

CHAPTER 1

Let Slip the Dogs of War

At the Élysée Palace, Madeleine de St. Exupéry, the leader of the French opposition, mounted the steps. She had been shot during an attempted assassination, a terrorist attack during her planned march up the Champs-Élysées. Fortunately, her only wound was in her thigh. She was able to walk, supported by Chest Doc, a Florida surgeon, who had been in the limo shadowing her and who had provided first aid. Her senior assistant, Sheila MacDonald, had been anticipating violence, and when she took her own children for safety to her old mentor, Munro, who lived in Arizona, she had brought the surgeon back to Paris with her. He was the only doctor she really trusted, having worked with him before. Sheila had felt that civil war was likely to break out in France and might well be presaged by violence during this march.

From the steps of the Élysée Palace, Madeleine proceeded to give an impassioned speech about France and its lost glory. How the ideologies of postmodernism, globalism, and collectivism had all but destroyed France. How the streets of Paris, once called the City of Lights, had turned into feces-laden sewers, where nomads pitched their tents and bazaars filled the sidewalks. Where new laws prevented citizens from speaking their own mind and saying what they felt and believed in what had been the land of the great philosophers. Where education had degenerated into ideological pseudo-Marxist indoctrination, history into lies, and learning a thing of the past. Where science itself was challenged, here in the home of the Enlightenment. Where the demand for welfare payments to migrants

was beggaring the elderly. Where the obvious lie of global warming, with concomitant increase in energy costs, meant that the elderly people could no longer afford to heat their houses in winter or cool them in summer. Where the president of France himself had declared that France was no longer a nation and was instead what he called a postnational state. Madeleine said the time had come to cleanse France from these heresies, to leave the EU, and to return France to the French.

The crowd roared their approval over each and every one of her denunciations. “*J'accuse!*” she shouted after every point she made.

The cowardly president of France hid inside the Élysée Palace and refused to come out and address the crowd. When Madeleine finished her speech and left to seek further medical attention for her bullet wound, the crowd, already an unruly, seething mass, got out of hand. Some of the more aggressive younger men, fired with dreams of the past and emotions of the present, broke into the palace, brushing the guards aside, and hauled out the president. Amid the old revolutionary shouts of “*À la lanterne*,” they proceeded to do just that, put a noose around the neck of the man they regarded as a traitor to France and all it stood for and hanged him from an ornamental streetlight. His security detail did nothing to stop the execution as most of them had been increasingly appalled by his policies, which, in their hearts, they, too, saw as a betrayal of France.

Madeleine received news of this execution but could see no reason to interfere as this was to all intents and purposes the start of the Civil War, which had been long brewing. Whatever the outcome, it was going to be messy. She resolved to give it a day or so to see which way the wind was blowing.

The people of Paris had finally had enough of government repression, both national and from the hated EU. Spontaneous mobs of yellow jackets, as they called themselves, after the fluorescent jacket that every French motorist had by law to have in his car, formed everywhere. The police merely stood by making no effort to stop the mayhem. One group stormed the state TV station. Some of the more objectionable celebrities who routinely denigrated France and all it stood for were thrown out of windows or downstairs, and some of them hanged as traitors. Radio Free France was established, which encouraged the violence. Other mobs attacked migrants living on the streets and tore down the bazaars.

One mob stormed the Sorbonne, the University of Paris, infamous for producing some of the worst murderers in history, such as the adviser of

Pol Pot, the Cambodian monster, who had had one-third of the population of Cambodia beaten to death in the so-called killing fields. Some students made a half-hearted effort to hold off the mob but were soon overcome, and the buildings were trashed then torched by the disgusted crowd.

That rather shocking event stopped cold the Humanities students who had been trying to organize a riot to protest the riots. They realized that this was finally real and that normal people had reached the end of the line and would no longer tolerate the childish, intolerant behavior of poorly educated students egged on by their idiot professors.

Understanding that the revolution their leaders had been anticipating was underway, the mosques had begun handing out weapons supplied by the man who called himself the caliph of Turkey and the other Middle Eastern countries who supported and funded terrorism. Within a short time, effectively a kinetic civil war had broken out, with blood on the streets of many cities. Heavily armed criminal drug gangs from Chechnya and Algeria joined in. Outgunned and outnumbered by the migrants of fighting age, Marseilles and Toulouse and some other cities fell quickly.

This resulted in the standard and customary Middle Eastern tactics of slaughtering the men and sexually enslaving the women and children. Within days, the slavers had moved to the south of France, buying women for sale in the slave markets of North Africa for eventual transport all over the Middle East. Slave markets were by now well established and commonplace in all these failed North African states. The so-called rescue boats run by the NGOs to bring the migrants to Europe were now commandeered by the criminal gangs and the slavers, taking the captured women and children back to the markets of North Africa.

After a day of increasingly violent riots in almost all major towns in France, with no effective government response, Madeleine de St. Exupère announced via the rebel's Radio Free France that she was taking over as president of France and that martial law was declared. Not all units of the military supported her, but a slim majority did. She ordered the French Foreign Legion to retake Marseilles and Toulouse from the murderous migrants now running these cities.

She ordered the French navy flotilla in the Mediterranean to stop the boats filled with female captives bound for North Africa from leaving France. The head of the French navy flotilla, a man with close ties to the previous administration, initially refused to accept her orders as he stated she was not the legitimate president of France.

Appalled by several days of inaction, which saw numerous slave boats depart Toulouse and Marseilles, under the silent guns of the French navy, a group of young captains came as a delegation to visit their commander. He expected a protest, but they did not argue and simply shot him for the traitor he was, pitched the body over the side, and elected themselves as commanders of the navy. The slave boats, including the NGO migrant smuggler boats, were captured, and the women returned to France. The slavers manning these ships were hanged from hastily erected gallows as ships no longer had a yardarm. All the migrant boats were stopped, and the migrants returned to North Africa. The NGO migrant smugglers, long responsible for the misery of Europe, were executed with a bullet in the back of the head, and their bodies dumped in the sea.

Because she was uncertain about the reliability of the regular French Armed Forces, Madeleine made Hinchcliffe, the commander of the Legion, a large paramilitary force, who had been stationed in Spain awaiting the call, a marshal of France, with temporary control of the French military. She gave Hinchcliffe the task of using the French forces who would respond to her call and her own paramilitary Legion to retake Paris, as by now, at least in the outskirts, it was barely a French city.

Hinchcliffe arrived with her senior officers Jock MacGregor and Colin, as they, especially Colin, had been war-gaming just this scenario with some associates in the French military for some time, anticipating such a civil war in Europe. They flew in from Spain in their own transport planes. Carmenlita, another of Hinchcliffe's senior officers, was engaged with other divisions of the Legion in supervising the cleanup of the ongoing civil disturbance in Spain at the request of the prime minister, La Marquesa.

The problem with Paris was the numerous no-go zones, which had not been policed for years, and the banlieues, these huge grim apartment buildings ringing Paris, filled with unassimilated, unemployed, or underemployed migrants and criminals. These people were now armed, so this became a hot war. Hinchcliffe preferred to use the French troops who remained loyal to Madeleine. These men came under fire. From her battles in Mexico against the drug cartels and others, she had come to the conclusion with her subordinates long ago that simply occupying an area like that was as useless as occupying Afghanistan. All that would happen was that her men would be shot in the back or, in this case, blown up by suicide bombers.

When her men came under fire therefore, she simply pulled back and

used the French armor, who would obey her commands, to clear the area. By clear, she meant reducing the buildings to rubble, blowing them apart initially from the top down, and finally, at the base, with tank fire, letting them collapse. Rather than sending in her own men to die fighting fanatics who remained alive, hiding in the rubble, she simply used the French Air Force, who did accept Madeleine's command, to drop napalm on each collapsed building. After she took down the first of the huge buildings encircling Paris to show she was serious, she announced by loudspeaker that the occupants had one hour to clear the next building. She then destroyed that building, napalmed it, and moved on to the next one.

The insurgents, of course, used their standard time-tested techniques of pushing out women and children first. These hid some suicide bombers who killed several of her men. Hinchcliffe had always known that was how these people thought and fought. This left her no choice at all, as all her soldiers knew, so with infinite sorrow and regret, the machine guns opened up on the mob, which had sheltered the suicide bomber. After a few minutes of concentrated fire, what was left of the crowd disappeared back into the building, where the heavy artillery fire continued, blowing off the corners of the upper floor levels.

When it began to collapse, the occupants hurriedly exited the building and reassembled. She announced that if there were any more suicide bombers, they would all die. This scenario was repeated several times before the insurgents began to listen to reason. In three days, the main battle of Paris was essentially over, as the banlieues were destroyed and their residents were in camps guarded by the military.

Cleaning up the center of Paris took a lot longer. There were, of course, a few hidden lone wolf-type terrorists, but when the mosques were all pulled down and the hidden armories discovered and buildings in the no-go areas leveled, the number of such attacks decreased.

Seeing what was happening, many migrants fled to Belgium and Holland, taking their weapons with them. By this time, Leda in Germany and La Marquesa in Spain had closed their borders tightly to people, including to EU bureaucrats. No one wanted EU bureaucrats anyway, as everyone knew that they were largely responsible for this mess in the first place. EU passports were not accepted at the new border crossing posts. The EU personnel, therefore, remained trapped inside Belgium and Holland, trying to escape by air and ship, as were the sensible migrants. Switzerland, of course, had closed its borders at the first sign of trouble.