

Puissance, Mother Of Disease

25 Determined persons divided into 5 groups heading for the former Soviet Union. Our first stop is to be the illegal arms market in a favorable decaying post communist state where each group will pick up 2 simple bazooka style rocket launchers and some lighter handguns for self defense in the event of an unforeseen conflict. Then let us seek out our predetermined objectives, five different nuclear reactors scattered over the vast land. Each reactor chosen second for its location and first for its design. The crown of civilization the mighty RBMK reactor, the largest most powerful yet unsafest and least attended to in the world.

As we reach our targets, silently awaiting the moment to strike, Synchronized watches ticking slowly down and judgement day is dawning. All is still as the final second passes. The five heroic groups fire once, and then again, Anti-tank rounds at the main reactor tower where the modulators are held by a once flexible but now severed metal arm torn apart by military joy. The concrete cracked so violently is burning now, bluish flames are rushing out as uranium turns into the hand of god, a melting god increasing his strength every second, his poison spreading in the wind and melting into the ground, gushing from the cracked manifestation of hybris. We are all dead now the heroes of the apocalypse, and so are you. And so is the mother disease.