

Sample Chapters 1 and 2 from

HALF OF TOMORROW

by Dr Joseph Costa PhD

Book One

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(First 2012 Prediction)

Chapter Two

The President of the United States stood facing the group, “As you know, ladies and gentlemen,” the President spoke in a tired voice, “we are now in a state of Martial Law and the armed forces are responsible for law and order. I expect all commanding officers of those forces to work directly with cabinet members and other civilians I have appointed. You are to work together, and reports are to come through the cabinet or, by specific request, to myself.”

To himself he was thinking, “Things are bad enough without history accusing me of also handing this country over to the military.” “Mr. Lanrin,” he said aloud, “would you give us the report on the ‘Breadline’?”

Lanrin arose, “Yes, Mr. President. The line drawn from Canada to Mexico along the Rocky Mountains has been established and the military is now guarding all major routes going east from the West Coast. Constant aerial reconnaissance is provided for areas of possible penetration elsewhere.”

“Would you say these measures are fully effective?” The President asked.

Lanrin nodded, “I believe so, Mr. President. I believe we have resolved the migration entry problem after many painful errors. If you will recall, at our last meeting our problem was finding a way to stop the flow of people from the West Coast. Tragically, grave measures were necessary, and many hundreds were lost when refusing to stop at checkpoints. The decision to absolutely stop the movement before the rest of the country became engulfed with panic meant some killings. Thank God a solution was found! General Green, who is responsible for the ‘Line’ and east of it, has initiated a system that I would like him to report on, if he may.”

The President nodded approval. “Please go ahead, General Green.” Lanrin sat down and General Green arose. “Mr. President, what I have done, sir, is set up a series of lines. The first line is made up of units at key points such as roadways and mountain passes in the Rocky Mountains in Colorado. These units in the first line are of battalion strength; their duty is to stop traffic trying to come east and allow passage to only those types and numbers of people as directed by field orders from command.

“Ten to fifteen miles behind the first line are company strength units. Their duty is to patrol designated areas behind the battalion line and pick up stragglers who managed to sneak past. The stragglers are delivered back to the first line to wait their turn to process.

“Ten to fifteen miles behind the company units we have set up field hospitals and mess halls in connection with the processing stations. These locations are guarded by roving guards and patrols of squad size...”

“I’ll take it from there, General,” interrupted Lanrin. The General sat down after a, “Yes, sir.”

The Secretary of the Interior continued the report. “At the entry, or Battalion line, as the General called it, women with babies—or pregnant—are allowed through first. Then children. Then adults. We’ve had success with this procedure, generally, with one exception—”

The President interrupted him. Looking more haggard and grave of feature than at any time during his incumbency, he faced the members of this group with the evidence of recent shock still apparent in his eyes and in his tone of voice. He said, “For years we have braced ourselves against the possibility of death from the skies. In our more somber, thoughtful moments we have considered the possibility of part of some city and its suburbs being reduced to a state of chaos by the terrorist actions. But never, never did the thought occur that an entire state could be reduced to that same chaos by action within. Even now it is difficult to believe that our own citizens are responsible for what is happening out there.”

There was a moment of silence, and the assembled officials followed the President’s gaze. He turned, looking at a map of California, which had obviously been set up for briefing. “Now,” he said slowly, “I believe General Thompson is prepared to give us the latest report on the situation west of the ‘Line’ since all lines of communication are down within the borders of the state due to the destruction of electric power facilities.”

General Thompson arose and stepped to the map. “Thank you, Mr. President.” He raised the pointer in his hand. “As of this morning air reconnaissance shows much of San Francisco central area of the city either gutted or in flames.”

As the general spoke the President looked over each of the men in the small room and wondered what went wrong. He had believed in them, picked each one out because of their abilities. The President spoke silently to himself, “Where the hell were they when the signs got stronger?” His eyes focused on the Treasury Secretary, “Where the hell was he when the banks began going under again and the rates began to climb?” His eyes went next in the row to the Secretary of Labor as he wondered, “She led me to believe the unemployment figures were just a little off.”

The President’s thoughts went to his advisor as his reproached himself, “I should have listened to Jameson, and he called attention to the sudden shift of rates moving upward too fast, back into double digits before we realized it. God! All those riots!” He was tired; the sleepless nights were taking their toll. His face sagged, the lines were deeper. Feeling self-conscious he straightened his torso as he sat.

The General tapped the map with the pointer while speaking louder as the President focused on his report. “Stragglers are still working their way east from San Francisco, mostly along the highways. It’s been five days since the main body that left San Francisco reached Sacramento. There are many fires in Sacramento, and it would appear that most of the local supplies have been consumed. There is a steady stream of people working out of that city, mostly southward down through the valley. There is considerable vehicle activity, but it is chaotic with pockets of fighting everywhere.”

The pointer struck the map again, this time at Los Angeles. The General’s crisp voice, magnified in volume, continued, “Obviously, Los Angeles has more food than other areas as migration from there is minimal at this point. It is estimated that two to three hundred thousand have moved out. The majority is moving east and south toward Imperial Valley. Reports show a high concentration of activity just south of the center of Los Angeles, around Southgate probably after the dairy herds in that area. Center of L.A. is gutted with fire.”

The pointer skipped to San Diego as he continued the report. “Here, fires are less, but there is a mass exodus toward Imperial Valley. I would judge the main body will be there just before the mass from L.A. gets there, then it will get worse—if it can get worse.”

Turning from the map, dropping the pointer down, he looked at the President, “Conditions are about the same everywhere. The roads are all jammed with stalled vehicles with bodies strewn about. There are firefights everywhere. In some communities there are holdouts, meaning there are defenders trying to prevent others from getting to them. They probably have food stored; it’s mostly stores and warehouses. It’s only a matter of time for them; there are too many to stop.”

The President interrupted him, “Isn’t there authority or law, order, anywhere?”

The General shook his head, “Apparently not, Mr. President. The only places we’ve been able to drop by copter appear to be the civic center areas where there is no one.

”Any attempt to land or establish communication is met by ground fire. Many of the snipers are uniformed, servicemen or police. We have contact with small groups out in the open at times, but they are ambulance cases for the most part and they smother any landing, begging for water and food. The magnitude of all this is beyond comprehension for most of the troops, and our drops are overwhelmed. The people are desperate or dying making it all exceedingly unmanageable. Our troops know it is not the same as handling refugees in other countries.”

“My God!” Everyone turned toward the explosive voice that came from the Secretary of Agriculture.

The President snapped them all back with, “Go on General.”

The General turned again to the map and ran the pointer along the western coastline and continued, “There are concentrations of people scattered along the beaches. In our last report we noted many were fishing. They are no longer fishing, and the beaches are littered with bodies. All our copter drops at the beaches tell us many of the dead have choked to death on their tongues having drunk sea water for their thirst.”

Once again, he rested the point on Los Angeles and looked at the President. “That is it, Mr. President, except that I might add, when those dairy herds are used up, three to four million people will be heading east,” the point hung on the map centered at Pasadena...

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