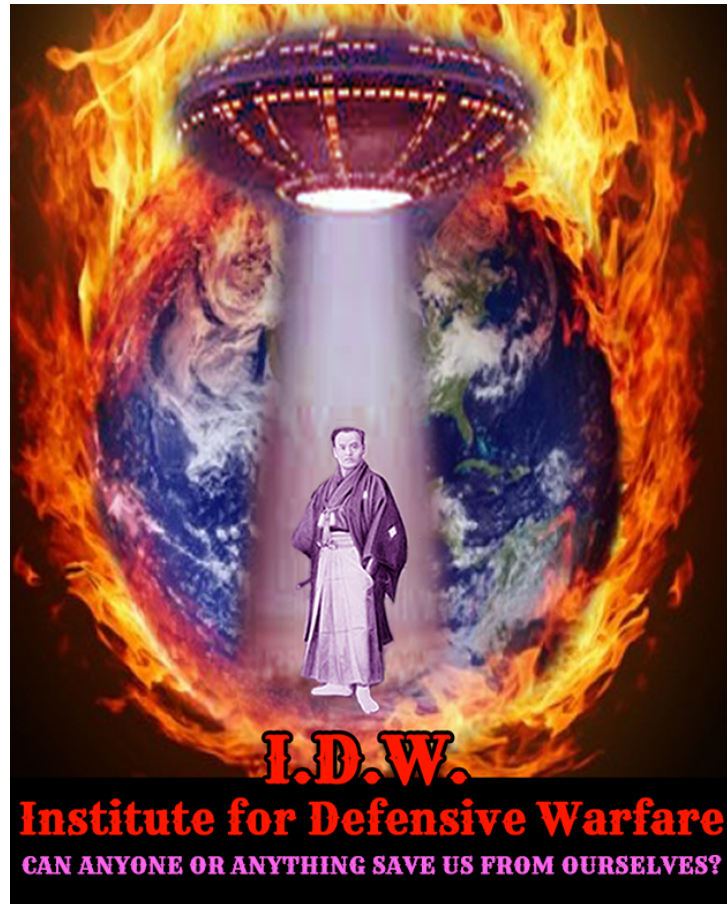


I.D.W.
(INSTITUTE OF DEFENSIVE WARFARE)
AN UNFINISHED NOVEL
A WRITING SAMPLE
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THIS IS THE BEGINNING OF AN UNFINISHED SCI-FI NOVEL ABOUT HOW AN ADVANCED ALIEN CIVILIZATION OFFERS MANKIND THE CHANCE TO END WAR. THE STORY BEGINS WITH THE TRANSFORMATION OF YUAN-KAN, A TRAINER OF JAPANESE KAMIKAZE PILOTS- TO A CREATOR OF A NEW DEFENSIVE MARTIAL ART AND ITS IMPLICATIONS FOR A NEW TYPE OF TECHNOLOGY OF NON-KILL, NON-MAIME WARFARE.HIS WORK LEADS TO AN ASSOCIATION WHICH TRIES TO FURTHER A GLOBAL TECHNOLOGY OF WARFARE FROM AN ORGANIZATION CALLED I.D.W. - THE INSTITUTE FOR DEFENSIVE WARFARE.

THE OLD MAN AND THE MOUNTAIN

CHAPTER 1

The old man used his wooden sword as a staff, brushing the tall brown grass aside as he cleared a path for himself at the foot of the mountain.

There was a stern rhythm to his strokes and a young farmer on the way to the rice fields marvelled at his vigor.

He was surprisingly limber. Even as he began the long, tortuous climb, his hand clasped at- and surprisingly caught- many a precarious handhold that stayed well, allowing him to pull his seemingly weightless body over perpendicular cliffs and jagged precipices. Although at times his pace slowed, there were moments that he almost seemed to scamper up the side of the mountain.

VICTOR VON NERON

CHAPTER 2

Von Neron yawned.

The eyes of the NSC were all riveted on the Secretary of State.

To them, Kenterson was reciting gospel. To him, Kenterson was recycling clichés, garbed in neo-sociological jargon.

Without vision, the people perish, he thought of Isaiah.

With men like Kenterson, national pride is a badge of honor, a flower in the lapel to be flaunted relentlessly at endless Kiwanis Club, Veterans of Foreign Wars and Oddfellow meetings.

The people of the United States had bought it, not knowing and not caring what the secret trinkets wrapped in those star-speckled and be-ribboned packages might really bring. That gift wrapped basket contained a plethora of Pandora's boxes.

His mind turned to his brother, Oskar... the endless collaborations, the endless controversies.

How strange a lot to be born a scientific genius like himself. Oskar and he had been alike in many ways and uncannily different in others.

Their politics had been so different, for one thing. He was the Establishment/reform from within type as long as he could remember. Oskar wore his protest marches like nicks in a gunfighter's belt.

For the last 15 years, the split had deepened.

With Victor's acceptance of a key position in the National Academy of Sciences as a prelude to God knows what advisory or cabinet position, national security clearances were at stake and there was little exchange between the brothers at all.

Now, Oskar was half-way around the world chasing UFO's and natural magnetic lines of the Earth and God knows what other weirdness and Victor was here at the seat of world government playing dice with the destiny of the world.

He looked to his right.

Seated there, squatly, surrounded by mounds of papers, was the Secretary of energy, Honorarius Bistrum. Looking at the pudgy Secretary, Victor could not fathom how a man could tolerate such a mess in the presence of the NSC and the President. Nor could he see how a man could stand to be in such intolerable physical shape.

And such a contrast to Kenterson!

But if Von Neron could have seen within Bistrum's incredible, complex and self-rooted mind, perhaps he would have understood. Difficult as it may have been to understand, Honorarius Bistrum loved his ugly fat almost as much as Lloyd Kenterson loved his aging muscle.

And he fed it lovingly- with gourmet Chinese cooking at home- souffles and Chateaubrian, pasta and rich French pastries, whatever and wherever he could. His doctors wept and his children fretted for his health, but Honorarius ate happily through it all-devouring mounds of petroleum abstracts, proposals for solar energy schemes and tax shelter proposals from his lawyers with as much zest. He called it the three P's, the building block of his life and character- Power, Petroleum and Pleasure was the staunch defender of the Establishment Politics, the Petroleum Industry and the indulgence in ultra-gourmet cuisine for prolonging life and health through Pleasure.

Looking at the two of them, Von Neron found it hard to believe that they could sit at the same table, a table of war, with such earnestness, such mutual respect and fellowship.

Perhaps he needn't have marvelled at this, for if he had thought of it, he would have seen how keenly the two envied each other. Bistrum longed for the Spartan virtues he suppressed with such earnestness and Kenterson for the Bacchanalian debauch of Bistrum's life. Each was the shadow self of the other and each formed the perfect complement of the other, the staunch patriot and the freedom-saturated Bacchanal- two hands, one Spartan and one Roman, reached across a sea of equilibrated passion-to find each other and fuse together in their mutual objective of unmitigated military might.

Von Neron glanced down the long, sleek mahogany table.

There they all were, Kenterson, eyes fiery and intense, dressed meticulously. No paunch anywhere. It was rumored he could still do and did one hundred pushups and five hundred sit-up every morning. There

he was, in sharp contrast to the fiery Secretary, tiny eyes obscured in fat looked with equal intensity out of the eyes of the Secretary of energy.

THE LIGHT ON THE MOUNTAIN

CHAPTER 3

The old man climbed the mountain and stood on a ledge of granite overlooking the countryside below.

For sixty years, he had been known as the "Invincible Cougar," the "warrior who took his strength from the mountains. He had studied the Western arts of boxing and savate, judo, jujitsu and he had melded his insights into the form, _____

Now, at seventy, his mind and body were at their keenest and he knew that he had failed.

All over the world in thousands of dojos, the martial arts flourished as never before.

His heart thickened with sadness as he thought of his life and others- for was it the fire of Taoism or a hundred kindred philosophies that governed the world? No, it was a philosophy of sectarian aggression, totally dependent on technological marvels and over-kill.

Where was the philosophy that could challenge the monsters that Man had created?

As it was now, the philosophy- and to a great extent, the practice of the martial arts, were impotent to deal with such a menace- just a fleck of pristine purity on the swampy and intestine back of stumbling mammoth mankind.

It was precisely at the point that the old man felt completely and without doubt that he had no idea whatsoever of any answer to this irresolvable dilemma that he became, without warning, totally and unmitigatedly, engulfed in light.

Hands and feet moved in the light, positions were held and reheld- lightning jabs and kicks and cries of pain and murmurs of sadness.. all this, until an entire life in the martial arts were reviewed in a matter of minutes , an encyclopedia of self-defense understood and now probed- from one man's body.

In the brilliant light, the old man- now a phantom warrior, danced kaleidoscopically through youth, middle age, old age and death. Now a skeleton, now a fleet-footed young samurai- danced incredibly a multiverse of kata and technique in the awesome essence of light.

And in this dance of war and death, in this poignant surrender to traditions of Shaolin and ahimsa and samurai- in this speechless voidness of movement and fury and motionless surrender, one voice, with one phrase resonated through the light and through the movement, through the memories and the thousands of new and specific nuances now transmitted-

this phrase was in dozens of Earth languages, armchair and contemporary and yet it was entirely wordless and without any semantic content at all.

He did not know how he heard it- the phrase encoded in the stillness of a feather dropping from somewhere above the finest shred of a cloud. It whispered and it thundered through him like the loudest clap of thunder and the plucking of the finest shred of silk. The voice said, "Thou Shalt Not Kill."