 p.m. on the third Wednesday of the month in the school district building."

"Without merit according to *whom*, Ms. Upton?" Zackary asked.

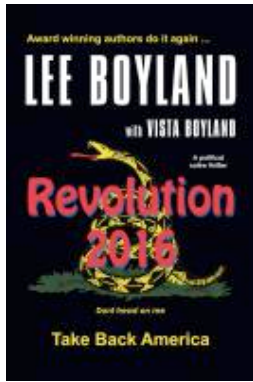
Ignoring Zackary's last statement, Upton whipped around, flounced toward the door and jerked it open.

"Thank you for your time," Zackary said, amused at her pique and chuckling softly at the spectacle she'd just made of herself.

"Well Julie, I think it's time for us to collect Susie and depart as well," he said standing.

"Good day to you Mrs. Baxter. I can't say it's been a pleasure," he said, and taking Julie by the arm escorted her out of the room.

Confused and conflicted, Mrs. Baxter watched the Murray's leave.



Democrats win control of the House and Senate in 2014, and pass sweeping gun control legislation. Constitutionalsists and gun owners rally to defend their Second and Fourth Amendment rights. States begin to defy the federal government and clashes occur. The military must chose between obeying the Commander in Chief's orders, or supporting their oath to defend the Constitution. Resistance begins in various locations, and then spreads across the nation. Patriots rally to take back America.

Revolution 2016

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