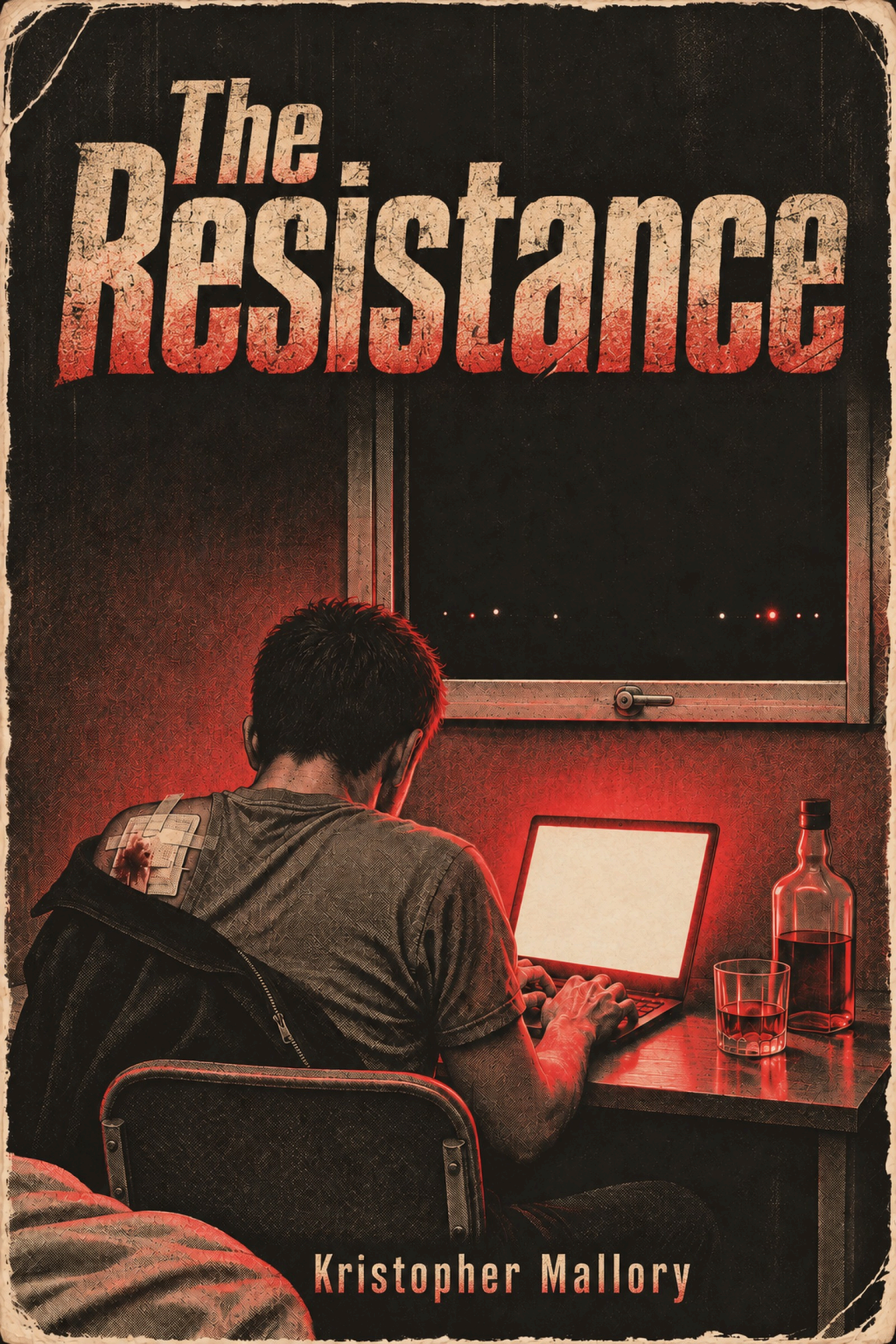
The Resistance



Kristopher Mallory

The Resistance

by

Kristopher Mallory

The Resistance

An Axis Story

Copyright



www.StealthFiction.com

The Resistance

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This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places and incidents are products of the author's imagination, or the author has used them fictitiously.

Other Releases by Kristopher Mallory

Gillian

Long-Term Investment

Wrong Way Charlie

Prepared Fresh

Road Trip Down A Dark Memory Lane

She's Not Human

Universal Transmission

The Little Old Lady

The Price To See The Dead

Attempted

A Gift Of Bone

Payphone

What People Are Saying about Kris's Stories

The Death Agreement:

"This is all so confusing and mind blowingly awesome." – *jesslikewoah*

I Know What They Are:

"This is absolutely amazing. Has me a bit paranoid as I get deja vu quite a bit, hopefully not too many good futures have passed me by..." – *Niamhel*

Master Stargazer:

"Hands down one of the best short sci fi books I have read, and I have read a lot." – *rickamente*

These Bad Dreams Combined:

"I have no idea WTF is going on here, but I'm fascinated!" – *ali*

Special Thanks

Vive la Résistance!

An Axis Story

The Resistance is an Axis story, one piece of a larger history told across the stories of The Axis Collection. In that history, a cult born in Destiny, Nevada grows into the Axis: first a foundation, then a political party, and finally the Axis States of America, with the Smith brothers, Randell and Jackin, somewhere near its roots. Standing against it is the 3.5.8., a small secret team inside the government that hardly anyone believes is real.

This book is the last message of one man inside that world. It stands on its own, but the names and events he mentions are told in full in the other Axis stories, which you can read free at stealthfiction.com.

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The Resistance

“Then they came for me—and there was no one left to speak for me.”

~ Martin Niemöller

My real name is Jared Bish.

I am a journalist.

Like you, I am a member of the resistance.

None of you knew me by my real name, but I feel like sharing it since it is no longer of any importance. Because of my previous messages and resistance operations, some of you called me a leader. If I was, I'm no leader. I'm just a citizen fighting for what I believe in. My guess is, I'm just like every one of you who are doing the same.

Right now, I'm in a hotel, about 250 kilometers outside of the Capital green zone. I've modified my appearance as best as possible, and I've managed to fool this hotel's biometric scanner to grant me access without alerting the authorities. I'm registered under the alias of a person from whom I had secretly obtained some DNA samples during my escape.

Even though I've managed to avoid detection and get out of D.C., I know they will find me. In the last six months, every fugitive has been captured in less than 48 hours. With the A.I. voice recognition wiretaps, satellite surveillance, the new retina scanners, and God knows what else they are using now to track people, it's a miracle I made it this far. By now, no doubt, my face is plastered on every state-run news channel and newspaper in the sector, if not the entire A.S.A. By my calculations, I've got about 24 hours at best before I'm dead.

I had to leave the safe house in a hurry. The Special Police were coming. I barely managed to destroy the network data drives before I heard the telltale siren of the SP transporters. A few moments later, I heard the C-4 charge detonate on the front door, and the Special Police began to lay siege to the place.

I don't know how I managed to get out of the back entrance. A blunder on their part, perhaps. I remember seeing two SPs fall dead as I emptied a magazine in their general direction while running towards the nearby storm drainage system, and make no mistake, the house was chosen for just such a reason. I had never killed a man before, not with my own hand, anyway. It's difficult to explain how it makes me feel knowing I've killed men

whom I'm fighting to save. I know that I had no choice, but that knowledge does not lessen this feeling of emptiness. I now have a greater respect for the resistance members who must do that every day.

I didn't escape unscathed. I took a round in the shoulder and another grazed my side. It hurts far worse than I imagined it would to be shot, but in the past hour I've become rather friendly with a bottle of whiskey, so for the time being, the pain is dull. And besides, it's nothing compared to what I'm sure to experience once they finally do catch me. But I digress; neither my escape nor my health is of much relevance to the matters at hand.

Getting back on point, the information on the network was destroyed. The thermite did its job well, burning directly through the holographic drives. This should come as some slightly good news, for as far as I know, the objectives and the identities of the rest of everyone in the resistance would be safe. Excuse me, safe probably isn't the right word, because somehow they found out who I was, so how safe were any of us to begin with?

I don't know if we have been infiltrated by the S.P.Y.'s or if it was a mistake on my part that led them straight to the house, but please be mindful of the people you associate with and always have at least two trusted partners during any operation. Remember, they know we are out there now, and they want to exterminate us. Anyone could be a mole, so be as careful as possible.

I wish I had some more recent information to share. I can only recap the news from the last transmission: Our operations in Southern California and along the DMZ Canadian border have been a success. Recruitment numbers were up the day before I ran, also good news, but we had a setback in the Miami area: a cell of 28 resistance members dropped off the grid; they are considered M.I.A., but intel suggests that all 28 were K.I.A. Still waiting on verification. After you read this message, please observe a moment of silence for our fallen brothers and sisters; they would do the same for you.

Although I have nothing else new to report, for the time being I am able to keep writing, so I would like to speak my mind about our enemy and a few thoughts on how we may be able to continue to resist. But to do so, I need to talk about the past, a word that still stings when we hear it, because it is the one thing we can never change. But to learn from our mistakes, we must examine the past and the situations that led us to where we stand today. There is no other way to truly change the world if we continue to try to forget.

I know it's crazy to think how much everything changed in fifteen short years.

America was never perfect, but at least some of its intentions were noble. We were a constantly changing society. At times we were great, and at other times in our history our image was tarnished. Now there is nothing that could ever be done to reverse the effects of what has happened since the rift. If there is ever another history book written, our entire past will be left out, and the only thing future generations will read of us is: The fall of America and the atrocities it unleashed in the name of Neo-Freedom.

There wasn't enough information to predict, let alone prevent, the Axis from coming into power.

Who could have been watching to see it coming?

Sure, a few years back, there were rumors that the political party had origins leading back to a cult, and even to Randell and Jackin Smith. It seemed utterly ridiculous. Those two people can be compared to David Koresh of the Branch Davidian religious sect, Jim Jones of the People's Temple, or perhaps even Marshall Applewhite of Heaven's Gate. The Smith brothers were, to put it simply, insane, so it would be insane to think that the followers of those two long-dead cult leaders could have organized and expanded into the powerhouse that is the Axis Party. But the world was already going insane, so it's not a far stretch to believe that even if those rumors may have been true, no one really cared. I didn't.

Some say it started when the budding Axists, financial bankers who were disguised as the now-defunct Neo-cons, convinced the last American

president to annex Cuba and Northern Mexico.

Who spoke up then? I didn't.

There are also a few who say they think it was when the new Axis Party was officially formed and recognized nationally, or maybe it was when Congress voted 3 to 1 in favor of a preemptive nuclear strike on the Islamic holy cities. Terrorism deterrent, they called it.

I covered the news and condemned it, but that was all.

By then, there was no going back. It came as no surprise to anyone when Congressman Charles Evans was elected President, and on his first day, he and his party abolished the old American voting system, thus making him the first permanent holder of the office.

Most cheered, and that's when I felt pressured to cheer, too.

Maybe the total ban on all non-Axis-based religions sparked the first flame of resistance. First, it was just Muslims who were barred and placed in detention camps, or simply vanished from sight. And most of America did nothing outwardly, though some began to make moves in secret. The ones who had not been brainwashed into thinking it was for their safety, that it was the only way to prevent the terrorists from striking again, pretended while trying to organize. I was among them, then. With the pieces in place, the general public began to put up a fight in earnest once it became illegal to practice Judaism, Christianity, Hinduism, Buddhism…

I should have known.

The resistance was their plan all along. They allowed us to grow. Then used us as an excuse to deploy the military.

The Second American Civil War was short and bloody.

Most seceding states fell within the first 30 days; a few—Rhode Island, Nevada, New York, and Maryland—held out for only 90. All states surrendered when the President made good on the threat to nuke New York City. Inevitably, when it was declared that the Union was fully intact again, the United States was rebranded as the Axis States of America.

Some say the first battles were much earlier.

There are rumors, and I tend to believe, that Axis won when they infiltrated and destroyed the 3.5.8. in the first decade of the 21st century. Not much is known about the group—if it even truly existed, or in what capacity they served the former United States. One thing is clear, however: anyone who is still alive who had any affiliations with the fabled government organization is our last best hope of taking down Axis… Find them if you can.

After this is posted to Free-net, I will destroy this device along with anything else I have that will link me to the resistance. Please consider it my last service to the cause. It has been an honor to serve.

I'm glad to have had the chance to converse one last time, but before I go, a confession: the injuries I sustained while making my exodus from the Capital are far worse than I let on. It was more myself that I was trying to lie to than any of you. Truth told, I don't think I need to worry about the Special Police.

The hour is late, I've lost a lot of blood, and I'm tired.

I am going to go lie down to rest and pray to the god of my choice.

J.B.

THE END.



About the Author



Born near Baltimore, Maryland, Kris has been writing short fiction since he was a kid. First sharing his ramblings on Stealth Fiction and then on Reddit, where most of his stories were posted to r/nosleep. His stories have been featured on The NoSleep Podcast, Chilling Tales for Dark Nights, Tales to Terrify, and Horror on the Rocks. The recording of The Scarecrow Corpse, read by Markiplier, has been heard hundreds of thousands of times. He lives in Melbourne, Australia, with his wife. And occasionally, he turns into a strawberry.

More stories: StealthFiction.com

What's Next?

LET ME TELL YOU HOW I LOST MY EYES

A Short Story Collection by Sammy Fowler

Coming one day. Maybe. Probably not.

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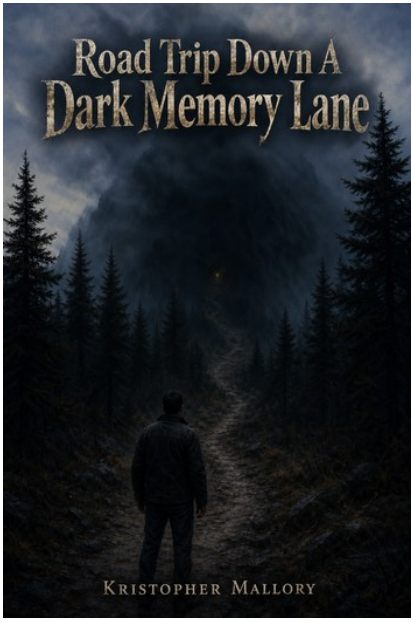
Hear It Read Aloud

Some stories are better heard in the dark.

The Resistance has a complete audio narration, read by Jeremy, a digital voice. It runs 11 minutes and it's free: play it online, or download it as an MP3 or an audiobook with chapters.

Listen free at stealthfiction.com

More from Kristopher Mallory



ROAD TRIP DOWN A DARK MEMORY LANE

This psychological horror story is now available as an eBook. For more information on this book, please visit Stealth Fiction.

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Twenty-five years after he was taken as a boy, a husband and father writes it all down, loads the car, and drives his family back to Black Fog Mountain.

~~~~~

Praise for Road Trip Down A Dark Memory Lane:

"Every mile pulls the knot tighter, and the ending is the kind you sit with in silence." – *Stealth Fiction*



PAYPHONE

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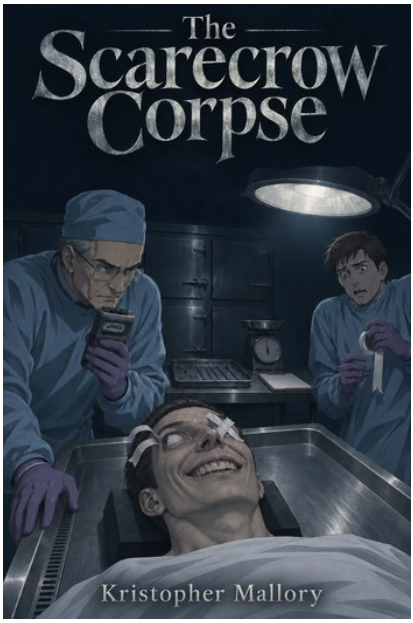
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Patrick Levine's family wrecks their new Durango on an icy back road beside a dead town, and the only payphone for miles has a dial tone.

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Praise for Payphone:

"Winter dread at its best. You'll never trust a dial tone again." – *Stealth Fiction*



THE SCARECROW CORPSE

This conspiracy horror story is now available as an eBook. For more information on this book, please visit Stealth Fiction.

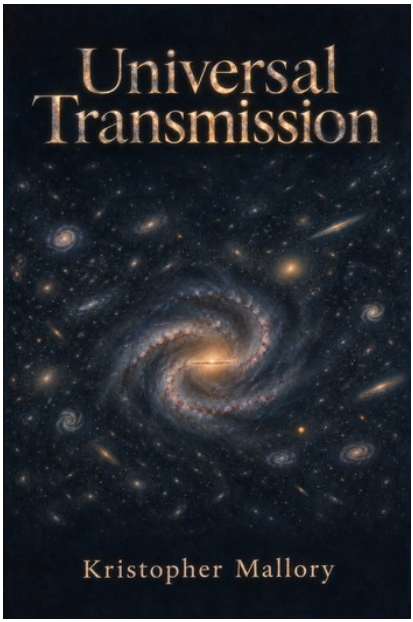
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A coroner's intern is called to a body found on the Washington Metro Red Line, and it is not quite a body.

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Praise for The Scarecrow Corpse:

"Paranoid, grisly and deeply creepy, a conspiracy that keeps going deeper." – *Stealth Fiction*



UNIVERSAL TRANSMISSION

This first contact story is now available as an eBook. For more information on this book, please visit Stealth Fiction.

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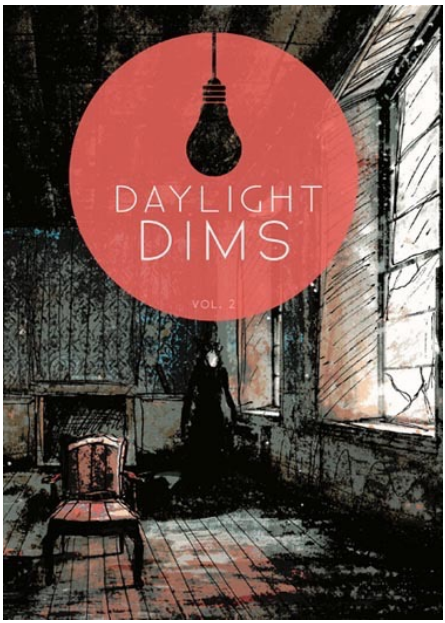
A scan of Planet 3 gives its species a 95.5 percent chance of self-annihilation, then the transmission opens to every living thing at once.

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Praise for Universal Transmission:

"Big, strange and unsettling, a story that makes the whole planet feel very small." – *Stealth Fiction*

More from Stealth Fiction



DAYLIGHT DIMS
VOLUME TWO

This horror anthology is now available. For more information on this book, please visit the Daylight Dims website.

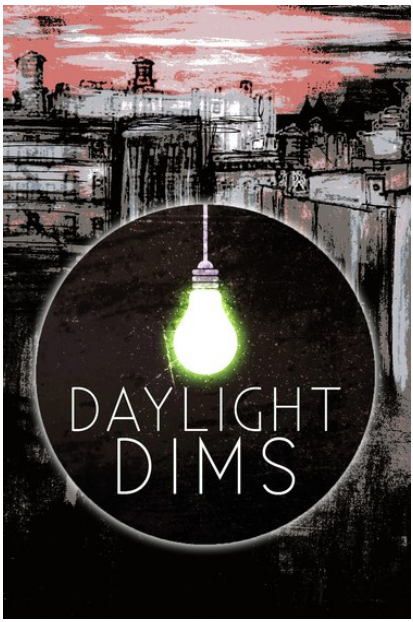
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Darkness descends again. Daylight Dims Volume Two features thirteen stories that cross the genres of surreal, dark fantasy, and heart-pounding dread. This annual horror anthology is guaranteed to twist your perception of horror. From the common, comfortable tropes to the more taboo, these handpicked tales have a literary aspect designed to showcase what true horror can be.

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Praise for Daylight Dims Vol. 2:

“This was probably one of the most entertaining collections of horror stories I've ever read. And I don't say this to suck up or to stroke any tail feathers. I was happy to have the opportunity to read through this before release, and I implore anyone on the fence about picking this up to do themselves a favor and take the plunge into the abyss. You will not be disappointed.” – *Human Gravy*



DAYLIGHT DIMS

VOLUME ONE

Second Edition — now with two new stories from the editors.

This horror anthology is now available. For more information on this book, please visit the Daylight Dims website.

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The editors chose 13 stories from over 100 premium submissions. DD contains some of the best horror around.

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Praise for Daylight Dims:

"This is a fantastic horror anthology. All 13 stories are exquisite. The book was not what I expected initially, as I thought that it might be all vampire or werewolf tales. Not so! These are original stories from authors of the macabre. From dark fantasy and pure suspense to classic horror tales, it shows the extraordinary scope of fantastical fright fiction. The stories in this anthology are a tour de force of fear, which will haunt you, terrify you, and stay with you." – S. Mahaffey, *"neverjudge"*