



But in vain do they worship me, teaching for doctrines the commandments of men. – Matthew 15:9

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Jayne City

“I am angry. I am so angry. Those people are doing the deeds that I have explicitly told them not to do. They are defying my authority and must be punished. It's gone on long enough. The time for vengeance is now and I am perfectly justified in the actions I am about to take.”

Josh was consoling himself with thoughts of how he would punish those who had refused to honor him as the boss. As the rightful owner of this facility it was his responsibility to uphold the list of rules and regulations for those who used this establishment. Despite all the promises and threats he had made, his employees as well as the clientele continued to thumb their noses at him. They wanted to be in charge and do things their way.

But their way didn't fit in with the way Josh had planned for his agency to operate and he was fed up. Enough was enough. It was time to take action and Josh knew what he had to do.

Josh was no dummy. His grasp of the sciences, especially his advancements in the field of microbiology, had garnered him much fame along with a Nobel prize. He had the knowledge and the facilities to create a toxin that would cause devastation to those rebellious people who refused to accept that he was the one in charge and not allow him to micromanage.

Late into the night lights could be seen in the lab where Josh worked. He had lied and told his colleagues he had an idea that could cure cancer and was doing the prep work necessary before handing it over to his team of researchers for further study. But the reality of his all-night vigils was that he was developing a virus that would spread throughout the population and destroy most of those

who had the misfortune of contracting the pathogen. We are speaking of germ warfare.

When the toxin and the antidote had been created he pulled out a map, pinned it to the wall then threw a dart at it. And that is how the town of Jayne, Minnesota became the target of a mad scientist bent on revenge. Josh McDeed, M.D., Ph.D. created for himself an alibi then quietly poured his vile chemical into Lake Jayne which was the small, unsuspecting town's only source of water.

This virus was designed to lay dormant in a person's system for approximately 1-2 weeks after they had come into contact with the toxin. People who were infected were spreading the disease without knowing they were sick. Then when the symptoms began to show it was too late. The virus was so entrenched into their systems that only a few would be able to survive the ordeal.

People began to get sick. Hospitals filled and so did the morgues. The CDC began looking for a vaccine to stop this disease while health care providers fought desperately to keep their patients alive. Despite all the precautions many of them also became infected, filling the hospitals to beyond their limits.

And the disease spread. Some reporter made an offhand comment that it seemed that the disease might be coming from something as unsuspected as an apple. The ignorant public believed this to be truth and quit drinking apple juice for fear they would contract Cidervirus.

As the days passed and the disease became pandemic, Dr. Josh McDeed sat back and felt satisfied that his plan for vengeance had worked so well. He smiled and waited for the time to come that he could announce he had found the cure.

Day 1: My teenage daughter called me at work and said she was home. The teacher announced before noon that classes had been canceled because the risk of being around people was too great. Everyone was supposed to go home and stay inside.

My boss's boss called a meeting at work and told that they were going to lock their doors. The IT department would still be working to maintain the website but they would be working from their homes. Only those whose jobs were essential would be asked to work during this time of social distancing.

Day 2: All seems well at home. Allie (my daughter) and I have the house to ourselves. My wife died while giving birth to Allie and I've raised her by myself. She reminds me so much of her mother, the woman I vowed to love till my dying day. Allie is 15 now and looks so much like her mother that sometimes I feel my heart catch because I feel as though I've caught a glimpse of my wife.

Today I decided to give the house a thorough cleaning with plans to start the projects needing to be done that I keep putting off. Allie offered to help and together we gave the house a spit-shine with plenty of time left for a game of Scrabble before starting dinner.

Day 4: It was time to put on my big-boy boxers and do some shopping which meant coming into contact with people. The supplies at the stores remain depleted. It took a visit to 3 different grocery stores to buy the food we would want for the next week. I also made a bunch more visits to various pharmacies and/or dollar stores trying to find paper goods. After searching nearly all day I returned home with 1 small package of paper napkins. If it reaches the point we're out of toilet tissue we should be able to use those napkins. If we used only 1 each time then they would last for 8 trips to the john. Looks like tomorrow I'll be out doing more shopping.

But all was not a loss. When Allie was younger the mother of her best friend worked with Allie and taught her the basics of sewing. Since I was unable to find any face masks, I called home and asked Allie what she would need to sew us some kind of respiratory protection. I was able to get what she needed and tomorrow she will spend the day creating her own line of designer face masks. Can't wait to see them.

Day 6: Today Allie seemed a bit off. She just wasn't herself. By the end of the day she was complaining of a sore throat and a slight case of the sniffles. Is she OK?

Day 9: I haven't written anything in 3 days. It has been a nightmare! She's gone. It only took 3 days and my beautiful Allie is gone! How will I survive without her? She was the light of my life. She was all I lived for.

When I took her to the emergency room they sent her to an isolated area where people who were also experiencing the same symptoms as Allie were waiting. But the hospital wasn't admitting any of them. They were only taking blood samples then sending everyone home with orders to quarantine themselves. Later that day I got the call that Allie was infected with Cidervirus.

There was nobody to help. She was so sick I didn't want to leave her alone but she needed medicine. I began calling pharmacies and other stores looking for some kind of relief, something that would ease her symptoms and strengthen her immune system. My calls were fruitless. All supplies had been sold and were selling as soon as they were placed on the shelves. One pharmacy told me they were expecting a delivery the next day and would hold something back for me. When I got there to pick it up, I found the delivery truck had been hijacked. Unless the police could find the thieves presumably those supplies would be sold on the black market.

In the end Allie became so weak she no longer had the strength to cough and her lungs filled. She drowned from the mucus. Helplessly I watched as the light of my life flickered and died.

Day 13: The television interrupted it's normally scheduled broadcast and switched to a place where a news conference was about to be held. The head of the BFI made the announcement that they had irrefutable proof that the disease called Cidervirus had been created by Dr. Josh McDeed. The motive behind his actions had not yet been determined but they were working hard to find those answers. At the moment the whereabouts of Dr. McDeed was unknown and all countries world-wide were searching for the Nobel prize winner who was now public enemy number 1.

Immediately I began my own search for this madman who was guilty of killing so many people. I didn't care what his motives were. All I could see was the face of my own daughter as she lay there and died. My search began in my own dining room where I did a search on my laptop looking for any information on this man.

Day 16: I did what the feds were unable to do which was to locate this Dr. McDeed. Tomorrow I will meet him face to face and kill him. In God's name he deserves to die!

Day 17: I waited until night then crept into the bedroom where Dr. McDeed was asleep. In the dark I did the deed and killed that madman. In God's name I brought about vengeance not only for myself but for everyone on this planet who has or is suffering from this Cidervirus. I reached over and turned on the light so I could get a good look at this demonic murderer. And when I saw him I gasped and let out a cry... I had just killed Jesus!

At just the right time Christ died for ungodly people. He died for us when we had no power of our own. It is unusual for anyone to die for a godly person. Maybe someone would be willing to die for a good

person. But here is how God has shown his love for us. **While we were still sinners, Christ died for us.** – Romans 5:6-8 NIRV

And the King shall answer and say unto them, Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me. --Matthew 25:40 KJV

...You can be sure that I will be with you always. I will continue with you until the end of time.” – Matthew 28:20 ERV

End of story.

This was not a true story. It is fiction. I am not a man and no, I did not enjoy writing this. Why did I write it? Because... well, read the texts and make your own decision.

Have a wonderful day. Keep looking heavenward and stay safe.

Love to all,

Hannah

Jesus loves the little children
All the children in the world
Red and yellow, black and white
All are precious in His sight
Jesus loves the little children of the world.

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