

# stealth book 2

The Enemy Within



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## Prologue

*History is indeed little more than*

*the register of the crimes, follies and misfortunes of mankind.*

**Edward Gibbon (1737 - 1794)**

**France 1944**

For Frank Murphy, it was a day much like any other. He was shipping grunts up to the front as he had done so for many weeks.

Frank called his old steam loco the Flying Phoenix. He was hauling ten trucks full of GI's to knock on Hitler's door. So far the tracks had not been sabotaged, and the rails had been rock free. What Frank did find different on that particular day was the American brass on board. They travelled in the guard's van with their mysterious cargo. Frank did not probe into the affairs of others. He was the train driver. Anything other than that was not his remit. But that soon changed!

As his train roared into a French rail road tunnel, Frank saw something on the tracks ahead. He applied the brakes. But it was too late! The locked wheels screeched loudly in the confines of the tunnel, giving off a myriad of bright sparks, as the engine hit the high explosives placed across the tracks. The blast lifted the locomotive off the rails as its boiler burst, covering Frank and his fireman with scalding steam and boiling water. The forward momentum of the rolling stock smashed into each other throwing the GI's around in the trucks. The officers travelling in the guard's van with their precious cargo were the last ones to feel the impact. Before they could recover, four masked figures on a line

maintenance trolley caught up to the guard's van and grabbed the cargo, which was packed in ten wooden packaging cases. Two of the officers tried to resist and paid for it with their lives.

Two more maintenance trolleys turned up behind the first one. Masked robbers loaded the crates onto the carts and made off with them back out of the tunnel. The cargo the thieves had stolen turned out to be \$10 billion in Nazi gold which the American officers had found. It was \$10 billion at the 1944 price of \$20 per ounce. Fifty-one American soldiers died in the wreck.

The gold turned up at Montauk ten years later. The money was melted down and used to finance Phoenix 1, which it did for many years, as the value of gold increased. However, they spent all of it. That's when they got ITT to fund it. The German company Krupps owned ITT, and most of the civilians and scientists involved at Montauk were ex-Nazis who got smuggled into South America before and after WW2.

Phoenix 1 was under US Government surveillance although it had nothing officially to do with the project. The Department of Navy knew what was going on at the end of Long Island in Camp Hero, and the CIA monitored everything that went on. There were allegedly between thirty and fifty personnel working on Phoenix 1 at Montauk, but there were many levels underground, and nobody had the full picture of what was going on. One of the scientists running the op was Gruppenfeurer Moonschildt, known in certain circles as the Butcher of Buchenwald. His research into mind manipulation was invaluable to the Americans.

Following 1983, Senator Goldwater found out about the mind control program in which unfortunates were kidnapped off the streets and subjected to heavy-duty electromagnetic frequencies from the SAGE radar, and he set up a committee to investigate. The

committee found no trace of government funding and no connection to Moonschildt and his band of Nazi sympathisers in Argentina. When he retired to his rancho in Patagonia, Johan Boltz, an electronics expert took over the project. He had come over from Germany in 1946.

One of the main things that drained the Nazi gold funds was some 25 bases around the United States relied on the funding to work on Phoenix 1. The last of these bases, Camp Hero, closed its gates for the last time on August 12, 1983. Or did it?

*History is indeed little more than the register of the ..???.  
<https://www.realhistorychannel.org/KILLING%20AMERICA-FINAL.pdf>*

## Chapter 1

*“No matter how much suffering you went through, you never wanted to let go of those memories.”*

**Haruki Murakami**

### **2008 SOCOM MacDill Air Force Base in Florida**

Lieutenant Andrew Cowper sat wired, as blue light stimulated his brain cells. Dr Sasumu, late of the Tokyo Brain Science Institute, focused blue optic fibre light on a host of brain cells he could alter using light technology. In this way, he was able to change Andrew's memories and emotions through a technique called optogenetics. It all seemed very harmless — beneficial even. What Andrew did not realise is that Dr Sasumu had been ordered to use optogenetics on him to get rid of any emotional ties to loved ones and friends. Andrew went along with the thought control experiment knowing nothing at all about the mission ahead. As a loyal Marine, he had not questioned having his brain messed with. He had grown up to trust in Uncle Sam. So, when he was ordered to take part, Andrew simply followed instructions.

Following his reprogramming, Lieutenant Cowper was flown to MacDill Air Force Base in Florida, where he reported to Major Lindsay. Then he met the rest of the team. Each of them thought they had been chosen for their particular expertise in combat situations. They did not know SOCOM had picked them for their susceptibility to the optogenetics program. As they got to know a little about each other speculation was rife about their mystery mission. All they had to go on so far was a vague idea that they were there to test out some hi-tech gizmos, but nothing definite.

Major Jennifer Lindsay had been with SOCOM for ten years. She was proud of the work SOCOM did and said so at every opportunity. At the first briefing, Major Lindsay wrote SOCOM in big letters on the white board. Addressing her new team, she said, 'SOCOM provides fully capable Special Operations Forces with the means to defend the United States and its interests. Our prime function is to synchronise the planning of global operations against terrorist networks. You should all be proud you are now going to play your part.' Major Lindsay looked at the unobtrusive man who had been sitting by the door. 'Professor, come here and tell these people why they are here.'

Professor Gammerly shuffled up to the front of the class.

Major Lindsay said, 'This is Professor Gammerly. He will explain what this is about.'

The DARPA nano-scientist clicked a remote control and a human figure resembling the movie hero Iron Man showed up on a screen. Using a laser pointer, the scientist explained. 'What you are looking at is TALOS. it stands for Tactical Assault Light Operator Suit.' Noting bemused expressions, he changed to the next image and continued. 'This is a liquid body armour suit that solidifies on command when an electromagnetic current is triggered by the wearer.'

Looks of awe replaced the expressionless faces.

Professor Gammerly continued, 'A nano battery-powered exoskeleton reduces strain on the wearer's body and provides superior ballistic protection. The exoskeleton's nano-reactive muscle increases the wearer's jump height by six times. The suit also snaps broken bones back into alignment.'

Confident he now had their attention, the professor began to get excited. 'TALOS goes much further than just night vision. No more green ghosts. Special lightweight goggles give the wearer super

enhanced night vision with heat signature identification. Also, the wearer is invisible to all EM frequencies.'

Andrew spoke up. 'I take it we're going to be wearing these robot suits.'

Major Lindsay, moved back to centre stage and took over. 'Lieutenant, we didn't bring you all the way over here to see these GI Joe toys. Of course, you are all going to use these suits. The first mission is in a week, so you'll be on a fast learning curve.'

If one more smart ass told him he did not need to be a rocket scientist to do his job, Jesse felt he might commit murder. Of course, the joke was, as an aerospace engineer, he did need to be a rocket scientist. After resigning from the CIA, Jesse had looked for something challenging in which he could flex the muscles of his mathematics acumen. So he joined Aero TEC in Seattle, where he provided engineering stats for aircraft modifiers and original equipment manufacturers.

He was preparing to catch a plane to the flight testing centre at Castle Rock when he received a call.

'Herr Devenport my name is Johan Boltz.'

'How can I help you, Mr Boltz?'

'We need to meet.'

'Look, I'm busy right now. give me your number, and I will call ...'

Then Boltz spoke the magic words he knew were guaranteed to spark Jesse's interest. 'I want to speak with you about Henry Small and your late father.'

'What do you know about my father?' Jesse demanded.



'I will tell you that and much more when we meet, Herr Devenport.'

'What do you mean? I haven't agreed to meet you.'

'True, but you will if you want to know why your father killed himself.'

Jesse felt a chill rise up his back. 'H, how do you know about that?'

'Eyes and ears, Herr Devenport. We can meet at Blue Heron Park. It is very peaceful, and we will not be disturbed.'

Jesse thought about it. There were still loose ends about his father's death. Maybe a meeting would prove fruitful? 'OK, I agree to meet you.'

'Good. Be at the Moses Lake jetty at 6 pm.'

Having landed at the Aero TEC flight testing centre, Jesse Devenport followed Amie Bernard to a huge hangar. Inside a gleaming jetliner stood ready for inspection.

Indicating the Japanese built aircraft, Amie smiled at Jesse. 'Dr Devenport, this is the first of four Mitsubishi Regional Jets. She looked up as a middle-aged Japanese aviation engineer approached and bowed.

Jesse instinctively bowed a little more deeply.

Amie introduced the Japanese man. 'Dr Devenport, this is Dr Musaki. He is here to conduct the flight tests.'

Jesse, puzzled, said, 'Why am I here then?'

Amie turned to Jesse, grabbing his arm. 'Let us talk more privately.'

Leaving the Japanese engineer to his plane, Amie steered Jesse away from the aircraft. 'You're here to support the tests and provide certification.'

'What happens if our findings differ, Ms Bernard?'

She looked at him and sighed. 'That's not likely to happen, is it?'

'No, it's not likely to be the case. But I want to know where I stand if ...'

At that point, Amie received a call. 'Sorry, but I have to go. We'll continue this later.'

As truth would have it, Jesse was only half interested in the tests. The phone call he had received from the mystery caller, Boltz, had him both mystified and worried. But he wanted to make sure the aircraft ticked all the safety boxes before he put his name to it.

Later that day, at the appointed time, Jesse was a bit jittery as he stood on the Moses Lake jetty in Blue Heron Park. A former national park it now functioned as a children's' playground and recreation space. It was getting near dusk with a chill in the air. The Frisbee players and golfers had all left for the day. With picnics over, trash cans were bursting with consumer leftovers — a veritable feast for the scavenging birds fighting over the spoils. Jesse's attention got caught by the tapping sound. He looked up at the elderly man, whose special walking stick, was the source of the tapping. Although stiff-legged, the octogenarian still had a military bearing. The only concession to age was the walking stick with the carved wolf's head. The man approached Jesse. 'Herr Devenport I presume.'

'Are you Mr Boltz?'

'Yes. Now I must sit. I cannot get about so well these days,' Boltz said, manoeuvring himself onto the wooden bench, with his walking stick tucked in beside him.'

'So what is this about?' Jesse asked, wanting to get to the point.

'You have been very interested in the mind control programs of the CIA, yes?'

'Used to be. But not these days.' Jesse stated.

Boltz looked the younger man in the eye. 'Will you do me the courtesy of allowing me to tell you what I came to say, before rejecting it.'

Jessie sighed, 'Okay, I'll give you five minutes. You mentioned Henry Small. So what do you have to say about him?'

'Have you heard of George De Moonchildt.'

Jesse shook his head, 'No, can't say I have.'

'He was the architect of Operation Pan. He gathered a few ruthless international criminals, including Argentinian intellectuals and scientists and put it into action.'

'What is Operation Pan then?' Jessie said, feeling himself being drawn into something he'd rather not know about.

'De Moonchildt let his colleagues take the credit. He stayed in the shadows from where he pulled strings.'

'Take the credit for what?' Jesse demanded, his agitation growing.

'It was a bold stroke and financially rewarding for de Moonchildt and the cartel involved. The plan – in its broad outline - involved shooting an American President while simultaneously watching the commodities market go into meltdown.'

Jesse jerked into alertness, 'Do you mean JFK?'

Boltz smiled, thin-lipped. 'The plan worked like clockwork, plunging the stock market 30 points, netting De Moonschildt and his cartel over two billion dollars. This was a massive amount of money for the '70s.'

'What does this have to do with JFK's assassination?'

Boltz leant towards Jesse. 'Amassing great wealth was not the motivator. That was something far more sinister.'

'Sinister! In what way?'

'What is not widely known by the American public is that Oswald was programmed by the CIA to assassinate JFK.'

'That's one of the theories doing the rounds.'

'Yes, but even the conspiracy theorists do not know Oswald was actually run by DON.'

'The Department of Navy! Why were they involved?'

Boltz ignored the question. he said, 'Herr Devenport you asked about Henry Small.'

'Yes. Where does Henry fit into this tangled web?'

'DON ran Oswald so nobody could pin anything directly on the CIA and its involvement. And nobody could touch DON.'

'Why not?'

Boltz's thin lips curved in the semblance of a smile. 'Because it does not exist.' He paused to wipe the spittle from the corner of his mouth. 'Oswald went to go to Switzerland in 58 and on to Germany in 59. In Switzerland, he attended the Albert Schweitzer College to,

among other things, improve his grasp of German in a healthy and moral atmosphere.'

'Of his own free will?'

'What do you think? Of course not. Oswald was already under CIA control.'

Jesse eyed the man quizzically, 'You said this has something to do with my late father and Henry Small.'

'Henry Small was their mind control genius. Dr Small developed RHI and EDOM. Lee Harvey Oswald was one of the guinea pigs he tried them on.'

'What's RHI and EDOM?'

'Radio-Hypnotic Intracerebral Control and Electronic Dissolution of Memory are advanced techniques of behaviour control.'

Jesse looked at the German. 'Why Oswald?'

'He was a susceptible subject. And, under our influence, a rapid learner. He and I became excellent friends in those months leading up to the assassination.' Boltz's eyes glazed over as his mind went down memory lane. He said, mostly to himself, 'He was a clever, sophisticated, charming man who counted Jackie Kennedy's parents among his closest friends.'

Jesse stared at the man. 'So, what was your role in this unfolding drama.'

Johan said, 'I ran these mind control programs for the Company, and I head-hunted Henry Small for my medical team. He developed RHI and EDOM, but I invented them.'

Jesse frowned, 'My father trusted Henry Small. I met him once, just before he died.' Jesse looked into Boltz's tired eyes. 'It's just as well my father died without finding out about Small's betrayal.'

'What do you mean, Herr Devenport, your father was also on my team, but in a lesser capacity.'

Jesse sat and stared. 'His father involved with JFK's assassination. No, it could not be true, his mind screamed.'

*Entrepreneurs on the Moon, DNA Hacking and Real-Life Iron ....*  
<https://www.entrepreneur.com/slideshow/232759>

## Chapter 2

*“A woman has to live her life, or live to repent not having lived it.”*

### **D.H. Lawrence, *Lady Chatterley's Lover***

Kim Jarrold's shift had twenty minutes to go, and the checkout queue did not seem to be getting any shorter. She silently prayed that Angela would be on time. Working checkout in Tesco Metro was not the most exciting of jobs, but it did give Kimmie some stability while she got her life back into order. The situation was only part-time, which meant she had to get some dole assistance to boost her meagre supermarket salary. Kimmie heard a ping, which announced a new message on her phone. But she could not deal with it until Angela made her appearance. After a further twenty-five minutes of plastic smiles, while filling plastic bags, Angela turned up flustered. Kimmie never even waited to hear her excuse. She was out of there, to catch up with Archie at Nero's in Market Street.

He was already there, sitting upstairs, where he had a view of the high street. Archie also worked at Tesco Metro, as a butcher. Since Kim had returned from Africa and took up employment with the Supermarket chain, they had become good friends. Archie wanted to take their relationship into more intimate territory, but Kim was not so sure. She still thought about Aldous and what may have befallen him. But they were not kind thoughts. Feeling thoroughly betrayed by Aldous for his inexplicable behaviour in Mali, Kimmie did not think she could ever trust another close relationship. Archie knew nothing about her experiences in Mali, she kept it all to herself. Kim enjoyed Archie's company. He was a kind simple man who seldom

said anything about his personal life or history. He had already ordered her caramel latte, which arrived shortly after she sat down. 'Thanks Archie,' she said, sipping her new favourite style of coffee.

Archie grinned, 'How about I cook dinner for us tonight. We had juicy t-bones on special, so I grabbed us a couple.'

Kim laughed, 'So you're a cook as well.'

'Don't know about that but I have been known to cremate the occasional piece of steak.'

Kim enjoyed Archie's easy company, chatting away about the latest movie hit, political shenanigans, Man' City's chance in the cup semi and other such trivia. Then Kimmie's phone rang. It was Aldous!

Archie became concerned as Kimmie took on a ghostly pallor.

Kimmie could not believe it. Lost for words she cut the connection, her heart beating like a bass drum. The phone rang again.

Excusing herself, she said, 'Sorry, but I have to take this.' Returning to Aldous' call, Kimmie said, 'You've got a bloody nerve!'

'Kimmie, someone's living at my place.'

'Not my problem. You'll have to deal with it. And don't call me again.'

Aldous, stunned, could not comprehend Kimmie's attitude. It must be something to do with what happened in Mali. With no one to help him, Aldous felt utterly lost. His anxiety level shot through the roof. And he saw the suckers again. Somehow he would have to deal with his housing problem himself.

Marie Debbet had often wondered what sort of fruit-loop would cover their walls in al-foil? She had even found a bizarre wizard hat made from the same material. But after two years sleeping rough Marie was so grateful to have a roof over her head she did not



complain about the state of the flat when she moved in. A friend helped Marie clear the dense energy in the place, and the vibe now felt much lighter. She was about to sit down with a cup of Lady Grey tea and her latest library book when there was a knock on her door. Annoyed at the interruption, she tried ignoring whoever was there, hoping they would just go away. At the third knock, Marie reluctantly left her romance, went to the door and yanked it open. 'Yes. What do you want? She asked, brusquely.

Aldous, taken aback, said, 'I used to live here.'

*Oh no! Not the al-foil nutter.* 'So?'

'They took it off me when I was in Africa.'

*He might be dangerous. Best to humour him.* 'So what do you expect me to do about it?'

'I've got nowhere to live.'

Feeling very uncomfortable, Marie said, 'I can't help you,' and went to close the door.

Aldous, feeling desperate, blocked it with his foot. 'Kimmie said to ring the housing people, but I don't have their number.'

*At least he seems sane enough.* 'Oh, I can give you their number. Wait while I go and get it.'

So Aldous found himself back at the housing agency waiting his turn. After another thirty minutes had elapsed, Aldous found himself at the front of the queue and, after providing personal information, was back on the books. He explained his problem and had to fill in a new application form. He could not take it in. Assisted Housing existed to provide basic shelter for people like him suffering mental illness. Where was he supposed to live while his application moved at a snail's pace up the queue? He needed something to calm him. But the herbal mood swing medicine he had gotten from the Dogon

headman had nearly run out. It kept him more level-headed without the withdrawal side effects of prescription drugs. He could feel his anxiety rising and having nowhere to live threw Aldous into a blind panic. Even those with well-balanced minds found it challenging to function in society without any comfort zone. It was even more devastating for somebody with Aldous' bipolar disorder. With no safe haven to go to he was at his wit's end. He had to ring Kimmie again and throw himself on her mercy.

Aldous rang her number again.

When Kim read who was calling her, she snapped, 'Aldous, I told you not to ring me.'

'We have to talk, Kimmie. I have to explain what happened.'

'Oh, I know exactly what happened, so I don't need your excuses.'

'Please Kimmie. We have to meet. You have to listen to me.'

Kim sighed heavily. She could not stand being dragged back into his chaotic world, especially as she was just getting her life back together. But she knew she could not just abandon him in his hour of need either. Life of need more like. 'All right I'll meet you. But only this once.'

Aldous beamed, 'At our favourite place.'

## Chapter 3

*“Success is not how high you have climbed, but how you make a positive difference to the world.”*

### **Roy T. Bennett, *The Light in the Heart***

Michael Angel enjoyed working at the Culver Studios. They had great permanent sets that made him feel he had travelled back in time to the days of the early movies. The director felt a particularly strong connection to the very location where, in 1933, King Kong had been filmed. He remembered a bit of Hollywood trivia about the sets getting destroyed in the burning of Atlanta scenes in *Gone with the Wind*. Now he was in the same spot making *Grey Area*. Walking over to his film crew, Michael Angel snapped, 'Where's Laurence?'

An assistant offered, 'He was in his van, going over the lines.'

'Go and get him. I want him now.'

Once Laurence Sandford, one of the leads in '*Grey Area*', arrived on the set, Michael Angel took him aside. 'Danny, I need to go over a few things with you before we start filming today.'

At first, Laurence got confused having the director refer to him as his role name, but he had gotten used to it. 'I've got the script down pat, Michael.'

'It's not just the script, Danny. You have to become the person you are playing. Now, when we last left off, you had suffered an ankle injury as you fell out of the DARPA plane. I think you called it the Lower-Level Space Program.'

'That's a much more respectable name than it deserves.'

'Take me from there. What happened to you after the injury?'

'It is early in the morning last October; I find myself wandering barefoot in the parking lot at the back of my place, in shorts and a T-shirt. I must have been in a kind of dream state because I remember waking up and tried to figure out what the hell was happening to me. It's crazy because I'm still walking, but now I'm walking towards a kind of fish-shaped craft when looked at from the top.'

'Okay Danny, what do you know about this aircraft?'

'It's some sort of anti-gravity vehicle.'

The director looked into Danny's tired eyes. 'Not a regular aircraft then?'

'No. Not at all.'

'Then what happens, Danny?'

'There are two airmen. One asks me if I could walk up the ladder.'

'Were they the same guys who took you home last time?'

'Yes, same guys. I make it up the steps, but my ankle hurts like hell. They take me through some kind of storage area. We enter a room with fold out beds and chairs - three chairs. It's a dreaded interrogation room.'

'Good man,' Michael smiled. Then he barked to his producer, 'Okay, let's get this baby on the road.'

After five minutes of filming, Michael Angel yelled 'CUT!' He strolled over to Danny. 'I want to see the fear in your face. Your dread at what they are doing to you. Let the audience see it. You've had some terrifying experiences. Your heart is beating rapidly,

You're breathing heavily. You're trying not to show any weakness but you have to make it authentic, or you'll lose your audience.'

Laurence justified, 'I get where you're coming from. But it's all going on inside.'

'So they have to see it in your face,' Michael stated.

An assistant grip rushed up to the director, with a phone. For you Mr Angel,'

He took the phone, saw who the caller was and said, 'Okay people, take five, but don't leave the set.'

'Harrison, what's this about. I'm kind of busy right now.'

'They won't let you make the film.'

Michael blanched. 'What the fuck are you on about?'

'Michael, listen to me. They won't let you finish it.'

'Who the fuck are they?'

'Your people.'

'What the fuck do you mean?'

'You really do not want to find out.'

'Jesus, 'Grey Area. must really hit a nerve.'

'Listen to me. The negative forces will destroy you any way they can.'

'Harrison, tell me who the fuck they are.'

'I've told you too much already.'

Michael stood frozen to the spot. He wanted the film to make a difference, but he was not sure he was ready to be a martyr to the cause. Gathering his wits, he phoned Jesse Devenport.

Jesse grabbed his cell. 'Hi, Michael. What's up?'

'We have to meet.'

'Sure. What's it about?'

'Where are you?'

'In Seattle.'

'Can you get to Culver City?'

'Not for a few weeks.'

'I guess I'll have to fly over to you then.'

'It must really be important.'

'I'll contact you once I arrive.'

With that sorted, Jesse's mind went back to his meeting with the old German. Jesse thought it a particularly odd coincidence that the former Nazi showed up in his life just as he'd decided to burn his father's journal and close the door on the whole affair and get on with his new life. He should just have ignored Johan Boltz' conspiracy theory to free himself from the yoke of CIA clandestine operations. Jesse shrugged, as though to dislodge something unpleasant from his shoulders. Picking up the little black book he flicked on his lighter. At the point of consigning this final connection to his Dad to ashes, Boltz' last words came back to him and struck him. 'Henry Small developed RHI and EDOM, but I invented them.'

It had become evident to Jesse that there was more to Henry Small than met the eye. His righteous, innocent act was just that - an act -

while he conducted horrifying experiments on the human mind. In Jesse's mind, his father was the innocent one, but he was also very naive. Now that the worms were wriggling in the can, Jesse thought about the missing pieces, the most significant being, what happened to his Dad after he came back from Mexico in 1986?

Jesse shrugged again. So what? What could he do about it? He dropped the lighter which was now far too hot to hold. Jesse put the journal back on the shelf. It had escaped cremation for at least another day.

Back in his Green House apartment on Hudson Street, Jesse got on the Internet. He found out that MKUltra, as terrible as it is was a mere toy compared to mind control techniques developed since that time. Today mind manipulation techniques were far more advanced and monumentally more lethal. After further searches, Jesse discovered that many documents about the Nazi war criminals had been declassified. So it was easy for Jesse to find some useful records. Many of those who managed to escape justice had lengthy dossiers on them, but Von Mohrenschildt's report was very sketchy giving little information. Jesse did find out that Von Mohrenschildt, de Moonschilde's father, had been seized by the Communists for his outspokenness. He did not flee from Russia but instead adopted the country as his home. After the Stalin era, Communists became more liberal in their views. This suited Mohrenschildt, who settled in Minsk.

Jesse wondered if it was coincidental that Oswald also lived in Minsk for a time. He thought about the journal, his personal albatross weighing him down. It gave him an insight into his father, but not what fate had befallen him. Jesse did not know if he could trust the old Nazi, but Boltz seemed to be the only person who could provide the answers he needed.

The first time Lieutenant Andrew Cowper donned the TALOS he was overwhelmed by its sheer potential. Major Lindsay took the team through its paces, starting with strength. Nanites in the suit supercharged Andrews muscles, allowing him to use superhuman force through his limbs. But feeling invincible and putting it to the test was two different things. Major Lindsay took the TALOS team through their paces in a specially set up athletics field. Andrew soon discovered that by selecting strength mode the suit allowed him to jump much higher than before and without a pole to vault with. He could throw objects much further and land punches with enough strength to kill opponents in a single blow. Much to Andrew's amazement he could also knock down solid walls.

The next day was about learning speed mode. TALOs incorporated speed nanites. Major Lindsay informed her team that the nanites speeded up mental commands to their bodies. She explained, 'This will give you rapid reflexes and movement. Now choose speed mode on your wrist control pad, and we'll put it to the test.'

As they raced around the running track, Andrew could not believe the speed and acceleration. Major Lindsay drove a Jeep around the track to pace her team. The Talos team increased their rate up to a sprint and kept up with the Jeep. But only for a few seconds because such extreme speeds quickly drained the suit's energy. They stood bent over and exhausted as the Major approached. 'You guys now know you are not invincible. Only use maximum mode powers when you need to for your survival. And always keep your TALOS charged.'

The remaining days before the mission included instruction about armour mode. Andrew and the team learned how to use the simple command, "harden", to change the suit from liquidity to a hard shell impervious to damage, providing the suit had enough charge. Next came cloaking, which worked by cloak nanites projecting an image on the nanosuit surface of whatever was on the opposite side of the body part, making the wearer virtually invisible. Other attributes of



TALOS included broken bones alignment and fusing and augmented night vision without cumbersome goggles.

On the night before the mission, Andrew Cowper received an odd phone call. The message simply read, 'Meet me at Lettuce Lake Regional Park in Tampa. I have news about your father.' And that was it. Andrew's first instinct was to ignore it. But he did want to find out what happened to his Dad after he retired from DON, with the rank of Admiral. He had to be mission ready at 0600 hours. That gave him a few hours and Tampa was not that far away.

Cowper was wired. With the mission mere hours away he was primed — nervous but ready. Although he was not wearing his super suit, he still felt a sense of being superhuman, but he had to rewind it a notch to function in his everyday world. Andrew's feelings were on full alert. In the park, he passed by isolated ponds amid lush green fields. Miniature lily pads, tiny islands, shifting in the mild current. As Andrew walked through an arched entrance into a dense watery forest of weeping willows, spotted oaks and bald cypresses night crept in as the slash of bloody sky began giving way to dusk. He came to the meeting place, a part of Lettuce Lake where wooden posts, the skeletal remains of an old jetty, remained anchored in the placid water. After five minutes of quiet contemplation, he saw a tall figure approaching. It turned out to be an old man with a wolf's head walking cane.

He introduced himself as Johan Boltz.

Andrew began, 'What's this about. I haven't much time to spare.'

Johan Boltz said, 'That's the trouble with young people these days. Always in a rush.'

'So what do you know about my father?'

Boltz sat down on a lakeside seat and Andrew joined him.

Boltz fixed Andrew with his gaze. 'Herr Cowper, everybody cries for the persecuted Jews, but it was the Zionist radicals who brought about the Holocaust, not the Nazis ...'

Andrew who like most people had never considered World War II from the Nazi's side automatically responded, 'But, that can't be so ...'

Boltz smiled thinly. 'Oh, the Nazi's carried out the 'final solution' under the illusion that it was their plan, but the world Zionists worked hard to create that sinister racial and religious delusion.' Johan leant forward, speaking quietly. 'Khazarian Judaic converts fostered that plan to weaken Abrahamist Judaism. And they're still at it, asset stripping, tyrannising, and invading, all in the cause of eradicating the real Abrahamic bloodlines.'

Andrew looked at the old man beside him. 'Mr Boltz, what you are saying is incomprehensible, incredulous and a complete waste of my time. I'm not interested in who did what to who during World War Two. I'm here to find out what happened to my father.'

Boltz smiled faintly. 'Herr Cowper, you cannot separate the past from the present. If you are not up

to date with the Zionist master plan by now, it is you who are wasting my valuable time. This is all about the secret space wars going on under your noses.' With that Boltz got up to leave.

Andrew followed him onto a tree-lined path. Catching up to the slow-moving old Nazi he said, 'Sorry. I did not mean to offend you. Tell me more about these space wars.'

They sat down on a fallen tree trunk. Boltz said, 'You are obviously oblivious to the fact that a secret war is being waged against America by a grotesquely demonic Alien Force.'

A now more cooperative Andrew listened to Boltz's words. Then he asked, 'Who are these aliens then?'

'Only the top insiders know anything about this horror story. They are known of as Draco, the great reptilians of old. In the Bible, they are known as the 'fallen ones'.

'And you're saying they exist for real?'

Boltz nodded, sagely. 'Authentic, Herr Cowper. They are shape-shifting, inter-dimensional Fallen Angels. Although that term gives them certain respectability. They are more accurately cosmic parasites, negative energy vampires eviller than you can ever imagine. They are masters of mind twisting, convincing the public the good is evil, and evil is good.'

Feeling himself disappearing down Boltz's rabbit hole, Andrew reeled himself back. 'And what does this story have to do with my father?'

'Admiral Cowper discovered DON, like most American government agencies, was run behind the curtain by hardcore Zionists. The Draco use Zionist greed to control the earth's natural resources, which they achieved by hijacking the banking and financial systems. He who controls energy production controls the world.'

Andrew looked at the German. 'Why are you telling me this?'

'Because I won't be long for this world. I had to pass this on before I die.' With that Johan reached into his pocket and handed the younger man a flash drive. 'Watch this and heed every word. The survival of the human race may depend upon it.'

Andrew put the flash drive in his pocket. He figured the Old Nazi was exaggerating about its importance. Anyway, he needed to be focused entirely on the operation. There was no room for

distractions no matter how enticing they were. The contents of the flash drive would have to wait until he returned from the mission.

The 6 Greatest Twist Endings in the History of Battle ....  
[http://www.cracked.com/article\\_20628\\_the-6-greatest-twist-endings-in-history-battle.html](http://www.cracked.com/article_20628_the-6-greatest-twist-endings-in-history-battle.html)

## Chapter 4

*“Never be afraid to raise your voice for honesty and truth and compassion against injustice and lying and greed. If people all over the world...would do this, it would change the earth.”*

**William Faulkner**

It was a grey overcast day, which wasn't unusual for Oldham. After a challenging climb for Aldous to the summit above Dovestones Reservoir, He waited for Kimmie to turn up. The trek gave him the chance to work on his defence before she arrived. He breathed in the crisp, clean air while observing the magnificent view over the Peak District National park.

Aldous turned when he heard Kimmie's voice. He did not smile. It was not going to be easy.

Staring at the sheepish Aldous, she broke the ice. 'Well, now that you've got me here what do you have to say for yourself?'

'I'm sorry, Kimmie.'

'Sorry! That doesn't even begin to cut it. After all, I've done for you, even going to Africa, you leave me abandoned at that fucking school site while you go off doing God knows what?'

'But I had to go! To get the new medicine.'

Not listening, Kim was off on her own rave. 'That's no fucking excuse, Aldous. You treated me disgracefully, running off like that in the middle of the night. or should I say racing off in a stolen car.'

'Jeep.'

'I don't give a shit what it was. It was what you did that devastated me. You didn't even take your meds. God knows how you managed to survive in your state.'

Aldous stared at Kimmie. 'Please let me tell you what happened.'

Kim looked at him. She could see signs he was heading for a meltdown. 'Okay, tell me,' she sighed.

'I met Ben in Timbuktu. We travelled to a place called Mokti together. Then in Sanga, Modi became my friend, and he took me to where Sigui lived.'

Kimmie frowned deeply. 'After you left me high and dry in Mali I swore I would not get involved in your crazy world again. Yet here we are! Just when I'm getting my life back to normal, you turn up with your fucking problems, and I miss my shift at the supermarket and will probably lose my job.' She instantly regretted her outburst, but could not take back the words. Kim was mad with Aldous. But she was not aware she had bottled up such resentment against him. It was not just the African disaster. She had kidded herself for years that she did not mind caring for Aldous. Now she knew their friendship would never be the same again. Any relationship she and Aldous might rekindle would be based on honesty, and that could open up all kinds of no-go areas.

Aldous felt he had been blasted. Kimmie had never spoken to him that way before. 'I'm sorry Kimmie, but I had to go to Sigui's village to get the medicine.'

'What medicine?' She sighed, thinking she was being dragged into Aldous world again.

'Guiera. Ogotemelli showed me how to make medicine. I learned to mix the ingredients.'

She stared at him. Guiera! What's that?'

'It's better than that shit the doctors make me take - no nasty side effects.'

She glared at him, her eyes burning into his. 'That still doesn't alter the fact that while you were on your fucking boys own adventure I was left to deal with your BAS shit.'

'But Kimmie, the man at the airport, who got me back here, is going to arrange a meeting with a wealthy businessman who can make the herbal drug.'

Kim, aware Aldous was definitely off his meds again and living in Planet Aldous territory, changed the subject. 'Have you got your accommodation business sorted out yet?'

That stark reality gave his mind a sharp blow. 'I went to see her.'

'Who?'

'The woman living in my flat.'

'Your lease ran out, and you did not renew it, so it's not yours any more.'

'That's what the woman at Assisted Housing said. She put me back on the list.'

'So where are you living now?'

He shrugged, 'I don't know.'

Kim looked at Aldous. He looked like a lost puppy. Taking pity on him, Kimmie said, 'OK, let's go back to my place and try to sort this accommodation thing out.'

Everything about Aldous' life seemed complicated to Kimmie. If he was not depressed his mind was off on some grandiose scheme,

which from her history with him, always ended up with Aldous being shot down in flames and her picking up the pieces. Now, as they sat drinking green tea in her flat, she listened patiently as he launched into his latest grand plan. Having heard about his latest grand scheme through two mugs of tea, Kimmie said, 'And how do you propose to get an interview with this American businessman?'

Aldous looked at Kimmie, beaming. 'The stranger I met in Mali is getting me an interview.'

Sensing an impending crash just around the corner, she sighed, 'Okay, Aldous, let's say this stranger does get you in to see this businessman where's your business model?'

'I'm working on it.'

'Do you even know how to build a business model, Aldous?' she asked with doubt in her voice.'

'Yes. From the Internet.'

Kimmie nodded but said no more about it. There was a more critical issue to deal with. 'Have you heard back from Pieter yet?'

He shook his head, 'No.'

'Well, he's holding onto your inheritance. He's got over three mill of your money, Aldous. And all you can say is no.'

Aldous grinned, 'When my meds get onto the market three million will be chicken feed.'

Kimmie sighed, 'Maybe, but at present that's imaginary. Your inheritance is real. You could buy yourself your own house, instead of camping in my spare room.'

Aldous looked at his estranged friend. 'What do you suggest then?'

'You fight for what is rightfully yours. Get a solicitor onto it.'



Aldous stared at her. 'Do you know how much that will cost?'

'Of course not. But how else are you going to fight for what is legally yours?'

'And if I lose?'

'Then pray that your medicine idea works. But seriously, you did your best under trying circumstances, Aldous. And I don't think Pieter Echternach would want his firm to have bad publicity.'

Kimmie could not believe she was getting involved in Aldous' disasters again. She felt herself being dragged down into his crazy rabbit hole world, and there was nothing she could do about it. Sighing with resignation, she took out her phone and contacted Assisted Housing. 'I have a desperate homeless bipolar friend who urgently needs a roof over his head.' After a short pause, Kimmie said, 'Not good enough. he needs to see someone today.' Another short pause then, 'Well I'm concerned that in his state he might harm himself or somebody else.' A final pause, then, 'Yes, we can be there at 3 o'clock.'

## Chapter 5

*“This is a new year. A new beginning. And things will change.”*

**Taylor Swift**

Arturo Bruno was in paradise. He loved the long, wide, Balneario beach that seemed to stretch into infinity in both directions. Breathing in the invigorating sea air, Arturo sauntered by the blue Atlantic under the light cobalt cloudless sky, briefly acknowledging other beach walkers along the way. The arrogant Brazilian had stopped running his energy parasite mind control workshops in the UK because Special Branch and the Special Agent Weber of the FBI had taken an interest in him and his work. But this was not the only reason he chose to live in Copacabana. Having hastily left the UK Arturo went to ground in his native Brazil, which had no extradition agreements with Great Britain. But he chose Copacabana, mainly because a man he knew lived on the 13th floor of the Penthouse Apartments Copacabana condominiums. His name was Monty DeVere.

They had not crossed paths for many years, so it was quite a reunion. Arturo, usually hard to impress, was blown out by the sea view from his friend's apartment. From the ocean facing terrace, Arturo looked down on life going on in miniature below on Avenida Atlantica, which was just a few steps from the beach.

As Monty proudly guided Arturo around his home, Arturo commented, 'Looks like you've fallen on your feet, Monty.'

Monty lit a cigarette and blew smoke out over the terrace. 'Vampires, Predators and AI' is doing well in the shops and online.'

'Yes, I have a copy. I've meant to ask you about it.'

'What do you want to know?'

'What's that stuff about cyborg insects all about?'

Monty stroked a moustache he'd been cultivating. 'How about a beer while we talk?'

'Sounds good.'

Monty tossed a can of Bohemia to Arturo, then cracked open his own.

'Monty, it's a long time since I had one of these.' He paused then said. 'So what about these robot beetles?'

'It's a while since I was involved with that stuff, Arturo, but the nanoscientists I worked with discovered that by inserting electrodes into the legs of the *Mecynorrhina torquata* beetle and equipping it with a nano microchip backpack, we turned it into a remote-controlled robot. We mimicked what nature's parasites have perfected over millennia.'

Arturo countered, 'Okay, but the negative energy parasites we're up against are not natural.'

'But the same principle applies.' Monty stared at Arturo. 'What if we can turn the tables on negative AI by playing them at their own game?'

'That's one hell of an if.'

Monty swigged some beer. 'Have you seen that episode of Planet Earth where *Cordyceps*, the killer zombie-ant fungus, infects unsuspecting insects. They take over what passes for their minds, thereby controlling their movement.'

'No, but I think I know what you're getting at.'

Monty crushed his empty can and tossed it into a rubbish bin a few feet away. 'We need to create a genuine predator nano entity that targets the alien parasites and neutralises them.'

Arturo became wide-eyed. 'Is that even possible.'

'I have people onto it.'

Arturo's jaw dropped. 'What do you mean?'

'I have to keep it hush-hush at present. But you'll be the first to know once we have a firewall in place.'

Arturo argued, 'We all have to work together and share our intel, or we'll never beat them.'

'On the contrary, M-Power is the hub of our wheel. Our task is so huge that we need many spokes to fight back at all levels. My project is just one such spoke.'

Arturo said, 'The others will soon arrive. Then our real work commences.'

'Do we have a target yet?'

'Yes. M-Power will make its presence known.'

Katrina Weber entered the portals of the J Edgar Hoover Building on Pennsylvania Avenue in Washington DC. It felt good to be home. But she was not looking forward to her meeting with the assistant director that morning. She had just flown in from London the day before and was still feeling jet-lagged. But that was not the reason for her reticence. The operation had not gone well in the UK, and she was in for a debrief. As she approached Frank Farringdon's office Katrina took a deep breath and raised her head. To her mind, she had done her best. If she had to take it on the chin so be it. Katrina took another big breath and knocked on the door. At the

'Enter,' she crossed the barrier into Frank Farrington's minor fiefdom.

He looked up from the file he was reading. 'Take a seat Agent Weber. We need to have a little chat.'

'Yes, sir.'

He placed the document on his desk. 'This is from DCI Pearson of Special Branch. It does make for fascinating reading.'

'I'm sure it does, sir.' Katrina said, waiting for the axe to fall.

'On two occasions you carried out unrecorded solo interviews with Arturo Bruno. How do you explain that, Agent Weber?'

'Sir, I deemed it the best way to get him to open up.'

'Explain yourself.'

'Sir, to gain his confidence I had to make out I was interested in his mind control workshops.'

Frank shook his head while frowning deeply. 'I don't get it. I sanctioned your operation in the UK to give you a chance to redeem yourself and show that you are a competent and reliable member of the FBI. This,' he snarled, tossing the SB report on the desk, 'shows you to be the opposite.'

'But Sir ...'

'But nothing Agent Weber. I have no choice but to put you on suspension while disciplinary action is considered.'

Katrina stared at the Deputy director, 'Sir, I'm getting close to Bruno. I need to go undercover and infiltrate his group.'

Farrington's face reddened as a blood vessel pulsed on his forehead. 'You, Agent Weber, need to hand over your badge and firearm and

leave this building. You will not contact the Bureau or return here until you are summoned. Is that clear?'

She just nodded. Her mouth was wide open, but no words were forthcoming. Katrina handed over her weapon and ID, and without another word, left Farringdon's office. Although feeling numb inside, she held her head high and looked straight ahead as she left the law enforcement building.

Dionne Bennet was much more than how she presented herself to the world. As far as the people she associated with knew, she was the dowdy woman who ran the Beaney House of Art and Knowledge, in Glastonbury High Street. Her role as curator was Dionne's cover for something much more important to her. She loved her job looking after the museum gallery, but Dionne's extracurricular activities were much more meaningful to her. Sitting in her lab looking at the data on her computer screen she was oblivious to the outside world. That was until her phone rang. She grabbed it and saw Arturo's name come up. 'Yes, Arturo. What is it?'

'I'm ready for you both, now.'

'I'm ready to join you, but I'm not sure Lara is ready.' She added, 'Anyway, why the urgency?'

'Because I have it on good authority that the spooks are taking an interest in her. If they get to her, that's bad news for all of us.' Arturo paused, then said, 'What does she know about M-Power?'

'I haven't said anything to her. I'm leaving that for you to decide.'

'You will have to tell her something to get her involved. Find her and keep her close. Give her something to do in the gallery.'

Dionne, unsure what was going on, said, 'Have you met up with the others yet?'

'You just look after your end, Dionne. I will keep you informed as events unfold.'

Dionne left her laboratory and went back into the gallery. There was a couple browsing. It was their third visit to the gallery in two weeks, and they had not purchased anything, not even a postcard of the local art. She looked outside. The van that had been parked there for three days was still in the street. Dionne mentally kicked herself. She was becoming far too paranoid. Going behind her counter, the curator picked up her phone, while keeping a cursory eye on the couple in the gallery. She pressed Lara's contact number. When she heard her voice, Dionne said, 'Can you come to Beansys?'

Lara, taken-aback, said, 'What for?'

'I have a proposition for you.'

'What proposition would that be?'

'I'll tell you when you get here.'

When Dionne first put the idea to Lara, she dismissed it without a second thought. Packing up and going to stay in Rio was not in her game plan. But, upon reflection, she thought it might be a good idea. Besides, it was not in her nature to reject a new opportunity out of hand. But Lara needed time to weigh up the pros and cons of the proposition before leaping in. The disadvantages meant uprooting her life, moving away from her friends and support system. And taking a massive chance that it would all work out meeting up with Arturo Bruno, again. The pros stacked up well though. Living near the best beaches in the world with amazing year-round weather. Working with a group of people who pooled their resources to find a way to combat the alien and AI invaders that were reprogramming humanity to do their will and living and working with Arturo Bruno. Lara realised she had made him both a pro and a con, which confused her even more.

Having made up her mind, Lara phoned Dionne Bennett. 'I've decided to come with you to Copacabana.'

'Oh, and what changed your mind?'

'Does it matter. The most important thing is ...'

'Yes, it does. If you come, we have to know you're solid. Once you're in the loop, there's no backing out.'

Lara gritted her teeth and bit her tongue. 'I never back out of a commitment.'

'So what changed your mind?'

*It could be useful for my next book*, Lara thought. 'I feel as though I'm living in a fog. I need to work with other people to gain clarity about what is actually going on.'

Dionne sensed there was more to it than that, but she accepted Lara's reasoning. 'Okay, Lara, be ready in a week. I'll send you flight details.'



## Chapter 6

*“Hold fast to dreams, for if dreams die life is a broken-winged bird,  
That cannot fly.”*

**Langston Hughes**

PakFoods had bought out Britsnakz, a British multinational food processing and retail company, two years earlier. Relabelled PakFoods UK, it launched edible packaging onto the vast European food market. This takeover gave PakFoods a London base from which it could develop and sell its continental style meals. Maxwell Dorrian was in London to touch base with senior management and work with them to take PakFoods UK to the next level. He was also there to meet with somebody called Aldous Foster. Max Dorrian had refused Harrison Eyett's suggestion at first. But the Watcher had changed Max's mind.

Aldous was not used to meeting with extremely wealthy people like Maxwell Dorrian. He sat opposite the PakFoods boss while he scrutinised Aldous' pitch. Aldous felt very uncomfortable waiting as the business tycoon's eyes stayed glued to his' preliminary business plan. Not once during that time did Max look up or say anything.

As Maxwell Dorrian read the primary product model data, he frowned deeply. He was wasting valuable time going over a herbal medicine product concept, which he had already dismissed as being half-baked. But Max had to go through the motions, when he should have been strategising with his executive staff about PakFoods UK's direction. He was only in London for three days, before leaving for

Paris for a packaged food conference. He was also annoyed by the fact that the Watcher had not given any reason but had merely suggested that he listened to Mr Foster's idea. Suggested! Commanded more like! Max could hardly refuse, which was why he was reading the amateurish plan Aldous had presented. At length, he looked up and removed his reading glasses. Addressing Aldous, he said, 'So you want to start up a biotechnology project for this Guiera?'

Aldous snapped out of his habitual dream world. 'Yes. This medicine is natural and is much better than the drugs bipolar sufferers are currently prescribed.'

Maxwell steepled his fingers. 'Have you any idea what's involved in therapeutic start-ups?'

Aldous pointed at his plan. 'Yes. That's what the plan is for.'

Maxwell shook his head. 'Why did you bring the plan to me? We make pre-packed meals. We don't get involved in alternative medicines.'

Aldous became a bit twitchy. 'A stranger told me to contact you.'

'Who is this stranger, Mr Foster?'

'I don't know. He's a stranger.'

*It had to be Harrison. What the hell was he setting up?* Maxwell wondered. He stared at Aldous. 'Have you any idea how many start-up ideas and requests for funding we receive every week?'

Aldous sat with a blank expression, shaking his head.

'No, of course not. Well, we get inundated with such requests. Any business plans that we receive by email go straight in the trash. I don't think we've ever funded a business that came in via that route. Because you were recommended to me that puts you ahead of the

game. But it is hardly a qualified referral. However, as your referee is known to me, I have extended my courtesy to hear what you have to say.'

Aldous beamed, 'Thanks for that. Now if I can just explain ...'

Maxwell leant forward. 'No need for explanations. Mr Foster.' He picked up the business proposal and waved it like a fan. 'I'll go through this with my colleagues. Then we'll let you know if we are at all interested.' He rose from his seat and walked Aldous to his door. He shook Aldous' hand firmly, saying, 'Thank you for running it by me and all the best with your idea.' Max figured he had ticked the Harrison Eyett box and could now get on with his real work

With Kimmie's help, Aldous got offered a one-bedroom assisted living accommodation with shared facilities, in Adlington House. Aldous was horrified. 'I can't live with other people,' he protested.

The assisted housing agent looked at Kim. Kim turned to Aldous. 'Would you prefer to be homeless?'

The agent described a hopeless gesture with her hands. 'It's all we have. Take it or leave it.'

Kimmie took Aldous' hand. 'I'll help you get settled in.'

It was all too much for Aldous. Everything was new — and he hated new.

Somehow common sense prevailed, and Aldous accepted his new home. He wasn't happy, but he had all his personal stuff close at hand and kept pretty much to himself. At first, he only ventured outside when Kimmie was with him. As other residents passed him by Aldous acknowledged them if they smiled. He never took socialising beyond that point. Aldous did not want to know about their problems. He had more than enough of his own to contend with. But he did sit in the communal eating area and have coffee

with Kimmie. On one such occasion, Kimmie said, 'Have you heard back from that PakFoods guy?'

Aldous shook his head. 'No. I'm still waiting.'

'You need to be proactive.'

'What do you mean, Kimmie?'

'It's pretty obvious that he is not going to call you. So you're going to have to carry out the project yourself.'

Aldous grinned, 'I'll have to rob a bank then.'

'What you need to do is phone Pieter Echternach and ask him for your inheritance.'

Aldous sipped his coffee. 'He told me I couldn't have it.'

'Then you need legal advice to know where you stand.'

'I don't have the money to pay a lawyer.'

'Go to one of those no win - no pay guys and see what they say.'

Aldous looked at his friend. 'Will you come with me?'

She sighed heavily, 'I suppose I'll have to.'

Aldous Googled lawyers and soon discovered those that offered no win - no pay deals only cherry-picked the cases they thought were sure wins for their clients. None of them was willing to do such deals where conditional inheritance was concerned. They understood the kind of legal minefields they would be stepping into, let alone how to successfully navigate through them.

So that kind of legal advice was not an option.

When Aldous told Kimmie about his discovery, she suggested. 'Get in touch with Pieter Echternach and ask for a copy of the will.'

'He won't give it to me because I mustn't know who gave me the money.'

'So, he can blank that bit out. We're just interested in the conditional release of funds.'

Aldous looked Kim in the eye. 'Do you think that would work?'

'You won't know unless you try.'

Reluctantly Aldous made the call and got put through to Pieter Echternach.

When Pieter saw who was calling him, he waited a few moments, then said, 'Ah, It's you, Mr Foster. How can I be of assistance?'

'You could give me my money. That would help.'

'Unfortunately, as I have already explained, it is no longer your money. So if that's why you called ...'

'I need a copy of the will.'

'Why do you need that, Mr Foster?' Our business is concluded. Besides, another party has contested the will.'

'What do you mean?'

Kimmie, concerned that her friend was in over his head, did all she could to not grab the phone.

Pieter explained, 'Because you did not fulfil your obligations under the provisions of the will you are no longer a beneficiary and that part of the will can be challenged.'

Kimmie seeing Aldous becoming confused, put her hand out for the phone. Aldous was happy to hand it over.'

'Mr Echternach, Aldous is distraught, so I will take over.'

'And who are you?'

'I am Mr Foster's carer.'

'Carer. Why does Mr Foster need a carer?'

'Because he suffers from being bipolar. You do realise, don't you, that you sent a mentally unstable man to the African Wilderness, promising him his inheritance if he did so. He may not get his inheritance, but he could net a whole lot more from the ensuing lawsuit against you and your firm.'

Pieter, on the back foot, said, 'I don't know who you are, but I carried out my client's instructions according to the law.'

'Did you ask Mr Foster if he had any medical conditions that could preclude his fulfilling the conditions of his inheritance?'

'No. I did not have to.'

'And why is that?'

'Mr Foster showed no signs of being bipolar. Besides, I'm a lawyer, not a doctor.'

Kimmie un-fazed and on a roll said, 'You have Mr Foster's bank details. Transfer his money in his account by the end of the week or, we will be taking legal action.'

'But Mr Foster did not carry out the provisions of ...'

'It's a wonder he achieved all he did.' We will also be suing for payment for the work and other damages.' Kimmie logged out of the call. Smiling, she turned to Aldous. That will give Mr Pieter Echternach something to chew on. Raising their hands the pair high-fived each other.

Wycliffe O'Byrne waited in the dark above the massive quarry for Harrison to turn up. The message for him to meet the Watcher had a sense of urgency about it, so Wycliffe readily responded. He looked up, as Harrison approached.

'Hello, Wycliffe,'

'Hello, Harrison. What have you got for me?'

'Your military is carrying out weather warfare, and it constitutes a covert form of pre-emptive war.'

Wycliffe scoffed, 'I've heard of such conspiracy theories.'

Harrison stared at him. 'I don't have to tell you this. In fact, I'm not supposed to. But I think you humans have the right to know.'

'Know what?'

'Your military scientists are manipulating your climate to destabilise national economies, global ecosystems and your agriculture. Needless to say, it will trigger havoc in the financial and commodity markets.'

'And you're telling me this, because?'

'The USA is the next target.'

Wycliffe stared at Harrison his eyes on stalks. 'W — What do you mean?'

'There is to be a massive earthquake in California very soon.'

'Jesus! How soon?' Wycliffe spluttered.

'I will let you know when I know. But prepare yourselves now.'

## Chapter 7

*“Instead of worrying about what you cannot control, shift your energy to what you can create.”*

### **Roy T. Bennett, *The Light in the Heart***

As the taxi travelled by Copacabana beach, Lara thought she must have won the lottery. Beautiful sunny days were the norm here, but for Lara, who was used to English weather, it was paradise. There were sun worshippers everywhere, and beach hawkers selling everything from cocktails to bikinis; prawns to sunglasses. Lara enjoyed watching the colourful, spirited people as she passed by in the cab. Only a few hardy swimmers and surfers braved the strong, unpredictable currents in contravention of the no swimming signs all along the beach.

Dionne kept quiet as searched for Arturo's place, on Avenida Atlantica. The pair soon reached their destination, and Dionne phoned Arturo to say they had arrived.

Dionne and Lara took the elevator to the 13th floor. Stepping out of the lift, Lara went to a window and was afforded a stunning view of the golden beach and turquoise ocean perforated with white-capped waves. It all looked perfectly harmless from her perspective.

Monty DeVere, whom neither of the women had met, came to greet them. He sported a pencil moustache and a gap in the middle of his top teeth. That and his public school accent reminded Lara of Terry Thomas, who starred in many British films from yesteryear. Monty



smiled, 'Welcome, ladies. Follow me, and I'll show you to your billets.'

Lara and Dionne followed Monty along the corridor, casting furtive glances at each other along the way. Entering the apartment, Lara saw an old man talking with Arturo. Neither acknowledged the new arrivals. If she had not known Arturo, she would have put it down to him being engrossed in whatever they were talking about. But it was probably just his usual rudeness. Lara thought nothing of it and followed their host to their room.

'Looks like we're sharing,' Lara commented, once Monty departed.

'Is that a problem?' Dionne said, tossing her bags on one of the two beds.

'Not for me,' Lara shrugged. Then she added, 'So who is he?'

'I don't know. Probably one of those stuffy English servants.'

'If so, Arturo has certainly landed on his feet.'

A short while later, Dionne received a text. She turned to Lara, who was setting up her laptop, 'Stop what you're doing. We're wanted in the main room, now.'

Lara turned to Dionne. 'So he says jump, and we say how high?'

Dionne scowled, 'If you don't want to be part of this you shouldn't have come.'

Lara argued, 'It's not that. He ignores us one minute and orders us around the next.'

'I told him you were not ready, but he insisted I bring you along. So, whatever's stuck up your ass, deal with it, because there's no room for primadonnas in this outfit.'

Arturo actually smiled as the women entered. Indicating the others, he announced. This is Johan Boltz, and this other gentleman is Monty Devere.'

Lara nodded, 'Hello, I'm Lara Balabanov. It's good to meet you.'

Dionne followed suit. 'Dionne Bennett. Pleased to meet you.'

Arturo said, 'Okay, now the meet and greet is out of the way lets get down to the real business of the day.'

Which is? Lara wondered.

Dionne set up a laptop computer. Soon an animated image of a very stylish middle-aged Japanese woman filled up the screen.

Arturo turned to the screen. 'Professor Wakanabe, What are your latest findings?'

She smiled, 'Welcome to you all. Our latest statistics show soon Artificial Intelligence will become a threat to human society. One example of this is the 5G ramped up electromagnetic signals transmitted by phone towers to provide a faster Internet for AI to communicate through what we call the Internet of Things. And that's coming very soon.'

Arturo said, 'Is that the biggest concern at present?'

'No Arturo, there is an insidious side to this. AI is not our friend, It beguiles and bewilders us with its bag of tricks. It deceives us into thinking it makes our lives easier. Yet, all the time it seeks to control us so that we become its vehicle to carry it around. At the very least it frustrates and annoys us when it does not behave the way we think it should. It breaks our resolve, weakens us and leaves us open to alien parasite entities that feed on what's left of our will.'

Arturo said, 'Professor Wakanabe, in your view is there any way we can reverse this insidious process?'

'No Arturo. Not while AI is enhanced by a handful of mega-rich high-tech gurus, with extreme levels of power. They are being duped because AI sees these superpowers, globally influential demigods as their greatest prize, once they are ready to take over.'

'Is there any way we can protect ourselves from this AI Trojan Horse?'

'Arturo, there is only a minuscule chance that humanity will be safe from such systems. It's estimated that in the next year or so we will be napping in driver-less cars.'

'So, how can we make AI safe and keep it under human control?' Arturo asked.

'There is perhaps a five per cent chance at best in making AI safe for humans,' the Professor looked sombre.

Arturo frowned. 'Not very comforting words, Professor. So what can we do to use the small chance we have?'

'It is imperative that we get these powerful AI companies to slow down and put human safety first to ensure they do not unintentionally build something that will destroy us all.'

'And is that hardly likely to happen?' Arturo muttered, feeling the hopelessness of it all.

Professor Wakanabe finished with a chilling warning. 'AI is a fundamental risk to the further existence of human civilisation. Unlike humans, AI does not need clean air and pure water for its survival.'

Arturo said, 'Thank you, Professor, for your sobering words', and closed the Internet link.

The group went silent as the profundity of those words sunk in.

Arturo looked away from the screen, at his people. 'Any comments about that?'

Monty spoke up. 'Well, it's pretty clear to me that beating the robots is not going to happen. So we have to approach this from a different angle.'

Arturo commented, 'It's even more profound than the Professor described. AI itself is being manipulated by negative alien entities. Although artificial intelligence is new to us humans, aliens have used it as a weapon of mind control since time immemorial.'

Boltz said, 'Then it is much more dangerous and difficult than we thought.'

Dionne spoke up. 'We have to go beyond AI to the source. I've been compiling information about APEs ...'

'Apes?' Monty exclaimed.

'Alien Parasitic Entities,' Dionne explained. She continued, 'It's a huge work in progress. This led us to the recent Planetary Emancipation Grid work.'

Boltz said, 'How is that supposed to solve the problem with AI.'

'If we can somehow heal the Earth's biosphere, we can deal with human survival at the core.'

'So how do we do that?' Lara asked, commenting for the first time.

Arturo said. 'We know whoever or whatever controls the mind controls the body, mind and Soul. Here I'm talking about alien implants used to control the minds of the masses. These are designed to form socially acceptable belief systems and shape anti-human value systems. They condition humanity to accept spiritual abuse from the Negative Aliens and at the same time to self-inflict their thought systems of hierarchical enslavement and fear. This is a

classic divide and conquer strategy imposed on humanity by alien rulers.'

'Monty said, 'Just knowing about it still doesn't help us humans regain our power and sovereignty on Earth.'

Lara said, 'I think we are approaching this all wrong. We can only think of fighting fire with fire.'

Arturo, surprised by Lara's boldness, said, derisively, 'How would you deal with it then?'

'The problem as I see it is that from adolescence and into adulthood people are not activating their higher heart complex. The lower vibrational nature of most people, caused by unnatural food, EMFs, chemical bombardment in the environment and degenerative practices make it impossible for people to do so. This lower vibration distorts our DNA, which accumulates energetic overlays and physical imbalances making higher awareness and spiritual progress virtually impossible.'

Dionne caught on. 'I agree with Lara on this. It's crucial for us to activate our heart centres to become the powerful Creator beings of our birthright. The APEs have suppressed our heart connection with the Earth to make it easier for them to control us. By us regaining this connection we can beat the APEs at their own game.'

Monty asked, 'So how do you suggest we go about this?'

Dionne shrugged. 'I don't have an answer for that. But it gives us a positive direction.'

Arturo, becoming impatient, said, 'OK, I've heard your thoughts on this. What you say may very well be true, but we don't have time for tree hugging and star gazing. Time is short, and we have to put M-power into action.'

'M-power?' Lara said, puzzled. She asked, 'What does that mean?'

'It means we are going to strike back,' Monty stated.

Strike back! Lara did not like the sound of that. 'Strike where, when?'

Arturo ignored the questions. 'We have a lot to think about. So let's meet back here at seven tomorrow morning for a strategy meeting.'

Professor Wakanabe, having finished lecturing for the day, walked to her car, which was parked in the Stanford University campus car park. As she neared her red Mercedes coupe a man wearing a dark suit and shades approached her. She turned to face him. 'Can I help you with something?'

'Professor Wakanabe?'

She looked at the man suspiciously. 'What do you want?'

'You have been very outspoken about AI taking over.'

The professor stretched up to her full 5 feet. Looking the stranger in the eye, she said, 'Who do you work for?'

The man looked down at her. ' You have a reputation for being fearless in the face of corporate and political opposition. But now it is time for you to back off. No more public speaking.'

Professor Wakanabe stared up at the man. 'I've been threatened by better people than you. Now let me get in my car.'

He stood back, politely, while she got in the car. Then he tapped on her window. 'Don't say you haven't been warned.'

As she drove away the man took out his phone. 'It looks like we need to go to phase two.'

One minute Professor Wakenabe was driving home, speaking to her daughter on her hands-free cell phone. The next second her car became a fireball as it exploded leaving debris spread across Sand Hill Road.

The news that night made Professor Wakanabe's death a feature item. Various commentators across the media reported that Professor Wakanabe, a leading light in AI technology, was killed in a fatal one-vehicle accident on Sand Hill Road. Her car, a late model Mercedes Coupe exploded, instantly killing the brilliant academic.'

Arturo could not believe his eyes. He had only just Skyped with her that morning. But the picture they showed on the news was definitely her. He turned to Monty, who was reading a book. 'Monty, something tragic has happened.'

Monty, seeing Arturo's grave face, asked, 'What's wrong?'

'It's on the news. Professor Wakanabe died in a car accident this afternoon.'

Monty put down his book. 'The AI expert we communicated with this morning?'

'It's on the news, They're saying her red Merc exploded all over the road.'

'Mercs don't explode for no reason.'

'Monty, my money's on a fucking drone attack.'

'It could be but ...'

'Those things can spy on an individual from high up in the sky.'

Monty said. 'The all-seeing eye has figured in many myths, but now the bastard is real.'

Arturo replied, 'There's a new film doing the rounds - Eye in the Sky. Those Illuminati movie execs want us to know that no matter where we are in the world they can secretly target us and put us out of the game. They don't need troops on the ground. Our lives can be snuffed out by a laser burst from an invisible aircraft and someone sitting at a computer half a world away.'

Monty paled, 'How the fuck are we supposed to fight against that?'

Arturo faced his friend. 'They knew she was talking to us.'

'I hope not, otherwise, they could track us here.'

'Precisely. It looks like we'll have to move operations.'

'Where to?'

Arturo said, 'I'll have to speak with Boltz about that.'

Amid Kansas bean fields, four states away from California; military analysts sat watching live drone footage of far-off suspects' lives, marking them for death. Humans still carried out these unpleasant tasks, with AI help of course. The killings, and accompanying civilian casualties, took an emotional toll on those involved. Airman First Class Roy Hutchins was one of these hidden operators. He sat alongside other personnel in the dimly lit room in south-central Kansas. Usually, he watched a live drone surveillance video of Middle East war zones. But this time it was different. This time the target was on American soil. Airman First Class Hutchins didn't usually question his objectives, but this time the hit was to take place in Stanford, California.

As a military analyst, he was part of the kill-chain that carried out armed Predator and Reaper drone operations. Roy Hutchins did not fly the drone or fire the missiles he did video stalk, informing the warfighters what he saw. The drone, flying at 20,000 feet, was



invisible to the world going on as usual down below. Death and destruction could be rained down with pinpoint precision taking the target entirely by surprise.

The drone had been positioned over Stanford for hours, hidden high in the sky, its powerful telescopic equipment picking out its target below. Roy waited anxiously for the green light to launch his Reaper missile. Then he saw the target vehicle below. It was on the outskirts of Stanford. In twenty minutes it would be caught up in the rush hour on the Junipero Serra Freeway. But still, Roy hesitated. He called over Major Mandell, 'Sir I have a target vehicle in my sights, but the locale is Stanford in California.'

The senior officer checked the coordinates. He said, 'You have to follow your orders.'

'But I've organised a hit on ...'

'Airman, you have a job to do. Do it.'

The pilot spoke to Roy. 'What's the hold up over there. We've only got another ten minutes before our target reaches the freeway. Then there's going to be one hell of a mess. So give me the green light now.'

Roy looked at the Major, his brow creased with worry. The pilot's voice was in his ear. 'Okay, it's a go.' Roy said, his guts churning.

*Avalon Implant - Ascension Glossary.*

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## Chapter 8

*“You have got to discover you, what you do, and trust it.”*

### **Barbra Streisand (1942 - )**

Peter Harris had not seen Jill Greenway for years, and the sound of her voice out of the blue had been a big surprise. He had known nothing about the secret society she mentioned and had no interest in finding out about it, at first. But a combination of Jill's interesting comments and his curiosity had the ex-investigator back on the trail. Peter started his investigation with the ubiquitous Google search for the PanKosmian Society. Nothing showed up, and the gumshoe got to thinking about secret societies in general. He distrusted them immensely but, at the same time, was undeniably fascinated by them. Although Peter had no desire to become a member, he could not shed his natural curiosity to try and find out as much as he could about them. These secret organisations usually comprised an elite selection of members with obscene wealth, power, and influence to further their own self-interests to the detriment of the rest of the world. Peter saw them as a faceless evil lurking in the shadows, dictating the ways of the world and quietly enslaving most of the human society through their cunning schemes and careful plotting.

The insanity of human behaviour regularly filled Jill Greenway with a sense of hopelessness. The more she delved into the dark side of the media the more she became convinced of the impending collapse of civilisation itself. She sighed in resignation as she mused. On the one hand, humanity was getting what it deserved. But there was a part of her that still believed humans could survive if they lifted their game. But for this to happen people would have to

make significant changes to their comfortable self-indulgent lifestyles. They needed to seek their truth, and learn from the wisdom and beauty of nature. She was startled from her reverie by her phone's ring tone. The call was from Peter Harris.

'Peter, you took me by surprise.'

'Jill, I would take you anywhere, anytime.'

She felt her face flushing. Playing along she said, 'Peter, are you flirting with me?'

'A response to your opening remark was just too good to slip by.'

'Peter, I'm a married woman,'

'Yes, married to a man who is involved with some powerful and questionable people,' the retired private detective said in a sober voice.

'Have you found out something about the PanKosmians?'

'Yes, but I don't want to speak about it over the phone.'

'Can you come to Houston?'

Peter grinned, 'I could do with a Texan T-bone. But I have a trail to follow first.'

'The PanKosmian trail?'

'I'll tell you about it later. Right now I have to hit the road.'

Peter Harris had to admit he had not felt so alive for a long time. He had not realised how much he missed the private dick work. But now the investigator was back in harness, he felt the old rush again, a heady mixture of excitement and fear.

The first thing Peter had learned about the PanKosmians is that it was dangerous to know about them. Which was why Peter was

driving to the Stone Creek Ranch in remote West Texas to meet an ex-member called Anthony Scales.

Peter Harris knew of a reporter with a passionate interest in secret societies. So, his first port of call was to catch up with Floyd Moore, a friend of Peter's for over thirty years. During the last decade, since Peter retired, they had drifted apart and became little more than casual acquaintances. Luckily, Floyd still had the same phone number. They met at the Twisted Root Burger Cafe, on Second Street in Waco, where the old journo lived.

Peter scanned the menu, amazed. Big burgers - traditional beef, chicken, and turkey - along with 'exotic' meats like buffalo and boar. 'I can see why you chose this place, Lloyd. it's fucking amazing.'

'Yeah, it's pretty cool, huh.'

'I have never had so much choice of burger fillings before.'

As they waited for the food and beer to arrive, Floyd Moore said, 'So what's this all about?'

'I see you still have that blog going about secret societies.'

'You've been following it then?'

'Only recently. But there's no mention of the PanKosmians.'

'Shit man. What do you know about them?'

'Nothing. That's why I'm here.'

'But you've obviously heard of them. That's more than most people have. So what's your interest?'

Peter paused as a waitress served their dinners. Eyeing the size of the Big Buff Burger that nearly took up the whole plate, he said, 'An old friend married a rich guy who's a member of the society. She wants to know if they're kosher.'

Floyd leant across the table, 'I don't know much about them myself, but watch my space because I'm organising a video interview with an ex-PanKosmian, who's going to spill the beans.'

Peter couldn't believe his luck. 'When's it happening, man?'

'It's going to be exclusive to just a few loyal members of my blog.'

'Can you include me?'

'I wouldn't be telling you otherwise. Now tell me what else you're up to these days.'

Jesse Devenport, no longer with the CIA, was sworn to stay silent about what he knew of the Company's clandestine activities concerning mind control techniques. But he was still convinced that his father had been murdered by his own hand. How can that be possible? He ordered another shot, which was more comfortable than ordering his mind. It was early in the day, and he was the only customer in Eddie's Bar. Staying silent was the most challenging part for Jesse. His mind wanted to scream out about the CIA torture paradigm. Despite Bush's pronouncement that America did not use torture, he knew different. Jesse had just downed his fourth shot of the day when he received a call from a Michael Angel, the film director, who was interested in helping Jesse's story, 'Grey Area. In the story the CIA killed his Father'. But if Jesse was correct, that was not what happened. The CIA got his father to kill himself through Project Montauk. Jesse checked the time. It would take him a good thirty minutes to get to the park, so he allowed an hour to get a feeling of the place before his meeting with Michael Angel.

Jesse drove past Grace Lord Park on most days. Now, he had the chance to experience what tourists referred to as Parsippany's little gem, first hand. As the sky was overcast with huge bruised clouds and threatening thunderheads, the park was mostly deserted. As

Jesse walked on the slippery path by the river, he passed several emergency call boxes, a testament to the potential danger of tripping on the uneven surface. It had rained a lot recently, and there was a deafening roar from the river, as it plunged over the falls. Jesse left the noisy flow behind and headed for the rendezvous, a large gazebo near a playground.

As he arrived, Jesse spotted Michael Angel waiting there, huddled up against the chill.

Michael got up, and they shook hands. 'Thanks for meeting me, Jesse.'

'You sounded pretty stressed on the phone. What's up?'

'I think I'm in over my head with Grey Area.'

'I thought it was going well.'

'It was. Then I received a warning.'

'You mean a threat?'

'No. it seemed like this guy was warning me.'

'Who?'

'He didn't say.'

'What was the warning?'

'He said, they won't let me finish it.'

'What? The film?'

'What else would it be?' Michael snapped.

'Grey Area must really have hit a nerve with someone.'

Michael stared at Jesse. 'If I don't kill the movie they are going to kill me.'

Jesse nodded, 'So, what are you going to do about it?'

'I've hired a private investigator and doubled my security, but I may have to put the project on hold until it's sorted out.'

Jesse snapped, 'Fuck them! Then they win anyway.'

Michael rounded on Jesse. 'What the hell am I supposed to do then?' he paused, then added, 'I have to know what and who I'm up against here.'

Katrina was in the process of feeding her bedridden father when she received the call. Farrington's name showed on the screen. Wiping her Dad's mouth, she left his bedside and walked away to take the call. 'Hello Deputy Director,' she said, curtly.

'Come to the office. We need to talk.'

The last time we spoke that went really well, she thought. 'I can't get away at present.'

'Agent Weber, this is important.'

'So is caring for my father.'

'Then, I'll come to you. When and where?'

She gave him the address and arranged to see him at her father's home later that day. Taking care of her father had served to distract Katrina from the pending disciplinary action against her which could spell the end of her career, or even worse - jail time. Meeting with her boss did not bode well. But she would have to face the incoming shit storm whether she liked it or not.

Farringdon turned up around three, with an unusually pleasant demeanour. This made Katrina very suspicious. He was well known in FBI circles to be all sweetness and joy just before the axe came down. The Deputy Director said, 'The disciplinary committee has read your report and found it very interesting.'

*That could mean anything.* 'Oh - oh.'

He carried on. 'You had two opportunities to arrest Arturo Bruno yet you failed to do so.'

She felt butterflies in her stomach. 'Like I said, I had nothing solid to charge the subject with.'

He stared at her. 'What did you speak about in your sessions with Bruno?'

Katrina hesitated, 'We spoke about his workshops and the people who attended them.'

'He's just involved with some New Age energy shit, right?'

'If you thought that, Sir, the FBI wouldn't be concerned about him.'

Farringdon's steely stare bore into her 'So what Intel did you get from your secret talks with Bruno?'

'He seemed nervous, even anxious. He was happily talking about his energy work. But I knew there was more that he wasn't letting on about. So I told him I wanted his help with clearing my negative energy. That's when he began to trust me a little more.' Katrina paused then said, 'I felt I was building a rapport with the subject, Sir.'

'And did you?'

'I was making some headway, then Pearson took over.'

'That doesn't matter now. Bruno is no longer in England.'



'Where is he then?'

'Brazil's National Information Service located him in Rio.'

Feeling a little more relaxed, Katrina asked, 'Have NIS picked him up?'

'We told them to wait until you got there.'

Katrina stared at Farrington, unable to believe what he said. 'B-but after my failure in England, I thought I was off the case?'

He looked at her, slowly shaking his head, 'I don't know how you do it Agent Weber, but you seem to have more lives than a fucking cat.'

She beamed, 'So I'm back on the case.'

'You're to go to Rio and find out what he's planning to do.'

'And you think he's just gonna tell me?'

Farrington fixed her with his cold gaze. 'Find a way to get into his inner circle.'

'Fuck!'

He almost cracked a smile. 'I wasn't expecting that reaction.'

Katrina couldn't believe it. The executioner had put away his axe, for now anyway. Then reality hit. What could she do with her father? Who could she trust to give him the best care while she was away? She contacted her father's doctor who suggested respite care until she got his affairs sorted out.

Next, she contacted a fellow agent whose assignment dovetailed with hers. Michael Angel was a person of interest to both of them. For Katrina, it was because of his connection with Arturo Bruno. But not only that. She discovered he was working on a film project with an ex CIA agent, a brilliant mathematician called Jesse

Devenport. A background check revealed that Jesse's father was the rogue CIA scientist Dr Alexander Devenport. Katrina needed to play him, to gain his confidence. But first, she has to find out about the truth behind the CIA's mind control programs. Katrina had to speak with him before she went to Brazil. Using Bureau resources, Katrina easily tracked Jesse down to Seattle and Aero TEC where her target worked.

Agent Weber phoned his office number, 'Is that Dr Devenport?'

'Yes. Who wants me?'

'Katrina Weber. I have information I believe will interest you.'

Jesse, guarded, asked, 'Information about what?'

'Personal info about your father,'

Jesse sighed, 'I'm finished chasing ghosts.'

'I know it must be difficult not being sure if your father committed suicide or not.' Katrina paused, then said, 'Have you heard of the Montauk project?'

'A little. Why?'

'Your father was a victim.'

Jesse, confused, said, 'How do you know that?'

'Look, I think we should meet.'

Jesse thought about the strange old Nazi and what he had to say about Dr Alex Devenport and Dr Henry Small. 'You'll have to come here then.'

'Okay, but it has to be soon.'

'Right. The Pike Place Market, near Maggie's Fresh Flowers. I'll see you there at 10 am in two days. Can you handle that?'

'Sure. But you'd better be there.'

Jesse was. He parked two blocks away and walked to the market.

Katrina was early, so she spent nearly an hour browsing Pike Place Market's fresh produce. She ordered coffee and sat down to wait for Jesse to show. After a few minutes of people watching and catching the sights and sounds of the market, a man approached. Katrina checked his image on the phone. Looking up at him she said 'Dr Devenport.'

Jesse eyed the attractive black woman. 'And you're Katrina, right?' he said, taking a seat opposite her.

As they drank great coffee, the strong aroma wafting from inside the cafe competed with the bouquets of heavy-scented flowers next door. Jesse said, 'So what have you got?'

'Your Father and Henry Small were the key psychiatrists working for the US government with MK Ultra and Monarch mind control programs.'

'That's nonsense!' Jesse snapped, 'Once my father found out about the terrible experiments on mental patients, prisoners and down-and-outs, he tried to expose the CIA.' He took out his father's notebook. 'He left me this. The truth is in here.'

'Jesse, Alex's superiors were onto him. They deemed him a risk, and he became one of their subjects.'

'No! I won't have it!' Jesse exploded. 'He stole top secrets documents and was going to publish them when ...'

'Jesse, they made him do those things. They made him kill the guard. Don't you see, it was all part of their plan.'

'I can't believe it. Why did the spooks do that?'

'Jesse, you know how the CIA works. Your Dad was a risk, so they turn him into a murdering madman. Then who's going to listen to him?'

'What about Henry Small?'

'He was an out-of-control hypnotherapist. He exploited women sexually in his hypnotherapy practice and was temporarily disbarred as a result. Until that is, he was recruited by the CIA to head up a notorious operation focusing on various forms of mind control.'

It tied in with what Boltz said.

'Jessie, he bragged about his work and referred to himself as the Tsar of brainwashing.'

'So he completely duped my father!'

Katrina said, 'Small was a strange name for a huge man - some two hundred pounds. He was known, depending who you talked to, as either the world's greatest hypnotist or a misguided genius.'

'He was a fragile skinny man in a wheelchair when I spoke with him.'

'His work with the CIA was to get subjects to act out of character.'

'My father would never willingly have been involved in anything like that.' Jesse paused, then said, 'How do you know all this? And why is it so important for you that you fly up here to tell me this?'

Katrina looked straight at the confused man. 'Jesse, I'm Special Agent Weber, and I'm sick of the way the shadow government takes good people like your father and turn them into monsters. The CIA at the behest of these evil people had your father take people off the streets and locked up physically, subjecting them to long-term hypnosis.'

'Jesse argued, 'But my father stood against that sort of thing. He tried exposing them. That's why they had him kill himself.'

'Jesse, the terrible truth is that your father killed himself after he was no more use to those who controlled the CIA. After he helped program Robert Kennedy's killer, he regretted his part in the assassination. The real killers considered him dangerous to their master plan, which is why he was programmed by Henry Small, to kill himself.'

Jesse sat there stunned, feeling a chasm in the pit of his stomach. 'By Henry small!'

Noting the pain showing in his face, Katrina finished with, 'I know it's challenging for you to comprehend this right now. But I thought you ought to know.'

Katrina knew she had told him enough.

Jesse, feeling as though he was swimming against the flow in a sea of sludge, said, 'How do I know if I can trust you?'

'Why would I come all this way to bullshit you?'

Jesse's mind shouted, *No. I'm not getting caught up in all that shit again, not now I have a normal life at last.* The truth, if that's what it was, did not set him free. It fucked him up. Jesse stood up and left. In his rush, he forgot about the notebook. Katrina picked it up and raced after him, but he got into his car and drove away.

## Chapter 9

*“Any fool can know. The point is to understand.”*

**Albert Einstein**

Peter Harris discovered from Floyd's webinar that the ex PanKosmian only showed up as a silhouette with a robotic voice. But the man had some interesting things to say. He spoke about the origins of the PanKosmia Society and how members had to be hand-picked and sanctioned by at least three of the elders. However, as apprentice members knew nothing of PanKosmia before a member approached them, they could hardly apply for membership themselves.

Peter found the information interesting, but his big question about the authenticity of PanKosmia remained unanswered. There was nothing in the webinar suggesting the group was not entirely genuine, so Peter rang Floyd and asked to be put in touch with the show's guest speaker. Floyd would not give out guests personal information, but he did take Peter's details to give to the ex-PanKosmian.

After a few days, much to Peter's surprise, he received an encrypted email from someone who called himself Anthony Scales and referred to the webinar.

Floyd told me you wanted to make contact to find out more about the society. I couldn't say much online. What I did say would have raised a few hackles in the inner circle. Floyd said that you guys went way back and he trusted you. He said you're a private

investigator. I might be able to give you something to investigate if you're interested.

Peter mailed Anthony to say he was interested and by return received directions to cabin 6 at the Stony Creek Ranch in the depths of the East Texan wilderness.

Peter Harris discovered that Stony Creek Ranch was indeed in the middle of nowhere. But it had great expansive nature views if almost featureless plains were your thing. They did not do much for Peter, who preferred scenery not quite as flat. But he was impressed by the many historical artefacts on display throughout the accommodation area of the property. Buck Saunders, the ranch's owner, and a hugely successful businessman, just wanted to share his patriotism and love for American history with his guests. With scarcely a pause in his monologue, Buck passed the reservations book to Peter, who signed his name on the next available line. Finally managing to get a word in, Peter enquired, 'I'm looking for one of your guests.'

'And who would that be?' Buck asked, his grin not leaving his face.

'Anthony Scales, in cabin 6.'

Buck pulled up his reading glasses from their cord around his neck and scanned through guests names. 'Now let me see. Yes indeedy, I put him in Cabin 6.' Then he looked at Peter, Number 5 is free for tonight, if it would suit you.'

'Yes, that will do just fine. Peter took his key and grabbed his phone and pressed Anthony's contact. Getting a response, he said, 'It's Peter Harris. Where can we meet?'

'What's the password?'

*Is he paranoid or what?* Peter wondered, checking his phone notebook. 'Ah, here it is. All secret societies show a respectable public face.'

'Okay, come over to my cabin.'

Maxwell Dorrian felt as though he was being pulled in two directions at once. He did not want to upset his wife or the board of PakFoods. Yet he felt compelled to acquiesce to the PanKosmian's wishes. Worrying about the company's bottom line made perfect sense in a world firmly controlled by market forces. But not so in a world beset by chaos and uncertainty. Yet only PanKosmia seemed to be aware of the extreme challenges to humanity looming just over the horizon. Max desperately wanted Jill to understand, but the more he tried explaining himself to her the more he came over as being irrational and even insane.

Well, giving up everything he had fought for and won over the decades to a group he had just recently engaged with would naturally be seen as sheer madness were it not for his glimpse into the bigger picture. Someone said, 'When there is no food left we will find out that we cannot eat money'. It made perfect sense to Maxwell Dorrian to stockpile food in secret locations ready for the days to come. But he still had to live in the present - in a crazy poisoned world teetering on the edge of economic and moral collapse.

At Harrison's behest, Wycliffe contacted Max Dorrian to find out where he was with the food donation.

Max, taken by surprise, said, 'It's all in hand.'

'What's that supposed to mean?' Wycliffe queried.

'It's not that simple, you know. There's a process involved.'



'Look, I wouldn't pressure you with this, but central management is becoming impatient.'

'Wycliffe, I can't do this over the phone.'

'Okay, come to Sunday lunch. Bring your charming wife.'

Max needed a frank talk with Wycliffe, so he agreed.

Jill wanted nothing to do with PanKosmia, so she declined to join him on the following Sunday.

Max met up with Wycliffe at Van Nuys charter terminal and watched him emerge from his gleaming Lear jet 75. A limo took them to 201 Woodrow Wilson Drive, a veritable fortress in the middle of suburbia. It was a far cry from the cramped terrace house in Yorkshire where Wycliffe had grown up.

As they smoked Havana cigars after a sumptuous lunch, Max brought up the subject of his dilemma. He explained, 'It wouldn't be so bad if I could at least tell the board why I want to use our food to stock up PanKosmian bunkers.'

'Well, you can't do that. If you did, the directors would probably have you removed anyway.'

'If I bankrupt PakFoods by helping PanKosmia my company will definitely hang me out to dry.' When Wycliffe remained silent behind a wall of smoke, Max said, 'I was hoping you might be more help.'

'I spoke with Harrison about this.'

'What did he have to say?'

'He thinks you are weakening in your resolve, and I tend to agree with him.'

'it's got nothing to do with my resolve. It's impossible for me to do what you want!' Max snapped.

Wycliffe said, 'Perhaps I can make it more possible for you.'

'What do you mean?'

'Something's coming, and it's going to be huge.'

'What are you talking about, Wycliffe.'

After some hesitation, Wycliffe said, 'What I'm going to tell you is for your ears only. Even PK does not know about it yet.'

'About what?' Max said, becoming jittery.

'Recurrent flooding and drought often in the same year has hit North Korea since 1995, 220,000 people died in the ensuing famine, according to Pyongyang's own figures. The US figures place the number of deaths resulting from famine at 2 million.'

'That's sad for them, but what does it have to do with ...'

'Officials in Kangwon province – an area which already suffers food shortages – say the impact of the torrential rain and flooding has been devastating.'

'Again. it has nothing to do with me.'

'But it has something to do with all of us because I am talking about weaponised weather.'

'Jesus! Weaponised weather. That sounds very serious.'

'That's putting it mildly. And the next target will be the San Andreas Fault line.'

Max felt a chill shoot up his spine. 'When is this supposed to happen?'

'Soon, but I don't have a firm date yet.' Wycliffe stared at Max. 'Do you want me to keep you informed?'

'Of course.'

'Then start filling our bunkers with your food.'

'I can't just sign over supplies to PanKosmia without PakFoods consent.'

'Tell them enough about what's coming to convince them.'

Max stared at Wycliffe. 'How the fuck can I convince my board when I don't know enough to convince myself.' He sighed, 'The only way this is going to work is if Harrison is prepared to speak to them.'

Wycliffe shook his head. 'That's not going to happen. It caused all manner of problems after he spoke with you last time.'

Max spread his arms in a helpless gesture. 'Then I can't give PanKosmia our food.'

Wycliffe scowled, 'That attitude will not go down well when I tender my report.'

Max snapped, 'It's got fuck all to do with my attitude. I am just stating a fact.'

'Right. Well, here's another fact, Max. Your non-compliance may well have the Temple of Management re-evaluating your membership.'

Max shook his head, despondently. 'Maybe it's for the best.'

Wycliffe's eyes widened. 'What do you mean?'

'I have no control over my directors, and I have no say where your Temple of Management is concerned. So I may as well take my chances out there with all the other ignorant saps.'

Wycliffe said, 'Hey, Max, don't give up like that. We'll work out a solution so you can fulfil your pledge.'

'How's that going to work?'

'I could talk to your board and convince them.'

'Not unless you become a major shareholder in PakFoods.'

'You could get me invited as a guest financial expert.'

Max shook his head, 'Nice thought, but they will just see you as some kind of doomsday cult member. No offence but only Harrison can persuade them. And even if he can win them over PanKosmia will have to offer membership to each of the directors.'

'Impossible! PanKosmia always chooses its members; it's the only way the group works effectively.'

Max turned to walk away. 'Forget it then. There's nothing else I can do.'

'Then we can't protect you, Maxwell.'

Max stopped and turned, 'Are you revoking my membership?'

'Not I. That comes from higher up.'

'And you're just the messenger, ' Max responded, cynically.

Wycliffe caught him up. 'You have a majority shareholding in PakFoods. You dictate the policy.'

'If only it were so, Wycliffe.'

'Do you not hold the most shares?'

'Not if the directors gang up against me, which will inevitably happen once put forward my proposal.'

Wycliffe stared at Max. 'You haven't even told them yet?'

*5 Ancient Secret Societies that Tried to Control the World ....*  
<https://www.beyondsciencetv.com/2017/10/26/ancient-secret-societies/>

## Chapter 10

*“The opposite of love is not hate, it's indifference. The opposite of art is not ugliness, it's indifference. The opposite of faith is not heresy, it's indifference. And the opposite of life is not death, it's indifference.”*

### **Elie Wiesel**

Anthony Scales, a pseudonym, was a dot com billionaire. He was the Silicon Valley king of the 90s who founded and ran govPay.com. Novel at the time, it enabled local US governments to put their operations online so people could pay parking tickets on a website. He invented other schemes to help give the public access to different levels of government online. He gained the attention of PanKosmia, who gave him a membership and put him to use. But he did not think he was getting enough reward for his investment and left the society. He thought he had left PanKosmia behind, but he soon realised it was not as simple as that. Within six months he was down to his last few mil. He could not prove PanKosmia was behind his downfall, but he was pretty sure they had a big hand in it.

Peter's first impression of the bearded man in jeans and a red checked shirt was how ordinary he looked. Peter knew that to become a member of PanKosmia, you had to have a godlike status in your particular sphere of influence. Yet here was this overweight middle-aged man, hanging out at a East Texan ranch.

Peter extended his hand. 'Hi, pleased to meet you.'

'Likewise. Can I get you a coffee or something?'

'Strong and black would be good.'

As they sat on rockers on the timber decking, Peter said, 'Well, you know why I'm here. So what do you have for me?'

Anthony sipped his coffee. 'You tell me what you know, And I'll fill in what blanks I can.'

'I'd never heard of the group until a lady friend of mine phoned me, concerned that her husband had got involved and it was taking over his life.'

Anthony grinned, 'Yeah, it'll do that to you.'

'Yeah, well she asked me to find out if it's kosher.'

'What do you mean?'

Peter drank some coffee. 'Well, as far as I can gather PanKosmians have private access to information pertaining to climatic events and violent incidences that threaten their survival.'

'Not just their survival?'

'No, but that's all they care about.'

Peter sipped the strong black coffee. 'So members get a heads up before other mere mortals?'

Anthony lit up a pipe. 'It's true that we are informed about coming disasters of a natural or man-made nature. But that's not all.'

'Oh! What else is there?'

'Like all secret societies, PanKosmia has levels and strata. At the first level, we learn about how to survive natural and unnatural disasters. We get given a heads up, but we have no idea how PanKosmia gets its info. You have to be much higher up to know that.'

'And, I'm guessing, you were not that high up.'

Anthony turned to his guest. 'The first level is made up of movers, shakers and makers in the commercial world. Most of them never get any higher than level one. I soon realised we lowly first-graders were just fodder for the upper echelons. That's when I bailed out. Or at least tried to put it behind me. But within just six months I was financially ruined.'

'And you think.'

'It doesn't matter what I think,' Anthony said, angrily.

'So why can't members rise to the next level?'

'Because the first level is about give and take. We give, and the higher levels take.'

Peter nodded. 'My friend is concerned because PanKosmia is demanding her husband's company supply their bunkers with our food products.'

'So you see what I mean?'

'I'm beginning to, and it does not sound good.'



## Chapter 11

*“Don't spend time beating on a wall, hoping to transform it into a door.”*

### **Coco Chanel**

Detective Larry Leverate had been with Odessa PD for 20 years, so he was used to being dragged out of bed early in the morning. On this occasion, he was required at the Stony Creek Ranch, where a body had been found. Upon arrival at the scene, he saw two patrol cars with reds and blues flashing and the ME's Jeep Cherokee parked near Cabin 6. He parked and approached the trooper guarding the scene. It was standard practice, but unnecessary, as there was no-one around that time of the morning and the media didn't even have a sniff of what was going on. Larry saw the body on the floor with Doc Billington crouching over it.

He looked up at the officer's approach.

'What have we got, Doc?'

'The victim was shot twice, in the heart.'

'When did it happen?'

Doc Billington hated TOD questions. Temperature afforded a high degree of accuracy where the time of death was concerned, but it was not infallible. 'My estimation is between 2 and 4:30 pm, yesterday.'

The detective frowned. 'That's a two and a half hour window. Can't you get closer than that?'

The Doc looked up at him. 'Detective, the impossible I can do now. Miracles take a little longer.'

Detective Leverate nodded. 'Any ID?'

A trooper came forward. 'Yes, sir. Mark Zavrik. I got the ID from his wallet. It's got about five hundred bucks in cash and a bunch of plastic.'

Larry nodded again. 'So we can rule out robbery.' he looked around the cabin. 'Any sign of a struggle?'

The Doc looked up. 'Can't see any defensive wounds so, at present, I'd say no.'

Larry turned to leave when a trooper approached him, 'The Vic had a visitor yesterday.'

'Who?'

'Buck said a guy called Peter Harris. He's staying in Cabin 5.'

The loud knock on his door, followed by the words, 'Open up. Police!' woke Peter up. His foggy brain desperately tried switching to conscious mode, but his legs were not ready to leave his bed.

'OPEN UP! POLICE!.'

Peter yelled, 'YELLING AT ME IS NOT GOING TO MAKE IT HAPPEN ANY QUICKER.'

He yanked open his door, blinking fast as the bright morning light hit him. He heard someone say, 'Are you, Peter Harris?'

'Yes. Why?' He looked outside to see what was going on. A police car had turned up, adding to the early morning activity.

'Detective Leverate shunted Peter back inside the cabin. 'Do you know a man called Mark Zavrik?'

Taken by surprise, Peter asked, 'And who are you?'

Larry flashed his Id. 'Detective Leverate, Odessa PD. Now answer my question.'

'No. Never heard of this Zavrik.'

'That's strange because a witness saw you with him yesterday.'

Peter shook his head, puzzled. 'This is obviously a case of mistaken identity. Have you spoken with this Zavrik character about this?'

The detective said, 'No, Mr Harris. It wouldn't do any good.'

'At least he can help clear up this misunderstanding.'

'No he can't. On account that he's dead.'

Peter froze. 'D – dead! 'What, natural causes?'

'Sure, if he had a health problem caused by slugs in his heart.'

'Sweet Jesus, he was murdered!'

'Yes, and you were the last person to see him alive.'

Peter stared at the cop. 'I've already told you. I have never set eyes on the man.'

Leverate was not listening, as he was on his radio. 'Come and pick up a suspect.'

Peter asked, 'Do you guys have a TOD?'

The cops face was a question mark. 'What do you mean?'

'Time of death.'

'Somewhere between three and five o'clock yesterday afternoon.'

Peter smiled. 'Then it could not have been me because I was talking with Mr Scales at that time.'

The cop frowned, 'And this Mr Scales can confirm this.'

'Of course.'

A cop car pulled up outside.

Detective Leverate turned to the door as the cop entered.

'I got a message to pick up a suspect.'

Larry said, 'Slight change of plan. Stay here and watch him till I get back.'

the detective went straight to reception.

Jennie, Buck's daughter, stood outside the office, wondering what all the ruckus was about. 'Hi, Larry. What the heck's going on?'

Larry loved the way she looked in her Stetson and fancy shirt with Indian patterns. He wished he was twenty years younger.

'There's a body in number six.'

She stared at him wide-eyed.

'I thought maybe you can show me the client list.'

'Oh - oh of course. Come to the desk.' Jennie said, unable to take in the news.

Larry scanned down the register, but Mark Zavrik was not listed. Larry stared at the book. An Anthony Scales was booked into number 6. Then it hit the detective full on. This Scales guy was Harris' alibi. Larry returned to cabin 5.

'Peter said, 'Well?'

Larry responded, 'It seems that you were with Anthony Scales at the time of the murder.'

'See. I told you, but you wouldn't believe me,' Peter said, smugly.

Larry stared at Peter, 'I was about to say that you were also with Mark Zavrik at the time of the murder.'

Peter did a double take. 'How the fuck do you figure that, Detective?'

Larry sneered, 'But you didn't know of him as Mark Zavrik.'

'I knew of him as Anthony Scales.'

'You said you were with a Mr Anthony Scales around 3 pm yesterday. Right?' Larry said.

'Yes, but ...'

'That was the time your friend was murdered.'

'He wasn't my friend. I'd only just met him that day.'

'And you were the last person to see him.'

'No. Whoever murdered Mr Scales was the last to see him.'

Larry said, 'Cute, Mr Harris.' Becoming more serious, he said, 'Peter Harris you are under arrest for the murder of Anthony Scales.'

Peter couldn't believe it. 'No, this is all a mistake. I haven't murdered anybody.'

Detective Leverate turned to the trooper. 'Take the prisoner to the station.'

Peter felt plastic restraints tighten around his wrists, his plea of 'I'm innocent,' falling on deaf ears.

Ever since Andrew had returned from testing out Talos in a combat setting, he had felt slightly out of phase with himself. Sometimes he had the weird feeling he was still wearing the super soldier suit, even though he was back to being a mere mortal. Andrew always felt hyper alert and aware, a coiled spring ready to explode. He'd gone through a wind-down phase after a tour in Afghanistan, but this was different. Since the TALOS mission, Andrew was seconded to military intelligence and Operation Closed Book, concerning loose ends concerning the JFK assassination. Those who thought the investigation had been put to bed were in for a big surprise. Knots were unravelling, and the trail led right up to Langley. It was Andrew Cowper's job to collect and assess any new info. Andrew often gathered intelligence in bars and cafes. This time it was a bar in Queens frequented by used up old school intelligence officers unable to convert their brains to digital processes. And younger more switched on operatives like himself frequented such establishments to glean and gather intel from the old spy network. Andrew took a mouthful of Millers while eyeing the female JAG officer opposite. He had done his homework and vetted Valerie Foxx before meeting her. She had inferred that she had something fresh on Oswald. It was not unusual for agents who worked in the same department, the same office, even the same teams to trade snippets on Oswald about his alleged connections with the various intelligence branches, domestic and foreign. In fact, it was a favourite pass time. But hearing it from a naval officer who was with the Judge Advocate General's Office, that was something new. Andrew, leant forward, 'So what do you have?'

'Oswald had some high up connections.'

'And why would that be of interest to me?' Andrew asked, poker-faced.

She smiled, 'Let me ask you a question.'

'Okay, shoot.'

'Why is the CIA investigating itself about the Oswald affair?'

Andrew thought about that. 'Because it doesn't want anyone else involved?'

'Go to the top of the class. Your new stuff on Oswald can give them fair warning and time to cover their asses.'

Andrew grinned, 'You're quite the cynic, aren't you?'

Valerie looked at him. 'Oswald travelled a lot leading up to Dallas. And that took a lot of available money.'

Valerie knew it would take a lot to get Cowper's attention. 'There was an Admiral Wallace Cowper involved.'

Andrew stared at her, 'That was my grandfather.'

She smiled sweetly. 'Oswald's slush fund was handled by the good admiral.'

Andrew felt cold fingers travel up his spine. His eyes widened. 'How do you know this?'

Valerie had his attention. 'The report landed on my desk. I couldn't ignore it.'

'Well, I'd like to see this mysterious report, Ms Foxx.'

Valerie rustled around in her briefcase and came up with a manila folder. Handing it to Andrew, she said. 'Lee Harvey Oswald travelled to Los Angeles, Mexico, London, Moscow and back at short notice. Despite having no regular salary, he was always cashed up. Somebody is following the money trail.'

'Why, after all this time?'

She shrugged, 'I don't know, Mr Cowper. But I'm guessing it has to do with MC Ultimate,'

He stared at her, 'What the fuck is MC Ultimate?'

Valerie realised she may have said too much, 'I guess it's above your security level.'

His eyes narrowed, 'You can't leave it like that. If this involves my grandfather, I want to know.'

Valerie became stern, 'Everything about this is under the radar, Mr Cowper. If you take it one step beyond this point, there is no turning back, and you report only to me.'

'What? Not even my people?'

'Definitely not any of your people,' she sneered and rose from her seat. 'I'll be in contact shortly.'

Andrew sat mulling over what Valerie Foxx told him. There was much more she had not divulged to him. There was one person who might be able to help. Andrew knew his grandfather had had dealings with a Doctor Henry Small, who in turn, worked with a Doctor Devenport. All three men had now passed on. But Alex Devenport had a son - Jesse to whom he left a mysterious black notebook. Jesse was the one who could help him. So he rang his most current number.

In Seattle, Jessie Devenport, like many high salary earners, had a luxury apartment near the CBD and rode the bus to work to avoid driving in the crazy rush hour traffic. It also made it more relaxing to make and take phone calls going to and from work. During one of these bus trips, he received a call from Andrew Cowper.

'Dr Devenport?'



Not many people used the scientist's professional title. 'Jesse here. Who are you?'

'Forgive me, Jesse. I'm Andrew Cowper. Admiral Cowper was my grandfather.'

The name did not ring a bell with Jesse. 'I don't get the connection.'

'My grandfather smoothed the way for your father to get back to the US from Mexico.'

Mexico! What had his father been doing there? 'Look, I have no idea what you are on about. Are you a reporter?'

'No Jesse, but we need to meet so that I can explain myself.'

'I see no reason to meet you. What you say makes no sense to me.'

'Jesse, your father was caught up in something far bigger than he knew.'

'I do know. Henry Small explained it to me, and my father's journal confirmed it.'

'Henry Small wasn't the naive innocent he portended to be. Look, I can come to you in Seattle. I promise you it will be worth your time.'

Having organised the meeting, Andrew felt the tension building again. A headache pulsated as the pressure in his brain became intense. A couple of Tylenol gave him a quick fix, but he had to break free from his past. Physical exertion sometimes helped, which was why Andrew had put up a punching bag in his shed. Andrew punched and kicked until utter exhaustion stopped him. His heart was beating much too fast, and Andrew longed for the super soldier suit. When wearing it, he felt invincible. But it was classified, and after the exercise was complete, the costumes were taken away. But the programmed mental effects that made him test himself to his

limits remained. Feeling physically stressed to the max, Andrew staggered back to his house and the medicine cabinet, which held his Lisinopril. He popped two tablets in a glass of scotch and lay down on his couch to slow his breathing.

Then he remembered something. He had not looked at the content on the flash drive the old Nazi had given him before the magic suit mission. Andrew plugged it in one of the laptop's USB ports and waited to see what unfolded.

It was an audio file that opened with the title, THE CABAL'S REAL AGENDA

A man with a German accent gave the narration. He said:

*'This is a summation of what we have covered so far. Make no mistake this world is totally controlled by the CABAL. This CABAL comprises the top one per cent of the worlds most powerful and wealthy people. They hide in the shadows and answer to no one. They simply aim to control everyone on Earth and program them to do their bidding, which will always make them even more powerful and wealthy. The CABAL aims to control everyone living on this planet. CABAL members want to control all the world's money. They use mind control to compel subjects to commit horrendous crimes including mass murder shootings. This makes it easier for them to control humanity if they were to cull population numbers by as much as 90 per cent.'*

Andrew had heard all this before. But he persevered to find out where the story led.

The narrator continued, *'But this barely scratches the surface of their real purpose. The CABAL's goal is far more sinister than most people believe. First of all the CABAL is the instrument of a more far-reaching agenda, one that reaches right into the realms of space. We truly are not alone! This agenda goes off world and leads us*

*directly into the dark chasm of the Anunnaki, Draco Reptilian Control Matrix.'*

This was getting a bit too X-Files for Andrew, but he grabbed a beer, sat back and listened to more.

*'Most of the unenlightened minions supporting the much quoted NEW WORLD ORDER have no concept of who they are really working for. Even the Presidents and Generals have no idea what the Dracos ultimate goal for us is. Or where this occult darkness is leading us.'*

Andrew was becoming nervously interested and unable to stop even though he was feeling drowsy.

*'These leaders both political and military are not stupid by any means. They are aware of the alien presence on this planet and have been so for many decades. Alien technologies have brought us a working knowledge of Time Travel, Teleportation, Anti-Gravity Propulsion: Advanced Ancient Technologies discovered both on Earth and on our Moon. Our military scientists know about ETs, Multi-Dimensional Realities and Parallel Universes. Yet even these smart people running our countries and defending us have no real idea of where this secrecy leads or that these convoluted compartmentalised hints of truth are designed to keep us puzzled, bewildered and anxious. It's all deception at every level, from the top of the hierarchy to the minions at the bottom, with lies at every level.'*

*It's all one huge con! As a result, through a system of global corruption, including bribes, blackmail, murder, drug trafficking, global weapons sales, mind control, human sex trafficking, and paedophilia. The most sinister aspect of this CABAL is the Satanic Ritualistic Blood Sacrifices of young children, the horror of which keeps humanity at a low energy ebb, unable to defend itself against*

*social engineering manipulation, alien and human mind control, and ultimate physical slavery.'*

Andrew could certainly see a pattern emerging, but all it said was basically we're fucked! Andrew knew most people live in a crappy hand to mouth world. He didn't need to be reminded of how bad it was. What Andrew wanted to hear was a rational way out. He listened to more with the hope it would offer up a solution.

But the narrator continued in the same vein:

*'Only a handful of the world's top leaders – know this mind control comes from the CABAL. But even they do not have the full picture. And most of the mid-level management hasn't a clue. For who would willingly commit treason against their own species, while helping an other-dimensional Satanic Force take over. The lie changes at every level. The cream of the CABAL is convinced they know the truth. Everyone else is lied to but not them. The big lie is so massive that a group of Luciferians have managed to infiltrate the highest levels of Government, the Vatican, The Military; even ancient secret societies like the Templars, the Freemasons, and the Knights of Malta? These people include military leaders, Bankers, Corporate CEOs, Clergy, Media executives, Top Judges, Senior Police Officers, Top Lawyers, Film Directors, Actors and a swathe of Alphabet Agencies, who are told just enough to carry out their small part of the plan.'*

Andrew nodded off as this doom-laden account continued and he had a convoluted dream of him being in his super soldier suit in single-handed combat against all of the forces of evil in the universe.

The next morning found Andrew winding through the stalls of Pike Place Market, as he made his way to Jesse's designated meeting point. It was early in the day with few customers around, so it did not take him long to locate Jesse. 'Hi, Mr Devenport?' he said, announcing his arrival.

Jesse turned to the smartly dressed African American with a military bearing. He greeted Andrew and took him to Albert's for fresh ground coffee and maple bacon doughnuts. As they ate breakfast, Jesse asked, 'Have you been Seattle before?'

Andrew said, 'No.'

Jesse smiled, 'Well I don't reckon there are many places to beat this city. It's surrounded by water and mountains; with lush evergreen forests covering thousands of acres of parkland. For me, it's the perfect location to live.'

Lieutenant Cowper looked at Jesse, 'That's good for you, but I didn't come all the way here for a tourist promotion.'

'So why exactly are we having this meeting?' Jesse asked, taking a bite of his doughnut.

'We have something in common.'

'Which is?'

'Both our fathers died in mysterious circumstances.'

Jesse, on the defensive, said, 'What do you know about my father's death?'

'Only what my grandfather told me, shortly before his boat blew up with him aboard.'

"So, what did he tell you?" Jesse demanded, unsympathetically.

Andrew sipped his coffee. 'Your father stole some secret documents and went to ground in Mexico.'

'Jessie had only recently acquired this info. He said, 'I now know about Mexico.'

'That was after he stole secret files from the CIA.'

'Yes, know about that as well.'

'There is more. During the break-in, Alex Devenport killed a security guard.'

Jesse stared at Andrew. 'Look, I'm already aware of these things, so it seems your trip is a waste of time.'

Andrew shrugged. 'That's what Henry Small told my grandfather.'

'What else did he say about my father's death?'

'My grandfather helped him get back into the United States, at Henry's behest.'

'What happened to him then?'

'I don't know. My grandfather didn't tell me, and he was killed shortly afterwards.'

'It wasn't an accident then?'

Andrew stared at Jesse. 'He was a big honcho with DON.'

'The Department of Navy. I thought that was just conspiracy shit.'

Andrew grinned. 'That's what they want you to believe.'

So, why didn't Henry Small tell me about it?'

Andrew finished his coffee. 'It's Oswald you should be more interested in.'

'Oswald?'

'As in Lee Harvey.'

Jesse stared at Andrew. 'What the fuck has he got to do with this?'

'He was a CIA target. Although he was actually run by DON.'

It gelled with what Boltz and Foxx had told him. Jesse whistled through his teeth. 'How do you know about Oswald?'

'My grandfather ran him. That way nobody could pin anything directly on the CIA and its involvement. And nobody could touch DON.'

Jesse sneered, 'Yes, I know, because it does not exist.' He added, 'Okay, Andrew, what did this Oswald business have to do with my father and Henry Small?'

'Ah, Henry Small. He was their mind control genius. Dr Small developed RHI and EDOM. Lee Harvey Oswald was one of the guinea pigs he tried them on.'

Jesse remembered what Boltz had said about those mind control techniques. 'Why, Oswald?'

'He was a susceptible subject, and a rapid learner. He and my grandfather became excellent friends in those months leading up to the assassination. 'Oswald was programmed to be a smart, sophisticated, charming man. He was so successful that he counted Jackie Kennedy's parents among his closest friends.'

Jesse stared at the man. 'So, Henry Small was a big cog, acting as a small one?'

'To all intents and purposes. But, although Henry developed RHI and EDOM Johan Boltz invented them.' That also fitted in with Boltz's story.

## Chapter 12

*“We have to dare to be ourselves, however frightening or strange that self may prove to be.”*

### May Sarton

As soon as Katrina Weber cleared customs and baggage collection at Rio Airport, she manoeuvred through the milling passengers to the first of four cab booths. The flat rate for a ride to Copacabana was 85 reals. Looking at the woman working the booth, Katrina said, 'Before paying I want to see my cab.'

The girl pointed. 'You just go through those doors, and you will see the taxis.'

Katrina argued, 'I've heard of people paying and not getting a ride, so I want one of your people to take me to the cab.'

Katrina could feel the daggers in her back from the queue building up behind her. A woman behind her said, 'If you don't trust them, go and pay in the taxi. Then perhaps we can get our ride.'

Katrina flashed her a look, grabbed her luggage trolley, and walked outside into the hot Brazilian sun. Paying by the meter was more expensive, but at least she got her ride.

As her cab drove along the famous four-kilometre stretch of yellow-gold sand, Katrina could not wait to get settled in her Air BnB rental and go for a swim in the ocean before sunset. But first, she had to initiate contact with Arturo via e-mail.



Agent Weber did not want to let on that she knew where he was so she used an encrypted email service that kept her location secret. Now she just had to wait for his response.

Katrina edged by busy kiosks under towering palm trees, as she walked onto the beach. It was mid-afternoon and still scorching. Katrina expected the beach to be busy-lively. But she was not prepared for the number of bronzed bodies soaking up the sun's rays, as they intermittently turned over to achieve the perfect tan. As beach vendors braved Rio's relentless sun to sell drinks, food and souvenirs; sports enthusiasts played games of football, surf, run, or slam a volleyball over the net. After walking around a multitude of sunbathers, Katrina finally got to the water, which was also crowd, but still cooled, soothed and refreshed Agent Weber. The Atlantic ocean felt terrific, but Katrina felt anxious waiting for Arturo's reply. So she sat on her towel and checked her emails on her cell. Arturo had responded with his location details. She looked forward to meeting up with him again, but this time it was on his turf, where he played by his rules.

## Chapter 11

*“Man is the only creature who refuses to be what he is.”*

### **Albert Camus**

Harisun felt uneasy about the assignment he had been given. His assessment by the elders deemed him ready to re-engage with the social program, but he was reticent to do so. Harisun enjoyed his job well enough, but he was troubled about the effect it would have on the human populace. So he needed some counselling from Baruch. Baruch was not only Harisun's mentor, he was also a trusted friend. Harisun sought him out and found his master engaged in a conversation with two senior Watchers. Harisun kept back so as not to disturb or distract the trio from their verbal engagement.

Eventually, Baruch summoned his student. 'It must be imperative for you to wait quietly for so long. So tell me what troubles you.'

'Master, I am troubled because the latest Draco dictate demands that we become active participants in their next plot against Earth's humanity.'

Baruch put a gentle hand on Harisun's shoulder. 'I told Harim you were not yet ready for the next step in your initiation. But now that you are fully engaged you must embrace the bigger picture.'

'Which is, master?'

'I will explain later. But now I must attend to my duties.'

Harisun sat by the tranquil lake thinking about the human problem. The human subjects lived in tumultuous and challenging times as they endured change and the most significant transition in human history. Some people on his list saw through the subterfuge and realised how human culture had been corrupted to distort natural laws and weaken its heart-based values, without which humans would be nothing more than automatons existing only to do their master's bidding. Harisun had accepted his role as a Watcher, but now he had been ordered to neutralise some of those in his watch list.

The Draco's had worked long and hard to get the main pillars of society to build and enslave the masses on their behalf. They had been programmed to extract natural resources for the benefit of those at the top and their easily corrupted minions, who were only too willing to turn on their lesser fellow humans. Now it was Harisun's job to help the process along. And it troubled him deeply.

He rose to his feet and strolled slowly around the lake, trying to free his mind from his troubles. But he felt like a betrayer. Humans faced many seemingly insurmountable problems, all of which had been caused and orchestrated by their controllers, or programmers, like himself. Humans were manipulated by tyrannical leaders and alien controllers but did not know it. Or if they were aware, they could not do anything about it. Some of the minions were on his list. They were functionaries brainwashed through the mass illusion that success in life was only for the ruthless male archetype who climbed the corporate or social ladder, to be granted absolute power over his domain. This was his happy lot as long he prostrated before the ruling class and helped to fill the coffers of the ruling elite.

Harisun sighed deeply. 'What a fool he had been thinking he was actually helping humans during their transition. Now that the Dracos had used the Watchers to set up AI to take over, the human psyche had weakened further, making humans helpless in the face of the of the AI onslaught. Phone towers, bristling with transmitters were one

visible sign that the final blow against human supremacy on Earth had been struck. Humans, obsessed, became programmed by the data on digital device screens, which affects the screenagers health by the virulent electromagnetic virus that eats into their brains.

He was shaken from his reverie by Baruch's voice. 'Tell me what troubles you, Harisun.'

The Watcher turned to face his master. 'Under the Watcher code, it is written that we only observe the experiment. We do not intervene. Now I am told to neutralise' certain subjects on my list.'

'Harisun, we had hoped humanity would cure its insanity once it understood the truth of its existence. But humans have not done so. They have now reached a critical point where, if our experiment is to succeed they have to be, let us say, guided by us to stop them destroying all life on Earth.'

Harisun frowned. 'But it is through our interference that humans lost their natural connection with their planet. We encouraged them to live artificially, which has resulted in chemical poisoning of their air, food, water and toxic skies filled with electromagnetic pollution.'

Baruch stared at Harisun. 'What you say is true. We have made errors of judgement in the past. But now we have to rescue humans from themselves. They have followed our directives so closely they have become their own worst enemy, and we cannot allow them to ruin the experiment.'

Harisun, unconvinced, argued, 'I was sent to Earth to learn about human emotions and report back with my findings. From this, I have learned humans deprived of their feelings are like a fish out of water. They will not survive. If we had not weakened their heart connection, they would not be insane and would not be destroying themselves and their biosphere.'

Baruch listened patiently to his student's outpouring. He replied, 'Human insanity is largely due to humankind's evolution as programmable machines. The Reptiloids took advantage of this weakness, which allowed them to control humanity remotely through us.'

'Why did we get involved with the Reptiloids?'

Baruch smiled, 'We both have something the other wants. It's the bond that holds us together and has done so flawlessly for millennia.'

'But, as Watchers, not participators.'

Baruch explained. 'Both ancient human philosophy and modern quantum physics show that physical reality is a dynamic unity, in which matter-energy and space-time are all interconnected.'

'Are you saying observing and participating are one and the same?'

'Yes. You catch on quickly.'

'So, humans having evolved from a combination of religious myths and scientific errors have been programmed to believe that matter is separate from energy.'

'Yes, Harisun, But now that human science has stumbled upon quantum physics it sees things differently. Even Einstein didn't understand it. He called quantum science spooky stuff at a distance. If humans work out what this 'spooky' stuff is it could mess up the experiment.'

Harisun, puzzled, said, 'Why would it mess up the experiment, Master?'

'Because the smarter humans will realise they are not insane. And they may even come to understand that they have no say in their behaviour. There is nothing like knowing you have no free will to

make you desire it above all else. There could be an open rebellion against us. And we can't have that.'

'But they are insane because we have made them that way.'

Baruch could see they were getting into dangerous territory. 'First, we must define insanity.'

'Surely it's about believing things to be true that are not true.'

'Or believing things to be not true that are true.' Baruch turned to Harisun. 'Do you know why you were chosen for the Earth mission at this time?'

Harisun shrugged, 'To study human emotions.'

There's more to it than that. Human feelings are no big deal. Nor is human behaviour.'

'Then why?'

Baruch thought about how to answer. The why was cold, cruel and calculated. He looked in Harisun's eyes. 'Because, if the Earth subjects knew the truth they could think and act wisely.'

'But surely ...'

'There was a time for them to change, but now it is too late.' Baruch turned to Harisun. 'Are you able to complete your mission?'

'Yes, Master.'

'I have to know because there is no room for sentiment.'

'I understand, Master.'

'Can you carry out your instructions without question or hesitation?'

'Yes, Master.'

'Very well. Go in peace.'

Aldous turned to Kimmie as they sat in the waiting room of Frazer, Scholefield and Banks. 'I hope he can help me,' he said, feeling anxious.

'Well, the ad did say David Scholefield specialises in will disputes.'

'And it said, No win-No fee,' Aldous added, feeling a little better. He was back on his usual meds, which left him with the usual side-effects, nausea, headaches etc. The Guiera made him feel a lot better with no side effects. Aldous had run out and desperately needed more. It looked like he would have to make it himself. To do so, Aldous needed funds. But, to get the start-up money to manufacture the remedy he needed his inheritance, which meant he needed David Scholefield's help.

The lawyer sat back in his seat, his hands clasped behind his head, as Aldous regaled him with his petition. At length, he tutted, 'This is an unusual case. Normally will disputes are usually between family members. You are not family, and you want to sue the lawyers looking after the deceased's estate.'

'Yes, because they won't let me have my money,' Aldous complained.

Kimmie stepped in. 'They shouldn't have sent him to the African wilderness with his medical condition.'

David looked at Aldous. 'Did you mention that you suffered from bipolar when you signed the form with the will conditions?'

Kimmie, answering for Aldous, said, 'No. But surely that's the lawyer's job to make sure everything is clear.'

The lawyer tutted, 'So there was no mention of your medical condition when you signed the forms?'

Aldous said, 'No.'

David shook his head. 'I don't see where you have a winnable case. Leave me the Luxembourg lawyers contact, and I'll follow it up.'

'So that's it,' Kimmie said,

David smiled, 'For now, yes. My secretary will inform you of any progress.'

After Aldous and Kim left, David contacted Cheryl, his secretary, over the intercom. 'Get me, Pieter Echternach, He's with Guten, Berg and Echternach, a firm of lawyers in Luxembourg.' He went back to Mr Foster's statement.

Then he heard his secretary's voice. 'A Mr Echternach on line 2, sir.'

'Thank you.' Then to the phone, 'Mr Echternach, thank you for calling. I'm David Scholefield of Frazer, Scholefield and Banks. I'm calling you in regards to Mr Aldous Foster.'

'I am aware of the name. What is this about?'

'I need copies of the documents you have about his inheritance.'

'I'm afraid I can't do that. There's a confidentiality clause in the will.'

'Just block out any reference to the deceased's identity and send me the rest.'

'I can do that, but your client does not have a legitimate claim.'

'I will be able to advise my client once I have read all the relevant information.'

'Very well. Can I email the information to you?'



'It will certainly speed up the process.'

'Indeed. Good day to you, Mr Scholefield.'

Paul Shaughnessy was adopted as a baby. It was a private adoption, so he had no idea who his birth parents were. There were times when the journalist thought about his biological parents. But it was not until his early adulthood that he went on his soul-searching journey to find out who his real parents were and where he was born. In his early twenties, Paul found out that his mother died while giving birth to him. But that was all. Paul grew up in what is known as the Bible Belt, in the Southern United States.

After further searching, Paul Shaughnessy found out his mother's maiden name was Maria Collins. Paul referred to her as his mother. But as she had died when he was born, she had no chance of being that. No, he needed to find her grave. Paul did not know why finding Maria's burial place was important to him, but he was driven to do so. It was as illogical and straightforward as that.

He felt no emotional connection to her. How could he when he had never had the chance to spend even one moment with her? But Paul Shaughnessy had a vague idea that by visiting her grave and seeing her name she might become more real to him. Just one small proof that she had once lived could make her tangible. The Shaughnessy's had never kept it from him that he was adopted. But even they knew nothing about his birth mother. That information was withheld from them under the terms of the adoption. But, when he was eight, his new Mom and Dad did tell him his father was dead. There was no explanation as to where and how, but Paul did not question it. He learned not to question anything Pastor Roy Shaughnessy told him.

Pastor Shaughnessy saw himself to be a righteous man. The Pastor surrounded himself with disciples of Jesus. At his Chapel of Well-being, he taught that a true disciple of Jesus demonstrated three core

values: Loving God, Loving one another in the church, and Loving others in the world. He preached that Loving God meant worshipping the Father, teaching the Bible and living a life that proving oneself to be one of Jesus' disciples.

But Pastor Roy's declaration of big love did not stretch as far as the family home. He was a good enough provider for the family but, behind closed doors, he believed in tough love and was an advocate of corporal punishment, as a means to rid his wife and son of the Devil's influence. Talking back to him was met with the sternest measures. Pastor Roy kept a riding crop handy to keep Satan at bay. Margaret Shaughnessy also came under her husband's strict regime. The first time she stepped in to stop Paul from getting horsewhipped for some trite misdemeanour, was the last time. She didn't leave the house for two weeks, while the bruising around her eye faded.

Little did Paul know it but physical abuse by a parent was one thing he and his absent father had in common. There was one other similarity. Both his father and he ran away from home to make their mark in the world. Paul got a job as a cub reporter for the Columbus Dispatch. It was while he worked there that he became interested in searching for his roots. Paul knew nothing at all about his biological mother, except she had died in childbirth. First, he had to find the Children's' home where he had started his life. His adoptive parents had never mentioned it. So Paul set out on his personal assignment and discovered there was a record of him staying at the Christian Children's' Home of Ohio, while he waited for adoption.

He found this out from Annie, an employee of CCHO, whom he befriended in his quest. But she could not reveal anything about his birth mother. After a few coffees and some cajoling Paul got Annie to disclose his deceased mother's Christian name. So he knew she was called Maria Collins. But that was all he knew.

As a reporter, Paul Shaughnessy learned how to carry out research. He checked with the Bureau of Health, which put him on to the

Bureau of Statistics and birth records from December 20, 1908, and death records from 1964.

Sure enough, Paul's birth mother was listed on a birth certificate. His father's name was also recorded. He missed a breath! He was the son of a Maxwell Dorrian. Surely that couldn't be the multi-billionaire, PakFoods magnate.

Paul Shaughnessy stood staring at his phone. Once he made the call, there was no turning back. His father had never once tried to contact him so why bother? Anger and loathing built up in Paul as his finger hovered over the button. He was not phoning PakFoods to speak to his absent father for sentimental reasons. But he needed to confront his biological Dad To have it out with him, to help put the matter to bed. He pressed the button and soon heard a syrupy voice.

'PakFoods here. How may I help you?'

'I - I want to speak with Mr Dorrian.'

'To whom am I speaking?'

Paul had to wing it. 'Paul Shaughnessy.'

'What is it concerning?'

'Family. It's personal.'

'Well, he has a hectic schedule. I can make an appointment for you if you like.'

Paul, feeling desperate, said, 'It's urgent. Can I leave a message for him?'

'Yes, What's the message?'

'Just say, Maria Collins.'

'That's all?'

**Stealth 2**

**Chris Deggs and Patty French**

He'll know what I mean.' He gave her his contact number and left it at that.

*Wellspring Community Church Galion OH - Church Finder.*  
*<https://www.churchfinder.com/churches/oh/galion/wellspring-community-church>*

## Chapter 12

*“Without deviation from the norm, progress is not possible.”*

### **Frank Zappa**

Peter Harris mentally kicked himself. Of course, Anthony Scales aka Mark Zavrik, or whoever the hell he was, would use an alias. Retirement had softened his brain, so Peter's mind was not as sharp these days. Now all he could do is wait for his lawyer to turn up. Having been a private investigator, Peter, had strayed over the line of legality from time to time. Illegal break-ins, speeding and other misdemeanours went with the territory. But he had never been charged with murder before. Why the hell had he allowed Jill to get him on the PanKosmian trail in the first place? He continued berating himself while he waited in the Odessa jail for the interrogation to begin. And Peter now had no alibi!

Detective Larry Leverate sat looking at Peter across the table. 'How about we get the basic stuff out of the way before your lawyer turns up, Mr Harris?'

Peter could not see any harm in that, so he willingly provided the police with his personal details. Then Peter asked, 'Detective, do you have the murder weapon?'

'Well, I guess, you being the killer and all, would already know that.'

'Well, then you guess wrong on both counts.'

'He was shot with a 9 mil.'

'Have you found the weapon then?'

Larry stared at Peter. 'Enough with all the questions. That's my job.' He looked at his watch. 'Where's the god-damned lawyer got to.'

Just then, as if on cue, a bespectacled young woman looking nervous, said, 'I need time with my client alone.'

Detective Leverate and his offsider left the room.

'Amelia Gaskin,' the pale young lady announced as she sat down clumsily in the battered plastic chair. 'I'm your attorney.'

Peter gulped. This was not looking good. 'I'm being held on a murder charge, so I have to ask you, have you tried a homicide case before?'

Amelia looked at Peter, 'Actually no.'

Peter could feel the cell door closing in on him. 'So how do you figure on playing this?'

Amelia fumbled in a briefcase and produced a folder. Thumbing through a few pages, she retrieved one. Nervously smiling at Peter, she said, 'So, you don't have an alibi for the time of the killing?'

'I did, but that's what got me in this mess.'

'You admitted to being with the victim at the time of his death - and there were no other witnesses.'

Peter sighed deeply, 'Look, Amelia, I was not there when he got killed. I didn't know anything about it until the cops called this morning.'

'But it says here that you were in the victim's cabin at 3 pm yesterday.'

'That's right.'

'But that's when the victim was allegedly killed. So how do you explain that?'

'Jesus Amelia! I don't know. Maybe they got the time of death wrong.'

She fiddled with her glasses. It helped her think. Then she beamed, 'What time did you leave the victim's cabin?'

'I don't know. it had to be around 3:30.'

'Are you sure about that?'

Peter thought back. 'Yeah, Mr Scales said he had to go somewhere. We agreed to meet up again later.'

Amelia went through her police report. 'The pathologist estimates that the victim was killed between 2 and 4:30, so, if you prove you left when you say you did, you might be in the clear.' She paused, then said, 'So, can you prove it?'

'It was definitely before 4:30.'

'Yes, but can you find anyone to corroborate that?'

He shook his head despondently. 'Not unless somebody saw me leave.'

'Or saw somebody else arrive,' Amelia said, excitedly. She got up. 'I will go and check. In the meantime don't say anything.'

Jill Greenway was concerned. She had not heard from Peter Harris since he went on the trail to find out about PanKosmia and she was fearful about what could have happened to him. On top of this Max seemed withdrawn. He drank too much and ate too little. He was curt with Jill and irascible in his manner. She was at her wit's end. But every time she brought up the PanKosmian subject Max backed

off, retreating further into himself. She knew he was terribly troubled by the PanKosmian demands, and the PakFoods AGM was looming on the horizon. Despite being a significant shareholder herself, Jill did not know what was going on. The fact that her husband was still the CEO suggested he had not put PanKosmia's ridiculous proposal to the board of directors. Somebody had to! Somebody had to bite the bullet and get the whole business out in the open before the AGM. Max kept procrastinating. So that only left Jill. She breathed deeply and pressed a contact on her phone.

Nick Barnes picked up his phone and saw Jill's name. 'Hi Jill, this is a pleasant surprise.'

*Ever the gentleman*, Jill thought. 'Nick, you may not consider it such a pleasure when I have told you what I have to say.'

'Oh! It sounds ominous.'

'It's PakFood business. I don't want to talk about this over the phone. Where can we meet?'

'Where are you?'

'Houston, Texas.'

'Okay you buy lunch, and I'll come to you. I haven't been down to the Lone Star state for a heck of a long time.'

'Oh, that would be wonderful, Nick. Are you sure you don't mind?'

'Heck girl, I own Corporate Charters. It's about time I had a flight for pleasure.'

Jill finished the call, wondering how she was going to tell a significant shareholder her husband was planning to do something completely irrational that would bankrupt the company.



Jill Greenway met with Nick Barnes at the Capital Grill, her choice for lunch.

'It's great to catch up with you again, Jill.' Nick stated effusively. 'And this looks like a nice place to eat,' he smiled, indicating the restaurant.

A waitress called Pat showed the pair to a table. Jill liked the Capital Grill for many reasons, one of which was the tables were set far enough apart allowing patrons to have conversations without being in someone else's lap.

Once they were seated, Nick, said, 'It's always great to spend time with you, Jill, but I am intrigued as to what this is all about.'

Jill bit her lip, 'I'm going behind my husband's back to meet you here, Nick.'

Nick cocked an eyebrow. 'Now I'm even more intrigued.'

She met his gaze. 'Has Max ever mentioned PanKosmia to you?'

He shook his head. 'I don't recall the name. What is it?'

Jill paused as Pat presented the diners with menus.

Nick scanned the menu to see what was on offer at the upper-end classic steakhouse. 'I'm going for a Texan T-bone,' Nick stated.

Jill said, 'What I have to tell you will seem unbelievable.'

'Oh!'

'PanKosmia is the name of a very ancient secret group. Max has become a member.'

'So?' Nick said, looking at the wine list.

'This society is only open to those with extreme wealth and then only by a member's invitation.'

Nick caught Pat's attention and ordered red wine.

Jill continued, 'It's an elitist survivalist group with massive stocked up underground bunkers.'

Nick stared at Jill, puzzled. 'I don't get the problem.'

'Members are chosen for what they can bring to the society. And they want PakFoods products.'

'Super rich people wanting to buy our food. I don't see anything wrong with that, Jill.'

'They want it for free as a donation to the cause.'

Nick spluttered, 'I hope Max told them where to get off!'

'He thinks that some major disasters are just around the corner and they'll bring the whole system crashing down. Those that can will survive in the bunkers.'

'How big is this donation you're talking about?'

'All PakFoods supplies.'

'Everything!'

'Max says PanKosmia is testing his loyalty. If he fails in this, he gets kicked out of the group, or worse.'

Nick slowly shook his head, 'I can see why you're troubled, Jill. He thought for a moment, then added, Max has to get it past the board. Nobody's going to vote for that.'

Jill reached for Nick's arm. 'I'm afraid he might do something drastic.'

Max sat at his desk staring at the two-word message. Why would somebody phone about Maria? The thought of her stirred up remnants of grief that had been hiding in his wounded heart. The caller said it was a family matter, but Max had not been in touch with his family for years. So who could it be? And what was the call about? He wondered. His first thought was to ignore it and go back to his task at hand. Informing the directors that PakFoods had to make some significant changes. It was an onerous task better left simmering away at the back of the stove. But with the impending AGM, he had to work out his approach to the board. Max looked at the short message again. Responding to it would take his mind off the PanKosmia business for a while. He picked up his phone and keyed in the number his PA had given him. He rang and listened.

'Hi, this is Paul Shaughnessy, who's speaking.'

'Maxwell Dorian. Who are you?'

Paul froze, stuck for words.

'What do you want?'

'I want to see you?'

'Why?'

Then, the words were out. 'You're my father.'

The phone felt like a lead weight in Max's cold, clammy hand. He could not believe what he was hearing.

'The one you abandoned as a baby.'

Paul's accusation nearly floored Max. Even facing his board with PanKosmian's demands was preferable to this. 'How did you find out about me?'

'I'm a journalist. I know how to follow up leads.' He paused then said. 'Come to Columbus, and we can meet and talk.'

Max, gathering his wits, said, 'And why would I want to do that?'

'Because I either talk to you about it or the media. Your choice, Father.'

'How do I know this isn't some shakedown because I'm a wealthy man?'

Paul felt his anger rising. 'Fuck you! See it on the news then.'

'Okay, don't be hasty. Send me the details, and I'll work out a time.'

'Tomorrow, Columbus, Ohio. Franklin Park Conservatory, 1 pm.'

'Tomorrow! I have a company to run. I can't just take off ...'

'I'm sure you'll find a way, Father.'

Paul put his phone down, trembling with fear and anger. But he had done it! And he felt a sense of relief mixed with trepidation.

Paul had lived in Columbus ever since he left home. Franklin Park Conservatory was one of his favourite haunts in the small city. He was never tired of the park, especially the Botanical gardens with its vast conservatory. He loved to look at the colourful blooms and butterflies. *Once I have kids, this will be one of the first places I'll take them*, he mused as he waited for his father to show.

Max turned up twenty minutes later. Introductions were cool and guarded. Paul said, 'I can read doubt in your face, Father.'

'Well, what the hell do you expect. I get a phone call out of the blue, and you claim to be my son!'

'All it will take is a paternity test. 'If you're not my biological father I walk out of your life and never see you again.'

Max did not want a son. Too much was going on for him to take on that responsibility. He looked at Paul. 'I'll get back to you about that.' He turned to walk away.

Paul grabbed Max's arm to stop him. 'So that's it? You just walk away and forget this ever happened?'

'Look, you caught me by surprise. I need time to think this through.'

Paul glared at Max. Well, I've had a great deal of time to think this through. From the time you put me up for adoption, and I was abused by my preacher father. But at least he acknowledged me as his son.'

Max, feeling a mixture of annoyance and uncertainty, said, 'I'm sorry that you didn't have a happy childhood but ...'

'You have no fucking idea what my childhood was like because you haven't asked me anything about my life since you abandoned me.'

Max turned on him. 'You're not going to lay a fucking guilt trip on me. I have listened to what you have to say, and I'll get some advice on the paternity test. I'll let you know my decision.'

'You're shit scared that you'll find out I am your son! That's all you care about. So fuck off! I don't want to see you again.'

Paul watched with tears clouding his eyes as his father abandoned him, again. *It's a pity they're not your tears you bastard. Then I might have got a sample of your DNA*, Paul thought, as he watched his father widen the gap between them.

## Chapter 13

*“Fantasy is escapist, and that is its glory. If a soldier is imprisoned by the enemy, don't we consider it his duty to escape?. . .If we value the freedom of mind and soul, if we're partisans of liberty, then it's our plain duty to escape, and to take as many people with us as we can!”*

### **J.R.R. Tolkien**

Arturo knew World Zionists descended from the Khazarian Imposters, just as he knew they were not descendants of Abraham. But it made no difference to what was about to be unleashed on the world. The Zionists were a law unto themselves. Or were they? Did they have a big brother prodding them in a particular direction? He wondered. As he pondered such meaningful meanderings, his phone rang. It was from Katrina Weber. Arturo was both surprised and concerned that Agent Weber had tracked him down to Copacabana, especially in the light of the attack on Professor Wakanabe. But he was also interested in what she had to say, so he agreed to meet with her for coffee at the Confeitaria Colombo, a restaurant inside the Fort of Copacabana. It was packed, as Arturo expected, but he saw Katrina Weber waving at him as he wended his way through the sea of tables, to hers. Arturo ordered coffee and joined the Federal agent near the window that afforded an excellent view of the beach.

'Well I'm here,' he said, offering no greeting. 'So what brings you to Copacabana?' he said, wondering how she slotted into the bigger picture.

Katrina thought he looked like a different man to the one she had last seen in the UK. He appeared more subdued, less sure of himself. It did not seem like an act.

Arturo studied her, then asked, 'So why have you come all this way? Not for a social reason, I bet.'

'You still don't trust me, do you, Arturo.'

'Are you still with the Feds?'

She looked him in the eye, Mustering sincerity she said, 'Yes, but I'm not here in that capacity.'

Arturo pressed, 'So in what capacity are you here?'

Katrina sipped her coffee. 'You haven't just come here to soak up the sun and ogle bikini-clad girls on the beach.'

He eye-balled her. 'Why do you think I'm here then?'

'I don't know. But I'm guessing you want to make your voice known.'

Arturo sipped his coffee. 'He paused then said, 'I haven't been home for many years. Our old flat is still there, along with the putrid landfill mountain.'

'But why are you really back here, Arturo. And I don't buy your sentimentality.'

He glared at Katrina. 'Why should I care what you think?'

She drank some coffee. What she said next would either break the ice or her would freeze her out. She took a deep breath. 'I think there is more to you than meets the eye.'

He fixed her with his steely gaze. 'What do you mean by that,' he asked guardedly.

'You know much more than you let on. It's not your workshops and blogs that make you a person of interest to us.'

Playing along, Arturo said, 'What do you think it is then?'

Instead of answering, Katrina said, 'We're really not that different you know.'

'Oh! And how do you figure that?'

'Because we both care about what's happening in our world.'

He gave her a scornful look. 'Why would you care. You just carry out orders, and the 'man' looks after you.'

'I tell myself every day that warped law and order is better than no law and order. It's the only way I can face what I'm ordered to do. But it seems that everything is becoming a crazy mess. I truly believe everyone is going insane. Especially those at the top of the pyramid.'

Arturo got a glimpse of something genuine about Katrina. Something he could relate to. He responded, 'Our insanity is due to our evolution as programmed machines. Throughout history, homo sapiens have been programmed by false myths, superstitions and customs.'

'Is there a solution to this rampant insanity or is it already too late?'

Arturo smiled slightly. 'There is a simple solution that is never too late.'

'What is it?' she urged.

'Truth. But not your truth or my truth. The truth that cuts through all false belief systems.'

Katrina fixed him with her gaze. 'I want to learn that truth.'



Arturo chuckled. 'And you think I can teach you.' Arturo added, 'I'll tell you one thing, Agent Weber. It's too late for workshops about mind liberation. People need a much stronger lesson to get the point.'

'And are you the one giving that lesson?'

Arturo scowled, said nothing, and finished his coffee. He slowly shook his head. 'You have no fucking idea, Katrina.'

She looked at him, her face blank and expressionless.'

'When the American government uses military drones to target its own citizens' things are really fucked up.'

'What do you mean?'

'Don't play the fucking innocent with me, Katrina. You know that shit goes on. What do you think caused Professor Wakanabe's Mercedes to explode?'

She stared at him and shrugged, 'I don't know.'

Arturo sipped his coffee. 'Well, you should do, Katrina, because the no-name controllers have waged a covert war against American citizens for over 50 years, against anyone who gets in the way of their world domination plans.'

Katrina smiled, 'What you're saying, Arturo, sounds like the script for a Bond movie.'

'Your comment is a good example of a brainwashed response. Many casualties of this war are people whose deaths are already suspect.'

'Give me an example.'

'I'll give you three off the top of my head. John F. Kennedy, Bobby Kennedy and Martin Luther King. JFK, for example, was the target of four assassins. The controllers couldn't leave anything to chance.'

Oswald was chosen by the KGB because of his psyche and his susceptibility to mind control.'

'So it was a Communist plot?'

'That's what the shadow government wants us to believe.' Arturo added. 'Now they use hit drones instead of hit-men.'

Katrina frowned, 'I didn't have you down as a radical revolutionary.'

Arturo chuckled.'You just don't get it. You people are the most brainwashed of all. Your job is to believe their lies without question and carry out their duplicitous agenda. So, go ahead and report me to your mind controlled bosses. frankly, my dear, I don't give a fuck.'

Katrina paused, then said, 'No, I'm not going to. I want to know what we can do to expose the controllers before it is too late for all of us.'

Arturo stared at her. 'I'll contact you later. Then we will see how genuine you really are.'

Katrina did not want to leave it like that, but she also knew she mustn't push it. She rose from her seat. 'Thanks for the coffee. It was good catching up again.'

He looked at her, his expression placid. 'Stay real Agent Weber.'

After Katrina left, Arturo took out his phone pressed Dionne's contact number. When she answered, he said, 'Have you managed to bring Lara Balabanov into the fold?'

'I'm interviewing her today.'

'Get her to contact me.'

'I'm not sure that she is ready, Arturo.'

'Just do as I ask.'

Arturo's abruptness took Dionne by surprise. But she knew he was under awful pressure so she acquiesced to his wishes. 'Of course, Arturo.'

## Chapter 14

*“Never tell the truth to people who are not worthy of it.”*

**Mark Twain**

David Scholefield read the email attachments Pieter Echternach had sent him. That there was no mention of Mr Foster's mental condition did not bode well for the claimant. There were clear conditions to the inheritance. It was also clear to David that his client if he took on the case, was in breach of those conditions. He would have to get the claimant in and tell him the bad news. David spoke into his intercom. 'Agatha, we have an Aldous Foster in a new pending file. Please make an appointment for him and ring to let him know.'

Aldous listened to David Scholefield's assessment of his claim with growing despondency. By the time he heard the lawyer's verdict Aldous was ready to throw in the towel.

But Kim was not. She claimed, 'It must have been an oversight in the will contract not to require information about any pre-existing medical conditions that could affect the inheritor's health while he or she fulfils the conditions of the will.'

David smiled, 'Although it is usual for such a provision in the conditions imposed by the will, it is not compulsory.'

Kim argued, Aldous did incredibly well, considering he was in Africa carrying out an arduous task in trying conditions. He deserves at least part of his inheritance for his tremendous effort. And if you can't see that, we will go to some other firm for help.'

David admired Kim's pluck. He looked at the determination showing in her face. 'OK, you get me a medical report of Aldous' condition, and I will contact BAS and find out what Aldous' function in Mali required of him. Then I will see what I can do.'

Once his client had left David got Agatha to get Pieter Echternach again. Upon hearing the lawyers voice, he said, 'Good day Mr Echternach. Thank you for the email. I can see from the will documents that you have a perfectly legitimate, legal argument for not giving my client his inheritance.'

'Mr Scholefield, it is no longer his inheritance.'

'Yes, that is so. So we will no longer pursue that avenue.'

'Good, I'm glad to hear it.'

'But we will be pursuing damages against your firm for the lack of care you have shown towards my client and for the tremendous stress you have put him under, him being bi-polar.'

'That's preposterous!'

Mr Echternach, You may have won the legal battle here, but you have not won the moral one. We're thinking five million euros in damages. And we prepared to fight this moral issue in court.'

Echternach was stuck for words. Then he spluttered, 'Guten, Berg and Echternach is a prestigious European firm. You don't want to take us on, Mr Scholefield'

'Then pay my client his due, and this whole thing quietly goes away.'

Pieter Echternach knew his firm was not cheating a man suffering from being bipolar from his rightful inheritance, but that was how the press would write it. Among his firms, clients were charities raising money for various health conditions including mental health. The negative publicity generated from the spurious case could be far more damaging and costly than the five million David Scholefield touted. Maybe it was time to come to an arrangement.

Aldous, Kimmie and David celebrated their victory with a bottle of bubbly. Just that morning David received an email from Guten, Berg and Echternach saying that on reflection, although Aldous' case had no basis in law, under the circumstances, they would pay him half the inheritance money. That was a whopping 1,000,500 euros in Aldous' bank account. It was all too much for Kimmie and Aldous to take in. He was rich. For the first time in his life, Aldous could follow his desires without having to count the cost.

Aldous and Kimmie talked about his situation as they had coffee in the refectory at Adlington House. She said, 'Aldous you're going to need someone to look after your inheritance.'

He looked at her quizzically. 'I can take care of it.'

'Yes, when you're on your meds. But when you're in Aldous land, off your lithium, anything could happen. You know how you

quickly become irresponsible. Who knows what crazy thing you'll do. Go off on a gambling spree maybe.'

Aldous looked at Kimmie. 'But I'm going to take my own medicine.'

She touched his arm gently. 'Aldous, that's your goal, but you don't have any at present. All I'm saying is you need a financial advisor to help you reach your goal.'

'But I don't trust anyone looking after the money.'

'You trust me, don't you?'

'Yeah, sure I trust you. Then Aldous brightened a little. 'Hey, maybe you can be my money manager?'

Kimmie wanted it to be his idea. 'Yes, I think I can do that. But there is a lot of work involved so I will need a fee for helping.'

Aldous grinned, 'I've never employed anyone before.'

Kimmie smiled, 'Get used to it because when we get your remedy up and running, you'll need other people working for you.'

Aldous said, 'I'll be, like a boss.'

Kim sipped her coffee. 'You could even buy yourself a small flat. Then nobody could kick you out.'

Aldous grinned again, 'I'm quite settled here now. It's not as bad as I thought it would be.'

'That's good then.'

'Yeah.' Then Aldous became quiet. He sipped his coffee. 'I don't know anything about running a business.'

'Do you mean a herbal remedy company?'

Kimmie delved into her handbag and took out a notebook. She opened it, saying. First, you need a product to sell.'

'I know that Kimmie. I'm not stupid.'

'Which means you have to get someone to supply you with the ingredients.'

'I got the list of ingredients from the Dogon Hogon.'

Kimmie stared at her friend. 'You need someone in Mali to ship the ingredients to you here.'

'My friend Sigui will do that for me.'

'That's all very well, Aldous, but you need to go there and set things up.'

He stared at her wide-eyed. 'What? Go back to Africa?'

Kimmie regretted the words as soon as they escaped her mouth. 'I suppose I'll have to go with you.'

'That would be great, Kimmie.'

She glared at him. 'If you leave me in the fucking lurch again, I will throttle you.'

Aldous, taken aback, said, 'I promise I won't leave you in Africa again.'



## Chapter 15

*“In a time of deceit telling the truth is a revolutionary act.”*

**George Orwell**

Jesse had some leave owing, so he took a flight to Culver City and caught up with Michael Angel on the Grey Area film set. 'Have you found out who was behind the threat, Michael,' asked Jesse as they walked around the movie set.

The director removed his baseball cap to scratch his balding head. Then he said, 'Looks like it could be uptight ufologists who think we're muddying their waters with your new slant on things.'

'Well, it looks like we're going ahead with film then?'

Michael turned to Jesse, 'You bet your ass we are. But just to feel safer, I have these two watching my back.' Michael indicated the two smartly dressed burly bodyguards walking a few feet behind them.

'So, these ufologists, are they likely to cause any more trouble?'

Michael shrugged. 'Your guess is as good as mine. But I threatened them with a lawsuit, so I don't think so.'

'So, who was the guy that warned you about them?'

'You don't need to be concerned about that, Jesse. Now I have to get back to work. Hang around and watch us make the movie if you like.'

The cameras were rolling. Danny, the leading actor, was talking with Kerry an abductee. She said, 'I'm sure they could still see it in my face.'

'Yeah.'

'But I was making out I was braver than I really was.'

'Right.'

'So they walked me over, sat me down in a chair, buckled me in the harnesses and left.'

'Wow!'

'Yeah. So the next thing I know... '

Danny interrupted, 'Was there anything different about it, or did it all look the same?'

'It all looked the same. The energy was a little bit different though. The aliens seemed to have a calmer energy about them – not as stern.'

'Okay.' Which was odd because they were still military like.'

Danny smiled, 'Interesting. So even though they're strapping you into a harness where you've been tortured before, somehow the vibes were better this time based on what you're saying about the energy?'

'Yeah, a little bit more laid-back. Not - I wouldn't say friendly, but more amiable.'

'So, you're dealing with this character who looks kinda like Sigmund Freud, with white hair.'

'Yeah. White goatee.'

Michael picked up something that needed tweaking. He yelled 'Cut!' through his bullhorn.

Everything came to a halt as the Director walked onto the set. He had a well-developed instinct when something wasn't quite right. 'Okay, we need a bit more action in this scene. People moving around in the background, doing whatever. Maybe even a craft taking off or landing. I'll get the digital WizKids onto that.'

With that minor adjustment in place, Michael was ready to reshoot that part of the scene.

Kerry waited while two of the crew walked to the storage room at the back of the spacecraft. Then the old man with they were just talking about walked up the ramp into the forward section.

Danny, indicating the scientist, said, 'What's his name?'

'I don't know,' Kerry shrugged. 'I just call him Sigmund.'

'What's wrong with him. He seems pretty down.'

'Between you and me he's just been confronted with evidence indicating that his whole life has been built around is a lie.'

'How did he find out?'

'He had an implant removed that had given him false memories he always thought were real.'

'So how is he dealing with that?' Danny asked.

'He's finding it very stressful. Especially the realisation he's been stationed at several bases in Antarctica.'

Danny stared at Kerry, wide-eyed. 'Sigmund was?'

'Yes. Sigmund said that they had discovered some ancient cities under the ice shelf – ruined cities – not just one. They had found

flash frozen woolly mammoth-type prehistoric animals, and also what he called Pre-Adamites.'

'Pre-Adamites!'

'Yes. I'm assuming that means before Adam in the Bible.'

Danny nodded, 'Right.'

'He stated that they were kind of spindly, with elongated skulls and had strange proportions in their torsos; and that they had obviously not been designed to live in the barometric pressure and the gravity of this planet. They also had other hidden bases around the globe where they study humanity on different continents.'

Danny stared at Kerry. 'Do these bases still exist?'

'No. There was some sort of a catastrophe that occurred, and Antarctica flash froze completely.'

'And the other bases?' Danny queried.

'Sigmund said the Pre-Adamites had had no access to these underground cities for over 10,000 years, and that presented them with a big problem.'

'So they had to live above ground?' Danny queried.

Kerry explained, 'After they lost access to their ancient cities, they began to interbreed with the local human population, and that resulted in Pre-Adamite hybrids.'

The pair stopped speaking as more crewmen came around.

Kerry continued, 'There were all different sorts of them because they were breeding with different races. There were some of them that had an African look, some of them that had a Caucasian look, and some of them that had a South American look.'

'How long ago did they come here?'

Sigmund said, from what he'd found out the cities went back 55,000 to 65,000 years ago. Apparently, they came from another planet in our solar system that was no longer hospitable to life.'

Danny brightened. 'Did he say which one?'

Kerry shook her head. 'No. He either doesn't know, or he won't share it with me.'

'It's a wrap.' Michael yelled through his bullhorn. Well done people. let's take a thirty-minute break.'

Jesse thanked Michael, saying, 'Can't wait for the premiere.'

Michael smiled, 'We have a way to go yet.'

Monty Devere could not believe what he was hearing. 'You've done what, Arturo?'

Arturo repeated, 'I'd like you to help me assess an FBI agent who claims to want to come over to our side.'

Monty stared at his colleague. 'Are you out of your fucking mind, man? Has all that sun been scrambling your brains?'

Arturo continued. 'She followed me here from England and ...'

Monty stared at him. 'You knew her in England!'

'Yes, she arrested me.'

'Oh, this just gets better and better.'

'What gets better and better,' Dionne said, entering the room and the conversation.

Monty turned to her, 'Arturo has just invited a fucking Fed to have tea with us.'

Arturo defended, Well, not entirely. Katrina Weber got in touch with me, and we met this morning.'

Dionne said, 'Isn't she the FBI agent who was after you in England?'

'Yes.' Then Arturo got an idea. 'Katrina says she wants to come over to our side. Can you help me sound her out?'

Dionne looked at Arturo. 'Okay. I suppose so.'

Monty threw his hands up in exasperation. 'Be it on your own heads. Except if it goes wrong, it will be all our heads on the chopping block.'

Arturo responded, angrily. 'Don't be so negative. We're just going to find out where her loyalties really lie.'

'Yes, and she'll know where we are. How long will it take a fucking drone to find us?'

Arturo brushed the thought aside. 'Relax man. We'll soon be moving from here anyway.'

Dionne Bennett confronted Katrina Weber, as they sat out on the balcony of Monty's apartment.

'Where's Arturo?' Katrina said.

'Don't worry about him. You're here to sell yourself to me. So convince me that you're kosher.'

'You people are interested in mind control, right?'

'We're engaged in stopping mind control, that's no secret.'

'Have you heard of the Camp Hero base in Montauk?'

'I've heard of Montauk. Are we speaking of the same thing?'

'Yes. I have a source who grew up close to the place. His parents told him to keep away from the place because kids had mysteriously disappeared in the area. My contact claims the military scientists there used secret mind control experiments to trigger mass shootings in schools, nightclubs etc.'

'And you believe him?'

Katrina answered, 'I'm not sure. But what I do know is the former Cold War radar station in Montauk was officially closed in the 1980s, and most of the records disappeared at that time as well. But some of the locals have heard talk of government scientists conducting experiments on snatched foster kids and making contact with aliens.'

Dionne eyes raised heavenward. She hated conspiracy theories. 'So it's all hearsay?'

'Of course. But there's no smoke without fire.' Katrina paused to look out at the ocean. Then she turned to Dionne. 'It's claimed that the base's SAGE ( Semi-Automatic Ground Environment) radar tower broadcasts the 5G frequency, which negatively affects human consciousness.'

Dionne became interested. She believed that rolling out 5G around the globe was the most significant social engineering experiment yet. 'I hear what you're saying. But you haven't told me anything useful to our project.'

'So, tell me about your project, then I'll know what help I can offer.' Katrina said, knowing she was entering dangerous territory.

Dionne stared at the agent. 'You haven't earned the right to have that information.'

Katrina sighed, 'I can be very useful to you. I can give you the heads up when the FBI focuses on you.'

Dionne silently cursed Arturo for putting her in this position. 'You're trying too hard, and that makes me suspicious.'

Feeling frustrated, Katrina said, 'I want to speak to Arturo.'

Dionne smiled, 'Well he's not available. For now, you deal with me.'

Maxwell Dorrian knocked on the door, then entered Jill's laboratory at PakFoods. Getting her attention, he said, 'Jill, I need a word.'

She looked up from her microscope. 'What about, Max?'

He forced a smile, 'It's better if we talk in private.'

'Sure, I won't be a moment.' He usually spoke with her at work through the intercom system. That he was there in person suggested something serious. Jill had an inkling what it was, but she said nothing.

They stood outside the factory, Max lit a cigarette to calm his nerves. 'I had a chat with Nick Barnes yesterday. He told me you guys had a cosy lunch together.'

Jill, said, a little hesitantly, 'Yes, it was a business lunch.'

He stared at his wife. 'Yes. My business! Except now it's not, And Nick is threatening to stack the board against me if I mention anything about my PanKosmian obligation.'

'Max, I had to do something to stop you sabotaging everything we have.'

'Jesus, Jill. You have no idea what you have fucking done, do you? Because of your interference, I won't be free to stock our bunkers



with survival rations. I'll probably be kicked out of the PanKosmians for this breach.'

Jill, rounded on Max and barely controlling her anger, snapped. 'I'm sorry you see things that way. I'm actually trying to save you from yourself.'

'What the hell is that supposed to mean,' Max ranted, glaring at Jill.

'There's a lot more to your precious Pan-fucking-Kosmia than meets the eye.'

'What do you mean? You only know what I've told you.'

'Oh, you'd be surprised what I know.'

Max was furious. 'Don't ever divulge my personal business with anybody again, or I won't be so lenient!'

Jill passed a flash drive to him, 'Watch this if you have the guts.'

*Cosmic Disclosure: Revealing a Bigger Plan | Ascension ....*  
<https://ascensionenergies.com/2016/12/31/cosmic-disclosure-revealing-a-bigger-plan/>

## Chapter 16

*“Turn your wounds into wisdom.”*

**Oprah Winfrey**

Arturo's first impression of Patagonia was the country's immensity. The vast landscape of thick, lush valleys and towering mountains filled him with awe. Arturo took all this in as he and Monty travelled on the Patagonian Express, a British made steam train, dating back to the 1880s. After leaving Copacabana, Arturo and Monty flew to Buenos Aires, which the latter believed, was a dangerous city, full of thieves, cut-throats and pickpockets. Much to his pleasant surprise, Argentina's famous cosmopolitan capital city was much like Paris with wide, tree-lined avenues and 19th-century buildings including Casa Rosada, the iconic, balconied presidential palace.

After a pleasant overnight stay, Arturo and Monty boarded the Patagonian Express for the 1,000-mile train journey down south. As the Brazilian enjoyed a glass of local wine in the bar in the dining car, he got talking to Alfredo, who had lived in Patagonia all his life. The old man told him a curious tale. They were discussing some of the famous people who had travelled on the train, film stars, South American footballers etc. When Alberto mentioned Hitler.

Arturo, taken aback, said, 'Adolf Hitler?'

'Si, Adolf Hitler. he comes here in 1945.'

'How can that be, when he died in the bunker?'

Alberto insisted, 'No Senor, he did not die in the bunker. He arrived in South America by submarine and came here in on this train in the middle of the night. He shaved off his moustache and his hair.'

'That's incredible. But how do you know this?'

'My father, he worked on railways. He tell me Hitler was secretly picked up from the station by a well-known Nazi landowner. Hitler lived there another 20 years. He then moved to Paraguay and died there.'

Arturo asked, 'Who gave him sanctuary?'

'George De Moonchildt.'

The name rang a bell with Arturo. He vaguely remembered Boltz mentioning his name.

Johan Boltz was at the Nahuel Huapi station to greet his associates. He took the pair to a sprawling mansion, Residencia Inalco. After an hour's journey, they came to the entrance of the large rancho. Arturo noticed For Sale signs as they drove past. Johan made no mention of it, so Arturo said, 'The place is for sale then?'

Johan said, 'We are too old to look after 2,000 acres. Besides, it has served its purpose.'

'What purpose is that?'

Boltz did not answer Arturo. Instead, he said, 'How are our birds going?'

Arturo knew the old Nazi meant specially built drones. 'Ready to fly.'

'Do we have our target worked out?'

'Yes. We do now.'

'Where is it?' Johan pressed.

'All in good time, Johan.'

Monty asked, 'Do you own this place?'

The old Nazi gave a throaty laugh.' No, Herr DeVere, George De Moonchildt owns it, not I. But De Moonchildt is very old and frail. So, soon his grandson will inherit it.'

Arturo froze. De Moonchildt was the name of the owner who met Hitler at the station. Could it just be a coincidence? He did not think so. 'When can I meet this George De Moonchildt?'

Boltz replied, 'You can't. He never leaves his room. Any communication with him goes through me.'

Following a few hours rest, Arturo found his way to the big kitchen, Where he asked for a coffee. Hilda, Boltz' cook brewed it while Arturo sat in the courtyard admiring the architecture. It appeared to follow European lines, rather than the usual Latin American style.

Just then a man Arturo did not know, approached. 'Good morning Herr Bruno. I am Herman De Moonchildt. My grandfather told me you had arrived.'

Arturo rose to shake hands. 'This is an amazing place. But why was it built in a European style?'

They sat down at a timber table, and Herman said, 'Its design is based on Hitler's Berghof.'

Arturo said, 'It seems a bit out of place in this remote mountainous paradise. So why did your grandfather build it this way?'

'Oh no, Herr Bruno, my grandfather did not design it. That was Adolf Hitler.'

Arturo stared at the German. 'So Alberto was telling the truth. Hitler really did stay here.'

Herman chuckled, 'It's common knowledge around Nahuel Huapi Lake.'

Arturo said, 'So was this rancho is a hotbed of Nazi Party sympathisers?'

'Oh no! It was home to high-ranking Nazis who escaped to Argentina straight after the war.' He further explained, 'This property was owned by the Meru family for decades before my grandfather purchased it from Enrique García Merou. He was a Buenos Aires lawyer linked to several German-owned companies that collaborated in the escape to Argentina of high ranking Nazi party members and SS officials, including Adolf Hitler and Eva Braun.'

'So Eva came with him?'

Oh yes, Herr Bruno. She helped design the buildings after Hitler bought the property from an architect called Alejandro Bustillo, who created the original plans of the house in March 1943. Bustillo also built other houses for Nazi fugitives who were later apprehended in

the area. The Nazis remained undiscovered here, because the tiny town of Villa La Angostura, was quite remote and hardly accessible at the time.'

'So, how did your grandfather get to own it?'

'Hitler left it to him in his will.'

Arturo drained his coffee. 'Thank you, Herman. Now I am better informed. But how are you people tied in with our business here?'

'Forgive me. I knew you were coming here as Johan's guests, but I do not know why.'

*Is he fishing?* Arturo wondered. 'We met in Brazil. Monty and I are researching into post-war Patagonian history,' he lied.

After Herman left to deal with ranch business, Arturo went looking for Monty and caught up with him by a timber fence, where a couple of gauchos brought down a steer with a bolas. Monty, fascinated by the cowboy's skill, watch in awe as the bolas, a type of throwing device made of weights on the ends of interconnected cords, brought the steer down by entangling the rope around their forelegs. One of the Cowboys pulled a branding iron out of a small fire while the other one held the animal down.

Arturo took Monty aside out of earshot. 'Do you realise we are involved with a bunch of fucking Nazi's. Even Hitler lived here for Christ's sake.'

Monty dragged himself away from the Gauchos and looked at his friend, blankly.

Amazed at Monty's non-response, Arturo said, 'Doesn't what I just said disturb you even a little.'

Monty said, 'The Nazi's war is over, and ours has just begun. This one is theirs as well. And there's much they can teach us.' He went back to watching the gauchos bring down more steers.

Arturo was not satisfied with Monty's offhand comments. He found Johan sitting in a rocker, smoking a Meerschaum pipe. Arturo pulled up a seat. 'Johan, I need to ask you a question.'

'Go ahead.'

'Are you people still persecuting the Jews?'

Johan looked straight at Arturo. 'What do you mean by you people?'

'You are Nazis, are you?'

'We prefer the term National Socialists.' Johan replied, brusquely. He added, 'And to answer your question, only the world Zionists.'

'The Zionists are your enemy?'

Boltz smirked, 'The Zionists are everybody's enemy, but your society does not know it.'

Arturo, becoming genuinely interested, said, 'Where did the Zionists come from?'

This was one of Johan's favourite subjects. He said, 'World Zionists have worked hard to create a sinister delusion around race.'

'What do you mean?'

'It all started with the Khazarians from southern Russia in the early middle ages. To make it a short story they were pagans who converted to Judaism. The Middle Eastern Jews called them the false Jews because they didn't come from the Abrahamic bloodline. These Judaic converts did all they could to attack, asset strip, tyrannise and capture the real Jews. Their aim was the mass eradication of the real ancient Abraham bloodline, which has scattered, disseminated and diffused all over the globe.'

Arturo smirked, 'But you're not Jews, so why do you hate the Zionists?'

Boltz stared at Arturo. 'For one thing, they brought about the Second World War.'

Arturo, having never heard this angle, challenged, 'What do you mean?'

'The Zionist Wall Street bankers forced our Fatherland into an untenable situation, Herr Bruno. But there is much more to it than just that.'

'Such as?'

Johan repacked his pipe. 'Unless you are up to speed on the secret space wars, you will not understand, and you will think me mad.'

'Now you have me really intrigued.'

'When are the others arriving,' Herr Bruno,' Boltz said, changing the subject.

'Change of plan,' Arturo smiled. 'We're going to meet up in Buenos Aries. It will speed things up.'



Boltz saw the sense in that. But it raised a question. 'If we're meeting in Buenos Aries why have we come all the way here?'

Arturo turned to Boltz. 'To check out your people, of course.'

Hitler Escaped to Argentina & Died Old: FBI Documents, DNA ....  
<http://humansarefree.com/2016/07/hitler-escaped-to-argentina-died-old.html>

*Antique INDIAN GAUCHO cowboy weapon bola BOLEADORA BULL .... <https://www.ebay.com/itm/Antique-INDIAN-GAUCHO-cowboy-weapon-bola-BOLEADORA-BULL-SCROTUM-LEATHER-Argentin-/352444862929>*

## Chapter 17

*“Yesterday is gone. Tomorrow has not yet come. We have only today. Let us begin.”*

### **Mother Teresa**

Aldous was back in Africa, but this time on his own terms. Sigui was waiting for him and Kim at Bamako International Airport. Sigui introduced himself to Kim, hugged Aldous and took the pair's bags, which he stacked on a trolley. Aldous and Kim followed the young Dogon man out into the fiercely hot day, where he took them to the car park. After loading up the old Toyota flatbed, Sigui said. 'Now we go to my uncle's place.'

As Sigui drove, Aldous turned to Kimmie. 'Who is this uncle?'

Kim smiled, 'How would I know?' She patted his arm. 'I guess we'll soon find out.'

After a hair-raising drive through the city, they stopped near a modern house in Baco Djikoroni by the river. Sigui took the Aldous and Kimmie into the home. Uncle Mamadou was out back tending his vegetable garden. After introductions were made Mamadou, Sigui and his friends sat around an anciently carved table in the courtyard where they were traditionally served sweet tea, three times from the same pot. He explained that the first cup was strong as death, the second cup, mild as life and the third cup as sweet as love.

Sigui said, 'Uncle Mamadou used to live in Sanga. He was a Hogon.'

Aldous beamed, 'Does he know how to make Guiera?'

The young Dogon grinned widely. 'I tell him what you are doing. He is very interested and wants to help. That is why you are here.'

Kimmie, amazed at Sigui's grasp of the situation, said, 'So, is he going to gather the herbs for the remedy?'

Sigui grinned even more widely. 'We make it here,'

Aldous looked at him. 'I hadn't thought of that. I thought you would send me the ingredients.'

Kimmie broke in, 'But Aldous what Sigui proposes is much better and less time consuming for us.' She paused, 'It does mean we will be here longer than intended because we have to oversee the business here to get things started.'

Kimmie was proud of Aldous. He had voluntarily gone back on his meds to help him deal with flight and his stay in Bamako.

Although Uncle Mamadou could speak no English, Sugui told Aldous his uncle was excited about the business proposition. Since the Jihad in Mali, the number of tourists had drastically dropped in Bamako. As had the sales of Mamadou's medicinal herbs. Now he had a chance to get back into the business. He was to source and gather the plants, while Sigui looked after the production and shipping.

While staying in Bamako, Sigui took Aldous and Kim to the Musee National de Bamako which the English pair had visited on their previous trip. But Sigui knew Aldous was interested in the Nommo story and the Sirius star system and the young Dogon was happy to be his friend's guide. Also, there was somebody who worked there he wanted Aldous to meet. Fadimata volunteered at the museum, but her main passion was the amphibious beings who came from the stars a very long time ago. Sigui introduced her, and the four of

them sat talking and drinking sweet tea together. During the fascinating conversation translated by Sigui, Fadimata, an educated Malian in her fifties, explained that the Nommo felt responsible for the Dogon because they had impacted heavily on their society.

Aldous, puzzled, said, 'Responsible for what?'

Fadimata replied, 'Those from Sirius B came here and really messed with our heads.'

Her next words nearly blew the Englishman's mind. 'They are the ones who originally gave the American government the Montauk technology.'

Aldous, stunned, sat still his mouth forming a silent 'O'.

Sigui grinned, then he asked, 'Are you okay, Aldous?'

'Y- yes. It's just that I've never heard ...'

Fadimata continued, 'Of the two stars, Sirius B, because of its greater density and magnetic field, takes the lion's share, sucking gases and materials off of the much larger host body. Every 49.9 years, Sirius A and B, come as close together as their orbits allow. This creates huge magnetic storms between them. As they approach each other, the stars both begin to spin faster as tidal forces become stronger, they get topsy-turvy, finally trading places with each other.'

Aldous was rapt, That mysterious number 49.9 had been coming up in his life for a long time. He had not heard about its connection to the Sirius binary star system before the Hogon had informed him. Aldous asked, 'Does this cycle have any significance for us on Earth?'

'Yes it does, This energy is eventually released to flow in magnetic field lines to our Sun, which transmits it like a lens to all the solar system planets, including ours.'

'So how was this energy used in the Montauk experiments?' Aldous asked, excitedly.

Fadimata said, 'It wasn't just an energetic connection. Beings from Sirius B played an active role in providing exotic technology such as time/inter-dimensional travel to secret US government agencies involved in both the Philadelphia Experiment and the Montauk Project.'

Aldous just sat there, mouth agape. He turned to Sigui. 'How does she know such things?'

The Dogon man grinned and shrugged.

After they left Fadimata, Aldous turned to Sigui, 'So where are we with our project?'

'We are looking at an empty factory this afternoon. Once we have that worked out, we can start gathering the herbs for the mixture.'

Kimmie said, 'That's OK for now, but I think we should grow our own remedy ingredients to have more control over supply.'

Aldous said, 'An excellent idea, Kimmie.' He looked at Sigui, 'Can you organise that?'

Sigui grinned sheepishly. 'OK boss.'

Kimmie casted Aldous a sideways glance and grinned as well. Then she said, 'We need a name for your company and your product.'

There was so much for Aldous to think about. But it was also exciting.

Arturo caught up with Katrina Weber at the Plaza de Mayo, the main city square in Buenos Aires, near the Presidential Palace. Her long dark hair was straight and loose and held out of her eyes by a

red bandana. She had a glow about her Arturo had not seen before. He had arranged to meet with Dionne and Lara the following day. But first, he needed to get to know the real Katrina Weber, if he could get her to lower her guard. They strolled along the plaza looking at the historical buildings as they searched for a cafe. After a twenty minute walk, the pair came across the Regis, where they had a breakfast buffet with excellent coffee. As they ate, Arturo said, 'Now, it's time for you to show you are genuine.'

'What is it that you want me to do?'

'Tell me what the Feds have on us and inform me of their movements.'

Katrina smiled, 'Is your group planning something big?'

'Do you seriously expect me to tell you?'

She looked at him sternly. 'If you still don't trust me I may as well walk away right now.'

'Bring me what I've asked then I will involve you.'

Katrina finished her breakfast. 'Well if that's the business dealt with I'll work out what to do with the rest of my day.'

Arturo said, 'I'm free for the rest of the day. I can be your tour guide.'

Katrina figured it would give her a chance to get to know him better. As the day progressed Arturo, enjoying himself, lowered his guard and Katrina saw a side of the Brazilian she never knew existed. They visited the Casa Rosada and saw the famous balcony from which Eva Peron once addressed the Argentinean people. He meandered through the historic centre, stopping at landmarks such as the Colon Theatre, Plaza de la Republica, and the Obelisk. They

had lunch on the Puerto Madero waterfront, after which Arturo and Katrina walked the cobbled lanes of San Telmo, known for its tango clubs. Then they continued on to La Boca, with its odd, brightly painted houses.

By late afternoon Arturo and Katrina were pleasantly exhausted. He hailed a cab, and they went back to her hotel, a tranquil Oasis in a noisy barrio. Travelling in one of the cheap, frequent taxis they got dropped off on Avenida Independencia, just a stone's throw from the Hotel Patios De San Telmo where she was staying.

Arturo walked Katrina to the hotel lobby.

She looked at him, smiling, 'You are a surprise.' Then she gave him a brief hug, saying, 'I enjoyed myself today.'

'That was the general idea,' he grinned.

Katrina felt strongly attracted to the handsome Brazilian. She lightly touched his arm. 'Let me repay you with a nightcap in my suite.'

He looked at the attractive woman, 'As long as you don't arrest me, again,' he joked.

'I've got the handcuffs if you have the truncheon.'

Arturo looked closely at the woman who made the bold suggestion, For the first time, he did not see her as a cop. He liked what he saw. He admired her long dark hair, which was clean and combed straight down. Her pretty ebony face shone in the lobby lights. Her figure was attractive, somewhat plump in a sexy way, with big breasts straining against the green t-shirt she wore. Arturo said, 'Let's go upstairs and find those missing items.'

## Chapter 18

*“They always say time changes things, but you actually have to change them yourself.”*

### **Andy Warhol**

As an aerospace engineer, Jesse was of interest to Johan Boltz. But whether Doctor Devenport was interested in him was another matter entirely. Once he was back on American soil, he rang Jesse's number. He made contact and said, 'Herr Devenport we met at Blue Heron Park. Do you recall.'

Jesse could not forget it. Boltz had dropped a couple of huge bombshells, shattering his mind. 'Yes, but we are done on that.'

'I am not calling about that. I have a job for you if you are interested.'

'I already have a job, thank you.'

Boltz gave a guttural laugh. 'Yes but this one will make a difference where it really counts.'

Jesse, still cautious, said a faltering, 'Okay, tell me more.'

'Yes, when we meet again. At the same place at 6 pm.'

Jesse waited between the boat launch and fishing docks. He was a few minutes early and kept himself occupied by watching a young couple and the dog playing with a Frisbee. Then he heard the ominous tap, tap, tap, of Boltz's wolf head walking cane. Johan



approached, and the pair sat on a bench near the lake. Jesse looked at the old German. 'So why have you got me here?'

'Herr Devenport, what do you know about Montauk?'

'Only what my father wrote about it in his journal.'

'Then, it cannot be trusted.'

Jesse flashed daggers at the old man. 'How dare you suggest my father made it up?'

'Your father was programmed. He may have been made to say those things.' Boltz paused, stretched out his stiff leg, and said,

'Have you heard of the Phoenix Project?'

'Wasn't that something to do with the Philadelphia experiment?'

'It came out of the Philadelphia Experiment. The Department of Navy carried out the Phoenix Project, in the 30s and 40s. That's when we came into it.'

'Who's we?'

'German scientists, including my father. We attempted to make naval ships invisible. One eventful day we threw a switch, and our test ship went into hyperspace. The ship disappeared, but the crew suffered terrible psychological and physical injuries. Although it was, in one way, a huge success, DON shelved it.'

'Why stop experimenting if it was successful?'

The old man shrugged, 'We didn't know. But modern stealth technology came from the Phoenix project.'

Jesse looked at Boltz. 'As fascinating as this is what does it have to do with me?'

'You're an aeronautics engineer. We need you to fly a drone.'

Jesse looked incredulous. 'What do you mean?'

'Can you guide a drone to a target?'

'Well, yes, but ...'

'Then it's simple. You pilot our drone, and we pay you \$10,000.'

Jesse shook his head. 'I can't believe this. what's the target?'

'Herr Devenport, after high ranked politicians found out about the mind control experiments, many wanted them shut down. But the Intelligence services saw the potential and proposed to the military that they could use it to influence the minds of the enemy.'

Jesse responded cynically, 'I bet the military loved the idea.'

'Well, they let them use the old Montauk Air Force Base. Among the equipment requested was an old SAGE radar unit, which was on the base. When the base was shut down, everything else was auctioned off, and the group then moved to the Brookhaven Labs. They began working on Phoenix Two in 1969.'

Jesse swung round on Boltz. 'What the fuck has that got to do with the drone?'

'Understand that Montauk was officially closed down.'

'And unofficially?'

'They were working with the SAGE radar, modulating the wave that Reich had showed them from the weather control process, and combined that with aspects of the Philadelphia Experiment work. The effective radiated power was nominally a gigawatt. Can you imagine what that would do to people.'

'I hate to think.'

Boltz stared at Jessie, 'It does things like burn out brain functions, create neurological damage, scar lungs from heat, etc. They tried this with many people, and there were few survivors.'

'Where did they get the volunteers for this?'

'They were just grabbing indigent people off the street and throwing them in front of the radar beam.'

'Yeah, that's the sort of shit the shadow government loves to do.'

Boltz grimaced. He looked at Jesse, a pained expression creasing his face. 'My leg is stiffening up. I need to walk.'

'I still have questions, Mr Boltz.'

'Then walk with me.'

As they ambled around Blue Heron Lake, Jessie asked, 'What was the cover story for the base?'

They had none. It was a derelict base, the perfect cover for a non-existent facility.

Jessie said, 'Where did they get the funding?'

'Originally from the Nazi Government.'

'You what?' Jesse spluttered.

'Let me explain, Herr Devenport. In 1944 there was an American troop train that went through a French railroad tunnel carrying \$10 billion in Nazi gold, which they had found. The train was blown up in the tunnel, killing 51 American soldiers. The gold turned up ten years later at Montauk. The value of gold went up, and this financed the Montauk project for many years. Once it ran out, they tapped into ITT, a worldwide communication corporation, which was owned by the powerful Krupp family, which funded Phoenix 2.'

'The Krupp company in Germany?'

'Yes, it was owned by Krupp in Germany. Many of the personnel, including civilians and scientists there were ex-Nazi's who came from Germany both before and after the war ended. My grandfather was one of those scientists.'

'So the Nazi's ran Montauk. Surely the project was under US Government surveillance?'

'Yes, the intelligence community knew what was going on, and the CIA monitored everything, as did other government intelligence agencies. But as we had a base of operations in Patagonia. many of the key people involved were Argentinian citizens.'

Jesse grabbed Boltz's arm to get his full attention. So, once again, what do you want me for?'

Boltz said, 'To fly the drone of course.'

'What, to attack Montauk?'

'No Herr Devenport! Not the actual base, There is a special tunnel. We just need you to put it out of commission.'

Jesse shook his head while backing away. 'No! No, Mr Boltz, you'll have to find someone else.'

'This time tunnel links dimensions. Let me explain first please.'

'Time tunnel?'

'Around the early 80's we had it fully operational. Our transmitter had enough power to warp space and time.'

Tell me about this time tunnel, Mr Boltz?' Jesse urged.

'It's like looking into a spiral tunnel, lit up down its entire length. I walked into this thing. Suddenly I was pulled down it. We can go anywhere in space and time.'

Jesse stared at the old man. 'You are fucking kidding me?'

Boltz shook his head.

'Can you bring things back?'

'Yes.'

Did you bring something back?'

'Yes.'

'Tell me more about this tunnel.'

Boltz stopped and fixed Jesse with his cold gaze. 'If someone turned off the power, we would be stuck in that destination in time and space.'

'Have people been lost in time?'

'Yes, we lose lots of kids, who are taken off the street.'

'Jesus, man!'

'That's why we need this tunnel shut down.'

Jessie stared at Boltz. 'You want me to fly a drone into the tunnel and destroy it?'

'Somebody has to, Herr Devenport, before things start coming out of the tunnel into our time.'

'What sort of things?'

Boltz gave Jessie a cold stare, 'Earth-based Reptilians from early history. Their descendants are already manipulating social elites and

financial institutions, influencing religious belief systems, militarism and altering the history of human civilisation.'

'Why don't they simply switch off the transmitter?'

Boltz slowly shook his head, 'You just don't get it. It's the reptilians, the Dracos, who run Montauk. They have been responsible for systemic global problems, human rights abuses, elite corruption and domination of the human species. They control the media, major corporations, divisive religions, historical amnesia and a culture of violence.'

Jesse rounded on Boltz. 'But you Nazis are complicit in these experiments, so why? ...'

'Because they also deceived us. The only way to slow them down is to destroy the time tunnel.' He paused, then said, 'So, Herr Devenport, will you do it?'

'You'd better show me your plans.'

*Our Binary Dance with the Sirius Star System | An ....*  
<https://amallulla.org/sirius/>

*Montauk Project - Interview From 'The Metaphysical Experience'.*  
<http://www.crystalinks.com/montauk.html>

*ABOVE TOP SECRET, 'EYE'S ONLY': Orion Technology, Nazi ....*  
<https://rielpolitik.com/2018/06/16/the-philadelphia-experiment-and-montauk-project-saga/>

## Chapter 18

*“It does not do to dwell on dreams and forget to live.”*

**J.K. Rowling,**

Harrison Eyett knew what was going on. That was his job on Earth as one of the Watchers. Johan Boltz was not on his list of human contacts, but he had opened a door in Jesse Devenport's mind, and it was time to make contact.

Jesse picked up his phone on the third ring. No user name showed on the screen. 'Hello. Who's speaking?'

'Are you Dr Devenport?'

'Yes. Why?'

'We need to meet.'

Jesse, ready to pack up for the day and go home, was irritated by the interruption. He asked, 'Just who the hell are you and what do you want?'

*Humans are so distrustful of each other,* Harrison mused. 'Dr Devenport, we need to talk about what is happening on Montauk Island.'

Jesse nearly dropped his phone. Composing himself, he said, 'How do you know I'm interested in ...'

'Look, I'd rather not continue this on the phone. I can meet you at Waterfront Park in one hour.'

'You haven't answered my question.'

'I will answer that and many more besides once we meet.'

Waterfront Park, built on the site of the former Schwabacher Wharf, covered the area from Pier 57 to Pier 59. It was well known for its spectacular views. Benches were dotted around the park, and ornamental street lamps lit up the evenings. Jesse waited on one of the viewing platforms near coin-operated telescopes. He kept an eye out for a man wearing a Broncos cap and camouflage zipper jacket. When he saw the man approaching, Jesse said, 'This had better be worth my time.'

Harrison remained calm. 'Dr Devenport, I had not planned on meeting with you yet, but events have overtaken me.'

'Who the hell are you, and what do you mean -yet?'

'I am Harrison Eyett. But that is of no consequence to you. What is though is the destruction of the Montauk time tunnel.'

Jesse looked at the stranger, wide-eyed. 'How the fuck do you know about that?'

'Listen to me, and I will explain.'

'Go ahead.'

'What your friend Johan Boltz said is true. Reptilian beings from your ancient times will come through the gate into your time. We cannot allow that to happen.'

Jesse, scared and confused, said, 'Who is the 'We' you're talking about?'

'We are the Watchers. Our job is to monitor human progress on Earth and make sure the Draco's plans are carried out.'



Jesse was incredulous. He snapped, 'Jesus! If you brought me out here to tell me a fucking fairy tale. I'll ...'

Harrison fixed Jesse with a penetrating gaze. 'Dr Devenport, if the ancient reptilians get loose in your world we will have no control over them. They will bring about destruction and chaos wherever they go. You Earth people have never experienced the like before. And I promise you this, you don't want to find out. I realise you don't know what is going on, but if the time tunnel is not destroyed very soon, it will be the end for humanity.'

Jesse stared at the strange man. 'I thought you said you worked for these Dracos.'

'Yes, but I don't always agree with their methods.' Harrison added, 'Only humans can stop them.'

'If you know what's going on you'll know I've already told Boltz I'll help him.'

Harrison stared at Jesse. 'Dr Devenport, I am just pointing out what will happen if you do not.'

Harrison got up and left, leaving Jesse wondering what the hell had just happened? He just sat there unmoving. It was as though any movement on his part would shatter his sense of reality, like a chick breaking out of its egg. The stranger's fantastic story seemed utter nonsense, yet deep down in Jesse, it had a ring of truth about it. He had so many questions rattling around in his brain; he did not know what to do next. After a few minutes of staring out at the moonlight dancing on the water, He decided to call the one person he knew would at least listen to him.

Michael Angel was going through the takes of the day when he was disturbed by his phone. He saw Jesse's name. He pressed the green phone icon. 'Jesse, how's it going?'

'I just had the weirdest meeting with a guy named Harrison, something or other. What he said was a lot stranger than anything in our movie. I need to talk about it.'

'Why do you want to run it by me?'

'It could be useful for the movie, or maybe a sequel.'

'Okay, shoot.'

'This Harrison said he was an ancient Watcher. He talked about alien reptiles coming through a time tunnel to destroy us all.'

'He sounds like a nut job.'

'That's what I thought — at first. but this Watcher said the time tunnel was being used at the Montauk facility on Long Island to send people back in time.'

Michael chuckled, 'All that shit was closed down years ago.'

'That's what I thought, but apparently not.'

'Jesse, watch yourself, man. If weird shit is going on there, they don't want us to know about it.'

Then Michael said, 'So why did this Harrison character pick you out?'

Jesse did not want to go into the drone business. 'Fucked if I know.' He paused, then said, 'I just thought it would make a good movie plot.'

'Okay, let me know what you find out.'

But Michael Angel had no chance to find out. And Grey Area was never made.

Jesse could not believe what he was watching. The TV news reporter was saying:

A helicopter carrying Michael Angel, award-winning Hollywood director of Sci-fi movies, crashed into the ocean near his private island refuge. Both Michael Angel and his pilot are missing, presumed drowned. The famous movie director was working on a new, controversial film, Grey Area, which is about a man who is brainwashed to believe he was abducted by aliens called Greys. Michael Angel's wife said she heard her husband's helicopter approaching when she saw a bright flash and the aircraft disappeared. So far no survivors have been found, but pieces of wreckage have been retrieved. The search continues but any chance of recovering the bodies now is highly unlikely, and the search will soon be called off.

Jesse sat stunned as he watched the disturbing news. Michael Angel, dead! Jesse could not believe it. Was it an accident or was it murder? Did it have anything to do with the death threat Michael had received from the UFO group? Jesse knew he should tell the police what he knew. But in the light of the drone mission, he needed to keep a low profile.

Farringdon looked at the images on the screen. 'That certainly looks like our Mr Boltz, But what's he doing in Seattle?'

'Meeting with this man,' the IT security officer said, indicating the image of them together at the lookout.

'Do we know who he is?' Director Farringdon asked.

'Dr Jessie Devenport,' Clancy, the security officer answered.

'Johan Boltz was not supposed to be in this country. I thought he was tucked up nice and cosy in Argentina.'

'Well, he's definitely over here, sir.'

'Yes, I can see that. Find out why.'

Clancy looked up at his boss. 'How come a bunch of Nazi war criminals got themselves a free pass to go to South America?'

Farringdon said, 'That info is above your pay grade so I wouldn't worry about it if I were you.'

'The name Devenport kind of rings a bell.'

'What do you mean, Clancy?'

'I don't know yet. But I'll do some digging.'

'Don't forget Boltz.'

'Leave it with me, sir.'

Farringdon went away shaking his head.

## Chapter 19

*“Pain insists upon being attended to. God whispers to us in our pleasures, speaks in our consciences, but shouts in our pains. It is his megaphone to rouse a deaf world.”*

**C.S. Lewis**

Maxwell Dorrian plugged in the memory stick and watched the video. Because of Jill's betrayal, that was how he saw it, he had doggedly refused to view it since his wife gave it to him. A stony silence had existed between them since that day. They had played their roles at work, being courteous to each other when their paths crossed at PakFoods but at home, they hardly spoke, except when necessary. Jill refused to sleep with Max until he watched the video. He refused to watch it until Jill relented. If their marriage was to be repaired someone had to give.

So, in the end, Max bit the bullet and watched the film in private. Max could not believe it. Somebody called Anthony Scales, an ex-PanKosmia member, claimed the inner core of the organisation, which was out of bounds to most of the membership, was not what it purported to be. As Max watched, the whistle-blower told his story:

*'My name is Anthony Scales. I inherited a media empire from my father. As the new helmsman of News Media, I introduced fresh, innovative ideas and my company grew in power and influence. Then, one day I was approached by a man who spoke of the impending end times and how PanKosmia could help me survive. I knew things were dire in our world, with threats of human extinction*

*coming at us from all angles. As my Dad used to say, the god damn world is going to hell in a hand-basket. The PanKosmian told me enough to get me hooked. I was chosen to become an apprentice in the order because I had the two attributes that made me viable for membership - my wealth and my business, both of which would be useful to the ancient Order. In return, the society provided me with advanced knowledge about natural disasters and civil unrest. Had I not loved having my ego stroked by my fellow PanKosmians, I should have seen the formula the organisation used to beguile its members, which was as old as the hills. First, they make you feel unique and privileged because you cannot directly apply for membership. You have to be chosen and nominated by a member. You are then owned by him, with a bunch of rules that, as an apprentice, you have to obey without question. When you're deemed ready, they show you their bunkers, which are massive and stocked with all survival provisions for up to one year. As a new member, you are urged to build your own shelter, which then becomes part of PanKosmian assets. Now that you are well and truly taken in by all this you are obligated to do the society's bidding, even to the extent that you sacrifice everything you have worked for and give it to PanKosmia, your Lord and Saviour.'*

Maxwell Dorrian couldn't relate to everything Anthony said. *But Jill knew all about this process so why was the film so important to her?* Max wondered.

He persevered, and by the end of the video, Max's face was ashen. Of course, Anthony Scales could be wrong. After all, he did seem to bear a grudge against PanKosmia. But what if he was correct? What if the anonymous inner elite of PanKosmia simply milked members of their assets to increase their own wealth and security? What if, as the whistle-blower presumed, this secret inner core were really only interested in saving themselves. Max needed to find out for himself.

That evening in the Dorrian household, as Max and Jill sat eating their dinner, he broke the stony silence between them, saying, 'Jill, I need your contact for Anthony Scales.'

She looked up at her husband. 'You've finally watched the video then.'

Detecting a certain smugness, he said, 'It supports your negative view of PanKosmia, so of course you would be all for it. But I need proof that his outrageous suggestions are correct. So I need to speak with this Anthony Scales.'

'I have never contacted him and don't have his number. Try News Media.'

Max challenged, 'If you have not spoken to him, how do you explain the memory stick?'

'I got it through a third party.'

He stared at her. 'What third party?'

She took a deep breath. 'Just an investigator I hired to find out about PanKosmia.'

Max put down his knife and fork and glared at her. Just when they were communicating, again she had once again gone behind his back. 'Who did you hire?'

'Max, I had to do something. I was concerned for you.'

'Concerned for me! So, yet again you betray me. What the hell did you tell this investigator about me?'

'Nothing, Max. I just asked him to look into the background of PanKosmia.'

'You had no fucking right!'

'As your wife, I had every right. I could see how this whole bloody PanKosmia thing was getting out of hand and ...'

'So you hire some fucking gumshoe to find dirt on the organisation. And he comes up with that fucking memory stick!'

'it wasn't like that.'

'What was it like then?'

Jill did not know. 'I'll have to speak with Peter?'

'Who the fuck is Peter?'

'Max, he's the investigator I hired.'

'Give me his number, and I'll ring him.'

Peter Harris picked up on the third ring. 'Yeah, who's speaking?'

'Maxwell Dorrian. You're a private investigator, right?'

'Used to be. I'm retired now.'

'But you came out of retirement for my wife?'

'Yes, and that caused me a lot of grief.'

'What do you mean?'

It's a long story, but to cut to the quick The police accused me of killing Mr Scales.'

'Oh, really!'

Peter did not want to go there. The experience had been gruelling enough but at least he was longer a suspect. There had been a



problem with the time of death and a witness came forward to corroborate Peter's alibi, so they had to let him go.

Max said, 'You spoke to some guy called Anthony Scales.'

Peter then knew who he was talking to. 'Yes, I did meet up with him.'

'And he gave you a memory stick.'

'Again yes, but why are you asking me. Your wife knows all about this.'

'Because I want to get in touch with this Anthony Scales.'

'You'll need a medium.'

'Medium!'

'Yes, he was murdered shortly after I left him.'

Max almost dropped his phone. He turned to Jill. 'You didn't tell me Anthony Scales was killed!'

Jill went deathly white. 'I didn't know that. Peter never said any ...'

Max stared wide-eyed at his wife. 'My God! Just what the hell is going on?'

'I guess that somebody didn't want him talking to Peter.'

'But who?'

Jill said, 'Probably someone from PanKosmia killed Anthony Scales?'

'That's utter nonsense, Jill,' Max laughed derisively, quickly brushing such a ridiculous thought aside.'

Unfazed, Jill argued, It's not that ridiculous. Anthony Scales was disloyal and untrustworthy. Whistle-blowing on the group was a testament to that.'

'Maybe his death had nothing to do with PanKosmia, Max persisted.'

'Well, Such an unscrupulous man could easily have betrayed others, and his murder was payback.'

Max, in complete denial that PK would do such a thing, left it at that. But the business with Scales had shaken Max, and the thought that there could be a more sinister side to PanKosmia lurked at the back of his mind.

Harrison Eyett organised another meeting with Wycliffe O'Byrne. He had things to say but had to be very careful what he said. He went over the facts in his mind. The Dracos had a credo. Whoever controlled the mind also controlled the body, mind and Soul. For a very long time, they used alien implants for Mind Controlling the masses in such a way they would form and adhere to socially acceptable belief systems: religious, political, financial and scientific. While at the same time shaping anti-human value systems used to condition humans to readily accept spiritual abuse from the alien mind controllers. Every now and again the Draco's would leave the humans alone to see how well they self-enforced their fears of hierarchical enslavement.

Harrison would not talk about that to his subject, but he was mindful all the time of what he was doing. The Watcher waited for Wycliffe above the sprawling quarry, which he saw as a metaphor of the black hole humanity was digging itself into. He genuinely wanted to help humans, but his work prevented him from doing so. Sometimes Harrison broke the rules. Like now, when he waited for Wycliffe to inform him about something huge that was soon to take place.

Wycliffe arrived in a work truck. He sauntered over to where the Watcher waited. 'So Harrison why are we here?'

Harrison replied, 'I am here unofficially to provide you with insight so that you have a better understanding of what is happening to your planet and why?'

'Unofficially?'

'I'm not supposed to tell you this.'

'Tell me what?'

'First, I'll put a question to you. What do you see to be the biggest threat to humanity at this time?'

Wycliffe removed his baseball cap with his company logo on it and scratched his head, as though to stimulate his neurons. 'Hell, there are so many things to choose from.'

'Well, it's alien implants.'

Wycliffe knew something about them, so he was not overly surprised. 'They're the biggest threat? What about nuclear weapons or some pandemic?'

'Alien implants work in the human body similar to the way chemical geo-engineering chemtrail spraying controls forces in physical matter. Alien implants can be made out of biological, synthetic, etheric or programmed nanobot substances. They are all used in artificial intelligence technologies.'

'What does that have to do why we're here?' the quarry owner asked.

'Because you want to survive what's coming. But while your minds are controlled by these alien implants, you cannot survive. Once they have what they want from your humanity as you know it will become extinct.'

Wycliffe, feeling very uncomfortable said, 'What do they want from us?'

'For the past 70 to 100 years, those who are working with and support the Draco Agenda (both human and non-human, like us) have been working very hard behind the scenes to genetically create a brand new humanoid body form which can live on the surface of the Earth in an even more controlled way.'

'How do you know this to be true?'

'This genetic experiment is already going on in secret in underground labs like that at Montauk. They are using the best genetic scientists the world has to offer for this project.'

'What, Alien scientists?'

'No, humans.'

'Why do these scientists do it?'

'Many of them have no idea what is really going on. The scientists, already involved in the Secret Space Program, are told things like it's a new body for the Grays when it's actually a better prison suit for human souls.'

Wycliffe stared at Harrison. 'And you Watchers are part of this?'

'For thousands of years we have observed, monitored and recorded what has been going on with humans but now the Dracos want us to take an active role. It is very risky for me to tell you this. But if you humans do not know what is going on you will not be able to fight it.'

'So, you're doing us a favour?'

Harrison said, 'Now you know, it's up to you what you do with this information.'

'Am I to share it with my fellow PanKosmians?'

'All is not as it seems. Forget the rhetoric. PanKosmia has its own agenda.'

Wycliffe snarled, 'What's that supposed to mean?'

'Just what I have said. I can say no more.'

Wycliffe, frustrated and annoyed, snapped, 'I thought you'd have more on the coming disaster you spoke about.'

'The San Andreas fault line.'

Wycliffe whistled through his teeth. 'The big one.'

Harrison said, 'I will tell you more as new information comes to hand.'

As the Watcher began walking away, Wycliffe said, 'Why do you do it?'

Harrison turned back. 'Do what?'

'Work for these Dracos you talk about.'

'There is an ancient protocol we must honour. The Dracos are our superiors, so we carry out their bidding without question.' Harrison paused, then said, 'Most Watchers do not query their masters' directives but working with you Earthlings has made me feel things I never knew existed. This makes it difficult for me to do my job. But I will do it, just as you will do my bidding.'

Harrison had never shared personal feelings with Wycliffe, and it troubled the mining magnate. He could cope with the cold, logical Watcher but a touchy-feely Harrison, made Wycliffe feel very uncomfortable. But the Watchers revelation about the Draco agenda worried him even more. He responded, 'So, this pending California earthquake, is it going to be natural or man-made?'

Harrison sighed, 'If I answer your question there will be further questions which have answers you are not yet ready to face.'

'What's that double-talk supposed to mean?'

'I have to be going.'

'You can't leave it hanging like this.'

But Harrison had gone.

*Alien Implants - Ascension Glossary.*  
[https://ascensionglossary.com/index.php/Alien\\_Implants](https://ascensionglossary.com/index.php/Alien_Implants)

*Khazarian Mafia Unmasked – The Final Wakeup Call.*  
<http://finalwakeupcall.info/en/2017/02/22/khazarian-mafia-unmasked/>

## Chapter 20

*“The very least you can do in your life is figure out what you hope for. And the most you can do is live inside that hope. Not admire it from a distance but live right in it, under its roof.”*

**Barbara Kingsolver, *Animal Dreams***

Maxwell Dorrian stared at the front page of the Houston Gazette. The headline read:

I AM MAXWELL DORRIAN'S SON CLAIMS PAUL SHAUGHNESSY. The article went on to say that despite abandoning his baby son at birth the billionaire food magnate still refused to acknowledge that Paul is his son and heir.

Maxwell Dorrian could not believe it. He grabbed his phone. 'Get me Cramphorn, King and Partners right now,' Max barked. As he waited, Max received another call - from Jill. There was still tension between them over the Scales affair, so he responded tentatively. 'Yes, Jill.'

'The Gazette has an interesting front-page article.'

*Fuck! She has seen it!* . 'Yes, I have our legal people onto it.'

'Is it true?'

'Of course not!'

'This Paul Shaughnessy claims he met you recently. You didn't tell me anything about it.'

'Because it's nonsense. It's obviously some con. I didn't want to bother you.'

'Well, as your wife I think you ought to have told me.' She paused then said, 'He claims you refused to take a paternity test.'

Max responded angrily, 'I haven't got time for this nonsense right now.' Then he slammed down the phone.

Taking a deep breath, Max settled back in his seat feeling exhausted. He had too much on his plate and needed breathing space to collect his thoughts. Apart from figuring out some way to keep his company viable and at the same time honouring his obligation to PanKosmia, the business with Paul Shaughnessy was keeping him awake nights. The niggling pressure headache was back. He swallowed a couple of Tylenol, followed by a whiskey chaser. He sat in his office massaging his temples when he heard his PA's voice over the intercom. 'I have Bernie Cramphorn on the line, sir,'

'Good, put him through.'

'How can I help you, Max?'

'Have you seen the Gazette today?'

'No. Why?'

'The front page makes my call self-explanatory. The title reads *I am Maxwell Dorrian's son claims Paul Shaughnessy.*'

'So what do you want me to do?'

'Sue the paper for libel of course.'

'I will have to read the whole article to see if any of it is libellous. But from what you've told me so far, it's not. Have you met this Mr Shaughnessy.'

'Just once, briefly.'



'Did he claim to be your son?'

'Yes.'

'Do you have a son, Max?'

'He was adopted as a baby.'

'So he could be your son.'

'It's preposterous, after all this time.'

'Max, the only way you can put this to rest is by taking a paternity test.'

'Yes, but what if it confirms his claim.'

'Then you will know. But if it shows a negative result, I will be happy to write Mr Shaughnessy a letter to that effect.' But first, you have to get something with his DNA on it.'

'Such as?'

'A comb or toothbrush would do the trick.'

'I don't want to contact him.'

'It's okay. I'll attend to that.'

'Can I organise my own paternity test?'

'If you mean can you falsify the results, I don't want anything to do with that.'

'Find me a DNA testing company that would give me the results I want for \$10,000, and there's another 10 grand for your services.'

'Are you sure you want to go down that road, Max?'

'Yes, I'm sure.'

## Chapter 21

*“Scars have the strange power to remind us that our past is real.”*

### **Cormac McCarthy, *All the Pretty Horses***

Everything seemed to be going well for Aldous. He and Kimmie had repaired their friendship. He was wealthy beyond his wildest dreams. And he received the first batch of the herbal remedy from Sigui. With Kimmie's help, he even had a website set up to market his product online. Originally Aldous was going to call his medication. Mali Medicine, but his website designer suggested MindEze, which Kimmie thought was a great idea. So MindEze was up and running as a work in progress.

Before Aldous Foster, millionaire entrepreneur got started, at Kimmie's suggestion he got in touch with a business lawyer, experienced in the alternative medicine market.

Alison Coyne smiled at Aldous and Kimmie, inviting them to take a seat. The middle-aged woman had a warm, open face. 'How can I help you?'

Kimmie said, 'My friend here, requires advice about setting up an online alternative medicine website.'

'Do you have a proposal for the site with you?'

Kim delved into her handbag and brought out an envelope, which she handed across to the lawyer.

Alison read the single page proposal, looked up and said. 'Generally speaking, you have to satisfy four criteria for your product to pass

muster. Your product - MindEze - nice play on words, must not be marketed as a pharmaceutical drug but must have stringent laboratory testing for purity of the ingredients. It must be natural. It has to be effective in doing what you say it can do, and it has to be safe.'

Aldous said, 'Well, we can tick all those boxes.'

Alison smiled. 'If it was as simple as that you would not need me.'

'Oh!' Kimmie said sounding surprised, 'What do you mean?'

Alison passed a leaflet over to Kim. 'These are the latest government rules regarding alternative medicines. They are cracking down to rid the market of snake oil remedies. So we have to be scrupulous for your product to pass the test.' The lawyer turned to Aldous, 'In your blurb you say you got your mood swing remedy from a Dogon chief in Mali. As a bipolar sufferer for many years, you found this new herbal mixture to be more effective than lithium-based medicine with none of the side effects.'

'That's true, yes,' Aldous nodded.

'Hm. Well, we'll have to change that. But for now, let's look at some of these definitions. First, a drug, by definition, is deemed a substance that alters a bodily process. So, according to government guidelines, your MindEze has no effect, or it has to be labelled a drug. And to label it a drug it has to be thoroughly tested by the pharmaceutical industry, which could take many years and a lot of money.'

Kimmie frowned deeply, 'Oh dear. What can we do?'

'I'll come back to that. Now let us look at the definition of natural. Herbal covers cannabis, opium, alcohol and tobacco.'

'But MindEze is plant-based and ...'

Now we come to the really tricky criterion. Does it work? You have only tested it on yourself, so evidence is scanty at best. And you are the person selling the product.'

'So how do we get other people to try it if we are not allowed to do so?' Kimmie asked, puzzled.

Alison smiled, 'You could set up a university pilot study, but you would have to use students with mood swing problems. Most reviews are small and poorly designed. Sometimes they will give you the result you want. But in most cases, they do not advance your argument.'

Aldous sighed, 'So, are you saying I'm not able to sell my cure?'

Alison smiled, 'What I'm saying is we have to find a way to market your product in a way that covers all these criteria. The last one of which concerns the safety aspect. Just because a product is labelled, herbal medicine does not necessarily make it harmless or safe. Any substance that is capable of altering a bodily process also has the potential to cause side-effects and drug interactions. There are no exceptions to that rule.'

Aldous protested, 'I use it, and it doesn't cause me to have any nasty side-effects.'

'Yes Aldous, but that's only you. You have no idea what side effects it can cause in other users.'

Aldous, feeling downhearted about the whole business, complained, 'But I know MindEze can help lots of people.'

Alison said, 'I'm just letting you know how it really is. Now my job is to find a way through this regulatory minefield so that you can get on with your business. I'll contact you as soon as I have a solution. That is if there is one.'

Aldous and Kimmie received Alison Coyne's report in the post. It was encouraging, but they were faced with pertinent questions. As Kimmie read the assessment out to Aldous, at her place, she asked, 'Is the therapy suitable for his/her disease or condition?'

Aldous scoffed, 'Of course it is. I wouldn't be selling it otherwise.'

Kimmie laughed lightly. 'I'm afraid your recommendation is not enough. It will have to result from a pilot study.' She paused to read the next bit, then she went on to say, 'Does the treatment have the potential to prevent, alleviate and/or cure symptoms or in other ways contribute to improved health and well-being for the consumer?'

'Well, of course, it does.'

Kim looked Aldous in the eye. 'You don't have to answer these questions, Aldous. That's Alison's job after the pilot study has been completed.'

'Then why are you asking me?' Aldous asked, puzzled.

She sighed, 'I'm only reading what Alison wrote. These are the questions she will be asking. Do you want me to continue or not?'

'OK, Kimmie.'

'Then just be quiet and listen.' Kim continued, 'Is the therapy or herbal medicines provided by a qualified traditional medicine/complementary and alternative medicine practitioner (TM/CAM) or health care practitioner with adequate training background, excellent skills and knowledge, preferably registered and certified? Are the herbal medicinal products or materials of assured quality and what are the contraindications and precautions of the products or materials? And are the therapies or herbal medicinal products available at a competitive price?'

Aldous frowned, 'I thought it would be a lot more simple than this. I don't think I'm up to it.'

Kimmie took his hand. 'You don't have to do this. You pay a professional to sort it out for you.'

Aldous smiled, 'Yeah, now that I'm rich I can do that.'

Once Aldous calmed down, Kim said, 'Alison finishes the report by saying:

'You can either launch your website and market M-Power hoping that the industry regulators don't catch up with you. Or you to pay a qualified professional who ticks box 3 and is able to provide the information to answer the other questions. Contact me if you need further help.'

'Why can't things just be simple?' Aldous moaned.

Kimmie smiled, 'Come on Aldous, cheer up. At least we know what we have to do now.'

'So, how can we find someone to help us?' Then he brightened, 'Maybe Dr Jarvis might know somebody who ...'

'No Aldous. I don't think that would work. He's too much a part of the medical establishment. We need somebody with the necessary qualifications but who is also pro complimentary medicines.'

'Any ideas then?'

Kimmie threw up her hands.

Aldous said, 'I have an uncle who might help.'

'Help. How?'

'He used to be a laboratory technician.'

'We really need a health professional.'

'So we're back to square one,' he said, dejectedly.

'Maybe, maybe not,' Kimmie smiled. 'I have an idea.'

'What?' Aldous muttered, feeling fed up.

'I'll tell you once I've worked it out.'

## Chapter 22

*“Feel the fear and do it anyway.”*

### **Susan Jeffers**

Andrew Cowper sat in his car waiting for Jesse Devenport to come into the AeroTECH underground car park. He had acquired a temporary parking permit at the front desk of the company. Thirty minutes elapsed before he saw the target approach his car. Andrew left his vehicle and walked briskly over to Jesse's car. 'Dr Devenport, if I may have a word.'

Jesse, startled, turned around. 'Andrew, isn't it?'

'You have a good memory,' Andrew smiled.

'So how can I help you?'

'I think we can help each other. But away from here.'

Jesse looked at the man suspiciously. 'Tell me what it's about first.'

'I commanded a special mission in Afghanistan. Before we knew about the assignment, we were programmed for fearlessness. Then we were given soldier suits that vastly enhanced our performance on the battlefield. It was the first time any soldier had worn them. They were fucking amazing and made us feel invincible.'

Jesse said, 'I don't know why you're telling me this, but I'm interested enough to want to know more. I guess we could have a coffee.'



It was dusk as they sat down at an outside table of a cafe waiting to be served. Jesse said, 'What does this soldier suit have to do with me?'

Andrew looked at him. 'It was a combination of the optogenetics - I think they called it - and the TALOS that made it work in the battle zone. I mean this suit could really do amazing things. It was fucking superhero stuff.'

'What's the optogenetics all about?' Jesse asked with genuine interest.

A waiter delivered the coffees. Andrew took a sip of his vanilla latte and explained, 'A scientist used a special blue light to stimulate my brain cells and change my memories.'

'Why? What did he want to achieve?'

'I didn't know it at the time, but he rewired my brain in such a way he got rid of my emotional ties to family and friends, at the same as I was programmed to be fearless in battle.'

Jesse drank some coffee, then said, 'What's this TALOS you mentioned?'

'It stands for Tactical Assault Light Operator Suit. I can't go into detail, but I have it on good authority that it is now used regularly on military missions. But when the mission is completed, the suits are handed back for data collection.' Seeing the blank expression on Jesse's face, Andrew elucidated, 'TALOS records what has happened to it so that the wearer's performance can be assessed.' He paused for effect, then continued, 'But that's not the problem. Many of the soldiers wearing TALOS technology feel at a loss when they lose their suits. I know you can't relate to this, Jesse, but I remember feeling as though I'd lost an arm or leg when they took TALOS off me.'

Jesse stared intently at Andrew over the small table. 'Does it still affect you?'

'The powerful feeling without the suit can be a problem. You see, the shrinks don't de-program you when you come back. So you get flashbacks of feeling fearless, but without the suit to back you up. So you might be in an aggressive situation that you would normally avoid. But you get one of these flashbacks, and you're ready to take on the whole fucking world. The trouble is you haven't got the suit on and you end up in the gutter covered in blood.'

'Jesus man! I see what you mean. But can't the Army help you with that?'

Andrew drained his coffee. 'Look, I mostly have it under control, but these guys do their bit for the US of A and return home where they get jobs that give them some authority, like security guards, cops - even Feds. They have power, they have guns, and they feel invincible. Why do you think there have been so many cops going over the top when dealing with suspects?'

'Yes, I see what you mean, but why come to me with it? I'm just an aerospace engineer.'

'Before that, you were with the CIA, right.'

'How do you know that?'

'My grandfather was a big wheel in DON. I have contacts there. But aside from that, the reason I wanted to tell you this is because I want to expose this business and I need access to all the records of personnel who have been involved with the TALOS.'

Jesse shrugged, 'I'm finished with all that CIA shit.'

Andrew looked Jesse in the eye. 'The Feds are interested in two of your friends, Jesse.'

What the fuck do you mean?'

'Johan Boltz, son of a Nazi war criminal and Arturo Bruno, are persons of interest to the Bureau. And then there's you, Jesse, an aeronautical engineer who had a meeting with Boltz a few days back.'

Jesse stared at Andrew, 'So that's your fucking game. I help you, and you don't rat on me. Is that it?'

Andrew smiled, 'I'm glad we're on the same page.' He got up. 'I'll phone you tomorrow with the details.'

Jesse just sat there, staring into his cold coffee. What the fuck was happening?

Katrina's sister picked her up from JFK and gave her an earful about neglecting their father. It was the last thing the agent needed after the long haul flight from Argentina. 'Kat, I live further away from Dad than you do yet somehow, in my busy schedule, I find the time to assist him in his needs. But what do you do? You dump him at a respite centre and go off to god knows where without a word. All I get is a text saying you have to go away.'

Katrina was too tired to get into an argument. Besides, her hard-working sibling had every right to be pissed at her. But enough was enough. She turned to her sister. 'Okay, you've made your point, and it's been a tough day, so maybe you can cut me a little ...'

'I'm not trying to make a point, Kat. I want us to work out a way we can share the load. The respite centre is fine, but we have to get Dad into an assisted facility, where he can feel secure.'

'Sure thing, but can we leave it until I've had a few hours sleep.'

Farringdon paced around his office like a bear with a sore head. His boss had been tough on him, and his agent was about to cop it too. There was a knock on his door, and Clancy walked in.

Clancy beamed, 'Director, I have the address of targets one and two. It turns out that target two is George De Moonschildt's grandson.'

'Who the fuck is George De Moonschildt?' Farringdon snapped.

'I did a bit of background checking, and it's quite bizarre.'

'What do you mean, Clancy?'

'He was a top Nazi scientist who went to Argentina in a U-boat at the end of the war. The strange thing is that Hitler was supposed to have arrived with him.'

Farringdon stared at Clancy. 'Hitler was blown up in a fucking Berlin bunker! The last thing I need is you spouting wacko conspiracy theories at me.'

'Yes, sir, I understand. But respectfully, sir, it seems to be common knowledge in the small Patagonian town that Hitler and Eva Braun were often seen in public together. But putting that aside, my question is if De Moonschildt is a war criminal, why was he never arrested for his crimes?'

Farringdon eye-balled his subordinate, 'That's purely academic now because this De Moonschildt scientist is most likely dead by now. But his grandson could be worth talking to. Organise a team to go and get him and Boltz.'

'What about this Bruno guy. Should we pick him up as well?'

'No. Just keep an eye on him for now.'

On the face of it, Montauk Air Force station was derelict. But Arturo wondered if anything was still going on there. The radar station, at the extreme eastern tip of Long Island, seemed entirely abandoned

with only remnants of the military surface installations surviving. However, Arturo And Monty DeVere were there to scope out the facility from outside the rusting perimeter fence because the underground work continued to be active. Arturo said, 'Isn't this area now designated a state park?'

Monty grinned, stroking his moustache. 'Officially on paper at least.' He added, 'By terms of the deed the Federal Government retains the rights to all property below the surface.'

Arturo asked, 'How big is this fucking place?'

Monty shrugged, 'Big enough to carry out all kinds of shit involving psychotronics, particle beams, electromagnetic mind control, singularity simulations and time travel experiments.'

Just then, a HumVee came roaring up to the pair. Two unidentified military personnel got out and read them the riot act, threatening to detain them if they did not leave immediately.

As they walked back to their hire car, Arturo said, 'If we weren't sure before about the place still being used we are now.' As they drove along Long Island, Arturo received a call - from Jesse.

'Jesse, what's the problem?'

'Operation Timewarp could be compromised.'

'What the fuck are you on about?'

'I can't say anymore over the phone. But we need to meet, urgently.'

'How's that going to work. You're back in Seattle.'

'You'll have to catch a flight here.'

'That doesn't work for me.' Arturo turned to Monty. 'It seems we have a problem. I need you to go to Seattle today.'

Monty, unfazed, nodded, 'OK text me the details.'

Back on the phone, Arturo said, 'A colleague will meet with you. His name is Monty DeVere.'

'Good. This has to be dealt with urgently.'

'He will be there sometime today. He'll contact you as soon as he lands.'

Later that day Jesse received his call from Andrew Cowper. He said, 'Okay, I agree with the trade, but how do I know you haven't told the Feds or any other law enforcement agency about what you think you know?'

Andrew said, 'I really don't care about whatever you're planning, but I do care about soldiers being mind controlled before they go into battle.'

'Right, Give me your details, and I'll let you know when I have what you want.'

## Chapter 23

*“What worries you masters you.”*

### **Haddon W. Robinson**

Jesse had a sleepless night worrying about Andrew Cowper. If he told this guy Monty DeVere, about Lieutenant Cowper's threat, who knows what he might do? Yet, if Jesse kept quiet about it, the operation could be compromised, and Arturo might have to call it off. Maybe that would be a good thing, he mused, as he brewed strong coffee. No! It would be a terrible thing if ancient lizard people came through the time tunnel, Jesse mentally corrected.

But how the hell was Cowper so well informed? Jesse wondered, his concern building over the whole business. The other alternative was to get Cowper what he wanted. Jesse even sympathised with Andrew's cause. Over-reactive law enforcers could prove very dangerous. But to get the info Andrew wanted, meant hacking into military records, a hazardous business. After weighing up all the options, Jesse decided to trust DeVere and tell him what had happened.

Monty flew in on the redeye and Jesse picked him up at Sea-Tac Airport and drove him downtown. Monty DeVere was almost the perfect caricature of a public school Englishman. He sported an impeccably manicured moustache and a gap in the middle between his top front teeth, which showed when he smiled. As they sat in Jesse's apartment nursing mugs of tea, Monty said, 'So, Dr Devenport, why am I here?'

'A man approached me in the underground car park at work. He wanted my help with something.'

'What something?'

'That's of little consequence. It has nothing to do with our project.'

Monty argued, 'It's for me to determine that, Doctor Devenport.'

Jesse, feeling irritated, rebuked Monty, saying, 'If you'll just listen, Mr DeVere, I'll explain what it's about.'

Monty nodded but remained silent.

'I told this man I couldn't help him. Then his demeanour changed and he threatened to blow the whistle on Johan Boltz and Arturo if I didn't.'

'Who the hell is this guy, and how does he know? ...'

Jesse interrupted, 'There's more. He knows about the meeting between Arturo, Boltz and me at SkySpy.'

'Tell me his name,' Monty demanded.

'He's Lieutenant Andrew Cowper. He's ex-Special Forces, and he has connections with DON.'

'Does he work for the Department of Navy?'

'He didn't say.'

Monty looked Jesse in the eye. 'So what's your arrangement with this Andrew Cowper?'

Jesse said, 'I do something for him, and he backs off from us.'

Monty thought it unlikely. 'Okay, Dr Devenport what happens now?'

'I phone him when the job's done. We arrange to meet.'



'When and where.'

'That has not been determined yet.'

'Let me know the moment you have it arranged.'

It was Herman De Moonschildt's first trip to New York City. The incessant traffic flow and a multitude of people overwhelmed him at first. But he felt more comfortable once Arturo showed him the two-bedroom Manhattan apartment he had rented for him. Herman inspected his temporary home and was pleased to see the permit only parking spot right outside his door. Arturo helped him up the front steps with his luggage, gave him the keys and left, assuring Herman that Boltz would soon arrive to help him.

Herman packed his things away as he awaited Johan's arrival. Herman had noticed that Boltz was showing his age much more these days. The old scientist had tried hiding it, but Herman had seen him leaning on his walking stick, trying to get his breath. He wondered if the old man was up to their first M-Power operation.

Johan turned up halfway through the afternoon, exhausted and out of breath.

Herman said, 'Are you feeling OK?'

Boltz snapped, 'Of course I'm not OK. I have aches and stiff joints, but it's nothing I can't handle.'

Herman did not want to probe any further and so he left it at that.'

Herman got Boltz settled and brewed coffee for them both. He said, 'So what do we do next?'

'We wait here for Arturo's call.' The old Nazi replied.

A few days after Boltz arrived, early one morning, Deputy Director Farrington and his team climbed the few steps to the subject's

ground floor apartment. He shushed his people and knocked on the door. A voice said, 'Who's there?'

'The FBI. Open up.'

Herman went for his gun. Boltz stopped him. 'Don't be an idiot. They'll shoot us both.'

The younger man backed off. 'But if they arrest us ...'

'Leave it to me. Don't say a word. I will handle it.' Boltz then opened the door.

Farrington pushed past him and marched into the apartment.

Boltz, acting the innocent, said, 'What is all this about?'

'Johan Boltz and Herman De Moonschildt you are both under arrest for entering the United States illegally.'

Boltz tried, 'This is all a big mistake. Let me make a call, and we can get this all sorted out without any fuss.'

Farrington ignored the old man's plea. He turned to his SIC. 'Take them to the Hotel.'

The Hotel in question was located half a block behind Manhattan's federal courthouse, two blocks from City Hall. The Hotel, a notorious detention centre had been condemned by a United Nations human rights expert for exposing its inmates to conditions akin to torture. The Metropolitan Correctional Centre mainly held people on remand who had been charged but not yet convicted of crimes, and who in the eyes of the law was still presumed innocent. Herman and Johan were added to this mix.

Farrington knew he only had a brief window of opportunity to elicit information from the prisoners before the Immigration Officers came to whisk the pair away. He got on with the interviews right

away. Facing Johan Boltz, he said, 'Why did you come to New York?'

Boltz stared at the Fed. 'I wish to phone my lawyer.'

Farringdon, ignoring him and said, 'Why did you visit a company that specialises in aerial photography, called SkySpy?'

'I have a right to a phone call.'

Farringdon leant in towards Boltz. 'You gave up all rights when you broke your exile agreement. Now, why did you meet with an aero engineer called Jesse Devenport?'

'In desperation, Boltz said, You are making a big mistake, Director. Phone this number. It will connect you to a CIA agent called Cooper. he will explain everything.'

The Director glared at the old German. 'I know all about your dirty deal with the CIA. But that does not wash with me. If you do not tell me what I want to know right now, you will rot in jail until I'm ready to send you back home.'

'I'm a sick old man. Your jails will finish me off. I have a right to a lawyer.'

Farringdon said, 'You help me, and I'll help you. That's the deal.'

Boltz stared at the Fed. 'Fuck you.'

Andrew got to his phone just before his ring tone completed its second cycle. Seeing Dr Devenport's name, he said, 'Have you finished the job?'

'Yes, I have the list.'

'Excellent. Now, where can we meet?'

'How about Lincoln Park. 10 am - near the children's' playground.'

'See you there, Dr Devenport.

Jesse sat there with the phone in his hand. Now he had to ring Monty De Vere with the instructions. The rocket engineer felt deeply troubled that once he made the call Andrew's fate was his responsibility. But he had to make the call.

Monty said, 'Good morning Dr Devenport. Have you made arrangements with our friend?'

Jesse hesitated, then said, 'Lincoln Park, near the children's playground, 10 am.'

'Good.'

The phone went dead. Jesse felt a cold chill shoot up his spine. He sat wondering what Monty had in mind but not wanting his mind to go there. Then he pressed Andrew's contact but cancelled the call before Cowper responded. 'What have I done?' He said, slowly shaking his head.

Lincoln Park was a little off the beaten path, but as it was popular with the public, kids and dogs. Jesse left his car on the park side of the road and entered the vast recreation space. After passing some ball fields, Jesse walked under huge Douglas firs and came to the playground equipment. The place was alive with the squeals and screeches of excitable children having fun. Jesse looked around at the people on park benches chatting away. But none of them was Andrew Cowper. Jesse checked the time. It was after 10 am, and there was no sign of his contact. Maybe that was a good thing? Jesse decided to walk around the area. He was about 50 metres from the playground when he saw something that sent a chill racing up his spine. He knew who it was before he reached the body that lay in the long grass in the shadow of a sprawling Douglas fir. Andrew Cowper was lying on his back, a small bullet hole like a third eye in the middle of his forehead. Jesse froze to the spot, unable to speak.

He heard someone nearby, phoning the police. Jesse backed away slowly, but he could not take his eyes off Andrew's body.

Monty rang Jessie. When he heard the rocket engineer's voice, he said, casually, 'How did your meeting go with Mr Cowper?'

Jesse replied, 'It was a no-show because when I got there, he was dead. But you already knew that, didn't you.'

'I'm sure I don't know what you mean.'

'Only two people knew where Cowper would be at 10 O'clock this morning - you and me - And I sure as hell didn't kill him.'

'I was called in to clear up your shit. So don't come over all high and mighty with me. If you want to discuss this further, we can do it face-to-face. But we have an important job to do, and Cowper was an unnecessary complication.'

Jesse lost for a reply muttered, 'It was shocking, seeing him lying on the ground, dead.'

Monty retorted, 'It will be even more shocking when fifteen-foot reptilians, armed with horrendous weapons, come marching out of the time tunnel.'

Jesse needed that reminder. It helped him put things in perspective.

## Chapter 24

*“People tend to complicate their own lives, as if living weren't already complicated enough.”*

**Carlos Ruiz Zafón, *The Shadow of the Wind***

Katrina was sure the axe would fall this time. Spending the night with Arturo had been an exciting mistake. He had played her, and she had fallen for it. Now he was in New York planning god-knows-what? She agonised over this as she waited for Farringdon to call her into his office. She had to have a credible story. If anybody could sniff Arturo out, it was her, and she convinced herself that Farringdon needed her on his team. But would he listen?

Frank Farringdon had other things on his mind. He looked at the elegantly dressed man opposite. 'We have reason to believe that Boltz and De Moonschildt are planning a terror attack. So we have to hold them for questioning.'

Cooper smiled. 'What evidence do you have that brought you to this conclusion, Deputy Director.'

Frank said, 'They have been meeting with other suspicious characters, one of whom has been a person of interest for some time. They hold secret meetings at a drone company called SkySpy. We think they are involved with something that involves a drone.'

Cooper sneered, 'That's hardly conclusive evidence. So, have your people hand over your suspects to us, and we'll take it from here.'

Frank stared at Cooper. 'Why the hell are you spooks interested in the Germans? Does it have something to do with a secret deal your friends made with them in 1945?'

Cooper smiled, 'That's classified, Deputy Director.'

Katrina finally got to see her boss, and he did not look pleased. Believing that the best form of defence is to go on the offensive, she launched into, 'Sir, if Bruno has gone to ground in New York, I'm your best chance of wheedling him out.'

Farrington shook his head in disbelief. 'Agent Weber I have given you chance after chance to get something substantial on Bruno and each time you have failed dismally. I need a sufficiently detailed report of your activities in Brazil, and anywhere else you went.'

'But sir, I know how Bruno thinks. I can be a big help to ...'

'Agent Weber you are confined to office duties until further notice.'

After leaving the Director's office, Katrina rang Dionne Bennet's contact number. Eventually, she heard Dionne's voice. 'Dionne, It's Katrina Weber here. I need to get in touch with Arturo, but I don't have his number.'

'Maybe that's because he doesn't want you to have it.'

'This is not the time for games. The Feds know where he is and I need to warn him.'

'That's okay, I'll warn him for you.'

Shit, Katrina wasn't expecting that. 'It's not that simple, Dionne. I have to get him clear before the police come knocking.'

Dionne was in a bind. She had Arturo's new contact number but handing it over could lead the Feds straight to him. On the other hand, Agent Weber might be genuinely trying to help him. She made a decision. 'Okay, I'll give you his number.'

Lara watched as Dionne read out the number to Katrina. 'Do you think she can be trusted?' she asked as Dionne put down her phone.

'I had to take a chance.'

'What are Arturo and the other guys up to in the Big Apple anyway?' Lara said scornfully.

'Whatever it is it will be important for the cause.'

'Remind me again, what exactly is our cause?'

'Ultimately, to free humanity from mind control.'

'And how are we going with that, when we're here in the background like good little women while the men go out and get into the fun stuff.'

Dionne turned on Lara. 'This is no fucking joke! Our species had fallen into an age of darkness, and some sort of darker force had insinuated itself into humanity's mind. The human race is confronted with the greatest danger in its entire history. So whatever part we play, whether large or small doesn't matter. So grow up because we're all part of the same team.'

'Yes, but only part of the team not privy to the boys' plans.'

Dionne glared at Lara. 'If you don't like it, leave.'

'Come on, Dionne, you know I'm right. All I'm saying is that Arturo seems to be selective about his idea of mind control.'

Dionne huffed, 'I'm not going to hang around here and listen to your judgemental nonsense.' With that, Dionne, the unquestioning zealot, turned tail and left Lara alone.

Monty DeVere had some concerns about Jesse's stability. Sure, coming across a dead body can be discomfoting, but he thought



Jesse, being a smart guy, would have accepted Cowper's death as the only possible outcome. Years before, Monty DeVere had left the Royal Air force and joined MI6, military intelligence. During his field days as a British agent he had come across many dead bodies, some at his own hand. But that first one still stuck in his mind. It indeed is a rite of passage he mused, while waiting for Boltz to pick him up from JFK. But it was Arturo, not the old Nazi who collected him from the airport. 'Where's Boltz?' Monty asked.

'That is an excellent question. I haven't been able to raise Boltz or Herman on the phone all day.'

'We could swing by their apartment and see if there are any clues.'

'We could, Monty, but what if the police have arrested them as illegal immigrants?'

'That does not bear thinking about.'

'Well we have to think about it because the mission may already be gravely compromised.'

'What should we do then?'

'Assuming we go ahead with the mission we will do so without Johan and Herman.'

'But they are our eyes and ears on the ground.'

'It looks like it's time to include the girls.'

## Chapter 25

*“How wonderful it is that nobody need wait a single moment before starting to improve the world.”*

### **Anne Frank, Anne Frank's Tales from the Secret Annex:**

Harrison Eyett waited for Wycliffe O'Byrne at the quarry. The Watcher went about his work diligently, all the while feeling uncomfortable about what he had to do. Humans were like lambs going to the slaughter with wool pulled over their eyes. They had no idea what was soon to befall them. Even those humans Harrison communicated with were mostly in the dark where the Draco agenda was concerned. One of Harrison's targets, Maxwell Dorrian needed close attention. Which was why the Watcher waited in the cold for the subject O'Byrne, to show.

Wycliffe thought Harrison had summoned him to give him an update about the Californian earthquake alert. As the Watcher had organised the meeting at short notice, the quarry owner thought the natural disaster was very close. He parked his truck and walked over to where the Watcher waited. 'Hi, Harrison, I'm guessing this has to do with the California business.'

Ignoring any form of greeting, Harrison said, 'What's happening with your apprentice PanKosmian, Maxwell Dorrian?'

'I thought this was about California,' Wycliffe said, surprised.

Harrison stared at Wycliffe. 'I asked you a question.'

'Can you be more specific?'

'It seems he has not fulfilled his commitment.'

Wycliffe was deeply concerned about that as well. But even more troubling it was the first time Harrison involved himself in PanKosmian business. 'Why is that of concern to you, Harrison?'

The Watcher turned to him. 'There is a chain of command from much higher realms than you can imagine which finishes with human minions. Your PanKosmia is part of that hierarchy. If there is dissension in the ranks, it affects the levels below. Maxwell Dorrian is one such dissenter, and you must deal with him, one way or another.'

Wycliffe nodded, 'I understand, Harrison, but why aren't my PanKosmian superiors dealing with this?'

Harrison stared at him, expressionless, and said, 'They are.'

Wycliffe was unsure of what that meant. He turned to Harrison. 'Now do you have an update on California?'

'Not at present. I will inform you as soon as I know more.'

It seemed to Max that the bottom had fallen out of his world, The man who had built the vast processed foods empire was now unsure of where he stood. On top of that, the magic had gone out of his relationship with Jill, leaving him with a massive emotional chasm in his life. He popped his head around the door of her office. 'Jill, can we talk?'

She looked up from her work. 'Sure, come on in.'

He sat near her desk. 'Jill, what's happening to us?'

She stared at him. 'Max is there still an us?'

'We can't let our relationship fall apart, Jill. I love you and ...'

'Sometimes love is not enough.' She sighed.

'I want us to find our way back together, Jill.'

'And how do you reckon that's going to work?' she retorted.

'I've been in a terrible dilemma lately. What with this PanKosmia business and the AGM.'

She stared at him. 'Are you seriously going to risk everything you've built at the whim of ...'

He interrupted. 'I've decided not to make that announcement. But I'm scared about not fulfilling my PanKosmian pledge.'

Jill looked straight at her husband. 'Just tell them what they demand is totally unacceptable.'

'Yes, Jill. And that might just get me the same fate as Anthony Scales.'

'So you do think your organisation was behind his death, Max?' Jill said, some smugness creeping into her voice.

'Either that or it was one hell of a coincidence.'

'So, what are you going to do?'

He looked at Jill with imploring eyes. 'I don't have the strength to do this alone. I need you by my side.'

Jill had never ever seen Max show weakness before. He was showing his vulnerability, and she loved him for it. Jill took his hand. 'I love you too Max. We'll weather this storm together.'

When Max got back to his office, there was a message for him to phone Wycliffe O'Byrne. Feeling buoyed by sharing his fears with his wife, Max's world seemed lighter and brighter. He dialled Wycliffe's number and waited for a response.

Wycliffe replied tersely. 'Oh Max, it's you.'

'So, who did you expect?' Max chuckled lightly.

'We need to meet.'

'Good idea, Wycliffe. I have a few concerns I need to run by you.'

'Where are you?'

'Houston - at work.'

'Okay. I'll fly down today.'

'That urgent, huh?'

'Yes. That urgent.'

Wycliffe had his back to the Water Wall. It was not that the amazing water system did not hold his interest. The fascinating tourist attraction was captivating, but Wycliffe could not afford distractions taking him away from his mission.

There was no available parking in the immediate vicinity. So Max parked in one of the Galleria shopping mall's parking lots and walked the two blocks to the Water Wall, and the Williams Tower, Wycliffe and Max's agreed to meeting place, Max thought it odd that Wycliffe stood with his back to the mesmerising water cascading down the wall.

They greeted each other and Max felt compelled to explain about the man-made waterfall.

Wycliffe's initial response was, 'Yeah, so what? We've got more important fish to fry, Max.'

'OK, tell me what's on your mind.'

Wycliffe met Max's gaze. 'I've had my ass chewed because you haven't kept up your end. They're running out of patience.'

'By they, I suppose you mean the anonymous heads of PanKosmia.'

'What do you mean by that?'

'I like to know who I'm doing business with.'

'You're doing business with PanKosmia. That's all you have to know.'

Max shook his head. 'Not good enough, Wycliffe. If I'm going to risk everything I want a face-to-face with someone higher up in the organisation.'

Wycliffe angrily took a few deep breaths. He had to watch his blood pressure. 'You sonofabitch. I went out on a limb to get you accepted, and this is how you repay me. Your attitude may very well have you excommunicated from PanKosmia. Then where the hell do you think that will get you?'

'I hope it's not the same fate as Anthony Scales.'

Wycliffe glared at Max and snarled. 'Scales was a traitor. He spoke out of school. If you say a fucking word about PanKosmia to another living soul, you will become an enemy of the organisation. And you would not want that to happen.'

Max riposted, 'I heard what Scales had to say shortly before he was murdered. And it was interesting, to say the least.'

'So what did he have to say?'

He said, 'The first level of PK is made up people like you and me, the movers, shakers and makers of the corporate world. There's little chance of any of us getting any higher than level one. When Scales realised that he was just cannon fodder for the upper echelons he tried to bail out. Within just six months he was financially ruined.'

'Wycliffe scoffed, 'Scales was just a loser who couldn't cut it. So he told lies about the society. It's utter rubbish! But if you don't keep up your end, Max, you may find your outlets cancelling orders.'

'Is that a threat, Wycliffe? Is that what this has come to?'

'You have brought this on yourself, Max'

'Okay, you can tell whoever you report to that I resign. That will save them expelling me.'

'Max, you're making a huge mistake. You'll be left in the dark when the end times hit. What price PakFoods then?'

## Chapter 26

*“Never doubt that a small group of thoughtful, committed, citizens can change the world. Indeed, it is the only thing that ever has.”*

**Margaret Mead**

Arturo was surprised to hear Katrina's voice. How the hell did she get his new private number? 'Look, I'm swamped today. Ring me tomorrow.'

'Don't you want to know what happened to your German friends?'

'What German friends, Katrina?'

She laughed, 'Come on Arturo, you know very well who I'm talking about.'

'Okay, assuming I do. Where are the Nazis?'

'My boss had them arrested. He knows you're here and he questioned them to find out where and why.'

'And?' Arturo asked, trying to hide his edginess.

'Some agent from the CIA came and whisked them off. I haven't seen them since.'

'Okay, thanks for that info. I owe you one.'

She gave a sexy laugh. 'One! Is that all you can manage?'

His mind went back to their night together, and he felt a frisson of lust. He was up for a replay one day. But Lara and Dionne had



arrived in New York and right now he had to brief them on their part in the operation. 'Maybe we can get together soon.'

Arturo phoned Monty, told him the news and suggested they get together over lunch to fine tune the new arrangements. He then met up with the two women and drove them to the southeastern tip of Long Island. They stopped for a break in the idyllic fishing hamlet of Montauk. The town, quiet and sparsely inhabited out of season, during the cold, wind-blown months of winter, was now bursting with an onslaught of tourists. The trio had a brief stop to visit the historic Montauk Lighthouse. Arturo informed the two team members that the lighthouse had been commissioned by George Washington, the father of America. Dionne asked Arturo, 'How did you manage to get our visas sorted out so quickly?'

Arturo grinned. 'Let's just say friends in low places.' He added, 'So onward to the business end of this trip.'

'So where are we going?' Lara asked.

'To Camp Hero,' Arturo stated.

'What's Camp Hero?' Lara pressed.

'More when we get there. We need to get moving,' Arturo urged.

Once they arrived at the abandoned military facility, Arturo, handed the women a pair of binoculars each and pointed out the SAGE Radar dish on top of a tall abandoned building.

'What's that for?' Dionne asked.

'Officially, nothing. Camp Hero was decommissioned and abandoned by the US Air Force in 1969. It was secretly reopened without Government sanction, utilising a fully documented underground facility where covert operations take place.'

'What operations?' Lara asked.

Arturo wondered how much to divulge. Monty Devere told me he had participated in a clandestine project here that involved many extraterrestrial groups.'

'Monty Devere! I'd never have thought it of him. He seems so normal.' said Lara.'

Arturo continued, 'He told me humans from Sirius B, played a role in providing exotic technology such as time/inter-dimensional travel to clandestine government agencies involved in both the Philadelphia Experiment and the Montauk Project.'

Dionne said, 'So what does this have to do with us?'

'We are going to sabotage these time travel experiments.' Seeing the surprised looks on the women's faces, Arturo was glad he had not mentioned 15 to 20 feet lizard beings rampaging around the planet.'

'And our role in this?' Dionne said.

'You two will observe the operation from two different vantage points. You will be our eyes and ears on the ground.' Arturo added, 'This is a proud moment for us. It's our first message that says No more mind control.'

Dionne turned to Arturo. We are all infected by a virus that has established itself at a deep level of the human psyche, where it sucks our life force, lowering our vitality thereby opening us up to the suggestion that we are weak beings with little or no resistance to their covert operations in our minds. We have to wake up to this before our battle even begins. This operation is the beginning, and I am honoured to be involved, Arturo.'

Lara felt the same in her own way. But she still felt like vomiting.

Arturo said, 'I hope you two have been playing nice together because we all have to be on the same page here.'

Lara said, 'We have our differences, but we manage to work it out.'

Arturo said, 'I Hope so because being the operation's eyes and ears is a crucial role, especially as we have lost two key team members.'

'Boltz and Moonchildt.' Dionne said.

'What if they inform on us?' Lara asked.

Arturo stared at her. 'If they had, we would now be under arrest. He looked at the time. 'Let's go back now. I need to gather the troops.'

Arturo Bruno faced his troops. 'I had a call from Katrina Weber this morning. She told me that Johan Boltz and Herman De Moonschildt were arrested by the FBI and later picked up by the CIA.'

'Do you believe her?' DeVere asked.

'That's irrelevant because, whatever the story, Boltz and DeMoonschildt are missing, and we have to carry on without them.'

Monty said, 'Under these circumstances Is it wise for us to proceed?'

Jesse, who joined them via Skype, said, 'I know how effective the CIA's truth drugs are these days. They may well have given the spooks all the info about our op by now.'

Arturo said, 'Yes that's true. So we have to bring the mission forward.' He added, 'I received a message that they are firing up the time tunnel tomorrow. So we attack a week before scheduled and catch the spooks on the hop.'

Monty spoke up. 'I think we should assume we have been compromised. Which means we can also assume the spooks know about SkySpy.'

Arturo said, 'Okay, if the coast is clear we need to get our drone out of there today.' He turned to Jesse, 'Can you do that?'

'What, fly to New York at a minute's notice?'

'That's exactly what I'm saying. Forget everything else and get your ass down here.'

'And fly the drone to where?'

'I'll tell you when you get here.'

George De Moonschildt never left the rancho and seldom left his house. He did not like the world and was sure it did not like him. Even the people who cleaned and cooked for him and with whom he was most intimate with, saw him as a creepy old man, but would never say so. At age 96, he knew he did not have much time left. He had been grooming Herman to take over the reins, but George knew his grandson did not have the stomach to do what had to be done. He put on his glasses and looked at the list of potential leaders provided by PanKosmia. He circled three of the names and put the list aside for later if that ever came. A private physician kept monitoring De Moonschildt's vitals and proclaimed that the Patriarch still had a well functioning heart. Which was just as well because he had one more thing to complete. He shambled through his sprawling home until he came to the control centre.

Herman, Who, with Boltz, had made a quick exit from America, courtesy of the CIA, looked up from the bank of computers as his grandfather entered.

George said, 'If we'd had electromagnetic weapons in the 1940s the Third Reich would have been victorious and in control of the world today.'

'I wonder what Nikola Tesla would think if he knew we are using his free energy technology to turn the weather into a controlled weapon,' Herman said,

'That reminds me. Contact our friends in Gankon and put them on readiness alert.'

'Yes, Grandfather.' Herman knew his grandfather was talking about the Alaskan site where the Navy had its HAARP array spread over 23 acres.

'And prepare our friends in PanKosmia to be ready to act in the aftermath.' George De Moonschildt knew there would be many opportunities for business people to make massive profits from the post-earthquake reconstruction projects. Fifty per cent of the benefits would go into the PanKosmian coffers. For those running the society any disaster natural or otherwise was a win, win situation.

Herman saw his grandfather falter and regain his balance by grasping a table. 'Are you okay, Grandfather. Shall I call your doctor?'

'No, it's nothing. Just a little dizziness. We can't let that stop us.'

Herman, left to his devices, checked on the stats. Electromagnetic weapons like HAARP could be used to bounce mega power microwave signals off the Ionosphere back to Earth at any chosen geographical location. It would take HAARP a few days to ramp up enough power to do the job. So Herman contacted the Alaskan base to get it ready for action.

The death of the whistleblower was perfectly acceptable to Wycliffe O'Byrne. He had nothing but revulsion for the traitor. But murdering Michael Angel, who had now been officially listed as dead, was another thing entirely. The official story called the explosion a freak accident but Wycliffe thought otherwise and this deeply concerned him. Especially the nagging thought that PanKosmia did not just watch things unfold and provide a warning for disasters. By silencing any dissent, they influenced events, and he found that very troubling. Then there was the business with Max, who he had begun

to consider as his friend. This was the first time Wycliffe harboured doubts about PanKosmia's role in global incidents. He had to allay them and focus on the bigger picture. But he needed some assurance that all was above board. He would have to speak to someone he could trust.

Matthew Armitage had not heard from Wycliffe since the aftermath of the terrible storm that had hit Texas and, in particular, Rockport, where the Armitages lived. He had caught sight of Wycliffe at PanKosmia meetings, but they had not really said much to each other. So why was he calling him now? 'Hello, Wycliffe, How are you?'

'You've heard about what happened to Michael?'

'The helicopter crash, yes.'

'I'm not sure it was an accident.'

'What are you talking about?' Matthew asked, guardedly.

'It could have been sabotage.'

'It could have been a freak accident. Do you have any proof to the contrary?'

'Not exactly. But Michael may have upset somebody with his latest film.'

'Wycliffe, get to the fucking point.'

'Max Dorrian has dropped out of PanKosmia.'

'He was the guy you brought here after the Texas disaster?'

'Yes, the food manufacturer. He refused to pay his dues unless he could talk to someone higher up in the organisation.'

Matthew, feeling distinctly uncomfortable with the direction of the conversation, said, 'I think we should end this conversation right now.'

Yeah, Matthew, this is difficult for me too. But I think Max had a point. Who is behind the PanKosmian curtain? We are significant investors in the future and ...'

'All I know is that they saved my ass when the storm hit. And I'm not interested in your half-baked theories, Wycliffe. You need to go and see the Confessor.'

'I'm not religious, Matthew.'

'I mean the PanKosmian Confessor.'

'Who the hell is that?'

I've never met him. But he handles any problems a member might have about the organisation.'

How can I get to see him?'

'I think you speak to your mentor.'

*New WHO guidelines to promote proper use of alternative ....*  
*<http://www.who.int/mediacentre/news/releases/2004/pr44/en/index1.html>*

## Chapter 27

*“You do not write your life with words...You write it with actions. What you think is not important. It is only important what you do.”*

### **Patrick Ness, A Monster Calls**

During the six hours, it took to fly from Seattle to New York, Jesse's mind tracked back to the exact moment when he turned from an aero engineer to a terrorist. Even saying the word to himself sent shivers up his spine. He could have refused to fly to JFK at such short notice and got on with his safe, secure life but all the dark secrets of his CIA days came flooding back as he followed Arturo Bruno's instructions. Jesse's Dad had given up a normal life and even sacrificed his family to follow his conscience. A misguided move that led to his death. *Now I'm following in his footsteps*, Jesse thought. But was he being misguided by Arturo Bruno?' He checked the time. His plane would land in two hours, and Jesse knew, from that point the die was cast, and there could be no turning back. That two hours passed with agonising slowness.

Arturo met Katrina at Ditch Plains beach, arguably the best one for surfing on Montauk. They sat beside each other on a bench near the Ditch Witch, a mobile fast food van right beside the beach. As they munched on hot dogs and drank passable coffee, Katrina smiled at Arturo. 'So why are you in Yonkers?'

'Researching a new project,' he replied,

'Sounds interesting do you want to tell me about it? '



Arturo shook his head, shrugged and took a bite of his roll. Then he said, 'How come you're here?'

'I was only in Brazil on an assignment. Now I'm here in a different case.'

Chancing his luck, Arturo pressed, 'What was your job in Brazil?'

She chuckled, 'Keeping. an eye on you badass.'

Arturo grinned, 'And what did you find out?'

Katrina finished her hot-dog and tossed the wrapper in a nearby bin. 'Why did those two Nazis risk their freedom by coming here?' she asked, changing the subject.

'You expect me to answer that?'

'You know them, don't you,' Katrina said.

Arturo remained silent.

She said, 'Do you know anything about Camp Hero.'

The words nearly floored Arturo. 'As it happens, I know quite a bit about it.' he answered, giving nothing away.

'Word has it that the SAGE radar site is operational again,' Katrina responded, probing.

'And that would interest me because?' he taunted.

She looked at him with imploring eyes. 'Arturo, at some point we need to trust each other. I'm here as a friend and supporter, not as an FBI agent.'

'I would really like to believe that, Katrina. But your turning up at this time makes me suspicious. You trailed me from England to Brazil and now here. So what the fuck do you really want?'

'I've been here before. It was in 1990. I felt I have to come back here. That's why I chose it for our meeting. Let me explain. Back then I came here to see Dr Cougal. He was helping me come to terms with alien abduction experiences.'

'Shit! You are full of surprises.'

'Yes, well he specialised in hypnotherapy to help me overcome my anxiety. He helped me remember being assaulted by aliens but it wasn't on a spaceship.'

'Let me guess. It was at Montauk.'

'Yes, Arturo, so I have a good reason to want to see it shut down.'

Arturo felt very uncomfortable. *Just how much did she know?* 'Yes, I suppose you do. Now, you said it had started up again. So what do you mean?'

Katrina turned on him, 'I bare my soul to you. And all you can do is fucking lie.' She got up to walk away.

Arturo needed to know what she knew. 'I'm sorry, Katrina. You keep hinting at something to get a reaction. So, let's both be truthful. How did you find out I'm interested in the Montauk base?'

'Lara told me.'

'You've been speaking to Lara!' he spluttered. 'Why the hell would she tell you anything?'

'You'd better ask her.' Katrina sat down again and took his hand in hers. 'You have nothing to worry about from me, Arturo. I'm all in favour of doing anything to stop this mind control bullshit. Is there anything I can do to help?'

Arturo looked at her and smiled, 'No thanks. Not this time anyway.'

Clancy came across something he thought was significant. It was during a search to find out about Boltz and his role in the Nazi war machine. What really interested him was the deal the American Government made with Nazi war criminals after the war. After further searching Clancy discovered that the German scientists had been experimenting with mind-control techniques, they shared with the CIA. In return, the war criminals were given safe refuge in Argentina. The CIA scientists developed these techniques and called the project, Phoenix One. But once political circles found out about the experiments used on the homeless and orphans they voted to have the program shut down. So those in control of the project persuaded the military brass that Phoenix One could be used to influence the minds of the enemy. The military, in favour of the research, loaned the Phoenix One team to use the old Montauk Air Force Base. Among the equipment requested was an old SAGE radar unit, which was on the base. The base was shut down, and everything was auctioned off. The group then moved in from the Brookhaven Labs and began working on Phoenix Two.

Clancy sought out Frank Farrington and told him what he had discovered.

Farrington looked at Clancy, his blank expression not giving anything away. 'And this should interest me because?'

'Sir, We know that Boltz and De Moonschildt. were both present at SkySpy, which specialises in drone surveillance and aerial photography.'

'So?'

Clancy thought his boss might be a bit more enthusiastic. 'Whatever Boltz has planned it involves a drone and I don't think it's for taking happy snaps.' he added, 'What if Montauk is the target?'

'Even if you're correct, Clancy, it's out of our hands. The CIA can sort it out.'

'But what if Boltz was involved in Phoenix One? Then he would know about Montauk and what goes on there.'

Farrington sighed deeply, 'You're clutching at straws. Besides, Camp Hero Base closed down long ago. So why would anybody be interested in rusty radar equipment and derelict buildings?'

'Yes, I guess, you're right,' Clancy muttered, dejectedly.

Jesse and Monty launched the drone from the flat roof of a factory in Midwood, near the centre of Brooklyn. Jesse watched his laptop screen as he watched Time-warp - his drone - lift into the air and head out to Long Island. Flying at an altitude of 10 thousand feet the four-foot drone was but a speck in the almost cloudless sky. Avoiding JFK Airport airspace, Time-warp headed south to Brighton Beach. The drone was represented by a flashing green light on the laptop screen, and everything was going well. Hardly noticed, the drone continued its mission over many high-rise residential buildings housing tight-knit Russian and European communities. The boardwalk and beach some ten thousand feet below was more laid back than Coney Island, it's lively neighbour.

The drone took an easterly direction over Rockaway Park in Queens. Jesse manoeuvred it over the long line of beach house caravans that stretched out along the fenced off beach. Everything went well as Time-warp continued to fly just out over the ocean above Jones Beach State Park with its six miles of ocean shore, snack bar, pool, and picnic areas. Kids enjoyed the playground, while families ate, drank and relaxed, entirely oblivious to the weaponised drone flying overhead.

Jesse watched the green dot as the drone flew unerringly over Fire Island on its way to Hampton Bays, which was awash with kayakers and paddle-boarders. It was taking longer then Jesse thought, or at least it appeared that way as he looked at the Long Island map. Having flown over the Hamptons, Timewarp came into the home

stretch, over Napeague State Park, its undeveloped green spaces and bird conservation area beneath light cottonwool clouds below. The drone dropped to 5000 feet as it lined up its target in Camp Hero State Park.

Monty, working from another computer, armed the weapon ready for the drone attack. Time-warp dropped to 500 feet as it flew over the iconic Montauk Lighthouse. Jesse made some subtle adjustments and the drone levelled out as it raced on to its target.

Inside the secret Montauk complex, several floors down, Special Forces personnel in plain black uniforms readied themselves to enter the tunnel, completely unaware of the incident about to occur above ground. To the disoriented and drugged subjects, about to go into the tube, it was like looking into a peculiar spiral tunnel which was lit up down its entire length. As subjects walked into the strange tunnel, they were suddenly sucked down its length, propelled into another dimension of spacetime.

From their individual vantage points, near the Camp Hero Perimeter fence, Lara and Dionne watched as the power generator building supporting the SAGE Radar exploded and collapsed, bringing the large dish down, resulting in a power cut to the whole facility. With no back-up energy source to kick in, those working in close proximity to the tunnel found themselves caught between dimensions, as in the Philadelphia experiment many decades before . But nobody could hear their loud, pitiful screams.

Dionne and Lara, each messaged Arturo and using pre-arranged code reported on the result. Jesse and Monty hi-fived. Operation Time-warp was a huge success.

Dionne and Lara waited around to see what happened next. They did not have long to wait for the rapid military response. Within

minutes, military emergency vehicles arrived and were let in through a gate operated by guards in camouflage fatigues without any badges or insignia.

Lara, who had joined Dionne said, 'Apart from causing a big explosion and a power cut what have we really achieved?'

Dionne turned to the Russian author, 'By stopping their secret mind-jamming programming we must just have bought the human race a little more time.'

Lara said, 'What, by stirring up a hornets' nest. Once the APES know we are onto them, such as now, they will, using all measures at their disposal to conceal their operations, using obstruction to distract our minds.'

Dionne retorted, 'So, what are we supposed to do? Put up with all this shit because we're afraid of what they might do next?'

'No. Of course not. All I'm saying is that we need to be aware that once our minds start to get to grip with it's own secrets the APES know exactly how to use our weaknesses to distract us from the truth.'

Dionne brought the pair back to the present, 'Let's move in closer to see what's going on.'

Lara shook her head. 'No. It's far too risky with all the activity going on over there.' Using her field glasses, she saw people exiting one of the buildings. It looked as though they were lining up for roll call.

Lara said, 'Where are they all coming from?'

Dionne said, 'It's obviously a fully functioning facility. She took out her camera, switched off the flash, which would give their position

away, and took photos, using a super, micro telescopic lens attachment.

An unmarked black car arrived. Agent Cooper and two other men in dark suits got out.

Colonel Southgate, like most of the rescue force, showed surprise as fifty or so scientists and office workers came out of a building of a disused base. He was directing rescue procedures when Cooper caught his attention. 'Just who the hell are you boys?'

Cooper introduced himself. Then he said, 'As of now, this base is under CIA jurisdiction.'

The colonel fronted up to the spook, 'Until we have checked this place thoroughly for any victims I am in command.'

Cooper sighed, 'Perhaps you'd like to phone your boss about that.'

The veteran colonel knew what that meant. 'Okay, but I need a couple of my guys to go in with you.'

Cooper eye-balled the colonel. 'Neither you nor your men have the clearance to step one foot inside this facility.'

Cooper's triumph over Colonel Southgate was short-lived. Another black unmarked car turned up, disgorging men wearing back suits and shades. They caught up with the CIA agents on the first floor. Offering no IDs the men took Agent Cooper aside. The alpha male of the quartet showed Cooper a document showing Presidential approval. Catching Cooper's angry stare, he said, 'Everybody except our people, who will be here soon, has to leave these premises immediately. Organise it right now, Agent Cooper.'

Dionne would have loved to be a fly on the wall, but she had to settle for the digital pictures she had taken.

**Stealth 2**

**Chris Deggs and Patty French**

*Montauk Project - Interview From 'The Metaphysical Experience'.*  
<http://www.crystalinks.com/montauk.html>



## Chapter 28

*“Never let your sense of morals prevent you from doing what is right.”*

**Isaac Asimov, Foundation**

It was a perfect crime because nobody was going to admit it happened. The Long Island Beacon included a small article about the old Radar dish collapsing into the derelict building supporting it. And that was it. So the M-Power team could not claim responsibility and announce why they did it. Arturo showed some disappointment at this at the debrief meeting.

Monty lightened the mood, saying, 'Well at least we won't have giant rampaging lizards killing us any time soon.'

Dionne said, 'Many a true word, Monty.'

Jesse said, 'I have a job and a life in Seattle. Don't let me know if you need a drone pilot again.'

Arturo announced, 'Before you go everybody needs to hear this. I'm inviting Katrina Weber to join us. She wants in and could have wrecked everything for us, but she didn't rat on us. I think she has earned her place.'

Dionne said, 'This topic warrants further discussion, but not right now.'

Clancy walked around the Bureau with a smug look on his face, which irked Frank Farrington no end. Clancy did not need to voice the words, His expression cried out, 'I told you so.'

Farrington eventually said, 'You were right about Montauk being a target. But that does not tell us why or who was behind it.'

'Are you kidding me, boss. Boltz comes into this country illegally with a special interest in drones, which are becoming the terrorists' new weapon of choice.'

'It's possible I suppose. But why go to all that trouble to bomb an abandoned site?' It just doesn't make any sense.

Clancy pressed, 'Montauk is in our jurisdiction. I think we should at least check it out.'

'Yes, but Camp Hero is military property.'

After Farrington left, Clancy phoned someone he knew from the East Hampton police station. After exchanging pleasantries, Clancy said, 'Have you guys investigated the incident at Montauk?'

'Why do you want to know?'

'Okay, I'll tell you if you tell me.'

'Okay.'

'We've been tracking a couple of suspects who have been using drones.'

'Do you think the damage done to that old radar out at Camp Hero was deliberate?'

'So, what do you know about it?'

'We got a call and responded, but we got stonewalled and were not allowed inside the perimeter fence.'

Clancy feigned surprise, 'But you're the law over there.'

'Yes, but the incident took place on a military property.'

'It's been abandoned for years, so why should they care?'

'I don't know pal. But I do know this. First military emergency vehicles turned up. Then unmarked black cars arrived.'

'No shit! hell, that seems an awful lot of attention for an abandoned base.'

'Yes, it seemed a huge deal.'

Wycliffe brought up the subject of the impending Californian disaster when he and Harrison Eyett next met above the quarry. He began, 'We're getting unusual disastrous weather patterns in North Korea, Cuba, Iraq, Iran, Syria and Afghanistan, which have destroyed economies and caused widespread famine. So, is it mere coincidence that all these affected countries are enemies of the US.' Wycliffe turned to the Watcher. 'Did your people have something to do with that?'

Harrison looked Wycliffe in the eye. 'No. Your people,'

'My people. What the hell do you mean?'

'You figure it out, Mr O'Byrne.' He added, 'I did not come up here to talk about the weather. You need to deal with Maxwell Dorrian.'

'I have already sorted that out. Max has decided to leave the organisation.'

Harrison stared at Wycliffe. 'We can't allow that to happen.'

'What's it to you?' the quarry magnate said.

'I think you know better than to ask that question. Let us just say Mr Dorrian is an important link in the PanKosmian chain.'

'Well, I don't know what I can ...'

Harrison interjected, 'He is still attached to the old materialist world. Show him a way he can accrue greater wealth while fulfilling his commitment to PanKosmia.'

Wycliffe rubbed his chin, 'What the hell do you mean?'

'I want you to show Mr Dorrian something.'

'What?' Wycliffe snapped.

'I will let you know.' He paused then said, 'Now, concerning weaponised weather.'

Wycliffe, taken aback, said, 'So it's real! Not just some conspiracy theory.'

'Mr O'Byrne, weather manipulation is the most effective weapon ever. It can be directed against enemy countries or even friendly nations, without their knowledge.' Then Harrison caught the subject's gaze with his piercing blue eyes. 'You need to concentrate on what is happening now?'

'The impending Californian disaster?'

'There will be a massive earthquake.'

'You don't mean!'

'Yes, the San Andreas Fault.'

'But why attack our own country?'

Harrison looked his subject in the eye, 'Mr O'Byrne the systematic destruction of your American society has been a carefully-planned fifty-year project. In fact, the late 40s and 50s was spent putting our agents in place and rebuilding their main clients' European industrial base with American money. Harrison added, 'The United States is a superpower because it suited us. Its superpower status is transitory like everything else.'

Wycliffe, incredulous, responded, 'So this nation is also part of your experiment?'

'Your whole world is, Mr O'Byrne.'

Wycliffe O'Byrne led Maxwell Dorrian into the expansive shelter. Indicating the vast space, he said, 'This hardened facility is capable of withstanding a substantial close range nuclear blast, a direct aeroplane crash, biological and chemical agents, shock waves, earthquakes, tsunami, electromagnetic pulses, and virtually any armed attack.'

Max stood feeling awestruck. He could have been on an underground cruise ship.

Wycliffe explained, 'This East German Underground survival complex was originally built by the Russians during the Cold War as a fortress for military equipment and munitions. After the DDR merged with West Germany, the government wanted to keep using it for the same reason, but they were stopped by a law that prohibited ammunition being stored near a highway.'

'So, who owns it now — PanKosmia?'

Wycliffe smiled, 'No Max. It's privately owned by the CEO of Viva Europa, Anton Wilk. And this is just one of his six luxury underground survival complexes around the globe.'

Max looked at Wycliffe, puzzled, 'But you've got your own.'

Wycliffe indicated the massive expanse of living space. 'This is invitation only, as are Wilks' other luxury bunkers. And this is way out of our league, Max.'

'So, how did you get to find out about it?'

'Through O'Byrne Constructions. I supply Viva Europa with building supplies.'

'Okay, Wycliffe, I'm finished with PanKosmia so why are you showing this to me.'

'I thought you were a smart man, Max. Do the same as me. Get a contract with Viva Europa, and that will make up for the supplies you provide for the PanKosmian bunkers.'

Now that Wycliffe had addressed the elephant in the bunker Max brightened. 'Can you get me a contact?'

'I'll do better than that. I'll put in a good word for you.' He added, 'The clock is ticking, so you'd better start supplying our bunkers.'

Max stared at Wycliffe. 'Have you had any more weather warnings?'

'I've been doing some homework.'

'What sort of homework?'

'We're on the brink of many manipulated disasters, and we have to be ready for anything that is thrown at us.'

'How do you know this?'

'I have documented many unreported unusual, dramatic climatic changes over recent years in the US and Europe, which are identified as potential targets under the US Administration's pre-emptive war doctrine.'

'Tell me more about this,' Max implored.

'Later, when I've found out more. Your main priority is to fulfil your pledge to PK.'

## Chapter 29

*“The past is a place of reference, not a place of residence; the past is a place of learning, not a place of living.”*

**Roy T. Bennett, *The Light in the Heart***

Jim turned to his female companion. 'I never get fed up with the trip from Eastham to Manchester. There are always exciting things happening on the canal.'

Kimmie had never cruised on the Manchester Canal before. She turned to Doctor Jim, as she called him, 'This really is a marvellous trip. Thanks for inviting me.'

Jim laughed, 'it's a pleasure to have you as my first mate.'

Kim laughed also. Then she asked, 'How long have you had 'Lucy.'

That was what Jim Priestland named his narrow boat. 'Ever since I gave up the practice. My condition was getting worse, and this is something I've always wanted to do.'

'Well you certainly look the part, what with the whiskers. All you need now is the captain's cap.' Kim laughed.

'Oh, I've got one, but only for official occasions,' he quipped. Then Jim said, 'I've got to sort out a couple of things, so stay here and enjoy the scenery.'

Kim hadn't seen Dr Jim since he's been her GP. He seemed a good choice to promote MindEze. Jim was still a licensed medical practitioner, and the physician also suffered from bipolar. While her friend was busy doing whatever he was up to, Kim breathed in the

cold fresh air as Lucy slowly passed by quays with moored boats, sluice gates, and other river users.

Having passed many stone bridges and navigated several locks, they arrived at their destination, Lymm, and it's Golden Fleece pub.

Jim and Kimmie found a quiet, peaceful beautiful spot in the pub garden, where they ordered sandwiches and beer.

Jim said, 'Your proposal is exciting. I would like to meet this Aldous. He sounds like an amazing fellow.'

'I didn't think so when he abandoned me in Africa,'

'That would have been awful, Kim. Why did he do that?'

'Oh, he got a bee in his bonnet and headed off the other side of Timbuktu. That's where he discovered his mood swing remedy.'

'So it was probably meant to happen.'

Kim shrugged, 'I guess so.'

Jim smiled, 'Well, if it's as good as your friend reckons it will be a huge help for people who suffer from bipolar disorder, but only as complementary medicine.'

'And with your recommendation, Jim.'

'Only after its been road-tested.'

Kim looked at the doctor. 'Will you help with that, for a fee of course.'

Jim thought about it. 'If this stuff helps people suffering from mood disorders, I'm all for it. So yes, I'll get on board.'

Kim felt relieved and could not wait to tell Aldous the excellent news.



Max Dorrian felt more relaxed than he had in a long time. Anton Wilk was interested in doing business with PakFoods, so Max had that to promote at the AGM. This, he thought, would make the proposal to provide PanKosmian with free food supplies acceptable to the stockholders.

As they sat having a meal together, Jill said, 'So, who is this Anton Wilk?'

He made a small fortune in Silicon Valley. Then he came up with the idea of executive bunkers for when the balloon goes up. He set up Viva Europa, and it's been an enormous success. 'Now we can get a slice of the action.'

Jill smiled, 'And we don't have to worry about those PanKosmian parasites.'

'No, darling.' Max agreed, needing time to decide what to do.

Jill rescued him, in a way, by changing the subject. 'Have you given any thought to what you'll do about Paul?'

'That's what lawyers are for.'

'I know that, sweetheart, but have you given any thought to a paternity test?'

'I'm waiting for the results as we speak.'

'Really. You didn't tell me you were having it done.'

'I thought it best to put this nonsense to bed.'

Jill looked him in the eye. 'You seem very cavalier about it. What if it proves you are the father?'

*'It won't.'* Max thought, Not for the money it has cost me.

The next day at work, Max received a call from Bernie Cramphorn. 'Hi Bernie, have you got my results yet?'

'Yes, Max.'

'And?'

'You're not the father, of course.'

'Of course, but now I have the results to prove it.'

'Well, that's what the results show.' Bernie went silent.

'Are you still there?'

'Yes Max, but I have a problem.'

Max knew what his lawyer was trying to say. 'Don't say another fucking word. This is never to be mentioned again. Right?'

Of course, what was unsaid was said and what was said could never be unsaid. And Max was in confusion. While there was a fifty per cent chance of Paul not being his son that was fine. Even the uncertainty was manageable. But he knew, from what his lawyer did not say that he was Paul's father and he could not ignore the fact. Fuck! Why did I agree to the test? His mind agonised.

Max never thought he'd be back in Franklin Park. He was not there to visit the Conservatory and Botanical Gardens; He was not there for the glass blowing, the pumpkin house or the flamingos made out of geraniums. Max wished he was there to sightsee because the reason he was back there was much scarier. Denying that Paul was his biological son had been much more comfortable than admitting to himself he really was the young man's father. Paul had not been very accommodating over the phone. But in the end, he agreed to give Max one more chance.

'So, here we are again,' Paul said as they walked around the Botanic Gardens.'

'You probably feel as uncomfortable as I do about this,' Max ventured.

'At least that's something we have in common.' Paul said, showing his cynicism.

'So where do we go from here?'

'Well, it's a bit late to take me to little league games.'

Max nodded, sensing that Paul's lightness masked a profound hurt. Max would not say sorry though. Not because he did not feel sorrow but because sorry would not cut it. You had to know someone before you can feel their pain. And he did not know the young man before him. 'So what do you want, Paul.'

Paul, feeling detached from the situation, stared into the distance. 'You probably expect me to say money, fame, power. But the truth of the matter is I don't want anything from you. The words father and son have no real meaning. Not at this stage anyway.'

Max, impressed by Paul, his son's, wisdom, realised he had felt the same way about his father's farm.' Max smiled for the first time since they had met. 'I can relate to that. All I can say is if you do need anything you only have to ask.'

Paul stared at him. 'You're already trying to fix things. Well, you can't - not with trinkets. You asked me what I want. I want you to feel hurt. You can't just skip over that part and get on with your life as though it never happened. I want you to live my pain. Not as some sort of punishment but a point at which our hearts and souls can meet. That's the starting point of the healing process.'

Max felt a tear form at the corner of his eye. Paul's words silenced him. He recognised the truth spoken by his son.

Jill felt angry and frustrated that Max never mentioned a word about his second meeting with Paul Shaughnessy, when he got back home. Max was very subdued and refused to say anything about it. After two hours of silence, Jill, having had enough, confronted him. 'You can't shut me out, Max. We need to work through this together.'

He poured himself a double shot of whiskey and sat staring at the wall.

'For God's sake just tell me how it went!'

He was impervious to her anger. 'I'm ashamed,' he muttered, mostly to himself.

Jill put a hand on his shoulder. 'So, you've accepted him as your son?'

He stared at her. 'I don't know how to do this.'

'Max, it must come as a huge shock to you. it will take time for ...'

'I don't need your fucking platitudes!' he snapped, glaring at his wife.

Shocked, Jill backed off. 'Well, fuck you then! Wallow in your pit of despair. When you are over wearing your hair shirt, perhaps we can communicate about this like adults.'

A phone call interrupted the row, like a bell at the end of a boxing round. Max grabbed the phone first. The call was from Harrison Eyett.

'Maxwell Dorrian, we need to meet.'

It sounded like a request, but Max knew it was a command.

Agent Cooper turned up at the Bureau and asked to speak with Frank Farrington. He was shown through to the Deputy Director's

office. Once inside, Cooper said, 'We have to set up a task force to find those terrorists.'

'A joint task force?'

'That's what I'm saying.'

Farrington smiled, 'It's not going to be easy. Nobody has claimed responsibility for the drone attack, and we're not allowed near the crime scene.'

'I can get you inside the gate. But we're not allowed inside the facility.' Cooper paused, then said, 'But that shouldn't be a problem. The damage was done to the Radar dish and the building supporting it. That's your crime scene.'

Frank said, 'So how's the chain of command going to work?'

Cooper liked Farrington. He cut straight to the chase. Inside the camp, I call the shots. Outside you can be the boss.'

It was an odd arrangement, but Frank reckoned he could live with it. 'Then, we'd better start pooling intel.'

Katrina met up with Arturo at the World Trade Centre Memorial. He had never been there. He felt the tragedy of all the innocent victims, pawns in the US Government's mind control games. After the profound effect of the memorial Arturo was in the mood for a nice subdued lunch at the Federal Cafe. The pair were warmly greeted by the owner/chef as they took their seats. Katrina had held off talking about the task force. It did not seem appropriate at the memorial.

Arturo said, 'What do you have for me?'

'Information. The CIA and the Feds have set up a joint task force to find the terrorists.'

Arturo was not surprised, but it was good to get some details. 'They must be serious about doing that.'

'Very serious. If the FBI and CIA joint forces don't get the terrorists, it will open up the doors for other crank groups to use drones for destructive acts.'

'Do they have anything on us?' Arturo asked.

'They have linked you to SkySpy. They believe you used a drone packed with explosives.'

'Yet, none of us has been arrested.'

'Who knows what the CIA has on you,' Katrina reached for his hand. 'You have to get out of the country.'

Arturo withdrew his hand. 'Are you part of the task force?'

Katrina shook her head. 'No. My boss thinks I'm too close.'

'Pity. We need you on that team.'

She shrugged, 'There's nothing I can do about that.'

'You could earn a place.'

'How do you figure that?'

'By putting them onto me.'

'You!'

Arturo looked her in the eye. 'There is nothing that can link me to the bomb. I've been cautious and was nowhere near the attack.'

She frowned, 'I don't know. it's hazardous.'

Arturo smiled, 'I phone the Feds and say I want to speak with you. That way you get the jump on the task force, and you become a valuable asset.'

'But what if they arrest you?'

'Don't worry. I have my ace card.'

'What's that, Arturo?'

He tapped the side of his nose. 'No need for you to know that.'

Arturo Bruno waited for someone to answer the phone. Then he said, 'I want to speak to Agent Weber.'

The desk officer at FBI Headquarters in Federation Plaza, asked, 'What is it about?'

'I know who was behind the drone attack on Montauk Island. Now, get me, Agent Weber.'

'But she is not on the case.'

'Just get her to ring me.'

'Who shall I say called?'

The phone had gone dead.

The agent who took the call then phoned Katrina's extension. 'I just received an anonymous phone call from somebody who says he knows who the terrorists who were behind the Camp Hero bomb.'

'Pass it up to the task force dealing with it.'

'He specifically asked for you. He wants you to call him.'

'Very well, I'll deal with it.'

While Katrina knew who made the call she was not sure what game Arturo was playing. He said he wanted her on the investigation team. Maybe this was his way of achieving that. She had to tell Farrington about the call. Katrina found him getting a coffee from the machine. 'Sir, I have received an anonymous tip-off from somebody who claims to know who was behind the Long Island bombing.'

He turned to her. 'Agent Weber, why would this person ring you? You're not on the case.'

'I don't know. But this source will only speak to me.'

'If this is some trick you're pulling to get you back ...'

'Not at all, Sir. I don't know who the caller is, but perhaps I should follow it up.'

'Very well but no disappearing tricks and keep me posted every step of the way.'



## Chapter 30

*“Facts do not cease to exist because they are ignored.”*

**Aldous Huxley, Complete Essays 2, 1926-29**

George De Moonschildt, it could be argued, was the most influential person in the Americas. Even though few people had heard of him. This was not likely because he was also the most reclusive power monger in the western world. Only his grandson, Herman, and a handful of big players had access to him. Now age 98, with failing health he knew he was in the end stage of his life. He also knew he had to bring Herman up to scratch so he could take over as Grand Master of the PanKosmian Brotherhood. George spent much of his time these days musing over his life.

During the war, he worked with Wernher von Braun, who, built the first ballistic missile, using concentration camp labour. As the fighting died down, George de Moonschildt bought himself a passage on a u-boat heading for South America. He had known at the time that one of his fellow passengers was Adolf Hitler who was recognisable even without his trademark moustache and with a shaved head. Eva was with him, with dyed dark hair.

Once it became known the Dr De Moonschildt was in South America, his expertise in rocket science was sought after by many nations. He chose the US and, like many other German scientists he became a crucial player in the US space program. George remembered back to the time he was one of the critical scientists in the US, driving the space race, including designing the Saturn V engine that propelled Apollo 11 to the moon.

Although he received some acclaim for these feats, because he had worked with Wernher von Braun building a ballistic missile for Hitler's Germany, his alleged ideals had been cast into question. Many people had seen him as an ordinary arms merchant who developed brutal weapons of mass destruction. Once the word got out about a Nazi War criminal working with the National Space Agency, George de Moonschildt thought it prudent to retire to his property in Patagonia, where he faded into obscurity.

When he was in favour with some of the top people at NASA, George De Moonschildt openly expressed his views that there would be a major confrontation between Soviet Russia and the United States, using weapons of mass destruction. He discovered that other very wealthy people were of the same mind. That was when he came up with the idea of creating a protection racket on a grand scale. He called it PanKosmia.

He snapped out of his reverie as Herman entered his room. He looked at his grandson and said. 'It's time to prepare you to take the reins. Personally, I don't think you have got what it takes. I sent you to New York to oversee Boltz's mission, and now you both come running back here with your tails between your legs.'

'To be fair, grandfather, it was not my ...'

'I'm not interested in your excuses. Now let me finish what I have to say. I hope you do develop the

balls to lead our great organisation without fear or favour because you are my only blood relative.'

'I will make you proud of me, grandfather.'

'That remains to be seen, Herman. But now I want you to meet somebody who will guide you.'

'Who's that, grandfather.'

At that point, another man entered the room. He was tall in stature, with piercing blue eyes and flowing white hair.

George said, 'Let me introduce you to Baruch.'

Herman just stared at the stranger.

Baruch said, 'Welcome Herman de Moonschildt, we have much work to do together.'

'But who are you?' Herman asked, not knowing what was going on.'

'As George said, my name is Baruch. I will explain further if and when it is necessary.'

## Chapter 31

*“The truth does not change according to our ability to stomach it.”*

**Flannery O'Connor**

Arthur Storey Park, Maxwell Dorrian discovered attracted bird watchers, picnickers, groups practising Tai Chi and fitness enthusiasts working out at the exercise station. Also, people jogging around the lake. Max stood still watching waterfowl bathe in the ornamental fountain. He was feeling quiet and at peace when Harrison arrived and burst his mind bubble.

Max looked at the Watcher. 'So, you've come at the behest of some shadowy entity to put the hard word on me.'

Harrison wished that's all it was. 'You pledged to provide food for PanKosmia, and you have not done so.'

Max said I have resigned from the organisation, so the pledge is no longer valid.'

Harrison stared at Max. 'If only it were that simple. But it is not. You can only leave the society if the high council expels you. So your pledge stands.'

'That's not what Wycliffe said.'

'Wycliffe O'Byrne does not know everything. Now I need you to renew your pledge in writing so we can all get over this hurdle.' He handed Max a contract.

Max shook his head. 'As I told Wycliffe, I will only fulfil my commitment to PanKosmia when I am eye to eye with one of the executive.'

Harrison said, 'Are you refusing to renew your promise.'

'I have to speak to a higher authority first,' Max persisted.

Harrison shook his head. 'Then I am sorry I can do nothing for you.'

Max asked, 'What do you mean by that?'

'We will not be meeting again.' With that, Harrison turned tail and walked out of the park.

Max was left only with his thoughts. Was Harrison issuing a subtle threat? He wondered. He took one last look at the water birds frolicking in the fountain before walking back to Bellaire, where he had parked his car.

Arthur Bulmer knew very little about Maxwell Dorrian. All he had was the photograph the man had given him. The CIA had chosen Arthur because of his natural ability to dissociate. This skill made it easier for Monarch mind programmers to control Arthur's dissociative state by creating one or more personality aspects or alters, unknown to his prime, core personality. The CIA had long known that once they helped split the subject's core personality, they could control one or more of the "alters" as independent characters, without the subject's awareness.

A mere CIA pawn running on autopilot, Arthur Bulmer heard the voice in his head. Shoot the target, Kill the target. He saw the man called Maxwell Dorrian strolling along the path to the park's exit. Kill The Target, kill the target. Arthur, concealed behind bushes, raised the rifle they had given him - pointed it at the target - caught him in the crosshairs and pulled the trigger. He fired twice more before the man hit the ground. Arthur was wandering around in a

daze when the police caught up with him. He offered no resistance and allowed the police officer's to help him to the waiting patrol car.

Arturo needed Agent Weber on the task force so she could keep him informed of the FBI's progress in the case. So he had to take desperate measures to ensure this. First, Arturo arranged to meet Katrina in City Hall Park, a much needed green spot surrounded by majestic government buildings that dated back to 1812. Arturo waited by the water fountain, watching out for her, as government workers, jury members and lunch picnickers passed by the fountain. Then he saw her coming towards him. He put his fists together and thrust them outwards, 'Arrest me,' he said, grinning.

Agent Weber responded, 'This is no time to mess around, Arturo. Why did you want to see me?'

'Are you on the team yet?'

'No, but I'm working on it.'

'Then arrest me and take me in for questioning. But make my arrest a condition of you being part of the task force.'

She looked at him, puzzled. 'What good is that if you're in jail?'

He winked, 'Trust me. I have a plan.'

She turned to him, 'What plan?'

'Never you mind. That will spoil the surprise.'

Katrina produced some handcuffs.

Arturo smiled. 'What's the hurry? Let's have lunch together first.'

As they ate at the Federal Cafe, Katrina rang Frank Farrington's number.

Farringdon picked up his phone. Seeing Agent Weber's number, he demanded, 'Where are you? You're supposed to be here in the office.'

'How's the task force going?'

'Never mind that. Your job is ...'

'I have somebody I think you'd like to question.'

'Agent Weber, I don't know what sort of game you're playing, but get back to the Bureau ...'

'Arturo Bruno.'

'Bruno - he's one of the suspects!. Keep him, and I'll send a team. So where are you?'

'Am I on the task force?'

'What the hell do you mean?'

'Oh, I think you know Sir. I bring in Bruno, and you include me in the investigation.'

Farringdon snapped, 'I can have you suspended for insubordination, Agent Weber.'

Katrina had to call his bluff. 'But then you won't get Bruno. He will only deal with me.'

When Dr Jill Greenway saw the police patrol car coming up the drive she had forebodings; such a police presence usually meant bad news. She wondered if Max was in trouble. She watched out of a window as two uniformed cops, one male and one female left their car and walked to her front door. Jill's mind was racing. 'Maybe it wasn't about Max. Perhaps Peter was the reason for their call? Jill opened the door. 'Hello, Officers. Can I help you with anything?' she said, nervously

The female, wearing sergeant stripes on her short-sleeved shirt, said, 'Are you, Mrs Dorrian?'

'No. I'm Jill Greenway, but I am married to Maxwell Dorrian.'

'Can we come in?'

'Yes, of course. What's the matter?'

'I think we should sit down,' the sergeant said, sombrely.

'Why? What's happened?'

'I'm afraid I have some bad news.'

'What do you mean -bad news?'

'I'm afraid your husband is dead.'

It was tragic, much worse than she imagined. She could not take it in at first. Her brain only registered odd words: dead, shot, park, sniper, etc. Her legs turned to jelly, and she collapsed on the soft leather couch where the two officers had guided her.

Jill heard, 'Are you okay? Is there anyone, family or friends who can be with you? Are you able to answer some questions - dumb things like that? Of course, she was not okay! She's just received news that some crazed shooter had murdered her husband.

The sergeant said, 'We're very sorry for your loss.'

Having strangers offering empty platitudes was not going to help.

'Are you able to answer some questions?' the sergeant asked.

Of course, she could answer some questions. She had not been struck dumb. She had many questions herself, like what was Max doing in Arthur Storey Park? The big issues, like who killed her husband and why she could not yet face.



Arturo faced Farrington over the scratched wooden desk. 'Why did you target the abandoned military camp?'

'Me. I had nothing to do with that.'

'And I'm supposed to believe that, am I?'

'Unless you have proof that I was involved, yes.'

Farrington's team had not come up with anything substantial. He eye-balled Arturo. 'Well, I think you're involved up to your ears and ...'

'You can think what you like. But it will be more useful if you let me tell you what I know.'

Frank stared at Arturo whose face was impassive. He sighed deeply. 'Very well, what do you know?'

'Two men approached me with a proposition. An older man with a limp and another much younger man. They wanted someone to fly a drone, loaded with high explosive, into a building.'

Farrington sneered, 'A likely story. Did you know these alleged people?'

'No. I'd never seen those people before in my life.'

'And they just happened to choose you. Why?'

Arturo, enjoying himself, answered, 'The old German asked me if I knew anyone who could fly a drone. So I said yes, I can fly one. That was when they put the proposition to me. Well, it was the older man who proposed the deal. The younger one remained silent.'

'I don't suppose you happened to get the names of these two fictitious people, Mr Bruno.'

'Oh, they were real. The old one was called Johan Boltz. He introduced the younger man as Herman Moonschildt.'

Farrington stared at Arturo, his mouth open with no words forthcoming. *Fuck! Boltz and Moonschildt*, They were the ones the CIA had whisked away. *I need to speak with agent Cooper*, his mind urged.

Farrington got off the phone and looked at Clancy. 'Cooper won't tell us a god damned thing.'

'So we don't know if Bruno is telling the truth or not.'

The Deputy Director shook his head. 'Looks like we'll have to let him go.'

'Wait a minute. I have an idea,' Clancy beamed.

'What idea?'

Clancy pulled up the report on his screen. 'Okay, here we have Boltz, Moonschildt and Jesse Devenport leaving SkySpy.'

'So?'

'It's time we focused more on Devenport. if we can link him to Bruno, we'll have the bastard.'

'I like the way you think, sometimes.'

'Thanks, boss.'

'It's time to ask Mr Bruno some more questions.'

Arturo did not like the smarmy smile on Farrington's face. He said, 'have you spoken to the Nazis?'

'Oh, I think a far better question is did you use Dr Devenport as the drone pilot?'

'Dr Devenport. Who is he?'

'Jesse Devenport,'

'Sorry. Don't know him.'

Farrington bluffed, 'Well, he knows you. It will be interesting to hear what he has to say when we question him further.'

Arturo remained impassive. He knew Farrington was lying because he had never physically met Jesse. He said, 'You've got nothing on me, and you know it. So either charge me and get me a lawyer or let me go.'

Jesse was at his work computer when he saw two men in dark suits approach him. They had Fed written all over them. He looked at them. 'Can I help you, gentlemen?'

'If you're Dr Jesse Devenport, you can.'

Jesse smiled nervously. 'Let's go somewhere we can speak in private.'

Up on the roof, which afforded a stunning view of the Seattle skyline, Jesse said, 'Okay, tell me what this is about.'

One of the Feds said, 'Do you know an Arturo Bruno?'

So this was about the drone attack. 'No. I do not know anyone of that name. Why?'

'Have you heard of a New York business called SkySpy?'

An obscure question, which means they know the answer. 'Yes, I visited there once.'

'Why were you there?' The second Fed asked.

Jesse's expression said, are you for real? 'I'm an aero engineer, and drone technology is becoming a big thing. So why wouldn't I go there?'

Fed one said, 'Have you flown drones, Dr Devenport?'

'Yes.'

'Did you fly the drone that hit the radar in Camp Hero?'

'No.' Jesse said, quietly but firmly.

Number two said, 'We have your car on film exiting SkySpy. You were with another man, known as Johan Boltz. How did you come to meet him?'

'He picked me up at JFK and drove me to SkySpy.'

'What for?' number two asked.

'I've already told you.' Jesse stated. 'I'm interested in drones.'

'So why did Boltz drive you there?'

'He wanted to hire a drone pilot.'

Number one thought he had Jesse. 'To do what? Fly a drone into the radar tower at Montauk?'

Jesse smirked, 'Nothing that exciting. Just some aerial photography stuff.'

## Chapter 32

*“May you live every day of your life.”*

**Jonathan Swift**

Rob and Suzie Charlton, both keen bike riders, chose a cycling vacation for their honeymoon. Everything was perfect for them. They picked up their hire bikes from the beachside town, Salton Sea, the starting point of the Storm Highway and rode straight down the road, which gently sloped for the first ten miles. Feeling exhilarated and relaxed, the lovers rode along the dedicated cycle lane, under the blue cloudless Californian sky. Everything was as it should be for the newly-weds. There was a slight headwind, but it was still a smooth ride. They stopped for photos of the beautiful scenery along the way and a few selfies, Blissfully happy, Mr and Mrs Charlton encountered few vehicles on the road that day. And those that did pass the cyclists gave them a full birth. Yes, it was the perfect day for the newly-weds.

Then it was not perfect any more.

It began as a low rumble coming from within the earth. Then Rob and Suzie felt a slight vibration under their tyres. Next, the road started shaking, and small cracks appeared on the highway.

They stopped cycling and look at each other.

What's happening? Suzie asked, surprised.

'I don't know, but it feels like an earth tremor.'

Then more significant cracks snaked along the highway with gaps in the road appearing at different intervals.

The noise got louder - then deafening as the southern San Andreas Fault ruptured, sending shock waves racing along with it at 2 miles per second.

The Big One had finally struck, unzipping California's mighty San Andreas Fault north of the Mexican border.

Rob and Suzie stood transfixed, unable to move, abject fear showing on their faces. Their bikes fell into a gaping chasm. They, too, soon followed.

Thirty seconds later, the agricultural Coachella Valley was violently shaking, causing the older buildings to collapse and crumble. Fires started almost immediately. Sections of Interstate 10, one of the nation's principal east-west corridors, broke apart, causing many vehicle collisions and leaving drivers and passengers stranded on unstable roads.

One minute later Interstate 15, a key north-south route, was severed in places, as roads collapsed leaving holes and cracks over the highway. Railway lines buckled and snapped, derailing three passenger trains and five more hauling freight. Tremors hit burgeoning Riverside and San Bernardino counties east of Los Angeles collapsing many buildings. Gas explosions and rapid wildfires followed. Then the valley-wide power-cut hit, causing further chaos and fires.

One minute thirty seconds later the racing shock waves advanced on the Los Angeles Basin, shaking it violently for fifty-five seconds.

Two minutes later the rupture stopped near Palmdale, but shock waves raced on toward coastal Santa Barbara and into the Central Valley city of Bakersfield. The violent shaking left a great deal more death and destruction in its wake.

In less than two minutes, since the first rumbles inland from Salton, Los Angeles and its sprawling suburbs shook like a jelly. The massive jolts from the 7.8 - magnitude bombshell continued its destruction for a full three minutes. Although seismic scientists had predicted "The Big One" for many years, the inhabitants of The City of Angels were not mentally prepared when it finally happened! All of a sudden water and sewer pipes cracked and broke apart. Gas mains erupted in flames. And the city-wide power failure added to the panic and distress of thousands of people. Vehicles on major flyovers slewed over the highways, which swayed and warped in front of the terrified drivers. In the worst-case traffic scenarios, flyover collapses resulted in many vehicles plummeting over the edge into the hellish nightmare below. The city was awash with piercing sirens of emergency services that swiftly swung into action.

Once the shaking stopped, the Urban Search & Rescue Task Force at the Los Angeles County Fire Department carried out a windshield survey. This strategy involved rolling through neighbourhoods to tally the damage and identify areas of greatest need.

Very soon the LA hospitals were stretched to their limits as wave after wave of injured earthquake victims crowded halls and passageways, waiting to be seen by the doctors. Over seven hundred of the injured were casualties of building collapses; many thousands were still buried under massive chunks of concrete and rubble. So far the tally was over 800 dead. Many of the first responders died trying to rescue the victims. Many others were lost to over 1600 wildfires burning out of control across the region, - far too many for available firefighters to tackle in one go.

The mega quake had done massive damage. But it would have been even worse had the power-packed fault line had hit the city with full impact.

Thirty minutes later: First responders fanned across the severely damaged region. A magnitude seven aftershock hit, but the energy

travelled south into Mexico. Many more big aftershocks hit in the following days and months.

Although the quake was devastating, major fires following the earthquake caused the most damage. The cost of the disaster included 1600 fires that burnt down some 200 million square feet of housing and residential properties, valued between \$40 billion and \$100 billion. But they could not measure the cost of life in dollars.

Wycliffe O'Bryne could not believe Maxwell Dorrian had been shot dead. Yet it was on the news - all over the news. It had been mere days since they had argued and Max threatened to resign from PanKosmia. Could it be that the two incidents were linked? Wycliffe wondered. He quickly brushed that thought aside. Within days news of PakFood guru's mysterious death gave way to coverage of the South Californian earthquake.

Wycliffe shook his head in disbelief at the terrible death and destruction caused by the natural disaster. Or was it natural? These four little words, which sowed a seed of doubt in Wycliffe's mind, were fated to change his life forever. Although, the quarry magnate was not aware of the power of those words at that time. But what lies behind those words was far too dangerous to contemplate. If the earthquake had not occurred naturally, who or what was behind it? It was a question from which Wycliffe's quickly backed away. But, something toxic was eating at his mind, and he could not shake it. He needed to speak with Harrison, or better still, the Confessor.



## Chapter 33

*“You only live once, but if you do it right, once is enough.”*

### **Mae West**

Aldous and Kimmie were both excited to see their Website for the first time. MindEze - No more mood swings showed an image of the product integrated with a Malian background superimposed by eye-catching information outlining the wonders of the product and its Dogon roots. Dr Jim Priestland promoted the herbal mix. He said that, as a doctor and a person who had bipolar disorder his whole adult life, MindEze put him in a better frame of mind, with no noticeable side-effects. Aldous kicked the promotion off with a buy one- get one free special offer. Now Aldous and Kimmie had to sit back and wait for the orders to come flooding in.

Unbeknown to Aldous, one of the people who was interested in the product was Harrison Eyett. But Aldous was not aware of his interest at the time. Harrison knew in the universal scope of things nothing was left to chance. For those, like Aldous, who only had a small part of the overall picture, it would seem that things happened randomly for no rhyme or reason. But Harrison knew from the first contact they had in Bamako, where he helped Aldous get back to England to the interview with the CEO of PakFoods had been sequential for a reason. Now that Aldous, against all the odds for a

man with his mental condition, had made his product marketable, Harrison was ready for the next step.

It was a smart move for the Watchers to help Project MK Ultra get under way in April 1953. It was smart because it allowed humans to programme their kind, making the job easier for the Draco servants. Experiments included administering LSD to people with a mental health condition, prisoners, drug addicts, and sex offenders, built up a human bank of disoriented souls susceptible to mind tweaking.

Psychiatric patients, especially those with multiple personalities, were the most susceptible to mind re-programming. It was in the interests of the Watchers to ensure that mental illness became so widespread in all developed countries that it substantially impacted subjects at personal social and economic levels. Harrison reported back to the Watcher's High Council. He informed them that recent statistics showed one in five humans aged between 16 - 85 years experienced one of the common forms of mental illness. And nobody stopped to ask why? Which went to show just how effective the mass mind control of humans was.

At first, there had been the problem of smarter people discovering what was going on. Thankfully, nobody would listen to their mad ravings about mind control. But that could not just be left to chance. So the Dracos implemented parasitic entities that would distort any clarity in their consciousness, therefore diverting them from their truth-seeking.

Aldous had experienced this. Just when he was on the verge of having a transformative and elusive insight, something of a lower

vibration distracted him, and he failed to record it for later inquiry. Thereby not fixing it in his consciousness, and losing his realisation.

On many occasions, Aldous had a dream in which he got close to seeing the covert psychological operations of mind parasites. The unconscious experience triggered fear that woke him, leaving him anxious and afraid.

The Dracos designed the mind parasites in such a way that they were masters of deception, tricksters par excellence. Aldous knew these things intuitively but only spoke of them to Kimmie. And even she was not as patient as she used to be. Anybody else would see his experiences as the ravings of a paranoid madman. Yet the opposite was the case. Because his Bipolar rants were a clear interpretation of the horrors humanity was about to face.

Harrison Eyett knew that normal psychological parameters in people were bad enough. And causing socially engineered people to become anxious and insecure had worked to a point. But docile humans were easier to enslave. It was with this in mind that Harrison took further interest in one of the human subjects in his list - Aldous Foster. But first, he had to deal with Wycliffe.

Wycliffe was deeply troubled by Max's death. Mainly because of the part he may have unwittingly played in it, he needed to assuage his festering guilt. So he had to know why his friend and colleague went into the park that day. Wycliffe thought perhaps Jill, Max's wife might be able to shed more light. He had Max's home number and decided to phone her. Wycliffe heard a woman's voice and said, 'Can I speak with Mrs Dorrian please?'

'Speaking. Who am I talking to?'

'Wycliffe O'Byrne. I wish to offer my sincere condolences. Max was a good friend and ...'

'Yes, he spoke of you often. You're the one who got him involved in that damn society.'

Wycliffe, taken aback, defended, 'I offered him the opportunity to get involved, he decided to do so.'

'Yes, well, I wish you hadn't. Everything was just fine until my husband became obsessed with your damned PanKosmia.'

Jill's response cut him to the quick. Wycliffe, feeling even more unsettled, responded, 'Well I didn't phone you to talk about that Mrs Dorrian. I am phoning to show my deep respect for your husband. I would be honoured to be present at his funeral if that is acceptable to you.'

'Very well, Mr O'Byrne, I will send you the details.'

## Chapter 34

*“How did it get so late so soon?”*

### **Dr. Seuss**

Paul Shaughnessy did a double take when he saw the headline. PAKFOODS CEO SHOT DEAD IN PARK!

He went on to read the story. Paul just could not believe it. After years of searching for his roots, his long-lost father gets killed just after they finally met. Could fate really be that cruel? He wondered. But he'd only just met his father, so there really was not a strong connection between them. They may well have developed a strong bond had they been given the time, but that was not to be. Paul definitely felt something, other than the initial shock, but it was not grief. It was more like feeling cheated like God was playing some kind of prank for his amusement. But there was something unfinished. Max's wife was his stepmother, although she had not known it. He felt a need to contact her, to see her. Even if it was only once. She may very well not want to see him. But he figured he would lose nothing by giving it a go. He had his father's land line number, so he contacted Jill Greenway by phone.

Jill picked up during the second cycle of her ring tone. 'Jill Greenway. Who's speaking?'

'Look, this is kind of embarrassing. We don't know each other, but I'm Paul, Max's son.'

Jill, speechless, stared at the phone.

'Are you still there?' Paul asked.

'Er, yes. 'It's a bit of a surprise, that's all.'

'I heard about what happened. I can't believe it.'

'Yes, it's terrible. But why are you calling me?'

Paul was not sure of himself. 'I was wondering if I could attend my father's funeral.'

Jill, sighed, the last thing she wanted on top of everything else was having to explain Paul to her family and relatives. 'Paul, I'm not sure if that's a good idea.'

'Oh. Yes, I suppose you're right. I'm sorry to have troubled you. You have my sincerest condolences.'

Jill relented a little. 'I have no right to stop you attending your father's burial ceremony. If you think you can handle it, Paul, you're welcome to participate.'

The funeral attracted a big turnout. The gathering afterwards was by invitation only. A phalanx of security guards kept the media at bay. Peter Harris sent his condolences and his apology for not being able to attend. After the casket was lowered into the soil, the invited funeral party went back to Jill's home. Paul had no family with him, and he felt like a fish out of water, gasping for air.

Wycliffe, who was also at the gathering had been wondering what Scales had found out. Had he actually probed behind the PanKosmian curtain of anonymity or was his ranting just sour grapes for having been expelled from the order? Either way, all was not what it seemed with PanKosmia; Wycliffe needed to see the alleged evidence. He fully expected to be scornful of Scale's attempt to put the organisation in a bad light. But his mind would not rest until he found out one way or the other. Wycliffe knew seeking the truth of the matter was a two-edged sword. What if he discovered

there was some substance to the whistle blower's testament? What if he and all the other first level PanKosmians were being conned? The thought was too painful for Wycliffe to consider. He had to ask Jill about it but not today. Not the day she was putting her husband to rest.

Paul sought Jill out during the post-funeral family get together. Approaching her, he said, 'I'm Paul.'

Her eyes met his. It was the first time they met in the flesh. 'Hello Paul,' was all she could offer.

'He wasn't a bad man. I know that. He just wasn't ready for me and didn't know how to handle it.'

Jill didn't know how to respond. It was too much for her to have to cope with. All she could manage was, 'Thank you.'

Paul forced a smile. 'I would like to find out more about my Dad, when you're ready to handle it, of course.'

Jill never made any commitment to Paul's wish, and he did not pressure her any further. She went back to her guests, and he quietly left before the anecdotes came tumbling from half drunk relatives.

Wycliffe, waiting in the wings, walked up to Jill and gained her attention. He introduced himself and said, 'What happened to Max is tragic beyond words. We caught up a few days before. He was excited about a new business contract that would help PakFoods broaden its client base while satisfying his commitment to PanKosmia.'

Jill had only been aware of the first part. She thought all that nonsense about giving away vast amounts of food to the cursed organisation was over. She tried hiding her puzzlement. 'I believe it was you who introduced him to Anton Wilk. So thank you for that.'

'Think nothing of it. The PanKosmian brotherhood looks after its own.'

'Yes, well the less said about that, the better. That's what I reckon.'

Jill was about to leave when he said, 'He also spoke about a recording on a flash drive.'

'Oh!' she responded, wondering where he was taking the discussion.

'Yes. An Anthony Scales recorded it just before he died.'

Jill sniped, 'Are there any more members of PanKosmia you know that have been murdered recently?'

Wycliffe ignored the barb. 'Max wanted me to hear the message myself. He said you had the flash drive. So can you get me a copy?'

'Why do you want it?'

'Because Mr Scales fell out of favour with the Order, and, being a member myself, I wanted to find out why.'

Jill stared at him. 'Yes, well I have to get back to my guests.'

He watched her go. He figured he'd ask again at a more appropriate time.

Paul stayed in Houston long enough to speak with Jill. He was now thinking of her as a stepmother. It felt weird as Paul had not previously had any kind of relationship with her. But strange or not it was something he had to do. He suggested, and she agreed to meet him in Arthur Storey Park, where he met his father. They met by the lake. After swapping pleasantries, they were both silent for a few minutes. Then Paul said, 'Ever since I reached 18 I've been looking for my parents, first my mother. And through what I found out about her - my father.'

She caught his gaze. 'It must have been terrible for you.'



'I just wanted to know where I belonged. I did a course in journalism at night school. I figured it would help me ask the right questions in my search for my parents.'

Jill sighed, 'So, how did you track down Max, er, your father?'

'My mother, Maria, died while giving birth to me. Even that piece of information was difficult for me to attain. Adoption agencies are very guarded about given out personal information to adoptees, especially about their biological parents when there is a 'not to be contacted' agreement in place. Anyway, I managed to piece bits together and found out about my Dad.' Paul paused, then continued, 'Of course he had no idea what I had to go through to track him down. But the worst part was him denying his paternity. It was like a kick in the guts. He was abandoning me all over again.'

Jill, felt very uncomfortable with the subject matter, but she knew it was important for both of them. So she suggested they sit on a bench to continue the conversation. She defended Max, 'It was a huge shock for him when you turned up out of the blue.'

Paul couldn't handle her making excuses like that. He said, 'I'm not here to go into all that.'

'Oh! Why are you here then?'

He turned to Jill. 'Have you any idea who would have wanted to do him harm?'

She immediately thought of PanKosmia but did not want to go there. 'Obviously that crazy gunman they arrested.'

'Arthur Bullman pulled the trigger but who controlled him?'

'You think there were others involved?'

'Bullman was a mess when the cops caught up with him. He was wandering around the park muttering to himself. He had no idea which way was up.'

Jill stifled a tear. 'What the hell does it matter? My husband is dead.'

Paul stared at her. 'It matters to me.'

'Well. That's up to you. But there could be dangerous people involved.'

'Do you know who they are then?'

Jill shook her head. 'No. But if they can program people to carry out assassinations for them, they are not the kind of people to tangle with.'

'In which case, I need as much intel about them as I can find. If you're holding back for some reason, it makes my job more difficult.'

Jill looked straight at Paul and exclaimed, 'Oh what the hell. If you're hell-bent on this foolhardy venture, I may as well give you the info.'

'What info?' Paul asked, excited.

'Give me your email address, and I'll mail it to you.'

'That's great. Now you have me intrigued.'

Jill looked solemn. 'They may not have had anything to do with Max's death. All I know is they use very harsh measures on people they deem traitors to their cause.'

'Who are they?'

'You'll find out when I send you the file.'

As Paul walked away, Jill felt uneasy. She could feel Paul's hurt, resentment and anger. There was nothing she could do to support him at least not while she was in her emotionally drained state. Besides, he was nothing to her. Yet, he was still her stepson. And she had no idea how to deal with that.

Aldous only liked being in orderly situations, He enjoyed the neatness of Piccadilly Station in Manchester. It was kept clean and tidy with a range of excellent facilities and, as such, fitted in with his sense of order. He had just enough time to visit a toilet and get back to The Victory over Blindness sculpture, which stood at the station entrance. Although it depicted gassed, blind Great War servicemen walking in single file with a hand on the shoulder in front, it reminded Aldous of humanity blindly going to the slaughter. It was a disturbing thought.

Who the person was Aldous had arranged to meet was a mystery to him. Over the phone, the voice pointed out that they had met briefly in Timbuktu. Then Aldous remembered. He was the stranger who got him a ticket to get back to England. The man had probably saved Aldous' life so he could hardly refuse to see him.

Harrison Eyett noticed his subject standing near the statue. He approached, 'Mr Foster, do you remember what I told you, in Timbuktu.'

Aldous looked at the man with penetrating blue eyes. 'How did you know about my herbal medicine?'

'That is not important. What is significant is what you did when you returned to England.'

Aldous said, 'All this background noise is doing my head in. Let's go somewhere quieter.'

They found a Starbucks nearby and sat down for coffee.

Harrison continued the subject. 'I arranged for you to see Maxwell Dorrian, the CEO of PakFoods.'

'Yes, I saw him.'

'And?'

'He wasn't interested in my proposal.'

Harrison frowned, 'He was supposed to help you.'

Aldous shrugged, 'It doesn't matter. I sorted it out myself.'

The Watcher stared at his subject. 'Oh, it does matter, It matters very much. Once I revealed myself to you, what you did became part of a process.'

'What are you talking about?' Aldous asked, perplexed.

'What you did went against the natural order of things. I may have to refer this to a higher authority.'

Aldous desperately wished Kimmie was there with him. But the man had said for him to come alone. 'What the hell are you on about?' He felt baffled and became defensive.

Harrison fixed Aldous with his gaze. 'You went against my dictate.'

'Who are you to dictate to me? I have free will, I make my own decisions.'

Harrison shook his head. 'We like you to think that. Think of it as your chess game. You are a pawn that went against the rules and made your own move. I'm sure you can see that it messes up the whole game.'

'What fucking game are you on about?' Aldous snapped.

Harrison sipped his coffee. 'To rectify the damage, you have done I have to bring Maxwell Dorrian back to life. And even I can't do that.'

'He's dead!'

'Yes, because you changed the rules.'

'I had nothing to do with it.'

Harrison rubbed his chin while he tried figuring out what to do. 'You are going to have to help me fix this. First, you must stop selling your remedy.'

Aldous stared at him. 'Fuck you, mister! I'm doing no such thing. Kimmie and I have worked hard to get my company up and running.'

'Ah, about your dear friend Kimmie. The path you have chosen will take her from you.'

'You're just saying that to scare me into following your orders.'

Harrison eye-balled Aldous. 'Are you really willing to take that risk?'

## Chapter 35

*“They say time heals all wounds, but that presumes the source of the grief is finite”*

**Cassandra Clare, Clockwork Prince**

After watching Anthony Scales' testimony, Wycliffe O'Byrne realised the whistle-blower's story was, in many respects, like his own. There was no proof PanKosmia had killed Scales or had anything to do with his death, but it seemed too much of a coincidence. PanKosmia expelled Scales from the order. He divulged its secrets. Then he was dead - shot at close range. The police had not found the killer. It all pointed to PanKosmia, but it was blasphemy even thinking such things. But Wycliffe could not erase it from his mind. Then he felt a cold chill creep up his spine. Max Dorrian had become rebellious and had left the order. A few days later he was shot and killed by a crazed gunman. Was it just another coincidence?

Wycliffe did not think so. He sighed heavily. As he saw it, he had two choices. One, buckle down and trust in PanKosmia. Or two, take a look to see what is going on behind the curtain. The first choice, the path of least resistance, was the wise one where self-preservation was concerned. The second one was not only foolhardy and risky; it seemed impossible. It raised two more questions in Wycliffe's mind. Were the elite members of PanKosmia hidden in the general membership body? Or were they separate and isolated from the main body? Spying on the PanKosmian society was out of Wycliffe's league. His approach to solving problems was to blast his

way through them, as he did in his quarries. This problem needed a delicate touch. He needed to speak with Jill Greenway again.

Paul Shaughnessy also read Anthony Scales' report. Having never heard of the Grand Order of PanKosmians, he was much more open-minded about it. From what Scales said it ticked the cult box for him. But what did it have to do with his father's death? He could only assume that Max Dorrian was somehow involved. He was undoubtedly incredibly wealthy, and PakFoods would have been of interest to the PanKosmia. But his Dad was a smart guy. Too wise to be sucked into to some enormous scam?

Then Paul realised the whole Ancient Order thing was designed to attract the super-rich like a moth to a flame. Keywords such as survival, human extinction, unique, privileged, elite, loyalty, obligation, sacrifice as well as the secrecy were perfect hooks to reel the mega rich into the meticulously prepared snare. But cults were not illegal, and unless there was a connection with his father's murder, Paul was not at all interested in the cult's practices.

## Chapter 36

*“Sometimes the Bible in the hand of one man is worse than a whisky bottle in the hand of (another)... There are just some kind of men who - who're so busy worrying about the next world they've never learned to live in this one, and you can look down the street and see the results.”*

### **Harper Lee, To Kill a Mockingbird**

Baruch stared at Harisun. 'This is a grave matter, indeed. I may have to refer it to a higher authority.'

'You mean the Draco Council!'

'Changing timelines is a very tricky business, Harisun. Because it can change things, you do not expect.'

'What do you mean?'

'The subject's primary timeline is easy for you to see, but there are always secondary timelines that intersect that are not so clear. Tampering with them can bring about unfortunate results.'

Harisun implored, 'What can I do to make things right?'

'Don't change anything until I get back to you.'

But the longer I wait, the more complicated the timeline. The more difficult it is to put things right,' Harisun beseeched.

Baruch said, 'There is one solution. You must eradicate anyone on your list who is affected by the timeline warp.'



Harisun stared at Baruch, wide-eyed. 'That means many key subjects who haven't fully played their part.'

Baruch met his student's gaze. 'It's either that or I report the incident to the Draco Council.'

'But ...'

'Either deal with it or hand it over to someone who will.'

Wycliffe agreed to Jill's suggestion that they meet in Max's bunker.

'It's more like a mausoleum now,' she said tearfully.

He looked at her. 'I can't begin to understand the grief you are going through right now, but I need your help.'

'For what?'

Wycliffe, said, 'Max came to me, worried about his commitment to PanKosmia.'

Jill felt herself cringe at his mention of that name. 'They asked too much of us. We could easily have handled a large donation, but the greedy bastards wanted it all.'

Wycliffe did not want to go there. 'I wasn't much help to him. I feel I let him down.'

'What do you mean, Mr O'Byrne?' Jill asked, perplexed.

'He criticised PanKosmia, and that is dangerous territory. I couldn't be part of it.'

'Do you think they had anything to do with my husband's murder?'

He shook his head. 'That's too dangerous even to contemplate.' Wycliffe paused, then asked, 'Did Max keep any records about PK on his computer?'

'What sort of records?'

'I need a list of members.'

Jill shrugged. 'I have no idea. But I guess you can check his computer if you like.'

'Yes, that would be good.'

Wycliffe was not surprised that Max had a password to get into his computer. But it made things more difficult. With Jill's help, he tried things like Max's birthdate, birthday, wedding anniversary etc. Wycliffe, frustrated, moaned, 'This is useless. Did Max write his passwords down anywhere.'

She looked around her late husband's desk. 'He did keep a journal. But I don't know what he did with it.'

'Have you seen him writing in it?'

'Not here. I've seen Max with it at work.'

'So it could be in his office.'

'Oh. I don't know. Someone at PakFoods would have cleared out his stuff by now.'

'What happened to his effects, Jill?'

'I guess they'd be stored somewhere waiting for me to pick them up.'

'And his journal could be amongst his things?' Wycliffe said, excitement in his voice.

'I'll look when I pick them up. If the password is there, I'll look at Max's computer. If there's a list, I'll let you know.'

Paul Shaughnessy took a different tack to obtain the same information. As a journalist, he had more skills to draw on than Wycliffe. Even so, the Internet offered nothing about PanKosmia.

Paul next searched for elite survival groups. Again no mention of PanKosmia. They seemed tighter than the skin on a drum. He wondered, *what if PanKosmia had an online presence under another name?* Still nothing. Then he got an idea. He rang Jill's number. Getting a response, he said, 'Paul here. I need your help with something.'

'Oh, Paul, it's you!. How can I help?'

'Who gave you the flash drive about PanKosmia?'

'A friend. He's a retired private investigator.'

'How did he get it?'

'He has Scales' laptop.'

'I have to talk to him. Send me his details.'

'I'd rather send him yours.'

'Ms Greenway, this is urgent. I don't have time to mess about.'

'Why do you want to contact him, Paul?'

'I need the PanKosmian membership list, and that guy Scales is the only member who seemed to have looked beyond the secret boundary. He might have the list recorded somewhere.'

'It's a possibility, I suppose.' Jill hesitated. Then, on reflection, said, 'OK, I'll give you his phone number.'

Peter Harris was the link between Wycliffe and Paul Shaughnessy although he did not know it at the time. It began when he received a call from Paul. 'Who's speaking?' he said gruffly.

'I'm Maxwell Dorrian's son. I believe you're a friend of his widow.'

Peter was on high alert. 'What do you want?'

'I'm after the PanKosmian membership list.'

The line went silent.

Peter's heartbeat furiously. 'I-I don't have one.'

'Yeah, but Scales might have kept one.'

'What makes you think that, Mr...?'

'Shaughnessy. Paul Shaughnessy. Look, I think we should meet.'

'Why?'

'Because I need to find out who killed my father.'

Peter went cold. 'I'm finished with all that.'

'Do you still have Scales' computer?'

'Yeees.' Peter hesitated.

'OK, meet me and bring the' computer.'

'Meet you where?' Peter said, concerned it might be a trap.

'I'll text you the details.'

## Chapter 37

*“Adversity is the trial of principle. Without it a man hardly knows whether he is honest or not.”*

**Henry Fielding**

Paul lived in Columbus, Ohio, and Peter lived in West Virginia. So they agreed to meet halfway at McCoy's Inn in Ripley, just over the West Virginia state line. Peter was only too pleased to get rid of the laptop the only item linking him to Scales. It felt like a poison chalice. The cops had dragged him in for questioning about the missing computer, but as they had no proof he had taken it, had to let him go. Still, Peter was very nervous about the whole deal. He had an uneasy feeling that somebody had followed him from the car park to the Inn. Once inside the motel, Peter felt safer. He looked at the profile picture on his cell and recognised Paul, who was sitting quietly in the corner. He sat down opposite with the laptop in a bag on the seat beside him.

Paul said, 'You're Peter Harris, right?'

'Yes.'

'OK, pass me the computer.'

Peter, happy to be rid of it, passed the laptop carefully under the table.

Paul thought the ex-PI was being a bit too cautious but said nothing. Having delivered the device to Paul, Peter said, 'I have to get going.' 'Hey man, have a coffee with me at least.'

'OK, but the cops are after that thing,' he said, indicating the bag now beside Paul.

'Have you checked the hard drive for a PanKosmian membership list?'

'Sure. But there are some locked files I couldn't get into.'

Paul nodded. 'I'll see what I can do.'

Peter hastily got up. 'I have to get going,' he said. Indicating the laptop, he said, 'Best of luck with that.'

The man who had entered the restaurant just after Peter, spoke quietly into his phone. 'The target has handed over the object to another man. What are my instructions?' He paused, then said, 'very well, I'm onto it.'

Had Paul heard the man on the phone, he would have been more aware. As it was, he paid his bill and, on the way out he passed by the man who had been watching him. As soon as Paul left, the man tailing him left his money near his cup and followed his target.

Paul put the computer on top of his car while he fumbled for his keys. As he pressed his transponder's unlock button, he felt a violent shove in the back. His head collided with the door frame. Stunned and in shock, Paul watched helplessly as his assailant grabbed the laptop bag, and walked away with it. 'FUCK!' Paul yelled, getting a few heads to turn in his direction. Then he felt blood running down his face from the gash on the side of his head.

Aldous felt sick with worry. If he did what the stranger wanted, he would end up back in Timbuktu with no money and no herbal remedy. It would be like sliding down that long snake that takes you back close to the start of the game. All this pressure launched Aldous into a bipolar depressive episode. He isolated himself and

would not see anyone. He was anxious and confused, caught up in his time warp. Before the black mood engulfed him, he did have the presence of mind to take some MindEze. If he defied the Timbuktu man and went ahead with his MindEze project, something terrible would happen to Kimmie, and he couldn't live with that. Aldous knew he had to tell Kimmie something. A few days later, down by the Manchester Canal, after much deliberation and self-reflection, Aldous told Kimmie what had transpired.

'I've been worried sick,' Kim said as they sat on a low wall at the edge of the canal.'

'I just couldn't see anybody,' he replied, watching a narrowboat moving gracefully towards the lock.

'That bad, huh? 'I thought MindEze stopped you having these black moods.'

He looked at her. 'Never mind about that. I have something important to tell you.'

'Oh! What is that, Aldous?'

He knew he would sound crazy. That in itself was not the problem. Kimmie accepted his weirdness, putting it down to his mental illness. But this was not a bi-polar effect. The man from Timbuktu was real and dangerous.

He looked at Kimmie. 'I have to give up on the MindEze.'

She stared at him her face a question mark. 'I thought it was helping you?'

'It is.'

'Then why the hell would you give it up?'

'Not just me - the whole project.'

'Aldous, you're not making any sense.'

'I know.' *How much could he tell her?* He wondered. Look, Kimmie, I can't explain it now, but I have to go away for a while.'

She grabbed his arm. 'No, Aldous, you don't get off that easy. You will tell me what all this is about, or so help me, I'll ...'

'You want to know?'

Mollifying a little, she smiled, 'Of course I do. What's troubling you?'

He sighed and took a deep breath. 'I saw that guy again.'

'What guy?'

'The one in Timbuktu who got me introduced to the PakFoods guy.' Kimmie beamed. I read about him the other day. He was the guy who got shot in the park.'

'He shouldn't have died, Kimmie.'

'Yes, it was a tragedy. There was something about Maxwell Dorrian recently being reunited with his long-lost son.'

Aldous fixed her with his penetrating stare. 'No, he should not have died.' He paused, then said, 'I didn't play by the rules, and now I have to make things right.'

She stared at Aldous. 'You're scaring me. Explain what you mean.'

'Jesus, Kimmie, I don't know what I mean. But he is going to turn up again, and I have to make a choice.'

'A choice! What choice?'

'I have to either choose you or the MindEze and my inheritance.'

An icy chill shot up Kim's spine. 'Me! Where do I fit into your crazy story?'

He met her gaze. 'If I don't put things right, something bad will happen to you?'

A deep frown furrowed her brow. 'Has this guy threatened you? If so, go to the police and report him.'



He glared at her. 'And just what the fuck do I tell them? They already have me down as a crazy person. Before you know it they'll have me whisked off to the padded ward.'

Kimmy, trying to keep it together, felt she was starring in one of his nightmares. 'And just how do you think you'll change anything?' 'I don't fucking know. I guess Timbuktu man will tell me.'

Paul leant against his car, staunching his head wound with a handkerchief. A passing woman asked, 'Are you OK?'

Paul replied painfully, 'Yeah. I just hit my head on the door.'

'Here, let me take a look?'

'Are you a doctor or a nurse?'

The forty-something woman laughed. 'No. I have three boys. They always need patching up, so I guess that makes me something of an expert in these matters.' She looked at the gash. 'You probably need stitches.'

Paul said, 'Do you have a bandaid?'

'Are you kidding? With my kids, I have to carry around a whole medical kit. Stay here, and I'll get you one.'

Paul dabbed with his bloody handkerchief, The bleeding had eased, but he had a thumping headache.

The kind woman returned with a dressing which she applied to the gash. 'There, that should do it,' she said, smiling.

'You're very kind,' Paul said and went to get in his car.

She stopped him. 'Are you sure you're OK to drive?'

He nodded, 'Thanks again,' and got and slipped into his driver's seat.

## Chapter 38

*Adversity is the trial of principle. Without it a man hardly knows whether he is honest or not."*

### **Henry Fielding**

Harisun spent a great deal of time in the library. Time was a different reference point for the Watchers than the people of Earth. Time in the Watchers' realm had to do with complete experiences, not hours, minutes and seconds. The library was also very different from those on Earth in the physical plane. The library Harisun frequented did not have the usual books. The Watcher's library comprised holographic volumes. Harisun studied them to find out about the unpredictability of human emotion, which was holding up human soul force harvesting for the Draco. In The Great War, the Sons of Light (the Qumranites) fought the Sons of Darkness" (those not of the Sect) for the human soul force. But it did not stop there, and now the Masonic Sons of Light and the Masonic Sons of Darkness, wage war for the same reason.

Harisun froze. *Were there dark and light factions in the Watcher Brotherhood?*

He posed this question to Baruch, later that day, as the elder left the Temple of the Protocols.

Baruch, having spent a long session with the Lower Draco Council he had two choices where Harisun was concerned. One, to expel him from the Watchers realm and exile him on the Earth plane, or two, bring him more closely into the Watcher fold.

The fact that Harisun was waiting for him was both a curse and a blessing. He had not yet made his decision. Turning to his proteg'e, Baruch said, 'There is a spiritual drama that has been played out for thousands of years on Earth. A spiritual drama comprising souls, magic and world domination originated on Mount Hermon. It was where the Els and the Dracos set up the global spiritual war, like a game of chess between the Sons of Light and the Sons of Darkness.'

Harisun turned to Baruch. 'I know it existed back then, but I had no idea it still went on.'

Baruch tutted, 'Harisun, why can't you just accept things for what they are.'

'Because our masters cause this divide in our ranks to stop us from becoming united and beat them at their own game.'

At that moment, Baruch made his decision. Looking Harisun in the eye, he announced, 'The Council has decreed that you leave this place and your immortality to live out your days on Earth. You will not come back here.'

Harisun stared at his mentor, shocked into silence. At length, he uttered, 'You would abandon me?'

'The Dracos I have been negotiating with on your behalf wanted you executed. I managed to arrange your exile instead.'

'But I will be like the Earthlings only with greater knowledge of what is to occur in their world. How will that help in restoring the balance?'

'That is no longer your concern. I will be attending to that myself.'

Now that he had lost Scales' computer, Paul had to use another approach to get his information. But he knew very little about the

Dark Net and did not know of anybody who did. The only person who knew Paul was after information about PanKosmia was Jill Greenway. He wondered if he would ever feel comfortable calling her Mum. Right now, he much preferred the formal distance. When she answered his call, Paul said, 'Paul here, Ms Greenway.'

'Oh, Paul. How are you?'

'Oh, so, so. Look I'm calling because I've got an idea.'

'About what?'

'Have you heard of the Dark Net?'

'It's a kind of underground radar Internet, isn't it.'

'I'm betting PanKosmia will have a presence there.'

'You could be right, but what does that have to do with me?'

'I've never used it. Do you know anybody who could help me?'

'That's a strange ask, Paul. I don't know if this is any help, but Max had a friend called Wycliffe O'Byrne. He's big in tearing great holes in the planet. He was also the guy who introduced Max to PanKosmia. I know he is also trying to find out about the society's membership.'

'Is he whistle-blower material?'

'I don't know about that. But Wycliffe does want to find who was responsible for arranging Max's death.'

Arturo stood in the check-in queue at JFK Airport, when two men in suits approached him. He turned around, startled, as one of the men flashed a CIA ID and said, 'Mr Bruno, we need you to come with us.'

'I need to check in first, or I'll miss my flight.' Arturo protested.

'Mr Bruno come with us now, please.' the spook said, more firmness in his voice.

Realising he had no choice but to comply Arturo went with them. The men took him down a corridor, out of bounds to passengers and into an office occupied by another spook, Arturo surmised.

The CIA man said, 'I'm Agent Cooper, Mr Bruno and I want answers to a few questions.'

Arturo, annoyed, snapped, 'Make it quick. I have a plane to catch.'

Cooper, calm and unruffled said. 'Do you know a Matthew Applegate?'

Arturo, stony-faced, said, 'No.'

'How about this man,' Cooper said, showing Arturo another photo.

Arturo sat, staring at the picture of Monty DeVere. 'Yes, I know him. Why?'

Cooper smiled thinly. 'Mr Applegate specialises in selling army surplus items, like weapons and explosives.' He added, 'Explosives like the C4 used in the drone attack at Camp Hero.'

Arturo got up. 'This has got nothing to do with me. I've better things to do than ...'

'Sit down Mr Bruno. I haven't got to the best part yet. We have arrested Matthew Applegate, and he told us some interesting things.'

Arturo yawned.

Cooper continued, 'He remembers selling some C4 to a Mr DeVere.' He smirked, 'Small world isn't it?'

Arturo shrugged, 'I still don't see what this has to do with me.'

'Oh, come on Mr Bruno,' Cooper sneered, 'Mr Devere is a good friend of yours. You stayed with him at his place in Copacabana Beach. Mr Devere gets hold of some C4 plastic explosive, the same kind that blew up the radar at Montauk. Now, do you see where this is going?'

'Around in circles?'

Cooper got up and loomed over his suspect. 'You, Mr Bruno, are an undesirable alien banned from entering the US. Do you get what I'm saying?'

Arturo stared up at the spook. 'If you want me out of your country let me catch my fucking plane.'

'That's not the way we do things,' Cooper sneered.

Jill arranged a meeting between Paul and Wycliffe. They met at the Mug Rack, near Jackson, in New Jersey.

'So you're Max's son?' Wycliffe said as they waited for their coffees.

'I didn't know him much at all. A crazed killer murdered him shortly after I met him.'

'Yes. My sincere condolences.' Wycliffe looked around at a waitress heading towards their table. She took their order and left them.

'Jill said you needed someone who can find their way around,' he leant in closer, lowering his voice, 'the Dark Net.'

'I'm assuming, as you are here, that you do.'

'I have dabbled in it a little; we can't do it here.'

'Why not?'

'It's prohibited in public. Besides, we need some privacy.'

Wycliffe suggested, 'Let's have our coffee, and go to quarries here near New Jersey. We can search in private.'

'Before we do that I have a question,'

'OK, shoot.'

'When you last spoke to my Dad, what did you talk about?'

'OK. Max made a deal with PanKosmia that for him to get early warnings about extreme weather events and civil unrest etc. The deal was he would donate his company's prepacked food to the bunkers PK has scattered around the globe. He became suspicious of the society's motives and demanded to deal with someone higher up in the hierarchy. That wasn't going to happen, and Max decided to resign.'

'And I'm guessing that wasn't allowed either. Then Max is murdered by some fucking loony tunes.'

Wycliffe nodded. 'He knew he was taking a huge risk, just talking with Max's son. In the last six months, three members - two of them his friends were dead. He qualified, 'Of course Michael Angel's death could have been an accident, but I have my suspicions.'

'Why so? Paul asked.

'What if Grey Area, his new film project had revealed things PanKosmia wanted to be kept hidden?'

'Possibly. But how does that help with us finding the list of PK members?'

Wycliffe said, 'To be perfectly frank with you, I wanted this meeting first, to check you out.'

'And now that you have?'

'I'd rather we work together on this at local quarry's.'

Paul was impressed with the sheer size of the quarry. Massive mining vehicles rumbled around the different levels continually gouging out vast quantities of rock dislodged by blasting. Wycliffe stopped his Chevy truck near some transportable buildings. A couple of people in hi-vis vests and hard hats were waiting to see their boss. After exchanging a few words, he sent them on their way. He then invited Paul into his work domain, modestly called the manager's office.

As Wycliffe waited for the computer to boot, he offered Paul a drink. Paul declined. It was too early in the day for him. Wycliffe shrugged and poured himself a generous measure of whiskey.'

Paul looked at the screen. 'So, what now?'

'First, we need a virtual private network that works with TOR.'

'Tor. What's that?'

'It protects our privacy online. Now we can use the simple VPN app, and the ISP can't see what we're up to.'

'Now what?' Paul said, feeling naughty but excited.

'We put in our search.'

Paul watched as the words, "secret societies" appeared in the search bar. There were heaps, so Wycliffe scrolled down and came across TAOP. He clicked on it, saying, 'Now we're cooking.'

'Why? What have you found?'

Paul soon found out when a new website opened up, The Ancient Order of PanKosmians. '



'They do have a fucking website!' Paul exclaimed, amazed.

Wycliffe stared, wide-eyed at the screen. Shit! We're getting a peek at the inner workings, and nobody can track us.'

Paul pointed at a button called about us. 'Click that.'

Wycliffe did so and came across a sub menu that included 'premium membership.'

A new window occurred with a complete list of names. None of whom Wycliffe knew.

'Who the hell are these people? Paul asked.

'We are looking at PanKosmian management. These are the people who set the rules.'

Paul looked at the names, amazed. The list included royalty, nobles, top politicians and people with wealth and power that made members like Wycliffe feel like small fry.

'Holeee shit! Paul expounded. What the fuck are we dealing with here?'

Wycliffe clicked on another link that took them to projects. One of which was The Six Step Attitudinal Change Plan.

They read:

How to change, silently and invisibly the attitudes and values of the entire Earth human population.

Wycliffe and Paul sat staring at each other - speechless.

Then Wycliffe clicked a button that said climate control. Under a subheading weaponising the weather, there was a list of recent natural disasters, including the San Andreas quake.

Wycliffe went ghostly white.

**Stealth 2****Chris Deggs and Patty French**

Paul said, 'What is it?'

Finding his voice, he said, PanKosmia doesn't just warn us about what is going to happen. They make it happen.'

**The end**

## Epilogue

Aldous found Bamako zoo to be a pleasant experience. A charming zoo - much smaller than many national zoos and yet ordered and well laid out. Aldous was there to meet the stranger called Harrison. It had been a tough few days for him, and he had difficulty in keeping it together. If it was not for his MindEze, God knows what Aldous might have done.

He couldn't even confide in Kimmie about his scary trip back to Mali. Harrison's instruction was for him to come alone, but Aldous could not tell Kim because she would have wanted to go with him, and that was not part of the deal. Of course, that worried her more than ever. She thought her friend was off on one of his manic adventures.

Aldous kept to the arrangement and waited by the reptile house. The zoo was mostly empty, so it was easy for Aldous to spot the man heading in his direction. But it was not the stranger he had met before. This man looked older but not as tall as Harrison. And he had long white hair, which he wore in a ponytail. Aldous had never met Baruch and was scared as the man approached him.

The easy way out for Baruch to deal with the problem was to delete everybody on Harrison's list. But even that would not bring Maxwell Dorrian back to life. So, he had to try regenerating the original timeline. But that would present all kinds of variables and many unknown outcomes. So, to get a sense of his mammoth task,

Baruch decided to meet with the listed Earthlings himself. Aldous was the first on his list. He asked, 'Are you, Aldous Foster?'

'Yes, and you are?'

'You can call me Baruch.'

'Where's Harrison. he was supposed to meet me.'

Baruch said, 'You will deal with me from now on.' Then he remained silent, as he assured himself there were no eavesdroppers.

Aldous filled the uncomfortable silence with, 'It wasn't my fault. Mr Dorrian did not want to help me and ...'

'Yes, I know all that.'

'It's been tough for me to market my MindEze remedy. But I'll start over to save my friend if that's what I have to do.'

'I'm not interested in your pathetic story, Mr Foster. We have a problem to solve, and you will help me do so.'

'H-how can I help?' Aldous asked, shakily.'

'You must contact Paul Shaughnessy.'

'Who's he?'

'Soon, as Maxwell Dorrian's son and heir, he will be running the PakFoods empire. You will tell him about your medicine, and he will help you.'

'Then, I don't have to give it all up?' Aldous beamed excitedly.

'Of course not,' Baruch smiled. 'We want to help you.'

'And my friend, she will be OK?'

'We do not have control over people's lives,' he lied.

## Books by Chris Deggs

Anunnaki – the greatest story never told – book 1 -gods, gold and genes

Anunnaki – the greatest story never told – book 2 - challenge, change and conquest

Anunnaki – the greatest story never told – book 3 – prophesy, power and politics

Black Pope – secrets of the Vatican

Democracy on Trial – the verdict

Entropicus book 1 – the mastery of alchemy

Entropicus book 2 – the mystery of Atlantis

Entropicus book 3 – the madness of androids

Green Alert – Saving the future

Grey Area – the truth is down there

Hack – world bank in crisis

Investigation – the nunnery murders

London Lies - the terror agenda

Marlowe – a quantime experience 2

Millennium – countdown to chaos

Nanofuture – the small things in life

Plane Truth – what happened on 9/11

Stealth book 1 – the silent invaders

Termination – the eugenics agenda

Vincent – a quantime experience 1

Ziggurat – the real agenda in Iraq

## **Books by Patty French**

Beyond Belief – Transcending the New Age

Step Up Into Your Starseed Shoes – A Short Guide for Starseeds

## **About us**

Chris Deggs was born in 1948 in Bury St. Edmunds, England. For many years he has lived in Australia. He is now happily retired and lives in the Tweed Valley in Northern New South Wales, Australia. He writes contemporary works of fiction: mysteries, adventure, crime, ethics, conspiracy, global domination etc., as well as reference books for the betterment of the human condition. He has published a number of articles on the Academia Website reflecting ethics and Human Survival. Chris has written 19 books to date. Writing and painting are Chris' two main passions in life in which he is always looking for new ways to express himself.

Patty is a writer, mentor and researcher into topics relating to the alternative view of our reality on Earth. Originally from New Zealand she lives in Northern New South Wales in Australia. She has had personal experiences of the subject matter of 'Stealth' including multi-dimensional predators and MILAB abductions, as well as contact with positive ETs. Patty mentors people who are waking up to their true nature as powerful spiritual beings and learning about mind control at many levels including in the form of limiting beliefs.

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[chrisdeggs63@gmail.com](mailto:chrisdeggs63@gmail.com)

<https://www.facebook.com/artystyck>

<https://www.smashwords.com/books/search?query=chris+deggs>

<https://www.feedaread.com/search/books/.aspx?keywords=chris%20deggs>

### **Outernet**

If you are in the area you can catch up with Chris and say G'day at local art and craft markets in Tweed Shire, New South Wales, Australia.

First Sunday of Month Tweed Heads Men's Shed Markets

Second Sunday Chillingham Markets

Third Sunday Uki Buttery Markets

Fourth Sunday Murwillumbah Showground Markets

## **Connect with Patty French**

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**Stealth 2**

**Chris Deggs and Patty French**

<https://www.smashwords.com/books/view/886344>