A small excerpt from my book, Americanism

By : T H Rahman

Americanism is a book about the invasion of Staten Island, NY by insurgents whom attempt to overthrow the United States of America. After a serious blow to the American Government and its people, the US Military assaults the insurgents to cause a distraction so that the following factions can reclaim what is rightfully theirs. The gangs from the area unite with the mafia and fight alongside the civilians so that all can stop the oppression. (completion expected early 2013)

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A small excerpt from my second novel, Americanism

Across the canal from Staten Island, all eyes on the mainland remained glued to their televisions, their computers, and their mobile device waiting for reports on the takeover of the island. Those living close by were able to witness, firsthand, the clouds of billowing smoke and the occasional sporadic bursts of flames, which appeared throughout the island. Sirens continually blared their warning letting all know that insurgents continued their siege.

From the mainland, a white satellite van came to a screeching halt at the mouth of the Goethals Bridge. The logo on the side of the van read, News Channel: New York 2. A man exited from the driverâ s side while a woman exited the passengerâ s side of the vehicle.

Brittany, the woman, stayed as close to the van as she could, but also wanted to be as close to the action as possible without being shot. But now, she was mad. She turned, and scowled at Jimmy, the driver and camera operator, as he came around the back of the van because he didnâ t have the camera rolling when she had witnessed the fall of the Statue of Liberty.

Though scared, Brittany understood there was a job to do. She considered herself the best reporter from New York 2. She was determined to be the first to report the events taking place on Staten Island. She believed what was happening could possibly be the story of the century. She readied herself to report every little detail in which her eyes witnessed.

Brittany wore a black jacket with a baby blue shirt barely visible underneath and matching black skirt. She was pretty and possessed a snooty attitude. There was not one blemish on the smooth skin of her face. She had eyes, which invited men to try their bet to be her friend. A plain hairpiece held her long, black hair in a ponytail with not one strand out of place. Conscious of this, she looked at Jimmy whom prepared the camera, which sat on his shoulder, and ran her left hand across the top of her head to make sure her hair remained perfectly in place. She wanted to look her best for the American people. She ducked and leaned against the van for protection when sporadic gunfire erupted from way of Staten Island.

Jimmy, the camera operator stood just behind the van also using it for protection. He wore a black and white checkered button up shirt. Blue jeans covered the bottom half of his body. Black, curly hair sat on top of his head. He loved operating a camera and would do his best to film the greatest story ever told. Though a bit shaky, he took a step away from the van and pointed a finger Brittany's way. â Weâ re rolling, Brittany,â he stated.

â Okay, thanks Jimmy,â Brittany replied. She smoothed back her hair again to make sure she looked presentable for the camera and the viewers. A shaking hand held the microphone close to her mouth. Occasionally, she ducked at the sounds of bullets zinging above her head with some close enough to part her hair. She clamped her jaw tight to stop her teeth from chattering. She closed her eyes and counted to ten. When she was ready, she opened her eyes, held her composure, and proceeded to report what was happening. â I am standing here at Goethals Bridge, across the canal from Staten Island where anti-American insurgents have taken control of the island. As you may already know, the island is in utter chaos. It appears these insurgents are attempting not only to take over Staten Island, but reports have it, our country, and our government as well.â

In reality, Brittany was uncertain as to what was really happening. She looked towards Staten Island and could see things were not good. She began to remember a friend telling her this would happen, but she thought he was crazy and chose to ignore him. In truth, she was going to make her report the best, so she began to bluff

her way through, hoping her information was right.

Suddenly, heavy gunfire broke out, which caused Brittany to press her body against the van. Though fearing for her safety, she continued to make her report. â It has been reported insurgents have killed a countless number of innocent people.â Brittany ducked as a loose round flew over her head to shatter the window of the vanâ s passenger door. With the microphone still held near her lips, she quickly looked at the camera, and then began to speak. â It is believed the cityâ s police force and other law enforcement officials have been killed fighting the insurgents,â she said. Another fusillade of bullets rang out with several plunking into the front of the van. Brittany swallowed hard at the fear engulfing her soul, but continued to report the story. â Law enforcement has tried but failed to cross the bridge due to fierce resistance from the insurgents.â

Machinegun fire erupted from somewhere on the Goethals Bridge. NYPD officers returned fire and began to advance, but the larger caliber weapons quickly drove them back.

Brittany crouched down and hid behind the front corner of the van, but continued to report on the situation. When she heard the sounds of approaching vehicles, she glanced around the front of the van to see approaching military personnel, and then ducked back to look right at the camera. "A unit of the National Guard has just arrived on the scene," she said. Bullets plunked into the front of the van. She turned to look across the water to see if she could locate the shooter.

Unbeknownst to Jimmy, he was about to record his own death. He moved the camera angle to look past Brittany, but kept her in view on the left side. The camera zoomed in on movement across the channel. Off in the distance a muzzle flash erupted. The camera fell to the ground, but kept the lower half of Brittanyâ s body in view.

Brittany watched Jimmy collapse to the ground. â Jimmy!â she screamed. â Oh no, I think heâ s dead!â She stood erect and was about to rush to Jimmyâ s aid, but stopped when she looked around as panic-filled screams and the shouts of those nearby filled the air.

She looked at those nearby and noticed everyone was looking at an approaching green mist, which was making its way towards her. As the cloud consumed her body, Brittany found it hard to breathe. She began to cough uncontrollably, the burning sensation in her lungs becoming unbearable. The microphone she held fell from her hand. She bent at the waist, placed her hands on her knees, and released the vomit from within her stomach, only to collapse to the ground with her eyes locked in a dead stare at the lingering green mist.

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