

CHILDREN OF APIS

BOOK 1: Rebel Blood



JOHN RAPOSA

★★★★★ **Five Stars**

Awesome Book, Raposa is creative and forward thinking. Can't wait for the second book

Published 4 months ago by lbegood

★★★★★ **Great book I didn't want to put it down and ...**

Great book I didn't want to put it down and then I didn't want it to end. Love the story telling from different perspectives. Can't wait for the next book!

Published 5 months ago by Janet H. O'Brien

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Very good book. Believable story that ties in a lot if current political and scientific trends. Enjoyed the rotating first person perspective. [Read more](#) ▶

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What a great story finally something different. I enjoyed the plot twists and action the end of the story supplied. [Read more](#) ▶

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★★★★★ **Couldn't put it down!!**

I was recommended this book from a friend. Once I started reading, I was unable to put it down. Can't wait for the next book in this series!

Published 8 months ago by Ruth B

CHILDREN OF APIS SERIES

Prequel (Coming in 2019): The prequel will detail the events leading up to and following the Yellowstone National Park supervolcano eruption. The book will describe the planning that went into the six underground facilities and what happened to the country following the cataclysmic event.

Book 1: Rebel Blood (On Sale Now): Follow the plight of Cowan, Kenji, and friends as they search for answers in the Northeast Territory ruled by an iron-fisted general. How will our rebels cope in this dystopian society? Will they surrender to authority or follow in the footsteps of past rebel groups?

Book 2: Territories Clash (On Sale Now): Elsewhere in the United States, territories are still healing from the eruption which nearly wiped out the entire population. Survivors are finding that life on the surface can be deadly when neighboring territories meet. Will the pockets of civilization band together, or will border wars bring the country to the brink of extinction?

Book 3: (Coming in 2018): The exciting conclusion to the Children of Apis series. Alliances have been made and battle lines have been drawn. Which territory will prevail? Or will a final war finish what the supervolcano started?

1

DENNIS

“WELL, IT GOES without saying, that was the tastiest meal I’ve 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 takes command of the situation and starts yelling at our friends.

“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

DENNIS

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.

2

COWAN/DENNIS

“**W**OW DID YOU see that one Bree? It was just off to the right.”
As I turn my head, Bree’s eyes suddenly pop open.

“Why can’t these meteor showers happen earlier in the night?”

After voicing her complaint, Bree sits up and stretches her arms causing her long, blonde hair to pull loose from its elastic. Her brown eyes look up at the sky and I realize, not for the first time, she is no longer the skinny tomboy with the freckles and the bony knees. She has grown up to be a beautiful woman. Our friends always wonder why we haven’t tried dating, but for some reason, we don’t see each other in that way. We have been close friends for as long as I can remember. There just seems to be a special bond between us that’s tough to explain. It’s just comfortable when we’re together, as we can go hours just sitting down without saying a word. My friendship with Marcus is different. While I enjoy hanging out with him, we spend most of the time

joking and horsing around. Even though I consider him my best friend, there are some things I hesitate to talk to him about. Bree and I have always shared our deepest secrets and innermost feelings. I slowly realize that she is staring at me with a quizzical look on her face.

“Why are you looking at me like that?”

“Never mind, I’ll just sit here and talk to the stars. I guess you’re allowed to ignore me after I fell asleep on you.” Bree gives me her patented smirk, causing her nose to crinkle, before laying back down.

I turn to look back up and silently enjoy the occasional meteor streaking across the sky. Our blanket is laid out in a small field out behind the old Bellows Falls High School, which is not far from our house on Green Street. Bree made sure we stayed well away from the section containing the crumbling stones with names and dates on them. I can’t help but smile, remembering how she freaked out when Kenji told us they were markers for old burial sites. She wouldn’t stop talking about how we had been lying on ground containing dead bodies. At first, we thought Kenji was having a little fun at our expense because we just assumed bodies have always been incinerated. When Bree was shown proof, in an old history book, she had nightmares for the better part of a week. It took me a while to convince her to even come near the place she called the Dead Stones. Now she forces me to walk a little further north for our meteor viewing.

Tonight, even though we selected one of the few spots with grass, I can feel rocks and coarse weeds digging into my back. The barren landscape does provide an unobstructed view of the show.

“The meteors definitely seem to be brighter than the last few times we were out here. Kenji was worried the light of the moon might interfere with the viewing since it will be full on Tuesday.”

When Bree doesn't immediately answer, I assume she fell back asleep. A short while later, I hear her voice off to my right.

“How does he know this stuff?”

“He's constantly smuggling books and reading everything he can get his hands on. My eyes glaze over if I read too much. It's nice having him around because he's like a walking library.” It's also nice laying here next to Bree, just staring up into the sky. This has become somewhat of a tradition over the past few years. I must admit it's much better being outside in the middle of August than during the winter.

“Imagine these are the same stars people have been looking up at for thousands of years.”

“You are starting to get a little deep Bree.”

“Seriously, the stars just hang out up there looking down on the earth. They just move across the sky and never seem to change at all. It's the earth that has drastically changed.”

She's right about the earth, or at least our little corner here in what used to be the northeastern United States. It's totally different than it was twenty-seven years ago. We still don't know what happened back then. Everything is kept secret, and people are hesitant to talk about why a lucky few were selected to escape underground. It's just referred to as the Grounding and continues to be one big mystery. Of course, there are a number of people who know what

occurred, since they planned way ahead of time for the Grounding. I can't imagine how much time and money it took to build the underground facility near the river, which was used to house all the survivors. How many other facilities were built around the country? Were the same people who built the facilities responsible for what happened? If so, what was their motivation? Our gang has tried discussing this topic over the years, but we haven't made much headway. Perhaps, I should bring this subject up again.

"Hey did I lose you? I've been babbling over here about stars and stuff, and all I hear are crickets."

"Sorry Bree, I was daydreaming about what you said. Can you daydream at night? Anyway, I was just thinking that we know very little about what took place twenty-seven years ago. How do we know that whatever occurred won't happen again?"

"I believe we would sense if we are in imminent danger. Everyone appears to be going about their normal daily routines. I haven't spotted anything peculiar or out of the ordinary. Although, how would we know what is peculiar? After everything we've been through, what is normal to us would probably be considered shocking to people years ago."

We proceed to lay in silence, staring up at the sky and contemplating our situation. I start to think about how different the land is compared to some of the pictures I've seen. Kenji has some geography books with pictures of the United States before the disaster. He pointed out our present location, which lies in a town formerly known as Bellows Falls, Vermont. This town is located in southeastern Vermont along the Connecticut River. The land used to be

surrounded by fields and lush, green forests. When we first surfaced, from our underground facility, the land was barren with very few plants and only a few short trees. Patches of snow were still visible in shady areas between the collapsed buildings. At the time, we didn't realize snow in late July was extremely uncommon in this part of the country. Now we barely see any snow in May, since the temperatures have been getting steadily warmer over the past twelve years.

I can hear Bree's heavy breathing on my right, indicating she once again lost her battle with sleep. We probably should head back home and get some rest before having to get up for work tomorrow, but it's so peaceful just lying here. A rustle in the neighboring grass distracts my attention from the celestial display. The noise is probably just a small critter hunting for some food. I'm glad for the intrusion because it's a sign the animals are slowly increasing in numbers. This is a stark contrast to when we first surfaced. The numbers were so few, we would go days without sighting any wildlife. We assumed the lack of human survivors also meant the entire wildlife population must have also perished. While underground, rumors spread concerning animals also being brought underground prior to the event. There were a number of separate, secure areas in the facility which we assumed were set aside to care for the animals. The areas of the facility we inhabited were immense, so it's tough to imagine the space required to house the wildlife for such a long period of time.

The rustling sounds like it's getting closer. I sit up and try to locate my little friend. The disturbance seems to be coming from a small cluster of bushes about twenty feet from our blanket. I stand up and feel both knees pop. The

sound feels loud enough to wake the neighborhood, let alone frighten my intruder. My entire body is stiff and sore from lying down so long. I slowly make my way over to the bushes. Even though my eyes have become accustomed to the dark, it's tough to make out anything clearly. The rustling has stopped as my little friend becomes aware of my presence. Standing motionless, I try to slow my breathing as I attempt to outwit my worthy adversary. After a few moments, I begin to move closer. My right foot lands on a hidden twig and an audible snap guarantees the outcome. My opponent jumps out from the grass, way off to my left, and scurries away into the darkness. Bowing my head in defeat, I turn and walk back to my sleeping companion. It's time to wake her up and head back home for a few hours of sleep. Tomorrow promises to be a rough day.

★ ★ ★

“Are they gone yet? What are we going to do Dennis?”

“Would you be quiet? I'm not even sure if the person is a soldier. Just give me a minute to think.”

The individual appears to be heading back to their initial position. He's bending over and jostling someone. It's tough to see through the bushes, but it seems that his partner was previously asleep. Thomas has started to whimper again and is muttering under his breath.

“They're gonna kill us just like they did to Rudy and Lonnie. He's probably telling his friends to surround us. We need to get out of here.”

“Thomas, you need to be quiet, or you’re going to get us killed. I don’t think they are soldiers. It looks like they’re picking up a blanket and folding it.”

The second figure is much shorter than the first. After folding the blanket, I hear a few mumbled words, and then the two figures start walking away in the opposite direction. I take a few deep breaths to calm my nerves and look over at Thomas. He is kneeling beside me crying with his head down. The poor kid has seen his close friends shot and now he’s running for his life. I feel guilty about getting them involved. I just wanted to show them a better life, away from this place.

“Hey, little buddy. Let’s get out of here and head back home.”

Thomas’ head snaps up, and his eyes glare at me.

“It’s all your fault. If it weren’t for you, Lonnie and Rudy would still be alive. We were doing fine until you convinced them to leave. I never want to see you again!”

Thomas springs to his feet and charges off into the darkness. I begin to call after him but wisely remain quiet in case soldiers are in the vicinity. Running after him would be pointless and would only endanger the two of us. It’s probably best to give him time to cool down.

I wait for another fifteen minutes to make certain I’m alone and to review my predicament. It appears the best option is to return home and act like I wasn’t involved. I’ll probably get questioned about Lonnie and Rudy, but I just have to say that they worked in my unit and they were good kids. With my

immediate plans decided, I get up and begin heading home. I began the night with dreams of freedom, but would gratefully settle for my earlier life.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR



John Raposa lives in Bristol, Rhode Island with his wife, Ruth. He has two children, Shannon and Shaelyn, and two step-children, Baylee and Ian. He has published two books in the Children of Apis series. The second book, Territories Clash, was released in October 2017. When he isn't keeping his wife awake with the clicking of the keyboard, he works as an electrical engineer in Newport, R.I. His hobbies include, softball, running, spinning, and writing. He is presently working on the third book in the Children of Apis series.

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?