

TEXAS RISING

The minutes passed by at a crawl, first ten and then fifteen. With their nerves on edge, both men held their M-16s at the ready, expecting an attack that became more eminent with the passing of each excruciatingly slow minute. Suddenly the stillness of the dark night was broken by the sound of a heavy object crashing into the pine tops and landing on the ground with a thud.

“What the...?” Rodriguez spun to cover whatever had made the noise while Jeb covered the rim of the butte with his rifle.

A low laugh came from the darkness above their heads.

“Well, you told me to toss something down as a signal to climb.” Leonard called down in a loud whisper.

“I said a stick Leonard, a stick!” Jeb whispered back up, “What did you throw?”

“That was the co-pilot sir. The pilot is up here.” Leonard answered.

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First Edition

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TEXAS RISING

By

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DEDICATION

I would like to dedicate this book to my wife, the love of my life. Without her support and encouragement, I would not have started writing.

PROLOGUE

Three months before the national elections, large scale rioting and looting, brought on by the nationwide police crackdown on black activists associated with a growing anti-police movement, and what appeared to be orchestrated attacks on police nationwide, broke out in New York City, Baltimore, Ferguson, Los Angeles, Atlanta, Georgia, and Dallas. These riots were quickly co-opted by thousands of radical Muslim infiltrators that had been given refugee status by the government that was increasingly aligning itself with Islam.

Violence against Christian groups intensified and was seemly ignored by Washington, until multiple armed rioters were shot in Dallas, Texas by a group of local business owners, followed quickly by incidents in several states where rioting thugs were dispatched unceremoniously by law abiding citizens, acting in defense of their property and their lives. When the various state police and local police departments refused to arrest those that had been defending themselves, and the body count was reaching into the hundreds, martial law was declared by President Adi Onbekend, and the order was given to confiscate all firearms from the civilian population. In the wake of the large-scale resistance that followed, the November presidential election was cancelled until order could be restored.

Tennessee, in addition to several states west of the Mississippi, including Arizona, New Mexico, Wyoming, Idaho, Montana, Louisiana, Oklahoma, and Texas refused to enforce the executive order declaring martial law, and a stand off ensued for the next three months, leading to the President declaring a state of emergency. After an all night meeting with the Joint Chiefs, the military was called on to enforce his edict, but a majority of commanders, including two four star generals and a rear admiral of the Joint Chiefs refused the order, stepping down from their command. The word of this insubordination passed quickly through the ranks and many active duty servicemen and women also refused any orders that would have them fire on American civilians. Not all of course, but enough to seriously weaken any attempt at a military action against the states that were leading the insurrection. In addition, none of the several states National Guard troops or their commanders obeyed orders to enforce the martial law within their respective states or deployment to neighboring states. With tens of thousands of armed

militia members from all over the country standing ready to oppose any force that he would try to deploy on American soil, the President then requested that the United Nations send troops. This action was quickly met with declarations from the Governors of the western states stating defiantly that should U.N. troops set foot in their states, it would be perceived as an act of war.

With this gauntlet being tossed into the face of tyranny, men and women of all ages, and veterans from all branches of the armed services flocked to militia sites in their respective states and prepared to fight. In the first few days, those conservatives that resided in states that sided with the Marxist policies of the President, packed their belongings and headed for Texas, where it was perceived that the government would strike first, but these were stopped at military checkpoints that had been set up at every freeway interchange in every major city. Only a very few made it to the Red River and the relative freedom that Texas offered. Most were detained, charged with violating martial law, and imprisoned in hastily constructed camps under heavy guard, while those brave few that chose to fight rather than surrender their arms and property were simply gunned down.

Possibly because the recent disappearance and presumed death of their beloved governor, Harold Kincaid, was viewed with suspicion by most of the citizens of Texas, recruitment numbers for the Texas Guard were also setting records. Arms sales, already at record levels, shot through the roof, and AR platform rifles were being built in many backyard shops to try and satisfy the demand for the conflict that everyone felt was coming.

With the disappearance of his predecessor, the Lieutenant Governor of Texas, Jebediah Atkins, stepped into the Governor's chair amid speculation that his term would be short lived as a federal occupation seemed imminent. What happened next took almost everyone by surprise. In a bold and secretive move, the Texas legislature voted with a strong majority to move the capitol of Texas from Austin to Fort Worth. The move was in anticipation of the local left wing citizenry of Austin violently revolting against the desire of most Texans to secede from the Union, and had been planned with precision for almost a year, since the previous Governor had recalled the Texas gold reserves back into the state treasury from New York. Governor Atkins signed the bill into law, and then boarded the executive helicopter for a quick flight to the new capitol-building complex, which had been built under a cloak of tight security.

When news that the largest and most self sufficient state in the union had executed plans for secession reached Washington, DC, President Onbekend cancelled his golf outing and returned to the White House, hoping to implement a strategy that would make an example out of the Lone Star State, ensuring that the others in rebellion would come back into the fold out of fear.

Acting on the advice of his Pakistani born Senior Advisor, Durrah Jowles, a long time member of the Muslim Brotherhood, he sent a Carrier Strike Group led by the Nimitz

class Super Carrier CVN77 George H. W. Bush into the Gulf of Mexico to blockade any attempts by Texas to ship crude oil from Galveston to offshore markets, and to stop any cargo containers from being received from China with supplies for the rebel states. The President took this action knowing that using a carrier named after a Texas president would be a slap in the face to Most Texians, as they now called themselves, excluding most of those that lived in the metropolitan areas of the larger cities where the most liberal of the left wing crowd seemed to gather.

All Texas Army bases were placed on REDCON 2 alert in preparation for the ground conflict, which seemed imminent.

Immediately upon receiving the REDCON 2 status order, the commandants of Fort Bliss and Fort Hood, acting on a prearranged plan, mustered all of the personnel that were either professing the Muslim faith or suspected of involvement in the faith, along with those that had not passed a psychological screening that included questions related to whether they would fire on United States citizens or not, and loaded them into transports for immediate transfer to Fort Devens in Deven, Massachusetts.

The match that would ignite the powder keg of a national revolution was about to be struck.

CHAPTER 1

“I’m telling ya Luke, I’ve been down here in Odessa for most of my life and I’ve never seen the tension between Washington and our folks up in Fort Worth any thicker. I believe that Governor Atkins is setting us up for secession!” The old man slapped his hand on the table, jostling everyone’s coffee, in a manner of punctuating his remark.

As was their custom, several of the old cowboys and oil field hands tried to solve the problems of the world every couple of mornings at the Wagon Wheel over coffee and breakfast.

“Well Jerry, I have to admit that things haven’t been looking too good from down here since they moved the capitol out of that liberal cesspool in Austin, but Atkins seems to be a good man. I find it hard to believe that the president would have him locked up for sedition. Along with everything else that comes out of his mouth, that talk is just hot air,” Luke replied, although he was well aware of the growing concerns among the old timers that gathered at the Wagon Wheel almost every morning. Heck, he was one of those old timers now. Since getting shot and almost dying, Luke had not ventured far from Odessa except to attend Michael Tucker and Hanna’s funeral. The two plus years since had done little to dampen the sense of loss that he felt when he recalled the young family that he had befriended.

“Luke, Luke, look!” Luke Moffett was jarred back to reality as Jerry shouted to him and pointed to the television that was showing the Vanguard News Channel.

“We interrupt our normally scheduled broadcast to bring this breaking news! These pictures that you are seeing are of hundreds of troops from the United Nations parading through Fort Worth, Texas just now. We expected some United Nations participation in the enforcement of the President’s declaration of martial law that has most of Texas on edge, but no one has spoken about the exact number of these troops or what their role will be over the next few weeks,” Vanguard News Anchor Maggie O’Brien continued on excitedly, while all over the restaurant, men were hurriedly gulping their coffee and paying their bills.

“I expect that guns sales just went through the roof!” Luke exclaimed as he stood and made his way to the check out line, “If you men meant what I’ve heard you all talking about for the last couple of years, now is the time to pull those drag bags out of the closet and head for your mustering sites. If not, just park your weapons by the front porch and those blue hats will be along to pick them up from you.”

Jerry slapped Luke on the back, “I’m too old for this crap Luke. Let me get your breakfast, and you go make sure Mary is safe before you do something foolish...like getting yourself shot up again.”

“Thanks Jerry. I’ll take you up on it today since I am in kind of a hurry,” Luke shook his friend’s hand before he made his way through the crowd and out of the door, taking a brief look back at the television just in time to see that the Texas Guard had assembled in force around the capitol building as the Texas Air National Guard helicopter carrying Governor Atkins rose swiftly behind the human barricade and flew off toward the south, away from the capitol.

The short drive to the house was made with a heavy heart as Luke thought of what he might have to do in the next few days, months, or years, depending on whether he survived or not. He had served in Vietnam during that war, and had seen the cost of a half-hearted effort by U. S. forces first hand. Now, just when he and his wife had a good retirement in sight, all hell was breaking loose in the country, and once again his service was needed to protect his homeland. This time that was Texas, and the way of life that he had always known.

Mary was waiting on the porch for Luke to pull into the drive and met him at the old Chevy truck.

“I’ve heard the news Luke. Is it time to go?” she asked quietly as he just set there for a second before answering.

“Yep, some of the 39th is mustering in Gardendale, but I don’t think it will be as bad as all that, Mary. Still, I reckon it won’t hurt for you to get over to Ruidoso for a spell. There will probably be a few folks that we know already there.” Luke was having trouble speaking so he got out of the truck cab and gave his wife a hug, “Mary, if I don’t...”

“Hush that talk Luke!” Mary quickly put her fingers on his lips, “This will be over with quickly. Besides, they won’t hurt the cooks. Until then, I’ll wait to hear from you.”

Luke just nodded his head and choked back the tears that threatened to stream down his face. He knew that the “Old Guard” as they called themselves jokingly, probably wouldn’t survive the first wave of conflict. However, they were determined to give a good measure to the enemy until the last man.

“Well, if you’ve got everything packed, get on out of here. Just remember to take the battery out of your phone until you get word that it is safe to turn it back on. I wouldn’t want those idiots to sneak a drone up on you.” Luke gave her one last squeeze before she walked to her car and drove off.

Now he had to hook up the one horse trailer that he hauled his old faithful quarter horse in. ‘Lucky’ would be turned out at John and Mary Louise Post’s ranch until the coming conflict had been resolved. Finishing that chore, Luke went into the house to retrieve the custom Remington 700 that had been given to him by Otis Jamieson after Michael Tucker had died in the plane crash with his family. He had hidden the rifle and accompanying drag bag from Mary, not wanting her to think that he might have a more dangerous assignment than camp cook during his time with the Texas Militia, but they knew that he was an accomplished sniper from the Viet Nam campaign. Now, as he loaded the bag into the truck, he dreaded the idea of taking another man’s life again, although Luke also knew that there would be no hesitation on his part when that time came.

As he headed to the small corral that held his old horse, Luke stopped by a barrel of oats and got a big handful to feed to Lucky. The horse saw his old friend and trotted briskly over to nuzzle Luke and get his reward. Luke scratched his ears while the horse took the oats from his open hand.

“Well old partner, I have all ideas that this might be our last time together. You need to behave yourself over at the Post’s while I’m gone or Mary Louise will have you sent to the glue factory.”

Lucky just snickered at that and followed behind Luke to the trailer.

CHAPTER 2

Jebediah Atkins, a tall, wiry, slow talking Texan that had served in the Gulf War conflict years before as an Army Lieutenant Colonel, was feeling the pressure of the Governor’s mantle on this particular evening. His heroic service during a particularly brutal fire fight in Baghdad had gained him national recognition, and his friends urged him into politics after he retired from active duty. After several years of working his way up the political ranks, he found himself winning the seat of Lieutenant Governor, and then gaining the governor’s office less than a year later with the sudden and suspicious demise of his processor, who had made a practice of poking his political finger in the eyes of the president on every occasion that he could. As Lieutenant Governor, Jebediah became well aware of the building tensions between Washington and Texas, and just how fine a line had to be walked between preventing the President from taking military action

against the state and those that defied his authority, but still be the inspiration to the rest of the states to resist the tyranny that was being pressed on them. Now that martial law had been invoked and all elections suspended, it was time to make a decision about which side of that line Texas would step.

After an all night meeting with his Lieutenant Governor, Tom Hastings, and the new Texas Attorney General, Isaiah Ramirez, the decision was made to sign into law the articles of secession that had been passed with overwhelming bipartisan support of the legislature twenty four hours before. As soon as secession was declared, the Governor and his cabinet would flee to a safe area, deep in the Big Bend Park, that had been designated as the new headquarters of the Texas government until the hostilities were over.

“Tom, Isaiah, good luck and God speed to you both. You’ve probably got about thirty minutes from the time that I make this announcement before they try to take us, so get going. Transportation has been arranged. Make certain that your cell phones are on and in your desks before you leave. That should buy a few extra minutes if they ping the signal for location. I’ll be right behind as soon as I put the Guard on alert,” Jeb shook both men’s hand in turn and watched them exit the room.

The Governor picked up the secure line that had been arranged for this one purpose, “General, we are go for Operation Separate Nation. I repeat we are go for Operation Separate Nation.”

“Roger that sir, we are go for Operation Separate Nation,” General Andrew Clarke responded and hung up the phone.

Jebediah hurriedly signed the document that was lying on his desk and summoned a trusted courier to run it to the House Speaker. He then made his way to the helipad and the waiting Texas Air Guard UH-1 that would take him to the safety of the new headquarters.

“Welcome aboard, Jeb...er... Governor,” the voice came through his headset as soon as he settled into his seat.

From where he was sitting, Jeb couldn’t see the pilot’s face, but he recognized the voice, “Amos? What are you doing up there?”

“I volunteered for this trip Jeb. You didn’t think that I was going to let a green pilot take you out of here, did you?” Captain Amos Whitehorse replied with a laugh, “Besides, it will be like old times when I saved your butt in Iraq!”

“I remember that a bit differently Amos,” Jeb replied with a laugh, “Let’s get this bird airborne.”

“Yes sir, and not a minute too soon, either. Take a look out of your door,” Amos responded as the old Huey climbed slowly into the air and started moving away from the capitol.

As they gained altitude, Jeb could see the militia troops that surrounded the capitol grounds waving to the chopper, and just beyond an advancing sea of blue helmets.

“Amos, get me a direct line to General Clarke, pronto,” He ordered.

“Roger that, Governor, I’ll have it in a second,” Amos responded, then, “You’re on sir.”

“General Clarke here, Governor Atkins.”

“General, are your men armed?” Jeb asked.

“Yes sir! We followed your orders to the letter,” Clarke responded.

“General, we both feel the same way about firing on our own troops, but I want you to decimate that bunch of rapists and pedophiles in the blue helmets. As soon as that objective is reached, fall back and put my order ‘Domino’ in play,” Jeb ordered, “And General Clarke, good luck.”

“Yes sir! I understand the order sir,” Clarke responded with what seemed to be a short laugh.

“Well, that will unleash a crap storm, Governor,” His headphones crackled as Amos switched them back to internal comms.

“I suppose it will, Amos, but the first shot was fired when the President saw fit to send those United Nation’s troops in to Texas. Keep me posted on any reports coming out of there,” Jeb responded.

“Yes sir. I hope our boys kick those blue hats back across the Red River,” Amos answered, “We’ve got an escort up high Jeb. Four of our Texas Guard air jockeys are flying cover for us.”

“How long before we reach the rendezvous, Amos?” Jeb asked.

“I’m keeping her low to avoid radar, but maybe about two and a half hours. I’m bucking the wind a good bit here,” Amos replied.

“Well, I’m not going to relax until we reach safety. All hell is going to break loose in a few minutes, and I know that our ‘would be’ king is going to come after me with all he can muster,” Jeb replied with just a hint of nervousness in his voice. He was starting to wonder if sneaking out on this old bird was the wise thing to do.

The two guards that had accompanied him on this flight just exchanged looks and checked their weapons for the second or third time. Jeb gave them a smile and a ‘thumbs up’ as a gesture of reassurance. Both men nodded in the affirmative but it was obvious from the grim looks that covered their faces that they would rather be on the ground.

Two hours into the flight the headset came to life, “We’ve got company Jeb! It looks like five bogies coming in hot about fifty clicks to the east. Our little friends are going to intercept.”

“Amos, I think that you had better get us on the ground. I like our chances better in the mesquite scrub than up here. Our boys are outgunned in this fight, and I don’t want them to commit suicide for me,” Jeb declared.

“They aren’t doing it for you Jeb. They’re doing it for Texas! This is our home, and by God, we won’t give it up easily,” Amos replied with anger in his voice, “I know a place a few clicks from here south of I-10 where you might find some cover, and just possibly a

few friendlies. I'll drop you there, and then fly decoy straight south. There is another rifle, and a survival kit just behind you. It might come in handy."

"Amos, Texas needs you more on the ground than in it. They will destroy this chopper if you try to make a run in it," Jeb pleaded with his old friend.

"Relax Jeb, I'm not about to commit suicide. I have a plan," Amos reassured him, "Now you boys get the lead out, skids down in thirty seconds."

The Huey just barely touched the skids to the ground, and Jebediah and his escorts hastily disembarked. They watched the old war veteran nose down and pick up speed before lifting away for the southerly run that would draw off any pursuers from following Jeb into the small caves that lined the big bluff behind a natural camouflage of scrub pines.

The men knew that there was no time to waste in finding cover, and made their way through the thick mesquite brush and cactus up the steep slope at a run until they were well hidden from aerial view. They turned to face the direction that Amos had taken over the top of a distant bluff just in time to see a fireball followed a few seconds later by the shockwave of an explosion. Jebediah fought back the tears for his friend who most certainly had just given all that he had for the place and people that he loved.

"We'll make a cold camp here, men. I need to see what we have in our packs that might help us get out of here alive," Jeb said to the men as he started rummaging through the pack that Amos had on the chopper.

That search produced two full twenty round magazines of 5.56 mm ammo for the rifle, one compass, a map of the Trans-Pecos area, a heavy knife that Jeb recognized as Amos' prized K-Bar U.S. Marine Corp Fighting Knife that he had won during a card game in Kuwait, two MRE packs, one issue quart canteen of water, and a fire starter.

"Well things are looking up men. What did you bring to the party?" He asked of his escort.

"I've got six mags, my compass, map, and six MREs, sir. I've also got my canteen with me and about a quart of water," The slender one with 'Leonard' on his MultiCam nametag replied.

The bigger of the two was a rough looking ex-biker named Rodriguez that almost busted out of the sleeves on his MultiCam jacket. "I've got ten mags, six MREs, two grenades, map, compass, binoculars, my marine corps bivvie bag, and a length of parachute cord."

"Two grenades, how did you manage that?" Jeb asked in amazement.

"Well, Governor, I was helping unpack a few of our supplies yesterday and just thought they might come in handy," He replied with a big grin.

"They might at that. Men, we've got rough ground to cover if we are going to get to safety. I suggest that we bivouac here for the rest of today and tonight. We will have to leave early, and try to make some mileage during daylight while sticking to cover. If we move out at night, we run the risk of getting bitten by a late denning rattler or being seen by a drone with infrared. We are also going to need more water so Rodriguez, use the

binoculars to look for a windmill. If we can find a tank along the route, we'll have plenty of water. Leonard, scout us a cave big enough to get all of our gear in before dark. It's going to be cold without a fire," Jeb gave the men orders to keep them busy and keep their minds off of what might be happening to them very soon.