During the initial phases of operation planning the UN originally requested Jordan and Egypt permission to use their border for the operation. Jordan and Egypt refused to take part. Their defeats during Yom Kippur still fresh in the national consciousness hung like a phantom in the air. Syria on the other hand, was still a Russian puppet after being rescued during the Arab spring, but the Golan heights were a formidable obstacle. So the massive force was divided in two. One force would invade from Lebanon and the other amphibiously near Tel Aviv.

The UN Gen. Assembly had gathered millions of men from the four corners of the earth in preparation for Operation Gaza Hope. They built up bases in Europe and Africa. Never before had such a great armada been assembled. The great force assembled in the Mediterranean made the force assembled during D-Day look like child’s play. In disbelief at the array of forces aligned against Israel. Benjamin Netanyahu sent delegation after delegation to negotiate a settlement between the Palestinians and Israel. Israel conceded to give the Palestinians back territory in Gaza, but would not give the West Bank as it recognized Jerusalem as its eternal capital. The West Bank was an immutable part of the Palestinians for as long as history could remember, what version of history they would refer to they don’t know.

The UN, no longer distracted by the destructive nuclear conflict of World War III, decided that in order to achieve world peace and a final solution to the problems that led up to World War III, Israel must be dealt with. It was the Jews and their conniving, who were the dark underbelly of the international conflict that had just killed 25% of the world’s population. The “president” of the Banana Republic of the United States would stress time and time again, it was the Jews who refused to agree to a two state solution undermining the fragile world peace that was currently at stake and in not doing so posed a threat of causing the nations which almost destroyed each other to be at loggerheads once again. So the UN convened to take a vote. UN resolution death to Israel was voted upon. Not a single nation voted in disagreement. For the first time in history the world was acting in one voice and as one man. Their figurehead was the president of the United States, who, despite serving two terms already was able to change the Constitution allowing him to serve a third term. This man had a sincere love for Israel, so much so that he was ready to go himself with the invasion force and proclaim the good news of America’s democratic gospel to the heart of the promised land. It was in the promised land where he planned to proclaim the good news of freedom for the Palestinians and slavery for the Jews. Jerusalem was not for the Jews; it was a Mecca for the world. In order to make it a Mecca for the world the Jews had to be removed.

After the vote Jews around the world were locked up. They were potential spies that could hinder the invasion force by disclosing important information. So again, like the cattle trucks of Nazi Germany, Jews were rounded up and sent to vacation camps to be re-educated regarding the glories of socialist America. Part of the re-education involved labour, hard labour, but if you killed a little less than the majority of the Jews in these camps then no one would notice, not the world at least because the world already decided Israel’s fate and it was destruction. The vast majority of the population had no qualms about this. It had already been done during the glorious Revolution of 2032 where all the white Christian nationalists were rounded up and locked in Walmarts surrounded by concertina wire and guarded by the red white and blue SS. No one was there to save the Jews. The America of the 1950s was long gone. UK was dominated by Palestine loving Muslims who mourned in the streets on May 14. Recruitment posters went up everywhere calling out to all surviving males of the apocalypse for a holy war to liberate Gaza. Men from all walks of life answered the call. The line leading up to the recruitment office looked like a gay pride parade. Cis gendered men, bi- curious, trans men, non-binary, demi-girls, demi-guys, two spirit, gender queer, omni gender, bi genders followed the rainbow and once they reached the end of it they found there a strong sturdy butch marine gunny offering the latest social justice cause for them to sign up to.

So the world’s attention was diverted. People finally left their bunkers. The subways of New York City finally start again below the rubble. Soldiers from Russia currently fighting in Alaska left their positions and entered ships diverted for the promised land. American troops fighting in Poland clicked on their safeties, made a long march to the rear where they entered trucks and began being transported across Europe to the nearest ports. Like ants marching amongst the ruins of nuclear devastation the world’s soldiers began to converge on one focal point. That focal point which has been a thorn in the side of humanity since the creation of the world was Israel and God’s redemptive plans for humanity.

Israel was waiting for them as their ships poured through the Straits of Gibraltar and the Suez Canal. Israel released all the nukes it had. In space they flew knocking down satellites with their concussive blasts. Israeli hackers were able to activate these satellite nukes as they fell from space obliterating nations in a minute. Highly accurate Patriot missile systems and S-600s intercepted many these nukes as they flew towards their destination. Above these waterways the skies lit up, nuclear explosions detonating in the atmosphere.

Soldiers quiver in their ships as the earth below them shook. A bright-eyed corporal, stoic and solid, vomits over the bow of his ship. When finished vomiting he looks up at the panorama of nuclear explosions and begins to shout.

“How is it such a small country can put up such resistance. I was on the Eastern Front when Russia invaded Poland. I’ve never seen such resistance. We’re not fighting a small country the size of New Jersey. We’re fighting God himself. I’m not going. Lock me up in the brig I’m not doing this. We’re heading towards our destruction, I know it. I saw it in in my dreams last night. Heaven itself declared war on us and we all died.”

“Raskin you will fight or die. Anyone who declares himself a conscientious objector is an enemy of the state and will be put to death. This isn’t like the old days when we just sent you home with a pat on your back and said sorry it’s against your conscious you can’t fight. I will execute you on the spot right here!” His sergeant cocked his rifle inserting a bullet in the chamber. “Do you want a letter to your mother telling her how you died. How you betrayed the state……” A nuke violently explodes dangerously close beneath the atmosphere shaking the ship. The Sgt. accidentally discharges his rifle and a bullet goes into Raskin’s leg. Raskin collapses to the ground shouting, blood pouring everywhere.

“Someone put dressing on this boy and carry him to the infirmary. Looks like you won’t be going after all Raskin.”

Two soldiers carried him down to the infirmary and the medics begin operating immediately. Raskin awakes to find his commanding officer standing over him.

“Can you hear me Raskin?”

Raskin nods his head.

“How in the hell Raskin did you get shot in the leg before the battles even begun? Someone said they overheard you spouting anti-patriotic rhetoric. Is this true?”

Raskin shakes his head.

“Good. Because if you were I’m I have to finish you off myself.” He places his hand was slight pressure near the wound causing pain to shoot up Raskin’s leg. “In my after action report I’ll just leave it as an accidental discharge and that’s it, be careful.”

The commanding officer leaves. Raskin is filled with a sense of dread. Something very bad is going to happen he doesn’t know how but he must find a way to escape the ship. He remembers his pastor in church spoke about whoever touches Israel, touches the apple of God’s eye. He never believed much in the Bible, he was actually happy his church was shut down due to federal government edict 516. It meant he could sleep in on Sundays. But for the first time in his life he felt like he was the worm trying to eat God’s apple.

His mother was put in re-education camps because of her beliefs. He used to visit her and beg with her to forsake such superstitious nonsense of a man in the sky, but she was adamant and did not listen. She passed away there. Her body was never released. He felt completely numb when receiving the news. His father brought home her remaining articles. One article was a raggedy Bible. He combed the pages reading the verses she outlined. It meant nothing to him. He threw it in his cupboard piled upon clothes like the memories of her he suppressed in his soul. Now when he was finally closest to death he felt her memories resurrected from the coffin he buried her in.

“Mother,” he prayed to himself, “Save me from this ship of death. If there’s a God above and you’re resting with him then tell him to save me. I know we’re doing something horrible, something deeply wrong, and you would be completely ashamed of me.”

Suddenly the ship jolted. Raskin was thrown out of his bed and the medical equipment scattered everywhere. He pulled out his IV and squeezed his arm. The alarm started blaring. A voice appeared over the intercom.

“This is the captain. I’m giving orders to abandon the ship. All personnel board the landing crafts. We’ll make landfall with the second wave.”

Water started entering his cabin. His sergeant appeared in the doorway.

“Looks like you’re back in this thing Raskin! You didn’t think we’d forget about you. We have a landing craft catch. Can you walk?”

“Sort of. You gave me a nice flesh wound you son of a bitch.”

“Pain is weakness leaving the body soldier now let’s go! I’ll help you walk!”

The two waded through waist-high water and dead bodies as they made their way to the next deck. His sergeant cleared the debris, allowing them to move quickly. Raskin was somewhat relieved to use the water for support rather than putting weight on his injured leg. When they finally reached the top deck, chaos reigned. Soldiers scrambled to board the last landing craft as the ship began to tilt and sink. They joined the mass of soldiers piling into the craft. Just as the boat pushed off, the remaining part of the ship sank into the ocean. As the craft moved through the sea water sprayed on Raskin’s face. The must be getting closer to Israel because when he looked up to see a massive air battle take place in the sky.

Initially IDf’s F-55’s and F-35’s had an advantage over the coalition’s aircraft. After years of Israeli ingenuity, Israeli versions of the F-35 and 55 far surpassed American and European versions built by Boeing. Israeli jets in coordination with the iron dome were able to sink half of America’s carrier fleet in the first day alone. Russia quickly came to the rescue and bolstered the air defence of the remaining American fleet which was enough to stem the tide. Israeli jets began running out of fuel and ammunition. They were outnumbered 22 1. Israel’s Air Force was either grounded or left ineffective for combat. All that was left was the iron dome.

The dome stubbornly held, its impenetrable ingenuity stubbornly clinging on to the dream of an Israeli state. The night sky lit up with an amazing light display as drones, jets, ICBMs, cruise missiles disintegrated as lasers sliced through them like a samurai sword cutting through bamboo. I stood there on Mount olives watching the morning sun rise its beautiful litany of colours breaking through the clouds. One cruise missile flew over my head bursting my ear drums. America was very aware of some of the weaknesses in the Iron Dome having jointly developed the same defence system. That lone cruise missile snuck through the dome and hit a command centre. I saw it explode like the destruction of Israeli’s hope. Taking advantage of the chaos, IPV drones quickly swarmed in through the perimeter then like dominoes each battery was destroyed one by one and on the first day of Operation Gaza Hope, Israel was laid completely defenceless and hopeless.

Landing operations were already on the way as the last battery ceased to operate. Amphibious vehicles from every nation stormed the beaches outside of Tel Aviv. The landing crafts lowered their gates. As the landing craft poured out their troops they shouted,

“From the river to the sea Palestine will be free!”

The IDF initially beat back the initial wave of soldiers from their hastily prepared bunkers and trenches. Abandoned landing crafts littered the beach and thousands of coalition soldiers floated, bloated in the Mediterranean Sea. The sand mixed with blood and limbs from the armies of Christendom, polluting the Promised Land for the first time in history since the Crusades. A second wave of soldiers was already on the way. Before the second wave hit the LZ a tactical nuke struck the IDF units defending the beaches of Tel Aviv. Light flashed across the sky as I observed the first nuke from my perch on the Mt. Olives. I quickly glanced away.

The coalition met further resistance once they reached the city. The coalition was forced back to the beaches. They began to retreat to a position about a 1 mile from the beach waiting for further orders in their landing craft. Rather than risk the death of more coalition soldiers America launched one Minuteman ICBM and completely destroyed Tel Aviv and the surrounding areas in a 22-mile radius. With ease the soldiers of the coalition quickly drove their convoys and heavy equipment through the charred remains of the city. Naked, bloody corpses with burns wandered aimlessly in the city like zombies. Wandering dead. Humvees purposely rammed into them joking with each other on the way.

“That’s ten points a Jew, soldier.”

“I’m going to set a world record Sarge.”

A loud thump hits the Humvee. A Jew flies over the bumper and lands discombobulated on the ground behind it, and mass of flesh twisted in a contorted pretzel.

“Want to make a bet that I can reach thirty.”

“Sure private you’re on.”

Another corporal from the backseat interjects,

“Sarge, so the Jews killed Jesus, isn’t this sweet revenge.”

“Sure is Lance Corporal. In the name of our Lord all these great and wonderful nations have gathered here to purge this wickedness on the earth.”

“But wasn’t Jesus a Jew?” The private said hesitantly for fear of being rejected.

“Jesus was Aryan, no god damn Jew, you remember that boys.”

Whatever remained of the IDF made their last stand on the Sharon plains.

A smoky haze hovered across the Sharon plains. Without the support of the Iron Dome and Israeli Air Force, coalition jets launched missile after missile. Drones swarmed from every direction slamming into tanks and soldiers hunkered in trenches. The battlefield situation deteriorated into a turkey shoot. Due to their distance from Jerusalem the coalition refrained from using nukes. It took two hours for the coalition forces to destroy what remained of the Israeli Army. The speed with which the coalition army operated was even greater than Operation Desert Sabre when the Iraqi Army was defeated in four days.

We’ve spent the past couple of days combing through the twisted charred bodies strewn amidst the ruins of Tel Aviv. The mounds of broken bodies filled with Americans, Russians, Iranians, Germans, and a multitude of nationalities among the seventy nation coalition all gathered here to implement the final solution. Their plan, which almost succeeded, was to conquer Israel and divide it into Israel and Palestine. Palestine would have Gaza and Jerusalem while the remaining Jews who survived would carve out a meek existence among the nuclear wasted ruins while the other remnant would have been scattered among the nations in slavery. Their plan failed.

“Sir we’ve found his body!”

I stood at the peak of Mt. Olives. The mountain split to make a way. The children and their mothers fled for their lives. Sulfur came down. F-55’s and F-35’s lost control and crashed into each other their hulking carcasses falling to the ground. Satellites with their enclosed nukes crashed on the nations who thought they were above the almighty. Entire nations pulverized in a minute.

“Sir what shall we do with his body!”

I walked up to the group of soldiers, some of the last remaining IDF left in the world. They had all gathered there like a solemn congregation who had gathered there to witness a venerated member of the congregation who had recently passed to away. They were scared to touch his body, to desecrate it, even after all the evil this man had done. They thought by doing so it might spring to life and kill the last few survivors of the Jewish race. I looked down. I saw his pearly white teeth and eyes shining like white stars amidst his dark and blistered skin. What a fool he was.