



The sirens outside don't seem to bother him. I sit, watching him breath oxygen from a big tank, clasping the mask to his face, his stringy muscles knotting in effort. Two of Elliot's bully boys stand, weapons in hand, watching me as I watch Elliot. "If he tries to move, kill him", Elliot told them, "I can't have my chronicaler getting away before writes my story". They can't read my short hand, I write in Finnish. At the moment, they think I am setting this notpad up, getting ready to write the bible as told by the great profit of our age. It took every once of my will power not to title this file "Mein Kampf".

Elliot hangs up the mask.

Write everything down that I say. You are permitted to skip nothing. Future historians in the golden age of the world order will marvel at you, at your luck. You , my friend, I am rewarding for always standing by me. You get to write the story of a GOD.

Yes Elliot. I was always your friend. You who were the shy genius. Friendship, even when you became sick, your mind wandered. You pay that with a pistol to my back?

It was Morrow that betrayed me first. I was the hope of the Project. It was my break through that led to cold sleep. Morrow didn't just pop back from the future, as if he ever could. I am the real time traveler. I have done it several times. Soon, I will own time. My faithful will discover what Morrow never told me, and I will stand over him, the ashes of his deslusions burning in the fire of my desires.

What happened to you Elliot? You were young, the youngest of us all. I remember you, shy with Angela Price and Dominique LeFevre. You don't know it, but I saw you slipping those mysterious notes to them. Those little love poems that are lost now in time. Your burning intelligence was a comfort to us all, the boy genius.

We were frozen, the hopes of the world, a small band of dedicate scientists to bring civilization to the end of the world. There was myself, and Angela Price, Abdula Al Hussien, Marky Dukes, and Sam Twitchell. The first Recon team!

Wake up was harsh. Freeze tubes take away your energy even as they make you immortal. We drink fruit drinks and eat high energy bars. Then we burst the drive door and drive out into the new world. We found a spring, with no hint of a war, but we were frozen away from were the bombs would fall, but close enough that we could mark the edge of no-man's-land. Somewhere far over the horizin a hell land broiled, the killing ground over the new ICBM bases.

The teletype snicked. No way to answer Prime until we opened a cache, which was step one. The type said WAR. Find cache, dig up sender, and respond. The rest were ready to follow these orders, but I knew that someone over the horizon wouldn't know how clean the land looked, no radiation, no chemical pollution, a normal spring day. We should find a town, and set up shop, then respond. With no towns on the map, I headed us for a likely bend in a small river. Ranches are built on bends like that. Sure enough, in a day we found it. Our fuel was low, the M-43 had thrown a track once, and we were all tired. Sam Twitchell knocks on the door, and is shot were he stands!

I get out of the APC. Three farmers and their kids are holding guns on us. Price is patching up Twitchell. Abdula yells that we are on their side, the farmers aren't buying it, they disarm us and tie us up, except Angela and Sam.

Then Morrow rides to the rescue. They pass me a not, not the WAR, just a test. They tell the

farmers we are testing Army equipment for Morrow Industries.

Not the WAR, but I learned. Morrow lies.

You were harder when you came back from that test, but you were still the Elliot we loved. You and Angela finally got together. Angela who went into the slots as you slept, expecting that you would follow her. I was surprised that you would choose term slotting, twenty years in the tubes to test the theories you help make. So was Angela, but she was the first of us to bet our bodies and minds on Bruce's vision.



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You won't believe it, but I planned the next thousand years in my sleep. I, the inventor of the freeze tube, would test my invention. For Twenty years I was to sleep, my body frozen colder than mountain ice. People tell me its impossible, but its not. My mind still works as I sleep. I dream answers to questions not even asked. It was when I slept that second time that I discovered it. I dreamed for twenty years!

On the cold table of the preparation room, as a medical team hovered over me, I thought about Angela and the farmers. The farmers were ignorant. They shot first when we approached, us with peace in our hearts. The cold penetrated my heart, but I was still awake. They closed my eyes, and pumped out my blood, but I was still aware. Angela who saw me enter the freeze lab. She loves. That is what she always does. Thoughts rattled through my mind as I got colder. I thought of Sam, bleeding on the ground, dead the next year in a car accident. Sam followed Morrow's plan of leading with an open hand., and paid.

I was asleep, but asleep with an active mind. And answers came. Angela's love was right. She saw what I was, what Morrow never saw. Morrow whom I loved since I first met him. Morrow whose passion lit a fire inside of me. Morrow who took my love and betrayed me, made my doings seem small. I slaved for the freeze tube. He cannot face it, so he strolls away and returns with fusion power. Morrow who used me to kill my own ideas. My team was a sham, and he set me up as a sham leader. After the test freeze, no one would listen to me.

In fact, the test freeze was everything. Sam, who is Saint Sam now, died to prove that you cannot lead people to enlightenment with an open hand. Only a gun in the face bring knowledge. Those ignorant farmers shot a man ten times what they were. Better that a thousand farmers should die that Sam.

The farmers need the visionary though, and only one person holds the vision. I. KRELL.

The Nazi's knew. Hitler was an evil monster, but he knew the truth. I could out-think and out-do Hitler when I was young and naive. Now that I was older, understanding the world, I could do ten times. When the current society fell, I would move in. KRELL. The farmers would thank the day that I was born, or they would die and be replaced with better farmers.

I needed better people around me. Sam, gentle Sam ,was now a Saint of my religion. AND I AM GOD.

You are looking at me like I am insane, but I am not. As I slept, I realized that Morrow was leading with and open hand, and he would fail. Only someone willing to build a religion, and decree the answers would succeed. Look at the power of cults and churches

Elliot, I also slept twenty years, but I didn't dream. I awoke with you, and struggled to fit back in to a society tilted and different than any I could imagine. I met a wife, but we would have no children. Morrow's plan made all that moot. Lots of people made the big sacrifices for the Project. Life went on though. In a year, my sleep of ages was over. It never left you.

You awoke different. Friends tried to reach out, but you spurned them. When people called you Elliot, you would simmer, or scream "My name is Krell". Your truthful wonder at the world was replaced with quiet lies that only people close to you would catch. I knew that you played games with the truth, but I never suspected that it was a plot.

I will never forget the look on your face when you heard about Angela. I should have run to the

Doctors when I found your last poem.

Hera sleeps waiting,

Mistress of an older world,

Waiting for the hand of Zues to awaken,

And show her the truth of time.

It was tucked under a door, just like the others. Under Angela's old door, only now the room is Dolph's and he thought it was a joke. If only I had the courage then to tell someone about what was going on, but you were still innocent Elliot to me.





When I awoke, I new that I needed to build a following. A movement of people, scared of the war, but hiding it behind bluster, was waiting for me to pluck it. They are deluded men, intoxicated on power without responsibility. They crave power, and as long as I give it to them, they are willing to enslave themselves to me. I recruit their leaders, defeat them, then build them back up, always letting them seem to speak for me, but with the group knowing who pulls the strings. My writing invade their meeting times, egging them into further fury against society. They will kill the society that lets them hide in the wilderness, cheating other people of their land, scratching in the dirt. When they kill society, only I will stand with the wits and the knowledge to save them from savagery and dissolution. Without me, they could never build a working government. They are the barbarians that pull down Rome, never stopping to think what they could build from Rome's ashes.

Only I know what can be built, and these men of bluster, they are a house of cards waiting to fall to my will. They salute dead Nazi's who would of gutted them in a second. They form militias to guard the honor of race and home. They spin endless conspiracy about the government, when they don't know I control them. I fund them. I give them their ideas, those that are useful hidden among the clap trap of rebellion.

Don't rob my stupid inferiors, bring suite. Don't burn, get burned and get revenge, and numbers. You make mistakes, the people hang you when you do, but each hanging only weeds the stupid from the less stupid. The less stupid are my army. I bought them, and built them for decades, awakening to push the right buttons, then sleeping another couple of years, a valued senior scientist that no one every listens to.

How you ask can I do this?

I am rich. How did those idiots in Kentucky get freeze tubes and fusion power? How did Bergman discover the secrets and tell all to the government? I SOLD IT TO THEM! Morrow, that deluded professor, keeping his secrets, throwing us crumbs. Lies he told, lies to all of us. Only I had the willpower to defeat him.

I CAST HIM DOWN! HE SHALL WANDER THE EARTH FOR A THOUSAND YEARS!

Now, Morrow can do no more. His die is cast, sleeping in the ground. While the war rages, my army of misfits that caused the war still storm the gates armed as I have armed them, taking orders from mouth pieces that talk when I pull the strings. 2000 Morrow sleepers against twenty thousand barbarians. The Barbarians are grist for the mill. Even as I speak to you, I toss thousand of them onto the butchers block to be chopped by the anarchy that surround us. Those that survive, grow strong. They are chopped now as Warriors of Krell, not as wise use bullies, or skin heads, or neo Nazis, or free land militia, but warriors. They look for freedom in oppression, and I give them that oppression, built on their dead bodies. The survivors though, will be my army.

Morrow and his frozen, will thaw to my world, and defeat.

Now go. Take this to Morrow. I spare you life.

Elliot has let me go, but I didn't get far. Even as he flees Omaha, the world is ending, for me at least. Elizabeth asleep far from here will awaken. Elliot is mad. He has hundreds of followers, but I can't tell how many more. With Elliot, now, its a matter of believing what you see.

The outer door is to heavy, but I got it open. This close toeven a small city like this, and the bolt holes have double entrance doors, with more than one way in or out. I wonder why we put a team

so close to Olfutt? It has become my last bolt now.

Warrior of Krell. They stand there, with their new minted standards, looking like a rabble in ill fitting gray. Not a great army, pudgy, furtive, slack. Elliot intends to forge himself an army of these? I company of older National Guard could over run the one I see without trying.

The bandage is seeping, and every breath is like a knife. I feel the ground rumble. Did Elliot get out? How many of his warriors did he expend? They are not a worry. What worries me is what Elliot has in his head. How long has he been selling is out? He is right about never being told anything. I know the location of six teams. Me, a junior member of the council. One of them in Omaha, in whose front door I crouch and die.

I don't know who to curse. Kathy told me that Elliot was off the deep end. The balloon is up, and we all scurry for our places, except for Elliot. I find him in Omaha. He hugs me in the frenzied airport, as military run for flights to take them to battle stations no one ever though the world would need. In the car, his goons are there. Elliot looks at me, a wild look in his eye, and he takes me to the place for his declaration of war. I think that I will call this Apologia. Elliot's final bow to wanting the world to understand him before he become KRELL. I don't think he will live through the month. Its a month longer than I have.

The funny thing is, we all are responsible for Elliot. Morrow did lie to him. I never insisted he get help. The person on the street didn't stop a demented follower of his on the street and say that society still loved them. Morrow's philosophy of the hand, that Angela knew so well.

Recon J-7. I am saving this to my only disk. Your computer should be able to read it. Wont you be surprised to find a corpse on your doorstep in a couple of years? In case you wonder, I am not some nameless person hiding in your porch from the end of the world. I am Leonard Siikma. I worked and slept for thirty years to put you in the ground. I was shot by a looter in front of a Piggly Wiggly, trying to call Morrow, and tell him of Elliot's betrayal. My wife is Elizabeth, and she sleeps safe across the country expecting to wake and find a world with me in it. Tell her I love her, and tell Bruce that it was me that put the exploding Squibb in his cigar.

