

# Stealth Book Three

Global Agenda Unmasked.



Chris Deggs

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## Prologue

If only we could wind back time, maybe we could prevent this crime – Chris Deggs

Foreword

To maintain the lie you need even bigger lies – Chris Deggs

Floyd Moore had long been intrigued with the workings of secret societies or, as some called themselves, "societies with secrets". There were masses of information and, as he saw it, disinformation about the more well-known ones and writing about them was like reinventing the wheel to Floyd. So Floyd focused on obscure secret clubs that thrived during the 18th and 19th centuries. These included such fraternities as the International Order of St. Hubertus, the Order of Elks and the Grand Orange Lodge. It was Floyd's passion for all things secret had him standing on the platform of an abandoned tube station in July 2019 as he waited for a mysterious source to show up on this glorious summer day.

Floyd set up a blog called "Lesser Known Secret Societies", which now had a modest following to share his passion. One of these subscribers, who referred to himself as GP, contacted Floyd on his

blog page. GP first showed up on Floyd's screen when he requested a private chat. Floyd knew nothing about this GP, so he asked some stock questions to find out more.

Why do you want a private chat with me?

I know something that will interest you.

How do you know I will be interested?

I know about a current secret society you have never mentioned.

Floyd's heart missed a beat. What secret society?

'It's not for public consumption.'

Floyd, itching to know more, granted GP his private chat, during which GP told Floyd about the existence of an exclusive fraternity called "PanKosmia", which he could only access on the "Dark Web", the name given to the "underground" Internet. GP refused to say any more on the subject until they were face-to-face. Which was the reason Floyd was standing on the disused station platform waiting for GP's arrival.

Floyd's homework turned up the fact that the abandoned tube station was the terminus for Brookwood Cemetery. Known as the "Necropolis Railway", mourners travelled directly from central London to the graveyard, where the dearly departed got laid to rest.

Floyd looked at his watch; GP was ten minutes late. Ordinarily, being stood up by a source would have been mildly annoying, but Floyd had flown from the United States to make this meeting, so being angry did not even begin to cut it. He was about to call GP a no show when a man approached him.

GP, a big man with a generous girth, had to pause to catch his breath after hurrying from the station car park. He was tall, over six feet, and had the olive skin associated with Latin countries of southern Europe. To Floyd, GP looked like a character from a cloak-and-dagger farce. He wore wraparound reflective sunglasses, had his coat collar turned up, and sported a broad-brimmed straw hat pulled down to shade his upper face.

Relieved, Floyd extended his hand in greeting. 'I take it you must be GP.'

GP took Floyd's hand in a firm grip. 'Floyd, it's a pleasure to meet you. Thank you for coming all this way but I think you will agree the journey is worth it.'

'I tried to Google PanKosmia but nothing came up.'

GP smiled, 'It only shows up on a shadowy part of the Internet not indexed by search engines.'

'How can I access it then?'

'To get onto the dark net you have to use a hacking tool called Tor.'

'So only hackers can get in?' Floyd queried.

GP said, 'Ostensibly, yes. But anybody who gets into dark web sites is a hacker by definition.' GP looked the white-haired older man in the eye. 'But that's not why we're here?'

'Tell me about this PanKosmia society,' Floyd said

'Before I do so, I want you to understand this is different. I've followed your blog over the months, and quite frankly, many of the members' contributions are sheer fantasy wrapped up as fact.'

Floyd said, 'I've been a journalist most of my working life, so I know how to carry out rigorous research for my articles. So I wouldn't ascribe to conspiracy theories unless they have at least a seed of incontrovertible truth about them.'

GP nodded, looking down at the retired newspaperman, who put him in mind of the mad professor from "Back to the Future". 'He said, 'So, Mr Moore, are you ready to hear what I have to say?'

After four decades of research, Floyd reckoned he was ready for anything concerning secret societies. 'That's why I'm here.'

The pair sat on a bench seat, and GP said, "This railway started as a way to deal with public health concerns following London's first cholera epidemic. GP smiled, 'Which is a perfect segue for the subject of this meeting.'

Floyd listened politely, then said, 'So what do you have for me?'

GP began, 'What if I was to tell you in six months some mighty people will turn our world on its head and it will never be the same again.'

'Who are these people and what are they going to do?'

GP read Floyd's face as he worked out how much he would say. 'They are going to create a virus, and let it out into the world, causing a pandemic.'

Floyd looked at GP agog. Finally, he uttered a short word, 'Why?'

GP smiled briefly. 'An experiment in mass mind control.'

Floyd was beginning to wonder about GP. He was getting dangerously close to conspiracy theory territory. 'Can you stop talking in riddles and give me something real to work with?'

'I have a colleague, a virologist, who works in the science lab at Fort Detrick. He told me, in the strictest confidence, the science facility was looking for a way to make this Corona-virus more contagious.'

Floyd, disappointed, stared at his source. 'As intriguing as this is what does it have to do with secret societies?'

GP fixed the journalist with his steely gaze. 'Who do you think is orchestrating this mind control programming?'

'At the moment I have no idea.'

'Would it surprise you to learn that PanKosmia is behind this pandemic?'

'You need to tell me more about this secret society.'

'What if I said, this is a coup d' etat, a bold move to take over the world?'

'I would say I'd need some proof.'

'You will soon have your proof,' GP smiled. He added, 'This brings me to the subject of the Covid 66.6 pandemic soon to wash over the world.'

Floyd said, 'How come I haven't heard of this before?'

GP said, 'You will hear about it in six months. It will be all anyone talks about. It will have serious repercussions for the whole of society.'

Floyd said, 'If what you say is true, who chose you to be the messenger?'

GP smiled again, 'Because I am in quite a unique position, in that I play a key role in the GHO and I belong to a fraternity of men who, between them virtually control everything. Therefore, I am a likely candidate to expose this plot.'

'You're a member of PanKosmia!' Floyd said, his eyes wide open.

GP skated over the question. He had probably already said too much. Then he faced the journalist, 'Let's just wait and see if what I've predicted turns out to be true.'

Floyd said, 'Before we part, why did you choose to tell me this stuff?'

'I've been following you on social media. Your comments always appear measured and well thought out. I have to tell someone what I know to be true. So why not you?'

GP man handed Floyd a business card. All contact details were blanked out except a cell phone number.

Floyd glanced at the card, then said, 'I'll contact you in six months then.'

GP nodded, 'I hope so.' He got up off the bench and turned back to Floyd. 'This is the big one. The global takeover by technocracies the foil hat brigade have been touting for ages. It's happening differently to how they think it will. But it is happening.'

Floyd looked up at the bigger man; his face was etched with concern. 'I guess time will tell.'

GP walked to the exit, leaving Floyd to his thoughts. Decades of poking around secret societies convinced the journalist that all private organisations, especially the more well-known male fraternities, the Freemasons, Illuminati, Sion brotherhood, followed the same membership oaths to maintain brotherhood secrecy. So he figured that PanKosmia would be no different.

## Chapter 1

Wuhan, China

“A hero is someone who, in spite of weakness, doubt or not always knowing the answers, goes ahead and overcomes anyway.” – **Christopher Reeve**

Chynna Zheng looked at the anonymous note. It read: It is already too late to stop this happening, but I need to tell you how it happened. Unfortunately, I am not in a position to follow this up, but you are. Scientists at Fort Detrick have developed a Coronavirus research strain. They sent this strain to a different class four lab, the National Microbiology Laboratory in Winnipeg, Canada. It was subsequently stolen and smuggled out by Chinese scientists in your Institute of Virology in Wuhan. The story is that China created it and released it by accident.

Professor Zheng stared at the note. Could it be true?' She wondered. Was the virus strain in the WIV, and if so, would it be released?' Chynna needed to find out if the new version of the Coronavirus had arrived. But who could she ask? Chynna turned her focus to some mysterious patient samples that had arrived at the Wuhan Institute of Virology at 7 pm on December 30, 2019. Chynna Zheng looked at them using an electron microscope. She was surprised at what she saw and asked a colleague to take a look. They decided the genetic material resembled Exosomes, which are extracellular nanoparticles that are part of the cells defence system against diseases that damaged cells. She phoned the director and asked him, 'Why have you sent me samples of Exosomes?'

Bai Chang, puzzled, said, 'I haven't sent you Exosome samples. The samples I have sent you show the presence of a new strain of virus that, if released, could have grave results, worse even than a SARS outbreak.'

Chynna said, 'Well Director Chang if they are not Exosomes they are identical in every way. Are we saying that Exosomes have gone rogue and have become threatening to the cell?'

'Forget about Exosomes. The Wuhan Centre for Disease Control and Prevention has detected a novel Corona-virus in seven hospital patients with atypical pneumonia, and I was hoping you could investigate it.'

If she had not read the anonymous note, Chynna would not have thought anything of it. But she had, and somehow the virus had been released. 'A novel Corona-virus?' Chynna said.

'That's what I said, so drop whatever you're doing and get your renowned team to investigate. If the finding is confirmed, the new pathogen could pose a severe public health threat—because it belongs to the same family of viruses that caused severe acute respiratory syndrome (SARS). This disease plagued 8,100 people and killed nearly 800 of them between 2002 and 2003. So drop whatever you are doing and deal with it now.'

Chynna thought Director Chang was over-dramatising. To date, the WCDCP had detected some 800 Coronaviruses, all of them novel when first seen, but this was the first time the Centre sprang into emergency mode.

Floyd rang the number his mysterious source had given him, and an electronic voice informed him the number was not connected. GP had been accurate in his prediction right down to the date of the Coronavirus outbreak in Wuhan, China. Now he needed to speak with GP about what was going on. And Floyd could not contact the man. He remembered his source saying he followed Floyd on social media. That, at least, could be a useful starting point. Floyd also recalled that GP said he held an executive position in the GHO (Global Health Organisation).

But even more intriguing was his assertion that he belonged to a secret fraternity whose members collectively controlled the world. Was the man exaggerating? He had not embellished the Coronavirus prediction, so the answer was probably no. GP Floyd needed access to all his social media posts to search for the anonymous source to find out who liked him the most. An online search told him how to access his activity log. He had to go to his profile and click "View Activity Log."

Then Floyd had to click 'Your Posts' on the left side. Then he had to use the list of years to navigate to any past posts.

Using the years on the right to help him navigate through his past posts was easy. The tricky bit was finding GP among all his friends. To keep his research into secret societies separate from other posts, Floyd had set up his group called 'Graillers' after the cup Christ was supposed to have drunk from at the Last Supper. The chances were that he would find his answers somewhere in the group log. He brought up the historical timeline and looked at the lists of peoples responses to each post.

Six names kept cropping up—two of the six left comments from time to time. Of the four left, two were women, or that's what they put in their profiles. But profiles can lie. At this stage in his investigation, Floyd wanted to keep things simple. So he concentrated on the two remaining friends. Kevin Smith posted articles about common law and Smeagol, who seemed quite eclectic in his subject matter. Floyd figured that GP was one of those two. But which one? He wondered.

Kevin Smith was single-minded to the point of obsession with common law, whereas Smeagol seemed to have a wide range of interests, as did Floyd. They clicked in most of these areas. So Floyd went to Smeagol's profile. There was nothing to suggest Smeagol was GP, but he was worth following up. According to his profile, Smeagol was a civil engineer based in San Francisco. There was even an Email address. Floyd knew the whole profile could be fake, but it was worth one phone call. A female voice spoke after the third ring.

'Krowefax Civil Engineering, Koren speaking. How may I help you?'

Floyd pressed on, 'I'm trying to contact a civil engineer with your firm.' He could hardly ask for Smeagol, could he?'

Which one do you want to speak to?'

Feeling uncomfortable, Floyd paused. Then he said, 'I only know his Face Book name.'

The receptionist sighed, 'I don't think that is going to be a lot of help but tell me anyway.'

'Smeagol.'

She thought about it for a moment, and then something clicked with her. 'We do have a man called Samuel Meagol on our staff. Could it be him.'

'Is he available?'

'Wait a second. I 'll check.'

Floyd waited, then heard, 'He's not available at present. Give me your number and I'll get him to call.'

Floyd was not happy with that. 'Give me his contact number and I'll ring him.'

'Sorry sir, I can't do that.'

It was such a tenuous lead Floyd wondered if it was worth it. He reluctantly left his number, not expecting a callback.

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<https://www.democraticunderground.com/100213462397>

Visit The Wuhan Centre for Disease Control and Prevention .... <https://news.cgtn.com/news/2020-02-05/Visit-The-Wuhan-Center-for-Disease-Control-and-Prevention-NPJRYJGchO/index.html>

Corona-virus treatment news, COVID-19 cure and vaccine ....

<https://timesofindia.indiatimes.com/life-style/health-fitness/health-news/Corona-virus-treatment-news-covid-19-cure-and-vaccine-latest-update-from-leprosy-drug-to-hiv-drug-list-of-drugs-that-are-being-studied-as-effective-covid-19-treatment/articleshow/75729782.cms>

## Chapter 2

England, Manchester

"To be heroic is to be courageous enough to die for something; to be inspirational is to be crazy enough to live a little." **Criss Jami**

Since taking regular doses of MindEze, Aldous Foster had good days and better days. Not like before, when it seemed as though the demons of hell were partying in his head. Aldous could not have coped without Kimmie's unconditional love. Aldous may well have taken his life like so many other bipolar sufferers without her compassion and support through his dark times. In more rational moments, Aldous reflected on his good fortune. His rocky journey had somehow gotten him to this point in time, which found him and Kim Jarrold looking at the artworks inside the Lowry Cultural Centre as they waited for the man to show.

The couple had time to spare before the meeting, so they became tourists for an hour and used the time to visit the art gallery exhibiting works by L S Lowry and other modern artists. Kim stood still, captivated by a piece called "Coming from the mill". Like many of Lowry's artworks, it depicted

working-class life in Manchester in the thriving industrial age. Aldous checked the time on his phone. 'Come on, Kimmie; we have to meet this Mr O'Byrne in five minutes.' The pair left the cultural centre, located in the Salford landmark quayside building, and headed for the War Museum, the meeting's chosen location.

Wycliffe O'Byrne was already at the venue, feeling like a fish out of water. He was much more comfortable looking after his quarries. The only reason he was there is that he had to prove his loyalty, without question, to the Brotherhood. Five weeks before, George De Moonschildt summoned Wycliffe to a private meeting. Wycliffe had not heard the name mentioned before. But now, he had been invited to join the inner sanctum of Mj12; he would be privy to all the Brotherhood's secrets. Wycliffe was unsure why the Brotherhood had elevated him in PanKosmia's circles, but he was not about to question it.

Wycliffe, like the other members of Mj12, was a multi-billionaire. So he allowed himself the odd luxury, such as the new Bombardier Global 8000, which boasted being the world's longest-range private jet. Moreover, it could fly to Patagonia without having to refuel. So Wycliffe phoned his pilot and told him to have the plane ready with a flight plan to fly to the ranch Inalco, in Patagonia, the very next day.

Wycliffe was not out to impress anybody with his new plane because each member of Mj12 arrived in their own long-range jet. One of the Brownshirts drove Wycliffe to the main building, where a servant showed him to his quarters. As Wycliffe unpacked his toiletries, he saw the charcoal grey suit lying on his bed. A sash lay alongside the other garment. The satin sash intrigued Wycliffe. It was red and gold and depicted a Latin phrase inside a circle of twelve stars. The motto read: *De antiquis ordinis Pannus Kosmas*. The suit fitted as though it were made to measure. Wycliffe wore the sash, which went from right to left.

As Wycliffe entered a large chamber, he noticed the eleven men present all wore identical dark grey suits like the one he was wearing. Wycliffe joined them at a large table in the naturally lit chapel-like building, complete with stain-glass windows and separate from the primary residence. One of the members, a tall, olive-skinned man with a massive stomach, pumped his firm, calloused hand.

'My name is Gawain Pimpernel. I've heard good things about you, O'Byrne. So we're giving you a chance to step up.'

Wycliffe, overwhelmed by the salutation, said, 'Step up to what?'

Gawain removed his glasses, wiped the lenses with a silk handkerchief and replaced them on the bridge of his large nose. Then, indicating the others at the table, he said, 'You are in the company of the executives of 'World Enterprises.'

'World Enterprises! I thought this was a meeting of the Ancient Order of PanKosmians. So, what does World Enterprises do?'

'WE acts as an interface between PanKosmian operations and the world.'

'And how do you do that?'

Gawain smiled, 'We smooth the path for our friends to walk upon.'

'And who are these friends?'

Gawain indicated the other men again. 'These gentlemen here, Gawain smiled. 'There are twelve of us counting you. We are the Majestic 12.'

'Why twelve? What's the significance?'

Gawain responded, 'It's always been twelve since time immemorial. Nobody questions it.'

Wycliffe nodded.' So, what does WE do?'

Gawain grinned, 'I think I will spell your name Whycliffe, with an "H" as you ask too many questions. He explained, 'World Enterprises looks at new products that help us in our cause.' He eyeballed Wycliffe. 'Have you heard of MindEze?'

Wycliffe shook his head.

'A young bipolar man came across a herbal remedy in Mali that calms the mind. He called it MindEze.'

Wycliffe, puzzled, said, 'What do mental problems have to do with us?'

Gawain said, 'Soon there will be a global event that will test our effectiveness in controlling the masses. Passive people are easy to organise.'

'What global event?' Wycliffe asked.

Ignoring the question, Gawain said, 'We want MindEze in all PakFoods products. And we want you to be instrumental in this task.'

Wycliffe looked at Gawain, stony-faced.

Gawain fixed Wycliffe with his unflinching gaze. 'So do you accept the assignment?'

Wycliffe was not happy about getting involved. 'And if I don't?'

'We pick the next candidate, and you will never have another opportunity to rise in the PanKosmia's ranks.' Gawain smiled.

Wycliffe stared at him. After a lengthy pause, Wycliffe uttered, 'Okay, I accept.'

Wycliffe O'Byrne got to the War Museum a few moments before Aldous and Kim. Once the trio met, Wycliffe gestured around himself. 'This is an interesting venue for our meeting, so why this place?'

Aldous looked at the heavily built man with naturally tanned skin and said, 'Look at it. What does it say to you?'

Wycliffe looked at the extraordinary design. It was all sharp angles and slightly curved roofs.

Aldous said, 'This is what the mind of a person suffering from mental health disease looks like. My MindEze helps sufferers become calmer in their heads.'

Wycliffe said, 'You don't have to sell it to me. My people love this product and want to take it to the next level.'

'What level would that be, 'Mr?'

'O'Byrne. Why don't we find somewhere we can get coffee?'

Aldous smiled, 'Follow me.'

Wycliffe did, and they came to the "Water Shard Cafe and Kitchen". As they waited for their order, Wycliffe said, 'So, how are your sales going?'

Aldous beamed, 'Pretty good, we got fifty orders last week.'

Kimmie, not as impressed, said, 'It's a small start but once people feel the benefits of MindEze, sales will grow exponentially.'

Wycliffe said. 'OK, I'm going to cut straight to the chase and tell you what WE is offering you.'



The coffees arrived, and Wycliffe continued, 'Let me explain. WE represents a range of diverse businesses that offer worldwide sales. When we see a product that has enormous potential, like your MindEze, we spread its message to the broader world.'

Kimmie, constantly wary of salespeople, looked into the WE man's cold brown eyes. Then, finally, she said, 'It all sounds very good, Mr O'Byrne but we're not in a position to make that leap.'

'But all you guys have to do is what you are doing. You license us to manufacture MindEze and WE deals with everything else - manufacture, marketing and sales. We pay you for exclusive licensing, rights for which you get a fee and royalties off all the sales we generate.'

Kimmie said, 'But we're still able to run our online business!'

Wycliffe almost cracked a smile. 'That goes without saying. As long as you only sell MindEze from your Website.'

Aldous said, 'It sounds too good to be true.'

'Which means it probably is,' Kimmie said. But, she added, 'We'll need a contract to run by our legal people.'

Wycliffe smiled and took a file out of a crocodile skin briefcase. 'Your contract,' he announced.

'You already had it written up,' Kimmie said, surprised.

'I think you will find it all above board and a very fair offer,' Wycliffe said, handing it to Aldous. But, he added, 'But I do need an answer within two weeks because another prospective company is waiting in the wings.'

Aldous passed the contract to Kimmie. She quickly scanned the document and then looked up at the middle-aged man's expressionless face. She smiled, 'Thank you, Mr O'Byrne, we will get straight onto it.'

Back at Aldous' place, a third floor flat near the Grand Union Canal in Manchester, he put the kettle on for tea while Kimmie went through the contract. Aldous quite liked his place now, but he always found it difficult to cope with significant interruptions to his life. Aldous did not have any choice in the matter. Once Assisted Housing found out about his sizeable inheritance, he had to leave Adlington House. Moving house was stressful for anybody, let alone a bipolar sufferer, even with his MindEze. Aldous needed stability in his life; Kimmie had hoped he would have wanted her to move in with him, but more as a carer than a partner. But Aldous needed his private space, and he did not even allow Kimmie to turn up without prior arrangement.

Aldous placed the tray with mugs of tea and a plate of Jammy Dodgers on his coffee table. 'Why aren't they called tea tables when we drink tea?' Aldous said.

Kimmie, deep in the contract, only half heard him and missed his amusing comment. She tossed the agreement on the table and reached for the milk. 'This is far too complicated for me. I'll give Alison a ring.' Kimmie took her phone from her bag and pressed the solicitor's contact. She soon heard Alison's voice. 'Hi Alison. We need your help with something.'

'What's the problem?'

'Have you heard of World Enterprises?'

'No. Why?'

'They're interested in marketing and selling MindEze.'

'So how can I help?'

'They gave us a contract to read, but it goes way over my head.'

'Can you email me a copy?'

'Sure, but we only have a fortnight to make up our mind.'

Alison Coyne looked over the World Enterprises proposal. It proved too complex for her. She was not surprised, as it was not her area of expertise. So she got hold of a friend who specialised in contractual law. He agreed to go over the document, so Alison sent him a copy of the email. Once he received it, Titus Mason looked over the contract, made a few notes and sent it back to Alison.

Alison contacted Aldous and arranged a meeting in her office. When Aldous and Kim were seated, Alison gave them a printout of Titus Mason's report. She said, 'My colleague could not find any reference to a company called World Enterprises. However, that's not unusual. Many major corporate entities are split into a number of companies that come under the umbrella of a non-descript holding company. He did say that he was surprised that you were approached by the holding company and not a branch that specialised in, say, alternative medicines. Although such an approach is unusual it is not unknown.'

'But what about the deal?' Kimmie said. Did he think it was kosher?'

Alison said, 'We don't know. But the important thing is for you to cover yourselves.'

'What does that mean?' Aldous asked.

'Well, have you patented MindEze with the Crown Office and is it certificated?'

Kim looked at Aldous, then at Alison. 'We have a copyright on the product.'

Alison smiled, 'I will have to go through that. I also think we should apply for a patent. Then you can enter the arrangement with World Enterprises with confidence.'

'How long will that take?' Kimmie asked.

Alison threw open her hands in an I don't know gesture. Then, she said, 'But you will be courting disaster without it.'

'Oh, I see,' Kim said.

Alison added, 'I bet that World Enterprises have carried out a search on you and probably know more about you than you do, including the fact that you are ripe for the picking. Of course, this may not be the case. They may be genuine, but you can never be too careful in these David and Goliath business deals.'

Kimmie looked at Aldous, 'I think we should leave it in Alison's hands.'

## **Chapter 3**

England/Patagonia

"A hero is someone who has given his or her life to something bigger than oneself." –

### **Joseph Campbell**

Lara Balabanov sometimes thought of her family back home in Russia. But not very often. It had been ten years since her siblings had been in touch. And that was only because of her mother's funeral. The death certificate claimed cancer killed her, but Lara knew the factory's terrible working conditions had caused her sickness. Lara saw the appalling effect of the long shifts and low wages

on her mother's health. Yet, Lara knew that she would have followed the same path if she had remained in St Petersburg with its few work options. Fortunately, she was not to suffer that fate.

Lara wanted to become an author. So she studied hard, and eventually, her diligence paid off when she got awarded a free, state-sponsored, tertiary course to further her education. The bright young student chose to study Russian and English literature at the prestigious St Petersburg State University. After her first year, Lara's mother had become sick and could no longer work to support her family. The Russian welfare system offered some support but not enough to cover the bills. It broke Lara's heart to have to leave her studies to look after her younger siblings. But she felt the heavy burden of her responsibility and had to drop out of her course. Worse still, she ended up in the shoe factory manufacturing military footwear. Working long hours for low pay, she soon found out what life was really like in Russia.

As time passed, Lara became deeply depressed by how her life had turned out. She had felt stifled creatively and trapped physically. Lara started drinking with her fellow workers after work. Soon she was drinking cheap vodka alone, trying to find meaning in her life. Her dead-end path took an unexpected turn when one of her colleagues introduced her to Sergei Litvinov, a psychologist and addiction specialist. He immediately saw her potential and showed her how to kick the drink and get her life back on track. Vitanza, the second oldest sibling, took over as carer, and Lara was able to resume her scholarship and changed her subjects to Psychology and Social work. Her determination and obvious intelligence began to open doors. That was the start of her long journey to the success and financial security she currently enjoyed as a successful author of self-help books.

Lara was labelled an author of the self-help genre. She hated the term. Lara summed up self-help books in four words – "Be yourself my way", Which was not her. Her books, which had a moderate following, were about empowerment physically, emotionally and energetically.

Lara worked on her third book with the working title "Medical Mafia" when one of her fans contacted her, saying he had an excellent idea for a story and wanted to share it with her. Lara lived in England at the time in a Devonshire town called Paignton. The town boasted a small sandy beach with an old-fashioned pier. Lara and the fan met near the common, which was close to many cafes. The pair settled on Katie's Tea and Coffee House, a surprising little eatery, clean and inviting with reasonably priced fresh food. As they ate thick sandwiches made from hot, crunchy bread, Lara said, 'I'm glad we came here. This cafe is a little gem.' Then Lara looked at Oliver Fellows, who was young, handsome and disarmingly charming. 'So what's your fantastic idea?'

Oliver, who normally captivated beautiful women with his charm, found Lara impervious to his wiles. The tall blonde, statuesque beauty with high cheekbones put him in mind of Ursula Andress in the James Bond movie, Dr No. He replied, 'Well, in a nutshell, it's about the corruption surrounding this Covid 66.6 business. And it is a business. A corrupt business for the profiteers.'

Lara sipped the most decadent coffee she had tasted in Paignton. 'That's dangerous territory unless you have solid proof of this corruption you speak of.'

Oliver smiled warmly, 'Look, there are armies of funded activists and fake journalists from many interrelated organisations strategically working together with the deep pockets of globalist funding. They're set up to destroy individual human freedoms within all democratic nations that use the template of this living document.'

Lara took another bite of her delicious chicken salad sandwich and wiped her mouth. 'Who came up with the template, Oliver?'

He looked into Lara's piercing blue eyes. 'I don't know exactly, but the whole scenario came out in a detailed report from the Rockefeller Foundation in 2010. It was called "lockstep" and is now emulated by the medical dictatorship shaping our world.'

Lara just nodded and carried on eating.

Oliver continued, 'This year, the Globalists pulled the trigger on their long-awaited and meticulous plan for activating a multi-pronged ideological subversion in democratic western nations.'

Playing the devil's advocate, Lara said, 'Surely they are doing this to stem the spreading pandemic?'

Oliver replied 'Covid 66.6 provides the profiteers with an excuse to carry out their mass mind-control experiment in which billions of citizens worldwide willingly accept unprecedented restrictions on their freedoms, human rights and free speech. Most people passively accept these radical lifestyle changes, despite these draconian restrictions, which make it impossible for all of us to carry out our personal and professional lives freely.'

Lara looked at Oliver. 'So who are these profiteers?'

'That becomes evident once you closely examine the orchestrated pattern of the current crisis events. Using critical thinking, you can follow the money back to non-government organisations and globalist institutions that seem to have a penchant for False Flags and bad actors. Then we can see who and what is benefiting from all of this orchestrated hoax pandemic, economic terrorism, division and upheaval. These profiteers have, in their silent global coup, subverted western democracy while fanning the flames of anarchy in the streets. This well-orchestrated coup occurred on physical and metaphysical fronts, and the rabbit hole goes deeper than most people can digest. It's much easier for them to accept fear-inducing media propaganda than for them to think for themselves.'

Lara said, 'Well, good luck with getting that published.'

Back home, Lara debriefed herself. She noted that his name was Oliver Fellows. He gave the impression that he wanted her professional advice. Yet, it turned out that he wanted to show what a clever boy he was. Oliver came over suave and devilishly handsome. But that superficiality did not do anything for Lara. The reflective sunglasses and designer stubble was to make him look cool, but they left Lara cold. Never once had Oliver asked her for advice on his story. Instead, he made her feel uncomfortable, and Lara bailed out as soon as she could, making an excuse to leave.

Lara thought that would be the last time their paths would cross, but since their lunch, Oliver had phoned her several times and had taken to following her. She had told him she wanted nothing more to do with him, but he continued to pester her.

Lately, Lara noticed that a woman was also following her. The woman, wearing distinctive purple spectacles, followed her on foot and even in a late model Vauxhall sedan. Oliver drove a Mazda MX5 sports car, which fitted in with his style. The stalkers seemed to take it in turns, walking behind her. But no one approached her, and that scared her most of all.

Lara had Arturo's number but so far had not used it. But it was time to see if he had anything to do with it. So Lara touched the little green phone icon and waited to hear his voice.

Arturo picked up on the third ring cycle, 'Lara. What do you want?'

'Are you having me followed?'

'Why would I do that?'

'Two people, a man and a woman, are following me around. If it's not you who is doing this?'

'Ms Balabanov, I don't know, and I don't care.' He scoffed, 'I have more important things to deal with than putting a tail on you.'

The phone conversation was not going well. 'OK, Arturo, I get that you're not behind it, but do you have any idea who it might be?'

He didn't let up. 'I don't know. It could be the fucking Easter Bunny for all I know.' He paused for breath, then added, 'Only use this number in an emergency.'

'Well thanks a fucking lot, you bastard. You're nice as pie when you want help with your M-Power shit.'

'Shut the fuck up about that, you idiot.'

'Why? Have you got someone following you?'

The line went dead. Lara had to look elsewhere for support.

Arturo Bruno contacted Katrina Weber, whom he still saw on occasion for sex and companionship. He said, 'We need to meet.'

'Oh, do we?' Katrina said suggestively. And where do you think this meeting should take place?'

'I'll text you the details.' He curtailed the call before anybody found out about his connection with the FBI agent. He had no time to spare for Lara's problem. Not with the enormity of the task awaiting him. Arturo sensed that something was not right, but he couldn't put his finger on what it might be. There was something of a sinister nature going on at Inalco Residentzia that had nothing to do with the Neo-Nazis parading around the place. Arturo worked out the twenty or thirty Brownshirts were a cover for something else. He figured it had something to do with the dozen or so private guests who arrived in their jets from all over. They were only at Inalco for a couple of days, and Arturo had no idea what they were doing there. He thought about this while waiting for a meeting with Herman De Moonschildt. The property owner summoned Arturo for a private conference. Such a summons was significant. Usually, only Boltz, the ancient retainer, had permission to speak with De Moonschildt without an appointment. Yet Herman had asked Bruno to come and see him. Arturo sat across from the Neo-Nazi leader, who sat behind

a massive desk, he said, 'How can I help you?'

Herman said, 'I wanted

to see you alone.' He paused looking straight at his guest. 'I have read your book about what you call "APES"

'Alien Parasitic Energy Suckers.'

'Yes, and I am intrigued. So tell me more.'

'Anybody of a fearful disposition attracts negativity into their energy field. This pandemic is fertile feeding ground for these negative entities. These vampiric parasites do not care who they feed off. As long as there is fear they never go hungry.'

Herman looked over his mammoth desk at Arturo. 'Do you think COVID 66.6 is man-made?'

Arturo was not going to get caught by the question. So it was safer not to show all his cards at once. 'What I think is irrelevant, Mr Moonschildt. What is important is that when key people get caught up in the drama and become frightened by the media reportage of the virus, they are greatly prized by the APES because they can generate anxiety in the masses on a huge scale.'

At this point, Herman received an internal call from Boltz. Herman listened, then turned to Arturo. 'Wait here. I have something I need to attend to.'

After Herman left, Arturo looked around the office for anything that indicated Herman's extra-curricular activities. He did not have to look far. His eyes came to rest on a document lying open on the desk. It was a document in a Manilla folder with the words "For your eyes only". Arturo thought he was in a James Bond film. Intrigued, he turned the file around and saw that it comprised a list of names and contact numbers. The document was headed simply by the initials TAO of PK's. The names meant nothing to Arturo, but as the record was essential to Herman, he took photographs with his cell phone and turned the document around to conceal his snooping.

## Chapter 4

North America

“A hero needs equal measures of courage and foolhardiness.” – **Chris Deggs**

Katrina thought about Flushing Meadows as the Central Park of Queens. And she was not alone in her view. Some people went as far as to say it was more exciting than Central Park, with its Zoo, New York Hall of Science and a working carousel. It was also where Katrina had arranged to meet Arturo, by the World Fair's towering remains. So Katrina brightened when she saw the handsome Brazilian heading towards her.

Without any form of greeting, Arturo commented, 'Under these difficult circumstances, you would have thought they would have changed the name of the park.'

Katrina looked into his stern black eyes, 'What's wrong with Corona Park?' Then she got it and chuckled.

It was Arturo's first visit to the site of two World Fairs. They had symbolised the future but never foresaw a global pandemic in it. But right now, his focus was one hundred per cent on the beautiful black woman. She looked gorgeous in her tight black slacks and a red leather bomber jacket over a tight black top that accentuated her large breasts. Arturo felt an inner stirring, and he had a fleeting sexual fantasy that involved Katrina bending over hanging on to the turnstiles. Snapping out of his lustful daydream, Arturo said, 'Lara Balabanov thinks she's being followed. Are your people keeping an eye on her?'

Katrina said, 'Hope you didn't drag me all the way out here for that!'

'I just need to know if your people have eyes on ours?'

'Do you know how many operations the FBI has going on right now?'

'Of course not!' Arturo snapped.

'Well, I'm a tiny cog in a fucking big wheel,' she snapped back. 'On top of that, because of your shenanigans, I'm in the fucking sin bin chasing fucking paper around. So how the hell do you think I know what's going on?'

'Maybe you could ask around?' Arturo pressed.

'Yes, and maybe you can tell me what you're up to these days?'

Arturo smiled, 'Intelligence gathering.'

'About what?'

About who?'

'Who then?' Katrina snapped, exasperated.

'Herman De Moonschildt.'

Katrina turned to face Arturo. 'And what have you discovered?'

Arturo got close to Katrina in a conspiratorial fashion and said, 'Herman is Eduardo De Moonschildt's and Galia Verdantis' son . But he was brought up by his grandfather, George. So what happened ...'

... to his parents?' Katrina said, finishing off the sentence.

'Exactly. And it could be my way in. So I need you to use the vast resources of the FBI to find the answer.'

Katrina frowned, 'How am I supposed to do that?'

'You said the Feds are interested in Neo-Nazi groups with fat bank accounts. Well, they don't get much fatter than the Residentzia Inalco bank account.'

'Farrington is watching me like a hawk.'

Arturo realised there had to be some quid quo pro. 'Let's walk and I'll tell you something that might get you back in favour.'

Katrina looked at the fairground, which seemed firmly secured against intruders. 'So how are we supposed to get in?'

'I have friends in low places,' Arturo laughed as he pulled back a piece of corrugated iron that allowed entry.

As the pair strolled around the abandoned fairground, Arturo said, 'I've got something you might be interested in.'

'I certainly hope so,' she said, lasciviously.

'No, not that, this,' Arturo said, showing her the pictures on his phone.

Katrina enlarged the images with a finger and thumb on the screen. 'Why are you showing me this?'

'These are photos of a secret document I found on Herman De Moonschildt's desk.'

'So?'

'Look, Kat, the ranch provides a legitimate front for the Neo-Nazi activity. But that's not all. The Fourth Reich bullshit appears to be covering up something even more sinister.' He pointed to the list. 'And these people have got something to do with it.'

Katrina looked at him, askance. 'Something to do with what?'

'Look at the initials on the folder. Do they mean anything to you?'

She looked at the letters, TAO of PK. 'The Tao is an ancient Chinese philosophy, but I don't know what PK stand for.'

Arturo said, 'The whole thing is an acronym for something.'

Katrina frowned, 'I don't know what you expect me to do about this – whatever it means.'

'Just thought you guys might be interested in the men on this list. They each come from a different multi-national commercial enterprise. And they are all stinking mega-rich.'

Katrina looked at the names. 'Jesus, this is a who's who of the world's leading movers and shakers. So what exactly are they up to?'

Katrina turned to Arturo, 'Have you any proof that something illegal is going on?'

Arturo stopped near a derelict pavilion. 'No, but I would love to be a fly on the wall at their meetings.' He added, 'Private pilots fly these guys to Inalco Residentzia. They stay for just a couple of days and fly out again. I would love to know what they are doing there.'

'From what you've told me, it's nothing illegal.' Katrina added, 'Are you planning on going back there?'

'I have to. There's a whisper that the CIA has one of their spooks keeping an eye on things.'

'Have you met this spy?'

'No. But I have to sniff the spook out.'

## Chapter 5

Watcher Realm/England

"Our culture has filled our heads but emptied our hearts, stuffed our wallets but starved our wonder. It has fed our thirst for facts but not for meaning or mystery. It produces "nice" people, not heroes"

— **Peter Kreeft**

HariSun had been through the "Watcher" retraining process, during which time all emotional connections with earth beings got eradicated through mind reprogramming. The primary job of a Watcher is, as the name suggests, to observe. In this case, it was to keep an eye on the experiment and, when necessary, engage with it. Close contact between watchers and Earth5 humans usually ended badly and only took place if deemed necessary to keep the experiment on track. The Council had warned Baruch they considered HariSun too immature for such a testing mission. Nevertheless, Baruch convinced them that his pupil was ready for the Earth5 project to sort out glitches that had shown up and disrupted the experiment.

HariSun sat in his cell, waiting for the elder, Kisol, to collect him and assess his progress. HariSun no longer yearned to see his Earthian friends. He no longer thought of them as his friends. They were now merely contacts, as they should have been all along. But his mission was to connect with certain people and learn about human emotions. It was the first time Watchers had delved into that aspect of humanity, which was quite a can of worms. HariSun observed his contacts close-up, and discovered emotions influenced his subject's decisions. Responding to emotions got in the way of their programming and, that hindered the experiment's effectiveness. He observed that humans who lived close to each other often had arguments, leading to bad decision making. Bad decision making made humans cautious, which made them more aware of their actions. This unpredictable behaviour made controlling them more difficult.

So HariSun carried out his mission to the best of his ability. Still, he soon discovered feelings were not based on facts, and the rational mind could not interpret them. The more the young Watcher tried understanding human emotions, the more confused he became. He found himself sympathising with his contacts because they had no idea they were being played, and he could never let them know it. HariSun could not shake these feelings, and the Watcher security council extracted him from Earth5.

HariSun thought he had responded well to the retraining, and he considered himself ready to re-engage with the Earth5 mission. His problem now was to convince the Watcher Council he was ready. He sat in front of three elders who perused his petition.' Kisol had collected HariSun from his isolation cell and took him to the council chamber, where he presented to the wise elders with his evaluation. The young Watcher had to remain silent and leave his fate in Kisol's hands.



Kisol presented his charge's case. 'My lords, when I first worked with HariSun, he had been contaminated by Earth5 human ways. His mind was affected, and he could not think straight. In his defence, I must point out that the Elders, including Baruch, gave HariSun the virtually impossible task of understanding human emotions. This mission was the first of its kind since Enoch's time when Watcher angels were either the fallen type or of a holy disposition. Both kinds took a particular interest in the Earthly affairs of human beings and, at times when necessary, interfering in and controlling individual people's actions. As we know, that situation turned out badly when the Watcher angels used God's power to indulge in Earthly pursuits. After this, the Elders decided there would be no more experiments of that nature. Yet, my ward, HariSun, was sent on such a hazardous mission. Therefore, we must not judge him harshly for failing the test.'

The Council conferred over the issue, and the lead Judge said, 'There will be a short recess while we three deliberate on this matter.'

HariSun and Kisol were alone in the chamber. HariSun said 'I have to redeem myself in Baruch's eyes.'

Kisol smiled, 'At the moment, you need to focus on redeeming yourself in the eyes of the judges.'

In due course, the judges returned and took their places on the bench. The lead Judge said, 'Stand HariSun .' The young Watcher stood in front of the judges.

The lead Judge said, 'We have listened to Kisol, and we are all in agreement that you should not have been sent back on that mission. We, therefore, are giving you a second chance to prove yourself. The security council has received information that there is trouble brewing on Mars 51. Ahl-Ka is gathering a massive army to take over the planet. If this happens, he will control all iron production in the Red world.' The lead Judge looked HariSun in the eye. You will watch and report. You will not make any physical contact. You will have holographic communication, but you will only intercede if Ahl-Ka becomes unstoppable.'

HariSun said, 'Before I go, I want to speak to Baruch.'

'Baruch is working on another mission and cannot be disturbed,' The Judge said sternly.

'Is it the Earth5 mission?' HariSun pressed.

Kisol cringed and fired mental daggers at the young Watcher.

The lead Judge said, 'Do you accept the Mars 51 assignment?'

HariSun stared at the Judge, then he said, 'Yes.'

'The Judge said, 'So be it.'

'Well, you got your assignment, so why the long face?' Kisol said as the pair walked through woodland on the way back to Watcher Central.

'I'm not engaging in the politics of Mars 51; I am ready to re-engage with the human experiment on Earth5. But, unfortunately, the high Council has kept me away from Baruch. He is not only my mentor; he is my best friend.'

Kisol turned to the young Watcher. 'Forget about Earth5. You are not going back there. And forget about Baruch. He has to work on his redemption.'

'What do you mean?' HariSun snapped.

'It was under Baruch's tutelage that you went off track.'

'Do you know where Baruch is?'

Kisol sighed, 'I probably shouldn't tell you this, but Baruch has been relegated to Earth5 to repair the damage you did there.'

'Then, he needs my help. I know the key people to work with.'

Kisol frowned at HariSun, 'Forget it. The security council will never let you go back there.'

Baruch, or as he called himself "Barry Rock", was busy preparing the way for world government on Earth5. He had taken a particular interest in Herman De Moonschildt, seeing him as valuable to the cause. Herman De Moonschildt had taken over the reins after George De Moonschildt, his reclusive, infamous grandfather, died. Herman was forced to step up and run the massive cattle ranch in Patagonia. But that was not the complete story where young Herman was concerned. Although a legitimate business in its own right, the farm was also a cover for something far more sinister. Herman inherited the title of Grand Master of the Ancient Order of PanKosmians.

Barry Rock came over as a mysterious, imposing figure. He had long white hair and a long flowing beard. He could have manifested to the Earthians in any guise he chose. He went for the wizard look because humans related to folklore and film's wise old sage image. Besides, he needed to take on a powerful, authoritative form with an aura of mystery about it. In this guise, Baruch found it much easier for him to get his point over. Barry Rock laid down the rules in a private meeting in which he, Herman and an old German, Johan Boltz, attended behind locked doors. He said to Herman, 'As PanKosmia's Grand Master you will remain here at the ranch.'

'Are you telling me I have to become a hermit, like my grandfather?'

'You and I have a lot of work to do to prepare for the end game.' Our personal feelings do not come into it.'

Johan Boltz said, 'What right do you have to tell the Grand Master what to do?'

Herman flashed the old Nazi a withering look. 'There is much you do not understand, so please keep your place.'

Boltz had a thunderous look on his wrinkled face but said nothing.

Barry continued, 'You will guide the PanKosmia process from here.'

'If I'm stuck here, how can I work with my fellow PanKosmians?' Herman questioned.

Barry said, 'You will hold private meetings here with a group of extraordinary gentlemen who comprise the inner core of PanKosmia.' These key people are known of as the Majestic 12, Mj12 for short. These meetings will determine policy and strategy. These gentlemen will, between them, control all the key elements of human society.'

Herman looked at Barry, puzzled. He said, 'So what role am I to play in these meetings?'

Barry explained, 'You will only work with Mj12, As has always been the case for the Grand Master. Your job is to pass on our instructions to your inner circle, nothing more, nothing less. Do you understand?'

Herman nodded.

Barry Rock added, 'You will help Mj12 to come up with the game plan, but you will not pass on the instructions personally.' Then, indicating the old Nazi, Barry said, 'Johan Boltz will carry out that task.'

Boltz grimaced and shifted his gammy leg to a more comfortable position. 'I fear I will not be able to fulfil that function for very much longer.'

Barry sometimes forgot that humans, unlike the Watchers, were not immortal. 'Then you will have to nominate and train your successor.'

Herman said, 'If I am to stay in Patagonia can I communicate with key members online?'

Barry said, 'Communication between PanKosmia and yourself can take place online. Even so, you will only deal with the PanKosmia inner circle. You will be PanKosmia's powerful invisible God.'

As long as you do my bidding, they will do yours.'

Herman was intrigued by Barry Rock. So after his first meeting with the mystery man, Herman got one of his top people to check Mr Barry Rock's credentials. Usually, with Herman's connections, this was a simple enough thing to do. But, there were no records of who he was or his history where Barry Rock was concerned. Everybody had a narrative. Even if buried deep, it was still there to be discovered. But not Barry Rock, which meant he was a person to watch. Little did Herman know that it was Barry who was doing the watching.

Monty DeVere looked in his

bathroom mirror and saw an older man looking out. But he was not old and still had plenty of life left in him. 'There's fire in the old dog yet!' He encouraged himself as he shaved. At 50, he looked older than the average man of his years, making it difficult for him because he had always taken pride in his appearance. His hair was thinning, and nowadays, he had to use a product to conceal the encroaching grey hair. Even his Terry Thomas style moustache was showing signs of grey. Rather than bemoan the encroaching wrinkles, Monty preferred the idea that he had a characteristic face lined with experience. He was not surprised he had premature aging. Not when he looked back on some of his hairy experiences.

Following in his father's footsteps, Monty joined the sappers at age 18. But he needed something more challenging and managed to get into the SAS. Monty DeVere embarked upon his more exciting military career, one of the few people in his year to complete the course. Monty snapped out of his reverie to answer his ringing phone. It was Arturo Bruno; they had not been in communication since the Montauk op. Monty had gone back to England and spent his time renovating a stone cottage in the Cotswolds. There were no opening pleasantries with Arturo, who stated, 'It's time for phase two. I'll send you the tickets with instructions. Follow them to the letter.'

'Phase two of what?'

'I will tell you when we meet.'

'Tickets to where?'

'Patagonia.'

'Why the hell are you there, old man?'

'All will be revealed.'

Monty sighed, 'How urgent is this, Arturo? It's just that I have to finish fixing my roof before winter kicks in.'

Arturo, who lived and breathed the "project", couldn't believe Monty did not see it as his main priority. 'Your roof may have to wait, Monty.'

'Yes, but winter won't.'

Aldous and Kim met at Alison's office. Titus Mason was present, as was Wycliffe O'Byrne and two legal people. Alison took them to the conference room, which had a whiteboard and refreshments. An electric kettle stood by the coffee, tea bags and milk. Then, having sorted out their beverages, the two teams got down to work.

Wycliffe reiterated World Enterprises offer, which to Aldous and Kim seemed too good to be true. Titus Mason, the contract lawyer, handed a copy to Wycliffe, with a few suggested changes concerning clarity and transparency. Wycliffe scanned the highlighted sections and passed them to his legal team. They read the changes and nodded to the World Enterprises man, who agreed to all the amendments before him. But, much to Alison's surprise, he went even further than acquiescing all Herbal Remedy's demands.

He announced, 'Licensing MindEze to WE will open up the market to far more customers than those who buy it online. WE has an international chain of chemists ready to sell MindEze. Furthermore, WE is allocating a budget of 100 million euros on marketing, advertising and promotion over the next five years.'

Aldous was stunned, as were those on his team. He couldn't believe WE would allocate such a considerable amount of funding for MindEze.

Wycliffe added, 'That's not all. WE is going to build a state-of-the-art factory to keep up with MindEze demand.'

Aldous looked at Kim, who smiled.

Titus said, 'Just to clarify things does this contract allow Aldous to continue selling MindEze online?'

Wycliffe forced one of his rare smiles. Then, addressing Aldous, he said, 'MindEze is your trademark, your product to market as you see fit. We are only interested in WE's part in this.'

After further questions about shares and percentages and WE's online presence where MindEze was concerned, everyone seemed satisfied, and a contract that suited both parties was duly drawn up.

## Chapter 6

Spain/North America

The hero is the person who lets no obstacle prevent him from pursuing the values he has chosen." – **Andrew Bernstein**

Katrina felt increasingly drawn to Arturo. But with her being a federal agent and him skating on the wrong side of the law, she wondered whether anything would happen between them. They had just enjoyed staying with his cousin in Cadiz. Katrina had fun spending long lazy days on the beach and sipping cold beers while eating countless bocadillos. It had been eight years since she had been in a fulfilling relationship. Now, bad-boy Arturo had arrived on her scene.

On their last night in Cadiz, Arturo dared Kat to go skinny-dipping. They were sitting on the pier where one of the restaurants had placed a few tables up by the water's edge. Arturo enjoyed seeing her squirm, but he couldn't believe it when, a little tipsy, she pulled down her strapless dress and then jumped straight in. The water was freezing. She rushed to the surface, squealing.

Arturo was bent over with laughter. Reaching down to help pull her up out of the water, he gripped Kat in his tanned arms and felt a jolt of electricity between them. Katrina was bra-less, and as she clambered up to him, she realised her skimpy knickers were see-through from the water. She did not know why she felt self-conscious, but she did, despite the fact they had already seen each other naked on many occasions.

On their way back to his cousin's home, Arturo put his arm around Kat, a gesture that he'd repeated a hundred times. But this time, the physical contact felt different, more tentative as his fingers gently circled her sun-kissed shoulder. Katrina's heart was pounding; her senses felt heightened. The smell of salt water, the sound of music and people chatting came from the restaurants they passed. Everything was intensified and unreal. Arturo's mind, already in his cousin's home, visualised Kat sat on the edge of her dining table while he leaned over, kissing her neck. Then, in his fantasy, Arturo pushed Kat's dress up to her waist, took off her wet knickers, and pushed his erect penis into her. As he moved inside her, Arturo licked the saltwater off her skin and nibbled the nipples of her voluptuous breasts. Katrina was screaming in ecstasy.

Later, although the reality did not match Arturo's erotic fantasy, their sex was still wild and exhausting.

Arturo awoke to the realisation he and Kat had a plane to catch. Then he saw his ebony beauty enter the bedroom with tea and coffee.

She placed the mugs on the bedside table. 'Oh, good. You're awake.'

'Why is that good?' He mumbled.

'I've got some info about Herman's parents.'

Arturo sat bolt upright. 'Tell me more.'

Eduardo turned up at the ranch in the 60s, claiming to be George's son. George was surprised because he never knew he had a child. But when tested for paternity, Eduardo proved to be his son.'

Arturo said, 'Wait a minute! They didn't have DNA matches in the 60s. So how ...?'

Katrina interrupted, 'The first form of any kind of parental testing was blood typing. They matched blood types between the child and the alleged parent or the alleged parent. These tests became available after scientists realised blood types were genetically inherited.'

'So George had to accept young Eduardo as his son and heir.'

'Yes, but it was an embarrassment to find out that Eduardo's mother had started off a new branch of the De Moonschildt family tree.'

Arturo turned to Katrina. 'This is all very interesting but how do you know George was embarrassed by his son?'

'George hardly ever ventured off the ranch. Except when he attended the traditional Neo-Nazi celebrations, such as commemorating Hitler's birthday. He was always called upon to deliver a speech, but he never mentioned his son, despite Eduardo being in attendance.'

Arturo nodded, then said, 'But we still don't know what befell Eduardo and his wife.'

Katrina said, 'Johan Boltz seems to have been hanging around the De Moonschildt's forever, so he would probably know what happened to them.'

Arturo grinned, 'I'm sure he knows a lot of things, but we're not exactly buddies.'

Arturo gulped down his coffee. Then, changing the subject, said. 'So who are these people who are nosing around?'

Katrina said, 'I'm not sure, but it is more than likely to be the CIA. They have also taken a great deal of interest in the Patagonian Reich.'

Fishing, he said, 'How do they know about it. Do the spooks have someone on the inside?'

'Why does that matter to you?' Katrina responded, puzzled.

'I'm going to pay Herman another visit.'

'For what reason?'

'The reason I need to know about Herman's parents.'

'It's very dangerous, Arturo. But even more important is that you may well fuck up a major CIA operation.'

'What do the spooks want with De Moonschildt?'

'What do you want with him?'

Arturo thought about her question. 'Herman is rolling in money, probably from the wealthy old guard in Germany. M-power desperately needs funding.'

'For what?' Katrina smiled.

'That is definitely on a need-to-know basis.'

'Just tell me one thing. Are you planning on hurting the United States?'

Arturo winked, 'I'm planning on hurting those who are hurting the world.'

'Do you know who that is?'

'Not yet. But I have more than an inkling that Herman does.'

Kat said, 'Well, watch your step because the NSA, Homeland Security and the CIA have still got a hard-on about Montauk.'

Arturo smiled lasciviously. 'I'd much rather watch your backside.'

She tutted, then said, 'OK, you find out what you can about Herman and I'll find out what I can about your stalkers.'

'Why do you want to know about Herman?'

'We always find wealthy Neo-Nazis to be people of interest.'

Jill Greenway did not know Max had changed his will until Bernard Cramphorn read it out at the official reading. Max had made a provision for Paul, his son, in the form of PakFoods stocks. The lawyer read: To my son Paul, who has recently come into my life, I bequeath all my PakFoods shares. They had a net worth of \$10 million. Jill had assumed the shares would go to her, and the shock nearly floored her. She had inherited the mansion with the half-finished bunker, but the shares would have given her a majority holding in PakFoods and the power to make sweeping changes to the company. Now she had to deal with Paul, who was a stranger to her. To get the job done, Jill had to get him to see and agree with her vision. But first, she had something else to deal with. So she phoned Peter's number.

Peter Harris picked up. 'Jill, it's great to hear from you. How are you bearing up?'

'Some days are better than others.'

'Yeah. It must be very tough on you.'

'Peter, I have to find out who killed Max and why?'

'Yes, sorry I can't help you. I've handed in my gumshoe licence.'

'Why? You're not sick, are you?'

'No, I'm good. It's just that I retired recently and I'm doing up my boat.'

Jill was crestfallen. She had expected Peter to jump at the chance. 'Peter, I trust you, so please do this for me, and I will set you up in your retirement.'

Peter recalled the adage that maintaining an ocean-going yacht was akin to standing under a cold shower while tossing \$100 bills down the drain. He could relate to that. So a boost to his retirement fund would not go amiss. 'What exactly do you want me to do?'

'Peter, I need to know who is behind the hit that killed Max.'

'Do you have any idea who could have been behind it?'

'I think PanKosmia had something to do with it, but I don't have any proof.'

'What or who is PanKosmia?'

'A secret club for rich boys.'

'OK, I'll look into it.'

'Report to me every step of the way.'

'Sure, Jill.'

'But first I want to show you something. Can you come to my home in Houston?'

'I can be there in a couple of days.'

Peter knew that Josh would not be happy with his dad's decision to take on another case, but he had committed himself and stood by his commitments. He told Josh this, as they had a socially distanced drink at the Miami Mermaid Bar.

Josh retorted, 'Yeah, unless it's a family commitment.'

'Ouch! That hurts.'

'Yeah, well, you can tell the kids their grandpa is not going on vacation with them.'

'Look, Josh, we can all sail down to Acapulco, once we get the yacht fixed. But it's costing me a lot more than I thought it would.'

'Yeah, which is why the family tried talking you out of it.'

'With the extra cash from this, my very last case, we can get the repairs carried out much sooner.'

Josh rounded on his father, who, he thought, looked thinner than usual, and was quicker to anger.

'Dad, are you OK?'

'What do you mean?'

'You're too old for this private dick shit. And we all want you to come to Disney World with us.'

'Look, this is just a watch and report job. And I'm getting ten grand for doing it. So this is my last hurrah, and I won't even be carrying a gun.' Peter said enthusiastically.

'Which is just as well, as you no longer hold a license for it.' Josh retorted cynically.

Peter flew private charter up from Miami with PakFoods footing the bill. At the George Bush International Airport, Peter was chauffeur-driven to Jill's spacious home.

Jill had not seen Peter for some while. She was surprised at his appearance. He had always been tall and thin, but his friendly brown eyes were lacklustre and tired looking. His short curly brown hair had gone to grey, and a bald patch spread out from the crown. Jill didn't notice that at first, as he wore a broad-brimmed hat. She welcomed him into her home and had the maid bring freshly squeezed iced lemonade.

They sat in comfortable recliners and chatted about old times. During the conversation, Jill brought up the subject of his family.

Peter said, 'Don't remind me. I'm in the sin bin.'

'What do you mean?'

Peter sighed, 'It's a family thing. When a family member falls out of favour, they send you to the sin bin.'

Jill smiled, 'I figured that, but why are you out of favour with your kin?' Then she knew and wished she had not asked the question.

Peter tried making light of it to stop Jill from feeling guilty. 'I was supposed to go on a road trip with them.'

'Ow! I am sorry, Peter. I should never have browbeaten you into taking on my case.'

'Think nothing of it. It was my decision, and I take responsibility for it.'

'But, if I hadn't pressured you ....'

'Stop it, Jill! I don't want to hear any more about it.' He paused for breath. 'Now, what was it that you wanted to show me?'

Jill took Peter to the half-completed bunker.

Peter whistled through his teeth. 'That's a bit extreme, isn't it?'

Tell me about it.' She turned to Peter. 'He changed after getting involved with Wycliffe O'Byrne.'

'Why? What happened?'

'O'Byrne invited Max to become a member of a secret society called PanKosmia. From then on, Max became a man obsessed.'

'I've looked into Mr O'Byrne's background. He owns quarries all over the globe and he doesn't seem the kind of guy that would get sucked into whatever con it is that PanKosmia is playing.'

Jill looked into Peter's eyes. 'Neither was Max. PanKosmia preys on the world's richest and most powerful businessmen, and somehow, by using mind control gets them to hand over their massive wealth to the organisation as proof of their commitment.'

Peter said, 'And that's what happened to your husband?'

'He was about to give away everything we had worked for. He was going to stock the PanKosmia survival bunkers with PakFoods for free.'

'Did he have the authority to make that decision by himself?'

'By this time he was past reasoning. PanKosmia convinced him that the world was coming to an end, and only people prepared with their bunkers would survive.'

'So why didn't he finish this bunker?'



'After he listened to your Anthony Scales story, he was angry that I went behind his back. But it did plant doubts about PanKosmia's integrity in his mind. He mooched around our home morose and worried. The AGM loomed, and Max, caught between the proverbial rock and hard place, could not please both PakFoods and PK. He confided in Wycliffe and told him he had misgivings about PK's motives. He demanded to speak with somebody higher up in the organisation before he would fulfil his food pledge.'

Peter said, 'I'm guessing that did not go down well.'

'Shortly afterwards Max was shot by some madman.'

'And you think there is a connection?'

Jill stared at Peter. 'Don't you?'

'So are you saying PK carried out the hit?'

We both know what happened to Anthony Scales when he tried to leave PK.'

'Yes, but had Max threatened to do so?'

'Max questioned PK's motives. That amounts to the same thing.'

'And you want me to find out who killed him. And I don't mean the gunman.'

'Peter, if it's too much of an imposition ....'

Peter smiled weakly. 'No, Jill, it's not. But the question is where to start.'

'You could try Paul Shaughnessy, er Max's son. He told me he's a journalist and that he is investigating the matter.' Mentioning Paul Shaughnessy's name reminded Jill she could no longer put off a meeting with her stepson.

Peter said, 'Give me his contact details, and I will follow it up.'

## Chapter 7

North America

“Heroes are made in the hour of defeat. Success is, therefore, well described as a series of glorious defeats.” – **Mahatma Gandhi**

During the subsequent meeting between Jill and Paul, the tension in the room was palpable. They felt highly uncomfortable as they sat looking at each other.

Paul, the first to break the ice, ventured, 'I hate elephants hiding in rooms, so let me get something off my chest.'

Jill said, 'Go ahead.'

Paul took a deep breath. 'I was shocked when I heard that dad had given me all his PakFoods shares. God knows I haven't earned them. He grinned, 'Heck, I don't even know what to do with them.'

Jill looked into Paul's cold dark green eyes. She felt his pain. 'Well, as we're honest with each other, it was a big shock that Max didn't leave them for me. But, don't get me wrong, he was perfectly entitled to give them to whom he wanted. It's just that the shares would have given me the power to streamline the company, which it sorely needs.'

Paul looked at Jill. 'I'm a fish out of water here. 'This company stuff is all new to me. I know nothing about running your business. So I'm open to any ideas. So, tell me more out this streamlining.'

Jill said, 'I'm not a businesswoman, and I will need a lot of good advice to help me run the show.'

'OK, run your ideas past me.'

Jill looked at Paul, 'I'm not ready to run them by the board yet. When I do, I'll need the weight of your holdings behind me.'

Paul said, 'OK. That could work for me.'

Jill suddenly changed the subject. 'Max wasn't himself, you know. He was already anxious about his pledge to PanKosmia. Then you came on the scene and made him feel guilty and ....'

Paul stared at Jill. 'Yeah, it was pretty awkward for me as well. But I sure as hell didn't want to make him feel guilty to blackmail him.'

'I didn't suggest that.' Jill snapped.

'Yeah, well, it sure sounded that way to me.' He continued, 'If you don't want me to work with you on this, just buy the fucking shares off me, and I walk out of your life.'

'I will have to talk to my lawyers about that.'

Paul fixed her with his penetrating gaze. 'But I'm still going to find out who murdered my dad.'

Mollified, Jill said, 'I've hired a private detective friend to take on the case.'

'You do what you want, Jill,' Paul countered. 'I'm looking for answers about my father's death, not the company boss.'

After Paul had left, Jill had another essential matter to handle. Wycliffe O'Byrne had arranged to see her and was waiting in reception. To be precise, Jill Greenway, Doctor Greenway, a Bioengineer, was the genius behind PakFoods edible packaging. That's how she met Maxwell Dorrian, the CEO of PakFoods. She wiped tears away at the memory of her beautiful man. Jill had only ever met Wycliffe once, and that was at Max's funeral. She was not expecting to see him again. Jill detested him for getting Max involved with PanKosmia, in the first place, which she was convinced had something to do with his death. So when he phoned her to make an appointment at PakFoods, she was stunned.

Wycliffe, a dour man with an almost perpetual frown, was a rugged individual in business. This was why PanKosmia, who had been covertly purchasing large blocks of PakFoods stocks, used Wycliffe as their frontman.

Jill invited Wycliffe into her spacious office. After they were seated, Jill said, 'To what do I owe this dubious pleasure?'

Wycliffe looked straight at Jill. 'Dubious pleasure?'

She thought, Yes, you took my husband from me. But she said, 'Is this about Max?'

'No. It's purely business.'

'And what does a mining magnate have to do with a food processing company?'

She was straight to the point. Wycliffe liked that. 'I have a proposition for you.'

'Oh!' She said, intrigued but wary. But, then, she added, 'Is this proposition to do with PakFoods or me personally?'

He stared at her. 'Why would I be here to discuss a personal issue. We hardly know each other.'

And I want to keep it that way, she thought. 'Well, as you're here you may as well tell me what it is.'

'It's a natural food additive.'

'What food additive?' Jill asked suspiciously.

'Guerra,' Wycliffe said. But, he added, 'It comes from Mali.'

'I don't care where it comes from, what does it do?' Jill snapped.

'It helps to calm the mind. The product is called MindEze.'

'And you want us to add it to our foods, as a pacifier?' Jill said, bemused.

'Yes.'

'Why?'

'Because it makes anxious people calm down.'

'What makes you think people need to be docile?'

He fixed her in his gaze. 'Because of the anger, fear and frustration brought on by Covid 66.6.'

She retorted, 'It all makes it easier to turn people into sheep, following the leader.'

Wycliffe had made his point. He gave a hint of a smile and remained silent.

It was mid-morning, and the Wuhan wet market filled with shoppers as customers haggled for the wild animal produce on sale. Nobody noticed the non-descript Chinese man as he sat alone, waiting for Joe Brandon to turn up. He glanced at his watch. The American agent should have been there by now, but he was not surprised. In China, the Yanks had a reputation for being crude, slovenly and often late for meetings.

Working undercover for the CIA, Joe Brandon was already there, observing the Chinese man and the metal briefcase from afar. Ascertaining the coast was clear, Joe approached Dr Ming, the researcher from the Wuhan Virology Institute. He sat down opposite the Chinese scientist. 'I want you to push the case over here with your foot.'

'Where's my fee, Mr Brandon?' Ming asked.

Brandon took out his iPad, tapped the screen a few times, then turned it around so Ming could see the bank account details and the transaction fee. 'Push the case over here, and I will transfer the funds.'

The scientist gently moved the metal case over to the agent's side with his foot.

Brandon put his hand out, 'Give me the key.'

Ming smiled, 'There are no keys, Mr Brandon. Just two four-digit codes.'

Joe put the case on the seat beside him. 'Give me the codes.'

'As soon as you complete the transfer,' Ming said nervously.

Brandon did not trust the scientist, but he had to have the sample and get away before attracting unwanted attention. 'He pressed the "complete transfer" button, and the money appeared in Ming's secret bank account.

Ming smiled and gave Brandon the codes.

Brandon turned the four dials on the first lock, and it sprang open. He repeated the process and soon had his eyes on the vial, sitting in its Styrofoam padding. Then, having got his prize, Brandon closed the case. He took back his iPad and pressed "cancel transaction".

Ming reached out to grab the iPad. 'What are you doing?'

'There's been a change of plan,' the agent said.

'What are you talking about?' the scientist demanded, breaking out in a sweat.

Brandon got up. 'Nice doing business with you, Dr Ming.'

'Ming, realising Brandon had cheated him, grabbed the briefcase.'

The agent brandished a handgun. 'Put down the case, or I will shoot.'

Fixated on the weapon pointing at him, Ming never saw the police officers heading his way.

Joe yelled, 'PUT DOWN THAT CASE RIGHT NOW!'

'You double crossed me,' Ming spat, removing the vial from the case. 'If you shoot me, I drop this and we all die.'

Things had gone pear-shaped, and Joe was unsure how to proceed.

Then one of the cops said, 'Put down that test tube or I shoot!'

Ming knew they wouldn't do that. It was far too dangerous. Then he was hit by a shower of bullets. The vial left his dead fingers and fell on the path, shattering, releasing its deadly invisible contents.

Peter Harris wanted to talk to Arthur Buller, but it wasn't going to be easy:

1. He was locked up in the Behavioral Hospital of Bellaire under armed guard.
2. Peter wasn't a relative, and Arthur Buller hardly ever had visitors.
3. He was pumped full of drugs that left him a dribbling mess most of the time.

He contacted Paul Shaughnessy at PakFoods.' Hi Paul. I'm Peter Harris and I'm a friend of your stepmother.'

Paul found it challenging to think of Jill as his stepmother. 'Why are you calling me?'

'Your step - er Jill Greenway - has hired me to find out about who is behind Maxwell's murder. She said you were doing the same thing.'

'I'm a journalist and I'm working on an article about a son who only knew his father for a couple of days before a mentally unbalanced man shot him dead.'

'Have you spoken to Buller?'

'No. I don't even know what's happened to him.'

'I know where he is, but I can't get to speak with him.'

'So, how am I supposed to help?'

'You're the bereaved son who needs closure. Maybe you can persuade one of the staff to let you see him.'

'To what end?'

Peter said, 'We need to meet and discuss this.'

Paul said, 'I'll give you a few minutes. Give me your email address, and I'll send you the details.'

After the call, Peter phoned Jesse Devenport.

Jesse Devenport picked up his phone, 'Yes, who's speaking?'

'Peter Harris here. I'm a private investigator.'

'Oh! How can I help you?'

'I'm guessing you know about the Maxwell Dorrian murder.'

'Of course. It's been all over the news.'

'His widow has hired me to investigate the circumstances of his death.'

'Yes, what about it?'

'I want to speak to you about MK-ultra and Monarch.'

The words made Jesse go cold. 'Why?'

'I think the murderer was manipulated into shooting Maxwell Dorrian. I want to find out who was behind the hit.'

Jesse stared at the phone. 'Who the hell are you?'

'Like I said, I'm a private investigator and ...'

'Yes, I got that bit. How the hell did you get my number?'

'I can't divulge my sources.'

'And I won't answer your questions.'

'What, even about Andrew Cowper?'

Jesse felt a sharp chill race down his spine. An old ghost had come back to haunt him. 'What are you talking about?'

'It seems both your father and you have murder in common. You both tried to cover up a homicide.'

Jesse froze. After collecting his thoughts, he said, 'I had nothing to do with Andrew's death.'

'Maybe so, but you knew about it and did not report it to the authorities. That makes you an accessory.'

'OK, just what the fuck do you want? Jesse spat, angrily

'Like I said, I need to speak with you about CIA mind control methods.' Peter added, 'That's something else you and your father had in common.'

Jessie grimaced but said nothing.

Peter said, 'Can you come to Miami?'

'That's one hell of a distance for something we can do over the phone.'

'It's important that we meet face-to-face.'

Jesse paused, then said. 'If you want to see me, you'll have to come to Seattle.'

## Chapter 8

China, Wuhan

"People do not turn people into heroes. Circumstances turn people into heroes." **Chris Deggs**

Professor Chynna Zheng turned up at the Wuhan Centre for Disease Control and Prevention, where she met Director Bai Chang. First, he took her through to a biosafety level 2 facility. Then, he invited Chynna into an empty office and closed the door.

Chynna felt uncomfortable. 'Why do you want to see me, Director?'

He said 'An unprecedented amount of research and funding had been focused solely on understanding this novel Corona-virus, Covid 66.6.'

'Director, I'm sure you haven't taken me away from my work just to tell me what I already know.'

Chang ignored her and continued, 'This virus has already claimed nearly 150,000 lives across the globe. And while you scientists have gotten to know some of the most intimate details of the virus now named SARS-CoV-66.6, one question has evaded any definitive answers.'

Wondering where Chang's speech was going, Chynna said, 'What question would that be?'

'Where did the virus come from?' Chang looked straight at the Professor. 'We want you to find the answer to that question.'

Chynna, surprised, said, 'Oh! Then you had better tell me everything you know.'

Director Chang handed her an inch thick file, saying, 'The Wuhan Municipal Health Commission reported a cluster of pneumonia cases in Wuhan, Hubei Province. They eventually identified a novel Coronavirus. But until we find patient zero, we have no clues as to the cause.' Chang spoke into an intercom on the desk. 'Has Dr Lin and Dr Haye arrived yet?' Then, after a short pause, he said, 'Well, send them in.' Chang introduced Chynna to Dr Jasmine Lin, head of Level 4 virology. And a Dr Daniel Haye.

'Professor Zheng your reputation precedes you. We are pleased to have you working with us, Dr Lin said.'

'It is my pleasure to be here with you. So what have you discovered?'

Lin said, 'We have picked up a new Corona virus.'

Chynna nodded. 'What measures have you put into place?'

'I have sent a team to Beijing to initiate an international response to learn more about viral characteristics and public health response to help us contain the virus.' Lin turned to Chynna. 'We need to concentrate on finding the original patient.'

At the Wuhan Virology Institute, Chynna's team had advanced molecular techniques that made it easier to track down the first patient infected with a disease. But, until now, she had used simulations. This outbreak was the first time she had to put her theory into practice.

Daniel Haye joined in the conversation, saying, 'If I may say so, Professor Zheng, it's not quite like that. Finding patient zero may be useful in some but not all instances.'

Chynna knew the rude scientist by reputation. The infectious disease epidemiologist from the London School of Hygiene & Tropical Medicine was renowned for his out-of-step views in controversial matters. She responded, 'Mr Haye, Director Chang sent me here because he supports our molecular techniques. If you have a problem with that, may I suggest you take it up with him.'

Haye knew upsetting the Professor was not an intelligent move. Not if he wanted to keep his research grant at Beijing Immunochina Medical Science and Technology. 'All I'm saying professor, is that finding patient zero is only useful if they are still alive and spreading the disease.' He paused then said, 'In most cases, especially in large disease outbreaks, they're not.'

'Thank you for your input, Dr Haye, Chynna said, adding, 'I'll let you know if I need your help.'

Daniel Haye left the scientists discussing Professor Zheng's theory. Then, out of earshot, he pressed a contact on his phone. Hearing a response, he said, 'Professor Zheng is in Beijing to test out her molecular technique to find patient zero.' Haye paused, then said, 'Yes, I know she won't find that which does not exist.'

Wuhan lab says there's no way Corona-virus originated there ....

<https://www.livescience.com/Corona-virus-wuhan-lab-complicated-origins.html>

## Chapter 9

North America, Seattle

“One quality all heroes share is COURAGE, without which we can not escape from OUR CAGE.”  
– **Chris Deggs**

Once a symbol of industrial expansion in the Pacific Northwest, the flour mill was derelict and abandoned. The afternoon sun beat down on the colossal wreck of the former Fisher Flour Mill, the venue Jesse chose to meet with Peter Harris. Jesse was there first, feeling uneasy about the arrangement. He just wanted to put the whole CIA mind control program behind him for two key reasons. First, the CIA did not want anyone involved with the MK-Ultra program talking about it out of school. Secondly, AeroTech, the company he worked for, handled a lot of military contracts. So it was not wise to divulge stuff going on in the CIA. Jesse had managed to compartmentalise his life since working for the "Company". Jesse put his time in the CIA behind him, and he moved on. He had been successful to a degree. But now and again, something or someone crawled out of the woodwork to haunt him. He snapped out of his reverie when he saw a guy in his sixties

approaching.

Peter Harris said, 'Why meet at this derelict mill. It all looks pretty depressing.'

'Would you have preferred the mall?' Jesse retorted.

'OK, I'm Peter.'

'Well you know who I am,' Jesse said. He added, 'You can start by telling me why you called.'

'I need to talk to Arthur Buller, but he's locked up in the Behavioral Hospital of Bellaire under armed guard.'

'OK, but what does that have to do with me?'

Peter said, 'Let us take a walk.'

As they meandered through the industrial decay that abounded within the abandoned mill, Peter said, 'Reports in the media said that after the shooting, Buller was found in the park wandering around aimlessly, carrying his rifle. 'That's a symptom of somebody being mind manipulated, isn't it?'

'It could be. But it's just as likely that he couldn't face the reality of what he'd done.'

Peter said, 'He'd never met Maxwell Dorrian and he had nothing against the man. He had no idea why he'd killed another human being.'

Jesse rounded on Peter. 'Had he seen a lawyer before talking to the police?'

'No. He waived that right. And they stuck him in a mental institution.'

'That sounds like a reasonable response to me.'

Peter grabbed Jesse's arm. 'You know what goes on with MK-Ultra.' He paused then said, 'I've come a long way, at my expense for this meeting, so please don't fob me off.'

'I don't know what you want of me,' Jesse said.

Peter tried another tack. 'How about I ask you direct questions and you just answer, yes or no?'

'Go for it,' Jesse agreed.

Peter took out a notebook in which he had written down some questions. He began, 'OK, when you worked for the CIA did you use post-hypnotic control on subjects contrary to their basic moral principles?'

'Yes.'

'Were you able to "alter" the subject's personality, to induce amnesia under any and all conditions?'

'Yes.'

'Could you seize a subject and, in the space of one hour, control him to, say, crash an airplane?'

'Well I was never involved in such an op but I guess it could be done.'

'OK, now here's my last question.' Peter took a deep breath. 'Can the CIA devise systems for turning uncooperative subjects into willing agents and then transfer that control to untrained agents in the field by use of codes, identifying signs or trigger words?'

'Again, yes.'

Peter smiled, 'Thanks for your honesty.'

Jesse stared at Peter, puzzled. 'I don't get it. You can get all that info from Google.'

Peter returned the smile, 'Yes, but with you, it's straight from the horse's mouth.' Then, he added, 'What you've just confirmed ticks all Arthur Buller's boxes. Whoever wanted Maxwell Dorrian dead, used MK-Ultra programming and used Arthur Buller to pull the trigger. And I want to know who that person is.'

Jesse said, 'Good luck with that.'

'What do you mean?'

Jesse fixed Peter with a steely gaze. 'Even if by some slim chance you did find out who was controlling him, you can never prove it. MK-Ultra was officially discontinued in the 70s and you will never prove different.'



'But it is still used, right?'

'What do you expect me to say?'

'Well you said that MK-Ultra was used in Dorrian's death.'

'I said it looks like it,' Jesse snapped.

'Could there be rogue agents using it for their personal agenda?'

Jesse shrugged, 'It's possible.'

'Do you know any such people?'

Jesse said, 'I've been out of the loop for years. I don't socialise with anybody from the Company.'

As the pair completed their stroll, Peter said, 'Why was Andrew Cowper killed?'

Jesse, surprised at Peter's bold approach to the subject, snapped, 'What's that got to do with anything?'

'According to the statement you gave the cops, after the discovery of Cowper's body, you were most likely the last person who saw him alive.'

Jesse stared at Harris, 'How the hell did you get my statement?'

'I have friends in the police department.'

'Well, for your information, I wasn't the last person to see him alive. That gig belonged to the killer.'

'OK, Dr Devenport, why did Lieutenant Cowper want to meet you?'

'Isn't that intel in my statement?' Jesse retorted.

Peter said, 'I'm guessing he wanted you to do something for him. Something not Kosher.'

'Guess what you like.'

'You didn't want to do it. But Andrew had something on you and threatened to expose you if you didn't help him.' Peter turned to Jesse, 'How am I doing so far?'

'You're the one telling the story. So you tell me.' Jesse sneered.

Peter, undaunted, continued. 'You had to get Cowper off your back; you arranged to meet him in the park the next day.' Jesse did not respond, so Peter continued. 'OK. Now, here's the best bit. You're in league with at least one other person. You tell them the mission is compromised by this Andrew Cowper. This other person dealt with the problem. Right?'

'Why are you telling me all this?' Jesse snapped.

'Because I want you to come with me and see Arthur Buller.'

Jesse sighed, 'OK, I'll go with you. Then you leave me alone.'

## Chapter 10

"I think of a hero as someone who understands the degree of responsibility that comes with his freedom." – **Bob Dylan**

Apart from Herman De Moonschildt, the only other PanKosmian Barry communicated with was Wycliffe O'Byrne. Owing to his services to PanKosmia, O'Byrne was elevated to the PK inner

sanctum and a seat in the esteemed inner circle. Not one to look gift horses in the mouth, Wycliffe accepted the promotion without comment. But his rise in the ranks meant spending more time and energy engaged in PK work. Wycliffe thought about these things as he waited at the top of the McDermot quarry, his latest acquisition. Now he was to meet the Watcher again. Wycliffe saw a tall bearded man approaching. But it was not Harrison. There again, Harrison had told Wycliffe Watchers were also shape-shifters. Wycliffe did not believe Harrison, but he did not say anything. After all, the whole mysterious deal was weird, so who knows?

It was getting dark, and Wycliffe did not want to hang around. It was an unseasonably cold evening with the threat of rain. Wycliffe stared at the Watcher, who had long thick grey hair and beard to match and who put him in mind of Gandalf from Lord of the Rings.

The stranger said, 'My name is Barry Rock.'

'Where's Harrison?' Wycliffe asked, puzzled.

'He has to attend to other duties. I am overseeing his role now.'

'Oh!' the quarry magnate said, surprised.

'Events are speeding up on Earth. Your world has suffered unprecedented catastrophic natural disasters. Now you must gear yourselves up for something much bigger, something that will affect all of humanity.'

'What are you talking about?' Wycliffe asked nervously.

'I believe you PanKosmians call it 'Operation Secure in Place.'

'So it's finally happening.'

'More will be revealed when you need to know.'

Wycliffe stared at him. 'I don't think my people will be content with that tantalising tit-bit.'

Barry said, 'I don't remember telling you to tell them what I have just told you.'

'You have told me nothing.'

'Mr O'Byrne, you must stay alert. Soon, you will receive a message from the PK Grand Master. Then you act.'

'Do you mean Herman De Moonschildt?'

'I don't know of any other Grand Master of Pan Kosmia, do you?'

'No. So, will Herman be present at the meeting?'

'Of course.'

Johan Boltz had worked for George De Moonschildt as man and boy for over seventy years, and now the great man was dead. Johan mourned his passing but kept his grief private, as private as George De Moonschildt's life. He had a pledge to fulfil right now to train and prepare the grandson and heir Herman De Moonschildt. Somehow, Johan took a rancher and transformed him into one of the most influential people on Earth. Boltz was in his 80s and knew his time would soon come. He was feeling his age and the aches and pains that came with it. He had to mould young Herman into a man of great power and wisdom in what time he had left. Johan thought of purses and sows ears. Sighing heavily, Johan went searching for his apprentice. Instead, he came across Arturo.

Arturo was in the stables stroking a horse below its eyes. Then, he heard the tap, tap of Boltz's walking stick on concrete.

Boltz said, 'So, you like horses, Herr Bruno.'

'They are beautiful creatures.'

Boltz looked at Arturo, 'They are powerful beasts. Yet they allow man to control them.'

'Yes, even when it puts them in harm's way.'

Boltz stared at the Brazilian. 'What are you doing here?'

'I'm here to help Herman.'

'What makes you think he needs your help?'

'His grandfather has just died. He has inherited this place. It's too much for him to handle by himself and he is out of his depth.'

'Ja, that is so.'

'But he has you to train him, Johan,' Arturo said cynically.

'Not for much longer,' Boltz said, Arturo's sarcasm going over his head. His eyes narrowed, 'You are either a swindler or a spy. I'm not sure which, but you are you're treading on very thin ice.'

Arturo said, 'I'm neither of those things. I'm here to protect him from such people. That's why I told him about the CIA watching him, waiting to make their move.'

Boltz tapped his stick on the ground, and two young men stepped up behind him. They were built like weightlifters and wore brown shirts with swastika decals near their shoulders. Boltz said, 'Herr Bruno, I don't trust you and I will find out why you are here. If you are a threat to us ...'

'I am no threat. I'm here to help Herman with stuff you could never comprehend.'

'I will find out and there will be swift retribution,' Johan said, completing his sentence. But, Boltz added, 'It will be better for you to leave here and never come back.'

Arturo looked at the old servant. 'I am here at Herman's request as one of his guests. You'd better remember that before making veiled threats, Mr Boltz.'

## Chapter 11

China, Wuhan

"A hero is an ordinary individual who finds the strength to persevere and endure in spite of overwhelming obstacles." – **Anon**

The Chinese government denied the shooting incident in Wuhan and the subsequent release of the Coronavirus into the marketplace. The incident that triggered a worldwide scare got quickly relegated to conspiracy theory status on social media networks. Now the Coronavirus cat was out of the proverbial bag, the global elite had to come up with a plausible narrative to account for the premature release of the disease. With the Chinese government's permission, the official line was that the virus got accidentally released from the Wuhan Virology Institute. The WVI could modify the story as needed. But for now, it was the only way to explain the virus's rapid spread in Wuhan.

Armed with this version of events, the advanced team in Beijing had to prepare the questions the international squad needed to learn. The team needed to understand the characteristics of the virus as well as the public health response. China quickly put into place measures to try and contain the virus. Among the group of international experts was a man called Matthew Armitage. He did not have a medical science background, and he wasn't even interested in what the health experts were

doing. Although Armitage was neither a doctor nor a scientist, the Beijing team included him because certain influential people had decreed it. Now he was set to do his work. He listened as the experts with a wide range of specialisations increased their understanding of the outbreak to guide global response efforts. This strategy was where Matthew Armitage came into the picture. He was a media magnate who owned many TV channels and published many of America's well-known newspapers.

One of the delegates said, 'Since being notified of the outbreak on 31 December, the GHO Country Office in China, supported by the regional and international offices, has worked to support China, and indeed the world, to scale up the response.'

Matthew saw this as his cue. 'We need to order everyone returning to Beijing and Wuhan to go into quarantine for 14 days or risk punishment, Armitage said.' The idea was to impose laws on the world population a little at a time while convincing the public it was for their good. The GHO delegate agreed it was a good start.

Matthew got onto the editor in chief of his news media empire, and the lead story the next day read:

The latest attempt to contain the deadly new Coronavirus in China has been to order residents in Beijing and Wuhan to "self-quarantine or go to designated venues to quarantine" after returning to the Chinese capital from their holidays. This measure was put in place just as Egypt had reported the first confirmation of the Coronavirus affecting Africa. We now have statistics showing that over 1500 people had died from or with the virus, which originated in Wuhan city.

Professor Chynna Zheng looked at the figures. Many experts said the virus from Wuhan, China, turned into a global pandemic, with a mortality rate (based on official statistics) of roughly 2%. By contrast, the mortality rate of the 1918 Spanish Flu was 2.5%. The Spanish Flu was a global catastrophe, killing more people than those who died in World War I. She thought it was premature and irresponsible to publish such figures based on a computer algorithm, which was all the experts had to go on. She was also concerned at the vague report that 1500 people had already died from the virus. But Director Chang of the Wuhan Virology Institute had told her to find patient zero, and that was more than enough to keep her busy. If the Wuhan accident story had any integrity, Chynna knew that patient zero was likely to have been those closest to the vial that smashed on the stone pavement, namely Dr Ming and the American agent. But that study was considered a myth, and Chynna had to find another starting point. The whole exercise seemed pointless, and Chynna contacted the Director to explain the situation.

Director Chang listened to what she had to say, then he said, 'Forget about the alleged Wuhan incident. It never happened so your patient zero had nothing to do with it.'

Zheng argued, 'Just because the media tells us these things, it does not necessarily mean they are correct. We know the time of this alleged incident, and there are surveillance cameras all around the area, so we can find out who was nearby when the virus was allegedly released.'

'Chynna, forget it. It did not happen.' Chang said tersely.

'You may very well be right, Director, but for me, to be able to do my job thoroughly I have to cover all avenues of inquiry.'

The Director paused, then said, 'Perhaps you're wasting your time on the patient zero case. Come back to the Institute and work on the virus from here.'

The Global Health Organisation headquarters, situated on Geneva's outskirts at the end of Avenue Appia, was about one and a half kilometres from the Palais des Nations (UN). Matthew Armitage alighted from his cab, walked under the massive canopy, and entered the GHO building portals. Armitage's mission was to speak with Dr Theodore Adams, the Director-General. The DG was

expecting Armitage, and he got his PA to leave instructions for the reception staff to show him the way to his office without delay.

Dr Adams had not heard of Matthew Armitage, but he had heard of PanKosmia, and he knew the two were connected. He knew of PanKosmia because of all the donations that came to the GHO from that quarter. Contributions to date amounted to around \$3 billion.

As Matthew entered Theodore's luxurious office with its panoramic city view, Theo Adams welcomed his guest. They sat down to pow wow, or to be more precise, Armitage was gently laying down the law. Theo listened as Armitage explained, 'This pandemic is allowing us to bring our plans forward. We are now ready to implement the Lockstep experiment as put forward in the Rockefeller Foundation 2010 report. But that aspect of social engineering doesn't affect you. What does is this,' Armitage said, passing a file to Theo.

Theo read the title. 'GHO procedures to contain the novel Corona-virus 66.6.' Theo looked up at Armitage. 'Where did the numbers 66.6 come from?'

Armitage chuckled. 'It's the best way to put the fear of God up those Christians.'

Theo, feeling uneasy, said, 'This virus is no joke!'

Armitage chuckled again. 'Oh, but it is.'

Theo almost reacted but bit his tongue. Instead, he went through the list of requirements. There was a note at the front of the file sub-headed, "The Top-Down Hierarchy and What it Needs to Know". He looked up from the notes. 'What's that supposed to mean?'

Armitage said, 'You will impose the rules and regulations of a lock down policy. You will instruct the Chief Medical Officer of each nation who will, in turn advise their governments of the GHO restrictions imposed on all human populations, which will be enforced under new emergency measures, to contain the virus.'

Theo looked puzzled, 'As I understand it, COVID 66.6 is very contagious, but it has a super low mortality rate.'

'So?'

'Considering this, aren't these restrictions a bit over the top?'

'That is not your concern. It's your job to head up the team advising the various governments on GHO restrictions.'

Theo said, 'I don't feel comfortable quarantining a healthy populace for something as non-life-threatening as ...'

Armitage looked at Theo with cold eyes. 'Never-the less you will carry out your instructions, won't you?'

Theo stared at Armitage, 'I will have to discuss these measures with my executive medical committee.'

Armitage leant across the table towards Theo. 'You don't have to, but if you feel better implementing these rules by doing it that way we don't mind.'

Theo sensed the colour drain from his cheeks. He was no longer running the GHO; he was now merely the messenger of Deep State protocols. Theo feared the implications of the strict rules concerning the virus. But he feared the power and reach of the Deep State even more.

Armitage was concerned about Theo's resistance. Armitage thought perhaps he ought to give Theo a greater insight into the overall plan. Maybe, if Theo felt included in the bigger picture, he was more likely to follow orders without question. So, he said, 'We needed a virus to fit the Rockefeller foundation plan. So a (SARS/HIV hybrid research strain was created in the Fort Detrick class 4 lab during 2008-2013.'

Theo said, 'Wasn't that made as part of a research project to find out why Corona-virus has spread like wildfire in bats but has an extremely hard time infecting humans?'

'Yes, that's correct. Hence the 4 HIV inserts, aka the missing key to infect the human ACE-2 receptor.'

Theo knew that ACE2 was a receptor for the virus that caused COVID 66.6. 'Why are we looking for a key to infect the ACE2 receptor?'

Armitage said, 'I will leave you to join the dots. But you must not breathe a word of what I have just told you.'

Novel Corona virus(2019-nCoV). [https://www.who.int/docs/default-source/coronaviruse/situation-reports/20200211-sitrep-22-ncov.pdf?sfvrsn=fb6d49b1\\_2](https://www.who.int/docs/default-source/coronaviruse/situation-reports/20200211-sitrep-22-ncov.pdf?sfvrsn=fb6d49b1_2)

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## Chapter 12

England, North America

To be a hero or a heroine, one must give an order to oneself.” – **Simone Weil**

'I mean, just look at America,' Monty commented as Dionne, and he had jam scones with cream and tea in a ceramic teapot at the Riverside Cafe in Bourton on the Water. 'I like this place, and they have good Covid management that's not over the top giving it a relaxed atmosphere, unlike other cafes, where the staff wear those ridiculous masks. Some eateries have masked staff and tables and chairs thoroughly disinfected between customers.'

'I don't follow the news,' Dionne smiled.

'Do you mind if I continue?'

'No, go ahead.'

'The United States, under Dr Eva Jones, Executive director of the CVC (Centre for Virus Control) has shut down schools across America, putting over 30 million children at risk of going hungry. It closed businesses leaving over 20 million workers without any income.'

Dionne, playing Devil's advocate, said, 'Isn't it crucial for America to lock down its economy, to save lives?'

'That is open to question, Dionne, this extreme reaction has terrible consequences for the poorest American citizens. People of colour and low-income people are disproportionately losing livelihoods and countless lives, many many more than those claimed by the alleged pandemic.'

Dionne locked eyes with Monty. 'I'm sure the medical staff at the coal front are doing their best.'

Monty took a bite of his scone. 'Dionne, in the face of a coordinated response, those in the medical profession genuinely trying to help, find themselves faced with insufficient and incorrect data, inadequate amounts of protective gear and testing equipment and no exit plan in sight.'

'Well, Monty it's all new, isn't it? Most of the brave souls dealing with the victims have never been faced with a pandemic before.'

'They deal with pandemics every flu season, but there's no need for public alarm,' Monty countered, dabbing at his pencil moustache with a serviette. He added. 'Then this experiment was foisted onto many other nations. 'The Global Health Organisation is making these Draconian rules and regulations, and there is nothing we can do about it.'

Dionne said, 'There must be someone or something behind the GHO pulling their strings.'

'And who would that be?' Monty said, sensing a conspiracy theory feeling coming on.'

After adding cream to the strawberry jam on her scone, she said, 'There has to be more than one person involved to pull this off. I'm not talking about a super villain stroking his white cat while explaining his nefarious plans to enthusiastic minions. I'm talking about a group of powerful, dedicated men who are using this alleged Corona virus pandemic as a way to implement a world government run by unelected technocrats.'

Monty said, 'You might well be right, but can you prove it?'

'I doubt we can prove that such an organisation actually exists.'

Jesse Devenport could see the clues that most people either missed or never bothered to investigate. The first category always smelt real or imaginary rats whenever great wealth and influence were involved. The "Novel Corona-virus" being a critical case in point. Jesse knew that mind control began with focused penetration testing centred on tools used on MK-Ultra subjects from his CIA days. After World War II, there was an important role for social engineering within test groups. But Jesse was over that, and he did not want to dwell on such things. However, Peter Harris had him intrigued. Why would somebody want to kill a food manufacturer? From what Jesse had read about the shooting, the police had not discovered any motive for Arthur Buller to kill Maxwell Dorrian. Also, Buller had never before owned or used a gun. So what compelled him to pick up a powerful rifle and kill a perfect stranger for no apparent reason? Jesse found a card with Peter's number. He felt he had sold the private investigator short, and he rang the number.

Peter picked up on the second ringtone cycle. 'Hi Jesse, I wasn't expecting to hear from you.'

'I just wanted to say that I agree with you about Buller.'

'Do you mean you think he was a patsy for someone else?'

'I think so, yes. I think he fell victim to the power of subconscious suggestion?'

'Is it true that the spooks used people with hidden, programmed identities locked deep within their mind? I mean Is that even possible?'

Jesse said, 'Yes, People with MPDs, that's multiple personality disorders, are the most susceptible to auto suggestion. Being used to responding to voices in their heads, a message telling them to kill someone is not out of the question.'

Peter said, 'Would you come with me to speak to Buller?'

Jesse, taken aback, said, 'I certainly wasn't expecting that.'

Peter said, 'I managed to get a message to Buller, and he's willing to see me. I'd like you to be there.'

'Me. Why?'

'You've worked with programmed people. You know the kind of things to look for.'

Jesse said, 'Whoa there. Let's not get ahead of ourselves. I thought Buller was well locked down. So what tricks have you pulled to get him to see you?'

'Just good old-fashioned baksheesh. I bribed one of the guards.'

'OK, I'll buy that. Next question, why is Buller willing to see you?'

'He's no longer climbing the walls. My guard passed him a note saying somebody wanted to help him. He wanted to be helped.'

'OK, question three. What do you hope to gain from this meeting?'

Peter paused before answering. 'To find out who controlled him for him to take the hit?'

Jesse said, 'If Buller knew the who controlled him, if that is what happened, he's been programmed not to tell. Now, let's say he does give you a name it will probably be false. Now let's suppose you actually get the real name out of him what are you going to do with it?'

Peter said, 'Do some detective work to find the responsible party.'

Jesse chuckled, 'This is not some fucking Tom Cruise on one of his impossible missions. This is real life, or to be more precise, your real death if you become a problem. These people do not muck around.'

Peter said, 'Sure, these people are dangerous, but ...'

'Can I make a suggestion?'

Peter said, 'Sure, go ahead.'

'Focus on the why not the who. Try to find out why somebody programmed Buller to kill Maxwell Dorrian. The why may take you to the who.'

'OK, let's say I take your advice, can you help me with the why?'

## Chapter 13

“You cannot be a hero without being a coward.” – **George Bernard Shaw**

Floyd Moore was in his sixties. He had a shock of white hair like the professor in *Back to the Future*, and he was just as eccentric. Most people he encountered found his peculiar take on the world too much to cope with and generally avoided him. Floyd had a very sharp mind and was somewhat of a genius when unravelling codes and ciphers connecting private institutions. He got on well with Peter Harris, who, as a private investigator, also had a penchant for solving mysteries. But their main reason for working together was their shared interest in PanKosmia, an organisation so secret that other secret societies were unaware of its existence.



Floyd stood waiting in a queue outside the Twisted Root Burger Cafe on Second Street in Waco, Texas, where the old journo lived. The journalist reckoned that of all the frustrating restrictions dreamt up by unelected medical bureaucrats, social distancing was the most infuriating. Floyd considered it a useless, pointless exercise. How on Earth could a distance of 1.5 yards be sufficient when the virus acted as an aerosol and sprayed up to 60 feet? But, of course, queues with 60-foot gaps between people was hardly recognisable as such. So the arbitrary 1.5 yards gap, which does nothing to stop any cross infection, was designed as part of the global mind control exercise. That was how Floyd thought about it, and according to his online blog, many others thought the same way. Floyd, irritated with the useless exercise, progressed up the queue one "X" at a time. Part of the mind programming was those infernal strategically placed round floor stickers, pointing out social distancing rules, the new buzz word. Floyd gritted his teeth and held his counsel, all the while seething inside.

Peter Harris and Jesse Devenport waited for Floyd to arrive with their lunch. Jesse pointed out a sign proclaiming that only two customers were allowed inside the cafe at any one time.

Peter, acknowledging Jesse said, 'Another of those pointless regulations.'

Floyd eventually ordered three big burgers and fries along with three coffees. Under the new medical dictatorship regime, they couldn't have their lunch at the cafe. Service was takeaway only. It was quite a balancing act for Floyd, as he struggled in an attempt not to spill any of the contents piled up on the disposable cardboard tray. Floyd arrived with the cardboard box containing the food and three coffees locked into the tray on top. 'Grab the coffees,' Floyd said, trying to keep everything balanced. Peter came to the rescue taking the tray of coffees from him.

Floyd moaned 'These fucking incomprehensible Covid rules take all the pleasure out of socialising.' Then seeing the younger man with straight blonde hair and bronzed skin, Floyd said, 'You must be Jesse Devenport. Peter told me all about you.'

Not everything, Jesse hoped.

Peter said, 'Now we have to go into the park to have our lunch.'

'That's if we can find an unoccupied picnic table bench not taped like a fucking crime scene,' Floyd commented.

Floyd took his friends over to University Parks drive, which meant passing under the vast Highway 77 overpass complex. Owing to the "unsocial" distancing, there were very few people around.

As the trio ate their lunch, they made further comments about the effects of the so-called pandemic. Peter said, 'So the Chief Medical Officer of Texas decrees that this novel Corona-virus 66.6 can jump 1.5 yards, but no more.'

Jesse said, 'They're dealing with a novel virus, so they have to work things out as they go along.'

'Virologists have mapped at least 800 Coronaviruses, and each one is novel when it first appears on the scene,' Peter countered.

'So what's so fucking special about this one?' Floyd said.

Jesse said, 'I don't know the answers, but it's better to be safe than sorry.'

Floyd felt he was starring in a nonsensical nightmare in which human ludo pieces slowly progressed to the front of the queue. He looked at Jesse. 'So who came up with the magic figure for social distancing, and what was the logic behind it?'

Jesse shrugged. 'I don't know. But at least these rules keep the threat of catching the virus in our minds.'

Peter joined in. 'Exactly! These rules and regulations are more to do with keeping people worried and in fear than a strategy to stop the spread of the virus.'

Floyd said, 'Jesse, can't you see that these measures imposed on unwary populations bombarded by simple repetitive media propaganda messages are a form of mass mind control?'

Jesse responded, 'Of course I do. And another aspect of the new law is that no more than two people can assemble outside their home, which means we are rebels, defying this social-distancing rule.'

A university security guard watched the three men with interest.

Following introductions, Peter said, Jesse, would like you to tell him about your secret society blog.'

Floyd said, 'Get with the times, Pete, it's all podcasts now. You should go and check out mine. It's called "What they don't tell us?"'

'So what don't they tell us about this PanKosmia?' Jesse asked.

Floyd stared at Jesse. 'Why? Do you know about that?'

'No. 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?'

Jesse said, Peter got me interested. He approached me about that food guru guy that got shot by that Buller guy.'

Peter took up the story. 'The more I read about Arthur Buller, the more it seemed that somebody had him programmed to carry out the contract. Then, finally, a source told me about Jesse and his first-hand experience dealing with MK-Ultra subjects.'

Floyd turned to Jessie, 'Man, I would love to have you as a guest speaker on my show.'

Jesse shook his head. 'I don't want anything to do with that shit. And if I spill any CIA beans, I'll be a dead man. And they'll stop you and your show.'

'Pity, Jessie, we're missing a great opportunity.'

'That's as may be, Floyd, but I'm here to find out more about PanKosmia. So what do you know?'

Floyd said, 'I can tell you this, Maxwell Dorrian was a member, but not a fully paid up one.'

Peter's face became a question mark. 'What do you mean by that?'

'PanKosmian members are handpicked from the wealthiest one percent of movers and shakers. Members have to make a pledge to the fraternity and fulfil it to the society's satisfaction. Word has it that Maxwell Dorrian got cold feet and wanted out of the organisation.'

'And I'm guessing that's heavily frowned upon,' Jesse suggested.

'From what I've heard,' Floyd continued, 'There are only two ways you leave the PKs - dying of natural causes or ending up in a body bag, like our Maxwell.'

Jesse said, 'So what was Maxwell Dorrian's pledge to PK?'

Floyd sighed, 'I don't know that yet. But I have heard that people are only allowed to join this fraternity by way of an invite from a standing member. And they are only chosen if they have something the society wants.'

Jesse said, 'So, in Dorrian's case the pledge had to be about food.'

Floyd said, 'Yes, but what about it. PakFoods is an international conglomerate. So why would donating some food for the members bunkers be a problem?'

Peter interrupted, 'So what do you know about these bunkers?'

Floyd answered, 'PanKosmians are upmarket survivalists. If the proverbial balloon goes up, the members get an early warning, even before the US President. This alert applies to natural disasters and human-made ones.'

## Chapter 14

“The real hero is always a hero by mistake; he dreams of being an honest coward like everybody else.” – **Umberto Eco**

Professor Chynna Zheng went over the files of the first patients again. The report stated that Chinese authorities' retrospective investigations identified human cases with symptoms in early December 2019. Moreover, the Wuhan wet food market was linked to some of the earliest known cases. Chynna sighed deeply. She was not sure what she was looking for, but something did not seem right. It appeared there were mistakes made in the original diagnosis. But nobody was admitting anything. And the official story gave no mention of it. She looked up as Billy Huang entered the laboratory at the Wuhan Centre for Disease Control and Prevention. Dr William Huang placed a takeaway coffee and some pot noodles on Chynna's desk. 'You've been here all day. You must take a break and eat something.'

Chynna looked up at her colleague. 'Thank you, Billy.' She looked at the wall clock, which read 9.19 pm. 'Goodness, is that the time?' She had been working since 8 am. 'I guess this will have to wait until tomorrow.'

'What are you working on?' Billy said, wondering what had kept her captivated for all that time.

'Oh, it's a report I'm preparing for Director Chang.'

'What's the hold-up about. You have the data. All you have to do is simplify it for non-scientists to understand.'

Chynna frowned, 'If only it were that simple.'

'What do you mean?'

I think I have discovered an anomaly.'

'What do you mean?' He repeated.

Chynna fixed Billy with her gaze. 'I think the diagnosis was wrong in the original cases.'

Billy stared at her with his mouth open. 'You can't be serious.'

'Oh, I'm very serious. But how can I put it in the report?'

'How sure are you about this?'

'Sure enough to know that there is no evidence showing Covid 66.6 to be present in the first test samples.'

Billy felt a shiver shoot down his spine. 'But they must have found something in the tests to indicate the presence of a virus.'

Chynna stood and faced Billy. 'Let me show you something.'

Billy followed Chynna over to a computer screen that showed two identical forms side by side. She clicked on one of them, and a link took her to another page titled COVID 66.6 virus. Chynna clicked on the other screen and got an extracellular Exosome. Then, she turned back to Billy. 'See what I mean?'

'Not exactly, apart from the virus and the Exosome being identical.'

Chynna stared at Billy. 'There is an overlap between Exosomes (extracellular vesicles) and this virus.'

Billy asked, 'So why aren't we using routine methods to purify and isolate Exosomes and extract their genetic material?'

Chynna frowned, 'As EVs are part of the immune system, they will be present in sick tissue. We can see this in our petri dish cultures we use to "find" viruses. So why aren't EVs mentioned in the viral discovery reports?'

Billy shrugged, 'Maybe they thought they had isolated their Covid 66.6.'

Chynna responded, 'Even so, it seems like shoddy methodology. I mean, if you're going to claim you have discovered something, that thing should be isolated, purified and have its genetic material extracted. It should also be proven to cause a same type of disease after its transference to a host in a physiological manner.'

Billy said, 'That certainly makes sense, Professor.'

'So why has this not been done?'

Billy said, 'Could it be because the GHO could not admit to this gross error in diagnosis?'

'It certainly seems to be the case,' Chynna agreed. 'It appears that Exosome research is far more advanced than virology. With the many advanced techniques used in EV research, I would have thought we can use the science to clarify these instances.' But, Chynna continued, 'It's not as though we don't have the information. There are volumes of research papers describing the difficulty in separating Exosomes from viruses, so why aren't they accounted for in viral discovery papers?'

Billy, expressing puzzlement, said, 'It beats me.'

Chynna said, 'So, how can fellow virologists explain their claim that they can isolate genetic material "from a virus" when they have not separated the said particles in their research?'

Billy said, 'But if that is the case, does this Covid 66.6 officially exist?'

'So far, we have discovered in the realm of 800 Coronaviruses and countless Exosomes. Yet here we have a perfect match in all their aspects. There's probably a greater chance of winning the lottery than coming up with this perfect match. So how do you explain it?'

Billy stared at her. 'I think I can see where you're coming from, and I don't like it.'

'The only logical way this could occur is if both the virus and Exosomes are the same.'

'But that means we are testing for Exosomes - not Covid 66.6. How could we make such a fundamental mistake?'

Chynna said, 'I think they saw Exosomes in the genetic material they tested and diagnosed them as the COVID 66.6.'

Billy paled. 'If what you say is true, the ramifications are too disastrous to contemplate. You must not put this in the report.'

'But if I cover this up and later this mistake is exposed, I'm finished.'

'But if the doctors missed this, then surely you can ...'

Chynna locked eyes with her assistant. 'Billy, go away and never mention this to anyone, no matter what befalls me you must remain silent.'

'But ...'

'Billy, if this information got out the outcome will be far worse than the effects of the virus.'

## Chapter 15

“The real hero is always a hero by mistake; he dreams of being an honest coward like everybody else.” – **Umberto Eco**

Wycliffe O'Byrne followed Anton Wilk into the vast, deep shelter. Despite having been to the giant bunker before, once with Max Dorrian, Wycliffe stood awestruck. He could have been on an underground luxury cruise ship. Wilk, a quiet-spoken man with an aura of calmness around him, did not say much. When he did make a comment, his words were like a butter knife. They would either spread his message to the rich and famous or cut the person he conversed with to the quick. Wilk was the mastermind behind Viva Europa, which took survival bunkers to a whole new level. The hardened facility could withstand a powerful close-range nuclear blast, a direct aeroplane crash, biological and chemical agents, shock waves, earthquakes, tsunamis, electromagnetic pulses, and virtually any armed attack.

As the pair strolled around the underground sanctuary, Wilk said, '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.'

Wycliffe followed Wilk around the colossal underground refuge. He had filled it with everything to help assure survival in human-made or natural disasters. But he could not get over the luxuriousness of the whole complex. Wilk's message was, 'If you have to wait for the world to calm down, do it in comfort with Viva Europa.'

Wilk turned to Wycliffe. 'I have eight of these luxury bunkers now and should have two more by the end of the year.'

'How's the bookings going?'

'I'm fully booked with a waiting list. Hence the new bunkers.'

Wycliffe heard that Wilk charged his clients 50 million euros for a place in his "Subterranean Survival Systems". But he seldom spoke about the money. His interest, like his fellow globalists, went way beyond financial wealth.

Wycliffe said, 'What happens if your clients never get to use these places.'

'It's an insurance policy. Everybody needs it but nobody wants to use it.' Wilk added, 'But you will let me know when, won't you Wycliffe?'

'What makes you think I would have prior warning to such news?'

Anton looked up at Wycliffe, 'Do you think I don't know about PanKosmia?'

Wycliffe did a double-take. 'What do you know about PanKosmia?'

Wilk grinned like a naughty schoolboy. 'It's a select rich boys club that has its finger on the world pulse. Oh, and you are a member.'

Wycliffe looked straight at the genius entrepreneur. 'Yet you haven't been invited to join.'

Wilk grinned again, 'What makes you think I haven't been invited?'

Wycliffe, realising his assumption, said, tentatively, 'So are you a member?'

Wilk shook his head. 'No, I turned the invitation down.'

Wycliffe stared at the man, incredulous. Refusing an invitation to join the exclusive order was unknown. Thousands of top-flight businessmen of good pedigree would have given anything to become members of PanKosmia if they knew of its existence. 'Why?' is all he could think of to say.

'Because I already have my own sources and I have far more superior Subterranean Survival Systems than your bunkers. So I don't need to join your boys club,' Wilk sneered derisively.

Wycliffe said, 'But you still need our forecast.'

Wilk shook his head. 'It would be useful to compare the information from my source, but it's not necessary.'

'And who is your source?'

Wilk looked straight at Wycliffe, 'Who's yours?'

Professor Zheng took the Director's call. 'Hello, Director Chang. What can I do for you?'

'You can return to the Wuhan Virology Institute.'

'But I haven't finished my work in Beijing.'

'Nevertheless, I want you to catch the next flight here. Is that understood, Professor?'

'Yes Director, but I just need to ...'

'Professor, this is an order, not a request. Drop what you are doing and get back here.'

Chynna sat, staring at the phone. She figured Bai Chang wanted to discuss her report. So she organised a flight to Wuhan, grabbed personal items from her hotel, caught a cab to the Beijing Capital International Airport and alighted outside Terminal two, which dealt with domestic air traffic. As she flew back to Wuhan, Chynna felt anxious about Director Chang's reaction to her report during the two-and-a-half-hour flight. Her documented findings covered all angles concerning the virus outbreak. She thought the way she had dealt with the Exosomes, by including this aspect as just another variable in a whole lot of conjecture and suppositions, was commendable. But, on the other hand, it concerned her that doctors treating the virus patients were flying blind. So she said she had added it into the story so that the institute will have covered itself down the road if medical experts picked up on the incorrect diagnosis.

But, as it turned out, she need not have worried. Bai Chang greeted her with a smile, and, much to Chynna's surprise, he thanked her for the report and made no mention of the reference to misdiagnosis. Despite Chang's pleasant demeanour, Chynna still felt uncomfortable and mentioned the elephant in the room. She looked at the Director, 'Sir you haven't made any reference to my additions to the report.'

'Oh, what additions?'

She pushed the issue even further. 'My concern about the incorrect diagnosis.'

He stared at her. 'Oh that conjecture. I had it edited out before sending this report to the GHO.'

'You censored my work!'

'Yes, for your own good.'

'What do you mean?'

'What do you think would happen if we told the GHO they got it wrong.'

'Perhaps they would appreciate us telling the truth.'

Chang stared at her. 'For a brilliant scientist, you are very naive in these matters. The GHO Is not interested in the truth. Combatting disease is science. They leave the ethics to the philosophers.'

Chynna persisted, 'Director, the longer we stick to a false narrative about Covid 66.6 the bigger the lie will become.'

Director Change fixed the Professor with a penetrating gaze. 'Now listen to me. I'm doing you a great favour. If I had sent that report with your name on it, you would have lost all credibility as a scientist.'

'Not if you backed me up.'

'Chang scoffed, 'I'm not committing professional suicide by supporting your conspiracy theory, professor.'

## Chapter 16

North America

“Heroes are made by the paths they choose, not the power they are graced with.” – **Brodi Ashton**

O'Byrne Industry's Hardstone Quarry, one of the world's largest aggregate quarries, was Wycliffe O'Byrne's flagship business. Deemed an essential service, mining continued as usual during the COVID 66.6 pandemic. The vast mine was nearly two miles long and 450 feet at its deepest point. The quarry was on the Chicago outskirts, so the windy city was an excellent place to meet. Unfortunately, much of the town was demolished or redeveloped rapidly, with many significant buildings abandoned and derelict. One place where he would not be disturbed was Edgewater Medical Centre, Hillary Clinton and John Wayne Gacy's birthplace.

Paul Shaughnessy wondered why Mr O'Byrne wanted to meet him at the abandoned medical centre? More to the point, he asked why the mystery man suggested meeting him at all? Intrigued, Paul had agreed to do so, which was why the journalist stood outside the derelict Chicago hospital waiting for O'Byrne to show. He saw a man approaching and checked the picture on his cell phone. The heavysset man was the mining magnate.

As they met, Paul ventured, 'Are you Mr O'Byrne?'

'Yes, and you'd be Paul Shaughnessy.' It was more a statement than a question.

'So why are we here?' Paul asked, wanting to get straight to the point.

'So you're Max's son.' Again more a statement than a question.'

'How did you know my father?'

'We were business colleagues.'

'Are you in the food business?'

'No. Mining.'

Paul, puzzled, said, 'You didn't move in the same business circles, so how did you become friends?'

'We both belonged to an exclusive fraternity.'

Paul stared at Wycliffe. 'The PanKosmians?'

Wycliffe said, 'I guess your stepmother told you.'

Paul ignored the statement. 'Is that what this is all about?'

Wycliffe, feeling a Chicago chill, said, 'Let's walk and warm up.'

As they walked through the massive crumbling edifice, Wycliffe said, 'I'm here to offer you a great opportunity, Paul.'

Paul retorted, 'Does it come with a free set of steak knives?'

Ignoring the barb, Wycliffe said, 'How would you like to run PakFoods?'

'PakFoods! What the fuck does this have to do with PakFoods?'

'Your father did not have a chance to fulfil his promise to PanKosmia.'

'Which was?' Paul pressed.

He agreed to furnish PanKosmian survival bunkers with PakFood's long-life foodstuffs. We were hoping you could use your influence on the board and fulfil your father's promise. You do that, and I will use the considerable weight of World Enterprises PakFood's shares to get you the position of Chairman of the Board.'

Paul stared at Wycliffe. 'I have promised to help Dr Greenway take control of the company. Besides, I know nothing about running such a colossal enterprise.'

The pair came to a roofless part of the hospital. Wycliffe indicated around him. 'A Doctor Mazel built all this in 1929, during the Great Depression. His family owned it until 1989, nine years after Doctor Mazel's death.'

'This little anecdote is all very well, but what's it got to do with me?'

'Just bear with me, Paul. So, in 1989, a businessman called Peter Rogan bought the hospital. As it turned out, he was engaged in a shocking array of corrupt activities, including kickback schemes, insurance fraud, and unnecessary surgeries that took the lives of many patients. The hospital closed in 2001, and Peter Rogan finally faced charges in 2015. The point I am making is that Rogan's corrupt and criminal practices brought down the hospital. You don't want the same thing to happen to PakFoods, do you?'

Paul stared at Wycliffe, his face a mask of puzzlement. 'Are you suggesting illegal practices are going on in PakFoods, Mr O'Byrne?'

Wycliffe answered, 'It does not take much to tarnish a company's reputation.'

Paul glared at Wycliffe. 'I don't like where this is going.'

Wycliffe said 'Maxwell Dorrian was the genius behind PakFoods. His edible packaging project took the processed meats industry by storm.'

'Yes, and wasn't my stepmother the genius who gave life to my father's ideas?'



Wycliffe said, 'You don't owe your stepmother anything. You are legally Max's heir and the rightful PakFoods CEO. But it won't happen without our help.'

'The helper being PanKosmia?'

'No, Paul. PanKosmia does not get involved in such petty issues.' But World Enterprises has the stocks to make sure you will rise to the top. The question is, do you want it?'

Paul, confused at this turn of events, said, 'What's in it for World Enterprises?'

Wycliffe showed the semblance of a smile. 'From time to time you will add enhancement to the food products.' Then, seeing the concern written on Paul's face, he added, 'Don't worry, these additives are not harmful. They are experiments but they are not dangerous.'

'And you expect me to take your word for it?'

Wycliffe said, 'Yes, the word of a PanKosmian.'

'With respect that means nothing to me.'

Wycliffe flashed Paul a dark look. 'It means a great deal to me, Mr Shaughnessy.'

Paul said, 'Why is getting control of PakFoods so vital to you?'

Wycliffe answered, 'World Enterprises is about making a simpler, safer world for everybody. PakFoods is our vehicle for doing that. You let us worry about the details. You just go on running the company.'

Paul frowned, 'This doesn't sit comfortably with me.' Then he added, 'My stepmother is head of PakFoods scientific research. So I have to include her in the loop.'

Wycliffe smiled thinly, 'She already is. She also expects to become CEO of PakFoods.' Having let that sink in, Wycliffe said, 'If you pass up this opportunity our support goes to your stepmother. Do you understand?'

'Of course I do,' Paul snapped.

'Then, do we have an agreement?'

Paul stared at Wycliffe, his mind wrestling with his choices. At length, he gave a perfunctory nod of his head.

Wycliffe said, 'Paul, there are exciting times ahead.'

## Chapter 17

England

“What we need now are heroes and heroines, about a million of them, one brave deed is worth a thousand books. Sentiment without action is the ruin of the soul” – Edward Abbey

Lara Balabanov needed some peace to work on her new book. It was her lockdown project to keep her mind occupied while under house arrest. She was locked down in the Atlanta, a two-star hotel in Pimlico, a London suburb. Lara's latest story was about the effects of lockdown on healthy, active people. In it, Lara was taking the idea of personal empowerment to a whole new level. In her philosophical approach, Lara broached the subject of autonomy. Autonomy was about individuals making decisions for themselves, living lives deemed valuable in their own eyes. It meant, at least in part, being the author of their own life.

While carrying out her research, Lara found herself asking two main questions: What about the new threats posed by the Coronavirus pandemic? And what effect is that disease, and the associated public health response, having on our autonomy?

Lara saw many reasons humanity faced a tragedy on a massive scale: pain, suffering, anxiety, depression, death, grief. But another more subtle aspect of the lockdown was the threat to a person's autonomy. Lockdown drastically limited peoples' choices about what to do and where to go, even if they were perfectly healthy, which most people were. Humans were social creatures. Now, they were isolated and deprived of their everyday social ties and interactions that gave meaning to their lives. Then a dog barked loudly, and kids raced by on skateboards. Lara's creative flow evaporated. She just had to get out of that place to somewhere isolated and quiet.

Since returning to England, Lara found it difficult to find rental properties in Greater London, at least those in her price range. So she ended up in a squat. During an early morning raid by police, the more experienced squatters escaped before the "pigs" got their hands on them. Lara was among those who avoided arrest. But now, she found herself genuinely homeless. As Lara wandered the streets in an attempt to find another squat, she came across a charity called "Homeless Healthcare". Lara phoned their contact number and got an appointment to see if she qualified for their help. She came under their criteria and got added to a long list of people seeking shelter. By the time Covid 66.6 reared its ugly head, Lara became one of the homeless fortunate who already had her room in Atlanta, a hotel operated by "Homeless Healthcare", which started up "Hotels with Heart". The charity had provided 120 homeless with a roof over their head, Lara being one of them. But many of those housed were in poor health due to exposure to extreme weather and existing in substandard conditions. Although the homeless who lived with her in the 'Atlanta Hotel' would have been authentic subjects for her new book, Lara avoided them all as much as possible. She was concerned about getting the virus from the unhygienic shared bathroom and kitchen. Lara had her laptop but no Internet. But at this stage, her project was in outline form, and she could do most of the in-depth research later.

Lara already had a research folder with years of research notes on her computer, and much of the content was relevant to the Draconian rules curtailing peoples' autonomy. Lara was intrigued, though not at all surprised, how the majority of people simply accepted their self-isolation with hardly a murmur. She had already written about the CIA's mind control techniques, which included: Inducing fear and anxiety, brainwashing by endlessly repeating simple phrases to program peoples' minds. Humiliation was another way in which the controllers manipulated their subjects. And these methods proved highly successful.

It was like a bloodless coup to take over the world. The CIA used mass mind control techniques to get the public to passively accept GHO forced quarantine for as long as the medical dictatorship deemed necessary. In her book, she posited a scenario where, once enough people in countries or regions became infected, the powers that be expanded the lockdown regions to try out versions of their human secure in place experiments. Lara was concerned that the longer the public self-quarantined, the sooner the global dictatorship could destroy regional economies, incite civil unrest, break down the supply chain, and cause mass food shortages. The term "shelter in place" sounded much more agreeable than being under house arrest, the actual state of the nation. On a personal level, the Deep State plan intended to weaken the human immune system due to lack of interaction with other people/bacteria, the outside world, etc. The things that kept the social immune system alert and active. Lara couldn't wait for this one to hit the bookshelves.

Apart from her restricted lifestyle Lara was mindful of keeping a low profile, which proved difficult as she had to divulge her details for inclusion in the system, which meant the authorities knew where she lived and could arrest her at any time. The imprisoned public was allowed one hour per day for exercise in their locality. Lara, tempted to take a chance and extend her limited freedom, but she knew it would be too risky. It was impossible to stay below the "big brother" radar when

England trialled facial recognition technology. Lara realised she had to get away from London and go to ground in the country. But where?

Much to Lara's surprise, she received a call from Monty De Vere. She vaguely remembered him from staying in his Copacabana Beach condominium along with Dionne Bennett and Arturo Bruno. Her mind was scrambling to work out who he was.

Monty came to her rescue. 'You've probably forgotten who I am. Well, I'm Arturo's friend, and you stayed at my place in ...'

Lara sharpened up, 'Oh yes, you're the Englishman who looks like that British actor. What's his name?'

'Terry Thomas. Yes, people often tell me that.'

Feeling a modicum of embarrassment, Lara changed the subject. 'I'm surprised Arturo has any friends,' she said cynically.

Monty chuckled, 'Yes, he can be somewhat tricky at times. Still, in this instance, he is your friend.'

'What do you mean?'

'He said you could be vulnerable and he wants me to keep an eye on you.'

'Oh!'

'He wants me to offer you refuge. So how about staying at my place for a while?'

'You're offering me a place to stay?'

'It certainly seems that way,' Monty said.

Lara could not believe her luck. She needed to get away from large populations, and taking refuge in the beautiful Cotswolds was the way to go. She discovered that Monty lived in a village called Bourton-on-the-Water, where he owned a traditional stone cottage, backing on to the River Windrush.

After talking to Arturo, Monty agreed to offer her refuge. The invitation, which was too tempting to refuse, posed the risk of the two M-Power members being seen together. Moreover, Monty's cover could be blown if Special Branch or any other security agency had the pair red-flagged as suspects in the Montauk incident. So he had to be very careful, especially when he showed her around the village for the first time. Bourton-on-the-Water was like a village from a bedtime story, with low granite bridges and traditional stone buildings. Another big drawback was that Monty had a WiFi connection with plenty of unused data.

Lara was up early checking her energy field for any APEs (Alien Parasite Entities) sucking her life force. Lara used the technique Arturo had taught her during her uncomfortable stay at his place. They were horrible memories that she did not want to drag into the present.

Having cleansed her energy field, Lara began writing about the effects of the restrictions on peoples' autonomy. In the light of the pandemic – panic demic she called it. Then the proverbial light bulb went off over her head. 'PanicDemic' would make an excellent title for her book.

Monty was a private person who kept to himself and acted as his own valet around his home. Normally Monty could not stand sharing his place and space with another person. But as his new house guest also just wanted her privacy, she and Monty got on well. Also, like Lara Balabanov, Monty De Vere was an author. His first book, "Vampires, Predators and AI", caught the public's attention and became a bestseller in the conspiracy genre. After the Montauk incident, which had not entirely gone as planned, Monty's circumstances forced him to sell his 13th-floor penthouse

apartment in Copacabana Condominiums. Leaving the sun-drenched beaches for cold old England had been a bit of a blow for the English gentleman, but, cautious by nature, he sold up and relocated in the Cotswolds, or cold worlds, as he termed it, especially after living near sun-drenched beaches.

Lara finished her aura cleansing and joined Monty for coffee. Monty was not the type to go

blabbing about his life and kept his cards close to his chest. Lara respected that, and she grew quite fond of Monty and his endearing, gentlemanly ways. One thing Lara liked about him was that he was the polar opposite of Arturo Bruno. Arturo was the rudest, most arrogant, infuriating person she had ever come across. How Monty got on with the creep was beyond her.

Lara stayed in Monty's cottage for nearly a week before he mentioned why he invited her to his place.

Actually, it was Lara who brought up the subject as they drank strong coffee. She came straight out with it. 'Monty, why am I here?'

That question was a can of worms for any philosopher. But Monty knew what she meant. He looked at Lara. 'It's about Arturo.'

'It's always about Arturo,' she scoffed.

Ignoring the barb, Monty continued, 'He's in Patagonia.'

'What the hell is he doing back there?'

'He's gone to seek out Herman De Moonschildt and Johan Boltz.'

'But Boltz is part of that hotbed of Nazis trying to kick off the fourth Reich,' Lara said.

Monty said, 'We have to go and rescue him.'

Lara stared at Monty, slack-jawed. 'Has he requested our help?'

Monty slowly shook his head. 'But he's

biting off far more than he can chew.'

'That's not my problem,' Lara shrugged dismissively.

'My dear, I think you ought to know that your stay here was Arturo's idea to help keep you safe.'

Lara stared at him. 'Yes, you told me that. But it does not sound like the Arturo I know and hate.'

'That bad is it?'

Lara said, 'I still don't see what I can do even if he is in trouble.'

Monty frowned, then he said, 'Oh, my dear, don't get me wrong. I just need you to stay here and look after the place while I look for him.'

Relieved, Lara said, 'Why didn't you just say that in the first place?'

COVID-19 and Vaccine Agenda to make you completely their ....

<https://spacetravelinalabama.com/2020/12/29/covid-19-and-vaccine-agenda-to-make-you-completely-their-slave/>

Abandoned Buildings for Urban Exploration Near Chicago ....

<https://www.thrillist.com/lifestyle/chicago/abandoned-buildings-for-urban-exploration-near-chicago>

PLAGUE OF FEAR 2020 - Disturbing Scenario Addendum — Hive.

<https://hive.blog/news/@francesleader/plague-of-fear-2020-disturbing-scenario-addendum>

Students express accountability concerns about contact ....

<https://www.michigandaily.com/section/campus-life/students-express-accountability-concerns-about-contact-tracing-testing-and> 5 months ago

## Chapter 18

North America/Patagonia

“To be heroic may mean nothing more than to stand in the face of the status quo, in the face of an easy collapse into the madness of an increasingly chaotic world and represent another way.” – Mike Alsford

Peter Harris sat on a Fisher Flour Mill bench and read his newspaper while waiting for Jesse to show. The leading article in the New York Bulletin had the sinister heading "The 66.6 pandemic will have far-reaching consequences for humanity as a whole". In The article, Paul Shaughnessy, an American quarantined in Shanghai, reported that many people had trouble trusting the official COVID case numbers.

At this juncture, Jesse Devenport arrived. Peter shuffled over to make unsocial distancing room on the bench. Jesse sat down. 'So, why are we meeting here again?'

Peter looked sideways at Jesse. 'I'm reading an interesting item about the Coronavirus.'

Jesse, unimpressed, responded, 'I'm not interested.'

Peter said, 'I saw something on social media that intrigued me.'

Jesse stared at Peter, silent, unmoving.

Getting no response, Peter continued, 'The ratio in the official figures for the Covid 66.6 global mortality rate had remained at precisely 2.1% every day since Jan. 30.'

'And this should interest me, because ...'

'Because this magical virus is excellent at math!' he told Jesse Devenport with a wry smile.

Jesse felt his face crumple as he also stared at the numbers. 'Every piece of news must be examined and used to strengthen the regime's rule.'

Peter closed the newspaper as Jesse sat beside him -- two yards away -- on the public bench. 'Jesse, I have to go back to Florida to follow something up.'

Jesse looked at him. 'Something to do with Max Dorrian's death?' He added, 'That is why I'm here.'

'Maybe. I have to speak to someone, a friend of Max's, who reckons he can shed some light on what happened.'

Jesse thought for a moment. 'Hey, I'll come with you.'

'What about your job?'

Jesse guffawed, 'My job! Haven't you heard about all international flights being grounded. There's not much for an aero-technician to do these days.'

Peter looked at Jesse. 'I'll check out this lead first. If it bears fruit, I'll call you. Meanwhile see what you can find out about Buller.'

Jesse said, 'If the CIA is involved, they are very good at covering their traces.'

'I don't mean official channels. Buller has family and friends somewhere. Talk to them and get an unofficial profile. That will be every useful.'

Jesse became pensive. His brow creased. 'You said the person you're checking out was Max's friend. Are we talking PanKosmian friend here?'

'No. We're talking PakFoods. My contact is a significant shareholder.'

Herman De Moonschildt looked at his father's photograph standing with his mother outside the Inalco Residentzia, his childhood home. The image of his mother and father was the only link, albeit tenuous, Herman had with his parents. Then, when he was twelve, Boltz told him about the accident that took both his parents' lives. They were driving back from Nahuel Huapi when the truck hit them. They died instantly, or so Boltz told him.

George De Moonschildt became Herman's guardian and saw that young Herman grew up with the correct values of the Neo-Nazis, who were always around the place. Johan Boltz looked after young Herman's education. He was a "spare the rod and spoil the child" authoritarian type, free with a riding crop whenever Herman played up or did not do well in his studies.

Herman was an only child, and he seldom spent time with the other kids on the vast ranch. However, on rare occasions, Herman spent time with "those" Gaucho kids he learned about farming cattle instead of spending his time in a stuffy home classroom. Herman wanted to be a cowboy, riding around the Savanna rounding up the cattle. But, when Boltz learned his charge was mixing with the Gaucho kids, he soon ended it. Wielding his riding crop, he laid open Herman's bareback with six vicious strokes.

Although George De Moonschildt was Herman's legal guardian, he had very little to do with his grandchild. When his grandfather did summon the young boy to his study, it was only to find out how his grandson was doing with his lessons. On one occasion, when he was sixteen, his grandfather told him Boltz was grooming him to take over as ranch manager. So he was not to get involved with the kids of the hired hands. He stated, "A strong boss does not count his workers as friends".

So Herman grew up with his dominant grandfather and the sadistic Boltz, neither of whom brought up the subject of his parents. The only things Herman knew about them were that his dad was called Eduardo and died when a truck hit the car he was driving. His mum also perished in the accident. So he was most intrigued when he received a call from Arturo Bruno. 'Who's speaking?' he asked.

'I'm Arturo Bruno. We met at your home around a year ago. I wanted to speak to your grandfather, but he was not available. I heard of his passing and wished to give you my condolences on your loss.'

'And, that is why you have called me, Herr Bruno?'

'Partly, but my main reason for calling is that I have come across some background information to fill in some gaps about your parents.'

Herman went deathly quiet. Then, in a faltering voice, he uttered, 'How do you know about my parents, Herr Bruno?'

Arturo was not surprised by Herman's response. 'We can't do this over the phone. Perhaps we can meet so I can tell you what I know.'

Herman thought about it. It would be a breach of protocol, but Bruno would not be a security threat with all his Brownshirts around. 'Very well, Herr Bruno, I will have you here as my guest.'

'I will need a cover story. So you have invited me there because I am a grief counsellor and will help you to deal with your loss.'

'Herr Bruno, I'm breaking with our protocol concerning visitors to my home. So what you have to tell me had better be good.'

Herman welcomed Arturo into his home and treated him as an honoured guest. Arturo had no idea he was breaking bread with the head of PanKosmia. The only thing Arturo knew about the exclusive society was he was certainly not in their league. Besides, Arturo was not there to talk about such things. Ostensibly Arturo was staying at Inalco to help Herman get over his grief. Boltz was dead against Herman having private meetings behind closed doors but could do nothing about it. He suggested having two of his guards outside the door, but Herman would not have it. Besides, he had a loaded handgun in his desk drawer in case the Brazilian became a threat.

'So what do you know about my parents?' Herman asked as he and Arturo met for a private meeting.

'First, tell me what you know?'

Herman looked the Brazilian in the eye. 'All I know is that they died when I was very young.'

'Died! How?'

'An automobile accident. But you're supposed to be telling me what happened,' Herman sternly retorted.

'Thank you, Mr De Moonschildt. Now it makes more sense.'

'What does?' Herman said, feeling exasperated.'

'OK, Eduardo De Moonschildt was your late grandfather's illegitimate son.'

Herman stared at Arturo. 'What are you talking about, Herr Bruno?'

Your grandfather had a brief sexual encounter with Maria Dolmani, which left her pregnant. She tried to find out where he was but to no avail. So he had no idea she was pregnant with your father.'

Herman glared at Arturo. 'How do I know what you are saying is true? You could be making this up.'

'But I'm not! Besides, what would I have to gain?'

'OK, who told you this stuff?'

'I have a contact in the FBI. She got this from federal records, Mr De Moonschildt.'

'Are you saying the FBI has a file on me?'

Arturo said, 'Of course. Are you that surprised? Do you want me to continue?' Arturo asked.

'Yes, it's just that the idea of my father being the bastard son of my grandfather is challenging to come to grips with.'

'OK. Your mother met and married Juan Valquess, an army officer who served under the Trujillo dictatorship during the 1950s. As a young man, Eduardo wanted to follow in his stepfather's footsteps. He had dreams of becoming a high-ranking officer in La Guardia de Trujillo. He could barely read and write, but he always had the ambitions of being near El Generalissimo. Trujillo was his idol, and he intended to emulate him at all costs.'

Herman looked at Arturo. 'So my grandfather was a philanderer. And my stepfather worshipped a vicious dictator, Herr Bruno.' He added, 'If this is true, what does it have to do with my parent's car accident?'

'Eduardo eventually became the chauffeur for one of Trujillo's senior ranking officers. He was very proud of this as it was a highly coveted job.'

Herman asked, 'Did my stepfather worship this terrible dictator or was he just trying to protect his family?'

'I don't know the answer to that, Mr De Moonschildt. But, like all dictators, Trujillo had no respect for the minor trivialities and bureaucracies of the justice system. And, as with any society ruled by a despot, Trujillo had secret police that terrorised the population and instilled fears, creating suspicions among many.'

Herman eyeballed Arturo. 'I hope you are not going to say my father joined the secret police.'

Arturo said, 'I don't know about that, but he was devastated when, in May 1961, El Generalissimo was assassinated. Joaquin Balaguer, at one time Trujillo's right-hand man, became the new president. One of the first things he did was turn on Trujillo's executive supporters, including Eduardo. Riots in the streets followed, and his mother got caught up in the fray. Eduardo never knew what had happened to her. And he never saw her again.'

Herman said, 'Surely, my father looked for her.'

Arturo said, 'I don't know about that. But your father was in a very tricky situation. Balaguer's thugs were after him, and he had to leave the island.' And one day he turned up here and claimed to be your grandfather's son.'

'How did he know about Inalco Residentzia?'

Arturo shrugged. 'Who knows? Perhaps your grandfather told your mother during their time together?'

'Why would he do that?' Herman asked, puzzled.'

'All I know is that

a paternity test showed that Eduardo and his father were blood-related. Yet, your grandfather let him stay at the ranch but never once acknowledged your father as his son.'

'That's terrible!'

Arturo nodded. 'Anyway, your father fell in love and secretly married one of the servants.'

'My mother was a servant!' Herman said, surprised.

'Shortly after that, she gave birth to you.'

Herman stared at Arturo. 'My grandfather would not have been well pleased.'

'George De Moonschildt had to tolerate them in his home, but he never spoke to them.' Then, shortly afterwards, your parents died in the car crash.'

'That would have been very convenient for my grandfather.'

Arturo said, 'I didn't know about the "accident" until you told me, so I don't know if your parents' deaths were an accident or not.'

'It certainly sheds new light on it.'



Arturo nodded, 'I can hang around and do some digging, if you like?'

Herman smiled, 'I'm happy to pay you for your time, Herr Bruno.'

After Arturo departed, Johan entered Herman's study. 'Can we talk for a few minutes.'

'About what?'

'What's he here for?'

'What, Arturo Bruno?'

'Yes, I don't trust him.'

'He warned me about there being a CIA spy on this ranch.'

Johan tapped his stick on the floor. 'What proof does he offer?'

'He's still looking into it.'

'What is that supposed to mean?' Boltz snapped.

De Moonschildt locked eyes with Boltz. 'Give Mr Bruno a chance and we may learn more about this alleged breach of security.'

A Son Reflects on a Dictator's Legacy in His Life - The ....

<https://www.theatlantic.com/notes/2016/08/trujillo-reader-response/494690/>

## Chapter 19

North America

“Anyone who does anything to help a child in his life is a hero to me.” – **Fred Rogers**

Peter and Jesse met Nick Barnes at an Upper-End Capital Grill to learn about Maxwell Dorrian's death. Barnes was a senior executive at PakFoods, and Peter thought he might shed light on Maxwell's death.

Owing to strict rules around COVID 66.6, they had to stand in a queue at least one and a half yards from each other.

Having been served their takeaways, they left the grill and sought out a public bench so they could eat their lunch. Once they were seated, the trio ate their burgers and sipped their steaming coffee.

As they consumed their refreshments, Nick said, 'Max's death was a heavy blow to many of us.'

Peter took a bite of his steak burger and washed it down with a swig of coffee. 'What do you know about Arthur Buller?'

'The nut job that shot Max?' Nick stated, offhanded.

Jesse said, 'It seems like a classic MK-Ultra operation.'

Nick stared at Jesse. 'Are you suggesting it was a controlled hit.'

'A mind-controlled hit, more likely.'

Peter said, 'My question is why was Buller programmed to kill him?'

Nick had an idea but was not ready to divulge it. Instead, he turned to Jesse. 'So what's your interest in this?'

'I suppose you could say my redemption. I used to carry out MK-Ultra experiments for the CIA.'

Nick stared at Jesse, 'Fuck me! That shit is real then.'

Jesse said, 'Unfortunately so.'

Nick stared at him, 'OK, so how does it work?'

'You find a suitable subject and you get into their head and give them a job to do. Then you repeat the directive over and over in their head. That's how you take over their mind – through tedious repetition. Well that's the textbook way of doing it.' He added, 'That's what our government is doing with the constant ads on TV about stopping the spread of Covid 66.6.'

Nick, puzzled, said, 'Is it a kind of hypnosis?'

'Not in this case. That's a more advanced form of mind programming.'

Nick said, 'You mentioned suitable subjects. Do you mean people who are susceptible to autosuggestion?'

Jesse sighed, 'Nick, I came all the way here to learn about Maxwell Dorrian from you. But I will answer your question. The easiest people to manipulate are those with MPD.'

'What the hell is MPD?' Nick said.

'Multiple Personality Disorder, these people are used to having voices fuck with their minds.'

Peter wiped his mouth with a paper napkin. 'Nick, when did you last see Maxwell Dorrian?'

Nick checked the calendar on his cell phone. 'Now let me see. Ah! Here it is. This might be useful. I had lunch with Jill, Max's wife.'

'When was that?' Peter said.

'About three weeks before Max's death.'

'Why did you have lunch with Jill Greenway?' Peter asked.

'She requested it. She was concerned about going behind Max's back.'

'Did she tell you what she meant?'

Nick said, 'Yes. She was worried because Max was afraid to upset PanKosmia.'

Peter said, 'Why was he upsetting PanKosmia.'

'Because he made a promise he couldn't keep.'

'What promise was that Mr Barnes?'

Nick said, 'Max came to see me. He seemed anxious. And I mean worried with a capital W. He told me he was a member of PanKosmia. a very ancient secret society. He said that he had to pay tribute to show his loyalty.'

'Tribute?' Jesse queried.

'Yes. PanKosmia demanded PakFoods products to supply the members underground bunkers.'

'Underground bunkers! Is this PanKosmia one of those survivalists organisations?' Peter said.

Nick looked at his companions. 'Let's not get off track. The key thing here is that Max had agreed to this tribute and later regretted it. Now I'm not suggesting they were the ones who killed him, but ....'

Peter nodded. 'I can see where you're coming from, Mr Barnes. Because, according to another PanKosmian who wound up dead, not fulfilling a pledge to the Order is like committing the biggest sin. They see it as a betrayal.'

Nick said, 'Who are you referring to Mr Harris?'

'Who is this other PanKosmian?' Jesse said.

Peter answered, 'Anthony Scales.'

Nick shrugged, 'I don't know anything about him.'

Jesse said, 'Are you suggesting there's a connection between the two deaths?'

'Of course there is – PanKosmia.'

'Peter said, 'Did they use this MK-Ultra to get someone to kill Scales then?'

Jesse said, 'We're jumping the gun here. I need to know what details you have surrounding Scales' death, Peter. Can you get that for me?'

Peter gave a slight shrug. 'All I know is that he was frightened. So much so he changed his identity. I remember him saying to me if a member falls foul of the society, PanKosmia first sucks them dry. Then they finish them off.'

'And he referred to PanKosmia by name?' Nick queried.

Peter didn't reply but became pensive, then commented, 'So there must be a link between the CIA and PanKosmia.'

Jesse said, 'There could be a link, but we don't know about that for sure.'

Peter said, 'I guess all we have is some circumstantial evidence.'

Having finished their lunch, they tossed the packaging into a nearby bin, and Nick left them and went his own way. Once he was out of Earshot, he used his phone. 'Hello, Nick Barnes, I thought you might want to know. An ex-CIA officer and a private investigator are looking into Max Dorrian's death.' There was a short pause, then Nick said, 'I'll send you their profiles.'

## Chapter 20

China

“The prudent see only the difficulties, the bold only the advantages, of a great enterprise; the hero sees both; diminishes the former and makes the latter preponderate, and so conquers.” –

**Johann Kaspar Lavater**

Chynna knew Chang was afraid of someone involved in the GHO, but she did not know who it was. Even so, it surprised her that he had closed all channels of communication with her. While the Chinese government knew more about the scope of the problem than the rest of the scientists trying to get on top of the Covid 66.6 spread, it still knew little about the contagion rate. Chynna realised that Director Chang had edited her report because he was afraid to report bad news. The Chinese government had a history of punishing those who did. For example, the police in Yunnan province recently punished medical workers for sharing information about what went on in their medical areas. As a result, many worked in almost empty hospitals, which the world media reported overflowing with Covid patients.

When the Director eventually contacted Professor Zheng, he said he had an important assignment for her.

She met with him alone in his office. He made no pretence of greeting her and came straight to the point. 'As the Chinese virologist at the centre of the Covid 66.6 I want you to go on television to warn the people that more infectious disease outbreaks are on the way.'

Chynna looked at the Director suspiciously. 'I haven't heard anything about this.'

'Nevertheless, it is true.' Chang stated vehemently.

'What is the source of this news?'

Chang stared at her. 'I do hope this is not going to be a problem.'

Chynna pressed, 'Director, where is the evidence to back this up?'

Chang glared at her. 'Don't make waves, Professor. You just stick to what you know about your extraordinary research into bat diseases. As 'Batwoman' you will explain how people caught Covid 66.6 from bats.'

She stared at the Director. 'Do you want me to tell the world about the scientists at Fort Detrick who, using my research, discovered that although the transition of the Corona-virus from bats to humans occurs easily, people have a difficult time infecting other people.'

Chang stared at her, 'What do you mean?'

'The scientists used 4 HIV inserts to make the missing key to infect the ACE2 receptor.'

'No, that is not what you will say. You will tell the public that bats had infected the human population, which quickly and easily became infected with Covid 66.6. Have you got that, Professor?'

Chynna firmed her jaw. 'I cannot go on television and lie to the world, Director. You will have to find someone else.'

Chang snapped, 'The GHO thinks you are dragging your heels where PR is concerned. This is your last chance to redeem yourself in their eyes.'

'But my bat research is not completed and therefore can't yet be verified.'

'Never-the-less, you will go on the Chinese television network and say these things.'

'I can't lie to the people just to make the Virology Institute look good.'

Bai Chang narrowed his eyes. 'You will do as you are told. If you don't your brother will be arrested and disgraced.'

'What are you talking about?'

'Dr Jacky Zheng was picked up at Logan Airport a month back trying to smuggle twenty one vials of biological specimens out of the country.'

Chynna had not been able to contact her brother for over a month. She tried contacting the cancer research lab at Harvard's Beth Israel Deaconess Medical Centre but to no avail.'

'What samples?' she snapped.

Ignoring the question, Chang continued, 'Dr Zheng was on his way to Beijing with the vials hidden in a sock in his luggage. After questioning him, he told the airport police that he planned to continue researching with the samples in his lab in China, taking credit for the results and publishing under his name.'

'Samples of what?' Chynna pressed.

'He stole Corona-virus samples from a Beth Israel lab. He has been charged with smuggling prohibited goods from the US and making false statements to Customs and Border Protection officers. He remains in custody.'

Chynna sat stunned. Her brother had always been the chance taker in the family. But now he was in big trouble. Chynna quickly saw Chang's game. 'So this is where you tell me the Chinese government can help have him extradited and all I have to do is lie on television about the virus.'

'Which, of course you will do, to save your brother.'

'What happens to my brother when he arrives back here?'

'We officially claim that he had been set up and welcome him back with open arms.'

'Will he be allowed to work back here?'

'Yes, but in a lesser capacity.'

Chynna did not know what to do with the information. She could not share her latest findings with Director Bai Chang. He had always been straight with her, but lately, he had changed. Instead of being his old cheery self Chang had become anxious and hesitant in his decisions. Chynna was convinced that somebody had gotten to him. Someone who did not want the world to know what was going on with the virus. Under normal circumstances, he would never have used Professor Zheng's brother as a bargaining tool to get her to lie to the world about the cause of the virus known as Covid 66.6. But it was the only way she could keep her brother out of prison. She knew she would do Chang's bidding. But first, she needed to speak with her brother.

Jacky was not surprised to receive Chynna's call. 'Hi Sis how are you?'

Chynna, in no mood for small talk, cut straight to the chase. 'I must speak with you - today.'

'Why the urgency?'

'You know the answer to that, Jacky.'

He paused, then said, 'So you know then.'

'Director Chang took great pleasure in telling me.'

'What do you mean?'

'I will tell you when we meet. So where are you now?'

'Working as an assistant in the level one lab in Wuhan.'

'Wuhan! Chang told me you were imprisoned in America.'

'Why would he say that?'

'I don't know. He's been a bit strange lately.'

'Well to prove I'm here let's meet at the Li Gangjiayan restaurant, for lunch.'

They did so, and having ordered their lunch, Chynna said, 'Why did you smuggle the samples?'

'I don't want to talk about it.'

'Were you not aware of the risk you took?'

'Let us talk about more pleasant things, sister.'

Chynna stared at her brother. 'What more pleasant things like me having to compromise my integrity to keep you out of gaol?'

'What are you talking about?'

'Director Chang made me an offer I couldn't refuse.'

'What offer? I wish you would tell me what you're on about.'

'The price of your freedom is my integrity. I have to lie to the media about Covid 66.6. If I don't you will go to gaol. Director Chang made that crystal clear. So, dear brother, you have fucked with my life once again.'

Jacky sighed, 'Sorry sis. It wasn't intended. But what does the Director want you to say?'

Chynna ate some food. 'He told me to go on television to warn the people that more infectious disease outbreaks are on the way.'

'How does he know that?'

'He doesn't. If we were honest about this, we would announce that we still know little about the rate of contagion.'

'So he used me as a bargaining tool.'

'More like a threat. The Director has changed lately. It's as though someone is manipulating him.'

'For what purpose?'

Chynna frowned. 'There's a lot about Covid 66.6 that doesn't add up.'

Jacky said, 'That's what I think. That's why I took those samples.'

Chynna stared at her brother. 'What do you mean?'

Jacky sipped his Jasmine tea. Then he said, 'Not here. 'Somewhere private, later.'

No Link Between Harvard Scientist Charles Lieber and ....

<https://jesuslovespak.com/2020/02/22/no-link-between-harvard-scientist-charles-lieber-and-coronavirus-factcheck-org/>

## Chapter 21

England/Patagonia

“The hero is commonly the simplest and obscurest of men and women.” – **Henry David Thoreau**

Lara Balabanov met with Dionne Bennett at Monty's cottage. Since the Long Island incident, both women wanted to forget the experience, and Lara had not seen the gallery curator since. So whilst house sitting, Lara invited Dionne to come and visit. Dionne felt depressed and frustrated that the Beany House Art Gallery had been closed down because of the pandemic. So she jumped at the chance of getting out of Canterbury for a while.

As the pair drank tea in Monty's small garden, Dionne said, 'What do you make of all this heated controversy.'

'What do you mean?'

Dionne looked at Lara. 'Where have you been hiding? This whole pandemic thing, of course. Which has brought the New World Order into the open.'

'Well, of course, I know about that, but I try not to let it affect my whole life.'

Dionne said, 'With respect, Lara, you haven't had your livelihood taken from you.'

Lara sipped her green tea and looked at the older woman. 'I'm sorry to hear that. But, unfortunately, these medical dictators don't understand the emotional and psychological effects of art on the community.'

Dionne said, 'Or maybe they do. Maybe it's all part of the plan to stifle creative processes. It's akin to Fascist book-burning or the Communist gulags. These theatre and gallery closures are not just about the visual arts, music and plays. It's about all aspects of cultural society. Dionne paused to sip her tea. Then, looking Lara in the eye, she said, 'Anybody with a modicum of nous can see the globalist technocrats aim to bring about technocratic totalitarianism by way of AI networks.'

'Yes, but have you thought about all the ramifications, Dionne?'

'Do you mean that we will soon only be able to make sense of our world through digital means.'

'We're virtually there now. It's too late to stop it!'

Lara sighed, 'But there has to be a better way, Dionne.'

Dionne looked at Lara, 'Please tell me what it is.'

'The solution to this growing insanity has to be a complete dedication to seeking the truth. We have to open our hearts and listen for a tiny inner voice to point us in the right direction. But that can't happen while we're enveloped in fear. Anxiety allows the lockdown to steal our autonomy.'

Both women sighed. Then Lara said, 'We must take steps to become self-healers and increase our autonomy.'

Dionne finished off her nearly cold but still drinkable tea. She looked intently at Lara. 'Have you heard from Monty or Arturo?' Then she added, 'Do you know where they are?'

Lara was secretly pleased that Dionne was even more out of the loop than her. 'He's gone to rescue Arturo.'

Dionne stared at Lara, her face a question mark. 'Rescue him from what?'

'More likely from whom.' Lara paused, then said, 'A hotbed of Neo Nazi's in Patagonia.'

'Oh no! What on Earth is he doing back there?'

Lara shrugged, 'I have no idea.'

After an epic railroad journey on the Patagonian express, Monty arrived at a small railway station in Patagonia. Johan Boltz was at the Nahuel Huapi station to greet him. The old Nazi walked with a pronounced limp and steadied himself with his stout cane with the silver wolf head handle. He had one of the ranch hands with him carry Monty's luggage to a classic Mercedes. Boltz got his driver to take them home. An hour or so later, they came to the sprawling mansion, Residentzia Inalco and walked to the main entrance of the large building. Monty recognised the place from the last time he was there. He couldn't be sure, but there seemed to be a more significant Brownshirt presence than before. He also noted the For Sale signs had gone. Johan made no mention of it, so Monty said, 'The place is no longer for sale then?'

Boltz answered, 'After George De Moonschildt's passing Herman De Moonschildt had it taken off the market.'

Monty wondered why the grandson went against his grandfather's wishes but left it at that.

Once they entered the Residentzia Inalco, Monty asked Boltz, 'Where's Arturo? I want to see him.'

Boltz said, 'All in good time Herr De Vere. He is busy at present helping Herr De Moonschildt.'

Monty didn't know if he could trust the old Nazi. Arturo's message suggested he was in a bind, and he needed his old friend's assistance. He could hardly say Arturo had asked for his help as well. Instead, Monty said, 'I have information for him.'

Boltz looked straight at Monty. 'Why didn't you phone?'

'It has to be face-to-face.'

'Why?'

Monty thought for a moment, then said, 'I have to know it's him.'

Boltz knew what Monty meant. Digital technology had advanced to such a point that holographic images could take the place of a natural person. 'I assure you we have the real Herr Bruno staying here.'

Monty sighed, 'That's reassuring Mr Boltz. Now will you just tell Mr Bruno that I am waiting on him?'

Johan took Monty to a smoking room with a drinks trolley loaded with a wide range of spirits, savoury, and sweet snacks. Of course, there was also freshly plunged coffee. But, the German said, 'Make yourself comfortable while you wait.'

After waiting for over 2 hours, Monty finally saw Arturo enter the smoking lounge.

He said, 'Have you been waiting long, Monty?'

'Long enough old boy. Now, my question is, why am I here?'

'Because you're the only person I can truly trust.' He got up close to Monty and spoke quietly. 'Let's go outside and I'll tell you all about it.'

The ranch was vast, so it was easy to find somewhere to speak privately. Or it would have been had there not been a trace on Arturo's phone. It had been put there illegally by Agent Clancy. That was over a year ago, and Arturo was still unaware that somebody was listening in.

Unbeknown to Arturo, twelve months ago, Cooper, a CIA agent, spoke with Frank Farrington, an assistant FBI director, about the old Montauk military facility's recent attack. Farrington was embarrassed to say the Feds had not made any progress in apprehending the terrorists. Cooper helped Farrington save face by suggesting that the two national security organisations pool resources and set up a joint task force.

Farrington voiced his opinion that it would not be easy as nobody had claimed responsibility for the drone attack, and the Feds were not allowed near the crime scene. Cooper told Farrington he could get the Feds inside the gate but not inside the facility. That was now NSA territory. So the Feds got to investigate the damaged Radar dish as its crime scene. Then out of the blue, a Brazilian called Arturo Bruno had shown up at FBI headquarters with info on the terrorist bombing. Farrington thought it would be a confession, but, as it turned out, Bruno denied any connection with the terror attack but said two men had approached him with a strange proposition. They wanted him to help them blow up an old military installation. One of the men was old and walked with a pronounced limp. The other man, much younger, spoke English with a German accent. They wanted him to fly a drone, loaded with high explosives, into a building. The story was plausible, but Farrington thought there was more to it. But he had nothing with which to charge Bruno and had to let him go. But before he released Bruno, Agent Clancy came up with the phone bugging idea to track Bruno's



movements. It was an illegal tap, but they did not have the time to have it legally sanctioned. Farringdon turned up some background on the two men. The older man with the limp was Johan Boltz, a Patagonian citizen, and the young man was a Herman de Moonschildt, also from Patagonia. Farringdon's latest intel from Bruno's phone was that he was even now in Patagonia.

As Monty and the Brazilian walked away from the main building, Bruno said, 'You are probably wondering what I am doing here?'

'It did cross my mind.'

'George de Moonschildt died and that left his grandson Herman in charge.'

Monty stopped and looked at his friend. 'In charge of the ranch?'

'I contacted Herman and told him I had background on his parents.'

'Had he asked you to find out about them?'

'No. But Herman was interested and invited me here to tell him what I had learned.'

Monty said, 'A couple of questions, old man. First, how did you know he wanted to find out about his parents? And secondly, how did you find out about them?'

Arturo said, 'In answer to your first question, I remembered him telling me his parents died when he was 4 or 5 years old. However, he never offered any more details, so I figured there had to be a few blank pages concerning them. And secondly, I got a copy of their file from the FBI.' Arturo smiled, 'Do you remember my nemesis, Agent Weber?'

Monty gave a perfunctory nod, then said, 'OK. That's why you're here. What about me?'

Arturo got close up to Monty. 'There's a CIA agent here, and I'm trying to track him down. So I need you to watch my back.' Arturo paused, then added, 'Oh, one other thing.'

'Yes?'

'I'm officially here as a grief counsellor for Herman. Which means I can have private meetings with him.'

Monty said, 'I'm guessing that Boltz chappie wouldn't be too happy about that.'

'No, he isn't. But I'm not here to please him. But the change in protocol did put old Johan's nose out of joint. So now he hates me and wants me gone.'

Monty said, 'Have you told Herman about your problem with Boltz?'

'Although Herman is like a figurehead, Boltz still controls the Neo Nazis.'

'But Herman can still overrule Boltz.'

'It's not that simple.'

'Why not? You said yourself that Herman's grandfather left him in charge of the ranch.'

Bruno said, 'Because Herman is involved in something much bigger than this farm business.' He stared at Monty. 'Have you seen how many Brownshirts there are around here? Why the hell would you need such strong security on a ranch?'

Monty said, 'Herman wouldn't need them if this was just a legitimate business. So what is the farm work hiding? Drugs, maybe.'

'I don't know, but if it's important enough to warrant an undercover CIA agent here, it must be bloody important.'

'Does Herman know?'

'I alerted him to that probability.'

Monty's eyes nearly popped out of his head. 'You alerted him!' Wasn't that a dangerous thing to do?'

'Yes, because now I have to find our spook.'

Monty frowned, 'There is danger here then?'

Arturo looked at his friend. 'There could be if I uncover the spy.'

## Chapter 22

Patagonia

“A hero is no braver than an ordinary man, but he is braver five minutes longer.” –

### Ralph Waldo Emerson

Cooper tossed his cigarette butt onto the ground and looked around. Everyone on the farm knew of him as Carlos Kapello, a ranchero. He was waiting for Luis Casparro to show. Luis had been the Inalco ranch foreman for ten years. He wanted to take over as manager once Christian Ruiz retired. But Boltz had other plans, and he had Herman's ear. Cooper had inferred to Luis at the local cantina that he might help but gave no details. Luis was suspicious of Kapello, with his fancy hat and hand-tooled leather boots. He was no ordinary ranchero, and that intrigued Luis. So he agreed to meet Kapello to find out what he meant about helping.

Cooper was an experienced agent who had worked deep-cover ops for the CIA before. But he tended to miss out on some of the details – as with the new hand-tooled leather cowboy boots. Although it was not unknown for a gaucho to buy new boots, it made him stand out. Cooper was sure he could bluff his way through the boot incident. He looked up again and saw Luis Casparro approaching. Cooper extended his hand. 'Hi, Carlos Kapello. I'm a farmhand here.'

'I know who you are, but I don't know what you want.'

'Straight to the point. I like that in a man.'

'And you'd better be straight to the point, Kapello,' Luis said, hostility showing in his voice.

'OK, you want to be the next farm manager?'

'Yes, but what can you do about it?'

'It seems that Boltz is the problem here.'

Luis stared at Kapello. 'Boltz has Mr Herman's ear. If he recommends someone for the position of manager, Herman listens to him.'

Kapello looked Luis in the eye. 'Did you know that Herman has a house guest?'

'I have heard this, but I have not seen him for myself.'

'I can ask him to recommend you for the farm manager position.'

'Why would he listen to you, a mere farmhand?' Luis said scornfully.

'Because I know the guy.'

'You know Herman's guest!' How?'

'It's a long story, Luis. Now, do you want me to mention you to his visitor or not?'

Luis looked at Kapello, his eyes full of doubt. 'So you reckon you can get me the manager's job?'

'I will do my best. But you have to do something for me in return.'

'What?'

'I want to get close to Herman's special guests.'

'I know nothing about his guests.'

'You don't have to, Luis. I want you to recommend me for the head job in the stables grooming and preparing the horses.'

Luis stared at Carlos. 'Why do you want to be a groom?'

'Can you do it, or do I have to find someone else?'

Luis shook his head. 'We help each other, yes?'

Luis spoke with Johan Boltz, who oversaw security on the ranch. 'He said, 'I want to swap Ricardo Velasquez with one of my hands.'

Boltz looked straight at Luis. 'Why do you want Ricardo as a farmhand?'

'I need another gaucho, Mr Boltz; my man can't throw bolas to save his life. Ricardo was a gaucho before he became groomsmen. Whereas my man is an expert at grooming horses.'

Boltz said, 'Your request has some merit. Leave me to sleep on it. I will make my decision tomorrow.'

Agent Cooper could not believe it when he first saw the stranger speaking with Herman De Moonschildt. It only took a moment for his photographic memory to kick in. The stranger was Arturo Bruno. What was he doing there? Cooper wondered. The agent had to contact him and stop him from spoiling the CIA undercover operation. Now he had to make contact with Bruno for another reason. Luis Casparro had pulled strings, and Cooper was now Herman's head groomsmen. Now Cooper had to come good with his side of the bargain. The agent decided his best approach was to make out he did not know who Bruno was.

Carlos Kapello, who had twenty-five of Herman's thoroughbreds to supervise, sought out the on-site vet because one of the mares showed signs of colic, so Carlos had to report it to the animal doctor who was in the stables. But before he could do this, he heard someone following him. So Carlos turned abruptly and came face-to-face with Arturo Bruno. He recognised the handsome Brazilian with dark eyes and curly hair but gave no hint. 'Who are you, and what are you doing in Herr Moonschildt's stables?'

Cooper went into his role-play. Coming straight to the point, he said, 'Luis Casparro wants Mr De Moonschildt to consider him for the ranch manager position when it comes up.'

Bruno looked at the groomsmen. 'And why are you telling me this? I am a guest here. I know nothing about the working of this place.'

Cooper pressed, 'Luis Casparro has been a farm foreman for ten years. He is a hard worker, loyal, to Herman De Moonschildt; he would make a fine manager, but Johan Boltz will not recommend him for the position.'

At the mention of Boltz's name, Arturo inwardly cringed. 'From what you say, Luis Casparro may well make a good manager. So what do you expect me to do?'

'Just put his name forward for Herman to make his choice.'

'It's a strange request, Mr Kapello. But I don't see any harm in it.'

Unlike Cooper, Arturo did not have a photographic memory. But he vaguely remembered seeing Agent Cooper at the New York FBI headquarters. So, he asked himself, why was a CIA operative grooming horses for De Moonschildt?

As Herman loved to show his special guests around the vast ranch on horseback, Cooper's new position allowed him to see the comings and goings of visitors and guests. Most of the people he did not know, but one familiar face showed up. It was Matthew Armitage, the wealthy media baron. The question on his mind was. What on earth was Armitage doing at Herman's group meetings?

Cooper rested in his caravan after his equine duties were over for the day before joining up with the cowboys at the local cantina. He had just sat down and poured a whisky when there was a knock on his door. Carlos opened it and was surprised to see Bruno standing there. He said, 'Ah, it's Mr De Moonschildt's special guest. What do you want?'

Arturo eyed the man up and down. The groomsman certainly looked the part, from his broad-brimmed black Spanish style hat to his beautifully hand-tooled leather boots. But then, Arturo came straight to the point. 'What are you doing here, Agent Cooper?'

'Cooper! My name is Carlos,' the spy bluffed.'

'Of course it is, Arturo sneered. Now why are you here?'

'You answer my question first,' Cooper snapped.

Arturo leant in close to the agent. 'I think you know who I am. And I am a guest here. I wonder what Herman would think if I told him I'd uncovered his spy?'

'What do you mean?' Cooper said, trying to hide his anxiety.

Bruno looked at Cooper, 'Maybe we should carry on this conversation inside your van.'

As they sat in the cramped space, Arturo said, 'I told Herman I thought the CIA had planted a spy here.'

Cooper stared at Arturo, mouth agape. 'What made you think that?'

Arturo grinned, 'Just a hunch, but now I know. So I want to know why you are here.'

this time, Cooper sneered, 'And you think I'm just going to tell you?'

'If you don't, I'll expose you to Herman De Moonschildt and leave you at the mercy of Boltz and his Nazis.'

Cooper couldn't risk it. He stared at the Brazilian. 'Have you heard of the Deep State?'

'Of course, I have,' Arturo scoffed. But, he added, 'It's a conspiracy theory suggesting that collusion and cronyism exist within the US political system and constitute a shadow government within the legitimately elected government.'

Cooper eyeballed the Brazilian. 'It's more than a theory. We have reason to believe that Herman De Moonschildt is somehow connected to this shadow government.'

Arturo said, 'He's certainly up to something, other than cow punching. Any idea what it is?'

Cooper said nothing at first. Instead, he fixed Arturo with his gaze. 'Who the fuck are you, Mr Bruno?'

Arturo shrugged, 'Just an interested party.' He added. 'We should pool resources.'

'What the fuck can you bring to the table?' Cooper snarled.

Arturo grinned, 'A guest list, private meetings with Herman. Who these people are and how long they stayed. And you?'

Cooper said, 'So, how is that going to tell us anything?'

'Fuck all if your people don't investigate it. But you don't get a copy of my list if you don't give me something.'

'Like what?'

Cooper sighed heavily, 'It seems as though this Herman de Moonschildt has connections with some secret society.'

'What like the Freemasons?'

'No. Something much more subtle.'

'Like what?'

Cooper looked straight at Bruno, 'Come back at seven. I'll have something to show you.'

Cooper's words played on Arturo's mind. He wondered what the agent meant about Herman De Moonschildt being involved in a secret organisation. Arturo had an idea that the ranch was more than met the eye. Sure the place was rife with Neo-Nazi Brownshirts but was their strong-arm show there just to muddy the waters. Arturo needed proof, so he headed back to the spook's caravan to find out what Cooper had for him. It was getting dark, but there were no lights on in the trailer. Cooper's Ute was parked at the side, suggesting Cooper was home, probably asleep. Using the torchlight on his phone, Arturo approached the caravan. His beam picked out the valuable boots that stood by the door. Bruno rapped on the metal door but got no response. He turned to leave, but something did not seem right. Many of the gauchos and farmhands wanted to get their hands on Cooper's boots, so why would the spy leave them outside? Arturo could understand Cooper taking off his shoes before entering his home, but he was hardly likely to just leave them there. Arturo knocked on the door, a bit harder this time. Still no response. So he tried turning the door handle. And the door swung outwards. It was dark inside the van, so Arturo shone his phone beam around and saw Cooper lying on the bed. But he was not asleep. Sleeping does not make you bleed. It looked as though Cooper had been shot in the chest. His shirt was drenched in blood, as were the bedclothes he lay upon.

Arturo stared at the blood-soaked body before him. So somebody had

gotten to Cooper and killed him. An icy chill shot up Arturo's spine. What if somebody had seen him talking to Cooper earlier that day? If he had been a gambling man, Arturo would have put his money on Boltz being the most likely suspect. But right now, he needed to find Monty and tell him what had happened.

Monty DeVere was sitting at a table on the wide verandah, enjoying a glass of red wine as he watched clouds scudding past the half-moon. He wondered what he was doing there. Arturo had implied he was in some kind of trouble and needed his help. But Monty had not seen anything to suggest Arturo was in danger. Yet here he was in the depths of Patagonia when he would be better employed fixing his roof at home. The next thing he knew was that Arturo was headed in his

direction. It amused Monty that thinking about the Brazilian had summoned him, like rubbing a lamp summoned the genie of folklore. He looked up at Arturo, 'Just why the hell am I here?'

Arturo stood looking at Monty, saying nothing.

'Damn it, old man, I should have stayed home and fixed my roof.'

Arturo sat down opposite Monty. 'Shut up about your fucking roof. This is much more important.'

'What is?' Monty said, puzzled.

'I went back to see Cooper. He was in his caravan - dead.'

'Dead!'

'It looks as though he was shot in the chest.'

Monty stared at Arturo, his mouth wide open.

Arturo said. 'Monty, I've never needed you more than I do now.'

'Do you have a plan?'

'Yes, grab our gear and get the hell out of here.'

## **Chapter 23**

England

“People are not born heroes or villains; they’re created by the people around them.” –

### **Chris Colfer**

The letter seemed harmless at first. It was from 'World Enterprises' and addressed to Aldous. He read it out loud, and Kimmie listened. At first, it didn't make much sense. But then, Kimmie got out the contract they had with World Enterprises. It looked as though it was a copy of their agreement with some small print sections highlighted. Next, Aldous read a passage that said that WE wanted to exercise their right to control all marketing and production.

Kimmie became fully alert. 'Read that section again,' she said, troubled.

Aldous did so, then stared at Kimmie. 'They can't do that, can they?'

Kimmie paled. 'We'll have to call Alison and run this by her.'

Alison Coyne picked up the phone and heard Kimmie's voice. 'Hello Kim, how can I help?'

'We received a troubling letter from World Enterprises. Can you take a look at it?'

'Troubling, in what way?'

Kim replied, 'It looks as though WE is trying to screw us over.'

'I see. Can you fax it to me?'

'Sure, if you think that's the best way.'

'I'll take a look and see what it says.'

Alison phoned Kim the next day. She said, 'I have scrutinised the contract between WE and Herbal relief ...'

'And what have you found out?' Kim asked, her heart in her mouth.

'Pretty much the same as you. Buried in the very small print a clause that gives WE an option to e over all production, distribution and promotions associated with MindEze. In return they will pay you a royalty for each sale.'

Kim, stunned said, 'Can they actually do that?'

'Oh yes, it's all perfectly legal.'

'But Aldous will be devastated.' Agitated, Kim added, 'Can you give me Titus Mason's contact?'

'I can, Kim, but there's nothing he can do.'

'If he had been more thorough, we wouldn't be in this mess.'

Alison said, 'Let me contact him and tell him what has happened.'

'I know he's a friend and colleague, Alison but he has to shoulder the responsibility for this.'

'Kim, please let me do this. Attacking the man will not help.'

Alison met with Titus Mason and spoke about Aldous' problem with WE.

As they sat socially distanced, drinking coffee at the Takk, a cafe loved by Alison, she looked at Titus. It was Titus' first time there, but it was not just a social meeting. Instead, he gently moved his coffee and cheesecake aside as he read the small print of the Herbal Remedies contract.

Alison sipped her flat white with oat milk as she waited for Titus' response. The cafe had an Icelandic theme, making it cool in more than one way.

Titus looked up from the document. 'Cunning dogs!' was all he said.

'So it's watertight?'

Titus shook his head despondently. 'I went over the contract with a fine-tooth comb and still missed it. Well, not so much missed it as misread the subtlety in it.'

Alison said, 'Well, my clients are spitting chips.'

'I'm not surprised. That's quite a body blow.'

She looked her friend in the eye. 'They're blaming you for not picking it up.'

'Oh dear. That's awkward.'

Alison said, 'You'll have to do better than that.'

'Yes, I suppose so.'

'So any ideas?'

'Tell your clients I'm looking deeper into WE. That should keep them off our backs for a while.'

She looked him in the eye. 'Are you?'

'What?'

'Looking into WE dealings. I mean it's a sneaky dirty trick WE's playing, so the company may have done other dirty deals.'

Titus shook his head. 'I've already looked. There's nothing wrong.' 'What about that investigator you sometimes use?'

'Karla Richards?'

'If that's her name, yes.'

Titus thought about the situation for a moment, then said, 'OK, don't say anything to your clients.'

'I could say you're working on it.'

'Best not, If the job becomes official, it's billable work, and I don't think your client would like that.'

Karla Richards discovered World Enterprises came on the corporate scene twelve years ago. The partners were all successful businessmen who had each founded and built hugely successful companies. They had each gained a wealth of investment and M&A expertise from serving on various prominent boards. WE had collectively realised investors returns to the tune of \$2 billion. Everything looked kosher and above board. But Karla needed to get more detail from Titus. Karla had a PI's licence but only worked for law firms. She preferred it that way. Law firms saw her as a professional and dealt with her in that manner. And working these cases were much more straightforward than investigating assignments for members of the public. Currently, she was working for Titus Mason, checking up on World Enterprises. Titus Mason had not given her much to go on, other than he wanted her to find out about one of the WE directors, Wycliffe O'Byrne. A quick Google search showed him to be a big name in mining circles. Karla contacted World Enterprises through a phone number listed on their website.

A female voice said, 'World Enterprises. Jenny speaking. Can I help you?'

Karla said, 'I would like to speak to one of your directors, a Mr O'Byrne.'

'One moment please.' A minute passed before Jenny said, 'Sorry but we do not have any directors under that name.' She then asked, 'What is the nature of your enquiry?'

'That's confidential.'

'If you tell me the nature of your enquiry, I can direct you to the right person.'

That made sense to Karla. So she said, 'I need to speak to somebody who knows about contractual law.'

'Just a minute. Please hold.'

Karla went, 'Yeah, yeah, yeah,' sounding like a Beatles song.

Jenny was back. 'Mr Kleinberg will be with you shortly.'

'Who is he, and what does he do?'

Jenny ignored the questions. 'Just wait a moment and he will deal with your enquiry.'

Ten minutes elapsed before the piped music stopped, and a human voice took its place. 'To whom am I talking?'

'Karla Richards. I'm speaking on behalf of Goldrich, Horne and Mason solicitors.'

'How can I help you, Mrs Richards?'

'Ms Richards. It's a contractual matter. Can you deal with that?'

'It depends on the nature of the matter. Explain what contractual matter you're referring to.'



'It concerns a contract between Herbal Remedies and World Enterprises.'

Mr Kleinberg smiled, but Karla could not see it. 'You'll have to ring the legal people at head office for that.'

'But aren't you World enterprises?'

'Yes.'

'And isn't this WE headquarters.'

'Yes.'

Karla sighed, 'Then why can't you help?'

'We outsource legal problems to another firm.'

Karla, feeling miffed, said, 'Please give me their contact details.'

'Certainly. Just wait a moment.'

Kleinberg went to the coffee machine and poured boiling water over powdered coffee and milk into a plastic cup. He had a quick chat with a colleague and went back to his workstation. She was still on the line. 'Ah, Mrs Richards I have the details for you.'

Karla phoned Givings and partners and spoke to another receptionist. Next, Karla asked to talk with the person who worked for World Enterprises. Eventually, she got to hear a Mr Emerald, the most junior partner in the firm. Karla explained she was calling about a contractual matter between Herbal Remedies and World Enterprises.

Mr Emerald listened to what Karla had to say, then replied, 'What do you mean about that section of small print being open to interpretation?'

Karla, who had learnt a few things about the complexities of contractual law, said, 'This clause about GE's right to exercise an option allowing it to manufacture and market the product in question exclusively. 'This causes a significant imbalance in our parties' rights and obligations.'

'In what sense?'

The clause does not mention that WE is under license to Herbal Remedies, which means exclusivity does not extend to WE in the product's manufacturing and marketing.'

Mr Emerald, who had recently got his brand-new law degree, said, 'I don't know about that.'

'Of course, you don't. Find me someone who does.'

He referred Karla back to the receptionist, who gave her the contact details of a senior partner. Having had enough of this runaround, Karla rang Titus Mason and gave him the lawyer's contact number.

Titus rang the number and spoke to Henry Silverstein, a senior partner in the firm. Titus explained the problem and questioned WE's legality in taking over the production rights for MindEze.

Silverstein said, 'Without our financial help and guidance MindEze, like too many innovative ideas has very little chance of getting off the ground. WE know what it takes to make a product like MindEze into something extraordinary. We picked that product because it has great promise, and we only support companies with a real commitment, not mere potential.'

Titus said, 'We know all that, but you cannot legally take control of a product that is under license to Herbal Remedies.'

'We are not taking control of the product. We are helping Herbal remedies to develop and market the product globally. We have taken a promising product and turned it into a sound business model.'

'I'm not disputing the excellent job you are doing, but it is for WE, not Herbal Remedies.'

Silverstein pointed out. 'Everything we have done is perfectly legal. I don't know what you expect me to do. I am speaking with you out of courtesy, not to make excuses for our business practices. It would be best if you pointed this out to your client.'

Titus said, 'My client still retains the licence on his product.'

Silverstein said, 'Of course.'

'This means you cannot change anything about MindEze without the given authority of the licence holder.'

Silverstein said, 'I think we should meet.'

## Chapter 24

Patagonia

“The ordinary man is involved in action, the hero acts. An immense difference.” – **Henry Miller**

Eleven private luxury jets landed one at a time on the specially built runway. The aircrafts taxied to a large hangar, where a bus stood waiting. The aircraft's crews remained at the hangar while the bus took the Mj12 members to the main hacienda, where Johan Boltz met them. Boltz, unsteady on his old legs, used his walking stick for support as he took the VIPs to a comfortable lounge, where servants awaited to attend to their needs. These were, after all, gentlemen used to having the best the world had to offer

Matthew Armitage, one of the PanKosmian inner sanctum, a media mogul, was strongly tempted to record the proceedings for worldwide publication. But all Mj12 members were sworn to secrecy, and they all agreed with the Covid 19 'Secure in Place' protocols. This secrecy was not surprising as Lockstep and other safety measures were put into place by the GHO. Their delegate for the health angle, Dr Daniel Haye, was an honorary member of Mj12. Other members covered Telecommunications, Security, Business, Banking, Pharmaceuticals, Justice System, Technology, media and Religion. Each would have some input into the discussion to take place.

Herman De Moonschildt faced the other men sitting around the big circular table in the underground chamber. George de Moonschildt had built the subterranean meeting place on the suggestion of Adolf Hitler. It was practical for several reasons, one of which was the necessity for only one sentry to be on duty to bar entry to any intruders.

Herman addressed the select group. 'Gentlemen, do you have your reports ready?'

Daniel Haye spoke first. 'In accordance with your instructions, Mr De Moonschildt, and in forwarding to you this report, my Investigation Group has the honour to convey to you its findings on the characteristics of the COVID-66.6 pandemic, as we were able to observe them.'

'Very well, Dr Haye. Get on with it.'

'To propose a prevention protocol and provide information on therapeutic approaches, we found it necessary to establish the pathogenic agent's parameters, which has revealed severe inconsistencies. These inconsistencies led us to identify blatant corruption and an agenda contrary to public welfare, culminating in criminal and genocidal intent, and implementing a totalitarian state, as reported in our conclusions.'

Some members gasped at Haye's bold, uncompromising approach.

Herman remained detached. He looked at Dr Haye. 'Is there more to your report?'

'Do you want me to carry on then?' Herr Moonschildt.'

'I'm all ears, Dr Haye.'

Daniel Haye said 'Glaring inconsistencies in the mainstream narrative about COVID 66.6 and inexplicable gaps invalidate the official story. An increasing number of doctors and class action lawyers are using these inconsistencies to build their cases. They say that our management of the health "crisis" seems to be a pretext for a totalitarian, global takeover.'

'Do you have any valuable suggestions to offer?'

'Us all singing from the same song sheet would be a great help.'

Matthew Armitage spoke up. 'Confusion is a helpful tool that can generate anxiety in the masses. While the conspiracy theorists scare the populations with their half-baked exposes of totalitarian machinations, global cryptocurrencies and vaccines with nano-chips and subcutaneous electronic chips, we blindside them. We speed up rolling out the 5G network without them noticing.'

Gawain Pimpernel said 'It seems like a sound strategy to me.'

Anton Wilk responded, 'While we're on the subject of 5G, I tender my report about this.' He handed copies to all those in attendance. Anton continued, 'The latest tests show that 5G is implicated in Covid-66.6 in that its electromagnetic radiation highly potentiates the pathogenic power of the virus and the Prevotella bacterium that caused the cytokine shock.'

Herman looked up from the report. 'Who is carrying out these tests?'

Anton answered, 'Thoroughly vetted and compromised scientists.'

The deafening sound of silence filled the chamber. All the delegates knew the risk involved with the inclusion of professional people outside the inner circle. However, they were also aware that such people were necessary to carry out the background stuff.

A four-star general commented, 'The similarity observed by emergency doctors between the lung damage caused by using an electromagnetic weapon is also cited as symptoms of COVID-66.6. This ploy has made it easier for telecommunication companies worldwide to install the millions of antennas needed.'

'How has it made things more comfortable?' Gawain asked.'

'I'll answer that,' Anton interrupted.

'Go ahead,' Herman nodded.

There was much concern in the industry that protests across the globe would prove very expensive. But the Lock down helped us in many ways. Locked down populaces around the world were and are wholly concerned about their personal situation. So we were able to install many thousands of antennas with no interference at all. This was a masterstroke in another way. The lock downs massively boosted online shopping, which radically slowed down Internet connections, showing the necessity for 5G.'

The General added. 'Once 5G became included in the Emergency Health Act, there would be no need for a precautionary principle, making it much easier for the 5G global roll out.'

Gawain said, 'General, your report has to do with national security, so why so much emphasis on 5G?'

Herman interjected, 'Let us be clear on one thing, Gentlemen. COVID 66.6 is a biological and electromagnetic weapon supported by a vast smoke-and-mirrors operation, which is sowing confusion among the ranks of medical and hospital personnel.' He took a deep breath and added, 'Understand that COVID 66.6 is the preparation for a much larger-scale joint operation.'

Nobody in the group had heard about that.

Anton Wilk turned to the General. 'Can you confirm that COVID 66.6 is part of a smokescreen to conceal large-scale tests of the 5G weapon?'

The General stared at Wilk. 'Why do you ask me that question? You know very well that 5G installations, both terrestrial and aerial – your satellites in low Earth - are part of this "total war" project.'

Wilk responded, 'I don't see it that way, General.'

The General came back with, 'Internal electromagnetic signals are utilised by the human body to regulate its various processes and balance all functions. However, we now know that external electromagnetic signals can seriously interfere with this process.'

'In what way?' Herman asked.

'It makes humans more susceptible to COVID 66.6.'

'That's a good thing, isn't it?' Armitage said.'

'It's a necessary thing if we are to achieve the 2025 projected population reduction levels.'

There was silence in the group as they digested the ramifications of what was said.

Then Wycliffe O'Byrne, having joined the august group, said, 'I have kept up to date with reports about geoengineering and, as yet, have not come across any investigations or research on the reaction of the Earth to this massive use of 5G technology. Despite it having been established that industrial activities (mining activities, oil and gas extraction, geothermal) can induce, as an example, unusual earthquakes.'

Herman, wanting to stick to the schedule, said, 'These are all practical issues to pursue. But right now, Gawain Pimpnel has a critical report to deliver.' He looked at Gawain. 'The floor is yours.'

Gawain rose to his feet. 'Gentlemen of this esteemed gathering of the most progressive minds on the planet, I am here to deliver this report, which outlines a plan so bold that, when implemented, will shake the world's foundations, literally and mind-state wise. And time is against us. Gentlemen of this majestic meeting, six months ago, we had less than ten more years to prepare for this outstanding event. Today it's been downsized to a little less than five years.'

Matthew Armitage thinking this Pimpnel guy was spinning it out too much, intervened. 'Can you give us the bones of this cataclysmic event?'

Gawain, unfazed, continued, 'What I'm sharing with you will be affirming for you and shocking for the rest of the world. For fifteen years, I studied what drives this world, apart from us, of course.'

Chuckles emitted from some of the members.

Pimpnel continued, 'I admit that this study has become something of an addiction for me. Gentlemen, I am addicted to fully understanding things that make little sense to most of us. Therefore, I research everything daily that provides answers and, by so doing, educate myself. And believe me, I have uncovered many things. Yet, nothing compares to the enormity of Operation Shut Down.'

'What's that?' One of the members asked.

Gawain smiled. 'Since COVID 66.6 was released into the world, the Earth has become a very different place for humanity. Mr Armitage has done an outstanding job launching and updating a worldwide campaign to convince the public that this virus is very contagious. They will have to change their standard practices to avoid catching it.' We already know that we can empty the streets and keep anybody we want under house arrest. Families are split up and separated. Bars, clubs and shops have been closed. Schools are closed, and there is a ban on all sports and public entertainment. Church services are banned, as are weddings and funerals, unless they adhere to our strict gathering rules.'

Armitage stood up proudly. 'To pull this off, we had to get the Global Health Organisation onside.' This was not difficult because the GHO is strapped for cash, and we have a lot to spare.'

Herman said, 'We all know what is happening. We want to know what is going to happen.'

Gawain smiled, 'Whatever we want to happen. It is an awesome power, a godlike power. The best thing is, it's so easy. Using simple buzzwords, we can put the populations of the world in fear anytime it suits us. Gentlemen, this is what we have been waiting for, and there is no

going back.'

The other members nodded.

Gawain continued, 'We can let things run as they are for a while, then we suddenly announce that a more virulent form of COVID is here. It will mainly affect young children, and the populaces worldwide will instantly obey our rules, whatever they are. Gentlemen, it has been a long time coming, but now the world is our oyster.'

Herman spoke, 'It is now time to look at the bigger picture and sing the same songs. The Rockefeller Foundation, in 2010, reported that Lockstep, their Lock down was a strategy to control the world's populations without any shots fired. Gentlemen, Lock down is the way of the future.'

After the meeting concluded, the members had a guided tour of the ranch and a gaucho demonstration.

One of the members sought out Dr Haye. 'How did we achieve so much in so little time?'

Haye turned to the man. 'The Rockefeller Foundation gave us their guidebook on Lockstep, and we followed the guidelines. It was quite simple. First, we used the GHO to implement the practices to be carried out by the public.'

'How did you know how the public would react?'

'When hit with GHO restrictions, we knew the public would be confused, frustrated, angry and scared. The perfect ingredients to get their attention and to make them comply. We used the media to convey the GHO instructions, and Operation' Shutdown' became a great success and a blueprint for dealing with the next wave of the virus.'

'Quite some experiment,' the member uttered.

'Haye became animated. 'This social engineering is the biggest test faced by humanity in modern history. As the pandemic spreads, it will take a significant number of lives, stir up fear and anxiety, create political dramas and overwhelm the health systems while triggering lasting geopolitical change. We will see the transformation of the world before our eyes.'

INVESTIGATIVE REPORT ON THE COVID-19 PANDEMIC AND ITS ....

<https://everydayconcerned.files.wordpress.com/2020/09/investigative-report-on-the-covid-19-pandemic-and-its-relationship-to-sars-cov-2-and-other-factors.pdf>

Claire Edwards Has Allegedly Revealed a French Army ....

<https://gumshoenews.com/2020/11/22/claire-edwards-has-allegedly-revealed-a-french-army-document-about-covid/>

## Chapter 25

China – Five years ago

“I am of certainly convinced that the greatest heroes are those who do their duty in the daily grind of domestic affairs whilst the world whirls as a maddening dreidel.” – **Florence Nightingale**

Johan Boltz met with Bai Chang at the Hubei Provincial Museum. Visitors teemed by Boltz as he waited for the Virology Institute director at the warring states relics display. Boltz was particularly interested in the Marquis Yi of Zeng's coffin and bronze musical bells from his 5th-century BC tomb.

Bai Chang had never met with Johan Boltz and had no idea who the man was, but he represented a wealthy patron of science medicine. Chang had never trusted Gweilos, and he never believed in free lunches, so he was on his guard. He saw the older man leaning on his wolf head, walking cane and went to greet him. 'Hello, I am Bai Chang. You must be Johan Boltz.'

'Ja, I think we can be useful to each other.'

Chang smiled, 'We can talk while we walk around the museum.'

Johan tapped his stick on the path. 'I'm afraid my strolling days are over,'

Then perhaps I can tempt you with ginseng tea or one of a dozen other herbal flavours if you prefer.

They sat in the tea house, and Boltz laid out his proposal. 'We are looking for a facility where we can carry out work on a virus. Your Institute, being level four security is perfect for our needs.'

'Who exactly are you?' Chang said.

'The principals I work for would rather keep that secret. As far as you need be concerned, they are a German medical team carrying out experiments in one of your laboratories.'

'What kind of laboratory?'

'We need a laboratory especially set up for us to work with viruses. In return for your cooperation, we will donate \$US 5 million in funding for your research.'

It was a vast donation, but Chang still had questions. For example, 'What will your team be working on?'

Boltz said, 'We are working for a client who wishes to remain anonymous.'

Chang thought that would be the answer. To take up the old German's proposal was very risky. But \$US 5 million was a vast amount of money. 'Who is leading your science team?'

Boltz stared at the director. 'Dr Daniel Haye. You may have heard of him?'

Chang nodded. Daniel Hays worked as an infectious disease epidemiologist at the London School of Hygiene & Tropical Medicine. He was a brilliant scientist but was a bit cavalier in his approach to his work.

Seeing the question mark expression on Bai Chang's face, Boltz said, 'There is another \$US 5 million for you once our people have completed their work.'

It was too good to pass over. Chang said, 'When do you want to start?'

Boltz smiled thinly. 'The scientists will arrive tomorrow. But, first, make sure the lab is ready.'

## Chapter 26

North America

"I think a hero is any person really intent on making this a better place for all people." –

Maya Angelou

Gawain Pimpernel knew very little about Barry Rock. Where he came from was a mystery, as was who he worked for. All Gawain knew about him was he looked to be late middle age, but there was an odd sense of timelessness about him. He set the agenda for meetings, and he seemed to turn up out of the blue. Barry Rock arrived without any indication of transportation. And he had a commanding presence.

Gawain Pimpernel, the billionaire CEO of eMARK, a very successful online marketplace, was also highly placed in PanKosmia. He acted as a go-between for the Deep State globalists, and he took his instructions from Barry Rock, one of the Watchers. Gawain knew nothing of the 'Watchers' and assumed Barry Rock was part of Deep State global government. Gawain did not know much about the Deep state, except that Robert Worth, a journalist, informed that the expression originally came from Turkey in the 1990s when the military colluded with gangsters and drug traffickers to wage a dirty war against Kurdish insurgents. The term is derived from "derin devlet", meaning quite literally Deep State.

Now it was time for Gawain to meet the mysterious Barry Rock again.

They met in Palisades Park, Santa Monica, near eMark's headquarters. On the face of it, eMARK seemed almost a clone of eBay. But unlike the American multinational e-commerce corporation based in San Jose, California, Gawain Pimpernel designed his Company to use the power of membership numbers to get the best prices on retail and wholesale markets worldwide. Pimpernel had started with the American market. At first, mostly tradespeople saved time and money by letting eMark's online team negotiate prices on their behalf. The concept proved so successful that eMARK, with many top companies on its books, soon opened offices in many other states. Pimpernel's success in this highly successful venture made him a billionaire and caught Barry Rock's attention.

Gawain waited in the lush, twenty-five-acre park overlooking the Pacific. He watched as walkers, joggers and cyclists passed by him. Finally, after twenty minutes, Gawain saw the tall, imposing figure with long white hair worn as a ponytail through the back of a Red Sox billed cap. His long full beard rippled in the light breeze.

Barry Rock said, 'It is good that you are here.'

'Yes, but why am I here?' Gawain asked,

Barry Rock looked Gawain in the eye. 'It's time for the next stage.'

Gawain knew what that meant, and he had some concerns. 'I still believe in the American Constitution. It has shaped the western value system in the United States. Although severely corrupted by its governmental leaders and moral failings, I believe it is still designed around a living document that holds an energy signature aligned with truths found in the Natural Laws.' Gawain paused, then, receiving no response, continued, 'Humans value their freedom above all else. So how do you hope to brainwash the whole of Humanity?'

Barry Rock locked eyes with Gawain again. 'Humanity is incapable of looking after itself. If it is to survive, it has to be correctly managed. Our job is to manipulate humans. Your job is to make it happen.'

Gawain went along with most of Barry Rock's reasoning. He was not naive. He knew there had long been hidden subversion running through governments, academia, religion and science. 'So, what's the next step?'

'It's time to carry out our eventual plan for a radical revolution of the western value system made through intelligence operations and insurgency.' Then, staring Gawain in the eye, Barry said, 'Are you ready to play your part?'

Gawain gulped, 'Yes.'

'OK, let's talk as we walk.'

The pair strolled along the lamp-lit path that led to the beach made famous by Baywatch. Barry said, 'Humans are among the most blood-thirsty, violent beings in the universe. They are both destructive and self-destructive. So how do you think they have survived this long, despite the fact their scientists have invented weapons so devastating they can wipe out the whole human species in one go?'

'I must admit I have pondered this from time to time.'

Barry said, 'Well you need not ponder any more. The reason humans haven't wiped themselves out is because we have not let them do so.'

Gawain stared at Barry Rock, wide-eyed as the words sank in. Then he uttered, 'Are you saying that you control humanity?'

'Almost, but not entirely, yet. That's where you come in, Mr Pimpernel.'

'What do you mean?'

'We have observed human behaviour for thousands of years. Most of the time, we can control extreme human behaviour, but humankind tends to go off track now and again. This episode is one of those times.'

Gawain locked eyes with the strange man, who had a gentle but forceful voice. 'What do you propose?'

Barry answered, 'We have learned over millennia that the way to get humans to act the way you want them to is to not let them know they are being manipulated. Very soon we will make humans act in such a way that they willingly or with a little coercion behave in an unprecedented manner and willingly give up what freedom they have left.'

'So where do I come in this plan?'

'Your job, Mr Pimpernel is to inform your people in Wuhan that the time has come.'

Unlike the police, CIA operatives did not have to show ID to access suspects' homes. Although Jesse had retired from the Company, he still had enough swagger when he needed it to bluff his way



in. The mention of the acronym CIA was usually enough for people to pay attention. So when Amanda Parker, the Behavioral Hospital's Director of Risk Management, received Jesse's call, she listened to what he had to say. It was not unusual for people from different security agencies to take an interest in Arthur Buller. But this was the first time the CIA requested that he be taken off his psych medication long enough for him to be coherent enough to answer questions about the shooting.

Upon arrival at the facility Agent, Devenport and Peter Harris met with Amanda Parker, the psych ward risk manager, who set the ground rules for the interview. She said, 'If my patient becomes agitated at any time during your questioning, the discussion has to stop.'

Jesse asked, 'Has Arthur Buller had a history of mental health problems?'

She said, 'I can't divulge patient details.'

Jesse pointed out. 'This is a murder investigation, so, as the risk management director, you are at liberty to inform us if Mr Buller had been hospitalised for mental problems.'

Amanda hesitated, then she said, 'Only once, and that was over 20 years ago. She asked Jesse. 'Why do you want to know?'

Good question, he thought. But, then, he said, 'Could it have had a bearing on this latest incident?'

She answered, 'People with mental illness are never wholly cured and have to keep taking medication.'

Jesse took that as a yes. He then asked Amanda, "Does Mr Buller suffer from MPD?"

Amanda locked eyes with Jesse. 'It's possible. many patients with severe mental health conditions tend to express themselves through one or more personalities.'

She introduced the pair to Dr Corona, who she said was held in high regard as a leader in Mental Illness therapies. Then she told Jesse, 'You are only here to observe the interview.'

Jesse countered, 'It doesn't work like that. As a CIA agent I get to ask the questions.'

Dr Corona said, 'I understand that Agent. But if my patient becomes agitated, I will stop the interview.' Then, he added, 'And, only one of you will ask the questions.'

Jesse acknowledged what he said and turned to Peter. 'You wait here for me, Agent Harris.'

Peter, not happy with the arrangement, argued, 'This is my case.'

Jesse flashed him a dark look.

Dr Corona took Jesse to see Arthur Buller, who was waiting for them in an office near the day room. Arthur Buller was not at all what the interviewer expected. Instead of the crazy guy Jesse thought he would be dealing with, Arthur was calm and rational. He was comfortably seated when Dr Corona and the ex-Agent entered. Arthur, like all inmates, wore the standard comfortable sweatsuit. He seemed very relaxed and smiled at the men when he spoke. Jesse was not overly surprised by Buller's calm demeanour. Jesse was well aware that MK-Ultra subjects acted like ordinary people until triggered by their CIA handler.

Dr Corona introduced Jesse, then said, 'Hello Mr Buller. Thank you for seeing us.'

'That's OK. But why do you want to see me?'

'How are you getting on here?' Jesse asked.

'Great facility if you like prison issue showers and toilets. The staff are good though. They really seem to care about the patients.'

Doctor Corona smiled at Arthur's answer. He added and turned to Jesse. 'We focus on patient-centred care using a team approach rather than an elitist approach. Patients only get out of the therapy what we put into it. And I feel I have put in quite a lot.'

'OK,' Jesse said, getting down to business. 'You shot and killed Maxwell Dorrian, right?'

Arthur looked straight at Jesse, his demeanour changing. 'You already know the answer to that, Agent.'

'Yes, so my question is why did you shoot him?'

Dr Corona said, 'That what we are trying to find out, Agent Devenport.'

Jesse said, 'It would be helpful if you let Mr Buller answer the questions.'

'Yes, of course,' Dr Corona said, feeling chided.

Returning his focus to Buller, Jesse said, 'Did you know you had shot and killed Mr Dorrian?'

'Only when the cops told me.'

'So you have no recollection of the incident.'

'Not until the cops showed me pictures of what I did.'

'Do you have any memory of being told to kill Mr Dorrian?'

Buller shook his head.

'Arthur, had you ever met Maxwell Dorrian?'

'No, I'd never heard of the man.'

'But you knew he was the brains behind the edible food packaging.'

'No. I knew nothing about him.'

'Yet you targeted and assassinated him. Why?' Jesse asked.

Buller shrugged.

'Well, we would like to know why you did it,' Jesse said. He added, 'Mr Buller would you like to know what made you do it?'

Dr Corona, seeing agitation etched in Buller's face, said, 'That's enough Agent. No more questions.'

Jesse turned to the doctor. 'Can I speak with you privately?'

'Very well, but I have a busy schedule.'

In the corridor, Jesse said, 'I would like to use hypnotherapy on Mr Buller.'

Corona stared at Jesse. 'Out of the question. My patient is very vulnerable at present and bringing back memories that he has locked in his subconscious could be extremely damaging to him.'

Jesse asked Dr Corona, 'Do you ever use hypnotism on your patients?'

'Only when we are sure they can handle dark secrets from their past.'

'Dr Corona, have you heard of people subjected to mind control to get them to carry out acts that went against their moral code?'

Corona stared at Jesse. 'You mean like MK-Ultra?'

'That was phased out in the 70s, but we believe a rogue agent is out there still using those techniques to manipulate people like Buller.'

'Why?'

'A hitman who uses others to kill for him.'

'And you think this happened in Buller's case?'

'It's a possible explanation we can't discount.'

Corona brightened, 'So you are more interested in who gave the order not who did the shooting?'

'So will you help us?'

'As long as I conduct the session.'

Jesse hadn't expected that. 'I have to be present.'

'Yes, but only as a silent witness.'

'What did you two talk about?' Peter asked with concern when the pair reunited.

'Dr Corona has agreed to put Buller under hypnotherapy.'

'Great, when do we do it?'

'Dr Corona will conduct the session. I'm allowed to be there but as a silent witness.'

'OK, I agree to be silent at the session.'

'Sorry Peter but it's just me and the doctor.'

Peter looked at Jesse, 'You're forgetting this is my case.'

Peter, you're a retired PD, and I'm ex-CIA. Corona is not stupid. If he gets suspicious, he's going to check on our credentials. Then we're both sunk. On the other hand, I'm building a rapport with him. So don't upset things owing to your misguided ego. I'll report back to you what goes down.'

## Chapter 27

North America

“Heroes are those who can somehow resist the power of the situation and act out of noble motives or behave in ways that do not demean others when they easily can.” – **Philip G. Zimbardo**

Corona rang his brother, Danny Corona and told him about the CIA agent called Jesse Devenport.

Danny said, '+I'm not sure why you are telling me this.'

'Is it normal for CIA spooks to get involved in police homicide cases?'

1. Danny, a Houston homicide detective, said, 'It can happen. But it's not my case. Because Maxwell Dorrian is well known the Feds are calling the shots.'

2. 'The Feds? Not the CIA?'

3. Danny chuckled, 'If the spooks are involved, you won't get anything out of them.'

4. 'Can you find out if Jesse Devenport is a bonafide CIA agent?'

5. 'Do you think he isn't?'

6. 'I don't know, but there's just something about him. I can't put my finger on it. But it was as though he was out of touch with the CIA.'

7. 'What do you mean?'

8. 'These days spooks don't even tell you which agency they are from. They don't even show ID. Yet this guy did both.'

9. 'OK, brother, the best thing for you to do is have this Hypno session with Buller and have a Fed standing by afterwards to question your Agent.'

10. 'Can you tell the Feds about this? They're more likely to listen to someone in the job.'

11. 'The best I can do is pass this info on to Chief Investigator Spiggot. He's in charge of the case.'

12. 'Great! Do it then.'

13. 'You owe me big time, brother.'

14. As Dr Corona started the process and spoke to Buller in a soothing voice, Jesse stood quietly.

15. Corona's words were gentle and measured. Buller was soon under Corona's influence. The Doctor began questioning his subject, with Jesse looking on. Jesse had provided the relevant questions, and he waited for the Doctor to put them to his patient as the killer slipped into a trance-like state.

16. 'Mr Buller, did somebody tell you to kill Maxwell Dorrian?'

17. 'Yes.'

18. 'Do you know who that person is?'

19. 'No. He never told me his name.'

20. 'How did you meet this man?'

21. 'I was looking for a job. I phoned around, but nothing was available. Then someone rang me back. The caller said he had a labouring position for me and asked me to meet him in a park.'

22. 'What happened when you met this man?'

23. 'He said he had lied about the job but had something far more rewarding to offer me.'

24. 'That must have angered you.'

25. 'I was more intrigued than angry. I asked him what it was. Then he said a strange thing.'

26. 'What did he say?'

27. 'He said he wanted to talk to the black knight. But I had shut him in my dungeon and did not want him to come out.'

28. Corona said, 'Who is this black knight?'

29. Buller became anxious. 'I don't want to talk about him.'
30. 'Why not?' Corona pressed.
31. 'He gets me into trouble.'
32. Corona asked, 'What do you mean by that?'
33. 'He made me kill that man.'
34. 'Did you kill him or was it the Black Knight?'
35. 'That man made the Black Knight do it.'
36. Jesse said, 'That makes sense,' then realising his agreement, he remained silent.
37. Corona said, 'Did the black knight talk to the stranger.'
38. 'Yes. I tried to stop the voice, but I wasn't in control.'
39. 'What did he talk about?'
40. A new voice took over. It was angry and curt. 'It's rude to talk about me as though I'm not here.'
41. Corona said, 'It's OK, Arthur. I'm going to talk to the Black Knight now.' Then Dr Corona said,
42. 'Who got you to shoot Maxwell Dorrian?'
43. The Black Knight said, 'Do you want me to do your fucking job for you?'
44. 'Your assistance will be helpful. What shall I call you? I can't keep calling you Black Knight.'
45. 'Darko is good. I like Darko.'
46. 'OK Darko, why did this man want you to kill Max Dorrian?'
47. Darko chuckled, 'I like that man. He has balls.'
48. 'That doesn't answer my question,' Corona pressed.
49. 'Who the fuck says I have to answer your questions?'
50. Jesse, frustrated, spoke up. 'This is a waste of time. He doesn't know anything.'
51. Darko, feeling deprived of this game, said, 'He told me to call him Oliver. And he told me I had to get Arthur to do it.'
52. 'To do what exactly?'
53. 'Kill Maxwell Dorrian of course.'
54. 'Did he pay you to do it?'
55. 'Oh yes. A lot of money.'
56. 'Did he provide you with the rifle?'
57. 'Yes, of course he did.'
58. 'How did you get Arthur to carry out the hit?'

59. 'I know how to control him, of course.'
60. 'How did this Oliver know you existed?'
61. 'I've worked for him before.'
62. Jesse had enough. He interrupted, 'Doing what?'
63. 'Who's that?' Darko asked.
64. Corona gave Jesse a look of disapproval.
65. Darko clammed up, and Corona said, 'Don't go.'
66. It was too late. Arthur said, 'What happened? Where am I?'
67. Dr Corona said, 'It's OK, Arthur. You're safe in the hospital.'
68. Jesse said, 'You have to get Darko back.'
69. 'Too late for that! You just couldn't remain quiet. Now Darko has gone into hiding.'

Jesse left the Doctor and was confronted by two men in dark suits, who flashed their FBI IDs and took him to an empty office for questioning. One of the Feds, a tall, middle-aged man, had a disturbing feel about him. Jesse could not put his finger on it. Just the Agent's Agent's hard look sent a chill up Jesse's spine. He said, 'Mr Devenport, are you currently employed by the CIA?'

Jesse's blood went cold. The question inferred two things. First, the FBI Agent knew Jesse used to work for the CIA, and secondly, he knew that Jesse no longer did so. 'Not exactly,' Jesse uttered with little conviction.

The second Fed, shorter with a solid build, snapped, 'What do you mean by that?' You're either connected with the Company or not.'

Jessie gave a half-smile. 'Gentlemen, I think you already know the answer to that question or else you wouldn't be here.'

The second Agent fixed Jessie's gaze with warm blue eyes. 'So, why are you here, impersonating a CIA operative?'

Jesse did not have a credible answer, so he went for an incredible one. 'I was involved in mind control experiments with the CIA. Somebody approached me about Maxwell Dorrian's death. He wanted to know about CIA mind control techniques.'

The taller Agent said, 'Did you tell this person?'

'No, of course not. I'd end up in prison.'

Blue eyes said, 'You've been impersonating a CIA operative. That could get you some serious jail time.'

The taller Agent said, 'You have an excellent job as an aero engineer, so why did you get mixed up with the Dorrian murder?'

'I told you. Somebody contacted me and asked for my help.'

'Who?' asked blue eyes.

The tall one produced a photo and showed it to Jesse. 'Look at the picture,' he snapped.

Jesse stared at the photo. It was a picture of Peter Harris, Floyd Moore, and him eating lunch in the park.

The taller guy said, 'Do you recognise the two men in the picture?'

'I'd say you already know the answer to that.'

Blue eyes pressed, 'So why did you give up your comfortable life to get involved in this business?'

'You know what. I've been asking myself the same question.'

'Perhaps you miss the thrill of being a spook. And this meeting with Peter Harris gave you an opportunity to dust off the CIA ID,' the taller man said.

Jesse said, 'Here's another scenario. Somewhere out, there is a CIA officer who has gone rogue. He is using MK-Ultra mind control methods to get subjects to kill people for him. Maybe I just want this guy off the streets.'

Blue eyes said 'What proof do you have about this?'

Before Jesse had a chance to answer, the taller man said, 'So, why are you interested in Arthur Buller?'

Jesse responded, 'I'm sure you haven't already worked that out.'

Blue eyes responded, 'There is another reason for you getting involved in Harris's master plan. But, unfortunately, he's holding something over you.'

Jesse sighed, 'You're really clutching at straws now.'

Blue eyes said, 'Peter Harris is out of his league, and he knows it. He is singing like a songbird.'

Jesse, confused, did not know whether to believe them. He stared at the Feds. A bluff was all he had left. 'OK, tell me what I'm supposed to have done.'

The taller Agent said, 'Quite Frankly, I don't give a fuck about your sins. I want you to work for us.'

Jesse could not believe what he was hearing. 'Doing what?'

'Find out the identity of this CIA killer.'

'And what do I get in return?'

'You get to go back to Seattle and your comfortable life.'

'Why are you offering me this get-out-of-jail-free card?'

'The spooks are running this case but they can't do it objectively – not when one of their own has become a bad apple. We want someone to work covertly to bring down this killer.'

Jesse frowned, 'And you want that someone to be me.'

Taller man eyeballed Jesse. 'If you agree to our conditions, we can forget your amateur masquerade.'

Blue eyes said, 'So what do you say?'

'You leave me no choice.'

The taller man said, 'One more thing, Mr Devenport. If you fuck-up and get hauled in by the spooks, we will deny knowing you. Your job is to gain intel for us. So do not make any move without our say so.'

All in all, things were going to plan and requiring little of Barry Rock's time and effort. Mostly he observed and reported events on Earth5, but there were some things slightly out of alignment. These minor hiccups usually resulted from individual humans trying to work things out for themselves. One of these incidents found Barry Rock waiting in Palisades Park for Gawain Pimpernel's arrival. It was late at night, and the twenty-five-acre park that overlooked the Pacific was almost deserted. Barry stood mesmerised by the movement of the ocean as ripples of reflected moonlight danced on wave caps. But Barry was not there to enjoy the view. Then, he heard footfalls on the path and turned to face the tall man with a solid build walking towards him. Barry couldn't pick out any more detail in the dark, but he was a keen observer and there was no mistaking who it was.

'So we meet again,' Gawain said, smiling.

Barry said, 'We have a small problem.'

'Oh! What problem?'

Barry handed Gawain a memory stick. 'It's all on there. The subject's name is Jesse Devenport, a rocket scientist with Aero-TECH. But, unfortunately, he's also sticking his nose where it's not wanted.'

'In what way?'

Barry said, 'He's investigating Maxwell Dorrian's death. He is aware of PanKosmia and Dorrian's role. But most damaging to us is his linking the killer to CIA mind control. Anyhow, I've given you the information. Now you deal with it.'

Back home, Gawain plugged the memory stick into his laptop and downloaded the file.

Dr Jesse Devenport had worked for the CIA on the MK-Ultra project.

Devenport left the CIA under a cloud (No further details about this).

He moved to Seattle and joined Aero-TECH as an engineer.

A Peter Harris contacted him. Dorrian's wife hired Harris to find out what happened to her husband. Harris thought somebody had manipulated Arthur Buller to shoot Dorrian, but he had no idea who? Peter needed an expert in the field of mind control. Jesse Devenport, whom he had already met, fitted the bill. Peter knew of Jesse Devenport from an earlier incident that did not show Devenport in a good light.

Gawain had seen enough; he dialled Jesse's number and waited for a response. The call went to the message bank, and Gawain did not leave a reply. He then tried Peter Harris.

Peter picked up and said, 'Yes, can I assist you?'

'Are you, Peter Harris?'

'Yes, who are you?'

'Oh, my name is Pimpernel.'

'So, why are you calling me?'

'Because I think I can help you.'

'Help me do what?'

'Help you find the man who got Arthur Buller to kill Maxwell Dorrian.'

Peter's heart skipped a beat. He stood stunned, unable to speak.



'Are you still there, Mr Harris?'

'Y...yes. I'm here.'

'I think we should meet. I will email you the details.'

'It will have to take place in Houston'.

'Houston is not a problem, Mr Harris.'

## Chapter 28

North America

“Heroism is not only in the man or woman, but in the occasion.” – **Calvin Coolidge**

Peter had not visited Herman Park since Covid began in the spring. It was crowded! The retired private Detective saw the tall, overweight man pushing and nudging his way through the non-social distancing, largely unmasked crowd to reach him.

They shook hands, and Peter said, 'So what's this news you have about Arthur Buller?'

'It's a bit noisy to talk here,' Gawain said. He suggested, 'Let's go to Rice Village to buy take out for lunch.' Pimpernel was not hungry, so Peter ordered just for himself. It was a hot day, so Peter took Gawain to a shaded, socially distanced picnic table partially protected from the sun's rays by a sprawling elm. Peter noted most of the visitors to Herman Park did not wear masks. The non-wearers included Peter and Gawain.

As Peter munched into his burger, he said, 'Well, Mr Pimpernel, I'm here, so what do you have for me.'

'A warning,' the bigger man said, coldly.

'What's that supposed to mean?'

Gawain gave a half-smile. 'Why are you investigating Maxwell Dorrian's death when you should be with your children and grandchildren?'

Peter had no idea who he was dealing with, but Gawain's cold manner had him unnerved.

'I represent Maxwell's widow. She hired me to look into the circumstances of his death.'

'Mr Harris you are way out of your depth with this Buller business.'

'You said you'd tell me who mind-controlled Buller.'

'Are you sure you want to know?'

'That's why I'm here.'

Gawain eyeballed the old investigator. Mr Harris, I represent some influential people who want you to give up this investigation. They can make you disappear as though you never existed. If I give you the killer's name you and your family will be in grave danger. If you walk away from this, I will provide you with \$10 thousand for your expenses and never mention it again.' Gawain paused a moment for his words to sink in. Then he said, 'So, name, or money, your choice.'

Peter stared at Gawain. 'I don't need your fucking blood money. You just leave my family alone.'

'You've made a wise choice, Mr Harris.' With that, Gawain got up from his seat. 'Have a great day, Mr Harris.'

As he walked away, Pimpernel pressed a contact indicated by a question mark. He heard Oliver's voice and said, 'GP here. We have another job for you. I will send you details.'

Gawain tried Jesse Devenport's number again. This time he got him in the second ring cycle.

Jesse, suspicious of nuisance callers, responded warily. 'Yes, who's speaking.'

'My name won't mean much to you. But your colleague, Peter Harris, told me you were looking for an ex-CIA Agent and ...'.

'Who the hell are you?' Jesse demanded, stalling for time.

'Just refer to me as GP. Look, I know this call may seem odd, but I want to see this man put away as well.'

'What man?' Jesse asked, fishing.

'It's too risky to say much over the phone. We need to meet in person.'

Jesse responded, 'Why are you interested in this ex-CIA Agent? And don't give me any caped-crusader bullshit.'

'Mr Devenport, I have been on his trail for three years since he ruined my brother's life.' Gawain stated. So what say we meet in two days at Pike Place Market? I'll send you details.'

'Why had this GP chosen Pike Place Market for the meet?' Jesse wondered. He remembered back to the meeting he had at the same venue with Agent Weber. Could it have been a mere coincidence, or was this GP making some obscure point?'

They met at a cafe near Maggie's Fresh Flowers.

Another coincidence? Jesse wondered. He looked at the bigger man. 'So who is this ex-spook character you're referring to?'

GP eyeballed Jesse. 'I could simply give you his name, but would that be in your best interest?'

'What are you talking about?'

'Dr Devenport, you have reached a line in your investigation. If you cross that line, there's no turning back. If I tell you who is behind the MK-Ultra mind control you will have crossed that line.'

'Just give me the fucking name!' Jesse snapped angrily.'

'If I tell you that I'll have to shoot you.'

'This is no time for jokes. There's a killer out there who carries out his violence through others.'

Gawain levelled with Jesse's eyes, 'It's no joke. I mean, I'll have to kill you, literally.'

He pulled out a gun and put it to Jesse's head. 'Now do you think I'm joking?'

'So what happens now?' Jesse said nervously.

'This is your lucky day. You can get on with your life. But if you mention any of this to anybody you will not get another chance.'

Jesse stared at GP. 'You're not interested in putting the CIA killer away because you're helping the bastard. So who the fuck do you work for?'

GP was not surprised at Jesse's reaction. He stared at the rocket scientist. 'Dr Devenport, pretending

you still work for the CIA can get you a minimum of 10 years imprisonment. And when you get out you will be lucky to get a job sweeping streets.'

Jesse stared at him, 'What the fuck are you on about?'

'Don't play naive. If you try to take the law into your hands it will all come out, including the role you played in the death of Lieutenant Andrew Cowper.'

Jesse bluffed, 'I have a deal with the Feds about that, so it's no good you playing that card.'

GP, unfazed, smirked, 'Yes, it's ironic, isn't it?'

'Ironic! What do you mean?'

'The Feds need the rogue CIA Agent's name. But if I tell you who it is your whole world is going to crash before your eyes.'

Jesse saw the truth of his catch 22 situation. If this GP character spilled the beans on him he would be doing serious jail time. But, having worked hard to build his new life, it was not worth throwing it away, looking for Buller's controller. At length, he said, 'This smells like a major cover-up to me.'

GP grinned, 'I don't care what your olfactory senses tell you. The question is are you going to chance your arm and cross the line, or not?'

Jesse had already made his choice. He turned to GP. 'OK, you win.'

Gawain Pimpernel walked away and Jesse was left alone with his thoughts on the matter. Jesse went to ring Peter Harris' number then he decided against it. The mysterious GP had already spoken to the private investigator, so he was most likely compromised. Jesse rang Floyd Moore's number instead. Jesse heard Floyd's voice. But before he had a chance to say anything he heard the researcher say, 'So you've heard then?'

Jesse, puzzled, said, 'Heard what?'

'About Peter.'

'Floyd, you're not making much sense.'

'I guess I'm still shaking a bit.' He paused then said 'Peter's dead.'

Jesse thought he'd misheard. 'Did you just say ...'

'Peter has been killed – yes.'

With the wind taken out of his sails, Jesse said, 'What happened?'

'It was on the news. A hit and run driver knocked down an old man on a pedestrian crossing. Later they mentioned his name – Peter Harris PI. They didn't say much more than that.'

'So it could have been an accident?'

Floyd said. 'Except for one thing. The hit and run driver travelled only 100 feet before he stopped the car. He just sat in the car as though he was waiting for the police to arrest him. The arresting officer reported that the driver seemed confused and bewildered. He allowed officers to drag him from the car without any resistance.'

Jesse nodded, 'It looks like Mr MK-Ultra has struck again.'

'But why, Peter?' Floyd asked, primarily to himself

'He must have been getting a bit too close for their comfort.' Jesse could not make sense of the

situation. Stunned, he asked, 'How do you know it's our man?'

Floyd responded, 'It has to link to our investigation.'

'It may well do so, but we don't know for sure.' Then Jesse added, 'Both Peter and I had a visit from somebody calling himself GP. Has he contacted you?'

'No, I've never heard of him.'

'If he contacts you, cut him off. Don't speak to him.'

'Is he the killer?'

Jesse said, 'Not directly. I'm not sure where he fits in, but it seems as though he is protecting the CIA killer.'

Floyd paled. 'If that's the case we could be next!'

A cold bolt of energy shot up Jesse's spine. 'I may well be next.'

## Chapter 29

England

“A hero is a man who is afraid to run away.” – **English Proverb**

Karla Richards dressed in leather and rode a 2006 Harley Davidson soft tail. She was one tough cookie and liked to show it. Karla held a PI license, but she only worked for law firms, which was why she waited to see Titus Mason in his chambers. After a few minutes of flicking through high-end magazines, Karla saw a dashing handsome man in a Savile Row suit approaching her. She looked like a Rossetti vision to him, her long red hair wild and unrestrained. They shook hands, and Titus invited her to follow him to his office.

Once they were seated, Karla said, 'OK, tell me more about your contractual issue.'

He searched her face with calm grey eyes. 'Have you heard of World Enterprises?'

'No. Who is World Enterprises?'

'From what I can gather WE is an upfront organisation. They seem squeaky clean with everything above board and genuinely help entrepreneurs to get a leg up in the highly competitive business world.'

Karla said, 'So what's the problem?'

'There's a clause in the contract that gives WE all marketing rights.'

'And you missed it?' Karla smiled. 'So what do you want me to do?'

'I need to speak with someone in the WE legal department, but they're not taking my calls.'

'That sounds suspicious to me,' Karla agreed.

'I want you to find a back door.'

'So, what do you know about them? Apart from what you've told me?'

'They're funded by a larger entity.'

'That's not surprising. Venture capital companies almost always use OPM.'

'OPM?'

'Other people's money.'

Titus said, 'The entity in question just calls itself PK Holdings.'

Karla said, 'Look I hope this goes somewhere soon. Unfortunately, I have a prior engagement, and I can't afford to be late.'

'It appears that PK Holdings is one of many companies that come under The Ancient Order of PanKosmians.'

Karla's expression was blank. 'Who are they?'

Titus shrugged. 'Some sort of secret rich men's club.'

'So what do you know about PK Holdings?'

Titus shrugged again. 'Only what I've told you.'

'It's not much to go on.'

'Just find me someone who can help.'

Karla got up. 'I have to go. To be frank, if you can't find any improprieties with PK, put it to bed. I think you're flogging a dead horse. But if you want me to pursue this, I'll give you a progress report next week.'

Dr Theodore Adams, the Director-General of GHO, knew very little about the Deep State. But what he did know sent a chill up his spine. There was a government within the elected government that called the shots. It seemed to have unlimited power and influence over everybody. Vastly wealthy untouchable people met and plotted population control methods, and part of that plan included taking over and determining the direction of the GHO. Dr Adams now realised that COVID 66.6 was a tool wielded by the Deep State to set into motion the Rockefeller Foundation's Lockstep programme, which the shadow government implemented all over the western world. He felt as though he was in a living nightmare. He had always believed the GHO worked for the people, which was why he chose to use his medical expertise in that way. Unfortunately, the organisation was complicit in the lock-down scenario, quarantining a healthy global population to prevent a few people from dying from a manufactured virus. Dr Adams sat staring at the walls of his office; his mind seemed to have stalled - his thoughts locked down in his head as he waited for Matthew Armitage's next move. His phone rang. He heard his secretary's voice, 'Matthew Armitage is on the line for you, sir.' The colour drained from his cheeks as he reached for the receiver.

'Yes, Mr Armitage,'

'I'm faxing a report to you.'

'Oh! What report would that be?'

'That's neither here nor there. You just have to publicly endorse it.'

'What is it in relation to?'

'Media coverage of Covid 66.6.'

'In what sense, Mr Armitage?'

'A growing challenge to media outlets'

'What challenge?'

Armitage, getting annoyed snapped, 'Read the fax and make a public statement that the GHO formulated the report.'

Theo Adams waited for the fax to arrive. Then he read its contents.

'The GHO realises that the media faces a huge challenge as it covers COVID-66.6. Faced, as they are, with a set of unintended consequences of constant exposure to sometimes inaccurate views and information. Often referred to as the "infodemic", the GHO is concerned about people's mental health as they avidly consume negative news while making disruptive lifestyle adjustments - like working from home and limiting social interaction due to shelter-in-place measures. Whilst it is the media's job to keep the public informed of the seriousness of the situation, we think it best that GHO and the media are all on the same page. This means that all information handled by the media has to be fact-checked by the GHO. For example, it has come to our notice that a survey of Chinese citizens conducted at the beginning of the pandemic found that social media exposure was significantly associated with depression and anxiety. In addition, irresponsible media coverage is responsible for fueling racist assaults on Chinese origin people for potential carriers of a "Chinese" disease. Finally, the GHO realises that the media's most difficult challenge is communicating to restore faith in scientific institutions. Communication made more complicated amid a constant barrage of misinformation related to everything from the concept that exposure to sunlight or cleaning products can prevent COVID-66.6 to the notion that it does not affect young people. Disseminating such ideas could severely undermine our public health recommendations and put the public at greater risk.

Matthew Armitage had added that all Theo just had to rubber-stamp the document by making a statement to the media. He was not to engage in any debate on the subject and answer no questions concerning this.

Theo sighed deeply. He did not mind being the face of a genuine GHO, but the health organisation's spokesperson hiding behind a false mask wrangled with his moral compass.

## Chapter 30

England

“A hero is a man or woman whose principles outweigh self preservation.” – **Chris Deggs**

Aldous Foster has not seen the "suckers" since taking his MindEze medication. They had appeared to him as grey shadows looming in the background, hovering around human forms, but they no longer plagued him. But he was beset with another problem. The latest financial statement from WE reflected a worldwide trend of falling sales in the retail market. Small retailers were severely affected by the media hype surrounding COVID 66.6's alleged pandemic. As a result, all alternative healing therapy businesses closed down as being unessential. So he now mainly relied on online sales through his Herbal Remedies website. Those sales were now under threat from WE, which cut prices on all Internet retail outlets selling MindEze. Kimberley had seen the change in Aldous since WE had taken over his product. His eyes bristled with a mixture of anger and defeat.

Kim Jarrold worked hard and tried continuously to keep Aldous focused and on track. Although his MindEze medicine kept him balanced mentally, Aldous had to remain in a stable state of mind for him to realise its importance. Now being able to cope with life seemed too much for him again. He either felt too depressed to bother about anything, even his meds, or too invincible to need his MindEze. Either way spelled disaster for Aldous. Once he stopped having his daily dose of MindEze, Aldous became irrational and paranoid. Kim hated World Enterprises with a passion. Her herculean task to keep Aldous focused on his goals was made impossible by World Enterprise's trickery.

Kimmie asked, 'Has Alison got back to you yet?'

'I haven't heard anything from her,' he responded, boredom showing in his lacklustre voice.

She grabbed her phone from her bag. 'Right, it's time to get some answers.' She pressed Alison Coyne's contact and waited through two rounds of the ring cycle before Alison picked up. 'Ah, Alison, Kim Jarrold here.'

'Hello Kim. Is everything OK with you?'

'No, Alison, it's not fucking OK. We haven't heard from you for the last week.'

'That's because Titus has not told me anything.'

'Alison it's time you let us deal with Titus. He did not do his job properly and he has to make it good.'

'Bullying him is not going to help anybody. If I haven't heard from him by the end of today, I'll ring him and find out what is going on.'

'Have you ever had to deal with a bipolar patient?' Kim asked.

'No, but ...'

'Then you have no idea about their mental fragility.' Kim snapped. 'Having MindEze kept Aldous focused. So it's not just about money; it's about his self-worth as a fully functioning citizen.'

'I'm sorry about this, Kimmie, but there is nothing I can do,' Alison sighed.

'Yes, well now he's off his medicine I can't even reason with him.'

'I can't take it anymore. They're putting chips in my medicine to track my customers,' Aldous piped up.

Kimmie shooshed him. Then she said, 'Alison, you've been a great help to us, but it has all been for nothing if we don't have control of MindEze.'

'I know you don't want to hear this, but it could be a blessing in disguise.'

'How's that supposed to work out? Kim said, surprised.

'WE is obligated to pay Aldous royalties on sales. The more sales the greater your profits. And you don't have to do anything for it.'

Alison snapped, 'As I said, this is not just about money. It's about Aldous' sense of achievement – sense of purpose. So find out what Titus is doing or we will have to take over.'

'OK, leave it with me. I'll get Titus to call you.' Alison curtailed the phone call and rang Titus' number.

Titus picked up his phone. 'Alison, what do you want?'

'My Herbal remedy client is very nervous and wants your report on WE's activities.'

'I have someone working on it. She is due to hand in her report this afternoon.'

'Let me know as soon as she does,' Alison added, 'I hope it is good news for them.'

'You haven't been raising their hopes, have you?'

'That doesn't sound good.'

'Alison, WE seems perfectly kosher. They leave nothing to chance. Your clients only glimmer of hope is that their backers are not as squeaky clean. If they are above board, I fear there is nothing your client can do.'

'They may sue you, Titus.'

'There's no point. They are not going to regain control of MindEze.'

## Chapter 31

England

“Friends are the real superheroes. They battle our worst enemies—loneliness, grief, anxiety, depression, fear, and doubt—every time they come around.” – **Richelle E. Goodrich**

Lara Balabanov enjoyed her cottage sit in the Cotswolds. Monty DeVere was away in Patagonia to help Arturo. Even the thought of the Brazilian's name made her cringe, and she tried not to think about it. Lara had time to work on her new book. She drew inspiration from the ether as she walked around Bourton-on-the-Water. It was a typical English country village nestled in the Cotswolds. While walking one day, Lara came across a small shop called Bourton Books, which sold second-hand volumes. It had a painted logo over the door of two Bs back-to-back, so it looked like a butterfly. Lara wondered if the shop had any of her books. She always felt a bit desperate searching the shelves to find any of her titles. But she could not resist it. Lara had, on occasion, seen her books in charity shops sold for a pound or less. She felt a mixture of pride and disappointment when she came across them. Bourton Books had narrowly spaced shelves jam-packed with pre-loved books of every genre. Half a dozen reading tables caused congestion in the narrow aisles. But as there were only two other potential customers in the compact shop government-enforced, social distancing was no problem.

Saul sat behind a cluttered desk. He followed the strange sanitary protocols required of all small businesses because he wanted to stay open. Second-hand book shops were not considered essential, so he quietly observed the bizarre rules and kept his head down. Lara liked Saul. He was thirty-something with a kind face and longish wavy ginger hair; he wore casual clothes -- old denim jeans with loud Hawaiian shirts. Lara loved his can-do attitude and his broad, warm smile. 'Hi Saul,' Lara said.

Saul was attracted to Lara. He loved her Russian accent and her high Slavic cheekbones. He had never met such a sexy, intelligent woman who was also a beauty. They had a shared love of books, and he was blown out when she told him she was a published author. Saul wanted to know all about her books and offered her a coffee if she told him about them. Saul took Lara to the Bakery on the Water. Owing to social distancing rules, they couldn't eat inside and had to buy takeaways. However, it was no problem as many patrons preferred to sit back in the charming natural setting, with its babbling stream in the garden seating area. It was the best they could do under Covid compliance.

Saul ordered them cream scones and a pot of tea. As they took in the ambience, Saul said, 'So tell me about your new book.'

Lara wiped her mouth with a serviette. 'Basically it's about the CIA using mind control techniques, to keep the unsuspecting healthy public in a state of forced quarantine, without question for as long the GHO deems it necessary.'

Saul grinned, 'You don't have to convince me. I know just where you're coming from. This whole threat angle to do with Covid 66.6 is being hugely over-played.'



Lara added, 'Once enough people in countries or regions become infected the powers that be will expand the Lockdown regions to try out various versions of their mass mind control experiments.'

Saul bit into his scone.

Lara sipped her tea. 'The longer that the public are under self-quarantine the sooner the global dictatorship can destroy regional economies, incite civil unrest, break down the chain of supply and cause mass food shortages.'

Saul shrugged, 'So what can we do?'

'On a personal level, the Deep State agenda is set up to weaken the human immune system. It does this by keeping friends and families apart. But on a more personal level, due to lack of interaction with other people/bacteria, the outside world etc., things that keep the human immune system alert and active is weakening each person's autonomy.' Lara smiled, 'I can't wait for this book to hit the bookshelves.'

Saul grinned, 'You've got me hooked. But how will you get through to the dumbed-down populace?'

'My book is about personal empowerment in the Lockdown, lockout global agenda. It urges the reader to not think of themselves as a victim of the big jackboot holding them down. Instead, it encourages readers to stand up and make the situation work for them. Apart from catching up with all those household jobs on the back burner, my book is about people finding a way to express themselves creatively.' She added, 'For example, don't use the words Lockdown. Instead, tell your friends you are on a "staycation".'

'I like it,' Saul grinned. 'The book concept sounds great. We'll have to launch it in my shop,' he said, wolfing down the remainder of his scone. 'But it seems to me that these draconian laws that prohibit outdoor community events are stifling creativity.'

'Which is why we have to rely upon ourselves to become creative. By being creators in our own little worlds we are able to keep our individuality. Being unique is our best defence against cultural enslavement.'

Saul frowned, 'Not everybody is creative.'

Lara replied, 'One positive aspect of self-quarantining is that people now have time to find their muse. It doesn't matter what it is. I believe every person has a song to sing. Something of a creative nature that makes them unique.'

Saul agreed, 'It's a great idea.'

'And now I think I have my title.'

'Which is?'

'How to make the Medical Dictatorship work for you.'

'Catchy,' Saul grinned.

## Chapter 32

Patagonia

“A true hero isn't measured by the size of his strength, but by the strength of his heart.” – **Hercules**

A large shed guarded by two of the Brownshirts housed the farm vehicles. The Nazis hated pulling guard duty, which was a lonely, boring, tedious task. So when it came to their turn, some tried swapping duties and paid another guard to take over their shift. Lorenzo lit up a cigarette and

breathed in the smoke. He silently cursed Boltz, who drew up the duty rosters. If only Boltz had installed more surveillance cameras around the sheds, he could be in the warm, drinking coffee while watching a bank of screens for signs of intruders.

Arturo and Monty had to work fast. They hastily gathered their belongings, stuffing them into backpacks. Then the pair headed off to the motor pool to grab a vehicle for their escape. The Brownshirts kept all company vehicles in a massive open-fronted shed, which appeared unguarded. Monty, more used to this kind of operation, put his hand on Arturo's shoulder and a finger to his lips. He had seen a slight movement and just managed to make out the guard in the dark. Arturo, realising the reason for his friend's physical intervention, whispered, 'Can you deal with him?'

Monty knew whispers carried much further on quiet, still nights. He silently admonished Arturo making a zipping action across his lips. He then took out a small, powerful pair of field glasses from his pack. Monty trained them on one of the guards, who, it appeared, was armed with a sub-machine gun. Monty scanned around the area and came across another Brownshirt on sentry duty. Monty couldn't see anyone else. He beckoned Arturo, made the silence sign again and crouch-walked over to the massive shed with Arturo behind him.

Arturo, standing in the shadows of the largest shed, turned to Monty, 'We have to get out of here before Boltz and his thugs come after us.'

'So, what are we waiting for, old boy?' Monty said, ducking inside the massive garage. It was his turn to make the silence gesture with his finger.

Arturo watched as his friend scurried over to Boltz's powerful German classic car.

Monty found the old Mercedes unlocked; he went to work hot wiring it. Finally, the engine burst into life. Monty tossed his backpack onto the rear seat and jumped into the driver's seat; Arturo grabbed his pack and got in beside him. Monty stamped on the accelerator, and the German thoroughbred leapt forwards, burning rubber on the concrete floor.

The guards, now fully alert, watched helplessly as the old Merc roared away down the driveway.'

Brownshirt one was on his walkie talkie, while Brownshirt two forgot all about his gripes and started up one of the pick-up trucks, a Toyota Hi-Lux. His colleague handed him a gun. 'You might need this. The Nazi gunned the pick-up and raced after the Merc, which had a three minute gain on him.

Monty, seeing the headlights in his rearview mirror, said, 'Someone is following us.'

'What do you expect?' Arturo snapped.

'We have to lose them. Better see how fast this old girl can go.'

'Where are we going?'

'The only place I know of is Nahuel Huapi station.'

'There won't be a train for hours or even days. We'll be sitting ducks.'

'HAVE YOU GOT ANY BETTER SUGGESTIONS?' Arturo yelled over the engine noise.

Just then, the escapees saw headlights ahead as a vehicle approached at speed. Monty said, 'Hold on tight!' He floored the accelerator as he gauged the distance between the two cars. Up ahead, he could see the opening in the fence and the cattle grids. Monty knew he had to get through the gap before the vehicle coming at them reached it. Otherwise, he and Arturo would be trapped inside the perimeter.

The rapidly approaching vehicle was blinding Monty with its high beam. The glare distorted the distance, but the car facing them had to slow down to get through the gap. The braking pick-up gave Monty a few precious seconds. With his foot pressed hard on the accelerator, the old Merc gathered a bit more speed. He aimed straight at the cattle grid. With only two feet on either side, Monty had to keep the old Merc steady. 'BRACE YOURSELF!' He yelled as his wheels hit the metal grid with a bone-jarring thud. Monty slapped his foot hard on the brakes while swerving out of the path of the oncoming vehicle, with not a second to spare. The Merc spun off the track onto the rough ground, its spinning tyres finding traction.

As Monty drove like the wind, Arturo looked up maps on his phone and searched for Nahuel Huapi. 'Let's head for Parque Nacional Nahuel Huapi. It's our best option to go to ground.'

'Head for what?' Monty said.

'The National Park.'

Monty looked in his rearview mirror. There were now two cars in hot pursuit.

The driver of the lead pursuit vehicle reported back to base. 'They're headed for the station.'

Boltz said, 'They are lost so it should be easy for you to catch them.'

'What do you want me to do with them?'

'Bring them back to the ranch for questioning.'

Monty missed the station turn-off and headed to the national park.

'It will probably be locked up for the night,' Arturo moaned.

'We just have to shake our tail.' Monty said, laughing at his unintended joke. Just then, he saw the park signs ahead, illuminated by the Merc's headlights. The main entrance was locked with a barrier across the road. Nevertheless, Arturo and Monty kept going, took a sharp left, and drove parallel with the park perimeter. As the national park was the second largest in Argentina, the border seemed endless. The natural space, filled with lakes, rivers, fjords, volcanoes and forests, covered over seven hundred thousand hectares of protected land. Monty swerved his car to the right with the Brownshirts still in pursuit and drove along a rough track into a forest.

The trail narrowed, and the pair had to leave the Merc. The night was pitch black with only the light of the new moon to illuminate their way. Monty had his phone torchlight, but switching it on would give away their position. So they crouched silently in the dark forest, almost afraid to breathe. They watched as two of the Brownshirts checked out the Merc. Arturo and Monty remained hidden in the shadows as the Neo-Nazi's flashed their torches around, searching for any signs of the escapees. The Brownshirts from the second pick up, an older Toyota Hi lux, joined the first two. They had a hasty conference, but Arturo and Monty could not hear what they said. The Brownshirts figuring their quarry must have gone to ground, decided they should wait till morning to pick up the trail.

Although tired, Arturo and Monty had to stay awake. So far, the Brownshirts had not discovered the runaways, but they didn't know when their luck would run out. Arturo whispered, 'We have to get away from here before sunup.'

'Where do you suggest we go?'

Arturo checked the map on his phone. 'One of these resorts,' he said, indicating the bed icons on his screen. But, he added, 'Cerro Campanario is the closest.'

'Yeah, it's also on top of a fucking mountain, old boy,' Monty said quietly. He took another look at the map. 'Why not head for Bariloche?'

'It's in Argentina, so we will still be vulnerable.'

Monty countered. 'It's a prominent enough place for us to lose ourselves. Besides, it's so close to the Chilean border we can cross over anytime that suits us.'

Arturo rejoined, 'But the Brownshirts can easily follow us there.'

'True, but at least we don't have to climb a freezing mountain.'

Arturo challenged, 'Well, it's a long tiring walk to Bariloche.'

Monty said, 'I'm not walking all that way, old boy. So what say I go and grab one of the Hi lux's.'

'Just how in hell are we supposed to steal a pick-up from under the noses of those armed Brownshirt thugs?' Arturo snapped.'

Monty grinned, 'You create a diversion and I'll secure our transportation.'

'Create a diversion! You mean paint a target on myself.'

Monty crept forwards until he could see the Neo-Nazis. All four huddled around a struggling campfire. The Toyotas were left unguarded, as was the Merc. Arturo turned to Monty. 'Change of plan. We liberate the Merc.'

That at least made sense to Monty as he got used to the big German car, which was left unguarded.

They both crept towards the car, giving the Nazi camp a wide berth. They had to use a mobile torchlight to safely negotiate their way through the trees. They trudged slowly and quietly towards the Merc. Even stepping on the smallest twig, every sound they made seemed like cannon fire to the pair. But luckily for them, the Brownshirts had not heard them. They got to the Merc without incidence. Monty did his hot-wiring trick, and the engine burst into life. As did the Brownshirts, alerted by the engine noise.

Monty floored the pedal, and the old Merc leapt forwards. The pick-ups almost blocked the way ahead. Monty said, 'Breathe in.' as the heavy German sedan forced its way between the trucks, snapping a wing mirror off each vehicle as it barrelled onward into the pitch night. Monty and Arturo had the drop in the Nazis but not for long. Monty spotted headlights in his rearview mirror. A vehicle was catching up fast. The dazzling bar of lights across its cab caused Monty to flip the switch on his review mirror to cut out the glare. As the vehicle following them loomed larger and larger, Monty said, 'Hold on tight!' Then he felt the violent shove as the following vehicle's bull bar hit the back of Monty's Merc, jerking it forwards. Arturo felt the jolt shoot through him. Monty passed Arturo a handgun, 'Take this I think we might need it.'

Monty shifted down and accelerated away from the truck behind him. The pursuers caught up again

but this time tried to come up beside Monty's vehicle. Monty caught a glimpse of the pump-action shotgun pointing out the passenger door window as the Hi lux came alongside. He glanced at Arturo, 'I hope you can use that gun because it's going to get messy very soon.'

Just then, bullets began pinging off the side of Monty's truck as the pair ducked. Arturo loosed

off a couple of stray shots to keep the gunman busy, while Monty slowed slightly, allowing the other truck to come alongside. Once the lead truck was parallel with him, Monty jerked the steering wheel to the left and swerved into the Brownshirt's truck, striking metal on metal just in front of the driver's door. Arturo quickly fired a couple more shots an instant before the sickening grinding noise deafened him.

Monty gunned the Merc and pulled just ahead as more shots rang out, shattering the car's rear window. Arturo fired out of the broken window, his bullets pinging on the hood of the truck behind.

One of his shots badly cracked the Brownshirt's windscreen, which the guy riding shotgun kicked out as the driver tried overtaking on the inside. Monty saw him in his rearview mirror and dropped a gear to gain more speed. This time the bad guys forced their truck alongside Monty and smashed their vehicle into the driver's door, causing the car to wobble. Monty controlled the wheel as their car fishtailed all over the road. The impact also forced the Brownshirts off course onto the loose metal shoulder. As the bad guys truck regained traction, the gunman fired this pump-action shotgun at Monty's car. Arturo returned the compliment, firing three shots, one of which hit the gunman in his right shoulder. Monty gunned his vehicle and got just ahead of the brown shirts when the Hi lux gained speed and rear-ended Monty's car again. This time Monty was better prepared for the impact. Just as the pick-up was about to strike, Monty dropped a gear and accelerated away, limiting the damage to the back of his vehicle. Over revving, the closest utility truck, travelling too fast, hit loose gravel, and the driver temporarily lost control, crashing his vehicle into a tree. The Brownshirt with the wounded shoulder screamed in pain as the jolt from the crash shot through his body. With one of the Toyotas out of the race, the remaining pursuer backed off, and the two Nazi's went to check on the crash.

## Chapter 33

China/Switzerland

“We do not have to become heroes overnight. Just a step at a time, meeting each thing that comes up... discovering we have the strength to stare it down.” – **Eleanor Roosevelt**

Chynna sat waiting for her brother to call. He was back in Wuhan but had not contacted her. Jacky had left a message for her, saying he would call that evening. The appointed time came and went, leaving Chynna angry and frustrated. She tried ringing Jacky one more time – and this time got through. Finally, hearing her brother's voice, she snapped, 'Why are you avoiding me?'

'I'm not. It's just that Chang has me watched while I carry out the tedious tasks he sets me.'

'Yes, well, you have truly fucked up this time.'

'Chynna, there are always two sides to a story.'

'Yes, Jacky and I will be at the Li gangjaiyan Chinese restaurant tonight at 8.'

Jacky said, 'Sorry, Sis, I can't make it tonight.'

'Then you'll have to rearrange your social calendar because if you are not there tonight, I won't protect you from Director Chang.'

Jacky stiffened. 'What the fuck are you talking about?'

'Be at the restaurant and you will find out.'

As Chynna and her brother ate their meal, Jacky Zheng couldn't handle the silence between them. Unable to remain in suspense any longer, Jacky said, 'So why this meeting?'

Trying to find the best way to approach the complex subject, Chynna blurted out, 'So why did you try smuggling the samples?'

Jacky cast his eyes downward. 'I don't want to talk about that.'

Chynna shook her head. 'What's wrong with you? You disappear for six months, and I have no idea where you are. I wouldn't have known you'd been working in America if director Chang had not told me. So I don't care whether you want to talk about the samples or not. You are going to tell me what's going on.'

'Sorry, Sis, but that's my problem.'

Chynna stared at her brother. 'Well, we're going to talk about it because it affects me.'

'What do you mean?'

'Because of what you did I have to mislead the media about this COVID 66.6.'

'How are the two things connected, Sis?'

'Don't be naive, brother. Do you know the price I have to pay for your freedom?'

Jacky showed genuine puzzlement. 'I don't understand.'

'Director Chang told me to do an interview on TV and read out a report about the latest understanding of COVID 66.6 from our Wuhan Institute of Virology. If I refuse you get thrown into prison for smuggling the samples.'

Jacky stared at his sister. 'And are you doing the interview?'

Chynna said, 'The price of your freedom is my integrity. Now do you understand?'

Jacky swallowed some food then said, 'What about Director Chang's integrity?'

Chynna said, 'He's acting very oddly these days. I think he is playing to someone else's tune.'

'What makes you think that?'

'He's certainly been very aggressive and threatening towards me. That's just not like him.'

Jacky was silent for a moment. Then he said, 'OK, I'll tell you what happened.'

'Go ahead.'

'As you now know, I've been conducting cancer research at Harvard's Beth Israel lab. I was about to catch my flight to Beijing when the Feds stopped me at Logan Airport. They questioned me for hours about four glass vials in my overnight bag. The vials were well-protected, so there was no chance of breakages during the flight.'

Chynna drank some Jasmine tea, then she said, 'Why did you steal them?'

He looked at her. 'I didn't. I had no idea they were in my bag until airport security found them while searching through my stuff.'

Chynna stared at her brother. 'Do you expect me to buy that, Jacky?'

'It's true. But the Fed didn't believe me either.'

'So how did the vials get there?'

'Someone set me up.'

'Any ideas who?'

He shrugged, 'Someone who wanted to discredit me so that if I spoke out no one would believe me.'

'Spoke out about what?'

Jacky leant over the table to get closer to his sister. 'The virus did not come from this country. America manufactured the virus. It was later enhanced to make it more contagious among human populations.'

Chynna already had her suspicions about that being the case. It had not made sense to her until she

found out about the GHO making large donations to the WIV. Chynna said, 'What if Director Chang knew about the enhanced samples and needed them back at the WVI but they couldn't get them through legit channels, so they set you up.'

'I've been wracking my brain about this, and I don't understand why they didn't pick me up at Beijing Airport.'

Chynna grinned, 'Well, you could have been a mad scientist with the perfect weapon for hijacking the plane. But, in any case, they had to discover the samples before you boarded the plane to Beijing.'

Jacky nodded, 'It makes sense. That way they could send the samples for testing here as legitimate evidence with the Director's blessing.'

Chynna showed puzzlement. 'It's kind of plausible, Jacky, but I don't get it. We already had the very contagious, extremely low mortality rate virus named COVID 66.6 so why did they need the smuggled samples?'

Jacky said, 'OK, there's something I haven't told you.'

'That doesn't surprise me. So what is it?'

Jacky took a deep breath. 'The scientists at Fort Detrick were working on another strain of the virus.'

Chynna stared at her brother. 'What other strain?'

'The SARS/HIV strain created at Fort Detrick class 4 lab used your bat research to find out why Corona-virus's spread like wildfire in bats but has an extremely hard time infecting humans.'

Chynna frowned deeply. 'And what did they discover?'

'They needed 4 HIV inserts as the missing key to infect the human ACE-2 receptor.'

Chynna stared at her brother, wide-eyed. 'So they have created a weaponised version of the virus with a much higher mortality rate.'

'Yes, ready to be released in phase 3. But only if the GHO needs their weaponised tribrid strain.'

Jacky fixed Chynna with his gaze. 'I was trying to get this tribrid Coronavirus to an independent source when I got arrested.'

Chynna eye-balled her brother. 'So you lied when you told me the phials were planted on you to get them to the WIV?'

'Yes, but only so I didn't have to reveal my source at Fort Detrick. He told me about the weaponisation of the virus.'

'So, who do you want to give these weaponised samples to, or is that another of your secret sources?'

Jacky looked at his sister. 'Somebody with integrity. Someone I trust entirely.'

'Who, Jacky?'

'You, dear sister.'

Theo Adams looked up from the report that had landed on his desk. It was from Matthew Armitage. for Dr Adams' eyes only. It concerned a rumour that the class 4 lab (National Microbiology Lab in Winnipeg, Canada) received samples of a more virulent strain of the Virus, COVID 66.6. One of the Fort Detrick scientists had sold the information to a journalist who followed the chemical trail to Canada, the rumour alleged. Armitage wanted Theo to make a public announcement that the alleged

story was false. There was no substance to it whatsoever.

Theo sat back and sighed. It may well have been false information but, if sometime down the track the allegation proved to be accurate, he would be the one suppressing information about the virus; he would be the scapegoat, not Matthew Armitage. Theo realised it was time he covered his arse. Theo needed more background detail if the cover-up was genuine and Dr Jacky Zheng had smuggled the viral weapon out of Winnipeg. He spoke through his intercom, 'I need the files on the viral research carried out by Beth Israel. In particular the work carried out by Dr Jacky Zheng.'

The report came back with further classified information. The more Dr Adams read, the more concerned he became. It stated that Dr Jacky Zheng stole weaponised samples, which ended up in China's only class 4 lab (Wuhan Institute of Virology in Wuhan, China). However, Director Bai Chang claimed it was just another Covid conspiracy theory, and he told the press to pay it no heed.

Dr Jacky Zheng had a different story to tell once he was in a safe space. He claimed that Bai Chang was not only aware of the samples; he was forewarned and told not to divulge anything about the strains, especially their location. Chang had the phials locked up, and he had the only key. For added plausible deniability, the GHO had helped cement the wanted backup public script as something to fall back on if needed. (The GHO primary narrative being China created the virus and released it by accident.)

The report also stated that Dr Zheng smuggled twenty-one phials of "Sensitive Biological Samples", but both the charges document and the FBI Agent's affidavit omitted the word "sensitive" from any of their reports. Instead, the testimonies stated that the phials Dr Zheng had stolen contained a "brown liquid". The report also said that Jacky Zheng had smuggled eight of the lab's phials and then worked to replicate the remaining thirteen without Beth Israel's knowledge.

The chief scientist overseeing Jacky Zheng's team stated that his work was focused on basic cancer research and studies, for example, the molecular details of how cancerous cells can overcome the standard checks on the cell cycle to form tumours. He stated that Dr Jacky Zheng had nothing to do with Coronavirus research. Beth Israel, therefore, denied any plausibility in the story of Professor Zheng replicating any samples. First, it was not his area of expertise, and secondly, he could not have produced any examples without Beth Israel knowing about it.

## Chapter 34

Chile-Argentina border/Switzerland

“True heroism is remarkably sober, very dramatic. It is not the urge to surpass all others at whatever cost, but the urge to serve others, at whatever cost.” – **Arthur Ashe**

Despite being battered, with a severe dent in the driver's door and sustaining damage in the rear, the old Mercedes made it to Bariloche. The resort city sat on the shore of the Rio Negro close to the Chilean border. For Monty, Bariloche, with its chalet-style architecture, was reminiscent of a Swiss alpine town. Arturo had never been to Switzerland, and he did not find the place as fascinating. But he did find the cool, refreshing mountain air invigorating.

As Monty coaxed the old German classic through the busy streets, Arturo said 'We need to find somewhere to stay.'

'So, look up one of those traveller sites.'

'I'm ahead of you there,' Arturo stated. But, he said, 'I've got just the place, if you don't mind one star treatment.'

'It sounds delightful. What's it called?'



'The Universal Travellers' Hostel.'

'OK, let's go for it.'

Arturo opened up a directions app and typed in the name. Almost immediately, a friendly voice gave instructions, which Monty followed.

Arturo said, 'At least we'll be able to rest before having to work out our next move.'

Monty said, 'You book us in. My next move is to get rid of the Merc so we can at least pay our bills.' He added by way of explanation, 'Our accommodation. It's only \$26 American a night for twin share. But that's fifty-two bucks we need for a start.' He added, 'Unless you've got some spare cash, Arturo.'

Monty pulled up outside the hostel. He turned to Arturo. 'You get us booked in, and I'll sell the car.'

'The state it's in, we'll be lucky to make enough money to cover our hostel fee,' Arturo argued. Then he grabbed the backpacks and got out of the car.'

Monty drove the Merc to Automotores, one of many car dealerships in the city. Otto Grumman, an overweight second-hand car dealer, walked around the vehicle, shaking his head slowly as he inspected the damage. At length, he said, 'I give you 90,000 pesos'

Monty said 'The engine is good. But, I want at least 100,000.'

Otto, who specialised in used Mercs, reeled off the damage to the driver's door and the car's rear. But, he said, 'I have much work to do on your car before I can sell it, so 90,000 is as high as I can go.'

Monty said, 'I need enough for two airfares to Buenos Aires and hotel accommodation. 'If what you offer covers that amount, we have a deal.'

Otto looked at Monty. 'I know nothing about fares and fees. However, I have made you a good offer.'

Monty noticed that Otto had a Nazi swastika tattoo on his right inner forearm. So he decided to use his ace card. 'Otto, do you know who owned this car before me?'

'How could I know such a thing?'

'Well, it was Johan Boltz. Have you heard of him?'

Of course, Grumman had. Then he said, 'Was this really his car?'

Monty nodded, then said, 'I don't know if it is true, but there are rumours that it used to be Adolf Hitler's staff car.' Monty saw the look of awe on the Nazi's face. 'So I think it's worth much more than you are offering.'

Otto quickly backpedalled. 'OK, I give you 100,000.'

'And a lift to the Universal Travelers' Hostel.'

Monty went to a currency conversion website and found that the car sale's money amounted to around \$1,000 US. It was enough to cover basic expenses with a little bit leftover.' He shook Otto's hand to seal the deal. Monty felt a perverse pleasure in damaging and selling Boltz's classic Mercedes without him knowing about it.

Dr Theo Adams had been with the GHO for going on forty years. Five years ago, he got promoted to the lofty pinnacle of Director-General. Now he could streamline the organisation into a body not top-heavy with bureaucrats. His peers supported him, and he cut away the deadwood plaguing the organisation to let the GHO breathe. While applying this strategy, Theo also increased medical staff at the coal face of many hot spots around the globe. Now, Theo thought he had really achieved something of which he could be rightfully proud. But the influential people instrumental in his rise to power now thought it time to pay the piper - namely them. One of the "them" was Matthew Armitage, the media magnate. His Sunshine Foundation raised vast amounts of money to help fund the GHO, among other causes. But, unfortunately, Armitage was one of those people for whom wealth meant nothing except as a means to manage, manipulate and mess with bodies such as the GHO, as he saw fit. Or, to be more precise, how PanKosmia saw fit.

One of the GHO's most significant contributors, the Sunshine Foundation, had raised over \$20 million for the organisation. This gave Armitage considerable leverage when pointing the organisation in what it saw to be the right direction. Everybody at the GHO paid due deference to the media baron when he entered the GHO portals. He noted that most of the staff did not wear masks or obey the SD rules mandated by GHO. He did not care, though. He was positioned high enough on the ladder to know the real reason behind the Covid 66.6 rules. Armitage walked up to the reception desk and said, 'Tell Theo Adams Matthew Armitage is here.'

The woman looked up at him. 'Take a seat. He is with a client at present.'

He stared at the woman's name badge. 'I don't think you heard me, Betty. So, just in case you are hard of hearing, get me, Theo Adams. Now!'

Betty stared at the rude man. 'Sir, you don't have an appointment, so I have to fit you in where I can.'

Armitage stood shocked. He had never experienced such blatant insubordination. He forced a smile, 'Betty, do you like working here?'

She nodded.

'Well, if you want to keep your job, you will obey my order. Get me, Theo Adams, RIGHT NOW!'

Betty, almost in tears, phoned Theo Adams' extension.

As soon as he heard who was waiting in reception, Theo said, 'Well, what are you waiting for. Bring him to my office right away.'

The client, a small-time benefactor, said, 'But we haven't finished yet.'

'Go and wait in reception then. I have something vital to deal with.'

Once he entered Theo's world, Armitage got straight to the point. 'I take it you received my latest memo.'

Theo nodded. 'Yes, but I have a couple of queries.'

Armitage took a seat. 'All you have to do is make the statement on TV. You don't have to think about it. Just learn the script and deliver it.' Armitage added, 'I don't want to have to come here every time I send you a memo.'

As Armitage rose to his feet, Theo said, 'So is that it?'

'There's one other thing.'

'Oh, what's that?'

'Sack that bitch Betty. She's an insubordinate fucking cow.'

Theo said, 'What has she done to upset you?'

Armitage ignored the question and exited the office. But not without his parting shot. 'We can rely on you, can't we, Theo.'

Theo could not find his voice. He just nodded as Armitage made his exit.

Having been briefed by the man, Theo felt very vulnerable. He looked at the mission statement on his office wall. It read:

The Global Health Organisation is a specialised agency of the United Nations responsible for international public health.

It was simple and straight to the point. It was what attracted Theo to the GHO in the first place. Now after Armitage's visit, Theo felt sullied. He felt the whole organisation was compromised. So he looked up his contacts and phoned Major Herbert Price, the head scientist at the Class 4 John Hopkins lab in Fort Detrick.

The Major picked up during the second ringtone cycle. Seeing Theo's name, he said, 'Yow, what's up Bro?'

Theo smiled to himself. Major Price always addressed him as such. As they were both African Americans, Price assumed a kind of brotherhood between them. 'I need to pick your brains about something.'

'Pick away, Brother.'

'Yes but it has to be face-to-face.'

'That means one of us has got to travel.'

'I'll meet you at Frederick tomorrow. I'll send you the details.'

Theo sat back and twiddled a pen around with his fingers. He did not know if seeing Major Price would achieve anything. It could even put him in the limelight as a person of interest. But something was not right. The Constitution, which established the GHO's governing structure and principles, states its primary objective as "the attainment by all peoples of the highest possible level of health". So Theo got his PA to organise a flight for him to Frederick the next day.

Major Price did not look as though he had aged much in the last fifteen years. He was waiting in arrivals, and Theo saw his wide grin as soon as he came through the swing doors. As Theo just had cabin baggage, the pair quickly exited the airport. Major Price took out his cell phone, pressed a contact and said, 'We're near the cab rank. Pick us up now.'

Theo said, 'Just before I rang you yesterday, I had a visit from a Matthew Armitage. Have you heard of him?'

Herbert Price interrupted, 'Our ride is here.'

Theo looked up as a military police Jeep pulled up near the pair. He turned to the Major, 'What's this? I wanted our meeting to be discrete.'

'Don't concern yourself, bro. This is the easiest way to get you onto the base.'

'That's all very well, but I don't want this recorded.'

'Relax man, it's just our cab service.'

When they arrived at the base, the sentry on duty waved the MP cab through. The taxi dropped the Major and his guest off at the United States Army Medical Research Institute of Infectious Diseases. Once the pair was settled in the Major's office, Herbert Price said, 'Well, here we are DG. So what's on your mind?'

'Like I said I had a meeting with a Matthew Armitage.'

Herbert shrugged, 'I don't know much about the guy, except he owns TV networks and newspapers. But what does he have to do with our work here?'

'I don't know. But he seems to know what is going here. That's why I called you.'

'What did he say about the work we do here?'

Theo took a deep breath. 'It was more to do with what he told me to do.'

'Bro you sure do talk in riddles.' Then Herbert said, 'Before you say anything else, I'll tell you what goes on here. We are the US Army's main institution

and facility for defensive research into countermeasures against biological warfare. So we have the top military scientists working literally hands-on in the battle against the novel Corona-virus pandemic.' He added, 'So, are you sure you want to add anything?'

Theo said, 'Is this room clean?'

Herbert knew what his friend meant. 'We wouldn't be talking here if it wasn't.'

'OK, I have to tell you something Matthew Armitage said to me.'

'Which is?' He told me to get you to create a weaponised version of the virus with a much higher mortality rate as a BACKUP plan. He said it was to be released in phase 3, but only if needed.' Theo looked straight at Herbert. 'Do you know anything about this?'

The major remained outwardly calm but seethed inside. Armitage had cleverly made Dr Adams the messenger without him knowing the real meaning of the message. Major Price knew that Matthew Armitage, whoever he was, learned about the hybrid strain created at Fort Detrick class 4 lab in 2015. Herbert said, 'Did he explain how we are supposed to weaponise the virus?'

'All I know is it has something to do with making the virus more contagious.'

Herbert smiled, 'Let me show you what's going on here.'

'How is that going to help with this Armitage business?'

'Be patient and I will explain.'

'OK.'

After they were suited up in layers of protective gear, Herbert took Theo to the level 4 lab. He swiped his key card and gained entry. Dressed in yellow hazmat suits, scientists worked with live samples of the SARS-COV2 virus.' Herbert pointed out, 'My team is fully engaged in producing purified versions to be used by researchers to develop a vaccine, as well as calibrating the millions of diagnostic tests now available that determine if someone has been infected with COVID 66.6.'

In a report, Theo said, 'I read that you were trying to find out why Corona-virus's spread like wildfire in bats but have an extremely hard time getting people to spread it to others.'

'What do you mean?'

'Bats can easily pass the virus on to humans but humans spreading it to other people is much harder than expected.'

The Major swung on Theo. 'Why on earth would we want to make the virus more contagious. It doesn't make any sense.' But, he added, 'Bro, we're here to make a vaccine not a weapon.'

Theo said, 'But it would be possible, yes?'

'In theory, yes.'

'How would you do it?'

'Hypothetically speaking we would have to find a missing key with which we would infect the human ACE-2 receptor.'

'And how would you do that?'

'The answer would be to use 4 HIV inserts, to infiltrate the ACE receptor to allow the virus to get past Exosome security.'

Herbert added, 'Of course we are not doing it.'

'No, of course not,' Theo half-smiled. It did not help him with his problem, though. So instead, he said, 'We need to find out who this Armitage guy is.'

'Like I said ...'

'He's bad news for both of us.'

Herbert smiled, 'I'll get my PA onto it. Let's grab a coffee while we are waiting.'

As they drank their coffees, Theo said, 'I know Armitage is a media Baron but what does that have to do with him throwing his weight around GHO?'

'Somebody must be pulling his strings.'

'So who is the puppet master?'

Major Price said, 'Some things are better not known.'

## **Chapter 35**

North America/England

“Never in the field of human conflict was so much owed by so many to so few.” –

### **Winston E. Churchill**

Paul Shaughnessy relaxed at home, nursing a bourbon while thinking about Wycliffe O'Byrne's generous offer. First, he checked out the quarry magnate online. A search showed that O'Byrne had been a quarryman all his working life. So why would the man act as a proxy to a consortium of PakFoods shareholders?' Also, Paul wondered if O'Byrne was as influential as he purported. Could he deliver Paul the top job? From what little Paul knew about the relationship between O'Byrne and Jill Greenway, there was no love lost. O'Byrne was the one who got Maxwell Dorrian involved with PanKosmia, which, she believed, had a strong bearing on his death.

Maxwell, the genius behind PakFoods edible packaging, had taken the processed foods industry by storm. But it was Paul's stepmother who breathed life into his father's ideas. Wycliffe had told Paul he didn't owe his stepmother anything. Like the devil of temptation sitting on his shoulder, Wycliffe convinced Paul that he had a right as Max's heir to become PakFoods new CEO. He could still hear

O'Byrne's words in his head, 'But it won't happen without our help.' The "our" referred to was a company called World Enterprises, which had bought large blocks of PakFoods shares under different names until they owned most of the stocks. But could they really make him the CEO? Paul knew the honest thing to do would be to tell Jill Greenway about his meeting with O'Byrne. That would be all very well, but what if she had her own plans for the top job?

He sighed, took out his phone, and pressed Jill's contact. 'Hi, this is Paul here. We need to meet.'

'Your probably right about that, Paul. I'll email you with the details.'

Paul followed Jill's instructions, and he had a private meeting with her in her office. Paul looked around the spacious office, thinking it could well be his after the PakFoods AGM. According to Wycliffe, anyway.

'So why did you want to see me?' Jill asked.

'PakFoods is about to have the most important board meeting ever and I need to know where I stand.'

'In what respect?'

'Well, I have \$10 million in PakFoods bonds. They can buy me a lot of clout in the company.'

Jill looked at him, bemused. 'A lot of influence to do what?'

'I met up with Wycliffe O'Byrne, at his request.'

She stared at him. 'Oh! What was that about?'

'Before I tell you I want to be assured of a position on the board.'

Jill tried brushing his statement off as a casual remark. 'What do you mean?'

'If I use my voting power to get you elected to CEO, I need to know what you are giving me in return?'

'So what did Wycliffe have to say?'

'Jill, answer my question first.' Paul hesitated, then said, 'Or you could buy my shares off me.'

'If you support my ideas, I can make you VP.'

'The CEO's dogs body. Wycliffe says he can get me the CEO gig.'

Jill felt the blood drain from her face. 'And just how does he think he can pull that one off?'

'Apparently he is the front man for World Enterprises, which, next to me, has the biggest portfolio of PakFoods shares.'

Jill stared at him. 'It's a joke! You know nothing about PakFoods. How can you possibly lead the company?'

Paul smiled, 'Yes, it's bizarre, isn't it.'

Jill frowned, 'O'Byrne came to see me at PakFoods.'

'Really? What did he want?'

'To put a food additive in PakFoods products.'

'What food additive?'

'You're missing the point, Why, do you think, O'Byrne is interested in PakFoods, Paul?'

He shrugged slightly. 'You tell me.'

'Isn't it obvious? PanKosmia wants their pound of flesh. Now that Maxwell can't deliver, the bastards are using other measures to drain us dry.'

'Such as getting me elected to CEO?'

'Yes, Paul. They'll turn you into their Trojan Horse.'

'But he never mentioned PanKosmia.'

Jill smiled, 'Of course not, but I'll bet you World Enterprises is the commercial arm of the secret society.'

Paul said, 'Then we'd better stick together. And we only have a couple of weeks to make it work for both of us.'

Jill nodded, 'Thank you, Paul, for coming to me with this.'

'He smiled, 'Wycliffe nearly had me sucked in but not quite.'

'So, how do we play this?' Jill said. She looked Paul in the eye. 'Are you serious about selling the shares to me?'

'I'm a journalist and I just want to get on with my life.'

'OK, I'll give you \$5 million for Max's shares.'

Paul looked at her, shocked, 'They're worth twice that!'

'My lawyer has advised me to challenge the will. He says that under the circumstances I have a strong case. So why don't we just go fifty-fifty and avoid a long drawn-out court case?'

Paul looked straight at Jill, 'I will have to give it some thought.'

'I need those shares before the AGM. So, I'll give you 48 hours to decide. After that I hand it over to my lawyer. If it goes to court, you may very well end up with nothing.'

Paul knew that what Jill said made perfect sense. And five mil in hand was worth ten in the legal bush. 'How soon can you get me the money?'

She handed him a Stat Dec form. 'As soon as you sign this, I can have the funds transferred to your account.'

Paul read the contents. He was to get \$5 million for all the PakFoods shares bequeathed him by his late father. It was a simple enough contract. He signed next to Jill's signature and was now five mils richer.

Jill said, 'You've made a wise decision. So what are you doing with all that money?'

Paul's answer surprised Jill. 'I can buy a lot of info to find out why my father was killed.'

Jill said, 'The money should show up in your bank account in a few days.'

They shook on the deal and Jill said, 'We probably won't see each other again. So best of luck and have a good life.'

Karla met up with Titus in his office.

Titus eyed her report. It seemed that World Enterprises was squeaky clean. Most of WE's clients

were more than happy with the result. The few that did complain claimed they had been misled. These were generally innovators who had not been chosen by WE. However, a few start-ups under the WE umbrella were fooled by the small print in the contract.

Titus said, 'Were they actually misled, or did they miss the small print that gave WE the sole rights to the product?'

Karla said, 'One of WE's clients, unhappy with the revelation that WE claimed ownership of their product won the case and received a settlement out of court. But it is such a grey area that it all depends on how the magistrate reads the laws pertaining to the misleading statement in the small print.'

Titus shrugged, 'So there's nothing we can do.'

'True, Titus, but in my search I did come across something that seems odd to say the least.'

'Oh! What would that be?'

'I was curious about WE's criterion for choosing clients.'

'So, what made you curious?'

'I went through the WE client list with a fine tooth-comb and it turns out that all the inventions chosen for R and D are funded by a body known as the AOSP.'

'AOSP?'

Karla grinned, 'The Ancient Order of the Society of PanKosmians.'

Titus brightened, 'Well, we do know there is a connection. But why do you deem it significant?'

Karla passed a copy of the contract with high-lighted sections to Titus. She explained, 'In each of these instances, World Enterprises is listed as the sole party that sets the criteria for participation in the program.'

Titus shrugged, 'OK, but how does that help us?'

Karla grinned, 'Do you want me to do all your work for you?'

'If you have a valid point, out with it.'

'We have been looking for something misleading in the small print. But what if the deception is in the main body of the contract.'

Titus stared at Karla, a blank expression on his face.

She milked the moment, then explained. 'In all the high-lighted instances of the contract WE claims to set the rules of engagement with their vetting process. There is no mention of AOSP's role until you get to the small print, where it is mentioned once and only once with regards to WE's protocols.'

'But it has nothing to do with the clause we've been focusing on.'

Karla leant forwards, 'Exactly! Because the contract fails to point out the role played by PanKosmia, except once in the small print the contract can be considered null and void.'

Titus said, 'Well done, Karla. You may just have found us our loophole.'



## Chapter 36

North America

“As we express our gratitude, we must never forget that the highest appreciation is not to utter words, but to live by them.” – **John F. Kennedy**

Matthew Armitage met with Wycliffe O'Byrne at the Houston Space Centre. Wycliffe, captivated by the Moonrock collection, did not register Armitage's presence at first. Then he turned from the rocks and looked at the Media magnate. The deep frown Armitage wore showed he was not happy.

'What's the matter ?' O'Byrne asked.

Armitage stared at him. 'What's happening with Paul Shaughnessy?'

'He was enthusiastic about the offer when I explained it to him. But since then he's reneged.'

'What the fuck is that supposed to mean?'

'It means, we've lost him,' Wycliffe stated.

'Then, you'll have to find a way to get him back!' Armitage snapped.

'It's too late for that. It seems that he has done a deal with Jill Greenway.'

'I thought you said he was enthusiastic about getting the top job.'

'He was. But he had to tell Jill Greenway and she can be very persuasive.'

'Then you'll have to work on her. Offer her the same deal.'

'If she has her stepson's shares, she won't need our support.'

Armitage stared at Wycliffe. 'We want solutions, not excuses. Just because you have your seat at the adult's table does not mean you stay there. Now, the PakFoods AGM is in just over a week and we need somebody on the board in our corner. And you have to make that happen.'

Wycliffe lost his enthusiasm for the museum. 'There's just not enough time to find and groom one of the executives on the board.'

'Then you will have to find another way to block Jill Greenway.'

'Just one question. Why is she so important to us?'

'She's not important per se. But PakFoods must keep its pledge.'

Gawain Pimpernel was pruning his roses when he received a call. He usually left his phone indoors while he gardened, but he was expecting this critical call. Soon his phone rang, and he saw Barry Rock's name displayed on the small screen.

'Good morning Mr Rock. Mr O'Byrne said you would call.'

'Indeed. 'We have to meet.'

Gawain had a gardener, but he found pruning meditative, and he seldom had time to spend in the garden of his country estate. His home, a stunning, picturesque combination of a period farmhouse and barn conversion, set in landscaped grounds, was nestled in a rural village location. The Bluetooth location app showed the Watcher to be in Berkshire, where Gawain lived with his family. Gawain said, 'I can see you tomorrow, if that suits you?'

'Today would be most suitable. Let's say 60 minutes. I'll be at the bar of the Reading Hilton.'

Gawain knew it was no good arguing. 'Yes, of course I will see you there.'

Gawain met up with Barry Rock in the spacious, modern cocktail lounge.

Barry stood up and greeted Gawain. 'Sorry to spring this one on you, but we have to move forward and one of your number is taking events into his hands.'

Gawain looked at the mysterious Barry Rock. He had changed his wizardly appearance and had the guise of a middle-aged gentleman from the Reading hunting set. Gawain did not ask him how he changed his appearance. Instead, he said, 'Who are you talking about?'

Barry said, 'Let's find somewhere more private.'

They did so, and Barry ordered drinks for both of them.

Once seated, Barry said, 'Theodore Adams, What do you know about him?'

'Only that he is the DG of the GHO.'

'Dr Theo Adams was appointed Director General of the Global Health Organisation in 2014. He has a background in public health and served as the Minister of Health after becoming Conservative MP for West Suffolk in May 2001.'

'So, what has he done?'

Barry passed a single page file in a Manila envelope to Gawain. As Gawain read the contents, Barry said, 'As you can see he took an unauthorised flight to Fort Detrick, where he spoke to a Major Price directly about a task Mr Armitage had set him. Such an action is a complete breach of protocols.'

'I understand the situation is serious but what does it have to do with me?'

'We want you to choose a new DG, somebody who can be trusted. Bring them up to strength.'

'What will happen to Theo Adams?'

Barry half-smiled, 'That's my concern, not yours.'

## Chapter 37

England

“My heroes are those who risk their lives every day to protect our world and make it a better place—police, firefighters, and members of our armed forces.” – **Sidney Sheldon**

Kim Jarrold was becoming increasingly concerned about Aldous' state of mind. WE's body blow had shaken Aldous' fragile confidence. All that he had worked for de-materialised before his eyes. But the worse thing was that he had lost faith in his own product and had not taken his MindEze for days. Now the grey suckers were back, looming over people reaper-like, ready to pounce on unwary victims. Strictly speaking they were not really victims because they chose to embrace new possibilities or be stuck in fear. Kim remembered Aldous saying that he knew those with grey shadows would soon die, and there was nothing anybody could do about it. Kim watched Aldous suffer as a manic attack formed; She saw the signs but could not help him. Aldous always followed a predictable pattern when the blackness descended. Aldous disappeared for a few days with his world crashing around him and then returned home in a terribly depressed state. It had been bad enough when he was poor. But now he was wealthy beyond his wildest dreams, Kim was even more worried about what he might get up to. On top of these troubles Kim had been trying to chase up

Alison about what she saw as World Enterprise's deceptive practice. But Alison had not returned her calls. That was until ...

Kim's phone rang, and her heart gave a leap when she saw Alison's name come up. Kim gushed, 'Alison, I've been trying to get you. Aldous is worried sick and has gone off the rails. I'm very concerned about him. And your avoidance tactics have not helped.'

'Slow down a bit, Kim. I haven't returned your calls, because I had nothing to report – until now.'

'Tell me some good news. I desperately need some good news.'

'Then you're in luck. I need to see both of you today, if possible.'

'What's the good news then?'

'I will show you when you get here. Let's say eleven.'

'I'll be there. But I don't know what's happened to Aldous. He's at his most dangerous, mostly to himself, when he goes into his invincible phase.'

'Very well, Kimmie. I'll see you at eleven.'

Kimmie did not blame Aldous for slipping into the black abyss. He couldn't help it when off his meds. But it broke her heart to see, despite his mental health challenges, Aldous' hard-fought-for achievements come crashing down around him. It had been too much for him to deal with without spinning out. And she hated World Enterprises for being the cause of his latest crash. She sighed deeply and took off to the bathroom to grab a quick shower.

Alison Coyne greeted Kim and gestured for her to sit down.

Kim did so, then asked, 'So what is the good news?'

'We think we have found a loophole in the contract. It's not the one we looked for, but it can work for us.'

'What loophole?'

'There appears to be a discrepancy between the contract you signed and the small print. It might be enough to force WE to come up with a new contract.'

Kim looked at the solicitor wide-eyed. 'That's amazing! I wish Aldous was here to hear this news.'

'I can give him a ring if you like.'

Kimmie slumped in her seat. 'When he goes off on his crazy manic adventures he doesn't take his phone, because they can track him down.'

'Who's they?'

'Don't ask. I support him when I can but I draw a line about following him down rabbit holes.'

'Well, we need Aldous' agreement to go down this road.'

'I'm sure I can speak for him.'

'It's not as simple as that. All parties have to be in accord.'

'Alison, If the contract had to be redrafted we will make damn sure we don't miss a thing.'

'Kimmie, it's more complex than that. WE may well decide it's all too much trouble for them and not offer a new contract. So, bearing that in mind, what are your instructions?'

Kim stared at their solicitor. 'Do you think they will use this loophole to their advantage and withdraw their support?'

'You have to find Aldous and explain the situation.'

Kimmie stared at Alison, 'Do you have a close friend who suffers from bi-polar? You have only seen Aldous at his best, and, believe me, you would not like to meet him at his worst.'

Alison frowned, 'We need to move on this before WE gets wind and closes their loophole. Are you sure that Aldous will be guided by you?'

'When he is using MindEze, yes. Off his meds he is impossible to deal with.'

Alison passed Kimmie a Stat Dec form. 'Read this and if you agree sign by the x.'

Kim scanned through it and said, 'What have we got to lose that we haven't already lost?' She signed by the x.

Lara Balabanov was in love. That was how she felt about Saul, the owner of Bourton Books. For him, the feeling was mutual and he loved showing her around the area. He was just about to close up for the night when Lara arrived with a bottle of red. 'Would you like to help me deal with this,' she smiled.

'What here, in the shop?'

'Do you have a better offer?'

'Well, we could go to my place. But I'll have to run it by Susie, first.'

Lara stared at Saul wide-eyed, thinking, Oh God! So he's married or shares with someone. 'Who's Susie? She asked tentatively.

'She's a gorgeous redhead who shares house with me.'

'What's she going to think about you taking me home with you?'

Seeing the concerned look on her face he realised his teasing might backfire. It was time to let her off the hook. 'Oh, she won't mind sharing. As long as we take her for walkies.'

Lara stared at Saul, then she picked up a rolled magazine on his desk and whacked him over his head. 'So Susie is a bloody dog!'

Saul blocked the second blow. 'Steady on! that's the latest edition of "Bookshelf". I haven't read it yet.'

Susie turned out to be a good-natured labradoodle.

Saul drove Lara back to his flat which was only a few minutes away. Susie greeted them both at the door. She jumped up at Saul for cuddles, trying to lick his skin off. As Lara followed him inside. She said, 'You've done a great job with the place.'

Looking at his clutter, Saul rejoined, 'I'll have to have words with the maid.'

Eyeing the untidy flat, Lara said, 'Don't worry about that. I think we must both use the same maid.'

Saul chuckled. His flat was set up as a single bedroom bachelor pad, with a large open plan kitchen and living area and a separate bathroom with jacuzzi and shower. It was cleverly kitted out with modern everything and an impressive sound system which played music in each room. Saul plugged in his iPod and took Lara's wine, opened it and poured two significant measures. They said

"cheers" and looked at one another. It was more relaxing away from the shop, but the pair still felt nervous excitement.

Saul's eyes travelled to Lara's short black skirt with tights and the little silky blue top, showing her perfect figure. He felt now was the time to open up about his feelings. He had never voiced them to her and prayed it would not backfire. Still, she had come back to his place, so he was reasonably sure that something mutual was going on. If it backfired, he just hoped it wouldn't be a complete disaster. He was, at least by now, pretty sure the feelings were mutual.

Lara smiled. She flashed him a look that was crystal clear about her feelings for him. But the words did not come out. Like Saul, Lara was scared of the potential consequences. Saul wished he knew the specific thoughts running through her head. By God he wanted to know.

Saul was about to find out as she sipped her wine and stood closer to him. He wasn't sure how it happened, but he leant forward at the same time as her, and they gently brushed lips. Their kiss was unbelievably soft and gentle for the first few moments. It felt delightful as their lips pressed tenderly together. It quickly turned into full-on mouth mashing, their tongues snaking in every way possible. The sparks in those first few moments were truly electrifying. It was as if some magnetic force between their lips stopped them from breaking away.

After a few minutes, they paused just enough to take stock of what was happening, then came back together in a passionate embrace for more, Saul holding her face and the back of her head, his hands roaming everywhere within reach. Then, finally, whispering in her ear, he said softly, 'Lara, you're beautiful.'

The look on their faces, when they finally drew apart, was one of sheer excitement. They were both immensely turned on. As they embraced, Lara could not help feeling the bulge in Saul's jeans. In her best Mae West impression, she smiled, saying, 'Is that a rolled-up copy of Bookshelf in your pants or are you pleased to see me?'

Saul ignored the well-worn pun and couldn't hold back his sexual urges any longer.

Lara reached down and gently patted the lump in his pants, saying, 'Mmm.... Down boy.... we need to stop before we get completely carried away.'

'Why, Suzie doesn't mind, as long as we don't keep her waiting for her walkies.'

At the sound of her favourite word, she wagged her shortened tail and ran off to find her leash.

## Chapter 38

South America

“Honor to the soldier and sailor everywhere, who bravely bears his country’s cause. Honor, also, to the citizen who cares for his brother in the field and serves; as he best can, the same cause.”

– **Abraham Lincoln**

Once Arturo and Monty arrived in Buenos Aires, they went to ground to give them a chance to work out what to do next. The Argentinian capital boasted a metropolitan area of over four thousand square kilometres and a population of around fifteen million, making it the fourth most populous city in South America.

The pair went to ground in the Urban 011 hostel situated in Calli Maipu 208. Monty thought the place was awful. Even the communal areas were only used mainly by off-duty staff. Arturo was met with angry stares for just entering the TV lounge. Monty found the whole atmosphere quite disturbing. But as the pair were there to keep their heads down, they happily stayed in their rooms.

It was not perfect but manageable. Or it would have been if not for the loud music blasting through the thin walls. Arturo rang Katrina Weber's number for the sixth time that morning. He'd left six messages, each more urgent than the previous one. Finally, on the seventh try, he heard her voice. 'Katrina, you haven't answered my calls.'

'I'm here now so what do you want?'

'Safe passage for Monty De Vere and myself from Buenos Aires.'

'What the hell have you to been up to?'

'We had to leave Inalco Residentzia in a hurry.'

'Did you find the CIA spy?'

'Yes, shortly before he was murdered.'

'Do you know the agent's identity?'

'Agent Cooper.'

'How do you know he was murdered?'

'His body covered with blood was a big clue.'

Katrina thought for a moment. Then she said, 'OK, I need a statement from you – everything you know about Cooper's death.'

'Shouldn't I report it to the spooks. After all he is, was one of theirs.'

'Just write up the report. I'll decide who gets it. Meanwhile, you two stay put while I organise your extraction.'

Arturo's phone rang a few minutes later. He saw Katrina's name come up. 'That was quick.'

Ignoring his comment, she said, 'Francisco Kirschner of the FIA will soon contact you.'

'Who's he?'

'Francisco is a senior officer with the Federal Intelligence Agency. Do what he says, and you will soon be on a plane to the US. Once you're stateside, a CIA agent will meet you and take you in for questioning.'

Arturo, not a fan of that, said, 'I thought you was going to debrief us at your office.'

Katrina said, 'If I want to debrief you it will be in private.'

Arturo could not help but smile. 'So we just wait for this Kirschner to call?'

'It's OK. You can trust him.'

Five minutes later, Arturo received another call from Katrina. He reasoned that it had to be vital for her to chance blocking Kirschner's call. 'Hi Katrina, we can't keep meeting like this.'

'Arturo, listen! This is serious. Somebody has pledged a million bucks to anyone who kills you both.'

'You mean they've taken out a contract on us.'

'We don't need two guesses to figure out who you pissed off lately.'

'Now wait a minute. Where do they advertise for killers, Contract weekly?'

Katrina said, 'Sort of. It's on the dark web. A site called Kill4U.' She added, 'Oh, one more thing. They know you're in Buenos Aires, so it won't be long before they know where.'

Despite the thirty-five degree heat in the shade, Arturo suddenly felt very cold. 'What the fuck are we supposed to do now.'

'Stick to the plan. First, I have to inform Francisco about these latest developments.'

Monty said, 'I gather from what I heard of your conversation that getting safely to the airport is not looking good.'

Arturo frowned deeply, 'Do you know how many people will kill anybody for one million?'

'No.'

'Neither do I. And I don't want to hang around to find out.'

Kirschner and his security detail arrived at the Urban 101 hostel and got a staff member to take them to Senor Bruno's room. Once there, Kirschner knocked on the door.

Bruno said, 'Who is it?'

'Francisco Kirschner. Your FBI told us about your predicament. I'm here to help you. So open up.'

'OK, let me see your ID.' Arturo said, opening his door halfway.

The Inspector's photo ID matched the picture Katrina had messaged him. So he let in the police officers.

'So what's the plan?' Monty asked.

Kirschner smiled, expanding his black moustache in a broad grin. 'Pleased to meet you, gentlemen. Grab your luggage, and we will drive you to the airport. Your CIA has organised a charter flight to take you back to America.'

The CIA! Arturo smelled a rat. Why were the spooks running the op, not the FBI? He wondered. He didn't say anything but remained alert to any other clues that did not add up.

Monty had also picked up on the reference to the CIA but said nothing.

Arturo said, 'Inspector, who did you talk to in the CIA?'

Kirschner said, 'What does that matter. We have to get moving before someone kills us. So let's go.'

Arturo said, 'I still have questions for you.'

Kirschner said, 'Very well, Senor Bruno. But I will answer your questions on the way to the airport.'

As they drove to the airport, Arturo said, 'Who, in the CIA did you speak to?'

'I didn't speak to anybody from the CIA. Someone else organised that,' Kirschner stated, turning his head to look at Arturo sitting in the back seat.

'Who was that?' Arturo asked.

'She said she was with your FBI.'

'Name?'

'I think her name is Weber.'

Arturo smiled. Maybe Kirschner was on the level. The Brazilian gave the Inspector the benefit of the doubt – for now anyway.

But Arturo became suspicious, and a bit concerned when they pulled up in a five-minute waiting area near the International Terminal entrance. Finally, he said, 'Why, are you taking us this way?'

Kirschner had a ready answer. 'It's more secure for you to be in a crowd. Besides, I know a shortcut through to private charters.'

Arturo glanced sideways at Monty, who had been quiet.

Then the Englishman said, 'Do you know about the bounty on our heads?'

Kirschner stared at Monty. 'Of course. That's why we have to get you on your plane as soon as possible, Senor.'

'What if you want the bounty money for yourselves?' Perhaps you are leading us into a trap,' Arturo stated.

Francisco put on a shocked look. 'If I wanted to collect on the reward, Senor, it would have been easier to shoot you back at the hostel.'

Monty saw the logic in that. 'OK, what you say makes sense. But you must understand why we're a bit suspicious.'

Kirschner said, 'Come follow me.'

Arturo looked around. There were nowhere near as many passengers and staff as before the Covid scare. 'So, where's the crowds Inspector?'

'The Coronavirus has thinned people out,' the cop said nonchalantly.

Kirschner led the pair past the check-in, security and then through a side-door marked 'No Entry'.

Arturo felt sick in his stomach. The Brazilian figured the private area would be the perfect spot for Kirschner and his men to shoot them with no witnesses around. But, as he thought Monty was unarmed, they were totally at the Inspector's mercy.

Monty saw the worried look on his friend's face. He was packing a snub-nosed 38 concealed in an ankle holster. He quickly bent down to do up a shoelace while surreptitiously releasing the security flap on his weapon. Monty figured it would be one gun against three. Even if he did somehow get to his pistol in time, he would be lucky to get one of them before he went down. Yet he couldn't just stand there waiting to be shot.

Arturo had another idea. 'How would you like to double your money?'

Kirschner stared at the Brazilian. 'What do you mean?'

'What do you know about the person trying to get us killed?'

Kirschner expressed puzzlement. 'He's paying out a million dollars to have you both killed.'

'He might just do that. But what guarantee do you have that the contractor will pay up?' Arturo got Kirschner's attention, 'Now, I have a counter-offer.'

The Inspector showed interest. 'Just what would that be, Senor?'

'The FBI would probably pay twice that much to get us back stateside unharmed.'

The Inspector laughed, 'And how is that supposed to happen?'



Arturo put out his hand. 'Let me phone Agent Weber and get her to authorise payment into an account of your choosing.'

Kirschner shook his head. 'If I give you my phone, you might phone the police.'

'I'm phoning the FBI, so of course, I'm calling the police.'

One of the minders said 'We have to get this done, take photographs and get out of here.'

Kirschner said, 'I think we'll go for plan A.'

Monty primed himself to go for his gun.

Kirschner pulled out his gun first.

Arturo tried one more approach. 'For you to prove you have killed us you have to provide your client with your contact details. So, if you do get paid, make sure you spend your blood money quickly.'

'Why?' The Inspector asked.

'Because you will be committing a capital crime and your client would not leave any loose ends.'

Arturo saw Kirschner begin to say something; then, he closed his mouth.

'Just let me phone Agent Weber. She can get the transfer of funds organised,' Arturo pressed.

The Inspector stared at the Brazilian, then handed over his phone.

Arturo went to the phone call record. There was a call from an American phone number, which Arturo took to be from Katrina. So he called the number and prayed Katrina would take the call.

Katrina picked up during the second ring cycle. 'Arturo, how are you?'

'I've been better.'

'What's your problem?'

'Inspector Kirschner is first in line for the jackpot.'

Katrina got the gist of his comment. 'Explain your situation at this moment.'

'Kirschner is holding us at gunpoint in a private section of the airport.'

'Let me speak with the Inspector.'

Arturo said, 'One other thing, I told him The FBI would pay him two million if he makes sure we leave here unharmed.'

'You did what! How am I supposed to authorise that?'

Kirschner's men were getting nervous. The Inspector felt uneasy. He thrust his left hand out for the phone while training his gun on the pair with his right.

Arturo said, 'I'm handing you over to Kirschner.' He gave the Inspector the phone.

Once she had the Inspector on the phone, Agent Weber said,

'So you want to change the rules, Senor Kirschner.'

Feeling more confident, he said, 'I may never get the chance to get a million dollars again.'

Katrina took a deep breath. 'We need those men alive and unharmed. So do your job and get them safely on their plane, and we will pay you two million. But it has to be done now without delay.'

'When do I get paid?'

As soon as they are on board, phone me with your bank details. Then I will authorise the transfer.'

'How do I know I can trust you?' Kirschner snapped.

'I know I can't trust you, Inspector. So you have to show some good faith.'

## **Chapter 39**

North America

“Each day we repeat our dramas but the hero stars in a brand new mind movie everyday.” –

### **Chris Deggs**

Danny Corona had lived in Houston for 35 years – all his life – so far. He had been a Homicide detective for the last five years, but he had never dealt with the CIA before. Strictly speaking, he wasn't dealing with the Company directly. The person of interest for him was an ex-CIA agent who now worked as a rocket scientist. If it were not because his brother needed a favour from him, Danny would not be messing in CIA affairs at all. He rang the number his brother had given him. When he got a response, he said, 'Dr Devenport, Detective Corona here. I need to ask you a few questions.'

'What about?'

'First, why you impersonated a CIA agent.'

'What are you talking about?'

'Mr Devenport, do you deny that you passed yourself off as a CIA agent to my brother to get information about Arthur Buller.'

So that was where he had heard the name before. 'OK, I throw my hands up to that. You got me there, Detective. But I'm guessing that's not why you called.'

'My brother told me that you thought that somebody using MK-Ultra mind manipulation programmed Buller to shoot Maxwell Dorrian.'

'That's one possibility.'

'So how did you know what signs to look for?'

Jesse, becoming irritated, snapped, 'Why the hell do you want to know?'

'Because we might have another one.'

Jesse, taken aback, said, 'I think we'd better carry this on face-to-face.'

'I agree, Dr Devenport. So where shall we meet?'

'Well, as we're both in Houston, how about the Space Centre?'

For Danny Corona seeing the 111-metre Saturn 5 spaceship up close was a first. Observing the gigantic rocket in the flesh was mind-blowing for him. So much so that he never saw Jesse Devenport approach. Instead, Jesse looked at the Detective's selfie on his phone. Yes, it was the guy he was meeting. 'Pretty impressive,' Jesse said, breaking the cop's attention.

Without turning from the rocket, Danny said, 'I guess you know all about this stuff, but it's all new to me.'

Jesse, changing the subject, said, 'Over the phone you suggested, there might be another one? What did you mean?'

'The killer may have struck again.'

'What makes you think that?' Jesse pressed.

'A white-haired guy, probably late 60s, early 70s, has been shot outside his home.'

'So what makes you think he was mind-controlled?'

Detective Corona looked straight at Jesse. 'We caught the killer two hours later. The arresting officers said he looked disoriented and wasn't sure where he was. So he just handed the officer his weapon and allowed himself to be taken away.'

Jesse frowned, 'It has all the markings of MK-Ultra.'

'Yeah, that's what I thought.'

Jesse said, 'So where's the killer?'

'We got him locked up. He will have a psychiatric assessment carried out tomorrow morning.'

'I need to ask him some questions.'

'You can sit in on the interview, but that's it.'

'But I know the questions to ask.'

Corona stared at Jesse. 'Write them down, and I'll ask them.' Then Danny said, 'How about you giving me a guided tour of this joint?'

Later that day, Detective Corona and Jesse sat opposite a quietly-spoken man with a steady, penetrating stare. This unnerved Jesse as he watched on while Corona asked the questions.

'Mr Nelson, do you know why you are here?'

Abe answered after a long pause. 'They tell me I shot somebody.'

'Do you remember killing Floyd Moore?'

Jesse had not known the name of the victim until that moment. He turned to the Detective. 'I need to tell you something, Detective – in private.'

The pair stepped outside the interview room. 'Did you just say the victim was Floyd Moore?'

'Yes. Why?'

'Have you personally seen the victim?'

'Yes, at the scene of the crime.'

'How would you describe him?' Jesse asked.

Detective Corona said, 'Just where the hell is this going?'

'Was he an old guy with a shock of white hair?'

'Yeah, you could say that. So why are you keeping us from interviewing the killer?' Corona snapped.

'Because I think I know the victim.'

Danny stared at the scientist. 'Explain.'

'He knew another Vic called Peter Harris. He was a private dick.'

Corona stared at Jesse, 'That name rings a bell.'

'It should do. Peter was killed in a hit and run incident on a pedestrian crossing.'

'A shooting I can understand but killing somebody using a car as the weapon is so unpredictable. It has to be the right person in the right place at the right time.'

Jesse sighed, 'I understand that, Detective. But the point is that I knew both victims.'

'You do realise that this info makes you the main suspect.' Then Corona said, 'How did you know Floyd Moore?'

'We were looking into the death of another man, Maxwell Dorrian.'

'The victim of another shooting.'

Jesse nodded.

Corona said, 'I think you'd better tell me everything you know. But meanwhile, I have a prisoner to question.'

'OK. You do that. I have something to follow up on.'

'If you find out anything don't take the law into your own hands. You report it back to me.' He handed Jesse a personal card with his cell number.

## Chapter 40

South America/Patagonia

"Don't forget, you are the hero of your own story." – **Greg Boyle**

Herman de Moonschildt summoned Johan Boltz to the right-wing of Inalco Residentzia, where the heir to the de Moonschildt fortune had his private residence. Very few people had access to Herman's Hermitage, with Johan Boltz being one of them. Herman heard the tell-tale tap-tap of the old Nazi's wolf-head cane on the tiled floor. He looked up at the old man and saw the pained expression etched into his face. 'Johan, is there a problem?'

The old retainer grimaced. 'I just need to get some stronger painkillers.'

'Oh, right.'

'So why did you want to see me?'

'Gather the twelve. It's time for another meeting.'

Johan was an old-school Nazi. He yearned for the establishment of a new Reich. The only way that was likely to happen was behind the mask of PanKosmia. If it did not occur soon, it would be too late for the aged Gruppenfuhrer. Despite being close to the Grand Master, Boltz knew very little about what drove the Ancient Order of PanKosmians. He looked Herman in the eye. 'I will attend to it right away, Sir.'

To the Majestic 12, nothing was more important than the meeting. Each member had a hectic work schedule with no appointment times to spare. Yet, with some last-minute adjustments, each secret

enclave member suddenly found they had three clear days to deal with the PanKosmian business. They only had two days to work on their reports and get down to Patagonia. Yet, somehow, each of the Mj12 members managed to achieve that goal.

Each associate arrived at Inalco Residentzia in their private aircraft and got shown their luxury suites, where they awaited Herman De Moonschildt's pleasure. None of the PanKosmians communed together until the top-secret meeting commenced.

Once the Mj12 members settled around the colossal round table, Herman addressed the group. 'Gentlemen, do you have your reports ready?'

Anton Wilk stood up in front of the gathering. He delivered his message, saying, 'The German parliament has passed a law, the so-called "Infection Protection Act" formally granting the government the authority to issue any proclamations it deems necessary under the guise of protecting the public health.'

Pimpernel added, 'Of course, the Merkel government has been doing this anyway — imposing lockdowns, curfews, travel bans, banning demonstrations, raiding homes and businesses, ordering everyone to wear medical masks, harassing and arresting dissidents, etc. But now it has been "legitimised" by the Bundestag and enshrined into law.'

Adding lightness to the serious concerns at hand, Anton Wilk quipped, 'And presumably stamped with one of those intricate official stamps with which German bureaucrats like to stamp things.'

There were light chuckles, and Herman brought the meeting to order.

The following person to report was Matthew Armitage, who explained, 'This "Infection Protection Act," which we got rushed through the parliament, is mistakenly compared to the "Enabling Act of 1933". This Act granted the government the authority to issue whatever edicts it wanted under the guise of remedying the people's distress.'

'It does seem similar.' Wycliffe O'Byrne commented.

Matthew replied, 'Yes, I realise it sounds pretty similar, but, according to the government and the German Media, there is no connection whatsoever. And those who suggest there is a connection are labelled far-right AFD extremists, Neo-Nazi conspiracy theorists, or anti-VAX esoterics. And, in this instance, the government has the public on its side.'

Daniel Haye asked 'What response has there been from the "dangerous extremists"?'

'Quite a violent one,' Matthew responded. But that's to be expected. As the new Protection Act was legitimised, tens of thousands of anti-totalitarian protesters gathered in the streets, many of them carrying copies of the Grundgesetz (the constitution of the Federal Republic of Germany), which the parliament had just abrogated. But they were met by thousands of riot police, who declared the demonstration "illegal" (because many of the protesters were not wearing masks). These brave officers stood their ground and soon had control of the situation. They used the necessary force to arrest hundreds of protesters. They hosed down the rest with water cannons.'

Herman said, 'Excellent, Mr Armitage. And I'm sure your media reportage did us proud.'

'We are objective, not at all like Goebbels' Ministry of Propaganda in the Nazi era. We dutifully reminded the German public that these protesters were all Corona Deniers, far-right extremists, conspiracy theorists, anti-vaxxers, neo-Nazis, and so on, so they probably got what they deserved.'

Nods of approval were followed by chuckles as those present affirmed what Matthew said.

'Our coverage shows these protests in the German Media, the intelligentsia, and, basically, to

anyone in public life who wants to remain there, warns that these Corona Deniers are becoming a problem. They are spreading baseless conspiracy theories that threaten public health and causing distress to the German people. These irresponsible killers walk around without medical-looking masks, making a mockery of the government and media's efforts to convince the public that they are under attack by an apocalyptic plague. The ring leaders are staging these protests and otherwise challenging the government's right to declare a health emergency, suspend the German constitution indefinitely, and rule society by decree and force.'

Herman said, 'Please explain something for me.'

'Certainly, Grand Master. What would you like me to explain?'

'As I understand it, Mr Armitage, the German government's efforts and the Media attempts to demonise anyone not obediently parroting the official New Normal narrative is considered a dangerous Neo-Nazi Corona Denier. And despite the government's attempt to clamp down on Corona Denialism, the movement is growing.' Not just in Germany, but throughout Europe,' Mr Moonschildt stated.

Matthew, taken aback by the Grand master's comments, justified, 'Clearly, the time has come for Germany to take more robust measures against this threat, and I will be taking this line in the media. Infection Protection Act, The government, now has the authority to conceive and carry out the final, er ... some kind of solution. We will run the line that the government will no longer allow these degenerate anti-social deviants to run around challenging the German government's absolute power. This dangerous behaviour is not an option, not in a time of national health emergency! These Nazi-sympathising Corona deniers must be rooted out and dealt with mercilessly!'

The group cheered and clapped.

Anton Wilk spoke up. 'I'm not privy to all the details, of course. Still, I have it on good authority that the German government has commissioned a Special Task Force to deal with the Corona Denier Problem efficiently.' Steps, concerning this are already being taken.'

Matthew added, 'We are seeing to it that all alternative media outlets are being de-platformed because they are spouting lies and dangerous propaganda. We on the other hand broke a story about Veronika Helch. She is a widely known dissident lawyer who was filing lawsuits against the government.'

'For what?' Wycliffe asked.

'For the lock-downs, which she claimed went against the Grundgesetz.' Matthew said. He paused then added, 'But it is OK. Private Police officers in riot gear went to her home and persuaded her to go with them to a mental health hospital, where she was forcibly committed to a psychiatric ward.'

As far as her collaborators are concerned, she has mysteriously disappeared.'

Matthew said, 'And we aim to keep it that way. We have a follow up ready for tomorrow's news. A source at the mental health facility announced that, before Veronika Helch was processed, she was left unattended for a few minutes. During that time, she got away and has not been seen.'

Having listened to and commented on the remaining reports, Herman De Moonschildt rose from his seat and made some closing remarks. He said, 'Good work, everybody. The German solution and its handling have shown us a way forward to the next step. Our job now is to make sure the rest of the affected nations follow this blueprint or at least a version of it.'

Consent Factory (@consent\_factory): "Germany is setting up ....  
[https://nitter.tedomum.net/consent\\_factory/status/1351148129660399619](https://nitter.tedomum.net/consent_factory/status/1351148129660399619)

## Chapter 41

England

“A hero is born among a hundred, a wise man is found among a thousand, but an accomplished one might not be found even among a hundred thousand men.” – **Plato**

Kim Jarrold was worried sick about Aldous. He had been gone for five days, and there was no sign of his return. Kim hated to think who he had been mixing with. She had noticed that when Aldous was off his meds, in his mind, he was the mighty warrior out to right wrongs. He thinks everybody is his friend, but mostly they are out to take him for all he's worth. Then sometime later, he returns home, an emotional wreck, like a dog with its tail between its legs. But this episode brought the "Black Dog" with it. Aldous entered his home and, ignoring Kimmie completely, went straight through to his bedroom without uttering a word. This was nothing new for Kimmie, and she did not take his affront personally. Besides, Kim had something else playing on her mind. She rang Alison. Eventually, Kim heard the solicitor's voice. 'Yes, Kim, how can I help you?'

We received another letter from WE. That is Aldous has not received it yet because he's not up to receiving more bad news from those crooks.'

'What terrible news?' Alison asked.'

'I think we should meet.'

'I'm very busy this week, Kim. So give me the gist.'

'We received a letter from World Enterprises informing us that WE has reclassified MindEze, claiming it contains a class A drug.'

'Did they name this drug?'

Kimmie answered, 'Yes, cannabis. But, unfortunately, this means that MindEze can no longer be sold over the Internet, which is where Aldous gets most of his sales.'

Alison said, 'Fax me a copy of the letter, and I'll get back to you.'

Three hours later, Kimmie knocked on Aldous' door. She heard a mumbled, 'Go away.'

Kimmie said, 'I'm coming in, Aldous.'

She heard, 'I need more sleep. I'll talk in the morning.'

Kimmie, having had enough, said, 'It may be a surprise to you, but the world has gone on in your absence, and there is important legal stuff we need to talk about.'

The voice came back. 'I can't deal with that fucking stuff right now.'

Kimmie, spitting chips, snapped, 'Well, I have to rush off to see Alison. Because you can't get your act together, I have to sort out this shit –your shit without your help. If you don't come out of that room right now, I'm leaving, and I'm not coming back!'

Aldous responded, 'It's not my fault. It's fucking WE!'

'It's your fault you stopped taking MindEze, so don't try blaming anyone else. If you want any more help from me, take your fucking meds!'

Alison stared at the fax, and then Kim's state of panic made sense. It was unbelievable. WE had reclassified MindEze, claiming it contained an illegal drug, namely cannabis, in its ingredients. Furthermore, they had informed the DEA that, should an investigation ensue, the company needed it on record that it had told the DEA of its discovery. She hastily phoned Titus and apprised him of this latest development.

He said, 'Send me a copy of the letter.'

Alison said, 'I'll do it while we're speaking. Then she said, 'It seems like a case of WE cutting off its nose to spite its face.'

Titus got her drift. 'We found a loophole in the contract to stop WE from completely taking over MindEze. Now they come up with this, which effectively stops your client selling his product online.'

Alison said, 'We need WE to provide proof that MindEze has cannabis in it.'

Titus said, 'If only it was that easy. But, unfortunately, we will have to deal with the DEA, and they don't have to prove anything.'

'So, how are we supposed to mount a defence in court?'

'Our suit against WE has not yet been resolved. We must deal with that first.'

'So what are we supposed to do in the meantime? Wait for the DEA to contact our client?'

Titus said, 'Find out if cannabis was an ingredient used in MindEze before WE got their hands on the product. Then, we have to find out if WE added the cannabis themselves, then raised the alarm with the DEA.'

'Yes, I'll discuss this with my client.'

Titus said, 'OK, I've got your fax.' He then added, 'I would not put it past WE to pull a stunt like this. But knowing it is one thing. Proving they sabotaged the product is a whole different ball game.'

Alison rang Kimmie. Hearing Kim answer, she said, 'I've read your fax, and I need to speak with Aldous if he's around.'

Kimmie sighed, 'He's here, but he's not in a good mental space.'

'I see. Well I need to know the original ingredients used in MindEze and we need proof of such.'

Kim sighed again, 'Hold on a minute, and I'll see if he'll come to the phone.'

Kim knocked on Aldous' door. 'Alison's on the phone, and she needs to speak with you.'

'What about?' Aldous said.

Sick of Aldous' attitude, Kim said, 'I'm not your fucking secretary! Come and answer the bloody phone.'

She heard some shuffling around. Then Aldous opened the door. He looked a total wreck, washed out and worn out. Aldous staggered past her, slouched to the phone and picked up the receiver. 'Yes,' he said.

'Is that you Aldous?' Alison asked.

'Yes,' he grunted.

'I need you to do something for me. I need you to give me a list of all the original ingredients in MindEze. Can you do that for me?'



'I suppose so.' Aldous said un-enthusiastically.

'OK, Aldous. Now put Kim back on the phone.'

Aldous handed the phone to Kim. She said, 'Are you still there, Alison?'

'Yes. Now I need a list of the original ingredients, and I need it quickly.'

'Of course. But we have to contact Aldous' friend in Mali.'

'Mali?'

'Yes, a village chief made up the concoction and gave it to Aldous to drink.'

'So it could have cannabis as one of its properties.'

Kimmie frowned, 'Yes, I suppose so. But, look, I'll work with Aldous on this and get back to you as fast as I can.'

'What's all this about, Kimmie?' Aldous asked.

'We have got to find out what the Dogon Headman used to make his Guierra?'

'We will have to ask Sigui.'

'Have you got a contact number for him?'

Aldous looked down and shook his head.

'So, how are we going to contact him?'

'Fucked if I know,' Aldous shrugged, losing interest.

'Oh, no! You don't get off that easily! It's your shit, and I'm not being lumbered with it.'

'Why are you being so mean?' Aldous said.

She stared at him. 'Because you've fucked me over like you did in Mali. But I'm angrier at myself for being sucked into your bullshit again.' Then, on a roll, Kim said, 'Do you know what?' I'm over your crap. I'm out of here. And don't contact me until you get your shit together!'

'But it's not my fault. You have no idea what it's been like for me.'

'Aldous, you're a selfish bastard. You have everything going for you and still you pull your kamikaze stunts.'

Aldous looked at Kimmie, imploring, 'I'm sorry if I made things worse for you, but it's the Black Dog that tricks me.'

'Get back on your MindEze, and when you've got your fucking head sorted, we'll talk. Until then, you're on your own,' Kimmie snapped. She grabbed her bag and went to the door. Kim turned to Aldous. 'You can start by taking your medicine and 'getting in touch with BAS.'

'BAS?'

'Build African Schools. Sigui used to work there. They should have his contact number, now you sort it out.'

## **Chapter 42**

England

“No hero is mortal till he dies.” **Auden**

Two days later, Aldous and Kimmie sat in front of Alison Coyne in her office. Alison brought Aldous up to speed. 'We are not sure about WE's motive in reporting their alleged finding to the DEA. It could simply be that they have discovered traces of Cannabis in MindEze and WE is afraid of tarnishing its reputation in the public eye.'

'And it could be because they are up to their dirty tricks again,' Aldous countered.

'We can argue all day with our conjectures, but the bottom line is that they have stopped you selling MindEze online.'

Aldous frowned deeply. 'Yes, Kimmie told me about that.'

The solicitor steepled her fingers and, resting her chin on her hands, said, 'So where are we with the original ingredients?'

Kimmie jumped in, 'We are waiting to hear from a man in Mali.'

Alison stared at Kim. 'I thought you said you had it sorted.' Then she mollified a little. 'I know it can be difficult dealing with communications in third world countries. It's probably best to give me the man in Mali's details and I will follow it up.'

Once Kim and Aldous left her office, Alison rang Titus. Hearing his voice, she said, 'I need to contact the guy you spoke to from WE. So, what's his number?'

'Hang on a moment, and I'll look it up.' Ah yes, here we have it – Henry Silverstein. But perhaps it would be best if I followed it up. After all, I've already had dealings with him.'

Alison said, 'I just want to ask him why WE decided to test the ingredients.' She could not see his smile as he read out the phone number.

Alison rang the number, got a secretary or personal assistant and asked to speak with Henry Silverstein. After a couple of minutes, she heard a man's voice.

'Silverstein here. How can I help you?'

'Mr Silverstein, I'm Alison Coyne, and I work as a solicitor on behalf of Herbal Remedies.'

'OK. So what does that have to do with me?'

'My client received a letter from WE recently claiming that his MindEze product contained Cannabis.'

'Yes, that is so.'

'Why did you not isolate all the ingredients before you signed the contract? Why leave it until now?'

'Ms Coyne, it's out of our hands. If you wish to pursue this, you will need to speak with the DEA. I'll give you a contact if you like.'

'Mr Silverstein, so far, WE has been nothing but bad news for my client. Now, your latest move against him is going to become bad news for WE.'

'What do you mean?'

'My client, a bipolar sufferer, manages to turn his life around with his Herbal Remedy MindEze product for people with mental health problems. World Enterprises becomes interested and offers my client a great deal that seems too good to be true. But it turns out that WE is not interested in

helping my client develop the product. They want it all to themselves and my client's fragile mental state ...'

'Ms Coyne, do what you want but make sure you can prove everything you say, or we will bury you in a lawsuit so deep you'll never dig yourself out. I have given you my contact in the DEA so ask them what you want to know.'

Alison slammed down the receiver. 'Fuck!' She had achieved nothing by contacting WE. If anything, she had made matters worse for her client. She had to admit it was not WE's fault that she had not read the small print in the contract. WE was entitled to take over MindEze because of her error. Alison did not believe WE had put Cannabis into the product to stop her client from selling it. Any court would see WE as the good guy being ethically responsible, despite their financial burden for taking MindEze off the market. So, what argument did she have? Other than to air her client's mental vulnerability in public.

The next day Alison phoned Kim. Hearing her voice, the solicitor said, 'I have spoken with a board director in WE, and we have to pursue this cannabis business through the DEA. But I can't do anything until we know all the ingredients that go to make up Guierra. So how are you going with that?'

'We are waiting to hear from someone, a friend of Aldous' called Sigui.'

Alison said, 'I've been doing some research, and I think we can safely assume that the Dogon people use Cannabis in Guierra.'

'But we don't know that for sure,' Kim countered.

'Kim, I didn't have to do much digging to find out that the Dogon Tribe have been growing Cannabis and worshipping the stars as far back as anyone can trace. Cannabis is a sacred plant for the Dogon, so there is every likelihood that it is one of, if not the primary ingredients in Guierra.'

Kim said, 'But, that's just folklore. Right?'

'It's much more than that, Kim.'

'What do you mean?'

'Kim, in the Dogon language, canna means dog, and bis means two. Hence "two dogs". Taking this a step further, Cannabis is the "two dogs plant".

Kim said, 'I read somewhere that the Dogon worship Sirius, known as the Dog Star.'

'Yes, and they knew that Sirius was a binary star before modern astrologers picked it up. So, that's how Cannabis came about. Now, do you see how it all ties together? And you can bet that WE have done their homework. So, we can safely assume that Cannabis is the main constituent of Guierra. Without it, MindEze would not be as effective as it purports to be.'

Kim stood silently, staring at the phone. Then she said, 'What the hell am I going to tell Aldous'

Alison sighed, 'Do you want me to tell him?'

'What good do you think that would do? I need to give him hope. How am I supposed to do that?'

Alison did not have an answer.

Although not instructed to do so, Titus Mason contacted Henry Silverstein. 'Titus Mason, here. We spoke about WE's lawsuit against your Company.'

'Yes, I remember you, Mr Mason. So what do you want this time?'

'It's about the letter you sent to Herbal Remedies concerning WE's assertion that the MindEze product contains Cannabis.'

'I assure you it is not an assertion. It is a fact.'

'Very well. So what alerted WE to this revelation?'

'The laboratory making up the mixture discovered the presence of the drug, Mr Mason.'

'So, why didn't they spot it before?'

'They had updated their testing technology. The technicians can now pick up a minuscule amount of any ingredient they did with the Cannabis. Once we discovered this, we immediately shut down production. At great cost to us as a matter of fact.'

It made logical sense. 'I have just one more question ...'

'As I told your associate, Alison Coyne, you will have to take it up with the DEA. They are dealing with it now.'

'One more question, Mr Silverstein, why did you not approach Herbal Remedies about this before contacting the DEA?'

'Once we discovered we were marketing an illegal product we were duty-bound to report it. We carried out our civic duty. Now it's up to the DEA to decide how to deal with this serious matter,' Silverstein responded.

'Herbal Remedies are as innocent as you in this matter. The first they heard about this was the letter you sent them.'

'Like I said, take it up with the DEA.'

Jesse received a call from Detective Corona. It was unexpected and took him by surprise. 'Yes. What do you want?'

'We have a strong suspect for the killings.'

'Who is it?'

'A Dr Oliver Harding, a psychologist who used to work for the government.'

'What makes him a strong suspect?'

'He fits the profile and ...'

'What profile?'

'Like I said, he's a psychologist who used to work for the government, probably CIA, but they are not saying.'

Jesse responded, 'Flimsy but could mean something. But you didn't phone me just to chat, so what do you want?'

'We need to ask him the right questions to get him to open up.'

'You want me to interrogate him?'

Corona shook his head. 'Nope. You're not a cop. But, look, I want you to provide the kind of questions that will make Dr Oliver Harding open up to us.'

'It doesn't work that way as I don't have any stock questions. It will be simpler to introduce me as a Company man. Then I can ask the questions.'

Corona shook his head. 'It's not going to happen. I'm not putting my career on the line so you can play interrogator.'

'Then I can't help you,' Jesse said, putting his phone down.

Jesse was trying to work out his best options. Whoever was behind Peter and Floyd's murders probably had him targeted as well. If Detective Corona had caught the right man, the pressure on him was less. But what if they had the wrong man and the killer was still out there working out his next move? A shiver shot up Jesse's back. He looked up the last call on his phone, clicked on the number, and opened the new contact window. Jesse typed in Corona's name, then rang the number.

Corona picked up, 'Ah, Jesse. Why are you calling?'

'How sure are you that you have the right guy?'

'Because Floyd Moore's killer gave us his name.'

Jesse couldn't believe it. 'Why would the controller reveal his identity to the subject?'

'You've got me there.' But you still haven't told me why you're phoning.'

'Because if you have the wrong guy, I still have to keep looking over my shoulder. So I want to find out if you have him. So I'll prepare some questions. Only someone with CIA mind control experience would understand.'

Corona said, 'OK, drop them off at the precinct early tomorrow morning.'

Jesse's phone woke him in the middle of the night. A voice said, 'Is that ex-agent Jesse Devenport?'

Startled, Jesse missed a breath. 'Who's speaking?'

'Dr Oliver Harding, of course.'

A shiver shot up Jesse's spine. 'So why are you phoning?'

'The police have the wrong guy.'

'What guy?' Jesse said, feigning ignorance.

'Don't play coy with me Dr Devenport. The man the police have in custody is one of my boys.'

'One of your trained subjects?' Jesse said, incredulously.

'I thought I'd have a little fun.'

'Why are you telling me this?'

'Because us MK-Ultra guys need to stick together.'

Jesse did not like where the discussion was headed. 'I'm not a fucking MK-Ultra programmer. I gave up that shit a long time ago.'

'What a shame, Jesse; you're missing out on all the fun. I'm having a great time and getting paid well for my labours.'

'Who's paying you to kill these people, Doctor Harding?'

'We'll have to meet for me to tell you that.'

'What, so one of your subjects picks me off?'

'Oh come on, Dr Devenport. If I wanted you dead, you would already have joined your friends in death. No, Jesse, it's much more fun keeping you alive.'

Jesse had no idea what Harding meant by that remark. And he has no wish to find out.

## Chapter 43

North America

“The hero is never the star of the story.” – **Marilyn Manson**

They met in the evening at the water wall. Oliver Harding arrived ten minutes early. He did not mind waiting for Dr Devenport to show. So entranced was he by the magnificent man-made feature. Oliver loved the simplicity of the design – A sixty-four-foot waterfall in a curved semicircle. But most of all, Oliver Harding loved the sheer power of the descending water, which was lit up at night. Oliver could relate to that power and energy. He had put his CIA skills to good use and made plenty of cash in the bargain. And no one could touch him. None of his subjects knew who their master was, and all of them had a history of mental illness. So who would listen to their pathetic story about being taken over by some demon or other? Oliver checked his watch. It was seven o'clock, and Jessie had just arrived. Turning to meet Jesse, Harding said, 'I like a man who is punctual. It shows he has an ordered life.'

Jesse looked at the taller man, who had cold, soulless eyes. Jesse had seen eyes like that before. It indicated a lack of any moral compass. Jesse said, 'So why are we here?'

'I'm very good at my job, Dr Devenport. I was the top scientist in the Company at the time.'

'What do you want me to do? Applaud.'

Oliver said, 'They were the days, weren't they?'

'In what respect?'

'We had all the pussy and pills we could handle. And those parties.'

'I didn't go to any parties, but I heard about agents and staffers getting high on just about any experimental shit they could lay their hands on.'

'Dr Devenport, we were young and carefree, flower power and free love. Some agents were flying most of the time.'

Jesse rounded on Oliver, saying, 'I didn't get off on that MK-Ultra shit. It disgusted me. Preying on the weak and vulnerable to learn how to use people.'

'Well, I was very good at it. When the Company closed down the project, I felt lost for a while. Then I thought if the CIA doesn't want to carry out MK-Ultra mind control anymore, I might as well make use of it.'

Jesse stared at Oliver, 'So when did you start murdering people.'

'When, I realised the fact that I could program people to kill was a very lucrative business.'

'So, why are you telling me this? You know I'll tell the cops.'

Oliver chuckled, 'Jesse, if there were any chance of you doing that, we wouldn't be here, and you'd be long dead.'

'What do you mean?'

'Well, you see, it's like this. Since you got a hard-on to find me, I did some checking up on you. And I found out some interesting shit.' Harding paused to savour the moment. Then he continued, 'Such as what happened to Lieutenant Andrew Cowper.'

Jesse stared at Harding. 'I had nothing to do with that.'

'But you sure as hell know who killed him. And I think the cops will be very interested in that, don't you?' Harding had Jesse over a barrel, and he knew it. He flashed a cruel smile that said, now I have your attention.

'Is that why you wanted to meet me?'

'Not at first. I needed someone who knows what I'm on about. Someone who'd appreciate the kind of skills necessary to manipulate the minds of others.'

'You using the feeble minds of disturbed and vulnerable people does not impress me one bit.'

Ignoring Jesse's comment, Harding said, 'I had to see you to explain the game's rules. It goes as follows. If you tell the cops about me, you'll go to jail as an accessory to murder. The irony here is that I don't have to use MK-Ultra on you to control your mind.'

Jesse, raging inside, said, 'And what if I call your bluff. What if I tell the cops you're being paid to kill by somebody connected to PanKosmia.'

The thunderous look on Harding's face told Jesse he'd hit a weak spot. He pressed his advantage. 'Of course, I'll tell the cops this, and PanKosmia will think you've been talking out of school.'

'I don't know what you're talking about.'

'PK wanted to deal with Maxwell Dorrian, so they hired you with your specialist skills.'

'You can't prove a damn thing!'

'I don't have to. All we need to do is contact someone from PK, sow a seed in their minds about you letting on, about them, and you will be the next target.'

Harding snapped, 'If you do that, you'll be behind bars faster than you can spit.'

Jesse smiled, 'Maybe I am willing to take a chance.'

Harding turned tail and left, leaving Jesse pondering what had just happened. He had an uncomfortable feeling that he had just stepped into a vipers nest.

HariSun knew he had to confront Barry Rock about the issue, but he had to tread carefully. Besides, Barry had summoned HariSun, not the other way around. So he met up with Barry in Miami, Florida. They had coffee at the Wynwood Bakery, just down from the Wynwood Walls outdoor public art centre. Zak the Baker, a true genius in the culinary arts, always experimented with new treats and dishes. But it did take quite a while to get served their speciality mushroom soup.

As they waited for coffee, HariSun said, 'Why did you call for me?'

'I have to meet with Herman De Moonschildt. I want you there with me.'

HariSun looked at his master. 'Before I help you, I need to know what's going on.'

'What do you mean?' Barry Rock said, genuinely puzzled.

'Why have you been sent here instead of me?'

'You know the answer to that, HariSun. You became too personally involved with Earth5 contacts. So we could not trust you to carry out your mission objectively.'

HariSun stared at his mentor. 'Why were you sent here? And I'm not talking about helping to implement the New World Order.'

Barry Rock sighed, 'The Watcher elder looked his student in the eye. 'The Earth5 mission has changed.'

'In what way?'

'All, I can say is that the Deep State government sees itself as a permanent structure and will become a global dictatorship.'

HariSun, puzzled, responded, 'I thought the Covid 66.6 pandemic here paved the way for the last pieces of the jigsaw to fall into place.'

Barry Rock smiled. 'The virus was designed to see how stupid and gullible the average human is. But that's just about human affairs and is only of interest to us in as far as the bigger picture, which we control, is concerned.' Barry paused, then said, 'That's why we have to go to Patagonia.'

'I still don't understand ...'

The elder Watcher fixed HariSun with his unwavering gaze. 'I have a task for you that you must carry out without question. Can you do that?'

'But ...'

'Yes or no?'

HariSun became silent.

Barry Rock said, 'If you cannot do this, you will have to go back for retraining.'

'You're testing me!'

'Of course, HariSun. So can you measure up? Or do I organise another assistant to take your place?'

The young Watcher looked up at his mentor. 'I accept the task.'

'Without question.'

HariSun paused, then nodded, 'Without question.'

## **Chapter 44**

South America, Patagonia

“Those who say that we’re in a time when there are no heroes, they just don’t know where to look.”  
– **Ronald Reagan**

Barry Rock and HariSun arrived at Inalco Residentzia in the dead of night. Nobody witnessed their arrival, which was the way they wanted it. They did not come by private jet or on the Patagonian Express. The pair of Watchers rang the bell at the front door and waited. The door opened, and two Neo-Nazi guards confronted the pair. The taller of the two Brownshirts, who had a muscular build, grey eyes and medium length straight black hair, looked menacing. Barry Rock, whose guise was that of a tall man with a solid form. He had expressive brown eyes and long grey hair that spilled onto his shoulders. 'Take me to your leader,' he said with authority.



'Who are you?' the shorter guard, who had a shaved head, demanded, his right hand resting on his holstered gun.

Barry, ignoring the question, said, 'Mr De Moonschildt is expecting us. So, if I were you, I would not keep him waiting.'

'You do not get past here until you show us your IDs,'

Barry said, 'Get me, Mr Boltz. He will verify who we are.'

'Herr Boltz is unavailable. Gunther Spleen is head of security,' The shorter sentry stated.

'Then get him for us,' Barry snapped.

The guards looked at one another. Then, finally, the Taller guard said, 'He will not like being disturbed this late.'

Barry said, 'That's your problem.'

'No! It's yours,' the shorter Brownshirt said, taking out his gun and pointing it at Barry.

'Seriously,' the Watcher sneered.

'Your names, now,' the taller guard demanded.

HariSun, feeling uncomfortable, uttered, 'I'm Harrison Eyett, and this is Barry Rock.'

The Watchers saw the tall guard consult his tablet.

Barry said, 'You'll notice that we can see Mr De Moonschildt at any time without an appointment.'

The Neo-Nazi confirmed what the stranger said. He wondered who the hell these guys were? Staring at Barry, he said, 'I'll find out if he wants to see you at this late hour.'

Barry focused on the shorter sentry. 'Put your weapon away. It makes my colleague nervous.'

The tall Brownshirt eye-balled Barry, 'Who the hell are you people?'

HariSun remained silent.

Barry said, 'Trust me. You don't want to find out.'

Herman De Moonschildt was in bed asleep when one of the guards knocked on his door.

Herman, rudely awoken, snarled, 'What do you want?'

'There are two strange men demanding to see you.'

Herman, now instantly awake, knew who it was. 'Take them to my study. I will meet them there.' As soon as the guard retreated, Herman threw on a silk dressing gown over his pyjamas. He figured one of the strangers would be the mysteriously disturbing Barry Rock. But who was the second man?

Barry got up as Herman entered the study. 'Herman, it's good to see you again. Sorry to disturb your rest, but what I have to tell you is very important.' Then indicating the other Watcher, Barry said, 'This is Harrison Eyett. He is my assistant in this matter.'

'What matter?' Herman said, his patience growing thin.

Barry looked Herman in the eye. 'Why do you think we chose PanKosmia as our vehicle for your brave new world?'

Herman, shocked, said, 'You chose PK?' Who the hell are you?'

'We are observers who watch over you. By you, I mean the human race. Now and again, we have to come here and reset time – your time to be exact.'

'What do you mean, reset time' Herman pressed.

Barry said, 'I think we need to sit down and take some refreshment.'

Herman said, 'Oh, yes.' He contacted the kitchen. There was always somebody on duty in the kitchen. He heard a voice, then said, 'I'm in a private meeting in the study. Bring us some refreshments.' He looked straight at Barry. 'This doesn't make much sense.'

'Which part?' Barry asked.

'All of it.'

Barry flashed a thin smile. 'You humans delude yourselves. You think that you PanKosmians are at the pinnacle of the pyramid, from where you can rule the world. You can get away with this belief most of the time. And as we watch you without having to interfere in your world, this belief is perfectly reasonable from your perspective.'

'Why are you watching us?' Herman asked, not sure whether this was all happening in some weird dream.

Barry chuckled, 'To monitor our experiment, of course.'

'Experiment! What experiment?'

'The human experiment. We are scientists, and your world is the petri dish.'

Herman reacted, 'I have never heard of anything, so ....'

'The good news for you is that PanKosmia is useful to our plans. We want your society to come out of the closet and rule your world,' Barry said.

'With no interference from you?' Herman inquired.

'To make sure we are both on the same page, we want a frank and transparent report of your program to reset your world.'

'I think we can work with that.'

'And Harrison will attend all your future Mj12 meetings as an observer.'

HariSun wondered what he was doing there. Now he knew.

When they were alone in their suite, HariSun said, 'Why do you want me to attend the Mj12 meetings?'

'You wanted to be helpful, so now you can be.'

'Only as an observer.'

'Yes. Then you report back to me.'

HariSun said, 'I thought he already knew of our role here.'

'I had to reinforce it to make sure.'

'Why?'

Barry Rock turned to HariSun. 'So that he has a credible story to tell Mj12.'

'I don't get it,' HariSun said, a worried look on his face.

'That's because you are not privy to the whole story.'

'Tell me the whole story then.'

Barry shook his head. 'Just attend the meetings and report back to me. OK?'

HariSun stared at his old mentor. 'Not unless I know what you're planning.'

Barry fixed HariSun with his fierce gaze. 'May I remind you your presence here is illegal?'

'That's not the point.'

'It's very much the point.' Barry said, angrily. 'You will do as I say, or I will have you sent back home. Your choice.'

HariSun glared at Barry. 'If you do, you'll be in big trouble for allowing me to work with you.'

Barry stared at the younger Watcher. 'What the hell has got into you?'

'You lied to Herman.'

'Herman is not ready for the whole truth. He was not the best choice for the PanKosmian grand master. But the Earthians have the quaint idea that blood, not strong stewardship, makes a good leader. We need the PanKosmians to think Herman is the great master for them to carry out our bidding.'

HariSun said, 'And you want me at the Mj12 meetings to ensure they do help us with our plans.'

'Yes, as a silent reminder to Herman.'

HariSun nodded, 'I can do that.'

## Chapter 45

China

“Aspire rather to be a hero than merely appear one.” – **Baltasar Gracian**

Paul Shaughnessy knew he was taking a considerable risk, but the story could rock the world. So, as a western journalist in Beijing, he could not let the chance slip by. Professor Chynna Zheng had something to tell him, and he was ready to listen. She had suggested they meet at the Mutianyu section of the Great Wall, which she said was not so crowded as other parts. It was also under the radar. The Mutianyu part of the Wall, the longest and most picturesque wall section, had been completely restored. Paul stood, taking in the view when Chynna Zheng arrived. She knew a place where they could talk privately, away from the crowds. As they strolled along the endless pathway, they came to a short section under repair. Once they were sure nobody could see them, Chynna guided Paul into a cavity in the unrepaired brickwork.

Paul began interviewing. 'Professor Zheng, you said you have something of great importance to tell me.'

'Yes, that is so. But you cannot use my real name.'

Paul looked at the virologist. 'First of all, tell me what you know.'

'Yes, but I must remain anonymous.'

The journalist shook his head. 'This is off the record, so tell me what you know.'

She sighed, then said, 'I have become very suspicious about Covid 66.6. Let me explain.'

'Sure. Go ahead.'

'If you publish this in my name, it will finish my career and probably end my life. So I do not take it lightly. So I will have to leave China and set up a new life in America. So I will need a home and \$10 million for the story.'

He nodded, then said, 'I worked freelance, which means I have to sell the story to a publisher. He turned to Chynna, 'None of the nationals or mainstream media will touch this with a nine-foot pole. So I have to sell it to an alternative but credible source. Do you know how hard that is? Now you want a guarantee of \$10 million before you gave me the scoop.'

Chynna looked contrite. 'I'm sorry for making assumptions. I now understand your situation more clearly.'

Paul said, 'Let's take this one step at a time. First, you tell me the main thrust of your story off the record. Then, if it has potential, we'll record what you have to say, including my questions. How does that sound?'

'So, when do we start?'

'Right now, if that's OK with you.'

She nodded and began. 'In April this year, I saw documents from the US State Department indicating that embassy officials had serious concerns about biosecurity in our virus lab in Wuhan. As you know, the lab is in the same city the Corona-virus outbreak was first detected.'

Paul asked, 'Were you privy to these documents?'

She shook her head. 'No, they were for Director Chang's eyes only. I saw them on his desk by accident.'

'Was the virus man-made or genetically modified?'

'There is no evidence to suggest either. But intelligence officials are investigating whether the outbreak began through contact with animals or through a laboratory accident.'

Paul said, 'How does this help us understand the current pandemic?'

Chynna said. 'Back in 2018 at the Wuhan Virology Institute, I saw strangers with official badges escorted around our labs by Director Chang. I later discovered they were US science diplomats who had come to check out our research facility.'

'Did you know anything about Covid 66.6 at the time?'

'We didn't call it that then, but I researched bats to learn how they spread viruses to the human population.'

Paul nodded, 'OK, Professor Zheng, then what happened?'

'A source in the US State Department told me the officials sent two warnings to Washington about safety and management weaknesses at the Wuhan Institute of Virology and called for more assistance.'

'So, who was this source?'

Chynna smiled, 'I am not ready to divulge that. But I will say this. The diplomat scientists expressed concern that our research into bat Corona-viruses could risk a new Sars-like pandemic.'

'Chynna, do you think the WIV could have been the source of the virus that triggered the current pandemic?'

Chynna looked at Paul. 'I would hate to think our research could have anything to do with the Covid 66.6 outbreak. But it is possible – yes.'

It was the first time Arturo had visited Central Park. People had flocked to the Park's more than eight hundred green acres for over one hundred and fifty years, and now it was Arturo's turn. It had been Katrina's idea, one that the Brazilian found very endearing. Arturo had never experienced a horse and carriage ride before. This, another of Katrina's suggestions, was much better than being de-briefed in a stuffy office.

As George, their driver, took them on a scenic tour of the park, he gave a running commentary about the main features. Finally, Katrina pulled away from her boyfriend. 'OK buster, it's time to get down to business. Tell me what happened on your Argentinian adventure.'

Arturo sidled up closer to his lover. 'After I discovered Agent Cooper was a spy for the CIA I confronted him. He said he would tell me everything after work at his place. When I got to his caravan I discovered him lying in his blood, dead. Somebody had got to him first.'

Katrina listened, then said, 'Do you have any idea as who the killer is?'

'We didn't hang around to find out. We – Monty and I – escaped by the skin of our teeth.' But, he added, 'The rest of the story you already know.'

Katrina said, 'So what do you think is going on there?'

'First there's the legitimate ranching business. Then there's a whole bunch of Neo-Nazis keeping an eye on things and running security.'

'How many?'

He shrugged, 'I don't know. Maybe around twenty Brownshirts.'

Katrina whistled through her teeth, 'That's a lot of security for a farm.'

'Agent Cooper was on the trail of something at the ranch, but he never had a chance to tell me what it was.'

'And you have no inkling about the identity of his murderer?'

Arturo shrugged again. 'The killer possibly murdered Cooper on Johan Boltz' orders.'

'Didn't you say Herman de Moonschildt was top honcho at the ranch?'

'Yes, but he doesn't have much to do with the day to day running of things.'

Arturo paused a moment, unsure about showing the FBI agent the image. Then he said, 'OK, I have something to show you.' He handed her his phone. 'This document was open on Herman's desk.'

Using thumb and finger, Katrina swiped the screen to enlarge the image. She read the heading, 'TAO of PKS. 'What's this got to do with the Chinese Tao.'

Arturo grinned, 'I think the initials represent The Ancient Order of PanKosmians.'

Katrina stared at him. 'How do you know that's what it means?'

'Because I've done my homework. I searched for PanKosmians. There's not much about them except the members are all mega-rich and that they build private bunkers to protect themselves from any cataclysmic event.'

'Are they breaking any laws?' Katrina asked.

Arturo shrugged his shoulders. 'Not that we know of, but there's a lot we don't know.'

Katrina smiled 'Let's not go there.'

'OK, Kat, but look at those people on the list. Each of them run business empires. To get them all together in one place for secret meetings means they are controlling the world at a global level.'

'That may be so. But it does not mean the members are breaking any laws.'

'What about if I can prove Boltz was behind the contract on our lives?'

'You were very lucky to escape with your lives. I advise you not to stir up that hornets' nest.'

'So what happens now?' Arturo asked.

'In reference to what?'

'Are you passing on what I have told you to the spooks?'

'Only if they ask for a report. As the CIA has lost one of their agents, they may want to follow it up.'

The pair sat back and relaxed as George drove his horse around the circuit.

Aldous and Kim looked at Alison. She said, 'So the WE dirty tricks department is at it again.'

Aldous said, 'Can they do that and get away with it?'

'They claim Herbal Remedies used cannabis as a calming agent in MindEze.'

'That's a downright lie. If MindEze has cannabis in it, Herbal Remedies did not put it there,' Aldous argued.

Kim frowned. 'Can they seriously sue HR if we have no idea how cannabis got into the product?'

Alison said 'I'm afraid so. To win this case we have to prove a negative and that is virtually impossible.'

Aldous said, 'What do you mean?'

'To win you have to prove you did not add cannabis to the ingredients.'

'Don't they have to prove we did?' Kim queried.

'Not if a test demonstrates the presence of the drug.' Alison answered.

'Which it will, of course, as they most probably added the drug themselves,' Aldous said, animated.

Alison warned, 'WE wants you to challenge the veracity of their accusation. However, if we do so, we fall into their trap.'

'What trap?' Aldous asked.

'WE have already alerted the DEA to the presence of cannabis. Which means they can get their counterpart in Britain to investigate your alleged crime.'

Kim exhaled, 'Those lousy bastards!'

Alison said. 'Do you have any of the original stock you sold online?'

Kim said, 'No, Alison. Once WE took overall production, we had to order from them.'

Aldous said, 'What about the lawsuit we have against WE to prove an error in their contract?'

Alison said, 'Titus has already discussed this with Henry Silverstein, and WE wants to do a deal.'

Kimmie stared at Alison. 'What kind of deal?'

'Goldrich said if we drop the lawsuit against them they will drop the case against us.'

'The cunning creeps!' Kim said.

Aldous said 'I have an idea.'

'Oh!' Kim said, thinking Aldous could be off tilting at mental windmills.

'What idea?' Alison asked.

'Maybe some of our early customers have some MindEze left. If we reach out to them and some return the remedy to us, we can have it tested without WE being involved.'

Both women stared at Aldous, who thought he might have said something wrong.

Alison beamed, 'Now that is fucking brilliant!'

'Kim said, 'Well, get straight onto it.'

'Alison said 'We have to move on this fast. Get me a copy of your sales records, and I'll get our people phoning right away.'

Coronavirus: Is there any evidence for lab release theory ....

<https://www.daily-sun.com/post/479498/Coronavirus:-Is-there-any-evidence-for-lab-release-theory>

## Chapter 46

China/America,

“How important it is for us to recognise and celebrate our heroes and she-roes!” – **Maya Angelou**

'This time it's on the record,' Paul said when Chynna sat down, ready for the interview.

'I understand,' she answered hesitantly.'

Concerned by her pause, Paul said, 'Is there a problem?'

'If Director Chang gets wind of this, there will be.'

Paul smiled, 'I won't publish until you're safe. You have my word on that, Professor Zheng.'

'What about my brother, Jacky?'

'I need to speak with your brother before we address his safety. Can you arrange that?'

Chynna nodded.

Paul said, 'OK, I'm going to start the recording, so let's take it from the beginning when the virus first showed itself.'

Chynna said 'It started in December when seven patients presented with a pneumonia of unknown origin.'

'And this was in Wuhan?'

'Yes. Owing to my successful research into viruses in bat populations, Director Chang involved me at the investigation's highest level. I studied the medical case reports of the seven patients and, in so doing, came across an anomaly which strongly suggested the medical diagnosis was flawed.'

'Tell me about this anomaly, Dr Zheng,' Paul said.

'My team proposed a potential mechanism for the relapse of the then named COVID-66.6 infection that could be SARS-CoV-2-loaded Exosomes and other extracellular vesicles.'

'Can you explain this in simple terms?'

'I will try. SARS-CoV-2 is a virus, and Exosomes are a part of the human immune system. So you could say Exosomes are the good guys, and the virus is the bad guy.' Chynna paused for a sip of water, then she continued, 'Doctors noticed the re-appearance of the viral RNA in the now recovered COVID 66.6 patients. This suggested that viral material was concealed, in "Trojan horse" style within such Exosomes during this dormant time. After which it began to spread again.'

'Are you saying that it was difficult to determine what was the virus and what were the Exosomes?'

'Yes. I viewed the virus and the Exosome through an electron microscope; to my surprise, both were identical in every way. So it was challenging to determine which was which.'

Paul, becoming more interested, said, 'Did you alert your superiors about this?'

'Director Chang was not interested and deleted it from my report. Director Chang took my research to the GHO to bring them up to date. But he refused to tell them about my discovery. I think the people of the world have a right to know about this.'

'That may well be so, but will it change anything?'

Chynna stared at Paul. 'Maybe, maybe not. That has nothing to do with me. As a scientist my job is to present empirical evidence that I can validate with test after test. I am not sure I can help with bringing about change. It may be a spin-off from what I do but it is not my primary objective.'

Paul switched off the recorder. 'OK let's take a break for now. And get your brother to call me.'

Ordinarily Jesse would have gone to the police and told them what he knew. He just had to supply Detective Corona with Harding's details and leave it to the police. But doing so meant being jailed for the murder of Lieutenant Andrew Cowper. Although Jesse had not pulled the trigger, he had set Andrew up. He had told the killer of his arrangement to meet the Lieutenant in the park. Although he did not know the killer's intention at the time, Jesse knew Andrew had to be silenced for knowing too much about M-Power's operation. So, there was enough circumstantial evidence for the police to charge him as an accessory to murder, whichever way Jesse looked at it. If he went down that road, he had to give up the killer, who he knew as Monty DeVere. Weighing up the pros and cons Jesse felt it would be worth giving himself up to see Oliver Harding prosecuted for at least three murders. All Jesse had to do now was to make the phone call. He pressed Detective Corona's contact and waited for a response. When he heard Detective Corona's voice he froze. Jesse still had time to end the call. But once he spoke to the cop there was no turning back. He breathed deeply. 'Jesse Devenport here. We have to talk.'

Wycliffe met with Henry Silverstein at the Lawyer's office. As they drank freshly brewed coffee, he said, 'What's happening with Herbal remedies.'

Henry smiled. 'Oh, that's all under control.'

'So they've dropped the suit.'



'They will do.' he stared at Wycliffe. 'Now you tell me how it's going with PakFoods.'

Wycliffe explained, 'We have enough shares to make a play, but we don't want to stage a hostile takeover. Mainly because taking over PakFoods is not part of PK's plan. Dr Jill Greenway is all for selling PakFoods on its health credentials. The MindEze ingredients in the food will help us achieve that.'

Silverstein said, 'Now that we have discovered Cannabis in the ingredients I doubt Herbal Remedies will be able to sell it on line.'

'Then what about Herbal remedies?'

Silverstein said, 'Once we have the PakFoods healthy foods program up and running we cut them loose. You, Wycliffe, will humbly apologise to Aldous Foster for any problems we may have caused. You will explain that under the circumstances, we can no longer support MindEze, and we wish Herbal Remedies all the best in their venture. We will not be pushing for any production costs associated with MindEze and leave him to carry out marketing production without our support.'

Wycliffe asked, 'So will our food additive contain Cannabis?'

Henry stared at Wycliffe, 'There are some questions it's best not to ask.'

Wycliffe said, 'So all they have to do is drop the lawsuit.'

Henry locked eyes with Wycliffe. 'Like I said before, they will.'

Jill Greenway still found it difficult dealing with Wycliffe O'Byrne. She could not understand why a man who had nothing in common with the processed foods industry was involved with the ingredients of PakFood's products. Jill figured it had to do with PanKosmia – Max's widow nearly choked on the word – as it was the only point of reference that linked Max with Wycliffe O'Byrne. As much as she detested O'Byrne, she felt that adding Guierra to the other healthy ingredients gave PakFoods a whole new approach to marketing. She had even worked with her creative director on the new slogan, "We've added Guierra – but keep it under your hat!" She stood up as Wycliffe entered her spacious office. 'Mr O'Byrne, tell me, who do you represent?'

He answered, 'A consortium of business people. As you know, Dr Greenway I am merely the spokesperson who looks after their interests.'

Jill knew that the consortium, which now owned 49 per cent of PakFoods shares, did so as beneficial owners – not legal owners. By so doing they could remain anonymous. The beneficial owners did not want their name to be a matter of record, and Wycliffe knew they could stay anonymous as long as all taxation requirements were met. This realisation unnerved Jill but there was little she could do about it. 'The main thing is that we are all on the same page where the food ingredients are concerned.'

'Dr Greenway, 'This is a great way forward for this company. Your marketing people have a wonderful opportunity to show that processed foods can be healthy, and Guierra is a perfect choice.'

'Can you guarantee 100 per cent support at your end.'

'Of course. But I have to get going. I'll see you at the meeting.'

## **Chapter 47**

North America

"Courage is not only the province of males. Hero has both he and her in the word." **Chris Deggs**

Wycliffe was not making an excuse to get away as he did have a meeting – an essential one. He had not seen Harrison Eyett for a long time. So when the Watcher contacted him out of the blue, Wycliffe knew it had to be important. In addition, he had recently acquired a marble quarry located in Vermont. So, to kill two birds with one stone, so to speak Wycliffe met the Watcher there.

The Watcher arrived first. He knew Wycliffe, whereas the Watcher sometimes changed his guise to fit in with what was going on. Shortly after, he saw the tall solidly built man approach. Before Harrison could speak, Wycliffe made an expansive gesture with his arms. 'My first marble quarry.' He said, 'Mostly marble and granite are quarried in Brazil and Italy. Not many people know that America is also a leading producer of marble and granite. Did you know the marble from this quarry was used for most of our iconic monuments, including the Jefferson Memorial and our Supreme Court.'

Harrison said, 'I'm pleased for you, Wycliffe. It's good that you get such pleasure out of the rock, but that's not why I'm here.'

Wycliffe rejoined, 'When I joined PanKosmia, I thought it would only take up a little of my time. But recently, it seems I have no time to deal with my mining interests, and I miss that,' Wycliffe complained. He looked Harrison in the eye. 'I shouldn't grumble, though. PK has promoted me to the inner circle, which, although a great honour, means more PK responsibility, more time spent in meetings, and various projects.' Wycliffe looked stonily at the Watcher. 'So why did you want to see me?'

'We have observed you, humans, for a very long time, and certain behaviours never fail to amaze us. But, unfortunately, one of these traits is the way you delude yourselves.'

'What do you mean?'

'You think that if you have enough money, power and influence you can control everything. You are so besotted with your delusional belief of achieving your ultimate goal that you miss the point that humans went off the tracks a long time ago. From that point on you did one of two things. Humans either steamed full speed ahead to the end of the line on the precipice of a cliff, or you tried to play catch-up patch-up where you applied band-aids to patch up fatal conditions.'

'Have you got me here to give me a lecture. Because, if so ...'

'Let me ask a question. Why did you join PanKosmia?'

'Because it offers practical solutions to your precipice analogy. It's an early warning system for those of us who can afford it.'

Harrison said, 'Oh, it's much more than that. It's not so much an informer as it is a performer. In other words, PanKosmia knows what will happen because it is the driving force behind it occurring.'

Wycliffe stared at Harrison. 'But you're the one who always warns me of impending disasters, and you are not even a PK member.'

'My dear Wycliffe, you haven't figured it out yet.'

'Figured out what, the quarry magnate snapped.'

'That we are behind every major decision PanKosmia makes.' Seeing Wycliffe's furrowed brow, Harrison said, 'We don't need PanKosmia to achieve our ends, but PanKosmia certainly needs us.'

'Why are you telling me this?'

'Have you met Barry Rock?'

'Yes, a while back. Why?'

'He was my mentor and a perfect friend. He has helped me many times and by telling you these things I am breaking the Watchers' code and betraying him personally.'

'So, why are you doing it?'

'Because I don't agree with what my colleague is doing.'

Wycliffe said, 'What is he doing?'

'Preparing for us to take over.'

Wycliffe had enough on his plate, but Harrison's revelation prompted him to seek out Herman De Moonschildt. And as Herman never left Inalco Residentzia, it meant a mind-numbing train journey through Patagonia. Even if he got that far he would not be safe at the ranch with Herman's guard dog, Boltz, acting as the gatekeeper. But Wycliffe had to try. He had a contact number for Herman's residence, but nobody picked up. Wycliffe tried the number several times over two hours, but the quarry magnate kept receiving the same recorded message. Eventually, he heard a guttural German accent.

Boltz said, 'What do you want?' Herr O'Byrne?'

'I need to see Herman De Moonschildt, privately, before the Mj12 meet.'

'That's not possible. It goes against protocols.'

Wycliffe's agitation grew. 'Fuck your protocols. It's crucial for us all that I see him very soon.'

'You will have to wait until the meeting.'

With his frustration peaking, Wycliffe snapped, 'You have no fucking idea what's going, you old Nazi, and I warn you once Herman hears what I have to say he will have no more use for you. So you can have me picked up by chopper from the airport?'

Feeling unsure of himself, Boltz said, 'Tell me what you have to tell him, and I will assess the urgency of your request.'

Sick of Boltz's pathetic power plays, Wycliffe said, 'It's a demand, not a fucking request you washed up Hitlerite. Put me through to him now!'

Herman de Moonschildt was busy working on his address to the Mj12 group meeting at the ranch in just two weeks. Then, his intercom buzzed, and Boltz's name came up. Herman said, 'I told you I did not wish to be disturbed, Johan.'

'Herr Moonschildt Wycliffe O'Byrne is demanding to speak with you. I can tell him you are far too busy to talk to him.'

Herman thought it odd that one of the Mj12 members should contact him this way. He said, 'Very well patch him through to me.'

When Wycliffe heard Herman's voice, he said, 'Mr De Moonschildt, I'm sorry to interrupt you, but I have something vital to impart to you. It's not something I can talk about casually over the phone.'

Herman, annoyed, 'What is it about?'

'All I can say right now is that it concerns our plans. Look, I can be there in two days if you send the chopper to pick me up at the Buenos Aries airport?'

'I need more than that to go on.'

OK, have you heard of the "Watchers"?

'Vaguely, yes.'

'All I can say is that they have been watching our world for millennia and I have been speaking with one of them. Now, I really must see you before the Mj12 meeting.'

Herman thought about it. 'Why can't it wait until the meeting?'

'When I've told you what I know you won't ask that question.'

Barry Rock pressed a contact number for Harrison Eyett.

'Yes, Baruch,' Harrison said, picking up his phone.'

'On this planet call me Barry. 'Now, make yourself ready for an emergency Mj12 meeting.'

'What precisely is "our" agenda Baru, er Barry?'

'Your mission is simple. You watch and listen, then report to me.'

'I mean, has our agenda for Earth5 changed.'

'Here, you will refer to me as Barry Rock. And I will call you Harrison Eyett.'

'You haven't answered my question.'

'And you, Harrison, should not be here to ask it.'

'Barry, you sent me here to prepare humanity for change. To do so I had to reach out to them. I could only do this by learning about their emotions.'

'I know all this, Harrison. You were sent to Earth5 to find out about their irrational behaviour, not to get caught up in it.'

'So, what's the new plan, Barry?'

'Something we should have done ages ago.'

'Which is?'

'Mothball this world.'

'I haven't heard of this term. What does "mothball" mean?'

'Suspended animation.'

'What does that mean for this world?'

Barry said, 'Earth5 is a danger unto itself. Its humanity is on a path to self-inflicted destruction. We can achieve a lot here, but not with humans.'

Harrison stared at his old mentor. 'Are you saying that humans have no part to play in their new world?'

'Their only job is to comply with all directives from above, willingly.'

'From above?'

'From us.'

'I didn't think you agreed with enslavement,'

Barry looked at Harrison. 'They have enslaved themselves to their technology – technology that will soon destroy them all if we don't intervene.'

Harrison stared at his mentor. 'Is that the only solution?'

'Can you see another one?'

Harrison felt very sad, but his mentor was right. He shook his head.

Barry said, 'Then let me get on with my work before we are too late.'

Harrison Eyett knew that Barry Rock – he had trouble getting his head around that name – made perfect rational sense. Humanity had proven time and time again that it was not capable of managing its future. So the Watchers had to play an active role in getting Earth5 back on track. But it still wrangled with him, and the thought persisted in his mind that Humans should have some say in managing their affairs. Furthermore, Harrison thought, taking over the human race by stealth was an underhanded way to do things. He felt that at least one human – a modern-day Noah – should be told what was going on. Harrison also knew that doing so would be going behind Barry Rock's back, making him more uneasy. It seemed he was damned if he did and damned if he didn't. After much soul-searching, Harrison decided to contact Wycliffe O'Byrne, a human he had worked with in the past.

## Chapter 48

North America

“To have no heroes is to have no aspiration, to live on the momentum of the past, to be thrown back upon routine, sensuality, and the narrow self.” – **Charles Horton Cooley**

Detective Corona tapped a pen on the desk that separated him from Jesse. He eyeballed the scientist. 'Over the phone you told me you had some good news. 'Now you have my full attention. So what is this about?'

Jesse sighed. 'The man in your cell is not the genuine Oliver Harding.'

'And you know this how?'

'I met up with him – the real one.'

'How did that come about?'

'He phoned me in the middle of the night to tell me the cops have the wrong man.'

'How the fuck would he know that?'

'You're the Detective. You work it out.'

Corona tapped his pen again.

Jesse said, 'He knew because he programmed the guy to set himself up as a decoy.'

'So why didn't you phone to let me know where you and he were?'

'The question you should be asking is, why was he so open with me?'

'OK, what's the answer? Corona asked.

'He has something on me. Something I have kept hidden for some time.'

Corona stared at Jesse, 'You'd better come clean.'

'That's why I'm here. A while back, I met up with a Lieutenant Andrew Cowper, and he had a story to tell.'

'What story?' Corona pressed.

'Just let me explain it. OK.'

Corona nodded, and Jesse continued, 'He told me he had commanded a special mission in Afghanistan. Before the battle he and his team had been programmed for fearlessness. They tested out soldier suits that enhanced their performance on the battlefield. It was the first time any soldier had worn them. He told me they made the wearer feel invincible. I asked him why he was telling me this stuff? He said he remembered a doctor shining a blue laser-like light close to his head. Andrew asked what the man was doing and was told the light helped him rid himself of emotional ties to make him more effective in battle.'

Corona sighed, 'How long before you get to the point?'

'I asked Lieutenant Cowper to tell me more about the suit. He told me it was called TALOS, which stood for Tactical Assault Light Operator Suit. TALOS also keeps records of what had happened to it so the suit could assess the wearer's performance. But Andrew said that wasn't the problem. Many soldiers wearing TALOS technology felt a profound physical and emotional loss when they handed back their suits. Andrew was concerned that the shrinks didn't de-program the troops when they returned from active duty. He explained that he sometimes got flashbacks of feeling fearless but without the suit to back him up. As a result, Andrew found himself in aggressive situations he would usually avoid. But the flashbacks made him think he was ready to take on the whole world. The trouble was that he didn't have his soldier suit on and ended up in the gutter covered in blood.'

Corona said, 'OK, but I don't see what robot soldiers have to do with you.'

'Neither did I. Then he told me that these soldiers, having done their bit for the US of A, returned home where they got jobs that gave 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 recently?'

Corona now showed interest, 'Yes, I see what you mean, but why did he go to you, an aerospace engineer?'

He knew I used to be with the CIA. So I asked how he knew that? And it turned out his grandfather was a big wheel in DON (Department of Navy). He planned to expose the TALOS thing. To do that, he needed the records downloaded from TALOS. So I told him I no longer dealt with all that CIA shit.'

'How did he respond to that?'

'He became aggressive. He changed the subject and said the Feds were interested in two of my friends. I asked him what he meant. He mentioned that Johan Boltz, son of a Nazi war criminal and Arturo Bruno, were people of interest to the Bureau. Then, he dropped an even bigger bombshell on me. He said, 'Then there's you, Jesse, an aeronautical engineer who had a meeting with Boltz a few days previously. Then I knew what his game was. I had to help him, so he didn't rat on me.'

Corona stared at Jesse, 'Who were these "people of interest".'

'They wanted me to fly a drone for them.'

'Why did they want you to do that?'

'I can't tell you that. Besides, that's not the significant bit. The important thing is that Lieutenant Cowper knew about it, and that could have caused me problems at work.'

'So what did you do?' the Detective pressed.

'I told someone else who also knew Bruno and Boltz.'

'Who is this other person, and why did you confide in him?'

Jesse took a deep breath; it was best to play it straight. 'His name is Monty DeVere. He minded me until it was time to fly the drone.'

'And you went along with that?'

'I didn't have many options. Mr DeVere is an ex-SAS Major.'

'All right, we can come back to that. How did this Major DeVere take it when you told him you'd been compromised?'

'He was very cool about it. The Major asked me where I'd arranged to meet with the Lieutenant?'

'And you told him?'

'In retrospect, it was a mistake. But I didn't know DeVere's intention at the time.'

'What happened then?'

'I became concerned and asked Mr DeVere what he intended to do. His answer was whatever is necessary. I was troubled by this, and I set off early to the rendezvous point. But when I got there, I found Andrew Cowper already dead, killed by an assassin's bullet.'

'And you think that someone was Monty DeVere?'

'He never admitted it, but yes.'

'Do you know his current whereabouts?'

Jesse shook his head. 'The thing is now I've told you about Harding's threat to go to the police about Cowper's death, Harding has no hold over me and you can go and arrest him.'

Corona fixed Jesse with his gaze. 'You do know that what you have told me goes on record, and we will need an official statement.'

'Are you going to charge me with something?'

Corona flashed a brief smile. 'One step at a time. First, we find this Harding guy.'

Wycliffe O'Byrne sat back in the chopper as Herman's pilot flew the powerful long-range aircraft to Inalco Rezydentzia. The pilot had not said much during the flight. The pilot's silence suited Wycliffe fine as he went over in his head what he would say to the great man. Or how he was going to say it. They eventually touched down in a circle with a big "H" painted on the ground. A car was waiting to convey Wycliffe to the main hacienda. It was late at night when he arrived, and he wouldn't be seeing Herman until morning. One of the Neo-Nazi staff showed him to his suite, went through the dos and don'ts with him, and then left him to his own devices.

The spacious room was equipped with all the mod-cons and modern technology. The mining magnate could investigate those later. Right now, he was hungry after the long flight. He had only had basic refreshments (nibbles and juice) during the journey. He phoned for room service and soon discovered the kitchen had closed for the night and would reopen at 7 am. The fridge was stocked with an array of simple foods, eggs and bacon among them. Next, Wycliffe turned his attention to

coffee which was available in small sachets. As he waited for the water to boil, Wycliffe made himself an egg and bacon sandwich.'

Wycliffe slept soundly and awoke around 6 am. At first, he did not know where he was. Then, as his brain sorted itself out, the mining magnate brewed coffee and took a few steps into the verandah outside his room. He had not gone far when one of the Brownshirts approached.

The guard said, 'Where are you going?'

Wycliffe looked at the man. 'I'm just going to sit out here and drink my coffee.'

The man said, 'It's better if you take your drink back indoors then when Herr Moonschildt is ready for you, we will know where to find you.'

Wycliffe argued, 'If I sit here, you'll know where to find me.'

The guard countered, 'I am not here to debate the issue, Herr O'Byrne. I am telling you the way things are here.'

Wycliffe thought it best not to argue with the minion. But all the same, he thought it odd to have such rigid rules. So he said, 'Am I here as a guest or a prisoner?'

'That all depends upon you, Herr O'Byrne.'

The answer took Wycliffe totally by surprise. He turned tail and went back into his room. The guard's remark came over as sinister. Wycliffe, no longer feeling tough, could now see how vulnerable he really was.

Wycliffe was not summoned until 10 am. At that time, another Brownshirt collected him, and Wycliffe followed the man to the main hacienda, which they entered. Wycliffe was taken to a large study, where the guard told him to wait.

At 11 am a door opened, and Herman stood there. Seeing Wycliffe, he beckoned, 'Come in Herr O'Byrne and close the door behind you.'

Wycliffe did so and entered Herman's den. He noted that Herman, wearing a silk smoking jacket looked very comfortable in his prestigious role. Herman seemed no longer a pretender to the PanKosmian throne. Instead, he wore the crown with confidence.

Herman indicated for Wycliffe to sit down. 'So Herr O'Byrne, what is so vital that you had to see me privately?'

'Grand Master, please allow me a preamble to help you gain a sense of what I am saying.'

'Very well, but get to the point.'

Wycliffe began, 'Over a year ago, I met a man who told me he knew what would happen in the world concerning disasters in one form or another. He said he was telling me this because, if I wished it, he would warn me when an apocalyptic event was soon to happen. He said I was only to pass this information to PanKosmia and no one else.'

Herman stared at his guest. 'He used our name?'

'Yes, Grand Master.'

'Who is this person?'

'He said his name was Harrison Eyett, and he belonged to the ancient brotherhood of Watchers.'



Herman went silent for a few moments. Then he twigged that Harrison Eyett was the name of the stranger with Barry Rock. He was to be a silent observer to sit in at Mj12 meetings. Herman locked eyes with Wycliffe. 'What do you know about this Harrison Eyett?'

'Nothing much,' Wycliffe

said. 'Only that he was on this planet to observe human progress close-up.'

'How is it that we have never heard of these "Watchers"?''

Wycliffe shrugged, 'He told me that his people have observed the human story unfolding for Millennia and, when deemed necessary, have made human contact – as is now the case.'

'And you believed him?' Herman responded, fishing for more information.

'No Grand Master. Not until he told me about an impending mega twister that subsequently hit Texas. After that happened, I passed his predictions on to the Master PanKosmian supervising our level. Harrison told me not to tell anyone about the source of his information. He said if I divulged the intelligence, it would be at my peril, with no more warnings.'

'So why are you telling me now?'

'Because the game has changed. This time Harrison's warning was about the Watchers themselves. Harrison said he had just learned the Watchers no longer simply observed what they called "The Human Experiment". Instead, they sought to control it by determining human destiny or fate on this planet.'

Herman, incredulous, said, 'That's ridiculous. We have all the pieces in place to make our next move.'

'Yes, that's what they want us to think. But the truth is that we are merely dangling from strings, manipulated by a higher power. Harrison told me our belief that we are in control would be our undoing.'

Herman stared straight at Wycliffe. 'I want to speak with this Harrison myself!'

'Well, he'll be at the next Mj12 meeting. He may be happy to talk to you about this, but he won't communicate with me anymore. But he did say there was another Watcher here in your world, a person calling himself Barry Rock.'

'Barry Rock. Yes, I have had dealings with him already.'

'You know of him as well then.'

Herman ignored Wycliffe's useless question. Instead, he said, primarily to himself, 'I must talk with this Harrison Eyett before the next meeting.'

Wycliffe frowned, 'He said we should be wary of Barry Rock as he wholeheartedly favours the Watchers' plan. And he is here on Earth to carry it out.'

'Are you suggesting this Harrison is not in favour of this bizarre plan?'

Wycliffe sighed, 'Harrison also said that by warning me he had betrayed the watcher brotherhood and had to go into hiding.'

'Hiding! Does that mean he won't be at the meeting?'

Wycliffe stared at Herman. 'He didn't say anything about that, Grand Master.'

Herman could hardly hold back his anger. 'Tell him you have passed on his warning to me, and I

must see him before the next meeting. Then we'll find out what he knows about these Watchers and their plan.'

Wycliffe said, 'It doesn't work that way.'

'What do you mean?'

'He has always initiated our private rendezvous. But, as I told you, he won't deal with me anymore.'

## Chapter 49

North America

A hero to me is someone who saves people and who really deeply cares.” – **Debit Mazar**

Detective Corona wanted to keep the operation low key so as not to alert the killer. So he kept the arrangement just between him and the rocket scientist. It was preferable to telling his superiors he had arrested the wrong man because that would lead to a conversation Corona wanted to avoid. Namely that the person he was after used CIA mind control techniques to get people to kill for him.

Detective Corona pulled up near Sunrise Apartments, where Harding lived. The cop turned to Jesse. 'With this MK-Ultra shit, does the subject have to know they are programmed for it to work?'

Jesse turned to the officer. 'In the early days back in the 50s we used autosuggestion to get people to comply, but it's become much more advanced. Using mind-numbing repetitive simple phrases, the media fear-mongering induces entire populations to comply without question.'

'What do you mean?'

'Using this Covid 66.6 as an example, we are all bombarded with simple phrases like social distancing, lock-down, border control, stop the spread etc. Every time these words are repeated in the media, our mind gets bored and the message goes straight to our subconscious minds.'

Corona, getting fidgety, cut Jesse short. 'OK, let's go.'

Jesse stared at the Detective, incredulous. 'You're going in without backup?'

'How else are we going to stop this killer?'

Suddenly, the truth of the situation hit the scientist like ice-cold water thrown in his face. He stared at the Detective. 'You don't plan on arresting him, do you?'

'We'd never get the charges to stick.'

Jesse looked at the cop, horrified. 'Oh no! I'm having no part of this.'

Corona countered, 'If we don't stop him, who will.'

'Murder is never a noble gesture, Detective.'

'Don't you start moralising, Jesse.'

'I'm not fucking moralising! I'm being practical. We need Harding alive. How else are we going to find out who paid for the contracts? Harding can't tell us that if he's dead.' Jesse got out of the car.

Corona leapt out of the driver's seat and caught up with Jesse. Grabbing his arm, Corona said, 'We can't do this by the book.'

'What you're suggesting makes us no better than him.'

'OK, we can question him once we have him shackled.'

Jesse said, 'So what about my problem?'

Corona replied, 'If we do things my way, he won't be alive to tell anyone.'

'It's a bit late for that. I've already bared my soul to a cop.'

'You help me stop Harding, and I'll make sure your confession doesn't see the light of day.'

Jesse said, 'So what do you want me to do?'

'Just go and see if he's home.'

'Oh yeah, I'm sure he'll be glad to see me turn up at his door,' Jesse said sarcastically.

'Once he opens the door I'll bust in and take over.'

Jesse stared at Corona in disbelief. 'Of course, nothing can go wrong with that plan!'

Ignoring the scientist's cynicism, Corona checked his gun. 'Just find out if he's home. I'll be right behind you.'

As Jesse neared the apartment block, he saw a bank of letterboxes, each showing the unit number and the resident's name. An O Harding lived in number eight on the second floor. Corona stood out of view while Jesse knocked on the door. There was no response, so he knocked louder. This time he heard someone approach the door.

Harding, who never received late-night visitors, said, 'Who the fuck are you and what do you want?'

'It's Jesse Devenport. Do you remember me? The guy you tried to blackmail.'

Harding took a handgun out of a drawer and tucked it down the back of his track pants. 'Fuck off! I have nothing to say to you.'

'Open the door,' Jesse ordered, 'I think you'll want to hear what I have to tell you.'

Oliver hesitated, then he unlocked the door and found himself face-to-face with Devenport.

He barked, 'What the fuck do you want?'

'I've decided it's worth me turning myself in to have you arrested for multiple murders.'

Harding eye-balled Jesse. 'You'd better come in so we can discuss this in private.'

Jesse did so, hoping Corona would be there if things turned nasty. But, instead, he said, 'I'm not bluffing. I've told the cops everything.'

Harding's alcohol befuddled brain quickly became alert. He reached behind for his gun and pointed it at Jesse. 'Before you make any unwise decisions we should sit down and talk this over.'

Corona sprung into action. He burst into the apartment, his gun at the ready.

Harding quickly pressed his weapon against Jesse's head. 'Drop your gun or I will shoot Dr Devenport.'

Corona tried, 'I'm with the Houston PD. You drop your gun. Now!'

Harding, unimpressed with the cop's threat, said, 'I won't ask you again.'

Jesse, feeling the pressure of the barrel against his temple, uttered, in a tremulous voice, 'Nobody needs to get shot, least of all me.'

Seeing the situation was getting out of hand, Corona said, 'Let's both put down our guns and work

out what to do next.'

Harding hesitated. If he shot Devenport in front of a cop, no lawyer could get him off the murder charge. If he played it, cool Nobody could prove his involvement in the deaths of Dorrian, Moore and Harris. Oliver lowered his weapon.

'Now lay it on the floor and take a step back.'

'You better have a fucking warrant,' Harding growled.

'And you had better sit down and shut up! Corona snapped.

Jesse said, 'Now, how about that little chat you wanted?'

Harding glared at Jesse. 'Fuck you.'

Corona gave Harding a stern look. 'Who paid you to kill those people?'

'I haven't killed anybody,' Harding rejoined.

'But you use sick people, like Arthur Buller, to kill for you.'

'Prove it!' Harding challenged.

'You know we can't do that, which is why we are not doing this down at the precinct' Corona said with a hint of a smile.

'What are you talking about?' Harding snapped.

Corona reached into his pocket and withdrew a switchblade knife. He pressed a button on the handle, and the blade shot out.

It all happened so quickly. Harding didn't register what was happening until he felt the razor-sharp blade against his cheek. 'What the fuck!' he uttered.

'Like I said, this is not authorised police business,' Detective Corona sneered, applying more pressure, just breaking the skin.

Harding, feeling the blade pressing harder against his cheek, growled. 'I'll have your fucking badge for this.'

Corona pointed at a wooden kitchen chair with his knife. 'Sit on that, Mr Harding.'

The killer glared at the cop. 'Why the fuck should I do that?'

'Because you've got five seconds to comply before I slit your fucking throat! Comprene?'

Harding quickly changed seats. Corona tossed Jesse a roll of duct tape. 'Bind and gag him. This could be a long night.'

Harding put up some resistance until Corona pressed his knife blade against the killer's throat.

Harding's face went ghostly white. 'What are you going to do to me?'

Corona turned to Jesse. 'Stretch some tape over his mouth.' Then to Harding, 'Nod your head when you are ready to tell us who paid you.'

Harding sat wide-eyed, staring at his captor.

'In the meantime, I'm going to give you an incentive to tell me what I want to know.' With that Corona took out his Diehl's Liquid Taser, which is basically a water pistol with electricity added. He pointed it at Harding. 'This little beauty can break skin and even ribs.'

He saw the fear in his prisoner's eyes. He turned to Jesse, 'Rip open his shirt.'

Harding wriggled around in a pathetic attempt at resistance. Jesse bared his chest.

Then Corona addressed Harding. 'The good thing about this taser is that the pain only lasts a few seconds. The bad news is that the pain is intense.' Pointing it at his prisoner, the Detective said, 'Let me give you a demonstration. With that, he pulled the trigger.'

As a jet of harmless-looking water hit Harding, he gave a muffled scream as his body went into spasm. Five seconds later the pain had gone but he was sweating and his heart was beating rapidly.

Corona said 'Mr Harding are you ready to answer my question?'

Harding mumbled something incoherent from behind the gag.

'Don't try to talk. Just nod your head,'

Harding shook his head.

Corona turned to Jesse. 'Pull down his pants.'

Jesse stared at the cop, wide-eyed. 'Why?'

'The other jolt was not painful enough to loosen his tongue. This one should do the trick.'

Jesse gingerly pulled down Harding's track pants.

Corona lined up his water taser and fired a spurt at the killer's testicles.

Harding lifted off the seat a couple of inches, screaming from behind the tape over his mouth. He endured the agony for 5 or 6 seconds. Then the pain dissipated.

Corona got into Harding's screwed up face. 'Who paid you?' he demanded.

Harding groaned, 'Pimpnel.'

Corona ripped the tape off Harding's mouth. 'There, it wasn't that difficult.'

'Fuck you,' Harding snarled.

'So how do you make contact with this Pimpnel?'

Harding remained silent until he saw the cop pointing the odd-looking taser at him again. 'I don't. He contacts me when he has a new contract.'

'OK, he contacts you. Then what?' Corona said.

'He sends me a brief.'

Jesse said, 'If there's an emergency, and you need to see this Pimpnel, how does that work?'

'It's never happened,' Harding shrugged.

'Yeah, but it could. So there has to be a way to contact him.'

Harding sighed. 'I am to send him a text message, and he sends me a message with instructions on where to meet. But as I said, it never happens.'

Corona said, 'Well, Mr Harding, I guess this is as good a time as any.'

Harding went white as a ghost. 'No, I can only do that in an emergency.'

Brandishing his Taser, Corona said, 'Then text that there's a fucking emergency!'

'What emergency?'

'I don't fucking know. Think of something.'

Corona was losing his Alpha dog position, and Jesse had to do something. 'Contact this Pimpernel character and tell him that Dr Jesse Devenport had called in to say hello.'

Corona stared at the scientist. 'Are you completely fucking crazy. You're turning yourself into a target.'

Jesse frowned, 'I was working with Floyd and Peter to find out about Max Dorrian's death. Besides, Pimpernel has already threatened me.'

'Threatened you?' Corona mumbled.

'By the way, his first name is Gawain.' Jesse swung on Harding. 'My guess is he has already given you the contract on Jesse Devenport. Am I right?'

Harding nodded.

'And you've probably got some poor sap lined up to kill me.'

Harding nodded again.

'Then text him now and tell him Jesse Devenport is working with a cop and that you've been compromised. Tell him you want a face-to-face to sort this shit out.'

Corona countered, 'What happens if he just cuts Harding loose and disappears into the woodwork?'

'If he does that he'll never know how much I know,' Jesse stated.

## Chapter 50

China

"A hero is somebody who is selfless, who is generous in spirit, who just tries to give back as much as possible and help people." **Debit Mazar**

Jacky Zheng looked more like a Mongol wrestler than a scientist. Standing at 5'3", he was short even by Chinese standards. To make up for his lack of height Jacky pumped iron in a gym. He had been very wary about speaking to the journalist, but he owed Chynna big-time for the position he had put her in. So he agreed to talk to Paul, but only if it was off the record.

As they sat in Paul's unit the journalist said, 'Thanks for agreeing to see me. Did you know about the problems your sister was having with Bai Chang?'

'What do you mean by "problems"?'

'Differences of opinion. Your sister discovered anomalies in testing for COVID 66.6. She brought them to Chang's attention, but he discounted them. Your sister was angry and frustrated. But most of all she was concerned that her reputation was at stake. If someone else spotted the mistake and reported it to the GHO, it would come back on her. And she felt helpless about it.'

Jacky rubbed his short curly hair. 'I see what you mean. But how can I help?'

Paul looked at Jacky's tired, hazel eyes. 'Looks like you've had restless nights.'

'This is off the record isn't it?'

Paul nodded, 'Yes. So, what's been troubling you?'

'I was conducting cancer research at Harvard's Beth Israel lab. I was about to catch my flight to Beijing when the Feds stopped me at Logan Airport. They questioned me for hours about glass vials in my overnight bag. The vials were well-protected, so there was no chance of breakages during the flight.'

'OK, let's take a step back. Why did you steal them?'

He looked at Paul. 'I didn't. I had no idea they were in my bag until airport security found them while searching through my stuff.'

'Was it just a random search, or do you think you were targeted?'

'Oh, I was definitely targeted.'

'How do you know that?'

Jacky sighed, and Paul continued, 'I find it difficult to believe you had no knowledge of the phials.'

'It's true. But the Feds didn't believe me either.'

'So how did the vials get there?'

'Someone must have set me up.'

'Any ideas who?'

Jacky shrugged, 'Someone who wanted to discredit me so that if I spoke out no one would believe me.'

'Spoke out about what?'

'Secret experiments going on at Fort Detrick.'

'What secret experiments?'

'The scientists at Fort Detrick were working on another strain of the virus.'

Paul stared at the scientist. 'What other strain?'

'A SARS 2 HIV strain. It was created at Fort Detrick class 4 lab. They used my sister's bat research to find out why Corona-virus's could spread like wildfire in bats but infected humans have an extremely hard time infecting other humans.'

Paul looked Jacky in the eye. 'Are you saying that COVID 66.6 was created in America – not China?'

'That's how I add it up.'

'How did you come to know about this?'

'From a scientist colleague, who was working on this stuff.'

'So what did he discover?'

'She is a woman scientist,' Jacky said testily.

'Sorry. That was a bit of an assumption. So what did she find out?'

'They needed four HIV inserts. These were the missing key required to infect the human ACE-2 receptor.'

Paul said, 'I don't understand this science stuff, so tell me simply what this is about.'

'The Scientists at Fort Detrick created a weaponised version of COVID 66.6, which has a much higher mortality rate.'

Paul stared at Jacky wide-eyed. 'Jesus, so this whole virus debacle was manufactured and manipulated by man!'

'Their latest contribution is ready to be released in phase 3, but only if they need their weaponised tribrid strain.' Jacky added, 'I was trying get this tribrid corona virus to an independent source, when I got arrested.'

Paul fixed Jacky with his cold gaze. 'So you lied about not knowing the samples were stowed in your bag.'

Jacky said, 'Yes, but only so I didn't have to reveal my source at Fort Detrick. She told me about the weaponisation of the virus.'

'So, who did you want to give the weaponised samples to, or is that another of your secret sources?'

'I wanted my sister to check them.'

'But she claims she knew nothing about the samples until Director Chang brought your crime to her notice. How do you explain that?'

'Look, I knew she had misgivings about the way The GHO and WVI were handling the virus so I thought my findings would interest her.'

'And did they?'

Jacky looked at Paul, 'Airport security found the samples and handed me over to the FBI before I had a chance to show them to her.'

'What happened to the samples?'

Jacky shrugged, 'My guess is they ended up at the WVI.'

Paul pressed, 'If so, why arrest you at Logan Airport? Why not have you arrested and confiscate the samples in Beijing?'

Jacky shrugged again. 'I don't understand that either.'

Paul changed tack. 'Chynna told me that Director Chang knew about the enhanced samples and needed them back at the WVI but they couldn't get them through legit channels, so they set you up.'

'It makes sense, But I still don't understand why the security forces didn't pick me up at Beijing Airport.'

Paul grinned, 'Well, you could have been a mad scientist with the perfect weapon for hijacking the plane. So they had to discover the samples before you boarded the plane to Beijing.'

Jacky nodded, 'It makes sense. That way they could send the samples for testing here as legitimate evidence with the Director's blessing.'

Barry Rock stopped what he was doing and answered his phone. He saw Herman's name come up and knew it must be important. Barry pushed his plan of action notes to one side. 'Yes, how can I help, Herman?'

'I want you to drop what you are doing and come to my home as quickly as you can.'

The meeting of the Majestic12 was less than two weeks away. 'I'm very busy, Herman. Can't we have our talk before the next meeting?'



'No, I need to see you ASAP.'

'Give me the gist of what's on your mind.'

After our last meeting, I had Herr Boltz check up on you. He couldn't find anything, not even a record of your birth. I like to know with whom I'm dealing, so who are you and why are you interested in PanKosmia?'

Barry was not expecting this. However, Herman was direct with him, so Barry thought he'd return the compliment. 'We always keep an eye on our projects. That's why we're called Watchers.'

Herman, taken aback, said, 'What do you mean?'

Barry said, 'I think you're right. I will see you in the morning.'

'How can you organise a trip to Patagonia that quickly?'

Barry said, 'You could say I have hidden talents.'

'I can send Herr Boltz to pick you up from the Nahuel Huapi station if you like?'

'That's very kind of you. Have Boltz there by 8 am.'

Barry Rock had no need of Boltz's help, but it suited his purpose. He was already waiting on the railway platform when Boltz arrived in a classic model Mercedes. Barry watched as the old German got stiffly out of his car. He reached inside the vehicle for his wolf-head walking cane. Then, using his walking stick for support, the old Nazi approached Barry. He stood to attention, clicked his heels but without a Sieg Heil.

'Herr Rock, follow me.'

Barry followed Boltz back to the car. Then, seeing Boltz grimace as he put his weight on his bad leg, Barry handed him a foil strip containing three tablets. 'Pain killers for your knee, Mr Boltz.'

The old Nazi stared at the stranger. 'Pain killers don't help.'

Still proffering the package, Barry said, 'These are laced with a heavy dose of codeine. I'm sure taking them is better than being in excruciating pain.'

Boltz stared at the tablets. Then he took them and reached into the glove compartment for his flask of Schnapps. He popped out the pills and placed them in his mouth, and followed up with a good swig of Schnapps. Boltz never thanked Barry. Instead, he started the engine.

'How soon will we be at the ranch?'

'20 minutes.'

Good, Barry thought. The effect wouldn't kick in for 40 minutes.

It was 5:23 am, and a ruffled Gerhardt Manning, head of the Brownshirts at Inalco Residentzia, looked at the body lying on the floor in the executive staff hacienda. It was Johan Boltz. Gerhardt turned to one of his Brownshirts. 'Get Dr Spaldo right away.'

'I have already informed him, Herr Commandant. Therefore, he should soon be here.'

The Doctor duly arrived and inspected the body. He looked up at Gerhardt. 'It looks like some kind of poison, but I cannot be sure until I perform an autopsy.'

Gerhardt looked at his subordinate, 'Don't let anyone else in here while I've gone.'

'Where are you going, sir?'

Gerhardt frowned, 'Somebody has to wake up Herman and tell him what has happened.'

## Chapter 51

North America

"Heroes don't have the need to be known as heroes, they just do what heroes do because it is right and it must be done." **Shannon A. Thompson**

As Jesse, Corona and Harding sat in the police car, the MK-Ultra killer made a difficult decision. He knew he had to phone his contact, but he needed a good reason. Harding turned to Corona, hesitated, then he said, 'I don't know what to say to him.'

Jesse snapped, 'Tell him the truth.'

'The truth,' Harding said nervously.

'Yeah. Tell your contractor Dr Devenport is working with a cop and that you've been compromised. Tell him you want a face-to-face to sort out this shit.'

Corona held a gun to Harding's head as the killer made the call.

Corona parked his cruiser at the trail entrance and said, 'OK, we walk from here.'

Harding said, 'I've lived in Houston for ten years, and I've never visited Lake Houston Wilderness Park.'

Corona said 'We used to go hiking and camping as a family outing. But outdoor cooking and fire-making and lumpy sleeping bags was never my thing.'

Jesse gently pushed Harding ahead of them. 'Get going, Harding. We don't want to keep your Pimpernel waiting.'

Using flashlights the trio walked along a short trail beside a narrow creek. Jesse and Corona held back but stayed close enough to Harding to stop him from escaping.

Detective Corona and Dr Devenport waited, anticipating Gawain Pimpernel's arrival, concealed by the conifers at the edge of the forest.

Corona looked at the scientist, 'Are you OK?'

'I'd feel more secure if I had a weapon.'

Corona handed Jesse his water taser. 'Here, take this,'

'You'd better show me how to use it,' Jesse stated.

As Corona instructed the scientist in using the strange weapon, they saw another person turn up, A tall, portly middle-aged man.

'What's the plan?' Jesse asked.

'To remain quiet and see what unfolds.'

'It's not much of a plan.'

'Yeah. Well, I'm more of a seat-of-the-pants kind of guy.'

Jesse said, 'That's not very reassuring.'

Just then, the pair heard a buzzing noise. Jesse registered it as a nearby drone. But, of course, Pimpernel would leave nothing to chance. The flying spy had probably already beamed down pictures of the pursuers to his phone. Jesse became alarmed. If the drone was armed, which it probably was, Harding was in mortal danger. He turned to Corona. 'Harding is exposed out there. We have to warn him somehow.'

Detective Corona said, 'I say let nature take its course.'

'You want Pimpernel to kill him!'

Corona whispered, 'Pimpernel will only kill Harding if the MK-Ultra killer is surplus to requirement. And if that's so he's no more use to us.'

'And you're OK with that?'

'You got a better idea?'

'We warn Harding about the drone.'

Corona countered, 'What if he already knows?'

Jesse felt guilty about forcing Harding into his dangerous position. He wanted to rush out and rescue Harding, but all he had as a weapon was the water taser. But that was just a toy, and he had to be within ten metres of the target to use it.

Harding followed Pimpernel's instructions and he came to a large lake. Harding saw the wooden jetty and walked towards it. There was a motorboat with a man sitting in it. There were no pole fishers that time of night, and the pier was empty except for the man in the boat. Gawain adjusted his drone's flight pattern so it could zoom in on the two men following Harding. His timing had to be precise. Harding was already on the jetty, using his phone light to show his way. He stopped as his client stepped up onto the jetty, an automatic pistol in his hand.

Harding stopped in his tracks, staring at his client. 'Now, wait a minute. I ...'

'Don't take this personally, Oliver, but you have become too much of a liability.' He levelled his weapon and fired, hitting Harding between his eyes. Harding's last expression was one of surprise as his body folded and slumped onto the wooden jetty.

Detective Corona signalled for Jesse to halt. He saw the tall gunman on the pier climb down into the motorboat. 'Follow me!' he yelled to Jesse as he ran towards the shore. It was too late. He heard the engine coughing into life and saw the shadowy man heading out towards the other side of the lake with a last-minute surge of energy. Corona rushed onto the pier, firing his weapon at the rapidly disappearing boat, which was swallowed up by the dark night. Corona emptied his magazine at the small disappearing boat, saying, 'Fuck! We lost him.'

Gawain felt a sharp sting as one of the stray bullets hit him in the leg near his left thigh. He grimaced in pain, but his main concern was the damage to his craft. Smoke came from the Mercury outboard motor, and the boat became sluggish. Still, Pimpernel just had to make it to the other side of the lake. Unknown to him, a bullet had punctured the fuel tank, which, apart from starving the motor, spilled fuel into the boat.

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Harding stopped in his tracks, staring at his client. 'Now, wait a minute. I ...'

'Don't take this personally, Oliver, but you have become too much of a liability.' He levelled his weapon and fired, hitting Harding between his eyes. Harding's last expression was one of surprise as his body folded and slumped onto the wooden jetty.

Detective Corona signalled for Jesse to halt. He saw the tall gunman on the pier climb down into the motorboat. 'Follow me!' he yelled to Jesse as he ran towards the shore. It was too late. He heard the engine coughing into life and saw the shadowy man heading out towards the other side of the lake with a last-minute surge of energy. Corona rushed onto the pier, firing his weapon at the rapidly disappearing boat, which was swallowed up by the dark night. Corona emptied his magazine at the small disappearing boat, saying, 'Fuck! We lost him.'

Gawain felt a sharp sting as one of the stray bullets hit him in the leg near his left thigh. He grimaced in pain, but his main concern was the damage to his craft. Smoke came from the Mercury outboard motor, and the boat became sluggish. Still, Pimpernel just had to make it to the other side

of the lake. Unknown to him, a bullet had punctured the fuel tank, which, apart from starving the motor, spilled fuel into the boat.

Corona rushed back to his car and grabbed a sniper rifle fitted with a night sight from the trunk. He raced back to the jetty, hoping he was in time to get Pimpernel before he had sailed out of range. Much to Corona's relief, the boat had not gotten too far away. Looking through the night sight he was surprised to see the small vessel had not made much progress. With little time to spare Corona put the rifle to his shoulder, caught the craft in his sights and fired at the hunched figure holding the tiller. The shot missed Pimpernel by inches, but Corona need not have worried, as the bullet found the pool of petrol.

Corona and Jesse stood stunned as the motorboat exploded in a loud fireball, lighting up the night sky around the lake.

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## Chapter 52

China

“It doesn't take a hero to order men into battle. It takes a hero to be one of those men who goes into battle.” – **Norman Schwarzkopf**

Bai Chang plugged the flash drive into his computer and clicked on the video files. There were three short videos picked up on CCTV. The camera showed someone who could have been Dr Chynna Zheng entering a journalist's apartment in Shanghai. She left some forty-six minutes later. The journalist, Paul Shaughnessy, a freelancer, met her at the door and invited her in. The second CCTV footage showed Jacky Zheng entering the same address, where he spent sixty-two minutes with the journalist. The third footage showed Paul Shaughnessy entering and ten minutes later, leaving his unit. Chang sat back, pondering over what to do about the situation. It could be perfectly innocent but both Chynna and her brother had axes to grind so they needed to be closely watched. Besides, Chynna had some crazy conspiracy theories about the virus. In the end, Chang decided to report the incident up-line. Let them decide what to do about it. He phoned the GHO and asked for Theodore Adams. He waited a minute, then said, 'We could have a problem.'

Theo said, 'Hello Director. To what problem are you referring?'

'Two of my people have been caught on camera meeting with a journalist.'

'Which two people?'

'Dr Chynna Zheng and her brother.'

Theo said, 'What does she know that would be of interest to a journalist?'

Chang thought about how he had doctored her report to the GHO. 'It's more about what she thinks she knows. She had a crazy conspiracy theory about the original diagnosis of the virus. I have dealt with that, so it is no longer a problem.' Chang added, 'Can you find out all you can about the

journalist? His name is Paul Shaughnessy, and he rents a Shanghai apartment. I'll send you the details.'

'Why can't you deal with it, Director Chang? After all, you know these people.'

'You have better resources to find out about the journalist.'

Theo said, 'Very well, you look after your scientists, and I'll have the journalist investigated.'

Dr Theodore Adams put aside his phone and sat back with steepled fingers, and pondered his situation. He had assumed the COVID 66.6 pandemic to be genuine. His job was to come up with measures to keep people safe. At this stage, Theo had never heard about Deep State. But he soon came to learn it was an unelected government that, among other things, used mind control to manipulate the masses. Theo never let on about his fears to his subordinates. He soon realised that a massively wealthy group of people formed a government within the elected parliament. The idea that a corporate dictatorship ruled legal governments from behind the scenes sent a chill up Theo's backbone. Now he began seeing other cracks in the mainstream rhetoric about the virus. But this shadow government seemed to have unlimited power and influence over everybody. It comprised the world's wealthiest, power-hungry individuals who made their own rules to suit their agenda. They left Theo feeling helpless.

At the risk of getting caught up in conspiracy theories, Theo believed COVID 66.6 was a tool wielded by the Deep State to set the Rockefeller Foundation's Lockstep programme into motion. The Deep State had already implemented "Lock Step" throughout the western world. In the light of his misgivings about the official line on the virus, Theo wondered if Dr Zheng's initial findings concerning the original diagnosis of COVID 66.6 had credibility.

Dr Adams felt trapped between "Right and Self Survival". He decided to investigate the journalist but not for the reason Dr Chang expected. Theo buzzed his PA and gave her instructions to gather personal data on Paul Shaughnessy, a freelance journalist.

Paul Shaughnessy had trouble reading the translated three-page statement the linguist read to him in Chinese, translating it robotically into English. But Paul got the general gist that he was a person of interest in a case. He would not be allowed to leave China until he'd answered questions related to the investigation to Commander Qin's satisfaction. Paul sat, staring at the man opposite him – bleary-eyed. It was six hours since the Ministry of State Security had arrived at his door, taking him away to be questioned by the MSS (Guoanbu). At first Paul's investigator seemed like a reasonable man as they discussed Thoreau's essay on civil disobedience. However, Paul soon realised Officer Hao Qin, who was in charge of the interrogation, played cat and mouse with him. He sighed deeply, realising there was no point debating the virtues of civil disobedience in a Shanghai police station. The Guoanbu officer said they wanted a chat with him about two scientists from the WVI who had gone missing. By the time Paul realised the police had tricked him it was too late. He was caught up in the clutches of the Chinese secret service.

Hao Qin, looking splendid in his sharply creased officer's uniform, interviewed his prisoner while his associate sat in silence. 'Why did you meet with Dr Chynna Zheng at your rented apartment, Mr Shaughnessy? And what did you talk about?'

'The good work she was doing at the Wuhan Institute of Virology,'

Qin looked sternly at the reporter. 'The WIV has its own publicity officer, so why did Dr Zheng need you and your western news?'

'That's privileged information.'

Qin's assistant rose from his seat, picked up a Shanghai phone book, and loomed over Paul.

The reporter froze.

Qin waved his deputy back. 'There is no need for that. Not yet anyway.' He turned to the reporter. 'In China there is no privileged information. All citizens and foreigners must obey the law. So answer my question.'

'Paul, realising there would be no discussion on the matter, answered, 'I agree that citizens should obey all fair laws, but not unjust ones.'

Qin enjoying baiting this arrogant gweilo, snapped, 'Who are you to judge our laws? He glared at Paul. 'Now, answer my question.' This time, Qin did not stop his deputy from striking the reporter's head with the phone book. The officer was well practised with his instrument of torture, and Paul cried out in pain.

The blow took Paul by surprise and left his ears ringing.

'This interview does not have to be unpleasant for you. Just answer my questions, and you will soon be released.'

Paul sighed deeply. 'Dr Zheng has some issues with the way Director Chang is handling the Covid 66.6 pandemic.'

'What issues?'

Knowing his response could trigger another vicious blow to his head, Paul had to say something convincing. Taking a breath, he said, 'I don't know. Your people were all over her like a rash before she had a chance to tell me.'

Cop two rose, ready to strike again when Qin stopped him. 'Perhaps Mr Shaughnessy is telling the truth.' He turned to the reporter. 'I want you to set up another interview with Chynna Zheng and this time you will be wired.'

Paul stared straight at Qin. 'You want me to spy on my source?'

Qin nodded, 'That way, you are still valuable to us.'

The inference was clear—play ball or not at all. Paul nodded in agreement and instantly hated himself for doing so.

## Chapter 53

South America, Patagonia

“For one thing, I don’t think that anybody in any war thinks of themselves as a hero.” –

**Steven Spielberg**

Herman DeMoonschildt, shocked at the demise of his loyal second-in-command, was in no state of mind to meet with Barry Rock. Not yet anyway. The Watcher was an enigma, and the PanKosmian supreme master hated puzzles. Life was busy enough without having to figure out mysteries. Herman thought puzzles were entertainment for idle minds, and Herman's mind was anything but. However, the question in his mind, one he could not shake, was how did Barry Rock get to Inalco Rezidentzia overnight?

Barry Rock looked at the wall clock in the hall outside Herman's study. He had been waiting a good hour for the PanKosmian leader to meet with him. Barry did not complain though. For the first time Herman had to deal with his affairs without the help of his loyal servant. The man was in his 80s and not in the best of health. His death would be put down to a heart attack, not a suspicious death.

Boltz's death would have rattled Herman. This suited Barry very well because he did not want the PK boss to be in a settled state of mind when he dropped his bombshell.

Shortly after, Herman invited Barry into his spacious study.

Barry looked at the slender man with sunken hazel eyes and thought the job was too big for him. 'You must have been very busy to keep me waiting.'

'I've had personal matters to deal with,' Herman justified. He then said, 'The driver who picked you up from the station has since died.'

'Oh. Do you know the cause?'

'The doctor says it was a heart attack.'

Barry said, 'Thank goodness it did not happen while he was driving.'

Herman said, 'You haven't told me how you managed to get here so quickly.'

'No, I haven't, have I,' Barry said and left it at that.

'So, why do you want to see me?' Herman asked, changing the subject.

'There are certain things we have to be clear about before the primary meeting.'

Herman indicated one of a pair of kid leather reclining armchairs. 'Take a seat and tell what me you mean.'

Barry began, 'I am what is known as a Watcher, a Hebrew word that translates to "wakeful one" and we have been observing Earth5 for a long time.'

Herman interrupted, 'What do you mean – Earth5?'

'That's not essential. You'd be better off asking questions about the Watchers.'

'Excuse me, Barry Rock, or whoever you are, but this is all new to me. So, please continue with your story.'

'The term Watcher can also mean Sentinel or Guardian. Biblical ideas describe watcher angels as God's who have joint authority to speak the decrees of the Almighty God. They form a heavenly council that listen to and act upon God's word. These divine messengers bring these commands and revelations to human beings.'

'So your influence on Earth comes from a religious belief system?'

Barry looked at Herman. The Biblical stories come from a time when humans lived in awe of their Gods, so, we Watchers capitalised on that to get our message across.'

'What like the Biblical prophets of old?'

'Mr De Moonschildt, we were the prophets of old. Predictions from holy people are a sure way for us to secure the future.' Barry let that sink in then he dropped his bombshell. 'Today you humans put more faith in science, than God, so we don't show up in brilliant light with angel wings, like the watchers of old. Now you are more interested in profits than prophets. Nowadays you want to control your world. And we don't interfere, as long as what you are doing fits in with the experiment.'

'What do you mean? What experiment?'

Barry stared at Herman. 'Why, the human race, of course.'



Herman sat wide-eyed. 'We are your experiment?'

Barry sat back in his chair. 'Of course. Now you're getting it.'

Herman was incredulous. 'Do you mean to say these watchers control PanKosmia?'

'Herman, your PanKosmia is the perfect tool for us to do what we have to do. Of itself, it is irrelevant – a mere means to an end. But don't worry, what you are doing dovetails with our plan for Earth5. We are more than happy for your people to dominate your world. We have even been helping you in that respect. We will continue to do so, providing you follow our directives, which you will receive from Wycliffe O'Byrne.'

'This is unbelievable, Mr Rock. Totally impossible.'

'Yet here I am in the flesh so-to-speak. Now you can see why I had to meet with you before your Mj12 gathering.'

Herman mopped his brow with a handkerchief. 'What do I tell Mj12?'

'Anything you want. Or nothing at all if you prefer. I will leave that up to you.'

'Aren't you going to attend?'

Barry rose to leave. 'I don't think that will be necessary. I'm sure you gentlemen know what to do.' As he walked away Barry Rock thought about the next job he had to deal with, sending Harrison back to the watchers' realm. But first, he had to find the renegade Watcher.

Barry Rock phoned Harrison Eyett many times and got his recorded message at every attempt. Harrison was supposed to be working in Barry's office but there was no one there. If Harrison had gone to ground it would be complicated to weed him out. He made one more call and left a stern message. 'Hari Sun, if you do not contact me, I will report your activities to the Grand Council. You know what that means. They will send guardians of the Watch to track you down. This is your last chance to surrender yourself to me.' This time he got a response. Getting straight to the point, Barry said, 'Why did you tell Wycliffe O'Byrne about the changes to our plan?'

'Baruch, I had to let Wycliffe know about our plan. It was a matter of honour,' Harrison tried justifying.

'Come back to the office immediately, and I won't have to get the Watch on your trail.'

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<https://dawsoncountyjournal.com/blog/2020/12/08/nurse-practitioner-covid-test-is-dangerous-fraud/>

## Chapter 54

England

“A true hero is the small voice crying out in the wilderness, that never quits.” **Chris Deggs**

The sun deigned to show itself after two days of continuous rain. Monty was at last able to work on his roof. He had just begun to replace some broken shingles when he saw the car pull up outside his cottage. Monty watched as two men got out and proceeded to his front door. What the hell do they want? Monty wondered, feeling it did not bode well. But then, he heard one of the men knock on his front door. 'Shit!' It seemed he'd never get to finish his roof. Cursing under his breath, Monty descended his ladder.

The strangers waited at the bottom of the ladder. One of them even steadied it as Monty reached the lowest rung.

'Can I help you gentlemen with something?' Monty asked politely.

'Are you Montague Prescott DeVere?'

'Who wants to know?' He said, guarded.

'Detective Inspector Holloway,' the policeman said, flashing his warrant card. He indicated the second man. 'And this is FBI Special Agent Calhoun.'

'Yes, I'm Monty DeVere. What is this about?' Monty snapped testily.

The English officer said, 'Do you know a Dr Jesse Devenport?'

Monty said, 'Yes. Why?'

'My colleague here,' Holloway said, 'Had an interesting chat with Dr Devenport.'

Monty felt a hollowness in his stomach. 'Oh! And what did he have to say?'

Without answering, Calhoun changed the subject. 'Have you heard of a Lieutenant Andrew Cowper?'

Monty had to guard every word he said. 'Yes, what about him?'

'He was found, murdered.'

'Oh, I'm sorry to hear that. But what has it to do with me?'

Holloway said, 'You're our prime suspect, Mr DeVere.'

Monty froze. 'You think I murdered this Cowper fellow?'

'Dr Devenport does.'

Monty looked at the police officers, incredulous. 'Devenport thinks I killed someone, and you come all the way here for what? To arrest me for murder?'

Calhoun said, 'You had the motive and the means.'

'What motive?' Monty challenged.

You needed to silence Lieutenant Cowper because he knew about "Operation Time Warp".

'Operation Time Warp! What the hell is that?'

'An act of terrorism on American soil in which Arturo Bruno, yourself and Jesse Devenport used a drone loaded with explosives to destroy a military installation on Long Island.'

Realising Jesse had given the FBI chapter and verse, Monty tried making light of his predicament. 'You've been watching too many spy movies.'

Holloway said, 'Why don't we all go inside where we can chat in private?'

Monty could think of several reasons but did not voice them. 'While we're at it perhaps you'd like a cup of tea and a scone,' Monty said, sarcastically.'

'That's very gracious of you, Mr DeVere. A cuppa would go down well.'

'Do you have coffee,' the American smiled.

'Yes, but I'm clean out of doughnuts.'

'The cops missed Monty's thinly veiled cynicism. Holloway went to step inside, but Monty blocked his path. 'Not without a search warrant, Inspector.'

Holloway said, 'I'm with Special Branch. We don't need a search warrant.'

'Monty said, 'I need to get my roof fixed before the next rain comes, so ask me your questions and let me get on with my business.'

Holloway responded, 'I've got a better idea. You come down to the nick, and I ask you the questions there.' Monty cast a wary eye up at his half-finished roof. 'OK, let's go inside.'

Once inside Monty's cottage, Holloway said, 'To save time, I'm going to let my American colleague tell you what we already know.'

The Fed said, 'You're a SAS Major and friend of another person of interest, Arturo Bruno. Bruno organised Devenport to pick you up at Sea-Tac Airport and drive you to his apartment where you stayed with him. So why were you in Seattle, Mr DeVere?'

'A friend asked me to check out his drone piloting skills.'

'That friend being Arturo Bruno?' Calhoun suggested.

Monty wanted to keep Arturo out of the picture, but it was becoming increasingly difficult. Finally, he answered, 'Mr Bruno asked me to help him out.'

'Help you out in what way. To blow up a military facility on Long Island, perhaps?' Calhoun said.

'I don't know where you got that fanciful idea. Mr Bruno asked me to find him a drone pilot for a documentary he was making.'

Calhoun said, 'Dr Devenport didn't mention anything in his statement about filming a documentary.'

Monty shrugged. 'Maybe you didn't ask the right questions.'

Calhoun asked, 'Was destroying a SAGE radar dish part of the story?'

'I'm sorry, old man, but I don't know what you're on about.'

'I see,' Calhoun smiled thinly. Waving a document at the Englishman, Calhoun said, 'Here I have an extradition order to take you back to the States for further questioning.'

Monty seldom swore but did so in this instance. 'What the fuck are you talking about? You can't just drag me off to America.'

Holloway said, 'There's nothing you can do about it. My boss had signed off on it.'

'Who's your boss? I demand to speak to him!'

Holloway said, 'The Home Secretary, but I don't think he wants to talk to you.'

Realising Calhoun's argument was wriggle-proof, Monty asked, 'So what happens to me now?'

Holloway said, 'I'm taking you to Stroud police station for processing. Then you will be placed in a holding cell until the FBI is ready to have you deported.'

It had been a horrendous few weeks for Aldous and Kim. For Aldous, it was one of the worst bipolar episodes he had experienced in a long time. It was so bad that his loving helpmate, Kimmie, had to retreat from him to hold onto her sanity. As if that was not bad enough Aldous and Kimmie had to deal with the terrible blow to Aldous' online Herbal Remedies business. Luckily for Aldous, he had his own supply of MindEze and once he was back on his meds, he became much calmer and more able to deal with everyday life without falling in an emotional heap. When Kimmie thought he

was ready to handle it, she took Aldous to Alison's office, where the solicitor had a proposal from WE for them to discuss.

Kimmie read the new offer from World Enterprises, and she passed it over to Aldous, who had trouble understanding the legalese. 'So what does this mean in plain English?' He asked.

Alison smiled, 'WE wants to do a deal. They are prepared to tell the DEA Herbal remedies did not know of cannabis in MindEze. They will say it was a malicious act by a third party and had nothing to do with either Herbal Remedies or World Enterprises.'

Kimmie said, 'It sounds too good to be true. So why are they willing to do this?'

'WE does not want negative publicity. But there has to be quid pro quo here.'

Kimmie sneered, 'I bet they want us to drop the contractual lawsuit.'

Alison nodded, 'In return, WE will hand over the marketing and sales right of MindEze, and you can run your company any way you see fit.'

'Are you saying they don't want anything more to do with MindEze?'

Alison grinned and nodded. 'All you have to do is drop the suit.'

'But why are they doing this?' Aldous asked.

Kimmie laughed lightly. 'As they say, don't look a gift horse in the mouth.'

Aldous, on top form, countered, 'And beware of Greeks bearing gifts.'

Alison said, 'The offer is only on the table for 24 hours, so you have to make up your mind quickly.'

Aldous said, 'No pressure then.'

Kimmie, said, 'I think it's a no-brainer. We get what we've always wanted. So I say we sign it and start a new chapter right now.'

Aldous shook his head, 'They are up to something. I can feel it.'

Kimmie said, 'WE have returned all rights to us. So we're free to pursue our business unhindered.'

Alison said, 'As soon as you sign this, WE will send out a contract stating they no longer have any rights over MindEze.'

Aldous said, 'Get a copy of the new contract first.'

Alison said, 'It will take too long. I do think there is need for a bit of trust here. Besides, you haven't dropped your lawsuit yet.'

Aldous had not considered that. He said, 'OK, I agree.'

Alison produced a magnum of champagne. 'I think this calls for a bit of celebration.'

## Chapter 55

England

“A hero is one who knows how to hang on one minute longer.” – **Novalis**

Monty DeVere was not celebrating. He was languishing in a prison cell, trying to find a way to get out of the mess in which he found himself. Sitting still in solitary confinement helped him to concentrate on his dilemma. The SAS had taught him not to give up until all channels of escape had

been exhausted. He would never admit to killing the soldier, but Jesse Devenport - the rat – had sold him out and Monty did not know what the traitor had said to the Feds. Then he got another idea. He asked to see Agent Calhoun.

Calhoun didn't have authority to question the prisoner without Holloway being present. So Monty faced both officers across the table in the interview room.

Calhoun said, 'So, Jesse Devenport told you about his meeting with Andrew Cowper?'

Monty said, 'Yes, but that's not the reason I want to see you.'

Ignoring the Englishman's plea, the Agent said, 'You realised your host was compromised and, by extension, your operation. So you dealt with the threat.'

Monty said, 'It's about the murder of a CIA field agent in Patagonia.'

Holloway, who had remained silent till then, said, 'What murder?'

'The death of a CIA officer carrying out undercover work.'

Calhoun said, 'Let's deal with one case at a time, shall we? So then, turning to Monty, he said, 'Devenport told you where he would meet Cowper, and you got there first and killed the Lieutenant.'

Monty said, 'And, you know this how?'

'You had the motive and the skills to carry out the murder.'

Monty chuckled, 'Really, Mr Fed, is that the best you can do? Where are the witnesses who saw me carry out this heinous act?'

Calhoun said, 'We don't need eyewitnesses. We have enough circumstantial evidence to make the charges against you stick.' He paused, then said, 'Just to clarify things, Dr Devenport told us that Cowper knew about the meeting between Arturo, Boltz and him at Sky Spy.'

'What does that have to do with anything?' Monty shrugged. 'Sky Spy hires out drones, and we needed one for the doco.'

Calhoun changed tack. 'If, as you maintain, you were making a harmless documentary, why would, Cowper knowing about it, compromise Dr Devenport? Why would it make Cowper a threat? Why was it such a big deal that you had to kill Lieutenant Cowper to keep him quiet?'

'So you say.' Monty sneered. 'Now we've had our trip to fantasy land do you want to know about the murder of Agent Cooper in the real world?'

Calhoun, fed up with the interview going around in circles, said, 'So what about this dead spook?'

'I will only tell you if you cancel this preposterous extradition order.'

Calhoun shook his head. 'I can't do that, Mr DeVere.'

Holloway turned to Calhoun. 'Perhaps you should check with the Company to see if they have a missing Agent Cooper on their books.'

Calhoun was well aware of the CIA's policy of secrecy about anything concerning their clandestine activities. But, he said, 'I imagine you have connections at Grosvenor Square.'

'There are a few people I can reach out to. I'll make some inquiries.'

Calhoun nodded, 'Make it quick. I fly out with Mr DeVere tomorrow morning.'

Monty shrunk back on his seat. 'You can't do that, Calhoun; you've got nothing on me that will stick. Any half-decent lawyer will shoot your case down in flames within minutes. Besides, I have to finish my cottage before the next rains.' Monty added, 'Perhaps I should be talking to the CIA about Agent Cooper, not you.'

Holloway phoned a contact, a staffer at the CIA office in Grosvenor Square.

Jim Ferris responded, 'Harry Holloway. I haven't heard from you in months.'

'Yeah, I've been busy. But there's something you may be able to help me with.'

'What do you want, Harry?'

'Do you have a missing field agent named Cooper?'

Ferris said, 'Tell me more.'

'OK, we have an extradition case for a British national involved in a major crime in Seattle. To cut a long story short the subject told us about a CIA operative murdered on a huge ranch called Inalco Residentzia, in Patagonia.'

Jim chuckled, 'It sounds to me that your suspect is just trying to save his ass.'

'I agree, Jim, but can you do me a favour and check it out for me? Oh, and one other thing. I need to know by tomorrow morning.'

Jim chuckled again. 'No pressure then.'

Calhoun visited Monty in his cell. The Agent was alone, which was how he wanted it to be.

Calhoun knew Monty was ex-SAS and, as such, he had trained to withstand rigorous interrogations. However, he was also aware the Englishman was out of practice.'

Monty looked up and saw Calhoun enter his cell. 'To what do I owe this dubious pleasure?' Monty said.

'OK, Mr De Vere, it's just you and me. No cameras, no recording. So tell me, did Dr Devenport discuss or mention Lieutenant Cowper to you?'

'No. I've already told you I know nothing of this army officer.'

Calhoun showed Monty a photo. It showed a picture of Andrew Cowper lying on the grass, dead. The FBI official said, 'This is the Lieutenant after being shot by an assassin in Lincoln Park, Seattle. We have reason to believe Jesse Devenport met with this man the night before he was murdered.'

'I don't know anything about that.'

Calhoun raised an eyebrow. 'Really?' He handed Monty another photo. It showed Jesse meeting Monty at Sea Tac airport in Seattle. 'Why did Devenport share his place with you?'

Now he had to tread carefully. Monty answered, 'I had to brief him on the doco job.'

'If you wanted Devenport to make a documentary with you, why the hell has he not said so?'

Monty shrugged. 'I'm just telling you what I understand.' Monty paused, then said, 'Have you checked on the late Agent Cooper yet?'

'Did you see the dead Agent?'

'No. But my colleague, Arturo Bruno, did.'

'That name keeps coming back like a bad smell. So how come he got to see the dead Agent?'

Monty stared at him. 'Arturo wanted to know what Cooper was doing on the ranch. So he confronted the Company man and arranged to see him at trailer home later that night.'

'And did he see Cooper later?'

'Yes, but he was already dead when Arturo arrived. Arturo found me and told me what had happened. We both agreed it was time for us to exit Inalco Residentzia, which is what we did.'

Calhoun said, 'How do you know your friend did not shoot the Agent?'

'Cooper had inferred to Bruno that something other than farming went on at Inalco Residentzia.'

'What was it?' Calhoun pressed.

'I don't know, but whatever it was got Cooper killed.'

'How do you know that?'

'Bruno told me Cooper was ready to say what he'd discovered but somebody got to him before he could do so.'

Calhoun stared at Monty. 'From what you say it seems that whenever you're mixed up in something dodgy, Arturo Bruno is not far away.'

Monty snapped, 'What do you mean?'

'People like Bruno can be very persuasive to get what they want.'

Monty knew that to be true. It seemed that Agent Calhoun was more intelligent than he looked. 'This is not about Bruno's character. It's about the unsolved death of a CIA agent. So I want to talk to someone from the CIA.'

Calhoun was not expecting that. But, he countered, 'That has nothing to do with me. I'm only interested in finding out why the assassin was after Andrew Cowper.'

'I'll help you but only after I speak to somebody from the CIA.'

Calhoun said, 'It doesn't work that way. First, you tell me about Cowper.'

Monty felt as though he was being sucked down a rabbit hole not of his choosing. But, nevertheless, he had to get things back on track. 'Does the FBI have any jurisdiction in Patagonia?'

'Of course not!' Calhoun snapped.

Monty smiled, 'I didn't think so, old man. So what is the point in telling them what happened?'

Jim Ferris met up with Harry Holloway in Grosvenor Square, gardens, near a statue of Franklin D Roosevelt. The massive edifice, the centrepiece of the Mayfair property owned by the Duke of Westminster, housed London's CIA and FBI offices. Its name came from Grosvenor, the Duke's surname.

'So, what have you got for me, Jim?'

'There was an undercover Agent called Cooper working in Patagonia on a large ranch, named Inalco Residentzia?'

'Jim answered yes, but we did not call our man Cooper.'

'Oh, what was it?'

'Carlos Capella.'

'What happened to him?' Harry asked.

'We assumed he went to ground. It happens to solo agents used to deep cover work.'

'Our suspect says he was murdered.'

'Who's your man?'

Monty DeVere, an ex-SAS Major.

'We want to interview your man ASAP.'

Harry said 'We're deporting him tomorrow.'

'Harry, you have to stop that from happening. Where have you got him banged up?'

'Stroud Police Centre.'

'Keep him there until our man sees him.'

'But the FBI has...'

'We'll deal with the FBI. Who's working the case?'

'An Agent Calhoun. But he's working another ...'

'Give me Calhoun's number, and I'll deal with it.'

'Yes, but there is something you need to know.'

'What's that?'

'The Feds want Mr DeVere for murder. The man who discovered Cooper's body is linked to both cases.'

It was Jim's turn to be surprised. 'What's this guy's name?'

'Arturo Bruno. He's a Brazilian national and close friend of our Mr DeVere.'

Jim said, 'We need to speak with Bruno. Harry, I want you to make it happen.'

'When will you question DeVere?'

'As soon as we can. Just keep him locked up until we're ready for him.'

Harry Holloway phoned Agent Calhoun. Hearing the Fed's voice, he said, 'The CIA wants to question DeVere before he leaves with you.'

Calhoun said, 'They'll have to be quick.'

'They told me to hold him until they send someone over.'

Calhoun said 'I have everything arranged for tomorrow.'

Holloway said, 'Well, un-arrange it because it's not going to happen.'

Calhoun responded, 'Who did you speak to?'

'It doesn't matter, Calhoun. The spooks are more interested in their missing Agent than they are in your case. So yours will have to wait.'



## Chapter 56

England

“A hero cannot be a hero unless in a heroic world.” – **Nathaniel Hawthorne**

It was Monty's third day in police lock-up. Again, the police had isolated him from regular prisoners. Holloway and Calhoun had questioned Monty each day, and this one was no exception. But today, they were focused on Arturo Bruno, not him.

Holloway said, 'We need you to tell us Bruno's whereabouts.'

Monty said, 'I don't know what happened to him once we arrived from South America.'

Holloway said, 'Are you seriously telling us that your best friend didn't tell you where he was going?'

Monty shrugged, 'What can I say? Arturo is a very private person.'

'He used to live in England, did he not?'

'Yes.'

'And you know the address?' Holloway said.

'Yes, but it doesn't mean he's here.'

'It's a starting point,' Holloway replied. 'So, what is it?'

Monty stared at the Special Branch officer. 'How is helping you going to help me?'

Calhoun answered, 'We believe Mr Bruno is the link between the drone attack on Long Island and the murder of Agent Cooper.'

'Oh, so you believe me now, about Cooper.'

'We now know an Agent named Cooper aka Carlos Capella worked undercover at the Inalco ranch. We also know he is missing. So, from what you say about our Mr Bruno being one of the last people to see him alive, we need to locate him ASAP. And if you can help us do that we'll cancel the extradition order.'

Monty felt relieved, but he did not trust Calhoun. Eye-balling the agent, he said, 'I want this deal in writing and signed.'

Calhoun looked across at Holloway. 'What do you reckon?'

Holloway turned to Monty. 'Find us this Bruno guy, and I'll sign it myself.'

Lara Balabanov enjoyed her stay in Monty's cottage. Still, her host had not disappeared before for three days, and she was concerned, mainly because he disappeared whilst working on his roof, leaving the job unfinished, which was very unlike him. Lara and Saul had returned to Monty's place to find his tools out and a ladder leaning against the roof guttering. Lara looked around for a note explaining what had happened. But there was no sign of Monty or a message. 'What could have happened to him?' She asked Saul.

He shrugged, 'No idea.' he said, stroking his beard. 'Bearing in mind Monty would not voluntarily have left his roof repairs unfinished. Perhaps we should phone hospital emergency, just in case.'

'Oh my God! I hope he's OK.'

Saul said, 'If there's no joy there, we'd better ring the police.' Then they heard another voice. 'I don't think he would like that.'

Lara turned abruptly and came face-to-face with Arturo Bruno. She could not believe it. Scowling at him, Lara said, 'What the hell are you doing here?'

Saul looked at Lara. 'Do you know this guy?'

Ignoring him, Arturo said, 'I came to see Monty. But it seems he's not here.'

'Brilliant Sherlock,' Lara said cynically.

'How long has Monty been missing?' Arturo said.

Saul felt shut out. He responded, 'Three days.'

'And you've done nothing to find him?' the Brazilian queried.

'We were about to check the hospitals before you interrupted,' Lara snapped.

'You should already have checked,' Bruno countered. He reached for his phone and searched for local hospitals.

Saul turned to Lara. 'Let's go to the A and E at the General.'

'Arturo put his phone away. 'I'd better come with you.'

Just then, a police car screeched to a halt, blocking the driveway.

Saul, blocked in, stepped out of his car and approached the two uniformed police officers. 'Excuse me, but we have to go to the hospital.'

One of the cops indicated to the occupants of Saul's car. 'Step out of the vehicle.'

As Arturo got out of the car, one of the cops said, 'Mr Bruno, you are under arrest. Now put your hands behind your back so that I can cuff you.'

Arturo, nonplussed, said, 'Why are you arresting me?'

The other officer cautioned him and hustled him into the police car, which then drove off.

Saul and Lara stood still, mouths open. It all happened so quickly the pair had no time to catch their breath. Then, finally, Lara whispered something about Karma, leaving Saul even more puzzled.

## Chapter 57

England

“What makes Superman a hero is not that he has power, but that he has the wisdom and the maturity to use the power wisely.” – **Christopher Reeve**

Holloway and Calhoun took Bruno to Stroud police station for questioning. Time was of the essence, so Holloway hastily got the interview underway. He announced, 'Interview with Arturo Bruno. Officers present, Inspector Holloway and Agent Calhoun.' Looking straight at Bruno, Holloway said, 'Mr Bruno, what do you know about a CIA agent called Cooper?'

Bruno looked at Holloway and shrugged. 'Sorry, I've never heard of him.'

Holloway nodded and said, 'He went by the name Capella.'

'He still doesn't ring a bell.'

Calhoun thought Bruno was lying, and he needed to move things along. 'Mr Bruno, let's cut through the bullshit. We know you knew this Agent. We know you met him at the Inalco ranch in Patagonia. We know you spoke to him.'

'I spoke to a lot of people there. But I don't know their names.'

Holloway interrupted, 'Mr Bruno, we know you arranged to see Agent Cooper at his place. So what happened when you arrived there?'

'I don't know what you're talking about,' Arturo responded impassively.

Calhoun leant in closer to Bruno. 'So you're calling Mr DeVere a liar.'

Arturo looked at the Inspector, nonplussed. So what does this have to do with Monty?'

'Everything, Mr Bruno,' Holloway said. 'Your friend, Monty DeVere is currently awaiting deportation to America to answer murder charges.'

'What murder charges?'

'He needs your corroboration to avoid his extradition. So let's start again. What happened between you and Agent Cooper?'

'I'm sorry, I don't understand the connection.' Arturo said genuinely this time.

'It's simple, really,' Holloway said. 'We are investigating the fatal shooting of Lieutenant Andrew Cowper, and Mr DeVere is the FBI's main suspect. During questioning, Mr DeVere told us about you

and Agent Cooper.'

Calhoun said, 'Yet, you claim you know nothing about this Agent Cooper. So, are you calling Mr DeVere a liar?'

Arturo felt a hollowness in the pit of his stomach. His instinct for self-survival competed with his sense of honour. Carefully picking his words, he said, 'I arranged to meet Carlos Capella – the name Cooper used – at his trailer home. When I got there, he was dead.'

Calhoun said, 'Why didn't you say so in the first place?'

'Because, apart from his murderer, I was probably the last person to see him. But by that time, he had lost too much blood, and I couldn't do anything to help him.'

'So what did you do?'

Bruno looked Calhoun in the eye. 'He was going to tell me what was going on at the Inalco ranch.'

Holloway interrupted, 'Why was he going to tell you?'

'I don't know. I think he was under massive pressure and just needed to share.'

'Why you?' Holloway pressed.

Arturo remained silent, trying to find his words.

'What? Cat got your tongue, Mr Bruno.'

'Herman De Moonschildt thought there was a CIA spy on the ranch. He assigned me with sniffing out the spy and reporting back to him.'

Calhoun said 'Who told Herman De Moonschildt there was a spy?'

Arturo shrugged, 'I don't know. But Cooper was easy to spot.'

'What do you mean? Calhoun asked.

'He was working as a gaucho, but he wore new, quality clothing and had hand-tooled leather boots. He stuck out like a sore thumb.'

Holloway looked at his watch. 'Time for a break. Interview suspended for thirty minutes at 7 pm.' So Holloway got a constable to babysit his prisoner and a second one to organise some refreshment for him.

Holloway then phoned Jim Ferris. When he heard the words 'Ferris here,' Holloway said, 'We have Arturo Bruno in custody at Stroud police station, if you're interested.'

Ferris said, 'Can you get someone to take him to the square?'

'If you want to question him, it has to be here with me present.'

'Well, I'm far too busy to come to the Cotswolds. However, I'll email you the questions for you to put to Mr Bruno.'

Inspector Harry Holloway received a list of questions from Jim Ferris. He printed them out and returned to the interview room. Calhoun caught up with Holloway at the door. 'Did you speak with Ferris?'

'Yes, he emailed a bunch of questions for me to put to Bruno.'

'Anything new?'

'Not really. Ferris is just making sure we have covered all bases.'

Calhoun said, 'I'll leave this one to you. I have a family to get home to.'

'OK, I think I can handle it from here.' Harry watched the Fed leave, then he entered the interview room and dismissed Bruno's babysitter. Harry then said, 'Well, Mr Bruno, I have a few questions to put to you.'

Arturo said, 'Do I need to have my lawyer present?'

Harry said, 'These questions come from the CIA. Rather than send one of theirs down here to interrogate you they sent me the questions so I can do it for them.'

'How does that answer my question?' Arturo said.

Harry eyeballed his prisoner. 'You're playing with the big boys now, so legal niceties no longer apply. Of course you still have the right to remain silent. But that will put Mr DeVere on a plane back to the United States.'

Arturo sighed, 'Very well, let's get on with it.'

Holloway switched on the recorder and began. 'Interview with Mr Arturo Bruno resumed at 8pm. Those present, Inspector Harold Holloway, Special Branch and Arturo Bruno.' He continued, 'Do you understand that we already have a statement written by Mr DeVere concerning Agent Cooper and what happened to him?'

'How do I know this statement exists? How do I know you've even spoken to Monty DeVere?'

Holloway smiled, 'How do you think we knew you would be visiting DeVere. It wasn't just a lucky guess. We knew the date and time because you had already arranged a meeting with your friend.'

Bruno stared at the Inspector.

Holloway went on, 'We knew those details because DeVere told us.'

'I don't believe you. Monty would never have betrayed me.'

Harry said, 'Why do you think Monty was not home when you called at his cottage, but the police were?'

Bruno shrugged.

'Because we have him under arrest, charged with murder.'

'Murder! What the fuck do you mean?'

It amused Holloway to see the handsome Brazilian lose his cool. He showed a photograph of a soldier. 'Lieutenant Andrew Cowper, killed by an assassin's bullet.'

Bruno stared at the cop. 'What the hell does this have to do with Agent Cooper.'

'That's what we want to know,' Holloway said. He added, 'So it now begs the question, did you order DeVere to kill Cowper, or did he do it off his own bat?'

Arturo shrugged, 'I've never heard of this Cowper.'

'But he knew about your Operation Time Warp. Harry leant in towards Bruno. 'DeVere killed Cowper to stop him speaking out of school.'

'I know nothing about him or this Operation Time Warp.'

Harry fixed Bruno with a steely gaze. 'You may well be right about Cowper, but we have a witness statement testifying that not only were you aware of Operation Time Warp, but it was also your baby, so to speak.'

'Who's this witness?'

'Mr Bruno, let me explain the situation before you perjure yourself further.'

Bruno nodded.

'We will be mounting an investigation into Cooper's death. That means we need boots on the ground at the Inalco ranch. To put it in a nutshell we are sending in an elite special forces team and we want you to go with them.'

Arturo balked. 'Me! Why?'

'Isn't that obvious?' Holloway said. 'You know more about the joint and its layout than we do.'

Arturo countered, 'Monty DeVere knows as much as me about the ranch. And he is much more suited to this covert shit.'

Holloway said, 'Then you have nothing to offer us.'

Bruno responded, 'I think I do. When I stood looking down at Cooper's body, the main thing on my mind was that he could no longer tell me what he knew. I wondered if his killer had found Cooper's report? Having shot the Agent the assailant would not have hung around for fear of discovery. Had he looked for a report it would just have been a cursory search. Whereas I looked for the documents in a more relaxed fashion.'

'This is all very fascinating but how does it lead to Cooper's killer? Unless you did find something, Mr Bruno.'

Arturo almost smiled but held himself in check. 'I found a CD taped under his table.'

'And have you listened to this CD?'

Bruno nodded, 'Of course.' And it outlines Cooper's discovery?'

'What does it say?' Harry asked excitedly.

'You'll have to listen to the recording.'

'Which you have.'

Bruno said, 'Yes, it's my insurance policy. But it turns out Inalco Residentzia is not a base for growing the next Reich. Instead, it's the hub of the world's top power brokers who have a plan to rule the world. Cooper knew that if this power club called the Majestic 12 were left alone to play out its programs globally, it would soon be too late to stop them.'

Holloway, becoming interested, said, 'So Cooper somehow found out about Herman De Moonschildt's agenda and died for his trouble.' He frowned at Bruno. 'But we only have your word on this. How do we know you didn't shoot Cooper? You had the motive and the means.'

'That's crazy!' Arturo retorted. 'Why the hell would I kill the very person I needed to work with?'

Holloway said, 'You do have a point there. But you also have the information on the disc, so Cooper became surplus to your requirement.'

Arturo retorted, 'Think what the fuck you like. But, right now, you need me more than I need you.' Harry saw through Bruno's calm responses. He knew that the hot Latino temperament simmered beneath Bruno's placid exterior. Harry looked Bruno in the eye. 'You'll work with our intelligence people. De Vere will work on the ground with Special Ops. Harry watched for a response, then, receiving none, said, 'Your first task is to help intel form a picture of the property. Also, I want the CD you found in Cooper's trailer.'

'Only if you drop all criminal charges against us.'

Herman felt unsure of himself. Barry Rock's words stuck in his mind like a broken record. He could not grasp the idea that PanKosmia was part of a more significant experiment. That Watchers were observing the Watchers. He had to say something to Mj12 about this revelation.

But he did not know what their reaction would be. Although Herman grasped what Barry Rock said, the Grand Master was not confident enough to convey the frightening message. Especially as Mj12 had always believed themselves to have total control over humanity's fate. Now they were faced with a mysterious and disturbing element nobody had factored into the PanKosmian equation. A previously unknown force had dominion over them. Then Herman had an idea. He would get the Watcher's observer to explain their role in the human experiment. But, first, he needed to call an extraordinary emergency meeting and it had to be soon.

## Chapter 58

North America

“A hero is someone right who doesn't change.” – **George Foreman**

Jim Ferris sat nursing a coffee in the CIA cafeteria as he waited for Colonel Stanton to show. He thought he had collected enough evidence to warrant a strike, But the final decision was down to Colonel Stanton the head of SAD (Special Activities Division).

Rick Stanton turned up and sat down opposite Jim. 'So what have you learned about the missing Agent Cooper?'

'Can I get you coffee or something?'

'No thanks. I'm trying to cut down on caffeine.' Rick looked at Jim. 'I want to get this show on the road ASAP. So, what do you have?'

'OK, this is what we know. Calhoun, one of our UK based operatives, was chasing down an unsolved murder case when the suspect, an English SAS Major retired, told us about the Inalco ranch in Patagonia, which is rife with Neo Nazis. An Arturo Bruno, a Brazilian, made unauthorised contact with Agent Cooper. Bruno maintains that a few hours later, he discovered Cooper dead in his trailer.'

'And you believe him?'

'I have no reason not to. But the main thing is that Bruno searched Cooper's trailer for clues about his assignment and he came across a detailed report, in which the agent explained what the Inalco ranch set up was really about.'

Rick raised an eyebrow. 'Oh, and can you send me this document?'

Jim nodded, 'I'll email it to you.' After a short pause Jim said, 'I want Bruno and DeVere in on the op.'

Rick stared at Jim. 'I don't think the CO I've lined up will go for that.'

Unfazed, Jim explained, 'I want Bruno in intel and DeVere in the field.'

'But.'

'Before you knock me back, DeVere is a fucking gift. Not only is he an ex-SAS Major, but he also knows the layout of the ranch. On top of that Calhoun has DeVere bang to rights for a shooting crime back in the states. Now, Bruno is not trained for fieldwork, but he has a very keen mind.'

'I don't know,' Rick said, slowly shaking his head. 'I'll speak to Sergeant Spence about your request, but the decision will ultimately be his.'

Rick Stanton had served with Sergeant Sam Spence in Afghanistan, where they became good friends. Spence resigned from the army after two tours and went private. Setting himself up as a specialist in what he referred to as "pest control" he became a hired gun for any client who needed his services. Over time Spence recruited ten vets from the dark web and put them through a rigorous commando training program. Three recruits fell by the wayside, but the remaining mercenaries emerged from the training a tight, effective, professional fighting force. Spence had not heard from Rick in a long time, and he was surprised when his old buddy said he had a black ops job for him, but he could not say any more over the phone. Spence did not want to meet at CIA headquarters, thinking it could be a trap. Spence had never been to Langley, an unincorporated community, commonly known as the headquarters of the CIA. When in fact, it is home to "The George Bush Centre for Intelligence." Spence could not help sneering when he found out that little gem. So the soldier-for-hire chose the Fort Monroe National Monument in Hampton for his rendezvous with Rick. As landmarks go the monument turned out to be only a sign signifying the arrival of the first African slaves in America.

Sam Spence waited at the agreed to rendezvous for Colonel Stanton to show.

Stanton, the CIA Director of Operations at Langley, soon arrived and filled Spence in on the details of the OP.

Spence asked, 'So, who was running Agent Cooper and what was his mission at the ranch?'

Stanton explained, 'We don't know that but an Arturo Bruno and a Major DeVere were at the ranch trying to find out what Cooper knew.'

'Which was?'

'We don't know the answer to that. We think he was collecting intel on a bunch of Neo-Nazis based on the property.'

'Is that enough for me to go in with my Black Ops team?'

'Stanton said, 'We are still assessing that. Before getting your special task force involved, we need to know what Agent Cooper found out about this Inalco Residentzia. But as he's either dead or missing there's not much we can do.'

Spence looked at Stanton. 'I can't just hang around waiting for your people to make up their minds. I have other projects on the go.'

Stanton knew it was difficult for Spence to prepare his people at a minute's notice. 'OK as far as you're concerned, it's a go. If we change our mind you will still be paid for the job.'

Sam shrugged, 'If you can guarantee that, it sounds pretty reasonable to me. When do you want the job done?'

'ASAP. I'll send you the necessary intel so you can start planning the mission.'

'Roger that, Rick.'

Stanton now had to deal with the tricky bit. 'There's one other thing you need to know.'

'Oh! What's that?'

'We're sending two civilians with you.'

Spence fixed Stanton with his cold, steely gaze, 'What do you mean?'

'Let me explain. Although a civilian Major Monty DeVere is ex SAS and he is intimate with the lay of the land. And Arturo Bruno, has a brilliant mind, making him useful to intel.'

'I don't take fucking passengers on missions.'

'Ordinarily I would agree but they are both valuable to the OP.'

Yet again, Calhoun faced Bruno in the interview room. 'OK, Mr Bruno, did you know that your friend Mr DeVere was going to execute Lieutenant Cowper?'

'No. Of course not.'

Calhoun passed a document over to Bruno. 'Here we have a transcript of three phone calls DeVere made to you the night before Cowper was murdered. Let's look at what it says.'

Bruno began to feel uncomfortable. 'You bastards tapped my fucking phone!'

'Not us bastards, Mr Bruno, Some other bastards. Now let us look at these entries.'

DeVere: 'We've run into a problem.'

Bruno: 'So why are you phoning me about it?'

DeVere: 'The rocket scientist has been exposed, which means OTP has been compromised.'



Bruno: 'OK, what's happened?'

DeVere: 'Devenport has been compromised by a Lieutenant Cowper who wants him to get hold of classified documents.'

Bruno: 'What do you expect me to do about it?'

DeVere: 'I'm just apprising you of the situation.'

Bruno: 'Can you deal with it?'

DeVere: 'I may have to take extreme measures.'

Bruno: 'Deal with it, Monty. And I don't need to know the details.'

Calhoun looked up at Bruno. 'So you lied.'

'That report has been doctored.'

Calhoun shook his head. 'No, it has not. So stop wasting my time and tell me the truth.'

'I'm claiming the 5th amendment.'

Calhoun smiled thinly, 'You're not a US citizen. Besides, if you don't come clean your friend Monty will be extradited by the FBI and charged with Cowper's murder. Once he tells us what we want to know you will be deported as his accomplice, along with Jesse Devenport.'

Bruno could see no escape. He had to tell the whole story. He sighed deeply and explained, 'Before I left Inalco Residentzia I needed some insurance. So I searched Cooper's cabin and found a report he had written. It told me why Cooper was there and what he had discovered.'

'Where is this report, Mr Bruno?'

'Like I said, I need it for insurance. Yet you get a copy if you drop these ridiculous charges against me.'

'That's not my decision. But if you have something that shows Herman as a threat to the USA, we will move against him.'

Bruno said, 'The report shows what Herman wants us to think is going on. And not what is really going on.'

'What do you mean?' Asked Calhoun.

'The Neo-Nazi's want to launch a new Reich uniting Nazi groups from all over the globe.'

'As distasteful as it is it's not against our laws.'

Bruno said, 'Yes, but that's not the main agenda.'

'What is the main agenda then?'

'Inalco Residentzia is the Mecca of globalists. The Majestic 12 is the inner core of a secret society called PanKosmia.'

'Who are they and what are they doing?'

'They are running the world.'

Calhoun frowned, 'And that's all you have?'

'Whatever Herman is controlling it was big enough for him to kill a CIA agent to stop us from finding out.'

In another interview room, Monty DeVere faced Harry Holloway.

Harry thought about what Monty had just told him. 'So you say Capella carried out undercover work in a hot bed of Neo Nazis.' Monty rose from his seat. 'Yes, Now I really must get going, before it rains through my roof. Once you've verified my account with the CIA you know where I live.'

Holloway snapped, 'I haven't finished with you yet.'

'Then, Inspector, I suggest you charge me with something or let me go.'

Holloway, having nothing concrete against DeVere, stood aside, 'Don't go too far. We may need to speak with you again.'

Monty grinned showing the gap in his teeth. 'I can't wait. Shall I bring jam and cream scones?'

Holloway did not rise to the bait. After DeVere was shown out of the police station, Harry put in a call.'

Jim picked up. 'Harry, what can I help you with?'

Harry said 'I was putting your questions to Mr DeVere about his involvement with your murdered CIA agent in Patagonia.'

'Are you referring to Agent Cooper?'

'How many murdered agents are you looking for in Patagonia?' Harry asked.

Stanton said, 'Did he say anything about Bruno's discovery concerning Cooper's findings?'

'He's holding out on that, and any other details. I think his trying to strike a deal and ...'

Stanton said, 'Did he give you the name of the murderer?'

'Afraid not. He wants one of your people in on the interview.'

'I can probably swing that, but what if he's playing you?'

'My suggestion is that your guy is there as an observer. But, then, if our man is playing a game, your guy can slip out any time he likes.'

'OK, Major, I think we can do that. Just send me the details.'

'I hope you put your best man onto it,' Jim said mischievously.

'Oh, you can bet on it because I'll be the spy on the wall.'

Lara and Saul were still looking for Monty, who was still missing, But he was nowhere to be found.

'Leaving slates off his unfinished roof was not in Monty's nature. Lara said, 'There is definitely something very wrong here.'

'No shit, Sherlock,' Saul said, grinning.

As much as she hated to do it, Lara phoned Arturo's number. Unfortunately, he did not reply, so Lara's response to his instructions went straight to his message bank.

When Monty got home Lara and Saul were still waiting for him. Lara had moved out of Monty's place once he got back from Argentina. Seeing Monty walk in the door, Lara said, 'We've been worried sick! Just where the hell have you been?' Before Monty had a chance to respond, Lara

continued, 'We couldn't contact you. So we came around here and found your house open, including your roof. I knew that wasn't like you. So you must have left in a hurry.'

'There's no need to worry about me. I'm a big chap with a bit of SAS training.' Monty stroked his pencil moustache.

'So, where were you, Monty?' Lara said.

'My dear you really are a mother hen. If you must know I was helping the police with something. Now I need to finish the roof.'

## Chapter 59

South America, Inalco Residentzia/China

"A true hero feels the fear but does it anyway." **Unknown origin.**

Since Boltz's death Herman needed another person to take over his role. Gawain Pimpernel took over temporarily, but now he was also dead. Herman could not believe it when he heard it on the news. Apparently, Gawain had died of a massive heart attack, or so the public was told. Matthew had told Herman privately what had really befallen Gawain. Herman was devastated as two of the people he was closest to had both recently died, leaving him without an advisor. However, he had felt at ease working closely with Gawain, whose final task had been to arrange the agenda for the Mj12 meeting.

The gathering of the twelve – now eleven – most influential individuals in the world retook place at Residentzia Inalco. Each member arrived in their private aircraft, which landed on the specially built concrete runway, except for Gawaine Pimpernel. After each plane, in turn, taxied close to the hangar, they were greeted by one of Herman's many Argentinian servants, who showed the VIPs to their quarters. The members travelled light as everything they needed had been prepared for them. Gawain had done an excellent job of fulfilling their requests and personal desires, some of which were secret, all of which he had honoured.

Apart from dealing with the loss of Gawain, Herman was also haunted by his private meeting with Barry Rock. Was it really true that beings called Watchers had been using PanKosmia for their own ends?

Monty DeVere dialled Bruno's private number. He had no idea where Arturo was or what he was doing. Monty did not need to know what his friend was up to. If Arturo needed him, he would call. But he thought that he ought to apprise him of the events concerning the police interest in him, about the late Andrew Cowper.

Arturo picked up on the third ring. 'Monty, how's it going?'

'I've got SB on my back about Lieutenant Cowper.'

'So, why are you telling me?'

'Because I'm going to do a deal and tell the spooks about the death of Agent Cooper.'

Now Arturo was concerned. 'I'm not sure it's a good idea.'

'Why not, old boy?'

'Because I've got something going here, and I don't want to draw any attention to myself.' He paused, then added, 'So don't bring me into it.'

'If I can get them interested in Cooper's murder we may get away with the Cowper hit.'

'What do you mean by "we"?' Arturo snapped.'

'Don't worry, old man. I haven't told them anything about your involvement. And if I can do a deal with the Cooper killing, I won't have to.'

'Monty, is that a threat?'

'Arturo, I do not want to spend my declining years locked up with only a chamber pot to piss in.'

'We need to get together to work out a strategy. So be careful what you tell the cops.'

Monty had just finished with the call when he received another – from Major Stanton. He was to make himself available for questioning by the CIA. A car would be round to pick him up and take him to Gloucester shire Constabulary's Stroud police station.

Monty grinned. Now they were taking him more seriously.

Paul arranged to meet Chynna Zheng, but she had not shown up at the agreed venue. In a way, Paul was pleased. It meant he didn't have to betray her. But there was more to her story, and he needed it for his big scoop. Paul was conscious of the micro-transmitter taped to his skin and felt like ripping it off, but that would only alert Qin to something being wrong. So he decided to give the scientist another ten minutes before he left. Paul phoned Jacky's number, but there was no answer, not even a message saying he wasn't available. Paul knew that Commander Qin and his people were watching his every move. So it was just as well that he was only going over his story outline in his mind. It went like this:

A Chinese doctor Professor Chynna Zheng who claimed her bosses tried to silence her early warnings about the novel Coronavirus, has disappeared — stirring up fears that she was under arrest. Chynna Zheng had pointed out misdiagnosed cases of the illness to colleagues at Wuhan Central Hospital, eight of whom were reprimanded for making waves. The current whereabouts of Chynna, famous for her research into bat viruses, were unknown. Just two weeks after being interviewed by me, the authorities had stopped her from revealing the truth of what happened at the Wuhan Central Hospital during the early stage of the virus. She had now disappeared, leaving no trace behind.

Paul took out his phone and brought up Weibo, a Chinese social media site. Chynna had told Paul that she sometimes left cryptic messages on her page. So he went to her posts and discovered she had left a clue.

"A river. A bridge. A road. A clock's chime." Paul read the post, which featured a Wuhan cityscape image. He had no idea what it meant, but it was current, telling Paul she was still at liberty. But Paul had heard reports that detainees in custody in China had still been able to update their social media accounts under orders. Or the police may do so after gaining access to prisoner's phones.

Paul needed to gain access to Chynna's apartment, but the Guoanbu probably had surveillance on the place. He needed to speak with Commander Qin and waited. Once he heard the Commander's voice, he said, 'Professor Zheng did not show.'

'Yes, I know. So where is Chynna Zheng?'

'If I knew that, I would have phoned her, not you.'

'Why did you call, Mr Shaughnessy?'

'I need access to her flat. If there is any clue as to her whereabouts, it will be there.'

'We have already searched her flat and found nothing.'

Paul pushed his luck. 'Yes, but she told me in confidence about a secret place where she keeps her confidential information.'

Commander Qin said, 'We don't need your help because we have her brother. We will leak this to the multi-media. This strategy will bring her out of hiding.'

'Good plan. That should work,' Paul said, genuinely. Then he added, 'Of course, if we knew where Professor Zheng is it would make using the media much more effective.'

Qin had to agree. 'OK, I'll get you permission but I will be there to watch every move you make.'

Now that the Guoanbu was interrogating Jacky, he was out of the picture. And, as Chynna was missing, it looked as though the controversial part of her story would remain unknown. Paul felt Qin's eyes bearing on him as he hunted through the flat.

'Where is this secret hiding place for her work? Mr Shaughnessy.'

Paul thought, an excellent question, as he attempted to figure out if indeed she did have a secret place; if so, where it would be. And, with hawk-eye Qin on his case, how could he pocket any relevant info for his article without alerting the Guoanbu Commander? Paul tried putting himself in Chynna's shoes. Where would he have hidden controversial information? The professor lived in a ground floor apartment, so hiding material in the ceiling was out of the question. She didn't have a personal garden so concealing something there was also out. The police had already searched through her personal belongings, so there was no point going there. Then an idea hit Paul. What if she had hidden her research in an item the police had missed? Paul looked in Chynna's wardrobe and pulled out a small case that contained clothing items and toiletries ready for a quick getaway when she had to travel at short notice.

Qin said, 'Why waste time looking here? We have already been through Professor Zheng's stuff.'

Paul knew it was now or never. He hatched a hastily worked out two-prong plan, and he only had one slim chance of getting it right. With heart in mouth the journalist executed the first part – distraction. He ransacked the wardrobe, frantically throwing everything on the floor. Finally, Paul threw the wardrobe face down and stomped in the three-ply backing.

'What the hell are you doing?' Qin snapped.

'I thought I might find a secret compartment,' Paul said, as though trying to justify his erratic action.

Qin said, 'This is a waste of time. Let's get going.'

It was time for the second prong. 'I'll tidy up a bit and be with you in a minute.'

Qin, annoyed and frustrated, snapped, 'Don't take too long.'

Paul rummaged through the mess for the small travelling case. He found it and tipped out the contents. The journalist then felt something bulging slightly in the lid lining. Using his Swiss Army penknife, Paul quickly cut out the lining and found sheets of writing sealed up in a plastic envelope. Paul quickly had the package tucked up inside his jacket and caught up with Qin. 'No luck, I'm afraid, Commander,' he said, feigning disappointment.

'I should charge you with wasting police time.'

Paul caught a cab back to his place and looked at his prize in the privacy of his home. He read:

On December 30 last year, a colleague, Dr William Huang sent out a warning on the WeChat social media platform, advising fellow med school grads to wear protective clothing. He said such a

measure would help the medical staff avoid an unknown virus contracted by patients from a local wet food market.

SARS. WVI Director Bai Chang denounced Dr Huang's attempts to sound an early alarm as "rumour mongering."

There was an attachment affixed with a paper clip. A copy of an email to Director Chang admitting the Ruling Communist Party had got it wrong. As a result, Wuhan's police force revoked its admonishment of Dr Huang, which had included a threat of arrest. But it was too late because the scientist was found dead in his flat.

This information was powerful stuff, even more potent than the story Chynna had given him so far. And there was much more to come. Chynna's story was about mistakes made in the first diagnosis. But, as he read on, Paul realised he was looking at something much more involved – a deliberate deception and major cover-up!

Chynna had first-hand evidence that the Coronavirus did not originate in wildlife, which was the line persistently pushed by medical science. Chynna wrote, 'from my study of bats I discovered that

this virus is very contagious within bat communities, which can pass this virus onto humans in bat meat. But it isn't easy for one person to pass it on to another.

Dr Darsack, the author of a paper in the "Physician", a peer-reviewed medical magazine, stated that any idea that the virus came from anything, not a natural cause, is a conspiracy theory. That was back in February, around the time that Dr Huang was found dead in his flat. The official diagnosis was given as a drug overdose. I have known Billy for many years and I have never seen him take drugs.

Anyway, it seems that Dr Darsack has had a change of heart. He is now leading The medical Physician's Covid 66.6 commission, which is charged with getting to the bottom of the Sars-cov-2's origin.' This information was dynamite and there were still pages to come. Paul had to be very careful because this dynamite could quickly end blowing up in his face.'

## Chapter 60

South America, Patagonia/China

"The thing about a hero, is even when there is no light at the end of the tunnel, they keep on digging for the truth." **Chris Deggs**

The Mj12 meeting was in session, with Herman giving his opening address. 'Gentlemen, today we will have to make some changes in the way we do things. I'm not referring just to this gathering. I mean PanKosmia itself. I will hear your reports in due course, but before that, I call upon Wycliffe O'Byrne to explain more about these changes.' Herman turned to Wycliffe and beckoned him to the podium.

Wycliffe looked at the puzzled expressions on the members' faces. He began, 'The early warning information concerning pending disasters, natural or otherwise, given to me to pass onto PanKosmia come from a person calling himself Harrison Eyett. Harrison was supposed to be at this meeting but he has gone missing. I'm sure you would all like to know more about him, but that can come later. But I will say this. He knows when disasters will occur in this world. I have often asked him how he knows such things, but he never told me. But recently, when I met him for the last time, he told me something that made my hair stand on end. He informed me that all Earthians are part of a social experiment and soon PanKosmia will have played its part.'

The members expressed even more puzzlement.

At length, one of the Majestic12 commented, 'Who is this Harrison character, and why should we listen to him?'

'Because he came here to warn us that the Watchers are ready to visit here and take over.'

The member asked, 'Who are these "Watchers"?''

Wycliffe said, 'They have observed our behaviour remotely for millennia. They believe if they let us continue to control ourselves, we will become extinct in the next twenty years.'

Herman said, 'As intriguing as this is, we do have a full schedule to get through. So we'll put it on the back-burner for now.'

Wycliffe said, 'I agree with you, Grand Master, but let me just finish on this note. I will say this. I'm in communication with Barry Rock, another of these Watchers. You may remember him from an earlier meeting that took place here. He has been very open about the Watchers' agenda on this planet.'

'How come we haven't heard about these "Watchers" before now,' Armitage asked.

'I asked Barry that question. His answer was chilling.'

The meeting went deathly quiet at Wycliffe's words.

Wycliffe continued, 'He said that the Watchers only show themselves when they have to make contact with certain Earthians to make the necessary adjustments to the human psyche.'

Armitage protested, 'This is intolerable! We are in control here, not these Watchers, whoever the hell they are.'

'Bold words, Matthew.' Wycliffe stated. 'But I assure you they are real, and they have control over the whole human race. So our best chance to be able to maintain our powerful stance is to work with them. If we in our ignorance think we are equal to these Watchers and take them on, they will brush us aside and do the job anyway.'

For the first time in many millennia, the Ancient Order of PanKosmians was feeling vulnerable.

'Let us proceed with your reports,' Herman said in a subdued voice.

Paul had to find Chynna before the Guoanbu found her, but he did not know where to look. The journalist knew the police were holding Jacky but he rang the scientist's number anyway. Much to his surprise Jacky picked up. 'Ah, Jacky, Paul, here. Do you know where Chynna is?'

'No, Paul. The Guoanbu have been interrogating me about her disappearance for hours.'

'Do you have any idea where she may have gone to ground.'

Jacky said, 'This phone is too insecure. We need to meet?'

'When and where?'

Paul met Jacky at the Zig Zag bridge in Yu Garden, built to keep ghosts at bay. It was a spectacular sight, but not the reason for the pair to be there.

'Are you sure no one followed you?' Paul asked.

'We can never be entirely sure, but as far as I know, we are free.'

'On the phone, you were about to tell me where to look for Chynna.'

Jacky countered, 'I don't know where she has gone. But there are places our parents took us to when we were kids.'

'Such as?'

Jacky frowned, 'I have a good idea where she is. If I am right she is safe. But your interference could bring the police to her door.'

Paul said, 'I have your sister's research notes. Unfortunately, they contain prohibited information that, if published, could bring this whole Covid 66.6 thing crashing down.'

'What have you done with them?'

Paul said, 'I have them with me.'

Jacky paled, 'Are you crazy? The secret police could be onto us already.'

Paul said, 'Don't worry. They don't know I have Chynna's notes.'

Jacky said, 'That may well be so, but they do know you are looking for my sister. If they get their hands on her expose, all her courageous work will have been in vain.'

Paul stared at Jacky. 'Which is why I need to know where she is.'

Jacky shrugged. 'I don't know. She hasn't contacted me.'

Paul sighed heavily. 'In her research, Chynna mentions an eBook she was reading.'

'What book?'

'She does not mention the title. But it stands out because it has no relevance to the report.' Paul showed Jacky a copy of the work in which she mentioned a book she was reading. Paul asked, 'Why does she mention this book?' He handed the scientist a print-out of the relevant passage.

Jacky read it and said, 'All I can think of is that the book mentions a place our parents took us at times.' Jacky brought up Google maps on his phone and pointed to a small coastal town called Yantai.

Paul grabbed Jacky's phone and stamped on it hard.

Jacky could not believe it. 'What the fuck!'

Paul snapped. 'Now you've given the Guoanbu the location we'd better get to Yantai before they're onto us.'

Jacky picked up his broken phone and removed his SIM card. 'You could have simply switched it off.'

'I had to make a quick decision. Now we need a car, an older model without an onboard computer, so the spooks can't track us.'

'Are you suggesting we steal one?'

'How else are we going to get private transport?'

'I'm a scientist not a fucking car thief!' Jacky Stated emphatically.

Paul had never taken a car before, but desperate situations called for desperate measures. Jacky kept an eye out while Paul checked out a VW Santana wagon. It was locked. Paul noticed the car had a makeshift radio aerial made from a wire coathanger. He pulled it out and fashioned it into a straight length of wire with a hook at one end. This Paul hooked around the door lock button and soon had



the door open. Next, Paul fumbled below the dashboard for two wires he had to connect, a trick he had seen performed in many movies. But hot-wiring the VW was not as straightforward as it first seemed.

Making sure nobody was around, Jacky left his post to determine why it took so long to start the car. Seeing Paul fumbling around under the dash it was evident that the journalist had not got a clue. Shoving Paul out of the way Jacky quickly located the wires coming from the ignition switch. As soon as he touched the wires together the old VW burst into life.

Despite its vintage the Santana wagon performed well. The first gear was shot but the car started in the second gear without too much complaint. But Jacky was dubious about their car lasting the long (nine-hour) journey ahead. As he drove, Jacky said, 'Yantai was a childhood haunt for us but primarily for my sister. I haven't been back, but Chynna goes there anytime she needs to work out personal issues. So, I hope we will find her there since she has visited the place several times as an adult.'

Two hours into the epic drive, the Santana showed signs of overheating. Jacky pulled off the motorway and disconnected the wires to kill the engine. They heard hissing-gurgling noises coming from under the bonnet. Steam, an indication of a leaking radiator, released the water pressure.

'Just what the fuck are we supposed to do now?' Paul said.

Jacky didn't answer. Instead, he got out of the car and went around the back and lifted the rear door. Jacky found two 10 litre water containers, one full and the other half full. He carried the half-full container to the car's front and activated the catch to pop the bonnet.

Paul came round to join the scientist. 'I wouldn't take the cap off yet if I were you.'

Jacky stared at Paul. 'Do you think I'm fucking stupid?'

'So how long do we wait for it to cool down?'

'How the hell would I know? When steam stops coming out of the radiator, perhaps.' Paul added, 'I hope and pray we haven't cooked the fucking engine.'

'Maybe we should have taken a late model Mercedes,' Paul said, making light of the matter.

Thirty minutes later, Jacky removed the pressure cap and filled the radiator, which hissed from the sudden temperature change. He then hot-wired the car again and to his great relief the engine burst into life.

Paul looked at a map book of China that he found in the glove compartment. Then, looking at the route Jacky was taking, he said, 'Hell, we're not even halfway yet!'

'We are low on fuel so check your map for a petrol station.'

Paul checked the map. Turning to Jacky, he said, 'There's nothing before Lianyungang, which is around twenty kilometres down the road.'

As he drove, Jacky explained, 'Yantai is a port city in the Shandong province.'

'Is Chynna interested in ships?' Paul asked.

Jacky kept his eyes on the road ahead. 'No, but she is interested in Zhifu Island. Well, strictly speaking, it's not an island in the true sense. It's connected to the mainland.'

'Why would that draw her to Yantai?'

'Neolithic artifacts.' He added 'Chynna wanted to become an archaeologist before settling for Virology.'

'And you think we'll find her there?'

'We have a family friend here. If Chynna goes fossicking for artifacts, Jenny Wu will know.'

'Where do we find her?'

Jacky briefly turned to Paul. 'We're headed there now. But first, I need coffee to keep me awake, and our car is just about running on empty.'

While Jacky filled the tank, Paul got takeaway burgers with strong coffee. Then, finally, Jacky got the old

motor to kick into life again, and the aging Santana pulled out into the city traffic.

The Huayna restaurant was hidden among taller modern buildings. Surrounded by skyscrapers that dwarfed it, the restaurant seemed to have a pagoda-like, slightly curved slate roof from an earlier era. The restaurant seemed to be closed but the door was unlocked so the pair entered. Inside, the pub-restaurant was spacious with a gabled ceiling and cross beams. With no other customers around, Paul and Jacky had the restaurant to themselves. As they were seated, the scientist said, 'This restaurant sells real Chinese food.' He added, 'It's been in the Wu family for many generations. You won't taste better prawn dumplings anywhere else.' Jacky rang a small silver bell and an elderly woman wearing the traditional cheongsam entered the restaurant.

Her initial response was 'Sorry, but we are closed for the night.' Then she recognised Jacky. She locked eyes with him for a moment, then spoke in Mandarin, 'My goodness Jacky! How long has it been? What brings you here?'

It had been many years since Jacky had seen Jenny Wu, and the years had been kind to her. Jenny put that down to her Taichi and Qingong, which had kept her healthy and well-toned. As a result, the porcelain skin of her face was tight with few wrinkles. Jacky said, 'You look well, Mother Wu.' He had always known her as Mother Wu, ever since his father, a keen amateur archaeologist, had taken the family on their annual Yantai holiday.

Madam Wu smiled, 'Come, sit down. I will make a pot of tea.'

The pair did so.

Paul said, 'When, are you going to ask about Chynna?'

Jacky looked at Paul. 'It is customary to give before you receive, which in this case is information. But, first, I answer her questions.'

'One of which I recall was, what brings you here?'

'Yeah, well, there are still protocols.'

When Mother Wu returned with the tea, Jacky indicated his companion. 'This is Paul. He is a reporter.'

'Hello Paul,' Mother Wu said politely, and she poured the tea into small porcelain cups.

As they drank the aromatic Jasmine tea with a hint of ginseng, Jacky said 'I was twelve when we were last here. It must have been twenty years or more.'

'Ah, the passage of time moves swiftly,' Mother Wu said, sounding like a fortune cookie. 'So, how is your family?'

'My mother and father are doing well, but we are concerned about Chynna. She has disappeared,' Jacky answered.

'Disappeared!' Madam Wu said. 'I thought she was working at the Wuhan Virology Institute.'

'She was – is. Er ...'

Paul said, 'If I can explain.'

The Chinese woman nodded, 'Please go ahead.'

Jacky translated as Paul told his story. 'I'm a journalist, and Chynna has critical information for the world. But, unfortunately, she did not turn up for the second interview. I haven't seen her since.'

'And, you want to know if she came here.' She jotted down a note while she spoke.

Jacky looked at the note. It read, play along. He said 'It was a favourite place for her. Has she contacted you?'

Madam Wu said, 'No. It is a good five years since I last set eyes on her.' She wrote another note in Mandarin. Jacky read Chynna come here three days past. She seemed very worried about her safety. I send her to see Kim Fong. He and Chynna used to play together as children.

Jacky, forgetting himself, blurted out, 'Where can we find Kim Fong?'

Mother Wu gave him a stern look. 'I don't know this Fong person.' She wrote while talking. I send her to him. He has place where she can stay. She added, 'I can't get involved.'

Jacky translated and Paul asked 'Where is she staying?'

Mother Wu said, 'How would I know?' As she jotted down the address and handed it to Jacky.

Outside, two Guoanbu officers sat in a car eating pot noodles while listening to the conversation taking place inside the restaurant. They watched as the journalist and the scientist left the Huayna restaurant.

## Chapter 61

North America

"A hero. You want to be one of those rare human beings who make history, rather than merely watch it flow around them like water around a rock." **Dan Simmons**

Sam Spence was not happy having to babysit a pair of greenhorns on his mission. Especially a retired SAS officer. He figured the Brazilian was not a problem as long as he followed orders and did not ask any questions. But, of course, the ex-SAS Major was another story entirely. He was not part of Spence's well-honed team.

Although the final decision belonged to Special Ops commander Stanton. As head of the CIA Special Activities Division, he had the power to override it. Stanton inferred this as he and Spence had a pow-wow about the mission.

Sitting in Stanton's Langley office, Spence said, 'What if I refuse the op with the greenhorns onboard?'

Ricky Stanton said, 'Then we offer the assignment to the next team in line.' Then, he added, 'And any other jobs Uncle Sam wants undertaken.'

Working for American national security was a very lucrative business for mercenary black ops teams. Stanton knew that Spence was well aware of that. 'Sam, surely you can see the value of having someone who knows the layout.'

Spence locked eyes with Stanton. 'OK, I'll talk to these guys, and if they're helpful to the mission, I'll take them on board. But you set it up, and I want you there when I question them.'

Stanton said, 'Deal,' and shook Spence's hand.

'So where do we carry out the interviews?' Spence asked

'England.'

'Why England?' Spence asked.

'Because we have the pair in Stroud Jail, and Stroud is in the UK. Does that answer your question?' Stanton said smugly.

Two days later, found Spence in Stroud. He walked into the police station and asked for Rick Stanton of the CIA. The desk Sergeant stared at the muscular American, 'And who would you be sir?'

'Names Spence. I'm supposed to meet this Stanton guy here today.'

'Why, Mr Spence?'

Spence locked eyes with Sergeant Trollipp. To interview a couple of guys in your jail.'

'That would be a Mr Bruno and a Mr DeVere?' The officer queried.

'That's the guys. So where's Stanton?'

The Sergeant consulted his computer screen. Without looking up, he said, 'Ah yes. You're here to see a Harry Holloway. He's a Special Branch inspector.' The Sergeant picked up his phone. Covering the mouthpiece, he said, 'I'll see if he's available, sir.'

He was, and soon Spence found himself face-to-face with Inspector Holloway. They shook hands. Spence said, 'Where's Rick Stanton? He was supposed to be here.'

'He couldn't make it. Besides, Special Branch deals with this sort of thing on this side of the pond.'

Spence sighed, 'When do I get to see Bruno and DeVere?'

Holloway smiled, 'All in good time. How about a nice cup of tea first?'

'Why the delay?'

'I'm waiting on Mr Stanton's report. They're going to fax it through. In the meantime, we can take a breather.'

Spence looked at Holloway. 'What report? This is news to me.'

Holloway smiled again, 'You people are far too paranoid. There is nothing sinister at play here – just red tape, I'm afraid.'

Spence growled, 'Get me a goddamn coffee then.'

Later that morning, Spence sat in front of Bruno, with Holloway there as an observer. The Special Ops commander eye-balled Bruno. 'How did you come to meet Agent Cooper?'

'He was working as a farmhand at Inalco Residentzia.'

'He was working there undercover, so how did you pick him for a spy?'

'He looked too much like a gaucho. Most of those guys struggle to make a living. They don't buy their cowboy gear from Rodeo Boulevard.'

The investigator saw his point. 'Is that how he blew his cover?'

Bruno shrugged, 'I don't know. But he stood out like dogs balls.'

Spence locked eyes with Bruno. 'Did you kill Agent Cooper?'

'No, of course not. He was more valuable to me alive.'

'Do you know who killed him?'

Bruno shook his head. 'But I bet Johan Boltz ordered the hit.'

Spence nodded, then said, 'Why do you want to come on this mission?'

Bruno stared at him. 'Who the fuck in their right mind would want to stir it up with twenty or more heavily armed Nazis?'

Spence responded, 'You don't want to be part of this mission, and I sure as hell don't want you there. So what's the point of this interview?'

'Let's say Agent Calhoun was very persuasive.'

Spence nodded again, 'So what makes you an asset to this op?'

'I would like to say "nothing," but I guess knowing the layout of the ranch makes me valuable.'

'OK, if you come along, you need to do two things. Take orders without question and keep your nose clean.'

Bruno said, 'I'm a civilian'. I don't have military training.'

Spence eye-balled Bruno. 'I've read the FBI's report on you, so I know your strengths and weaknesses. You're pretty useless to us except as a map. So you will work with my man in the control centre.'

After speaking with Bruno, Spence interviewed DeVere. But first, he said, 'I'll be straight from the start. I don't want you with us.'

Monty responded, 'Well, that's something on which we can both agree.'

Spence locked eyes with DeVere. 'Then why the fuck are you tagging along?'

'Because the FBI have an extradition order hanging over me. The only way I can avoid deportation is to accompany you on your operation.'

'What do they have on you?'

'That's personal and has no bearing on the mission.'

'I'll decide what is and what isn't relevant, Mr DeVere.'

DeVere looked straight at the mercenary. 'Although I have retired from the army and am a little slower these days, I can still look after myself. I'll tag along and not get in your way.' Monty added, 'Then, you can catch Cooper's killer with no interference from me.'

Spence had no intention of using his team to catch a killer. He was after much bigger fish, but he didn't tell Monty that. Instead, he said, 'As long as you understand I'm the commander on this op and you don't interfere, you can come along.'

Monty responded, 'But you're not going there to get justice for a dead CIA agent, are you?'

Spence said, 'Do you expect me to answer that, Mr DeVere.'

'It stands to reason that using your team to seek out a single fugitive is like using a sledgehammer to smash a peanut.'

Spence said, 'As I understand it, the Inalco ranch is a cover for a cell of dangerous homegrown terrorists. Our job is to capture and neutralise these people. Your job is to get us into Inalco Residentzia so we can carry out our mission.'

## Chapter 62

South America, Patagonia

"Nothing is given to man on earth – struggle is built into the nature of life, and conflict is possible the hero is the man who lets no obstacle prevent him from pursuing the values he has chosen." – **Andrew Bernstein**

Before the Mj12 emergency meeting began, Herman took Wycliffe aside. He said, 'I take it you have heard about Pimpernel.'

The mining magnate looked even more severe than usual. He said, 'Yes, his death came as a huge shock. It's all over the news. The report said Gawain Pimpernel, the multi-billionaire owner of eMARK, died in a boating accident on Lake Houston. However, an eye-witness to the incident, a night fisherman said the boat simply exploded, about fifty metres from the jetty. No other ships were involved.'

Herman said, 'That leaves us a man short.'

'Is that important?'

'Yes! Of course, it is. The Grand Master is always the thirteenth person present at Mj12 meetings.'

Wycliffe thought about the situation, then said, 'What about that Harrison Eyett character? Can't we make him a temporary honorary member?'

'That other Watcher, er, Barry Rock just wants him to observe.'

'That's even better. The group only needs the Watcher's presence not his opinions.'

'I'd better talk to him then.'

'I'll go and find him, Grand Master.'

Harrison wondered why Herman wanted to see him. He followed Wycliffe to the Grand Master's study. Two Brownshirts stood guard, one on each side of the door.

As Wycliffe stepped forward, the guards blocked his path and demanded to see his ID. Wycliffe knew it was all a power play by the Neo-Nazis, so he played along and soon had Harrison Eyett inside.

'Thank you, Mr O'Byrne, that will be all,' Herman said, dismissing Wycliffe.

When they were alone, Herman looked at Harrison. 'I've called you here because we are a member short.'

'I see. So how can I help?'

'I need you to be Mr Pimpernel's proxy at the table.'

Harrison, puzzled, said 'I already have a seat at the table as an observer.'

'Yes, I'm well aware of the arrangement you have with your colleague Barry Rock. Nothing changes in that respect, except now you will attend as Pimpernel's representative.'

'What, in an active role?'

'No. Still as an observer.'

Even more perplexed, Harrison said, 'I'm sorry, but I don't understand what has changed.'

Herman smiled thinly. 'It's just tradition and protocol. You simply sit in Pimpernel's seat.'

Harrison shrugged dismissively. It was all the same to him.

The empty seat at the assembly stood out like a gap caused by a missing tooth. Dr Haye looked at the chair the Watcher occupied. 'Why is he sitting in Gawain's place?' Haye asked as he and his fellow Majestics sat around the circular table.

Herman began, 'It seems that Mr Pimpernel was killed in a boating accident when his vessel exploded.'

The room took on a deathly hush as the "Twelvers" processed the tragic information.

Rupert Maddock, who owned and ran a massive entertainment empire, said, 'Grand Master, that still doesn't answer the question, why is that person sitting in Gawain's seat.'

Herman answered, 'As you all know, there have to be twelve members present for the Majestic Twelve to discuss PanKosmian matters. Pimpernel's death leaves us, one man, down. Mr Eyett has agreed to be Pimpernel's proxy at this meeting.'

Wycliffe argued, 'Having strangers at this meeting goes against PanKosmian protocols. So I'm not happy with this arrangement.'

Herman eye-balled the mining magnate. 'What would you have me do, O'Byrne' He looked around the table, 'Now gentlemen, let's deal with the reason for us being here.'

The Boeing CH-47 Chinook that transported Spence and his people landed away from the Inalco ranch so as not to alert any guards. Three 1953 Willys Jeeps with mounted fifty mil machine guns drove off the ramp away from the American twin-engine, tandem-rotor, heavy-lift helicopter. Spence's special forces team comprised fourteen people, including Monty DeVere and Arturo Bruno. So, with enough room for a max of thirty-five troops, there was plenty of space to bring back prisoners, should there be any.

Spence gathered his team around him and issued instructions in a staccato fashion. He turned to DeVere. 'How many tangos guarding this place?'

'Around twenty, maybe more.'

'And their location?'

Monty said, 'There's usually a couple at the main entrance to the ranch. But Herman has called a special meeting so there are probably more.'

'Are they battle-hardened and battle-ready?'

Monty said, 'Some are, some aren't. Some are the grandchildren of Nazis who found refuge here after WW2.'

Spence spread out a map on a large flat boulder. 'Show us where the Tangos are likely to be.'

Spike, Spence's second-in-command, pointed out, 'Before we engage with any Tangos, we have to deal with eleven private planes, each with its aircrew.'

Monty pointed at the runway and hangar on the map. 'Each aircraft will have a pilot, co-pilot and cabin staff. These people are civilians, so we don't want to shoot them.'

Spence said, 'DeVere, you're here to answer my questions, not to make suggestions.'

Monty smiled, 'Force of habit, I'm afraid. I won't let it happen again.'

Spence addressed his team. 'First we disable each plane by puncturing one of its tyres--no guns--only blades. We also need to disable their radios.' Then we round up the aircrews, if possible, without a shot being fired. We need to get them in the hangar as quickly as possible. If any resist -- shoot them.'

Monty did not like the sound of that, but he held his counsel.

Spence finished the briefing, saying, 'OK, let's get this show on the road.'

Marvin and Spike, ex-navy SEALs, had been part of Spence's crew for five separate campaigns. They were super fit and honed for action. Each carried his M60, which, although phased out, was still used in the 21st century by US Navy SEALs. It was a weapon of choice for many mercenary groups and was openly available on the Dark Web. Marvin and Spike teamed up with Spence and Doughboy, both experienced veterans and experts in carrying out hit and run missions. Blade, who could handle cars well in just about any terrain, had been Spence's driver in many covert campaigns. And this was no exception. Spence wanted to use stealth to overcome the aircrews one at a time. But images downloaded in real-time from a drone piloted by Corporal Mallard, based in the Chinook, showed Spence the aircrews had all gathered in the hangar. So dealing with the pilots, co-pilots and cabin staff had to happen collectively. Using stealth was ruled out; surprise would have to do. Two of the Jeeps headed for the planes while Spence and his team drove straight to the hangar.

Mike Brown, an ex-long-haul commercial pilot, who had flown Matthew Armitage for ten years, stood alone outside the shed, smoking. He saw the Jeep's lights first. What the hell was going on? Mike wondered. In all the times he had stayed at the ranch nothing like this intrusion had ever happened.

Del Favor, Anton Wilks' private pilot, joined Mike. 'What the fuck's going on?'

'I don't know, but it doesn't look good,' Mike replied.

'Are they cops?' Delta Maine, who had also just stepped out for a smoke, asked. She had been one of Wycliffe's crew since he bought the plane. It was her third time to Inalco Residentzia, and she also had seen nothing like this before.

Mike took out his phone. 'I'm calling security.'

Two Jeeps did a circuit of the planes, stopping at each to slash one of its tyres and damage its radio. Then they headed to the hangar to catch up with Spence.

Spence got out of his Jeep as Spike operated the 50 mil machine gun, lining up on the hangar.

Spence yelled out 'WHO'S IN CHARGE HERE?'

Mike Brown answered, 'We haven't worked that out yet. But who the hell are you guys?'

Spence ignored the question. He turned to Spike, Spence's SIC, 'We outnumber the tangos three to one, so let's go and kick their asses.'



Monty said, 'If we attack now civilians may be killed either by them or us. Are you going for a frontal assault knowing this?'

Marvin said, 'This is a fucking war zone. It's not our fault the civilians are here.'

Spike agreed, 'Yes, I say we teach those Jackboot fucks a lesson.'

Spence turned to Monty. 'You got a better idea?'

The special ops team didn't notice Brownshirts behind the air personnel at first. They had just arrived, entering through the back door of the hangar. They were heavily armed and wearing bullet-proof vests.

The Brownshirts used the aircrews as human shields, which marked them as cowards in Spence's book.

Spence's team unslung their M60s and held them ready to fire. Then, he shouted, 'DROP YOUR WEAPONS. YOU'RE OUTNUMBERED AND OUTGUNNED.' To add emphasis, Spence added, 'HAVE YOU SEEN THE MESS FIFTY MIL SHELLS CAN MAKE OF YOUR BULLET PROOF VESTS?'

The Neo Nazi's did not want to find out. One of them raised his weapon as though he was keeping it dry as he waded through water. He faced Spence. 'Who are you, and what do you want?' the Brownshirt said.

'What I want is to carry out my mission smoothly with no fuss.'

'What mission?' The Brownshirt pressed.

'That has nothing to do with you. Now call you men out here where we can see them.'

The three Nazis shuffled forwards as the flight personnel moved aside like the parting of the Red Sea.

As the four Brownshirts revealed themselves, Spence barked, 'THROW DOWN YOUR WEAPONS, NOW!'

With many guns pointing at them the Neo-Nazis complied.

Spence addressed the aircrews. Indicating Spike, he said, 'My man here will collect your cell phones. Then you can go back to your aircraft. But, don't try to take off because we have slashed your tyres and your radios have been disabled. Don't try to escape, and you will live.'

The crews, puzzled, hesitated.

'DO AS I TELL YOU, NOW!' Spence barked.

As the flight personnel complied and returned to their planes, Spence approached the first Nazi to surrender and held a pistol against his head. 'Have you contacted the main Hacienda.'

'No, we had no time,' The Nazi spluttered, feeling his bowel loosen.

Monty looked on, horrified. Spence was nothing more than a hired killer.

Spence shot him at point-blank range. 'Liar, one

of you three warned those at the main house.' He turned to Doughboy, 'Find out who radioed the Hacienda and join us there.' He turned to his men, 'Let's mount up and get this show on the road.'

The Special Ops team switched off their Jeep's lights and switched on their NVGs, which turned their world a ghostly green. As they drove away from the hangar, Monty heard three single shots pierce the night sky. It did not take two guesses to know what had happened.

Gunter Spleen, the new head of security rushed up to the guards standing outside the meeting room. 'Were under attack,' he thundered, 'Get Mr De Moonschildt and the other guests down to the bunker right away.'

'Under attack?' One of the guards said, trying to comprehend the order.

'Yes, soldier. Now, get on with the evac!'

The bunker was built at Adolf Hitler's behest. That was way back in the early 1950s; it had never been used before, but it was always fully stocked with the necessary survival provisions to last at least a month.

Herman De Moonschildt had just finished explaining what Barry Rock had told him when the

The guards burst into the Mj12 meeting, yelling, 'WE ARE UNDER ATTACK!'

Herman said, 'How dare you burst in here like this?'

The guard said, 'We have to move you all to the bunker.'

Herman stared at the Brownshirt, attack by whom?' he demanded, his face like thunder.

'We don't know, but they are heavily armed, and they are on their way here, now!'

Harrison, who had remained silent to that point, said, 'I think right now our priority is to get you all to safety. We can deal with other things later.'

## Chapter 63

China

"No, what he didn't like about heroes was that they were usually suicidal and gloomy when sober and homicidally insane when drunk." **Terry Pratchett**

Kim Fong lived in a shack near Golden Beach, away from tourists and the visitors' hustle and bustle. The hut wasn't huge, but Kim lived simply without clutter, except for his fossil collection that steadily grew. Kim's cabin was isolated, concealed by straggly trees growing along the shoreline. And that was pretty much how Kim wanted it. But nature did not hide it well enough, it seemed. Kim recognised Jacky Zheng walking up to his door. But who was the gweilo with him? Kim grabbed his rifle and checked to see if he had loaded it. He had. So the fossicker blocked his doorway, his weapon at the ready.

Jacky said, 'Whoa Kim, that's no way to treat a guest.'

The fossicker stared at Chynna's brother. 'But it is the way to treat uninvited visitors.' Swinging the barrel of his gun around to Paul, Kim challenged, 'So who are you and what is your business here?'

'Paul Shaughnessy, I'm a journalist working with Chynna on her story.'

Jackie interrupted, 'Mother Wu sent us. She said you would know where to find my sister,' Jacky said, trying to placate his friend.

Kim lowered the rifle. 'She doesn't want anyone to find her, and I honour that.'

'So you have spoken with her recently?' Jacky said.

Kim nodded.

'Please, tell me where she is. It's essential,' Jacky implored.

Kim nodded again. 'I will see if she wants to see you.'

Paul, becoming angry, snapped, 'Who are you? Her fucking guardian?'

Kim raised his rifle again. 'Chynna comes here when she feels discouraged and lonely. She needs a friend. I am that friend.'

'You've always been a good friend to her, Kim. But I am her brother. So I have a right to know where she is.'

Kim stayed resolute. 'Give me your number, and if Chynna wants to see you, I will send you a message.'

Paul said, 'Is she on the island?'

Ignoring Paul, Kim said, 'Why would she be interested in talking to a journalist?'

'That's between her and me. She wants it that way and I honour her wish.' Paul said, thinking *ouche*.

'This is no ordinary person we're talking about here, Corona. You shot a fucking multi-billionaire in that boat,' Commander Clayton snapped, as he glared at his detective. 'So you'd better have a very good explanation for what happened to him, because there's a huge shitstorm heading this way.'

Danny Corona looked at his boss. 'Pimpernel shot Harding and tried to escape by boat.'

'Why the hell were you after Gawain Pimpernel?'

'He paid Harding to kill people who were a threat to the PanKosmian society.'

'OK, let's take a step back here. Do you have any proof Oliver Harding killed anybody?'

'He programmed subjects to kill for him.'

Commander Clayton locked eyes with Danny Corona. 'How the fuck can he do that?'

'He used MK-Ultra techniques he learned in the CIA.'

'Jesus Christ, Corona, Pimpernel's lawyers are going to love you. You have to come up with a much more plausible story than that.'

'But it's the truth.'

'I don't give a crap about the facts, Corona. Can you make your story stick?'

'I have a source who also worked for the CIA and carried out mind-control experiments using MK-Ultra.'

Clayton shook his head. He couldn't believe it. 'Do you seriously think the CIA will go along with your story.'

Danny said, 'My source is solid, and he was an eye-witness to the shooting.'

Clayton locked eyes with Danny again. 'Why do I get the idea you're not giving me the whole story?'

Danny sighed. 'Dr Devenport alerted me to the possibility that a murderer used MK-Ultra to get Arthur Buller to kill for him.'

'Buller, he was the guy who killed Maxwell Dorrian, yes?'

'Yes.'

Clayton continued, 'The man who is locked up in a facility for the criminally insane.'

'OK, I know it sounds crazy, but it makes a perfectly logical jigsaw when we put all the bits together.'

Clayton lost it. 'When we put all those bits together, we end up with a fucking nightmare. First off, you work on an unauthorised case. Then you use a civilian source to help you in your illegal operation. You then track down Oliver Harding, who you say used some CIA mind control techniques to get people to kill for him. But, unfortunately, he's dead, so he can no longer corroborate your story. Then you say you got this Harding to confess to the killings – and I don't want to know how you did that – and then you got Harding to set up a meet to lead you to the person paying him, the paymaster, Gawain Pimpernel. Then you go and shoot Pimpernel as he tried to escape.' Clayton stared at Danny, 'How am I doing so far?'

'We have to get Dr Devenport in and question him. He'll tell you what happened.'

Clayton sighed, 'You'd better do it then because it's the only way you can extricate yourself from this disaster.'

'So what's the story about Kim Fong?' Paul asked as he and Jacky ate Mother Wu's special Peking Duck dumplings.

Jacky looked up from his lunch, a piece of dumpling delicately held between two chopsticks. 'He has always looked out for her, since they were kids.'

From what I heard, I'd say he's obsessed with her. He treats her as though she's his property.'

'Whatever, if we are to find my sister, the quickest way is through Kim.'

'That's if he tells Chynna we're looking for her.'

A couple sitting two tables away were not as harmless as they looked. The man was with the Guoanbu, and the woman was an expert in lip reading. She relayed every word the pair said.

'So where do you think your sister has gone,' Paul asked.

'I don't think she would have come all this way without going to Zhifu Island.'

'Yes, I agree. So why the hell are we sitting here when we could be there looking for Chynna?'

Just then Jacky's phone indicated he had a new message. He turned to Paul, 'It's from Kim. Chynna wants to see us.'

'Great. Where is she?'

Jacky leant in towards Paul. 'Zhifu Island.'

Paul said, 'Do you reckon the old Volkswagon will make to her place?'

Jacky says, 'Let's pray it does.'

Located in the Bohai Sea, the island was 4 km from Downtown Zhifu. Despite measuring a mere ten km long and roughly one km wide, the island became famous for its archaeological finds in

modern times. Archaeological diggings on Zhifu Island had revealed more than 200 artifacts comprising stone axes, pottery fragments, bone needles and bone hairpins. In addition, carbon dating showed the island had been settled since the Neolithic era. These findings attracted amateurs to the isle - fossickers, like Chynna, searching for that unique artefact to make them rich and famous, albeit in a particular niche. The pair passed many of these collectors as Jacky drove the old Santana along Public Road Number 26, which led to Chynna's camp.

'What's that building over there?' Paul asked, pointing to a grand edifice they passed by.

Jacky, 'This area was a burial ground during the Zhou Dynasty. Duke Kang of Qin was one of those people who died here 379 BC. You are looking at Lord Yang Temple, built during the early Zhou Dynasty in honour of the Lord, the fifth deity of the Eight Divine Generals.'

'So what's so special about this island, before the archaeological finds?' Paul asked.

Jacky answered, 'Because of a legend about a mountain of immortality on the island. Qin Shi Huang, China's first emperor, came here three times to find the elixir. He left two inscriptions that are still visible today.'

Paul said, 'This is all very useful for a trivia night quiz, but how far away is Chynna?'

Jacky said, 'Only ten minutes now.'

Chynna's campsite was next to a bamboo forest temple. She looked up and smiled as Paul and her brother arrived. She hugged Jacky. 'What on earth are you doing here?'

'We wondered what had happened to you,' Jacky answered.

'I just needed some alone time to work out my next move.' Chynna focused on Paul. 'So what are you doing here?'

'You missed our appointment, so I went round to your place, but you weren't there. I was about to leave when the police turned up. They asked me what I was doing there. I told them I was visiting a friend, but they didn't believe me.'

Chynna glared at the reporter. 'What right do you have to go to my place without my permission and bring the police there?'

'Whoa, let's back up a little. The cops were there because they had your place under surveillance. It had nothing to do with me.' Paul looked straight at Chynna, 'So they hauled me in and a Commander Qin of the Guoanbu interrogated me as to your whereabouts.'

Chynna said, 'So I was smart not letting you or Jacky know where I was.'

'Yes, but Commander Qin did not believe me and got his accomplice to rattle my brains with a Shanghai phone book.'

'I should never have dragged you into this, Paul. For that, I am sorry,' Chynna said contritely.

'You didn't drag me into anything, Chynna. You had a story for sale, and I wanted it. The problem was that I didn't have an account of your findings.'

Chynna said, 'I've changed my mind. I phoned Director Chang, and I will be going back to Wuhan to carry on with my work.'

Paul thought it best not to mention his discovery of her report. He had invested a great deal in Chynna's story, and he was not going to let it go.

Kim, who was already at Chynna's campsite, was bemused by the conversation taking place. He turned to Paul. 'It looks like you came here for nothing. So you may as well leave as there is nothing for you here.'

Paul glanced at Chynna. 'Well, Professor, you've made your bed, and now you have to lie on it.' Paul turned and walked away.

Jacky followed Paul. Catching up, he said, 'You didn't tell my sister about the report you found at her place.'

Paul fixed Jacky with his gaze. 'It's academic now that Chynna has not authorised her story.'

'So, what are you going to do with her report?'

'I think it best that I destroy the papers.'

'It's her property, not yours. So it should be her decision.'

Paul, getting irritated, snapped. 'I'm trying to protect her. The Guoanbu have her place under surveillance. We have to make sure your spooks don't lay their hands on

it. They probably know we are on this island and will be waiting to pick us up on the only road out of here.'

Jacky saw the logic in that. 'Make sure you do destroy the document.'

## Chapter 64

South America, Patagonia/North America/China

"Heroism is not only in the man, but in the occasion." **Calvin Coolidge**

As the Cold War heated up in the 1950s, the Nazi's in Inalco Residentzia devised top-secret plans to ensure Mj12's survival should the Soviet Union launched a nuclear attack. This Continuity of Government strategy was adopted by PanKosmia to protect its inner circle. This was why they built the vast underground bunker, which, after many decades, was now put to good use.

After walking along a tunnel lit up by neon tubes the Brownshirts leading Herman and Mj12 inserted coded plastic cards into a slot that activated a fifteen-tonne steel blast door. Once they were inside, one of the guards produced a ground plan and showed the PanKosmians around. He told them there were enough food provisions and water to last around thirty days. Herman did not intend to stay there anywhere near as long as that.

As the guards left, Wycliffe said, 'You guys don't intend to lock us in?'

'To leave this door open makes this whole exercise pointless,' the guard retorted.

'But we can operate the door from this side – yes?' Armitage said, concerned.

'No,' the Brownshirt said.

Then they heard bursts of rapid gunfire, and the guards left the bunker, closing the blast door behind them.

Herman gathered his people together. 'We don't know what we are up against, but we will be safe in here.'

Harrison said, 'Understand that the next person to open that door may well be the enemy, whoever that is.'

'You make a good point, Harrison,' Herman said. So we need to familiarise ourselves with this bunker. And look for anything that can be used as a weapon.'

Wilk went up to Herman. 'We're not in a bunker. We're in a fucking tomb.'

Herman sought Harrison's advice and turned to the Watcher, But he was no longer there in the bunker with the PanKosmians.

So much for a quick hit and run op, Spence thought, as his band slowly advanced on the Inalco hacienda. Calypso and Foggy were dead, blown up when one of the Jeeps exploded. 50 mil mounted guns were all very well when firing on the move, but stationary, they made easy targets for soldiers with handheld rocket launchers. His men were pinned down, and ammo was in short supply; knocking out the rocket launcher was crucial to the team's survival.

Monty was well aware of the situation. Unarmed he felt useless and very vulnerable. Spike's assignment was to watch the older man, but now that the SIC had taken a bullet in his left shoulder, he was out of action. This state of affairs left Monty to make his own decisions. He crawled over to Spike, who lay breathing heavily, cradling his M60. Monty eased the weapon out of Spike's weak grip.

'What are you going to do?' Spike asked painfully.

The old SAS officer said, 'Dare to win, old boy.' He carefully took out Spikes radio and contacted the Chinook, and said, 'Spike is down. Evac urgently needed.' He quickly added, 'Focus the drone on the main hacienda.' With that, Monty grabbed the M60 and wended his way to the cattle yard. Once there, hidden by a shed, Monty activated an app that showed what the drone saw. He soon pinpointed the Tango with the shoulder rocket launcher. He was atop a water tower, aiming straight at Spencer's crew as they narrowed in on the main building. The Brownshirt had to stand up to fire the missile. If Monty had a sniper rifle instead of the M60, he could have picked the guy off in one shot. But he only had the machine gun and did not want to waste ammo or bring attention to himself. So Monty had to get closer to his target. Donning his NVGs he walked silently around the cattle yard. Just then, he heard a "whoosh" as the Brownshirt on the water tank platform unleashed another missile. This time the target was the group of mercenaries closing in on the Brownshirts defending the hacienda. But the trajectory was no good and the rocket exploded in no-mans-land between the opposing forces.

Monty breathed a sigh of relief. They had been lucky that time, but he had to deal with the Nazi before he corrected his aim. There was a good fifty metres between Monty and the water tower. It was now or never. He took a deep breath and ran as fast as possible to reach the metal ladder, bolted to the water tank support. Using his NVGs, Monty held the M60 single-handed upon reaching the ladder while using his other hand to reach each rung. The steps were old and rickety, causing the frame of the tower to vibrate. Monty slowed down, creating as little movement as possible. But it was too late.

Monty saw the rifle barrel pointing down at him. The SAS man fired the M60 single-handed, sending a volley of bullets in the gun barrel's direction. Some bullets punctured the water tank. The rifle barrel disappeared, and Monty hauled himself up the ladder as fast as he could go. He knew the rocket man would be waiting for him at the top and he would be a sitting duck. With his heart in his mouth, Monty reached the top of the ladder. Almost immediately he saw the rocket man placing the weapon on his shoulder ready to fire. Horrified, Monty pulled himself up onto the platform while firing single-handed from the hip. One of his stray bullets hit the rocket man in the thigh. Monty said, 'Drop the launcher right now.'

The Brownshirt hesitated. His leg hurt like hell, and he was trapped. He turned to Monty, 'Fuck you!' he growled and lined up the launcher on his target. As his hand reached for the trigger. With

only a split second to spare, Monty fired a single round into the rocket man's left temple. He was dead before he hit the floor. Monty could not believe it. He was still alive, and rocket man was dead. Monty looked at the weapon. It was already loaded and ready to fire. Monty reckoned he could stack the cards in Spence's favour. He lined up the launcher, aimed at the Brownshirts shielded by a low stone wall, and fired. Monty watched as the projectile exploded right behind the wall, showering the shielded Brownshirts with chunks of rock and stone. Monty heard the screams from the wounded as he watched Spence and his men take advantage of the situation and broke the stalemate. The ex SAS officer sat with his back against the leaking water tank and radioed the Chinook. 'Monty DeVere here.' Rocketman Tango neutralised. Spence just mopping up now. Bring in the chopper.'

Jesse mentally kicked himself for having gotten involved with Peter Harris and Floyd Moore, now deceased. Their deaths should have been a big wake-up call, but instead of backing off and getting back to his life in Seattle, he took the next step to work with Detective Corona. Jesse had done so with disastrous results. Now the Detective wanted Jesse to swing by the precinct to write a witness statement. 'I'm having nothing more to do with it!' Jesse snapped emphatically.

Corona said, 'If you don't make a witness statement, my career is fucked. It may still be fucked, but, with your report there's a chance that my shooting Pimpernel will be seen as justifiable homicide.'

Jesse answered, 'I just want to put all of this shit behind me.'

'Just do this one thing, Jesse, and you can start with a clean slate.'

'You have the authority to do that?' Jesse said, surprised.

'Sure. Come to 4th floor 110 3rd Avenue and ask for me.'

Jesse wondered what sort of noose he was putting his head in this time. Still it was worth taking the risk if he could return to his everyday life.

Jesse Devenport pressed floor four and waited for the doors to close. There was a slight delay caused by a pretty woman with long blonde hair trying to get aboard. She pushed the automatic doors open a little, trying to give her just enough room to squeeze through the gap. Jesse went to her aide, holding back the door so she could enter the elevator. There was nothing unusual about that. But the woman with sparkling blue eyes never pressed a floor number button. Jesse figured she would be getting off at his floor. The woman looked at her phone, then glanced in Jesse's direction and smiled. He smiled back, totally unaware that she was looking at his photo on her phone.

There was only one more floor to go. Smiling at Jesse she took a gun out of her shoulder bag. Jesse, unable to comprehend what was happening stood stock still. He wondered what she was doing but never had a chance to find out. She pointed the weapon at him and fired. The handgun fitted with a silencer spat three times, making hardly any sound. Jesse died with a look of surprise on his face. Angela Dayton sat down on the floor and watched the dead man's blood seep into the lift. She was still sitting there when the police arrived.

The struggling Santana made its way along Public Road number 26 back to the mainland. Paul knew that there would be a checkpoint set up, but he knew what he had to do.

A uniformed cop raised his hand palm outward, a universal sign meaning halt.

Paul pulled over and killed the engine.

One of the cops put his hand out, 'Your papers, please.'

Paul handed him his license and passport.

The cop looked at the ID, then said in English, 'This your vehicle?'



Paul smiled. At least he had an officer who could speak his language. Paul knew some Mandarin but not well enough to converse with a police officer. 'No. I borrowed it from a friend.'

The policeman spoke into his radio as he checked the number plate.

Paul did not understand any of it except the words Hui Sun.

The cop went back to Paul. 'What's your business here?'

Paul had his answer ready. 'I am here to help Commander Qin of the Guoanbu locate a person of interest.' Paul watched the shocked look on the cop's face and figured the policeman did not want to get on the wrong side of the Guoanbu. He reached into his pocket.

The cop drew his gun.

Paul said, 'Hey, I'm only getting you a number for the Commander.'

The cop holstered his gun and spoke with his colleague. Then, unsure how to handle the Guoanbu situation, the cops returned Paul's papers to him and waved him on through.

Paul knew it was only a matter of time

before the Guoanbu figured he had slipped through their net. He had to retrieve Chynna's report and book a flight to America before the police were on to him. But first, he had a nine-hour drive back to Shanghai.

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## Chapter 65

China

"The real hero is always a hero by mistake; he dreams of being an honest coward like everybody else." **Umberto Eco**

By the time Paul Shaughnessy arrived back home, he was utterly exhausted. But he could not rest yet – not until he was on the plane flying home. Paul knew that publicly criticising China's government policies would soon land him in prison, probably never to be seen again. Although he had not made any anti-Chinese government statement, all negative news that put China in a bad light was equivalent to the same thing. So as he slipped Chynna's report in with his other research Paul knew criticising the Wuhan Virology Institute for its handling of the Covid 66.6 virus was terrible enough but calling its Director a liar would definitely make China lose face.

With this in mind Paul had to leave China as quickly and smoothly as he could. The journalist had to find a way out of China before the Gouanbo arrested him again. He had a plan, which involved seeking sanctuary in the American Consulate in Hong Kong, but before he had a chance to put it into motion something happened that sped up the timeline. Paul received a message telling him to open up a new email. The email showed an image of part of a document. Paul froze as he realised it was part of Chynna's report. The picture had come from an anonymous source, as did the message directing him to his mailbox. A cold chill rocketed up Paul's spine. He had no idea how the mystery messenger got hold of Chynna's document, but the fact they had access to it showed Chynna was in great danger. And there was nothing he could do about it. If he rang to warn her, secret police intelligence would be listening in and it would be dangerous for them.

As Paul filled his backpack with his essential belongings, a half-hour later, he received a call from an anonymous person who spoke clear English. The caller said, 'If you have deleted my messages and the image I sent you, I'll give you one more chance and tell you something you ought to know.'

'Who are you and how do you know these things?'

'I'm going to send you three pictures. It is important that you do not discard them.'

Paul soon received three screenshots, each of a different government department. Each image was preceded by the same message. "Do not share this publicly but we are looking for Mr Paul Shaughnessy."

Paul wondered why all this cryptic stuff was necessary. The Gouanbo knew all about him, so why the stupid cloak and dagger stuff? He sighed and looked at the photos. The first one showed the Ministry of Transportation; the second image, unbelievably, was the Chinese Army. Their involvement only made sense if they saw Covid 66.6 as a bioweapon manufactured in the WIV. The third photo was of the PSB (Public Security Bureau), whose job was to keep track of foreign tourists or workers. Paul realised Chynna's report came under the crime of illegal journalism. It was not forbidden to post articles online in China, but it was unlawful to interview people if you didn't have a special journalist license.

Paul knew the Gouanbo were on his trail, making it impossible to leave China from the mainland undetected. However, it would be less risky to fly to Hong Kong and leave the country from there. So he drove to Shanghai Hongqiao International Airport, where he booked a single to Hong Kong. That was when things became a little tricky for him. As Paul passed through security, he was stopped by a border guard who took him aside. The Border Control guard took Paul to an office where another security officer thoroughly searched Paul's baggage. Paul's heart was in his mouth.

A woman border guard checked the American's passport and asked, 'Do you have a Chinese name?'

'Why would you ask me that?' Paul responded. 'What does that have to do with anything?'

The guard shrugged and stamped Paul's passport.

After waiting two hours in the departure lounge, Paul's flight was called. And after another two and a half hours of smooth flying, his plane landed at Hong Kong's International Airport. There, he purchased a one-way ticket to America. He could have booked the flight on one ticket, but by buying a single to Hong Kong, the Gouanbo may have thought he was taking time out in the city. Anyone watching him would have seen Paul remove his luggage from the carousel and go outside to take a taxi. Then to fool anyone following him, he double-backed to the international terminal. As he passed through the baggage check Paul saw Commander Qin. The journalist froze in his tracks.

Qin, feeling supremely confident, smiled, 'Ah, Mr Shaughnessy, you left without saying goodbye.'

Paul stared at Qin. 'What do you want?'

'I would have thought that was obvious. The papers you took from Chynna Zheng's home.'

'I don't know what you are talking about.'

'Oh, I think you do. Now follow me so we can get away from this madness and discuss this privately.'

Paul thought about turning around and walking away. But two Gouanbo officers blocked his path.

'Why are you in such a hurry to get away from me, Mr Shaughnessy? Commander Qin said. The journalist remained silent as the Commander continued, 'Could there be something in your luggage you don't want me to see?'

Paul found Qin a complex man to read. He answered 'I was trying to get an interview with Professor Zheng. She said it would be big a mistake for both of us, because I did not have the authorisation to

interview anybody in China. This rule was new to me.'

Qin nodded, 'So you came all this way to interview Professor Zheng.'

'No, I had never heard of Chynna Zheng until I got to Shanghai.'

Qin nodded again. 'So why did you come to Shanghai?'

Paul said. 'China has always been a mystery to me. Finally, I had a chance to come and see your extraordinary country. It was too good to miss.'

Qin half-smiled. 'So how did your world and Professor Zheng's world collide?'

Paul had to tread carefully. 'We met through her brother, Jacky.'

Qin pressed, 'How did you know Jacky?'

'I met him at Harvard's Beth Israel lab.' Paul then looked at the clock on the wall. 'How long is this going to take, Commander. It's just that I have a plane to catch.'

'Yes, of course. Give me the papers you stole from Professor Zheng, and you can go home.'

Paul knew that the report would be used against Chynna and, by association, Jacky.

Paul opened up his shoulder bag and retrieved a folder containing all his research. Unfortunately, he had mixed up Chynna's report with his work, so he separated Chynna's notes and handed them to Qin.

Eye-balling the Commander, Paul asked, 'What will happen to Professor Zheng?'

'She is a brilliant scientist, a valuable asset to China. First, she will undergo educational revision to purge her of Western lies. Then Director Bai Chang will take her under his wing. Finally, when she is ready, she will publicly apologise to the country.'

'What if she refuses?'

Qin chuckled, 'Why would she do that? She has already agreed to this re-education process.'

Now, her change of mind made sense. 'So she had already done some deal with you before Jacky, and I got to the island.' After a short pause, Paul continued, 'You knew that without her consent the papers are useless.'

Qin smiled, 'Go and catch your plane, Mr Shaughnessy. And don't come back.'

Paul packed his things away and turned to Commander Qin. 'What about Jacky? What will you do to him?'

'That is none of your concern. Now go and catch your plane.'

## Chapter 66

South America, Patagonia

"Show me a hero and I will write you a tragedy." **F Scott Fitzgerald**

'A billion dollars each! Herman gasped. Face-to-face with Sergeant Spence and the two armed mercenaries flanking him.

'That's thirteen billion dollars to set us free,' Armitage snapped.'

'Well you got the maths right,' Spence said.

'That's extortion!' Wilk snapped.

'How much do you value your freedom, Mr De Moonschildt?' Spence asked.

Wycliffe stared at Spence. 'And what if we rush you and your toy soldiers and escape without your help?'

Spence glanced at his guards, who gave a perfunctory nod of their heads. 'We welcome any of you to try,' Spence sneered.

Herman said, 'I think there has been more than enough violence here tonight.'

'Indeed,' Spence agreed. He paused a moment then, using his tablet, the Commander opened a banking app and turned the device around so Herman and the others could see it. He then explained, 'This is the account number for you to make your deposits. One billion each is the agreed sum, I believe.'

'I have not agreed to pay you crooks anything!' Wilk said with great bravado.

Spence turned to one of his guards. 'Show Mr Wilk the alternative.'

The Mercenary unshouldered his M36, switched to the single-shot mode in one fluid movement and fired straight at Anton Wilk. He died instantly, a shocked look on his face.

The Mj12 group, unable to comprehend what they had just witnessed, stood wide-eyed and silent.

Spence said, 'Now you remaining gentlemen will have to make up his share.'

'How can you be that callous?' Armitage said.

'That, coming from the lips of a corrupt media magnate, really does take the fucking biscuit.'

De Moonschildt said, 'You have just snuffed out the life of a brilliant man, with no more compassion than treading on an ant. You have made your point. We are ready to deal.'

'A sensible decision, Mr De Moonschildt,' Spence said. 'Now all you gentlemen have to do is be so kind and make your donations, adjusting the amount to make up for Mr Wilk's inability to pay, of course.'

The Mj12 members glared daggers at the mercenary Commander, but they still complied with his ruling, and one by one, transferred the funds from their accounts to the one Spence showed them.

'How do we know you won't try and hit us for more?' Wycliffe said.

'Because we stick by our word, and we're not greedy,' Spence replied.

'Do you call thirteen billion dollars to let us out not being greedy?' Wycliffe challenged.

Herman intervened, 'Come on, Mr O'Byrne, do this and we can all get out of here.'

Feeling pressured, Wycliffe relented and signed away his share.

As they sat talking in Barry Rock's apartment he listened to every word as Harrison told him what he knew of what occurred at the ranch. Then he said, 'This puts a different complexion on things. I will have to make some adjustments to our plan.'

'What, to track down the mercenaries?'

'No. The soldiers are irrelevant. They could have been influential in the next stage, but they went for greed instead of completing their operation.'

'So what's our next move?' Harrison asked excitedly.

Barry stared at his young colleague. 'Your next move is to return to our time and space.'

'But I can be useful to you here.'

'It's not open to discussion, HariSun. You are finished here.'

'But what have I done wrong, that you brush me off like this?'

Baruch sighed, 'You still don't get it, do you?'

'Get what?'

Baruch locked eyes with HariSun. 'There is no "we" or "us" in this Earth5 project. And the fact you still think there is shows you cannot be here for the final curtain.'

'Final curtain! What do you mean?'

'HariSun, you had a chance to bring this project to a startling conclusion. You could have gotten the Mj12 people to refuse the mercenaries offer.'

'But?'

'Had you persuaded them to stay in the bunker we could have dealt with the PanKosmian core in one blow. Now they are back in their castles; they are unlikely to meet again for security reasons. Baruch stared at HariSun. 'Why did you not persuade them to stay?'

'I can see I made an error of judgement, but in my defence, ...'

Baruch fixed HariSun with his penetrating gaze. 'Just go home and leave me to carry out damage control.'

Before he turned to leave the apartment, HariSun said, 'What's going to happen to the PanKosmian inner circle?'

Baruch said, 'PanKosmia exists at our behest. Without us, it is nothing, just another exclusive boys club that falls by the wayside.'

'If we destroy PanKosmia, where does that leave humanity?'

Baruch said, 'It's no longer your problem. You are going home.'

HariSun stared at his old mentor. 'But we are a team and I want to help you.'

'What you think and what you want is irrelevant. This subject is no longer open for discussion. Prepare yourself for your journey back home.'

Baruch had received his orders to tidy up any loose ends that could pose a problem and then leave the cream of Earth5's human population to fool the masses as they had done so for millennia.

HariSun left Barry to his devices, but instead of readying himself to leave Earth5, he had a plan of his own to follow.

## **Chapter 67**

England

"All the heroes of tomorrow are the heretics of today." **E.Y. Harburg**

In the short time, Barry Rock had been on Earth5, he had become a good judge of human behaviour. So when it came to choosing one of the Mj12 members to help him with a particular project, he had no trouble working out who it should be. He phoned Wycliffe O'Byrne late at night. That way, he had a good chance of catching the magnate at home.

Wycliffe rolled over in bed to get to his ringing phone.

'What's going on?' his wife complained, disturbed from her sleep.

'This had better be important,' O'Byrne snarled.

'Yes, it is,' Barry Rock said. 'The most important thing in your life.'

'Who the hell are you?' Wycliffe demanded.

'It's Barry Rock and I want to meet with you at 6 am tomorrow.'

'Where?' Wycliffe said, suddenly becoming fully alert.

'What's convenient for you?'

'I'm back in Manchester at so I'll meet you at the Salford Cultural Centre.'

'Excellent, and sorry for disturbing your rest.'

Wycliffe couldn't get back to sleep. He wondered what Barry Rock had to share with him, and it kept him awake.

Six am was not too early for Wycliffe to be up and about. Ever since his first job in the quarry, he had learned to be an early riser. It was a drizzly Manchester day, and the weather forecast predicted heavier falls later in the morning. Wycliffe put up the collar of his fleece-lined jacket and walked over to a bus shelter near the Cultural Centre. The only other time Wycliffe had visited the place was as a talent spotter for World Enterprises. To be precise, Wycliffe did not spot the talent. WE provided start-up funding for promising entrepreneurs with new products or services, and it was Wycliffe's job to get them on board. Now that task was down to someone else. Wycliffe did not know or even care who it was. Nevertheless, it had served its purpose in getting him his seat at the big boys' table.

Snatched from his reverie, Wycliffe looked up as a tall man wearing a hooded jacket approached. 'Mr O'Byrne, so here we are.'

'Yes, but why are we here' Wycliffe said, completing the passphrase.

Barry Rock looked at O'Byrne. 'Humans gave themselves dominion over everything else on Earth5. Then they wrote a book about a God who favoured them and justified their stance.'

Wycliffe said, 'I didn't come here in the cold and rain for bedtime stories.'

Barry Rock said, 'Do you know what has happened to humans in this world?'

Wycliffe sighed, 'I'm sure you are going to tell me.'

'Having dominion over this world and everything in it carries with it a tremendous responsibility. However, it also presents your humanity with an important choice. Do they become caretakers of their domain, or do they become controllers?' Barry stared at Wycliffe. 'What option do you think they made?'

Wycliffe sighed even more deeply, 'I know you want me to say they chose to take control. So OK, they became controllers.'

Just then, an elderly couple wearing Covid 66.6 masks entered the small bus shelter. They shook and closed a big black umbrella.

Barry turned to Wycliffe. 'Let's find somewhere more private to talk.'

The old man mumbled something from behind his gag.

Barry took it to be an apology of sorts. He said to the couple. 'Have a great day.'

The old lady said, 'We don't have great days – just days if we're lucky.' She laughed at her wit, displaying largely toothless gums.

The drizzle had died down, revealing a grey but dry sky. The pair found a bench just outside the Cultural Centre. Barry sat down a few feet from Wycliffe.

Barry Rock turned to Wycliffe. 'Being in control is one thing. But thinking you are in control when you are not brings about an entirely different scenario.'

'You have made it perfectly clear that your Watchers are in control of this world,' Wycliffe bristled. 'So why don't you get to the point of this meeting?'

Barry nodded, then asked, 'Do you know why I chose you, out of all the inner circle members?'

'No. Enlighten me.'

'Because, despite your witnessing Wilk's murder, you still held out the longest before signing your money away.'

'How did you know about that? You weren't at the meeting.'

'If you must know, Harrison reported it to me.'

'And, what have you chosen me to do?'

Barry Rock said, 'It's quite simple, really. I want you to get all the inner circle members together in one place.'

Alarm bells were ringing in Wycliffe's mind. 'What are you planning to do with them?'

'I'm not planning anything. I'm only here to observe the transition.'

Wycliffe said, 'What transition?'

Barry ignored the question and remained silent.

Wycliffe continued, 'So what do you Watchers have in store for us?'

Barry said, 'Most of your humans understand and accept they are not in control. They much prefer to stay cocooned in their pathetic little lives and, despite their large numbers, never become a threat to us or the experiment. It's those of you who, just because you can easily control the masses, think you are in control that poses the biggest threat to us. A threat we now need to neutralise.'

'But why now, after all this time, has PanKosmia become a threat?' Wycliffe asked. 'Is it because we have grown so big and powerful? Because, if that is so ...'

'Not at all. It is, in fact, the opposite. PanKosmia has reached the end of its growth cycle, and it does not fit in with the new requirements.'

'What new requirements,' Wycliffe snapped.

'Power for power sake, wealth for wealth sake. These are the priorities of the past. Wealthy boy's clubs have gone past their use by date.'

Wycliffe's face took on a grey colour. 'We can change. Just show us how.'

Barry shook his head. 'You Earthians already know how to change, but your fragile egos stop you from readjusting to the new requirements.'

'What new requirements?'

Barry ignored the question. He said, 'Carry out the task, I have set you, and I will grant you immunity from the fallout.'

'What fallout?' Wycliffe asked, trying to get a handle on things.

Barry stared at O'Byrne. 'What happened to Mj12 in the bunker was a mistake. We never factored in the human greed element.'

'Meaning?'

'Haven't you worked it out yet?'

'Worked out what?' O'Byrne snapped exasperated.

'De Moonschildt and Mj12 were not meant to leave the bunker.'

Wycliffe stared at the Watcher. Then, unable to comprehend what Barry was saying, he muttered, 'You intended to seal us in that fucking tomb! Why?'

'Because your escape was not part of our plan!'

'But why did you try to kill us?'

Instead of answering the question, Barry said, 'Nature on Earth5 is a beautiful thing. Take a plant, for instance. It uses a chemical called carbonic acid to help in its growth. Then, when it has finished growing, the same acid kills it off.'

'I don't need a fucking botany lesson,' Wycliffe growled.

'Maybe not, Mr O'Byrne. But we are just like your carbonic acid, and PanKosmia has reached the end of its growth cycle. So, you see, the Order's demise is perfectly natural. We are merely helping the process along to help with the 'Great Reset.' Barry locked eyes with Wycliffe again. 'So, gather all the Mj12 members in one place. Let me know when you have done it, and I will arrange the rest.'

'You want me to betray my fellow Mj12 members?'

'Of course, Mr O'Byrne. I thought that much was obvious,'

All the private aircraft were still there, waiting on the tarmac. The aircrews, waiting for new tyres to arrive, were told it would take around a week to deliver. They also needed parts to get the radios working again. Herman did not allow them to enter the hacienda, and they had to take their meals and carry out their ablutions in the hangar.

The mercenaries had disappeared with a large chunk of the Mj12 members' money when the farmworkers arrived the next day. Herman was in no state to explain what had happened. In the aftermath it all seemed so surreal to him. But his land had been violated by a bunch of mercenaries who wiped out his entire Neo-Nazi security. Herman had already set about using his worldwide PanKosmian network to track down the soldiers responsible.

Even more of a priority was for him to let the broader membership know what had happened. Especially as somebody had leaked the story online, and it had gone viral on social media. It had to be one of the aircrew members who leaked the story about twelve of the world's most wealthy men being held for ransom in an underground bunker in Patagonia. Followers on social media platforms



had embellished the article. Although most people saw it as another conspiracy theory, many used it as grist for the mill. The filmmaker explained that heavily armed mercenaries covertly working for the CIA raided a ranch in Patagonia. They overwhelmed a camp of Neo-Nazis, killing most of them as they went for their prize. As a result, the Majestic12, a dozen of the world's most influential movers and shakers, were trapped in an underground bunker. This news gave rise to various versions and theories of what had taken place.

Armitage stopped the story in its tracks from showing up in all his papers and TV news coverage. But he couldn't stop the spread on the Internet. He knew many of the outer ring PanKosmians would be aware and would be asking questions. For the first time in millennia PanKosmia's foundations were under threat.

Harrison Eyett had a job to do, but as soon as he realised Barry Rock was onto him, he knew his days on Earth5 were numbered. Arriving at the hacienda, the Inalco estate was in turmoil. Now doubling as security guards, farmworkers, who had no idea what they were protecting, stopped anybody entering their boss's domain.

As Harrison went to enter Herman's war-torn home, a grizzled old gaucho blocked his way. The Watcher said, 'Stand aside, I need to speak with Herman De Moonschildt.'

Another farmhand reinforced the old cowboy. He barked at Harrison. 'Who are you, and what are you doing here?'

The Watcher had to show authority. 'Tell Herman, Harrison Eyett is here and needs to speak with him right away.'

The

guards looked at each other as though to say, I thought we were here just to make the boss feel secure. The younger gaucho said, 'I'll see if I can find him.'

After five minutes had elapsed the guard took Harrison through to Herman's study. Harrison entered and closed the door behind him.

Herman said, 'After you vanished into thin air in the bunker I'm surprised to see you back here.'

Harrison said, 'I'm going against Watcher protocols, but something has come to my notice that Deeply concerns Mj12.'

Herman came to attention. 'What are you talking about?'

'What do you know about the much-touted "great reset"?''

'I know a great deal considering Mj12 is a driving force behind it. But why are you asking?'

'Because the Watchers will be taking a more hands-on approach, and PanKosmia will no longer gain any advantage from any special relationship.'

'I don't understand, Harrison. I thought we were all on the same page engineering global socialism,' The Grand Master said, puzzled.'

'Of course we are. If it were not so, we could not have spread fear about being controlled by expanded governance and losing free speech and expression. You PanKosmians have played your part, our hand well. So effectively, you are no longer needed to complete the picture.'

'You were just using us?'

Harrison nodded, 'Yes, of course. And you did such a magnificent job your participation is no longer required. Your elitist PanKosmia is surplus to our requirements.'

'I... I can't believe it,' Herman exploded. 'You won't get away with it,' he bristled. 'We still control the lesser billionaires, the Fortune 500 CEO's, other influential individuals, and significant industry organisations.' Herman snarled, 'We have a far greater network than you, Watchers.'

'Don't attack me, Herman,' Harrison said. 'I risked my freedom coming here to warn you.'

Herman stared at the Watcher. 'And what am I supposed to do with this warning.'

'Be on your guard and don't meet with the Mj12 group again. If you do so you will make yourselves a vulnerable target.'

Herman looked around his study. 'I may as well have remained in the bunker.'

'That was Barry Rock's intention. So now he will seek ways to get you all in one place again.'

Herman frowned deeply. 'Is there nothing we can do to stop your hostile takeover?'

Harrison thought about the question, then he answered, 'You could make use of your divide and conquer strategy.'

'In what way?'

Harrison locked eyes with Herman. 'The natural battle line is between those humans who want to allow people to take control of their own lives, communities and states, and those pushing for one unified, global order that takes away agency or sovereignty from any individual. You can use your media networks to capitalise on this by having PanKosmia reach out to the Earthians as their saviour.'

## Chapter 68

England

"Real heroes are men who fall and fail and are flawed but win out in the end because they've stayed true to their ideals and beliefs and commitments." **Kevin Costner**

Wycliffe always prided himself on being his own man. But PanKosmia had turned him into a willing servant and, where Barry Rock was concerned, an unwilling slave. Despite growing doubts about the ancient order, Wycliffe had always been loyal, especially to the PK inner circle, some of whom he considered good friends. Now that had all changed as Wycliffe set up his betrayal of all he held dear. Barry Rock had presented a convincing argument. Now Wycliffe had to carry it out. He contacted Herman.

Herman De Moonschildt saw O'Byrne's name flash up on his phone screen. Members of Mj12 contacting the Grand Master went against PK protocols. It was his right to contact the members if and when he needed them. But the attack on his family home had left him shaken and a little paranoid. 'Mr O'Byrne, why are you calling?' Herman said, getting straight to the crux of the matter.

Wycliffe, equally to the point, said, 'We need to organise another Mj12 meeting.'

'I hardly think that is a good idea at present,' Herman countered.

'It may well not be a good idea, but it is necessary.'

'Not at this time, Mr O'Byrne.'

'I must disagree, Grand Master. Morale is at an all-time low among the general PK membership. They need strong guidance from the inner circle to get them realigned to our purpose.'

Herman frowned, 'It's far too dangerous at this time, and, to be perfectly frank, I don't think the others will be enamoured by your request.'

'Grand Master, we need to discuss this face-to-face. The fate of the membership rests in our hands.'

Herman sighed, 'Very well, but I fear it will be a wasted journey for you.'

'I'll be there in three days.'

Wycliffe thought he had won a small victory getting Herman to agree to meet with him. But now, the real work began. First, he needed to speak with each of the Mj12 members individually in preparation for the meeting he was devising. He told them that not only did the Mj12 members need to work together for PanKosmia's sake, but they also had to be seen guiding the ancient order. Eight of the members thought what Wycliffe proposed made perfect sense. The remaining two, coming from fear of personal harm, maintained it was far too risky for them all to gather in one place for a meeting.

Lara wrote 'The End' and closed her laptop. She had just completed the first draft of 'Panic-Demic Covid 66.6 exposed'. Lara felt as though she had undergone intense therapy during the process. She heard other authors say much the same thing, but this was the first time Lara had experienced a spiritual cleansing. Perhaps her writing had a strong emotional effect because much of her research was a walk on the dark side. It exposed corruption, manipulation, dictatorship and extortion at the very highest levels. By so doing, it put Lara at grave risk. But, at the same time, Lara had never felt so liberated and empowered.

'I've finished it,' she told Saul, who had moved in with her while she cottage-sat for Monty, who was off doing something with Arturo. She did not know what they were doing, and she did not want to know.

'Good for you,' Saul grinned. 'Do you have a publisher lined up?'

Lara turned to him. 'Of course. I can't wait for him to read it.'

'May I make a tiny suggestion? Well, not such a tiny one as it is about changing the title.'

'Oh, you don't like the one I've chosen.'

'The social media is rife with plays on words about the "pandemic". I think you need a title that screams out your search for truth.'

'And what do you suggest?' Lara said brusquely.

'Something like "Covid Unmasked", Saul proffered tentatively.

Lara stared at Saul without saying anything. Then her serious demeanour faded, and she said, 'I knew I kept you hanging around for some reason. That's fucking brilliant!'

Wycliffe contacted Herman again. This time to tell him that eight of the ten remaining Mj12 members agreed that morale was low in the PK ranks, and it was necessary to hold another inner core meeting as a matter of urgency. Wycliffe also reported the group's recommendation that it was too risky to have the private gathering at Inalco Residentzia.'

'So where do you propose we hold this assembly, Mr O'Byrne '

'We haven't decided yet, but we need complete seclusion and security at the venue.'

'Of course, Grand Master. I will attend to it immediately.'

'See that you do,' Herman said, giving the impression he was still in control. He added, 'As soon as you find a suitable venue, let me know and don't tell anyone else.'

## Chapter 69

Australia, Apollo Island/England

"So long as men worship the Caesars and Napoleons, Caesars and Napoleons will duly rise and make them miserable." **Aldous Huxley**

Apollo Island is only half an hour by helicopter north of Townsville. One of Queensland's many idyllic offshore sanctuaries, Apollo boasted a fourteen-room luxury hideaway with a pristine private beach and a thousand hectares of National Park. Fortunately, it was available for rent, and Wycliffe thought it was the perfect venue for the Mj12 meeting.

'All this unfettered luxury for only \$25 thousand a day for a minimum of three nights,' Greg Davidson said with a broad smile.

'How soon is it available?' Wycliffe asked.

The renting agent looked at the dour magnate and Herman de Moonschildt, his equally uptight companion and took out his mobile. 'It will be ready for you in just three weeks.'

'Can you organise security for the island?' Wycliffe asked.

'Sir, Apollo Island boasts the best 5G network and extra back-up if the system goes down.'

Wycliffe said, 'That's all very well but we want a specialised team of security guards. Can you recommend somebody who can handle that?'

Greg Davidson stared at Wycliffe, a quizzical look playing on his face. 'I can, but why would you need them on Apollo when your people are the only ones on the island?'

Herman said, 'How long to organise that?'

'Well, I can phone a man right now. You can speak to him,' Greg said with a wry smile.

'Who is it?' Herman asked.

'He's a specialist. His people are all ex-military. He'll have this island locked down tighter than a drum.'

'Then ring him,' Herman said.

'So you are taking Apollo?' Greg pressed.

Herman said, 'It is satisfactory, so we will take it.'

Greg Davidson said, very well. Do you want to sort out the paperwork now or closer to the date?'

Herman said, 'After we have tried out your five-star spa.'

It was an unusual request but what the hell? Greg thought. 'Of course. Take as long as you like.' Greg hated indulging the rich wankers, but as the rental manager for Holmes' Real Estate, he had to put himself out to accommodate clients who had quirks. 'Do you want to talk to this specialist before or after your spa?'

Wycliffe said, 'Before. Then we can relax.'

Greg didn't want to be stuck on the island all day. He suggested 'I can speak to this specialist while you guys relax.'

As Herman and Wycliffe luxuriated in the refreshing spa, the Grand Master said, 'You'll have to organise catering and have anyone on this island, except Mj12, thoroughly vetted.'

'Catering comes with the price tag,' Wycliffe stated. 'The lodge provides all meals cooked by an on-island chef. And collecting data about all employees will be carried out before they reach this island.'

Having refreshed themselves, Herman and Wycliffe met up with Greg and another man, who had no-nonsense and efficiency written all over him.

Greg indicated the man. 'This is Bob. He has flown out here to deal with your security needs.'

Bob looked at the pair. 'We've already fitted the resort with CCTV, so let's go to the reception, and I'll show you how it all works.'

Herman said, 'That is not necessary. You can provide us with people who know all about this stuff. We need to work out how many armed guards we'll need here to make sure nobody can enter this island by air or sea.'

Bob Mullaway looked at Herman, whom he figured to be in charge. 'Who are you guys?'

Herman fixed Bob with his cold gaze. 'I won't tell you that.'

Bob grinned, 'No, of course not. I was thinking out loud.' Getting no response he said, 'OK, let's walk around the resort, and we'll work out what you need.'

In a hurry to get back to the mainland, Greg said, 'I'll leave you guys in Bob's more than capable hands. He'll give you a ride back when you're finished.'

Wycliffe said, 'I have to go to the can. I'll catch you guys up afterwards.'

Once he was seated in the cubicle Wycliffe rang Barry Rock. As soon as he heard the Watcher's voice, he said, 'We have our venue.'

'Where?'

'Apollo Island, just off Townsville in Queensland Australia.'

'Can we have the privacy we need?'

'Oh, yes. We're renting the whole island. I'll send you details as soon as we have them.'

'With your bravery, I can see how you earned your money. But what did I do – except watch Corporal Mallard's screen?' Arturo said as Monty and he sat drinking coffee at the Englishman's oak kitchen table.

'It's not about individual roles. It's about teamwork, old boy.'

Arturo said, 'I used to dream about what I would do if I had twenty million dollars. Now I have more than that, much more I want to do something that makes a difference to this sad, mad world.'

Monty looked at his friend. 'But first things first; how do we contact Spence?'

Arturo shrugged, 'Search me, but there must be a way clients can contact him.'

Monty said, 'I believe he has a site on the Dark Web.'

Arturo said, 'It could be worth following up. But what would we look for?'

Monty locked eyes with his friend. 'Do you know how to surf on the Dark Web?'

'Do you?' Arturo threw back.

Monty said, 'No. It's all new to me.' He added, 'It rather looks like we need help.'

Arturo said 'We have to find out how to work it before we can use it.'

'I'm not sure if it's any help but on the flight to the ranch Spike told me they their motto was "pest control". We could check that out.'

Monty said, 'Even if we do make contact with Spence, there's no guarantee he'd even be interested.'

'He's a greedy, cold bastard. He'll be interested in getting his hands on our share of the money.'

Just then, Lara came swanning into the room. 'What money are you boys talking about?' She asked.

'That is none of your business,' Arturo snapped.

Monty thought Arturo was a little harsh. He stepped in as a peacemaker. 'The less you know about this, the better it is for your sake.' He added, 'We will be going away for a while, so if you want to look after the cottage again while I'm gone, that's fine with me.'

'I'd love to, but please give me a bit of notice before you return.'

Monty chuckled, 'My dear are you afraid I'll catch you in flagrante?'

Ignoring his tease, Lara said, 'Where are you going this time?'

Arturo said, 'Which part of the less you know the better don't you understand, Lara?'

Monty said, 'We came into a nice little windfall, which we are putting to good use. That's all I can say about the matter.'

Arturo looked at Lara. 'I don't suppose you know how to gain access to the Dark Web by any chance?'

'No, but Saul does.'

'Can you get him to help us?' Monty asked.

'What are you pair up to, now?' Lara asked, looking at the pair of naughty boys with admonishing eyes.

'We have to connect with someone on the Dark Web.'

'Who? And Why?'

'Enough with the fucking third degree,' Arturo snapped.

'Well fuck you then!' Lara fired back.

Monty interceded, 'It will be excellent if Saul can come to our aid. But to be perfectly truthful, we are involved in something dangerous and we don't want it to come back on you.'

'Is it illegal?' Lara said.

'Monty smiled. 'Strictly speaking, no. But it does involve connecting up with some shady characters.'

Lara had already guessed that. 'Why else were they looking on the Dark Net?' But she trusted Monty's integrity. 'Very well, I'll ask him, but I can't promise anything.'

## Chapter 70

England

"We do not have to become heroes overnight. Just a step at a time, meeting each thing that comes up ... discovering we have the strength to stare it down" **Eleanor Roosevelt**

As Saul and Lara lie in bed together, drinking tea, she turned to him. 'I have something to ask you.'

The handsome bookseller grinned, 'What makes me think I'm not going to like this?'

'Oh, it's not that bad. Monty wants you to teach him how to use the Dark Web.'

Saul's eyes narrowed. 'What's he want to use it for?'

'He wants to connect with someone.'

'That much is obvious. That's why every user searches on the Dark Web.'

'He wouldn't tell me any more than that.'

Saul drank some tea. 'I need to know what he's up to before I decide whether to help him or not.'

Lara drained her cup. 'You can discuss that with him. I've delivered the message, and now it's up to you.'

'Lara tells me you want to learn how to use the Dark Web,' Saul said, eye-balling Monty, as they stood behind the counter in his book shop.

Monty had only known Saul for a short while. He didn't know him as such, and saying he knew of Saul was much more accurate. He reminded Monty of a Viking. It could have been his beard and his long red hair tied back in a ponytail. 'I'm pretty much a beginner but a fast learner, Saul.'

'So why do you want to use the Dark Web, Monty?'

Monty grinned, 'You wouldn't think it, looking at me now, but I was a Major in the SAS. I need to contact a military man who specialises in black ops. I'm afraid that's all I'm saying on the subject.'

Saul searched Monty's face, then said, 'First off, you need to download Tor.'

'What's that?' Monty asked, already out of his depth.

'It's OK, I've already got a copy. Tor is a free, secure browser that makes all your online activity anonymous and private. Understand that sites on the Dark Web don't have regular Internet addresses, and you cannot access Dark Web sites using a standard browser.'

Monty, intrigued, said, 'So how does the Tor thingy work?'

'It routes your internet traffic through many different relays so other users can't see your location.'

'OK. So is that all?'

'No. Although nobody can see you're accessing the Dark Web when you use Tor, your ISP can see that you're using the app. Much of the time, that's enough for your Internet Service Provider to investigate and possibly flag your activity as suspicious.'

'Can we get around that?' Monty asked.

'Yes, by using a VPN app. It encrypts your usage to stop your ISP from seeing Tor and the Dark Web.'

'It's considerably more complicated than I thought.'

Saul tapped some keys on his laptop. 'OK, we're good to go. So what are you searching for?'

'Put in "pest control",' Monty said.

Sam Spence picked up his ringing phone and saw Arturo Bruno's name come up. Before Arturo had a chance to speak, Spence demanded, 'How the fuck did you get my number? And why the hell are you calling?'

'If you don't want clients to contact you, why is your number listed on your "Pest Control" page?'

'Client!' Spence said, bemused.

'I have a job for you and your guys.'

'What the fuck are you talking about?'

'I need to rid the world of some pests. Are you interested, Mr Spence?'

'If you're jerking me around, I'll...'

'Oh no. This job is genuine.'

'OK, I'll take a look. I haven't had a good laugh all day.'

Arturo ignored the barb. 'I'll see you in the Pest Control private chat room.'

## Chapter 71

North America

"The hero draws inspiration from the virtue of his ancestors." **Johann Wolfgang von Goethe**

'Just what the hell have you done?' Barry Rock threw at Harrison, having tracked him down to a small cabin in the woods. HariSun had gone to ground in Pigeon Forge in the Tennessee region, where he kept his head down to give him space to work out his next move. He still felt he had more to offer the human experiment. But Barry was of a different mind.

Harrison said, 'I went to see Herman De Moonschildt.'

'For what purpose?'

Harrison saw the deep disappointment etched in Baruch's face. 'I know you want me to go back to our world, and...'

'So you decide to defy me yet again.'

'I thought the PanKosmian inner sanctum needed prior warning of what will soon befall them.'

Barry glared at his former protege. 'Tell me what you told De Moonschildt, and I mean every detail.'

Harrison cleared his throat. 'We discussed the "great reset" and Mj12's role as its driving force.'

'What did Herman say about it?'

Harrison thought for a moment, then he said, 'Why do you want to know?'

'So I can access how much damage you have done to our plan.'

'I just put him straight on PanKosmian power. I told him that we're taking a more hands-on approach with the great reset. And that PK will no longer gain any advantage from any "special relationship".'

'How did Herman respond?'

Harrison sighed; 'What are you going to do with me, Baruch?'



'Just answer my question,' Barry snapped.

'Herman seemed genuinely puzzled. The Grand Master said he thought we were all on the same page engineering global socialism. I told him we were in accordance. If it wasn't the case, we could not have spread fear about being controlled by expanded governance and losing free speech and expression. I told him that PanKosmians had played their hand well. So effectively, they no longer needed to be part of the complete picture.'

Baruch locked eyes with HariSun. Then, keeping his cool, he responded, 'How did Herman react?'

'He became angry, saying that PK had a far broader network than us Watchers. I told him not to attack me as I risked my freedom going there to warn him.'

Baruch stared at HariSun 'Warn him about what exactly?'

'I told him to be on his guard, and it would be best if he did not host any more Mj12 meetings until PK was back on an even keel. Herman wanted to know what to do with the warning?'

'And you said?'

HariSun became sheepish. In little more than a mumble, he uttered, 'I suggested that Mj12 did not meet as a group again.'

Baruch shook his head, 'You betrayed a sacred trust!'

HariSun pled, 'Please forgive me. I'm sorry for what ...'

Baruch said, 'The enforcers will be here soon. They will take you back to our world, where you will stand trial as a traitor. After that, we will not see each other again.'

After the Watcher Enforcers restrained HariSun, Barry had to go into damage control mode. HariSun had seriously compromised the operation. Herman was still jittery from the bunker experience, so confiding in him would almost certainly mean the conference's cancellation. Wycliffe, on the other hand, was very confident about the Mj12 meeting. So Barry contacted the quarry magnate to apprise him of the situation.

Wycliffe grabbed his ringing phone and listened to what Barry had to say. He responded with, 'What you say about Harrison comes as a surprise. Why would he want to sabotage the meeting?'

'I don't know,' Barry lied. 'But we won't be seeing him again.'

Taking HariSun's warning seriously Herman did not want the meeting to take place. This drawback gave the Grand Master an excuse to pull the plug. But he did not do so. The Mj12 group was in disarray, and Herman knew morale in the PK ranks was at an all-time low. The leadership had to lead. It had to pick itself up and give the PK membership a positive sense of direction.

Bob Mullaway wondered why a small group of executives needed such iron-clad security as Apollo Island's cliffs protected the mysterious clients from any assault on three sides? The only feasible way for invaders to breach the island was from the beach. Even then, Mullaway's security forces would have the drop on the raiders before they reached dry sand. But he never questioned Herman De Moonschildt about his concerns. Instead, he took his client around the property, showing him the measures he had taken to ensure the group's safety. Upon reaching the beach access, Bob pointed out, 'If anyone tries to get in this way, my guys will have the beach covered from all angles.'

Herman turned to Bob Mullaway. 'If push comes to shove, will your people shoot to kill?'

'All my personnel are trained in the use of firearms.'

'That's not what I asked. What if they are faced with invaders storming the beach? Have they got what it takes to neutralise the enemy?'

'Yes, of course.'

Herman sighed, 'I will need to question your people individually. Have them here this afternoon.'

'With respect, Mr De Moonschildt, I don't think I can get my people here at such short notice,' Bob Mullaway countered.

Herman stared at Bob. 'My people will be here in two weeks. So how soon can you have your people here?'

Bob paused, then said, 'Tomorrow morning.'

'OK, organise it.'

Anything is available on the Dark Web for a price, and Spence knew where to find the expertise he needed. He had called on Big Bang whenever he needed the man's special services. Big Bang liked working for Spence, whom he considered a professional soldier and a friend. BB's associates thought the initials meant "Big Belly" in reference to his sizeable girth. BB played along as it helped to cover his deception. Spence contacted BB on his Dark Web "Antikreashun" website in his secure chatroom.

PC, Spence's avatar, said, 'Hey BB, how about taking a break on a tropical island in Queensland, Australia?'

BB" 'Oh yeah, I'm sure flashing my flab will be a real fucking turn-on for the golden chicks down on the beach.'

PC: 'It's a private island. You'll have it all to yourself. You just weave your tragic magic.'

'OK, what's the deal?'

PC 'A private meeting of ten stinking rich souls making their next move on the world.'

BB: 'OK, send me the floor plan.'

PC: 'Your job has to be completed in the next five days, before the conference security team hits the island.'

BB: 'How much do I get for taking this short vacation?'

PC: 'Name a price'.

BB: 'A hundred grand is a nice round figure.'

PC: 'A hundred grand upfront and another hundred grand when the job's complete.'

BB: 'I can work with that.'

PC: 'Make sure that none of those rich wankers escape.'

BB: Taken as read.'

Barry Rock thought Wycliffe had weakened in his resolve, and that concerned him dearly. Barry had to get close to the action to keep an eye on Wycliffe. So he came to the island but kept away from the lodge. Had he wanted to, Barry could have attended the private gathering. Instead, the Watcher camped on the rise a kilometre away from any humans. But Barry needed to meet with Wycliffe. He phoned him. Once he heard the quarry man's gravelly voice, he said, 'Where are you, Mr O'Byrne?'

'I'm with the others, having lunch. What do you want?'

'You may be in paradise but don't forget you have a job to do.'

'Do you think I don't know that,' Wycliffe snapped.

Barry said, 'We need to meet. Be on the eastern side of Apollo Island near Goolboddi Reef in one hour. Make sure nobody follows you.' Then he added, 'And ditch your phone.'

'But I need it.'

'I have a new one for you. Now do as I say.'

As he emerged from the refreshing ocean Barry saw Wycliffe sitting on the sand.

Wycliffe watched as the tall, bronzed figure approached him.

'Great spot you chose, Mr Rock.'

'Did you dump your phone?'

'Yes, but I've lost all my data now.'

Barry said, 'It was necessary,' as he towelled himself off. When he was dry enough, Barry handed Wycliffe a new mobile. 'This only has my number and only one non-system app.' He looked at Wycliffe. 'So, how are you holding up?'

'I'm not sure we're doing the right thing.'

'What do you mean?'

'Although you haven't mentioned it I know you're planning on killing the Mj12 group.'

Barry responded, 'Like I told Harrison, everything natural has its growth cycle. In plants this is caused by carbonic acid.'

'What like in soft drinks and sparkling wines.'

'Yes, but it's much more important than that. It helps plants to metabolise. Once the plant has reached the end of its growth cycle, the acid that helps it grow kills it. PanKosmia comes under the same natural law. It has been advantageous to us, but now it is no longer required.'

Wycliffe looked at the Watcher, incredulous. 'What do you mean?'

'You and all your fellow PanKosmians have served your purpose,' Barry said, a calmness in his voice.

'But even the Majestic 12 knows nothing of this.'

Barry fixed Wycliffe with his gaze. 'That's what makes it so compelling.'

Wycliffe stared at the Watcher. 'You explain it to the other members.'

'Why? They don't have to know.'

Wycliffe said, 'There must be some way we can be useful to you Watchers.'

Barry locked eyes with Wycliffe. 'Yes, there is. Accept the way nature works without your interference.'

'But we humans have been blessed with free will.'

Barry almost smiled, 'We have no power over how nature works in your world and neither do you.'

'Then leave us be and let nature take its course.'

Barry shook his head. 'Sorry, but it does not work that way. Did you know that the ancient Incas sacrificed one of their own to the Corn God each year? The chosen warrior had a year to prepare themselves, during which time they were treated like kings. You PanKosmians who sit at the big table have treated yourselves as kings for millennia. Now your time has come. Can you not see that?' Barry asked.

'But why do you have to sacrifice us?' Wycliffe pressed.

'Because the PanKosmians won't accept their fate.'

'What is PanKosmia's fate?'

'It's what the natural laws decree. Nobody can escape them, no matter how wealthy and powerful they may be. Understand that nothing is arbitrary;

the natural laws exist for a reason.'

'But don't these laws consider evolution?' Wycliffe argued.

Barry fixed the quarry magnate with his inscrutable gaze. 'How can people who have everything survive when they, by their greed, have left no room for further growth. They have nothing in which to expand?' Barry paused, then added, 'Do you know what will happen to your world if we do not intervene?'

'No, tell me.'

'With the inner core gone, PanKosmia will implode, leaving its members as mere fragments in a tortured world. Members corporate empires will crash dragging the financial world with it, triggering the most disastrous depression your world has even known.'

'And if you intervene, how is that going to change things?'

'The Watchers observe while nature runs its course. That's what we do most of the time but occasionally, we have to tweak things. We are the carbonic acid where PanKosmia is concerned. We created the ancient order, and we observed it as it grew to maturity. Now it has reached its full expansion – like an over-inflated balloon – it will burst. We can't just sit back and wait for the implosion. For if we do, it is already too late for humanity. By intervening, we can slow down the process with another program we are already implementing.'

'What program is that?'

'Let's just deal with what we need to right now.'

'You mean to murder the Mj12 members.'

Barry turned to Wycliffe. 'Are you with us or not?'

'Are you sure there's no other way?'

'I am certain.'

'Then I guess I'm in.'

'OK. I will ring you at 11 am. You will leave the meeting to take this call. I will give you a six-digit numerical code on the phone I gave you. You will open an app and insert the code. The device will be armed, and there is no turning back. Are you ready to do this?'

Wycliffe said, 'You make a persuasive argument. I'll do it.'

## Chapter 72

Australia, Apollo Island

"The legacy of heroes is the memory of a great name and the inheritance of a great example."  
Benjamin Disraeli

A twin-rotor Chinook helicopter landed on the big "H" on the ground. Its passengers stepped out onto Apollo Island, where Herman De Moonschildt waited to greet them. Half a dozen men in camouflage fatigues, touting machine pistols and side-arms kept their wary eyes on the proceedings. Herman gathered the Mj12 members together and issued a list of housekeeping rules, saying, 'These guidelines are for your own good.' Then indicating a solidly built man with thinning black hair, Herman said, 'This is Bob Mullaway and the gentlemen in the jungle get up are his people, who are here to protect us from any outside threat. If you need to leave the lodge area for any reason let one of these gentlemen know so that you can be contacted in an emergency.'

Bob Mullaway said, 'There's is no reason to suggest you are under any form of threat, but we are ready to protect you all should that be the case.'

Herman said, 'OK, now these gentlemen will show you to your accommodation.'

As they traipsed off to their suites, the members got a glimpse of the turquoise ocean. It was a beautiful sunny day, cloud and breeze free; the white caps danced on the waves. Security guards unlocked and checked out the rooms for bugs the third time that day. Then, satisfied there were no spying devices, the guards allowed the guests to enter their suites.

Wycliffe O'Byrne felt uneasy as he checked out his suite. He took out the phone Barry Rock had given him and went to the only downloaded app icon, a simple red "X" on a black background. The App was called Redex. Wycliffe clicked the icon and a single, un-scrollable page showed up. It comprised little more than a six-digit counter with an "X" in each box. He would receive the six-digit code the next day, which he would insert in the six allocated spaces. Then it would happen. Wycliffe felt a chill creep up his spine, despite the outside temperature tipping 35 Celsius.

Matthew Armitage was checking out his accommodation when a knock on his door drew his attention. Rupert Maddock stood there, waiting for an invitation to enter.

Matthew eyed up the owner of the world's most massive entertainments empire. 'Ah, Rupert, what brings you here?'

'What, to this paradise?'

'No. To my door.'

'Can I come in?'

'What's the matter? Are you a fucking vampire?' Matthew grinned.

Rupert gave him a blank look.

Matthew grinned again, 'It's just Hollywood vampire etiquette. Nothing about which you need concern yourself.'

Rupert stepped in and said, 'What's going on with Wycliffe? I was just talking to him. He seems troubled about something but when I inquired about it he brushed it off.'

Matthew started hanging his clothes in a large closet. He turned to Rupert. 'You know Wycliffe plays his cards close to his chest.'

'Sure, but this something different.'

'In what way,' Matthew inquired.

'I don't know. But he seems like that Atlas guy who carried the fucking world on his shoulders. That's not like the Wycliffe I know.'

Matthew shrugged, 'We've all got private shit going on, but we don't air it in public.' The media mogul said, 'Look, we're the people who forge on ahead to shape this world. We can't do that by showing weakness.'

Rupert responded, 'I guess you're right.' But I'll keep a close watch on him, just in case.'

Changing the subject, Matthew said, 'Have you read the meeting agenda?'

'No, I haven't had a chance yet.'

'Well, one of the main items is What is the future for PanKosmia?'

'What's that about?'

Matthew shrugged, 'Search me.' Then, in a lighter vein, the media mogul said, 'There's another item called Putting Conspiracy Theorists to Good use.'

Rupert chuckled, 'I can't wait for that one.'

Matthew said, 'You know, my media empire has always used confusion as a useful tool to generate anxiety in the masses. The conspiracy theorists scare the populations with their half-baked exposés of totalitarian machinations, global crypto-currencies, vaccines with nano-chips and subcutaneous electronic chips. And while they stir up the masses, we can do things like speeding up the roll-out of the 5G network without them noticing.'

'Which is all helped along by misdirection. We keep the populace distracted with our entertainments while you spread propaganda that would make Goebbels envious.'

Herman walked around the resort with Bob Mullaway checking on the measures taken by Mullaway Security. It all seemed solid. CCTV cameras monitored the resort from all angles while guards posted at each entrance kept an eye out for intruders. Apart from that, two more sentries kept vigilance on the beach access. They set up a scanning searchlight that flashed backwards and forwards over the ocean.

Herman said, 'Mr Mullaway I see you have been thorough.'

'We doing all we can to keep you guys safe.' Bob took a great pride in his professional approach to his work. But even Mullaway, with all his hi-tech and hands-on assistance, could not protect his client from a bomb attack, especially one that was hidden. So, in his blissful ignorance of the fact, he was not prepared for such an incident, he turned to Herman. 'You go and have your important meeting and leave the rest to us.'

'Yes, I believe I can,' Herman responded.

Herman De Moonschildt greeted the Mj12 survivors and opened the emergency meeting. He began with, 'Gentlemen. Never before, in its long and glorious history, has PanKosmia come under threat. This menace looming over us comes to us from a mysterious source called the Watchers.'

Rupert Maddock interrupted, 'What like that Harrison guy?'

'Yes, Mr Maddock, that is what I mean. But there is more and I don't like being interrupted until I've finished.'

'I apologise, Grand Master.'

'Very well. Harrison Eyett told me PanKosmia had played its part in bringing humanity to this point in time. But we are no longer needed in the completion of the Earth5 experiment.' Herman paused to drink some water. 'Now, before you ask me what is meant by the Earth5 investigation, the answer is, I don't know. All I know is what Mr Eyett told me. It didn't make a lot of sense, but he claimed he was warning me about the Watchers' imminent takeover of this world.'

The members were amazed as they listened to the bizarrely troubling news.

At length, Armitage said. 'So where does that leave us?'

Wycliffe had a driving urge to answer the Media giant's question, but he bit his tongue and remained silent.

Maddock said, 'So how exactly does this Harrison Eyett propose to knock PanKosmia off its pedestal? I mean the people sitting around this table run global corporate empires, the banks, the mega mines, the media, medical and pharmaceutical companies, the food supply, energy and, in my case, the entertainment industry.' Rupert Maddock paused to let that sink in. Then he said, 'Gentlemen, we control the fucking world! So I'll ask you the question again, how can the Watchers, whoever the fuck they are, take away our control?'

Herman felt challenged by the question. PanKosmian Grand Masters do not get treated in such a disrespectful way. He felt his grip on the protocols slipping away. Perhaps the integrity of Mj12 was being lost because there were only nine members present. Or maybe this lack of respect was garnered by the subject matter, which was somewhat surreal and abstract. He answered, 'I'll tell you what Harrison Eyett told me. He said The Watchers have been observing human behaviour on Earth5 for millennia. Mostly they just let nature run its course. But on rare occasions they become involved with us to make sure we are following the plan.'

'What plan?' Sir Reginald Wolsey, the CEO of the World Bank, asked. Usually, he was as quiet as a mouse at Mj12 meetings, but mysterious beings called Watchers had threatened his beloved PanKosmia, so he felt compelled to respond.

Herman said, 'Mr Harrison did not tell me. He said that if any humans were apprised of the plan, they would spoil it.' He paused, then added. 'He did say the Watchers were the carbonic acid and PanKosmia the growing plant. But the plant had stopped growing and the carbonic acid would destroy it.'

Maddock responded, 'Are you saying the Watchers are going to destroy us?'

Herman corrected, 'No, we are going to destroy ourselves because we have stopped growing.'

The members stared at Herman. Incredulous, wondering if he was losing his grip on reality.

Wycliffe, who had remained silent to that juncture, was usually outspoken. He felt he had to make a comment to cover his agitation. 'What do you mean by saying we have stopped growing?'

Herman explained, 'Harrison told me we could only grow and expand if we had something to develop into. So to keep growing we have to project ourselves into our future selves. But we've been so focused on our goal of world domination that having reached it we have nothing more to go or grow into.'

'Hell, I can think of many things we can improve upon,' Armitage scoffed.

Herman said, 'I'm not talking about improving. That's just more of the same. I'm not talking about going in harder, going in greedier or going in smarter.'

'What are you saying then?' Maddock asked.

Herman said, 'I didn't understand what Harrison meant, at first. Then I realised what he was on about.'

Just then, Wycliffe's phone buzzed. He stood up and faced Herman. 'I have to take this. It's personal and urgent.'

Herman gave Wycliffe a black look. 'Very well, be quick about it. We'll need your input.'

As soon as Wycliffe was out of earshot, he opened his messages App and saw the six-digit note. He took a deep breath and copied the six-digit code; then, he pasted it in the space provided in the Redex app.

The bomb was now active!

For Wycliffe there was no turning back.

The night before the meeting Spence and his crew landed in two inflatable boats with rigid hulls. Powered by sixty hp Mercury outboards they soon covered the two hundred metres from the mother ship to the beach. Arturo and Monty sat in one of

the boats looking at the dark beach looming ahead. Cutting their engines fifty metres from the shore the inflatables rode on the incoming tide. Spence and his team landed on a sandy area on the island's east side near Goolbody Island reef. They pulled their boats up on the beach just above the tide line, ready for a quick getaway if needed. Spence and his hit team quietly made camp in the bush, ready to move in the next day.

Mullaway's beach guards had the west side of the island covered as it had the nearest access to the lodge where the world's movers and shakers were staying. They considered it unnecessary to cover the side furthest from the lodge. That was a dangerous assumption on Mullaway's part.

## Chapter 73

Australia, Apollo Island

"A hero is someone who has given his or her life to something bigger than oneself."

**Joseph Campbell**

Wycliffe stared at his phone. A digital timer was counting down from ten minutes. Then a shocking revelation hit him. What if the Watchers had got it wrong? Worse still, what if Barry Rock had lied to him? Sure, Barry Rock told a credible story, but con artists were very good at that sort of thing. That is how they become prosperous swindlers. But no matter what his brain was telling him, Wycliffe could not stop the bomb from going off. He pocketed the phone and ran back to the meeting hall, where two armed guards blocked his path. Wycliffe tried pushing past the sentinels, but they squared up to him. 'You have to let me through. I'm one of the guests.'

The security guard eyeballed Wycliffe, 'What's your name?'

'Never mind about that, I have to warn the people in there,' Wycliffe persisted.

'About what?' one of the guards demanded.

'About a bomb threat. We have to evacuate the building!'

The guard looked at his colleague, then at Wycliffe, 'Who told you about this bomb?'



Wycliffe glared at the guard. 'For fuck sake, evacuate the building, now!'

The guard hesitated, and Wycliffe went to push past him again. This time the second guard grabbed his arm. 'Stay here, sir. 'We'll clear the building.'

'BE QUICK ABOUT IT!' Wycliffe urged. He turned to the guard, 'There's only five minutes left.'

The guard stared at Wycliffe. 'Only five minutes! Fuck, I'm out of here.' With that, he ran away. Wycliffe checked his phone. Four minutes and counting. He waited one more agonising minute. Herman De Moonschildt and the Mj12 members were still inside the building. Why hadn't they evacuated? There was nothing he could do other than go into survival mode himself. Wycliffe took to his heels and ran as fast as he could away from the lodge into the bush. Into the arms of Spence and his people.

With faces hidden by gas masks, the mercenaries, on their way to "clean-up", were surprised to see the man running towards them. 'Stop right there,' Spence barked with a distorted voice.

'Who the fuck are you?' Wycliffe blurted, goggle-eyed.

'Your worse fucking nightmare,' Spence answered, shooting the mining magnate where he stood.

**THE END**

## **Epilogue**

The explosion was heard as far away as Townsville. The Coast Guard deployed a rescue helicopter to investigate the incident. Following the smoke plume from the fire, the chopper flew to Apollo Island. Phil Morrow, the chopper pilot, flew in low over the burning resort and saw what looked like dead bodies scattered around. Phil was no stranger to disturbing accident scenes, but he had never experienced something as shocking as the scene that awaited them on the island. Apparently, something terrible had occurred on Apollo, and Phil thought it was too risky to land. Unfortunately, there was nothing he could do other than getting footage of the bodies. So he swung the chopper around and did a low sweep over the resort so that his co-pilot could film the carnage. Then they returned to base with the grim news of what had happened on the paradise isle.

A gruesome sight faced Greg Davidson as the police chopper landed on the island. Greg could not believe his eyes. Bodies of dead people lay strewn around the resort. As leasing manager for the resort, Greg was helping the police with their inquiries. Nervously responding to police questioning, he explained that a Herman De Moonschildt had booked the island for three days to hold a private meeting with a dozen or so colleagues. He did not know who the guests were, but they were important enough for Bob Mullaway to deploy a dozen armed guards to protect them. They had not done a great job on that score, Greg thought to himself. Then, as the realisation of what had taken place percolated in his brain, the horror of the situation hit him hard. The explosion had decapitated many of the bodies. Taking in the shocking loss of life, the island rental manager felt his breakfast rise in his gut. A violent stomach spasm hit Greg, and he doubled over, vomiting. Seeing the scattered dead bodies lying around the resort was terrible enough but coming across the mutilated partial corpses was just too much for his shocked brain to register. It had taken a colossal explosion to blow people apart like that. But what sickened the real estate agent, even more, were those dead, not killed by the blast, lying on the ground foaming at the mouth.

The police figured the victims had breathed in some kind of quick-acting toxic agent – cyanide or a derivative of the poison – that left them frothing in the throes of excruciating pain. But they would leave the fact-finding to the Forensic team already on their way.

The Forensic scientists arrived and quickly took charge of the crime scene. Soon, the island was

abuzz with detectives, bomb squad, anti-terrorist officers, Federal police and the forensic team, who counted twenty-two bodies, eleven of them mutilated corpses, ripped apart when the bomb went off. The other eleven bodies appeared to be those of security guards. As the search for clues widened, the scientists came across another body out in the bush. This victim died from a single bullet between his eyes. They wondered why he had not died with the others who were closer to the lodge. Answers to these and other pressing questions would have to wait until the bigger picture emerged. The victim's ID showed him to be Wycliffe O'Byrne, the well-known mining magnate. What was he doing on the island? The officer in charge of the crime scene wondered.

By this time, agents from ASIO (the Australian Security Intelligence Organisation) arrived in another helicopter. Commander Janet Purvis took charge of what now looked like a terrorist attack on Australian soil and ordered each policing service senior officer to meet with her to share their intel. Commander Purvis listened to the reports and deemed the crime a significant enough threat to national security for her to involve the Attorney General. She would not let anyone leave without being vetted. The Commander got her people to search the bodies for ID details. The gut-wrenching task bore fruit, and the officers retrieved seven IDs. Janet Purvis and her crime scene team were astonished when they found out who some of the dead were. She swore her subordinates to silence and left the makeshift incident room to make a call.

The Attorney General took the call, and when he heard what Commander Purvis had to report, his face turned ashen. Having recovered his wits, the AG quickly slapped a 'D' notice (one hundred per cent media blackout) on the incident and told the Commander he would deal with the media. Normally the Attorney General would have conferred with Matthew Armitage, who owned two TV stations and many newspapers in Australia, about any terrorist attack on Australian shores. But as the media baron was counted among the victims, he had to take Kelvin Pecker, the Australian CEO of News Inc, into his confidence.

Janet Purvis knew very little about the stock market. Still, it did not take a genius to know what would happen once stock exchange punters realised some of the world's greatest financial gurus had died in a bomb explosion, market share values would plummet. Without the likes of Matthew Armitage, Rupert Maddock, Wycliffe O'Byrne, and other prominent members of the global corporatocracy who had died in the bomb explosion, the world of finance would get rocked to its foundations.

Greg Davidson complained that he had to get back to Townsville, but he was told nobody could leave the island until Commander Purvis permitted them to do so. She did agree to hear Greg's report first. He could not offer much detail other than being the first one on the island after the bomb went off. He had taken one look at the dreadful scene and phoned the cops. He had not touched anything, and he waited for the first police officers to turn up.

A more precise picture emerged after receiving data from the police, forensic scientists, and the anti-terrorism team. It seemed that the mega-rich captains of industry had rented the island for a secret meeting. Of course, nobody knew what the august assembly had been discussing, but for it to involve the world's most influential people, it had to be big, very big.

The Forensic team discovered those not wiped out in the blast died from toxic inhalation. The scientists sent samples to their laboratory for analysis. The chief forensic scientist believed the passive deaths were caused by severe toxic fume inhalation that had resulted in immediate death from asphyxia. He spoke with the anti-terrorist bomb expert who thought the toxic fallout came from the bomb. He said the evidence of foaming around the mouth suggested Sarin gas had been deployed when the bomb exploded. Whoever was behind the attack did not want anyone to leave the island alive.

## Postscript

Barry Rock, once more as Baruch, reported a successful operation. The Watchers were once more in control on Earth5. Most people on Earth5 went about their daily business, totally oblivious to the enormous fall-out triggered by the explosion on Apollo island. Without Watcher support, PanKosmia and its grand ideas fell by the wayside. The majority of humans had never heard of PanKosmia and the role the society had played for millennia, so they were blissfully unaware of its demise. With the PanKosmia inner circle wiped out, the organisation collapsed in on itself and imploded.

PanKosmia, the Deep State society that had ruled the world behind the scenes, was now in total disarray. The secret society for the mega-wealthy had lost its teeth along with its key members. PanKosmia's collapse exposed the society's role in creating and running the Covid 66.6 pandemic. It was called "Covidgate" by a now lesser biased media. They were in a feeding frenzy, competing for the big controversial stories, such as "Nuremberg 2". Top lawyers worldwide brought class actions against national leaders, Big Pharma, the GHO and other profiteers who made trillions from Covid 66.6, while billions of people suffered. All those brought to trial were charged with being complicit in the greatest hoax perpetrated on humanity. As a result, the "Great Reset" and all it entailed never happened, and the alleged Covid 66.6 pandemic would soon be over. The Lockdown and social distancing experiment had worked brilliantly, and the Watchers could reactivate it any time they deemed it necessary.

## About Chris Deggs

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.

## Connect With Chris Deggs

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### 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

## **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

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

Pike – a quantime experience 3

Plane Truth – what happened on 9/11

Stealth book 1 – the silent invaders

Stealth book 2 – the enemy within

Ziggurat – The real agenda in Iraq

Stranded – The island that did not exist

Termination – the eugenics agenda

Vincent – a quantime experience 1