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. So much so that the UN mandated a day of mourning and fasting every 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. 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 marine offering the latest social justice cause for them to sign up to.

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.