

Hungry Nation Excerpts

About the book: (A Review)

"Cross Frank Peretti with Joel Rosenberg, and you've got Greg Nichols – a master of socio-political intrigue with the revelation of spiritual dominion. Relentlessly eye-opening and frighteningly based upon current political and economic directions, Nichols weaves an edge-of-your-seat pre-apocalyptic adventure. Laced with fundamental governmental truths, the parallel reality of the spiritual realm, and the fierce allegiance of fearless patriots, Hungry Nation will strike a chord in the loyal American, and raise a warning flag over a nation in distress. It is a novel of both great alarm, and of great hope."

Gretta Harris

From The Author:

I wrote Hungry Nation for many reasons, but the main reason is that I desire to see Americans have more interest in their country, government and politics, and the principles and concepts that this great nation was founded upon. I am a fan of George Orwell and his two famous novels, 1984 and Animal Farm. My goal was to use this novel, Hungry Nation, to reveal to this generation how America could quite easily slip into socialism and totalitarianism if its people don't become aware of what is going on in America; if they have no knowledge of past history in other nations and the mistakes made by those of the past. Many current teen action novels, and the movies adapted from them, use backdrops of police states and regimes, and the young heroes and heroines must overcome great odds under huge oppression. But it may be that those movie watchers and novel fans say, "Not here, not my country, not in America." My intent with Hungry Nation is to show that this could in fact easily happen in America. Through the liberal mindset, many foundations have already been laid in place and unexpected and terrible things could happen very suddenly. The result would be that our old beloved America would be gone forever! We cannot let that happen! Follow Justin Brooks on a path in this novel to greater awareness and then get involved so we can stay a free nation!

Greg Nichols

The novel opens with this on the first page:

1st Excerpt: (Justin is running!)

Modern Day...

Justin Brooks ran around the corner and almost tripped over a starving homeless person lying against a building. The downtown area was abandoned except for those poor souls forced to live there. He heard the beast right behind him, and its breath was hot and loud with snorting and low growling. Justin now sprinted down the boulevard dodging overturned burned out cars and leaping over piles of garbage strewn in the city street. Out in the open, the creature which stood over 8 feet tall, was now able to spread its wings and lift off into flight which allowed it to quickly close the distance on Justin and with an ear piercing blood curdling scream, swoop in on its prey like a great hunting bird. Justin looked over his shoulder and saw the large black reptile face on the creature and the huge red eyes, glowing as if right from hell. Justin picked up his pace. He saw his car 50 feet away and thought if he could just get inside of it, he might be safe. He darted right in a maneuver that quickly moved his body just in time to avoid the creature lunging for him; reaching the car, he dove over the hood to the driver's side. The creature flew past the car and overshot its landing by 10 feet beyond the car. Justin saw his chance, threw open the car door and jumped into the driver's seat slamming his door shut. The creature came up to the passenger door and smashed its clawed fist through the window so that it could grab the metal part of the door and yank on it with its massively strong front legs and claws. Justin could feel and smell the stench of the creature's hot breath as it violently pulled at the car door. Because of the creature's supernatural strength, it didn't take long. The door began to rip right off the hinges. Justin sat there frozen, screaming, "No. Nooooo."

End of 1st Excerpt!

2nd Excerpt: (Justin's New Heavenly Friend)

The three frogmen spent one more night at Justin's home, making sure he was settled and all was secure. The next day they would go find a place to stay. Justin's first night home, Chief was on the first watch outside. They had no way of knowing whether or not Justin had made more enemies, or whether or not someone had escaped from their raid in New York and was still at large, able to still pursue taking Justin's life. They suspected that there was still someone, a bigger wheel, who had been behind the whole attack and was calling the shots. However, the trail was still cold in that area. Therefore they needed to take every possible precaution. So they remained diligent and explained to Justin and Angie that the ongoing protection was still highly necessary. Chief sat in the Suburban for a while. He was at the corner, but he could clearly see Justin's house from his vantage point.

Justin woke up with a start to a loud shrill cry outside his home. Trying not to wake Angie, he carefully got up and grabbed one crutch to support him and walked out of the bedroom in his

pajamas and slippers. He went to the front door, unlocked it and went outside. In the distance he saw a winged creature flying away, still letting out the loud shrill cries as it went. He limped gingerly down the porch steps and into his front yard so that he could look back up on the roof of his house. Sure enough, the angel was still sitting there. He was excited. The angel looked at him and smiled. Justin went as close as he could to the side of the house so as to still keep the angel in view and spoke to it. "Are you an angel from God?"

The angel was slow to speak anything. He looked down at Justin and then looked back out in the distance and then looked around the area. His gaze came back to Justin and he fixed his eyes on him and spoke, "Yes, I am an angel of the Lord God."

Justin noticed he spoke in a soft but strong clear voice. Justin asked, "What is your name?"

The angel responded, "I am called Micah."

Justin wanted to know many things. Maybe this angel would tell him. He asked, "Why are you on my roof?"

Micah, seeming amused, smiled at Justin. "Why Justin, you ordered me here weeks ago."

Justin looked confused. "You know my name?"

Micah nodded his head and answered, "Yes, many of us know your name."

The answer amazed and puzzled Justin. He asked, "When did I order you here?"

"You did this after the night you had the spirit of fear in your bedroom. Angie rebuked it and made it leave and the next morning on your drive to work you declared the blood of our Lord around you and her and you declared angels around yourselves and your home."

Justin remembered the incident. But he still had questions. "If angels were protecting me, then why did I fall and get seriously injured?"

Micah said, "You fell by your own choice when you decided to risk your life to save your friend. No angel will get in the way of a sacrificial act, for that is your business and the Father's business, and no one else's."

Then Justin understood what had happened. No one is ever stopped from a choice of his or her own will. That explained the death of martyrs, something he had often wondered about. Martyrs would be released from Divine protection for a moment in time by these extra-ordinary beings, the angels. That is what happened to Jesus as He went to the Cross. The clarity of his understanding was coming fast; he was on a fast learning curve.

Justin had more questions. "Why can I see you and all those demons?"

Micah answered, "That you will find out in time."

Justin was perplexed. "Can anyone else see you?"

Micah answered, "People cannot see us they can only see the influence we create, and sense the thoughts we give them."

"I don't understand." Justin responded.

Micah paused as though listening and then explained, "I was sitting here previously in what is known as your recent past, and three men drove up in a car in the middle of the night to do you harm. I placed in them a sense of danger, and they left. They came back later to try again. I again diverted them with feelings of strong danger, and they left for good. They never saw me, but they sensed me, and I allowed them to sense your bodyguards too, even though they never saw them. There are times when I must show myself if I cannot influence someone, but I have not had to do that in forty-seven of your years."

Justin thought about the rental car that Sig saw. Things were being tied together and falling into place.

About that time, Chief walked up behind Justin out of the darkness. "Sir, who are you talking to?"

Justin jumped but recognized Chief's voice instantly. He looked at Chief; then his eyes shot back up on the roof at Micah. The angel was still there, but Chief could not see him. Justin knew he could not explain, and he knew he would not be believed. "Chief, I was praying." Justin was not lying, but the conversation, though prayer-like, was not praying.

Chief started to move towards the front door just as Sig was coming out. He turned to Justin and said, "OK sir, go ahead. I am going in to hit the rack and Sig is taking over the watch."

Sig looked slightly perplexed as he passed by Justin on his way to his hiding place. Justin smiled because the frogmen did not know they had supernatural help with the watch. Justin waited for Sig to get out of earshot before he turned again towards his new friend on the roof. He realized he had probably asked enough questions for the night and wanted to say goodnight to Micah.

"Micah, I want to thank you for keeping watch."

Micah replied, "Thank the Lord, Justin; do not thank me, for He gives his angels charge over you to keep you in all your ways. He set me in service of man thousands of years ago, and this is my charge and my duty."

Justin understood and bowed his head. "Alright, Lord...thank you that Micah is on my house watching over my household."

Micah smiled as Justin turned and went inside. Justin could not stop thinking about one of the biggest thrills of his life. What a rush, he thought. I have my own angel. But wait; didn't I already know this by faith? Of course I did.

End of 2nd Excerpt!

Last Excerpt: (Sig, the ex-Navy Seal and Bodyguard)

Sig took the first watch that night outside of Justin's home. He put on a dark coat and went out armed with his 9-millimeter weapon and his alertness and his training. Sig went down the block and saw the Suburban parked on a side street where he had left it. It was undisturbed. Near the corner was a hedge and Sig took his usual spot inside the hedge, out of view of any passersby's. There was a perfect man sized opening near the ground, so he would sit on the ground and relax, but his eyes were ever vigilant. When alone, Sig would think about his life in the Navy Seals, and often ponder how much he missed it. He had been out for only 10 months. He had been fortunate to get this job with Skipper as a professional bodyguard, but he missed the ever changing action and intrigue of the Navy Seals. Because of this he had developed a side activity to fulfill what he was missing. If Chief and the Skipper knew what Sig did in his private time, they would be shocked. Sig let his mind go and thought of his secret pass-time as he sat on watch.

It had started when he was visiting the city of Sacramento. He had gone to visit a former Navy buddy who lived in a rough part of the downtown area near a railroad station. Sig was staying at a Holiday Inn off of "J" Street and had decided to walk the fairly short distance to his friend's apartment. It was dusk and the air was cool that night. It was pleasant and he was enjoying the walk and the fresh cool air that the wind was sweeping off of the nearby Sacramento River. He noticed how quickly the area was changing from a decent business district to a more impoverished area. He walked down streets of old and worn out homes from the early 1900's. They were no longer single family dwellings, but they had been turned into multi-family apartments. The poverty flowed from the sidewalk up the walk and onto the porch and into every door and window of every home. It was strange how in a matter of one block everything was different. There was no dignity in this area any more. As he turned a corner, three young drug-needy "hostiles" jumped out of the shadows and attacked him. He had only been out of the Navy Seals for about two months. There was no one around which is no doubt why the three thugs had chosen to attack. One of the young men had a lead pipe and was the first to swing hard at Sig. Sig ducked the swing and immediately met him with an open handed palm strike to the face which knocked out all of the man's top front teeth. He fell to the ground in pain and lay there moaning and bleeding profusely from the mouth. By now the second hostile had swung a fist towards Sig, but he blocked it and quickly swept the man's leg out with a sideways leg sweep and the man landed flat on his back. By now the third hostile had kicked at Sig but Sig grabbed his leg and then used a leg bar with his arm that brought pressure on the locked out part of the knee, snapping it. Sig turned his attention once more on the second man, who was getting up

and took him out using a face kick. All three muggers were quite incapacitated, bloody, had broken bones and missing teeth; all was done in about 10 seconds. These three hostiles had simply picked the wrong prey on the lonely streets that night. Hopefully it was a lesson that would haunt them the rest of their lives. They would think twice before jumping someone again.

Sig walked briskly away from the three men lying on the ground and did not look back. He felt no fear of repercussion from the violence he had inflicted. After all, what were the hostiles going to do, call the police to admit they attacked him, three against one? Sig felt exhilarated and he was not injured in the least. In fact, he felt a real rush, the first he had experienced since his departure from the Seals.

Only four weeks later, Sig was finding himself drawn to the tougher areas of downtown Los Angeles. He started walking alone at night in areas that most would not even walk through during daylight hours. He even occasionally feigned a serious limp or a drunken stagger to draw out predators. Was it dangerous? Of course it was. He knew how dangerous it was and that was part of the draw for him. He not only got an adrenaline rush, but he also believed that there was value in what he was doing. Because of his belief system, he felt that these predators should not be able to continue so freely; he felt justified in this behavior. He smiled to himself as he thought of how his activities reminded him of a Charles Bronson movie he had seen long ago. However, unlike the movie, he was not interested in killing anyone. He only felt that he should mete out like punishment with brute force that was equal to the attack being brought on him. He hoped that by offering himself this way, he was saving those who could not defend themselves. The fact that he would show up to work or training with his co-workers with cuts and bruises at times was a little disconcerting to Skipper and Chief. They did not know if he was into bar room brawling or that his ongoing martial arts training was just too intense. They just chalked it up to him being young and never really thought to question him. Sig was grateful for that as he didn't want to have to fabricate any stories to his partners.

Sig let his mind go deeper into what had really gotten his extra curricular activities started. He had been madly in love with and engaged to the woman of his dreams. However, his life in the US Navy Seals was putting a strain on their relationship. She had complained that they never saw each other and she was right, yet his life and devotion to her never wavered. When his enlistment time was drawing to an end and he was faced with re-upping, he knew he had to make a decision. He chose her. He had also been presented with a job offer from his old Skipper and team mate, Chief, which made his departure from the Seals and his beloved Navy a little easier. And so he retired – early.

However, his sacrifice for the woman he loved was betrayed. He discovered that she had been unfaithful to him most of their engagement years and he figured probably many years before that as they had known each other since high school. When he realized this something inside him exploded and the violence and rage that came up out of him was as though he had stepped on a land mine and been blown to pieces in every part of his being. The rage came bursting forth to this woman, who was to be his wife, and her lover and he realized that he could

easily have killed them in a moment. Somehow he had restrained himself. This was probably due to his Seal training of perceiving the outcome of an action in less than a split second. Part of him didn't care, but part of him had to survive as well. Killing her, killing *them* would have seemed so justifiable. He had killed overseas for seemingly less. But he didn't do it. He walked away leaving the terror in his fiancé's eyes and letting that be his only answer to what he had discovered.

It was probably this unhealed and unreleased rage that gave him such joy when he went out at night on his own and made himself a target for the evil predators who prowled the streets at night looking for someone to take advantage of and do harm to. He would not and did not want to face the wound inside him. The wounds that were so much deeper and far more destructive than any wound he had received in his flesh on his many Seal assignments.

Suddenly Sig was alert and his thoughts focused. He sat up in the bushes where he was hiding, staying concealed, as he watched a car creep past Justin's house and then slowly past him. Sig did not move as he waited. The car circled around the block and came by again. It was a Ford 4-door sedan, silver in color. Because of the street lights, he could see that there was a large "Hertz Rental" sticker on the rear bumper. The car went slowly down the block and turned and left the street.

End of Excerpts!