



Crazy politicians are embroiled in a bizarre war. A military confrontation between Democratic and Islamic forces could lead our world to its final destruction!

OMNICIDE 2022

by ITZHAK BEGERANO

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omnicide 2022



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Chapter 14: War Hollywood Style

The red morning sun began to rise from its slumber and woke the two bases with its first light. The Democratic, Islamic, and foreign TV crews stationed near the base commanders they were sent to cover, hastily prepared their cameras facing the enemy base. At the same time, Ashraf and Stone, whose eyes were stuck to their most sophisticated military binoculars, viewed each other from a distance. They lowered their binoculars and looked at their watches that read 6 a.m., indicating the commencement of the battle. The humming of TV cameras doing their work began recording the bitter struggle. They documented the sound of artillery fire from cannons, tanks, and light grenades. The rattle of automatic rifles mingled with each other, creating a terrifying cacophony that was followed by smoke and dust raised high in the area close to both bases. The tanks roared ahead and continued shooting at the enemy. The infantry soldiers started pushing forward bit by bit. They hid away and kept shooting at the enemy artillery. Tanks and soldiers tried to fire back, but they were forced to withdraw time and again. After an hour of continuous fighting, that seemed like an eternity, the battle calmed down a bit, the shooting stopped and a loud and terrifying silence prevailed in the area of the Islamic base. The rest of its soldiers, tanks and cannons retreated and stationed themselves ten kilometers away from the Democrats.

Stone continued to watch with his binoculars and mumbled in his mobile phone, "This is it."

In the meantime, Ashraf also looked through his binoculars and mumbled in his phone, "This is it."

Both base commanders watched each other in their binoculars and signaled one another with a nod. Immediately afterward, the TV crews started to advance until they stopped in front of the battlefield. All the Democratic, Islamic, and foreign TV crews were in the best places they could organize for themselves and started reporting about the rough situation of both armies. The soldiers' injuries ranged from

minor to serious and many were moaning from pain and helplessness. The sighs of the soldiers who died in battle rose to heaven. They disappeared like the black smoke from the cannons, tanks, armored personnel carriers, and other equipment that lay damaged in the field. Some were burnt and sooty, while others were still in flames. TV crews from all over the world broadcast the sights and sounds from the area, while the two presidents yelled into the TV cameras from their offices. Monro smiled.

“Good morning to all citizens of the Democratic Organization and the citizens of the world. We are winning the war. This morning, we landed a heavy blow to the Islamic soldiers and we won. I am the commander-in-chief and the admired leader who will destroy Aswad, the new enemy. I will hit Aswad , just as David destroyed Goliath. I will lead the world in a new way.”

Aswad laughed contemptuously.

“Good morning,” he said. “To the citizens of the Islamic Forces and the world, our enemy Monro is lying to you. Indeed, the Democratic army attacked us, but they encountered great losses and retreated in disgrace. I am the holy warrior, Islam's new prophet who will eliminate Monro and his atheist army from the face of the earth, the enemies of the Arabs and Islam. I'll take the world to a better future.”

At the end of their speeches, the two arrogant and boastful leaders applauded enthusiastically, making the victory V sign with their fingers.

The TV crews finished shooting, shook hands with the two base commanders, packed their things and left the hell of the war that the cameras had shot from every angle, each hoping to receive the prestigious Pulitzer Prize. After the TV crews left, Barney, Ashraf, Stone, and the officers of the two bases arrived in their Hummers to view the horrific killing field. Carefully, they checked that there were no outsiders in the vicinity.

Stone and Ashraf shot the killing field from different angles and afterwards, they stood near Barney. Then he raised his hand like a great, mighty magician, like the leader of leaders and screamed with pathos, “Cut! You can stand up now!” He said to himself with satisfaction, “Omnicide 2022 war loves memories of war.”

Like a sign from heaven, as if by magic, like a miraculous revelation, all lightly injured, severely injured and dead stood up suddenly. They all applauded enthusiastically and started dancing disco, hip hop and Arabic dances. Together with Barney, the greatest comedian of all, who had orchestrated everything, they shouted and sang along, with their hearts beating powerfully.

They sang, “Born to be wild, born to be wild,” from the movie “Easy Rider” in funny English and Arabic accents.

Stone and Ashraf smiled, patted each other on the back and hugged. The officers and soldiers of both bases joined the celebration by hugging and kissing, especially the injured and the dead of both armies. The impossible plan that had been concocted by Stone and Ashraf, to please the senior military commanders and their Presidents, was a success beyond their wildest imagination. To show their accomplishments in the field, the two commanders invited the foreign TV crews to broadcast what they had produced for them: planned, orchestrated battles. Each of the armies showed a faked fighting advance, including those who had been injured and killed, in Hollywood's most celebrated tradition. In that way, they were thanked and praised by their leaders and the military commanders who watched from their command pits far away from the battle, unaware that the struggle was staged for “Omnicide 2022 war.”

To everyone's joy, the Democratic base moved forward, and was within three kilometers of the Islamic base. The soldiers of the two bases again started to prepare the killing field, so it would be ready for the next battle. The locations of the lightly, moderately, and seriously injured soldiers were set out. The cannons, tanks and various damaged vehicles in the field were marked on two unique

maps that were prepared for this purpose by Ashraf and Stone. The two base commanders simultaneously and secretly decided to celebrate the success of the fake battle and their unique relationship with the soldiers of both bases. The celebration would be kept secret. The two commanders only notified their soldiers that at eight p.m. there would be a unique gathering of the soldiers of both bases, in front of Stone's tent in the Democratic camp. At 8 p.m., the soldiers of both bases waited, unaware of the two transport planes that had landed at the far end of the base.

Stone and Ashraf said, "We request that the soldiers wait in their places for a couple of minutes until we have checked on something. We will be right back." Barney, Stone, and Ashraf walked toward the airplanes while the soldiers tried to guess what the surprise was.

Fuad, an Islamic Officer, screamed at everyone, "They must be messing with us!"

Albert, a Democratic Officer, shouted, "I believe I heard some airplanes moving. Maybe they are taking them to another base."

Jamil, an Islamic soldier, said, "I fear they might have found out what's happening in both bases."

Daniel, a Democratic soldier, said, "I fear that we are going to be sent back to the Democratic Organization and the Islamic soldiers to the Islamic Forces for a court-martial."

Muhamar, an Islamic soldier with a broken voice, cried, "If they find out what just happened, they will have to execute us." He burst into tears.

Michael, a Democrat, joined him with a miserable wail, "I don't want to die; our crazy leader should die instead of us." Comments of this nature, that something terrible was about to happen to them, continued to circulate. They began to weep from anxiety.

Barney, Stone and Ashraf reached the two marked planes, one with the flag of the Islamic Forces and the other with the flag of the Democratic Organization. The large doors on their undercarriages opened and one could see big weapon boxes two meters from the hatches. The four pilots approached the two base commanders and Barney shook their hands and whispered, “We brought all the weapons as you requested. Let's go and surprise the soldiers.”

Suddenly, as if by a sign from a God, who was laughing and mocking them, the waiting soldiers burst into tears and screamed, “No, no, we don't want war, no more bloodshed. We want to live, not die.”

Stone, Ashraf and Barney appeared out of the darkness with the four pilots, approaching the soldiers with straight faces. The soldiers shrank back in horror and continued to sob harder, begging for mercy. Suddenly, without warning or any hint, the assembled soldiers heard loud, disheartening laughter coming from the base's terrifying amplifiers, that were successfully hidden from view. The amazingly colored lights turned on, along with all kinds of discotheque decorations that rose upwards. Giant columns with huge spotlights also appeared, stunning the amazed soldiers who were still confused, frozen with terror. Ashraf and Stone approached the microphones in front of the assembly.

Stone turned to everyone with a big smile.

“As a symbol of the precious friendship between my brother Ashraf and me, and between the Democratic and Islamic troops, we decided to surprise you today with a party you will never forget for your entire lives.”

Ashraf smiled.

“This party is a symbol of our friendship and appreciation, from the Islamic soldiers to their brothers, the Democratic soldiers. We hope you will enjoy the party we have prepared for you. Please welcome your mates to the party.”

The "twins" soundtrack blared from the enormous loudspeakers. A lot of beautiful, sexy young women in minimal clothing, a hundred Americans and a hundred Islamic, wearing make-up like you would expect to see at a rock festival, and a group of belly dancers, radiating inner beauty and joy of life, started to appear out of the darkness, coming toward the soldiers who were rubbing their eyes in disbelief. The soldiers applauded hysterically with growing excitement and enthusiasm. They started dancing with the women immediately as they arrived, as if there was no tomorrow. A few old, lonely soldiers could not withstand the excitement of Omnicide 2022 and passed out that night, so that they had to be treated by the medics.

Barney was stunned and asked the two base commanders, "God bless you, my brothers, how did you come up with this idea? How did you plan it? How did you execute it?" Ashraf chuckled,

"We wanted to thank all the soldiers for their goodwill, their honest efforts, their blessed humanity, their uncompromising desire for peace and their hate of war. What can we do? We love life and we want peace."

Stone also chuckled.

"It's true, Barney. We love the Islamic troops and they love us, despite the evil convictions of our leaders. We want peace, whereas the leaders want war; let us see who will win. We obtained the sweet girls when we announced to our friends at the Democratic Organization and at the Islamic Forces, that we wanted to recruit girls secretly, as if they were going to a singles party. The pilots, who are our friends, hid them behind the weapon boxes in their aircraft and reported to the authorities that they were transporting weapons."

The three of them hugged and continued laughing, moving joyfully to the sounds of "twins" that shook the ground on which they walked. It was the sign of the beginning of a relaxed and fantastic trance party, the likes of which had never been seen before. They called the party the "Omnicide 2022 Party". Together with the hookah, tobacco laced

with hash, LSD and the rest of the herbal pills for happiness, all sorts of other pills to raise the mood, especially Viagra, were provided to those who needed them. The spirits of the soldiers and the officers alike rose to new peaks of happiness, joy, and love.

They would never forget this feeling, especially when they found themselves at the end of this delusional party, packed body to body... man to woman, woman to woman and man to man, each according to his desire and tendencies, without distinction of religion, race, or sex. Only the camels, donkeys and the sheep viewed what was going on with astonishment and jealousy, since they could not celebrate as the soldiers did. They commented on the party, each in his own gruff voice.

Later on, Barney also contributed his strength and gift to the military effort before the belly-dance show. During the night, he appeared at the Islamic and Democratic bases alternately, with the blessing of Stone and Ashraf. One of the soldiers suddenly called out, "I'm a professional detective; tell us a joke about detectives."

"Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson, a famous pair of detectives, go on a trip in the bosom of nature. They light a fire, drink coffee, and have a great time. When night falls, they enter their tent and fell asleep. Before dawn, Sherlock Holmes wakes up afraid, and then he wakes Dr. Watson. He says, 'Look up at the sky and tell me what you see?' 'I see a million stars,' answers Dr. Watson. 'What is the meaning of this vision?' asks Sherlock Holmes. After thinking deeply, Dr. Watson replies, 'Astrologically speaking, the purpose is that each person has different luck according to his star chart. Astronomically speaking, the meaning is that the size of the universe is enormous and statistically speaking, there is a significant probability that there is more life somewhere in the universe.'

Sherlock Holmes frowns and says, 'No, no, no. Practically speaking! Our tent has been stolen.'"

Another soldier jumped in, "Tell us a joke about beggars."

“A beggar asks a man who approaches him, ‘Sir, can you lend me twenty bucks?’ The man, who is elegantly dressed, says to the beggar, ‘You are going to waste the money on booze, right?’

‘No, Sir, I never drink.’ ‘I know you are going to waste the money on cards, right?’

‘God forbid, I never gamble.’

‘Maybe you are planning to play golf with the money.’

‘I do not know how to play golf, Sir.’

‘I know, you want to go to a whore, right?’

‘No, Sir. I have never been with a woman.’

‘Okay, take twenty bucks and I invite you to eat great food at my house, in a friendly atmosphere.’

The beggar accepts his invitation and gets in the rich man's Mercedes. On the way, the beggar asks him, ‘Sir, won't your wife be mad when she sees someone like me, homeless and neglected, sitting and dining at your table?’

‘I suppose she will,’ the man answers, ‘but it will be worth it. I want to see her reaction when she sees what happens to a man who does not drink, does not gamble, does not play golf, and does not go to whores.’”

One of the soldiers wanted a joke about money.

“A man goes to a tattoo parlor and asks to have a hundred-dollar bill tattooed on his dick. The artist asks him why he wants a one-hundred-dollar bill on his dick. He answers, ‘For three reasons: 1. I like to see the dollar rise in the morning, 2. I like to play with money at noon, 3. When my wife asks me for money, she knows where to get it.’”

Another soldier asked him to tell a joke about horses.

“A man enters a bar and sees a large jar filled with dollar coins. He asks what the jar is all about and the answer he gets is that there is a horse in the bar's basement and if someone makes the horse laugh, he will get the jar's contents as a prize. The man goes down to the basement and after a minute, they hear a loud laugh coming from the horse's mouth. The man, of course, wins the contents of the jar. A few days later, the same man enters the bar and again sees the same jar already filled with coins and dollar bills. He is again interested and this time the prize is to make the horse cry. Immediately he goes down to the basement and after several minutes, the horse starts crying. All the people present are astonished and ask him how he did it. He answered, ‘The first time, I told him that mine was bigger than his, so he laughed. The second time, I proved it.’”

One asked for a joke about a joint.

“A lion sits on the riverbank smoking a joint. Suddenly, an otter comes out of the water.

The otter asks the lion, ‘Lion, lion, tell me, what you are doing?’

The lion answers: ‘Sister, I am smoking a joint, that is something special, far out.’

The otter, ‘What is a joint?’

The lion, ‘Sister, smoke it. It will blow your mind! It's something unique, far out.’

The otter, ‘How do you smoke it?’

The lion, ‘Take a healthy toke to the lungs, hold it in your lungs, dive into the water and go to the other side of the river. When you get out on the other side, you will see that you feel great.’

The otter takes a healthy toke to the lungs, dives in, crosses the river, and gets out on the opposite bank. As she exhales, she feels exactly like the lion told her.

Suddenly, a hippopotamus appears and asks, ‘Otter, what's going on with you, is everything all right?’

The otter, ‘Brother, everything is excellent, far out.’

The hippopotamus, ‘Why are you so happy?’

The otter, ‘My hippo brother, the lion is sitting on the other side of the river smoking a joint. He gave me a draw and I am on top of the world.’

The curious hippopotamus dives in, crosses the river and comes out near the lion.

The lion sees him and starts screaming, ‘Otter, otter, get back in the water, you moron!’

Barney told jokes to raise soldiers’ spirits. In contrast, the belly dancers, who appeared later, spoke to the soldiers’ private, desire-filled weapons. For dessert, they had previously arranged blond, brunette, and redheaded call girls to the active reserve service, to pleasure the soldiers without charge. The girls were proud to serve and were treated lovingly by the soldiers of the Democratic Organization and the Islamic Forces.

Unfortunately, without forethought, the war idyll had made everyone forget about their homes, their families and especially about their women. Consequently, the soldiers’ wives began to bombard Stone and Ashraf with phone calls, complaining that their husbands had stopped calling them, were no longer missing them, and had become indifferent to them and their children. Ashraf and Stone were alarmed by the spouses’ anger at the soldiers. They gathered the soldiers together and warned them that if they didn't call their families, severe action would be taken against them. These steps included prohibiting them from participating in tournaments and games, watching belly dancers and, the hardest of all, their intimate meetings with the call girls would be cancelled.

As a result, the wives started receiving nagging phone calls from their husbands that drove them mad. Again, the wives called Ashraf and Stone, this time begging that their husbands stop pestering them with phone calls. To solve the problem, it was agreed that the spouses would call when they wanted to talk to their husbands. Despite the right intention, the situation became complicated when the soldiers started getting phone calls while they were watching the belly dancers or were busy with the call girls.

It was 11 p.m. and Barney was at the Islamic base. He had just finished showering and had put a keffiyeh over his head and a towel over his nether parts. Narima, the Islamic call girl, was lying naked on the bed in front of him, like Eve in the Garden of Eden, and they were both smoking joints when suddenly his phone rang. To his surprise, he heard Monro.

“What's up, Barney?”

“Everything is okay, Mr. President.”

“Listen, within half an hour the commanding officer will arrive to speak to you and the officers. Let Stone know, okay?”

“Okay, Mr. Monro, I will tell Stone.”

Monro hung up.

Barney was stunned and terrified. He knew he had to get back to his base within thirty minutes. He got dressed at the speed of light, or actually with the speed of darkness in the darkened room, and then called Stone.

“Monro called me and informed me that within twenty minutes, the commanding officer would arrive at your base. He wants to talk to you, your officers and me. I am just leaving Ashraf's base. If I'm late, make something up.” Fortunately for Barney, his driver and his companions were already dressed and bored. He informed them of the developing events.

“The psychopath president informed me that the commanding officer would arrive within half an hour. We must get there before him.”

Their annoyed facial expressions made him understand that they liked the message even less than he did. They became tense and concerned. They got into the Hummer and Barney screamed at the sleepy Jimmy, “Drive as fast as you can to our base!”

They sat in the car, tense and terrified. The thought of the important general finding out that they had been on the Islamic base petrified them. However, they took comfort in the fact that they were all in the car together, and not alone. Maybe they would make it back in time, despite the blanket of darkness that prevented them from seeing more than thirty feet ahead. Every minute seemed like an eternity and every mile seemed never-ending. They breathed rapidly and remained silent the entire ride. Suddenly after a ten-minute drive, they saw flickering lights ahead and screamed with joy and hugged each other with relief.

Barney was excited and said, “Do you see? Stone sent us soldiers to help us get to the base faster.” They stopped their Hummer near the soldiers, who blinded them with their bright flashlights, holding their cocked weapons against their bodies. Barney said to the soldiers, “It's great to see you. Good for Stone. The major general hasn't arrived yet, has he?”

Suddenly shots were fired over their heads, instantly silencing them. Barney felt that something was not right. A heavy sensation of strangulation and panic began to seep into his mind.

We might have lost our way. Maybe the quick drive in the dark and Jimmy's fatigue made us take a wrong turn.

Barney did not understand why they were shooting over their heads. Suddenly, someone screamed at them in English, with a heavy Arabic accent, “Raise your hands and shut up. We are the commando soldiers of President Aswad and now you are our captives!”

The truth was terrifying, and it hit them like a hammer from hell. They collapsed like bags of potatoes on the floor of the Hummer, voiceless and unconscious.

Chapter 15: Prisoners of War

Around the world, newspapers covered their front pages with pictures of Barney, the driver, and his companions, with Aswad's Presidential Palace in the background. In bold letters above the photographs, it read:

“Seven of Monro's spies were captured in the depth of the Islamic desert on their way to carry out a terrorist attack in Musomania.”

Elena sat in the living room, holding the newspaper in her hand, surrounded by family members, neighbors, acquaintances, government members, Barney's parents and his three brothers. She placed the paper in front of her and kissed Barney's picture and cried like a wounded animal.

“Come back to me, Barney, my love, my husband and the father of my children.”

Barney's parents and his three brothers took the newspaper away from her, brought his picture closer to their faces and also burst into tears. His mother screamed in a heavy Mexican accent, “My darling, Barney, where are you now? Come to mother, come to me, my darling.”

All his childhood friends, his celebrity friends and government members spoke as if he were dead.

“He was a great guy.”

“Barney was the greatest of all.”

“He was everyone's friend.”

“Always knew how to help us.”

“He was an unusual comedian.”

“He always lent us money.”

Elena jumped and turned to them with anger.

“Shut up, stop talking about Barney in the past tense,” she snapped, “My darling Barney is a prisoner. He is not dead; why are you mourning him?”

Everyone became silent with embarrassment. Suddenly, the doorbell rang. A neighbor opened the door. Three of Monro's bodyguards appeared in the entrance. The rest waited in the limousine. Grisha and Boris took three steps forward and scanned the house, the people with their cloudy, important-looking eyes. Alex and Nicolai turned on their communication devices, looking tense, and spoke to their friends who were three steps away from them.

“Boris and Grisha, do you hear me? Report to us what's going on.”

“Boris and Grisha speaking. Everything is fine; there's no danger to the president.”

Boris and Grisha returned and stood beside their friends; Alex and Nicolai took seven steps forward and looked more closely at the house and the people. Ivan and Oleg turned on their communication devices for their friends, who were seven steps away.

“Alex and Nicolai, do you hear me? Report to us about what is going on. Are there any suspicious people?”

“Alex and Nicolai speaking, everything seems fine and there is nothing suspicious. There's no danger to the president.”

Alex and Nicolai returned to their friends. Ivan and Oleg then took fifteen steps forward and checked different objects in the area. They took hold of the objects and inspected them from every angle. Grisha and Boris turned on their communication devices.

“Ivan and Oleg, can you hear me? Please report to us what is going on. Are there suspicious devices or any problems?”

“Ivan and Oleg speaking; everything seems fine. There are no suspicious devices; inform the president that he can enter.”

Ivan and Oleg returned to their friends. All the bodyguards turned on their communication devices together. Despite the beeping and noises from the communication devices, they managed to inform Monro that he could enter the house, and they ran to the limousine. With Monro in front, accompanied by the TV crews, Yeats and Prof. Cheers, they went inside and announced aloud, “Our president, our great leader, the strongest general of all, Mr. Monro has arrived.”

Yeats and Prof. Cheers applauded and signaled everyone to do the same, but Elena yelled, “For whom are you applauding? Barney, my husband, and six of his friends are in the Islamic prison and you dare to applaud? Are we at a party?”

Monro stared at everyone with a condescending and arrogant look. Along with his companions, he approached Elena, and shook hands with her and with Barney's parents, while the TV cameras were running live from the house. Monro looked angry.

“I don't understand how he let himself be captured and put into the Islamic prison, into the hands of Aswad, the Islamic monster; damn him, the Islamic Satan,” Monro said and smiled proudly. “Don't worry, we will defeat the miserable Islamic army and the dumb Aswad will become my prisoner. I will execute that cockroach with my own hands.”

The chief of staff said, “I hope that Barney is quickly released from captivity and returns to serve us, the Democratic army.”

Yeats said with sarcasm, “I miss my dear friend Barney. If he were to be executed, I would miss him even more.”

Prof. Cheers said with arrogance, “Don't mind Yeats' words; he is confused by the situation. I know Barney. He is strong, brave, and stubborn. Even if he is subjected to humiliation and the worst torture, he will survive.” He sighed. “I hope.”

Elena stared at them with contempt and disgust. “I thank you all for your words of encouragement, support and understanding. I didn't know you loved him so much and wanted him to come back to the Selected Democratic Organization and his family.”

Monro and his companions smiled with satisfaction. Elena leaned against Monro who felt uncomfortable and flinched when she burst out, “Mr. President, you sent my husband to the front to raise the morale of your soldiers. Because of you, he is in captivity. What have you done thus far to have him and his friends released? You haven't done anything, right?”

Monro turned pale and whispered to his friends, “Make this bitch shut up. She is ruining my rating and my image. How do I answer her? Make her shut up.” He turned to Elena with a saccharine-sweet smile. “I'm sorry that you are angry. I understand and forgive you and I want you to know that I continuously think of having him released. I convened a party meeting, a special government meeting and a special commanders meeting. I promise we will seriously discuss this situation and will shortly find a solution, trust me.”

Prof. Cheers added, “Don't worry, Elena. We will take care of your needs and we will give you a Valium to calm you down.” He searched in his bag and handed one to her. “You have lost control of yourself. If you continue this way, we will have to commit you.”

Elena stared at him with disbelief, returned the Valium to Prof. Cheers with disgust and yelled, “Maybe you need a Valium!” She turned to the TV crews near the startled Monro. “My husband is not a soldier and he is not a warrior. Mr. Monro, you sent Barney to war and you will bring him back, for better or worse. As far as I am concerned, you will meet Aswad and you will talk to him or lead a commando squad and free my husband. I'll remind the media every day who sent Barney to war and how you forced him to take the mission.”

Monro's companions feared for his rating and approached him. Prof. Cheers whispered in his ear, "We'd better get out of here. You must do something quickly. This witch will give you a hard time."

Monro, embarrassed and frightened, understood what he had to do at that moment. Like a mouse facing a trap, he hurried to escape from the damned house with his bodyguards and his companions. They walked quickly toward the limousine. Monro and his bodyguards got into the car. They sighed in relief when the car drove off, away from Elena and from the affair of the prisoners of war, Barney and his friends. It disturbed their serenity and upset them.

At the same time, without warning, the steel door to the detention room at the central prison of Musomania opened wide, with an unsettling creaky sound that reminded Barney of a horror movie. He, his driver, and his companions were dressed in authentic Arabic clothes with a keffiyeh on their heads, but they had no way of knowing how they looked in these clothes. They turned pale and started shaking from the fear of the unknown, when they noticed a group of ten Islamic guards entering, straight-faced and pointing their weapons at the terrified prisoners' faces. They thought that the guards might shoot them immediately. and the crouched down, trying to protect their bodies, looking for a hiding place in a room that didn't even have anywhere for a fly to hide.

The prisoners pleaded, "Don't kill us; we didn't do anything. We just got lost and that is how you caught us. We will do whatever you ask of us. Please don't shoot us." Aswad, Mike Satanic, several tall officers and the Islamic government members entered the cell, and one of them threw an English newspaper toward Barney. He grabbed the paper in his shaking hands and stared at the headline without believing it. With vacant eyes and an anguished face, he whispered in a broken voice, "Seven of Monro's spies were captured in the depths of Islamic territory, on their way to execute a terrorist attack in Musomania."

Barney identified Aswad and Mike Satanic from their previous visit to the White Mouse before Mike Satanic's escape. Aswad stared at them with the smile of a Black Mamba, while Mike Satanic stared at them with the smile of a yellow scorpion.

Barney felt that the only one missing was a poisonous centipede like Monro. Mike Satanic stood in front of the captives and said hello to Monro's seven terrorists. "I am Mike Satanic, Aswad's deputy. What was the target for your attack? The president's tabernacle, the government buildings, the Musomania market? What were Monro's instructions? I'm sure you were planning a terrorist attack in all three places."

The prisoners were horrified. One said, "That's not true. We aren't spies and we are not terrorists. You are mistaken; we are not really even soldiers. We were supposed to drive back to our base and we accidentally drove in the opposite direction, because it was dark and foggy. We were not familiar with the area and went the wrong way."

Aswad laughed at him. The Islamic guards in the cell imitated him and giggled.

Aswad lowered his voice and said, "I am President Aswad and we held an *in-absentia* trial for you. The judges, Aswad and Mike Satanic, found you guilty of spying on behalf of the Democratic Organization and of attempting to attack Musomania, including a terrorist attack of the president's tabernacle, the government buildings and the Musomania market. I need to determine your sentence," he said and chuckled. "Execution by firing squad, by hanging, or by poisonous injection. I think it's best to have all three possibilities together," he added with vicious sarcasm. "Maybe you will help me. Let us decide together how to execute you."

Everyone screamed hysterically, "No, no, no!" and then silently collapsed to the ground, like a house of cards.

Mike Satanic ordered the guards, “Wake these morons up right away with water, beatings, sticks and, if necessary, by shooting them in the head.”

Aswad laughed and said, “Mike Satanic, my brother, it will be difficult to wake them up with a shot in the head; indeed, they will wake up in hell!” The people in the room burst out laughing while the guards threw buckets of water on the prisoner’s faces and kicked them without mercy. They woke up, pale and frightened and whimpering with pain. Barney began imagining his immediate execution. He grunted with the noose tightly around his neck, trembled after the poisonous injection and fell to the floor when the bullets hit his body and the wall behind him. With his last strength, he decided to try to save the situation.

“Mr. Mike Satanic and Mr. President Aswad, my name is Barney and I’m the best comedian of the Democratic Organization. I was sent by Monro to the front to entertain the Democratic soldiers. We are neither spies nor terrorists and this is the truth. I’m willing to swear on the life of my family and I’m willing to swear by God, Jesus, Muhammad, Zarathustra, the Dalai Lama, Ballona and even Paris Hilton.”

Satanic responded first, “Don’t listen to him, my brother, Aswad. They should be executed, to teach Monro a lesson he will never forget.”

Barney did not understand why Aswad looked at him with such penetrating eyes, and he mumbled to himself in terror, “Why is the son of a bitch just looking at me? That is the only thing I need. I’m sure he is planning to eliminate me, or perhaps I turn him on and he wants to make me his lover?” He smiled dumbly. “Actually, why not? My ass is less precious than my life.”

Aswad glanced at Mike Satanic, at the prisoners, then again focused on Barney, who smiled at him and bowed slightly, happily, and

humbly twisting his hips and looking back at the president's blank eyes. Aswad came closer to him and looked at his worried face.

"I remember you well from the White Mouse prison, when I visited Mike Satanic and you told the joke about the Arabs. I also remember that you were mocking me in the UN General Assembly before they put me in the ambulance. It was you who told jokes. I especially remember the joke about the Christian, the Arab and the Jew who found a box with dollars. I remember how you mocked the Arabs for being stupid. So now, do you have another joke about how stupid we are?"

Barney wanted to dig a grave for himself, get inside and cover himself with sand, so they would never find him, while Mike Satanic laughed, staring at him with hatred.

"I also remember him from prison. Is he the one who humiliated the Arab people? He is the one to be executed first, so the Democrats will learn their lesson." All the Islamic members agreed, but Aswad seemed pensive, smiling with satisfaction, and explained to the prisoners.

"Do you know what I love best? Watching TV; you would not believe it. Reality shows, especially survival reality shows."

Barney stared at Aswad and thought, "Who cares that a psycho like you likes survival shows? I'm not your psychiatrist."

Aswad continued excitedly, "I have decided to produce such a reality show and to sell it to Hollywood. It will be the best and most fascinating reality show ever produced. It will have everything: laughter and entertainment along with sadness and tragedy, all in a live broadcast." He chuckled. "Or in a dead broadcast and the winning prizes are the greatest ever given on TV. The winners will get all or lose it all."

The prisoners stared at him with sympathy, sure that Prof. Cheers would have sent him for observation immediately. Barney would

never have guessed what Aswad's vicious, mean, and sadistic plan was. Only Aswad and Mike Satanic could conceive of such a diabolical plan.

"I have good news for you. I'm not executing you. I will not become your angel of death." They all jumped enthusiastically, hugged, and kissed each other with tears like Niagara Falls in their eyes.

"I have a package deal for you." He smiled at them with sweet evil. "We all agree that Barney is the best comedian of the Democratic Organization, right?" They nodded their heads. "So this is what will happen. You will appear on and participate in my survival reality show. My TV team will shoot Barney and you everywhere you go, at all times. From now on, Barney will have to entertain and make everyone he meets laugh, including the guards, the Arabic prisoners, the soldiers, the officers, the citizens, Mike Satanic and me."

He smiled with the kind heart of the angel of death. "If he can no longer make us laugh and entertain us, you will all be executed and Barney will watch you die, knowing that he is to blame. Always remember that neither Satanic nor I are to blame for your destiny. Barney is your fate; he is your angel and he is also your hangman."

Barney heard himself scream madly, "No, no, no!" Again, Barney and his friends felt like actors in Shakespeare's tragic play while they collapsed. Aswad's devious plan had just been created and turned into a new terrifying reality that Barney hadn't imagined, not even in his worst dreams. The vast void of life, the unstable determination of fate and man's insignificance turned him, Barney, into a mighty being, the competitor of the messiah, partner of God and the angel of life and death.

Chapter 16: Fatal Commando

Elena's angry voice was heard all day and all night throughout the entire news broadcasting world.

“It is illogical that Monro, the Democratic President, sent Barney, my husband, to the front to entertain the soldiers and he is now in captivity, while Monro does not take any action to bring about his immediate release. I ask the Democratic Organization, the government, and the citizens, where is the responsibility, the moral, the public duty to release my husband? Where is Monro, who promised to take care of each citizen and soldier as he would his children? He promised that every POW would be returned to his country, to the Selected Democratic Organization, immediately. I will not rest until that happens!”

At the same time, the Hollywood people and the elderly gathered at the training facilities shooting range. The instructors asked everyone to listen to their announcement.

“We were asked to inform you that soon five young people who are going to be sent to the front, will come to train here. Unfortunately, this is a group of five neo-Nazis and we do not have a choice but to let them train and to hope that they will not behave as they usually do, like Nazi dogs. If a problem arises, we will immediately take care of it and they will fear us.” The trainees stared at each other in disbelief with a feeling of disgust and revulsion. It even seemed like the instructors feared the neo-Nazi group.

Sam whispered to his friends, “I'm willing to teach them about the weapon and about shooting situations, but I am not willing to let them hold a gun.”

Glenn whispered to his friends, “I agree with Sam, but they know that they are going to be shooting live bullets, so what do we do? Are we going to cancel everything?”

Dan said, “We cannot cancel because we also have the Hollywood people and the elderly, but I have a great solution.”

He whispered his thoughts to his friends and they nodded in approval. Dan addressed the elderly, “We need ten elderly people to come and start shooting. Don't worry. The Hollywood guys will help you and support you.” Ten older people advanced with their walkers, while the Hollywood people followed them. The ten elderly people stood in front of their targets with their weapons loaded ready to shoot, while the ten Hollywood people stood behind them and supported them so they wouldn't stumble while shooting.

Five neo-Nazis entered and marched back and forth in a military fashion and shouted, “Heil Hitler!” They laughed loudly, ridiculed the elderly people, and made obscene gestures.

“Should we bring intensive care ambulances?”

“Don't shoot at one another by mistake (or on purpose).”

The instructors and the Hollywood people reacted with anger.

“Shut up. You should be ashamed, talking the elderly that way.”

“Do you want a Viagra pill so that everything goes smoothly?”

“Did you forget your catheters?” The elderly turned into lions seeking their prey.

“Stop it. If we were your grandfathers and grandmothers, would you also behave this way?”

The neo-Nazis continued mocking and laughing without consideration and even gave the elderly the finger. At the same time, the instructors approached the neo-Nazis and pushed them to the far wall, far from the furious elderly.

“You either sit here in silence or get a bullet in your heads.” The instructors pulled out their pistols and pointed them at the neo-Nazis.

The terrified neo-Nazis huddled together in fear. The ten elderly people shot in the standing position and somehow managed to hit a few targets. The Hollywood people and their elderly friends applauded, while the neo-Nazis stared at them with disgust. The ten elderly people applauded and high fived the actors' while they sat in their wheelchairs. The neo-Nazis laughed and ridiculed them. The ten elderly volunteers continued firing in a crouch and then lying on mattresses. The Hollywood people helped them get down and then back up. The Hollywood people bowed to everyone, once again applauded, and screamed "Bravo!" with love and went to the wall to rest near their friends. The instructors signaled the neo-Nazis to approach the shooting range where they shot standing up and then checked the perforated targets with satisfaction.

Sam, the instructor, yelled at the neo-Nazis with disgust, "Now we take a ten-minute break and then we continue!"

The neo-Nazis sat down to eat their breakfast, while they made disgusting burping sounds, raised their hands while saluting, "Heil Hitler" and laughed at the frustration and pain of the elderly. The rest sat and ate with the sandwiches they received for breakfast, while one of the elderly people strolled toward the restroom located on the other side of the wall. The five neo-Nazis snuck out unnoticed and several minutes later, before the end of the break, the screams of pain of the older man were heard beyond the wall. He wanted to get back from the restroom, but the neo-Nazis threw him to the ground and beat and kicked him. The instructors, the elderly and the Hollywood people ran toward the commotion. When the neo-Nazis noticed the people approaching, they backed off.

The Hollywood people wanted to hit them, but one of the elderly people stopped them and said, "Let us, the poor elderly people, take care of it."

All the elderly attacked the five neo-Nazis who tried to escape. Their walkers in their skinny and shaking hands landed on the five neo-Nazis bodies, as the latter tried to protect themselves. After that, they

hit and kicked the five men with canes and walkers, making them cry like babies. The neo-Nazis begged the elderly to stop. The instructors stopped the elderly, but then suddenly the five neo-Nazis ran back to the shooting positions, took the rifles and started shooting at everyone while screaming with ideological madness, "Heil Hitler! Heil Hitler!"

To the surprise of the neo-Nazis, no one was hurt and the crazed shooters were caught and handcuffed by the instructors and the Hollywood people. The police were then called.

"Immediately send patrol vehicles to the CIA facility. The neo-Nazis at the facility assaulted one elderly man and tried to murder everyone with the rifles at the shooting range. Our security cameras recorded it all. Please come ASAP."

The neo-Nazis were stunned. "Nothing happened to you. We saw that there were live bullets in the weapons. What did you do with them?"

Glenn answered, "We put magazines with blanks in the weapons; we knew who we were dealing with. You will stay in jail for a long time for what you did."

The neo-Nazis sat terrified until the five patrol vehicles arrived with fifteen police officers. They pushed each neo-Nazi into a patrol vehicle, took the statement from the elderly man who was assaulted, secured the security videotapes, and left with tires screeching and sirens blaring while the detainees cried in fear.

At the command pit, Monro addressed the chief of staff while the rest of the government members and the senior officers listened.

"Why don't we go for a general attack from all sides, on all fronts? I want to end this war as soon as possible."

The chief of staff defended himself while stuttering, "It's not that simple; you must understand."

Monro continued angrily. "It's not that simple? What is the problem? Send all your aircraft and tanks forward; our army is the best in the world!"

The chief of staff stuttered with embarrassment, "The aircraft and tank fuel ran out and we are waiting for new fuel, however, the refinery workers are on strike again and, unfortunately, the situation has worsened. There are more deserters, impostors and mentally ill than warriors to continue fighting."

Monro continued, "I couldn't care less about it. Like David and Goliath, we will win. I'm the chosen leader; I'm Monro, the supreme military leader!"

Monro paced like a furious lion in its cage. At the same time, the government members, the chief of staff, command officers and Prof. Cheers sat humiliated in their chairs and tried not to meet his menacing glance. At the same time, their eyes wandered nervously and with frustration from the ceiling to the floor, as if they were confident that the answer to their problem would be found there.

The plasma and LED screens continuously broadcast Elena's words, while Monro stood pale and pointed toward the screen, screaming, "Who does this whore think she is? That creep turned me into the bad guy in this story. She wants to turn my voters against me. I fear she will cause me a lot of problems!" He snapped at everyone, "Can't you see how my rating is sinking because of her? Why am I paying them? Tell me what it takes? What should I do? Eventually, if a new committee of traitors arises who finds me guilty and throws me out of politics, you will be thrown out too. You are worth nothing without me."

Yeats tried to calm him down.

"Maybe you should talk to Aswad. It might help you, just as Sadat went to Israel, to Begin, the prime minister. You should go to the Free Islamic Forces, to Aswad."

Monro answered him with a rhetorical question, “Are you out of your mind? They will eliminate me there in a heartbeat. It would be better to execute the captives who are less important.”

The chief of staff suggested, “I propose sending up to two hundred aircraft to land on Aswad’s palace and to take him captive.”

Monro said with sarcasm, “Do you think you are in the movies? What if they shoot the aircraft or the pilots down, then we will need to send another two hundred and afterward, another two thousand?”

Yeats explained, “We must go for a general attack on Musomania and use an atomic bomb on the Islamic city, eliminating all of them and burning those cockroaches.”

The frustrated and desperate Monro answered, “Come on, I am fed up with you. Are you kidding me? Are you in a musical? Do you think we are on *American Idol*? Do you think I will let anyone know we have an atom bomb? The way the United States dropped two atomic bombs on the Japanese and showed the world what the atomic bomb was? To my regret, we don't even have sufficient firepower to eliminate the Islamic troops. Maybe we can eliminate them with karate; it's the cleanest way.” Monro demonstrated some karate killing strikes. “I alone can eliminate Aswad and then eliminate all Islam on earth and throughout the universe.”

Once he started pacing quickly, everyone gave up. They preferred to be silent until the rage blew over.

Prof. Cheers jumped up and said, “Mr. President, we all know you are a great leader and general. Maybe you can organize a commando group of superior soldiers and send them secretly to enemy territory to rescue the prisoners; it always works out in the movies.”

Monro stared with disgust again and sighed. “To my regret, we are not in the movies, not in *American Idol* and don't forget that we canceled our commando units after the wars in Vietnam, Korea, and

Iraq, since they hit us with all sorts of missiles over the Selected Democratic Organization.”

Prof. Cheers sighed with frustration and said, “Sir, don’t forget you need to meet your Hollywood friends in half an hour.”

Monro burst with fury. “What are you, my mother and my shrink? Why do you always make comments and remind me? I am not a little boy. I did not forget that I must meet my Hollywood friends, so stop nagging me. It bothers me. Enough, get off my back!”

He addressed everyone, “I’m heading to the shooting range, so we will continue this meeting in the afternoon.” Monro struck the table with a frightening karate chop. “Come back with new ideas, or I will send you to Musomania, to Aswad, to free the captives.”

Prof. Cheers stared at Monro with a frozen look and then left hurriedly, mumbling, “What a jerk. I’m starting to think that he needs to be hospitalized. It seems like he has a narcissistic personality disorder and manic depression; he might be suffering from other things that I haven’t thought of yet.”

The bodyguards, Monro and Yeats left the office, walking alongside each other in silence. Yeats tried to smile, while Monro stared at him with disinterest and pondered, “I would rather execute Elena in front of a firing squad and close the deal. Unfortunately, however, it is impossible. I hope that my meeting with the Hollywood actors will improve my poor state of mind.”

They had almost reached the roof where the helicopter was waiting for them when Monro stopped in astonishment and said, “I found it. I found it. I’m a genius; it’s perfect. I’m more of a genius than Einstein and I have the solution!”

At the prison in Musomania, Barney and his friends sat at a corner table in the dining room and continued to eat the pitas, hummus, fava

beans and salads that were on their table, in silence and fear. The Islamic reality team and two armed bodyguards, whose detail was to protect them from other inmates, sat near them. One of the leaders of the prisoners and his friends approached the Democrats to bother them, but the two bodyguards turned their weapons against him. They shook their heads and told the prisoner leader, "On Aswad's order, you cannot harm them. The job of Barney, the comedian, is to make us all laugh. If he doesn't make Aswad laugh, the captives will be executed."

The group leader and his friends were not satisfied and the leader yelled at Barney.

"Tell us jokes about prison," he says and stares at Barney menacingly. "You will see that nobody will laugh at your jokes. If I cannot hit you, I'd rather you all hang."

Barney froze, scared by the fat bully; Barney's friends were terrified and screamed hysterically.

"Come on, Barney, come on; tell us some jokes!" Everyone gathered around Barney, giving him the chills.

"Okay, here are some jokes: A fish swims near Jamaica's shore on a beautiful sunny day and he decides to get out of the water and get a tan under the sun. The fish gets out of the water, puts on tanning lotion, lies down, and lights a colossal joint, as is customary in Jamaica. Suddenly the lion arrives. The fish calls to him, Brother. What is up, brother? Sit with me; let's smoke together. It will be swell. The lion, unaccustomed to being approached this way, sits down, and takes some tokes. Suddenly he turns to the fish and asks him, tell me, do you know who I am? The fish answers him; actually, I have no idea. Who are you, my brother? The lion says, what do you mean? I am the king of beasts. The fish tells him, Ha, high marijuana, ah?

"A dog decides to see the world and goes on a safari in Africa. On one of his day trips, he gets lost and sees a lion running toward him to

devour him. He wonders what to do. He sees bones on the ground, sits near them with his back to the lion and takes a bone in his mouth. When the lion gets closer, the dog roars, "This was a delicious lion. I wonder if there are more delicious lions around. When the lion hears the dog, he stops, stares at him with terror and thinks to himself, *that was close; this dog almost ate me*. He turns around and runs for his life. A monkey on the tree sees everything and decides it is a good opportunity for him to become friends with the lion. He finds the lion and tells him the dog was making fun of him. The lion becomes angry and tells the monkey, sit on my back and you will see how I make mincemeat out of this dog. The dog sees the lion running toward him from a distance, this time with the monkey on his back. Instead of running away, the dog sits down again with his back to the lion. As the lion creeps toward him, the dog roars, where is that annoying monkey? Half an hour ago, I asked him to bring me another lion."

"The boss calls his office from reserve duty and asks his secretary what's going on; she tells him that she has good and bad news, so he tells her to start with the bad. The secretary tells him, your wife is divorcing you and wants to sue you for all you're worth. The large company with which we almost made a deal withdrew its proposal and it seems like we will have no choice but to close the office. He then asks her, so what is the good news? So, she answers him, "My sweetheart, we are having a baby."

"One day, a dinosaur goes to his wife and asks her if she feels like making love; she answers that she has a headache. The following day, the dinosaur again asks her to have sex, but his wife answers she has a backache. It continued thus day after day, until all the dinosaurs disappeared."

"A man's dog dies. He goes to the neighborhood synagogue and asks the Rabbi if it is possible to have an honorable funeral for the dog because he and the dog were close. The Rabbi tells him, Listen, for us, it is not acceptable, but why don't you try the Catholic Church? They should accept you. The slightly disappointed man bends toward the Rabbi discreetly and asks, tell me, if I offer them \$5,000 for the

hassle, do you think it will be fair? The Rabbi came to his senses and said, why didn't you tell me from the beginning that the dog, may he rest in peace, was Jewish?"

"In Morocco, especially irritable Moroccan ants lived in the village. One day, an elephant passed by the neighborhood. The ants decided he was harmful and a threat to them. The ants climbed on his back and when the elephant had had enough, he shook all the ants off him, with only JoJo hanging on to the elephant's neck. Then the ants all started screaming and cheering him on, singing, Choke him, JoJo! Choke him, JoJo!"

Barney stared at the group of prisoners and prayed that someone would start laughing. The prisoners were as silent as mummies on orders of their terrifying leader who smiled despicably. The reality team continuously filmed Barney and the POWs and waited in suspense for the laughter that would or would not be. Barney turned pale and his entire body started shaking as he visualized the horror of Aswad smiling and fitting the noose around his neck. To his great luck, the two bodyguards began laughing and Barney sighed, smiled at them with gratitude and allowed himself to groan with relief. The group leader frowned, swore at the guards, spat at Barney, and left the area, signaling with his hand that he would slaughter them right then and there, if he could.

One of the guards took a Kleenex out of his pocket, handed it to Barney to wipe the spit off his face and said apologetically, "Don't mind him; he is a shitty person. He even spat on his mother and father. I can assure you that the Arabs are not like him." He secretly whispered to Barney, "To my regret, the Arabs of his kind support Satanic and Aswad."

Barney's embarrassing situation was more than enough for him and he decided to return to the cell. He signaled his friends with an agreed-upon nod and they rose to their feet and returned to their cell accompanied by the two guards. After they closed the door, they lay

down on their uncomfortable beds. They were quiet as mice, deep in thought and longing for freedom.

The tremendous noise of a passenger jet shattered the silence on its way to an unknown destination. Inside the airplane, a group of people, dressed in traditional Arabic garb, seemed to have awakened from a strange and mysterious dream, without understanding what was going on. It was the group of Hollywood actors and their production team. Monro's Hollywood friends stared at each other with concern and fear, touched their clothes without understanding, rubbed their eyes with surprise and then screamed with terror and hysteria.

“What is this plane? What is going on here? Why are we dressed in Arabic clothes? Where is this plane heading?”

Suddenly, the huge LCD TV in front of them started broadcasting. They all ran toward the screen and gathered around it, confused, and concerned. Monro was on the screen, addressing them with Prof. Cheers in the background.

“Hello, my Hollywood brothers, my dear and loving friends. I am about to explain what is going on. You have been acting in my movie which was being shot in the Democratic lands. The plot is that you are a commando group assigned to free a group of captives that are in the hands of the Free Islamic Forces and the Islamic President, Aswad. A few hours ago, I met you on-site to celebrate my You all drank too much champagne and passed out, earlier than expected but nonetheless to my great joy. Now, you are in an airplane that is about to land in Musomania. The most important thing that you should know is that in the Democratic lands, you were a part of a regular Hollywood production. Now, in the Islamic Forces' land, you are shooting a great reality show, never before attempted. President Aswad will know that you are Hollywood actors coming to play a commando group in an American movie, assigned to free our captives.”

“Also, he received a lot of money from me indirectly for his permission to shoot in Musomania. You now need to find a way to act like a real commando force, to reach the captives, free them, bring them back and, at the same time, make Aswad believe it is part of the movie, or that it is a reality film. You cannot refuse to do it because I am the producer, screenwriter, your agent, and the owner of the Hollywood studios where you work. Don't forget you signed a contract to participate in the movie anywhere, any time and in any shooting format. If you do not agree, I will immediately tell Aswad that you are real spies, like the captives and that you are a real commando force who entered the country deceitfully to free our prisoners. Therefore, instead of living a Rhino King life of celebrity in Hollywood, you will die by hanging in Musomania, along with Barney and his friends.”

“By the way, while you were sleeping, my friend, Prof. Cheers, hypnotized you for my Arabic-American friend, Mahmud Al Jumali, an Arabic professor. While you were hypnotized, he imprinted your brains with spoken Arabic to make it easy for you. He was also hypnotized and joined you, but I didn't want him in Musomania, so he jumped from the plane, forgetting to take a parachute! It's just as well because he could have revealed the secret to Aswad. But you, my dears, my brothers, I love you! Good luck. Be strong and brave. May the force be with you!”

They looked like Lot's wife, who turned into a pillar of salt at the command of the Hollywood God, the God of celebrity, power, and abundance. They all screamed together in a terrified voice. “No, no, this cannot be happening! We are the best and the most famous Hollywood stars, not some fucking commando group. You have a sick mind!”

Monro chuckled and said, “It's not that bad. I know you are the best movie stars. You always told me you could play any part in any situation, right? So now, you have the parts of your lives, Commando Omnicide 2022. By the way, I forgot to tell you that there is a personal portable computer near Animal King. It is a top-secret secret

computer and no other person or country has anything like it. It's a Democratic portable supercomputer. When you formulate and plan a commando operation, it will tell you if the operation is good or not and it will tell you what to do and what not to do."

Monro signed off. The actors were in shock. Animal King slowly opened the cover of the unique portable computer and examined it, while he and everyone else cried like babies. They became even more terrified and astonished when they heard themselves swear at each other in fluent Arabic, followed by despicable Arabic gestures.

In the captives' prison cell, Barney noticed that his friends were asleep. The images of their family members passed through his head and he wept silently, oblivious to the reality film crew who were still shooting him continuously.

Elena and her children were sitting in the living room at their home, holding the family picture of the four of them. They caressed Barney's face in the picture with unsteady fingers and wiped away their salty tears. The production men and the actors still sat and wept with despair and frustration, while the actresses and the production women tried to calm and silence the hopelessness and failure of the tough men; they even hugged and caressed them.

The furious Elena appeared again, day and night, on all the news broadcasts. She said, "If Monro is incapable of doing anything, he should resign. The people are fed up with his promises and deals; the citizens are fed up with his demagoguery when there is no real justice. We need new elections right this moment. We are fed up with corrupt politics and a war that was forced on us because of the whims and interests of a few politicians and their despicable, disgusting, exploitative politics."

Monro watched the news and swore at Elena and Aswad. He thought for a moment, smiled, and called Yeats. "How are you, Yeats? I've had enough of Elena and Aswad. I have an important, urgent mission for you."



Crazy politicians are embroiled in a bizarre war. A military confrontation between Democratic and Islamic forces could lead our world to its final destruction!

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