

APOLLO 918
THE TRIP OF NO RETURN

Joseph Thomas

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**Joseph Thomas
Novel**

Apollo 918

The trip of no return

novel Collection

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Dedication

To y son, as always each word that come out of my hands. You are the engine that drives me and the strength to move forward on this difficult path.

To my friends Herick de Haro, Michal Guillot, Janet de los Angeles Gonzalez Bherta Garcia, Don Gilberto Rodriguez, Janella Lopez, and many others that I can not mention and should not forget, for all the words of encouragement along the way, my loyal fans.

Titus and Carmen by special gesture trust me, for the help and support.

In memory of my grandmother Alicia Torres. That from heaven guides me, inspires, and sits beside me every night while I was narrating this story.

My parents Olga and Thomas, for they're unconditional love and support from the beginning of my first book.

My muse, Anailys Urra for her strength and confidence in me, and as a blessing in my life.

And God, my beacon, my guide, my strength, my friend.

Joseph Thomas
Miami FL
May 2013

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I'm John Paul. I'm here, thousands of miles away from planet Earth, sitting in what appears to be a beach. I am a human being waiting for the rest...

CHAPTER 1

Norfolk. Virginia. September 2021

The country has been at war five years, the enemy coalition had finally launched their attack and World War III took millions of lives. The bombings were launched from thousands of miles away, missiles crossing the oceans trying to hit the major cities of the world. The planet was divided into two camps: The Western coalition formed by the United States and most European countries, and the enemy coalition which contained several extremist groups. Which for so many years had tried to control the world. World leaders never measured the consequences of a war of this magnitude.

The enemy groups had joined military arsenals and joining the socialist governments in Latin America, the military bases in the region had prepared for more than two years the deathly blow against the city of Miami. The same day from Asia were launched long-range missiles against major European capitals, to start this war, the president and commander in chief of the U.S. forces ordered to respond the attack, even at the risk of knowing that the enemies were in possession of nuclear weapons that could have serious consequences for humanity.

The fate of civilization was foreseen. The third world war could destroy the planet if unleashed an atomic attack. Since Hiroshima and Nagasaki, such weapons had not been created, these were two hundred times more powerful, if one of the two sides launched a nuclear warhead, the other group would respond in the same way.

The coalition of U.S. and European countries had easily mastered the Americas. The bases in the South American territory had not been a big problem for the U.S. Marines, the bad news came when closely guarded stockpiles were found in the Venezuelan Andes. Six nuclear warheads. If there were such weapons, it was the confirmation that the enemy had managed to manufacture these weapons. The whole world was on alert number 1.

The phone rang on my desk, I had been looking out the window of my office in the commanding headquarters in Virginia. Only days ago I had returned from the battle. The call came directly from the Pentagon. I had to go to the president's as soon as possible.

I picked up some papers on my desk, put on my vest which displayed my medals of colonel, walked into the courtyard of the base. There a helicopter was waiting for me. A something in my gut told me that something serious was about to happen. I remained startled for the two hour journey.

The Pentagon was quiet, the wide hallways were desolate. I was received by an infantry general named Kennedy. Without a word and with a simple gesture of his right hand told me to follow him, leading me to a small elevator that would take us to the bunkers in the basements. I arrived at the office there was the

president himself waiting, I noticed his tired face, in his eyes you could see the several days without sleep, was taking a toll on him. He had a white shirt with rolled sleeves to mid-arm, it seemed he had not changed in days.

There were also several generals, all with the same face of concern. I did not understand why I was cited to this high-level meeting when I all took with me was my vest with my medals on it. With a military salute one of them ordered me to sit. Behind the table a screen reflected a world map, with different colors where I could see the territories that we had won and small spaces that were still dominated by our enemies. The deep voice of General Pot, military and counterintelligence adviser to the president, began the concerned meeting.

- Gentlemen, you have all been summoned to this meeting to give you extremely classified information. Our intelligence agencies have sent us a report informing us that the commander of the enemy force is launching the first nuclear attack on Europe and the U.S second. We are doing everything possible to avoid this catastrophe, but have not yet located the exact point where these weapons are hidden. If this attack happens life on the planet is at risk of disappearing. Now they will be taken to a secret facility of the department of defense, I think it is worth mentioning that what you are about to see is of extreme secrecy.

You could see the faces of concern and curiosity everyone sitting at oval table. No one dared to utter a

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