

**Dedicated to my family,  
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Green.**

Thank you to all of my close friends for reading the rough drafts of this novel. Your inspiring words allowed me to continue with this journey of mine. I love you deeply.

**God is good.**

## Introduction

The year is 2192.

Bombs, guns, grenades, jets, anything that holds gunpowder and hate.

They all went off.

The world had enough, so many died. So many countries, cities, and families disappeared in ash and rubble. The terrain was distorted, the climate erupted in change, and nothing was close to being the same anymore.

Everything seemed to have died.

The old United States inhabited a couple hundred thousand people. Some were members of the Senate, some were athletes,

some were mothers, and some were teenagers who worked at the pizza place. They were sprawled out mostly in the South, so the Northerners moved down. Most other countries were proclaimed extinct in the surrender message at the end of 2192.

Eight months of silence went by leading into 2193. The people remaining struggled to live, fighting to the death over property, food, clothes, and even space for others to stay with them.

A new leader emerges, and his name is William Blair. Sitting at sixty-two years old, a member of the Southern government, he decides to propose the idea of a reformation. He does so by gathering up everyone he knows. Those same Senate members, athletes, mothers, and teenagers spread the word. At the end of the month, almost four thousand people gathered to hear William Blair's new idea. People will do anything in desperate times for a new order, a new sense of life and purpose. Blair said we need a government of appointed leadership. However, not anyone should be able to be appointed. Some people are not fit for political leadership, everyone agrees. We need a test, Blair says, a test to measure worthiness.

At eighteen in America, you could vote. Now, at eighteen in America, you are put to the test. On display are all of your strengths and weaknesses. These tie into how society should be rebuilt.

The test was named the Iudicium. You can fall into only two categories, no more, no less.

You can be selected by the government, as the main purpose of the test states. Inside this category are two branches: militia and administration. The administration represents the brains of the operations while the militia is the fists. Although to be in the government, your results require a high intellectual compacity and physical endurance. The administration was called The Intelligence, and the militia was called Viribus.

The other category was where most people fell into commoners, called Mediocris. You were average, nothing special. Nothing was wrong with you and most people were commoners. No one picked on you for this. Most of society is full of commoners, anyway. No big deal. You worked in shops feeding people, cleaning vehicles, tending to crops, sweeping the streets, anything to help the re-civilization in the trenches from the ground up. Soon enough,

you could work your way up to the government.

This system worked for everybody. No one complained because there was nothing to complain about. Society grew from a couple hundred thousand people to half a million in fifty years. People from Canada, South America, Africa, and Europe moved into America. They called the new land the Unum Terram, meaning "One earth."

Several screening tests were performed because of the severe distrust from the world war. Many alliances were broken, but desperate common people needed a civilization to stay in. A lot of screening failed people, and they were instantly killed. No risk, they said, no death to us.

Fifty years went by, as stated. Tension grew as commoners thought they deserved a spot in the government. Stiffness arose as the government failed people and as the government kicked people out and killed them for growing suspicion of risk. The government took on a new name: The Imperium.

A mafia group formed outside of the city called Astute. They had a base no one

knew about, but people were not afraid of them. As far as we knew, they were harmless. Rioters just disappeared one day and people came up with the idea of the underground secret society.

Until one day Astute attempted a revolt against The Imperium. Many died, mostly Astute. Many trained viribus soldiers were lost, so testing became stronger and stricter. Another attack occurred, again unsuccessful. The only benefit was capturing prisoners from the city jail as soldiers.

Astute became a powerful, secret force that prolonged still after that. They lost a lot of members during their disengagement from their attack.

The current day is 2245. Houston has grown to almost a million people, and a new leader, the Dux, is soon to be appointed. A celebration will take place that will recognize a new leader and a population high.

Tests are still being taken, but are lives still being taken?