

IRON GATES



IRON GATES: SPECIAL PREVIEW

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A portal opened up in the side of one of the metal hangar walls and a jeep slowly rolled out, powered by a cacophonous engine spurting pollution from it's tailpipe. A drab olive gray, the well-maintained monster was driven by two masked guards and standing on the bed stood a monstrous woman, nearly six foot. The crowd erupted in screams of frenzy as the machine rolled slowly out, flanked by eight submachine gun carrying members of internal security, armed to the teeth and highly intimidating. The commandant standing on the bed was of super-high rank, wearing a pointed black helmet of fine mesh and one bleak bar of horizontal goggle lense and erstwhile garbed in a shining black outfit of skintight design and unknown fabric origin. Her large breasts shone like bleak and deadly moons encased in the shining black fabric, one of her waspish and skeletal hands carefully holding a vial holding a green poison liquid, her other clasped triumphantly on the bar separating the bed from the cab of the military automotive.

Her waist bore a thick nylon utility belt with a harsh nursery strap hanging off to one-side along with implements like night sticks, restraints and then, in the other, a bleak long-nosed pistol in a stellar black holster. She was of the elite of the elite, a god in the flesh, the touted female known as the commandant - never seen but worshiped throughout organization-run territories as a black mistress of death,

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destruction and imploding schizophrenic blood lust - creeping like a mustard-gas mist across the destroyed and devastated plains of a post-nuclear hell. Her pictures had sprouted up ten years ago, traded and dispensed as icons by a strange cult that had cropped up within the organization. Like many of these intelligence-born viruses, the cult's operational influence over the populace came about overnight, sprouting suddenly like some poisonous mushroom, as livid-sounding characters in the garb of internal security operating off-hours began spreading the rumor about a great black terror, garbed in the most horrific bleeding nightmares of the post-nuclear world, holding the power of total destruction in her hands. Soon pictures of her uniformly disguised face began cropping up on corners of settlements and on bulletin boards and then they began appearing on the desks of various organizational personnel. One more hideous cult microbe had been released into the superstructure of the organization by the iron will and nightmarish genius of the commander.

From black corrugated iron poles attached to the back of the jeep flew black flags, emblazoned in the center with a large circular bluish globe depicting a mild sky, with a giant red, orange, yellow and black atomic mushroom cloud filling the firmament so depicted, sending black and red rivers of death flying outwards upon all living things. This was her flag, the

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flag of total death. The crowd of three-hundred or so were divided, some surging toward her although steering clear of the marching heavily-armed security beside of her and some standing off but watching ever so intently. This was the division between her devotees and her non-devotees. The fanatics of the sect were at once drawn forth into the highlight of the spectacle, well-conditioned and expectant of her eventual arrival, which was now nigh. This reflex was no matter overall, however, considering the fact that many more of these cult gods would begin to manifest “during the night” according to the sublime psychological plan of the commander and the highest echelons of internal security, devised by the glistening elite amongst intelligence.

Certain members of the audience began bleating like disturbed goats, throwing themselves forwards toward the area where the slowly moving tires of the jeep were proceeding. They were summarily kicked in the face and shoved out of the way by internal security for temporary quarantine - the deaths in her ritual would be carefully controlled for the audience. She was compared to the mother of death, who would nurse her own children then destroy them without any mercy whatsoever, keen on the perverse obliteration of their mortal lives and feeding upon the astral life force of the pain spreading around their dying and pained forms, like a toxic sponge drawing

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upon the rivulets of surrounding sour blood. The zenith of killing would come soon enough.

The woman on the back of the jeep, known as the deity called the commandant and revered hitherto as some mystic potency residing within the physical body of the commander had now manifest. From her glistening black hip she removed a large thick gauge needle nearly the length of a railroad spike and held it aloft as the audience screamed in devotion. Another line of uniformed security emerged from another doorway into the corrugated metal building, forming a flank in front of the jeep as the vehicle came to a halt, idling and then shutting off as deep electronic rumbling erupted from some hidden apparatus beneath the platform on which the commandant stood. The low tone of the harsh sound caused the ground beneath the feet of her adherents to shake disturbingly. Several shock troops fell to the ground weeping, completely in the thrall of a hideous, black devotion.

The shining needle was held at a playful angle by the commandant as the bellowing resonance of the gigantic subwoofers within the floorboard of the military vehicle bellowed out hellish noise that mixed with the screaming and howled prayers from the mass of people. A contingent of guards formed a human corridor leading from the area around the jeep to the trailer full of children, two of the guards began removing the huge padlocks and slowly pulling the

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gate open as the burr from the jeep's sound system grew louder and louder. Now audibly heard within the screams of the crowd and the sound believed to be the voice of the commandant herself was mixed the faint yet unmistakeable whimpering of the children inside the prison wagon who were being slowly and reluctantly led out. They were all naked but surprisingly freshly clean, from toddlers to at least two youth that looked to be in the latter stages of thirteen. The guards were all armed with MP5 submachine guns and those who were not leading the children out all had the snouts of their firesticks pointed threateningly at the members of the crowd, who wisely stayed a respectable distance away. The guards would not hesitate to fire should the need arise. Additionally, interfering with this activity, unprecedented as it was in the history of the organization, was intuitively understood as being an unforgivable offense against the commandant herself, who would no doubt cause a doom more horrific than anything imaginable upon those so infringing. The audience had a clear memory of the would-be martyrs that had been brutally beaten away from the area of the jeep and ushered into punitive quarantine just a few minutes ago. To make their point clear, two huge and viscous-looking guards, loaded with even more heavy weight belt-fed machine guns than the other guards, had started routinely snapping off a few rounds here and there if the crowd

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designed to get closer, their random victims sinking to their knees in strangled death. It continued to stay a respectable distance.

As the children were led out into the frightening scene before them their whimpers turned to screams which pleased the personnel participating in this bleak sequence of staged horror to no end. A thin specter-like security guard, of long limbs and lank disposition, stood at stark attention to one side of the jeep surveying the reaction of the crowd. During the last few moments the commandant had discretely handed the vial of poisonous chemicals to the guard in question who took them, cautiously, now cradling them between two gloved hands. The commandant now began lovingly stroking the tip of the giant needle, bringing even more attention to the malign disposition of the instrument which was aligned toward only the most hideous of tortures. As the children were forcibly led from the trailer, screaming in horror, their eyes riveted by the inhuman sound and the sleek almost robot-looking female encased in black and deadly shining sight visor, to which whom their procession was steadily heading. The naked flesh of the children became livid as the cold late afternoon air seeped into them. Within minutes, as is moving in a nightmare, the children found themselves bunched within a circle of security guards who forced them into a collective huddle of young

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innocent flesh before their lethal goddess. At least one guard held an infant in his arms, merciless fingers grasped around fragile necks in the very beginning of their development.

The commandant held the needle with one hand and pointed a willowy black-gloved finger toward the group of children as loud thundering sounds began emanating from the speakers. Many personnel had raised their hands in awe and naked worship, their eyes frozen open. Some slumped to the ground or lay flat altogether in total obeisance before the living goddess of death who stood before them, an inverse valkyrie coming from the very black soot fires of the nuclear holocaust itself. A few shock troopers in the audience had made ample open slices into their arms with whatever edged weapon they possessed on their persons, letting the blood drip down upon the ground. Others raised their wounded limbs, mutilated from previous misadventures either internally or externally induced, as if to hope to draw the attention of the commandant, who appeared regal and completely evil in countenance.

At the commandant's gesture, one of the men holding the baby began walking in slow procession toward the metal rail circling round the bed of the jeep. The commandant now leaned against the rail, her black-encased buttocks shining in the pale afternoon light in psychosis-inducing lustiness, her pointed finger now motioning in a come-hither

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gesture to the child carried by the masked and anonymous guard.

Deep within the bowels of the converted penitentiary many miles away, the commander himself sat deep in concentration amongst his own activities, with a filament of his awareness in meditation upon the events which were happening erstwhile at the conference center.

Meanwhile, the sudden appearance of the commandant had roused Nadezdha from the lethargy of her excesses of intoxication and she too stood riveted, mouth agape in a strange devotion mixed with awe that made it hard for her to look away. Without any conscious purpose that she herself was aware of she had forced her way through the crowds and now stood only several persons back from the line of internal security as the procession continued and the baby, it's small arms pinwheeling in it's youthful idiocy, yet trunk held firmly by the guard, made it's way toward the waiting arms of the commandant.

Across from the scene on the other side of the jeep in the crowd stood the lieutenant, the tell-tale signs of having taken part earlier in the execution of an interrogation and torture still lined into his face, flanked by two black-masked internal security members that he had taken with him in reciprocation for their having acted as willing and dutiful

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accomplices in said activities. For all the guards knew, their post with the lieutenant might be a permanent assignment from this point on, to which potential fate they would be very well conducive indeed. They had arrived in the courtyard a few minutes before the commandant had appeared which was enough time for one of the guards to supply the lieutenant with the drink of his choice, which he had hastily consumed before sending the guard off for another. By the time the second arrived all hell had begun to unfold in the arena. Through the crowd, the piercing psychotic eyes of the lieutenant had indeed spied Nadezdha in devotional thrall, but due to distance and positioning as well as ample intoxication on her part, she was not aware of his distant stare.

The guard reached the bed of the jeep and raised the infant before the commandant, its face red and smeared with tears and screaming continuously. The commandant reached out with one gloved hand, still holding the needle deftly in the other, and held the infant in her hand, moving back to the center of the bed of the jeep, facing the crowd and raising the infant aloft into the air. The bass sounds amplifying from the inbuilt speaker began to fade and now all that could be heard was the roar of the crowd as the mistress of death stood with her sacrifice. The baby continued to scream horribly, its peals of distress echoing within the metal-enclosed courtyard, mixing with the massed adulation of the crowd. With a

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nodding motion toward one of the senior guards, the guards in the front responded in turn by raising their hands and lowering them to induce the crowd to silence. The assembled personnel duly obeyed. Now the only sound within the courtyard was the shrill crying of the infant, which sounded rather small and insignificant in comparison to the roars that had just been silenced by dint of their obedience in devotion.

The commandant brought the baby closer to her breast, resting it upon the slick black fabric with one hand. The child sputtered and then went completely silent, the deceit of motherly affection completely bought lock, stock and barrel by the traumatized youngster, too young to understand rational intent but animalistic enough to perceive implied physical comfort. The faces of the crowd looked on in absolute awe at the persuasive and highly duplicitous nature of the commandant. The child rested upon her bosom for only a few minutes as the silence continued sinking into the arena. Only a few minutes and then, as quickly as she had brought it to her breast, she grabbed the infant by the head, palming the skull like a ball and with her other hand, thrusting the long shining needle directly into the child's heart, causing bubbling blood to shoot from the wound and begin pouring down from the child's mouth and nostrils as the burst principal artery sought a passage out from its persistent internal bleeding. Beyond

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several gasps of delight the crowd continued to maintain it's deadly silence.

The silence was over however once the commandant wrapped her hand around the child's throat and with one fell gesture slung the corpse out from her grasp, over the heads of the guards and into the crowd. A strange animal sound of primal bloodlust curled through the courtyard as everyone from shock troops to administrative clerks and all in between scrambled wildly toward the corpse as it began its descent to the ground. It never did reach the ground however, as as soon as it came within the grasp of the mob it was ripped limb from limb, those so obtaining portions of the child's anatomy greedily sucking the blood from the soft skin and chewing the flesh whole. Those who were not so lucky to obtain a piece of the child tumbled onto the ground on their hands and knees, attempting to suck up any of the red elixir that had fallen to the earthen floor.

The commandant slipped the needle back into the pouch on her utility belt and raised both hands upright, fists clenched in victory and unmitigated authority as her devotees and many who had become devotees just at that moment went berserk around her. The bass sounds from beneath the jeep bed recommenced at this time in full bombast, interspersed with guttural, squealing sounds that reminded one of some massive electrical disaster.

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The commandant punctuated these particular sounds by shaking her right fist in unison.

Those who were in the know and part of her cult before the event knew that this was the veritable voice of the commandant which could not be understood by mortal comprehension but the message of which would seep into the very depths of the hearts of the devotees themselves, implanting the message, mission and nature of the commandant within them to draw upon until they too met her in some blood-strewn battlefield or fiery death of a new nuclear holocaust.

Nadezdha stared unblinking upon the shining sultry body of the commandant, her nature a black mystery, hidden beneath her strange helm. At that moment Nadezdha decided that she was flesh for the commandant, she would serve the commandant and she would seek to become like the commandant, a lesser replica roaming the earth in horror and blasphemy. If the lieutenant's promise to send her to the torture center was in earnest, which she believed it was and which would certainly be possible now in any case due to the situation with her father's breakthrough in armaments, she would make it her life's work to imbue the torture center with the cruelty and capriciousness of the commandant, her god.

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She opened her mouth wide, guzzling the last drops of the chemical beverage she had still been grasping throughout the proceedings and dropped the cup onto the ground. She screamed in devotion, in mania, in insanity. From several yards off, the lieutenant stood more sedately along with his new internal security entourage. Seeing her reaction and the undeniable look of conversion in her eyes he smiled with knowing satisfaction.

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