

Jean-Claude Meslin

2039

A Preventive Fiction



Introduction

This story is based on the consequences of lived events, followed of possible probabilities.

Those writings explore a global political vision not common, using true related situations, certain fears, plausible imagination; as well as dreams which we will like to see becoming realities.

Consequently, when a person see the possibility to improve the multitude's quality of life; he has the duty to express himself. Without worrying about the reactions of peoples not sharing his opinion.

This fiction is also the fictive prolongation of the author's biography, called in French:

Le Rescapé de la Bombe, published in May 2011...

Certain persons of this book have existed and other are imaginaries; Since we are in the future. The goal of those writings is to make peoples think and require credible solutions to the great problems facing humanity. We must find answers, not the eternal

excuses tolerated by everyone as immutable evidences.

One century after the last planetary conflict which killed 50 millions humans, we are still victimized by certain humans' excessive behavior. Although at the present moment (2039) when I write, a lot has changed. Luckily, we are intelligent, able to analyze and rectify our actions. An event of planetary scale totally unexpected, having no relation with humans' actions, obliged us to reconsider everything. Then, we had to ask ourselves questions concerning our real values, our ambitions, our morale and even the chance of survival for our specie. Let us go forward of a few decades with a young gentleman, telling you the events lived by his parents and himself. He will also relate what nobody could have anticipated nor dreamed of. Critics and suggestions raised are no warranties to resolve problems; only invitations to reflexions and understanding of undeniable facts.

1

My Origins

My name is Dimitri. I am Russian and French, a European; moreover: a concerned human.

I was born in Orenburg in 2000. My father was French and my mother Russian, like me; also born in this city. They met when Dad came to Russia for the first time, in 1997. They adopted me, when I was one year old. I learned that fact at seven. Being so much loved, this news changed nothing. Of my biological parents, I know nothing and never made any research. I spent my childhood in that modern Russian city of 600000 inhabitants (at the turn of the century), located on the Oural River, at the border of Europe and Asia; South of the mountains which have the same name as the river.

My father was born in Pont-Audemer in the Normandy's region; on the west part of France.

My mother is a typical Russian: a child of the Nikita Khrouchev's era.

2

My Adoptive Parents

In 1939, when the World-War started, Dad was three months old. With his mother, he had to leave his birthplace to come back 150 km further North where lived his maternal family. They found a small apartment in Saint-Valéry-Sur-Somme. His uncle and aunt owned a farm, four kilometers from this pretty fishing harbor. In this part of France, totally invaded by the Nazis, life was difficult. Every day there was bombardments; first from the Germans, then from the Allied. A few months after their arrival Dad had a sister who was abandoned. My grand-mother, in despair, having no resources and being not appreciated by her own family, left my Dad at his brother's farm. His uncle and aunt had two children: a girl (17) and a boy (14). After that abandon, dictated by events independent of her free will, the mother lost her motherhood's rights.

Surprisingly, the wars' years were going to be the happiest of my dad's youthi.

He developed a particular affection for animals; which in their own way, gave it back to him; most of all: the big dogs.

This will last during his whole life. He used to say that; when animals so easily trust you, this means that you cannot be a bad person. He had many anecdotes on the subject.

When my grand-father came back from 5 years as a prisoner in Germany, a decade of hell started for Dad. This period fabricated a self-oriented temper which did not make any place for compromise. Luckily, he dreamed a lot and had imagination. He was back in Normandy, on the South border of the Seine-River; at 25 km from his birthplace. In spite of a family-life without any affection and the formal interdiction to have contacts with his mother-side's parents, he became the pride of his school's teachers and the catholic church's priest. He was always first in both studies.

This did not avoid a first hitch, which will have a great influence on his whole life. Particularly, with the human representatives of divine beliefs. Being of catholic education, Dad had a particular affection for the Virgin-Mary. He had made himself think that she could be his mother. This feeling obliged him to stay on the right track and not become a bad person. Opportunities which several times presented themselves to him...

In 1950, when he was 11 years old, my Dad did what is known in the catholic faith as the First Communion. Being Number one in the religious studies; the priest was supposed to be the guest of

honor at the noon meal. Then he will do the same at the first girl's home, in the evening.

Exceptionally, my grand-father reconciled with Daddy's uncle and aunt for that great event. They came at the church's ceremony, then at the meal. The surprise was great when the priest, without notice, did not show-up.

Instead, he went to the family of a local notable, whose son was second. Nevertheless, it was a beautiful day and two months later, my father spent his vacations at the farm in Sallenelle...

Later, he learned that the priest did not want to come at the home of divorced adults having a bad reputation. Papa kept on going to the church where he was appreciated. It was also, for him, the easiest way to stay out and away from his home. Naturally, something had broken!

A few months later, a second hitch with the French institutions occurred. Dad's living conditions in that slum, which a sister by marriage, shared, made the neighborhood and the authorities worry. The whole family ended-up in the Yvetôt's Court-house.

The grand-father still considered a war-hero was untouchable. He managed to make the judge believe that his son was mentally deficient. The housing was put under watch and Dad was under guardianship of the police (French Gendarmerie). What that the boy wanted: was going to live at his uncle's farm; knowing that he was quiet welcome and loved like the third child. He also dreamed to know his real mother who lived miserably in that same area. The French administration was really incompetent and unable to understand the poor people's distress. In

that case: a little boy's who had done no harm to anyone... How many other boys and girls have known an identical childhood in that sick country?

Until the 2032 great catastrophe, in France, nothing changed; the situation was desperate.

Consequently, a virulent critic who never believed in the elites' rubbish was fabricated. Many others events comforted him in his certitudes. Luckily while growing-up, he learned to never fanaticize himself. This gave Dad the opportunity to meet well educated and knowledgeable persons who became: references and forged his need for understanding as many subjects as possible, mostly what is wittingly dissimulated. He developed a certain art of trickery and manipulation... At twelve years old, by instinct, he had already understood that he could not expect much help and consideration from the official and religious authorities of his country.

Six years went by during which he obtained his CEP (primary study certificate) and CAP (professional aptitude certificate) of machinist-tools & dies makers. His excellent grades rewarded him of a first trip out of France: in Innsbruck Austria. This was five wonderful weeks; during which Dad's communication and adaptation talents became evident... Back from this trip, he started a trade and a well paid job at the ACSM (naval shipyard) at Le Trait (on the North shore of the Seine-River).. definitely left the paternal family.

Starting then, he spent all his free time at his aunt's farm which was managed by her son. Dad's uncle having been killed by a drunk-driver, while riding his bicycle.

Eighteen months later, following advices of his police-friends, he enlisted in the French Air-Force, hoping to become jet-pilot and marry his first love. It did not work that way in both cases, by the fault of a weak eye and an unshared love.

From the Air-Force base in Cambrai (North) where he passed the tests, he went to Courbessac, in the South of France, stayed there three months then was affected to the 2nd Escadre at Longvic, near Dijon. In all Dad spent a thirty months military service as quiet as possible; even avoiding the Algeria's conflict. Working as a mechanic-helper, he thought about getting a degree at the Rochefort' school and stay in the military; This was more his officer-pilots wishes than his own. Nevertheless, life in that environment was easier and a good medication for forgetting the past. With two friends, he was a permanent resident at the French acrobatic squadron's hangar. On that airfield, there was also the squadron "Alsace" ancestor of the Normandy-Niemen who had fought in Russia during the great-war and a couple of pilots who had been there. The squadron "Cigognes" completed that 2nd Escadre...

The commandant of the "Patrouille of France" will rise to general in chef of the French Air Force.

24 years later, he will negotiate the buying of AWACS from Boeing, who was my Dad's employer.

In 1960 to forget his love from Normandy, Dady often went to a lovely village in the north of Italy.

There, lived a pretty girl, he had met in the train, which at that time did not reach 300 kmh. There was, then, plenty of time to be acquainted...

In Russia, at that time, my mother was four years old. She grew-up in a very united family, in what the capitalist called the Devil's Empire. It was the era of Mister Nikita Khrushchev; the political environment and the living conditions in the USSR were more relaxed. Her father has responsibility's job in a metallurgic firm who worked mostly for the military industry. Our huge Soviet-Union wasted a large part of her resources for not being too distanced in the suicidal armaments' race which humans had invented and was called: the Cold-War. No-one can deny that the capitalists, mostly Americans were the initiator of this fool race. All weapons of mass destruction and their delivery' systems were thought and first developed in the USA. Consequently, this folly precipitated the end of both super-powers. Creating so much misery, inequalities and exploitation of humans by other humans could not last for ever; unless, one want to program humanity's extinction. Several times, mankind came close to that annihilation. It was surprising to see that none of the main World's religions was opposed to that outrageous waste of taxpayer's money. The catholic faith was the most hypocritical and deceitful of them all. She, even had connivances with decisions makers of that industry. Not a single Pope ever threatened to excommunicate makers, sellers and dubious politicians paid by those huge French and American armaments' corporations. Nevertheless, to speak against disliked anti-capitalist systems, catholic church's leaders were good; mostly that polish CIA's puppet who became Pope. Many heads of states became marketing agents for an industry whose main occupation was corrupting peoples. Huge fortunes were made doing it!

We must remember that the USA were first to develop the atomic bomb and use it. Then, also first to have the hydrogen bomb, nuclear submarines, ballistic and anti-ballistic missiles, cruise-missiles, stealth war-planes and Drones which killed thousands of innocent victims in unjustified conflicts orchestrated by the US-NATO bunch. These war-planes without pilot were also used to monitor the crowds in America, in Europe and in any other place in the World. One crazy US senator, even suggested to use them for killing political adversaries in other lands. This was what the original freedom-state wished for the well-being of mankind in the 2012 presidential campaign...

America also developed a laser system guided from satellites, and radars located on all continents to protect her soil from enemies attacks. For that purpose, it also used missiles-lunch pats' setting on foreign states, which implicated an US military presence on those places, plus the introduction of the great American way of life. Soon, Russian and Chinese realized that their nations were surrounded by that "Star-War" program, initiated in the Reagan's time (1980s). In my country a certain elite of corrupted businessmen smelt the good affair and wanted a part of that crazy military's cake. Then, instead of accusing it, they tried to collaborate with the West. To cool their enthusiasm, they ended-up in Siberia... The military planetary spending averaged 1000 billions dollars a year from 1949 to 2029 (Calculated at a 1920's inflationary's value).

If mankind had used differently that money; she could have developed all poor countries, regulated and well managed the demography; had a better

conduct from rich states and respected the planet's ecology and biological-diversity. She could have even avoided the 2008 near-crash of the World's economy. Witch, almost swallowed-up all.

We had to admit the evidence that in all bilateral rapports initiated by the USA and their NATO puppets, there was no sincerity. All that this consortium wanted was: full control of Earth's natural resources and imposing its way of life. The many international summits, supposed to take care of all humans was nothing else but vulgar shows of diplomatic deceitfulness...

It was evident, in case of catastrophe, concerning that crazy Star-War, that the nation over witch an interception will take place will suffer all the damages. The others will have just a few hours to wait. Example: A missile, type US Trident (made in the 70s) having on board 10 war-heads fitted of an instant detonation's devise will have a destruction's capacity equal to 400 Hiroshima bombs. We can also suppose that an aggressor will not fire, only one rocket. The pentagon "big heads" bragged of a 50% success in the over ocean's experiments. To proof the system's efficiency, they never tried an interception on a loaded missile, over the US territory. The single interest of that shield (Reagan's baby) was the huge amount of money given to the makers of that Star-War. Beside, it imposed US presence and corrupted comedian-politicians. This was done with the total consent of all peoples living in the supposed to be guide-countries, bragging continually about freedom and equality for all...

The single genial idea for stopping all nuclear proliferation should have been to see all nations having stocks of nuclear weapons; destroying them. Nuclear energy (civil and war-like) is humanity most dangerous cancer; it is less than a century old. It should be easier to ignore it and make research on that field under a planetary institution, like a U-N not located in New-York; but in a real neutral location...

My mother, also had family in Kazakhstan which at that time was a republic of the Soviet-Union. She started her studies in Oral. In spite of loving my mom very much, I was always more influenced by my father's life; who not only had a very original destiny but wrote a great deal about it. He used his experience to prevent the numerous dangers which accumulated. We communicated easily and Dad's autobiography is still my favorite reading.

At 21 years and three months old; regardless of his pilot-officers' advice and friendship, Dady left the military. He did not have the spirit for obeying orders during his whole life. He will soon find out that in civil life, when working for others, it is not much different. He started his working career in Paris, Avenue Gambetta for an electronics' firm. On December 1st 1960 he changed of job: fixing TV transmitters' antennas on the top of pylons being over 100m high in different areas of France. He missed a first trip to Russia when President De Gaulle negotiated the SECAM system's sell to Moscow's authorities. Instead of going East, he went 3000 km South, in the Algeria's Hoggar-Mountains where France experimented her nuclear striking-power in

under-ground testing. It followed the open air experiments in Reggane.

There, he earned a lot of money, also taking unknown risks dues to possible nuclear contamination.

A few hundreds other Frenchmen did the same thing. This included the soldiers who guarded the site and the PLO (local workers, mostly Touaregs). Both, not earning much. Those kind peoples did not have much choice. Dady was happy, every forty days when he flew back to Paris to rejoin his two loves: Patricia and her beautiful 2 1/2 years old baby-girl: Katia. He had met Pat, the day, he left the military service. She was a very beautiful young lady of Italian decent working as a dancing-girl in a Parisian cabaret (same age as Dad). She, also had a very bad childhood, which included rape.

In In-Ekker my father tripled his salary and had nothing to pay for room and board. There was a outdoor cinema, a swimming-pool, a tennis-court and a sandy football field (because of the heat, only used in the evening). There, he learned to play chess and also tennis. Often he visited his PLO friends in their village (In-Amguel) for a drink of excellent tea or for a meal. There was a perfect mutual respect and Dad never had any trouble with his autochthons co-workers.

This beautiful story almost had a dramatic end after sixteen months. Luckily his Virgin-Mary was watching. On April 30th he flew back to Paris, one week earlier than planned. The next Morning (May 1st) at 11 o'clock an experiment failed, Supposantly the atomic charge was stronger than expected and the

mountain had fissures. Nuclear contamination polluted the whole area. This happened a few weeks after the end of the Algeria conflict and no French media reported it. Nobody died on that day.

In the following years, all peoples present on the site, on May 1st became very ill. For many, their life ended in terrible suffering. The French population ignored all; she had to wait for the Chernobyl tragedy to know what nuclear contamination can do to humans. All nations having played the wizard-apprentice with the atomic power have quantity of skeletons in their lockers.

The French nuclear experimentation did not move from that site. Galleries were drilled on the same mountain's opposing slope. Dad returned to In-Ekker three months later; still not knowing what had happen. His friends from the CEA (Atomic Energy Commissariat) told him about the accident.

Nobody worried since, in the 60s the knowledge about nuclear contamination was still very limited.

He had spent three wonderful months with his loves and discovered a few localities where TV transmitters were set. Coming to the one at La Faucille-pass, in the Jura-Mountains, he saw Annecy.

Nobody thought that other fissures could exist in that granite mountain. Stupidly, no-one seemed even to care about it. Only the obsession to possess an atomic arsenal counted for the government. As far as the peoples working there (like Dad) their wonderful pay-checks were the main concern. In the 60s, the negative aspects of nuclear energy were totally ignored. Just a few scientists knew about it. The tension between the two blocks was knowingly

orchestrated by peoples making fortune from it. The spectrum of fear and insecurity were exaggerated on both side, using deceitfully their mutual vocabulary: In the West, A father, to feed his family, fighting a capitalistic regime was a terrorist. The same father fighting a communist regime was a freedom-fighter. In the East block countries, it was the opposite.

One using the the other's arguments. This only cost 60 trillions \$ in 60 years... This anti-communist obsession, dictated by the "Capital" had its origin before the Nazis' time. Historians have discovered documents proving that those beliefs dated of 1923. The European elites enacted that it was better to be a fascist than a communist. Later the entry of Japan in the World-war disturbed the whole scenario: Equal rights and better living standards for the working class were the real enemies. It was out of the question to give power to the peoples (including: America' s). Dady explained than over half a century later, nothing had changed. It even became worst with leaders like Reagan, Thatcher, the two Bush, Blair, Cameron, Mitterrand, Chirac, Sarkozy and Hollande (Those two French presidents being the paroxysm of mediocrity).

This Sarkonaparte ou Sarkoleon (surnames given to that president) was unique. He was the demonstration of what can be done to fool a whole society of 70 millions peoples in modern times. Issued, on his father' side from the Hungarian noblesse and from rich powerful Jewish family on his French mother' side, that opportunist, imbued of himself, deceitful and sneaky person had always been driven by a personal ambition hard to describe. He was the product of marketing and communication pushed to extremes. That man dreamed more to live

in the Versailles' castle with his "Pompadour" (a show-biz artist of very light morale, he married as a third wife, when he was already in the Elysée-Palace). Sarkozy was just a Machiavellian-comedian as supposed modern politicians had to be at the beginning of the 21st century. For my Dad, the rising of such a political leader had a connotation with what happened in 1933, in Germany (without the drive for territorial conquest)... Contrarily to what happen in the USA no investigation-newsman made the exact profile of that person, or his successor (the "A"normal president) who had to govern a modern nuclear-powered nation. Is not that strange!

To be elected that billionaires kiss-ass used his intimates, a supposed happy life (like an average Frenchman's). Nevertheless, it was of public notoriety that he was cuckold for a certain time. He reconciled in front of the camera, (on prime-time) telling the audience: Cecilia is my balance; I never take any decision without her advice. A few weeks after voting, the lately reconciliated wife, left a high standard living conditions plus the title of First-Dame of France to rejoin her lover. Consequently, the new president had to start chasing for a third bride. Using that man's own remarks: A cuckold, mentally unbalanced president was governing France. What a shame for Dady's former country. He could not realize that the French people had fall for such a comedy... From Orenburg, he could do nothing...

Like in the monarchy's time: morale, values, exemplariness escaped from that French society; One obtained more advancement using his butt than his brain. Financial profits was the only motivation. Succeeding at all costs was the rule, at all levels.

Sarkozy was the exact product of this time. Excepted his size, he had nothing for being compared to Napoleon who wrote this: When government is dependent of financiers for money; then, those peoples control the situation, since the hand which give is above the one which receive. Money has no nationality, financiers have no patriotism nor decency; their only goal is: profit... This rule will change only if a cataclysm of planetary scale, independent of humans' actions will occur. Something of the sort was preparing somewhere, far from us, in the confines of our solar system. Nobody on Earth had the slightest idea of what was cooking up there; not even the most experimented astronomers.

It was recognized that in 2007, France did not have any other political leaders able to govern that silly society. It was as bad in 2012 after the opposition's favorite got implicated in New-York, in a sex' scandal. Nevertheless, that president was sent off after one mandate of five years. He was replaced by a socialist of little morale values, in concubinary association with a journalist paid by his adversaries and certainly "wearing the pants". To please the US Neo Conservatives (the Bush's mafia) who were more or less his sponsors, Sarkozy made France re-integrate NATO; then becoming a pawn of that military union. He, soon became the first soldier of that hegemonic mafia governed from Washington; which should have been dissolved when, officially, the Cold-War ended. France sent several thousands military personals in Iraq, then Afghanistan and for the energy's interferences in Libya. All Western interventions were covered by the traditional pretext of freedom and democracy's needs.