

Transformation Survival

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Mature content, reader discretion is advised.

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Preface

Set in the near future, a hardened team of combat engineering marshals endure harrowing times amidst the rise of an emerging city while battling the United World Order's quest for territorial dominance.

Episode 1 follows the heroic progression of MCEC84 (pronounced /'emsek eit for/) and his young family stationed at combat engineering headquarters. Common sources of conflict emerge from the beginning, challenging MCEC84's team to unite or force reassignment to another division against their will. By resorting to extreme measures, the team becomes aware of their conflicts which are much greater than an internal dispute affecting the area, the issues span to the edges of their state and country.

Episode 2 highlights compatriot-nemesis, battlefield champion, and newly appointed team leader MCEC14 (pronounced /'emsek wun for/) through his quest for glory resulting in the love of his life and increased clarity on the nature of the UWO. Episode 3 reveals the turmoil pushing the state population toward total warfare. The team, lead by powerful woman MCEC82 (pronounced /'emsek eit tu/), must control a wide

variety of forces while enacting solutions to strengthen defenses and handle the most unexpected of exotic information and intrigue.

Open ended, yet insightful and informative, this novel provides nonstop thrills with a yearning for more to be continued in the next release. Join the pursuit as we explore this realm others dare not speak of.

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Warning

Within this sci-fi atmosphere, the reader will be challenged to address sections of mankind's deepest fears, be informed about the possibilities ahead, and consider recommendations to assist taming society's wild side.

Episode 1

The Social Earthquake

Moon Twins Research Station

Two combat squads on either side of a walkway are preparing for battle. Two figures in thick armor enter: a general of the Moon Twins station and a marshal of combat engineering.

MTG: This issue goes back to the emperor! We *must* gain access to his advisers! The people of *this* battle station can *no* longer tolerate these levels of informational neglect!

MCE: The emperor does *not* exist! He is the result of a mass delusion, intrinsic to the human condition. The myth of the emperor's continued existence has been paraded around by the imperium for *far* too many years, catering only to those deemed lacking intellectual aptitude!

MTG: The teachings were *false*!

A soldier shaking on the floor begins screaming about the global elite. The MTG drops to one knee to help.

MTG: Hold on my twin, we *will* prevail. You are needed as much as I.

S1: *No! He exists! The emperor has to exist or we are all doomed!*

MTG repulses and stands up.

MTG: *Mental bay!*

Two medics arrive and drag the soldier away.

MCE: There is one truth we can all agree upon. The UWO is closing in, and we can only expect our own assistance.

MTG: We agree! Please leave immediately! Do *not* put the engineering division at risk!

MCE: Not *this* time. I *am* staying. It *is* personal.

The MTG leaves quickly. A soldier approaches the MCE.

S2: An agent from combat engineering!

MCE: Stop smiling! It is forbidden among us and is causing great discord throughout the imperium as well as *this* battle station. You are lucky I am looking at you directly. You *are* a

reflection of the severity of *this* mission! Join the others, your twins are in need.

S2: Confirmed!

S2 rejoins the squads. MCE pauses. A squad captain knocks into MCE for pausing.

SC: *Not here! Not now! Move!*

The MCE exits the walkway then arrives in an office, taking a seat facing the outside. MCE rests his chin on interlocked fists and ponders with a cold stare. A dark-robed figure enters the office and approaches MCE from behind.

DRF: You are not even allowed to *think* here.

The dark-robed figure exits. MCE's eyes narrow to ponder at length.

Indistinguishable flashes appear outside.

MCE: Too soon.

Enemy drop pods begin to crash and attach themselves to the side of the station. MCE enters a trapdoor.

Explosions burst through the station's walls. A UWO squad enters and starts rushing through the halls. A captain of the UWO appears.

UWOC: We are *new* here. This *our* battle station now. Thanks for building it for us! Ah ha ha ha ha ha ha hah!

The UWO squad enters a hangar and starts methodically blasting away critical pieces of the station's escape vehicles. Silence.

One soldier lowers his gun.

UWOS1: Don't tell me they're giving up already!

UWOC: Keep going! You are sucking at the bloodlust!

UWOS1: I don't care for this!

The UWOC pushes the insubordinate. The entire squad fires on the insubordinate.

UWOS: We do.

A ceiling panel bursts to the floor as MCE falls to the ground, slicing the UWOC with a longhandled superheated blade. Activating a switch, MCE blasts electricity throughout the squad then slashes multiple times. An adjacent door opens as shots start to fire in the background. MCE finishes off the squad, rushes to the door, and quickly peeks around the corner. MCE blasts electricity at the UWO squads without looking, drawing the Moon Twins out of cover, making the remaining soldiers easy to pick off.

Moon Twins soldiers emerge alive.

S2: Why did they come here!

MCE: They were seeking an entity which does *not* exist. All talks of the emperor's existence or non-existence must *now* cease. I hope you *all* understand the importance of your work here after what has happened. There is no time to waste. Take the rest of the night to recover then return to your research during the next. Good will.

MTG: Get a move on it squads!

Squads leave quickly. MTG approaches MCE.

MTG: Thank you deeply. I had no other choice than to support their conclusion.

MCE: Trust in what I have told you, and this station will be safe for as long as you are here. Word of your performance has reached great heights. Stay loyal to your twins as you have, and due rewards will arrive in time.

The MTG grins.

MTG: I will.

Combat Engineering Headquarters

The MCE enters a meeting room with a group of nine MCEs who sit together at a round table. A holographic image appears of the MCE captain.

MCEC: Good will, my brothers. It is unfortunate to report our mission regarding the rumors about the emperor has *not*

passed the required statistical mark. There was one member of the team whose performance fell remarkably low, forcing us to terminate the project altogether. It is on this team to determine the individual responsible for our failure.

Holographic image of the MCEC disappears.

MCE1: This team stands strong as *one*!

MCE2: No individual here is going to take the weight of this supposed failure.

MCE3: Let the captain take the blame.

MCE4: His stint as a member of this division is nearing its end.

MCE5: The captain is as much a part of this team as anybody else.

MCE6: There *is* a reason why there are nine of us.

MCE7: The captain *is* the tenth member.

MCE8: I agree with Number 7.

MCE9: We must be careful about sending the wrong message to the council, and we must assume all of our communications are being monitored and analyzed.

MCE1: Let us send the determination back to the council for their approval.

Holographic image of the MCEC reappears.

MCEC: Congratulations, team. The council has decided to reward you for your loyalty. Please take the next two nights to recover and await further orders.

Holographic image of the MCEC disappears.

MCE3: What you said was out of line, Number 1. Our team was not in complete agreement yet.

MCE1: Complete agreement is not needed. This is yet another example of the imperium's obsession with discordant perspectives.

MCE9: This could be misinterpreted by the council. Number 3

and Number 4 are now at risk.

MCE1: The council knows much better than to make such judgments.

MCE9: This is contrary to your initial statement.

MCE7: Complete agreement is critical to advancement.

MCE1: Number 7's statement is counterproductive to the strength of our decision making here.

Holographic image of the MCEC reappears.

MCEC: Time is up. You were *not* supposed to continue the conversation. One demerit.

Holographic image of the MCEC disappears.

MCE9: I *told* you!

Holographic image of the MCEC reappears.

MCEC: One demerit.

Holographic image of the MCEC disappears.

Holographic image of the MCEC reappears.

MCEC: Would anybody like to go for a third?

MCE8: I am only on my first child, Captain.

MCEC: Good will, Number 8.

Holographic image of the MCEC disappears.

Combat Engineering Station

MCE8 returns to the family quarters to find Wife and Child playing a game on the floor.

Wife: You're early! Our child is progressing well but is losing ground in the rankings.

MCE8: Forget about the rankings, the competition here is wearing me out.

Wife: I can forget about the rankings for now, but I cannot forget about the discord you caused during the last procession.

MCE8 flops onto the couch with armor still on. Wife becomes startled, stands up and stomps her foot on the ground.

Wife: How *dare* you lay before me? You *know* what special forces communicates about it.

MCE8: If I wanted another conversation around here, I'd hire the captain to reiterate a monologue about the importance of facial expressions while testing the cafeteria units. Not even *he* could care about such a benign topic.

Wife laughs quietly, shakes her head with a grin, and turns to Child.

Wife: Take your game into the settling area. Let's leave Father alone.

Child and Wife exit the quarters. MCE8 gives a sigh, stares outside, and ponders.

MCE8: Why do so many of us resort to personal attacks in a station as great as this? I can only hope to see their reduction further on. Regardless, many challenges await.

Combat Engineering Headquarters

MCE team enters the meeting room and sits together at a round table. A holographic image appears of MCEC.

MCEC: Good will, my brothers. Despite our failure, the council has assigned me to another division. Due to the team's discordant perspectives, the council has appointed Number 8 the new team captain contrary to past voting records. I hope you all understand the importance of complete agreement moving forward.

Holographic image of the MCEC disappears.

MCE8: Before *anyone* here starts complaining, I *will* highlight my seniority and credentials in the face of popular opposition. Current disrespect of the imperium's institutions is temporary and caused by unexpected generational conflict. My suspicion is the support for our technology is growing at a pace *not* predicted by our forefathers due to inaccuracies in

the imperium's census. I have been supporting an advanced team of young researchers on the bleeding edge of this issue and the results will surely boggle the mind given what has been revealed to me secretly.

MCE8 bangs a fist on the table.

MCE8: Don't you *dare* speak up Number 1. I've got my ears on you *and* your so called friends. Meeting adjourned.

MCE1 scowls and waits for the team to exit before leaving.
MCE8 remains, pondering.

MCE8: Big mistake on my part. This team is getting too personal. We only have so much influence over the outside.