

The Trinity's Dream

I dedicate this book to my wife who is my most avid critic, and to my two daughters who had to suffer my sleepless nights as I dreamt this tale.

And to all those who slept through the nightmare till it ended, you will remember your nightmares and it will be easier to confront them when they come again for you.

“A man must dream a long time in order to act with grandeur, and dreaming is nursed in darkness.”

— Jean Genet

Prologue

John

He sat with his head bent behind the lattice of the confessional listening to the confessions of Mrs. Romano.

“Bless me Father for I have sinned” she says in a fervent voice.

“The Lord be in your heart and upon your lips that you may truly and humbly confess your sins” he draws the cross in her direction in the air “In the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit; Amen.”

She starts to tell him about her son's wife, and her other son's girlfriend, she goes on about her sister in law, then at some moment he thought she mentioned some head of state of a foreign nation followed immediately by news of the Smith family his own neighbors.

He lost himself in her endless chatter, her words clattering the confessional as so much motes of dust.

He heard her in full and commented the occasional word or placed a pious advice.

Yet he was not really present in the cubicle of the confessional.

He was delirious with fasting for so long.

While she threw her words sacrificing others and their sins to prove her unlikely sainthood, he prayed.

He prayed almost all of his waking hours these last months.

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He prayed for a miracle, he knew he shouldn't doubt its coming, that it was only a matter of time, but he was desperate.

He wakes up from his thoughts on her insistent question "I finished Father, won't you absolve me? Father, won't you absolve me?"

"Our Lord Jesus Christ, who offered himself to be sacrificed for us to the Father, and who conferred power on his Church to forgive sins, absolve you through my ministry by the grace of the Holy Spirit, and restore you in the perfect peace of the Church. *Amen.*" He repeats the absolution from memory.

"The Lord has put away all your sins." He continues.

"Thanks are to God." Again she answers in the fervent voice, which he didn't hear but in the beginning and end of her confession.

"Go in peace, and pray for me, a sinner." he answers her back.

He really hoped she would pray for him.

She throws a thanks and hurries out of the confessional.

He goes on praying, while another penitent enters.

Adam

He stood in front of the mirror, arranging his hair.

He read from a book opened on the sink shelf as he arranged his hair.

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He spent equal time on his studies of nuclear physics as he spent studying Christian apologetics; it was a hobby and mission of sorts. This book was not nuclear physics.

He had the conversation running in his head; he would humiliate Edward in front of his cronies, and he would catch one of the easy birds hanging around them.

He decided to open another button in his shirt; it looks more natural this way.

He exited the bathroom, grabbed his books and left his room.

“Hey Adam” somebody called after him; he usually jogged wherever he went, an old habit ingrained in his core by his father.

In a normal day, he wouldn't care to answers hallway calls; he didn't care for the company of people with lower IQ.

He knew even if they were the smartest according to society standards, they never reached what he was given through a good gene pool and what he gained through feverish pursuit of knowledge.

This day he stopped, the caller was not a regular student, it was Suzan Johnson.

He had to stop, her way of resuming life in a nonchalant way after what passed between them, deepened his sense of guilt.

“Hi Suzan, can I help you with anything?” he stood and turned, forcing himself to meet her eyes.

“I just wanted to remind you of the study group today at 2:00 pm, I gathered a total of ten” she had an undecipherable and perplexing innocence always pouring of her eyes, her smile and the way she hugged her books.

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“I won’t forget, I will be there” he answered her with a faded smile. “See you later Suzan”

He turns on his heels and walks casually towards the stairs.

What he should have done, was to sprint away from her and scream.

But he didn’t and he couldn’t.

He needed the money from the study groups, being the top of his class helped gather others for his secret bite sized lectures.

He had the nick to simplify complex concepts, and because of his eager studying of the personalities of his professors, he could predict the exams with an accuracy of 80-90%.

This was more than enough for most to keep their scores for their scholarships or a prospected career.

What tormented him was her willingness to help.

Whether it was him she helped or the students she gathered every three days for him to lecture.

They never came as regulars through the scholastic term, usually they came to put a few questions for a lecture or two, asking about parts they missed or were too complex for the professors to explain in a simple way.

Except near the exams, his predictions were coveted by most. He would receive a minimum of forty students in the last weeks before end of term exams.

He stopped thinking of Suzan and the study group and focused on his mission.

Two days ago the idiots at the Christ’s Army challenged him for a debate.

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He was the most outspoken atheist on campus; in a way crushing the so called believers was satisfying to no end; these challenges were chick magnets as well.

Every time he had a public challenge, he would get laid, and he kept his numbers.

He slept with fifty girls since he started college, he aimed to reach a thousand by the time he finished his masters.

He approached the meeting place to face Edward with a smile. He can forget that he had to see Suzan at the study group for the time being.

Ramy

He sat in the cyber café deliberately not looking around; he knew he had to avert his gaze from women.

One day he would get the courage to slap these discordant whores into righteousness.

They pretended to be wearing hijab, but the fleetest of looks would provide a man with a hundred means of sinning.

He could practically see the contour of the arm of the girl who attended the place, scandalous whore that she was, she had no shame.

And to top all this, he could feel her eyes looking at him every now and then, she really had no shame.

He was almost certain she was checking the other men in the cyber café as well.

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Some might argue that she had to check what the customers were doing on the computers and that she was just doing her job, he would refute them; women should not leave their houses, work for women is a triviality if not even a sin that should be abolished.

He recited the al-Mu'awwidhitayn (the verses of refuge) asking for forgiveness for his transgression of thinking of the girl attending the café.

He recited Al-Fatihah to start his work in the name of Allah.

He opened at least sixty tabs in the browser, thirty of which were Facebook pages and groups, twenty were forums and ten were blogs.

He considered himself a cyber jihadi, he pursued pages of Christians and atheists to show them the light of Allah the Almighty, he would ask them to repent and accept Islam as the one true belief; if they refuse he would attack them where it hurts.

Like the Noble Quran states "Fight them, Allah would kill them by your hands, to humiliate them and grants you victory over them to heal the hearts of the believers" 9:14 Quran (Surah Al-Taubah)

He gathered info about moderators, admins and bloggers, he hacked every facet of life they shared digitally.

And he either would report his findings to his superior Jihadi, or he would hammer them knowing that Allah would destroy the blasphemers and non-conformists by his hands.

He was following the Hadith "Whoever amongst you sees an evil, he must change it with his hand; if he is unable to do so, then with his tongue; and if he is unable to do so, then with his heart; and that is the weakest form of Faith"

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He used to only think it in his heart until Sheikh Abo Bakr Al Masry had embraced his weakness and enforced his soul and heart with the might of the righteous, the Mujahedeen in the name of Allah.

The Sheikh also gave him his new Jihadi name, Abo Al Azam, he treasure the name and knew in his heart that this was who he really is.

He dreamt of the day he would be deemed fit to join those who would change it with their hands, and then he would be insured a palace in paradise and seventy two virgins every night.

If only the Atheists and Christians knew how good is Islam and how forgiving were its teachings and doctrines; peace would cover earth because Allah would smile upon his slaves for how well they spread his truth.

For now, he had his work to do, and he had to finish fast never returning to this cyber café.

He took out from his pocket the notes from Sheikh Abo Bakr for refuting the deluded Christians who worshiped a man who was but a servant of Allah.

He also brought with him the notes of refuting the Atheists' prophet Dawkins may he reside in hell for all eternity.

Then he started typing very fast; copy, paste and repeat.

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She walked fast, almost running; she headed for Boulevard Leopold III, 1110 Brussels.

It was almost 8:00 AM; she didn't want to be late.

She knew that being an intern means that you are at most dispensable, if not easily replaceable.

Her studies in security plus her half Belgian French and half Arabic lineage favored her for the internship program; she didn't plan to lose this chance.

Yesterday night was a mistake; she should not indulge in these activities again.

Yet, she didn't see Abeer her cousin for at least four years, it was a good enough reason for Abeer to go party with her in town last night.

Still, the hangover was killing her, and after one month of being the perfect intern, she realized that she probably would arrive late.

She actually started running while checking her mobile's clock, it was 8:10.

It was not uncommon to see young people rushing around for work, even if they were running, other people just made way for her, they assumed she one of the runners.

She punched in at exactly 8:28, she had two minutes to spare.

While she went up the stairs she was on the verge of laughter, another obstacle crossed to reach her ultimate dream one day.

Working for the NATO was only the first step, but one day her career would allow her to travel around the globe, one day not too far ahead.

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“Good morning Edvige, I want you to input these files into the database, prepare for me a percentile growth report from them in comparison to the same period from ten years ago, twenty, thirty and forty years. I would like to see your primary report by the end of the day.” Her superior handed her a box overflowing with files.

“What are those files all about?” she asked him.

“Terrorist attacks and cross border skirmishes of this and last year, if you could find the time, I would like you also to find a mean time for the attacks, seasonal variation, and racial significance. You know the whole deal we usually do.”

She swallowed, on a normal day this would be a daunting job; today with the pulsating headache and the nausea of the hangover, it was mission impossible.

“You will have the primary report before the end of the day Alfred.” She smiled and started with the file on top; she thought it will be a very long day.

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“Jane, we will join for night in town, would you like to join us?” The speaker was a lean man with salt and pepper hair.

“I don’t know Robin, I have to speak to my family on skype at seven, if you will meet at eight or eight thirty I might join you.” She looked up from the computer to him, she knew of his interests in her, but she didn’t need the complication in her life now.

“They will go from the office directly to center Copenhagen, but give me a call and will come pick you up.” He looked too eager to comply, and it was worrying her.

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“Will do Robin, see you then” she returns to watch the monitor.

He stood looking at her for a minute then left.

She didn't think he was not interesting, the man was a genius after all, and his type is her preference.

But she had a ten years old daughter back home, whom she knew was still hoping for her father to be back in their lives.

She was of average built, keeping her looks at forty to be still attractive to men.

She thinks it was good genes that kept her looking young after years of study, medical career and an abusive relationship of eight years.

She married Peter because he was traditional, she was pregnant, and so they got married.

For Peter this was logical, but not for her at the time, she just wanted for them to spend more time before they would commit to marriage.

But she was in love, or thought she was in love, so she said yes.

Follows the birth of Mary, who had her mother's coco with milk skin and her father's big green eyes; and she can't imagine life without her.

For Mary she withstood the verbal abuse of Peter all those years.

She thought she loved him in the beginning because of the way he blinks and turns red when he addresses her, but it was mainly because of his IQ.

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She met him because they worked together in St. Francis Hospital, and she was lonely and far away from home.

He was also from Detroit like her; this was the first thing of many she thought gathered them.

But after the marriage, things grew; things like anger, resentment and the sense of entrapment.

This was what he used to tell her all the time.

The last year of their life together was showing to anybody who knew them that they didn't fit together.

The divorce even though it was a step they both agreed upon, was messy and long.

Afterwards, she couldn't keep on seeing him at work, it brought bitter memories.

So she jumped at the opportunity in the Global Health Observatory.

When school finishes each year, Mary joins her wherever she is at the time.

Rest of the year is covered through short trips to home and reaching her on the internet.

Her parents kept urging her to come home and settle beside them and Mary, but she was not ready for this yet.

She poured again on her work, a week ago Robin pointed out the alarming return of the eradicated smallpox.

Then she noticed a rising curve of precedence of nearly eradicated diseases like Poliomyelitis and Cholera.

Add to this at least one super virus, bacteria or fungus every month, sometimes every week.

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She was working these past five days trying to correlate to epidemiology.

Up till this moment, there was no pattern to location, age or sex.

All considered factors had non statistical significance.

And she was trying to decide whether to push the matter higher or not when Robin came to invite her out.

She didn't want to cause a panic wave; she wanted to be absolutely certain of her figures.

She decided to postpone till tomorrow, now was time for her reason for living, Mary.

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Edvige sent her final draft to the printer; it was twenty minutes before the working day's end.

She took the printout and headed to her superior's desk.

She walked fast; least Alfred would count her work not done by the end of the day.

She stands by his desk "Good afternoon Alfred, it is done" she hands him her printouts.

"The report is on the database?"

"Yes, you can log on to see all the figures if you would like"

"I will do that, I have to send the report up, I will check your data now. Thank you for delivering it at the last minute, now I have to stay after hours." His voice was dripping annoyance.

She almost grunted "I can stay and help in whatever you need me to do"

"No, you can go. One day when you will be in my place you will understand." He smiled

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She respected and liked him; he was not what she expected from someone who she practically worked for.

He was nice and understanding, not to mention very handsome but sadly, very married.

“Thank you Alfred, have a good evening”

“You too Edvige”

She left the building and called Abeer.

“So where are you today?”

“Catching up with some friends; how was your day?”

“Long, would you like us to meet?”

“If you can meet me past ten, sure”

“Too late for me, can't repeat the same day all over again; may be tomorrow then”

“Sure, I will call you earlier to arrange”

“Ok have a nice evening”

“Bye”

“Bye”

She finished the call as she almost reached the Metro; she descended the stairs, and took the first one home.

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At home she took a warm shower, brought out her pot of vegetable soup, warmed a plate and sat in front of the TV.

She popped “The Cabbage soup” by Louis De Funes and hugged her plate to watch. She loved this movie; it was her mother’s favorite.

On some days, like this one, she missed her mother too much to just sleep it off.

Ever since she passed away she used to remember their nights together by popping a movie by Louis De Funes and she sat watching with a smile on her lips and tears in her eyes.

Her mobile rang; it seems it was ringing for some time. She must have fallen asleep in front of the TV.

“Hello”

“Hello Edvige, this is Alfred, sorry for calling you at this hour”

She looks at the wall watch; it was a little past midnight. “It is ok; was there anything you wanted to talk to me about?”

“I will send you a car to pick you up; you have to return to the office”

Now she was alarmed “Is there a problem?” she didn’t know how to respond otherwise, she was trying her best to wake up.

“We will discuss it when you arrive” And he clicks the phone off.

She jumped off the couch, rushed to brush her teeth and put on some clothes.

By the time she was putting her shoes, the doorbell rang.

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Isamu was a freak, he self-declared this to all he met.

He loved his job in an unhealthy way, if he could, he would marry his job and raise its babies. He declared this to several friends over a glass of scotch.

He was a seismologist, he studied earthquakes.

And his home country Japan was the mother of earthquakes, he spent most of his waking hours reading seismographs, comparing global events and generally wasting not a second in anything.

Isamu was troubled, last three months he started a pet project of sorts, he collected seismographs from every spot on the planet.

He studied them for patterns, environmental factors, human presence and magnitude.

He was aiming to devise an algorithm that would make it possible to predict globally where and when an earthquake will happen.

They had the means of doing that of course, only difference is that his algorithm would predict it one year ahead.

He sat in front of his computer and reentered everything again, the results were impossible.

He stepped away from his computer and called the only person who could aid him in some way, he called his sister.

“Hi Haru, are you busy?”

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