

# H8 SOCIETY

The  
Dismembered



**H8 SOCIETY**  
*The Dismembered*

Created & Written  
by  
2Dans

© 2020 2Dans

All rights reserved.

[www.H8Society.com](http://www.H8Society.com)

*CHAPTER 1 – WTF?*

*CHAPTER 2 – Altered Hates*

*CHAPTER 3 – Trans-mutilation*

*CHAPTER 4 – Baddadi*

*CHAPTER 5 – Fratricide*

*CHAPTER 6 – The Mercil*

*CHAPTER 7 – Rise of QoG*

*CHAPTER 8 – Arme-get-some*

*“In the darkest corners of human existence,  
Lucifer needs a flashlight”*

## CHAPTER 1

### *WTF?*

**M**onstrous atrocities have plagued the remote rainforests of West Africa for centuries, and the unspeakable events that will occur today add a new chapter for which there is little reference in the annals of history.

Teaming with life, the profound beauty and splendor of the jungle can be very deceiving. Steam rising from the undergrowth after the morning rains add fresh vibrancy to the colorful vegetation. Shafts of sunlight penetrate the thick canopy overhead as rare species of frogs and exotic birds fill the air with their distinctive sounds.

Until, as if an emergency alarm just sounded, they scatter, leaping and fluttering off in an effort to flee the swarm of black hooded shadows that mercilessly trample through the underbrush.

Moving in cadence; they chant aloud as if on a long, double-time run in a rebel African army boot camp. The sounds are strange. Neither animal nor human. But perfectly synchronized. A click, a grunt, a clap, a scream.

*Are they communicating?*

The animals of this forest have learned to fear these sounds. They understand that to be near these strange fast-moving creatures is to invite certain death.

The hooded shadows glide through dense jungle and eat while moving, not stopping to completely devour a kill. The rhythm and cadence of their movements creates a buzz-saw

through the jungle that tosses shredded animal parts behind to the next in line.

Fueling without stopping makes escape near impossible, especially when they are on a mission to capture a runner.

Up ahead, moving quite fast is a lone, hoodless shadow that dashes frantically, trying to get away. Clutching a full satchel, it springs forward, wild-eyed with fear, thrashing through dense brush with its hands. Like the ravenous pack pursuing it, the unrecognizable creature also tries, unsuccessfully, to fuel on the move. Slowing down is not an option as distance is the only thing keeping it alive, but this is slipping away every second.

The terrified runner had a twelve-hour start when it escaped, but its hooded pursuers are next-gen creatures with upgraded legs that are more finely adapted to speed. They amplify their swiftness by grabbing vines and trees in a synchronized movement of coordinated hands and feet unmatched by anything in nature.

With its prey finally in sight, the shadowy hunter pack fans out in a wide pattern to encircle the runner. Signaling with a grunt and three loud clicks they complete the circle and converge in a frenzy of violence, knocking their victim to the ground. The still masked by the shadows, the hooded beings hover over their trembling prey, who pants for breath, emotionally and spiritually defeated.

A shaft of light glimmers through the dense overhead canopy to illuminate the runner for the first time. Terrified and exhausted, its facial features are clearly female, but then the flickering sunlight brings its bizarre body into view. It is

sown together like some kind of insane patchwork. She brings her black hand up to shield her one green, one brown eyes—while her white hand gathers her legs tight to reveal tiger paw feet!

*What is this thing?*

The largest, hooded hunter approaches and hovers over her. His crudely stitched together face becomes clear in the sunlight. “You left with something very precious—and that cannot be tolerated.” He quickly takes her satchel and checks its contents—inside the bag is a baby boy with a large crows head!

The hunter shakes the bag and solemnly closes it. “It’s dead.”

“I didn’t kill it!” shrieks the desperate runner. “You people did!” She slumps on the ground. “It never deserved to live like that anyway.”

“We are bound together by our pieces,” announces the hunter. “You broke the covenant.”

Sensing her immediate demise, the trapped runner rises proud on her human legs with tiger paws and shoots her mixed-race hands high above her head. Defiant, she announces in a loud and strong voice, “You may have patched together my body, but you will never own my soul!”

With a signal click from the largest hunter, she is pounced on by the hooded pack and cut to shreds. Then her various parts are casually thrown in a lion skin bag like chunks of freshly butchered meat.

—



With a thunderous roar, Vladimir's swollen tonsils spew vodka everywhere inside the private compartment of HellaJet #3. Non-stop drinking fuels the fire of the enraged Russian emissary of the H8 Society. After surviving the catastrophic demise of the HellaColony, he's drowning his cast-iron liver in bottle after bottle of Tovaritch!

You might mistake Vladimir Dragwlya for a punchy, uncontrollable middle-aged prizefighter. His facial features betray years of brutal, hand-to-hand combat: a large pug nose that's been broken a half dozen times; multiple knife scars on his neck; and a crooked, protruding jaw that sits cockeyed on his face. Known in Russia as the New Impaler because of his direct lineage to the original Vlad III, Prince of Walachia, this murderous version is no ordinary, aging fighter. He is a street champion who, singlehandedly, fought the most savagely violent gangs in the world. Wikipedia could reference Vladimir the New Impaler as a 'most deadly persona' in its definition of 'ruthless.'

Mourning the loss of millions of his Mood Chips, which now lay buried at the bottom of an endless sea, this H8 member is ready to savagely lash out at the slightest provocation.

"Bring me another bottle and be quick!" barks Vladimir at the sultry, young Russian flight attendant.

Long, pitch-black hair flowing over a set of twin guns bursting out of her blouse, the mile-high-club is the most important requirement of Natasha's 'service with a smile.' Trained to heed to Vladimir's every command, she understands that any mistake in her tone, or commitment to service, could prove fatal.

Natasha replies sweetly, “Sir, the Captain has informed me that we are preparing to land. And excuse please me, sir, but the vodka has all been consumed.”

Vladimir’s face instantly burns red, not from the toxic level of alcohol flushing through his veins, but from his insatiable, uncontrollable rage. Before the unsuspecting attendant can even blink, the New Impaler grabs her by the hair, whips out a scythe-like dagger, and slits her throat with one motion.

None of his aides flinch a muscle as Vladimir casually casts the young girl aside, leaving her choking and clutching her neck as she bleeds out into a self-cleaning liquid drain built in the floor of his modified 767. This was not the first that a crimson river of innocent blood has flowed through the cabin.

Vladimir presses his face to the window and is perplexed by the vast, unforgiving landscape he sees below.

“Landing? We are not landing here!” shouts an imperious Vladimir. Drunk, disoriented and in a full-on rage, he vaults from his leather swivel couch towards the Captain’s cabin. Bursting into the flight deck, he lunges straight for the pilot’s throat. “What the hell are you doing?! This is not Volgograd!”

Choking from a sudden lack of oxygen, the terrified Captain stammers, “I-it’s not me sir! The aircraft is operating under remote control and I cannot over-ride it!”

“Remote control? Bullshit! This is not possible!”

The nearly asphyxiated pilot signals desperately for Vladimir to release him.

Vladimir reluctantly loosens his death grip. “Explain, before I throw you out the window and fly this goddamned thing myself!”

The Captain eagerly pushes and pulls the controls but with no effect. “You see, sir? Someone, or something, has taken control of our aircraft!”

The HellaJet continues on a steady descent toward a desolate runway stretching across an endless steppe.

“We just received a revised flight plan. Then I lost control of all our instruments. I’ve never seen anything like this.” He dares not look his boss in the eye for fear of being decapitated where he sits. The Captain silently prays the circumstances will divert the New Impaler’s inner beast, before he blurts out, “Sir, it appears we’ve been hijacked!”

Vladimir reaches to yank the Captain out of his seat, until his ultra-secure H8 phone suddenly rings. The ID indicates it is his fellow H8 comrade, Gilda von Stuppendekker. He quickly answers.

“Vladimir! I’ve been trying to reach you,” Gilda shrieks. “My flight has been diverted! I should have landed in Switzerland hours ago but some remote-control mechanism took over my jet. The same with Juan. He never got close to Brazil!”

“What?!”

“And the old man is not answering his damn phone!” A frantic Gilda continues, “Juan’s flight is right behind me, and I am right behind you!”

Vladimir checks the radar scope to see two blips following his 767. His mind races through a vodka induced haze trying to understand what is happening. “Hijacked by who? Where the hell are we going?” he asks.

Gilda and the Captain answer Vladimir's pressing question at exactly the same time: "Mongolia."

Vladimir is dumbfounded.

The original plan was for each of the members of the H8 Society to return to their agreed region of influence, and then to capitalize on the media fabricated fear of the A-Chu Killer Flu by inoculating millions of people with their remaining Mood Chip nanobots. This, in turn, would put each member of the Society in complete control of the population of their agreed region.

But now, beginning their final approach onto what appears to be more of a dried-up riverbed than a runway equipped to handle the 767s, the three bewildered comrades wonder:

*Why Mongolia?*

*WTF is going on?!*

—

The ocean appears as an endless parched desert of floating salt when you're drifting hopelessly across it after days without any drinking water. Sun-scorched and dehydrated, the commander of the Pirates of the Black Mus'Tache, and his hapless crew, float aimlessly over the vast, endless sea, longing for relief.

Their derelict tug's GPS system ravaged by a vicious typhoon, the Pirates can only navigate at night, using the stars as their guide. Unfortunately for them, it's not night. It's midday. And it's insufferably hot. Out of water and nearly out of food makes life for our now demoralized

Pirates especially ugly. Who could have ever imagined things would turn out like this?

Originally filled with the hope and promise of gathering untold riches on the high seas, the leader and his entire crew pray, hourly, to be delivered back to the comforts of their dilapidated, ranch-style training facility nestled in the plentiful bosom of American suburbia. There they spent their days utilizing the Rube Goldberg-style obstacle course set up in the living room to perfect their particular brand of Three Stooges combat arts. And spent their nights filling their eyes and minds with the delicious enticements of big-boob, American porn.

Now, the truly horrific thing is, they have no internet and the DVD player quit working. Which means: no porn. This is a situation that cannot be tolerated because the distant, fragmented video memories of buxom blonds being ridden like wild ponies is never going to cut it.

The wanna-be Pirate commander senses a growing resentment that could easily ignite into rebellion, because there is nothing more incendiary than feebleminded young Pirates deprived of real or virtual booty.

He recognizes the symptoms as he gazes into their darting, raging eyes: ‘porn starvation,’ a known medical condition that can drive men to do dangerously irrational things. But what can he do to fix it? If only one of their antiquated smart phones could get a signal, he could transform an angry caldron of frustration into a floating palace of incessant monkey spanking.

The commander’s thoughts slowly meander to the lingering stale-grease fragrance of his favorite XXXL Fat Burger dripping with bacon and fried eggs. A simple man

longs for a simple life when the delusions of grandeur are replaced by the pain of abject failure.

At least he no longer has to deal with the obnoxious, delusional runt, Blowfish Maximus, that forced them into this floating nightmare. Thankfully, Blowfish's female whirling-Dervish bodyguards, Amahzunn and her beautiful sister, Perhine, turned on him.

Dressed in flowing, white robes, their faces masked by frightening looking metal-plated battulas, the warrior women had clearly had enough. The women emerged from below deck like two mythical goddesses from an ancient Samarian fable—and unload their AK-47s into the bloated slob.

Everyone on deck watched, aghast, as a stream of bullets rip through the astonished Blowfish, careening him overboard and into the sea.

The Pirate commander was elated and flung himself on the deck to kiss the feet of the two women. But the women wanted none of it. Shooting daggers from their disgust and rage filled eyes, the commander feared for his life.

“We've sworn allegiance to ISIS!” announced Amahzunn as both women stripped off their white robes and battula masks, tossing them overboard. Dressed in black combat fatigues and revealing their faces for the first time, the two sisters were relieved to finally be free of their traditional masks and robes.

Amahzunn has always known she had a greater purpose in life other than as bodyguards for men whose guiding purpose is to brutally, sexually, exploit young women. As a child in war-torn Somalia, she struggled to survive in a

world dominated by very a violent male dominated culture. Where survival meant submitting to the horrific life of a sex slave. As a result, like many young girls trapped in that environment, Amahzunn nearly died during several brutal gang rapes. For her, death would have been a welcome relief, but her younger sister filled her with a sense of purpose and gave her more than just another chance at life, it filled Amahzunn with a deep and powerful sense of destiny. A sense that she had survived for a reason much greater than herself. A manifest destiny.

For Amahzunn to achieve that, she needed to break the bonds that constrained her. Becoming a fearless, Whirling Dervish warrior not only set her free from the violence of men, it would also provide the vision in how, exactly, she could right the scales of humanity.

Escaping with her young sister into the African wilderness, the two teenage girls constantly fought both the hostile weather and the carnivorous wildlife to stay alive. Sharpening their survival and combat skills, Amahzunn and Perhine were eventually taken in by a renegade band of mercenary Whirling Dervishes who farmed out their uniquely murderous performances to the highest paying warlord. It was under their tutelage in the fine art of dance as martial art that the two girls transformed into the relentless weapons of war they are today.

Amahzunn sensed that their association with Blowfish would lead to greater things. Little did she realize that he would provide her with a ship and crew to begin the most important, and challenging, part of her lifelong ambition.

No longer having to wear the male-designed and instituted shackles disguised as clothing, the two women's unquestionable resolve can no longer be denied.

A proud Pehrine unfurls the trademarked black flag of Daesh. "Swear your allegiance, now, or we slaughter all of you like the stinking pigs you are."

Everyone, including the Pirate commander, immediately prostrate themselves in front of the two sisters, who hold out the sinister black flag like a sacred prayer cloth.

And the men swear.

And swear.

And swear and swear and swear—

"That's enough, donkeys!" barks Ahmahzunn. She towers over the cowering men, their heads bowed in abject fear.

"What now, oh mighty queen of our ship?" asks the trembling leader.

Perhine ceremoniously unsheathes a long, curved scimitar blade and raises it over her head, while her older sister lowers to her knees, peering toward the heavens.

Taking a breath to try and absorb the significance of the moment, Perhine struggles to hold back the deep emotions that are about to explode from every pore on her body. She couldn't be prouder of her sister. She couldn't be more elated that she has survived to help accomplish this event.

Having been at her sister's side since the day she was born, survival has not been easy for Perhine.

Suffering from a rare form of muscular dystrophy, Perhine had difficulty breathing, could not hold up her head or even sit up properly, so was not expected to survive the harsh living conditions of her tribal village where



malformed or abnormal babies are usually discarded like so much human waste. She knows full well, and is eternally grateful for the strength of will to persevere and survive that was instilled in her by her older, much stronger sister, Amahzunn.

Tough love guided Amahzunns care for her physically impaired sister. She forced Perhine, to crawl, with tears dripping from her face, then walk, then hike in the mountainous terrain, then run and filled her daily with a strictly vegetarian diet full of plant proteins that eventually transformed the young girl from physical wreck to an athletic, young woman.

Amahzunn's dedication to effectively fix what was referred to as 'the village curse,' is something Perhine will never, ever forget. And now it's time to blanket her older sister with the loyalty, love and support in her mission, which is about to be revealed to the world

Owing her life to Amahzunn, Perhine smiles and wraps her bare knuckle on her forehead; a secret nod to their everlasting bond.

Amahzunn returns the smile and knocks her head too.

Proud for what they have achieved, Perhine slowly lowers her menacing sword to touch her sister's shoulders, stating with absolute authority, "I proclaim you, our Hujjah, Queen of ISIS!"

Acutely aware that mass beheadings could be imminent, the still groveling men shout in unison, "Hail Amahzunn! Hail Hujjah, our Queen!"

The newly empowered Queen is overcome with elation. Her mission launched, she points to the horizon. "Allah commands we plot a course for Latakia!"

The glorious chorus from a herd of blue whales screaming in unison reverberates through the ocean depths like a colossal tsunami of sound. The herd uses this immense sonic wave like a nuclear submarine uses sonar to sweep the dark blue waters ahead for submerged pathways and circling predators, as they carry precious their cargo to a safe, secret location.

The surviving Sprawl Lords—Load, Wrek, and Hard Drive—are warned to cover their ears by burying their heads in mounds of algae and kelp.

Helena warns them. “Wrap yourselves tight,” she declares as they begin their cross-oceanic trek, “it will be a long journey.”

“But this shit is slimy,” complained Wrek.

“Gross, it stinks!” states Load, trying to avoid being touched by it.

Until Hard Drive interjects, “It stinks? Oh, that’s royal coming from you, Load. You wanna live? Deal with it!”

It seems like a century ago that Load, Wrek, and Hard Drive survived the spectacular demise of the HellaColony, a massive, undetectable, underwater complex where the H8 Society, led by Old Man Wadd, was planning a bio-invasion of humanity for their total emotional control.

Hurled by events beyond their comprehension, the Sprawl Lords participated in an epic battle with their nemesis, the Terminal Infections who were under the H8 control and the results, could hardly be called a victory.

The death of the Sprawl Lords leader, Cage, at the hands of the Terminal Infections, was shocking, crushing—but the loss of Kara was beyond comprehension. The world changed that day for the surviving Sprawl Lords, opening a door to a completely unimaginable future for both themselves and for the entire world.

If not for their timely rescue by Helena and her band of Guardians, Load, Wrek and Hard Drive would be, forever, lost at sea.

Suffering from shock and hypothermia, the Sprawl Lords slip into a coma-like state as Helena and her Guardians work diligently to form cocoons around each of them made from algae and kelp. These natural, aquatic sleeping-bags keep the three close friends alive by acting as a food source, and providing them insulation from a relentless, frozen sea. If not for their protective cocoons, they would die within minutes.

Once safe and secured, the Guardians twist up rope-like lengths of seaweed to lash each cocoon to the dorsal fins of the patiently waiting, majestic mammals—giant, smart, whales.

Blurry-eyed but comfortable, wrapped in their insulated, algae blankets, Load, Wrek and Hard Drive watch as the Guardians take special care with a larger, and very important, cocoon that they lash to a massive whale swimming in the center of the armada. As far as the Sprawl Lords can tell, this meticulously wrapped structure is the tomb of their lost friend, Kara.

*Kara...She's the one who should have lived, not me,*  
bemuses a heartbroken Load to herself.

Like the highly trained Navy Seals, these particular whales are an elite brand of specialists in LITA's oceanic domain and possess skills far beyond the other members of their species.

Originally known as nomadic wanderers that broke from their respective herds, this newly formed 'family' of whales are connected to each other in ways that only Helena, LITA's mysterious leader, can fully understand. She alone controls the armada of sea life committed to LITA's purpose.

Unified by a higher purpose, the whales are, like a vast array of sea creatures, bound in service to LITA. Normally the affairs of mankind are of no interest to LITA. But that all changed when the H8's true intentions and purely evil intent became clear to these normally shy, recluse and legendary creatures; mermaids, who had not been seen by anyone in over ten thousand years.

Mermaids are after all, part-human and part-sea creature. When humanity was ultimately threatened it became clear that LITA could no longer remain neutral and uninvolved. But their commitment is endlessly complex and for Helena and her mermaid collective, stressful—an emotional state they have not endured in thousands of years.

Even so, Wrek and Load find the whales constant high-pitched, shrieking chorus to be extremely annoying.

A half-joking Wrek cringes as he covers his ears, "Return of the 'inner scream!'"

Load doesn't like his joke. She shakes her head. "Never, ever again."

Hard Drive's head is somewhere else: he is aware that whales use sophisticated sounds to communicate, so, to him, their choral symphony is quite comforting.

*Are they talking? Singing to a mate? Warning other whales to dangers?*

*Or merely amusing themselves?*

Hard Drive spends the long hours of their cross oceanic transit listening intently to the intricate nuances of pitch, tenor, and the rhythm of each whale's blast of sound.

Endlessly curious, and always intent on solving big problems, he is laser focused. Quickly decoding all the various sounds and noises they emit, he begins to understand that they communicate via a hierarchical structure in which phrases are embedded in grand, recurring themes. He realizes they are sharing stories with each other of strange encounters with humans, and even stranger deep-sea experiences.

*But with what?*

Hard Drive can't quite figure out.

To him the purpose of this journey is clear: these whales are in service to LITA. They will protect to-the-death Helena and her Guardians, as well as, their three live passengers and the frozen, lifeless body of Kara.

Load cannot shake a real morbid feeling that they are part of a weird funeral procession escorting the still frozen body of her best friend to what must be her final resting place.

Still submerged below one of the whales, wrapped in a transparent, protective icy sheath of clams and mussels,

Kara's appearance is like that of a transcendent sleeping angel in the midst of a very bad dream. Her eyes are wide open, and her mouth contorted—a clear reminder that her last breath was taken away in terrible horror and angst. If she did indeed crossover to another life, it was surely not peaceful.

But Helena sees Kara's cocoon through a different lens: one of hope and belief from the knowledge of ages, that it will not be her last resting place, but, rather, a virtual tomb, a life-giving miracle. She silently prays that Kara's new womb will provide transit to a new life.

Our three surviving Sprawl Lords—Load, Hard Drive and Wrek—are entering a new chapter as friends, survivors of the H8 Society assault—and now, homeless, falsely accused of terrorism, forgotten teens being whisked north-by-northeast for thousands of nautical miles.

The question is: *to where?*

## CHAPTER 2

### *Altered Hates*

In DR Congo, roughly the size of all western Europe, there are scant international troops to blunt the political and tribal massacres which are an almost daily occurrence. Into this human-rights' abyss, a young female doctor trained in body reconstruction journeyed into a most violent, remote corner of the world.

Often times, people fall into one of two broad categories: either running towards or running away from life.

For Takara, the “treasured pearl” of her traditional Korean family, it was an odd combination of both that landed her in Africa.

Her brother, 10 years her elder, was proclaimed dead by her father nearly twenty years ago for establishing forbidden relations with a certain North Korean regime. Nevertheless, the two siblings remained in contact as Takara required funds and governmental permissions to build what she initially believed was the front-line outpost to save and rebuild the lives of those unfortunate to be caught in tribal and politically motivated massacres.

The business of reconstituting a human being whose limbs or ears or face has been chopped off by a machete is not what most young aspiring doctors volunteer for. But Takara was no ordinary young doctor.

Raised in a family where the transgressions of the Japanese to the Koreans was taught as a lesson in moral offence, Takara was deeply moved by the discovery of a trophy nose collection secretly harbored by her grandfather. During the late 1500's an invading Japanese armada cut more than 20,000 noses and ears from Koreans and brought them back to Japan to create nose tombs as war trophies.

Disgusted by her family's secret trophies, she vowed to make things right by dedicating her life to current dismemberment victims and there was no place on earth where there is more human carnage than DR Congo.

Takara Sakatome's lab is partially below ground to help insulate the horrific screams that most times result from her experiments in the "anthropoidal progression." What began as a human-rights project devolved into a dark scientific research that was hijacked by its principal financial backer, only known by his last name: "Sakatome."

Rihanna quietly enters the outdoor tent that serves as Dr. Takara's living quarters. She is made a various other people's parts. Her eyes, one human, one eagle, avoid the doctor's gaze as she speaks softly, "The runner has been caught and recycled, ma'am. The stolen item recovered."

Takara Sakatome sighs, "What did she plan to do? No one would believe her story."

"People would say it's voodoo," responds Rihanna trying to console her.

The doctor is not pleased, "There is too much at stake here, we cannot risk anything else getting out. The day will



come when the entire world will know of my Ani-humans, but only when the time is right.”

“Of course. Should I prepare any new subjects?”

“Yes, we must complete the next stage before, Mr. Huegotme, arrives. He’s promised us a secure, 10K data uplink so we can track and monitor our parts no matter where they end up.”

Rihanna’s eyes wink in an uneven cadence at the thought of what her master is about to unleash. “Someday people will know that the future of the human race was re-engineered right here in the middle of the jungle.”

“Tell that to my brother.” asks Takara. “Not even he understands the magnitude of our task.”

“Fresh subjects shall be ready for your session after lunch,” replies Rihanna.

Mr. Huegotme is a plump man with a pleasant, round-faced. He approaches his boss with trepidation. “Thank you, sir, for receiving me as your humble servant.

“I trust you slept well after the long journey to my safe harbor?” asks Sakatome with a sly grin.

“Oh, yes. Especially relaxed after a bath with your mysteriously masked women.”

“They hide their faces in order to keep the focus of pleasure on their client and for some, the secrets of their sexual identity.”

“You mean to tell me they are not female? Or possibly both? A giggle slips out from Mr. Huegotme’s mouth.

“The mysteries of life are best kept as mysterious, wouldn’t you agree, sir?” The two men share a sumptuous

platter of exotic raw fish and rare cold Sake while Sakatome delivers his instructions.

“Are you clear on the objectives? We can ill afford any delays as the Old Man reconstitutes his resources. I want to crush him so my sisters’ work must be scaled for maximum output. If she is reluctant to complete her end of the bargain, what shall my authority be?” Sakatome whispers to a geisha in the shadows of the room.

Silently she retrieves a ruby encrusted box as her master has requested. Bowing her head, she places it in front of Sakatome.

Mr. Huegotme is immediately enchanted by the magnificent jewels which even in the low light radiates red beams across the table, lighting the eyes of the two men. “A remarkable treasure box, filled with enough precious stones to induce her cooperation?”

“You must never open the box unless she does not pledge her total allegiance to my plan. Then, and only then, you are to place the box in front of her, without any witnesses present and tell her that I have a special message for her inside—for her eyes only.”

They arrived early in the morning mist. Birds chirping, mothers yawning and slowly walking about the small remote village tending to their children, gathering food for their young: starchy porridge of plantain, yam, maize and other grains. It isn’t much, but it keeps them alive.

What’s left of the village men have gone to hunt for wild game. Meat is scarce here. They left two days ago, and they are expected to be gone for at least a week.

Birds scatter, alarmed by an approaching sound of twenty militia, armed with machetes. Their average age, a mere seventeen years.

*Men or boys, does it matter?*

Their leader screams with a wild look in his eyes, “No one gets out alive! Capture the boys! Butcher everyone else!”

*Mothers scream!*

Children are frozen with fear.

Everyone knows what’s coming and there is absolutely no chance to defend themselves—but they try.

A large club. A stick.

Grandmothers, men too old to hunt, armed with knives. Mothers protecting their young are fearless. Instinct takes over as there is no time to process the attack.

The militia men, their machetes held high to brutally swing and cut breaks into the circle. Arms, legs, faces, heads all mutilated in a bloody massacre.

In minutes, three quarters of the village, old and young, are either dead or slashed into pieces.

Then, without warning, *they* arrive.

The subject of endless myth and rumor, *they* are more terrifying than any militia. More menacing than any jungle predator. And *they* have never been seen, except by those that are immediately exterminated.

A flurry of creatures with bird and human eyes, monkey ears, lion and tiger paws, sown together hands and arms of various races wield machetes with blinding power and speed. The militia men are dumbstruck by the shocking Anihuman mob that ferociously descends upon them.

“It’s the Dismembered!” one of them shouts before being beheaded where he stands.

His comrades try to run, but the patchwork beings strike with such ferocity that the militia has no chance to defend themselves. The tables have turned, it is now the attackers that are attacked. In seconds, the militia are massacred by a buzz-saw of obliteration.

For the Dismembered, retribution against those who terrorize the villages is always a sweet smell, but there is no time for gloating. They quickly turn from murderous mob to rescue team. They quickly gather the surviving women and children and, then begin the task of scoping up and preserving the scattered remains of the slaughtered. Every part has value: hands, fingers, eyes, ears, feet.

They gather the still breathing torsos and the scattered body parts, and rapidly paint a thick, milky paste over each wound. A mix of disinfectant and a blood clotting agent, this proprietary ointment is the foundation of Dr. T’s mysterious work. The Dismembered do not waste a second applying the paste. Time is of the essence if the villagers are to be saved.

With all the salvageable parts and bodies packed, the patchwork mob moves with speed and precision out of the village and disappears into the dense forest. All that remains are the slaughtered militia men whose only purpose, now, is to host a grand, bone-picking feast for the vultures.

The stench of death floats slowly into the air and the birds of prey appear flying high above, screeching with joy. When the village men from the hunt return, their shock, sadness and dismay will help fuel the mystery that has villages across the nation buzzing. Absent of any

information on the fate of their loved ones, they will help purpurate the myth—and this myth is utterly terrifying.

“We have incoming from a village in the north,” warns Rihanna. “Eight adults and twelve children, plus assorted pieces. Shall I harvest the animal parts for your selection?”

“Yes,” replies Dr. Takara. “How old are the children?”

“Three to nine years. Many are weak from blood loss. Their mothers are in shock and sedated.”

“Let us see how many we can salvage. Who led this rescue?”

“It was Goma-Foutu, ma’am. The one with red owl eyes.”

“Oh yes. A fierce soul. Reward him with a double portion of raw cattle meat.”

“He will be very grateful.”

“Now, please, bring me my operating gown and summon the second surgical team. We have work to do.”

No one can possibly track the Dismembered. The only clue left behind is large animal footprints that are common in this part of Africa.

The patchwork rescue party moves quickly through the jungle, careful to avoid other villages or roads as they make their way back to the “Net.” Upon approach, they are met by the Watchers, who stand guard looking for any sign of anyone or anything coming within ten miles of their secret base.

The Watchers, a combination of apes and birds, chirp and click messages which communicate to the guardians of the deeper rings of the Net and the inner sanctuary. These

protectors are a combination of human and tiger equipped with high powered, Russian Orisis T-5000 sniper rifles—a gift from Dr. Takara’s brother and his special friend in North Korea. If an intruder’s head is not bitten off, it will be blown off.

The final checkpoint is at the large natural opening of an old giant tree. As the rescue crew steps into the opening, an air cushion gently scoops them into the air and lowers them down to a heavily guarded underground tunnel. There, the handoff of the living mothers and children to the hospitality team, and the salvageable human pieces, are given to the Preparers: a select group of triage nurses trained to know exactly what procedures must be applied to the living and to the valuable pieces. Every single piece of human tissue, alive or dead, is treasured in this community.

There are five inner rings inside the Net. The outer is for defense, it is guarded by the Ani-human gorillas. The second ring is a mixture of guest quarters, receiving and processing buildings for food and other essentials and has the most peculiar dome of fiberglass insulation.

In actuality, it prevents anyone in the second ring from hearing the sounds of the third ring which is a mixture of thousands of tree houses and ground huts housing the Ani-human army. Very strange sounds emanate from this third ring that might disturb the others, which explains the sound barrier.

The fourth ring houses the med-labs. In the beginning, this was a very humble area with one lab. Today, there are forty-five med-labs known within the Net this as the “life recon” zone. This is where Dr. Takara and her growing ensemble of young skilled trained doctors and nurses, life

givers, continue their daily production as the carcasses of young people continue to pour in.

The fifth ring is off limits to all except the inner circle of Dr. Takara Sakatome. It includes the most secret satellite communications stations, the data records and video of thousands of experiments in Ani-human development.

A never-ending supply of massacred humans and body parts arrive in the Net each day. With more than a dozen Dismembered rescue teams deployed, the sheer volume requires Dr. Takara to scale her operation, she alone can no longer select the pieces to be repurposed or supervise all the surgery.

What once began as a rescue operation to save as many villagers as possible has evolved into a mass production center of Ani-humans: part animal, part human, part one race, part another, part one sex, part another. A breed that is every race. A breed that is every sex. The first truly mixed-breed creature that the world has ever seen.

“Thank god for my brother’s generosity,” muses Dr. T as she reviews the spread sheet costs for housing, feeding and caring for the Dismembered.

*What a wonderful man he is.*

Showering her with money, modern medical supplies, housing materials and advanced communication tools. How could she know that his, so far, endless outlay of money and resources are all part of a grand plan—an insidious plan that will never be shared.

Unfortunately, unresolved social issues are compounding problems in the Net as the sheer numbers,

now in the thousands, require a higher focus and commitment to keep the new tribe aligned. For that, Sakatome has a special plan which he has indicated will be conveyed to her in the next visit by his emissary.

“Perhaps,” she wonders, “When Mr. Huegotme arrives in a month.” She ponders these unknowns in a small corner of her mind as she scrubs her hands for twelve grueling hours of reconstructive Ani-human surgery.

Stitching together body parts from humans and animals is very tricky. New chemical compounds are the subject of years of clinical trials.

Optimizing tissues from animal to human also tricky. But like a modern Frankenstein intent on a blurry mix of morals and science, thousands of experiments over the years have produced remarkable breakthroughs. And to scale her vision Dr. T, has trained massacred doctors that are reimagined as Ani-human doctors from across the DR Congo.

Her team is now comprised of 40 surgeons and nurses, all hacked and sown back together to be re-engineered by Dr. Takara. The sheer volume of surgeries, round the clock for six days a week, means that unprecedented, and many times unethical, experiments are encouraged. Bizarre, unexpected outcomes occur, and failure is often seen as a necessary dividend of Ani-human progress.

Progressive and experimental mixing of DNA, bone grafts, blood types and pieces results in new forms of personal identification because no two Ani-humans are alike. It also means that nature, the natural progression of humans and animals, is being altered, forever.



Humans with owl eyes can see clearly in the dark. Those with gazelle legs can outrun most, and those with tiger's or lion's mouths, claws and feet can strip flesh off the bone in seconds.

Here in the Net, strange is not enough of a word to describe some of the experiments, where the outcomes are becoming more and more unpredictable. Because the mutilations often include sexual body parts, the experiments of Dr. Takara make gender fluid outcomes seem tame. Teen boys whose penises were hacked off now boast gorilla dicks. Women whose tongues were cut out now have replacements from cheetahs. The sounds they make are rooted in human language but with a big cat twist.

Clapping and clicking can be universally understood and the Dismembered are inventing a modern Morse code of sorts to fill communication gap. While these experiments would be condemned by the rest of humanity, the darkest weirdest shit that occurs is in the reproductive arena, where the mating of Ani-humans is giving rise to a second generation of Dismembered.

Chaos theory mixed with explosive implications.

Exhausted from her twelve-hour reconstructive session, Dr. Takara collapses into a deep sleep. An hour is all it takes for her to violently scream while still sleeping, if you want to call that rest.

Over and over again, the same dream turns into nightmare always leaving her sexually aroused and uncontrollably frightened. She is transported in this dream to when she is sixteen years old, when the hormones of most teens run wild.

Bathing in an extraordinary large bathtub with gentle warm water cascading from a heated pond, she is exploring her body as most teens do, with a rub here, a penetrating finger there, sensing feelings that are new and exciting. Safe in the confines of her ancestral home outside Tokyo, the door closed to her private bathroom, the exploration continues until she begins to softly moan with delight. And then it happens, without warning.

A strong hand covers her mouth, and another wraps her waist while the second body, naked presses up to her from behind. And then a thrust, a second thrust followed by dozens of thrusts deep inside her until they stop and a whisper in her left ear says, a gift for you has been placed inside.

“Close your eyes tight if you wish to live.”

The voice is familiar but drowned out by the water flowing hard from the shower. What drips between her legs is washed away. She turns her head after a minute fearing for her life only to see a shadow of a man dart out of her bedroom, with one distinct birthmark on his shoulder.

She screams in fear from being violated. Her mother rushes in only to see her daughter in the tub with a faint hint of red in the water.

“Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh.”

The scream is loud, uncontrollable, random and it reverberates throughout the Net. For the Dismembered, it is just another night scream, among dozens; perhaps from pain and post operating rejection or possibly a young girl who sees herself in a reflection with the nose of a pig.

But for the Nets only big house, a biomorphically engineered combination of nerve center and inner sanctum

for Dr. Takara; the scream presents itself as it has dozens of times before.

Eyes wide open and frozen with uncontrollable fear, sweat permeating through her night clothes, she is shaken awake by her assistant.

“Ma’am, you must wake up now. The night terrors are gone, you are safe with me. Can you hear me? Please now, open your eyes, there is nothing to fear!”

Slowly, the sweat pouring down her face, Dr. Takara wakes in the arms of her servant and looks about. “Yes, ok, yes thank you. Did I scream again?”

Embarrassed, guilt ridden, but sexually aroused, she lets her servant finish her with pleasure. Not merely any servant; a man with an elephant size penis can go to extraordinary lengths no human female has experienced. After they finish each other, they both fall into a deep sleep.

“Goma Foutu, what do you see?” asks a middle-aged member of the tribe.

The jungle is very dark at night, even with a full moon. Campfires are forbidden as they could disclose the Net. A glimpse here and there throws a pale grey glow of light, and then total darkness again.

Gathered around in a tent, open to the air, are fifty men, women and children, each a patchwork of human and animal parts.

They listen to Goma Foutu as he paints a picture of his vision with his owl-eyes, glowing in red and blue as they catch the passing moon rays.

“I see a new world full of Ani-humans like us. We are majestic beings and live in harmony with the blessings of the Earths bounty.”

Laughter fills the night air.

“What bullshit you see Goma Foutu,” says his mate, a female re-engineered with tiger feet and a bulging eye from a giraffe.

He continues. “I see a global nation of Ani-humans, we live without fear, without pain and without any threats because we are the new masters of this Earth and have expelled the evils of humanity”

“That’s just your Owl eyes playing tricks on you!” she remarks.

The others gather around for emotional relief, even if it is comedy. Their desire to believe in his tales, which told with great detail gives them a sense of hope among the expanding nightmare of their new existence.

And as the tales are repeated, with clicks and claps, human words mixed with Ani-human sounds, the tales of inspiration spread throughout the Dismembered camp as no one really knows exactly where they come from—except the rag tag fifty who sleep with proximity to Goma Foutu.

He continues tonight with great expectations. “I see a rising. It will happen when we are asked to do something terrible for the Dr. She will not be in control of her senses. We will be unleashed upon humanity. Blood will fly my brothers and sisters, but it will not be ours.”

“Apparently the blood has drained from your tiny little brain,” remarks his mate. “Surely you fill us with false prophecy.”

The children laugh with fantasies of a better life. The men are attentive but cautious. The women sharpen their wits, half believing, half praying that someone or something will lead them to a brighter future.

Goma Foutu rises now and looks up as the skies unleash a warm summer rain washing the pain from his face. “My eyes see more than daylight in the darkness; they see into the future, and the Dismembered day of reckoning is close.”

—

Still charred and pockmarked by the effects of Load’s atomic blast, surviving HellaJet #2 stirs up an enormous swirl of debris as it touches down on the barren runway. The surrounding landscape is an endless expanse of dirt and burned out brush, stretching to an endless horizon.

Huddled together under the only shade tree for miles, an anxious Vladimir and Gilda shield their eyes from the sand and grit as they watch Juan’s 767 roll to a stop next to their HellaJets #3 and #4.

“This cannot be happening!” shouts Gilda. As the stoic, Swiss member of H8, Gilda von Stuppendekker has very little patience for anything going wrong. She insists on precise timing and execution in everything she has any association with. Which makes Gilda clearly unnerved by the fact that Old Man Wadd’s brilliant plan for world domination was so easily derailed by the atomic shockwave of Load’s stink. And now that she is stuck in some god-forsaken desert in the middle of nowhere, Gilda is livid. “Who the hell hijacked our HellaJets?!” she shrieks.

Vladimir points to the dust-trail created by a heavily armored convoy of black Mercedes trucks quickly approaching from a nearby, road-less hill. The lead vehicle is equipped with a microwave antenna.

“Who is that?” wonders Juan de Capitor as he joins the others. Known as ‘the Coca Butcher’ in his home territory, Juan is also very upset by the loss of his millions of Mood Chips. His plans for the MoodBot manipulation of his South American compadres filled his murderously creative mind with visions of catastrophic mayhem on a global scale. But how will he accomplish his grand plan now from the deserts of Mongolia?

The three members of H8 watch what appears to be a massive sandstorm build behind the hill and quickly roll over the crest toward them.

“Oh, shit,” exclaims Gilda as she huddles closer to Vladimir, until she notices that a rambling armada of makeshift military vehicles and Red Cross trucks is creating the storm.

Then they recognize the outline of an elderly gentleman wearing goggles inside the lead black Mercedes.

Gilda shouts into Vladimir’s ear, “I smell the scent of the old man.”

A jubilant Juan waves. “I knew it was him! We are here for a reason!”

The lead vehicle pulls to a stop as the armada of modified military trucks surround the three HellaJets.

“This better be good,” exclaims an impatient Gilda.

“The old man has a lot of explaining to do,” adds a nodding Vladimir.

The door opens and out steps a thin, elderly military officer in desert camo. He removes his goggles as dozens of armed soldiers pile out, loaded Kalishnikovs at their sides.

No one smiling.

Vladimir, Gilda and Juan all look at each other, astonished.

“Who the fuck are you?” demands Vladimir.

“I am General Temuujin, commander of her Divine Excellency’s Bhusta Khan militia,” the man responds with a deadpan face. “Welcome to Mongolia!”

“*Ty govorish' po-russki?*” Vladimir responds.

“Of course, my brother.” He casually signals and the soldiers quickly train their weapons on the stunned Society members. “*Teper' ya voz'mu svoi fishki nastroyeniya.*”

“What did he say?” asks a panicked Gilda.

“They are taking our Mood Chips.”

“No! They can’t!” protest both Juan and Gilda.

Then their secured H8 phones ring, simultaneously. They immediately pick up.

“I see you’ve met our new, very capable security director, General Temuujin,” announces the old man over the phone. “Please surrender your Mood Chips to him, without delay. I will explain everything when I see you.” He disconnects.

“Wait!” they all shout into their phones.

“Goddamn it!” roars a livid Vladimir, stomping his feet. “He can’t getaway with this!”

The still deadpan general calmly responds, “He is the Keeper, yes? And you are now guests of her Excellency, Ilikaa Benduover Khan.”

Vladimir, Gilda and Juan wait impatiently inside a large, canvas field tent, while its side panels flap in the endless desert wind. Hundreds of candles light the area where the three sit on worn Persian carpets. In front of them is an old footlocker where a young soldier serves black tea in finely made, rose patterned, porcelain cups.

Juan is much more forgiving than the other two members of the Society. He has always been eternally grateful to the old man for being invited into the Society and has defended and protected him ever since. “I know the old man must have a grand new plan.”

“Quite right, you are Juan” as Old Man Wadd enters the tent on the arm of a beautiful, exquisite teen girl. Her long hair is intricately weaved through an ornamental headdress and her red, silk business suit shimmers with images of mythological wolves that are sown to her jacket with threads of real gold. The old man motions to the stunning teen. “May I introduce our gracious host, her Excellency, Ilikaa Beduinoover Khan.”

“Bastard!” shouts an enraged Vladimir as he leaps to collar the old man. “You’ve betrayed us!”

But Juan is quick to react. He blocks Vladimir’s advance and the two rivals in mayhem lock horns, eager for a match to prove who is dominant.

“Let him speak,” demands Juan.

The struggling Vladimir relents. “Fine! Why did you hijack our aircraft to this forgotten corner of the world instead of letting us deploy our Mood Chips as we agreed?”

“My Keeper, your behavior is alarming. We deserve an immediate response,” adds Gilda.



The old man casually smiles, “How would you all like to take a giant piss on Mr. Putin?”

“What’s that supposed to mean?” asks a perplexed Gilda.

Old Man Wadd places a small, device on a nearby table. He waves his hand and a 3D, virtual reality map of Mongolia and Russia appear above it, floating in mid air.

“I do apologize for altering your destinations, but due to the unfortunate demise of the HellaColony, and the unexpected loss of tens of millions of Mood Chips, I had no choice but to move to plan B.”

Vladimir is confused. “I didn’t know there was a—”

“My dear Russian comrade, there is always a plan B. As well as a plan C and D and E and so on. In this case, plan B called for a concentrated, highly focused use of every available chip,” the old man states, motioning to his companion. “With the help of our gracious Mongolian princess.”

Ilikaa smiles. “Comrades, it is our honor to provide whatever services the H8 Society requires.” Young, beautiful and striking with strong Mongol features, Illika has no fear of murderous criminals and double-dealing swindlers. But she knows this is an extraordinary group of heinous individuals not to be underestimated. Cautious and demur, she exudes extreme confidence in her new role as consort to the Keeper.

Gilda shoots Ilikaa a dagger-like stare as the old man continues, “Her Excellency Khan leads the largest and most powerful tribe in this remote corner of the world, which to our good fortune, no-one is watching. With her help, we will inoculate the entire population, here, with our Mood Chips.”

Three million red dots light up on the 3D map turning the entire country blood red. “And with a flick of the dial, and a little help from the local terrestrial radio stations she owns that will broadcast the start codes, we will awaken the great, marauding Mongolian horde that conquered more than half the known world over eight centuries ago—and set them loose on mother Russia.” They watch the sea of red dots on the map storm north into Siberia.

Finally comprehending the old man’s ingenious plot, Vladimir grins wryly. “A very clever diversion that will cause massive chaos in Moscow.”

“A keen opportunity for you,” offers Old Man Wadd.

“And the H8,” responds the New Impaler.

“Exactly. Then we inoculate the entire population in Siberia...” The red dots quickly march east as the map reveals North America. “...and send our Moodbots screaming across the Bering Strait, right into Sarah Palin’s Alaska.”

Vladimir grins again. “Which will terrorize every man, woman and child in the US.”

“Creating an opportunity for de Capitor in the global capital of wealth and greed,” adds a glowing Juan. “Russia falls. The US falls. I’m happy to donate my Mood Chips for such an audacious plan.”

“Brilliant,” exclaims a wide-eyed Gilda. “Concentrating all our Mood Chips in a most effective manner. But where is my opportunity?”

The old man smiles. “The one superpower that is left...”

The three members respond in unison, “China.” And the red dots charge south as the map reveals all of China.

“Sending our millions of Moodbots over the Great Wall into Beijing will be child’s play.”

Gilda gets a bit giddy. “Who would have dreamed that Mongolia would be a perfect pivot point to Russia, to the US, and to China.”

“Yes, who could have dreamed?” whispers the scheming old man to himself.

“This will make my clan, the direct descendants of the almighty Genghis Khan, very, very proud,” states the mysterious young woman. “Now, please excuse me as there are many preparations I must coordinate and address.” She nods to each of them with a glint in her rose-colored eyes, and gracefully exits.

With the old man’s new paramour now gone, Vladimir needs more answers. “Who the hell is this Mongolian tramp?”

Which prompts Gilda to add, “You can’t just invite her into the H8 Society without our approval!”

The Old Man glares at the three H8 members, “Ms. Khan is, currently, our most valuable asset and ally, and you always treat her with the utmost respect.”

They both understand the value that Ms. Khan and her legion of followers bring to the Society’s ultimate goal, but Vladimir and Gilda remain very suspicious. A shared glance confirms their alliance.

--

The carnage from Syria’s brutal civil war is not readily evident in the quaint seaport and beach resort town of Latakia. Even when media coverage paints a picture of a

country totally destroyed by conflict, there are always areas that remain relatively unscathed by the scars of war. The effects of the brief fighting that occurred in this region between government and rebel forces has been mostly erased.

The Pirate's dilapidated tugboat belches out its last breath as it enters the harbor and is quite a contrast to the white, sandy beaches cluttered with scantily clad, female sun worshippers—the sight of which sends the crew out of their minds with unbridled lust. Hanging over the metal railings of the boat, eyes popping out of their heads and drooling like rabid wolves, the crew can contain themselves no longer.

“Allah be praised! He has finally answered our prayers!” declares one of the desperate Pirates as he begins to grow a sizeable chubby.

“This is our just reward!” proclaims another, while tugging on his too erect pud. “We must seize them, now!”

Several sex-starved crew members can no longer contain themselves and leap into the water, swimming for shore like half-crazed Medieval Berserks.

But the Queen will have none of this nonsense. Watching from the wheelhouse, she nods at Perhine who cocks her AK-47 and sprays the swimming men with bullets. *BRATATAT!*

Watching in horror, the astonished crew quickly suck up their drool as their crimson covered comrades sink into the unforgiving sea.

“Return to your posts!” shouts Perhine, while training her weapon on the men.

Unconcerned by the events around him, the now ex-commander of the Pirates sits near the stern of the boat daydreaming about the wonderful life he will have in the Islamic caliphate of ISIS.

Until he is interrupted by a now distraught Pirate who nearly jumps overboard. “We will get women, right? When we join ISIS?”

“Women?” responds the ex-commander stumbling out of his dream. “Of course. Each of us will have at least six wives. And slave women from our conquests that we can purchase in the market just like racks of lamb. Allah has commanded you have sex with all of them, the younger the better.”

The man smiles like a kid dreaming of sugar-coated candy-canes at Christmas.

The ex-commander continues, “Remember, you must pray before each act of sex.”

“So, as long as I pray, I can have as much sex as I want?”

“But you must never shirk your sworn duty to fight the infidels and eradicate non-believers from our lands.”

“Yes, of course,” responds the man. He begins to salivate as visions of an eager-to-please young slave fill his otherwise empty mind.

“My brother, you may have as many as you can afford,” states the ex-commander with a wink and a wicked nod to the sky.

This is more sex with more slaves than the man can possibly comprehend. He begins to dance, swirling and spinning around the deck until head is so deliriously dizzy that he loses his balance and tips overboard. And ends up

being an after-dinner snack for the insatiable sharks that now surround the vessel anticipating more fresh meat.

The ex-commander sighs. “More choices for me—when we reach heaven on earth.”

The ex-commander of the Pirates awakes from a daytime slumber to realize that they have bi-passed the lovely beach town crowded with scantily clad women. Instead, their rickety tug is headed toward an empty stretch of barren coastline. “What?” He jumps up and marches to the wheelhouse.

Planning to confront the Queen, he immediately dismisses the idea when he sees the two Dervishes sharpening their scimitar swords—it would be a fool’s folly to challenge the powerful and dangerous women.

“P-please excuse—” he stammers, scrambling to hatch a plan.

“Speak, dog.” demands Perhine.

“Are we not off course? I thought we would make shore at—”

“Latakia?” scoffs the Queen, cutting him off. “Latakia is controlled by Assad, the infidel.”

“Assad’s soldiers are degenerate criminals that delight in torture,” adds Perhine. “You know what they do to pirates?” She continues without hesitation, “They cut their balls off and feed them to the pigs.”

A shiver running through his genitals, the ex-commander scrambles to respond, “Blessed be your wisdom. Of course, to reach ISIS, we need to be much cleverer.”

The Queen passes her hand over his head as if to soothe a bitch in heat. “Leave us now. Prepare the crew to march as soon as we land.”

But the ex-commander notices she is about to run the tug aground. “Look out!” He tries to grab the wheel.

Perhine swiftly knocks him to the deck. “My Queen dismissed you, donkey. Now, be gone before she changes her mind!”

The ex-commander crawls out of the wheelhouse as the tug runs up on the shoreline and belches like it’s the vessel’s last, sad cough. Then he watches an army of military trucks speed over a nearby hill and come to a screeching halt on the desolate beach in front of them. “Oh shit, it’s the Syrian army!” he gasps.

The ex-commander scrambles to the stern, grabs a rope and plunges over the side of the tug thinking he can swim to safety. Until he remembers that he doesn’t know how to swim! Dangling in the air, not knowing whether he should risk drowning or submit to horrific torture, he suddenly hears a bull horn: “Welcome sisters!”

The confused ex-commander pulls himself up the rope to peak over the deck—and is astonished by what he sees: an entire battalion of armed, female whirling Dervishes, plus many hundreds more armed women wearing black and hoisting the ominous flag of Daesh.

The glowing Queen raises her sword with Perhine, and in a commanding voice befitting her stature announces, “Thank you, sisters of ISIS! I am the Hujjah and proclaim that our journey of three thousand years will soon reach its final destination! Follow me, and I promise to shower all of

you with tears of everlasting freedom from the evils of men!”

The army of women raise their weapons in unison to honor their Queen, chanting, “Amahzunn! Amahzunn! Amahzunn!”

The proud, stately Queen takes a moment to embrace this moment of hope and destiny married together for the first time in history. *What will be?* She wonders.

The Queen can now actually feel her vision for the future of women—a vision that no man on earth can imagine. A vision that will make every man on earth shutter.

Her eyes now keenly focused on the grand path that lies ahead, she motions for silence. “My sisters, we are at a historic crossing. Allah, in his infinite wisdom, has chosen me to lead you to Islam’s new Caliphate!” She leaps off the tug as the army of women and young girls line up to kiss her hand.

All the men onboard the tug look at each other, unaware of what is about to unfold.

“Girls,” slobbers one of them, rubbing his chest. “Hundreds of them.”

“Just for us to do whatever we want to,” adds another with a twisted smirk.

“Allah be praised,” they reply, together.

But the Queen is clearly not pleased by their expressions of glee. This is the kind of disgusting pig behavior that she and her sisters have suffered from the beginning of time. Her focused vision turned to rage, she grabs one of the men by the throat and loudly announces, “Your days of objectifying women are over!” Amahzunn waves her hand to the sky as if to announce her newfound



powers to the universe. “A new, luminous sun is rising over this great land! A wonderous and mighty sun that grows brighter every day—fueled by the freedom of all women, everywhere!” She turns her penetrating gaze on the men. “But the brilliant light of our new son will never shine on any of you!”

Her ominous words strike deep in each of the men’s hearts, they look at each other and shiver.

After several days and nights, the LITA armada finally approaches an imposing frozen mountain of ice that rises several stories above the sea, while jutting equally deep into an endless dark ocean below. The surviving friends watch in astonishment from the security of their cocoons as the whales, in unison, emit a sonic tidal wave that rushes forward until it explodes into an enormous ice cliff, causing it to sheer off the side of a mountain. Shattering like a giant glass window, the explosion shoots razor sharp shards of ice in all directions. Some of these ice sheaths fall like swords from heaven and land in the waters around the whales. A few even strike the whales but bounce off their extra thick, nearly impervious skin. What is revealed has Load, Wrek and Hard Drive staring in disbelief: a secret arch opens in the side of the mountain of ice; it beckons their entry.

The whales line up, in formation, females in the lead, while the males form a rear-guard wary of anyone or anything that may have followed their LITA posse. Their first priority is to make sure that nothing is allowed to enter their stealthy enclave.

Hard Drive's mind is processing mounds of data. Endlessly curious, his intellect is full of questions: *where are we? Why are we here?*

So many questions, but no clear answers, as they are carried into the last mile of their escape into the belly of a mysterious ice mountain.

As they enter the secret cavern, their flotilla is joined by dozens of dolphins. Jabbering, one might think they are laughing, like dolphins often do. But to the trained ear, or even the more intellectually curious, like Hard Drive, the dolphins are not laughing; this is no laughing matter at all; they are knowledge keepers and now are using that knowledge to inform the procession forward, deep into the open cavern, by a lazar-like glow coming from Helena's large green eyes. But exactly what are they communicating? What do they know?

The journey has changed Helena.

Hard Drive noticed it first. Her gills and eyes are transforming rapidly, evolving into something he cannot describe. And her body is covered in an iridescent array of blue-green scales and decidedly more aquiline.

The other thing that markedly changed was her speech. She rarely speaks but now, when she does, her words roll out like a charmed melody: like a lizard's hiss mixed with a cascade of river water running over and through it.

When she says, "Weee...arre...nearrly therrre," it almost puts everyone into a trance.

Then the dolphins suddenly come to a dead stop, knowing that what guards these internal ice islands are a mortal threat to their species. Only the whales continue to approach without fear.

Silent now, the lead whales slowly glide like Olympic skaters after a race, through the large arch of ice and rock with the Guardians and remnants of the Sprawl Lords on their backs; the tightly wrapped frozen body of Kara submerged below.

As they proceed deeper into the icy enclave, the green eyes of Helena glow as if they are the high beams on a new Tesla, illuminating the deep crevasses of the rocky passage. LITA's unquestionable leader leaps up, her long thin scaled arms and webbed hands rising towards the sky. Motioning to the others, she beckons them to follow her through a fjord of very tiny islands that are nestled deep into the mountain.

Helena smiles to everyone in her armada, a giant, beaming radiant smile that itself seems to add dimension to the glowing green light emitting from her eyes. Head pointed up, she bellows a beautiful, melodic, ancient phrase, over and over again. To the three human ears, thirsty for something to relate to in this mystifying blue enclave, it sounds precisely like:

“Welcome tooo...our Norrrthern Fortress...of Lovvve.”

Overwhelmed by the tranquil beauty of this icy world, the Sprawl Lords feel a peaceful calm come over them.

“Whoa,” gasps Load as she tries to take it all in.

Wrek is all smiles. “Can’t even feel the cold anymore, this place is so...”

“Enchanted,” Hard Drive adds.

Helena smiles. She is happy and relieved that they have finally arrived.

The flotilla of whales gently, gracefully, glides toward an extended rock formation jutting out from the edge of the shore. It is here that the magnificent mammals line up for

their passengers to disembark. In a show of their full, majestic power, the whales blow what seem like mile-high spouts of water. Their mission, for now, is mission accomplished.

In a display of gratitude and affection, Helena, and her Guardians, press their mermaid bodies just below the eyes of the whales.

Load laughs and blurts out, “Yo, I need some whale hugs too.”

In response, the whales emit, in unison, another set of new, strange sounds, a kind-of rhythmic 808, that mimics ‘the massage’ they all bask in, while expressing their endless gratitude.

Observing every detail of the scene with endless curiosity, Hard Drive surmises that it is similar to what the Eskimos might do to thank their huskies for delivering them to safety by hugging and praising them.

*Are the whales smiling with their deep, foggy blue eyes? Can they feel love?* he wonders.

With a small gesture of her web hands, Helena extends an invitation to Hard Drive to disembark first, which makes him apprehensive.

Hard Drive is not, by nature, brave, nor does he want to be the first at anything, with the exception of data gathering. Like everyone, he is physically exhausted and after watching a swarm of great white sharks attack, and then devour one of LITA’s whales that was struck by an ocean liner, he is fully alert—and not about to go anywhere without carefully scouting his surroundings.

While gingerly sliding down the broad, slippery tail of his giant, blue host, Hard Drive notices several ominous,

white bobbing objects with dark black eyes circling the shoreline. He is transfixed by the quickly approaching shapes until he realizes that they are the heads of extremely large, carnivorous mammals.

Suddenly paralyzed by fear, Hard Drive screams, “Load! Wrek! Don’t move, do not come any closer! We are surrounded by giant polar bears!”

Both Load and Wrek cling desperately to their whales.

Wrek shouts, “Quick, take off before we are eaten alive!”

But the soft soothing sound of Helena’s voice; transmitting from her gills in a beautiful mix of melody and speech reassures them: “Thesse...are our frriends. They...dooo no harm to those they trrrrust. Until they arrre...provoked by uninvited intruderrrs, then...weee cannot control their furrrry—or theirr appetite.”

Like a family of innocent deer invited into a lion’s den for lunch, the Sprawl Lords desperately try to process Helena’s melodic warning. As a group, they project as much bravery as they can muster as a white polar army greets them with a chorus of roars that would shake the confidence of Seal Team Six.

But where human comprehension ends, other life forces have established alternate lines of communication.

Here, right now, is a link between whales, the half-human/half-fish creatures of LITA, and the gang of polar bears that even Hard Drive, with his expanded mental capacity, is totally unable to comprehend.

LITA’s patient, contingent of whales line up at solemn attention as members of LITA organize the transfer of

Kara's remains onto the shoreline of the icy cliffs, while Load, Hard Drive and Wrek fearfully disembark from their mammal transporters. Shaking and a bit unstable from their journey, they step onto a jagged platform jutting into the arctic sea, while violent waves pound the shoreline just below them.

Five of the Guardian mermaids lift Kara's cocoon and lead a procession of two dozen Guardians along the winding ice mountain's inner shore—and disappear.

Having successfully deposited their cargo, the whales depart to a terrifying chorus of roars from the polar bears.

The Sprawl Lords have no choice but to venture forth, into the unknown “Fortress of Love.”

Wrek bounds forward with a mischievous grin not seen in months. He looks at his friends and screams, “To infinity and mas alla!”

This cracks up both Load and Hard Drive, breaking an obvious and reasonable nervous tension in the air.

Load remarks, “After a week of eating that sea shit, I need me a dozen Dunkins!”

The others laugh.

“Not in this hemisphere, big momma,” smirks Wrek.

Holding hands, the three become one, once again locked by friendship and the knowledge that LITA—and a dozen Dunkins—must exist for a greater good.

*But, do they?*

Following Kara's funeral-like procession, Hard Drive, Wrek, and Load enter a cave just a few yards from the shore.

Having to adjust to the surprising amount of light inside, their eyes are transfixed by the shimmering rainbow of colors that are dancing across the icy interior.

“Check it,” states Hard Drive as he moves closer to discover the colors emitted from what seems like millions of living crustaceans attached to the ceiling and walls.

Helena and the Guardians slip into a pool of water with Kara—and completely disappear.

Caught by surprise, and still mesmerized by the stunning show of color on the ice, Hard Drive looks around and suddenly realizes, they are completely, totally alone.

“Shit, now what?” his mind again at work.

“Where did they take Kara?” asks Load, a childlike sincerity in her voice.

Hard Drive doesn’t have an answer. He has absolutely no idea how to proceed.

“Where there is abundant beauty, we must be on guard for the beasts,” replies Hard Drive.

“Beasts? What Beasts are you talking about?” asks Wrek.

Then, a massive roar reverberates behind them as six polar bears glowing with an array of colors, like living impressionist canvasses, move directly towards them.

“Yikes!” shout all three.

An icy pool in front, and a roaring pack of polar bears behind, they have no escape.

Terribly frightened, Load backs up and immediately falls into a hole in the ground, screaming with terror, “Ahhhhhhh!”

Hard Drive and Wrek look at each other panicked and frightened again.

Wrek shouts, “I’m not gonna be turned in bear tacos!” and jumps into the hole, also screaming.

Hard Drive, now completely alone, is paralyzed by fear and frozen in place. The white beasts are moving towards him and he knows he must getaway. But his mind echoes Helena’s reassurance, “They do no harrm...”

All while a thousand-pound polar bear menacingly rises up, just a few feet in front of him. Only this massive bear is carrying something quite shocking and unexpected in its mouth: a live, still flapping, six-foot long Greenland Shark.

Transfixed by the huge, black eyes of the bear, Hard Drive stutters out loud, “I mean no harm...please.”

The bear walks right past him and slips into the same hole as Load and Wrek, with the live shark still gripped in its mouth. Turning around, his eyes fully adjusted to the array of colored lights bouncing off the icy walls, he sees beneath him, carved into the stone floor, an ancient symbol of a broken heart. With the screams of his friends now distant, his fear dissipates.

“Jesus, that was close,” he mutters to himself while exhaling out a ball of stress. Then he is unexpectedly nudged by a large, cold nose—and falls head-first into the hole.

Not quit falling, but sliding, Hard Drive realizes that the hole is not actually a hole, but a long icy chute. Sliding rapidly down, the speed of his decent suddenly begins to slow. And then he feels it. Pillows of warm, rising air are breaking his fall, causing him to float like a parachutist. First rapidly, then slowly, he descends in the air, ever down the chute.



*Where am I going?* Hard Drive wonders, not realizing that his magical ride lasts a full twenty minutes.

“Herrr signs are...weeeak,” remarks a concerned Helena. “Weee must move quickly...the warm temperaturre will begin to rrrrot her...flesh.”

The Guardians pick up their pace.

“She must have herrr friends...it is the laaaw.” Helena stares into the foggy green eyes of someone approaching. “No one can surrrvive...this transition alone.”

The fog reveals a very old, and very wise, Guardian whose name is Seemydor. Short for “sá sem hefur ekki aldur:” one who has no age.

For humans, fog means you cannot see what is around you.

For Guardians, fog is a nest.

Within Seemydor’s green foggy eyes, knowledge is embedded to the molecular structure of water: H<sub>2</sub>O. The fog is tens-of-thousands of years of knowledge—an aquatic, data storage cloud.

Helena continues, “Weee cannot wait. What reeemains...must be used if sheee is to have...another liiife.”

“What remains may not be used without a greater purpose,” replies the wise one, Seemydor. “This law cannot be violated.”

Helena quietly nods. She instructs the Guardians to find and gather Load, Hard Drive and Wrek, immediately

Load drops first, her giant ass working again, she bounces off the floor like hitting a trampoline. Wrek is right behind

her. He falls directly into her vast tummy and he too bounces off the mounds of her soft flab.

“Whoa that’s like free-falling into a giant marsh-mellow cream pie!” shouts an excited Wrek.

“Shut up!” replies an annoyed Load. “Where is HD?”

Once they finally stop rolling around on the ground together, they gaze upon the cacophony of deep blue ice clouds, and hundreds of waterfalls and pools of streaming water that surround them.

Load waddles back to the opening in the icy ceiling and looks up to see if Hard Drive is following. But all she can see is a furry white blob falling fast.

She screams to Wrek “Run! Run for your life! The bears are following us!”

They both dash for cover behind a large block of shimmering ice, only to see a massive polar bear land upright with the shark half-swallowed in its mouth.

The bear instinctively scans its perimeter.

Suddenly, startling everyone, Hard Drive falls onto the bears head. Everyone, including the bear, are momentarily stunned; not sure what to do. The bear’s mouth is half-full of shark and Hard Drive is petrified he’s landed on a bear’s head, while Wrek and Load look on, speechless.

The bear snarls growling with its jaws clamped tight and stands erect, throwing Hard Drive off its back.

Load and Wrek are consumed with fear: a nine-foot polar bear stands in front of them swallowing a huge dead shark down its throat.

“Good God,” gasps Load.

Before anyone or any creature moves, Helena emerges from one of the pools with several Guardians. She speaks in

her harmonic blend of melody and words. “Beee still...the creaturrre will do thee no harrm.”

Helena bends backwards like a double-jointed acrobat. “Hasten Lorrds of the Sprawl...we’ve not a second to wasste...if you want to see Karrra alive again.”

“Kara?!” cries Load. “She’s alive?”

“You can bring her back?” asks Wrek.

“Rememberrr...there is no back for Karrra,” continues Helena. “But with the help of this bearr...and its prey...perrrhaps she may have a way forrrward.” Helena motions to everyone. “Now hurry...all of you mussst be willing to help usss...she cannot go forrrward alone.”

Hard Drive, Load and Wrek look at each other.

“Hell to the yes!” shouts Load.

“We’re here for Kara!” they yell in unison.

Helena continues, “Weee will guide your way...to the farr side of our fortress.” She gestures to the carvings on the ground. “Step exactly wherrre the broken hearrrts appear...never look back...orr veer off coursse.”

Load and Wrek look very confused, but Hard Drive instantly comprehends her meaning.

“Thesse pools...contain millions of broken hearrrts...longing for a new hosst.”

Hard Drive explains to his friends, “Kara’s heart was broken. If she is not brought forward, whatever that means, her soul will descend into these pools. Then her heart, her essence, could be trapped for eternity.”

Load and Wrek feel like elementary school kids suddenly stuck in an advance Chemistry class at Harvard: this is all beyond their comprehension. “Eternity Wrek shrieks. That’s a fucking long time, isn’t it?”

Descending through a spectacular crystalline steppe, the Sprawl Lords, accompanied by the lumbering polar bear and the Guardians, follow a path of broken hearts for nearly an hour.

“Where are we going?” asks an increasingly impatient Wrek.

Hard Drive motions for him to be quiet as he points to the deep blue, cloud-like canopy of ice above—it is slowly turning red.

“I don’t like the looks of that,” exclaims Load, now more concerned than impatient.

Wrek stops. “What is happening?”

Hard Drive knows. His connection to the Guardians and events that surround them is deeper than he can even understand. “The mountain is expressing its sadness—”

Load interrupts him. “Say what?”

“By embracing and then reflecting the red hue of millions of broken hearts that are interned here,” he continues.

They pass through a narrow cavern filled with iridescent pools and flowing waterfalls into a vast, subterranean field, its tundra-like surface made up of ancient, extinct sea creatures. Down and down they go, marveling at the wonders that surround them, until they arrive at an icy portal that glows bright red.

“Is this it?” wonders Wrek.

“Are we here?” asks a wide-eyed Load.

Hard Drive only nods and motions them to follow the bear and the Guardians through the slender opening.

Inside, they find a sparkling, glass-like chamber covered in jagged, quartz crystals.

In the middle of the chamber, laying on a bed of blood red ice, is their lifeless frozen friend.

“Kara!” cries Load as she tries to run up to her. She desperately needs to hold her, to cry over her—but is stopped by several Guardians who form a protective circle around Kara to prevent any disruption.

Load struggles to get through. She can’t understand all this. “I just want to—”

“Quiet!” shouts Helena uncharacteristically.

Everyone looks stunned. She never yells. Ever.

The chamber is deafly silent.

“It beginnns,” Helena continues calmly, softly, with a grave seriousness, “that which hasss long ago...been foretold: a broken hearrt...can only mennd through the embracce...of a distant lovvve.”

*But that’s exactly what I was trying to do,* responds a confused Load to herself.

Helena reads Load’s confusion and motions for her to relax. “What you are about to witness may never be shared with anyone.”

Then, Helena approaches, one-by-one, Load, Wrek and Hard Drive and signals for their confirmation. Each simply nods their agreement as if under some hypnotic trance. Helena continues, “Never beforre...have outsiders been witness to ‘the tansssformation:’ the Guarrrdian’s denial...of death’ssss capture.”

The three friends look at each other in silent wonder.

“You must sussespend all beliefs...No quesstions may be asked...No answersss will be given,” Helena continues

“For Karrra, there is only...a possible way forrrward. Without regret, without fear. She may begin anew... life in a new form...without hummmans...but with humannnity.”

Load cannot stand the suspense. She blurts out, “Hell to the Yes! I’m in, whatever you need, tell me—!”

But Hard Drive cuts her off, quickly claspng his hand over her mouth. “We cannot question what is about to happen, nor control it, or do anything to compromise her chances to evolve.” Even though he sounds very convincing, Hard Drive can’t help but pose the question silently to himself, *evolve into what?*

Lying on a slab of blue ice, Kara’s seemingly dead body slowly begins to thaw. The massive polar bear, majestic and calm, is ushered by the Guardians to her side.

They begin to chant, “Love is the answer. Love is the answer. Love is the answer.”

Their chanting becomes more intense as it gets not only louder, but faster and faster. “Love is the answer! Love is the answer! Love is the answer!” Until all that Load, Wrek and Hard Drive can hear is “L...I...T...A! LITA! LITA!”

The Guardians continue their chant as Helena locks her green glowing gaze onto the massive polar bear’s deep black eyes. She speaks to the white beast as if she has known it for centuries, “Dooo you...accept this new form?”

The majestic polar bear steps up to the slab holding Kara and lets out a mighty roar. A roar that fills the chamber with hope, not fear.

Helena approaches the three friends, who are clearly dazed, but not confused, by the proceedings. Gazing deeply into each of their eyes, she asks, “You must prrrromise

me...you will unconditionally give your lovvve...to Karrra no matter what happens.”

“Of course, we will!” announces Load.

“What else would we do?” asks Wrek.

“Your promissse is sealed into her heart,” insists a humorless Helena, “no matter what.”

The three friends suddenly sense that there is much more at stake than they can possibly imagine. A concerned Wrek and Load check Hard Drive’s reaction. His expression is as humorless as Helena’s, saying essentially: *this is some serious shit.*

They somberly nod in unison.

“We promise,” responds Hard Drive.

With the Guardians continuing to chant, “LITA!”, the enormous polar bear hovers over Kara’s lifeless body, stands tall, looks up and roars with ferocious volume, like it wants the entire planet to hear.

Load, Wrek and Hard Drive are now, again, petrified with fear.

*What is this howling monster going to do?*

It is, without exception, the most bizarre sight they have ever witnessed.

Then, with absolute determination, the bear viciously descends upon Kara and rips into her upper body—and completely devours her—so quickly and effortlessly that Load, normally accustomed to all things gross, falls backwards and faints.

Wrek and Hard Drive are overcome with a combination of horror and shock. They try to scream. But like being trapped in some terrifying dream, as much as they try, their

screams are silent, consumed by the enormity of the events they are witnessing.

The Guardians also fall silent as they gather around to comfort the still unconscious Load, leaving the cavernous room eerily quiet.

Everyone watches in awe as the now almost regal looking bear, methodically cleans its paws of Kara's frozen blood tissue, then slowly saunters away and slips into one of the dark blue pools of icy water.

Helena slowly, carefully speaks, "Karrra now swimms...with the beast. Shee alone...controls her destinny. All we can dooo...is wait. Yooou did what wasss necessary and required." She gestures to the three friends, "Now sssleep...you will need yooour rest." Helena's mood becomes very serious, intense. "We sstill have much work ahead...to stop the advannnce of the H8. Weee must plan...their complete desstruction. The complete desstruction...of themmm all!"

She knows they have witnessed one of the great secrets of the ages, and what comes next will be essential to LITA's very survival. "Karrra swims with the beasst," she quietly offers to the still stunned onlookers. "All weee can do...iss wait."



## CHAPTER 3

### *Trans-mutilation*

**M**r. Huegotme is many things, an opportunist, a power junkie, but certainly no fool. Only a complete idiot would open the box that Mr. Sakatome entrusted him to carry to his sister.

“What could it possibly hold?” he wonders.

Staring at the box, he is lifted into the Hellacraft for the trip upriver into the deepest, most remote corner of DR Congo.

The Hellacraft is constructed using new composites of ruthenium combined with ultra-sheer titanium, a mere three eighths of an inch thick. Powered by electric batteries developed by the Old Man’s x-Tesla energy scientists, the boat is silent and full of innovations. It floats above water on an air cushion, cruising upriver without emitting a sound.

Lightweight, fast and pliable, it can bend to navigate tricky waters. Its compartment hull is capable of immense storage. It speeds, silently upriver carrying Mr. Huegotme and a deadly trained force of Sakatome’s all-female commandos, who have instructions to carry out ‘the plan’ regardless of any twist of fate.

“I hate this continent,” remarks Mr. Huegotme. “Dragon flies that prey on human flesh, poisonous snakes. Hate it.”

A jet-black woman with fierce brown eyes is the captain of this small delivery force. She replies, “Mr. Huegotme, these people and their foolishness have given rise to a new

army of invisible power for our lord and master. Fate may be cruel, but it is not stupid. Stow your arrogance lest you mis step and we step in!”

“Why do I look this way, mama?” asks a small member of the tribe as she peers into a broken piece of mirror.

“Look what way my precious?” responds her mother through her panther mouth.

“Like a demon.”

“Shush now. You are an angel, not a demon, my child.”

“But my nose is from a pig and my arms from a chimpanzee! Surely a demon has nested in my soul! I am doomed.”

“Do you know how pigs find magic mushrooms? With a magic nose which now adorns your beautiful face. Perhaps you will find magic mushrooms. And should you need to climb a tree to escape any threat in the future, why your arms and claws will carry you up so fast no one will be able to see you!”

“But I’m not pretty anymore. The kids in the village will tease me and no one will allow me to play with them ever again.”

“The village is gone, my dear, as are all your friends. Your new friends here will never tease you. You are the future. You are a Queen living among the rest of us.”

“What kind of a King will I find me looking like this?”

“A King who knows the grace of your heart, the depth of your imagination, the strength of your will”

The little girl falls asleep in the arms of her mother. They are recent Ani-human rescues and now part of the growing tribe of the Dismembered.

“Dr. Takara, mam, our scouts spotted a strange ship approaching the outer banks of the Red River,” announces Rihanna. “Shall we intercept and neutralize the boat?”

No response.

“Ma’am?”

A gazed look in her eyes, Dr. Takara is in deep thought about the incoming party. Well aware that it holds the key to her future, which is clearly uncertain and full of danger. The dreams that haunt her now are impossible to remove from her consciousness.

She loves her brother. Trusts him. But the sheer size of her Ani-human tribe, along with their powers, are near impossible to protect or control.

But this man, Mr. Huegotme. He has a weakness. Just how to exploit it is what she weighs as her servant repeats his question.

“Ma’am, I said, there is a strange boat approaching the Net, what is your order for the perimeter force?”

“Stand down,” whispers Dr. Takara. “Guide them into our sanctuary. And advise the Dismembered to scatter into the Safe Zone, immediately.”

“As you order. May I ask, why would we welcome this unknown party and yet sound the Safe Zone warning?”

Dr. Takara turns to her trusted servant, knowing and appreciating his caution to protect her. She looks into his Tiger eyes and says with a hint of apprehension “My brother sends an emissary bearing wonderful gifts. We shall see if these gifts have secret intentions.”

The entrance to the Net is no entrance at all. From the river, there is nothing to signal an embankment or opening in the thick jungle. Not a boat landing or a dock, let alone a marker to guide an approaching vessel.

Geo-coordinates?

Here, are completely useless.

“So how do we actually know when and where to land?” Mr. Huegotme asks the captain.

Her gaze is fixed on the nuances of the dark, twisted river which include all manner of crocodiles. “We are close,” she responds.

“But how will we know when we have arrived?” Huegotme continues, in a rather whiny voice, tired of the trip, mosquitoes and a vessel with none of the comforts he is accustomed to.

“They will tell us,” she responds. “They are watching us even now to see if we are to be given an invitation.”

“What are you talking about? An invitation, Ha! This is no party, not a joy trip; we are here to...”

His speech is interrupted by a bird suddenly landing on the bow.

“What manner of creature is it?” she whispers under her breath?

Mr. Huegotme is unable to speak.

Turning towards the captain, the large grey, bird Anihuman has a young boy’s face featuring bright yellow eyes, wings and a Owl’s body. He smiles and hoots, “You, you, you Hu Gootmeeee?”

“I believe you must present yourself,” declares the captain to Mr. Huegotme. “It’s your identity they seek to assure our entry and continued safe passage.”

Mr. Huegotme was prepped by Mr. Sakatome as to what he would encounter. Strange to the eye, unexplainable, even stranger to the soul. Mr. Huegotme is unnerved, bewitched and frightened. His brain cannot reconcile the image of a living bird, with a boy's head and an owl's eyes. There it is.

And now it speaks, "You, you, HuGootmeee?"

"I am Mr. Huegotme he replies as his brain continues to struggle with talking to an Ani-human.

"And whooo, do you seek in this remote corner of the world?" Replies the Ani-human.

"I am Mr. Sakatome's emissary. I have traveled halfway across the world with greetings and gifts for his only sister, Dr. Takara Sakatome.

The Ani-human pauses, its eyes scanning the vessel, counting the humans, recording their body shapes and formats and then, without warning belts out a loud long screech as its wings take flight.

"I believe we have arrived," the Captain says aloud as she scans the perimeter of the vessel looking for signals.

"Arrived? Where? We are in the middle of nothing. There's no landing, no place to disembark. This is absurd. What manner of mechanical engineering did we just witness? replies Mr. Huegotme.

Just as he finishes, a large wave of water appears behind them. The Captain and crew have been trained to remain calm.

Mr. Huegotme screams, "We're doomed!" And with that the wave raises the Vessel to the top of the trees along the embankment where it is placed upon a tree top deck and left there as the water recedes.

“Do not make any sudden movements,” shouts the captain as she prepares for the inspection of her vessel by the Dismembered outer Net Force.

There is not an immigration force in the world to compare to what now unfolds. Several Ani-humans leap from surrounding treetops into the Vessel. With grunts, clicks and clacks they seem to communicate, but saying what? No one on the Vessel knows or even has the time to comprehend what they are witnessing.

Humans faces with Gorilla arms and legs, sniffing, rummaging through every part of the Vessel until the Captain shouts out loud: “What manner of greeting is this for Mr. Sakatome’s personal guard and special emissary Mr. Huegotme?”

The largest Ani-human jumps in front of the Captain, grabs her by the throat, lifts her off her feet and snarls while the other guards raise their weapons. Special weapons with heavily poisoned bullet tips.

Just as the scene is ready to blow up—a voice cries from an adjacent treetop. “Stop! Put her down gently and now! I said now!”

Goma Foutu leaps from his perch on the tree to the Vessel and slowly walks to the leader of the Net Force who still has the Captain by the throat.

Intense owl eyes stare down the instincts of the gorilla blood running through these Ani-humans bred to protect the outer ring of the Net.

To break the intensity of the moment Goma Foutu looks at the Captain. “If beards signified intelligence, the goat would be a genius!”

All the Ani-human gorillas break out in laughter as Goma Foutu stares into the lead Ani-human's eyes. "It's OK, brother, these are our friends. Please help them unload their goods and bring them into the second ring and our VIP guest quarters."

"Mr. Huegotme? Where is this person?"

Out of the ship's underbelly peeks a completely shocked emissary who apparently has pissed his pants. With barely any strength to his voice, he walks over to Goma Foutu and bows.

"May I present myself to Dr. Takara. I am Huegotme."

Goma Foutu bows back and stares directly into Mr. Huegotme's eyes. "All in good time, sir...all in good time. Come now, you must be tired. Let us offer you food, shelter—and dry pants."

Everyone roars with laughter.

—

It is 3 PM and the sun has already set on Tavan Bogd Uul, a tiny, isolated Mongolian hamlet near the Siberian border. Two high school-aged girls, Suren and her younger sister Jochi, huddle closely together to ward off bitter cold winds while struggling to keep their position near the front of a restless mob that includes the entire village of nearly 700 desperate people.

Everyone is terrified.

A virus of this intensity, reportedly killing tens of thousands of Mongolian citizens, has not affected this region in over three hundred years. No-one could have predicted

that the effects of the A-Chu Killer Flu would run this far, this fast—but it has.

The only thing keeping the village from spiraling into complete chaos is a small contingent of soldiers from the infamous ‘Bhusta Khan militia’ thrusting their loaded Soviet AK-47s at the surging mass of villagers and goat herders pushing and shoving each other to reach the front.

Frustrated and angry for being ordered to control an uncontrollable situation, one of the soldiers fires a short burst into the air. Everyone ducks and children clutch to their mothers as he yells, “Back up or die by a thousand cuts!”

Several young girls have already passed out from the weight of the anxious crowd pressing against each other. After several hours of trying to work their way to the front, Suren and Jochi are about to finally reach the entrance to hamlet’s rickety, wooden schoolhouse where the ‘Inoculation Center’ has been hastily set up.

News reports over the AM radio waves describe the rapidly escalating death toll caused by the A-Chu Killer Flu. Thankfully, everyone that’s been issued an official, numbered card is guaranteed to get vaccinated. But everyone with a number still has to get a shot. Scared to death that the flu will strike them down at any moment, they fight to get to get their shots—or risk a slow and very cruel death.

At fourteen years of age, Suren is considered a fully-grown woman ready for childbearing in this isolated, rural region of Mongolia, and therefore, a prime target for kidnapping and eventual sale by slave traders from Russia and China.



Suren took an oath to keep her younger sister safe since the horrifying day, two years ago, where their parents had their throats slit by renegade teens that robbed them of their pittance to buy opium. Today, that oath is being tested as Suren uses her brute strength to cling to both her numbered card and her younger sister, Jochi, who hides inside her worn, pink-died, sheep-skin winter coat.

Barely a year younger, Jochi was brain damaged at birth and left unable to speak. Nature did silence her tongue, but not her fingers, which Jochi uses to speak to her sister via a self-invented sign language made up of various hand shapes, claps and clicking sounds. Nature also gifted Jochi with a powerful sense of sight that enables her to see extremely minute details across very great distances.

Suren remembers, vividly, the day Jochi's telescopic sight actually saved her life when she was only eight years old.

The sisters were playing in the grass with handmade dolls their mother had fashioned out of knotted cloth. Store bought toys were far too expensive for her family to afford so they made do with what they could create on their own. Up to that time, no-one knew of Jochi's extra abilities of perception, until the moment she began pointing frantically at the clouds high above. Suren strained her neck to see whatever it was that her sister was so upset about but could see nothing. Then Jochi began signing for Suren to run fast, to get away. But away from what?

It became suddenly clear when Suren observed a dark object falling out of the sky, right toward them. Jochi reacted first and pushed her big sister out of harm's way—just in time. An inoperable, 20-foot-long drone being used

by the Chinese military to map the area crashed on the exact spot where they were sitting. In another instant, they would have both been pulverized by the impact. Instead, Suren gratefully recognized the power of Jochi's eyes, and their father utilized the large battery from the drone to power a nightlight that they still use, to this day.

Foreboding storm clouds gather in the night sky and prompt the unruly crowd to become even more desperate. The panicked mob pushes toward the entrance, nearly crushing the two girls against the raised butts of the soldier's weapons.

"Suren, help!" signs Jochi with her fingers stretching toward her sister.

"Hang on! We're almost there!" responds Suren as she makes a final push to get them both through the door.

"We made it!" signs Jochi, relieved to finally be inside.

But the scene that faces the two girls is far more chaotic. Everyone is shouting and waving their cards in the air, fighting to be the next to receive a vaccine that is being administered by three women wearing Red Cross uniforms. Surely they will make it before the vaccines run out.

As the chaos escalates, so does Suren's determination. She grabs Jochi's hand, "Don't let go!" and makes a rush for the closest station. Dodging, pushing, crawling through legs, the two girls finally reach the verification desk.

"Number!" shouts the soldier manning the desk.

"Here's mine!" responds an elated Suren as she hands over her official card.

But Jochi is not elated. She frantically searches all her pockets.

Suren's heart sinks. "Oh no! Where's your number?"

“I don’t know!” signs a despondent Jochi.

“We have to find it!”

They both desperately search every pocket, every corner of clothing, even the floor around them—but find nothing.

“Number!” shouts the now impatient soldier.

“She had a number, I swear!” pleads Suren.

The soldier shakes his head. “Everybody must have a number!” He points outside.

The mob behind the girls begin yelling to hurry up.

The soldier shouts directly at Jochi, “Go back and get a number!”

Jochi is overwhelmed, she begins to tear up. “No, Suren, please!” she signs with a series of clicks and hand slaps.

There is only one choice for Suren. “Take mine.” She hands her number to a trembling Jochi.

“You can’t do that!” commands the soldier.

An enraged Suren jumps in his face. “She’s got a number! Right?! Now, let her in!”

The soldier relents and motions for Jochi to enter.

But Jochi doesn’t know what to do. “No! I won’t take it!” she signs as she tries to hand back the card. But her older sister refuses.

The angry mob shouts louder for them to hurry.

“Don’t worry! I’ll get another number!” Suren pushes Jochi through. “Go! I’ll see you outside.” She jostles with the crowd to stay close enough to watch the nurse approach her precious little sister with what looks like a horse-sized needle!

This completely freaks out Jochi. She frantically signs, “No! No!”

But the nurse forcefully grabs her arm and quickly sticks the needle in before Jochi can pull away. The ‘vaccine,’ loaded with hydra-headed H8 nanobots, floods into the little girl’s blood stream, rushes up her spine and latches onto the nerve cells of her cortex.

Jochi winces, then looks back at her big sister and smiles before being quickly ushered out.

A suddenly panicked Suren fights against the tide of desperate residents to get back outside to find her. “Let me out!” she screams until Suren finally makes it through the door, only to be trapped by several brutish goat herders swinging hatchets to clear a path through the crowd. Suren is nearly decapitated before each of the hatchet wielders is systematically shot through the head by the soldiers. Splattered with blood, Suren struggles to crawl out from under the huge, lifeless body she is now trapped under. Finally free, she continues crawling through a forest of legs to get away from the madness.

Then the storm clouds open up, with a ferocious clap of lightening, and unleash a torrent of freezing rain, making it impossible for Suren to see anything. She dashes to the back of the school searching the darkness, screaming, “Jochi! Where are you?! Jochi!”

Nothing.

Until a faint, but recognizable, clicking sound filters through the noise.

Suren runs to the sound and finds Jochi curled up next to a pile of discarded goat skulls. She’s pale and shivering and having an obvious reaction to the vaccine.

“I’ll take you home and get a number after the storm passes in the morning.” She scoops up her little sister and carries her off.

A groggy Suren wakes up in the tiny dwelling that she shares with Jochi. They live in a traditional Ger that they both inherited after their parents passed away.

Known to the Russians as a Yurt, the Mongolian Ger has, for centuries, been the family dwelling of choice for the nomadic tribes of the region’s hills and grasslands. Easy to transport and quick to erect, the igloo-shaped structure is assembled via a system of wooden struts that lock together around a central ring that is then covered with large sheets of felt, canvas and/or animal hides. A stove is located in the middle of the completed structure that provides both a cooking surface and fire for warmth.

Surrounded by an old, wooden fence, Suren and Jochi’s mobile Ger has sat on the same small plot of land for decades. Their father sold his herds of goats and sheep before they were born so his daughters didn’t have to suffer the harsh realities of the nomadic life.

Inside the two sister’s dwelling is comfortable when they have sufficient wood to keep the fire burning, but this morning is biting cold because they can barely afford to eat, let alone buy any fuel for the stove.

Warming herself under the covers for just another moment, Suren suddenly realizes that the sun is already up. “No! I wanted to be one of the first in line!” Having overslept, she scrambles to get dressed, scribbles a quick note for the still sleeping Jochi and bolts out the door.

Suren jumps on her rusting bicycle and peddles as fast as she can through the dirt streets hoping the crowd isn't already too big. She is also concerned about the negative reaction that Jochi had to the vaccine, and whether or not she may also get sick from the shot. But a little discomfort now would be much better than the horrible death that awaits those that are afflicted with the dreaded A-Chu Flu.

Wide-eyed with anticipation, Suren skids around the corner of the old wooden meeting hall where they are issuing the official numbered cards—and stops. “Huh?”

The streets and sidewalks are empty. No armed members of Bhusta Khan's militia. No villagers waiting to get a prized number. No one.

Scanning the muddy, now deserted hamlet, Suren slowly rolls her bike toward the empty meeting hall to find a handwritten sign taped to the front door: *No more vaccines. Come back Monday.*

Her heart begins to beat uncontrollably. Does this mean certain death? Confused and terrified, Suren drops her head and slowly peddles for home.

—

There is no way that the ex-commander, and his hapless band of Pirates, could have ever imagined they would end up stranded in a Syrian wasteland, surrounded by an army of vengeful women, raising their weapons and chanting, “Seed! Seed! Seed!”

Frightened and huddled together on the dusty ground, the men are clearly disturbed by the scene unfolding around them.

How did it come to this?

*Maybe they shouldn't have watched so much damn porn. Maybe it cursed them. Cursed them to face whatever fate the Queen and her devoted followers are clearly eager to dish out.*

The Queen, and her faithful sister, raise their broad swords and motion for silence.

“Now! We begin the cull!” shouts Amahzunn.

Without another word, a group of women unsheathe their combat knives and hand one each to the ex-commander and his men.

The men nervously chatter amongst themselves, wondering what the hell is going on, until their ex-commander speaks up, “Uh, your highness, ma'am...What are we supposed to do with these?”

The Queen has a glint in her eye. She has dreamed of the day that she could rule over men. That she could get back at them for the centuries of vile, evil things they've done. She pulls the reluctant ex-commander and a nearby Pirate to their feet, and states, “You will pair off. One against another.” She motions for the men to stand.

Still not clear what is going on, the Pirates do as they are told.

Then the Queen motions for the men to raise their knives. “And now you will fight each other until only the strongest one is left standing.”

“What?” asks the astonished ex-commander. “We will do no such—!”

But before he can finish his sentence, Perhine brandishes her broad sword and lops off his head.

In the flash of a moment before his decapitated head hits the ground, the ex-commander has a fleeting whiff of his long-lost XXXL bacon burger, which is, sadly, actually the stench of his own flesh burning from the heat of Perhine's swiftly moving blade.

The Pirates turn white.

Their shock is unimaginable. Their fear is so real it chokes them.

“What happens to the one that survives?” asks one of the men known as Kashif.

Kashif has been with the Pirates since before they were known as the Black Mus'Tache Brigade, training for the war against the infidels in their suburban ranch home. Slight in stature, he made up for it by sheer will and tenacity. Kashif always scored highest in catching grenades with his mouth, though he lost several teeth in the process. And did pretty well in the nightly porn watching masturbation pool—a particularly proud moment.

Ever the eager soldier willing to march through the many triumphs and tragedies of the holy warrior life, Kashif has followed his commander without question. But, now, staring in shock at his longtime leader's severed head—he is suddenly left empty. Without the clarity of purpose that has driven him since he can remember.

Amahzunn responds, “What happens to the one that survives? Natural selection. The survivor will provide the seed we need.”

This statement immediately stuns Kashif out of his malaise. He hasn't come this far to fail now. He must summon every ounce of his essence to win this battle. To survive. To be the seed.



Fumbling with their knives, the terrified men stare at each other, not knowing what to do. Except the one known as Humongous. This brainless mass of behemoth, who spends his spare time hammering steel nails into planks of wood with his forehead, suddenly understands what is at stake and begins stabbing and slashing at the men around him. Before anyone can react, Humongous has already slit the throats or disemboweled half of the Pirates.

The women are both mortified and enthralled by his utter display of power and ruthlessness. Perfect breeding stock for an army of future warriors, contemplates the Queen with a grin. This is how she will pick all her propagators. Except for the smart seeds. They will need to pass rigorous academic tests—and then fight to the death. This will breed the perfect mix of mind and muscle.

*She can't wait!*

Eager to survive, Kashif fervently partakes in the calamity of death with a sense of both terror and wonder. Hacking and knifing his fellow Pirates he realizes, that he would need to take on Humongous to win. Humongous has humiliated him several times in the past. Like when he belly-flopped on a prone Kashif's after he fell off the obstacle course monkey bars, nearly crushing him to death, and when he lit Kashif on fire while bouncing his head on the floor like a basketball just to prove he could. Maybe this will be his chance to get even.

*But how? How the hell will he defeat this monster?*

Watching the men desperately tear each other apart, slashing and stabbing—their splattered blood soaking into the ground—the women experience a primal release of centuries of despise and hate. Centuries of penis-envy. The

women aren't necessarily proud of what they are witnessing, but the ferocity and violence of the moment does provide them with some small sense of closure.

"Stop!" shouts the Queen to ensure that the few still standing don't lay into each other.

Covered in gore, Humongous, Kashif and the other men left standing begin to smile, and laugh, and shout for joy!

"We all won!" shrieks Kashif, relieved he won't have to battle Humongous.

The surviving men hug each other like they've all just won the Super Bowl.

Unimpressed, Amahzunn signals to Perhine. "Bring out the containers."

Perhine motions.

Several women respond by carrying a number of stainless-steel canisters the size of kitchen trash cans and place them at their Queen's feet.

The men are too busy celebrating their victories to notice when Amahzunn opens one of the containers, unleashing a wispy dry-ice cloud. She distributes small plastic cups with lids to a number of the women, while announcing, "Fill them with seeds!"

Without a thought of what is about to occur, the army of women quickly descend on the un-expecting survivors, grabbing the men's knives and stripping them all naked.

"What are you doing?" screams Kashif.

"You promised!" pleads another surrounded by women wielding their weapons.

"I promised the strongest will survive," replies the steely Queen. "I did not promise which part of the strongest." She points at their exposed genitals as the

women hand each of the bewildered and frightened men a plastic collection cup.

“Masturbate!” she commands.

“Are you kidding?” asks Kashif.

“What’s the problem? You people do it all day, every day!” responds an impatient Amahzunn. “So, get on with it—masturbate, now!”

“I can’t do that while you all just stand there and watch!” declares a suddenly embarrassed Kashif.

“It’s not possible without porn,” adds another man. He looks around for affirmation from the other men. They all nod and mumble their agreement.

“No porn, no pull.” grumbles Humongous pointing to his crotch.

“Masturbate or die!” demands the Queen while sticking their ex-commander’s severed head on the end of a spear and planting it right in front of them.

Her army responds in kind, poking the men with their weapons while shouting, “Masturbate or die! Masturbate or die!”

Standing naked and completely exposed, surrounded by an angry, raging mob of pissed-off females, with the dripping head of their beloved leader watching, there is no man on earth that can do what they ask.

Until the Queen utters the four simple words that will make a man eat his own hand:

“Cut off their balls!” screams the Queen over the noise.

“Noooo!” pleads Humongous.

The men instinctively drop to the ground and huddle together like terrified rabbits.

All except for one: only Kashif remains standing. He closes his eyes as tight as he can. Imagines his past porn accomplishments, then assumes the position and begins to furiously masturbate to save himself.

The women watch with mixture of amusement and conquest as the other men look on in a confused state of wonder.

The lone Kashif contorts his face as he hunches over, frantically whacking his meat as fast as he can.

“Just imagine our nightly porn pull-offs, men!” commands a determined Kashif.

Humongous nods. Closes his eyes and slowly stands to join him.

And then another.

And another.

The women start to chant their support, “Do it! Do it! Do it!”

Soon, Kashif is leading the entire group of miserably pathetic Pirates whacking off, together, in a twisted circle-jerk that would certainly break the Guinness World Record for ‘Cruel and Ridiculous Depravity’—if there was such a record.

The men moan in agony as they try desperately to achieve climax.

All the times they sat in the comfort of the Ranch-style home, jacking off to the menagerie blond bombshell, big-breasts available on the internet, could have never prepared them for the horror of their current predicament. Who could have ever imagined that something so pleasurable could turn into something so hideously embarrassing?

Amazhunn could.

She had visions of such a momentous event since she was a teenager being abused by older men. How else would she be able to utilize men for the only thing they are truly good for? Their seed.

A loud, guttural groan emanates from the men as they all reach climax at the same time! Like a mob of geese all crapping in unison, the men release their life-force into the plastic containers—and then collapse, exhausted into a heap on the ground.

Except for Kashif and Humongous. They are in a standoff of massive proportions. And Kashif, for the first time has a chance to beat the bastard! Pushing out more than he ever thought possible, he shutters like an off-balanced washing machine as he continues outputting and outputting.

Meanwhile, Humongous groans a guttural, subsonic tone as he spews seed like a fire hose.

Both their cups begin to overflow.

“Don’t let a drop spill!” shouts the Queen, and several of her army stack up cup after cup to catch every bit.

*It’s Kashif and Humongous, neck and neck!*

*Now it’s Humongous by a hair!*

*Now it’s Kashif!*

*Oh, my God—*

With a massive moan, Humongous suddenly taps out and drops to the ground like a dead moose—*THUD!*

But now elated Kashif is still discharging, his disturbing shutter turning into a kind of spastic victory dance that seems to push out his very essence.

The women look on in awe.

*How can he do that?*

At last, Kashif runs dry. He stiffens erect, turns bleach white and keels over backwards.

Having witnessed something truly miraculous, the army of women cheer!

And the Pirates also cheer! This performance annihilates any porn competition they've ever seen!

The Queen smiles as she motions for her army to gather up all the plastic containers. Then she announces, "Keep the last two and leave the others!"

The army grab the unconscious Humongous and Kashif and drag them both to their awaiting vehicles.

The Queen boards her command vehicle and armada speeds off in a cloud of dust—leaving the other gob smacked men naked and without food or water in the middle of a hostile wasteland.

"What about us?" one of them whines.

—

Polar bears love to swim. Swimming is essential for the hunt. They must swim if they are to eat. But for one particular bear, swimming in the frozen seas off the coast of Látrabjarg, its aquiline efforts are not for the hunt. This majestic beast is at peace, knowing that it is on its last swim. Nature's code is embedded deep inside the DNA of its essence and now dictates the bear's every move, every turn. Every motion has a purpose.

Swimming alone in the dark cold waters, this able beast has no need for food anymore as it has already had a once-in-a-century treasure for its final meal. It calmly passes seals that are instinctively terrified by their natural enemy.

If polar bears could boast, this one would surely have enormous bragging rights. In one afternoon, it consumed an enormous, succulent shark, and ate what most carnivorous mammals rarely taste: human flesh. Now this bear is operating on a new consciousness than others of its breed. This bear has entered into a sacred pact with LITA. One it will honor with purpose.

It is a very grand bargain, indeed.

Some refer to it as the devil's bargain. But Lucy, the pet name given to her by Helena, has no knowledge or part in it. Indeed, this was a deal made with the Guardians—those who protect the seas and the creatures that inhabit it. Now all that is left to do is to swim to that place in the sea where bears go, never to return.

Elephants have graveyards. Polar bears, on a mission such as this, have a mystical seabed where they lie undisturbed and sleep forever.

Passing through vast icebergs the size of small towns, the magnificent white creature swims with purpose. No ships, no humans, have ever sailed anywhere near these dangerous currents. Barely existent, this bear was not told where to go or what to do, but it knows exactly where to go—if not exactly what will happen at the end of the journey. Stars mark her way above, like diamonds on a universal necklace, as the bear approaches an iceberg quite unlike any of its neighbors.

From the sky, it looks rather ordinary: a giant chunk of ice, its crystals glittering in the starlight as it floats effortlessly in the sea. However, from below, it has a very distinctive shape that has been carved by the unusual currents that flow in these waters: a colossal ice blue heart.

Nearing its outer rim, the polar bear swims directly into its center, where it stops, turns onto its back and floats effortlessly upwards until its claws gently touch the glowing blue core of the icy heart.

What happens next would be astonishing if anyone actually witnessed it, but there are no witnesses. And there never will be.

As if on some sequenced, galactic agenda, the icy heart starts to beat. It beats just like a living organism, alternately pushing water down and pulling it up with every pulse, causing the calmly floating bear to move ever closer until it finally disappears into the glowing heart's pulsating core.

Inside this enchanted 'heart-berg,' as inside all hearts, a kind of magic unfolds that is not magic at all. Kara's destiny, guided by her love, and mixed with the love of life embraced by the bear, creates something that only occurs when the heavens align in ways that no one understands.

The glowing blue iceberg stops beating and resumes its rather ordinary stature among the many icebergs floating in these waters. Beneath its outer round edges, an unusual life form is racing about trying to locate a way back in. But there is no way back in, and there never will be. This life form is so unusual that the world has never actually seen its form before. Fully twenty feet long, it projects a massive presence.

There are over four hundred different kinds of sharks: Hammerheads, Great Whites, Tigers, Bulls, Mako's and Megamouths to name a few. And this creature might be mistaken for a Great White, were it not for several rather bizarre features: its mouth has a long, bright red tongue



(sharks don't have tongues) and a deadly set of triple-layered, razor sharp teeth; and its head has two bulging dark black eyes that each glow with an inner green hue. These eyes can see for miles (sharks utilize other senses to make up for their poor eyesight) and discharge a paralyzing laser-like violet beam. Finally, this 'SheArk' has a top dorsal fin equipped with razor-sharp extensions that could be mistaken for claws.

After examining the perimeter of the heart-berg, several times, the SheArk darts away, utilizing a millennia code embedded into its DNA to determine every action, every direction. Like all earth's creatures, this aquatic beast knows when it must mate. However, at this time, the SheArk's immediate need is for energy to sustain its rapid molecular growth.

No one could imagine that the events transpiring one hundred nautical miles north in the remote Icelandic seas bordering LITA's Northern Fortress of Love could ever occur. Whether these events are driven by divine intervention or re-genesis from Mother Nature is unclear. What is clear is that the tides of fortune for the globe are about to turn in a most violent and disturbing manner.

Until today, sharks have never been presumed to kill for any reason other than to feed. Sharks don't feel pleasure or have emotional stakes in their kills.

Until today.

Helena, LITA's supreme Guardian, has her gills in a knot, contemplates what she has unleashed from her ancestor's foggy storage of knowledge. A story promising redemption and salvation for our troubled planet, as well as,

a way forward for a young female human brought to LITA by an armada of whales. Reborn and transformed into a new lifeform, Kara, the She-Ark will save the world from the follies of its human occupants.

The story also forecasts a cautionary, possible twist-of-fate that now consumes Helena's every waking moment. She wonders, *How, after so many possible outcomes, so many possible opportunities, could the fate of the world rest upon this young woman who closet friends are a young male geek, a gigantic girl obsessed with food, and a distraught young traveler with no seeming skills other than modifying beat up cars?*

Truly, a very strange brew.

Load rubs her eyes as she awakens from a deep sleep. She is exasperated by the large bump on her head.

*Was it from fainting onto the icy floor?*

Whatever it is from, her next thought is food. "I gotta eat, right the fuck now!" she blurts out.

Looking around, she is comforted by the sight of her two friends curled up in the fetal position, sleeping nearby.

"Wake up, lil dicks! It's time to filler up!"

Load's abrupt scream tears into the slumber of Wrek and Hard Dive, who both shoot to their feet, as if shocked out of a dark dream. Clutching each other, they suddenly scream, "What the—!" as they both flashback to the horrific sight of Kara being eaten whole by a polar bear.

"Where's Kara?!" cries Wrek.

"What the hell just happened?" wonders Hard Drive, shaking his head.

They frantically search the cavern but find no evidence of what they clearly saw happen. No body, no blood, no bear— no Guardians.

*Must'a been a really wicked, bad dream?*

“Food!” shouts Load. “We gotta find some grub, now! I could eat a bear!”

Wrek and HD look at each other, “Bear?!”

“You wanna eat a bear?!” asks a livid Wrek. “A fucking bear just ate Kara!”

“We all witnessed it,” adds Hard Drive. “You fainted, Load. Remember?”

Load just shakes her head. Whatever happened has no importance to her right now as she notices several Guardians arriving with a massive tray of mussels, shrimp and oysters. Before anyone can utter a word, Load sucks up what looks like five pounds of food and sheepishly mutters, “Seconds?”

Wrek still can't believe what they witnessed and want answers from someone.

Until Hard Drive reminds his friend, “Whatever happened, never happened. Remember what Helena said: we can never, ever talk about this with anyone.”

While Wrek stills appears confused, Load seems not to remember anything at all. She is solely focused on eating, so nothing else will matter until she is full.

## CHAPTER 4

### *Badaddi*

The Captain knows her place and has been instructed carefully by Mr. Sakatome to lay low, make no demands. Pretend to be the Captain of the Vessel and nothing more. Guard Mr. Huegotme and report on his every single movement. No room for mistakes or errors in judgement to hinder execution of the Grand Plan.

Mr. Sakatome has patiently cultivated his sisters Frankenstein like zealous work making her believe that he cares deeply about the human tragedies occurring to Villagers across the Congo. In reality that's all bullshit. Mr. Sakatome has engineered a plan to topple the H8 Society and take control of the world, for himself.

The Ani-humans represent his ultimate weaponized army and with his sister's medical plans and videos, he, Sakatome, will translate her diagrams and medical experiments into scalable factories managed and fueled by his friend to the North, Kim Jong Un. Mr. Huegotme's mission is to delicately trade those secret plans and videos of Dr. Takara for money, medical equipment and the construction expertise needed to house the growing Ani-human army.

The Captain is his insurance policy. Should Mr. Huegotme fail to retrieve the Ani-human experiment log, he is expendable but for now, he is the emissary and is thought

by himself and Dr. Takara to hold the keys to the money goods and services she desperately requires.

The morning dew is thick. Giant flying insects and all types of deep jungle creatures are first to awake.

In Zone Two, the Captain opens her eyes, dripping sweat from her head to toes. A shower would be welcome. Quietly, she slips out of her hut and moves to check on Mr. Huegotme who has been placed in a larger structure across a common area.

Her eyes convey what her mind cannot still reconcile. Several Ani-humans, some with tiger feet, some with antelope feet, are scurrying around the common area boiling water, bringing a fire to cook the day's meals and stare at her in dead silence.

One younger boy, not yet fully developed, hops around, on his hands, which clearly resemble some form of monkey paws. The sight is surreal.

The Captain's emotions run from disgust, as evidence of the massacres that permeate her vision, to apprehension, to outright fear. What she is witnessing is a combination of life that has no roadmap and no precedent.

*Animal parts combined with humans! What does this mean for humanity?*

She restrains her instincts to cry at what she perceives as living horror. Her training kicks in. "Mr. Huegotme, may I enter your chambers?" It is early so she waits. Perhaps he is sleeping still.

No response.

She enters the bedroom area which is netted to thwart the flies. Immediately she stiffens, the bed is empty. Mr.

Huegotme is nowhere in sight. Now, she must communicate. Her primary mission to watch over him is compromised.

Darting out of the structure, she flips open a satellite phone equipped with a secretive communication app.

First, she summons her team. One assigned to guard Mr. Huegotme overnight.

Again, no response.

Opening “Trackkr”, an app designed to track the movements of people embedded with Nano signal locators, each of her team has one surgically planted in the back of their necks, she checks the GPS locations of her eight team members.

There are none.

She darts out of the structure and sees thirty Ani-humans lined in a circle around the building. They stare at her, some with human eyes, some with animal eyes. She crouches, ready for a fight. She has weapons.

Finally, silence contributing to her tension, she blurts out, “What have you done with my comrades and Mr. Huegotme? I demand answers in the name of Mr. Sakatome. Answer me now, or risk severe consequences!”

Appearing from behind the herd of Ani-humans, Goma Foutu stares at her with his Owl eyes. Approaching her carefully, he stands in front of the herd. “You are not in any danger Captain. Your team has been placed in Zone Four where their Nano signal bots have been safely removed. They will be returned here later this morning. Mr. Huegotme is having a Tour of the Net. He is also safe. Dr. Takara has requested his presence in her compound for lunch today as she was in the med-labs late into the night. You would be wise to relax. We have left your phone intact to show that

we mean you no harm. My brothers and sisters will prepare a breakfast of Kwanga and Fufu, and for you and your comrades.”

The Captain has no options, not here, not now. She smiles, broadly, disguising her complete fear at letting this all unfold overnight. Mr. Sakatome would not be pleased. Heads would roll off their shoulders. “I must be in Mr. Huegotme’s presence at all times,” she responds.

“Captain, be assured Dr. Takara will call for you when she is ready. Take a bath, share our food. You will be reunited with your comrades before the sun sets today.”

Mr. Huegotme opens his eyes. There is a dull pain in the back of his neck and his hands are bandaged and restrained on a bed? Or, is it a platform he is on? As his brain wakes up, a blinding white light is above him, swinging ever so slightly and he is clearly not in the straw bed and chambers where he went to sleep last night.

As he looks about, trying to sort his surroundings, a young African woman comes into view.

“Ah, you are awake? This is excellent Mr. Huegotme. How do you feel?”

“I feel fine,” he responds. “A bit groggy. Where am I?”

A giggle spills out of the young woman’s face. “You are safe and sound, sir. Dr. Takara will be here soon. Rest now, your body will appreciate it.”

“Why am I restrained? This is unacceptable. Where is the Captain? Why am I here?” he demands to know.

A giggle again. The young lab technician tries to calm him while laughing. “You’ve received a complimentary upgrade sir. Reserved for our most important brothers.”

She turns a knob on the intravenous drip and he fades into sleep as he utters, “Upgrade?”

—

An ominous sun sets on the horizon like a massively glowing mushroom cloud spreading radiation over the bleak Mongolian steppe. Inside a blacked out, mobile satellite truck, Old Man Wadd, Gilda, Vladimir and Juan huddle around a bank of flat screen monitors and 3D touch control panels.

Ilikaa Khan watches from the corner of the cramped room. She is fully invested in the old man’s plan for very personal reasons and confident that her champagne christened agreement with him is iron-clad. Very proud of her warrior heritage, Ilikaa has been on a mission to reclaim the vaulted, global status of conquests that her clan achieved so many centuries ago. Even to this day, people throughout the world, still speak of the terrifying ‘Mongol invasion.’

Ilikaa has studied history to know that many cultures have reigned as world dominating powers in the past—the Greeks, the Romans, the Persians, the Mayans, the Inca, the British—and all have collapsed due to their inability to adapt quickly to change, be it from climate or invaders or social revolutions. And none have ever reclaimed their once held global dominance. But Ilikaa is determined to make the Mongols the first to repeat. Having once occupied a land area of nearly 13 million square miles that stretched from present-day Eastern Europe to Korea (including much of Russia, all of China, and everything in between) the empire began by Genghis Khan, and extended by his kin, was one



of the largest the world has ever known. If everything goes as planned, Ilikaa's second Mongolian empire will be even larger.

Real-time data streams constantly update the number of persons inoculated while tiny red dots on a map of Mongolia show each of their locations. The map is covered in red and the inoculation number has just eclipsed two million.

"The time has come for us to go where no-one has gone before..." states the old man as he swipes the screen on the main monitor in front of him—and the menacing looking Mood Chip controls roll into position.

Vladimir, Gilda and Juan are all trembling with excitement. Their journey to get to this moment has been long and sometimes tortuous, but their dream is about to finally come true: the H8 Society Moodbots will be unleashed on an unsuspecting planet.

"Do it!" shouts Vladimir.

"Yes! Do it, now!" adds an elated Gilda.

"Let them loose!" cries Juan. "Let our Mongolian hordes loose!"

The old man closes his eyes. He is deep in thought over the significance of what is about to unfold. A Keeper plans for centuries, not moments, and he feels supremely confident that the many years he has invested in shepherding the Society through its multitude of challenges to achieve this historic milestone will prove well worth it in the end. Finally, he slowly, methodically lifts his boney finger and touches the mood level activator, which instantly triggers the millions of implanted Mood Chips. He knows this is just one small step to realizing his grandiosely evil scheme. An important step, yes. But just one of many millions of steps.

Old Man Wadd uses his index finger to raise the Mood Chip control, pushing it past ‘Suicidal,’ past ‘Raging Anger,’ past ‘Carnivore’—all the way to ‘Sleep.’

Vladimir turns purple. “What?!”

“You’re putting them to sleep? Why?!” shrieks Gilda.

“So they can be easily transported to the target,” responds Ilikaa, nonchalantly.

“Right,” declares a suddenly aware Juan. “If we make them insane now, they’ll just destroy each other.”

“Massed power must be acutely focused,” adds the old man. “They must be targeted for the greatest effect.”

But Vladimir’s impatience overcomes him. “How long is that going to take?! A week?! A month?! I can’t wait any longer!”

“I assure you, sir, they will all be in position by morning light,” responds Ilikaa in her most calming voice. It is clear to her that Vladimir’s primary weakness is his irrational temper. A weakness she can exploit easily, when the time is right.

Old Man Wadd smirks in a sickly, perverted manner. “I promise you, tomorrow will be a new day for all of us...and for the history of the H8 Society. The world as we know it will change forever.”

It’s dark and very cold, again, inside Suren and Jochi’s Ger. With their supply of fuel about to run out, Suren is watching over Jochi aware of any slight change to her condition. Last night, her little sister suffered from cold sweats and a terrible fever. Then she exhibited short, erratic fits of anger that were completely out of character. And the strange thing is: their neighbors were also afflicted with the very same

symptoms. But the nurses from yesterday are gone. And the village doctor is nowhere to be found. Leaving Suren helplessly confused. Has everyone come down with the A-Chu Flu even though they were all vaccinated?

Thankfully, Jochi is sleeping, again, but this time deeper than Suren has ever seen—like she’s been heavily drugged. Exhausted from a day filled with worry and uncertainty, Suren lays next to her sister in an effort get some sleep.

That’s when she hears a truck pull up outside.

Then the front door of their Ger is kicked in by two armed soldiers from Bhusta Khan’s militia.

Suren shoots out of bed, screaming, “What are you doing?!”

The soldiers look at each other, stunned.

“She’s awake?” questions one.

“I can fix that,” claims the other before he knocks her out cold with the butt of his rifle.

It’s a long time before Suren returns to consciousness. A sudden bump rattles her awake, only to realize she has a splitting headache and is half buried under a pile of seemingly lifeless bodies stuffed into the back of a moving truck. Where’s Jochi?

Suren pushes at the heavy torso of the man trapping her legs, screaming. “Jochi?!” Finally pulling herself free, she desperately digs through the pile of intertwined arms and legs, still screaming, “Jochi! Answer me, Jochi!”

Nothing.

Climbing amongst the heap, while the noisy truck ambles down the road, Suren checks under every possible

body she can move in an effort to find her little sister. “Jochi, where are you?!”

Then the truck unexpectedly screeches to a stop. And she hears many other trucks come to a stop, nearby. What is happening? Why am I here? Where is Jochi?

The canvas flap covering the back of the truck suddenly flies open.

All Suren can think to do is: play dead. She flops on the pile and lays as still as she can. It is only then that she realizes that the people are not dead. They are all breathing. A thoroughly confused Suren lays perfectly still with her eyes closed, listening to the sound of everyone being pulled off the truck. Until it is her turn.

Suren is dragged off by two soldiers and, unceremoniously, dropped on the frozen ground as if she were nothing but a sack of rotten potatoes. She lays there, for what seems like hours, listening to the bodies from every truck being dumped all around her. Are they all drugged? What is the matter with them? Suren imagines there must be hundreds. It isn't until the sun begins to rise and the soldiers drive away that she dares to open her eyes.

A frightened Suren holds her aching head as she slowly rises to see: an incredible expanse of bodies, thousands, maybe tens of thousands, strewn as far as the horizon. Clouds of steam rise from their nostrils through the early morning light, making it is clear that they are all alive. “What madness is this?” gasps Suren.

Then she recognizes something lying on the ground in the distance: her little sister's pink-died coat.

Stumbling over the bodies, crying, “Jochi!” Suren is desperate to reach her sister. Desperate to find her alive. Desperate to get the hell out of this nightmarish reality.

But before she can reach Jochi, the mass of sleeping humanity, suddenly, and for no apparent reason, sits up in unison without speaking a word, eyes wide open—staring. At what?

Then, like robots obeying some silent command, they begin rising to their feet, blocking Suren’s view. She scrambles through the forest of people, screaming, “Jochi!” Catching brief glimpses of her pink coat, Suren runs faster, as the thousands of people begin to walk toward some unknown destination.

Quickly dodging through the moving mob, Suren finally reaches her younger sister. “Jochi, it’s me!” she announces, elated to have finally found her. But Jochi is also acting like a mindless lemming, marching in step with the gigantic herd. “What’s wrong with you?” asks a perplexed Suren, waving her hands in front of Jochi’s face. “Please! It’s me!” She tries shaking her. “Stop! Look at me!” But with her eyes fixed on the horizon, Jochi just keeps on marching. Determined to get a response, Suren finally slaps her face. “Wake up, damn it!”

Still nothing.

Suren doesn’t know what to do. Exhausted, dispirited, and at the point of tears, she realizes the only course left is to follow her little sister to wherever she is going. But even that becomes a challenge when she reaches the crest of a hill to realize that the human wave is now running towards tens of thousands of horses that wait for them in the valley below.

The mob mounts any horse they can get ahold of and take off like a gigantic stampeding herd across the frozen tundra.

Jochi also takes off running.

“No!” screams Suren as she dashes after her. But Suren is knocked over by a faster man, and then trampled by the mob. “Ahhhh!” Fighting to get back to her feet, she scrambles down into the valley as the last horses are joining the stampede. “My god...” She races as fast as she can to grab any still available horse.

But Suren is too late. All the horses are gone. And so is Jochi. “Nooooo!” she screams while still trying to catch up. “Wait!” Desperate not to fall behind, Suren runs as far and fast as she can, until she finally runs out of gas. Gasping for breath and dazed by everything that’s happened, she collapses on the ground, not knowing what to do. “How could you let this happen?!” She scolds herself, while coming to tears.

The despondent Suren, her head buried in her arms, almost doesn’t notice when something begins tickling her face. Flicking at the pesky fly, she finally looks up to realize she is being licked by the most beautiful horse she has ever seen. “Oh, yes! Thank you!” Invigorated with a renewed sense of hope, Suren quickly mounts the steed and gallops off in an effort to catch up with her sister.

—

The caravan of para-military trucks loaded with the Queen’s new army of women roars over the parched landscape on a seldom used goat path outside Deir al-Zour. Riding in the

back seat of the lead vehicle is Amahzunn, Perhine and a rail-thin, dark-eyed girl whose face is covered by a black burqa.

The Queen motions to Perhine. “You have something to show me?”

“I do,” responds Perhine. “May I present Nadira, who recently left the ISIS Al-Khansaa Brigade to join us.”

“The all-women police unit?” asks a curious Amahzunn.

Nadir silently nods.

“She joined the Brigade last year and was, prior to enlisting, the most promising engineer at BAE Systems in England” Perhine grins, eagerly. “Nadir has, without a doubt, a most wickedly clever device to demonstrate.”

Nadira dips her head out of respect. “I am honored, my Queen, to have the opportunity to serve in the most perfect al-masiir.” Very gingerly, she pulls an electronic case from under her seat, opens it to reveal a modified android tablet equipped with a USB connected DIY satellite antenna that pulses with a blue glow.

Intrigued, Amahzunn asks, “What is this thing?”

Nadira smiles. “If you please, my Queen.” She powers up the tablet and equips the antenna with a telescoping Oculus Mirror. Then opens several data bubbles that hover over different shapes moving across the screen. Nadira points to a succession of the objects as she explains: “The dots indicate the Pentagon’s latest aero-tech: small, autonomous drones swarming like flies over our heads, right now.”

“Drones?!” responds a suddenly alarmed Amahzunn. “Stop the truck!”

The lead vehicle screeches to a halt as the Queen bounds out of the back to search the skies. Perhine follows, signaling frantically for the convoy to fan out.

“Get off the road and take cover!” shouts Perhine into her hand radio, while pointing to the clouds. “Drone attack!”

“No, no. Everything’s OK.” responds the surprisingly confident young Nadira as she climbs out with her invention. “They are not looking for us.”

The Queen is obviously confused. “How can you be sure?”

“I know exactly what this swarm of mechanical hornets is targeting.” Nadira activates one of the information bubbles on her tablet. “I’ve hacked into the BAE satellite that relays the signals to and from each of the drones in this area. This swarm is made up of a hundred little, flying bots that communicate with each other every millisecond, almost like a conscience entity, informing a larger discreet drone on exactly how, and where, to most efficiently and effectively attack an enemy. And armed with more than their weight in C4, their combined explosive area is twenty-times greater than that of the Air Force’s biggest cluster bomb.”

The tablet’s screen is filled with real-time data, including the direct feed from the swarm’s AI communications.

The Queen motions, wanting to know more.

Nadira continues, “Utilizing miniaturized cellphone technology, they constantly relay position and mission target information to each other, while transferring aggregated video and location data to a Strike Commander and a Triggerman.” She smiles. “I know where they are going, what they see, what data they share, and therefore who or



what they are targeting. Every single thing they know, I know.”

Amahzunn and Perhine look astonished. They respond in unison, “No fucking way.”

A small crowd of women gather around to see what the commotion is about.

“You can control them?” asks the Queen.

Nadira reveals her generous smile as she removes her burqa. This is the moment she has been praying for, and she is determined to seize it. Nadir looks up and silently mutters, “If Allah wishes it.” And then, confidently answers, “Shit yes. More importantly, I can confuse and redirect them.” She quickly taps out a line of code, inserts it into one of the tiny drone’s data feeds, and taps the pulsating ‘Engage’ button.

At this point, an AI activated stream of encrypted code invades the swarm, which allows Nadira to showcase the full potential of her invention: she controls the swarm by infusing manipulated data directly to each drone: “Watch, my Queen, as they leave us.”

Nadira speaks into her tablet, which translates her voice into the swarm’s data stream, “On my mark, initiate vertical attitude of 180 degrees.” She smiles, wryly. “Now!”

Everyone watches in utter amazement as the streaming video shows the tiny drones she highlighted taking a dramatic nose dive, while they hear the audio response of the Strike Commander and Triggerman going ballistic trying to figure out what the hell has gone wrong.

“What the fuck?!” shrieks the Triggerman over the tablet’s speaker. “I was locked on target!”

“The swarm’s shit the bed!” responds the Strike Commander. “I told command these new AI devices were junk!”

The swarm’s video shows the ground come up extremely fast—then the data feed and video go black on impact.

At the same moment, a massive fire ball explodes only 300 yards from the crowd. *BOOM!*

Everyone watching cheers!

“A drone killer,” whispers Perhine. “Magnificent!”

“Sister Nadira,” exclaims the Queen over the noise. “You are, from now on, to be known as ‘BK’, the Buzz Killa’. Ha, such a clever, girl!”

--

Night has fallen over the mountainous Syrian countryside where Perhine uses night vision goggles to search the path ahead. She is escorting her sister through the darkness to a prearranged rendezvous point. Having left their army a safe distance away in their vehicles, the two sisters tread quietly with their AK-47s at the ready, while Amahzunn tests another of Nadira’s handy inventions: a micro-communications transmitter built into the handcrafted prayer beads she wears.

“If anything happens to us,” explains Amahzunn into her prayer bead communicator. “You know what to do.”

Nadira’s voice responds from a remote location, “Of course, my Queen.”

“Quiet,” whispers Perhine as she notices the heat signature of someone approaching in the distance. She stops

silently signals her sister to keep low. “Stay here. I’ll check it out.”

Then a voice calls out in a thick Australian accent, “Which can drink more Fosters? A camel or a goat?”

Amahzunn nods to Perhine, who answers, “Neither. They both know it’s the piss of a kangaroo.” The women move toward the voice, but stop when it unexpectedly responds, “How far can you walk, naked, in the desert?”

Amahzunn and Perhine look at each other, confused.

Perhine whispers to her sister, “I already give him the password.”

An agitated Amahzunn calls out, “Stop with the ridiculous charades! We gave you the password!”

A barrel-chested Australian sporting a full beard suddenly appears right in front of them. His fingers are covered with skull rings and he’s wearing a black shirt emblazoned with the ISIS logo. “How far?”

The two sisters jump back and train their AKs on the man.

“You don’t know?” asks the Australian with a cheeky smirk. “Well, let’s find out.” He pulls out his Glock and motions. “Strip down naked. Now.”

The women do not appreciate his sense of humor.

Amahzunn proudly responds, “We will do no such—”

“Strip, now!” shouts the Australian. “Or my men will cut you down where you stand!” Then red lasers from twenty rifle sights trace across Amahzunn and Perhine.

The two women look at each other a nod, both realizing it will prove a small cost for admission. They quickly strip to their underwear.

The greasy, grinning Australian does a slow, pondering once around filling his lurid eyes with visions of lust. Panting like overheated mutt, he moves uncomfortably close and reaches his grimy hand to perform a closer inspection – until Amahzunn violently shoves her fingers into his nostrils and pulls his face right into hers. “No touching, filth-bag,” she commands as she grabs his nose and pushes the stunned Australian to the ground.

“Yeah, baby!” responds the Australian, now laughing manically. “Treat me like the dog that I am. Awooo!” he sings as he skips off into the darkness. “To the Islamic Caliphate!”

Dawn is slowly rising over the barren landscape where an extremely cautious Amahzunn and Perhine are escorted by twenty, armed ISIS fighters. They are following the bearded Australian to where the two Dervish warriors are to meet Abu Omar al-Baddadi, the Islamic Caliphate’s self-proclaimed leader. But the Australian suddenly stops, in the middle of nowhere.

“Leave all your weapons here,” he announces as he grabs the women’s rifles. “All of them.”

The two sisters drop their swords and several hidden knives on the ground.

“Now, your phones.”

“You can confirm we are meeting al-Baddadi, yes?” asks Amahzunn.

The Australian snatches their smart phones. “His royal divineness. In the flesh.” Then he rubs his hands together like a greedy pick-pocket. “I’m sure you won’t mind if I

personally make sure you are clean.” He approaches, licking his chops.

“Not if you don’t mind me snapping your neck!” responds a feisty Perhine.

Amahzunn motions for her to be calm. “My sister is very shy. She has never enjoyed the touch of a man.”

The eager Australian starts with Amahzunn and the heat of his smelling breath whispers in her ear “But, I’ll bet you have my dear.”

Perhine watches in disgust as his greasy hands start on her sister’s shoulders, rubbing them slowly back-and-forth until he reaches her neck. It is obvious to her that the fat, disgusting Australian is enjoying this far too much. Perhine clinches her fists when he moves his molesting hands slowly down to fondle her sister’s breasts. An enraged Perhine is ready to cold-cock the bastard, until Amahzunn waves her off with her piercing stare. Perhine knows she must not compromise their mission. Unable to watch any longer, she looks away, only to realize that the Australian has just inserted his trembling hands between her legs! Wanting to violently lash out and scream, she suppresses her rage by nearly biting a hole right through her lip.

“Are you finished?!” shrieks a thoroughly fed-up Amahzunn. Watching him manhandle her little sister is even too much for her.

“You girls are ripe,” mutters the grinning Australian as he steps away, wiping the drool off his beard.

“This cannot be a headquarters, there is nothing here,” states an annoyed Amahzunn.

“You were expecting what? A palace like Saddam’s or Gaddafi’s?” responds the Australian motioning to a vacant horizon. “You don’t see it?”

“Of course. It’s underground,” remarks Perhine.

“Wrong, little missy. Our underground HQ was destroyed by a drone strike after one of our geniuses parked his tank on top of it. I am amazed you still can’t see it.”

The increasingly impatient Amahzunn finally snaps. “Enough games!” She grabs the Australian by the throat. “I don’t care where al-Baddadi is hiding—I want to see him and now!”

But the Australian is surprisingly quick. He spins out of her grip and puts her in a painful arm lock, while clutching Perhine by the throat with his other hand, leaving both women shockingly incapacitated.

“Behave, ladies, before I bend you both over and show you true daylight.” He releases them, then grabs his cock and calls out, “May Allah guide you!”

A canvas door-flap suddenly swings open at the base of what appeared to be a nearby hill. The stunned women peer inside to see cavernous interior of a giant inflatable structure that is filled with a hodgepodge of modified, stealth-designed vehicles and what appears to be hundreds of ISIS fighters.

“When you’re making millions of dollars a day selling black-market oil, you can create some pretty outlandish shit.” The Australian pushes the two sisters into the air-filled structure, while explaining its attributes like a regional sales rep, “After suffering months of losses due to aerial attacks on our towns, we determined that the only way to defeat both the drones and the US Airforce was to be highly

mobile, to move to a new location every night using heat signature-proof vehicles, and then hide during the day, right out in the open. So, our very talented UK design team dreamed up this incredible, inflatable structure that, from the air, melds perfectly into the local landscape, and blocks any infrared detection. It also collapses quickly and is easy to transport.”

The two sisters are impressed. Though Amahzunn realizes it will make her grand plan a bit harder to execute. “Where is al-Baddadi?” she asks.

The Australian motions for them to enter the back of a large, carbon-graphic truck covered in black, infrared-proof material. “We spare no expense when it comes to creating kickass toys for our boys,” he explains.

Not sure what to expect, Amahzunn and Perhine are escorted by two armed ISIS fighters into a room that is stunning to behold. Walls covered in gold, Fortuny fabric; gold threaded cushions, booze and food scattered across the floor; Bang Bros porn playing on one big screen, The Hangover III on another; and scantily clad slave girls everywhere—the scene is part Caligula, part debauched harem.

“The prophet would be insulted,” whispers Perhine to Amahzunn.

Holding court over the bizarre spectacle is a severely bloated character in a thick beard with a patch over one eye, and a hideous looking stump for a leg that he constantly picks at and massages—both the result of a near-miss drone strike.

“Praise Allah, the Dervishes have arrived!” announces the man as he belches.

“Who is that?” scoffs Perhine.

The Australian jams the barrel of a loaded Glock into the back of each sister’s head. “Bow before the exalted one, the one and only divine ruler of our sacred Islamic State of Iraq and Syria, Sheik Abu Omar al-Baddadi!”

---

Sharks are legendary for being perfect killing machines. They have inhabited the earth for over 400 million years. Their species outlived the dinosaurs and have successfully navigated eons of climate changes and evolutionary twists and turns that have destroyed many less adaptable life forms.

Now, a deadly force threatens their species unlike any predator in nature, or nature herself. A killing machine so monstrous that it slaughters sharks oftentimes just for pleasure and prestige.

Shark fin soup, once a reserved delicacy for Chinese Emperors is considered a modern sign of wealth in China. Over a hundred million sharks are mined each year from the oceans for the precious cartilage in their fins, which is carefully preserved, dried and mixed into soups that sell for over one hundred dollars a bowl.

How many shark attacks occur each year on humans? Less than a hundred, and of that, less than a dozen deaths occur on average. In the battle between sharks and man, it is sharks that kill for survival, while man kills only for money or sport, without an ounce of remorse.

No one could possibly imagine the strange event that occurred last night. Whether it was driven by divine



intervention or re-genesis from Mother Nature is unclear. What is clear is: Helena has unleashed something that has the potential to change the balance in the war of humans on sharks.

Babies of all species usually have mothers that ensure they are fed until they learn to hunt for their own food. This is not exactly true for sharks. From an early age, their young quickly learn to hunt and eat whatever is available to them: crustaceans, small fish, basically anything that moves in the water.

The SheArk rapidly puts distance between it and its icy womb, swimming with almost beacon-like precision toward LITA's fortress.

"Where is Kara?" demands Load to Helena.

"I saw the bear tear her apart," mutters Wrek.

"Surely she could not survive that," adds Hard Drive.

Helena's eyes are soft with the patience of aged wisdom yet sparkling with intensity. Wanting to prepare these humans for what they are about to experience, she responds very softly, with the assured confidence of an elder responsible for her tribe, "Sheee is alive...I can feel her now...making herrr return."

"Kara! She's alive!" shouts Wrek.

Load drops her plate of muscles to join in, "Holy shit! She's coming back? Hurray!"

"OMG!" continues Wrek noticing a marked change in Load. Somehow, she has gained two hundred pounds and grown at least two feet, which puts her at about seven feet tall and packing over five hundred pounds!

"Load! What happened?" responds an astonished Wrek.

Hard Drive can only smile. “Your like Load XXXL!”

“I dunno,” replies a proud Load. “I was just eating all those damn raw things and BAM! I just filled out. How do you like me now fellas?”

Hard Drive’s head is bursting with wonder. Before he can even begin to process it, Load shouts, “Follow me...we’re off to see Kara!”

“Wait!” he shouts, stopping the newly behemoth Load.

Hard Drive is extremely suspicious. He knows what he saw was not life giving, but life taking. Staring intently at Helena, he decides to unleash his frustration through sarcasm. “We all saw what happened: a polar bear fucking ate her! How could she survive that? As a polar bear turd? That’s the only thing that makes sense, right?”

Wrek piles on. “Oh shit, will she talk? So, we gotta deal with talking bear turd?”

“Awkward,” interjects Load.

“Who or what is she? Tell us!” demands Hard Drive.

Helena knows this will be the most difficult thing for them to understand. “Sheee is not the Karrra you knew...Beee very, very carrreful....”

Twenty feet long and swimming faster than a Mako, which tops out at sixty MPH, Kara the SheArk, is moving quickly through the frigid ocean towards LITA.

The whales that transported the Sprawl Lords have already gone to feed. And the polar bears are still swimming near the icy shore. Sensing danger, they claw their way onto the ice. Appearing like a long fat white furry blanket, they huddle together in mortal fear.

Even polar bears have predators. Grey sharks, which can live to two hundred years, are known to hunt and eat polar bears. Hence, the bears sense peril because the SheArk is much more dangerous than even the Greys that inhabit the northern seas near Greenland.

“We’re gonna see her,” exclaims Load. “I’m not afraid.”

“Seee her you can...Fearrr her you must,” warns Helena.

Then the rocks beneath their feet begin to rumble with the sound of some kind of monstrous giant running towards them.

“Kara’s alive! Let’s go get her!” shouts Load.

But how, or why, Load knows Kara is approaching is one of hundreds of questions ricocheting through Hard Drive’s cranium. Everything is happening too fast. “Load, stop!”

Too late. Load is already climbing the sheer rocks with massive legs that effortlessly project her toward the top. Not knowing what else to do, the boys clamor after her.

Reaching the icy, snow-packed surface, Load surveys the ocean for her dear friend. Quickly scrambling behind her, Hard Drive and Wrek reach the surface, only to have their eyes fix on the white mass of polar bears huddled nearby.

Wrek points, shouting, “Bears, Holy shit, hundreds of ‘em! We’re fucked now!”

Instinctively, they crawl behind Loads massive body to peer around her.

The massive polar bears don’t move. Nary a growl, not even a stir, for they are there to protect the Guardians—and

these three humans, however strange they acted, are now under that umbrella of security.

The SheArk slowly emerges from the ocean depths, fifty yards offshore and pauses for a moment quickly surveying the coastline. Most sharks need to keep moving to force water across their gills to breathe. For the SheArk, a momentary pause is all she requires. The laser-sharp beams emitting from her glowing green eyes scan across the lurking polar bears and settle on Load's chest like a missile guidance system.

Engaged by a series of indiscernible flash-images, the Kara inside the SheArk is alerted to the eminent danger of the bears. Without warning, she strikes. Quickly swimming to the shoreline, the SheArk's spiked dorsal fin impales three of the beasts and scoops them directly into its protruding triple set of jaws. In less than ten seconds, three massive polar bears are consumed alive by the SheArk.

Undeterred by the carnage, Load leaves her friends shaking with terror and steps to the edge of the shore, between the now petrified bears.

"You crazy, stupid girl?" shouts Wrek. "That's a killer mod shark!"

But Load is unafraid. She pounds her fist into the water, screaming, "Kara! It's me, Load!"

"Are you bat-shit? That can't be Kara!" demands Wrek.

"It is! I know it," responds a determined Load.

The SheArk's crisp laser beams closely follow Load's fists as they punch the water, sending the electrical impulses from her body toward the SheArk. And she captures them in the same way all sharks utilize electroreception to register

the smallest changes in the electricity conducted through saltwater.

What follows shocks everyone and makes a shark attack on a sea-lion seem like a sumo wrestler inhaling a tiny eggroll: the SheArk jumps up from the water and stretches its giant mouth open as if to make Load its next meal. But instead, the SheArk extends her tongue some thirty feet, only to gently place it on Load's face and lips.

It is at this moment that the two old friends reconnect.

Load whispers Kara's name with pure love in her eyes, causing distant images of another life to flash like a faded, black-and-white film through the SheArk's mind: Cage, Face, Boomer, TS Reely High.

*When, where does it come from?* wonders Kara inside the SheArk.

With tears pouring down her face, Load understands no harm will come her way as she continues to utter, "Kara...Kara, I do love you and I always will."

Wrek and Hard Drive look on in amazement as the SheArk gracefully falls back into the dark blue sea, disappearing from sight.

*How many humans can say they were kissed by a shark?*

*Was it really a kiss?*

Hard Drive suspects not.

Load bellows out to the endless horizon of an icy, turbulent sea, "Kara! Come back, please! We love you! Come back!"

## CHAPTER 5

### *Fratricide*

A highly agitated Mr. Sakatome paces his garden. By all calculations and GPS coordinates, he should have a signal from his Captain that they have arrived.

He picks up a satellite video phone and decides to place a call to his sister.

“What time is it there?” He never remembers. Japan to Dr Congo is eight hours earlier. He places the call.

The Captain sees his incoming ID and fears the conversation, but duty requires she answer. “Hello, Sir.”

He dispenses with any formalities. “What is your situation Captain? Have you arrived? I’m concerned that I have not heard anything in the last twenty-four hours. You have disappeared from our view!”

The Captain hesitates to answer. She knows he will be upset that she has lost control of the situation. “Mr. Sakatome,” she says, “this is a very strange place.”

It is dawn patrol in what appears to be a promising new day. Goma Fouto is perched high up on a tree overlooking the river and the endless jungle as far as his owl-eyes can see.

Blue skies above and below, the morning dew softly rising as the sun begins to punch its way through the trees. The river, a passageway in and out of this enclave, beckons to the birds to feed on the teeming insects swarming across its now gentle surface.

His eyes blink with the amazement of all the beauty unfolding. His gaze is lazy and deeply thoughtful.

They say that most men spend two thirds of their lifetime in conversations with themselves. The neo-cortex- the thinking brain sending massive signals deeper into the limbic brain where emotions are stored. The limbic sends ten times the amount of electrical pulses back to the neocortex as emotional signals. While human history is littered with the carnage of man's ambitions to control the many around him, this Ani-human is adrift in an emotional journey of self-actualization.

Normal humans would laugh at the prospect of an Ani-humans journey to discovery themselves.

*What am I? An aberration? A freak! A modern Dr. Frankenstein's laboratory debris?*

But for this Ani-human there is no self-pity, no sense that anything has gone wrong. No regrets.

Quite the opposite.

Goma Fouto is feeling the call of destiny. His long gaze begins to reveal an inner clarity of perspective. Not knowing or understanding the super forces intending to leverage his new kind, he feels a rising tide of belonging to a new tribe with hundreds of Ani-humans that surround him in Dr. Takara's Net. A clear signal, an inner voice is singing in his ear. The sounds are a mix of harmonics and words exploding from the chemistry of combining human and animal tissues in ways never before contemplated. And the feeling is empathy.

“Strange?” responds Mr. Sakatome to the Captain. “Frankly, I don’t give shit about how strange you feel. I want answers to my questions, right the fuck now!”

“Your sister has kidnapped our comrades and Mr. Huegotme along with them. She has bred a large force of these Ani-humans. While they profess, we are in no danger, clearly, she is establishing an independence that we did not predict. I have been informed that our comrades are alive and being de-coupled from the Nanobots implanted inside them. As for Mr. Huegotme, I have been advised that Dr. Takara intends to reunite me with him very soon. Please sir, I accept entire responsibility for this mess. What are your instructions?”

“Captain, you have only one mission now. Listen very carefully as your life hinges on your ability to execute these orders. Erase Huegotme. Share the contents of the box with my Sister and let her know, in no uncertain terms, that I’ll wipe her, and the entire Ani-human colony, off the planet unless she immediately assigns all control of the Net to you as my new special emissary.”

Destiny plays by its own rules. It follows no orders from humanity.

*Is it Mother Nature or something beyond our Earthly sphere?*

Questions that all religions have tried to address.

*Is there an existential Force or someone God-like, controlling us?*

Goma Fouto is in a deep state of emotional and thought contemplation when his super sensitive ears perk up. A commotion is unfolding somewhere inside the Second Ring.



He trains his eyes and begins to leap through the trees as if summoned.

“Kill the Intruder! Rip her face off and send her to the Fourth Ring!” shouts one of a dozen very dangerous, angry Ani-humans surrounding the Captain.

She is crouched in a combat, defensive posture and armed with a glowing small orb. “Stand the fuck back!” she commands.

The Captain wastes no time in letting everyone know that the glowing “orb” is a tactical dirty nuclear device that is wired to her voice and counting down to explode in two minutes unless she deactivates the timer.

One of the Ani-humans grunts a signal to her fellows that she believes the Captain is bluffing and that they should rush her and rip her to shreds.

The Captain continues to stare down the ring of Ani-humans while counting the seconds to nuclear annihilation. “Sixty seconds and you’ll all be blown to bits! Think I’m bluffing? Ha! We’ll all be vaporized!”

Just as the Ani-humans begin to close in on the Captain, Goma Fouto drops down in between them and calmly says, “Blown to bits? That’s hardly a threat to us, Captain. When we’ve all been bloody butchered alive.”

Goma Fouto emits several intense clicks and the Ani-humans instantly catapult into the surrounding trees.

The Captain continues her threat. “Thirty seconds! I’m not bluffing!”

Goma Fouto trains his owl eyes intently into the eyes of the Captain and calmly speaks, “What do you desire Captain?”

She replies, “I want to see Mr. Huegotme and Dr. Takara, immediately. You’ve got twenty seconds to agree.”

Goma Fouto calmly contemplates the clear blue sky framed by the deep green canopy above. Then takes a deep breath before responding, “I’ll take you to Mr. Huegotme. After that you are on your own. Shall we lock hands and enter oblivion together?” extending her Ani-human claw.

The Captain shrieks, “Stop!”

And the glowing orb replies, “Stop order recognized.”

Mr. Huegotme peeks below the sheets, now that his attendant has loosened his arms and lets loose a cry of horror, “AAAAAAAK!”

He extends one hand downward, in a mix of fear and curiosity, touching the giant penis like appendage in between his legs. It immediately starts to respond and grow. Eight inches, twelve inches, now sixteen inches! It starts to lift the sheet covering his body and points upward.

The attendant enters and softly whispers in his ear, “Do not be afraid, Sir, this is a gift. And it’s fully functional—shall I arrange a trial-run for you?”

“Excuse me, Dr. Takara,” as Rihanna. “We are receiving urgent communications from your brother. He insists that he speak with you immediately. I told him you were resting from a surgical sprint and he started cursing and threatened to cut you off. What shall I tell him, Mam?”

The exhausted doctor lets out a sigh as she looks in the mirror. Her eyes are bloodshot from a manic work schedule overseeing dozens of surgeries a day.

“Shall I pass you to the secure video SAT link?”

“Yes, yes, tell him I’ll be with him shortly.” She quickly applies some eye-liner and a few eye drops to hide the look of a pandemic first responder who has not had a break in many months.

She walks past two giant guards that appear to be gorillas except for their human faces. They stiffen to acknowledge the only creature allowed past them. The doctor offers a small smile.

Zone 5 is the single most secret inner area of Dr. Takara Sakatome’s Net. It is a very small room that only accommodates one person. A large 70’ inch Samsung monitor with one simple white chair occupies the room. Everything is voice controlled and a single secure line transmits and receives satellite communications from only one source located on a remote Sado Island, off the coast of Japan.

—

The surviving members of the H8 Society sit in the satellite truck monitoring the GPS feed from the two million red dots that represent the Mongolian stampede now swarming over a virtual map of Russia.

The old man explains, “As you have seen, thanks to the retroverse GPS technology we built into the Mood Chip, we have very specific directional control over our marauding tribe of Genghis Kan. Please, observe.” He sweeps his hand over a series of floating arrows on the GPS control board that indicate the horde will move slightly to the north from its northwest path—and it does.

Juan is duly impressed with everything that has gone into this production. He is already fantasizing about playing his favorite game, Machete Millionaire, on the White House lawn. Only, this time, instead of dirt-poor farmers running the mad gauntlet for cash that concludes with their beheading by a machete wielding Juan, it will be the political and intellectual elite of the US. Nothing would make Juan happier than to mount each and everyone one of their heads on the walls of the Lincoln bedroom.

Following a wide path of trampled ground created by the stampede, the grit-covered Suren is increasingly concerned for Jochi as she continues her quest on horseback, trying to catch up.

Suren knows she has crossed into Russia; the Cyrillic writing on all the signposts is a giveaway. Even though Siberia is only a few hundred kilometers north of her village, she has never been there—and neither he spoken or written understanding of the language is very good.

Her image of Russia has always been of giant cities topped with onion domes made of pure gold, factories belching columns of black smoke and huge rockets with red stars on them that go into space. So she is very surprised to see how much the landscape looks like the rural area around her home. The deep blue sky that seems to go on forever. The gently rolling hills are covered in endless grasslands.

But, here, the lively herds of sheep and cattle that would normally be roaming the hillsides, just like at home, are all gone—scattered by the stampeding horde on horseback or trampled to death trying to get away. Wherever Suren looks, she sees bloody carcasses littering the ground, and quaint

looking family farms that have been ransacked and destroyed. The fences are all knocked down. The houses look like they've been jack-hammered into the dirt.

Suren continues riding through this now bleak, desolate no-man's land, until she reaches a broken sign that reads: Красноярск 1км.

Hungry and hoping to find food, she follows the road around a thicket of trees, but suddenly pulls up, stunned by what she sees: "Oh, my god..." What lies before her is a Siberian city completely engulfed in flames. She kicks her horse to a gallop and rides toward the maelstrom.

Suren enters the city to find a scene of terrifying chaos and destruction. Buildings are on fire. The streets are strewn with crushed vehicles and debris. And there are bodies everywhere that have been mercilessly mauled. Then Suren sees something she cannot comprehend: a wolf pack-like group of people, some she recognizes from her own village, that have clearly lost their minds.

What they are doing is so horrifying that she covers her eyes, but the image of the insane mob savagely stomping on bodies, beating them with sticks, and hacking them into pieces with stolen Cossack swords is already burned into her retinas. "Noooo!" she screams.

Unfortunately, Suren's scream alerts the murderous gang. They immediately redirect their focus and charge right at her.

The rumble of the quickly approaching pack causes Suren to open her eyes, only to see her blood-soaked little sister, Jochi, leading the charge!

Then the shadow of a lone Tupolev Tu-160 Russian Air Force bomber passes overhead. Unnoticed by everyone

involved in the maelstrom below is its quickly descending thermonuclear payload.

At the moment that the charging Jochi suddenly stops—seeming to recognize her loving, always caring sister—the world around them flashes into a white-hot, burning fireball – and both girls, along with every living thing in the city, are immediately vaporized.

Old Man Wadd, with his three H8 comrades, watch a bank of monitors in the truck. The old man motions to several screens that light up with a new set of footage. “Thanks to the ingenuity of the satellite uplinked GoPros provided by our gracious host, Ilikaa, we have another, on the ground perspective.” It’s footage from the POV of several members of the attacking horde, ruthlessly slashing their way through the local population.

Particularly transfixed by the footage, Vladimir, Gilda and Juan can almost taste the blood splattering across every screen.

“Spectacular,” admits Gilda.

“A future reality TV show sensation,” adds a grinning Juan.

The old man motions over the 3D controls and live-feeds from all the Russian state-controlled news organizations fill the screens, but not one is reporting anything about the slaughter occurring in Siberian Russia. A quick search of online news and social media sources nets the same result: there is no information getting out.

“What about the phones? People must be talking about this,” states a frustrated Vladimir. “The horror of our MoodBots must strike terror into the hearts of everyone!”

“Our entire plan depends on media driven mass hysteria,” responds Gilda as she gives the old man a look.

He motions and one of the screens switches to the H8 proprietary global phone surveillance algorithm. The old man limits his search to only calls originating in and around Красноярск. But all the system picks up is streams of what sounds like gossip and phone sex calls.

This is unexpected. He scratches his head. “I’ve never seen a full communication blackout like this.”

“Very effective,” states an impressed Gilda.

“Well, it can’t last forever,” explains Vladimir. “News of our murderous Mongolian horde will get out.”

Then, almost simultaneously, every Russian news channel is interrupted by a ‘Special Terrorism Alert’, driven by dramatic, doomsday music and graphics:

“The Kremlin has issued the following statement,” claims a very official looking announcer. He reads from a prepared text. “A cowardly and clearly unprovoked terrorist attack has just befallen one of our most beloved cities, Красноярск.”

The H8 comrades look at each other.

The announcer continues, “The nature of the attack is on a scale not seen since the end of World War II.” Footage of a nuclear explosion plays in the background.

“What?” gasps Vladimir.

The announcer wipes away a tear, “It is difficult to believe that someone could do such a horrifying thing. The utilization of a nuclear weapon on the proud people of mother Russia will not go unanswered!” he shouts.

Old Man Wadd pulls up the MoodBot GPS feed to find every red dot is now gone.

Vladimir nearly shits himself, “How could this happen?! Now we have nothing!”

“Our esteemed leader, President Putin, has ordered every available humanitarian and military unit to quickly mobilize and respond to this horrible crisis.” Footage of determined soldiers piling into trucks plays behind the announcer. “Be assured that our government will do everything necessary to keep you and your children safe. With this in mind, let it be known that national a curfew is now in effect, and that Красноярск is a restricted area, open only to security cleared personnel. Anyone attempting to enter Красноярск, or disobeying this direct order from the Kremlin, will be dealt with in the harshest terms possible.”

Old Man Wadd, Vladimir, Gilda and Juan watch the Russian news coverage of the nuclear attack on Красноярск. Every channel is repeating the same prepared statement that a radical arm of Pussy Riot is taking credit for merciless bombing of the city.

Vladimir snorts. “Putin did this! He just wiped out millions of his own people to save his pathetic ass.”

“Exactly,” adds Old Man Wadd. “Which will only weaken him further when the entire world finds out what he’s done.” With another motion of his hand over the 3D touch controls, the old man pulls up folder containing the horde’s terrifying POV footage—but the folder is empty, except for a high kicking Cossack GIF that repeatedly shouts, “You’ve been hacked!!”

Gilda looks at Old Man Wadd, “Please tell me you expected this.”



But the old man does not respond. His clever mind is already plotting.

Vladimir is suddenly overcome with a sense of urgency. “I need to get to Moscow to bury that motherfucker. Now!”

“Yes, that is exactly what you should do,” interjects the old man. “And I would suggest Gilda and Juan accompany you to ensure this situation is quickly brought under control.” He waves his hand to call up the H8’s remaining fleet. “HellaJet #3 is standing by for your immediate departure.”

An eager Vladimir sprints out.

But Gilda and Juan are confused, until the Keeper takes them aside.

“I need you two to watch over our comrade so that he does not wander.”

A now quiet and cerebral Old Man Wadd sits in front of his bank of monitors contemplating the future of H8. As the Keeper, it is crucial that he is able to adjust quickly to changing and unexpected circumstances.

After investing a treasure of time and money into his now failed Mood Chip campaign, he must not get bogged down in the negative wallowing of incrimination and ‘what-if’, but must, instead, continue moving toward his steadfast belief in ‘what-will-be.’

Grinning, he waves his hand over the 3D controls and pulls up the now airborne HellaJet #3’s security system over-rides. Then flicks his finger to initiate ‘self-destruct’ mode and types in the password: ‘kissyourassgoodbye.’

“Warning. Countdown to self-destruct, in five...” announces the pleasant-sounding computer voice while red caution lights flash onboard HellaJet #3.

“What the hell?!” shouts just about everyone onboard in unison.

“Four...”

“Somebody stop it!” screams a panicked Vladimir.

“Three...”

“I knew he was up to something!” rages Gilda.

“Two...”

“Holy mother of god,” resigns a now slumping Juan. “I gave that man everything...”

“One...”

*KA-BOOM!*

Their terrified faces are shredded in an instant by the searing shrapnel of exploding metal.

The Keeper smiles as he watches the radar image of HellaJet #3 disappear from the screen. “Fuck ‘em all saves the day,” he mutters to himself.

The old man has always been quick to adjust to the ever-changing chaos of life. And even quicker to develop new plans and strategies, without a thought given to the unquestioned loyalty he enjoys from others. Vladimir and Gilda had served their purpose throughout the many promising events, and eventual humiliating defeat, of the ModBot experiment.

In the end, neither warranted a second thought. Just like his wayward, ill-begotten son, Wadd. His usefulness as a befitting heir to the Keeper’s thrown was quickly cut short by the old man. Sakatome didn’t survive the HellaJet escape. And the Infections were just an entertaining side-

show that gained nothing except the demise of the ridiculous Sprawl Lords.

As far as Old Man Wadd is concerned: the long knife of expediency feels neither guilt, or remorse, when it carves off the rotting flesh of defeat and disappointment.

Juan's loss, however, has left Old Man Wadd with just a tinge of regret. He will probably never find a more devoted protector of the Keeper, and H8 code. Juan's commitment to the old man was truly commendable. But loyalty goes only one way with the old man. Anyone who thinks different is a fool. Which was an indication of Juan's weakness and gullibility. Two things that Old Man Wadd despises and made Juan's participation in the next phase of H8 completely untenable.

The old man knows only too well that a drastic change in tactics require fresh, unaffected minds that are not threatened by a radical shift in direction, or the introduction of innovative thinkers. And, besides, he has absolutely no interest in engaging in a long battle to persuade the old to accept the new. The addition of Ilikaa Khan to the H8 Society is exactly what is needed to set a course for true, lasting global domination.

The added benefit that all assets belonging to deceased members of H8 are automatically bequeathed to the Keeper makes the entire episode only sweeter.

—

Trying to hide their disgust, Amahzunn and Perhine sit on silk cushions in front of the swollen mass of pompousness,

al-Baddadi. The bearded Australian stands ominously behind them.

“We bring you a thousand of the fiercest fighters you will ever know,” explains Amahzunn.

“Is that so?” questions the divine, bloated one. He speaks with the slur of a man addicted to powerful opiates and painkillers.

“Oh, great one, our savior, we carry a radical new technology that I will share with you, once we reach an agreement.”

“Show it to me, now, before I order a hundred men to bed you both tonight.”

“We beg you, with one condition, that my battalion has complete autonomy to fight as a single unit,” implores Amahzunn. “I want a meeting with all your commanders so I can better coordinate with your Excellency’s grand strategy.”

“My strategy is very simple: first, establish physical control over our sacred lands, second kill all non-believers and finally, without mercy, re-establish man’s inherent dominance over every woman—as our right, as it has been and forever shall be—”

“Allah be praised,” states the Australian.

He takes a hit from his golden hookah and belches pure green smoke. “So, tell me, why I should enlist and empower you with a brigade of just women to my divine plan?”

Lowering her top to reveal the most perfectly round, pear-shaped breasts, she adds, “We understand what women must do, so we here only to service your every need,” claims Amahzunn with a pasted-on smile.

“A wise response sister...I may need to taste your milk and honey first!” shouts the now giddy al-Baddadi.

“It’s the perfect recruiting tool that will resonate on social networks all over the world, your highness,” adds Perhine. “An army of women join ISIS to fight the infidels.”

“I will get our UK promo team on creating a video right away,” suggests the Australian.

“You will also recruit more women, yes?” asks al-Baddadi.

Amahzunn nods. “Our ranks are filling with more each and every day.”

“Excellent. You’ll have your meeting,” announces al-Baddadi.

An extremely tense Amahzunn and Perhine sit inside al-Baddadi’s Caligula inspired harem. There’s something different about the demeanor of the two sisters as they ponder the consequences of what will unfold today.

Demonstrating their ultimate submissiveness to the Caliphate leader, who did not take long to satisfy, the two Dervish warriors sit quietly as many nervous and highly suspicious ISIS commanders arrive, one-by-one, waiting for the much anticipated meeting to begin.

Because of the seriousness of the proceedings, the bearded Australian has cleared the room of its obligatory contingent of slave girls and locked them away in a nearby truck. Now, the walls of the room are lined with top-echelon ISIS fighters.

The commanders take a seat on their assigned cushion, forming a circle around where their divine leader will chair the proceedings.

A pensive Amahzunn quietly chants raising her prayer beads to her face and begins slowly counting them with her fingers. Secretly, she is whispering to Nadira through the micro-transmitters built into the beads that hack into any nearby sat phone. “Is our location locked?” she asks.

“Yes, my Queen,” replies Nadira, talking through a headset. She sits on a rock somewhere in northern Syria, using her satellite-enabled tablet to pick up Amahzunn’s GPS signal from the beads. Then Nadira activates a pop-up window that auto-acquires the security codes and operational data of the nearest airborne drone swarm.

She listens to the Strike Commander and Triggerman go ballistic when she initiates her hijack procedure and takes control of the swarm. “We are ready my Queen on your command,” she states with a nervous grin into her headset. Behind her is the Queen’s armada of trucks. They are loaded with a thousand heavily armed women ready for the attack.

“Standby,” whispers Amahzunn into her beads. She signals Perhine with a nod and the two take a deep breath.

Then Perhine grimaces and grabs her stomach. “I don’t feel well...”

A concerned Amahzunn checks Perhine’s forehead for a temperature. “Are you OK? You look terrible.”

Perhine appears as if she’s about to hurl. “Where is the toilet?” she asks, urgently. “I’m going to be sick.”

The annoyed Australian motions and two ISIS fighters quickly escort her out.

An embarrassed Amahzunn explains with an apologetic smile, “Happens every time she’s fucked like a goat. She’ll need camel’s milk to calm her nerves.” The ISIS leaders laugh.

Still holding her stomach, an urgent Perhine walks quickly with her escorts between several stealth vehicles on her way to the US Army issued Order Porta-Johns left from the Iraq War. The Dervish warrior is secretly scanning her surroundings for other ISIS fighters, until she seizes her window of opportunity; she quickly turns on her escorts—punching one in the throat and side kicking the other in the face, dropping them both like stones. Perhine quickly pushes their limp bodies under a truck and snatches up one of their AK-47s.

Inside the harem, everyone bows as al-Baddadi makes his grand entrance on the backs of several bare-chested fighters that carry his gold and diamond encrusted throne. But his colossal, unwieldy weight causes the men to struggle. One of them stumbles over a cushion and they nearly dump his fat carcass onto the floor.

“Careful, you useless dogs!” shrieks al-Baddadi trying not to fall over.

The Australian rushes to help steady the portable throne until they place it on the ground.

Outside, Perhine dodges several ISIS fighters as she checks the nearby vehicles, until she finally finds the truck that has the slave girls locked inside. She jumps in the cab and locates the keys under the seat.

“Welcome, gentlemen and...lady,” states al-Baddadi, noticing that Perhine is missing. “Where’s your sister?” he asks noticing her absence and feeling like something is amiss.

“Woman's wear business,” remarks one of the commanders, causing all the men to laugh.

Despite the scorn, a proud Amahzunn stands to address them. “Excuse me, gentlemen, but before we get started, I would like to take a moment to present his Excellency with a special gift.” She whispers into her prayer beads, “Now, Nadira.”

Nadira focuses the swarms video feed on the target as she readies the remote missile-launching controls on her tablet.

Amahzunn raises her divine string of beads high in the air. “These one-of-a-kind prayer beads, handcrafted, in my home country, from the sacred tree of life by a direct descendant of the Profit.”

This seems to impress the commanders.

And slightly amuse al-Baddadi. He grins. “From one direct descendant to another. How thoughtful.” He motions for her to come forward. “Of course, I will accept your gift.”

A smiling, suddenly sultry Amahzunn approaches and slowly, very purposely, slips her prayer beads around his neck. Then, bending over as if to kiss the bloated slob, she, instead, whispers in his ear, “Listen to the flies swarming outside. The beads are sending your coordinates to a coalition attack swarm, right the fuck now, you pig!”

“What?!” Suddenly panic-stricken, he struggles to get them off, but she has synched the string so tight around his neck that he can’t.

“This is the end of your subjugation of the female race, you stinking pile of shit!” She bolts for the door, shouting, “Light him up, BOD!”

Nadira hits the ‘Engage’ button and her hi-jacked swarm of drones quickly form into a conic-shaped attack formation with the sharp end pointing straight toward the



ISIS stronghold. Then she pushes ‘Launch’ and the swarm’s cone-of-death begins to streak, like a missile made of hornets, toward the target. “Ordnance away!” she calmly announces.

“Get this thing off me!” shrieks al-Baddadi, trying desperately to pull them off, but everyone in the room is too confused to react.

Still waiting outside, an impatient Perhine fires up the truck, “Let’s go!” Until she notices a concerned ISIS fighter approaching with his rifle raised. “Shit!” But then her sister dashes out with the Australian close behind, firing his weapon. “Stop her!” he shouts.

Perhine screams out the window, “Amahzunn!” and hits the gas.

The screeching swarm is moments to impact.

Driving right over the approaching fighter, she vectors the truck toward her sister and pushes open the passenger side door.

Under a hail of fire from the Australian and ISIS fighters, the sprinting Amahzunn leaps and barely grabs ahold of the open door of the speeding vehicle, just before it rips through the inflatable hill structure—pulling the entire construction down, completely exposing the previously hidden stealth vehicles, the ISIS fighters, and the bearded Australian.

The high-explosive laden, conic swarm impacts Baddadi like a thousand exploding killer bees on a suicide mission—*KA-BOOM!*

An elated Amahzunn and Perhine cheer! “An eternal fuck you to all the men who betrayed Allah!” shouts

Amahzunn. She couldn't be prouder of how they've worked together to accomplish the impossible.

Then, a surviving ISIS fighter levels his rifle at the escaping truck, and fires.

Amahzunn watches in horror as her sister is shot strait through the neck. "No!" she screams.

The stunned Perhine coughs blood and grabs her throat. Realizing that her personal battle to live in a world that had unfairly label her the village curse is now over, she gazes at her older sister in a way that says, 'thank you for everything'—then slumps over the steering wheel.

The truck skids wildly out-of-control.

Stunned to her core, Amahzunn only has time to react. She grabs the blood-soaked wheel and struggles valiantly to keep the violently swerving vehicle upright.

Gaining control of the truck while cradling her fallen sister, Amahzunn, the Queen, looks back to watch a colossal mushroom cloud rise over a now vaporized landscape. A true victory in their ongoing struggle, she rationalizes, but it came with a devastating, unexpected cost.

"Men will die for this, my dear sister. I swear by Allah...thousands will die."

With a new determination in her eye, Nadira signals for the Queen's massive army of vehicles to move out.

The black-scorched sand where the great inspirational ISIS leader, al-Baddadi, once stood, is now a smoking mass of seething goo. The Australian's head rests oddly on top of a wooden pole displaying the now blood-soaked flag of Daesh.

A Queen may not grieve in public. Amahzunn walks in complete silence with Nadira, surveying the carnage left by the missile impact, the mass slaughter of ISIS fighters by her army, all of whom are boiling mad with hatred from thousands of years of exploitation. These women are fueled by destiny with fresh dose of revenge pouring from their veins.

Nadira is exploding with emotion. the joy she feels from the first successful mission of her drone killer is muted by the anguish and horrendous loss of Perhine. Not knowing what to say, she bottles everything up and remains silent, watching her Queen yank the decapitation decorated flagpole from the ground and hoists it high over a cowering huddle of Baddadi's survivors. "Run, you filthy scum, and tell all what you've witnessed!" cries the Queen. "Tell all your bastard brothers we are coming for their heads!" Then Amahzunn shouts, as loudly as she can, something that she has waited all her life to announce, "The age of men is finally over!"

The surviving men bolt into the desert like terrified mice.

All, except one that stays, defiantly berating his shameful comrades, "What is wrong with you?! We are not to be herded against our will like goats! We are men! We control heaven and earth! And no bitch is gonna—!"

The impatient Queen cuts his impassioned speech off by violently impaling him with the Daesh flag and planting the pole firmly back into the ground.

Placing her foot on the impaled man's head, and her hand firmly on the flagpole, the Queen announces, "Let this moment be recorded and shared with the world. Several

women fly into action capturing the scene on mobile phone video recorders. Daesh showed the power of social media to recruit an army. The lesson was not lost on the women.

Amazhunn faces her army, who all have their heads bowed in respect to their Queen.

“Raise your heads, ladies. Raise them proudly. You will never, ever, lower them again.” She raises her sword high into the air. “I swear this on the death of my sister!” Her eyes welling up, she gently taps herself on the forehead with her bare knuckle in memory of the many struggles they both endured, together.

“All hail Amazhunn!” shouts an impassioned Nadira.

“Alqayid Al’aelaa! Alqayid Al’aelaa!” roars the army.

News of the shocking death of al-Baddadi and bloody demise of his ISIS brigades quickly circumvents the globe. The sudden rise of QoG (the Queendom of Gaea) is celebrated continually via official social media and a 24-hour news channel that broadcasts direct from the caliphate’s new capital in Raqqa, Syria. Envisioned and managed by Nadira, the messaging and marketing strategy directly targets abused and disenfranchised women everywhere.

Amazhunn quickly establishes her now trademarked “Queendom of Gaea” to eliminate any reference to kings or men. And chooses mythic name of Gaea (pronounced *Jee-uh*) because she represents everything that has been lost in understanding the origin of *all*.

Gaea is the Greek name for ‘Mother Earth’. Revered by the ancients, she was the daughter of Chaos and the birth mother of seas, mountains, flora, and fauna, as well as the

Uranus—the Universe. In essence, everything emanates from Gaea, including men.

The women blitzkrieg social media with thousands of posts that spin up new tales of Gaea's exploits to help spread the word and inspire recruits.

One of the first, and Amazhunn's favorite, is when Uranus (a male) did his part in creating children, but like many, was not ready to become a father, so he tried to stuff the new life back into Gaea's womb. Then tried to keep them inside her by blocking her womb with his genitals. In her rage, Gaea turned inside out to give her youngest son, Cronos (the Titan) a scythe to cut off his father's penis and free the children.

Since reading the story as a young girl, Amazhunn has imaged the act of dismembering a Greek god's colossal penis as a powerful motivation to accomplish the same task on the entire globe.

Amazhunn and Nadira marvel at the outpouring of support and the tens of thousands of female volunteers pouring into their movement from all over the world. Clever new slogans are popping up online: 'Gotta V? Set it free!', 'Lock the cocks', 'No to Dicks!' 'Join the Fe-volution!'

The Queen insists on absolute control over every piece of messaging and content emanating from her queendom, trusting Nadira and her able minions to carry the hope of freedom to the gender oppressed of the world. Her first official decree is to permanently eliminate the 'male' in female and the 'men' in women. They refer to themselves now only as 'fe' or 'wo'.

Watching, with Nadira, the reports of global protests on multiple internet feeds, Amazhunn is feeding on the energy

she has unleashed. “Now, Nadira, we must truly begin our conquest of everything controlled by men.” She kisses her on the forehead.

“You inspire all of us, my Queen.”

Amazhunn smiles.

“It is Perhine’s sacrifice that inspires me,” responds the gracious Queen. “We do this in her memory.”

“She would be very proud, seeing Gaea from everywhere answering your call.”

“Yes, now, the most important call for us...is the long overdue ‘fe-volution’ in the Kingdom of Saud.”

“Saudi Arabia?” questions Nadira. “Are you crazy? They have so much power and money, and allies across the globe.”

“And a corrupt leader who sows much so sorry and strife amongst the oppressed and uses the annual pilgrimage to Mecca to fleece everyone who attends for tens of thousands of dollars, that given our support, are they ready to fucking revolt.” answers a confident Queen.

Nadira is not sure what to think of all this.

“And don’t forget: the oil fields,” adds Amazhunn with a grin.

—

The spring and fall seasons are extended in the northern hemisphere. The sun barely sets in the spring, and the darkness never truly takes over. At night, the sky is the most beautiful, filled with soft and gentle hues of purple and orange. Set against this small window of time, the local fishermen and global shipping workers come out to enjoy a

brief respite from long harsh winters. Their two favorite pastimes are golfing till midnight, and then jumping into one of the thousands of outdoor swimming pools that are nearly always fed with fresh, clear geothermal water.

Tonight is a special celebration for the captains of the new tech industry who flew their G5s from San Francisco, London, and Shanghai to this winter wonderland. They are the globe's billionaire's and ga-zillionaires with more money than anyone including them, can count. So much concentrated money and power.

Generous on the outside, showering universities, not for profits, and charities with millions to end world hunger, reverse climate change, find a cure for cancer, this group of mega wealthy 'do-gooders' rivals the great philanthropists in history: the Medicis for art, the Rockefellers for environmental protection.

And, of course, the single most mysterious billionaire in the world is the sponsor of this gathering. His vast holdings in media and the defense industries unrivaled, his power to influence presidents and dictators is both feared and jealously admired. He is an older, hermit-like man (no one knows his age), and when he hosts a gathering of the powerful, it was a ticket not to be missed.

But, this old man, known to all as Old Man Wadd, has a very clever agenda.

In the endless twilight, after rounds of golf, rare bourbon, and slaps on the back for their latest innovations and power grabs, the elite men and women attending the event are participants in a secret experience that generates such pleasure that they can barely keep it amongst themselves.

But secret it is—and secret it remains.

One of the largest outdoor pools on Old Man Wadd's estate in Iceland is said to actually be a fountain of youth. Word is, it has kept the old man alive for possibly decades.

*How old he is? 85? 90? 100? Or older?*

No one is quite sure why, but the wealthy elite all come to immerse themselves in the one pool fed by geothermal water that is supposed to be the source of the old man's longevity.

How does anyone know this?

Simple. The old man said so. And no one doubts his vitality and strength because many have witnessed him strip bare-naked, jump in the pool, and then screw five young gorgeous women simultaneously in a manner only imaginable by someone in their twenties.

It is no wonder that the line to jump in the old man's pool is long and dotted with the most powerful and influential names on earth. For the old man, it is a recruiting session into the most secretive of societies, so secret that no one can really prove that it exists. Except, of course, for eight media moguls whose membership is the best kept secret on earth, or so they believe.

Old Man Wadd holds court, once a year, like a king from a foregone era. Watching over his flock as they frolic through his remote wonderland, the old man measures the electrical output of each of their individual bodies, because he demands only the strongest of the species whose inner energy is so powerful it can someday be tapped for his nefarious purposes. His guests are oblivious to it all, lost in the belief that they are rubbing shoulders with a very strange



and powerful player, while gaining the benefits of the only proven fountain of youth on earth.

It is nearly midnight in the northern hemisphere, on the June 21<sup>st</sup> summer solstice, and the Milky Way is an extraordinary sight. Under this astral umbrella, secluded inside the most protected, secret and private dwelling on earth, the would-be prince and princesses, the modern robber barons of the dawning AI age, frolic together in the longevity pool. It is their last night and they wish to soak up every drop of these potent waters.

Normally guarded by elite squads of ex-paramilitary servicemen, entry to the old man's estate requires that this powerful group go without their protectors and submit to the safeguard of the old man's personal militia of drones and Artificial Intelligence weaponized bots. This multi-layered redundant security blanket is constantly surveying, watching, and capturing every tiny detail of every sexual, physical or intellectual happening.

Old Man Wadd's new multi-billion-dollar security service is activated and on display in part as a preview to those in need of the most secure private services available for hire.

As the infinite stars reign over this gathering, there is the scent of invincibility permeating the air. The main question amongst the crowd languishing in the old man's pool is: *can we live...forever?*

Kara has always been a very clever girl. And now as the SheArk she quickly masters a terrific evolutionary asset that gives her the ability to collapse and bend her cartilage so

that she can meander through the world's small geothermal passageways in order to feed on thousands of fish seeking the warm embrace of the inner earth in otherwise predictably frigid waters. But fish are not on the menu tonight.

No, it's old bones she has a taste for. And that is what is driving her now very purposeful hunt. With her uniquely powerful, aquiline sense trackers, the SheArk hones in on her target like a heat-seeking missile.

Quickly navigating through various size and shape of subterranean passageways, the SheArk motors forward like a morphing super-sub with shape-shifting abilities. Until she enters her tightest challenge: the mouth of a 3" drain-pipe. Compressing and elongating her frame to a shape and size not thought possible, the SheArk torpedoes forward, on a mission that is unstoppable.

One. Then two. Then five of the most powerfully rich, protected, people in the world are instantly pulled under, disappearing from the warm waters of the old man's 'eternity pool', without warning or any audible sound. It happens so fast, so quietly, that for a few minutes no one even notices they are gone, as the star gazing elite concentrate on swimming their last flaps in magical geothermal pond.

Until exactly midnight, when, as has occurred for the past ten years, a procession of beautifully body-painted maidens deliver handwoven Egyptian cotton robes poolside, thus signaling the end of the evening. With champagne flowing, the world's most powerful exit to be wrapped in the

exotic robes and compare what they hope is a newly found eternal glow of youthfulness.

The old man, with more billions than Buffet, does not spare a penny to indulge his guests. He keeps an exact inventory of the number of robes required. That number is twenty-seven. However, as his guests are pampered and wrapped by the maids, only twenty-two robes are used.

Quickly realizing the discrepancy, the old man's lead security officer, Dun Fuk Mee, scans the pond, checks with his squad of sentries, and receives the latest update from the system's area-wide electronic barricade. Seeing nothing, not a trace of the missing five guests, he switches to a secure intranet device linked to only one person on earth.

"Yes, yes what is it, Dun?" responds Old Man Wadd into his wireless link.

"Sir, we have a situation at the longevity pool," answers Dun, sternly. "Five guests have literally evaporated. I've confirmed that none left the area and there is zero evidence of any intruders."

"What!?" These are the kind of interruptions that the old man really cannot tolerate. "That is impossible. Are you absolutely sure they are not just fucking in the bushes?"

"Sir, I'm one-hundred percent on this. They are missing."

"Have the other guests noticed yet?"

"No—"

"Dammit, there must be an explanation!" The old man begins angrily pacing. "Dee, I'll have your skin boiled in shark fin soup and served to your barbaric relatives if you do not locate those guests!" Knowing that an event like this could not only undermine his credibility, but that of the H8,

he becomes more enraged. “I want their names. Prevent their guards from gleaning a hint of what’s happening. Secure the remaining guests without alarm and find those missing or you’ll feel my wrath! Report to me every ten minutes, and dammit, fix this...fast!”

To leave the Yakusa in Japan is unheard of. Mostly because membership in a syndicate grossing over eighty billion in revenue a year is guarded: once in, like any mob the world over, there is no exit...not alive anyway.

Unless of course there is a transaction involved. Business is business and for money, anything becomes possible. Of mixed Korean/Japanese parents, Dun Fuk Mee quickly advanced through the ranks to become the most respected regional manager of the Yakusa. Rising from thug to assassin, he volunteered to enlist in what most believed to be a disrupted secret police organization.

The Kempeitai was the military police arm of the Imperial Japanese Army from 1881 to 1945.

It was more of a secret police unit than the conventional military police. The U.S. military thought they had crushed this paramilitary organization following Japan’s surrender after World War 2. But by going underground, the leaders of this deadly group transferred their disciplined and deadly skills and developed into the modern day Yakusa.

Dun’s powerful position in the organization dramatically changed when a mysterious offer was tendered: in exchange for a classified dossier on all Chinese infiltrators into the Yakusa organization, and a cool sum of five-hundred-million-dollars, Dun Fuk Mee was, in effect,

bought by a secretive old man in need of a lead security officer.

Dun barks into his Comm, “Deploy the aqua-bots in the longevity pool! Link my glass to their visual and data streams!”

In Dun’s mind, the missing guests could not have been kidnapped. That is virtually impossible given the layers of security in Old Man Wadd’s compound. And his highly reliable troops confirmed that they could not have wandered off somewhere. No, something had to be happening in the pool. What? he could not be sure; but he bet his life on this decision and focused his forces on tracking whatever it was that captured the guests.

His mind processes multiple scenarios: *North Korea’s SSD? The Russian’s FSB? Who would dare kidnap these billionaires?* With their ransom street value being many billions of dollars, there are a number of plausible suspects.

Masterfully controlling a modern masterpiece of advanced fully integrated computation and human resource weaponry, he shouts, “Port control of the aqua-bots to me, now”!

His aqua-bots fit in the palm of your hand and are powered by micro lithium oxygenated batteries. They literally feed power from the oxygen in water. The old man subsidizes hundreds of the most advanced research laboratories in the world and offers to test every promising product at his sole expense.

For the Israeli company, Toquepethy, it was impossible to turn down his offer to help bring to market their theory of a working lithium water nano power force. The design of

their uniquely proprietary batteries involves the interaction between a lithium plate and oxygenized molecules. More specifically, oxygen and a water electrolytes. When the oxygen interacts with the plate, it produces energy. A perfect solution for aqua-bots which were not even on the company's radar.

But that's how Old Man Wadd continually disrupts the global arms ecosystem. His technology resources are unrivaled and coupled with his interconnected teams of young engineers who dream up devices no one has yet considered, the old man maintains leadership across the globe in advanced weapons systems.

Let loose by Dun, a team of radio-linked aqua-bots roam the geo-thermal pool collecting data on electromagnetic nuances, water chemistry, temperatures, sonic vibrations and visual cues. That data, millions of metrics per minute, are graphically organized into visualizations and streamed to a dozen security analysts disbursed across the globe, to Dun on his glasses and to several large HD monitors on one magnificent HellaSub now deep within the North Atlantic Ocean.

Dim requests real time analysis from his security specialists. "Visuals?" We're organizing in Tableau now; sending that up now Sir.

"Clean," the lead analyst responds.

"Audio?"

"Clean."

"Temperature?"

“Static. No variance in electromagnetics, or water chemistry, and no pollutants detected. This is impossible, Sir.”

Dun notices something on his feed, “Looks like you missed something! What the hell is that?!”

“Ah, Sir—”

“What is it?!” screams Dun.

“Ah, not absolutely sure...but our chem analysis detects...are you ready for this? Shark poop.”

Old Man Wadd is beside himself. “Shark what?! Impossible!” he shouts. “A damn minnow couldn’t get through my water filtering system, let alone a goddamned shark!”

Wanting desperately to rectify an unexplainable situation, security head, Dun Fuk Mee, quickly orders his analytics team to provide more data on the so called ‘poop,’ while utilizing the aqua-bots to track anything that moves in the subterranean waterways. “I want every crevice, every thermal input into that pond under bot scopes, ASAP,” demands the obviously flustered, but determined Dun.

There are thousands of fissures, and entry ports for the geo-thermal water to flow into the pool, which partly explains its mysterious benefits as the magical elixir is not from any one source. But the sieve-like nature of the pond causes his tactical team to quickly realize that their relatively small fleet of bots will be wholly inadequate.

As the old man and Dun supervise efforts to locate what may have been responsible for their guest’s disappearance, one of the bots detect a fast-moving object at a lower depth.

“Something down there, Sir,” states the lead analyst.

“What is it?” asks Dun as he inspects the blurred images being sent from the bot.

“Don’t know. It’s moving fast. Our aqua-bots can’t catch up.”

Dun points at the monitor. “Now it’s diving! Switch on long range imaging!”

“Hold it, we’re getting a scan... What the hell?”

“But that’s impossible,” remarks the old man as he struggles to comprehend the thing that has invaded his precious sanctuary. “Get closer and annihilate it!”

“If it is a shark, it’s definitely not gonna like an electromagnetic audio punch right in the face. Push some high frequencies out there, now, maybe we can stun it,” commands Dun.

“But it’s already gone,” replies the officer on the Visual Comm desk. “It has completely disappeared.”

“Find it!” demands Dun as the old man watches in astonishment.

*What was it, really?*

*Where did it go?*

The SheArk is unaffected by the calamity of confusion she left behind in her mysterious wake. Her senses now filled with the ocean’s salt and microscopic life, she collapses her cartilage and meanders through one final fissure that leads out to sea. Images of Cage and her Sprawl Lord friends leak back into what is left of Kara’s consciousness. The SheArk licks the sides of her razor-sharp teeth with her long tongue and thinks, *No taste of old bones. Next time, old man, I will crush you like Load inhaling a Kitkat bar... What’s a Kitkat? Whose Load? she ponders for a moment as she swims out to sea.*



## CHAPTER 6

### *The Mercil*

**W**hen direct control from mainland Japan started around the 8th century, the island's remoteness meant that it soon became a place of banishment for difficult or inconvenient Japanese figures. Exile to remote locations such as Sado was a very serious punishment, second only to the death penalty, and people were not expected to return.

Mr. Sakatome realized early in his quest to take over the world that he required access to land sea and air without too many “eyes” on him and his burgeoning H8 empire. So, while tourists are allowed on one part of the island, Mr. Sakatome build a vast underground nuclear proof bunker where he manages his network of scientists, thieves, murderers and special private forces.

It is from here that the Captain and her small force departed with Mr. Huegotme. It is here, now, that the frog like eyes, normally pensive and calculating, are bulging out of his head driven by anger and now, mistrust. However, frogs catch flies by remaining still, so that their prey does not know that they are about to be sucked up by a violent thrust of the tongue.

“Ohayō gozaimasu, my lovely, dear sister. Good morning. I trust you are rested and in good spirits?”

“My generous brother. Greetings. The sight of you fills my eyes with respect.” Mr. Sakatome continues, “I trust you are receiving my emissary Mr. Huegotme, his security

Captain and her team with all the respect---that fills your eyes?”

“But of course, dear brother, they are receiving the highest courtesies available in our domain,” replies Takara.

“I see,” Mr. Sakatome continues. “I had an opportunity to speak this very day with the Captain. She describes her circumstances as ‘strange.’ Is that how you would describe your highest courtesies?”

“I would never hesitate to describe our circumstances as a bit odd-even strange.”

“Well now, how very strange this all seems. I’ve sent you, ahh, let me calculate, forty-five million, five hundred sixty-two thousand, and sixty-nine cents to purchase supplies, technical equipment, build out the Net. Every single penny you have requested. Is that not correct?”

“Your generosity and unyielding support has made everything we have achieved possible, and yes, we achieved spectacular results. By my count, we now have surgically, successfully, deployed over 2,500 Ani-humans. We have created a new Race without precedent on Earth. Men who can see ants crawl from a futbol field away. Women with gorilla arms that can crush a coconut with their hands. Creatures with human minds that have bodies that can outrun any human Olympian. Teams of Ani-human surgical specialists who can scale this Race to millions of creatures. And my soon to be crowning achievement. Do you know what that is?”

“Tell me.”

Takara peers intently into the large screen, her eyes glowing like deep blue lasers. She leans forward and whispers, “Soon they will be able to procreate, re-produce

among themselves and create mixed DNA Ani-humans. Imagine that!”

“My, my. I always knew of your talents. What concerns me today, is the whereabouts of my Mr. Huegotme, and the sanctity of his security team. Why have you separated and sequestered them? This displeases me immensely.”

“Separated? Sanctity? Let me reassure you, I arranged for Mr. Huegotme to be upgraded, shall we say—as an honor to you! As for the Security team. I know not of their whereabouts as I have been in surgery for the last two days without sleep. Rest assured, they will not be harmed and please, let me check on them and get back with you--tomorrow shall we say?”

“Upgraded, as an honor? In what manner?” asks Mr. Sakatome.

“Tomorrow, on this connection, I shall show you. I trust it will please you, as I’m sure it has Mr. Huegotme. As for the Security team, they are likely in awe of the many forms of Ani-humans they are encountering and merely enjoying the many wonderous creatures. Yet, there is one thing you must appreciate today,” she murmurs. Again, Takara looks intently into the screen, her fierce blue eyes locking in with Mr. Sakatome’s bulging frog like eyes.

Without any discernable emotion in her voice, she says, “Be it known, to one and all, that the Ani-humans believe me to be their holy savoir, a Goddess, and of course, in a sense, that is what I am. And should they feel, even imagine, that there is any threat whatsoever to me, then I cannot control their actions!”

Assuming a more pleasant tone, Takara says, “Shall we plan for tomorrow at nine AM Congo time? It is getting

quite late you must be tired. Rest now, trust me and we shall have another session tomorrow where all your concerns will be addressed, I promise. OK? Over and out!”

Takara’s voice command disengages the video conference before Mr. Sakatome can utter a word in response.

As Takara exists the secure 5<sup>th</sup> inner ring, she motions to a large Ani-human female with especially large gorilla arms and the most exquisite, powerful, Cheetah legs and in a commanding voice says: “Bring me Mr. Huegotme and his security Captain! We shall uncover the mischief they think to unleash here.”

—

Reporters from every news organization on the planet clamor to gain access to the new caliphate of women, but no-one is allowed to venture past the heavily armed, black-hooded, female guards that block every single road that leads to Raqqa.

No matter how they try, or how convincing they think they are, not even women reporters are allowed in.

But there is one woman who knows exactly how to get the exclusive interview, and story of a lifetime – Vicki Liegain. This will be even bigger than her H8 Society scoop.

As soon as Vicki read the first AP reports coming out of Syria about a rogue army of women destroying ISIS, she was on a flight from Tokyo to Damascus.

Having escaped Load’s atomic apocalypse of the H8 Society with the deep-throated frog, Saketome, Vicki awakes from what seems like a hellish nightmare to find

herself lying on an ice-cold, marble floor, wearing nothing except a bath towel. Shivering and disoriented, she struggles to her feet in the frigid darkness, clutching the bath towel for protection and warmth.

*Where is she? What happened?*

Confusion clouds Vicki's thinking as she stumbles from one stone column to another in what appears to be the marble clad lobby of an abandoned office tower. Then she steps on a shard of broken glass, and screams, "Shit!" and drops the towel, leaving her wounded, freezing and naked.

"Help me! Somebody help me!" she pleads.

But her own hollow echo is all that responds from deep inside the unforgiving building.

Vicki drops to the floor, clutching the towel and her bleeding foot. She folds into a ball, weeping.

Until the sharp tap of expensive leather shoes can be heard approaching in the distance.

She quickly gathers herself and hides behind a column for protection.

*From who?*

The lobby goes silent.

Vicki panics. A bewildered and confused voice screams inside her head, "*Run! No! Hide! No! Scream!*"

She cannot decide what to do.

"Ms Liegain?" states a familiar voice, standing directly behind her.

Vicki nearly jumps out of her skin. Then turns to see a puzzled Saketome.

"What are you doing here?" he asks very calmly, given the extreme oddness of the circumstances.

"I...I don't know," the trembling Vicki responds.

Saketome takes a moment to soak in the visual of Vicki's desperate, near nude situation. Then he notices the blood dripping from her foot.

"Oh, look. You hurt yourself," he exclaims with an insincere smirk etched across his bloated face.

"Yes, please help me," she states while reaching for his hand.

But the frog just walks away – snapping his fingers while calling out, "Put her back!" and two thugs in dark suits quickly appear.

"Hey..." she gasps, not knowing what is going on.

They grab Vicki's arms and drag her off, leaving the towel and a stream of blood on the floor.

"Hey! Where are they taking me?!" she screams.

But Saketome is already gone.

"Help me! Somebody! Help!"

Vicki lost track of time in the hellhole brothel she was held captive, somewhere in the middle of bustling Tokyo. As the only 'western' offering available on the menu, she was popular with the sad mostly lower-class businessmen that ordered her services off a full-color menu like a strip mall sushi restaurant.

Tethered to her room via a neck implant that emitted a cattle prod-like shock any time she wandered near the door or window, Vicki endured the torture she was dealt on an hourly basis with the belief that, somehow, someday, she would find a way out. And her way back to something resembling the life she had before she ever heard a word about Old Man Wadd – or the H8 Society.

Then, one gloomy, rainy day, she noticed something that gave her hope. Something on the phone the “client” that ordered her was browsing while she got undressed. Most of her guests spent the first few minutes glued to their phones, sometimes texting, sometimes watching porn. It was fine with Vicki because it meant she wouldn’t have to communicate at all. Often times when the men saw her western breasts; three times the size of her average Asian counterparts they would not last long as she bent on her knees to blow them.

This day was different. Her client was scrolling through an English language news app, playing a clip that immediately grabbed her attention, like a cold shot of pure adrenaline.

Vicki had lost track of everything happening in the world, and honestly, didn’t give a shit because everything she saw, or heard, was in Japanese.

What Vicki heard caused her to snatch the phone out of her stunned client’s hand. “Let me see that!” and watched the clip with inspired elation. A clip of tens-of-thousands of women, from across the globe, marching in solidarity with QoG. And shadowy images of the Queen of QoG that no reporter could get access to.

Vicki’s mind raced with the frantic excitement she hadn’t felt since stealing into the hospital to interview Kara in what seemed like an eternity ago. But, this would be Vicki’s greatest ‘get’ yet. The greatest get of all time.

Noticing the thick wad of Yen inching out of her client’s pants, she decided to act.

Vicki quickly smashed the phone on the concrete floor and slit her stunned clients throat clear through his vocal

chords. As he flopped around like a fish, the blood spurting everywhere, Vicki didn't waste any time gouging the implant out of her neck. Grabbing the money and his raincoat, she smashed through the window to her freedom.

Vicki has proved, many times, that she gets whatever she wants, and by any means necessary. Where she is most effective is in utilizing her uncanny ability to read men's particular sexual needs and exploit them for her gain. She defined a happy ending for her purpose as the ultimate measure of success. Whether on a bus, a plane, or a canoe floating down the Potomac in the shadow of Abe Lincoln, Vicki gets any man to do her bidding with just the right touch of foreplay and a Gold Medal winning finish.

But her signature strategy may not get her unique access to a place guarded by women, policed by women, and run by women.

So, Vicki realized her need to evolve.

"Change it up, Liegain," she mused to herself. "We're gonna switch-hit from this field of play to a new one. Why not?"

After a life whoring herself for inside scoops and being fucked by thousands of men, pretending to hate dicks was a stage play Vicki could star in.

*I can do this. How hard can it be?*

This is what rattles Vicki's now confused mind as she finds herself languishing in another unfortunate dilemma: shackled to a steel post, inside a sand-choked guard-hut, somewhere on the boarder of the newly established Queendom of Gaea.



Even though she escaped Saketome's clutches without a penny to her name, Vicki's plan seemed perfect, at the time. Use her opposite sex talents, several successful times, to transit the globe to Istanbul.

Mission One accomplished, with gusto.

Then manipulate a grease-covered driver to give her a seat on an overcrowded, smoke spewing bus to a desolate village, and footpath leading to the Syrian border. Mission Two, done—even though the bus driver was pretty damn disgusting.

While trudging alone for several miles through the desert, Vicki plays out all the scenarios she could imagine so that she would be ready for every possible female-on-female situation that could arise. And how eager she is to join the Queen's precious fe-volution.

Finally arriving at an outpost security checkpoint, a dust covered Vicki tries to look her best as she turns on her newly discovered, yet previously untested, same-sex charms.

A bit unsure how this will go, Vicki approaches two, heavily armed, female QoG security forces standing guard.

"Stop where you stand!" shouts the tall one, quickly leveling her loaded AK-47.

"Who me?" Vicki responds, coyly. "I not here to cause any trouble." She winks at the tall one.

"What do you want?"

"I'm ready to give myself to the movement, to the Q of G," Vicki announces.

Suspiciously scanning her western form, the guards are trained to look for spies—or worse, assassins.

“Show us proof of your reason to join us or we’ll cut you down as a spy,” declares the shorter of the women.

“My proof is my willingness to do anything.” She winks again.

Stern silence.

Vicki casually opens her blouse and begins an odd kind of sultry dance in an effort to get a rise out of them.

The guards just look at her oddly.

*What the hell? This always works!*

Frustrated, Vicki pushes up the tempo of her gyrations, bending over to reveal her two titanic breasts.

This gets a reaction.

The tall one saunters over and begins using her AK to prod Vicki’s clothing as she sways along.

*OK. Now, we’re getting somewhere.*

Vicki moves in closer to the tall guard and they start sashaying to some inaudible, after-hour soundtrack.

Vicki moves her hand up the leg of the tall guard.

“How’s this?” she asks, licking her dust parched lips.

“Oh, that’s nice,” responds the tall guard.

“So, how do you like it?”

“I like it rough!” she announces, then rifle butts Vicki in the face.

Bloodied mouth and hog-tied on the floor of a guard house, it is clear she has failed miserably, but Vicki is not one to give up. She quickly sets her mind on hatching a new plan.

Vicky slowly rises from the dirt floor of the guard post and smiles at her two female captors, “OK, that was a bit

rougher than I expected. But, believe me, I can take it if you want to play some more.”

The two women scowl angrily at Vicki.

“Just thought I’d offer,” she continues, “Listen, I can prove my loyalty to the Queen. Just give me one phone call.”

Vicki knows that she is playing a high-risk game. But she has no choice. For the first time in her life, none of her usual charms are working.

“Why?” asks the tall guard. “Just so you can call in a rescue for your miserable failure, you infidel-whore spy?”

“Infidel-whore spy? I’ve been called a lot of things, but that’s a new one.”

The short guard steps up with her rifle raised.

“OK, OK. I get it,” responds a now jittery Vicki. “One phone call, and I can help you. I can help the QoG.” She wipes the blood from her mouth. “If I cannot prove it with just one call, you can feed me to the dogs or snakes, or whatever it is you have wondering around out there—”

“Shut up!” shouts the tall one. “What will you do to prove it? Tell us now!”

“Money, mounds of it to buy weapons and influence,” responds Vicki. “Wired directly into whatever account your Queen wants.”

The two guards look at each other. They are clearly intrigued by her offer.

“How much?” asks the shorter one.

*Yes! I got them to bite.*

“Well, I’m sure your Queen would be very happy with—”

The tall guard interrupts her. “Ten million in cash to the Queen.”

“Done. Give me a phone.”

The tall one moves for her phone but the short one stops her.

“She’s full of shit. No way somebody wandering the desert with no passport or money can do that.”

The two women stiffen up.

*Jesus! What is it gonna take?*

“A hundred-grand for each of you.” offers Vicki. “What have you got to lose? Let me make one phone call, and if I’m lying—”

“We will cut your eyes out and make you eat them!” interrupts the tall guard.

“While we skin you alive!” adds the short one.

“OK, let’s try and avoid all that, shall we?”

The tall one pulls her phone and hands it to Vicki, who must try and manipulate the phone while still being shackled. She taps in a phone number while the two guards press the muzzles of their AK-47s to Vicki’s head and crotch.

The phone *rings*.

And *rings*.

And *rings*.

No answer.

“You lied!” shrieks the tall one, cocking her AK.

“No, no, no! I swear!” pleads Vicki. “I’ll try a text!”

Vicki quickly taps out a text. Masking her heavy, nervous breathing, she waits impatiently for an answer.

No response.

The guards get even more antsy, pushing their rifles further into Vicki's skull.

Vicki is visibly sweating. "Give him a minute." She pecks out another text.

Still nothing.

*Jesus Christ! Answer the text you old Son-of-a-bitch—*

A text appears on the phone, "Vicki's dead, you better hope you are miles from this device in minutes."

"Yes!" shouts Vicki. She quickly taps, "Thank you! Mr. Wadd, Sir! Thank you for answering! It's me, Vicki Liegain!"

No response.

*Come on! Don't fuck me!*

Finally, a response. "I thought you were dead," comes across the text.

"I'm very very alive!" taps Vicki.

"Didn't you go down with the frog when we escaped from the HellaSub?"

"No, no!" responds Vicki. "We actually survived. It's a long story, not why I'm contacting you."

There's an uncomfortable pause on the other end.

Then the phone rings.

A panicked immediately answers, "Hello, Mr. Wadd?"

"What do you want?" replies the horse, gravelly voice on the other end.

An elated Vicki almost screams into the phone, "I'm here, right now, with an opportunity of a lifetime! Just for you! One that you cannot pass up!"

"Long distance hand-jobs from hell are too hot for me to handle."

“I’m offering you an investment that will payback multifold. You’ve heard of the Queendom of Gaea?”

“Of course. The rogue women’s caliphate in Syria that’s completely shut-off from the rest of the world.”

“I’m here now, in Syria, and I’m going to speak to her.”

“Is this a joke? Prove it.”

This was a question not anticipated by Vicki. Her mind races for how to convince him without giving away that she is in a terrible situation. She nervously opens Google Maps on the phone and texts a screenshot pinpointing her location inside the Syrian border.

“Check my text. I’m inside QoG’s territory,” Vicki insists.

Vicki is increasingly aware of the impatient female guards pressing their rifles into her skull and crotch. “Please,” she pleads. “You will not regret it...”

—

Old Man Wadd’s sense of security and wellbeing has now changed. Over his lifetime, he has been the target of every kind of threat that can be imagined, kidnapping schemes, assassination attempts, an eleven-year-old Scandinavian kid even tried to steal his identity and break into his vast bank accounts; but because of his continued investments in the latest security apparatus, he has always felt protected.

No more.

Now, everything is different: the thing that infiltrated his longevity pool could, not only do it again, it could find him almost anywhere.

He begins to get very concerned when he encounters a place that has water or is fed by water. Taking a dump just became, potentially, very dangerous.

*It can move through anything with plumbing,* he envisions to himself.

Like his longevity pool. Like his kitchen. Like his many bathrooms.

Images of that ‘shark thing’ swimming up the plumbing and jumping up his ass while he is crapping, give him a real case of the runs.

Refusing to set foot in a bathroom creates a new problem: where the hell is the old man going to crap?

In a bucket? Up in a tree?

He puts his team of new-technology creators on it. “Build me a portable crapper I can use at anytime, anywhere!” he demands. “And for fuck sake no water! Make it a vacuum sucker that smells like rose petals with a seat made of gold!”

This kind of request is a challenge his tech team never had to face Being clever and innovative, Old Man Wadd’s team quickly developed a prototype. But the day they ceremoniously unveiled it for the him to test-run, is one they will never forget. The Vacuum worked a bit too strong and it sucked his balls out his anus. Good thing medics were around to witness the first deployment!

Helena knows that she must summon the She-Ark and risk all that comes with its unbridled anger. She must harness that energy to lead the Armada against the H8. But first, she needs allies. This mysterious, time encrusted mermaid knows that her sea creatures, powerful as they are, even led

by the She-Ark, may not be enough to once and for all crush the H8. Their technologies are powerful. She needs a land ally.

*Are the tales of the African Longfin Eels possible?*

They migrate along freshwater rivers to lay their eggs and transmit, as do all sea creatures, images of their encounters to other creatures until by hundreds of transmissions, an aqua net of data is captured by the Guardians.

The images from the remote rivers of DR Congo indicate a strange tribe of land creatures, usually, that would go unnoticed by Helena.

However, this is the age of the She-Ark, perhaps in a dark, remote corner of the world where African Longfins have reported images of human-animal combinations along the riverbanks—could they be an ally?

“Let it be known throughout seven seas, oceans and tributaries that three protectors of the Earth: are hereby summoned to A Mercil. Leave your safe waters and underwater secret colonies for the Northern Alcove.”

It is here that Helena, shall lead the 10<sup>th</sup> gathering of the Guardians. And so, the call went out, transmitted by sub sonic waves impossible to detect by humans.

The Whales sent signals to the Dolphins who relayed them to the Seals, the Turtles, and then to the tiniest oceanic creatures who lived way below.

The message was simple: a Mercil has been ordered.

These gathering happen only when something cataclysmic is happening and cannot be ignored. Infrequent



though they are, thousands of years may pass with no Mercil convened.

Humans have learned, over time, that in order to maintain order, people need to believe that their leaders are wise, that collective wisdom helps to ensure that smart decisions guide their destiny. As a result, they are safer, more secure, wealthier, happier. Super

Mermaids, on the other hand, or tail, depending on your preferred metaphor, act very differently when great decisions are required. Decisions that impact their world, are never small. Mermaid decisions, which only occur every five hundred or thousand years, impact over seventy percent of our planet; the oceans.

For that very reason, day to day, year in, year out, decades, even centuries pass, without any collective actions. Decisions are hard. Mermaids as most humans would never really understand, are quite independent. Therefore, for hundreds of years at a time, they are quite content to make no decisions at all. Problems? Swim away. Swim deep, fast and as far as you can, whenever you want. Simply, leave your problems behind.

Things began to change in 1210 B.C., when humans first had a real effect on the oceans. The first dateable recorded sea battle occurred in 1210 BC when Suppiluliuma II, king of the Hittites, defeated a fleet from Cyprus, and burned their ships at sea. And ships sank, leaving debris on the floor of the oceans. Because most ships were made of wood, they eventually rotted, dissolved and disappeared.

Mermaids swam away from centuries of human battles until the beginning of the 20<sup>th</sup> Century. This was a time when things became complicated. Navy's fought bigger battles, with bigger bombs and metal ships whose decomposition was not as fast or predictable as wooden ships.

But Mermaids were still happy to avoid the "top side collisions" as they referred to the mighty human wars at sea. Until two unavoidable events rocked their undersea world to such an extent that their alarm grew in Mermaid fashion, from concern to shock to anger. Angry mermaids are not a natural state for these lovely creatures. What possible events led to this?

"I hereby convene the 21<sup>st</sup> Century Mercil," announces Helena.

The command is unambiguous, transmitted to all Guardians via a fleet of Snapping Shrimp, (whose claw clicking reach an awe-inspiring audio level of 218 decibels, Whales and Dolphins; all selected for special Guardian service.

Humans used to communicate with "Morse Code" a series of clicks that had universal translations. Mermaids, in similar fashion, invented "Maid-code".

Through the Pacific, Atlantic, Artic Indian Seas the command is repeated, and it does not take long for the Guardians; those Mermaids selected for their age and acquired wisdom to heed the call.

One from each Ocean and Helena form the Mercil, a mermaid counsel convened in a fortnight to engage the perils that humanity has unloaded into the aquatic spheres of

the planet. But what no one knows, as well as Helena and her Northern Guardians is the real reason for the call to Mercil.

They arrive at the Northern Fortress of Love on the tails of large Blue Whales with a contingent of hundreds of mermaids; all Guardians themselves representing the most peculiar and least known species on Earth.

A Mercil has not been called in over 500 years and there is much to be considered. The Guardians feel that a Mercil is way overdue. They are still stunned that one was not called when humans started testing Nukes in the Oceans and obliterated massive colonies of their sisters and brothers in the surrounding Oceans.

Then, when dumping of plastics and all forms of human waste into the Oceans began to threaten the coral life and delicate eco- balance of the Seas themselves, there was a roar from Guardians, especially in the Indian Ocean where the dumping was most egregious and still, Helena resisted a Mercil.

But Helena knew that any actions then would only lead to a merciless hunting of the 1000 Mermaids alive and they were no match for the deep-water sophisticated human mechanisms. In effect, if humans knew mermaids existed they would hunt them down; all of them. They would be found and butchered for science or worse, become Circus attractions, be locked into aquariums and that would be the end of Mermaids as its own distinct culture and a species bound to protect the Earth from its worst enemies.

Today, the threat cannot, must not be ignored.

The H8 Society is on the move and Helena's accidental intervention with the remaining Sprawl Lords convinced her

that this new manifestation of Evil will, if unchecked, finish ravaging the planet and end life on Earth as we know it.

Turning humanity into mood bot drones, profiting only with constant wars and finally, perpetrating media myths that global warming is a hoax! It is time for a Mercil. What her sister Guardians cannot imagine is the calculated bet that Helena will put forth; a strange Alliance with two forces top side to check the H8.

*Could a thousand mermaids even convince The Dismembered and the Queen of Ghia to join forces? Would her counsel understand or even approve of the audacious plan?*

First a Ceremony, Then, a Feast and then, Helena plans to convince the Mercil to adopt her plan.

The call is unmistakable and crystal clear. Leave now, swim fast, silently and deep. From all over the blue underbelly of the planet, Mermaids and their small colonies heed the call. Hundreds of exquisite creatures, forgotten DNA of humans and dolphins; powerful beautiful and now determined to answer the call.

Preparations are tricky and extremely detailed. A gathering of the scattered remaining Guardians is dangerous. Should humans ever know about it, the entire Guardian leadership could be compromised, or worse, captured, displayed, and in the name of science; dissected.

And so, like underwater superhighways with off ramps of tributaries designed over millennia to ensure no human vessel can follow them, the Guardians swim, some thousands of underwater miles to the Northern Fortress of Love.

Upon arrival, they must be fed, and placed, according to their age, the older ones are the tribes of accumulated wisdom and history, the young, exude strength and bold ideas.

It is like a family gathering that only happens once every few thousand years and for this lot; it not to celebrate anything.

A Mercil, a mermaid counsel gathering is a solemn occasion for the risk inherent to the species is so great that the leaders, Helena now, are taught that the only pre-condition possible for a Mercil, the belief that the world may be at risk of collapse and it is the Guardians responsibility to prevent that.

The Guardians, for the most part, have never met one other. Small, secretive, tribes they exist at the edge of most remote corners of the Earth and if humans are even aware of their existence, it is more folklore; stories passed along from one generation to the next that now are the fodder of myth and legend.

Witnessing a gathering of the Guardians would be like watching the most outrageous fish tank ever assembled. The colors alone of their skin and scales defy human description. Iridescent blues, pinks, greens and ruby reds shine like gems, lit by laser lights. The glow alone is magical.

Fortunately, the Northern Fortress has many crystalline caves, some with amphitheater constructs and large enough to hold the 500 attendees.

Eyes glowing, refreshed by delectable dishes of plankton and sea weeds, filled to the brim the Guardians swim to their pre-assigned ice shelves. The chattering and

murmurs subside. You can hear a tiny stone fall into any crevice.

And then, she appears.

Led by a glowing veritable shell of elite Guardians, Helena swims to the stage like proscenium.

In a clear mermaid tone, guttural, severe, sincere and echoed throughout the Cave, she says, “Well-cummm my sisssters, Motheerrrs of Errrth.”

—

Mr. Sakatome is in deep thought. He has successfully manipulated and out foxed many potential adversaries: The Yakuza are his partners, Kim Jung Un relies on his global reach, technology and funding, Old Man Wadd and the H8, to which he is a member, fear his growing power and independence.

Now, Takara, his Sister, whom he dominated his entire life, is exhibiting unprecedented insubordination. He murmurs to himself: Upgrades, ridiculous; that Captain had better play her best Shogi!

The best Shogi players are always thinking, scheming, planning several moves ahead. If this, then that. If that, then this play. It’s an essential ability to forecast several possible outcomes simultaneously and address each and every one; before they occur.

Mr. Sakatome loves the game of Shogi. He is a Master player by achieving Ninth Dan.

Known as the Game of Generals in Japan is it widely popular. Some people would say that Shogi is “rather

democratic for giving prisoners the chance to get back in the game.”

Mr. Sakatome has decided to give his Captain one chance to redeem herself. If she successfully puts down any further threat to his control of the Ani-human Net- she will survive; if not, he begins one of several possible moves. Summoning his aide, he says, “Get me that Old Man Wadd on a secure line. It is time, again, to align on our futures! Momentarily that is,” he says to himself with a wide frog like grin.

“A trial? What have you done to me? Where is my penis?”

Clearly, Mr. Huegotme, you must know what Dr. Takara’s research is yielding. We are combining the body parts of animals and humans, recuing those Dismembered and giving them a new life, a new Race, a new lifeform. You, sir, now have the penis of the giant forest hog. A very rare beast and an even rarer gift. Surely, you must desire to try it out. You are now able to walk Mr. Huegotme. Follow me, to the pig pen, where wonders await.

“Pig pen, are you crazy? What kind of dark, demented, world have you created here! I’ll not screw a pig!”

“Ah then, perhaps you would prefer a female Ani-human? We have many that would be pleased to receive your gift as we are now ready to experiment in that shall we say, arena. Look now Mr. Huegotme, your upgrade has a mind of its own!” The attendant giggles. “Soon, you will not be able to control it, it will control you!”

“Control? Mind? What will my wife say? What will my mistress say? What madness have you unleashed on me?”

Without warning, the attendant grabs the new pig apparatus and gives it a soft yank. Mr Huegotme is shocked then experiences a sensation unlike any before in his life.

“Oh my, he exclaims, that is very pleasing. Perhaps, I will follow you my dear-shall we go now? I feel it an urgency” As he speaks, his new Ani-human apparatus points to the hand of the attendant who takes hold of it and leads Mr. Huegotme into the unknown.

—

The tension on the streets of Riyadh, the capital of Saudi Arabia, is so high that you could cut it with the ceremonial sword used to execute criminals and dissidents in the eighty-thousand seat football stadium.

Saudi women are not allowed to travel, study, marry, work, open a bank account or even have surgery without permission from their male guardian. They have recently been given permission to drive, but still cannot vote. These gender restrictions come from the belief that women must be ‘shielded from corruption’ and that they ‘lack the capacity’ to make decisions for themselves. Women are forced to wear the most extreme example of the hijab and black body cloaking robes, where only the hands and eyes can be exposed, and it is strictly enforced by the male controlled and manned religious police.

The arrest of a Saudi teenage girl who posted a video of herself walking through a historic fort dressed in a miniskirt and ‘skimpy top’ indicates just how authoritarian the power is over women in the Kingdom of Saud. Shockingly, the social media outcry, perpetrated by mostly men,



overwhelmingly condemned the teenager for breaking religious law and called for her arrest. The international outcry was quite the opposite.

And even though women have finally been given approval to drive, those brave individuals that spoke out by criticizing the government for their discriminatory policies toward women have all been round up and locked in prison.

Hence, the historical level of gender oppression in Saudi Arabia has fostered the perfect condition for a QoG fueled fe-volution. First voiced in the inaudible whispers of organized resistance between women colluding in open-air markets, the dawn of a powerfully global, new liberation movement is upon us.

Once it begins, the fire of the fe-volution will never go out.

The strike of the first match is initiated by a young Saudi woman named Zaina.

Born into a typical middle-class family in Riyadh, Zaina's father believed that all women are inherently evil. That their sole purpose on earth, besides cooking and cleaning, was that of a temptress—to possess men's minds and bodies for their own debased, immoral desires. He would spend nights beating himself with a bamboo stick until he bled to rid his mind of the lust put there by women. Then he would beat Zaina's mother. He beat her frequently—to rid her of the lust in her heart. and teach her to never look at another man.

Zaina hated her father for his cruelty and despised her mother for being so weak. For never standing up to him. For never fighting back. The day Zaina came home early from school and caught her father riding the neighbor's wife like

a wild west cowboy was the day she swore to never let a man control her. Watching the QoG inspired events unfold around her, Zaina decided it was time for her to act.

More spontaneous than meticulously planned, she has no idea of the global impact her actions will have.

Almost sick to her stomach with nerves, Zaina is determined to carry out her plan. Imagining her father's endless acts of brutality provide her plenty of inspiration. Scanning the bustling street scene, the speed of the world creeps into slow-motion as she calmly enters a public square in the center of Riyadh.

Dressed in her traditional, full-length hijab and robe, only Zaina's keen eyes and clinched fists are visible. But her outward appearance is no different from the other black-veiled and cloaked women that stroll the streets in small groups. She stops to notice how the women seem completely carefree, laughing and talking together like nothing is wrong. Like life is wonderful. This send a shock of guilt shooting right up her spine—guilt and doubt—that what she is about to do is very, very wrong. Many women, including her mother, will be threatened by her actions and will chastise and ridicule her.

*No!*

She can't do it.

Zaina turns and walks as fast as she can back the way she came.

People are now starting to notice that she is alone, unescorted by her husband or other females—which is strictly forbidden. The frowns and finger wagging only cause her to walk faster.

*Get home before mother finds out!*

She starts to run. Turning a corner too fast, she runs into a group of young men.

Her pulse races as they surround her throwing dirty looks and hurling insults.

“What are you doing alone, whore?!”

“You know the rules!”

“What’s your name?! Your parents will be arrested!”

Suddenly paralyzed by embarrassment and shame, Zaina cowers in front of the enraged men.

*How could she do such a stupid, stupid thing?*

One of the men grabs her arm.

“Did you just look at me?!”

“No, no!” pleads Zaina. “I didn’t, I swear!”

“Trying to tempt me, whore?!” He raises his hand into a fist. “I will teach you a lesson!”

Something clicks in Zaina. A clarity of purpose and resolve that she has never felt before. Before the man can bring down his fist, she kicks him, as hard as she can, right in the balls and runs straight back toward the square.

The men are so utterly stunned by her actions they don’t know what to do.

“Call the police!” shouts the now crippled one.

Zaina runs through the crowded square with a freedom and grace that is truly inspiring. If she was questioning her strength to act before, there is not a single question now.

“Fuck the rules!” she shouts, over and over.

Onlookers stop in their tracks, aghast. No one acts like this in the Kingdom of Saud.

*What is wrong with her?*

Zaina's face still covered and black robe flowing behind her, she leaps over a bench like an Olympic hurdler and on to the ceremonial fountain in the middle of the square.

"Free yourself!" she screams and quickly strips off her black veil and cloak, exposing her hot pink painted, naked body. "Free the Fe!"

To the utter horror of onlookers, Zaina arranges her traditional garb into the shape of a hand giving everyone the middle-finger, dowses it in lighter fluid—and sets it alight.

The women watching cannot believe their eyes. The older ones are dumbfounded. But the younger are secretly elated. They look to each other for agreement—as dozens of offended and enraged men rush to stop her.

One of the young commands, "We must protect her!"

In an act of spontaneous unity, the suddenly emboldened young women lock their arms together, forming black-cloaked human shield around Zaina.

Such a defiant, never-seen-before action is incomprehensible to the men. They stop in their tracks, not sure what to do.

At that moment, the human shield of women instinctively shed their traditional veils and robes—many wearing only bras and underwear—and toss them onto Zaina's flaming hijab middle finger, to create a massive ceremonial bonfire of emancipation.

As if witnessing the birth of Satan himself, many of the men drop to their knees and prey. Others wander inconsolably in circles, screaming to the heavens to make whatever is happening to their women stop, immediately!

But it won't.

And, of course, every camera on every phone in the square is live-streaming the event, ensuring it spreads like wildfire across every social media platform throughout the entire planet, making Zaina an instantaneous star.

Consequently, because of the already established #MeToo movement, thousands of sympathetic women gather together, strip to their underwear and burn their garments in London, Berlin, New York and Oshkosh, Nebraska. Triggered by one brave and determined, and certainly QoG inspired Zaina, women across the planet sense that the day of reckoning has arrived—that Gaea is finally rising...and she's not happy.

With their centuries entrenched, male-dominated hierarchy suddenly going up in flames, the Saudi royals realize that their kingdom is about to cross a sacred point-of-no-return, where absolute domination by men will never exist again. To prevent this from happening, they quickly dispatch a battalion of Royal Guards to extinguish the bonfire of burning hijabs—and the protestors.

Unfortunately for the Saudi royals, the Guard's trusted armored vehicles cannot reach the square because an enormous crowd surrounds Zaina and the chanting women. Many of the men swear and shout condemnations at the protestors while throwing their shoes (one of the greatest expressions of insult in the region). However, even more women cheer the protestors on, shouting encouragement.

Commanded by the Saudi Minister of Virtue and Prevention of Vices, and on a mission to save everything that is sacred, the Royal Guards jump out of their stalled armored vehicles. Facing the prospect of charging through

the densely packed, near-riotous crowd, they opt to unload their automatic weapons into the air—*RATATATAT!*

Everybody runs for cover.

Everybody except the steadfastly defiant Zaina and her near-naked gang of female protesters. She has never been happier. Never felt so free.

“Free the V!” they shout over and over, like it’s the chorus of an anthem.

It is in these types of high-stakes confrontations against hubris and greed that things generally go horribly wrong. And, today, in a small public square in Riyadh, events turn out no different.

With thousands of phones streaming the events live to the world, the Royal Guards march toward the protesters with blood in their eyes.

*How could these women defile and deface the kingdom in such a shameless and demeaning manner?*

Without bothering to even ask the question, and with the Minister of Virtue and Prevention of Vices screaming into their headsets, the Guards open fire on Zaina and the protestors without warning—cutting them down where they stand.

In her last moment, a bloody smile etches across Zaina’s calm face, happy she finally stood up to her father, to all men.

Screams of horror fill the air as a military team armed with fire-extinguishers, casually step over the fallen, bloodied women’s bodies and quickly snuff-out the pile of burning robes.

Those watching across the globe collectively gasps in dismay, nearly sucking the air out of the earth’s atmosphere.

At the same time, the Saudi royals watching the carnage, exhale in unison.

“What a relief,” one of them comments. “Now, everything can get back to normal.”

It’s not surprising that Amahzunn, who is watching the same live event on her phone, has a very different take on the situation.

She turns to the others in the room, including her trusted second, Nadira, and nods. “Who is the girl painted pink? She has done the bravest act I have ever seen. I want everyone to know her name because she is a god.”

Consulting the social media posts, Nadira quickly responds. “Many say they know her. That her name is Zaina Nazari.”

The Queen stands and proclaims, “Let it be known that Zaina, Zaina Nazari, and the other brave soles that fell today in Riyadh, are all now officially QoG national heroes who took a stand against tyranny and oppression only to be shot down in cold blood, and will be forever enshrined as martyrs of the Gaea revolution. They are not the first or last to die, but their valiant act of sacrifice will inspire us all. Along with my dear-lost sister, we will honor them in our hearts—every second of every day.”

“Free the Fe!” shouts everyone in unison.

The Queen smiles for the first time since losing Perhine, “This is the moment we have been praying for. There will never be another chance like this for apocalyptic change. Now is the time, my fe-revolutionaries, now is the time to unleash the she-dogs of hell.”

That is when the images on her phone take an unexpected turn: as the Saudi Royal Guard moves to clear

the square, thousands of enraged, hijab-free women pour into the streets of Riyadh wielding sticks, knives and rocks. Empowered by the sheer scale of their unified mass, the women let out a shrill cry and charge toward the square like thousands of ravenous piranhas that haven't eaten in a month.

The contingent of the Saudi Royal Guards cannot believe their eyes.

*What have their women turned into?*

The commander screams incoherently into his headset, asking for immediate air support.

The Minister of Virtue frantically orders him to mow down the women.

But it's too late.

The venomous horde descends on the hapless troops before they can react and, literally, rips them to shreds like a pile of old bed sheets. Then discard the men's naked and dismembered bodies into the ceremonial fountain as like yesterday's trash going into the garbage disposal.

The Minister of Virtue, and the other men watching the live feed, are suddenly overcome with the sense of finality that faces every authoritarian autocrat on such a day. Saddam Husain and Muhammad Kaddafi felt the same dread at the moment of their downfall. The room of Saudi royals quickly empties as they all dash to gather as much cash as they can and get on the next flight out of the country.

The Queen is also surprised by the violent actions of the women in Riyadh, but feels a sense of pride that she, and her Queendom of Gaea, are a primary motivator in the wholesale butchering of hate. Her head swelling with thoughts of a titanic shift in gender dominance, she realizes



more than ever that the time to act is now. The QoG revolution is about to cross the precipice of global momentum that could change the course of history.

Then the double-doors suddenly swing open.

Amahzunn turns to see two women escorted into the room by several of her warriors carrying heavy duffle bags.

“Yes?” asks the suddenly annoyed Queen.

A shabby looking Vicki Liegain eagerly steps forward. “Your majesty, I’m—.”

“Pay her no attention, she’s just another lying American infidel-whore,” interrupts the lead woman warrior.

Vicki acts appalled. “Really?”

The lead warrior motions for silence as she escorts the other smartly dressed woman toward the Queen. “Let me introduce her Excellency, Ilikaa Khan from Mongolia.”

Sent by the always opportunistic Old Man Wadd, Ilikaa Khan is now the only member of the H8 Society left besides the Keeper. But she is also a very clever manipulator and opportunist.

“Her Excellency comes bearing gifts,” continues the lead warrior.

“You are creating a new kind of future, here.” declares the stately Ilikaa. “A future void of male domination and the curse of male prejudice. A world for us to control.”

“And we want to help!” interjects a confident Vicki as she quickly unzips one of the bags.

Several million dollars in tightly wrapped hundreds spill onto the floor.

“Interesting,” mulls the Queen. “Why come all this way to help us? If you have so much money, why aren’t you helping your own in Mongolia?”

“The birthplace of Genghis Khan?” responds a cool Ilikaa. “It would be extremely difficult to start from the beginning and accomplish anything. You are already established here. So, rather than waste money on something that is doomed to fail, I would rather invest in you. You can only go farther, go higher.”

“I second that!” announces Vicki, proudly.

The Queen refocuses her attention. “And you, the filthy one, why are you here?”

“I believe in the power of your story. A story that will influence the rest of the women of the world to join your movement. And I want to get it out there.”

“Oh, so you’re not just an infidel-whore, you’re a reporter. Which is worse?” she asks the room.

Everyone laughs but Vicki.

“The point is,” Vicki motions to the entire room. “Who here can write a truly compelling story? Who has the connections to get that story to the most important syndications on the planet? This infidel-whore, that’s who!”

“At least you’re not a reporter!” quips the Queen.

Everyone laughs again.

Amazhunn smiles. “Welcome, the both of you, to our glorious new world.”

—

Ilikaa is feeling sprite. Her plan to utilize Old Man Wadd’s power, treasure and influence to further her own grand ambitions appears to be paying off. Nestled in the secured sanctuary of the Queens fortress, the former palace of the Saud royal family, Ilikaa knows that the old man cannot

reach her, cannot retaliate. And in the same way she so cleverly played Wadd, she is confident of the same results can be achieved with Amazhunn.

It is common for powerful people to mask their deepest insecurities by achieving great success, either in business, politics, or war. By achieving great things, they can push their otherwise paralyzing anxieties out of thought and out of mind. Fortunately for Ilikaa, she is a master of recognizing the inherent weaknesses, and darkest insecurities in rich and powerful people—and exploiting them to fit her personal agenda.

Old Man Wadd's weakness is his obsessive need for an heir who he can mentor to be his successor. He tried for years to drag his son out of the dungeon of malaise into the blazing light of accomplishment, only to fail miserably.

Ilikaa found out early in her interactions with the old man that his lost cause son was a terrible disappointment. He poured all of his hope, money and effort into the boy only to be left empty and depleted. So much so that the old man was actually relieved when Wadd died.

She knew by the way he talked disparagingly about the other members of H8, that none of them were living up to his expectations. That none would be the rightful beneficiary, which made the opportunity so clear: she only needed to use her many charms to manipulate Old Man Wadd into believing she was the one true successor he had been waiting and praying for.

He figuratively adopted her as the daughter he never had. As the surrogate offspring he could trust and be proud of. As the rightful heir to everything he ever worked for.

Thinking of the ease at which she played on the old man's gullibility makes Ilikaa smile.

Sitting in one of the lavish palace bedrooms, she lingers on her own beauty in a mirror framed in solid gold.

*Men are such suckers for attention.*

"Just like a puppy," she muses. "Old Man Wadd is now tied to the leash of my choosing." She runs her fingers through her long, silky black hair and chuckles "Exploiting Amazhunn's inner weakness will be even easier."

By utilizing her intoxicating charm to break through Amazhunn's icy persona, Ilikaa will manipulate the Queen's terrible guilt over the loss of her younger sister, and cleverly orchestrate her greatest coup yet.

With night falling and her plan firmly in mind, Ilikaa makes her way to the kitchen and rummages around until she comes up with a silk tablecloth, some fruit and a couple of bottles of wine that she arranges nicely in a tin bucket. Then she heads to Amazhunn's highly secured command bunker located deep below the Saudi Royal Palace.

Built to withstand a pinpoint nuclear strike, and outfitted with the latest self-preservation technology, its purpose was to protect the chosen family from every form of possible calamity. Unfortunately, the designers did not consider the possibility of a female driven, mass revolt.

As a trusted member of the Queen's inner circle, Ilikaa passes easily through the six levels of security cradling her bucket of goodies. She enters the final three-foot-thick door to find her majesty huddled over maps and laptops with Nadira and several of her senior commanders. Already fallen victim to a fear of assassination, Amazhunn spends most of her days and nights in the bunker. Eyes hallow and

puffy, the exhausting effect of her long struggle to get here is clearly starting to show.

The Queen looks up momentarily from her work to notice Ilikaa saunter into the room with a suggestive smile. She quietly places her treats on a nearby table and moves close to gently massage Amazhunn's knotted shoulders.

"Relax for a minute," whispers Ilikaa into the Queen's ear.

But she resists. "Not now..."

"You won't be able to lead us to victory if you keep going like this," responds Ilikaa softly. "It's time you took a break from conquering the world."

Amazhunn feels a lasting, trusting connection to Ilikaa. She relents and they fall into a long kiss...

## CHAPTER 7

### *Rise of QoG*

The Captain is no fool. She is deadly clear on her first mission now. Erase Mr. Huegotme. Erasing is easy, once she locates him.

*But how?*

These things are delicate and must be carefully considered. She mulls over her options: suffocate him, slit his throat, impale him; options, so many options. But clearly, it has to be done and quickly. Where is this whining, miserable emissary? He was always baggage for the Captain.

*How will she do it?*

Goma Fouto is clacking and clicking. To the untrained, or unaware humans, it would sound like some random bird like sounds in the jungle. But in this new world, it's a language.

Driven by a human brain with the blood and soul of animals reimagined.

The Captain blurts out, "We have a deal. You said you would take me to Mr. Huegotme. What is this waste of time while I listen to you chirping like a hen surrounded by horny Roosters?"

Goma Fouto trains his owl eyes on the Captain. "Whoooo you seek, must be found."

Just then, a distant clacking and clicking responds to Goma Fouto and he lets out a huge laugh. “Ah haw, ah hawww, ah haw haw haw.”

Laughing Owls, who knew?

“It seems we have located your Emissary. I shall take you to him. However, he is rather occupied at the moment, engaged you might say.”

“Should we interrupt him?”

The Captain looks at him and with her piercing blue eyes. “I don’t care if he is fucking the Empress Masako—take me to him immediately!”

“As you wish Miss. Ah hawww hawww haw.” Goma Fouto sweeps her up in his massive gorilla arms and flies up into the treetops.

Most humans have only flown in planes. A few daring one’s para-glide but that only happens in areas like the Gunks in New York State where there are high cliffs to launch and the air patterns carry the Glider’s to swirl like birds above the ridges.

Right now, the Captain, a fearless trained assassin, is for a moment full of awe and wonder as Goma Fouto swings and flies from the treetops to deeper levels of the Net.

She carefully observes thousands of Ani-humans perched in the trees. Some are winged. Some have gorilla or monkey arms. And many have bird-like eyes. She concludes they are sentry’s guarding an inner secure area.

Invading this place with conventional forces would be impossible. The footprint of the Net is much larger than she originally thought. It seems to span hundreds of acres of

very dense Jungle without a trace of roads or other inhabitants.

After traversing what she calculates to be over ten miles, they begin to drop down and Goma Fouto now is atop a massive tree.

He looks at the Captain and mutters, “Are you positive you want to interrupt Mr. Huegotme?”

Somewhat exasperated she exclaims. “Yes, please take me to him. I have an urgent message that only can hear.”

They begin to descend down from the treetops and as they get lower, a new level of the Net is exposed. From above it is hard to make out what is going on below. She clears her eyes, rubbing them as if in disbelief.

*What kind of bizarre pleasure section is this?*

As they descend all the Captain can see is hundreds of Ani-humans screwing one another, in the most extraordinary ways with dozens of human attendants filming everything. The closer they get, the sounds coming from the sex-fest are a cacophony of pure joy mixed with moments of agony as clearly some of these couples are finding it quite hard to make it happen.

“WTF,” exclaims the Captain. “Have you all gone Mad? Is this some bizarre new film studio for Ani-human Porn?”

Goma Fouto stares at her again. His eyes are wide open and not at all interested in the exploits below. From deep in his gaze he exclaims, “Witness the New World Order at its genesis. Agony and ecstasy are partners in these experiments.”

“Experiments!?! Oh shit, you don’t mean you are intermingling animal and human genes, DNA, blood lines,



OMG! This is unholy! Inhumane! What do you think it will lead to? Disformed humans, creatures without any hope of normal life?"

"No, Captain," Goma Fouto replies. "The human race had its chance. And what did it birth? Hate on massive scales. In-human massacres of its own kind for power and wealth. And a dismissal of Mother Earth and her precious life-giving force as you mutilated the air, sea and land resources. Now, it's time for a New Race, a new beginning and you are witnessing its birthL The Age of The Dismembered."

"The Age of WTF more like. Does Mr. Sakatome know of this?" she wonders, too smart to say that aloud.

"And now, Captain, it is time for you to join our mission.

And before the Captain can utter a word, Goma Fouto bends her over like wet billfold and penetrates her; over and over again until a massive fluid emanated from his body into hers.

The Captain is no ordinary woman and no stranger to rape. And raped she was and with her technical training and physical prowess completely unable to stop it.

Immediately they are surrounded by two attendants who film the entire episode. Spent and tossed away like a towel after an athletic episode, the Captain cannot believe what just happened.

She's lost her crew, lost the Mission and now lost her physical integrity to a, gorilla, owl human freak. She lays on the ground dazed and confused until a voice reaches down to gently pick her up.

“Fear not Captain,” explains Dr. Takara. “You may feel invaded, however, you have been rescued from certain death. I’ve known all along that my brother sent you here for more than reconnaissance. I’m no fool. He thinks he can control me and the new race I have created. He is mistaken. And you, my dear, will be a mother of a new being. The first descendants of the Dismembered. Some strange sensations will overtake you. Nausea and mental exhaustion. But we will do our best to ensure a safe transmission.

The Captain, bewildered and for the first time in her adult life, shit scared, looks over to an adjoining space, past the doctor to see a four-foot penis banging into a pig from a man that appears to be Mr. Huegotme. Impossible!

She collapses to the ground and weeps uncontrollably.

“A brilliant maneuver, Goma Fouto.” Dr. Takara embraces him in her arms. “You shall inherit the Earth my son.”

Goma Fouto smiles and looks at Dr. Takara with the gaze of a son wanting to be instructed on his next lesson.

Takara whispers in his ear. “It’s time to ready the move; and gather the pieces necessary to build our Race. Rest now. Tomorrow we begin to pack the herd and leave the Net.

—

The unexpected QoG inspired events in Riyadh catch fire throughout the Saudi state as city after city, town after town, are overtaken by mobs of hijab-free women on a mission of vengeance and emancipation. Gangs of enraged ‘fe-dom fighters’ descend on the male populations with the fury of starving hyenas, literally tearing some men limb-from-limb.

In several small villages, the ‘fe-revolutionaries’ take over complete control of the local government and police, throwing the men who refuse to cooperate into jail, or worse: after centuries of being forced to wrapped themselves in a black cloth, the women decide to turn the table on their oppressors and require all men to wear hijabs. News of this wardrobe role-reversal spreads quickly through social media, shocking and terrifying all men in the region.

However, it is the moment that the masses of pilgrim women participating in the Hajj fling off their hijabs and take over the holiest site in Islam, the Kaaba in the Great Mosque in Mecca, that the Queen of QoG finally decides to strike.

The Queen sits with Ilikaa at her large planning table covered with maps, watching intently as Nadira manipulates strategic schematics and weapons systems on a virtual screen. She motions to Vicki who is operating a video camera. “Record everything you see and hear. I want history to know what happened here.”

“Of course.” responds Vicki, grinning.

Nadira begins, “As you can see, I’ve put our new influx of cash to very good use.” She moves images and graphics around the air as she speaks. “We are now in possession of the most current weapons systems available, all purchased from black market Russian, French and South African dealers, including: M1A1 Abrams tanks, XM1203 Mobile Cannons, FCS-W Wheeled Laser Systems, XM501 Rocket Launching Systems, and a one-hundred-thousand strong air force of Hellfire equipped, AI drones that I’ve named ‘the Hive.’”

“My personal favorite.” inserts the Queen.

Nadira nods. “But this one is my new favorite, the Pulse 10 Blackout.” She swipes in the image of a cone-shaped cannon-like contraption. “My IT team is putting the finishing touches on this techno slayer.”

“What does it do?” asks Ilikaa.

Nadiar grins, “It utilizes my latest toy: a 200,000 watt electro-pulse generator that knocks out the power of every piece of electrical equipment in its path, causing complete shutdown of all power grids, vehicles, tanks, aircraft, drones, GPS and communications systems, and every weapon that relies on even the tiniest amount of electricity—which is essentially everything that matters—leaving our enemies completely in the dark with no air or ground offensive or defensive capabilities!”

Amazhunn applauds. “Impressive.”

Ilikaa joins her. “Love it!”

“Thank you. You’ll be happy to know, the QoG Army has the latest technology that even the US Army doesn’t have,” Nadira gleefully boasts.

Amazhunn nods to Ilikaa, “With many thanks to our generous Mongolian benefactor.”

“It is my honor to help.” Ilikaa cracks a wide smile for the first time. “And pretty damn exciting, if I don’t say so myself!”

“Yes, yes!”

“Hella yes!” Nadira continues with fire in her eyes, “The world has never seen such a multi-dimensional, cyber-ballistic fighting force as ours. There will be nothing more demoralizing for our enemies than to lose all their communication and transportation capabilities, then to

strafed and bombed by thousands of our drones, then showered with our long-range rockets, then rolled over by our tanks and mobile cannons, and finally, those still left standing will have the pleasure of being butchered alive by the elite troops of our Eradication Corps!”

“Blitzkrieg QoG-style,” adds the Queen.

“Exactly!”

Vicki can’t believe what she is recording: A behind the scenes, making-of documentary of the first, and greatest, fevolution in history. She will be so famous! The excitement of the moment takes her breath away. Vicki nearly faints.

Amazhunn’s plans for her Queendom of Gaea are grand. Working with Nadira, they will release their own cryptocurrency, named ‘QoGcoin’, to further fund their mission. And once they have full control of what was known as Saudi Arabia, they will petition the UN for international recognition. But her vision for QoG does not stop there.

Amazhunn’s ambition has no end. And with Nadira’s creativity, Ilikaa’s backing and Vicki’s storytelling, she now has all the necessary support to see it through. Amazhunn will never get over losing her beloved sister, but now, she has the power to do something about it.

Her brain bursting with determination and vision, the Queen gathers the leaders of the Saudi fe-dom fighters and her zealous troops for a massive celebratory rally at the joining of the Tigris and Euphrates Rivers—the Cradle of Civilization—the beginning of “mankind.”

What a fitting location for the beginning of “fe-kind.”

The eager crowd has gathered in front of a huge stage elaborately decorated in flowing QoG banners, a massive

video screen projecting images of their struggle, and flanked by eight Brutus 155mm Mobile Howitzers. Buzzing with anticipation, the air circulating around the troops is electric.

The crowd goes hush as everyone looks to see their revered Queen enter the stage. She is both stunning and terrifying, in the fierce metal-plated battula mask and long, white robe that she discarded after beheading Blowfish, the Somali captain. She approaches the mic and raises her hands to the sky.

The crowd goes wild!

“This is the day that we have been dreaming of for centuries!” she announces. “The day that will be remembered forever! The day we are finally free!”

“Free the V!” chants the eager crowd.

Amazhunn knows how to seize a moment: Just as the chant peaks, she rips off the mask and white robe to reveal that she is dressed, head-to-toe, in hot pink Kevlar combat gear.

The crowd goes mad!

“From here we march into the future of our own making! Not that of our oppressors! From here we march to the future of Gaea!”

An awestruck Vicki sits in a small television truck, directing the six camera operators recording the historical event. She’s covered many political rallies and rock shows but nothing like this. She speed-dials her phone.

The other end picks up. “Where are you?”

“Are you hearing this?” she asks over the noise.

“Yes...” responds Old Man Wadd, with a grin. “It is the future of H8,” he mumbles to himself. He is one of the few men that sees this as the opportunity of a lifetime. Through

his emissary, Ilikaa Khan, and the enormous funding he has afforded the Queen, the old man believes he can control the direction of the QoG crusade for his and H8's benefit.

“Keep close, Ms. Liegain, I'm relying on you to keep me informed.”

—

On the Queen's orders, code named 'Operation V-dom', her now immensely powerful, mechanized army rolls into northern Saudi Arabia via Iraq. But in the face of an all-out QoG-krieg attack, most resistance from already depleted and demoralized Saudi army units quickly collapses.

And thanks to Vicki Liegain's front-line reporting, the world, and the other women in the Saudi Kingdom, quickly realize that a new day is dawning in a region where men have always ruled ruthlessly.

Vicki has been busy recording everything for the making-of video but has yet to get Amazhunn to agree to a sit-down interview, until today.

Vicki can hardly breath, she knows that an exclusive interview with the Queen of Gaea is the hottest story of the year. Every news organization on the planet tried to get it and failed. As Vicki sits nervously waiting for Amazhunn to arrive, she squeezes her pencil until it snaps.

*Only Vicki Liegain has the fortitude and moxy to pull this off.*

Then the Queen enters and sits across from Vicki.

“Before you say anything,” starts Amazhunn, “I'm not going to answer any trivial questions about my childhood or influences or inspirations or reasons for success.”

Vicki is taken aback but can't show it. "OK."

"We have taken shit for centuries from men and I've been given the gift of this amazing opportunity to ensure that it stops. The #MeToo movement is child's play compared to the retribution that QoG will extract from our oppressors. Our movement is the global car crash they can all see coming but they cannot stop. Life on this planet will never be the same from this day forward. Power to the Fe!" she states, then immediately departs.

Vicki doesn't know how to respond, and doesn't care, because she is the only reporter in the world sitting on the Gaea gold mine.

She will play that card for everything it is worth.

From their safe haven in Switzerland, the panicked Saudi royal family issues frantic, irrational orders to save their quickly crumbling kingdom.

"I will not let this humiliating female insubordination continue to stain our sacred land!" shouts the enraged Minister of Virtue to anyone that will listen. "Their disobedience will not be tolerated! We will put them right back where they belong: in the kitchen, in the laundry, in the bedroom!"

Rumors of the Saudi family selling out their countrymen for every dollar they can scrounge filter down through the military ranks. Even so, some hardliner royalist units battle the QoG army to the last man, but with their weekly pay and daily rations cut off, most others give up immediately.

Some desperate soldiers even revert to donning women's clothing and dissenting to save themselves. But



they are all quickly caught and those deemed “seeders” are immediately sent to the “QoG Insemination Camp,” the others are decapitated for betraying their own kind.

Behind the grimy cells crammed with men, the camp houses an ultra-modern laboratory where the freshly collected seeds are first analyzed for the desired DNA structures for intelligence and physical strength, and then distributed to preassigned “breeders” or flash frozen to put in storage. Many cultures have tried to create a super race of humans. The Queen’s ambitions are to create a race of super women who will raise men as subjugated workers that follow every law and support every effort of QoG without question.

The longest male survivors of the camp are the now sad and depleted Kashif and Humongous, who have been put in charge of re-educating the new “seeders.” Humongous is clearly the muscle of the team. Having to force men to beat-off may seem an oxymoron, but it is a daily occasion that Humongous must play the enforcer for men who just cannot do it. His massive, sandpaper hands are the last thing anyone wants touching them, so they quickly get to work.

Lined up in rows like hundreds of cattle feeding from a long trough, the humiliated men, all wearing black robed hijabs, are forced to produce the required quantities without their prime motivator, porn. The utilization of any sexual imagery for stimulation is strictly forbidden.

But after Kashif and the men nearly revolted, it was decided that they could be issued printouts of various species of animals having sex in the wild.

*How did this happen? Jacking off used to be fun!*

Kashif often remanences about his naïve past, lounging in the Black Mu'Tasche suburban training facility, dreaming what it would be like to do nothing but masturbate all day. But now his dream has turned into an endless, hellhole nightmare where masturbating is a filthy, demeaning job that all men under QoG must endure, or die.

*Why is life so cruel?*

## CHAPTER 8

### *Arme-get-some*

As the QoG army sweeps south through the desert, the Queen takes over one oil field after another, until she controls the entire petroleum output of the former Saudi Kingdom. And because of Ilikaa's substantial investment of hundreds of millions of dollars into the movement, the Queen's thirst for operational revenue is quenched—but her thirst for global influence is not.

Amazhunn, Ilikaa, Nadira and her team of senior commanders sit around the planning table.

“What is the single most impactful, and effective, next move for the fe-volution?” asks the Queen.

“Outlaw skirts and dresses!”

“And makeup!”

“Outlaw hairdressers and nail salons!”

“Castrate all men except those reserved for breeding!”

“Hell yes!” responds the group.

“OK, good start,” adds the Queen. “But we are not thinking big enough. Until we control the world, none of these ideas will have an impact beyond our borders.”

“We have to start real change somewhere,” comments Ilikaa.

“True, but we have battled hard to reach this moment. A moment that we have dreamed of for centuries. Unfortunately, the global influence of our movement is still limited.”

“We need something that will make the entire planet shake,” states Nadira.

“Exactly.”

Everyone looks at each other with blank stares.

The Queen strikes on an idea: “What is the one thing we control that everybody needs?”

“One of the largest oil reserves on the planet,” answers Ilikaa.

“Yes,” responds the Queen with a spark of confidence. “Oil runs every economy on the globe. It is what everyone needs to keep their cars and trucks and ships running, and is also essential for making pharmaceutical drugs, fertilizers, pesticides and...” She picks up a cup. “Everything made of plastic.”

This gets the group nodding.

“Which is why the corrupt and despicable Saudis have been one of the most influential powers since they discovered oil here in 1938.”

“But now we have it. We have it all,” states Nadira.

“Yes, and what could we do to most greatly impact the world’s oil-addiction?”

“We give our oil away for free,” suggests Ilikaa with a grin.

Everyone in the room smiles broadly.

“With one single move, we will drive the price of oil to nothing and it impact every industry, stock market and government on the planet,” states the Queen. “Everyone will clamor for our free fuel while entire economies propped up by high oil prices will instantly collapse! This is how we shake the world!”

“And everyone will feel the power of our fe-volution!” shouts Nadira.

By flooding the market with every ounce of crude oil that QoG now controls for free, at no charge to the distributor, the global financial markets quickly collapse, causing a wave of panic that crashes every futures index on earth.

Oil tankers from across the globe steam into the Gulf and wait for days, in hundred-mile-long lines, to load up at the QoG refineries. And even though they resell their free booty to distributors at a markup, the competition to offer the lowest price causes the worth over 6,000 oil-reliant products to immediately nose-dive, including: plastics; rubber; lubricants; clothing; pharmaceuticals; medical equipment.

Hence, the oil-driven economies of the world completely crash.

China, the most oil-dependent country, suffers terribly when its currency goes right into the toilet. Russia is next, causing Putin to lose nearly all of his personal wealth, while the European Union dissolves into a squabbling mess trying to replace oil with rushed production of synthetic fuels. The US, with its large supply of oil-reserves, would be the least affected if the government and distributors worked together to offset the glut of free oil. Unfortunately, avarice and greed control the day, causing industry-wide panic and political infighting to the point where investors lose all confidence, and the floor fell out of the stock market.

The glut of free fuel flowing out of the Queendom’s controlled oil fields shocks every aspect of the industry: the value of petroleum stocks and every product based in fossil

fuels quickly turns upside down. As entire markets devalue—and lines at ten cents per gallon gas stations go on for miles, the threat of the Queen’s intentions are now multifold.

*An abundance of oil available to all for free?*

“That is pure genius,” states an admiring Nadira to her Queen as they watch economic pundits on CNBC and Bloomberg lose their minds.

“Capitalism cannot survive such an attack!” shrieks a balding male talking head pointing at a series of free-falling economics charts.

“The fossil-fuel industry as we know it will cease to exist!” adds another.

The host of the show shakes his head. “You are both wrong. Have you seen what’s happening to Tesla? It’s in the sewer! Everyone is running back to gas-powered vehicles because fuel costs nothing! It’s the dawn of a new oil-driven age. I’m telling you: dump your e-vehicle stocks and short everything that has to do with oil, now!”

Vicki and Ilikaa sit nearby, also watching the broadcast.

“The male dominated structures of the world are finally collapsing,” observes Ilikaa with a nod to Amazhunn.

The Queen smiles. After years of dreaming for a chance to change the world, she now feels a pure, enlightened connection to life that truly invigorates her. She knows, deep down, that Perhine, her one true love in life, would be very proud.

Amazhunn and Perhine survived their first titanic struggle as a sex slaves—the violence, the humiliation—to become warriors that everyone feared. They commandeered a ship of pirates to finally establish their freedom from men.

Then conquered ISIS, the most feared califate in the Middle East. And now she, alone, has formed an army of ‘fe-dom fighters’ that the entire planet fears. If only Perhine was still here and could share the Gaea Queendom with her.

“We’ve just begun, you know,” responds Amazhunn. “The future is ours. It won’t be without struggle, because the forces of male dominance will mass everything they can against us, and fight to the death to try and prevent the inevitable.” She motions with her hands. “But the cycle of the universe cannot be stopped.”

“What is up eventually goes down,” adds Ilikaa.

“No matter the adversity, we will prevail. I promise you.”

Vicki’s secured phone rings. It can only be the old man. She decides to answer, knowing that Amazhunn will hear every word.

“What the hell is going on!” shouts Old Man Wadd’s voice through Vicki’s phone before she can utter a word. “Have they gone mad? Why not just cut the supply or raise the price or do anything but give the oil away for free?!” With the value of his investments tanking to levels unimaginable, he is livid.

The H8 Society has thrived for centuries because it was able to sway the general trajectory of mankind through the many media and military industries under its control. And understanding ‘mankind’ as a rational entity with acceptable needs and desires.

But this is different.

This act from ‘womankind’ is completely irrational, and therefore, out of H8’s normal sphere of control.

“I did not send you there to help destroy H8!” shouts the old man. “Talk some sense into that bitch, goddamn it!”

“Our Queen—”

“Your what?!”

“Excuse me, my Queen is on a mission to change the world,” responds Vicki. “She has no interest in propping up male dominated industries and antiquated monetary systems.”

“Put Ilikaa on the goddamn phone!” shrieks the old man.

*What the fuck has happened to his plan?*

Vicki hands her phone to the Mongolian princess.

Ilikaa nonchalantly raises it to her lips. “Yes?”

“Listen to me,” begins Old Man Wadd, panting like he can’t catch his breath. “I want to make something crystal clear to you, understand? Your sworn allegiance is to me! Not to some Amazonian she-witch! Allegiance to me! No one else!”

There’s no response.

“And may I remind you,” he continues, “That your assignment is to bring QoG under our control! H8 control! It is not to let that cow take down the entire financial system. Is that completely understood?!”

“Actually,” responds Ilikaa with a long pause, almost indifferently. “Pathetic, out-of-touch dinosaurs like you and your precious H8 live hopelessly in the past.”

“What?!” shouts the old man. Ilikaa’s allegiance to him and eventual influence over the Queen was his ace-in-the-hole—his new vision for the H8 Society—the whole reason it made sense to eliminate Vladimir, Juan and Gilda.



Ilikaa whispers her response, “Just like a fossil, you will be left to rot in the pitiful dust of history.” She abruptly disconnects.

“Wait!” he cries, nearly suffering a heart attack.

Clutching his chest, he collapses in a chair facing a bank of monitors filled with talking heads decrying the breakdown of Wall Street and the Nasdaq because of too much free oil. These are institutions the H8 helped establish, and in which the old man has everything invested. Watching his entire corporate investment portfolio crumble before his very eyes is a shocking sensation he has never felt before.

In the past, the old man has benefited greatly from the privilege of inside information to know exactly when an opportunistic crash like this was coming. And he positioned himself to scoop up bundles of devalued properties and stocks for resale when the market rebounded.

But this is different. This has hit him hard, with absolutely no warning, like a six-thousand-pound elephant stomping right on his face.

That, plus the treachery.

Old Man Wadd has survived every kind of palace intrigue imaginable. His cold-blooded instincts to sense danger before it strikes have always protected him. He didn't get to be as old as he is without ruthlessly cutting down those that opposed him or tried to maneuver behind his back. He became the Keeper, and has remained the Keeper, by maintaining a convenient web of loyal alliances that he could easily eviscerate at a moment's notice.

This has served him well for over five decades. But never has he been so deceived. So betrayed. So misguided.

So utterly wrong.

—

If crashing the world's oil markets was not enough, Amazhunn quickly puts Nadira to work on designing a Bluetooth enabled chastity belt for men.

“We will no longer be victimized by testosterone,” announces the Queen to Nadira. “Make the belt impossible to cut off and I want it remotely controlled to torch the balls of any man who crosses line.”

Nadira smiles. “With pleasure.”

Wearing a stained hijab covered in dust, an exhausted and demoralized Kashif is escorted by four hefty security guards into a small grubby room where Nadira awaits. Vicki stands in the corner operating a video camera.

“Welcome,” she states standing next to a rolling stand holding odd looking devices. “I remember you. You're the one with the impressive stream.”

“And what good fortune it has brought me,” he responds, sarcastically. “I give you everything I have, every day, but it's never enough. What do you want from me now?”

She pulls a heavy, iron jockstrap-like contraption from the cart. “Put this on.”

“While you video me? “Why?”

“Nobody is going to see the video,” responds Vicki.

Nadira presents the iron jockstrap. “Don't worry it's actually quite comfortable.”

“No way,” he announces.

Nadira motions and the guards grab him. “Relax. We just need to run some harmless tests.”

“No!” shouts Kashif.

Despite his kicking and screaming, the guards tear off his hijab and forcefully attach the iron jockstrap and seal it with tamper-proof bolts.

“I will masturbate harder and faster,” pleads Kashif. “Whatever you want!”

“I want you to try and get it off,” demands Nadira as motions to Vicki to zoom in.

“What?” Kashif is a bit surprised her request. “Fine.” He struggles to pull and twist and yank on the belt, but it will not come off.

“Good.” Nadira grabs a smartphone from the cart and turns on the Bluetooth. “Now say something really disgusting.”

“What the hell?”

“Say the first thing that comes into your filthy, perverted mind about me.”

“No!”

“You don’t find me attractive?” Nadira is suddenly enraged. “Make a disgusting gesture! Call me your bitch! Do something vile so I can test it!”

Kashif just folds his arms and remains silent.

“Come on, please! I want to feel the pleasure of retaliating against your revolting, primal nature!”

“I refuse.”

A Vicki motions to Nadira stop. “I got this.” She sashays out from behind the camera and lines up directly in front of Kashif.

“What are you doing?”

Vicki purses her lips, arches her back and leans over so he can get a good view down her open shirt.

He looks away. “No, I won’t—”

Vicki puts her fingers on his mouth, “Shhhhhh,” and begins stroking his leg. “Tell me how you’re gonna give it to me, big boy.”

Kashif trembles as he grinds his teeth and begins to pour sweat—until he nearly explodes. “Stop it, you temptress whore bitch!”

“Perfect,” claims Nadira. She motions for Vicki to stand clear, then quickly scrolls through the Beta of her ‘Nuttifier’ app to a big red button and pushes it.

“NO!” Kashif winces and grits his teeth—but nothing happens.

“What the—” Nadira checks her phone to realize the Bluetooth is not paired with the belt. She adjusts the app controls. “OK, let’s try again.” She presses the red button.

“Please no!”

Still nothing.

Gratefully relieved, Kashif looks to the heavens, “Thank you!” He exhales hoping the thing is broken or doesn’t work. “Can I go now?”

A frustrated Nadira wags her finger as she plays with the app settings. “This should do it.” She pushes the big red button and Kashif’s groin lights up as if hit by a lightning strike—*KA-BOOM!* He shoots straight up like a rocket and bounces off the concrete ceiling—*BANG!* Then slams back down, hard, on the floor, and lays there unconscious while his entire lower half smokes.

Vicki and the guards look at Nadira, awestruck.

“Guess I need to dial it down a touch.”

“Hell no!” demands Vicki. “I want one just like that!”

As the QoG army rolls mercilessly through Saudi Arabia, one of Amazhunn’s first moves is to establish local government offices and security teams in every town they occupy. And with a new order firmly in place, she quickly issues the following decree via all forms of print and digital media:

‘Let it be known to all that reside under the eternal law of the Queendom of Gaea that, hence forth, every male of the species must, under penalty of death (a) wear the traditional black robed hijab at all times, allowing only eyes and hands to be exposed; (b) wear the official QoG approved, Bluetooth enabled, male chastity belt at all times; (c) never look at in a suggestive manner, speak to inappropriately, or touch a member of the opposite sex without expressed permission of QoG; (d) never, at any time, ejaculate, even while alone, without permission of QoG; (e) deposit one-half-ounce of living sperm every two days under the strict supervision of the Office of Propagation Control.’

The Queen’s bold decree is posted on every building and lamp post throughout her Queendom – and it terrifies all men who read it to their very core.

Stores selling women’s hijabs are ransacked by QoG security forces, several iron works factories are commandeered to fabricate thousands of male chastity belts, and official ‘Issuing Stations’ are quickly set up through the Queendom.

Amazhunn’s legion of followers couldn’t be happier watching lines of sulking, defeated men line up to receive

the poor fitting, black robes and hijab head-scarves that, in the past, were reserved for women. But the Nadira's now fully tested Bluetooth enabled, chastity belts prove to be even more entertaining. Providing the female user with complete smart phone control over the oven scorching capabilities of each subject's iron penis shroud, women finally feel they have reached gender parody.

Images of the shocking role reversal occurring in the Middle East quickly circulate throughout the globe. But it is the horrifying Instagram videos of misbehaving males writhing in excruciating pain from the ball-boiling chastity belts that causes men everywhere to shudder—and women to absolutely cheer.

In response, the Saudi royals release their own official decree that any man caught wearing a hijab, and/or chastity belt, is to be executed immediately. Assuming that their outrageous order will make a difference is clearly a mistake. Trying to respond to the flood of ridiculous memes that mock the warning only further discredits the banished Saudis.

*So, what is a man supposed to do?*

He has ruled the world since humans first learned to stand upright. But now, everything is turned completely upside down.

Caught between roving gangs of hardline, male loyalists that happily execute 'hijab wearing traitors' by stripping them naked and stoning them in public, and the Queen's security teams executing those males that refuse to don the 'humiliating black drape' and/or wear the chastity belt, the male species of the region is now totally and endlessly screwed.

A kind of karmic payback from both ends—with a little added roasted ball-sack.

It is the day that the hijab-free ‘fe-dom fighters’ from the Queens QoG army join up with uprisings in Baghdad, Doha and the UAE that powerful men realize something must be done to stop this un-natural ‘She-devil Spring’ before it is too late. An emergency call is immediately convened between the leaders of the G7 countries to determine a unified course of action.

With the full might of the US military waiting for the ‘go code’ from their massive Army, Navy and Air Force installations in Kuwait and Qatar, a previously unimaginable, unholy alliance is forged between highly unlikely partners deep inside a heavily guarded, secret military facility in the Middle East.

Here, top cabinet heads, defense ministers and high-ranking generals from the US, Russia, China, Britain, Germany, France, Iran, Syria, Jordan, Turkey and, yes, even Israel, meet to develop a plan of action to stop the completely unacceptable contagion of QoG. Assembling the largest land, air and sea invasion force the globe has ever seen, these men see it as their destiny to save mankind, as they know it, from extinction.

It should be noted that not a single member of the exiled Saudi royal family is present. Nor are they aware that the meeting is taking place. There is clearly no interest, by anyone attending, to involve them in the coming conflict that will scorch the land and people of Saud to save ‘man’kind.

The group's irreconcilable religious, historical and cultural differences are momentarily put aside in the effort to bring 'brothers' together in a united cause to protect the sovereignty of the male species. Even though petty disagreements are quickly swept aside in the face of such an urgent and extreme crisis, the meeting cannot go on without an expected level of drama.

Heated arguments over whether Halal or Kosher snacks will be served are quickly interrupted by the booming voice of US General Duncan Betrayass, "Gentlemen! Sit down and shut the hell up!"

They all look at him with distain.

"Who are you to tell us what to do?!" starts the Chinese Defense Minister.

Betrayass barks back, "I can trigger the full weight of the American military power with the flick of my finger—so am fucking God in this room until this shit-show is over. Any questions?!"

"You cannot talk to us like that!" demands the head of the Russian military.

"I just did," responds a confident Betrayass over the grumbling in the room. "The only reason I'm even here is because you people cannot keep your own damn house in order. And no man on this planet wants the contagion you've let fester to spread any further. So, it's my job to obliterate this unnatural disease before it infects the entire region."

"How, exactly?" asks the Turkish general.

"We nuke them!" shouts the Iranian minister.

"You have nuclear weapons!" shrieks the Israeli army commander. "I knew it!"



“Not our nukes,” stutters the Iranian. “I mean, of course we don’t have nukes.” He motions to the general. “The US nukes them, and then we move in and divide the Saudi’s oil into equal parts. Yes?”

Smiles fill the room. Everyone likes that idea.

“No nukes,” injects Betrayass. “The radiation will contaminate oil production for decades. What we need is a clean solution that preserves the oil fields and requires minimal expenditure of blood and treasure.”

“Sarin gas!” shouts the Syrian.

“No, no! Too messy!” responds the Israeli.

“Sonic cannons!” counters the Russian.

“Too limited!” shouts the British general.

“Lazar firing satellites could do it!” interjects the Chinese.

“That’s just fucking stupid,” states the Israeli, laughing.

“Listen up!” yells an impatient Betrayass. “The next jackoff that speaks out of turn is gonna get my size thirteen boot right up their ass!” He marches around the table wearing the expression of a true sociopath. “What I am talking about is a new-tech, mass-deployment weapon that will neutralize everyone inside the kill-zone without disrupting any element of the infrastructure.”

This has got everyone listening.

“Please continue,” offers the Jordanian minister.

Betrayass almost glows with pride. “We are currently testing several innovative solutions in off-the-grid locations in Africa. For instance, to exterminate a known ISIS stronghold in an isolated region of Sudan, we utilized a cloud of mosquito-sized drones to release our just devised Cocktail-26: a class four, airborne de-human-iant that has no

effect on the surrounding endangered forest. But when it comes in contact with warm-blooded mammals it triggers an accelerated, acid-like chemical reaction that immediately dissolves the target's flesh, organs and bones. Just like a hot stove melting a stick of butter—all that's left of the targeted individual is a mass of glutenous soup that washes away with the first rain. And leaves the surrounding environment completely untouched.”

“Fully functioning oil fields and refineries?” asks the Iranian.

“No damage to the infrastructure,” responds Betrayass.

Everyone is smiling again.

Except the Israeli general. “There's a problem with your plan: it never rains in Saudi Arabia.”

“He's right,” states the Russian. “Who's going to get stuck cleaning up the millions of people turned to soup?”

Everybody answers in near unison, “We're not!”

“Let's worry about that after we turn them to soup,” replies Betrayass. Then his secured phone rings. He quickly recognizes the number. “Excuse me a moment.” The general moves to the corridor and picks up to hear a familiar voice on the other end.

“I hope the battalion of anti-drone cannons I've delivered is meeting your expectations.”

“Spectacularly,” answers Betrayass.

“Good. We should coordinate our efforts, general, to better ensure the outcome we all desire,” announces a sly sounding Old Man Wadd.

“I'm listening...”

*And then what...?*