

“DEAD HAND” copyright 2017 (no illustrations included)

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PROLOGUE

Some call it Mertvaya Ruka or ‘Dead Hand’, the technical name is Perimetr - a series of interconnected seismic, radiological and air pressure sensors throughout Russia and the government networks set to respond to a first strike nuclear attack. Once tripped, the doomsday scenario built in safeguards which are essentially autonomous, without human interaction, insure mutually assured destruction (MAD). A deep underground missile base or really DUMB idea was designed prior to the fall and extinction of the Soviet Union. The highly guarded secret known to few outsiders let alone the Russian political and military establishment is set to come online in 2016-7, some 20 years after it’s insidious inception. The brainchild of a few former Bolshevik dinosaur brained leaders, have set the stage to bring the world to the brink of extinction. With little foresight of the possible consequences of an autonomous computer artificial intelligence

network incapable of comprehending human emotions such as empathy, fear, or the wisdom to avert such a godless, global genocidal act even in the event of an inconceivable computer glitch, one must ask 'what were you thinking?' For once the wheels of progress are set in motion, there is oft not a mechanism in place to stop the speeding train on track to it's date with destiny.

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1) Game Over?

David: "What is the primary goal?"

Joshua: "To win the game."

- From the 1984 film, War

Games

Satellite intel sorted through zetabytes of data streaming on the large US defense department screens .

The situation had escalated to Defcon 3.

"Damn it. They're like trying to find a sliver of

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ice in that frozen God forsaken wasteland."

"It had to come to this" stated the Russian relic, Putin, a permanent fixture in the landscape like one of the countless missile silos that dotted the blood red projection on the screen.

“I’m afraid we may have sealed our fate” .stated
a former Soviet military scientist somberly halfway
‘round the globe.

“Sends a cold chill up and down my spine.”

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seconded a seasoned staff alluding to the countless
elusive ‘Barguzin’ nuke trains flitting aimlessly
about the Siberian oblasts like an icy breeze
or mindless robots.

The fate of the free world rested squarely on the
eagle eyes of US Centcom to locate the inconspicuous
cleverly concealed ‘refrigeration cars’
roaming around the Russia hinterland. Each car
contained one RS 24 ICBM, 4 MIRVs per missile,
six per train, 63 trains. Yet from miles high above
the earth, inspite of the best acute high resolution,
the eye in the sky could not distinguish a civilian
train from it’s deadly Barguzin brother.

“Sometimes by losing a battle you find a new
way to win the war.” (Donald J. Trump, American
entrepreneur, 45th president of the United States)
stated the steadfast POTUS, having weathered his
first term in office. The thought of serving as the
last president of the United States had never
crossed his mind. Yet the rapidly deteriorating

dilemma demanded immediate action.

“Most of our...uh their bases are covered. All land based ICBM silos, leaving 64 SLBM warheads on each of their subs. The 63 transporter erector launchers...the nuke trains. Each armed with 24 MIRV's are more difficult to find.”

President Trump quickly calculated $63 \times 24 = 1512$ in his mind at lighting speed.

“1500 + targets. All American...” the word cities rolled off the tip of his tongue as he faced the cold harsh reality. The joint chiefs of staff waited with baited breath for the commander in chief's reply.

“When I work fourteen hours a day, seven days a week, I get lucky.”(Armand Hammer, American business magnate, MD)

“The Lord hath opened His armory and hath brought forth the weapons of His indignation...”
(Jeremiah 50:25 KJV)

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proclaimed the National Security programmer.

His fingers shook noticeably next to the opened black suitcase, the ‘the football’ that held the coveted nuclear launch codes on ‘the biscuit’.

Live feeds came in from B1 stealth bombers escorted by F35 lightning IIs about to unleash the

wrath of God and obliterate an unwitting opponent.

The fly boys trigger fingers itching, the bomb bay doors about to burst....

“They hold the trump card sir.”

“Let’s bomb the s...out of them.”

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“Fat chance” stated General Sherman referring to ‘Fat Man’ and ‘Little Boy’, the first two nuclear bombs dropped on Hiroshima and Nagasaki bringing a swift end to WWII.

“This is MAD!”

“Exactly. The Russians feared total incapacitation in the event of a US 1st strike, so they came up with a Mutually Assured Destruction system,”

“If we bomb them, seismic activity will trip it.

Sever ties with the top brass in Moscow and that she blows. It’s called ‘Dead Hand’.

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“An ill conceived system of sensors connecting the Russian infrastructure implemented by a few relics of the former Soviet Union. From the sorry final years of Leonid Brezhnev’s rule, which ended at his death in 1982, to the arrival of Mikhail S. Gorbachev in 1985, the Soviet Union seemed to be led, as David Remnick put it, by a series of ‘half

-dead men in half-lit hospitals.' It's an all out retaliatory response to a US first strike...uh game over.

There are no winners."

"That's the deal?"

"That's the deal sir. Trump One er Air Force One is waiting on the tarmac."

"I'm right on target" said Trump as he checked his Rose Rolex Daytona and dashed for the door.

Sighs of relief reverberated around the situation room followed by congratulatory handshakes as the simulated war game ended in a stalemate.

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"By the way, did they ever find Bill's gold codes?" The inconceivable 'misplacement' of the launch codes for all land, sea and air based missiles in the US nuclear arsenal prompted a whitehouse wide wild goose chase during the final months of president Clinton's term in office that made the easter egg hunt pale by comparison yet ultimately came up empty handed.

"Uh, no sir."

"It went off without a hitch" reiterated the Russian President, Medvedev.

"Naturally."

He shared a hearty chuckle with Putin. The defense department applauded the level headed approach their leader took in the face of insurmountable odds as he made his way to the exit.

The procession of black limos as if off to a state funeral whisked the world leaders to their respective airports to anxiously await a long overdue reunion, an opportunity and highly anticipated state dinner to renew and rekindle old friendships.