Smoke, Blood,and Time

A Novel by

Jose F. Sosa

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Chapter 1

Emeralds in the Desert

"The phoenix hope, can wing her way through the desert skies, and still defying fortune's spite; revive from ashes and rise." - Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra

The warm wind whistled through the Sonoran afternoon air, flapping the fabric of a tan wide brim sun hat of a man hiking through these inhospitable ancient lands. A blurry fluid haze in the horizon was playing with his vision to determine the distance left to reach his destination. Saguaro cactus stippled the land breaking up dust devils, providing a little shade for the jimson weeds, snakes and lizards. His canteen was out of water, and hardly a soul had cross paths with him for several days now, while hiking a foot in these desolate lands.

Short dark brown hair under the young man's hat was wet with perspiration, dark eyes and a permanent 5 o'clock shadow covered his light brown skin. His 5-foot 11-inch frame carried him swiftly with an agile fast and efficient compact gate as he walked. A light backpack, tan colored shorts and a long white sleeve sport shirt protect him from the sun. Looking into the distance and at the fast-approaching orange-red sunset he hastened his stride.

"I have to make it back home tonight the plane leaves early in the morning" Allen Saniz pensive thoughts cross his mind.

He looked again into the distance through his wide brim hat and again thought to himself "I love it here in the desert, far away from the hustle of bustle of the city." Seattle WA where he lived, worked, and played most of his adult life.

A rattlesnake slithers a few yards in front of him as he continues his descent rapidly through the hilly desert trail. The snake startles Allen, as he jumps to the side and trips over some jagged rocks, sliding down a fast slump in the trail. He came to rest in a small ravine on the hillside, looking up towards the large rock face his eyes are blurred for a moment from glimpsing at the lowering sun.

Focusing now, his eyes make out some ancient petroglyphs on the rock face. He notices some rocks on the floor were disturbed during his fall and sweeps the desert sand away with his hand to reveal more petroglyphs at the base of the large rock wall. A handle like cavity is revealed and he tries to lift it up but is too heavy at first. He proceeds to remove more of sand around the handle and finely is able to pry it open with his Gerber tach knife. The slab of glyph decorated stone is about 2 feet long by 10 inches wide Allen guesses, and a foot deep as he reaches in with his hand, inside he finds a few smooth black rocks, some natural crystals and a thin wooden like tube or maybe hollowed sugar cane he thought. He takes the wooden tube and slides one of the ends off. A leather hide roll drops into his hand. He put the wooden tube down and opens up the hide scroll. Inside he sees many intricate petroglyphs not unlike the ones on the rock face but they are tighter and more organized with many more symbols and glyphs. Amazed by the intricate glyph designs of interlocking creatures and objects in the scroll he puts it back in the wooden tube, places it in his backpack and proceeds to walk back up to the trail and continue to his destination.

After settling down back at home in Sonora Mexico, the home of Guadalupe and Gellermo Cultemoc Saniz, he takes out the wooden tube and shows it to both of them. They are stunned at the beauty of the scroll but don't give it more than a quick passing by of attention at the time.

His mother has a traditional carne asada diner waiting for him, Carlos digs in and drinks a cold Negra Modelo along with his meal. During passing conversations at dinner, he proceeds to tell his parents of how he almost got bit by a snake, and jumps out of the way, loses his balance and slides down a ravine. He shows his parents what he found and his father mention something about turning it over to the Mexican university in Sonora.

"What are your going to do with it Allen?" his Father asks.

"I'm going to take it with me back to Seattle and show it to Tom, he'll know what to do with it, translate it for me and get to the proper museum." Allen answers.

"It's just a stupid little scroll, what significance can it have?" His mom says.

"This could be an important historical and meaningful find momma!" Allen said excitedly."It could contain stories of ancient kings or royal family history. I don't know, but what I do know is, I found it and I'm taking it with me back home to Seattle."

His mom nods her head slowly to the side and rolls her eyes.

"Well, I hope you have a safe trip back and good luck on your little discovery son and say hi to Tom for us." She adds

The airport was slow due to DHS yellow priority warning for absolutely no reason at all. "Maybe some stupid imaginary terrorist threat lever some idiot press when he had to go take a dump or a short siesta from watching the ginormous monitors of everything at NSA or DHS offices or something like that." Allen thought to himself with a smile.

The flight was swift and in 4 and half hours he was arriving at SeaTac airport. The plain made its mandatory banking descent turn, revealing a great view of the Seattle skyline, always a nice welcome return image to Allen. A refreshing change of view from the dry desert sun of the past month in Sonoran desert.

A young man in his late 20's waits impatiently at a local barista. His long and wavy dark hair hangs over his downward pensive gaze of his reading device. His tanned skin reflects the neon glow from the window of a grey and darkening night sky that has fallen over the emerald city. His face glows in various colors as he scans the interweb through his ultra thin slate reader. Tomas Morelia at age 12 was already known to many people in the Mayanist academic circles as a genius, having deciphered the Mayan hieroglyphics by age 14 and youngest fellow at Stanford University at 18. Tom had written his doctorate dissertation on the how the Mayan Baktun calendar became the centerpiece of current modern civilization day month calendar system. He hypothesized that our entire civilization commerce system including our current way of life could be traced back the Mayan Tun calendar. He was currently working at the University of Washington in the archaeology department as a research professor.

The door of the coffee bar opens, a young petite Japanese women walks in, her modern manga jet black hair and large enveloping eyes look around the room and finally towards Tom. Tom meets here gaze and she walks towards him and sites down in front of him.

"Junko you made it" Tom says. She moves her arms and places them over the table ledge and leans in towards Tom, their lips meat for a brief moment.

"How was class today?" Junko asks.

"It was fine, we talked about the conquistadors and their arrogance with the native peoples of Mexico and Guatemala. " Tom gestures with his hands upward and flicks his wrist outward as he talks.

"Did you know that during one of their voyages through the southern Gulf of Mexico a captain of a Spanish galleon spots a large canoe with 20 to 30 natives in it, along with some trade goods like cloths, clay pots and jewelry, the captain catches up to the canoe, loots it, kills the men and then proceeds to thank God for bringing a taste of the regions treasures to him. The epitome of arrogance I would argue." Tom adds.

"The nerve of those people at that time, to really think they were doing the natives a service" she says.

"How is your research going?" Tom asks affectionately.

"It's going OK; I'm almost done with my dissertation." she says.

"I'm so happy for you; you will soon get your chance with the board. Hay, I received an email from my friend Allen; He says he found an interesting artifact while hiking in the Sonoran desert."

The phone rings, vibrates and flashes a picture of Allen in Tom's phone, he gestures and brings his phone to his ear that triggers the answer command.

"This is Tom, how you doing Allen" Tom answers.

"I just got into town and glad to be back in Seattle again." Allen says.

Tom asks. "How is the family in Sonora doing?"

"Oh their doing the same as always, living the retired life and the loving it there in the desert. Everything thing is still the same as we left it when we were children playing in the agave fields" Allen responds nostalgically.

"I can't wait to see your find" Tom says excitedly.

"When can we meet, so you can take a look at it?" Allen asks.

"Come by the University tomorrow after class. We'll set down and take a look at it and talk about it then. You know Allen; you will probably not be able to keep it after you bring it to the lab." Tom says.

"Hmm" Allen responds.

"Yes, I thought that might be the case, I would be happy with knowing what it says, who it belonged to or created it, and maybe what period it was from. After all it's a wonderful artifact and really belongs in a museum for all to enjoy" he adds.

"What's going on there it sound like a party?" Allen asks.

"We are at a coffee shop barista' in Queen Anne." Tom responds.

"Who are we?" Allen asks.

"Junko and myself." Tom replies.

"You devil dog you; I thought you had stopped dating your students." Allen says laughingly with a sense of tease.

"Yes for the most part I have, it's just we are so damn good for each other, and she is not my student by the way. She is a PhD in archeology candidate in my department. " Tom responds.

"Sure I believe you Tom." Allen says with a sly smile.

"Our drinks are ready." Junko says.

"I have to get back to Junko we'll talk more tomorrow. By." Tome says while hanging up his phone.

"Ok see you tomorrow." Allen replies with an exhausted sleepy yawn.

"Who was it?" Junko asks Tom.

"That was Allen; he's back in town from his vacation in the Sonoran desert. He wants me to take a look at something he found while hiking in the desert, we're meeting after class tomorrow." Tom says.

"Ooh! Can I take a look too." she asks.

"Sure why not, it may be something interesting possibly a kings lineage or short telling story of a royal family. It should be interesting." Tom Adds

The morning air is crisp in late September as Allen drives over to the U in his blue Tesla electric car parking near the Burke museum parking lot, a close walk to Tom's office at Denny Hall in the North Campus.

"Hay Allen, welcome back! How was drive over here?" Tom greats Allen, with an esse handshake at the main entrance of the building."

"It was good Tom, how are things here at the U's speaking for dead department" Allen responds.

"Oh same old shit, I can't get enough funding for this or their cutting back on that program, just the normal day to day BS we have to deal with all the time" Tom says sarcastically.

"You sound like a grumpy old ass professor now Tom and your only 30" Allen responds laughingly.

"Let's take a walk over to my office" Tom leads Allen through some corridors and enters into a large room full of artifacts and bookshelves. The smell of plaster and dirt hang faintly in the air. The room is moderately lit from a combination of windows and industrial fluorescent row mounted lights, Tom point to a small 14 by 14 room. "let's sit down right here." Tom says.

"This is quite the set up you have here. Its changed since the last time I was here a year ago." Allen says.

"Yes we took down some walls and made more room for artifact cleaning." Tom Says.

Allen swings his backpack around his shoulder to place it front of him; he unzips the pack and slides out a 16 inch by 6 inches diameter old wooden like tube. He slides the top of one end off and tips the tube upward. The beautifully hand crafted leather scroll lands on his right palm. He stands up slowly and carefully rolls out about 11 inches of the scroll. Tom's eyes open a little bit wider and follow Allen's hand rolling out the scroll and focus on the glyphs painted on the scroll or more like printed with exact precision and alignment Tom thought.

"Is this not beautiful or what Tom?" Allen says while rolling it bake up and handing it to Tom.

Tom handles it gently and rolls about 8 inches out."This is fantastic Allen!" He uses his forefinger holding the bottom part of the scroll to point at a glyph.

"Look here, at this glyph." Tom points with his finger. "This is a symbol combination representing the galaxies or heavens."

The pictoglyph had a lizard like head creature holding a moon and stars. "This other one here CHUM-mu-wa-ni ti-AJAw-le means, he sits in the Lordship." A pictoglyph with a jaguar curled up and "

Tom's expression turned to excitement as he continued to peruse the scroll.

"There's just so much here and many new combinations of glyphs I have not seen before. You will have to leave it here with me to decipher all of it over the next few days." Tom adds.

The door makes a knocking sound, Tom ask "Who is it?"

"It's me Junko" She responds.

"Oh Allen I forgot to tell you, Junko wanted to take a look at your find as well, do you mind? "

"Nah it's cool." Allen responds.

"Come on in Junko." Tom says louder through the door.

Allen is holding the scroll in his hands as Junko walks towards him and smiling with a node at Allen.

"Allen this is Junko Nakajima, my fianc'e." Tom introduced her to Allen.

"Nice to meet you Junko" Allen extends his hand to great Junko.

"I have heard allot about you Allen, you and Tom are childhood friends he tells me." Junko shakes Allen's hand with both of hers and bows her head slightly.

"Yes we grew up in Arizona near the Sonoran Mexico border." Allen says.

"Wow, Tom it looks like a nice artifact your holding there, what's it looking like to be." Junko asks Tom.

"Yes, it's big wow I might add Junko." Tom says excitedly.

"It's becoming more and more interesting every moment." He adds

"Where did you find it again, Allen? Junko asks.

"I found it in the Sonora'n desert while hiking out there; I was actually startled by a gient rattle snake and tripped over some jagged boulders and down a ravine. I got back up a noticed some picto glyphs on a rock wall at the bottom that got uncovered during the slide, I come upon this stone at the foot of the rock. I moved the sand away with my foot and preyed open a stone door containing this old wooden tube and a few black rocks and other small items. I took a closer look at the tube and opened it and out came this scroll Tom has in his has hands. "

"Hmm" Junko says.

"How romantic" She adds.

"Romantic my ass, I almost got bit by a giant rattle snake and risked injury falling down a ravine and you think it's romantic." Allen smirks laughingly.

"Well Allen, are you're ok to leave the scroll here with me so I can translate it." Tom says.

"No problem, just give me a call when you have something ready." Allen responds.

Allen grabs his backpack and slides it over his back. "I will be at the library, I'm going to brush up on Toltec and Mayan picto glyphs and culture to better understand these artifacts."

"Nice to see you again Junko, we'll be seeing you. Later Tom" Allen leaves the room and the building heeding towards the library."

Excitedly Tom works late into the night and makes good progress on the translation of the scroll. After each 10 inch section of the scroll he snaps a picture with his hi resolution Nikon D6.

2:10 AM Saturday morning a phone rings next to Allen's bed side.

"You're not going to believe this Allen; it's got so much cool stuff in here I had to call you. Sorry to wake you but I had to tell you that what I have translated so far is phenomenal and it's also unbelievable to me." Tom adds.

Allen rubs his eyes and fumbles for the bed side light stand. "What are you talking about Tom you sound hysterical"

"Yes I'm pretty excited about theses initial translation." Tom says.

"What have you found, that can't wait till morning." Allen says in a groggy voice.

"Take your pick, you got magical galactic portals, something about accessing intergalactic travel, long range instant communication, I mean mega long distance communication, billions of light years away, very long distance. Also something called the Sonas that permeates the universe. A shit load of other stuff as well, Thank you, thank you, thank you Allen for finding this it may change the way we teach and do archeology, astronomical understand and maybe other sciences as well."

Tom says excitedly.

Chapter 2

Ritual

"We seek to find peace of mind in the word, the formula, the ritual. The hope is illusion."

* Benjamin Cardozo

Nearly 2 miles below the Colorado Mountain side a giant computer screen flashes some red highlighted text into the midst of hundreds of lines of text flying through the screens.

"Sir, the M1 has flashed a conversion of interest to military security shall I commence a trace and tracker sequence routine on these two phone lines?"

A large strong chiseled man in his late 50's with full gray hair stood above a command lookout post of the large hanger like facility known as the M1 headquarters. Wearing his black army general attire full of medals and decorations Max Freeland responds in a deep authoritative voice. "Yes proceed."

This hangar facility was not merely a strong hold it was the home of the military and M1 facility. The M1 stood for 1 Million processor array supper computer that was capable of recording hundreds of millions of phone conversation, emails, chat room conversation, e-chatter, and internet transaction per nanosecond; it was an amazing piece of technical brute force. Every few years it had to be updated with the newest hardware which would take several years of planning and effort for a team of 500 to pull off.

Saturday morning at the University District was mostly quiet during the fall quarter but football session was here and it had a buzz in the air with excitement and sense the boys were undefeated this year that excitement was flooding into everything and everyone.

The morning light creeps through the white blinds as Tom awakens from his sleep with one arm around Junko's hips in their bed.

"What time did you get to sleep last night Tom?" Junko asks yawning.

"Oh it was about 3:00 AM, I fell into a trance trying to decipher the scroll Allen left me." Tom adds.

"It's all fascinating stuff Junko, some of which I had not run into before in my studies. I mean I could understand most of the glyphs but others are not familiar to me so I will have to consult with a colleague of mine latter today."

The morning light floods the room through a half open tan horizontal blinds of a window at the office of Archeology professor Dr. Ervan A. Galton. Seated in his desk is the charming 62 year old, he is writing notes on a leather bound book, his balding head reflects the ambient tungsten lights from the yellow tinted lamp beside his desk. The 70's style square framed rimmed glasses covering his steal blue eyes following along his Montblanc Starwalker Black Ballpoint Pen that was given to him by the university as a token after 10 years of loyalty. White and grey stubble covering his olive colored face gave him the absolute gaze of a tenured professor. There is knock on the slightly ajar door.

"Yes?" Ervan asked

"It's me Tom"

"Come on in Tom, how I can help you?"

"I wanted to show you an artifact a friend of mine found while hiking in the Sonoran Desert. I was doing some preliminary translations on it and have come across some glyphs I have not seen before and some of my translations are not making sense. I was hoping for a few minutes of your time to see if you can point me in the right direction to find out what these glyphs mean."

Tom proceeds to take the scroll out of the wooden tube and rolls out about 10 inches and show it to Dr. Ervan.

"This is beautiful Tom, one of the most immaculate artifact and glyphs I have ever seen. I don't have time right now to review this with you, but if you leave it with me I can take a look after my meeting with the dean later this morning." Says Ervan

"I want to continue translating it this morning; I will send you a scan of what I have so far." Tom answers.

"Very well, I will take a look later on today." Says Ervan

After the meeting with the dean Dr. Ervan strolls back to his office sits by his laptop and takes a look at the email from Tom with 2 scans containing some intricate design glyphs. The first scan contained a glyph with one large circle and three smaller circles floating in the center, spaced out with thick lines going down each circle to the bottom of the glyph. This one he could understand and Tom had made a note to the side of the scan "This is the representation of our solar system defining the position of earth." But the next few were more complex showing two large circles and 4 smaller circle and many more with even more configuration. "Can these represent other galaxies or planets that have multiple suns and livable planets" he thought. "That's ludicrous" he thought.

The phone vibrates and Tom brings it to his ear.

"This is Tom, yes Dr. Ervan?" Tom answers.

"Tom I got the scan’s you sent me, they are just fantastic, I'm very interested in seeing more and the original scroll again.

I want you show these to a few friends of mine Dr. Andre Peterson an Astrophysicists and Sonja Santos, a brilliant archeologist in Guatemala that specializes in Mayan and Toltec cultures but before you do let's get together at 4PM and get me up to speed on what you have. They should be able to help you in this research." Dr. Ervan says.

"Great Dr. I will get you up to speed later today."

After filling in Dr. Ervan on the scroll details, Dr. Ervan gives Tom two business cards containing the two scholars Dr. Ervan spoke about earlier.

Allen's cell plays a catchy chime on his phone.

"Tom, How you doing?" answers Allen.

"I have an update for you; I translated about 50% of the scroll and have been mesmerized by what I'm finding. There are glyphs I have not come across before that I'm in the process of finding out what those are to complete my translation. From my initial gut instinct they look like star charts formation I have not seen before in all my studies. Maybe they are planets and galaxies far away, some with 2 or three moons and others with two suns. Very strange the ancient Maya and Toltec's did not have telescopes to see into the galaxies as we do today, so its puzzling to see these here in this ancient scroll." Tom adds.

"It sounds intriguing so far Tom, anything else in the scroll? Allen says.

"I don't have a timeline when this were created for you yet. So, this may all be hoax; I have a carbon dating expert analyzing a small sample edge piece that was just about to fall off. My colleague is going over the results as we speak"

"Wait a moment I just received an email form him a moment ago let me check." Tom says.

Tom lowers his phone from his head and scans through his emails with a few gestures of his finger to access his secure email, he finds a carbon dating lab results letter and starts reading it aloud.

"It looks like the Isotopes reading are from the 1300-1600 BC time period" So it's from an older time period than Teotihuacan Empire or Toltec period, looks like we have a genuine artifact, but even older than the accepted Toltec estimated history" Tom adds.

"There are some interesting rituals that were performed by kings and priest that has sparked my interest. One in particular talks about a smoke and blood ritual that was performed to invoke some kind of communication portal with another distant civilization or modern culture. I also translated something about exercises and diet an individual has to follow for a few days before attempting the smoke and blood ritual. I will get a copy of the ritual and exercise translation to you latter on tonight when we meet at Elysian's for a beer." Tom says.

"That sounds great Tom, I can't wait to review it; hey can you also send me a scan of all the glyphs you have. I would like to at least keep a copy of the scroll in that format. I look forward to readying the translations, see you tonight." Allen responds as he hangs up the phone.

The burning alizarin crimson sky danced in the horizon overlooking Guatemala City near the Grand Mercado where roasted corn and chuchitos hinted the air. A woman in her mid to late 20's was sitting on a table waiting for her order of empanadas and carne assada. Her abstract orange, green and black colored blouse covered her 5 foot 1 inch frame of her modern fit body and well proportioned breasts, tight blue jeans and white colored fancy chanclas finished her curvy and attractive dark skin appearance.

Her phone rings.

"Bueno Habla, Sonja Santos." She says

"Ah si, hi Sonja, this is Dr. Tomas Morelia from the Archeology department at the University of Washington."

"Yes Tom, have we met before?" She responds in heavy Spanish accent.

"We may have met briefly in passing when I was studying in Chichen Itza, Mexico but you probably don't remember me, I hardly remember either it's been a long time maybe five years. I was given your name by Dr. Ervan Galton and I remembered your name but I was not sure if we had met before either."

"Yes, I do remember you Tom; you were very well respected even then." Sonja answers.

"I did not know you had become a leading expert in Mayan and Toltec culture." Tom says.

"It's been my passion all my life." Sonja responds.

"I have an authentic carbon dated Toltec looking scroll but dated even further back in time in my position that was discovered last week by a friend of mine that contains instruction for rituals and exercises that supposedly open intergalactic communication portals and gateways have you ever heard of such rituals and exercises in your studies? Tom asks.

"Well, possibly, but the communication was metaphoric. Mostly the rituals were done to speak with ancient dead kings." She answers.

"Well Sonja, I appreciate your time tonight and I'm sorry if I may have bothered you, I would love to have you come to the University of Washington and help me with the translational meaning of this artifact would you be interested in flying over to Seattle for a few days to look at my translations and help make contextual sense of these rituals and exercises?"

"I will have to get back with you tomorrow, I have to check my schedule for this week and see if I can reschedule some meetings." Sonja answered.

"Very well then Sonja, I look forward to your hearing back from you." Tom answered.

A curious click on the phone goes unnoticed by both of them. They were both being tracked by the M1 system in fact every person Tom, Allen, Junko, Dr. Ervan and now Sonja Santos were being strictly monitored and traced including all of their financial & cryptocurrency transactions and trades, internet site visit and email was also been scrutinized.

General Max Freedman was accessing the situation carefully to make sure no mistakes were made by the M1 systems or the agents he was about to put in charge of this case. The M1 one system also employed non obvious relationship artificial intelligence which had provide useful in the apprehension of over 100 Al-Qaeda operatives in the past 10 years.

Back at her apartment Sonja dials an old friend of hers Jacques Villanueva an archaeologist living in Spain, she thought he may have an interest in this artifact that Tom had told her about earlier. She had met Jacques at the university he was an accomplished professor with panachet for politics and free market capitalism. Jacques had ties to heavy corporate interest in the US and Euro region, his olive skin and star quarterback looks made him an easy target for many women including Sonja who as a student did everything she could to try to sleep with him. Jacques also had a seeming humanitarian but mostly commercial interest in several countries but mostly central and South America including Guatemala and Bolivia.

In Bolivia his interest in procuring water rights for the next century for one of his funding partners Fiuki water Corporation of America owned by one of Jacques most generous donors Lewis F. Henderson named one of his company after one of his many Japanese concubines. Another interest of his was obtaining mining and oil drilling rights in Nicaragua, Honduras and Guatemala for his other privileged donors such and Sunny-Day Fruit of Florida, DNO Chemical, Montes Agriculture and CB-Petrol. Jacques was also an avid collector of Mayan and Toltec artifacts.

"Sonja, como estas bonita?"

"I'm doing great Jacques and you?" she says with a sexy smile.

"Oh never better my dearest Sonja, how are you doing?"

"I have been progressing in the jungle research of some interesting artifacts. Some elongated skulls and some very weird smooth round granite and basalt perfectly round very large stones." Sonja says.

"how can I help you?" Jacques says.

"Well, I was talking to a colleague of mine form the University of Washington; he claimed to have come across an ancient scroll that has some incredible glyphs containing a tail of galactic portals and knowledge of rituals and interesting passages." Sonja says.

"I was planning to visit him this week if my schedule allows and take a closer look at the artifact." She adds.

"Hmm Sonja, you have my interest and financial support to make the trip. I look forward to seeing some pictures and I may have in interest in purchasing the artifact after you acquire it." Jacques replays

"I did not plan to acquire it, you would have to make that transaction happen outside of my help Jacques, and I will only provide the authenticity of the artifact."

A moment of quiet ensues over the phone line.

"I will have to contact you on a secure line Sonja, this line is not safe. We will talk some more latter bonita, chao." Jacques replies.

Sitting in a large glass square room overlooking the large screens and people moving around below him at the M1 facility was Donald Munson he had been put in charge by General Max Freedman to oversee this mission. Donald was a consummate black suit agent sporting thick spiky black hair and 6 foot 2 inch fit frame that personified his quick temper and agency lifer attitude. He receive his mercenary training at the school of the Americas in Central America after receiving his BA in criminal law from Texas Tech university and a stint for two tours of duty in Iraq ending 2008.

A young man in black military uniform stops by the generals double glass door and waits with an envelope in his hand.

"Sir an alert come through the M1 system with a higher national security threat level here is the intel." The young man hands Donald the black folder and walks backward through the door, leaving his office.

Donald looks over the document and picks up the phone in the middle of his smooth dark black obsidian desk and calls several people for a quick briefing. A small group assembles in the large glass walled conference room with a big touch screen display taking up the entire back south wall. Four men and one woman are seated around an oversized oak table reading and looking over emails on iPhone L's and physical documents. Donald walks to the head of the table, the glass walls darken, and all eyes focus on him. He puts down his black leather folder on the desk in front of his seat, still standing he looks around the room.

"I have called you in to this meeting to welcome you and brief you on the mission at hand the good General has assigned to us. I will be leading the team, and look forward to working with you." Donald says.

"We have a SEC priority 5 security threat taking place as I speak and we are assigned to track and monitor all email, phone, e-charter, internet, financial transaction and every non obvious relationships interaction or activity of these individuals." Donald adds.

A large dossier profile of Tom Morelia, Sonja Santos, Allen Sainz, and Junko Nakajima cycle through the giant screen. He hands the team a copy of the dossiers of all the individuals' cycling on the screen and proceeds to describe a few points of each.

"The mission is to maintain M1 surveillance on this group and all contacts they associate with, we are also to recover an artifact. The Artifact is a Toltec or Mayan scroll currently at an unknown location we have 4 possible locations, one Washington State University at Dr. Tom Morelia's lab. Two, Allen Saniz residences, three Junk Nakajima Residence and four Dr. Ervan Galton office." Donald continues.

"This man" he points to the large screen at Tom Morelia's profile

"Is leading the research on this artifact; we need all of his translations notes and documents you can find." Donald says.

The screen flips to new profile this time of Allen Saniz.

"Allen Sienz is the lucky guy that found the scroll near the Sonora US Mexican border, we need to get to his parents and apartment and find any other items he may have recovered from the Archeological site." Donald adds.

"As these represent a national level 4 security threat determined by the M1-AI system I want all related items Mr. Sienz found in our possession ASAP! Any questions?"

The room remained silent as Don stood up.

"Let's go people we don't have time to waste!" Donald raises his voice.

The team moves frantically to exit the meeting room and head out about their tasks except for the women in the back, she remained seated.

The room remained dark; a tall beautiful blond haired, steal blue eyed woman in her late 20's remained seated. Athena Sands was an accomplished assassin for the M1 team. The past 3 years she had been working as a double agent asset for the CIA in the Middle East, taking out 5 high profile Al-Qaeda operatives during her short period there, and covertly blowing up several US military staged targets, making her a shooting star at the agency.

"Why did you call me in at this time Don? You don't need my services yet." Athena says.

"I wanted you to have a good look at the dossiers and the team working on this case. You will be needed to clean up some lose ends later on, but for now we want to associate with those ends first. After we are through with them you may then be cleared for the cleanup work. For now keep an eye on Sonja Santos, she is speaking with a high profile political target named Jacques Villanueva." He adds.

"I want you to track her and him down for me. His files are redacted every wear and some are classified beyond my security clearance." Donald said.

"This is why I called you in, I did not include his profile in the dossier, and here is what I could turn up on him."

He hands Athena a black folder, she opens it, and sees a profile of Jacques Villanueva with many items redacted and few if any data relating to who he really is, or his financials even communication were all redacted or missing.

"This should be fun, Don." Athena says.

She walks out the door with the dossier in hand; Donald tries to avoid looking down at her skin tight black slacks as she walks out the door.

"Damn." Don says under his breath.

Tom and Allen were standing in line at a local brewery pub in Capitol Hill district most famous for its great micro brewed beer, they are seated by a waitress and proceed to get comfortable and order some IPA beers.

"I've been reading up on Toltec and Mayan culture and rituals, they sure had an incredible understanding of the cosmos for such an early civilization." Allen said.

"Yes they sure did!" Tom says excitedly.

"They had several calendars in their culture. Their personal calendar the Tzolkin was a 260 day calendar and it had such an important significance that the day you were born also became part of your name and even determined what you were going to do in life. The second calendar was the Tun, which covered a 360 day cycle and was their agriculture calendar that revolved around commerce and the growing seasons." Tom said.

"That's all fascinating to me, how they were able to track such long periods of time over several lifetimes." Allen said.

"The most intriguing calendar to me by far was the BakTun Calendar." Allen adds.

"I have been studying that calendar for most of my life Allen, and I'm just beginning to understand the meaning and significance of the the BakTun calendar. For instance the ceremonial pyramids in Tikal, Chichen Itza and many other sites in Mexico and Guatemala all consisted of 9 levels." Tom said.

"The very first level at the base of the pyramid consisted of 13 equally divide blocks of time 7 days and 6 nights lasting 16.4 billion years of our earth years if you divide 13 by 16.4 million it gives you a timeline of 1.25 billion year cycles and the consciousness intent mode was Action-Reaction. The next layer of the pyramid started 820 million years ago creating time cycle for each if of the 13 section lasting 83.4 million and the consciousness intent mode was mammalian. The current consciousness in out time"

"One particular ritual I'm very intrigued by is the communication ritual." Tom said.

"Can we try out any of these rituals for ourselves to see what happens?" Allen asks.

"I don't see why not. I had never thought about trying these rituals out in real life before, they were usually done by high priest. But if we want to try one out I don't see any harm in that. I would like to try the communication ritual I just mentioned; here is the translation of exercises and steps for the ritual. We can try the ritual out tonight over at my place after dinner." Tom said.

"That would be fantastic!" Allen said.

"I have also spoken with a colleague of mine form the University of San Carlos in Guatemala. Her name is Sonja Santos. I invited her to join me at the U's lab and help with the ritual documentation. She is an expert in Mayan and Toltec rituals and culture. I'm hoping to here from here tomorrow hopefully she can make a trip over here, she may help me work out the translational meanings." Tom said.

"That sound good to me Tom, any help we can get is welcome by me." Allen responds.

That evening Tom and Allen drive over to Tom's home in North Seattle. Junko is up doing research on her dissertation work and welcomes both of the men into their home.

"Hi, Allen, what are you guys up too?" She asks.

"We wanted to try out a ritual in one of the translation that peaked our interest." Tom says.

"Sounds fun, can I watch? She asks.

"Sure why not." Allen replies.

Allen and Tom head downstairs to a living room with a large double screen door. They head out the screen door towards Toms open fire barbecue pit. They set up some chairs and prepare the area for the ritual. They had stopped by a 24 hour Hookah shop on the way home to purchase a few things for the ritual mainly dried sage and some matches.

"It says here in the translation we need to be facing west towards the setting sun, and that the sage needs to be blessed by a high priest." Allen reads.

"Well we will just give it a try, maybe Junko can bless this sage, she is a high priestess in here church." Tom replies.

"Sure Tom, but I don't think that is what was meant by High Priest in these translations." She says smiling.

Tom lights the sage over the open fire pit and Tom prepares to read the ritual words in ancient Cholan Mayan language as Allen and Junko watch. The smoke starts to rise in beautiful plums of white smoke as Tom proceeds to read out the ancient words. They all watched the smoke pithier and dance upward into the sky.

"The last part of the ritual remains, a little blood" Tom says.

"The ancients used to prick their pennies, but I think any finger will do." He adds.

Tom proceeds to prick his finger and holds it over the smoke as the blood starts to drip into the pit. The color of the smoke starts to change and a slight red glow ensues as Tom says a few last words in Cholan. The three sit back motionless and quiet for a moment as the watch the colored smoke. The wait patiently for few minutes and nothing happens; suddenly Allen perceives a faintly humanoid figure with arms reaching out towards him in an instant it fades away as fast as it appeared.

"Did you guys see that?" Allen asks.

Tom and Junk both respond with inquiring expression.

"No, I did not see anything." Tom responds.

"I didn't see anything either." Junk adds.

"Well, I saw something in the smoke, something like a human figure reaching out towards me with his arms. Almost like a welcome." Allen says.

"Maybe it was your imagination." Junko remarks.

"Maybe, but it seemed real form my angle and perspective." Allen says.

"Maybe it was the wind, Allen." Tom says.

Tom adds "We had enough fun for one night; let's try this little experiment again tomorrow." Tom says

"Yes it getting late tonight." Allen said.

Allen grabs his coat and proceeds to walk back through the house towards his car.

"Have a good evening guys, see you soon." Allen says.

Tom and Junko are left alone in the patio with the smoke starting to end its smolder.

"I think I saw something too Junko, but not sure what it was. I thought it was the wind or just random chose organizing for a few seconds forming a familiar shape." Tom says.

"Hmm, I did not see anything Tom." Junko reiterates.

"How interesting, maybe it did the ritual wrong." Tom said.

"Well you have to remember Tom, these rituals have not been chanted or practiced in centuries and the instructions have gone through translations. And some things may have been reversed or they were just that, rituals performed by preset to communicate with their dead ancestor's metaphorically." Junko says.

"You probably right Junko; it's silly to think we could get these ancient ritual translations to work. We are probably missing items, ritual objects or even pre-ritual practices or steps are missing." Tom says.

An M1 agent was hiding from view in a vacationing neighbor's home, watching voyeuristically as the group performed the ritual actions and digitally recording what he was observing.

The phone rings near Toms' bed.

"This is Tom." He answers.

"Hi Tom this is Sonja, I have decided to make the trip to Seattle to review and help on the Scroll translations" She says.

"Sonja, that's great news, you will be a big help for me to make sense of all these new symbols and rituals." He adds.

"Allen and I tried to perform ritual last night and nothing happened, although Allen says he saw something but Junko and I did not see anything. We were thinking of trying another ritual test again tonight with a few changes." Tom says

"OK Tom." She says laughing a bit.

Her face looked quizzically as she hangs up the phone.

"What are they thinking testing an ancient rituals, those are not games to play with, are they nuts." She resigns.

Chapter 3

Scroll Robbery

"The truth may be puzzling. It may take some work to grapple with. It may be counterintuitive. It may contradict deeply held prejudices. It may not be consonant with what we desperately want to be true. But our preferences do not determine what's true". - Carl Sagan

Tom and Allen meet again that evening with the same results Tom sees nothing in the white smoke and blood ritual, and again Allen sees a faint humanoids with arms reaching out for him in the smoke.

"I think we're done Allen, I don't see any results from continuing with this ritual test, we may not be doing something right or we may be missing steps." Tom says.

"I think your right about the ritual Tom we may be missing some steps somewhere but we should continue, I do see something in the smoke but it is only for a few faint seconds and then nothing. There must be something we are not doing right. Next time can you sit behind me to see from my angle?" Allen replies.

"Ok Allen, I have a Toltec and Mayan rituals expert coming in a few days, let's see if she can help us with these rituals." Tom says.

"Sound great Tom, I look forward to meeting her and discuss these rituals." Allen responds.

Tom drives into work the next day, he sees some University Police walking around his building and some crime scene tape wrapped around the entrance of the building and Dr. Galton walking around talking with a few University Police men.

"What's going on here Dr. Galton" Tom asks.

"It looks like your office and work area was broken into last night. We have no witness at this time." Dr. Galton says.

"What!" Tom says rising his voice.

Tom storms through the Police tape and heads towards his work area, he finds a mess of broken artifact on the ground and his office strewn with papers and folders on the floor.

"Was anything taken? Dr. Galton asks.

"Damn it, I don't know!" Allen yells.

He hurriedly looks around his office.

"Yes, they took my workstation, and shit! shit! They also took all my current research on the scroll as well as the scroll itself." Tom says, breathing faster now and looking worried.

I don't see anything else missing so far Dr. Galton but it a may take a few days

to take inventory of all the current artifacts we were working on." Tom adds.

"Let's inform the authorities at this time." Dr. Galton says.

"Yes." Tom agrees.

Tom sits in his green high back chair looking at an empty slot where his workstation used to reside and puts his hands to his face and both elbows touch the table.

"Who would do such a thing?" Tom says to himself a grieving moment.

Hi picks up his cell phone scroll through the numbers and calls Junko.

"Hi Tom what's going on you sound different."

"My office and work area was broken into last night. They took all my current research and to top it off they also took the beautiful scroll as well." Tom says sounding defeated.

"Oh no! Tom I'm so sorry, I'll be right over." Junko says.

Junk make the brisk walk down the walkway from her class a few blocks from Tom's building, she reach Tom and hugs him.

"Is there anything I can do Tom?" She asks.

"Not much at the moment Junko, but I may need some help later on to take inventory of the artifacts, thanks for coming over so quickly, this morning has been a shocking and stressful. I should call Allen to let him know the bad news about his scroll." Tom Says.

"What's going on Tom" Allen says answering his phone.

"Sorry Allen but the scroll and all my translations are gone. Someone broke into my office last night and took everything, what's going on Allen; I don't know why someone would do this? Tom says sounding upset.

"No fucking way!" Allen responds surprisingly.

Two M1 agents were standing outside Donald Munson's office.

"We just intercepted a message from the University Police that Dr. Thomas Morelia's office was hit last night." Says one of the agents as he walks in through the open glass door.

"Was it one of our assets?" Donald asks.

"No!" Responds the Antwon Gates a tall African American male in his early 30's with a shaved head and athletic build. Antwan was Donald's go to point man on this mission, they had met during Donald's second tour of duty in Iraq.

"Fill me in Antwan, what's going on?" Asks Donald

"It looks like someone else is in play, some else wants the artifacts as much as we do." Antwan says.

"Who is it?" Donald asks.

"I don't know, were looking into at as we speak." Antwan replies

"This is going to look ugly to the General, as soon as you get word let me know." Donald says.

"We are reviewing the University camera feeds and following some leads." Antwan replies.

"Thanks Antwan, that's all for now" Donald says.

"Yes sir." Antwan walks out of the office hurriedly.

Allen is sitting at his home office reviewing his emails through his laptop and sees an email with a large attachment from Tom. He opens the message and finds it contains a lot of Tom's translations from the scroll.

He picks up his phone to call Tom.

"Tom I have to some good news, I have an email that contains most of your current translation of the scrolls you must have sent this yesterday, and it looks pretty complete to me." Allen says.

"I also have the thumb drive you gave me the other night after dinner containing all the scanned images of the scroll."

Allen adds.

"Oh snap that's right." Tom replies

"I did send you a copy of the translation. I also remembered later this morning that I have a backup copy of all my research on a network backup storage network drive in Dr. Galton's office. So all me research is safe now and being restored on a new workstation but that beautiful scroll artifact is still missing." Tom says

"No worries Tom, hopefully you can still finish your translation of the scroll. With any luck it will turn up some ware, the authorities will have news for us soon." Allen says.

"I suppose your right Allen" He responds.

"Didn't you also mention to me yesterday that Sonja Santos is on her way here from Guatemala, the rituals and culture expert?" Allen asks.

"Yes, she is arriving tomorrow; she will be so disappointed the scroll is gone now." Tom answers.

"Well I still look forward to meeting her Tom." Allen says.

"OK Allen, I will arrange that, maybe we can have dinner, the four of us tomorrow after her arrival she should be hungry, and airplane food sucks." Tom says.

"I should be over my depression of this damn day by then." He adds.

"Very well Tom, let me know where you want to meet for dinner tomorrow. And I hope you feel better about this whole day soon." Allen says while saying his goodbye and hanging up his cell phone.

In a low lite parking lot, the damp smell of the wet wood and rubber filled the nose of a tall well dressed man wearing a black overcoat. A hooded figure approaches the man wearing the overcoat.

"Did you bring the scroll?" A raspy deep British accented voice breaks the silence.

"Yes! Yes!" The hooded man responds.

"Show me the coins!" He continues.

The man slides the silver briefcase and proceeds to unlock and clicks open the briefcase with his right thumb in one move. The case displays shiny gold plated USB stick.

"Satisfied?" the raspy voice asks.

"All in Bitcoins as agreed!" The hooded man asks.

"Of course" The man in the overcoat replies while un-cuffing the briefcase from his wrist closing and offering it to the hooded man.

They slowly make the exchange and start walking away from each other. Both men notice a fast approaching car with two beams of light spotting them. The men scatter in different directions. The black escalade SUV follows the hooded man with the shiny silver suit case towards a narrow alleyway. Two M1 agents step out of the truck and proceed to chase the hooded man on foot. A lime green Japanese tuner car screeches to a halt in front of the hooded man at the end of the alley.

"Get in!" The driver yells.

The hooded man jumps into the car as they speed away. The black SUV swerves into the green car's front end stopping the car momentarily. Two more agents step out of the SUV with automatic sub machine guns drawn.

"Stop, DHS agents get the hell out of the fucking car!" Yells Antwan Gates

The two men stick their guns out of the window and start shooting. Bullets whiz by above agent Gates head, as he drops behind the bullet proof doors. He squeezes the trigger of his automatic weapon while holding it over the door, the gun responding with rapid fire on the front of the hood as bullets rick-ashy on the metal and front windshield crackles with bullet shots as the car start pulling away in reverse at a fast speed two bullets hit the chest and arm of hooded man.

"Punch it!" The hooded man yells at the driver. The car spins around and speeds away.

"Damn it Jones!" Antwan yells.

"We need them alive to interrogate them. Shit!" Antwan adds.

Antwan calls in to M1 Central.

"Need sky eye tracking support at these coordinates. He presses the send a signal on his phone with the GPS coordinates to M1 Central. Back at the M1 Central facility, Donald watches the scene unfold on a large screen in front of him while inside the war room, through the cameras on the vehicles.

"Very well Antwan, the sky eye resource is coming online."

A pleasant military voice comes over the air waves.

"The Sky eye is coming online in 10 seconds. Approved by Charlie- Echo-Tango- 3 clearance Hawking -Alpha -5 requested by Commander Donald Munson three, two, one. Sky eye is online."

Antwan receives a feed directly to his 4 inch screen android phone of a satellite real time image of their location as the speeding green car is leaving the parking lot.

"Let's go!" Antwan yells.

The chase take the agents along hilly roads of downtown Seattle Capitol Hill District, few cars are on the road at this late hour.

The agents speed through reds lights up Pike Street to head off the green car speeding up James Street towards Broadway Ave. Inside the green car the hooded man holding the silver briefcase starts to fade in and out of consciousness. Near death he makes one final request to the driver.

"Please take care of Sondra; she is everything I have left." He says in low whispering voice with his last breath.

The SUV rams the green car with a loud crash of metal. The smell of burning rubber and gas lingers in the air. Antwan shoots out a tire of the green car as it spins and come to a screeching halt. The SUV stops right behind the car. Antwan steps out with his weapon set to full auto. This time the driver puts up both hands as the dead passenger slumps over and face hits the window. Antwan opens the trunk of the SUV to retrieve some handcuffs and grabs a black jacket with white bold lettering of DHS on the back he puts on.

There were other black jackets in the trunk floor of the SUV some had FBI, CIA, NSA, Police and ATF, just about any agency that had to do with intelligence or national security in there.

"Working as an M1 agent did have some advantages" He thought to himself.

He handcuffs the driver without incident.

"She does not have any identification on her Sir!" Says one of the agents

"We'll find out who she is soon enough." Says Antwan

At the baggage claim area in the SeaTac airport Tom is eyeing his phone as he waits for a message from "Dr. Sonja Santos". He looks at his watch to check the time.

"She must be running late." He says to himself.

A beautiful latin women walks towards him about five foot tall with black bell bottom slacks and a colorful green and red flower pattern blouse with brown wavy hair and dark designer sunglass. A tall blond women walks in front of Sonja bumping into her seemingly accidently, secretively she places a micro tracker and microphone on the Sonja's purse. Sonja and the women say their pardons and no one thinks anything of it.

"Tom is that you?" She says with a smile.

"Yes, welcome Sonja it's good to finally meet you person to person." Tom says.

"I have a car waiting for us, follow me." He tells Sonja.

A Tesla X SUV is parked on the passenger load area curb, Junko is in the driver seat.

"Welcome Sonja, my name is Junko Nakajima, I'm Toms finance." Junko introduces herself to her as Tom loads the luggage in the trunk of the Tesla.

"It's good to meet you Junko." Sonja responds.

"How was your flight?" Junko asks.

"My flight was good, thank you." Sonja says.

Tom gets into the Tesla SUV and the three head out of the SeaTac terminal and drive north to Seattle.

"Are you hungry Junko?" Tom asks.

"Yes Tom very, thanks." Sonja replies.

"I have a reservation at the Naked City Grill in north Seattle. I also invited Allen Sainz to meet us there; he wanted to meet you, and is also the luck guy that found the scroll." Tom says.

The three arrive at the restaurant in Greenwood, Allen is waiting at the entrance lounge. The group walks into the entrance of the restaurant Allen greats Junko and Tom and waits to be introduced to Sonja.

"Sonja Santo this is my good friend Allen Sainz" Tom says introducing them.

The group is seated almost immediately by a hostess, thanks to Allen's early arrival.

Allen asks Sonja as everyone sits around the table "How was your flight?"

"It was fine and very quiet thanks to this noise canceling micro headphones I go as a gift from a friend of mine, thank you." She responds

"I had a change to read a couple of your published papers in the a few archaeological journals on Mayan and Toltec rituals Sonja, I have to admit you have some fascination points of view on your theory of way the Maya suddenly despaired." Allen says.

"Thanks Allen." She says.

"Well we are all here now and I would like to formally welcome you to Seattle and the University of Washington Sonja I'm so glad you could make it in such short notice." Tom Says.

"I do have a bit of bad news to tell you about first though. My office and work area were broken into yesterday and all my research on the scroll translations was taken including the scroll." Tom says.

"Sorry to hear that news, I guess it changes things now." Sonja adds.

"Only slightly" Allen says

"Prudently I backup all my research off site in Dr. Galton's network storage servers, so we can recover all my research and I have made hi resolution copies of the scroll. So we should be able to progress on the translations and identification of all the new glyphs." Tom said.

"I guess we should still be able to translate and classify all the unknown glyphs in the scroll. Although I would have loved to see it to make sure it was authentic Mayan or Toltec." Sonja says

"Yes, I was hoping you would say that Sonja, I think we can still make progress, the scroll will turn up at some point hopefully." Tom says

"One particular translation talks about a blood ritual that opens a communication portal or gateway to somewhere far or some other plane." Allen says.

"Allen believes he is seeing something in the smoke, a figure or something." Junko says.

"But Tom and I have not seen anything in the white smoke yet." Junko adds

"I have seen something in there, but it only last a few seconds and then it gone." Allen says.

"What do make of this Sonja?" Tom asks

"Well from my research the rituals and ceremonies were done to worship the sun goods and other stars and as a metaphysical rite of passage for priest and kings to communicate with their dead ancestors." Sonja says.

"Maybe we are missing a step or doing it wrong can you help us determine the correct ritualistic process Sonja?" Asks Allen

"I will have to review the translation and original glyphs to determine the correct pre-ritual and ritual steps along with the materials like diets, and a few other details."

"We'll worry about all that shop talk stuff tomorrow tonight let's eat and drink and be merry."

"Yes I'm Starving." Sonja says.

They receive their food and eat and make small talk conversation Allen can't help keep glancing over at Sonja her beauty surprised and shocked him, it sent currents of electricity through his body as he shook her hand early when they met his mind was still holding on to that moment. His eyes would occasionally get caught looking at her as the chatted and eat. With every passing second his interest in her grew as she talked about her childhood struggles and current work in Tikal, Allen remained mesmerized by her. Tom adds that they had meet in passing while he was a visiting instructor in Chichen Itza Mexico a few years ago, Sonja agreed but remembered that the we were not properly introduced because he had quite a large following of people around him at the time she add.

Allen get caught secretly glancing at Sonja several times when others are speaking, She notices his interests.

Sonja starts to play along with Allen pretending she has an interest in his gaze. Of course thinking to herself the he had no chance in hell at all with her, her interest and passion was her work not men. Not at this time.

Allen asks "How long will you be here Sonja?"

"Oh, I have a week scheduled, and then I must return to me research at the University in Guatemala, back to my normal schedule." Sonja says.

"Well we better get to work then." Tom said.

The group finishes dinner and Allen offers to Drive Sonja to her Hotel. She quickly denies his offer sitting Jetlag and tiredness.

"OK tomorrow we'll get started." Allen said.

An M1 agent is seated close to the group at the restaurant recording the entire conversation with a Hi Definition high tech pen with video and sound recorder. She just sits there enjoying her dinner and wine. Athena Sands cursorily watch the group exit the restaurant.

Athena follows Allen home after their dinner. She waits patiently outside his condo until Allen is asleep. She climbs over the security gate and use a lock picking device to break-in to his condo in seconds. She walks slowly around the quiet home and sees only a small rock on top of some a few dollars on the main kitchen counter. On the living room floor she sees a backpack with a few printed out scroll images.

"That's what I'm after, thank you Mr. Sainz." She thinks to herself.

She slowly shoulders the back pack and heads out with her find, and quietly leaves the condo as she came in without a sound.

The dark damp air fills the lungs of a man with a black overcoat walking briskly through a large open airplane hangar towards a waiting private jet. The man climbs the entrance ladder of Gulfstream G550. The co-pilot closes the door; inside the private jet a man sits waiting patiently with a cubed glass of amber colored liquor in his hand.

"Mr. V, are you satisfied with the artifact?" a British sounding voice comes from the man that just stepped into the plan as he asks the seated man.

"Yes, very much so." Mr. V responds with Spanish accent.

The following day Allen calls Tom.

"Morning Tom, do you have Sonja's room number?" Allen asks.

"Yes, Allen I'll get if for you, she is arriving here at the lab any minute now to go over the translations, why don't you take the day off and join us?" Tom ask.

"I wish I could, but I have a big meeting today with the suits, although I did want to get together with you and Sonja this evening after dinner to go over the ritual, see if and where we can improve it." Allen said.

"Maybe she can point out some pre-ritual technique or give us some pointers." He continues.

"Ok Allen, I will talk with her when she arrives, here is her number 206-555-1212." Tom said.

"Thanks Tom, I'll see you then." Allen says while hanging up.

At the M1 Facility, Donald calls his team in. "Where we at people, anybody have a status?" No one responds.

"What the hell are we doing people, any-fucking-body doing their job?" Donald yells.

"It's been 3 days, and I do not see the scroll or anything in my position!" He adds.

Athena Sands strolls in on time although she seems late to everyone else because they were all there early and getting an ear full from Donald. She places the backpack in the table, unzips it open and pulls out two printed high resolution images of the scroll and a USB data drive. Donald looks over the content and gives Athena a look of approval.

"Someone is doing their fucking job!" Donald said.

"Thompson, get the data pulled up on the screen from the data drive." Donald commands.

Thompson, a tall athletic M1 agent grabs the USB drive and plugs it into his slate touch tablet. He connects the slate device to the projection screen remotely through the wifi wireless applet. On screen appears several file folders organized by scroll plate ID and inside each folder were the thumbnail files listed by image scanned name and a word document with the same name. He opens an image and a document with the same name. Everyone around the table sees the contents of the document, one large scroll image and a English translation of that particular scan.

"Fantastic work Athena!" Donald says with a half twisted smile.

"O'Brian, get us a Mayan translation and culture expert."

"Yes sir." He responds.

"Why is this so hot? Asks Athena

"Good question Athena as far as I know this is a high priority security threat due to something about long distance communication technology and it's on need to know bases only. The general is the only the one with all the details as far as I can tell, I will try to get more details from him." Donald said.

Chapter 4

First Contact

"To give up the study of philosophy on account of the difficulties in my way was weak and unworthy of my soul. I decided, therefore, that weariness in study was to be overcome by industry; poverty by patience, since there was no other way; in default of a Master I must use astronomical books."

* Jeremiah Horrocks

Sonja arrives at the Washington State University archaeology department. She and Tom start working on the translation and Tom shows her a fresh set of high resolution printed scans from the scroll and they both start working on.

"Tom these glyphs are very different from the organic carvings on the rocks and buildings I'm used to working with, they are much more symmetrical and neatly organized almost printed. They did not have printing press back then, how did they draw these very intricate designs" Sonja asks.

"Yah, I had the same feeling as well, but the carbon dating proves we are working with a genuine artifact and not only is the hide very old but the paint and everything else about it is ancient including the wood case." Tom adds.

"I'm just startled to see these intricate glyphic I have never seen before Tom." Sonja adds.

"Take a look at this glyph." Tom shows her a few of the solar system glyphs.

She notices the familiar solar system glyphs of a larger circle and three smaller circles in the glyph with a line extending to the top of the glyph holding the suspended circles. Then Tom shows her a few glyphs containing different layouts of solar systems glyphs some with two larger circles and 4 small circles orbiting around. Another one with one large circle and two medium circles with up to 3 smaller circles orbiting one of the medium circles, Tom continues to pull more glyphs from the scans with even more galict formations and combinations.

"These are fascinating Tom, what do you think they mean?" She asks Tom.

That's where I'm stuck; I was hoping you might be able to help me on those." Tom says.

"Common Tom, you know I'm a rituals and toltec and Mayan culture expert not a galactic glyphs expert." Sonja said.

"Yes, I know I have asked our astrophysics professor to take a look at these glyphs see if he can place them in our galaxy system or check them against our current knowledge of the other solar systems." Tom adds.

"Few, that sound like a much better plan." She said.

They continue working on the rituals meaning and translations into the afternoon. Allen gets home after work and looks around his living room for the backpack that contained his scanned scroll images and the data drive containing the translations. He looks frantically throughout the entire condo, no backpack is found. He walks back out to his car and checks everywhere in the car, garage and back in his room and finds nothing.

"Damn! What's going on here?" He thinks to himself.

"I know I had put the backpack in the living room, where the hell is it?" He says to himself under his breath and gesturing with his hands upward.

He calls Tom and tells him about his loss and hears Sonja request something over their conversation.

"Allen, please bring the objects you had mentioned during dinner, the stones and the crystal." Sonja says faintly over Tom voice.

"Did you get that Allen?" Tom says

"Yah I did, luckily I started using the black stones as a paper weight for my bills and pocketed the crystal for good luck, or else they would have been lost with that backpack I lost or was stolen."

The group was gathered around the open fire pit in the backyard of Tom's home, Sonja had asked Allen to bring the black stones with him and the crystal he had found. She had also corrected some important pre-ritual steps that Tom had missed.

An M1 agent is recording the group and radios to M1 HQ that his has theme in sight and starts to stream the video to the M1 facility for Donald to review.

Tom starts the ritual by lighting the dried sage, and proceeds his incantatory ritual with the corrected text and hands each one in the group a black stone after passing them through the white wispy smoke. After a few seconds all of them see a humanoid figure forming in the white smoke, the groups set back a bit not knowing what to do next, the humanoid figure gesture with his hand with a welcoming sign of open arms.

They are all startled at the almost holographic humanoid figure and Tom looks over to Sonja.

"What next?" he asks.

"Let me see if we can ask him a question." Sonja says.

"What is your name?" She asks in both English and Spanish.

"Dornac Mec Voche Torglac Frapmean." Answers the humanoid smoky figure in a very faint distant ethereal voice.

"What the hell language is that?" Ask Allen.

"It sounds like an ancient Chultic language, maybe a dialect similar to the early Mayan languages. Let me try a question in one of those dialects."

"What is your name?" Tom ask in a Chultic dialect,

"My name is Torgloc Frapmean?" Torgloc answers in Chultic.

"That is an ancient language we have not spoken in a long time, but we do continue to teach it in the advanced academics for cataloging new animal, plant species and star systems." Torgloc says.

"Who are you?" Torgloc ask in Chultic.

Tom looks at the group and translates the question to the group.

"Guys, we can communicate; he wants to know who we are?" He relays to the group.

"Dios mio this is incredible!" Sonja adds

"Yes, un-fucking believable Tom, ask him where he's from." Allen says excitedly.

"Torgloc, we are Americans from the United States of America, where are you from?" Tom responds and asks at the same time.

"I'm Torgloc son of Dronac from the star system Protos we are the fourth planet in the system called Tamisno. America, what star system is that in?"

"Planet Earth, we are from planet Earth our stars is called..." Tom says.

"What the hell is our star called?" Tom looks around the group

.

"I don't know?" Answers Sonja.

"We are in the Milky Way Galaxy or Via Lactea in a Local Group part of the Virgo Supercluster our sun is referred to Rah,

Sol and many other names but we do not have an official name for our star or solar system yet, just solar system." Tom says.

"I have your coordinates now." Torgloc answers.

"The stones in your hands, they are not from your earth they are from our planet, they contain technology that is of our making."

The group suddenly starts to visualize the stones slowly melting to the form of their hand and then starts consuming their arm and torso, several in the group begin to panic.

"What's going on!" Yells Junko

"Do not be alarmed, you are experiencing the communication stones. The stones will envelop you in a cocoon like environment to transport you conscious perception here to my world." Says Torgloc

"You are not traveling here just your perception is." He adds

The M1 agent recording the gathering notices the people in the group panic and asks Donald.

"Are you guys watching this?"

"Yes keep recording I want all a details." Donald says.

Form his perspective the group he is recording are watching the smoke intensely but the recording device does not display or record anything else beside the group interacting with the smoke, making gestures and speaking towards the smoke.

"Ok will do Sir." The agent says.

The 4 holding the communications stones experience a flash of tunneling multicolored light through their eyes and suddenly perceive themselves sitting in floating soft black leather like reclined personal couches. They see Torgloc in the center of the low light herbal scented round room. A perpetual fire pit with white smoke is rising at the main center of the room behind Torgloc.

"Welcome to Calisan Tamisno." Torgloc says.

"What is this place?" Ask Allen.

"This is my home in Cali." He says

"How did you know who we where or how did we find each other?" Ask Tom

"I did not know who you where, I am a cosmic listener. Well that is one of my rolls in our society. I also catalogue the stars as well as cultures in them, so I would call myself an Archeologist-Astronomer I suppose. One of my tasks is to listen to the galactic noise and chime in to anomalies of ancient and or new civilizations that have figured out our instruction to contact us or they have advanced themselves enough to contact us. We left instruction throughout the universe including your planet earth in DNA and in other forms of teachings in early civilization, so when ready one day contact us." Torgloc says

"How can you communicate with us now?" Ask Tom.

"The communication stones take care of that process in your perception. Only your perception has traveled here, not your physical being." Torgloc answers.

"Wow Tom, this is stunning what does this mean for us." Ask Allen.

"Well that depends, we will begin the knowledge transfer process as soon as possible to get you oriented in our culture and then take it one day at time. The Universe is a big place and our understanding of it grows at a furious pace, not all civilizations are good in nature though. We have the Suktonics instance, they are a very advanced civilization but extremely opportunistic they will pass right by your planet, not bothering you at all and head right for your star. Once there they star the will siphon all your sun's energy for their use, if they deem you worth the will then try to sell it back to you for profit or point the concentrated beam right at your planet. Luckily they do not possess faster than light travel technology and are many million light years away from you." Torgloc answers

"How does the knowledge transfer work?" Ask Sonja.

"I will be providing you with a Knowledge box after we end our communication today, the device will teach you about our universe and planets, as well as learn about you and your world"

An obsidian box six and a half inches cubed appears in front of them floating and rotating in the air. Torgloc proceed to demonstrate how to use it to the group. He holds the black box in both hands and makes a circle gesture with his finger and a taps in the center of the circle. The black device starts to glow a bluish green light from the ends for a few seconds and suddenly a large concave see through screen two feet wide appears to wrap around Torglock's body. He gestures with his hands and a 3D life like map of the universe comes into his view, he zooms into one part a cluster of Galaxies, and a green dot starts to blink.

"This is my world Tamisno, in the Protos system." Torgloc says.

He pans to the left with a gesture and zooms out with a voice command towards another spiral galaxy and blue blinking dot appears on a planet.

"This is your galaxy the Way of the Milky way galaxy you say and your planet is here. We call you galaxy ek'haah -13 it was the 13th True Star system we found in you Galaxy with the probability to sustain life also because of the placement of your planet, moon and Star are all mathematical inclined to support life." Torgloc says while pointing to the blinking dot.

"This is fantastic we can navigate virtually through the known and unknown universe at will through this device can't wait to try it out." Says Allen

He shows them one more thing about the knowledge box. He places what looks like a thick book under the black box in an instant the knowledge box displays a copy of it on the screen and Torgloc flick through a few pages of the book on the screens in front of him.

"That is how you teach it, this knowledge box can learn about you and your world as well as teach you about our galaxies and our know planets which now numbers in the billions of known H Plants or habitable worlds with various stages of intelligent development in this galaxy cluster alone." He says

"More knowledge is forthcoming that is enough for today when your consciousness arrives back at your body you may experience some disorientation, until then."

The four of them find themselves back in Tom's patio, looking at each other quizzically. A shiny black box is on top of the small fire pit.

"That was amazing." Tom says

"What are we going to do with this knowledge box guys?" Ask Junko.

"Let's muse it over, I think more applications can be found for this device that I can currently process in my brain." Tom says.

"I agree with Tom, we need to take our time to decide what to we do next and not let this knowledge box out of our site."

Allen says.

"I would like to take first crack at it." Tom says

"Yes, excellent idea Tom." Adds Sonja

"We will meet back up tomorrow and discuss my first day with the knowledge box and plan another communication ritual." Says Tom

The agent recorded the entire session with the group and plays back what seem like four crazy people, gesturing and talking to the white smoke.

"These people are nuts." He thinks to himself.

"Good work Johnson." He hears Donald Munson says over the radio.

The soft ambient light bounces around the La Seu Cathedral in Barcelona Spain Jacques Villanueva is seated in a pew looking at few images of a petro glyph scroll. A main in a tan golf v-neck sweater, olive skin and dark brown wavy hair is seated crossed legged shaking his expensive black Italian shoes in a nervous tick.

"These are amazing Carlos, I can't wait to see the real thing." Jacques says

"You'll have to get in time; the scroll has been stolen from my last conversation with our contact in states. The police and other people are interested in this scroll as well." Carlos says.

"Why is this scroll so intriguing Jacques?" Carlos asks

"I'm not sure, but I have to get my hands on it and find out soon."

"Find it, I'll pay any amount they want for it, I want it now!" Jacques says

At a secluded private airfield, blinking terminal landing lights fire of sequentially for an incoming Gulfstream G550 descending for a landing. Inside the cockpit of the jet the captain radios to Mr. V and his guest to secure for landing.

A black 1937 Rolls Royce Phantom is waiting near the taxied Jet as the two men descend the ladder. Two tall fit men in black suites wait beside the Phantom one holding the door ajar.

"Welcome home Mr. V your car is ready." One of the men says in a Germen.

Mr. V and the gentleman accompanying him get into the car and it drives off into the night air.

Chapter 5

Knowledge in Transit

"Now there is one outstandingly important fact regarding Spaceship Earth, and that is that no instruction book came with it." - Carl Jung

The early morning Dana's cremation light just started pering though the darkened sky, a slight diffuse glow broke through the bedroom window. Tom awoke earlier than usual, his mind was flooded with ideas and he just couldn't sleep, he gets up and walks over to his office den. The black obsidian box was sitting on top of Tom's desk, he was eager to start using it. He picked it up and made the circle gesture and touched on the right side of the knowledge box. Nothing happened, he then tried the left side of the box, the sides started to glow with a blue neon light and suddenly he is faced with a wrap around see through 3d screen right in front of his reach, with objects and planetary charts, he makes a gesture to zoom in on a scroll icon. The screen moves in on the scroll, it unrolls in place; he zooms in further to examine it. He cannot read the document it's in some alien language maybe Chultic he thinks, he then look for some way to change the language settings but can't find anything.

He zooms out and looks around at a start chart, he zooms into a Galaxy that has a label of ek'haah-7. On that star system he notices it's a star much larger than our own sun, he zooms in on a planet that has a slow blinking blue dot.

"It has a moon on it and large oceans, looks like earth." he thinks to himself, so he zooms closer but does not recognize any land formation; he realizes it's not earth.

"What planet is this?" He thinks to himself.

Tom was fascinated by the knowledge box, he decides to put a book underneath it and the box instantly scans it and adds a scroll icon to the 3d screen in front of him.

Everything on the 3d rape around see through screen converts to English.

"Fantastic, that's how we set the language" He says to himself

Tom zoom out of the document he was on and now can navigate through the systems with gestures and understand what he is accessing. He finds a introduction scroll icon and clicks on it then proceeds to read how to use the device completely. He learns you can place any object underneath it and it will catalog it classify it the display known classification and even display its genome and nucleus sequence.

Tom decides to place his lap top underneath the obsidian box. It starts glowing a greenish tint as it scans the laptop and pops up a scroll icon on the screen but this one is different. It contains another icon surrounding it with a small glowing blue dot orbiting around the circle in a continuous loop.

He clicks on the icon; the 3d screen zooms into the scroll icon. This time it shows a few more icons, including a new one, a small black 3d box appears with his name on it Tom Morelia he clicks on it and he sees a 3d model of his laptops architecture, maps of his mother board, all the data contained in his laptop appear as more scroll icons next to the 3D images of his laptop. He notices a special scroll icon with the glowing blue dot orbiting around the circle as it continues to load something; he clicks on it out of curiosity, a spiral array of lines start forming around the main scroll icon interconnecting more scrolls icons around it a circular fan shape.

Tom is intrigued on how this device is scanning the world around it, cataloging and classifying the global networks and data warehouses on the internet. He suddenly realizes it's moving along the internet with impunity and sees scroll icons appear with words like top secret, classified for your eyes only Mr. President and other sensitive document pertaining to corporate juggernauts CEOs. He pulls the laptop from underneath the learning box, the orbiting icon stops and he sees the screen move out on its own to another area of the learning box. It displays a scroll title "Oltimayra Knowledge" and another Icon with the title of "Power and the Sonas".

He quickly shuts down in Laptop and starts to head out the door with the knowledge box in hand.

In a large dimly lit round spacious chamber walls decorated with carvings of ancient battles, statutes of great men and alien creatures with tentacle hair and bio luminescent indoor plants adorned the council hall in Mayra's capital city is Ixtapan on the planet Tamino. Natural blue tinted spot lights are descending from the cathedral high ceiling and falling on 13 individuals seated in highly adorned metallic floating chairs in a semicircle, most of them humanoid but a few of them are non human species are looking over a communication crystal disc recording playing out in 3d at the center of the spacious chambers.

Torgloc Frapmean is presenting his current communications with a new True Star civilization he has recently had communication with and transported a learning box to that planet to discover the current state of development of the humanoids on earth and start teaching a few humans about the Oltimayra civilization and early technology.

After a few skirmishes arguments the council approves Torgloc to continue his efforts to learn more about this star system and start the assimilation cycle.

Torgloc thanks the council and moves out of center stage and get back to his work. A tall humanoid alien female with long bioluminescent fingernails, tight breaded jet black inch thick hair stops him on his way out and ask him more details about the new True Star civilization

The M1 tech team is inundated with request to investigate hi profile security breaches in the past 24 hours. The M1 agent assigned to the break in incidents is amazed to see that no traces were left by the hacker that just came in through the NSA and M1 multi tiered firewalls and security layers to their secured servers and accessed and copied what every they wanted at an amazing speed and then it was gone not even a wake of ever being there was left.

The agents and the M1 system was working overtime to keep track of the stack overflows of data that the hacker was able to access and copy. The M1 system was able to put raw packet tracers millions of the request and one makes it through to the originating machine. A blinking green upside down triangle light superimposed on US map. An agent noticed the blinking triangle and zooms into the areas, Seattle Washington.

Donald gets the update and calls agent Gates to head out to the specified address in north Seattle and recover a computer ASP.

Allen's phone rings, he brings it up to ear.

"Hi Tom what's up?" Allen answers.

"I started my exploration with the learning box today and I was surprised with its capabilities and the breath of knowledge that is available to us for learning, I was also amazed at how fast it scans books and other content." Tom says.

"Come over to my lab and take a look for yourself, it will astonish you." Tom adds.

"OK, see you later this afternoon." Allen says.

Junko walks into Tom's Office.

"How was your first attempt at the learning box?" Junko asks

"Take a look for yourself Junko." Allen says

Tom proceeds to show Junko and Sonja the learning box capabilities. Tom makes the gesture on the box to activate it. The black box edges start to glow a cool blue green and in an instant the wrap around screen appears around Tom. He gestures on the screen and the screen zooms into a small spinning group of galaxies.

"This looks like a map of the known universe." Tom adds as the screen zooms into show a cluster of galaxies.

"Each point of light at this zoom level represents a galaxy." Tom says

He continues to zoom in further into the map with a few more gestures until he reaches a blinking blue dot.

"This is our solar system and the blinking blue dot is our planet Earth." Tom adds

Allen strides into the archeology lab work space and see's the three people huddled together to the right of the entrance, Tom notices him and wave at him.

"Allen, come on over take a look at what we have uncovered and learned so far." Tom says

Tom hands over the black obsidian box to Allen.

"How does it work?" Allen asks

"Use your finger on your left hand and gesture or trace a circle around and then touch the center." Tom says

Allen proceeds to make the circle gesture and nothing happens.

"Wrong side" Tom says.

Allen turns the box to the left and re-tries the gesture. The obsidian learning box starts to glow a blue green haze on all the edges and in an instant a concave wrap around 3d screen surrounds Allen. The rest of the group is already familiar with the feeling and smile.

"Wow this is nice!" Allen says.

Tom shows Allen how to navigate the galaxies and other intriguing things they had found.

"What is this spinning icon here?" Allen asks pointing to the orbiting oscillating glowing icon.

"I'm not sure, but it looks like it was trying to download some internet sites, I pulled the laptop form underneath the obsidian box before it was finished as soon as I noticed it what it was doing." Tom says

Allen gestures towards the icon to takes a look at what was inside the orbiting softly blinking scroll icon. The 3d screen zooms in as many more scroll icons came into view. Allen reviews the contents of some scroll icons, he notices some intriguing titles Google, FBI classified documents, CIA top secret Level 5 Clearance eyes only documents and zooms into one of those scrolls.

"Wholly shit Tom, it looks like this damn learning box thing tried to download the entire web. Here take a look like the entire FBI, CIA sites as well as the entire Google index database is all here." Allen says

"My God" Tom says while scratching his head.

"Don't be surprised if you get a call from one of these agencies soon." Allen adds

"Should we contact some authority about this?" Junk asks

6 fully geared commandos or preparing to enter Toms home.

Toms phone rings.

"Hi Tom this is your neighbor Roger Manning, what's going on at your home? He asks.

"What do you mean Roger?" asks Tom

"I knew you were at work at this time but wanted to let you know you have some government military looking agents outside your home in full swat team suits ready to go into your home." Roger says

"Are you involved in terrorist activities or what?" Roger continues

"Shit! Shit!" Tom yells

"You spoke to soon Allen; their already knocking at my door."

"Thanks Roger don't worry about this it's just a misunderstanding, I will be right over there." Tom says

"They or whoever they are have already found us." Tom says to the group.

"What are we dealing with here?" Junko ask Tom

"I'm not sure but we can't let them get a hold of the learning box yet, at least any time soon. We have a lot learn and understand from it still." Tom Says

"Why not" Junko asks

"Because Junko, as soon as they get it we are done, they will never give it back to us to study it." Tom says

"They must have traced the activity back to your laptop while the black box was doing it learning thing." Allen Says

"What are we going to do?" Sonja asks alarmingly

"Calm down, we'll figure this out." Allen says.

"Allen, you take the learning box, and take it somewhere safe." Tom says

"I will go with you Allen." Sonja says

"Where should we go?" Allen asks

"I don't know, maybe a safe place in South America, just away from here." Tom says

"If we stay here they will find us and take the learning box." Allen adds

"OK lets meet up in Puerto Escondido at Vinos Cove its 100 kilometers south of Puerto Vallarta Mexico, I have a friend with a secure archeology lab and science facility in Vinos." Sonja says

"Very well, Junko and I will head back to our home to see what is going on and grab a few things. Allen, you and Sonja stay safe we will meet up in Vinos Cove in a few days."

"Let's go Junko." Tom says

They had already gone into Tom's home, found the laptop and workstation and turned his home office upside down, papers and documents scattered everywhere. They had already left when Tom and Junko arrived.

"They were looking for something with urgency." Junko says

"Yes and the must have found something because my laptop is missing and so is my workstation." Tom says

The doorbell rings.

"You pack us some things Tom and I will check who it is." Junk says

"OK Junko, they may be back to pick us up." Tom says

Junko heads downstairs to open the door.

"Yes, who is it?" As she ready's to open the door.

A tall red headed woman wearing a black leather overcoat is waiting outside the door. Her steal blue eyes and fit chiseled face create a presence of authority.

"Hi mam we are looking for Tomas Morelia is he here, this is urgent." The tall red head says in a soft but commanding voice.

"What is this regarding?" Junko asks

"This is regarding the men that were here earlier, they were looking for something." The red head says.

"This is urgent mam they may be back soon." She says

"Who are they?" Tom asks while coming down stairs, overhearing the conversion with the open door.

"Mr. Morelia, my name is Tahlia we have reason to believe you are in danger and we need to go now." She says

"In danger from whom?" Tom asks

"We will fill you in later Tom, wright know we have to leave immediately!" She says

"You are in position of some object they want, and the will do anything to obtain this artifacts, so please hurry." She adds

"What are our options? Who are you, and why should we trust you?" Tom asks

"We are not going to harm you Mr. Morelia; we are hired protector's or body guards." Tahlia answers

"Suffice to say we want to help you, keep what you have found away from those individual that may use it for evil." She adds

A large athletic male in a black suit walks in through the door and whispers something in Tahlias ear.

"We must leave now, they're coming!" She raises her voice slightly

Automatic shot blast pings are heard outside as the three scramble to their feet.

"Get you bags, let's move!" As Tahlia strides out the door in a fast gate.

Tom looks at Junko "We better go the bullets are getting louder and more frequent."

"What the hell have we gotten into Tom?" Junko says

"We'll soon find out, I hope." Tom says

They climbed into a Hummer parked outside in the drive way. The driver punches it, and the Tom and Junko look back to see four escalades speeding their way towards their home. Two of the body guards are caught by the shooting escalade and drop to the floor, another body guard continues fairing at the escalade with a sub machine gun. Several thuds are heard in the back of the built proof window of the black Hummer vehicle.

The two men are fired upon by the entourage of Special Forces agents inside the escalade and remain body guard drops dead. Captain Antwan Gates steps out of the black escalade check his com.

"Secure the area!" he commands his team

"Sir, yes sir!" an agent responds

"What's going on?" Donald ask Antwan

"Sir, we're too late there is nobody home, and it looks like they have some help."

"God Dammit!" Yells Donald into Antwan's com ear piece.