


CHILDREN OF APIS

BOOK 1: Rebel Blood



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Sometimes rebellion flows in our blood, ready to be awakened.

On July 28, 2057 a cataclysmic event occurred in the United States. Careful planning enabled a tiny percentage of the population to seek refuge underground.

Twenty-seven years later the survivors continue the rebuilding process, back on the earth's surface, in a small community located near Bellows Falls, Vermont.

After all these years, many unanswered questions remain: What was the event? Was it planned and could it happen again? Are they the only survivors on earth?

Follow Cowan, Kenji, and others as they search for answers in a society controlled by a man who rules with an iron fist.

The fires of rebellion have burned in the past only to be quenched. Rebels have sought salvation beyond the Territory's borders with only news of their demise returning.

Is history about to be repeated?

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“WELL, IT GOES without saying, that was the tastiest meal I have ever had. It was a little undercooked though.”

All I can do is roll my eyes and shake my head, as I finish urinating behind a tree. I zip up my fly and then turn toward Thomas, who is flashing an innocent smile. It's tough to stay mad at him, even though he and his friends really screwed up tonight. It was bad enough that they caught the rabbit, but to start the fire while I was down by the stream collecting water was reckless.

“We are close to Ring Road. You guys are lucky your fire wasn't spotted by a patrol.”

“Come on Dennis, stop being such a worry wart. There's nobody around for miles. We picked the perfect time to leave. Nobody will know we've escaped until tomorrow morning. By then, we'll be long gone.”

“How about if we don’t take any chances? Don’t forget, you guys all agreed I would be in charge of this escape. After all, I arranged for everything and found out where to go. All we need to do is enter the coordinates into this handheld monitor.”

I reach into my coat pocket, but the slip of paper isn’t there. I start frantically checking the other pockets, but they just contain random supplies. Thomas must sense my anxiety because he starts chuckling.

“If you’re looking for the piece of paper with the all-important numbers, I saw Rudy with it before we left.”

I immediately halt my search and look up at Thomas. My heart is hammering and I’ve broken out into a sweat. My nerves are already frayed and we have only been gone for a few hours.

“Let’s grab the other two and get out of here. The sooner we get away from here the better for my health.”

The two of us start making the short walk back, when we immediately hear strange voices. I quickly slip behind a tree, at the edge of the small clearing, where the guys built their small fire. Only a few embers remain lit from when I kicked dirt on the flames. Lonnie and Rudy have their backs to us and they currently have their hands in the air. Three soldiers are standing on the opposite side of the fire with their rifles drawn. The taller of the three soldiers appears to be in charge and he doesn’t sound very happy.

“It looks like you two were enjoying a little unlawful food. By the looks of these backpacks, it appears you were planning more than one night.”

“Hey Joe, there are two more backpacks over here!”

The tall soldier glances over in the direction of his companion. This situation is going from bad to worse. Pretty soon the soldiers are going to start searching around the clearing. Thomas and I need to get away from here immediately. While the head soldier is distracted, I notice Lonnie reaching behind his back to grab something. My heart sinks when I realize it's the gun he was showing off a few hours ago. He attempts to quickly bring the gun around, but the soldier on the right reacts to the movement and opens fire. Lonnie's body thrashes back and forth like a ragdoll before flopping to the ground. Rudy instinctively lunges to his right, only to be cut down by two well-placed rounds from the leader.

The exchange is over in seconds, but my body is frozen in place as I stare at the two prone bodies of my friends. My trance is broken by the soft whimper of Thomas a few feet away. I slowly back away from the tree and move toward Thomas. I place my hand on his shoulder and turn him toward me, while placing a finger to my lips. He slowly nods, but the shocked expression remains on his face. I gradually pull him away, praying that neither of us steps on a twig or a branch. As we retreat from the clearing, I can hear the leader barking out orders.

"The others can't be far from here. Get some lights going on the surrounding area. I will radio in for some support."

It takes every ounce of discipline to continue our controlled withdrawal from the clearing. I increase our pace, occasionally looking back over my shoulder to see the lights scanning the woods. It doesn't take long before Thomas and I are fleeing through the woods. Branches and vines tear at our

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exposed flesh and briars claw at our clothing, as we flee back to our community. I have no idea what I will do when I get back. My only immediate concern is to somehow get myself and Thomas back home safely.