

OBLITERATING THE DEEP STATE SERIES

# TESLA



S.A.S.



J A S O N 1 W A L K E R

**OBLITERATING THE DEEP STATE SERIES**

**BOOK I**

**TESLA**

**BY**

**JASON WALKER**

*Many thanks  
to Dario, Giusy, and Maxwell for their work on this story!*

*I dedicate this novel to all those people out there who are realizing that we've been lied to our entire lives in regards to our real human history and also about the technology that we've been prevented from having, which could advance us to colonize other planets and explore our solar system in its entirety.*

*To people like Tom Paladino and Nancy Jackson who are helping thousands of people get treated with scalar energy – I thank you for what you are doing. Their website can be found at: <https://www.scalarlight.com>*

*To determined minds that are going toe to toe against the cabal like Lt. Col. (Ret'd) Riccardo Bosi and the Australia One Party over in Australia, I salute you all and look forward to the day when we see the evil ones hang in the gallows following military trials. Please support this political party. <https://australiaoneparty.com>*

*He who dares wins.*

# Prologue

The night of January 7th, 1943—8:45 p.m.

Inside the massive kitchen of the New Yorker Hotel, a man from room service made a pot of coffee. He filled the metal pot and put it on his trolley. Passed two pieces of toasted sourdough from the night watch cook, he carefully placed the buttered toast under a brilliantly polished silver dome just the right size for the silver-rimmed plate. The room service attendant placed the platter on a well-oiled trolley, then slowly rolled the trolley out of the kitchen toward the service elevator.

Once inside the elevator, he was taken up to the nineteenth floor, where he exited the elevator and walked down the hall, his trolley gliding in front of him over the plush carpeted hallway. He walked down the hallway until he got to the door to the fire escape staircase. He softly knocked on the fire door, and out came another towering dark-haired man dressed in the same uniform. The two nodded at each other and passed each other silently, knowing the insipid nature of the operation at hand. The room service attendant who brought the trolley up to the nineteenth floor then exited calmly down the stairs, his part in the transfer now complete, while the other expressionless man who had come from the stairwell took up the task of delivering the serving trolley to its final destination, the thirty-third floor.

The thirty-third-floor corridor walls were darkly polished mahogany panels dimly lit by wall sconces powered by huge DC generators many floors below in the hotel basement. The rich red carpet was thick beneath him, leaving an imprint of his shiny black Oxfords behind the trolley tracks. The sloppily dressed thirties-looking room service attendant, who could barely button up his service coat due to his size, gave the door a knock. A few moments later, Nikola Tesla emerged. He was an elderly man, with skin sagging under cheekbones that belied a sparse diet, but there was still something sharp about the look in old Nikola's eyes.

The attendant brought in the pot of coffee and put it, along with the domed

sandwich plate, on the table, which was cluttered with a disorganized pile of paperwork and notes, then said, as he turned to leave, “I hope you have a good night, sir.”

Nikola reached into his pocket and tried to give the huge man a small tip even though he hardly had a penny to his name. The service man knew this and was quite polite when he looked at Mr Tesla, saying in a deep voice, disguising a familiar motherland dialect, “Thank you, Mr Tesla, but that isn’t necessary.” After wishing Mr Tesla a good night, he gently shut the door behind him and hurried back down the hallway to the elevator. Inside the elevator, another employee—equally dishevelled in bell hop attire—was waiting for him. He stood there, holding the door open. As soon as they were both inside it, the doors snapped shut and they disappeared.

Inside his room, the inventor was reading over one of his older diaries. This one had been kept down in the hotel safe, but most of his other diaries were at the bottom of sea trunks that he had been keeping in different storage locations strewn across the city of New York, keeping with his long trail of outstanding hotel bills. He was examining the entries he’d made to see if he could refresh his memory about the work he had done back in the 1920s on scalar energy and using the bio-field of an object that would be captured in a photograph to find either a person or an object of interest. He knew that every single thing that was alive vibrated at its own unique frequency and also had a field of energy that encapsulated it.

The elderly inventor had already proven in experiments that he could learn the bio-field frequency of an object or person from a picture and use it to find what he was searching for, locating that person or object anywhere on the planet. But his thoughts now were about the mining industry. If he took an image of a large piece of gold that was over a kilogram in size, his thinking was that he could use scalar energy fields to establish a new way of finding large gold nuggets that hadn’t been dug up yet.

This excitement in Nikola had come about by the recent correspondence he’d received from the owner of a mining company situated in South Africa. The owner

had written to him after reading one of Tesla's papers, and it had prompted him to write to the famous inventor to see if Tesla could come up with a better way of finding large gold nuggets or gold deposits in his home country.

As Nikola continued to read through the pages, his mind played back the many memories that he had where he's been able to build his first scalar wave generator, which when turned on had successfully lit up every fluorescent bulb that Tesla had placed in the room—and none of them were plugged in! From there, his confidence had grown, hypothesizing how else he could use this amazing discovery, and that had led him to make a small personal antigravity platform using scalar energy waves, which he'd been able to fly with outside of his own lab and apartment without being seen by anyone. How he'd marvelled in those moments of discovery! Every time he was successful, it built his self-esteem and confidence to the point where he was willing to step out of the box and think about ways to manifest new ideas and concepts. Those smaller projects had also given him the courage to pursue his plan to develop a flying disk, which he went on to create with his assistant Otis Carr. They'd since lost contact, but he hoped his friend was doing well. He hoped that Otis had continued with their experiments.

After five minutes of focused concentration, contemplating how to use scalar energy for health and wellness, he got up from the table and paced about the room for a few moments as thoughts surfaced about some pressing matters that his business advisor and friend Mr George Scherff Senior told him not to worry about. Another hotel had demanded he make good on his unpaid bill from the previous year, and that was bothering him, making him lose his focus, and holding him back from gathering all his fragmented thoughts into coherent genius. They were holding a few prototype models plus his documents and notebooks that he'd asked them to keep safe until such time as he paid his bill in full. There were many things he wanted to re-read again, but maybe he could get some new ideas on his scalar wave gold-finding technology while he slept.

Exhaustion threatened to overtake him as he stood looking out his window, sipping coffee, consumed by complex matters that kept him in a perpetual state of

anxiety. He could see people still walking about down below on the snowy sidewalks and streets in front of the hotel going every which way. Suddenly, a pigeon flew by his window, causing him to break into a smile. He liked the pigeons very much and thought of the many happy moments he'd had feeding them in the nearby park. After a few minutes of people watching, he closed the curtain and walked back to the tray that the toast was still resting on. He sat down beside it and began eating. Tesla was pleasantly surprised by how good it tasted. Top-notch sourdough.

After finishing his evening meal, Nicola sat at the edge of his bed as he talked himself through the molecular structure of gold. He undid his shoes, and then once they were off of his feet, he took off his socks to flex his toes numerous times, a habit of his that seemed to assist him in enhancing circulation to his brain and body. He scratched an itch on his face and raked fingers through his hair. But before he went to bed for the night, he wanted to try and stay up for a little longer to figure out how to build a device that could copy the bio-field frequency of an object—such as gold—from a photograph, and then be able to find that object in the ground someplace in South Africa.

Tesla wondered a second time if he needed to sleep on it and to just stop pushing himself too hard. He needed the money that this potential investor had, though, so he could continue to work. He sighed and put down the hand towel. He looked at the clock that was ticking away on the wall. It was now 9:30 p.m.

He just had to work this problem out! It was bothering him like yet another itch on his face that couldn't be scratched. He was so close. And so Tesla continued to labour, grinding down his pencil as the night wore on. By midnight, his eyes were heavy, prompting him to take a rest. Nikola made a promise to himself that he would only sleep for a few hours and then be right back up to work away at his latest drawing and design for his helicopter plane. As he sunk down on his bed, it seemed to beckon him to rest for a while.

By 11 a.m. the next day, Tesla hadn't turned up to work in his lab—the one that Mr Westinghouse had kindly assisted in funding. It was highly unusual for him

to behave in this manner. Tesla spent more time working in his lab than he did around actual people. He was always the first one there and the last one to leave. His latest lab assistant, Peter Ivanovic, had shown up at the regular time for work, which was 8 a.m. Once inside the lab, he gathered a list of equipment and materials that Mr Tesla had told him he would need for the day's experiments. By 10 a.m., the inventor hadn't turned up to work, so Peter waited patiently while continuing to do things around the laboratory in anticipation of Mr Tesla's arrival.

However, concern for his boss's safety prompted Peter to see if he was being held up at his hotel. He threw on his winter overcoat, stalked out of the lab, locked the front door, and briskly walked down the hallway, then down a flight of stairs to the main doors where he exited onto a bustling street full of rosy-cheeked pedestrians. He hurriedly joined the moving train of people winding his way through the crowd to the doors of the Hotel New Yorker. As he entered the newly built, stunningly opulent hotel where Nikola Tesla had stayed, Peter cleaned his slush-covered shoes on the lobby entrance before meandering through the hotel lobby to see if his employer was sitting down and conversing with someone. When he didn't see Nikola seated amongst the guests in the lobby, he decided to take an elevator up to his room and knock on his door. The elevator opened almost immediately when he pressed the button. An elderly white-coated gentleman inside the elevator asked him, "What floor would you like, sir?"

Peter smiled at the elevator operator. "The thirty-third floor, please."

The doors to the elevator shut. The operator made some small talk with Peter until they had reached Tesla's floor. "Thirty-third floor, sir. Have a good day," the elevator attendant said as the doors opened to the hallway.

Peter stepped out, and as he did, he glanced back, thanking the operator. He immediately started surveying the numbers on the doors, swinging his head from right to left. When he finally found the room number he was looking for, he knocked on his mentor's door. His worry began to worsen when Mr Tesla didn't answer after a more intense second round of knocks, which shook the solid wood door and echoed down the hallway. Peter tried a third time, then called out, "Mr



Tesla? Sir, are you in there? Are you okay?”

He received no response from the other side of the door. Growing more alarmed, Peter rushed downstairs. He quickly approached the front desk manager and quietly spoke across the desk so that the nearby guests couldn't overhear. “I think that something might have happened to my boss. He didn't show up to work, and he isn't answering his door. He's on the thirty-third floor. Can you do a welfare check on him for me, please? He's here under the name of Mr Nikola Tesla. His room number is 3327.”

“Of course, sir,” said the front desk manager, giving him a nod of confirmation. He walked into the back office and spoke to one of his staff members who was taking a break. “I need you to do a welfare check on Mr Tesla, please, Tony.”

The employee nodded as he stood up from the chair where he had been sitting reading the local newspaper and sipping lukewarm coffee. The manager thanked him and walked back to the front desk where Peter had been patiently waiting. The manager looked at him and said, “One moment please, sir. I'll just try Mr Tesla's phone one more time. I've also asked one of our staff to do a welfare check for you as you have asked. He'll be heading up to his room shortly.”

“Thank you,” said Peter, sounding concerned.

The front desk manager looked at the man that was making the inquiries as he went over to the phone in the corner. “Sir, may I know your name so I might log it down?”

Tesla's lab assistant stoically replied, “It's Peter Ivanovic. I'm Mr Tesla's lab assistant.”

“Thank you,” the desk manager said as he rang Tesla's room and waited for Tesla to pick up. To Peter, the ringing seemed to continue for an eternity, but there was no answer from the other end.

Peter looked on and finally said, “Nothing?”

“Not to worry,” said the manager as he hung up the phone and wrote down Peter's personal information. “He may have gone to the park. I know it's snowing, but I also know that Mr Tesla likes to feed the pigeons in the park sometimes.”

“Thank you for the advice,” replied Peter. “I shall go to the park and check it out. I’ll be back in a few minutes. I’ll come back and let you know if I find him, okay?”

The manager nodded in agreement with Peter’s offer. “Certainly, sir. I’ll look for your return in approximately fifteen minutes. I should have an answer for you by then,” said the front desk manager. Peter looked at the front desk manager and smiled at him. “Thank you for your assistance. I’ll be back soon,” Mr Ivanovic said, as he hurriedly walked off, heading back out the main doors orienting himself toward the park bench where Mr Tesla usually spent his time meditating on his inventions under the flurry of white wings. Only, at this time of year, the pigeons had taken to nesting on the warm rooftops and verandas of the city.

It didn’t take him long to get to the bench where Tesla often spent his afternoons feeding the pigeons. Peter knew that it was something that relaxed him and gave Mr Tesla an opportunity to get out of the lab and enjoy time with his favourite birds. When Peter looked around, he saw someone else sitting on the park bench where Nikola spent so much of his time thinking. Nikola wasn’t here.

Not giving up the search, his assistant walked back to the hotel. The desk manager was helping another customer at the desk and there were two more couples behind the first. Not wanting to be rude, Peter sat down in the lobby and waited. He took a complementary paper that was on a table in the lounge and began to read the front page.

The longer it took for the bell hops to return, the more upset the lab assistant became. He had nearly worked himself into a panic attack. Something felt horribly wrong to him at the core of his being, and he shuddered over the dread-filled thoughts roaming his mind. It was almost noon, and he hadn’t heard from Mr Tesla since they’d made plans the previous afternoon.

When Tony returned some ten minutes later, he frantically gestured for the front desk manager to come with him to the back office. His face was twisted, indicating that something was terribly amiss. “Call the authorities, Boss,” said Tony.

Startled, the manager asked, “Whatever for?”

James, the other on-duty attendant, replied, “Looks like Mr Tesla passed away during the night. I’m afraid he’s dead in his bed.”

Tony then added, “The door was locked. No one broke in, it appears he just passed on his own.”

Horried by the news, he made a frantic gesture with his hands while returning to the front desk to pick up the phone.

“I’m sorry. One moment, sir. I’ll be right with you,” the manager said to the customer that was waiting. Peter patiently waited for some kind of an update and noticed that the manager was apologizing to the first customer, excusing himself from his attention. The couples behind him were growing impatient. The manager did his best to ignore the increasing line-up while he phoned for the hotel doctor to go up to room 3327 and wait for the proper authorities to arrive. The standard protocol was to phone the police. He’d recently been made aware that there was a new number for them to call for police assistance, and he had to procure the number, which hadn’t yet been placed by the phone. He again apologized to the customer and told him that there was an urgent medical emergency. The customer quietly nodded at his explanation and patiently waited, listening to the muffled request for police assistance as the manager dialled the new number to the authorities.

Peter sat down in a nearby chair and held his head in his hands as he looked down at his shoes, trying to drive the thoughts out of his mind that something terrible had happened to his friend and mentor. He could tell something was amiss and really wanted to talk to the manager in charge, but the man was busier than ever.

In what seemed like mere minutes after the manager hung up the phone, several FBI agents entered through the main doors, sauntering quickly to the main desk to speak to the hotel manager. This time, the front desk manager had Tony take over dealing with anxious customers while he escorted the FBI agents to the elevator on course to enter Mr Tesla’s room.

When the manager finally returned to the hotel lobby, Peter was waiting for

him. He confronted him while he was coming out of the elevator.

“What’s going on? I went to the park, and he wasn’t there, and now I noticed that several policemen are in the lobby over there,” he said as he pointed toward the uniformed officers that had just walked in and were talking amongst themselves over in a corner.

“I’ve been waiting for quite some time, and I’m deeply worried about my friend,” he said.

The hotel manager looked toward the officers in the lobby and knew he had to go to see them straight away. He started to walk toward the officers, but Peter cut him off once more.

“Please, sir, I’m Mr Tesla’s lab assistant. Has something happened to him? I must know.”

The front desk manager nodded his head and looked at Peter. “I’m sorry, sir, but you were right. Mr Tesla has been found to be deceased in his room. That’s all I can tell you. That’s why the authorities are here, and I need to go and see them, so if you’ll please allow me to step away for a moment. I’ll have one of the officers come and talk to you straight away if you’ll just go and wait over in the lobby. I’ll tell them that you’re here, but right now, the doctor is waiting for the police officers to go to the room to assist the others that arrived earlier. I need to escort them up there.”

Confused, Peter stepped out of the man’s way. “The others? Has any foul play occurred? Is that why the police are here?” he asked.

The manager shrugged his shoulders as he walked past Peter. “I don’t believe so, but I’m not the person to ask. I’ll send someone to see you. Thank you for your patience. It’s a bit hectic around here as a result of this most unfortunate circumstance. My apologies for the loss of your friend, Mr Tesla, but I must leave you now, sir,” he replied as he spun himself toward the police officers.

The police removed the body at three in the afternoon. They brought it down through the main elevator and through the lobby, proceeding to wheel it through to the back service exit. A Caucasian man reading the newspaper, dressed in a neatly

pressed suit, got up and followed the entourage out of the building as Peter watched people come and go. Peter eyed all of them curiously and waited for somebody to come and tell him precisely what had happened to Nikola.

That finally happened at 4 p.m. The police officer told him that Tesla had died in his sleep and that his body had been taken to the city morgue. The officer then inquired into whether there were any next of kin that Peter might know in the area. This had never come up in conversation between him and his mentor, owing to the nature of their day-to-day discoveries playing with lab instruments, mapping out secrets to the universe, but to the best of his knowledge, there weren't any. Peter did, however, recall in a flash of memory, Mr Tesla's no-so-subtle inference to his feelings about women, but he didn't tell the police officer that, in loyalty to his friend.

After giving some details to the police officer, he was told to go home, but the officer requested that if Peter thought of anything else, to please call him, passing him his card. Peter wasn't sure what he wanted to do, so he walked around the block and found a place where he could sit and have a drink to calm his nerves.

Meanwhile, back at the *New Yorker*, the night shift had begun, and Rick Warner, the manager, was hanging his coat and jacket up in the coat room when the assistant manager popped his head around the corner.

"Mr Warner, there's an FBI agent out in the lobby asking if he can have a word with you about something."

"The FBI?" Warner asked curiously.

"Yes, the FBI. They want to speak to you about Mr Tesla."

"I've never spoken to anyone in the FBI before," said Warner nervously. He closed the safe after receiving the daytime cash box from the assistant manager, who had finished tallying the sales receipts. After he was done with their routine procedure for transitioning between shifts, he went to speak with the FBI agent.

The agent was a big dark-haired man with a crumpled suit jacket, showing stain-glazed hints of something rubbed into his left lapel from lunch. He asked, "Are you the Manager?"

Warner answered gingerly, "Yes sir. I'm the night manager, though it seems to be an unfortunate title to have today."

The agent chuckled. "I won't keep you too long. I'm here to collect any more materials that may have belonged to Nikola Tesla. I was told he had several things stored in your basement based on what his diary said. We found out after we collected his belongings in his room."

"Oh! Well, I hope you've brought a truck because we have a lot of Mr Tesla's belongings downstairs being stored for him. I've never met a man with so many belongings. He has them scattered all about in sea trunks. Why, there must be at least twelve of them down there."

"Really? That many? I'll need to see what he's left behind for national security reasons."

"National Security? Okay. I'll show you. There's nothing left in the safe, though. I think one of your men already took what was there shortly after Mr Tesla passed away. I can't be certain, though, until I check the log book of what went in the safe and what went out," said Warner.

The FBI agent shook his head and said, "Not worried about what was in the safe. I know that was already cleaned it out. But our team didn't realize that Tesla had stuff downstairs that had been stored away as well. I'd like to see what he had down there in the basement, please, if you've got time to show me?"

The night manager grabbed some keys and put on his blazer. "Certainly, sir, if you'll follow me then."

Several stories underground, Warner slid open a metal door and walked inside. He reached over to the wall near the door and turned on the light. The room they entered was large and poorly lit, with a multitude of boxes and safes lining the walls. Warner realized that he should make inquiries about these belongings of Mr Tesla's, so he attempted to ask the agent about where the items were going to be taken. "I know that you're with the FBI, sir, but shouldn't these items be given to his next of kin?"

The FBI agent explained shortly. "We're taking all of Tesla's belongings for

reasons of national security. I've already told you that. He was a man that conceived of and invented many advanced technologies. We're just making sure nothing falls into the wrong hands. There's a war going on." The agent scoffed. "We have to protect our national interests, right?"

"Of course, sir," the night manager replied. That still didn't sit right with him, but he wasn't willing to argue with an FBI agent and risk his job—not while he had a wife and two kids to feed. Warner pointed to the sea trunks that belonged to Mr Tesla. They walked to the back of the room to a makeshift locker that had the number 108 on it. Warner took out his heavy set of keys and found the one for the padlock—only one locker, of many lockers containing the archives of Mr Tesla's life strewn all across the dark gallows of New York City.

There were twelve sea trunks, stacked four high and three deep against the wall of locker 108. As Warner slid the creaky chain-link door open to Tesla's personal items, he said to the agent, "These all belonged to Mr Tesla."

"I'm not going to be able to get through all of this on my own," muttered the agent in astonishment. "I'll need to get help with this. If I call a few more agents, will you show them where I am, please?"

"Certainly, sir, but I don't mind giving you a hand. You might need a hand truck to take them to the elevator?" stated Warner. Acknowledging that a hand truck would certainly lighten the task, the agent agreed to the manager's offer.

It was late evening before the agent, Todd Barker, left the hotel with several other agents that had come with an unmarked, standard-issue, white moving truck. They quickly removed the trunks one by one, using the hand truck borrowed to them by the night manager, after backing down the alley service ramps of the hotel. They took the last load of Tesla's sea trunks across town to an unknown location where they could take a better look at each one under better light.

When Agent Barker was finished securing his new "national treasures" in a nondescript warehouse near the port, he went to his car and got in. After lighting a smoke, he reached into his coat pocket and pulled out a business card to confirm the street address that he needed to find per his next set of instructions. As he drove

out of the city, he headed to an area that he hadn't been to in quite some time—not since he'd come to an agreement with the homeowner about “certain matters” and what “they” might cost if he were to make “things happen” using his powers of influence.

After an hour of driving out of the city, he reached his destination. As he pulled up to an iron gate in a posh suburb in upstate New York, he saw a guard in a small hut turn his head towards the jet black Studebaker. Barker waved at him and put his car into park as he pulled in front of the guard.

The guard on duty watched the car stop, then promptly stepped out of his tiny hut. He bent over to speak into the partly-rolled-down window, politely asking for Barker's ID. Barker reached into his front jacket pocket pulled out his ID and passed it to the guard with a smirk. The guard returned to his hut to check Barker's credentials—checking to see if he had, in fact, been granted access from his commander in the big house. The guard returned to the side of the vehicle. “Agent Barker, unfortunately, I don't have you on the list.”

“I'm expected,” said the man in the car. “You'd better call him. He wants to hear what I have to say.”

“Please wait in your car, and I'll phone to announce you. I'll see if I can approve your access, Mr Barker,” the guard stated professionally, as he walked back into his guard shack and picked up the direct house line to his boss. In only a minute, the gate, adorned with what looked like an ancient family crest with two symmetrically opposed black eagles upon it, opened. The guard waved Agent Barker on to the house of George Scherff Senior.

Scherff Senior was a tall well-groomed man, dressed in a navy velvet smoking jacket and a pair of navy silk pyjama pants. He was gently gyrating a fine American bourbon on the rocks in a short crystal glass in his right hand when Agent Barker was escorted into his study by the butler. The butler closed the door behind him, leaving their presence to complete his chores cleaning-up Scherff's private quarters. A place no one dare go or speak of unless they were “initiated.”

The first thing gruffly spat out of Scherff's mouth, barely concealing his faint



Hessian dialect, was, “Did you get the job done?”

“Of course I did,” said the FBI agent. “The plan worked perfectly.”

“Good,” Scherff Senior grunted as he abruptly finished with Barker. He picked up the phone and made a call to his office landlord—Mr Frank Rockefeller. Scherff spoke into the phone when he heard someone answer curtly on the other end. “Hello, sir. I’m going to need to see you tomorrow morning. Can you fit me in? The job’s done,” Scherff Senior stated as he spoke over the phone for another minute.

After he hung up, he looked over at Agent Barker. “Did you get all the stuff he was working on?”

Barker nodded his head as he lit a cigar from a match struck on his shoe bottom. “I found quite a number of sea trunks in the basement of the hotel and others around the city, sir.”

“What about his ideas for teleportation and flying saucers and all that?” Scherff Senior dug in.

“That man was a pack rat. He’s got so much shit in those sea trunks that I haven’t had the opportunity to go through them thoroughly. And to be honest with you, I wouldn’t know what to look for. There are literally volumes and volumes of notebooks in those trunks, and it’s going to take a while to actually work through it all. That part is going to be tricky. I figure, as soon as I start spending time there, at the warehouse people are going to get suspicious.”

“Not to worry,” said Scherff. “I’ll find somebody at MIT to do it. You’ve done well for me so far, Agent Barker. Now go home and take a few days off. I’ll make some calls and get back to you shortly.”

“Okay. Glad this is over. You know where to reach me,” Agent Barker said over his shoulder as he walked out of the room and was escorted out of the house by a body guard, who had stood sentinel by the front entrance to the study. As he left the main house, he wondered who would get the unlucky job of reading through all of Tesla’s notes. He would find out soon enough, but he was glad that it wouldn’t be him.

Back in the house, Scherff Senior reached under his desk for an opening connected to a panel that was on the wall. It was only an inch-wide opening, but it was connected to a thin cable line with a small loop on the end of it. He pulled the line and opened a secret door in the wall.

He walked inside and looked at several pictures that were framed and placed in rigid alignment on the back wall. They reminded him of a time when he hadn't lived in the United States. Some of the faces were now gone, but there were others who were still alive. Many had been sent abroad to do work for the Fuhrer.

"I've completed my mission. Ohne Betrug Kein Sieg. No victory without deception," he said as he reached for a bottle that he had on the floor behind a chair. He took a small glass and put it on the small table that ran along one of the walls and sat down on the chair beside it. As the glass filled up, he had a look on his face that expressed great pride in knowing he had made his leaders happy.

# Chapter 1

A few days later, agent Barker received a phone call and was told that the professor that would go through Tesla's sea trunks was none other than John Trump.

Trump was a professor at MIT. He was known for being exceptionally intelligent. He excelled in high voltage physics and seemed to be just the right kind of theoretical and practical man for the job of deciphering Tesla's images and designs and perhaps prototyping his "phantasmic" flying machines for the "greater good". Agent Barker was sent to speak with him personally. When he finally tracked him down, the professor was found reading in an office that was cluttered, with diagrams tacked to the walls and other odd mystical gadgets spread out over his shelves and pushed to the front of his desk.

Agent Barker knocked on his office door and was welcomed in by the professor. "Dr Trump, I'm the FBI agent that phoned you yesterday," he said as he walked into his small office and looked for a place to sit down.

"Yes, I remember speaking with you. Thank you for showing up on time, Agent Barker. How can I help you?" said John Trump as he welcomed this brooding guest to sit down in the chair in front of his desk.

Barker said, "Let me cut to the chase to save us both some time, Professor. I'm not here for pleasantries. I'm here to request that you take a two-week leave of absence from work. There's a matter of national security that we need you to assist us with."

Trump asked, "What is it you want me to do? And who exactly is *us*?"

Barker said, "It's better if I show you rather than tell you. Let's take a drive, shall we?"

And so, later that morning, the duo showed up back up at the FBI-owned warehouse where Tesla's belongings had been stored. Trump was shown the sea trunks filled with information. It blew his socks off when he saw how much work

was being asked of him.

Barker said, “Your job is to go through Tesla’s property and to specifically look for anything to do with flying saucers and or teleportation technology that could give us an edge over other countries.

At first, Trump wasn’t sure if he wanted to get involved. It only took a little bit of poking around the first trunk to change his mind. Trump was instantly invested in the work after peering into the first diary he picked out. “I’m going to need at least a few weeks to dig into all of this. It could actually take months to catalogue it all and make sense of it. I don’t know if I can do all of this in just two weeks, Agent Barker. That’s asking too much of me. This is Nikola Tesla we’re talking about here. You and I both know that he was meticulous and was lightyears ahead of us in academia.”

Barker nodded. “I know. Well, start on it, and if it’s necessary, I can give you more time. And don’t worry about MIT. We’ll have somebody cover your work over there. Your pay will still keep coming in, too,” Barker assured him.

“That’s good, but I think you’ll have to give me a whole lot more than what MIT is paying me if you want me to figure out and find what you’re looking for. Have a think about that and I can start work here as early as tomorrow, but I’ll need someone to let me in and out each day,” the professor stated.

“Okay. Deal. Be here at 9 a.m. and I’ll make sure somebody lets you in. Bring a decent lunch because once you’re in here, you’re not leaving until closing, which is at 6 p.m.”

The professor agreed, and agent Barker drove him back to his office at MIT.

During his time sorting through the man’s belongings, Trump found many diaries and notebooks that spanned page after page of images he’d never even conceived could be created, let alone translated into logical-mathematical structures that defied normal scientific understanding. His inventions were endless and his theories and the types of physics Tesla was using, blew John Trump’s mind. He spent hours sitting and reading through them, jotting down notes on various names and figures he would need to look into later. He would spend an entire day

studying just one patent. Often, the technology being proposed was above his pay grade and there were many times when he felt this way as he delved into the mind of this incredible inventor.

In those journals, Trump learned many things that would surely become national secrets.

To Dr Trump's astonishment he soon discovered that, at one point, Tesla had been hired by the US government to put a radio receiver up in the Statue of Liberty for listening purposes. Later, John discovered an entry in one of Nikola's diaries about how he was invited to help Mr Eiffel in France to create a radio receiver high up in the Eiffel tower to help the French find German spies in World War I, perhaps alluding to why his transcripts and drawings were classed as critical to obtaining for the future safety of America.

The secret group that had seconded John Trump to this most incredible glimpse inside the mind of a true pathfinder in electrical engineering, Nikola Tesla, was keen to find out how genius Nikola truly was.

The details of things not even yet imagined were all in the journals, written down as proof of Tesla's visionary ability to create amazing inventions. Trump couldn't imagine reading this man's works in just a few short weeks, let alone a year. He needed more time—much more time.

In that moment, the semantics didn't matter. Trump just needed to tell Barker the situation he saw in front of him. He knew he was in a special place, but he had a sneaking suspicion that he wouldn't be the only person that would be given access to Tesla's materials from here on out. He predicted that Tesla's notes and inventions would soon disappear and not be seen by the public again.

## Chapter 2

### Darren Mathews

February 12, 1991

Darren Mathews was one of several men who happened to make up the most elite group of Australia's Defense Force—the Special Air Service. It was a late summer day in Freemantle, Western Australia. The weather had been good so far. The skies above them were blue and clear of any clouds, the day was scorching, as always. They were just starting their annual leave, and the soldiers had decided to gather together in a park and celebrate the start of it with a round of beers under the cover of a canvas tarp, strung up between their vehicles for shade. On the tailgate was a fiery BBQ one of the soldiers in civvies was tending to, charring some prawns and chicken for the other smiling chaps watching him work the grill.

Mark Wood, an SAS Trooper, had already downed several more beers than the rest of his mates. He jeered, not for the first time that day. "I just don't get it, guys. The base is in Australia! Australia! But they're telling us Aussies that we can't go in it. What the fuck, mate? It's our fucking country, ain't it?"

"Pine Gap doesn't make any sense," replied SAS Trooper Benny Hamilton. "A U.S. Territory, my ass. I don't believe you. It can't possibly be true, mate. How the fuck could that be?"

"It's true," said Mark. "I can prove it."

Darren demanded, "How are you going to prove it then, eh?"

"I'll show it to you," said Mark. "We'll go to the base before our leave is up. I'll prove it to you that it's there! We'll have to do an epic drive, through. You up to the challenge, mate?"

They made a drunken vow, agreeing to go check it out. After all, they figured that nobody would tell them that Australian Special Forces weren't allowed to enter a base within Australia—not when they had valid military identification!

The group of them decided to drive out, taking several vehicles from Western Australia all the way to the middle of the Northern Territory. Dust. Flat tires. Hot! Almost melting pavement. Nothing but dirt roads. The trip to the Northern Territory was long, scorching, and hard on vehicles. It wasn't safe to drive at sunrise or sunset either, due to the animals that often moved across the roads. 'Roos were the worst offenders, and they did the most damage, often taking out entire front grills and causing grave damage to windshields if you met them at the wrong angle.

Wallabies and wombats were frequent asphalt crossers too. They might not have been quite as big a hit as taking down a 'roo, but they still did a number on a vehicle's undercarriage. Large brown snakes and other slithering cold-blooded creatures often lounged in the middle of the road during the late hours of the evening, absorbing rays and soaking up the last of the day's heat. It wasn't a pleasant experience to run over them either. The men did their best to avoid any untimely incidents on the road as it usually meant someone would have the misfortune of untangling a gooey, bloody mess from the underside of the SUV.

The first night, they pulled over at about two in the morning. They'd travelled quite far without incident, but everyone was tired from the heat and monotonous highways they'd been enduring. As they pulled off the road, Darren Mathews marvelled at how clear the skies were. He could see what seemed like an infinite number of stars above his head. He rolled down his window and stuck his head out to have a better look at the glowing and sparkling sky above. His old Toyota Troopy model HJ47 was made for this landscape, and he drove it off the road to a flat spot before parking it while his friends followed him to do the same. It was one of the simplest engines to work on too, which made it very appealing to the bloke that needed to work out in the bush.

The good thing about his Troopy was that he could sleep in it with no problems. No scorpions would be crawling into his sleeping bag tonight, and that made him happy! The night stretched out around them; it was cool enough considering the time of year, with a dry stiff breeze blowing through and stirring up the dust and dirt around them. The stars were bright, a mass of silver specks faintly glowing

against the pitch black of the sky, like paint splatters on a black canvas.

After seeing his mates pull out their gear, he continued to make his bed for the night inside the back of his vehicle. When he was just about done, Trooper Wood came up to him with a beer and knocked on the back of his truck. “Hey, mate, you sleeping in that palace already?”

Mathews opened the rear of the truck. It was a former military model that had been phased out. It could carry a number of troops and gear, but for one person, this thing *was* a palace.

As Darren stepped out of the back of his truck, he accepted a cold can of Foster’s from his friend. He smiled at Trooper Wood and replied to his question. “I want to enjoy my nights out here. This thing has some luxuries, I reckon.”

Wood watched him close the rear of his Toyota.

“Yeah, those things are pretty roomy when you take out the bench seats. It’s starting to get cold. We need a fire. I brought some wood with me but we need to dig a pit.”

Darren thought that was a dumb idea and told him so, “Mate, that means you’ll have to stay up all night watching the fire. Why don’t you just set up your tent and go to bed?”

Wood pointed up to the stars above them. “Have you not been checking those out? This place is fucking amazing! It’s so crystal clear! Maybe I’ll just have a beer and a small fire but I want to stretch out and relax for an hour and check it out. C’mon, just for an hour, mate. What’s the harm?”

Darren relented and went along with him as they both pointed their eyes at the Southern Cross—the brightest star in the southern hemisphere. They marvelled at the sky for longer than an hour, both caught up in the sight of it, before going back to sleep.

The next couple of days driving toward the middle of Australia went by astonishingly quickly, and without incident, as they moved through the harsh desert climate, moving closer to their target destination. They’d been able to stop in a few towns along the way and enjoy a few chicken Parma’s and some cold beers. It was



all good fun and excitement for the seasoned world venturers. At their last fuel stop, they gathered around Darren's Troopy to look at a topographical map that showed them approximately where Pine Gap was. After a short strategy session, they decided to place their vehicles in different locations, acknowledging the need to leave the engine keys inside the tailpipe for one another's potential quick escape. After buying extra water and a few ice creams at the refuelling station, their last stop before departing Alice Springs, they set off and began the final leg of their journey to the heartland of Australia.

By midnight, on their third night, they finally parked their vehicles far away from Pine Gap and camouflaged them with brown and beige cam nets that they had borrowed from another friend of theirs. After they were finished securing and disguising their vehicles, they began their night patrol over the desert landscape, moving toward their primary objective. It was going to mean a long march because they had to park a good distance away—perhaps twenty miles Darren estimated. The open landscape would make it easier to spot the base when they got close enough to it.

As they continued to move over the desert, the stars and the moon provided them with some spectacular views of the terrain, which lit up around them. It seemed as though the moon was three times brighter than usual. The stars were magnified and seemed to vibrate by the moon's silver glow.

From what Darren Mathews had learned, Pine Gap was built up into a number of buildings on the base rumoured to be hangars for other non-terrestrial vehicles and was the primary satellite base for the National Reconnaissance Office. But by far, the most interesting rumour Darren had heard was about what lay below, which was what was compelling them to engage in such stealth activities. There was an airstrip that sat on the outer edges of the base, which seemed to stretch on for miles into the distance.

They couldn't just charge their way in and cause some kind of crazy fire-fight. They had no weapons, and killing people wasn't their intention. Darren's guys wanted to sneak around and see what was being hidden from the Australian public.

They needed to invest some time and observe the area without being detected. That was their plan.

They crept slowly through the desert terrain. When they were only a few miles from the base, the group stopped and silently established a forward observation post. It was 3 a.m., and the base would soon be alive again with all kinds of personnel moving to and fro. The soldiers set to work digging and then setting up their camouflage, which gave them good protection from the morning sun. When it finally began to rise at 5 a.m., a team of two took the morning shift while the other two slept under the camouflaged shelters. If they'd done their job right, nobody would detect them.

During the shift, Wood monitored the base through his spotting scope, moving from radome to radome, trying to catch a glimpse of anything that moved. He noticed that several large trucks had come onto the base and had been escorted into a hangar. They didn't come out again.

As the sun finally began to emerge, casting the land in shades of pink and orange, Darren drank some water from his canteen cup. He noticed a small lizard had crawled up to his boot and was checking it out. The lizard was dark brown with a bright red crest on the underside of its throat. It was barely as long as a pencil and missing half of its tail. Darren moved his shoe to startle it, and the creature skittered away as fast as it could.

"I'm lucky that wasn't a fuckin' snake," he muttered to himself as he called over to the men. "You guys ready to do a switch around?" The reply came back that they were ready to trade places, so Darren made certain that his rucksack was all packed up and ready to run with if the need should arise. He looked over at his friend who was also packing up his gear and nodded in the direction of a rocky outpost another twenty meters ahead. A few minutes later, they crawled forward and took up their positions to watch from a ledge overlooking the base, patiently waiting for some sign of life down below their scorching perch.

Darren and his mates were shocked by what they observed on the second night. It was 2 a.m. when a large triangular craft floated down from the sky and hovered

over the base for a short while. It was obvious to them that whatever it was had anti-gravity abilities. There was no sound and no air current below it either. They were too far off to tell who or what was maneuvering the strange craft, but it was surrounded by bright multi-coloured lights, and it was big—possibly a hundred meters in length. Eventually, it landed on the base just outside one of its largest hangars before a crew suddenly appeared to slide open the massive doors to allow the craft to float inside.

“What the fuck was that thing, mate?” asked Darren’s observer. Darren shook his head. “Well, if you saw what I saw, I think a giant triangle landed on the base. That tells us a lot about what’s going on here, I reckon,” Darren replied.

At 4 a.m., more of the unexpected occurred when a series of lights that were moving around in very strange patterns came down from space and came down to the base, also to be sheltered within the confines of a hangar. There were nine of them and the light that they were emitting was green.

“Wood! Holy shit! Are you guys seeing this?” Mathews called out to his buddies.

When Trooper Wood looked at the scene before him, he was amazed at what he was witnessing. “Those things are landing on the base. Those aren’t manmade! There’s no way they are! Does that mean that we’re entertaining ET guests on the base?” he asked his mates.

“I reckon so,” was the response. At the place where Darren saw the balls of light descend and land before one of the hangars, he decided that they needed to get closer. He brought it up in conversation when they changed shifts, and they decided that they would spend another night there extending their operation, but this time, they would actually sneak onto the base.

The next morning Darren was looking through his bino’s when he saw a black helicopter set down on a landing pad. As he watched it land he was careful not to lose his grip, which was sweaty from the heat. Then, a man stepped out that he immediately recognized. “Mate, take a look at this. Is that President Bush?”

This time Wood answered, as he had decided he would take the morning shift—he didn’t want to go to sleep after what they’d just seen during the night. “I reckon

it is. Sure looks like him, mate.”

For two hours, both Mathews and Wood kept watching, and by 10 a.m. President Bush had returned to his helicopter.

When night fell, the four men were ready to breach the base. They began to sneak forward, heading toward the base, where they thought it may be vulnerable to stealth invaders. They zig-zagged many times as they tried to follow features in the terrain that would hide them. When they got to the fenced area, Mathews looked for areas in the fence that would allow them to enter.

“Don’t touch the fence mate,” was Wood’s suggestion. “If the President is landing here and the UFO’s are landing here, they’re bound to be watching that fence. We need to either dig under it or jump over it. One of the two. Or we don’t go onto the base at all and we go and make another observation post a bit closer but not on the base.”

Darren took his comments seriously. He looked at the fence. “I say we dig under it. We’ll take turns and dig a trench so we can crawl under. Then, we’ll cover it up so it can’t be seen from the air.”

Wood didn’t like the idea, nor did the others. “We’ll leave a huge hole. They’ll find it eventually,” Wood replied, but he could see that Darren was determined to get on the base, so he relented and started to help dig.

After an hour of digging in the warm red soil, they had a deep enough hole to slide under. They covered it over with some cam net to conceal their efforts. Then, they hiked back out to the bush and hid their rucksacks, which they would retrieve later. Going onto the base by way of a hole in the fence meant moving around quickly without cumbersome gear.

At 01:30 a.m., all four of them were on the base and observing the hangars. None of them said a thing as the warm weather disappeared and the cold set in. Over time, their bodies were starting to get cold, but they persevered. They were used to this kind of thing. But the shock of their lives came at 02:15 when the balls of light returned and they arrived again at the hangar. The four men watched in awe as the lights became portals and several larger-than-normal human men with

long blonde hair stepped out of them and were quickly met by men in uniform on the ground. They were then escorted into the hanger.

Mathews looked at his friends and shook his head. "This is fucking amazing! Did you see how tall those people were? They were at least eight feet high! Where do we have people that tall on Earth that are white?"

Suddenly, drones flooded the sky and cast light down all around them, illuminating their positions. American forces seemed to charge them from all sides. Darren made a run for it, Mark at his heels, but there was nowhere to go. A soldier shot some kind of electrical weapon at Darren, causing his muscles to seize up, dropping him instantly. Another soldier soon took his wrists and put them behind his back. He applied zip ties to them and watched other guards do the same to the other men.

Guns stayed cocked, levelled at them, while the military police showed up in several vehicles. The Americans swiftly took Darren and his men prisoner and escorted them to the detention block.

After they had taken the Australians into the building, an American officer gave the order to securely pat them down and strip them of their clothing. Darren's men didn't make eye contact with their captives and wouldn't give them any information. They were soon searched by three men each and given prison clothing to put on. "Get them in cells. Keep them separated. I'll notify the general that our perimeter's been breached," stated a young captain who was in charge of the security detail.

The Americans put each Australian into their own cell. A few minutes later, Darren was photographed. Someone else said, "State your name."

"Piss off," said Darren. He knew the others would be just as unhelpful.

"One last chance to cooperate," said the American. "State your name."

"Oh, sure," said Darren. "First name: Piss. Second name: Off."

The American frowned. He left without another word.

By morning, the American general in charge of the base met with a CIA intelligence officer in his office. She had four manila folders with their full history

given to her. This was her first high-priority case posting and she had a strong drive to prove herself to the other members of her agency.

The military base commander, General Sheppard, cautioned Anna before she left his office. "These men are Australian soldiers. They're not going to like being interrogated by a woman, so I suggest you read up on who they are, Anna, before you go in to see them."

Anna said, "Of course, General. I'll read over their files right away."

Anna left the general's office and went down the hallway to her office.

When she got to the file of Darren Mathews, she was impressed by his training. He was going to be sent to Iraq in the coming months. When she looked at the other files, she knew that these men were not your average infantry soldiers. Her handling of these men required some tact since they had seen things that would be best kept quiet. The US president had just been there, and if the base had been infiltrated while he was on it, that would have been very embarrassing to the higher-ups. She needed to have a plan for those men or they would start singing to the press.

By 1 p.m., she had a good idea of how she wanted to handle things, but first, she needed to make the prisoners sweat a little. She made a phone call to the minister of national defence in Australia and asked to speak directly with the minister. When she told him that she had four of his soldiers being held on their base, he became quite apologetic. When she felt she had all her ducks in a row, she thanked the minister and hung up the phone. Then, she got up from her desk and walked out of her office. She was heading to the detention building to finally see the prisoners.

She interviewed the SAS men one by one, finally coming to Darren at 6 p.m.

As Darren was brought into the interrogation room, he was surprised to see such a beautiful woman staring back at him. He kept his composure, though, and took a seat.

Anna asked him, "What were you doing so close to the base, Corporal Mathews?"

"You're wasting your breath," said Darren. "I'm not going to answer any of your

questions, mate.”

“I’m going to make this short, Mathews. Neither of us wants to pussyfoot around with each other,” said Anna. “You can agree to answer my questions, or I can send you back to that cold prison block. You getting me?”

“Fuck you,” said Darren.

Anna stood up. “We’ll try this again in a few weeks, Corporal.”

Darren was sent back to his cell, where he was subjected to a cycle of cold air streamed directly through a vent in the ceiling and sleep deprivation. Lights would go off, then they would go on half an hour later, and the loop would continue for hours at a time. It was emotionally draining. The SAS men weren’t surprised—this was standard operating procedure. They had been trained for this and it would have very little effect on them, but Anna already knew this. She needed time to think things through.

When that didn’t make them break, restrictions were placed on the types of food and water given to them. Darren was offered a blanket but was given only a sheet, which was inefficient in keeping him warm against the blasting cold air. When that didn’t break them, the guards started to broadcast heavy metal music at ear-shattering levels in a continuous loop. That prevented them from falling asleep. During the day they couldn’t sleep on their beds, and they would be given smaller portions of food.

Darren tried to figure out a way out of this situation in his head, but it was hard to make any sort of plan when his body was running on empty. His higher self kept telling him it was all a game. Eventually, somebody would come to collect them, but he wasn’t looking forward to that because their asses would be served on a plate to someone high up in the ADF. There would be serious consequences for what they’d done. But he was glad he’d done it. Now he knew that the Americans were lying to the Australian government about what was taking place here, and given the circumstances, he was beginning to believe it was something far more sinister. That idea presented as something that would be very hard for the public to accept—that the senior government officials did know something and were going along with it

but keeping their citizens in the dark. And who'd do that?

That very idea kept him up at night wondering who was behind his incarceration. Darren had come to realize that there could be secret societies with allegiances to other countries. His first guesses about who might be in control of the power structure in Australia could be debated for a long time, but if they were true, it could be Freemasons. It could be the Jesuits and the Knights of Malta. It could be the CIA or it could be the Zionists and their red mafia that had come out of Russia and now lived in Israel. Or perhaps it was the Sandhedron Council who were always supported by the Mossad since America was involved here. There were a number of forces that would love to rule over the world if the Order of the Black Sun didn't reach that goal first. He pondered in thought while he scratched his bristly chin. This would keep his mind going while he was alone in his cell for some time to come.

Darren made it two weeks in solitary cut off from his friends before he finally agreed to speak with Anna again.

She was pleased to see him when he was escorted into the interrogation room by the black-uniformed guards with triangle insignias on their patches. "Hello, Corporal Mathews. Please take a seat. Would you like a cup of coffee?"

Darren nodded his head, his voice rough, when he asked, "What do you want from me?"

"It's simple—your services in our organization" answered Anna.

"Mate, I don't know what game you're playing, but you can't hold us underground forever. We were on leave. Now we're AWOL. We were getting ready to be sent off to Iraq to help your fucking country!"

"I'm not playing any game, Corporal Mathews. I've already notified your minister of national defence about what you've done here and that we've taken you and your band of merry men into custody. We have agreements with your federal government that this base is strictly off-limits unless you are invited to come here—and for good reason. You've caused us quite some embarrassment, and you've seen some things that you shouldn't have seen. How else do you want this to play out? I



mean, I could easily have one of your men taken to a kill room to send the rest of you a message. I know exactly what sort of a man you are, which is why I don't think that would work. It would only anger you. I'm trying to find a way out of this where nobody dies. So, what I'm proposing is that you come work for us."

"For the CIA?" Darren retorted.

"That's right," said Anna.

Darren asked, "All of us?"

"No," said Anna. "The rest of your unit would be released. They could continue serving in the SAS. if they wanted to, but the minister of defence might also give them a dishonourable discharge. I could easily sway his decision one way or the other."

"How?" Darren asked.

"I'd tell them you helped us. Make up a story, and I'll put my stamp on it," she replied.

Darren wasn't stupid. "Are you giving the same spiel to all of my mates?"

Anna told him, "I'm not interested in playing games with you Corporal Mathews. I'm looking for *results*. Are you interested or not? I can assure you that I'll make things right for your friends, and they can continue on to the Persian Gulf—that is if you take what I'm offering . . . the alternative is not so rosy. I can promise you that."

"What would I be doing for the CIA?"

Agent Carpenter looked directly into his eyes and said nothing. "Initially you'll be helping us with crash retrievals."

Darren didn't see that he had a choice. She had him by the balls. Her way . . . or a hole in the ground—never again to see the light of day.

He agreed.

March 31, 1991  
The Orange Corporation

Mark Woods and the other members of the SAS unit that were Darren's former posse were released by the end of week three after their initial base-crashing idea went awry. Darren was sent to work for the CIA as a military asset shortly afterwards and was assigned to a CIA-owned Navy frigate in the Persian Gulf. What he hadn't expected was that he would be helping them recover ET craft from the bottom of the ocean at a depth of eight hundred meters. His experience as a combat diver was helpful, but he played the observer while they used remote-controlled submersibles that the US Navy had secretly been developing, paired with trained dolphins with orbital cameras mounted on harnesses that were responsible for initial reconnaissance.

The first object that was recovered turned out to be a cylinder-shaped craft that was about twenty meters long. After it was on board the ship, Darren was allowed to walk up to take a good look at the glyphs on the craft. He even touched it and gave it a knock, as if someone inside might knock back. *Amazing*, he thought. Once it was secured to the main deck, the ship moved off and headed to a base in Saudi Arabia.

The seas were unfavourable, and the winds were incessant. The frigate arrived at the base at 3 a.m., and the crew began to organize the trucks that would need to take the craft away after the cranes had lowered it onto a trailer capable of hauling wide loads. It could support the weight of a craft like this, and once it was strapped down, Darren and the driver took it to a CIA hangar that was dedicated to their use. Once Darren had seen it delivered safely, he went back to the CIA ship and again went back out to sea. This time, they sailed around the coastline of Yemen; it took several days to get there.

When the ship finally did reach the waters of Yemen, they had to proceed with extra-sensory awareness to not be attacked, being not a pro-American country, at all. In protection of the passage, the captain activated a secret stealth technology that made them invisible to radar, which was something Darren was surprised to learn was passé, being that the Americans had this technology on all their ships.

It was on this mission that Darren learned about portals. It blew his mind, and

he had a tough time accepting that there were natural portals on the earth where others could enter his world from some other part of the galaxy. He played the grey ghost and watched as people monitored the various machines that they had on the bridge.

As he listened to people talking, he got the gist of what was going on. Something was being tracked. Suddenly, one of the officers on board the vessel called to the bridge that he had an inbound target fifty-one miles up in the ionosphere and 1.5 miles away from the ship. That was also when Darren met General Chen for the first time. He was a guest on board the vessel and was important to the mission because of the new weapons he brought, which had been installed on the main deck in hopes of being tested on this very mission and potentially on the target being tracked on the radar.

All hands on the deck were told to cover the windows, and then Chen's weapon was activated. It wasn't firing a missile. Instead, Darren believed it was sending some kind of a radar signal that would stop a UFO in its flight and cause it to crash into the sea.

The officer monitoring the equipment had said that the craft had appeared in our space, and time and had been successfully shot down, resulting in an urgent need to recover the craft. General Chen introduced himself to Darren and told him that he would soon be assigned to come and work for "the company" that the General was running. This was the first he'd heard of a shuffle of duty and reporting, so he shelved it and hoped he'd get to talk to his handler about it when he had the opportunity to see her next.

When Darren was allowed to go to the topside a few hours later, he saw a diamond-shaped craft that was approximately ten meters in diameter sitting on the deck. He was told that he would be taking the craft to the same base in Saudi Arabia but he would be flying it back to the US, where the Orange Corporation would take possession to unravel the mysteries of its operation.

After Darren had been cleared to watch the monitors that were on the bridge to witness an amazing recovery of a second craft from under the ocean, so many

questions came to mind, but he refrained from speaking up. Instead, he noted them in his head for later penning so that he didn't pester people for answers. He was patient, knowing that when he got back to the United States with the second craft, he would then get to see Agent Carpenter again for a debriefing. He could wait until then for the answers he sought.

The type of aircraft that could carry the smaller types of UFOs still had to be big. When he saw what had touched down in Saudi Arabia, though, he could hardly believe it. He knew this plane wasn't a general issue, which made him surmise that the CIA had lots of money and had spent some of it on aircraft that were massive enough to haul spaceships back to the States. This thing was so advanced-looking that it, too, seemed like it was an ET ship, but he knew it was manmade because it was painted. He got on the strange aircraft after the diamond-shaped UFO was guided on board by a special flatbed designed especially for carrying extra-heavy objects. The giant plane had no problems taking the craft on board, and when it was secured, they closed the ramp. Then, the plane got ready for takeoff, and they all buckled in.

The plane taxied down the runway, and Darren and several members of a security team escorted it all the way back to Wright Patterson Air Force Base in the USA. The part of the flight that made him the most nervous was the treacherous night fuelings. Due to the in-flight ability, the plane never touched down on any foreign soil. It just kept flying until it reached America's coastline, and that had meant many strategic link-ups with planes carrying payloads of fuel meant for this enormous aircraft. One wrong move by the pilot, and they'd become an inferno.

General Chen had been correct; Darren soon learned that he would be sent off to work in a company that was funded by the CIA called the Orange Corporation.

When his attractive handler met him on the base, he was told what he was in for. "Your job is to secure locations and retrieve advanced technology that might be discovered someplace on earth or shot down from the sky. You will work with me on every assignment and also ensure that what gets shipped off gets delivered to the right people—got it?" Agent Carpenter said, looking out of place in the

underground parking lot.

“Who can I trust in this game?” he asked.

Anna looked at him and didn’t respond. He had to realize the truth for himself. She was about to say as much when he shook his head and spoke. “I can’t trust anybody can I? That’s one of the shitty things about working for spooks. I bet *you* don’t know whom we can trust? You’d better think about that before you ask me to play nice with some outfit I’ve only just heard of, mate. If it’s just me, and you’re watching our backs, that says a lot about the organizations we’ve chosen to work for.”

Darren watched her unlock her car to get inside it.

As they sat down, he used a phone app to check for electromagnetic frequencies being emitted from the car. When the car was cleared, he spoke again. “It’s okay. No bugs. So, I have a question for you outside of all this.”

Anna looked over at him as she got her keys out and put them into the ignition.

“Okay. Ask your question,” she replied as Darren put on his seat belt.

“Have you kept tabs on the men you caught me with? Did they continue on and get deployed?”

Anna looked over at him and nodded her head. “Trust is important. I know that they meant something to you, so I made sure they went back to their regiment and continued on with no blemishes on their record. In fact, we gave them a glowing citation for assisting US Forces in Iraq. As far as I know, they’re still on active duty. I could get letters to them if you wanted me to send them something. Haven’t you kept in touch with any of them?”

Darren shook his head as Anna drove her car out and slowly drove out of the building. “No, I didn’t want to cause them any grief. I just wanted to know that they were okay.”

Anna turned left onto the main street and drove down the block. When they got to a stop light, she looked at the people that were crossing the street in front of them.

“I’ve got to prove my loyalty to you. I know that. That’s why I haven’t bothered

them any further,” she said as she revved the car and prepared to proceed forward on the green light.

Darren was pleased to hear her say that. He felt a massive obligation to see his mates done right since nearly causing them to be discharged from the Australian Defense Force owing to his own curiosity about what the United States had been up to at the Pine Gap base. The two drove on and looked for a place where they could have a decent dinner to discuss things further as darkness began to fall over them.

Anna and Darren walked to a park after their meal. She hadn't wanted to discuss the nitty-gritties inside the restaurant and suggested a walk afterwards. She held his arm and enjoyed pretending that she was his girlfriend as a jogger ran by them. Darren accommodated her soft clasping of his arm as if she were accustomed to such latitude with his body. *How strange a feeling*, he thought to himself.

“What are you guys doing with this information after you back-engineer their technology? Are they all from the same beings?”

Anna shook her head as they walked in front of a setting sun. “Some are from other worlds. Some are from other dimensions. You’ve already learned that first-hand since you were on that mission off the coast of Yemen.”

Darren thought about the portals. That was life-changing information. “Will we get to go to other planets in our solar system because of what we learn from all this retrieval and back-engineering?” Darren asked.

Anna smiled and remained silent for several moments before she looked up into his eyes and said, “What makes you think they’re not already doing that, Darren?” she commented as they stopped and looked at a river off in the distance. “We’re constantly trading technologies and information with people, and you’re a part of that because your job is to get those technologies back to the shop where they can be chopped up and analyzed. We learn as we go.”

The next day, Anna took him into a federal building and they walked into an elevator. When she put a key into the side of the inside panel of the elevator, a light came on and asked her to step forward for an iris scan. Then, the elevator started

going down, but it kept on going for an extraordinarily long time, and soon, Darren realized they were going down to an underground base.

He was wrong though. It wasn't a base. It was a transit system. There was an underground train system that could take people all over the United States, and she wanted to get him used to riding it knowing there were bases that he would have to go to that would require that what he found remain a secret.

When they got on the train for the first time, Darren was amazed by how fast they were moving. "Holy cow!" he said as the thing zipped by at a crazy rate of speed.

Soon, they were in Virginia, a state where the CIA felt right at home.

"Why are we here?" Darren asked since they didn't have any kind of technology with them.

Agent Carpenter smiled at him as they walked up to a security checkpoint and showed their identification. They were then escorted to an underground medical unit, and Darren was to be given a tattoo containing micro-dotted inks that were only microns in size linked to computers he had no idea he was linking into. *Is it the beast?* he wondered.

"Is this going to be a regular thing?" he asked her.

As she looked at the designs in a binder provided for such occasions that required inspiration, she suggested he go with something that was Australian-themed. He liked that idea and put his favourite footie team emblem on one of his shoulders. It was against his better judgment to get tattooed, but Anna told him that he would feel stronger and would also have enhanced telepathic abilities so he could sense from a distance if there were any living ETs in the ships that were being shot down and then recovered.

"Do I have any say in this?" he asked her.

"You can pick out the design, just not the ink that's being used," she replied as they sat down and waited for him to be put in a chair.

"That makes me trust your outfit so much more, mate. I feel so safe knowing that," he said sarcastically as he looked over the options once more. "I have no say

in what's injected into my body, but you're trying to convince me that nanites would help me at the molecular level from being contaminated by radiation or other types of cell poisoning? I call bullshit!"

"That's what they tell me. I've had one for quite some time."

Darren was surprised by her admission.

"Wow! Okay. I guess it's time for me to get a tattoo then," Darren acquiesced.

They waited for the artist to finish his work on another person that was behind a screen. Anna looked at Darren and touched his arm, reassuring him. "This stuff really works, Darren. You'll find your fitness and combat agility improve a lot too. So will your breathing. You'll be amazed by how long you're able to stay underwater."

As if that wasn't enough, the night's activities weren't over for Darren after sitting in a chair for four hours. After the tattoo came injections. He watched in macho consternation as the syringe was being filled with what looked like a phosphorescent substance, tinged with a tint of something black and actively moving around inside the vial. She failed to advise him of the chance of his immune system gradually breaking down from the injection and the hazards of the magnetographene particulates coursing through his veins that would grant him his future trans-biotic abilities.

Whatever was in the last injection made him woozy, and he lost track of time. The last thing he remembered after being walked to what looked like a triage was seeing Anna pull up the sheets over his legs after she took his boots off and tucked them under the edge of the bed. He remembered drifting off to sleep as he heard her tell him that she would sleep on the couch in the same room to make sure the side effects weren't too difficult to handle. *What did I just do?* Darren thought as he disappeared into the black.

April 15, 1991  
Germany



Darren Mathews continued on in the ET craft retrieval business after his initiation and tagging. He took the technologies that he was being told to ship from point A to point B, all over the world via CIA support, including transport and storage of whatever was recovered.

Another assignment that was given to him following the Virginia tattoo incident was a recovery in Germany. It would be the recovery of an artifact that had belonged to an as yet, unidentified ancient civilization. It had been discovered underground during mining operations. On this hand-off, he would receive the artifact from another agency type person because these particular mining tunnels weren't accessible to Darren. German intelligence units were in control of the site where a multitude of artifacts had been recovered and they didn't want anyone else knowing what else they'd found down there and were preparing for plunder.

Instead, he took a plane into Berlin, Germany, and made arrangements to meet with a high-ranking official in a small tea shop on a back road, away from the public eye. They proceeded to order a lovely setting of cucumber sandwiches and a large pot of Earl Grey, settling into banal conversation that would have been awkward under any other circumstances but was trite enough to mask the fact that an exchange was being carried out. A neatly-wrapped package was passed to Darren under the table. It was the size of a large shoe box and three times as heavy as a normal pair of shoes. It was wrapped in thick brown paper and decorated in foreign stamps so as not to look like it was a drug deal.

The man asked, "How's your niece?"

Darren slid into the cover chatter easily. If anyone looked over, it would seem to be two old friends catching up with each other. "She's getting bigger every day."

"A shame I don't get to see her more often. These hours at work are killing me."

"I'd say the travel distance has something to do with it too," said Darren lightly. They spent a few minutes sitting there, talking about people who didn't actually exist.

Then, the man's phone rang. He held up one hand and answered the phone with his other. He said, "Not a problem, I'll be right in." Then, he stood up and

told Darren, "I've got to go to work. They're calling me in early."

"No problem, mate. We'll see each other soon, I'm sure," Darren said as he waved the man a friendly goodbye. He sat around for a bit longer, staring out the window as he enjoyed people watching for five minutes. After he finished his tea, he placed the package into a paper shopping bag, paid the bill, and left with his assignment in hand.

## June 18, 1991

### Bolivia

After dealing with artifacts in Europe, Darren was sent down to South America. His flight took him back over the Pacific Ocean, then down past Canada, along the United States' coastline, and then over Mexico. There were so many different kinds of landscapes over this vast distance. It amazed him when he looked out through the window of the plane he was on. When they were above Mexico, the flight path crossed mountain ranges that were enormously high in elevation, jagged, and staggering in steepness. The view was breathtaking.

When his plane finally touched down in Bolivia, his security team drove Darren into the heart of the Andes. After hopping into a beat-up jungle jeep, they found their way out of town to a small house in the middle of nowhere. Darren and the crew he was with would be spending a week there to acclimate to the higher altitudes.

The first night's sleep was good. It felt nice to be sleeping in a freshly made bed away from all the noise that pounds at the head in a big city. After a fantastic sleep in his hotel, Darren set off early to enjoy two days and nights out on his own hiking. The journey uphill took him along a dirt road that climbed up into the mountains for miles. He didn't see a lot of vehicles, nor did he see any hikers. It was just him and the great blue sky above all these tall mountains. The hike was breathtaking but it was getting harder to breathe he discovered as he climbed up to

his final destination, Lake Titicaca. When he finally reached the pinnacle, he felt something in his heart become a little stronger, and his pulse smoothed quickly.

After the week's stay in Bolivia, he needed to move the team into Peru where he would take a night in Cuzco, and then meet his contact at Saqsaywaman a day after that. That place was going to be interesting. Anna had told him she wanted him to take pictures, infrared and digital. Apparently, there were rock walls there that were massive, and the stones that were placed up to make the walls equally so. The seams weren't straight and were shaped in very strange geometric angles. She said in the briefing before he left, that no modern technology had ever been able to successfully replicate such advanced building methods, which really piqued his interest. Anna also claimed that whatever race of beings made them had used molten heat and levitation technologies to put them all in place—at least in theory.

As he camped out at the lake, he watched the stars from the entrance of his three-season tent. Their brilliance was as impressive there as they were in the desert in Australia. He stopped thinking about Peru and opened up a can of local beer, swilling it down so he didn't have to fully taste it. He didn't need more than one, though, because something in the air was causing him to feel quite euphoric.

He'd read that this area had been the home of an ancient race of extra-terrestrials, but they had been punished by God for mixing with humans. They'd broken a fundamental universal law of not getting involved with a race that was less advanced than your own—or so the legend went. Apparently, this behaviour got these beings into trouble with some kind of Galactic Federation. That's what Anna had told him. She was a walking encyclopedia, that woman.

In the morning when the darkness began to fade away, Darren started to see the outline of an island, which was said to be one of the most sacred places for priests to venture out to in order to receive some form of advanced development in their ways of thinking. His mind raced, imagining what might have taken place over on the island—something to explain why this land was sacred.

After a good breakfast, Darren set out to find Salar de Uyuni hoping it would lead him to find his destination, a church cut out of salt blocks.

He had planned to meet Phil Regen, who was one of his security team members, later that morning. Phil was also out in the general area, doing some car camping, and Darren's rendezvous time with him was for 9 a.m., so he had to get himself ready for the last leg of his solo walking expedition. He felt great. The energy was an extremely high vibe. *You can feel it coming out of the earth and going into your body*, he thought.

As Darren packed up his tent, he looked at the lake and thought about the sunken city that was buried in the shallows long ago. In the year 2000, divers had found an ancient temple there. It was over two hundred meters long and fifty meters wide. Other teams had already recovered some of the artifacts from that area, which was why he knew so much about it already. It was the home of the Lemurians, and their country was known as OG, which in modern times is recognized as Bolivia and Peru.

Darren got his pack on and started hiking again. He checked his compass and map. The trajectory looked right to him as he checked his watch, to set the time. There were a few clouds in the sky but not many, and the wind was gently blowing up from the south as he gazed at the lake one last time, drinking in its view.

By 8:40 a.m., he had reached the rendezvous point where he would be picked up. The truck was there waiting for him, and he was happy to throw his gear in the back. He settled into the passenger seat and made himself comfortable as Phil and the team did a final check on their gear to prepare for a twelve-hour drive over some very dodgy dirt roads.

When their truck finally got to the church, Darren couldn't help but feel the energy, somehow connecting to his own field. Phil, who'd also done some reading on the place, noted the field of energetics was very distinct. Legends claimed that you could realign your chakras and your auric fields by staying there, so Darren was keen to enjoy the night to see if anything happened to him. There was a deserted building next to the church, but giving it a look, he saw that it was not fit for hunkering down. Darren was happy to sleep in his tent, and Phil was happy to sleep in his truck. As Darren drifted off, he felt a sense of relief knowing that he had been

smart enough to bring two jerry cans of fuel because it would just be enough to get them back to a town that had a refuelling station.

When he returned to the small cottage a few days later, he saw the security team enjoying their time lounging around. They too had been able to relax for a bit and were in good condition. Nobody was sick—yet—which was a good sign.

After a good afternoon meal of fresh fruit, saltenas—savoury pastries filled with minced meat—potatoes, carrots, and peas, all dipped in a spicy gravy and washed down with a couple of beers, Darren gathered the men and showed them where they would be going next.

The next operation would also be a recovery mission. He described the location where the discovery had been made, explaining that they would be leaving Bolivia and heading up into Peru after they finished acclimating. Most of the men hadn't been acclimatized at higher elevations like the ones that they were about to meet. The past week of rest, hiking, and enjoying the climate and landscape had been a smart move by his handler. "You're going to see some interesting things if what I've been told, is true," Darren finished off saying to the team.

Darren's remaining week of rest was also to get used, to be accustomed to driving on these mountainous roads in a convoy. But now came the logistics of getting to their actual objective. As he looked at his map, which was unfolded on the hood of the truck, he tried to estimate how far they would have to drive to get into the country that was North of where they were now. Mathews made the wise move following his journey out to the salt block church to obtain additional jerry cans of fuel to take with them before they drove to the border—a lesson that had been well-engrained in spook school.

As they drove around each day on the narrow mountain roads, they were pretty nervous about the soft edges and the potential of going over the side. There were no barriers—not even boulders to hold the road. If you weren't paying attention to oncoming burros occupying the middle of the road, you'd be doomed, as one wrong turn assured that you would never be seen again.

After they crossed the border, they stopped in the town of Cuzco for the night.

Darren got his first opportunity to stare at the rock walls that had been made by civilizations who left their mark there before the Inca had moved into the area. The group of men broke off into groups and became tourists as they checked out the marvels that Cuzco had to offer.

After a meal of fresh sea bass ceviche, causa rellena, and some Inca Colas, they went their separate ways for a few hours. Darren located a rock wall in the centre of the town, and it stopped him in his tracks. What really puzzled him was how whoever (or whatever) had placed these stones into position so accurately. There were no chips in the stone nor were there any spaces along the stones' edges. You couldn't fit a piece of paper between them and these were credited to the Inca? It was seeming more likely the stones were assembled by an ancient civilization during an era long ago and the Inca had moved into the area after they had vanished.

The next day, the team was together again as they set out to find their contact. The site that his handler had asked for him to manage changed the way Darren perceived humanity's secret past. The stones that they were looking at were massive blocks that weighed many tons each. Yet they were placed on top of each other in such a manner it would be an impossibility that cranes and pulleys had lifted them into position. There was no way. Phil and the others talked among themselves while Darren walked over to the rocks where he was supposed to meet his contact.

At 1 o'clock, a teenage boy asked him if he could take his picture in front of the rock wall that was behind him. Darren was happy to have the young man take his photo. When the boy handed the camera back to him, the boy uttered their password, confirming that he was the one he'd been waiting on. Together they walked back with the young man to their trucks and exited the area. The teen guided the quiet, pensive crew to another town that was several hours away. When they arrived at their destination, off in a little clearing was a helicopter waiting for them.

Up in the air, Darren, Phil, and the crew enjoyed a one-hour flight over the mountains. They flew over the desert region between Naszca and Palpa on what was called the Pampas de Jumana, which lay approximately four hundred miles south of

Lima. Phil nudged Darren as he pointed to massive shapes seemingly cast into the sides of the mountains and lines stretching across the plains. These were known as the Naszca lines. You couldn't see these giant drawings in the sand at ground level but at about 500–1500 feet above the ground you could see all sorts of engravings deeply etched into the surface.

Darren saw a spider carved into the floor of the desert that looked to be at least five hundred meters in circumference. It wasn't just animals or insects. There were numerous shapes spanning the landscape that only high-flyers would see.

"Could these be markers to bring a craft down to the Earth safely?" Phil asked over the intercom in English.

Darren nodded his head. "They're markers. They have to be!"

"Look over there," Darren replied. "The top of the mountains have been cut right off so that a landing strip could be made. Now, who or what did that?"

Eventually, they landed in a remote spot on the edge of the jungle. There was a truck waiting for them when they landed. The pilot expressed his concern about the remoteness because his tank was half empty. They only had enough fuel to get back to the local airport.

The co-pilot left the plane and escorted Phil and Darren over to a driver who then drove them from the landing spot to an even more remote place, deeper into the jungle.

The truck stopped at the base of a mountain and the driver took them to a hole in the ground that was a meter by a meter in size. There was a tarp over it with some stones on each corner. When he lifted the stones and removed the tarp, there appeared a ladder down a shaft. It was twenty feet to the bottom. Then, the vertical shaft joined what looked like a horizontal tunnel. Phil spoke Spanish and was told that there were a number of items for them to see below, so they could choose what was important for them to take back to study.

After fifteen minutes of exploring the horizontal shaft, they came to a burial chamber. Inside the chamber were at least a dozen bodies, which appeared to have elongated skulls. They had been placed into bundles in sitting positions and were

swaddled by some kind of woven material. The eye sockets were bigger than a modern-day human's, and the skull bone seemed to be much thicker as well. This was an incredible find in itself, but it wasn't a retrieval that Darren would be called in for. So, he wanted to find exactly what they were there to collect. Phil relayed the question, and the guide then nodded his head, taking them to another room where they saw what they'd been sent to collect.

Hovering in the centre of the room was a metal ball that was magically suspended above a granite obelisk. It had symbols on the sides of it, and there were illuminated lights on the stone underneath it.

"Be careful," Phil said to Darren. This thing has been here for thousands of years. This has to be booby-trapped in some way otherwise it would have been taken outta here by now," he cautioned.

The ball appeared to be made of some kind of foreign metal and it was levitating. Behind it on the walls were various symbols, which resembled some form of ancient writing, but Darren had no idea what it was. The symbols needed to be deciphered because they would explain what this metal ball was for and who its creators had been.

After walking out of the room, the guide told Phil that there were miles of tunnels, most of which yet to be explored. As they began walking down the tunnel system, Darren told Phil to ask the guide the story about how this had all been discovered. The man told Phil in Spanish and then Phil let out a few swear words.

"What'd he tell you mate?" Darren asked as he looked through his bag, took out his headlamp, and put it on his head.

Phil looked over at his boss and said, "The three men that tried to take the metal ball down were shot by beams of light that came straight out from the walls. They died here," he explained.

Darren and Phil then knew that this wasn't going to be a speedy recovery. He needed to get a message back to his handler to request some engineers to the site because this was not something that he was prepared to take on without experts.

"This isn't worth us dying over. I'll call my mate in—Mitch. He'll figure things



out. I mean, if that thing killed three people then, let's leave it where it is and call for reinforcements. Give the man his money. We're going to be here for a while I reckon."

## November 24, 1991

### Syria

By the end of the year, Darren was starting to settle into his role within the Orange Corporation. He missed his mates from the SAS, and he missed Australia, but he felt a certain thrill about being involved in such earth-changing discoveries.

Syria's retrieval mission wasn't for parts. Rather, Darren would be picking up the remains of what they called a Raptor Warrior. It was swaddled in heavy canvas blankets and placed in the back of Darren's van. The windows were tinted so no one could peer in. The local law officials had been given the license plate number and strict orders not to approach it.

Darren's curiosity got the best of him while waiting for a light to turn green. He twisted around, reaching into the back seat and pulling back the blankets so he could look at the alien. It resembled a miniature T-Rex but had strange ridges on its head.

According to the report, it had been shot down while trying to abduct humans. They were believed to be this species' primary food source while they were on earth. As Darren looked at the body, he could see that it had been riddled with 50-calibre explosive-tipped rounds.

"Well, shit," said Darren. He pulled the blanket back over the creature before turning back to sit properly in his seat.

The light turned green. Darren continued driving. The DNA recovered that day was priceless, and there was no doubt that he was on a time crunch so the people in the secret labs underground could harvest living DNA from the body and start experimenting with it.

## January 6, 1992

### Secret Wet Room

In early 1992, his handler informed Darren that he would soon be sent to Melville Island, in Canada. It was going to be a mission that could take several weeks or possibly even longer and would require his skills of protecting people from harm while they were underground. It was an important mission and incredibly secretive.

First, though, he was given a smaller mission.

It was a test. Darren knew that. They needed to make sure that he was loyal to the organization. They needed to make sure that Darren would listen to and follow any orders. They also were checking on him to see if he would terminate assets if it looked like they were going to disclose any secrets that were of value to the Orange Corporation or the CIA.

He was flown to a secret base in Alaska and taken underground. After walking down a long corridor, he was eventually escorted to a very clean room, which had a chair in the centre of it. In the chair was a man with a black cover over his entire head. His hands were securely fastened to the arms of the chair, and his legs were tied to the base. Darren could see that the man was still breathing.

Darren's orders were very simple. He had to shoot the man and kill him with no reasoning given—just an order to terminate with extreme prejudice. There was no information on who the man was or what he had done. He could have been a hardened criminal. He could have just as easily been a man that they picked up off the side of the road. He could have been a clone or perhaps even a cyborg that was half man and half machine, but he couldn't tell.

Questions were strictly prohibited.

Darren was given a handgun that was already cocked but it had its safety engaged. He took it from the supervising CIA representative and shot the man in the head. Then he handed the gun back to the person that was in charge.

"Do I pass the test?" Darren asked as he looked the man in the eyes.

The CIA operator looked at the blood spatter on the white walls as he nodded his head. "Yes. Please exit the room and follow me. Your handler is waiting to give you a debriefing."

When Darren met Anna, he was quite surprised because he had thought she would be in Australia working at Pine Gap. She was waiting for him and obviously had things she wanted to say. He smiled at her and sat down in the chair on the other side of the table.

"Are we being watched or is this conversation being recorded?" Darren asked.

She looked around the room and smiled back at him. "You never know who's listening or watching, so watch what you say back to me in here, all right?"

Darren nodded.

Anna was happy to see Darren face to face again. She'd been busy with other assignments for several months and could only talk to him occasionally through a secure satellite phone. The CIA had their own satellites above the earth, which gave them a much broader reach over the world, she'd come to learn.

"It's still good to see you, Darren," she said as she reached beside her chair and pulled out a manila folder, which had the word "classified" on the side of it. Darren watched her open it. There was a paper inside it titled "Unit 81" and then a brief summary of what appeared below the heading.

Darren smiled at her and then looked down at the open folder. "What is unit 81, dare I ask?"

Anna looked at her cup of coffee and reached for it. She took a sip of it and then held it to warm her hand. "They're a newly formed unit in Israel. Guess what they do?"

Darren raised his eyebrows and replied, "The same job that we do?"

It was obviously the right answer, as Anna smiled. "That's right. They recover ancient technology too. But what's concerning is the fact that they also back-engineer these things, just as we do. They're our closest allies, and they want to be side by side with us as we work on certain things within the Middle East. I doubt that's going to be approved, but it certainly would be if the jobs we did were in

their country. What we let them know is highly selective, and it seems they feel the same way about sharing things with us. They have a lot of things buried underneath them, though, that the higher levels want us to be kept in the loop on.”

Darren looked at his handler and wanted to know where this was heading, and so he was direct with his next question. “So, am I being sent to Israel to do a trade?” he asked.

She shook her head. “Not yet, but it’s something that should be on our radar. I wanted to tell you about them so you’re careful about what you say in front of scientists and researchers that are working under your supervision when you’re on assignments working with them. My own handler told me that we would have to go there in the near future—just so you’re aware. I wanted you to start thinking about how you interact with people you’re meeting for the first or second time.”

Darren appreciated the briefing and listened to her tell him the basics about the unit and how it was American money that basically helped them run their operation. It was confusing to him why Israel got so much financial support from the United States, but it wasn’t something that he had any control over.

When Darren’s handler finished her briefing about Unit 81, she went on to talk about his immediate assignment and why she was no longer in Australia.

“There’s another place that has been discovered, and it has a lot of interesting things that have been found below the surface—just like in Peru. It’s on an island in the northern part of Canada, and it’s covered in ice for most of the year,” she explained.

Darren’s interest was caught by what she was telling him. “And what’s below that island?”

“There are a lot of tunnels and glyphs on the walls, and some of the photographs that got back to us reveal advanced technology having been discovered. But I can’t show you those pictures because I don’t have any. I’m just relaying what I was told by my own handler. I need to send some people down there, so I need you to keep them from harm while they’re underground poking their heads around. We believe that some high-value items of significance are down there, and that’s why I’m here

too. They want me to be in Canada supporting you in whatever capacity you need. So, this is pretty important to the CIA.”

Anna nodded and took another sip of her coffee, finishing it. She put the cup to the side of the table and spoke. “Yes, it’s got their interest that’s for sure.”

“Are the Canadians aware of what’s been found?”

Anna shook her head. “They have no idea. That’s why it’s important that we keep everyone quiet and we move in and out of there as quickly as possible. Remember that if we lose control of the information being released, we’ll need to terminate the asset leaking the information. That’s your protocol but I’m hoping that it won’t be necessary. I’m going to suggest you first use psychology to make people do what you want them to do before you terminate somebody in a foreign country.”

Darren nodded his head as though he understood. “So when do we leave Alaska?”

“In a couple of days. We still needed to do another job, but I can tell you about that later. Let’s get out of here and go to Anchorage,” she said as she pushed her chair back and stood up from the table. She was quite ready to leave the base and check out the countryside.

## Northern Canada May 12, 1992 Site Perimeter of Discovery X

A series of tunnels had been discovered in Northern Canada a year before Darren’s arrival. What Darren’s handler had told him would be an in-and-out job turned out to be something that required him to be there for many months instead. With his loyalty to the Orange Corporation proven, he was entrusted to maintain site security to ensure that the secrets waiting down there weren’t announced to the rest of the world. The drilling and the blasting had stopped that afternoon. Darren’s

job was making sure that there were no aircraft flying above them as they attempted to clean up the debris all over the surface. By drilling out shafts, they could then get bigger electrical generators down into the caverns below so they could be lit up for longer periods of time.

When Darren felt that his security team was capable of handling things on the surface, he went below ground. As he walked down the tunnel that had been discovered quite by accident, he was amazed by the fact that so many cultures throughout time had wanted to leave a story behind for others to find. While he had a few moments by himself, he walked down a corridor carved out of solid granite and marvelled at what he saw on the walls.

Darren's eyes were diverted when he heard the boots of someone coming toward him as he walked deeper into the tunnel system. He soon recognized the face of the head archaeologist. His name was Bill Jenkins, and he was also an underground structural engineer who worked closely with Dr Emily Aranda, an expert on ancient languages and anthropology, who was also assigned to this expedition.

Despite the fact that Darren was normally in and out on short jobs, this one was an exception because they'd discovered an ancient power source underground that needed investigation and further study. What made the task more challenging is that the device couldn't be removed from its present location. What was concerning to the scientists was that the device was believed to actually be alive and that it had been made with sound. He didn't fully understand what Bill and Dr Emily were talking about, but it sure sounded interesting.

The Orange Corporation decided, within the first month of his work there, that Darren would stay on site for almost the entire year. He spent most of his days with Bill and Emily, listening closely to everything they had to say.

When the chance arose, he snapped pictures when no one else was watching since he was the most senior security team member present. The first few times, he managed to do so without getting caught. In the end, though, he wasn't quick enough.

When Bill caught him taking a picture of the small pyramid that was resting on

a block of granite in one of the caverns, the man warned him, “That’s against all the rules, Darren. You know that.”

“I was taking these pictures so I could show my boss,” Darren replied. He gave his friend a sheepish smile. “I’ll pitch the camera when we get back to camp, yeah?”

Bill eyed him, clearly not fully believing Darren. Finally, though, he said, “You’re going to get yourself in a mess of trouble one of these days.”

“Funny. That’s what my boss keeps telling me, too,” said Darren. He stuck close behind Bill. They were in the largest cavern, and it was quite warm due to the thermal activity.

Bill chuckled. “That woman that came to see you a few weeks ago didn’t mince her words. Are the two of you getting along? She doesn’t work for Orange, does she?”

“No. She doesn’t. Not lately,” said Darren petulantly. “I mean, well—I suppose if you work with someone long enough, you build a relationship of trust. I think things are okay, but she’s worried that this project is going to attract some attention soon if we’re not more careful about who we bring over here. We had an argument about when I need to talk to her about any new discoveries being made here. She doesn’t want the Canadian government finding out what’s been discovered here.”

“Are you sure that’s all it is?”

“You implying something, mate?”

“I’m just saying, you seem to be getting awfully close to her,” said Bill. He looked over his shoulder, giving him a teasing smile.

Darren didn’t smile back, so Bill dropped the subject.

The problem was that Bill was right. Darren *was* growing increasingly fond of his handler, Miss Anna Carpenter . . . and that was *not* something he wanted to happen.

September 15, 1992  
China

Darren was sent on a mission to China in the fall of 1992 shortly after completing a mission to Israel where he'd had to fly something small back to Los Alamos, New Mexico. The China mission was going to be his second job since leaving the tunnel system in Northern Canada.

He asked his handler, "How did this happen, mate? I can't picture China being open to this sort of thing."

Anna laughed. "God, no. But General Chen has friends in China, Darren."

"I'd like to get to know his story someday."

"General Chen definitely has some connections in the country," Anna explained. "He managed to get us a diplomatic visa to get in but you must be extremely careful."

Darren shook his head. "I don't get it. That man—he's something else, isn't he? Always seemed a little off to me, but the man has tentacles over so many things around the world based on what I've seen with my own eyes. It makes me want to ask what he's doing with all this space-age technology."

Anna bit at her lower lip. Darren had come to learn that meant she was debating something.

He prodded, "What's on your mind?"

"I'm only telling you this because I think it's pertinent knowledge for a man in your position," said Anna. "You don't have clearance to know this. I don't have clearance to tell you. If I find out that this information leaves this room, I'll shoot you myself."

Darren swore an oath, promising to keep it secret.

Anna nodded, then said, "The reason that Pine Gap was so heavily guarded is that it's the home of our cloning facilities."

"I've heard rumours about them. Genetic engineering and all that."

"The original Chen worked for the US shadow government when it was first started."

"Original," said Darren. "You telling me I'm being bossed around by a clone?"

Anna nodded.



“The original General Chen was a part of the American mission to establish anti-gravity technology. He was an American. But after they threw him out, they sent him back to China and he became the grandfather of their secret space program. Now he’s in a deep freeze somewhere.”

Darren shook his head. “But *why*?”

Anna looked around. There was no chance anyone else would be there, but she double-checked before explaining that, in 1954, Chen had been fired by the MJ-12 group, and that’s why he had been sent back to China from the United States.

“The reason was that the US had mastered anti-gravity in that same year and they didn’t want Chen to send that information back to China. And when they gave him the boot, he felt so betrayed by what they’d done to him that he changed his mind completely and started to reveal what he knew to the Chinese military. What became of all that hostility was the beginnings of the secret space program developed by China beginning in 1954. They’ve been secretly developing their own space program ever since, and they get much of their information from Israel, which steals it from us when we’re not watching what they’re doing. Every time Israel gets caught with its hand in the cookie jar, the case is quickly covered up. It makes me sick that no one will stop it,” she said angrily.

Darren was confused by what she’d just told him. As he scratched his head, he wondered something. “There are so many factions at play here. My first question is, why would the CIA allow a corporation that they control to be run by this guy’s clone?”

Anna smiled. “I know it’s confusing, but it all has to do with keeping your enemies close so you can watch what they’re doing out on the playground with the toys that you give them. And now that you’re equipped with this information, you can come back to me with reports on what Chen is developing as he studies the things that you take back to his facilities to be re-engineered.”

Darren had a look of doubt on his face when he said, “The Chen in charge of the Orange Corporation is simply a clone of the original Chen? That’s insane. I never would have thought any of this could be even possible.”

Anna smiled at him again and said, "That's the whole point, Darren. People aren't supposed to believe this could be happening. It would be bad for business if they knew it was real."

Darren was being sent by General Chen to obtain pictures of an advanced technical device that appeared to be a miniature star gate. It had been discovered underneath the largest pyramid in China. The handsome Australian was amazed at the sheer thought of it. "So, while everyone else believes the pyramids of Giza are burial chambers for ancient pharaohs, the Chinese have been digging underneath some of the ones in their own country and they've found advanced technology? That's what you're telling me?" he attempted to confirm.

Anna nodded her head. "That's right, and they're not telling us everything they've found either. Not by a long shot. But they don't want to slam the door in our faces either because they know about the secret space programs we're involved in and they want to be a part of that information chain, too," she explained.

His wonder only continued to grow when Anna said, "There are quite a few pyramids that have been discovered over there. Here, look at this."

Anna pulled her folder out. She opened it up to reveal several 8x10 photographs.

The first picture showed a pyramid that was a thousand feet tall and over 1500 square feet at the base. It was covered in a white coating of some kind. Anna pointed out the top bit of the pyramid was made of a coloured gemstone of some kind. It appeared to be bigger than the tallest pyramid in Egypt, and it was more intact as well. "This is the one you're going to see," she said. Next, Anna showed him a picture that had been taken by a US airman in Shensi province in Northern Central China.

"That's just insane, mate," said Darren. He shook his head as she showed him the second picture.

Anna told him, "If you think the pictures are hard to believe, wait until you see it in person. This is going to be different from any job you've been on before, Darren. You're going to need to be careful because I need you to venture into a few areas and tell me what you see."

“Don’t worry, Birdie,” said Darren. The nickname for Anna comes naturally these days. “I’m always careful.”

Anna chided, “You’re never careful.”

Darren gave her a charming smile. “It’s the thought that counts, right?”

Anna swatted him on the shoulder. Darren laughed and headed on his way.

Once in China, Darren was assigned an escort who doubled as his driver while he was there. The country was massive, and he found the rural areas beautiful as the driver took him over miles of remote, rugged wilderness. For several days he was driven from one city to the next and then out into the remote countryside to see what his handler had shown him in the pictures first hand. Mathews had never seen a pyramid like the one he was going to be allowed to see.

One of the attractions that caught his attention after the first day was the Great Wall running along the mountains. He was shocked at the size of it. The people that it was meant to keep out must have been incredibly dangerous Darren suspected. He asked the driver if he could take a picture. When he was told that it was okay, the car pulled over and Darren got out. The air was good out in the country. It was just the cities where the smog was so bad.

The beauty of the land was marred by the cruelty he saw when passing through the open-air markets in one of the regional towns, where he saw several people throw dogs into boiling water to cook them alive so they would taste better. He was horrified. “Fucking mongrels,” he said to himself. “Pure cruelty. That’s all this is.”

He couldn’t just leave it be. That sort of cruelty had to be paid back in full. He asked his guide to take him a few blocks away from the carnage. Then, he spotted a policeman and walked up to him with his guide in tow. He asked his guide to translate what he said, which the man did. Darren explained that he had heard some people openly talking about how the government should be overthrown. After the escort relayed the information, the policeman became alarmed and wanted to know where he’d heard this. When the guide told him that the police officer wanted to know who had said this and where they were now. Darren pointed back towards the dog slaughter that was taking place and described the two men.

The police officer told both of them to stay there so their personal details could be taken down, and then the police officer got on his radio and called in for support. He started walking in the direction that Mathews had pointed as he looked for the suspects.

Once the police officer was gone, the guide took Darren back to the car and quickly drove away. The escort spoke perfect English and advised Darren that the police would now arrest those men for speaking against the Chinese government. Darren was happy to see them taken away after watching them perform such a terrible sight.

“I’ll sleep better knowing they’re locked up, mate. I’m not worried about it,” he said as they drove on, feeling satisfied with himself.

After leaving the open-air market behind them, Darren was taken to the location where he was to meet the person that would hand over the pictures of the device. When he met with the researcher of the pyramid, he knew he was privileged to hear the details of what they’d discovered underneath the pyramids inside the safety of his apartment. He paid to see the pictures, and then he took pictures of them with the camera that he’d brought along. Then, his guide was told to take Darren to see the amazing structure in person. Darren, however, wondered how come this was happening so easily when for decades nobody from the West had been allowed to come near to this place. He asked his driver and gave him several thousand dollars as a bribe to tell him. That’s when he learned about the influence of the Red Dragon family who had made the agreement with the CIA.

He viewed the tall white pyramid in person before he left. He was amazed by what he saw and also by the people that had built it. After being allowed to take several pictures of himself in front of the pyramid he left in his guide’s vehicle to drive to another destination. One that his handler had said would just be a drive through a regional area. He was to report what he saw.

After a meal of some sort of seafood noodle dish, they stopped at a hotel and stayed the night. In the morning, they continued toward the area that Anna had wanted him to check out. He wasn’t sure what he was supposed to report, but soon

enough, he was able to figure it out.

There were many orthodox Jews walking around the small town, and they were all Caucasian. That was a strange thing to see in an Asian country with such a big Chinese population. He suspected that was what Anna was waiting for him to confirm for her. It made a lot of sense, and he asked the driver why there were orthodox Jews in China.

“They live in the Jewish autonomous zone here. The government has made a deal with Israel so they can live here in their own area.”

Darren was shocked and asked another question as they kept driving through the small town. “Do you not think that’s kind of strange, mate?”

The driver nodded but said nothing further. He kept his eyes on the road and made no further conversation until he had gotten Darren to the hotel at the airport, where he booked two rooms for the night. Darren thanked him for doing so and then went up to his room, showered, and prepared for sleep in a decent bed.

The next morning, there was a knock on his door. He opened it up and recognized his guide. Darren welcomed him into his room with some small talk and went back to the bathroom where he finished shaving. He put on some aluminium-free deodorant and then put on his shirt. His bag was already packed and was easy to pull behind him as they exited the room.

After Darren boarded his plane, he found his seat and tried not to attract any attention. He took out a book and began reading.

He met Anna at the San Francisco airport. They drove out of the city and found a coffee shop where she could examine the pictures of what Darren had brought back with him. She was impressed by how far into China he had managed to get. He gave her the film from his camera and asked her to develop it. “There are loads of great pictures on there, and I’d like one or two of them if you’re okay with it. Have a look and see what you can do.”

Anna smiled as she took the roll of film. “No problem,” she said. “You really hit the ball out of the park on this one, Darren!”

She looked into his eyes and wanted to know what else he had seen. He told her

everything that he had seen on his trip, including the details about the Jewish autonomous zone. When he finished, she was left thinking about what she needed to do next.

Darren broke the silence. “I was thinking . . . clearly this kind of technology is all around the Earth. What about the other countries? What about Russia? What about the African continent? They must have people out there looking for this stuff, too. What’s going to happen when you’re successful at transporting things through this portal technology?”

Anna said, “Then, we can move to other dimensions and other timelines. This is what the Germans were trying to do with their invention known as *die glocke*. It’s a priority for the CIA to find this kind of technology before anyone else is able to figure out how it works.”

“Why? Do you really know what the CIA really is? What aren’t they telling us, Anna?”

Anna hesitated. Finally, she said, “I know that they were invented after World War 2. They evolved from the Office of Strategic Services. The OSS. as they were referred to.”

Darren scoffed. “You should dig deeper, Anna. What you find out might disturb you.”

Anna said, “If you know something, you should just tell me.”

Darren said, “After WW2 ended officially, the OSS merged with the Nazi SS Intelligence network, which was called Odessa. One Nazi SS general was able to assist the CIA after US-Soviet relations broke down, and the Nazi general saw an opportunity to save himself and many others. But there was also a branch of breakaway Nazis in Antarctica who came into the CIA in the mid- 1950s after agreements had been made with the United States’ shadow government.”

Anna frowned but didn’t interrupt.

Darren continued. “I know from other sources that a European intelligence network for the CIA was established soon after it had been created. By 1946, the CIA was 51% former Nazi intelligence and they used their power and influence to

take over NASA and many other organizations in America that had really big budgets. Even I know that much, and I also know the name of what NASA was called before it had its name changed. Before it was given the name of NASA it was called JLP, and one of Robert Maxwell's daughters just so happened to be married to one of the founders. The other sister was the handler for Jeffrey Epstein."

Anna didn't look surprised. She looked into his eyes and gave him a smile. "I'll look into the history of the CIA when I have a moment to breathe. I've seen some dark things, too. One of the missions I was on in Pine Gap—it was all about seeing people kidnapped and murdered and then set up to look like a heroin overdose. I question killing soldiers, which is why you're still alive."

Darren asked, "And do you regret not killing me?"

"No, keeping you alive was the right choice. You should thank yourself for agreeing to my offer. Everybody won that day, and look at how much you've been able to see since then."

"You're absolutely right on that one," he said as he picked up his cup of coffee and enjoyed its taste.

## Chapter 3

### Lovers

They shouldn't have been in a relationship. It was against every rule that the Orange Corporation stood for. Anna and Darren just couldn't help themselves. After working with each other for several years, they had been unable to resist each other. The sex had been really good, too.

Darren was in the shower of Anna's temporary apartment in Texas. Anna had already taken her own shower. Her wet hair was piled up on the top of her head.

She was sipping on a glass of wine while browsing the Internet for information about Operation Paperclip. She knew about the post-war escape routes for the Nazis into South and Central America, but she didn't know that the groups that would become part of the CIA after WW2 ended were helping to get the Nazis that the USA wanted to keep.

The OSS helped get them out of Europe and into South and Central America. That's where Mengele had gone at the end of the war, but he had later been smuggled into the United States under a pseudonym.

According to Anna's information, Mengele had been welcomed into America so he could start the super soldier program through MK Ultra using Nazi trauma-based programming. Victims in the United States would know him as Dr Green, and the CIA was very interested in keeping him financed.

The Nazi Odessa group that took over the CIA, Anna was amazed to learn, wanted to develop their super-soldier program, which they would resume inside America. MK Ultra stood for Minde Kontrol Ultra Secret. It had a pure German tone to it. The trauma-based methodology created something that would be so traumatic to the brain that an alternate personality could be created and programmed. Those personalities were then given the term alters. If anyone tried to discover the subject's other personalities, they were subjected to OMEGA programming, which demanded suicide and termination of their life.



As Anna continued to read articles on the Internet, she learned that it had been Mengele's job to help the CIA create Manchurian candidates for their super-soldier programs. Sometimes, these programs started at a very young age—sometimes in utero.

Through these MK Ultra programs, hundreds of thousands of American citizens on US soil were tortured and killed. Torture methods included rape, the use of sound, electric shock, water torture, murder, the killing of puppies, and exposure to the subjects' fears for long periods in tight places—such as a cramped box full of bugs or snakes—as well as extreme temperature exposure and drug experimentation.

Over the decades, Dr Green would expand his programs to include Project Monarch, MK Delta, and the Montauk project where up to 300,000 children, mainly boys, were murdered underground at Camp Hero, New York. It was at this location, she learned, that something called a trip chair was used on the children to experiment with time travel. They would be used as assets to travel through time for a number of reasons—and to Mengele, the children were expendable.

Dr Mengele was asked to develop a training program for super soldiers as well as for slaves, who would be used by the elite or by spy agencies like the one that Anna now worked for, though she had no first-hand experience to confirm this.

Anna was enthralled by her research. Every new bit of information sent her mind reeling. And to think, this had happened so recently! She knew very little when it came to the super-soldier programs but she knew that the CIA used a mercenary corporation named KRUGER, and their soldiers were augmented with high-tech enhancements that weren't to be talked about. She was lucky in that she had stumbled onto the YouTube channel called the Quantum Red Pill Café, where the hosts had started to explain what people went through during their training phases. It was horrible for her to hear about the murder and torture that was still going on. She had no idea where though.

She was still watching YouTube videos when Darren stepped out of the shower and walked up behind her. He pressed a kiss to the side of Anna's head. "What are you up to now?" he asked.

“Always working,” she replied.

Darren touched her shoulder, “I’m sure that can wait a little longer.”

Anna leaned back in her chair so she could kiss him properly. “I’m not always working. In fact, we just had a nice, long session didn’t we?”

“All right, love,” chuckled Darren. “I’ll give you that one.” He grabbed a chair and pulled it over, so he could sit next to her. “Why don’t you tell me what you’ve learned so far? We can read it together.”

It might have been a strange couple’s activity for some people, but it worked just fine for Anna and Darren. He put on some background music and poured them both a drink. Anna then engaged Darren with what she’d learned about the CIA and who they really were.

## August 14, 1993

### Northern Iraq

In Northern Iraq, directly on the border with Iran, a twenty-five-meter flying disc appeared in the sky not two hundred meters above mountainous terrain. It immediately erupted into pieces as it slammed into an invisible forcefield.

A triangular craft known as a TR3C hovered down toward the ground after disengaging its cloaking device. Men wearing black exoskeleton armour exited the craft. They took a radioactive device from the downed disc and re-boarded the TR3C. The triangular craft then rose off the ground and quickly disappeared into the sky. The manmade technology went further still, ratcheting up into space, headed for a secret base that was situated on Mars.

Not long afterwards, US military personnel arrived in a black Chinook helicopter to set up a perimeter. Men were put on guard to watch out for Islamic extremists and other threats. Other members of Darren’s security team pulled out two dead inter-dimensional beings that had big round heads and very small bodies that were almost dwarf-like in appearance. For the moment, his team had to act

without their supervisor, Darren.

Mathews was situated in Iraq too, but he had been sent on a mission with Anna accompanying him. Together, they were out in the scorching Iraqi desert, attempting to find the source of power that was coming from an area that they were searching.

As Darren walked around, Anna sat on the hot ground as she meditated and tried to do some remote viewing. They were on the outskirts of the ancient city of Babylon, and they had been hoping to find Nimrod's ancient tower of Babel. Inside it, they believed, were still many remnants of an ancient off-world race.

Darren walked with a scintillometer that detected electromagnetic and radiological disturbances in the ground. As he walked around, he was getting some strange readings but nothing that would tip the scales and cause him to freak out. Suddenly Anna spoke up and he looked back at her. She was pointing to an area that he hadn't walked over to, yet.

"You want me to head over there," Darren confirmed. She nodded as she stood up and walked over to join him. It wasn't long before they were getting some incredible readings. After walking the scintillometer over the area a few times, they soon determined that they needed to start an excavation so Darren called in for support.

The black Chinook carrying Darren's security detail showed up after dark. They secured the perimeter, offloaded a bobcat with a digger attachment, and began working immediately in the dark using night-vision goggles.

It took them two hours of excavating before they found the entrance into the infrastructure that lay underground. It would lead them to what had once been an enormous tower that had risen to heights that were out of character for the era. As they walked through the chamber, they realized that no one had been in there for thousands of years and that this place may house more than one object that was worth taking back to the United States to be examined by Orange.

Anna led the way and was pulled forward through the chamber by her uncanny extra ability to sense a target.

There were, indeed, many artifacts in the chamber, which Darren nodded to as the archaeologists followed in behind them. They began working with his security team, while Anna and Darren continued through the corridors arriving at a wall.

“You want me to blow it open?” Darren asked.

Anna nodded in agreement, so he went back to the helicopter and retrieved several charges of C4 explosive. When he went back to the subterranean corridors, he was met with a beehive of activity, as the archaeologists were working to box up items, preparing them to be shipped out of Iraq immediately. Others were taking photographs and were busy setting up lights and electric generators.

Darren went past them all and found Anna waiting for him as she was scanning the walls and ceilings of the tunnels. Darren set the charges and blew the wall after making sure that they were clear of any danger. After the dust settled, Darren went back to the gaping hole and cleared the area. Having done so, he was astonished by what he saw emerging from the dust.

What he found would ultimately change his understanding of mankind’s ancient history.

Inside the chamber were several metallic robots that had the shape of a bald humanoid; the metal looked like it had been cast from a blue chrome or stainless steel. There were no links attaching the various pieces of metal. These robots were smooth over their entire surface as if moulded. Yet, the limbs looked flexible as could be.

“Did Nimrod have this kind of technology, Anna? Holy shit!”

“Your eyes aren’t lying,” she said.

Darren looked around and saw all kinds of records and charts rolled up and stored away on many shelves that were carved into the stone walls. “What have we just found in here?” he asked.

As Anna looked around she too was amazed. “This is some kind of ancient library. We don’t have enough room in the Chinook to take it all with us in one trip though.”

Darren looked back at the robots and wondered what their purpose was.

“Don’t touch them whatever you do. They might turn on as soon as you touch them and vaporize us or something,” Darren emphasized.

Anna agreed.

This was a major discovery, and it would have to be sealed back up so they could come back to it and figure out what was in all those scrolls.

“I see another one over there in the corner. There’s three of them,” she noted as she directed her flashlight beam.

After the area was cleaned up on the surface, Darren introduced himself to the senior pilot of the Chinook, who was standing watch outside of the helicopter while a limited number of things were brought on board from the library being catalogued below. The loading process took less than ten minutes. The pilot said he had to go so Darren shook his hand and watched as he climbed back inside the cockpit of the chopper.

Darren and Anna were put on board and quickly noticed the dead ET bodies that were being guarded by his friend Phil, who was second in command of the security detail assigned to assist them. A few minutes later, the rest of the security team hustled up into the Chinook and slammed the door shut behind them.

As the chopper rose above 1000 feet Darren heard the pilot speaking rather loudly over the headphones. As he looked out the window all he could see was a desert with not a person, and not even a roaming animal in sight. He listened to what was being said through the headphones and then snapped his fingers to get his handler’s attention. He signalled for Anna to listen to the communication headset that she had wrapped around the base of her neck. After putting them on and listening to what was being said, she was soon amazed to learn that the pilot was reporting that something was following them and that it appeared to be a UFO.

The team in the back of the Chinook were tossed around like rag dolls as the chopper tried to evade the discoid craft. Darren looked out one of the smaller side windows and could see a vessel only 100 to 200 meters behind them and it seemed to be flying aggressively back and forth. Anna wasn’t sure what was going on, but then as Darren looked down at the ET bodies, he suddenly had a realization and

announced it to Phil.

“There’s a UFO out there that’s following us and it wants their dead given back to them. If we’re not going to give them back, we need to call in for some assistance I reckon,” he said as he turned his head and looked at Anna.

She agreed and went on the intercom to speak to the pilot.

“Call for support right now!” she shouted.

The pilot nodded his head and started calling in request codes for assistance.

It took ten more minutes of flight before several black jet fighters showed up. They approached the craft by coming in from behind and maintained a presence that the saucer couldn’t ignore. It then stopped its pursuit and was escorted away from the helicopter by the jets who tagged the craft on each side. As it started to retreat, in revenge, the UFO shocked the Chinook’s electrical systems. The communications went instantly dead, losing engine power for a very scary fifteen seconds before the engines kicked up again. By that time, the Chinook was losing altitude and starting to descend to the earth rapidly. Everyone braced for impact, grasping the “holy shit bars” beside their seats.

Thanks to a great deal of luck and skill on the pilot’s part, they were able to stabilize the helicopter and continue back to the CIA helicopter landing vessel that was floating out at sea. It took them several hours to get there, and their fuel supply was quite low. They were approaching the vessel at night, tracing in their landing with night vision, ensuring they wouldn’t be tossed around in the hard winds that were stirring up rough ocean waves below. It was a moderately large ship, with four pads for helicopters to land. Luckily for them, there were no other aircraft on the landing deck as they made their final approach.

After landing successfully, Darren thanked the pilot for his ace flying. He then gave the order to Phil to unload the two dead ET beings and the parts of the crashed spacecraft. Anna then took several scrolls carefully into her possession and walked down the ramp, which had been lowered by the load master.

Anna found an empty briefing room to study what she had brought back from Iraq. Since the war had stopped, numerous artifacts had been brought to the US,

allowing them to learn more about the ET races that once lived in the region.

She wondered about the robots that had been in the library she had discovered underground; why did they call out to her?

They'd left them behind out of fear of them being activated and killing every human within ten miles of the Chinook. She wondered if they could recover them somehow without devastating consequences.

The following days were filled with stormy weather as Anna studied the documents on the CIA vessel. Thunder and lightning filled the skies. Rain crashed down in heavy grey sheets. Then, the bad news came when the commander of the vessel announced that Iranian navy ships were in pursuit and it looked like they wanted a fight.

The CIA vessel was headed by a CIA Navy commander named Jessie Alderson. His original plan had been to make a tactical retreat, but the longer the Iranian ships pursued him, the more furious he became. He didn't like the idea of a strategic withdrawal, but he also didn't want to attract attention.

The Iranians were trying to enforce security along their borders. Even when he broke radio silence and spoke to them, explaining they'd had a breakdown, they didn't respond. Alderson's executive officer spoke up when the Iranians broke their perimeter of safety.

"Sir! The Iranian ship is within missile firing range, sir!"

Before Commander Alderson could react, a red warning light came on inside the bridge. An officer monitoring radar announced something that stopped everyone from thinking logically for that split second.

"Sir, they're launching their missiles."

"Mother of God! Lock-on. Activate all countermeasures. Shoot them down!" ordered Alderson.

The executive officer repeated the order.

"Fire countermeasures for incoming missiles!"

Several others screamed out the order until the machine guns on deck began pumping out tens of thousands of rounds into the sky.

Darren was in his quarters with the security team. The alarm warning of an inbound missile was blaring in the corridor.

“Holy shit!” Phil said out loud as he looked at the red light that was flashing in the hallways. Suddenly, everyone had to secure their hatches and make sure all rooms were air tight and secure.

Up on the bridge, the commander only had seconds before incoming missiles would hit his ship. He could see through one of the windows on the bridge that Agent Carpenter’s helicopter, still on the top deck, was at risk of being destroyed. The commander and the executive officer watched as the machine guns started shooting up streams of lead into the sky after their automatic response was activated. Soon, the tracer rounds illuminated the sky in a massive volume.

“It looked like a red light sabre being activated by a Jedi knight,” said the executive officer. The commander agreed as they watched the sky in front of them. They could see the exhaust trail from the incoming missiles.

“Prepare for impact!” yelled the commander as he watched one of the incoming missiles explode after being hit with machine gun fire.

One of the missiles had managed to get through their defensive barrage though.

*Brrrrrrrrr.* The sounds of the gunfire shocked everyone on board, but what came next was an enormous compression wave as the second missile blew up over the top of the ship. It detonated above them but without an explosive warhead.

Instead, all electronic equipment on the vessel suddenly went offline. They were dead in the water. All the lights went off, and battery power appeared to not be working either. Commander Alderson realized he’d just been hit by an EMP.

“We’re in deep shit, people. We’re going to have to reach out for assistance. Try to hail someone Corporal Williams,” the commander ordered.

Corporal Williams was sitting directly in front of his radio when he heard the commanding officer bark his orders.

“Right away, sir,” he responded. Several moments later , after several attempts at external radio comms, Williams realized that no messages could be sent or received.

“Sir, we don’t have comms. They’ve fried our systems.”



In the platoon room that they'd been rushed to, Darren realized what had just happened, and it made him think quick about being responsible for his mission, which was to keep artifacts and people safe, and that made him rise to action.

"The ship's dead, folks. That was an EMP! We've got to get to the chopper!" he ordered.

Mathews quickly got his security team to go back to the Chinook. They got through several locked hatches and then hastily boarded their bird. When they got inside it, they took out their heavy weapons that they had stored on board in case of problems with artillery or tanks, never expecting they'd need them to shoot at an Iranian warship.

No doubt, the Iranians figured that they would take the ship hostage, but as they approached to collect their prize, Darren's men started firing their 84mm Carl Gustav. They had six rounds available and used every one. Each one that hit the Iranians' boat was an anti-tank round, so they were able to inflict serious damage to the hull of the ship.

The Iranian vessel, which was only half a mile away, was closing in fast. That was until the rounds from the Carl Gustav hit its magazine. It blew up like a bad fireworks explosion, killing all hands and cracking the seventy-five-foot ship in half.

Darren's team felt relieved, but they knew that in a short amount of time, the Iranian Air force would be there to take them out. On the ship, they weren't able to get the engines online, though Commander Alderson was doing all that he could to make it so.

The live exchange between the two vessels and the Chinook caught the attention of the US Navy aircraft carrier that was patrolling the Persian gulf nearby. The commander of the aircraft carrier, Commander Steele, dispatched two fighters to investigate who owned the mysterious helicopter landing ship. After the fighters circled over the scene, they reported back to the US Navy carrier that an unidentified vessel had completely destroyed an Iranian navy war ship. They had no idea who owned it. No markings anywhere—completely black.

Knowing the potential for bad press for the US, the fighters were told to patrol

the area while the Navy commander dispatched a call to a US Navy frigate a few hundred miles away from where the incident was unravelling.

Up in the air, one of the US fighter pilots passed his co-pilot the coordinates of enemy planes inbound approximately sixty miles northwest, travelling at Mach 3. They would be closing within missile range in T-40s. The pilots of the US jet called back to the Navy carrier, reporting that Iranian MiGs were in-bound. The pilots requested permission to engage if threatened.

From that moment on things went asunder for the CIA ghost vessel. Commander Alderson was still unable to get his ship operational and was worried that he would lose it.

“We’re just sitting ducks out here. We need to get moving. Find some batteries that didn’t get fried—now!” Commander Alderson ordered.

Executive Officer Smith left the bridge in search of his orders. If he could find some batteries that hadn’t been damaged, then they could get the ship’s electric generator online.

Meanwhile, when Commander Steele on the US aircraft carrier heard that his pilots were under attack, he ordered the launch of more planes to assist in what was quickly becoming an international incident. Darren watched the activities in the sky above him in awe, witnessing both an American and an Iranian plane explode.

Seeing events escalating, Darren decided right then that they needed to get off the ship, in any way possible since they had poached artifacts with them of high value. He had to get his handler, Anna, and the dead ETs off the ship asap, so he banged his fist on the hatch door closest to where he was compartmentalized. Shoving aside the sailor, who opened the hatch, he set out to retrieve the pilots of the Chinook, which was barely holding to its straps on the deck.

Darren didn’t have to ask twice once he found them. Collectively, they agreed they were better off getting away on the Chinook than risking losing what they’d recovered if the CIA ship was sunk, since it was now floating around on the open sea—completely dark and defenceless.

After summoning the pilots to duty, Darren quickly made his way to Anna’s

location in the hold. He ran up to the bridge, dragging Anna in tow, shouting to Commander Alderson that they were leaving at once.

The commander implored that if their helicopter actually worked, then they were to send out a distress call so the ship could be rescued by HQ.

Darren hadn't thought about the Chinook and its electronics. It had been exposed to the EMP too, making it questionable to power up, even with EMP shielding.

When his pilots told him the Chinook was a no-go, Darren paced the deck, feeling helpless. They had one-of-a-kind ancient artifacts and ET DNA, and it was looking more and more like it was all going to end up in the sea if they couldn't get off the ship fast.

"Shit! Shit!" Anna shouted at the top of her lungs when the captain of the Chinook told her that the chopper wasn't going anywhere.

A few seconds later, they witnessed a second Iranian Fighter blasted to pieces three thousand feet above the sea. Darren could see streams in the sky where numerous air-to-air missiles had been fired as the dogfight thundered on above them.

Back on the Navy aircraft carrier, Commander Steele was ordering a US Navy frigate that was the closest ship to Commander Alderson's location to hurry the hell up and get to the ship in distress because a shit storm was going down without them. When it appeared in the distance, the commanding officer of the frigate called for identification to find out who was in command of the ship that had lost all power. Dead silence.

The US navy warships were now talking to one another, wondering what in the hell was going on, and the entire fleet was put on red alert as they prepared for an Iranian onslaught. Several more planes were launched from the aircraft carrier, and several Blackhawk helicopters were launched from the US Navy frigate that was still a few hours away, but the helicopters could be there in as little as forty minutes.

Commander Alderson wasn't liking his odds of coming out of this with his ship. There was still no answer from his executive officer, and he had no outside

communication with anyone. The option he now had to consider was giving the order to scuttle his vessel and order his people to abandon ship.

Suddenly, Darren's second in command came onto the bridge and requested to speak to the commander. "What do you have to tell me?" The commander asked. Phil smiled and told him they found a working battery for their helicopter and managed to get the radio inside it working. The first messages were already being sent out by Darren, and he had sent him to ask the commander what else he wanted him to say.

The commander breathed in a deep breath of air and let it out again. "Call for assistance. We're dead in the water due to an EMP. Request helicopter transfer of priority-one cargo plus your team. I want you off the boat in case we get blown up by the Iranians. We need a tow out of here and sustained air support until further notice," replied Alderson.

Phil nodded and left the bridge. "Right away, sir."

Five minutes later, Phil was back at the Chinook. When he got inside, Agent Carpenter was talking over her headset sending out messages and requesting immediate evacuation of their priority-1 cargo. She stopped her transmission when she saw Darren's second in command walk up the ramp that had been lowered.

Darren looked at him too. "What did he tell you, mate?"

Phil looked at Darren and then over to Anna. "He wants us off the boat in case it sinks. I think he's considering scuttling the boat. But he asked for us to send a message for a tow and sustained fire support. He wanted you to tell whoever you're in contact with that we've been hit by an Iranian EMP missile."

Anna looked at Phil and nodded her head. "Okay. Blackhawks are inbound and will be here in thirty minutes. Fighters will be here in fifteen, but they're warning us that Iranian ships are moving down their coast and heading out to sea to confront us. Darren, you might need to find some more ammo. Go down to the armoury and see if you can bring up a dozen rounds for your Carl Gustav. Maybe bring up an additional unit if you can find one. This might get ugly before it gets any better," she replied.

Darren and the security team left the Chinook and went back inside the ship. They found their way to the armoury and got everything they could carry, and they took it back up to the top deck and got themselves ready for a firefight.

Luckily for them, the Iranian ships didn't get there before the three Blackhawks showed up. Two landed while one gave them cover. Off in the distance, they could see US fighters firing rockets at other planes and another firefight began.

After the Blackhawks had taken off, they headed for a new destination in Saudi Arabia where they could store their cargo at a CIA secret base. The next morning, they were on their way in a C130 to Diego Garcia, a small island in the Pacific Ocean where there just happened to be a massive American base.

Upon arrival at Diego Garcia, the plane landed and was allowed into a hangar. They offloaded the ET bodies and kept them in a secure area behind cordoned-off partition fencing. Only authorized personnel were allowed to walk through the maze of fencing, which was guarded by military police.

Hours later, Darren and Anna showed up at the hangar again. They were met by an intelligence officer on the base, and Anna then asked for him to move everyone underground. The cement floor suddenly began a descent as it was lowered into an underground facility of great magnitude.

It connected to a base filled with scientists and security personnel. One of the guards directed them toward the correct hallway. The hidden lab was full of amazing inventions, from gravitational platforms that moved cargo without wheels, to lighting that seemed to come from nowhere and everywhere all at the same time.

Inside the main tunnel, at the bottom of the shaft, they saw three people—each of them nearly eight feet tall, with pale blond hair and even paler skin. They were talking to a small group of special forces soldiers that were wearing odd exoskeleton body armour that Darren had never seen before.

Anna spoke to him using telepathy. He was amazed that he'd heard her voice inside his head and looked at her with a puzzled look on his face. "Not now," she said.

Instead, he focused on the bodies of the dead galactic beings. Something

prodded at the back of Darren's mind, and he snapped up a mental shield. It had been part of his remote viewing training. So long as he focused on it, no one would be able to go poking around inside of his head.

Once the dead ETs were delivered, Darren was escorted out of the building and up onto the surface. He was allowed to stay on base for as long as Anna required. After that, he was going to be given his team's next assignment. So, he had a few beers that night with his mates and enjoyed visiting the junior ranks where he could unwind a bit.

The next day, though, Darren's team spent hours cleaning their personal gear, going to the mess hall for chow, and hanging around the barracks. He hadn't heard anything from his boss yet, so he busied himself with menial tasks. Eventually, Mathews got tired and called it an early night.

Just after 3 a.m., Darren was broken out of a peaceful slumber by the unmistakable sound of explosions going off outside of his building. It was one of the barracks next to his! A great commotion took over the area, with people shouting for people to wake up and exit the building. It got his attention and Darren threw himself outside in his shorts and a T-shirt and his combat boots. It wasn't hard to realize that people were trapped in the destroyed buildings next door.

Suddenly, a second explosion went off. It made the earth tremble and the concussion blast knocked several people off of their feet including Darren. When he recovered, he joined the soldiers who were gathering from outside all of the buildings. Some went back into their barracks and emerged with fire extinguishers and wool blankets soaked in water. They used them to try and put the flames of those who were on fire. Others tried to quell the flames all around the barracks. Darren saw Phil run off to alert the base fire department and get them to respond right away.

Then, Darren saw somebody trying to get out of the main door to one of the burning buildings and went over to help him. When he got closer he asked, "What happened?"

The man looked at Darren and shrugged his shoulders, "No clue! I was sleeping,

and then suddenly the whole place was on fire!”

They hadn’t even managed to put the fires of the first barracks out before white phosphorus grenades started going off inside one of the buildings. Darren helped a confused soldier get out onto the road away from the burning building. He seemed to be somewhat intoxicated and wasn’t thinking through things too well on his own. He stayed with him and calmed him down while he watched the flames increase with intensity. The heat was starting to get intense if you got too close to the burning buildings in some areas. Off in the distance, some vehicles were approaching rather quickly.

One of the duty officers showed up and took one look at the fires, which was now a raging inferno, and began shouting at any person that he saw attempting to go back into either of the burning structures. “Get back! Don’t go near the fires!”

Five minutes later, the squeal of the fire engines coming towards them cut through the air. Another explosion went off in the back of one of the burning barracks. Flames started jumping into Darren’s view, which caught his attention as he looked for some of his team to help keep their building safe. Darren hurried to help others who were climbing out of windows between two of the barracks, only to stumble over the remains of a soldier that was dead. The poor bloke had been blown up by the explosion and launched out a window by the looks of his cut-up body.

They suffered losses that night that no one had planned for.

It took several hours before the fires were contained. Then, people started walking through the buildings looking for bodies. Darren went back to where he had found the man blown to bits, knowing that most of the other people there wouldn’t know where to look. It wasn’t long before he saw the soldier’s remains. He picked up a leg first and then an arm. They were stacking the bodies near the gate, so they could be collected and properly disposed of later.

“Say, mate, come give me a hand with this one, won’t you?” Darren said to Phil who had returned from his quest to get more help on the scene. He led the way back to the split between barracks. They worked together to pick up the bulky

corpse. Hot blood seeped onto the front of Darren's shirt, and his hands slipped on the wet fabric of the deceased man.

They added the lifeless body to the pile. A member of the fire department was working a hose and asked Darren to go and look in an area that he couldn't get to yet because he was still putting out spot fires. He looked at Darren and confirmed what he needed him to do. "Go make sure no one else is back in that area of the building, would you?"

Darren gave a nod and returned to the rear of the burnt building that was closest to where he had been staying. He walked through what was once the rear wall and couldn't see anything, so he walked into what had been somebody's room, but it had been burnt up pretty bad. There was some stuff under a bed, so he kneeled down and had a look underneath it to see if there were any bodies. There were none that Darren could see, so he left the place and walked by the windows to see if bodies were just beyond them. As he walked up to the first window, something caught his eye. It was a metallic object, and as he kneeled down beside it, he saw that it was a pocket watch. It didn't look very expensive, but the design on the facing was neat enough. It seemed like a shame to just leave it there to be crushed under someone's boot later or put in a dumpster and hauled out to sea where it would be disposed of with all the other burnt-up debris.

Darren tucked it in his pocket and carried on. There was a lot of work to be done, and it wasn't anything that had been planned for. He wondered what had caused the explosion. Had it been a test gone wrong? Sabotage? Suicide? He knew better than to try and ask any questions but—well, Mathews had always been a curious sort. He might try and snoop around later. Maybe Anna would know more about it when he got to see her again.

For now, all he could do was try to keep his head down and keep his team ready for their next mission. Eventually, his handler would turn up and want to brief him.

As the sun set, he went to the mess hall to eat something. Everyone was talking about the fire and wondering what the cause of it had been. He was thankful that his barracks had survived after all that. Sleeping in a bed for a second night was



something he was looking forward to after he'd finished eating his evening meal.

After having a shower, Mathews changed into fresh clothes and started reading a book called *Chariots of the Gods* by Erik Von Daniken as he sat back on his bed. His mind filled with stuff and got him thinking until he drifted off to sleep.

At 2 a.m., Darren was woken up by a commotion outside his window. He was hearing men making comments as they searched the rubble for something—*Perhaps a cause for the fire*, Darren thought, as he moved out of bed to see what was going on. He looked over at Phil, who was still asleep on his cot in another part of the room, and then brought his attention back to what was transpiring outside in the dark. As he gazed out his window, he saw two men who were wearing back armour like the men he'd seen underground. They were wearing exo-skeleton body suits that made them stand out, but no one else was watching what they were doing. Maybe they sensed that they were being watched. Maybe their job was done. Either way, they vanished with a soft pop right in front of Darren's eyes. These guys had teleportation capabilities. At first, Darren thought he was dreaming, but those guys were now gone. The level of technology on this base was incredibly impressive.

For a few seconds more, Darren looked outside through the glass, hoping something more would happen. They could still be standing there under a cloaking device for all he knew. Anything was possible. That made him question himself. *Had* he been hallucinating?

Darren shook his head. Of course, they'd been there. He'd *seen* them! Now he could see that Phil was sound asleep and hadn't heard anything, so he went back to his own bed and settled back in. He tossed and turned for the next hour until he finally fell asleep.

The next day, as they were leaving, Darren talked to Phil about what he'd seen the previous night. He told Phil about the soldiers he'd seen in black armour who had just disappeared into nothing right in front of his eyes."

Phil answered, "Haven't got a clue what you're talking about."

"You know about them. Don't play dumb with me, mate. Just come off and tell me, so we can both get on with things."

Phil didn't put up much more of a fight before relenting. "We're not supposed to talk about what we see or participate in on this island. Seeing people teleport in or out of the area makes you question things, though, doesn't it? They're part of a mercenary force called Kruger, which is kept underground in bases in Antarctica and near the site where Hitler's heavy water system was stored in Norway. They don't exist, and they do the dirty wet work that the power circles need to get done in order to maintain power and control over the earth. That's what I learned when I asked somebody about them the last time we brought a package over to this place," he said.

Darren let out a big sigh and stopped talking. It was like there were no ends to the secrets that the higher-ups were trying to keep. He needed to get dressed and find something to eat.

## Chapter 4

### Diego Garcia

Anna showed up on the base a few days later. When she saw Darren, she asked him to come down to the room, where she sat him down and started to tell him why she'd been away for so long. As she sat down in front of him, she touched his hand and smiled. Darren smiled back at her. He wanted to know what had happened, though, and maintained good eye contact.

"Where have you been?" Darren asked.

She looked at him as she sat down. "We had an international incident that several of us had to clean up, remember? It went all the way up to the president," she replied.

"Holy shit!" Darren said as he sat back in his chair and listened to what she had to say.

Anna let out a heavy sigh, then looked at his gorgeous eyes. "We had to pay the Iranians off, but Bush saw that we had recovered some ancient scrolls that were incredible. They're being deciphered now, but there were a lot of schematics in what we took out of Iraq. A lot of it was written in secret code, though, which means it'll be a while before they figure them all out. They're sending a recovery team to recover the robots you saw," Anna told him.

Darren's interest grew after she'd said that. "Is my team being sent back there?"

Anna shook her head. "No. There's another assignment for you. You're going stateside."

Darren looked down at the floor for a second as he remembered how scary things had been on the vessel that had been hit by the EMP. "Did the ship get rescued?" he asked curiously.

Anna nodded her head. "They towed it back to a safe place but not before a second Iranian ship was destroyed. We had to answer for the US Navy pilot's death. That didn't go down so well and took some time to clean up, but war is a business,

as you already know. If we go in to take other people's ancient history, we're always going to need enforcement. And sometimes that enforcement of ours gets killed. Let's change subjects and talk about you now, okay?" Anna said.

Darren didn't press her for more information. He could see that she was mentally exhausted from the whole ordeal.

After being shuttled away from Diego Garcia that very day, Darren was sent to a temporary holding spot in Avondale, Arizona. At this point in his career, he knew better than to ask too many questions, so he went to the place he'd been told to find.

Either way, Darren was grateful to get a chance to go to the United States. While he was waiting to meet his contact, he decided to go to a nightclub to see a band play after he checked into his motel for the night. The music was good, and the beer was enjoyable too.

When he went back to his motel, it was dark and it seemed like the city block had changed from being a decent spot during the day to a more negative area at night. The vibe he got was that it didn't seem like it was a very nice inn. For starters, there were three hookers standing on a corner just a block away from it, and the place let people rent there for a month at a time. That attracted the lowlifes, but it was a small no-name joint—the kind that didn't ask any questions. When he went inside, he shut the door and took his shoes off. He then tossed his bag onto the bed and undid the main compartment. There were some fresh clothes inside that he would slip into after a shower.

When he turned on the water, it stank of sulphur. It was better than the birdbath he'd taken the last few days, though, so he supposed that complaining too much wouldn't get him anywhere.

Having dried off, Darren set about rooting through his stuff, looking for a clean shirt and underwear. He happened to find the pocket watch that he'd discovered next to the burnt-out barracks building back on the Diego Garcia base. He took a closer look at it and sat down beside the table so he could fidget with it. "Huh. I'd forgotten all about you."

Darren held the watch up to the light, trying to get a better look at it. Outside in the parking lot, someone's car alarm went off. The sudden blaring made Darren jump. The watch slipped out of his grip and fell to the floor, causing the lens to pop off of it.

Darren swore.

He picked it up along with the lens, then walked over to his bed and sat on the edge of it. While he was fiddling with it, he realized that there was a crack in the facing of the watch. It looked like it might open.

Grabbing his pocket knife, Darren pried open the inside of the watch face. Several small metal flat pads were inside of it. When he pressed one of them, it gave off a low, shrill beep.

The sound was familiar.

Darren's head snapped around like he thought someone might have come into the room. He got up and double-checked the lock on the door before shuffling back over to the bed where he'd left the watch. He knew what this thing was. It was meant for *spying*!

For the next hour, Darren twisted the watch about, picking at every little crevice, pouring over every detail. The make of the watch was designed to look shoddy on purpose. Really though, there was a micro USB slot on the back of the back face of the metal watch.

Instantly, Darren knew that he was going to have to come up with a way to look at whatever was stored on that internal drive. Would it pertain to the Orange Corporation? Something secret from Diego Garcia? Or one of the other hidden groups that made a habit of lurking about? He had no idea.

There was the possibility that it contained information that would help the Orange Corporation in its research . . . but even as Darren had that thought, he knew it wouldn't be possible. Someone had gone to great lengths to make sure that this spying device stayed hidden. Darren could only imagine that he would be in the worst sort of trouble if he told anyone that he had gone snooping instead of just turning it in.

But turning it in would put the spotlight on Anna as well as himself, and he didn't want that for either of them. This would have to be a covert affair. For now, at least.

The first chance that Darren had, he stepped outside. Avondale was a bustling city. It wasn't hard to figure out a plan of action, and it was even easier to put it into motion.

Rather than risk his own personal computer, Darren walked about downtown Avondale until he was able to find a young man sitting on the edge of a street corner. The busker was clearly homeless; he looked dirty and scruffy, although the guitar he was playing looked to be in decent enough condition. The guitar case next to him was nearly empty.

Darren walked over to him. He listened to the man play for a few minutes and then dropped a fifty into the guitar case.

Instantly, the man's eyes were on him. "Thank you, sir!"

"Your playing deserves it," said Darren. "Say, mate, how would you like to make another hundred to go with that?"

The man's mouth went pinched. "I don't do that sort of work."

"That sort—no, no, God, no." Darren quickly shook his hand. "No, I need someone to do some research for me. At the library."

The man narrowed his eyes. "Sounds sketchy."

"Too sketchy for an easy hundred?"

The man thought it over. "Suppose not," he finally said. He carefully retrieved the money from the guitar case, packed his instrument away, and nodded. "They call me Dusty."

"All right, Dusty. Why don't you show me where the library is?" He didn't offer a name, and Dusty didn't insist on getting one. The library was two blocks north and another block to the east. It was late afternoon by the time they got there.

Dusty gestured at the building. "Just exactly what is it you want me to do in there, eh?"

"Mate, I want you to go inside, and plug this into one of the computers."

Darren passed over the USB drive. “Then you’re going to use this—” He handed over a pay-by-the-minute phone, as well. “—to call me and tell me when the drive’s been put in. My number’s already in the phone. You can keep it when we’re done.”

Dusty looked at the two objects suspiciously. It was easy to tell that something funny was going on. Thankfully for Darren, the man was far more interested in getting the cash and the phone. Dusty nodded, said, “All right” and went into the library.

It was only ten minutes later when Darren got the call. He nodded at Dusty as the man left the library. Darren took over the computer chair himself, scanning the screen intently.

It was a seemingly endless amount of files. Darren swore under his breath. The librarian at the counter gave him a disapproving look.

Darren smiled at her apologetically before turning back to the computer.

There were files about World War II. There were at least a dozen Operation Paperclip folders with pictures of Germans in uniform and names beneath them. There were folders that had Nikola Tesla’s name on them. There were others with code numbers instead of names. There were folders with code names. There was a lot of stuff on that drive. Darren’s memory called out to him, and a conversation with Bill Jenkins came back to him. Bill was an archaeologist and engineer Darren had befriended when they both started working for the Orange Corporation. They had both been assigned to an Orange Corp excavation of an underground civilization that had existed on Melville Island up in Canada. That had been where Bill had saved Darren’s life, though that wasn’t the memory filling Darren’s thoughts right now.

Bill had said something about Tesla back then—how the United States government undervalued the inventor during his life but they had taken everything he had written or drawn up after his death. Something about the country needing to catch up to Russia and Germany, which had known the true value of Tesla’s work. But then Bill had mentioned that the Order of the Black Sun would have all of that knowledge by now because they secretly ran the United States following the

physical conclusion of World War II. The Germans had secretly shifted from a physical conflict to one that would control the economies of the world and thereby enslave every person on the planet through things like credit cards like Visa and MasterCard and prescription medicine—not to mention the givens of fuel costs and banking fees. That revelation had really set Darren back on his ass when he realized what Bill had been trying to tell him. The amount of control and power over society by this organization that had its origins in the Third Reich was absolute. It was scary when he realized that nobody was actually free under their various systems.

“There are even rumours about ol’ Nikola having faked his death,” Bill had told him. “The conspiracy theory is that he went to work on things that interested him with Marconi, his former rival over their discoveries and applications of the radio wave transmission technologies. And the other possibility was that German agents had gotten to him in 1943. He almost most certainly didn’t die of natural causes, but then again, I’ve heard that the powers at be went back in time and took a younger version of Tesla down . . .”

All of that conversation with Bill made Darren even more interested in the files that he’d found. He clicked through a few of the folders and saw faces and biographies, eventually landing on a file that detailed how the pro-Nazi business tycoons monitored Nikola Tesla and all the experiments he was doing through the eyes of George Scherff Senior. According to the files, George Scherff Senior had worked out of a building owned by the Rockefellers in New York City, but George Scherff Junior had also been snooping around Tesla’s labs because Hitler’s people trained him in Germany to be a spy specifically for the task of using his skills around Tesla’s lab. It was of great importance to the Reich that the secrets that they knew because of Tesla’s ideas weren’t shared with the livestock occupying earth. In their view, anyone beyond their own group was a slave—simple as that.

The file in question detailed how there were records showing that 17 Battery Place was the Whitehall Building, and it happened to be owned by a man named Frank Rockefeller. He owned many of the companies that had offices in the



building, including the ILA—that was to say, including the International Longshoremen’s Association. Several other big-name companies had offices there as well, many of them in the oil, mining, and chemical production businesses.

The document focused on one specific company: Buckeye Steel Castings. This company manufactured automatic couplers and chassis for railroad cars. The general manager was Samuel P. Bush. That name had been highlighted in all of the files. It was clearly one that was meant to be focused on.

Darren quickly lost himself in the document. Time passed, unnoticed. After an hour went by, he was aware that he was now the only person that was using a computer, but he wanted to read a little bit more before he left.

The document went on to say that the association Samuel P. Bush had with the Rockefellers and his subsequent position as Director of the War Industries Board, had no doubt opened him up to contracts with Remington Arms.

Several of the words in the document had reference numbers attached to them. They were, no doubt, referencing other files on the USB drive. Darren knew that there would be time to read through all of the files later. Already, the librarian was starting to give him the stink eye for how close it was getting to closing.

Darren tried to read faster. There was just so much to get through!

The file wrapped back around to George Scherff Senior. This time, it spoke about how he’d been Nikola Tesla’s accountant and business affairs manager. Scherff Senior had also worked at the Union Sulfur Company. Normally, this association wouldn’t have set off alarms, considering the state of Tesla’s affairs. But Scherff had his orders and had done a great job for the Third Reich.

People often held more than one job. But the writer of the document *clearly* found it odd. Darren was certain that if he kept reading, it would make more sense.

The librarian cleared her throat. “The library will be closing soon.”

“Right,” said Darren. He stood up jerkily and began printing off the remainder of the file he had been reading—and two other files. He made sure that he was completely logged off the computer, collected his ninety-three pages of information, and bid the librarian goodnight after making a twenty-dollar donation in the

donation box at the front desk.

Darren returned to his motel room. He made sure to double-check the doors and windows. Nothing had been disturbed. He settled in to read over the remainder of the first file and was surprised to find that the main focus was on George Scherff Senior because the man had changed his name to Prescott Bush!

Whoever had been keeping tabs on these problems had been thorough.

The document went on to talk about how Prescott Bush had supported the Nazis and sent them money. He was arrested and charged for doing so. The Bush dynasty continued on, however, and—Darren's breath caught in his throat.

His son had been the head of the CIA during the Vietnam era. That was George Herbert Walker Bush. And he had become the US president! That meant that a member of the Fourth Reich had made it into the White House! "Holy fuck," he said to himself as he scrubbed at his eyes, which were irritated and dry after all that reading. They were burning from lack of sleep too.

He pushed on though and kept reading for another half hour before giving up. It was starting to look like the exploding barracks on Diego Garcia had been an attempt to take out somebody who had gathered too much information, and Darren had most likely discovered one of their backup drives. Eventually, though, he put the papers on the bedside table and focused on sleep. His mind was way too busy at the moment, and he needed to slow it down. He started doing some deep breathing exercises.

Darren woke up at 8 a.m. He staggered upright, scrubbing at his face, and went to the bathroom. When he came out a few minutes later, he noticed that some of the papers had fallen onto the floor, leaving them out of order because they didn't have page numbers on them. He did his best to put them into the right sequence again and then placed them on top of the table. He would be meeting someone at a nearby bus stop to get the information for his next job, and had to get ready to leave for his rendezvous at 8:25. He got back in the shower and turned it on cold to get his adrenaline going.

It was hard to shut off his mind. Darren couldn't stop thinking about what he

had learned the night before. According to those files, Tesla had given ideas to the Germans before the war. He had also been involved in something called the P2 project, which Werner Von Braun had also worked on. They had worked together in Los Alamos, New Mexico, from 1936 up until Von Braun had flown back to Germany.

After Von Braun got back to Europe in 1937, he was put into the SS, in a special group known as the Ahnenerbe unit. It was a unit that was given the task of searching all over the earth for secrets and legends, in order to re-engineer super weapons that would help the third Reich win the war and enable a thousand years of Aryan rule. Anyone in this unit was considered to be a member of the Order of the Black Sun, which was one of Himmler's most closely guarded secrets.

*Whoever had owned that watch must have been planning on becoming a whistleblower,* thought Darren as he showered. There was only one reason for someone to have a drive with so much information on it. As he looked over at one of the pages, he saw photocopied handwriting. It was a letter, written to somebody that the author had cared about. Whoever this person was had enough security clearance to have access to a lot of things that were above Darren's paygrade.

The information in the letter mentioned a location where the stash was. "A stash of what?" he asked himself. It was in a location in New York State, and the letter said that it held a great deal of original technological importance and that whoever had access to this letter should seek out what was located underground in a missile silo on the outskirts of Lewis, New York.

A short while later, Darren was fully dressed. He cleaned up the room and then walked out the door. As he left to meet his contact, he started to think about what kind of stuff he'd find if he could locate that deactivated missile complex in New York State.

## Chapter 5

### New Discovery

June 1, 1993  
Central America

Anna retched again, curling even tighter around the toilet. She had barely made it into the stall before vomiting. Her mouth was bitter-tasting. She couldn't stop salivating. Her torso ached.

She wiped her mouth off with a wad of toilet paper, hauled herself up, and flushed. This was ridiculous! She was a trained CIA agent! She had been shot, stabbed, and poisoned! And yet, here she was, being beaten down by a little bit of morning sickness!

Her heart gave a pang at the thought.

Anna hadn't told Darren yet.

She wasn't sure what to do with the information herself.

If she revealed that she was pregnant, the CIA would demand to know who the father was. Her own career—and Darren's—would be thrown into chaos. They could be let go for the infraction, and if that happened, they would end up with bullets in their heads, no doubt.

Anna knew far, far too much to be allowed to simply *leave* the agency. There was also the fact that having a child while being embroiled in Anna's line of work would be dangerous for the child itself. Anna washed her hands and rinsed out her mouth.

She rested a hand on the curve of her stomach and then caught herself, jerking into drying her hands off on her shirt instead.

When she was content that she was neither going to throw up again and also fairly certain that she looked halfway professional, Anna stepped back into the hallway. She nodded at a few of the other workers as she went, drifting down the hall and into her office.

It was a small, cramped space. Anna had only had it for four months. Mostly, it served as a place to store her books, files, and the other things that she frequently used for work. Someone had left a file on her desk.

Anna thumbed through it. The file had information on a Grey—a subtype of alien that was specifically prevalent in the American South. She smiled. She could give this task to Darren. Not only could he handle it with no problems, but he would also enjoy it.

Darren had always loved the jobs that involved extraterrestrials.

Darren.

He was a small bright point in the whirlwind that was Anna's life. In every corner, there was a new lie and a new secret. But Darren had never lied to her before, and Anna was confident that he wasn't going to lie to her in the future.

They had a special relationship. She had never met a man quite like him before.

Whatever happened, they would get through it together.

Anna resolved, in that moment, to tell Darren that they were going to have a child the next time she saw him. Hopefully, that would be soon.

Anna had a lot to tell him. She had recently managed to obtain some of the top-secret information on the Egyptian artifacts that had been discovered in the cave system beneath the Grand Canyon. While the tunnels that had been explored so far had been vacant, there was a sign that, rather than die off, the ETs had simply moved deeper into the earth.

The US Military had been all over the Grand Canyon for decades, and some caves had sensors in them. It was a highly complicated set of affairs.

That implied that a race of beings had been living beneath the Grand Canyon for centuries. As there had never been any problems with them, it was assumed that they, while not our friends, weren't the enemy either.

Just the thought of it was enough to get Anna's mind turning again!

Signs showed that before this species had retreated deeper beneath the Grand Canyon, they had been fiercely protective of their territory. While not interested in leaving the caves and actively seeking violence, they would kill anyone who

managed to stumble too close to their home.

It was a blessing that they had gone deeper underground. That meant less unfortunate circumstances to try and cover-up. Unfortunately, it also meant that it was harder to find out any real information on them.

She was pulled out of her thoughts by someone knocking on the door to her office. It was her boss, Alan Schiff.

Anna asked, "What can I do for you?"

"A lot, I'm hoping," answered Alan, his attempt at humour falling flat. "I've got a new assignment for you, Anna." With that, he handed her a stack of papers.

She thumbed through them, frowning. "This sends me to the states, Mexico, and . . . Australia. That's a wide array of locations, sir."

"You'll be dealing with a handful of soldiers in all three areas," said Alan. "Read through the file carefully. This is important, Anna. We might be able to get some of them working for us."

"All right, sir. I'll make sure the job gets done."

"Good. Thank you."

When Alan left, Anna was sent down to look over the reports that she'd been given. The new job was strange, if only considering her normal line of work. It would be Anna's job to case manage several soldiers that had seen too much for their own good. They would need to be recruited, and if that wasn't possible, they would need to be put down.

Neither option was pleasant. One resulted in having no control over anything for the remainder of their days—always at the beck and call of the Orange Corporation—and the other was death. It was a bad hand no matter which way they went.

Anna hated jobs like this, but she would do it all the same. She knew her place in the company, even if she didn't like it.

It would send her first to the Grand Canyon, where several soldiers had gone underground to assist another group of soldiers. Word had it that the first group had been attacked by angry greys that had been living underground in a DUMB

that they considered their property.

They had received no briefing about who their enemy was. Their current report claimed that non-humans were shooting some kind of plasma from their appendages. The soldiers were Christians and heavily religious. They had no worldly knowledge of what these creatures might have been, and many weren't handling it well.

Some had already committed suicide. Others were talking about going public with the events that had happened, sharing it with the news stations and paranormal researchers.

It would be Anna's job to make sure that the leaks didn't happen. Ideally, she would be able to do this by recruiting them into programs that were controlled and monitored by the CIA.

But one of them was younger. He was already talking about the things he'd seen on social media. He was sharing too much. Coming too close to revealing the truth.

He had to be taken out.

Anna made the call, and she stood by it, but that didn't mean the decision didn't haunt her. She made her own trip to the hotel mini-bar that night, drinking until she was certain that the nightmares wouldn't haunt her.

The "wet works" team that worked for the CIA made it look like a suicide. The young man was found hanging in the bedroom of his house in a closet.

Anna's interest in the Grand Canyon was officially sparked. She began to look all over the world to try and find other places where pyramids might be. She was amazed to learn that there were tens of thousands of them catalogued—and personally believed there to be even more than that.

There were pyramids in Antarctica and Alaska! They could be found in Bosnia, too! They were all over the world in fact!

One site had been found by a man who discovered four pyramids. The tunnels beneath them had been filled in by a long-forgotten race. The Bosnian pyramids had been discovered in the early nineties, but the information was kept on the down-low.

The number of mainstream archaeologists who claimed they didn't exist—all paid off! It was a coverup attempt!

She also, in her searching, discovered that there had been a massive pyramid discovered in Alaska. It had functional power systems strong enough to run all of Canada!

And a Great Pyramid that had been discovered in Antarctica, too! Anna was so excited by this discovery that she brought it up to Alan.

Alan gave her a shrewd look. "You don't need to be focusing on that. They're under control. What we've *lost* control of is the Grand Canyon region. That's where your attention needs to be."

*That wasn't a denial!*

Anna was thrilled. She slotted the pyramid information away with her recent discoveries about Pine Gap. While working there, she had discovered a 1,400-mile tunnel. It had been made for hiding submarines inland, right beneath Pine Gap. There were also large elevators that operated without a cabling system and instead used magnetism to help them go up and down. She had been told that there were many floors beneath the levels that she'd been on but she didn't have enough clearance to go past the ninth level of the underground base. She had also heard rumours that the manmade tunnels joined up with an ancient tunnel system many miles beneath the earth and that they had been made millions of years ago by an ancient race. Whether or not that was true, she was unable to determine.

The subs could refuel there, but they could also use it to transport supplies and people. It was against every code of conduct between the American and Australian governments. Any leaks could severely impact the relations between those countries.

It was only recently that Anna realized that the US subs were powered by nuclear energy and that they were equipped with nuclear warheads.

She couldn't wait until Darren returned. Surely his presence would help ease her sleep at night.



# Chapter 6

## Tesla

Tesla's Lab  
New York City, New York  
March 15, 1895

Nikola Tesla watched from across the street and out of the way of the firefighters as they worked to save his fourth-floor laboratory, along with the rest of the building, from the flames that engulfed it. The entire South Fifth Avenue building had caught fire; for what reason, he did not know for sure, but he had his suspicions. None of them pointed to an accident.

He stood, mesmerized by the dancing flames flaring and shrinking as the firefighters attempted to squelch the blaze with their hoses. All of his work, his models, notes, data, tools, hundreds of pictures, projects both secret and declassified—all of it was gone. All he had on him was a single book, a pocket diary that he had only been writing in for a few days. It didn't have nearly the amount of information in it that now fueled the fire above, and it would take decades—another lifetime—to gather it again.

Tesla frowned, and his eyes glazed over. He was silently running a census of his storage units. He had placed a great many things in holding facilities for just this sort of accident, so while he hadn't lost his life's work, everything he had been working on for the past three months was now gone. And there was no way to replace any of it. He didn't give a rat's behind about the possessions he'd now lost—he might later when he would be wanting for a change of clothes, but not at the moment. All he cared about was the years and years of hard work rising to the heavens in smoke.

He curled the hand not holding his diary into a fist and pounded it against the side of his leg in frustration and anger. Tears gathered at the corners of his eyes,

which he quickly wiped away with his sleeve so that no one in the burgeoning crowd would see him showing vulnerability. He didn't want to give whoever did this to him the satisfaction of knowing how they had affected him. He would show people that he could start over again. The fact that he had to, though, caused sadness to grip his heart.

Later that evening, after hours of watching flames devour his life's work, including the oscillator he had just developed to power his entire laboratory, Tesla decided to take a walk to clear his head. He told himself again and again that it would do him no good to dwell on it. He must keep moving forward; that was the only way to prevent all his work from being entirely in vain. That was what he kept telling himself, hoping that the more he said it, the more likely he would be to believe it.

Tesla stopped at a hotel where he had stayed before. He looked the building up and down, and then circled it three times, before finally stepping inside. Three, six, and nine. Those were the most perfect numbers in the universe, and it was by those numbers, which Tesla liked to operate. This method never let him down before, and he didn't see fit to break that habit now, especially considering all the bad luck that had already fallen upon him this day.

He took a seat at a table in the restaurant on the main floor of the lavish hotel and ordered himself a nice, steaming pot of black coffee. The waiter brought it promptly and asked if he wanted any food. Tesla politely declined and thanked him for the coffee. After the waiter walked away, Tesla poured out a cup and inhaled the fumes. He put his pocket diary on the table and opened it up, careful to not spill a drop of the warm brew on its pages.

Tucked between two pages of the diary were five photographs—the only pictures he had left of his homeland, Smiljan in the Austrian Empire—although his family was of Serbian descent. He picked up one of the photographs, an image of his three sisters, Milka, Angelina, and Marica, standing with their father outside of the Eastern Orthodox church where he preached. This had been long after their brother, Dane, was killed in a horse-riding accident.

Tesla frowned and shuffled the photographs to one of his mother, Duka. A smile lightly touched his lips. She had been such a brilliant and inventive woman. She had never received a formal education, but Tesla was certain he got his eidetic memory and creativity from her genetics and influence. He remembered fondly all the tools and mechanical appliances Duka had made at home all throughout his childhood and her love for memorizing and reciting Serbian epic poems. Yes, he most certainly got his talents from her. His father was a hardworking man of God but not quite at the same level of intelligence and ingenuity as Duka.

Tesla sighed and put the photographs back between the pages. He had missed his mother so much in the three years since her passing.

After replacing the photograph, Tesla wrote down a date: July 10, 1856—his birthday. His mother had told him that he'd been born during a severe electrical storm. He postulated that that might explain his love for tinkering with electricity, but he would never know for sure. If nothing else, it made for a good story when trying to sell his inventions. He had never had the same sort of flare and talent for self-praise as Thomas did, so any extra boost he could get in that area was a great help to him.

Tesla closed his diary and sat back in his chair, staring blankly into the black abyss of his coffee. It smelled so good, it stimulated the good memories that he had of home to come forward in his mind. Here he was, thirty-nine and having to start from scratch all over again. His ray transmission technology had been destroyed. All the money he had invested into working with impulse ray beams that could run motors had been reduced to ash. His models, his plans, and his data were now nothing but soot and smoke. His mind wasn't on the money, though. What he couldn't replace was all the effort and meticulous notes he had accumulated in that lab. Not to mention all the valuable equipment that he would need to find again, to re-equip himself. And he would need to find a new lab if he was to continue his research. He drew a breath of exasperation. God, there was so much more to do than he had initially realized.

His anxiety gave way to anger. This wasn't an accident. This was arson—a

deliberate attack on him and his work, which engulfed the entire building to make it look like an ordinary fire. He felt as though a hand had plunged into his chest, grabbed a hold of his heart, and begun twisting it. Saboteurs had torched the place. Of that, he had no doubt. And he felt sure he knew who had hired them.

Ever since his time in Paris, where he had been asked to join a secret society, he had received a steady stream of correspondence from Eiffel and members of other organizations pressing Nikola for his answer and commitment. His most recent contact had been a visit from Mr J. P. Morgan, and he had told the man what he'd told the others. He was honoured by the invitation, but he must respectfully decline.

Morgan had seemed polite and cordial about the matter. All the man had said at the time was that nothing more needed to be discussed between them—and then he'd departed. Tesla had thought that was the end of the matter, but apparently not. Looking back, he realized that he should have known better. His lab had been massive, humbled only by military counterparts. It had boasted the best equipment available to anyone without funding from the government or, as Tesla now realized, a secret society. If Morgan and his society couldn't have Tesla and his lab, they had wanted to make sure no one would either.

Tesla raised his coffee to his lips with a shaking hand. He didn't drink, only inhaled and set the cup back down. He wasn't supposed to have survived the fire. He knew that now. Fortunately, his lab assistant had been there and had woken Tesla to alert him of the fire, or else Nikola might not have lived to grieve his loss.

The inventor's brow furrowed with determination. He must confront Morgan, face-to-face, forcing him out of the darkness and making him pay for what he had done.

After another slow inhalation of the coffee's steam, Tesla's expression relaxed. He considered the possibility that it might not have been Morgan. If not Morgan or his people, then perhaps some other society had set their sights upon Nikola. He knew that Thomas, Eiffel, Samuel, and other industrial opportunists were members of secret societies. Edison had felt threatened by Tesla for some time, and Tesla had no

doubt in his mind that his fellow inventor was more than capable of hiring someone to kill a rival and destroy their work.

Thomas knew that any advancement of technology by another could mean his inventions were made obsolete, and men like Edison, Morgan, and George Westinghouse, all of whom had bought Tesla's designs and implemented them into their respective infrastructure, would continue profiting from Nikola's previous work. They all wanted to control Tesla and his inventions, optimizing them for the benefit of their societies.

Tesla's face hardened again. He wouldn't let that happen. He would find a way to continue his work and expose these monsters for what they were, starting with Morgan, saboteur or not.

Tesla called the waiter over and asked for a glass of whiskey, which the waiter brought promptly. "You haven't touched your coffee, sir. Is it to your liking?"

Tesla smiled. "Yes, it is. I wanted to smell it, as I find the smell of it gives me a sense of calm. Today I'm only going to inhale it."

"Ah." The waiter tried not to look confused by the notion. "Well, this is on the house then."

"Thank you, young man."

"I'll bring your check directly, sir."

Tesla threw back his whiskey, pulled out his wallet, and set down enough money to cover the bill and a modest tip before leaving with his diary.

J. P. Morgan's Home  
219 Madison Avenue  
New York City, New York  
March 18, 1895

J. P. Morgan sat in a plush armchair at his polished-oak desk, reading the newspaper. His moustache ruffled as he blew a flustered breath through his nose.

His eyes were fixed on an article about the fire at 33-35 South Fifth Avenue. There was no indication of Tesla's death. That, coupled with one of his informants telling him that he had seen Tesla at a restaurant during the hours proceeding the blaze, after the fire had thoroughly destroyed the entire six floors of the building plus the basement, proved to Morgan that his attempt on Tesla's life had failed, and this displeased him greatly.

Damage control was all that Morgan could think about now. Surely, Tesla would suspect foul play, and after their most recent encounter, Morgan knew that he would top Tesla's suspects list. Tesla would most likely try to out him or demand compensation through some sort of public medium, probably *The New York Times*—the more popular the publication, the better. The inventor had spent far too long with Edison not to have picked up a thing or two from the showy bastard. Tesla would want to humiliate Morgan and ruin him socially as well as financially, and he might even try to get him arrested. Morgan's contacts would never allow that to happen, but his reputation and business would never survive such a social blow, and with that, he would no longer be considered useful to his society.

Morgan shuddered at the thought. *No, that will not happen*, he resolved. *I won't let it.*

He stood abruptly, pacing up and down the room. His anger was boiling over; he was unable to be contained himself. He felt it as the taste of bile rose to his mouth, and he finally erupted. He kicked a chair hard, and the wood splintered under his foot. He was still too angry to feel the pain, but he would be limping for the next couple of days. The sound was loud, and he was glad the house was empty except for the servants working on the lower floors.

Morgan knew he had to find a way to keep Tesla quiet. Another attempt on his life was out of the question—at least for the time being. It would be too suspicious. But if he'd learned one thing from his dealings with Andrew Carnegie, money, even between mortal enemies, could be quite persuasive. His lips curled slightly upward.

Morgan sat at his desk again and set about arranging a private meeting with

Nikola Tesla to discuss a gift of \$150,000 to rebuild the inventor's lab or to pay for something else Tesla wanted to do. He had mentioned that he was interested in moving to Colorado in a previous discussion. Maybe that would be something worth the investment he pondered.

## Central Park New York City, New York March 1895, Same Day as the Fire

After leaving the restaurant, Tesla continued his contemplative walk around New York City and soon headed for Central Park. For as long as he had been in New York, he'd loved to go to parks and feed the pigeons, which gathered there. He often took home the injured ones and nursed them back to health, but he wouldn't be doing that today or for quite some time—not until he could find a new laboratory. Still, he could at least enjoy the birds' company and clear his mind for a while.

Tesla stopped at a bakery along the way and bought a loaf of bread to share with the pigeons. When he reached Central Park, he walked straight to his favourite bench and was immediately surrounded by the creatures, which so many others considered to be a nuisance. It was as though they recognized him, fluttering and landing close to the man.

He broke off a piece of bread and gently tossed some crumbs from it, alternating between feeding it to his winged friends and taking bites himself. With all the stress, coffee, and alcohol coursing through him, Nikola knew that he needed to eat *something* substantial. He hadn't felt a desire for any of the food at the restaurant, but the freshly baked bread had smelled too good to resist.

He allowed his mind to wander as he watched his feathered friends hop from crumb to crumb. There had to be something he could do. He had been designing high-frequency oscillators for electro-therapy and other uses; he knew he had to

strike the iron while it was still hot, but he couldn't do that without access to a lab.

As much as it pained Tesla to consider this, Thomas had offered to loan him one of his labs in the past. Perhaps the old dog would do the same now. It would by no means be a permanent solution, but it would help him until he found somewhere else to conduct his experiments.

He sighed, and a couple of the pigeons looked at him with tilted heads as if to ask him what was wrong. There was still the matter of money. He had lived quite comfortably up to this point, but he had lost a great deal in the fire. He must somehow replace all his lab equipment as well as personal belongings—especially clothing.

He knew how to eat on a minimal budget, but if he was to convince Edison to let him use one of his loaner labs, he knew he would have to make it “worthwhile” for Edison, and that usually meant giving the other inventor money or an idea.

For all that Tesla thought and said about his old colleague, he had to admit that Edison was a much shrewder businessman than he'd ever been. That gave Edison a sizable advantage over Tesla, and it was one that Tesla wasn't quite sure he was able to remedy. He needed to get money, somehow.

A light bulb illuminated Tesla's mind. He tossed a few final crumbs to the pigeons, rolled up the end of the paper bag holding the rest of his bread, and hurried out of the park. He looked around and hailed a carriage.

He soon arrived at the home of Brent Black, an investor he had been in regular contact with and who had shown great interest in Tesla and his inventions for some time. Tesla knocked on the door and waited. He took a moment to catch his reflection in the glass of the door but eventually became aware of his appearance. His hair was a mess, his clothes rumpled from the long day—not the best presentation for speaking with a potential investor, but he was desperate and didn't have the time or the resources to change into something more presentable.

Brent Black answered the door. His eyes widened as he gave the younger man on his front stoop a quick once-over. *Dishevelled hair, clothes askew, a generally unkempt appearance and is that soot on his shirt?* This wasn't the dapper, put-together inventor



that Brent had gotten to know over the many months they'd frequented similar social circles and gatherings, but it was the famed inventor, nonetheless.

"Nikola Tesla," he said, stunned. Then, his voice grew louder—more jovial—and a smile formed on his lips. "Good evening, my friend! Tell me, to what do I owe this pleasure?"

Tesla tried to return the smile, but it wavered. "Good evening, Mr Black. Please, may I come inside?"

"Mister? Bah. Please, my friend, call me Brent!" He stepped to the side of the doorway and motioned Tesla inside. "Please, come in."

Tesla walked briskly into Black's home with a gracious nod of thanks, trying to appear casual to hide his nervousness.

Black grinned like a schoolboy. Just seeing Tesla had gotten the man's heart racing. He led his guest into the sitting room, where flames were roaring in the fireplace, and they each sat in soft, luxurious armchairs. "What's on your mind, Nikola?" Black asked as Tesla set his bag of bread next to his chair.

"I don't suppose you heard any gossip today, have you?" Tesla asked and searched his host's eyes. "About my lab or any buildings which caught fire?"

"I—" the man began, and then suddenly, his face changed. "My goodness! Your lab?" Black gasped. "I mean, I heard word of a building which caught fire on Fifth Avenue while I dined with an acquaintance, but I didn't—it was *your* building?"

"My lab was on the fourth floor, yes," Tesla said with resignation.

"My goodness. I'm so sorry, my friend." Black stood and moved to a cart alongside the chairs with bottles of brown alcohol. He picked up a pair of matching tumblers. "Might I offer you a drink?"

Tesla nodded. "I don't normally drink."

"Bourbon or scotch?"

Tesla cringed at the memory of Edison and the others drinking bourbon at Eiffel's secret gathering six years ago. He also hearkened back to his friendship with Sir James Dewar and replied, "I'd rather have coffee to be truthful. Is that a possibility?"

Black nodded his head. "Certainly," he said as he poured himself a drink and then walked over to a coffee pot in the kitchen. He tested the coffee that was in it but it was too old to offer to his friend, so he took a kettle and filled it with water. Then, he brought the stove to boil. When he returned from the kitchen, he picked up his own drink and spoke to his friend. "Coffee won't be but a minute, Nikola. I'll brew you up a fresh pot of some Columbian roast that you will very much like . . . the smell of. Now, From what I heard, the fire was horrendous." He clinked ice cubes into the tumbler. "Destroyed the entire building."

"I watched it. It did."

"What happened, if I may ask?" Black poured the fine single malt. "Did someone leave a fireplace unattended? Knocked over a lantern, a candle?"

Tesla shook his head as he took the mug of coffee that Black offered him. "I'm afraid it was nothing so mundane."

Black raised his eyebrows at Tesla. "Do you think it was arson?"

"Without a doubt."

"But who would—"

"Someone who wants my research destroyed and me dead."

Tesla could recall catching George Scherff Junior, only fourteen years old, reading through his notebooks in the lab. The boy was into everything. In fact, it was so apparent that Tesla had taken to using the phrase *curious as George*. While Tesla didn't think that the boy had any ill mirth about him, Tesla supposed that the boy might have spread word to his father, George Scherff Senior.

Still, that wasn't something Tesla wanted to consider. He greatly trusted the boy's father. He hoped that they weren't telling anyone about his various projects.

Black sucked in a deep breath. "Do you think it was Edison?"

"It's possible," Tesla said. He still wasn't entirely sure the old dog could do it to him. Despite their rivalry, they *had* been friends once, hadn't they? But he sighed. "Especially considering all the rumours he's been spreading about alternating currents, going so far as to electrocute animals."

Black took a sip of his whiskey and leaned toward Tesla. "Really? Ol' Tom is

certainly an *elephant* in the room, then.”

“But he’s not the only elephant. Not even my top suspect.”

“Who could possibly hate you more than Edison?”

Tesla smirked, but the levity soon faded. “I didn’t say the person hates me, necessarily, but they wanted to send a message.”

“A message. My goodness,” Black said breathlessly. He wasn’t used to such intrigue. “Who would do it?”

Tesla took a drink as though any beverage could stand in for liquid courage. “Do you know J. P. Morgan?”

“J. P.?” Black scoffed with amusement. “Surely men like Morgan would rather destroy you than kill you.”

“Morgan approached me about joining a secret club. Some little cloak and dagger thing. I think it was to control my inventions and me—to slow down my advances and ensure that they could continue profiting from my previous patents. A couple of days ago, I declined his offer. He didn’t seem bothered by it at the time, but I wouldn’t be surprised if he arranged for this . . . *accident*.”

Black pensively stared into the fire for several moments. “I could make some calls, my friend. I can look into it for you.”

Tesla smiled weakly. “Thank you, truly.”

“Think nothing of it. I won’t hear another word about it.” Black raised his glass to the inventor, then took a seat beside him and sipped his whiskey.

“I was also asked to go to several social gatherings with my business manager, but I haven’t done anything like that for quite some time, so I doubt this vile act could have been orchestrated by someone within those circles. My bet is on Morgan,” said Tesla.

They sat in silence for a few minutes, sipping at and refilling their drinks, before Tesla spoke again, “Mr Black—”

“Please, Nikola, call me Brent,” Black said kindly.

“Brent, has anyone been asking questions about my designs to . . . improve the Statue of Liberty?”

Black tilted his head. "The secret room?"

Tesla nodded.

Black rubbed his chin in thought.

Months ago, Nikola had been hired through a mutual contact of his and Black's from Washington. Tesla had been hired to secretly design a wireless transmission system and discreetly place it inside the torch of the Statue of Liberty, and Brent Black was the only person outside of Tesla and the people who hired him who were aware of the project. At least, that's what Tesla had been told. But after this attack on his lab, he wasn't sure what to think anymore.

Black shook his head. "If they're asking, they aren't asking me."

Tesla sunk back into the armchair and put his forehead in his free hand. He was relieved that no one had been poking their noses around Brent Black, but that did not mean there weren't interested parties snooping about for information regarding Tesla's government contracts, and that notion worried him more than if they were just discussing it with Black.

Picking up on his friend's concern, Black decided to change the subject. "What are your plans following this fiasco?" he asked.

"I'm not sure. I might be able to get a loaner lab from Thomas if he's feeling up to helping an old rival, but you know him. Nothing is guaranteed."

Black snorted. "No offence intended, but why would Edison want to lend *you* a lab?"

Tesla chuckled dryly. "I know it sounds strange, but he has extended the offer to me before. I don't see why he would rescind it now."

"Again, *why* would he lend a lab to you?"

"Well, he's always relished an association, at least in name, to my work."

"Yes, if by relish you mean taken credit for," said Black and harrumphed loudly.

Tesla smiled a bit. "Well, if not out of the kindness of his cold heart, then more to keep an eye on me. That's my guess."

"Ha!" Black barked amused. "He wants to keep tabs on my progress and might even try to sabotage some of my experiments if my projects advance too quickly for

his comfort.”

Black hesitated, then asked, “Do you think that has anything to do with him being a Master Mason?”

Nikola sipped his drink. “Without a doubt.”

“Are you sure that’s the only way you can access a new lab?”

Tesla sighed and rubbed his forehead. “Until I can afford to lease one somewhere else, yes. I have no other options. *Everything* went up in flames, Brent. My hands are tied here.”

Black took a long, deliberate sniff then sipped his whiskey. “What would it take to get you back to your work?”

“Money.”

“Well, that’s an area where I can provide you with some aid.” He raised a hand the instant he saw the inventor open his mouth to decline. “And I won’t hear a lick of protest from you, you stubborn mule.”

“Are you certain?” Tesla asked.

“It might take some doing, but I believe I can find the funds for you sooner rather than later.”

Tesla couldn’t help but smile broadly, though exhausted. “Thank you, my friend. Thank you truly.”

Black grinned and patted Nikola’s arm kindly. “Again, think nothing of it. We’ll get you all set up *and* find out who did this to you.”

“I don’t know how I’ll ever be able to repay you.”

“I’m always happy to help a friend.” Black’s eyes twinkled. “We can arrange a more official investment contract in the morning. There are some problems that I’m experiencing with machinery in my warehouses. Maybe you can help me fix them. For now, though,” he said, raising his glass, “we drink.”

Tesla smiled with appreciation. “Well,” Tesla said as he set his glass on the knee-high table in front of them, “I should go find a place to stay for the night so I might have the strength to face Edison tomorrow.”

Brent waved his hand dismissively. “Nonsense. You’ll stay here.”

“Brent, I can’t. You’re far too generous—”

“I insist.”

Black rose and extended a warm hand to the inventor. Tesla took it and shook it with respect.

For the next few months, Tesla reluctantly worked and slept in Edison’s loaner lab, well aware that his competition was watching his every move, making notes of his advancements and keeping track of how far along he was getting, although Tesla was hesitant to make any real progress during this time except to help his friend Brent Black, who had come to his aid. But there was no quieting the determined heart or the busy mind of his. Tesla couldn’t remain still—or move slowly—for too long.

Fortunately, Mr Black proved true to his word and procured the financing Tesla needed for his own arrangements, which allowed Nikola to move out of Edison’s lab without so much as a farewell.

By July 1895, Tesla had found himself a new lab to rent on two floors of a building at 46 East Houston Street in New York City. Feeling that he was finally out of Edison’s ring of influence once more, Tesla allowed himself a breath of relief and returned to his work with renewed vigour.

# Chapter 7

## Leave

September 12, 1993

After a whirlwind week spent hiking through the jungle in an attempt to find a downed spacecraft, Darren was thrilled to hear that he had a two-week leave coming up. Before it hit, Darren went Stateside once more. He caught a plane from Nelson Garcia to a military air force base in New York State.

This wasn't the first time that he'd been there. Still, after being in the empty jungle for so long, the hustle and bustle of New York City would be a massive adjustment to have to try and deal with when Darren got there. He hired a cab after walking off the base, which drove him to the giant metropolis. After getting into his hotel, Mathews changed out of the shorts he'd worn for the long flights and took a cab out to the garden square.

It wasn't hard to find Anna.

She was waiting for him on one of the benches. Her face lit up when she caught sight of him. They rushed toward each other, Darren catching Anna under the arms and spinning her about in a hug.

Anna laughed. "Hi, honey. I missed you!"

"Not nearly as much as I missed you," said Darren. He settled her back down and leaned in for a kiss. Anna eagerly returned it. When they parted, she took hold of one of Darren's hands and led him over to one of the benches nearby.

She said, "How was your trip?" He smiled as he walked beside her. "It was loud being in an unpressurized aircraft. I'm just getting my hearing back."

Anna sat down and watched several couples walking around.

"My hotel looks nice. Thanks for suggesting that we go there. Are your bags in your hotel?" he asked her. Anna nodded her head as she leaned into his shoulder and rubbed his back. "My bags are checked in at the hotel lobby, so we can go and

collect them and then go back to your hotel.”

“Good. What about the apartment in Florida?”

Anna didn’t look happy when she looked out at the pigeons, which were walking around in front of them looking for bits of food from the last people that had been there. “Alan Schiff made me an offer I couldn’t refuse. He put us in a safe house.”

Darren looked unimpressed. “What?”

“I asked him for some time away from Pine Gap, and he was shocked that I would even think of asking to leave the base because of everything that’s been taking place. Then, the Iranian fiasco—*that* went all the way up the chain to be resolved, you know.”

“Really? Wow. Doesn’t surprise me, though. So, they want to monitor everything you say while you’re away from them. That’s what I reckon is happening there,” Darren replied.

Anna nodded her head in response and didn’t say anything.

“If I were you, I’d spend less time there and more time at your parents’ place. Make sure you check your parents’ place for bugs before I get there. I don’t want to slip up and say something over the dinner table after having a good meal and a few too many wines,” Darren said jokingly with a clever smile.

Anna frowned. “You’re not going to reveal anything to my parents, Darren, so don’t even say things like that. I’ll make sure that the place is clean, though. I can’t imagine how anyone would slip in there and bug their place, though. They’re always there. It’ll be so good to just relax and enjoy the countryside.”

Darren put his arm around her, and she readjusted herself so she was closer to him as the wind picked up. Several cars honked their horns over on the street nearby, which caught their attention. Someone undid a window and started yelling obscenities at another driver; one could determine as much without speaking Italian. “I have some things to tell you,” Darren said as he refocused his attention on her. She was the only female in the world that Darren could talk to like this.

So, voices hushed, he told her everything. He told her about the bodies and the fire and how he wasn’t sure yet who had really caused it. He told her about the



mercenaries from Kruger—how they had teleported into the area and left it just as fast as if they had split open the seams of reality.

“And the base beneath Diego Garcia! That was awesome. It had to have been at least a mile under the ocean.”

“I know that there was some kind of breach, but that’s about it,” Anna replied.

“It was wild. I keep thinking that I’ve seen everything this job has to offer me, but then something else gets thrown in my face,” said Darren. He thought about the watch when he said it.

For a moment, he debated telling Anna about what he’d found, but he quickly decided against it. Not until he knew more about the watch’s origins. Darren didn’t want to put Anna into undue danger.

Anna listened patiently, but before long, Darren could tell that she was holding back something so he asked her, “You look like you want to tell me something. What did you want to tell me?”

He was right. She smiled at him as she rubbed the front of his chest through the jacket that he was wearing. “It’s . . . not as exciting,” admitted Anna. “Actually, why don’t we get something to eat first?”

Darren raised his brows. “All right? Whatever you want to do is fine with me.”

“I want garlic bread.”

“Then we’ll get garlic bread,” he told her as they started looking around to see what their options were.

Several pigeons flew over them. One pooped in the air and the bird shit narrowly missed them.

“Count yourself lucky, mate,” Darren said as he looked at the birds that were flying away.

“They’re probably laughing at us,” Anna said, laughing.

It wasn’t too much later that they found themselves seated at an Italian restaurant on the other side of town. The decor was simple and old fashioned. There was a free basket of garlic bread at the centre of the table. While they waited for their order to be filled, Darren prodded again. “So what did you want to tell

me?”

Anna busied herself with another bite of bread.

Darren said, “You’ve put it off so much that I’m *really* curious now.”

“I . . . suppose you won’t let me put it off until after we eat?”

“I would really rather know now. Is something wrong? Did something happen?”

“No, no, nothing’s wrong. I mean, well, maybe. I hope you don’t think it’s a bad thing.”

“Love, why don’t you tell me?” Darren reached across the table, taking hold of Anna’s hand and giving it a reassuring squeeze. “Whatever it is, we’ll work through it together.”

Anna broke down. She blurted out, “I’m pregnant!” Then, she pulled her hand away and covered her face with it.

Darren froze. It was like time had stopped. “. . . pregnant?”

Anna couldn’t bring herself to speak. She nodded instead.

Warmth bloomed in Darren’s chest. He asked, “You mean we’re going to have a kid?”

Anna nodded again. She still didn’t move her hands.

“Why are you acting like that’s a bad thing?” Darren tugged her hands away from her face. “There’s no one else I would rather have a family with.”

Anna’s heart all but melted. “Do you really mean that?”

“Of course I do,” said Darren. “Why would you think that this would be a bad thing?”

“Just—with our line of work,” said Anna. Haltingly, she explained why it had taken so long for her to tell him, and why it had been a cause of worry for her instead of one to celebrate.

Darren told her, “Don’t worry about those bastards. This is a good thing, babe. It’s something we can control if we plan ahead.” Anna reached for her glass as the waitress returned with two glasses of water, which had ice in them. She was thirsty and hoped the water wouldn’t wreak havoc on her digestive system because she’d had bad water that put her in the hospital when she was in Costa Rica—a story she

proceeded to tell Darren.

A few minutes later, their food arrived. They spent the rest of the meal pointedly avoiding any talk of work. Anna suggested that she might look at places to live in Florida, where her parents had retired.

"It would be nice," she said. "If they got to know their grandparents."

"That's a good thought," said Darren. "I'm not sure how long I can sit still, though, and Florida would be a long way from home for me. Even now I'm fixing to go back to Australia, but I mean we could try it out and see how it all goes," Darren said as he tried the food.

A few moments later, she suggested, "The beaches there are nice all year round. It would be a good place to get married."

Darren choked on his pasta.

Quickly Anna added, "Just a thought, babe. We don't have to rush to it, or do it at all, even."

"That's a pretty heavy topic. I just—wasn't expecting any of this today. No wonder you took your time trying to figure out your approach. You're hitting me with a double whammy here, Anna. I'm trying to be cool with the news, but don't drop all of this on me at once. Holy cow, mate."

Anna looked down at the table and felt bad. "Sorry. My mind is full of ideas and plans at the moment. If it helps, I wasn't expecting you to tell me you were almost blown to bits in Diego Garcia."

"The fire *was* pretty serious. Multiple people were lost . . ."

Anna said, "We live a strange life, don't we?"

"We do, but I'm happy about it. I wouldn't have met you if our life wasn't so out of this world."

"That's a horrible joke!"

"You love it," said Darren, grinning at her.

Sheepishly, Anna admitted, "You're right, I do," as she took a bite of her garlic bread. Darren started thinking of ways to tell her he needed space to think about things but they were on a limited timeline for their stay in the United States.

“Would you mind if I took some alone time to soak in what you’ve just told me? There’s a national park in upper New York State that has a lot of people going missing in it. I wanted to check that place out for years since I heard about some guy named David Paulides investigating people going missing from National Parks all over the world.”

Anna thought about what he was saying. “No. I can understand what you’re saying. I can fly out next week to go see the apartment in Florida and then make my way over to my parents’ place. You can meet me there as soon as you’re finished exploring. I’m okay with that. We need to get out the head space that we’re in and figure out a new direction,” she replied as she looked into his eyes.

They spent the week together, pretending to be tourists like everyone else. By the time Anna was ready to fly south, to Florida, all of the tension had seeped out of them. Darren was able to see her off just like any other couple might do, with a lingering kiss and a promise to check in with her later.

It wasn’t until after Anna was gone and Darren had returned to his hotel room that he began to feel unsettled again. He pulled the suitcase out from under his bed, where he’d hidden it, and packed his gear.

Darren left in the middle of the night, hiring an Uber to take him out of the city and up to Lewis, New York. There, he found the sealed missile silo. He had no intention of going to any National Park.

When he arrived, there were only a few mountains and a lot of forest to be seen, but eventually, he found his way to the paved roadway that went up a hill. When he came to the place in question, Darren knew that this was going to be the start of unravelling the mystery of the USB drive. He was prepared for the worst with six days of water in his rucksack—along with a few MREs and a ton of batteries for his lantern and headlamp. There was no telling what he was about to face down there.

Darren staked the place out before making a move. Several of the silos were open, and people trickled from their bowels, looking less like scientists and more like sketchy businessmen. Some of them were off the beaten track, sealed until the hidden opening switch was hit.

The print-outs had explained that the silo in question was beside a big blue granite boulder. There was a six-figure grid reference to confirm the exact position, and he'd gotten a topographical map from a geology/mining store before he'd set out on his journey. Once he was familiar with the area, he became a tourist again and walked around and checked out the sights around the area. He waited until nightfall to seek out the silo in question.

Upon locating it, Darren dug around at the base of the boulder until he found a small hole in the stone. It was the size for a finger to go into. Hoping that this wouldn't end poorly for him, Darren wedged his finger into the hole, feeling around until he found a rubber-encased button.

He pressed it.

There was a low rumble. The stone split open exposing a numeric keypad, and two buttons. One was green and the other was red.

Darren pressed the green button first, and then entered the code that had been in the handwritten letter. There was a hiss. The sound of hydraulics moving. The side of the silo opened up. Darren pushed the boulder closed again. It returned to its original shape a few moments later.

Adjusting one of the shoulder straps on his rucksack, Darren went into the silo. It led into what appeared to be the main control room. It was empty and dark, as though no one had been through in a very long time. The air smelled stale. He then heard a sound behind him and turned to see the hydraulic doors closing behind him.

He pulled a miniature flashlight out of his back pocket and flicked it on. The thin beam of light cut through the haze. There were directions and floor numbers painted on the walls. Darren took note of them, moving from floor to floor, passing through the dark hallways until he reached Level Seven.

Clearly, no one would be coming by here. Darren was able to take his time, searching the ground level. It was far larger than he had been expecting, and his flashlight wasn't very powerful, which made things quite eerie because the first floor appeared to be so vast in scale. You could drive vehicles in through the main door

and there was an actual cement road behind it, which he was now walking on. The amount of stuff that could have been transported in or out of the place would have been a lot. As he walked forward into the darkness that surrounded him, Darren kept an eye out for booby traps and alarms. Whoever had built this facility could have placed them anywhere.

His thoughts started taking him down a dark path. Since this was a government facility, which could still be active, there could be robots in place—armed and programmed to monitor the passageways underground with thermal imaging. If that was the case they would detect his presence quite easily as he walked toward whatever sentry was there. Or instead of attacking him, it could just as easily send out a silent alarm and an armed team might respond.

The dark could hide many things. He hoped that he didn't come across any of them.

# Chapter 8

## Level Seven

September 13, 1993

The relief that Darren felt when he reached Level Seven was bone-deep. The metal doors in front of it were sealed shut. He pulled the folded papers out of his rucksack and looked them over, using the flashlight to read the tiny print.

“Okay,” he told himself. “That’s not too bad. I can do that.”

Not too far away was a staircase. The sound of his steps echoed in the empty hallway. Beneath the stairs was a metal case, just as the notes had instructed. He flipped open the top of it and pushed the button. There was a hiss of hydraulics, and when Darren turned around, he found that a panel had opened up beside the door.

Darren punched in the code from the pages: eight, seven, nine, three.

The doors opened with a click. They slid apart.

This was clearly a storage facility of some kind.

*Or a rogue CIA agent found a good hiding spot for their secret trove of information,* thought Darren bitterly.

There were too many unanswered questions for him to even make a guess. Maybe the person who wrote the letter was the rogue agent.

It was too early to know.

The deeper into the storage room Darren went, the worse the air smelled. It was the unmistakable reek of a rotting body. The putrid odour was one that Darren encountered a lot in his line of work.

After a bit of searching, Darren came upon a body bag. There was someone inside it. Darren walked up to it to examine what kind of a body bag it was. It looked like it was a military issue. If there was information to hide in the storage room, putting it in a bag that had a rotting body inside it would have been wise.

Did he want to test that theory? He debated the pros and cons of opening it up.

On one hand, he would love to know who was in there. Maybe they would have ID on them or another handwritten letter or a USB stick.

On the other hand, body bags were designed to keep the smell inside the bag when sealed. Already, some of the odour was seeping out of it. If he unzipped it, there might be no choice but to abandon the room completely. The air in the room would then be toxic.

Darren decided against it.

He moved deeper into the room. It was furnished with what appeared to be a small maritime boat connected to a sixteen-volt battery system. A power cell used a chemical reaction to charge the battery bank. Everything was still powered because it was self-producing energy.

Darren moved to the fridge, hesitantly pulling it open. He was expecting sample tubes, maybe some rotten food. Instead, he was met with the sight of a human eyeball resting inside a Bick's pickle glass jar that was full of some kind of clear fluid.

"Disgusting," muttered Darren.

The freezer was no better. It was caked in ice. A single sandwich-sized ziplock bag was inside. Darren poked at it until he was able to make out the contents: a gauze-wrapped human finger.

It was frozen solid.

Even more unsettled, Darren moved through the room. Half-obsured behind a file cabinet, there was another door. It required a fingerprint and an eye scan to open.

Suddenly, he realized the purpose of the human remains.

"Bloody brilliant," he said, going back to the fridge. He grabbed the eye and the finger, using them to open up the door. After they were scanned, a green light turned on.

The door hissed, clicked, and then slid open. Darren made sure to replace the items in the fridge and freezer, not wanting to leave anything out that might give



his position away.

The next room had a lot of shelving that was full of stuff. It was filled with boxes of all shapes and sizes, as well as quite a few ancient-looking sea trunks.

“Shit,” he said. He shrugged off his rucksack. “Guess it’s a damn good thing I planned on being here for a while.”

Several very long days and nights were spent inside the missile silo, reading and studying the hidden contents of the storage bins.

There were files here from both the FBI and the CIA. Everything was classified to the nth degree. No one was meant to find them. There were manila folders with *Central Intelligence Agency* stamped on the fronts of them. Several of the books contained the logo of the FBI.

And the sea trunks?

Well, they held the most damning find out of all of it.

Files, diaries, pocket-sized notebooks, and prototypes made by Nikola Tesla.

This proves it, thought Darren. The poor bloke that got blown up had to be CIA. They’re the only folks allowed on Diego Garcia.

Nearing the end of the third day, Darren found a file labelled “KT-P2.” It contained the truth behind the P2 project.

A man named Werner Von Braun had put it together, all the way back in 1936. Tesla had been the lead scientist on the project. It was the beginning design for the electrical propulsion system for a flying saucer.

Werner Von Braun had also requested designs for rockets, and Tesla had created the design for a missile system that could be directed from the ground to any destination.

“Even the damn moon,” said Darren, amazed by the blueprints. “Damn it to Hell and back!”

The only thing that was required was that the laser beam guiding it not be interrupted. Almost immediately, Darren realized that Tesla’s idea could be used to take a ship into space and from there a second ship could be released and sent deeper into the solar system fueled by a laser beam being focused on it from the

original ship. This could allow for colonization or the movement of supplies.

Using this system, the space inside the rocket that was meant for fuel could be used to carry other things to other countries, planets, stars, or moons. At first, Darren was just amazed by the information. The fact that this could have reached the moon—or anywhere, really! The uses this technology would have had! The accomplishments that mankind could have had if it hadn't been hidden away by a chosen few.

It wasn't until he read over the last page of the file that Darren realized furthering the study of the universe hadn't been the impetus for this device's creation. They weren't trying to improve trade between nations *or* help mankind advance into space.

No.

The Nazi's had very real ambitions to colonize other planets in the solar system, but they wanted to do it with their people. Nobody else.

It was a chilling thought. Darren could only hope that they hadn't managed to succeed. He moved deeper into the room, figuring that the most secret of files would be kept near the back. Boxes were stacked on top of wooden pallets.

It was in these boxes that Darren found several pocket-sized notebooks. None of them had a blank page. He picked one and started panning through the pages, and then eventually he recognized words that drew him in further. They were words that he knew through the work he had done for Anna. The major discovery for the night so far had been the details that had come from the KT-P2 project back in Los Alamos, New Mexico, in 1936, which Tesla may have been in charge of.

The writing was so fine and the details were so large he took a break from that notebook and went into a file folder. This one detailed the events that took place during the Philadelphia experiment. Nikola had been involved in that too, it seemed.

First was the cover story. Then, the *real* story.

October 28, 1943

The goal of the Philadelphia Experiment was to create a product that could make ships invisible to radar. The result exceeded all expectations.

The US Navy destroyer known as *Eldridge* was placed in a powerful electromagnetic field.

Not only did the experiment exceed in cloaking the ship from the radars and screens, but it also managed to cause the ship to dematerialize and then re-materialize hundreds of miles away, at the military base in Norfolk, Virginia.

Several members of the crew were found dead. Three men were located in the metal between the flooring and the walls of the ship. Those who were left alive on the ship seemed to have entered a state of insanity. A lucky handful of crew members found themselves located in small towns miles away, with seemingly no recollection of the event.

The file went on to speak about how Nikola Tesla and Albert Einstein had both been working on a project for the US Navy at the Philadelphia Naval Yard at the same time.

As Darren turned another page, he came to the conclusion that they were men in charge of creating the electromagnetically charged invisibility cloak for the *USS Eldridge*.

The experiment was allegedly based on an aspect of the unified field theory, a term coined by Albert Einstein. The theory aimed to describe, mathematically and physically, the interrelated nature of the forces that comprise electromagnetic radiation and gravity.

To date, no single theory had successfully expressed those relationships in viable mathematical or physical terms.

“This is unreal,” Darren said as he stopped reading and decided to drink some water.

He decided to take out a battery-operated lantern from his pack and was glad that he’d had the good sense to bring that with him. He also had several candle

lanterns in his Crossfire-brand Plan B bag, as he knew that losing light while underground could really put him at a disadvantage, and with so many electromagnetic things being underground, he knew batteries could get drained by something running underground that might be there, which is why he'd made a faraday cage to protect some of the new unused batteries, which he'd brought with him in his pack.

After finishing his water break, his next thought was about where he'd be able to take a piss or do a number two, but that wasn't a good idea. In the military, you collected your waste so dogs couldn't get a scent, and leaving behind DNA was the same as leaving an autographed picture of oneself if it got taken to a lab for testing and identification. As such, he was carrying a two-litre pop bottle in which to collect waste, and that would have to do. He decided to get up off of the cement floor for a little while and started doing some exercises to get his blood circulating, having stayed in the prone position for the past hour. Some squats. Some lunges. Some easy pushups. Some lower leg raises and then some shadow boxing and running in place.

After fifteen minutes he had worked up a sweat, so he took a break and decided to walk around a bit and look in some of the other old sea trunks. He had to bust open a few locks, but each one was like opening a buried treasure chest and there were so many to open. For a treasure hunter, this was like finding sunken gold at the bottom of the ocean.

It was another three hours before Darren found the last piece of the puzzle—a CIA file that seemingly connected everything.

According to what he was reading, Diego Garcia was using a system created by Nikola Tesla and Albert Einstein that would keep it cloaked and keep its true size hidden from those flying over it, which would make it a smaller target. It was technology created by Tesla and put to use by the Central Intelligence Agency. Darren could only imagine the sort of havoc this would cause if the wrong hands got a hold of it! But that wasn't even the end of it!

It all wrapped back in on itself!

The KT-P2 project file included side conversations between Werner Von Braun and Nikola Tesla, in which they spoke about designing better rocket systems that wouldn't self-destruct once they got to a certain altitude. As Nikola explained in his notebook, the Germans had a massive problem on their hands before World War II. Their rockets would blow up the moment that they went above five thousand feet. Tesla had put months of research into coming up with a solution to their problem—and then Werner Von Braun had taken those ideas and concepts back to Germany with him, and Hitler had immediately put him into the most elite branch of his military; the Schutzstaffel, otherwise known as the SS.

It wasn't just the missile designs, though! Werner Von Braun had also brought back anti-gravity formulas and ideas on how to make better U-Boats for deeper and faster underwater maneuverability.

An underground manufacturing facility, which would house the new German rocket program, and the V2 rockets were soon created in Europe on an island and also at secret areas in Poland underground. These same rockets would later be used against England. Darren processed what that meant. The original ideas for this weapon to work had come from within the United States!

Through the FBI and CIA, the US government had already been made aware of the fact that the Germans had hired Tesla to solve many of their problems and that he'd done his first bit of business with them back in 1914 at the start of World War 1. It was at that point the American government realized that they had made the wrong choice in ignoring Tesla and brushing him aside.

"These guys really fucked up by ignoring him," Darren said to himself as he continued to look at the pages in front of him.

A man with Tesla's ingenuity and genius could have advanced mankind tremendously. It was a missed opportunity for humanity's evolution. There was no doubt in Darren's mind. As he stood up, he breathed in deeply and let out some deep breaths. He was feeling hungry.

Mathews went back to reading after having something to eat using his camping stove, which he'd brought with him in one of his side pouches on his pack. He used

the rucksack to lean back on as he sat down on the floor with his meal now ready to eat. For ten minutes, he enjoyed eating some shepherd's pie on his ceramic plate.

It didn't take long for him to feel a bit more energy come into his body. He wanted to take a break from reading, so he could explore another area that he hadn't yet gotten to. The shelves at the back of the room were full of evidence boxes and there had to be important material in them.

Sure enough, his hunch proved to be right. He found more than just reports. He also found personal letters from Tesla that were addressed to various countries and businesses around the world. As Darren examined them he saw that some of these letters were written to Russian governments. Others were written to American military officials, explaining that he had created certain technologies that might interest them.

None had been responded to.

Only the German Ministry had responded to Tesla.

That was the start of Tesla's partnership with the Germans. They had purchased his technology when no other country had shown interest in it. One purchase in 1914 had truly established a relationship. One that would foster a future project with Werner Von Braun in 1936 on the KT-P2 project.

According to one of his personal notebooks, Nikola had managed to use scalar wave technology to create an electrically powered flying saucer! Between 1920–1933 there had been a mad rush for inventors to attempt to create such technology. Many had tried and had failed, but there had been others that were successful, and Tesla had been one of them.

From Darren's own research he'd done, he knew that a clairvoyant named Maria Orsic, who ran the Vril Society in the early twentieth century, had also managed to accomplish that goal. She'd eventually escaped Earth in it, heading out to the Aldebaran star system, seeking the beings who had helped her build it through telepathy. And Darren believed her story after reading passages in Tesla's notebooks where he also commented on how he had not only overheard ETs talking to each other out in space, but he believed he was receiving ideas in his dreams from some

other worldly source. That sounded quite similar to what happened to Edgar Cayce, who had been termed “the sleeping prophet” and “the father of holistic medicine.” His prophecies had become legendary.

*There are too many coincidences*, Darren thought. From his perspective, he was seeing that there was indeed a possibility that benevolent ETs could be out there prompting specific people to help humanity by giving them ideas to advance the human race, and the good news was that it was still happening to this very day. Anna had talked to him about this very concept. At that moment, he wished she were there seeing what he had all to himself. He bet she would have a great deal to say about all this.

For sure, Werner Von Braun would have taken this information with him when he went back to Germany in 1937. It was no wonder that there had been fifteen different models of Nazi flying discs. Some had thought they were the inventors of a new idea, but in reality, they were going back in time and studying not only Tesla but also ancient civilizations that lived on earth that weren't necessarily human. Back in what would later be termed the Golden Age.

The schematics for these models were there. The proof of their existence was right under Darren's nose! He knew he had to take pictures of this specific folder. It was frustrating because he only had so much film. There was no way he could take pictures of every folder or notebook. Dare he take some of the files or the personal notebooks?

What he'd uncovered was worthy of front-page exposure. He felt that this could take mankind in a completely different direction than the present one if it reached a side of humanity that had good intentions. If it went to organizations like NASA or the Orange Corporation or the CIA they'd keep it hidden from the free-range slaves that were on earth to make them money. Darren was thrilled by this discovery, though. Already, his mind was spinning with the possibilities of what could happen if this became public knowledge. If he could raise the money and do a project by himself and with Anna too, maybe they could escape the planet as Maria Orsic had done? *What a cool idea*, Darren thought. He'd seen many wrecked ET craft, but to

fly in one for real would be out of this world!

This was all game-changing stuff!

Already, Darren knew that there were other interdimensional beings throughout the solar system. He knew that the galaxy was far larger than the general public was led to believe too. And yet, for some reason, Earth was a hotspot for them. Something about this planet was exceptionally special. Anna had told him that they often came down to do business. They wanted things from the United States government, but she wasn't sure exactly what those things were.

And here Tesla was, attempting to assist humanity into becoming an active participant in intergalactic commerce and interplanetary relations. But the powers at be had stopped his information from getting out, and it had been taken away from the public under national security orders the day after he had died.

Eventually, Darren reached a point of oversaturation and decided it was time to rest his weary eyes. It wasn't an easy thing to do in such a creepy place. The facility was massive and he was the only person in there. It didn't feel safe enough for him to risk getting some rest, but he had to if he was going to be able to continue reading the next morning. Even so, he couldn't resist checking out one last file before falling asleep, and what he read from the false security of his sleeping bag tested the limits of imagination. The data concerned Galen Hieronymus and the greatest invention humankind had never heard of—a machine that could draw on energy from the fourth dimension and power all manner of earthly devices. Naturally, this tech had, too, been hidden away from the world . . .

By the end of the fourth day though, Darren knew that something needed to be done about the stinking body. It was a struggle, but he managed to move it down the corridor to a staircase where he left it. Holding the railing, he made his way down the staircase and looked at all of the steps, looking for any lights hidden underneath the steps. He lit a cigarette and blew the smoke onto the floor to see if it would reveal any laser beams that might trigger a silent alarm. There were none, though.

Satisfied that he wasn't at risk of being discovered, he went back up to the top of



the stairs and pulled the body bag down them. When he got down to level three, he looked for a spot where he could leave it for the time being. The stink was quite repulsive and he hoped that moving it out of the storage room would make breathing a little bit more pleasant.

While he was down there, Darren realized that his time in the silo was running out. He had to make the most of it and make sure he covered as much of the facility as he could before leaving. Could there be other things the whistleblower had wanted him to find?

The only way to do that, of course, was to get the real exploration started. He couldn't stay in the storage room reading files and notebooks forever. There were surely just as many secrets to uncover and expose out in the rest of the tower.

Level three had several locked doors that had blocked out windows in the top third of them. He tested several handles first, not forcing anything that was locked. But the silo was dark and haunting. It wasn't long before he began to get uneasy. There might be sensors in other places too. It was eating away at his mind because he didn't want to miss one and trip an alarm. That's what got him caught back in Pine Gap, after all.

Suddenly, exploring seemed like a bad idea. He would have to be more careful about where he went and what he explored. After all, if Darren accidentally alerted someone to his presence, there would no doubt be teams of security who would come in and capture him. He would never see Anna again. They would kill him for sure, and he would lose the love of his life. That would suck, so he decided not to try to bust the doors open. Instead, he walked up the stairs and started looking around a different corridor to see what else was there waiting to be found.

# Chapter 9

## 1896

### Niagara Falls, USA

#### November 16, 1896

George Westinghouse Junior was an American entrepreneur and engineer based in Pennsylvania. He invented the railway air brake and was a pioneer of the electrical industry, gaining his first patent at the age of nineteen. Westinghouse saw the potential of using alternating currents in an electricity distribution system in the early 1880s and put all his resources into developing and marketing it, a move that put his business in direct competition with Edison's direct current system.

In 1885, Westinghouse's company had already installed dozens of alternating current lighting systems, and by the end of 1887, it had sixty-eight alternating current power stations compared to Edison's 121 direct current stations. This competition in the late 1880s led to what has been called the War of Currents, with Thomas Edison and his company convincing the public that the high voltages used in AC distribution were unsafe. Edison even suggested a Westinghouse AC generator be used in the State of New York's new electric chair.

And while Edison attacked from one side, Westinghouse also had to deal with an AC rival, the Thomson-Houston Electric Company, which bought out another competitor, the Brush Electric Company. Thomson-Houston was expanding its business while trying to avoid patent conflicts with Westinghouse, coming to agreements over lighting company territory, paying a royalty to use the Stanley transformer patent, and allowing Westinghouse to use their Sawyer-Man incandescent bulb patent. The war fizzled between Westinghouse and Houston, but Edison wasn't so easily assuaged.

In 1890, the Edison company managed to arrange that the first electric chair was powered with a Westinghouse AC generator, forcing Westinghouse to try to block

this move by hiring the best lawyer of the day to unsuccessfully defend William Kemmler, the first man scheduled to die in the chair. It was a bold move by the bitter and dangerous Edison but ultimately a failure. His gangster methods soon ostracized him from all his contemporaries, including Houston.

The War of Currents ended with financiers, such as J. P. Morgan, pushing Edison Electric toward AC and pushing out Thomas Edison. Publicly, the Current War ended in 1892 when the Edison Company was merged with the Thomson-Houston Electric Company to form General Electric, a conglomerate with the board of Thomson-Houston in control. But behind closed doors, the war raged on.

During this period after the public end of the War of Currents, Westinghouse continued to pour funds and engineering resources into the goal of building a completely integrated AC system, obtaining the Sawyer-Man lamp by buying Consolidated Electric Light, developing components such as an induction meter, and working with none other than Nikola Tesla.

“Are you sure this will work?” George Westinghouse asked.

“Yes,” Nikola Tesla replied for the twentieth time. He was growing impatient with the old man. He understood that George was in dire straits financially. The inventor wouldn’t yield success or failure. It would merely slow down the process.

“It’s just that the investors are worried about whether your ideas can translate into reality,” Westinghouse said.

“George, I don’t care what investors think,” Nikola said as he tightened the bolts on the lower braces of his device.

Westinghouse scoffed in surprise. “But they—”

“It will work,” Tesla said with finality.

“Morgan and the others—”

Tesla’s snort cut Westinghouse off. “Morgan can just sit back on his haunches and let the real innovators invent,” Tesla said bluntly, still incredibly bitter about the destruction of his lab over a year ago.

Westinghouse stopped pacing. “I’d be careful how I speak about Morgan if I were you.”

“I’m sure *you* would.”

Westinghouse momentarily gawked at Tesla, surprised that the man would dare speak about J. P. Morgan in such a calloused manner. He shook himself from his shock and sighed. “Is it ready yet?”

Tesla stood and wiped his hands on his trousers. He nodded. “Yes.”

“It is?” Westinghouse sounded shocked, and his face showed it.

“Shall I flip the switch?” Tesla asked with a grin.

“Yes, do it. We need to know if we’ve wasted our time and my money.”

Tesla shook his head. How could men like Westinghouse place a price on science and innovation? This was history in the making. He had hoped the old man would strike a more respectful tone, but alas, Tesla knew Westinghouse’s days of giddy excitement over the inventions of brilliant minds was long gone. He was a businessman through and through. The joy of creation was left to Nikola.

“Very well,” the inventor said and put his hand on the switch. “Three . . . Two . . . One . . .” He flipped it, completing the circuit.

Electricity exploded from the devices all around them. Bolts of energy whipped through the air, and Nikola’s hair shifted as though he were standing in the wind. He didn’t blink. He didn’t dare to, for fear of missing a single moment of his triumph. He hurried to the window of the shelter, threw it open, and leaned out to look at the falls.

Westinghouse joined him at his side and shouted over both the storm of electricity all around them and the torrent of water from the mighty Niagara River. “Is it working?”

“Wait for it!” Nikola hollered in return.

And then it happened. The turbines powered by Tesla’s machines whirled and chugged, and suddenly, as if it had always been like this, Niagara Falls began to flow uphill.

The two men cheered with loud and boyish glee. Victory was theirs. They had achieved the impossible. At midnight on November 16, 1896, the first power from the Niagara Falls generator reached Buffalo, New York.

Several days after the successful test of Tesla's generator, Westinghouse invited the inventor over to his offices for a drink. He poured a cup of coffee and handed it to the man with a hearty proclamation. "Tesla, you're a genius!" He clinked his glass against Tesla's. "Everyone is abuzz with praise for your work at Niagara."

Tesla raised his cup in a silent toast with a slight bow before sipping at the drink. "Thank you, George. This smells wonderful," he said humbly.

Westinghouse chortled, "You've really sold people on alternating current. I dare say, you might have just settled the War of the Currents once and for all. If anyone doubts it after this, they're either morons, stubborn, or getting their pockets lined by Tommy-boy."

"Those aren't mutually exclusive," Tesla said, not intending to be humorous.

Westinghouse snickered. "No. No, they are not."

Tesla stared into the dark, still steaming liquid in his cup as though waiting for it to reveal some hidden truth about his future. "Edison isn't going to give up so easily," he remarked.

"He already has!" Westinghouse boomed. "The War ended years ago. He's been hiding with his tail tucked between his legs ever since. He's attempted his subterfuge and bribery and even sent his gangster friends to rough up my people here and there, but he's lost, Nikola! And this is the final nail in his coffin."

Tesla stared into his drink a moment longer before sighing and finishing it. He knew Thomas better than anyone. He knew the man would never be deterred.

Westinghouse paused for an enjoyable drink of whiskey. "I have a proposal for you," he said and sat beside Nikola.

Tesla sat up straighter in his armchair, curious. "What might that be?"

"I want to buy the rights to alternating current."

Tesla huffed. "I've told you time and again, George, I want electricity to be free."

"Free! My boy, nothing is free," Westinghouse barked with laughter. He was already getting drunk. "Materials come at a cost, my man!"

"I want to create a way to supply power without stringing wires. I've nearly

accomplished this with the creation of my coil. It will be the first system that can wirelessly transmit electricity.” He was certain he could achieve this. He was so close. As soon as he was free from his obligations with Westinghouse, he would return to his laboratory and complete his work.

“Until you conjure up this extraordinary method of yours, of which I have no doubt you will, how do you suggest you pay for your research? Hm? Money! And I am willing to give you money for alternating current.”

Tesla sighed and indulged the man. “What price do you suppose would be fair for something like that?”

“Well, as far as I see it, one lump sum would be a rather poor deal for you,” Westinghouse began. “I suggest we proceed with a royalty system. I’ll pay you a set amount for every watt generated. That way, for as long as the alternating current is profitable, you’ll make money from it.”

Tesla sat in silence, mulling over the deal. It wasn’t a terrible offer.

“What do you say?” Westinghouse asked him.

With income, Nikola would be free from debt. He would be able to work in peace and quiet, and he could offer the world the very thing it needed to move into the twentieth century.

With that thought, he made a decision. “Very well,” he said and extended his hand to Westinghouse.

The men shook hands and then toasted each other with what was left of their drinks.

Tesla would never see a penny of those royalties. Westinghouse turned his back on the verbal agreement, with no physically documented proof of the deal. With no mind for business, Tesla agreed to let the matter go, and Westinghouse never paid him for the rights to the alternating current—possibly the greatest innovation mankind had ever achieved. If he had managed to get it, that would have been the greatest royalty agreement ever made.

# Tesla's Lab

## Location: Colorado, United States

### September 15, 1935

Tesla sat in an armchair in his lab, his head resting in his hand. Exhaustion had built over decades of misfortune and missteps. It had caught up with him and finally overwhelmed him.

Before his successful harnessing of Niagara Falls' potential power, the War of the Currents had almost destroyed him. And once he proved his abilities as a master of electricity, Edison had worked tirelessly to defame Nikola. Thomas had continued to spread vicious rumours about the dangers of alternating current technology. He had publicly electrocuted a dog and a donkey with alternating current on two separate occasions. Just thinking back on the incidents put a foul taste in Tesla's mouth.

Nikola was sickened when he thought of the animals harmed by Thomas in his ego-driven pursuit of greatness. Tesla was an avid animal lover and ethical inventor. He would never experiment on innocent creatures as Edison had. Just imagining something happening to one of the beloved pigeons he fed sent a shiver down his spine.

Tesla had thought that moving his operations to Colorado, far from the prying eyes of Edison and his allies, would turn his fortune around. For a while, it seemed to have worked. Some of his contacts had helped him secure land, and the clean air had aided his experiments. Morgan had even thrown 150,000 US dollars at him for his Wardenclyffe Tower project, which involved tapping into the ionosphere and generating millions of volts of electricity. Morgan had also purchased the rights to 51% of Nikola's radio wave technologies. Tesla had funding and the space to freely experiment. It was perfect.

Then it all came to a grinding halt. Tesla had realized the destructive potential of his ionosphere project. He knew that if the military of any country got a hold of his

research, they would use it to bring down more than two million volts of energy from the ionosphere and destroy cities. He couldn't allow that. Tesla would never place himself in a position to become the destroyer of worlds.

Even now, sitting in his chair and fighting off his looming depression, Tesla shuddered at the idea of what his inventions could become in the hands of evil men. He would never weaponize this technology but others might. There was no way he would ever allow it to be fully unleashed upon the Earth, so he came up with a plan that included representatives from around the world being given a piece of his puzzle and each country would have to work with the others in order to be able to utilize his technology. He hoped that would prevent mankind from destroying each other.

Tesla sighed. *I'm such a hypocrite*, he thought as he recalled the particle accelerator technology, which he had been working on for over a year now. He stood and put his hands in his pockets as he walked around his lab, looking at the device.

In truth, it wasn't strictly a "death ray." It was a particle beam weapon that could drop ten thousand planes over a range of two hundred and fifty miles. His device accelerated minute particles and sped them up so fast that only a few would have dire consequences on whatever they hit. However, the phrase "death ray" had seemed more marketable at the time. He never was good at branding. That was Thomas' talent.

At the very least, he thought it would grab the attention of the prospective buyer he wanted to parade it before: the United States government. He had wanted to build twelve towers for the United States so that it could stop any country from behaving inappropriately or attacking America, and yet they had declined. Perhaps it had been the cost, which he had placed at two million dollars. Perhaps it had been Thomas' doing—words whispered in the ears of powerful men in Washington. Tesla would never know for sure. He also wouldn't foresee the government stealing this technology and developing it for themselves nearly a decade later.



Tesla looked down at the letter on the table before him. It was a response to the correspondence regarding his particle beam technology he had sent to Russia following his rejection by Washington. The Russians seemed very interested, asking him many questions about the technology and how it worked. A glimmer of hope flickered in his chest. Perhaps Russia would find a use for his developments and pay him for them. He had become desperate at this point. As much as he despised monetizing scientific developments, he needed investors to back his pursuits. Only Brent Black had continued to back him after all these years, and Tesla wasn't sure how much longer that would last.

"Your projects are becoming too expensive," Brent had told him the last time they had spoken to each other. "You need to scale them back."

"You can't put a price or a limit on scientific discovery."

"But two million dollars? Is it any wonder that the government said no?"

"The uses will far exceed the costs!"

"Nikola, I like you, and I can continue to fund your smaller projects, but this . . . it's too much. I don't think you're going to find any investor willing to put that much into something so far beyond our time. Not when you're the only one who's certain it will work."

Tesla reached forward to pick up the letter. It was written in Russian, but he knew what it said and felt that it was promising. He set the letter back down and looked around at his massive, high-end laboratory. He would have to prove Brent wrong, or else he might lose everything.

# Chapter 10

## Water

September 14, 1993

There wasn't as much stink left when Darren returned to the seventh floor. He used the rags and water he brought with him to give himself a birdbath, all the while thinking of the shower in the hotel room he'd stayed in back in New York.

Time was running short.

Darren slept fitfully for a few hours. He used his watch to set an alarm, so he didn't sleep too long. Then, he would go back to work, reading more notebooks and files . . . more documents and letters. He even took several of Tesla's scale models out of the trunks to try and study them. He was in awe of the abilities of this inventor.

Every idea and concept that Nikola had researched and developed was of interest to him. He was a kid in a candy store with no shopkeeper in sight.

Each piece of paper held a life-changing secret, which as Darren observed, wasn't allowed to be shared with the public. That enraged him, for surely many of Nikola's concepts and designs could propel humanity into another golden age.

One thing, in particular, caught his attention—a project of Tesla's that was focused on weather manipulation. According to the notes, the weather is driven by electrical energy and moves around because of electrical currents in the ionosphere.

Tesla's idea was that if you put higher voltages and lasers into the ionosphere, you could not only increase the size of the storm, but you could also move it to whatever location necessary.

That one hit particularly close to home for Darren.

For decades, Australia had been in a desert climate. Rain was a precious resource and one that wasn't always available.

Bush fires were a true terror.

And here was proof that all it would take to change that was a single laser being shot down from a satellite into the ionosphere above a storm front. People could create designer storms. It would convert desert regions into huge areas where new civilizations could flourish. It would be able to help fix the climates and rebuild uninhabitable lands into something more fertile and livable by bringing rain to desert areas.

Just these few files could save Australia from drought!

Darren gripped the papers so tightly, it made his fingers ache. The page creased beneath his grip.

He wondered how many generations could have had an easier life if this was public. He wondered how many farms might not have been lost—how many farmers might not have committed suicide.

It was enough that Darren had to stop reading for a bit and cool his head. A clear mind was needed to get through these files. But what had the Black Sun done with it? They'd weaponized it. Floods were happening around the globe. Why? Whenever anybody was too close to finding out the truth about something secret, the deep state could use weather warfare to distract the population.

He had to make use of his training. He had to keep himself separate from the information he was receiving. It needed a clinical eye, not an emotionally driven mistake.

Darren calmed himself down and went back to work. He pulled out a particularly thick folder, marked as the HAARP project and had an FBI stamp over the front cover.

HAARP stood for High-Frequency Active Auroral Research Project. It was a government project that operated under the pretence of studying radio waves. The US Navy, Air Force, and the University of Alaska had all been involved in it. They were studying the ionosphere in an attempt to develop new radio communication technology.

But as was the case with many government projects, it went deeper than that. The HAARP study was used to develop a weapon. This weapon used amplified

radio waves. It was the cause of myriad natural disasters, ranging from electrical storms to massive earthquakes to enormous waves, which could be manipulated to strike any shoreline in the world. They could attack an enemy right in their own backyard, it seemed, which was another reason for its secrecy. Once they learned how to do this trick, any other country could do the same thing. That was why it was kept secret for so long.

As Darren moved to the second page in the folder, he learned that the HAARP facility was located in Alaska and that the antennae attached to it were capable of redirecting the ionosphere itself. The rays were then redirected back to the earth at a very low frequency. These were known as ELF waves.

Darren discovered that ELF waves had a serious effect on the earth. It affected the earth's magnetic fields, human thoughts, and human emotions.

ELF waves could also cause rapid heating of the atmosphere around the earth, which would then cause a change in wind and weather problems. If used correctly—or incorrectly—entire populations could have their moods and thought processes altered.

Essentially, it could cause people to become depressed, angry, sad, and possibly even suicidal.

Tesla's technology was meant to help mankind, but the people in the shadows didn't see it that way, and National Security Orders were placed on it keeping this information from the public for almost a full century.

Darren couldn't understand how one man could be responsible for such incredible things . . . and also be behind such awful things. Was this like Leonardo Davinci, then? The man was known for his art, but he was also responsible for serious weapons of war—like the Davinci cannon and the Davinci tank and helicopter.

It was strange, thinking about the duality of men like that. How they could create just as easily as they destroyed?

Staring at all of the tiny print was starting to make his eyes hurt. He needed a break. He needed to think.

He . . . needed to go to the top side and get out from the underground. He wondered if he could sneak out late at night and take in some fresh air. He looked at his watch and saw that it was almost 11 p.m. People were still out partying at that time of the night. He decided to make himself a coffee and lit up his camping stove again to boil some water.

While he waited for the water to boil, he washed himself with a wet face cloth and then returned to the pocket-sized notebook that had Tesla's own birthday written in ink on the first page. As he started reading, he began understanding Tesla's emotions as he sat in a hotel restaurant after almost dying in a fire. It was heartbreaking to read just how much of an effort his enemies went to stop him from being successful.

By 2 a.m., Darren was confident that he could go outside, but now his problem was finding the buttons that opened the main doors from the inside. They had to be in a room that was close by the main doors so he went back into his rucksack and pulled out a ziplock bag that held the handwritten letter. In it were directions that would remind him where he needed to go.

After finishing his last mouthful of lukewarm coffee, Darren walked to a door with a numeric keypad below the metal doorknob. He punched in a four-digit code, and the door opened. Inside the room, there were several consoles and even a chair, which was a major score. Now he could come in there with stuff and read it over the console while sitting. Life had just gotten better underground for him, but he still wanted to go outside to see the stars and breathe the air.

After pushing the green button to open the main doors, he was greeted by clouds and rain, but that was okay because it lessened the chances of being seen by anyone. Most people didn't like walking around when it was rainy, so he took his time and spent a half-hour just walking around close by. When he thought he felt rejuvenated, he went back inside. A few minutes went by, and then the main doors closed behind him.

After moving a box of files into the security console room, Darren sat down in a chair and enjoyed the comfort of the chair again. He went back to Tesla's pocket

diary that recounted surviving the fire of 1895 and went past that onto something else. He flipped to the back pages and started reading more about a study concerning work that Tesla did for the federal government in Colorado four years after the fire that destroyed his laboratory. He had been hired to help develop communication technologies for them.

According to the notes, in 1898, Tesla was at the peak of his creativity. He had a hyper fixation on anything that involved high frequencies. His new location on Houston Street was doing well for him, according to what he'd written, and he was able to create new inventions at a rapid pace. His polyphase system was one such invention.

This system allowed Tesla to generate, transmit, and utilize electrical power. Tesla believed that high frequencies could offer the possibility of wireless transmissions of both signals and power.

That thought process led to the invention of what was called a Tesla Current. This was the application of alternating currents. The alternators that he was conceptualizing were an important milestone in electrical engineering there was no question.

They were the prototypes still used for modern alternators, and they were the driving power behind many of the transmitters used by the modern government. According to what Nikola had written in his personal notebook, it was also the Tesla Current, which powered many of the underground government facilities too.

"It's insane," said Darren, with a shake of his head. "I can't imagine how one man could have pulled all of this off."

By 3 a.m., though, Darren was having a hard time focusing on the papers. Regretfully, Darren decided that it was time to take a rest. He moved to a couch in the neighbouring room, bringing his rucksack with him in case he needed to make a quick retreat. Then, he lay down and stared at the ceiling.

Eventually, Darren fell into a fitful sleep, thinking about Tesla. He dreamed of the past and the one man that had resulted in so many vast changes.

# Chapter 11

## 1889

November 20<sup>th</sup>, 1889  
France

The Eiffel Tower's wrought-iron lattices glimmered in the lights surrounding the Champ de Mars. The day had ended with many anxious Parisians and tourists awaiting the opening of the magnificent structure named after the engineer Gustave Eiffel, whose company had designed and built it. It took two years to make, from 1887 to 1889, and it was supposed to stand over the entrance to the 1889 World's Fair, only a week away now. It was initially criticized by some of France's leading artists and intellectuals for its design, but what they didn't know at the time was that the tower would go on to become a global cultural icon of France and one of the most recognizable structures in the world.

The tower was 324 meters tall and was the tallest structure in Paris. During its construction, it surpassed the Washington Monument in America's capital to become the tallest manmade structure in the world, a title that it would hold for forty-one years until the Chrysler Building in New York City was finished in 1930.

The tower had three levels for visitors, with restaurants on the first and second levels. The top level's upper platform was 276 meters above the ground—the highest observation deck accessible to the public in all of Europe. The climb from ground level to the first level was over three hundred steps, as was the climb from the first level to the second. Although there was a staircase to the top level, it was usually accessible only by lift.

Three men climbed the stairs of the Eiffel Tower. Were they to be passed by the numerous tourists that would later fill the structure on the opening of the World's Fair, someone would have recognized them. Thomas Edison was forty-two years old and had already gained international notoriety for his inventions and cutthroat

business acumen. Next to him was the softer-spoken yet no less brilliant thirty-three-year-old Nikola Tesla. And serving as a barrier between the two scientists, breathing a bit heavier than his younger companions, was fifty-four-year-old humorist Samuel Clemens, better known to the world by his pen name, Mark Twain.

The tension between Edison and his former employee was palpable, the air so rigid that Twain found himself struggling to breathe from how anxious it made him feel. These two men were powerhouses of personality and genius, and the fire of their imaginations was matched only by their mutual animosity.

Eiffel knew of Tesla because he had designed the metal structure for the base of the Statue of Liberty. For this reason, he knew all about Tesla's abilities with wireless communications.

Things had hardly been civil between these two men since Tesla left Edison Machine Works. Twain wasn't even sure what could have possessed Alexandre Gustave Eiffel to invite both men to the same meeting. His only guess was that Eiffel needed young Tesla's extraordinary intellect for something and Edison was too deeply involved in their societies for him to not be invited.

Twain sighed as he glanced up at how much further they had to go. At the very least, all of this would make for good material for his next short story. He was writing another science tale, like his "Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court," though this one would be a murder mystery set in London. Whenever he spent time with his two brilliant friends, he inevitably learned some new scientific terms he could apply to his work.

On the final landing before the top of the tower, Eiffel himself was waiting for the three men with a broad smile.

"Bonjour, mes amis! Bienvenue à Paris. Comment allez-vous ce soir, Messieurs?" he greeted them, heartily shaking each man's hand, starting with Edison. When he came to Tesla, he lingered a moment longer than he did with Edison and Twain, looking the younger man square in the eye.

"You must be Monsieur Tesla! I have heard much about you. I am Alexandre



Gustave Eiffel.”

“Bonjour,” Tesla replied in accented Austrian. “Thank you so much for having us, Mr Eiffel.” Tesla grinned back at Eiffel. He took a quick look out of the corner of his eye at Edison, and seeing the sour look on the other man’s face, his grin widened. Tesla did so enjoy seeing Thomas annoyed.

“Please, Nikola—if I may call you Nikola—call me Gustave.”

“Of course, Gustave,” said Tesla agreed and shook the man’s hand once more.

Eiffel stepped back and opened his arms to the three men in a grand gesture. “Well, gentlemen, we have many friends waiting for us. We should go join them before they get too impatient. I am afraid I left the bourbon unattended, so we must hurry if we wish to sample any.”

Tesla, Twain, and Edison followed Eiffel to the top of the tower. They stopped in front of a nondescript door of the same black metal as the rest of the structure. If one didn’t already know it existed, it could easily be overlooked. Eiffel stepped up to the door and was about to reach for the handle when he suddenly stopped and looked over his shoulder at Tesla.

“Monsieur Nikola, what you are about to see has been seen by very, very few others,” he said.

Edison exhaled through his nose in annoyance. He had grown impatient with Eiffel’s sycophancy. “Can we get on with it?” he said tersely.

Eiffel ignored the man’s gruffness and continued to grin at Tesla. “Only the most talented and brilliant people in their respective fields, the most elite members of society, are given the honour of being here. That means you must never tell another soul about this place. Ça va?”

Tesla quickly nodded. “Yes, Gustave. I won’t tell anyone.” Nikola had grown accustomed to keeping secrets, due in large part, if not entirely, because of Thomas.

“Good.” Eiffel winked. “I appreciate your discretion, Nikola.”

When Eiffel opened the door, it revealed a secret apartment complete with furnishings and a kitchenette. To their left was a sitting room filled with well-dressed men sipping bourbon and chatting away. The men looked up at their

appearance, and several saluted the newcomers with a raise of their glasses.

“Messieurs,” Eiffel addressed these men, “I’m sure you all remember Thomas and Samuel.” Acknowledgment rumbled throughout the group.

“Mark!” one of them exclaimed, motioning toward Twain with his glass. “So good to see you. Did you jump here all the way from Calaveras County? Or did you just take the frog?”

The group burst out in laughter, and Edison nudged Twain in the ribs with his elbow. Even Eiffel chuckled.

Twain let out an exasperated sigh and waved his hand dismissively at the group. “No, I’m afraid some cheat poured lead shot down its throat and it was far too sluggish to make it here in time for the World’s Fair.” This caused the men to laugh even harder.

Twain took a seat next to his heckler, and Edison sat directly across from him, leaving Eiffel standing beside Tesla and addressing the room. “I would like to introduce you all to our special guest, Monsieur Nikola Tesla.” Eiffel gestured to the man.

The men offered greetings to Tesla, but he wasn’t paying them any heed. His gaze locked onto something to his right: a fully equipped lab, sterilized, well lit, and filled with only the latest tools and technology. In fact, there were many devices and tools in the lab that Tesla didn’t even recognize.

“Nikola!” Eiffel’s voice snapped him back to the gathering.

“Hm? Yes?” Tesla blinked and looked at the room, almost forgetting where he was for an instant.

“I was just introducing you to the group,” Eiffel said.

Tesla nodded and turned to face Eiffel’s guests. “Yes, of course. A pleasure to meet you all. I beg your pardon. My mind tends to wander, and I couldn’t help but notice your lab, Gustave.”

Gustave laughed. “Yes, I thought you and Edison both would like this addition to the apartment.”

Edison sat up in his chair and peered over at the corner lab, though he didn’t

allow himself to show any overt emotion. He may have been impressed, but he'd never let on like his younger colleague did.

Tesla gazed at the lab once again. "It's a very nice one, I'll admit. Much nicer than anywhere I've worked before."

Twain smirked and raised an eyebrow at Edison before throwing back his bourbon. Edison glared at Tesla and sipped his drink but otherwise acted as though he hadn't heard Tesla's thinly veiled insult.

"Perhaps I can give you a tour after our meeting is done, ça va?" Eiffel offered.

"Sounds wonderful." Tesla smiled politely and silently wished he could tour the room at this very moment. Seldom had he seen such a fine setup that wasn't of his own design. He took a seat beside Eiffel, and the meeting began.

The men spoke for over three hours, and eventually, Tesla grew weary of waiting and rose to stretch his legs and wander the apartment. He soon lost track of what the men were saying; he was too distracted by the details of the hidden home. He peered at the shelves and cabinets in awe of the ingenuity of the architects and engineers who had been able to hide such luxuries within this wrought iron lattice tower. The rooms had been supplied with the most up-to-date equipment, including electric lighting provided by—much to Tesla's disdain—Edison's incandescent light bulbs. The poor choice of lighting aside, he admired the equipment in these rooms, as well as the wrought-iron frame that was the tower encasing them.

"Isn't that right, Tesla?" someone asked aloud.

Tesla was brought out of his reverie by Edison's voice scraping his eardrums. He looked around at the men's faces and realized that any business they had been conducting must have been over with for several minutes, replaced by more of the good-natured conversation and camaraderie that Tesla, Edison, Twain, and Eiffel had come in on.

"Pardon me. My mind was wandering," Tesla explained with a sheepish grin.

Edison snorted, but Nikola ignored him and asked, "Would you mind repeating what you said?"

Edison replied, “I was just telling our friends here about the hilarious prank that my manager and I played on you before you quite suddenly quit Edison Machine Works,” Edison drawled, a smirk tugging at the corners of his lips.

Tesla’s smile disappeared, and his brow furrowed. “I don’t remember any sort of prank, *Mr Edison*, but I do distinctly recall you owing me a \$50,000 bonus for designing twenty-four different types of standard machines for your company.”

Edison waved his hand dismissively. “That was the prank! Ah, you still don’t understand American humour after all these years, do you, my friend?”

All the men except for Tesla, Twain, and Eiffel laughed. Twain and Eiffel exchanged a look, clearly concerned about what this argument might escalate to.

Tesla clenched his fist behind his back but, being the gentleman that he was, merely forced a smile and said, “I suppose not, *friend*.”

As Tesla hissed that final word, everyone else fell silent, truly appreciating the animosity between the two inventors. Some men dared to sip from their drinks, the ice clinking together, but that was all that they did. No one was willing to break the tension, and some even anticipated a row. Tesla and Edison stared each other down, Tesla was trying to suppress his anger while Edison looked on with unparalleled amusement.

“Well,” Eiffel finally said with a loud clap of his hands, stepping forward to block Tesla and Edison’s view of each other, “it seems that our gathering should be coming to a close, Messieurs. You will be contacted with the time and location of our next meeting. Please, remember to leave either by yourself or with one other person, and try to give a few minutes between departures to avoid drawing attention. Merci. Bon soir, mes amis!”

The men trickled out in singles and in pairs, with Edison and Twain the last to leave. Twain offered a sympathetic glance to the other inventor, and with a kind nod, Tesla thanked the writer for bringing them. Soon, only Eiffel and Tesla remained.

Eiffel handed Tesla a fresh drink and clinked the glass. “So, you wish to have a tour of the lab, c’est vrai?”

Tesla nodded. "Yes, please, if you would be so kind."

"Come, then." Eiffel gestured for Tesla to go first, and the two made their way from the sitting area to the lab. "What do you think of our little . . . organization?"

Tesla sighed and said, "I'm afraid that I really did not pay enough attention to pass any judgment."

Eiffel chuckled. "Yes, yes, you were very distracted, it seemed. What could have been going through that brilliant mind of yours?"

Tesla's posture straightened some at the compliment, though Nikola was far from the egocentric man Edison was. "I was just admiring your accomplishment, Gustave," he said politely. "The tower itself is impressive enough, but to fit an apartment and small lab inside it as well? And for it to be completely undetectable from the outside?"

"Ah, yes. Well, my friends and I do like our privacy. It makes conducting business much easier, you know."

Tesla nodded slowly. "That's what you were doing tonight, correct? Business?"

"Yes."

Tesla felt his cheeks flush. "I apologize for not paying closer attention. It must not have left a very good impression on the others."

"C'est la vie. Think nothing of it. They know that a mind of your calibre can be hard to harness, especially when so close to technological wonders."

"You flatter me."

"It's true." Eiffel chortled. "Of course, I'd be lying if I said I invited you here just to show off my toys." He leaned against a lab table that had been cleared earlier that day, and Tesla followed suit as the Frenchman continued, "You see, I'm looking for someone to help me design a wireless transmission system for the tower."

Tesla's eyes widened. "A wireless transmission system? Me?" His eyes suddenly narrowed with suspicion. "Why didn't you ask Thomas while he was here? He's already a member of your organization."

"I talked to him before. His ideas were no good," Eiffel said lazily and sipped his drink.

Tesla couldn't stop himself from smiling. "I didn't think I would ever hear those words spoken about Edison."

Eiffel leaned toward Tesla and spoke in a hushed tone. "You must not tell anyone this, but I don't trust him. I don't think he's as much of a genius as he wants everyone to believe. He's smart, certainly, perhaps one of the smartest men of our generation, but I feel he might be more of a showman than an inventor. I've heard many rumours about him stealing designs and patents right out from under inventors' noses, and every rumour must start with something."

Tesla held back his dark thoughts and simply offered a polite, "Believe me, Gustave, I understand."

"I knew you would. You see, you're not like Thomas. I see much potential in you, and I doubt you would ever need to steal another person's ideas. The rumours about you have been much more favourable."

Tesla's smile wavered, and he felt beads of sweat begin to gather on his forehead. He resisted the urge to pull out a handkerchief and dab them off. "What might those rumors be?"

"Come now, Mr Tesla, I was employed on the same site. I know that there's something so secret that you wouldn't be able to tell me about it even if you wanted to."

Tesla hesitated, then nodded. "Yes, you can say that something of that nature occurred then."

Eiffel put his hand on Tesla's shoulder and gave it a firm squeeze. "Don't worry. Your secret is safe with me. It just shows me that you are truly the best of the best."

"Thomas isn't going to like that," Tesla muttered, hidden laughter colouring his voice.

"Well, all the better for you, right, my friend?" Eiffel and Tesla both laughed at the inventor's expense. "So, before I give you a tour of the lab, do you have any suggestions? As you have seen for yourself, winters can be quite harsh here, and I'm afraid that the wireless transmission designs we've been working on so far won't do well in such conditions."

Tesla turned all the way around, scanning the room and imagining the outside of the Eiffel Tower in his mind's eye. He stopped as an idea hit him. "Gustave, have you ever considered adding an antenna to this structure?"

Months went by, and Eiffel and Tesla worked closely to design a wireless transmission system for the Eiffel Tower. Out of courtesy—and knowing that he would hear about it eventually and complain—Eiffel invited Edison to join them. All the older inventor did, however, was criticize Tesla's ideas, sometimes even mocking them. Tesla and Eiffel continued the project without Edison's toxic influence, and by the early 1900s, an antenna was installed at the top of the Tower. A fully operating wireless transmission system was installed not too long afterwards, and by World War I, the French military was using it to search for communication among spies and their contacts. Thanks to Tesla's design, the French military captured a female German spy and hanged her for the crime of espionage in 1915.

# Chapter 12

## Silo

September 15, 1993

Darren knew that he couldn't stay in the silo forever, and wearing gloves on his hands for every minute that he was in there was starting to bother him. He had to, though, because he didn't want to leave any fingerprints on the material that he touched. And he was moving through a lot of what was there.

He also knew that he couldn't read through every file, no matter how much he wanted to because time was running out.

In the end, Darren decided to take the pocket notebook that had the date of birth written onto the front page alongside Nikola Tesla's handwritten name. There was something about that specific notebook that really resonated with him. Maybe it was reading about how low life had become for Nikola Tesla after Morgan had burned his laboratory down in 1895. It inspired him in many ways.

In addition to the notebook, he also had two dozen rolls of used film, which he would have to have developed by somebody that he could trust—someone who wouldn't screw up the development of the negatives. Unfortunately, he couldn't take pictures of everything, but he was thankful to have brought his own thick notebook, in which he wrote down many things based on the files that he had read. One of the most recent of Tesla's writings he'd read concerned his theories regarding teleportation. It explained that Einstein had been contracted by the US government to come up with some kind of teleportation pad that objects could be sent from and received on. That contract had been given shortly after the Philadelphia experiment concluded.

And Darren had seen teleportation actually take place right outside the barracks that he had been assigned to when he was on the base of Diego Garcia, which meant that they no longer needed to use teleportation pads. Those secret space



program mercenaries that were called KRUGER had that very technology built into their body armour. It had been an impressive sight to witness.

Eventually, Mathews knew that he was going to have to start wrapping things up. His mind was filled to the point of nearly bursting, so he decided to explore the facility a little bit more. He looked over at his rucksack and pulled out his empty day patrol bag that was in the bottom of the main compartment. Rather than carry his bag everywhere, he'd take just the essentials to help him on his underground patrol. Things like the battery-operated lantern, extra batteries kept in a copper container to protect them from being drained, his gun, his first aid kit, and his camera—that was all he needed.

This time, Darren wanted to venture below level three where he'd left the body bag and its contents. He came to a fire door and touched the handle. There was no shock of electricity, which he thought might occur. Then, he proceeded to push down on the handle and opened the door.

He walked into a hallway, which had many doors, and some of them had windows on them that weren't blocked out. Darren stood on the tips of his toes, peering into the darkened rooms. The flashlight did little to help, as it mostly reflected back at him by the glass.

For a moment as he started to walk away from one of the doors, he thought he heard a noise inside the room he'd just looked at. He thought that there might have been movement behind one of them . . . but that was crazy. Right? Clearly, this silo hadn't been in use for years. Decades, even.

There wasn't anything that could survive that long without food or water. Nothing on earth, at least.

Darren backed away from the door some more. He walked on and looked in every room he could. Most appeared to be empty. At the end of the hallway was another set of stairs with a fire door. He tried the door and it opened. After it was shut behind him he looked below with his flashlight. It was dark, and he was already many levels below level three. He took a few more deep breaths and then got on with it. He began descending the stairs to what he believed might be the

bottom level of the silo.

When he got down to the next floor, he didn't hear anything. There were fewer offices down here, and he continued forward through the eerie darkness.

He wasn't one to spook easily. He'd always had a strong constitution, and that had only become truer as he underwent training over the years. He thought of the job that the American soldiers who went down into the hand-dug tunnels after the Vietcong during the Vietnam war. That must have been terrifying to be moving through such a confined space as that. He had lots of space around him, but he was so far down and was totally on his own with no backup to come to his aid.

But the dark and the silence was starting to get to him.

He needed a distraction.

That distraction came in the form of water filling up a great deal of the compartment where they'd once kept the actual missile. Groundwater had seeped in and begun to form an underground well.

He grabbed up a loose piece of cement and chucked it into the water.

Nothing.

No movement.

Darren figured it was probably safe, so long as he didn't try to drink it. The birdbaths worked fine the first few days, but he was itching for something more.

Quickly, Darren stripped down to his shorts with the light from the battery-operated lantern still working well for him. He walked over to the metal ladder that was bolted into the cement wall and tested it to see if it would still hold someone's weight. It didn't budge an inch, so he began using it to climb down into the water below at the very bottom of the silo. The water was deep enough that he couldn't touch the bottom.

At first, it was exactly what Darren needed. He had always loved the water, and there was nothing better to clear the head than a bath. But a cold one like this moved his testicles from his groin up to his armpits, so he didn't want to be in the water for very long.

He stepped off the bottom step and submerged his entire body, but he kept his

eyes closed. It didn't take long for those thoughts to change about this being a good idea. A few moments under the water and he came back up the ladder. As he started to climb up, he heard a sound but he wasn't sure if it was caused by the excess water that was dripping off his body into the water beneath him. The silence in the facility was generally deafening.

After getting back to where he had taken off his clothing, he picked up his flashlight and cast the beam of light down at the water to see if he could illuminate any objects lying beneath the surface. It was a good thing he hadn't *jumped* into the water because he did see some rectangular metal shapes down there. Suddenly, off in the distance, he heard something. It was just a soft tone that repeated itself. He came to the conclusion that it was water dripping down into the basin. It was easily explainable, but it still made Darren's heart beat faster. Being alone in the dark a hundred meters below the surface was having an effect on his mind.

Upon changing back into his clothes and doing up his boots, Darren came to the conclusion that being so deep in the silo didn't seem like a good idea anymore. He put on his backpack and walked back down the corridor and back to the staircase.

It wasn't until he was halfway back to level seven that Darren realized a fog was starting to clear from his mind. He was able to look at things more rationally now, thanks to the adrenaline that was pumping through his body. He could think again and thought he might start packing up once he got back to the top level.

When Mathews reached the top level, he went into the room where he had his personal belongings and changed into a new pair of socks and some clean underwear while still using his lantern to light up his immediate surroundings. When he was ready, he reached into the top of the bag and opened up the zipper, revealing his headlamp, which he then removed and fit onto his forehead.

As Darren settled back onto his inflated mattress, he picked up another file and opened it up. Getting some more work done seemed preferable to sleeping.

On the first page of the CIA file, he read a summary that explained that many scientists who questioned the bigger ideas of life were coming out with huge ideas. One of those was Nikola Tesla's dynamic theory of gravity, which he'd presented to

the world in 1899. But there were others too. People like Faraday were commonly associated with scientific discovery. Darren continued reading the grand summary and learned that in 1875, Tesla had decided he wanted to make a flying device. It was what originally motivated him to enter the field of engineering. *Interesting*, Darren thought as he turned the page. By 1911, however, Tesla was working with conducting anti-gravity research based on his original theory. He was open about this study and even went on record with the press about it. That took some brass balls, considering how narrow-minded people could be!

His personal writings that were in his notebooks were different, though. Darren saw a man being attacked and manipulated from all sides. It was through these personal entries that Darren learned Tesla was suspicious of Werner Von Braun. Tesla had documented many of their conversations with each other: they spoke of ways to cancel gravity, and elements that might be used in the process of such an encounter.

These discussions were covered in great detail. They focused on using Beryllium peroxide, thorium peroxide, and mercury as the key components in the studies.

The CIA file, however, surprised Darren most of all, as it revealed that Tesla had worked on the Statue of Liberty at a time when the United States feared there were a number of spies plotting the collapse of the country through a clandestine spy ring that was already in the country. According to what was in the rest of the file, the Statue of Liberty had actually been designed for the ruler of Egypt. It was meant to be an Arabic woman, holding a torch at the southern opening of the Suez Canal in Egypt. But after construction was started, it was revealed that the ruler couldn't afford it.

Not wanting to waste his work, Frederic Aguste Bartholdi had to come up with another idea. That's why he redid the face and offered it to the Americans, so long as they agreed to build the base for it.

The money for said project was raised by donations that Mr Eiffel brought in.

That paper led into another, which covered Frederic Aguste Bartholdi in more detail. It was revealed that he'd been the head of the Grand Orient Temple Mason.

Both he and Mr Eiffel were involved in secret societies, working together to bring the Statue of Liberty into existence!

And Tesla was brought into the task for a specific reason too! The United States Government wanted to develop a wireless communications system in the Statue of Liberty with which to locate saboteurs and spies. Mr Eiffel had suggested that Nikola Tesla be brought into the project after hearing so much about his abilities, but he had kept his distance from him as a matter of precaution while working on the project. Mr Tesla didn't need to know who had recommended him for the top-secret job.

However, after the work was completed, he had invited Tesla to France, so they could create a similar device for the Eiffel Tower and catch German spies during the beginning years of World War I.

As Darren soon learned, Mr Eiffel had designed the outside supporting structure and the internal metal structure for the base that would hold up the Statue of Liberty. "That's unbelievable," he said to himself as he closed the file after taking a look at pictures of the Statue of Liberty and the Eiffel Tower.

As he looked at his wristwatch, he saw that it was getting on in the afternoon. If it wasn't for his timepiece, he would have had no idea what time of day it was because it was always dark where he was.

Over beside his rucksack, there was also a shoe box that he'd wanted to go through, so he got up and walked over to it and took the top off it. What he saw in there was years' worth of personal photographs. The collection featured a photo of a young, majestic Skorzeny in full SS Nazi military dress, next to his führer, Adolph Hitler. Then, there were photos of Reinhard Gehlen—an SS spy and assassin—beside Dr Joseph Mengele—the Angel of Death—and Martin Bormann—a Hitler aide and SS assassin. There was also a picture of Adolph Hitler . . . photographed in 1997 at age 107. That caught Darren's attention immediately.

According to what was written on the back of the photo, it had been taken during a "reunion" at the Lake McDonald Lodge in Glacier National Park,

Montana, on August 27, 1997. According to Skorzeny, Adolph Hitler was alive and well in the US in 1997! Either that or it had been a clone. Darren couldn't say which was more likely.

The next picture he looked at was blown out to an 8x10 size. There were names written underneath each person. This one said that there was a young Skorzeny alongside images of Mengele, Bormann, and the family of George H. Scherrf. Seated in their midst was a young teenager with the name George H. Scherrf Junior written beneath him.

On the back of the print were some interesting comments. In typewriter font, a paper that had been glued onto the back said that George Scherrf Junior had been trained as a spy and sent to America to work for Adolph Hitler and that False identification was provided to George H. Scherrf, junior to ensure that it was believed that George Scherrf Senior was his real father. Below that there was one more sentence that changed everything. George Scherrf Senior changed his name to Prescott Bush, and his son also changed his name to George Herbert Walker Bush—the forty-first president of the United States.

They even went so far as to forge a birth certificate! They were in the box. Somebody had accumulated all kinds of pictures that showed who the Nazis had become after they'd been brought to America. This was game-changing information Mathews thought to himself as he sat back against a wall and absorbed the information that he'd just discovered. George Herbert Walker Bush wasn't just the forty-first president of the United States. He'd also been the director of the CIA, which had been made up in part by Odessa. This proved that the Fourth Reich—i.e., the Order of the Black Sun—had infiltrated the United States and taken control of it while imposing economic slavery, making long-term plans for a global takeovers. “That means that we didn't win World War II. They just changed it to an economic war! Bloody hell!” Darren said out loud.

The information was eye-opening stuff, and he quickly forgot about his eerie surroundings, becoming completely absorbed in these papers.

As he put down the picture, he saw another one of Hitler beside a plane.

Underneath it was the caption “Escaped to Austria in a plane flown by a female pilot, Hanna Reitsch.” It wasn’t Hitler that had died in the command post in 1945 but his double—shot between the eyes. Bang!

This was the discovery of a lifetime! “Jesus H. Christ!” Darren said in amazement.

Underneath the pictures were several file folders, but the first one that he looked at was written in Italian, so he put that one down and gave it a pass. The next one, however, had a lot more information about Vatican-Nazi collusion, and there were pictures of many priests who had helped smuggle the Nazi’s out of Europe. There were also pictures of a Nazi U-boat commander, and at the bottom of one of his pictures was the name Al Bielek. At first, it wasn’t clear to Darren why this man would be of importance, but then Darren looked at several more pictures of him and saw that he was photographed beside multiple gold bars. Had the Nazis been moving gold via U-boats?

For two more hours, he studied what was inside those folders until he was so exhausted that he fell asleep with the headlamp on and the papers still in his lap. Apparently, Al Bielek had been captured by the French and handed over to the Americans in the middle of the war. He must have been carrying some heavy secrets because the documents that Mathews read indicated that the U-boat commander was given his same rank and was put to work in the American Navy and soon after that he was placed into the Philadelphia experiment, which Nikola Tesla had also been a part of. Darren’s brain shut down on him after all that reading, so he stopped and went to bed, but his mind was still going as he tried to put the giant puzzle together.

At 7 a.m. the next morning Mathews was disturbed from his sleep by a loud noise that had suddenly come from somewhere much deeper in the facility. The second time he heard it, he reached for his daypack and took out his gun. He checked his magazine and confirmed that it was loaded. Then, he cocked his weapon and put the safety on.

He rose from where he had been resting and slowly walked out into the hallway.

For the first few seconds, there was no noise. Then, he heard it again and was surprised that it wasn't someone banging on the entrance but coming from the bowels of the facility. It warranted further investigation, so he put his daypack on and headed out with his flashlight in one hand and his side arm in the other.

He walked down the corridor and made it to the stairs, which took him down to the other levels. He heard the sound again and knew that something was making that noise as if it wanted to be released from something. Could there be somebody else down there locked away in a cell?

Mathews took his time descending the stairs until he reached level four. The banging sound seemed to be coming from there. Cautiously, he cast his flashlight up the hallway in front of him and saw many doors that were entrances to other rooms.

One by one, he started testing each door handle to see whether or not it was locked. There were several that weren't, which he went into briefly to have a look around. When Darren saw that they were empty, he left them and continued on with his search until he came upon the last room.

The last room was empty too, but it had shelving, whereas the others did not. Suddenly, there was a loud banging noise coming from inside the room that he was looking into, but it was empty. There was nothing in there. Darren decided to use his light to illuminate part of the back wall, and he watched it carefully. Another loud bang moved him back away from the door, and that's when he decided to employ his old military trick.

Taking off his bag Mathews quickly pulled out a plastic container, which had a wine-tipped thin cigar and some matches inside it. He lit it with a lighter that was in the same pouch. Darren drew back and filled his lungs with smoke and then kneeled down to the bottom of the door. Then he blew smoke underneath it until his lungs were empty.

Darren repeatedly took drags from his cigar and blew smoke under the door. Then, he put out the cigar on the cement floor beside him and then put it into the plastic container. After that, he picked up his flashlight and stood back up again. He



reached for his daypack again and put his plastic container back into the daypack.

The beam of light illuminated the floor inside the room and revealed laser beams dissecting the room before him. There were silent alarms everywhere. There was no way he was going in there. He knew that a facility like this would have some kind of sensors in play somewhere, and the Australian had finally found the second area that was being electronically monitored.

Suddenly, another loud bang came from within the room. Something had to be behind that shelving unit. Perhaps it was a secret room Darren wondered but he had no intention of finding out. Things had gotten out of his control, and there was way too much risk to be staying in the silo any longer. He would soon be a father.

The countdown had begun. Doing a tactical withdrawal was the right move. His old man, who had served in the Special Air Service during the Vietnam War, had given him the rules that determined when it was time to leave . . . and now was that time for him.

As Darren climbed up the stairs to the top level, he wondered if he had somehow triggered whatever was behind the false wall. Could it have smelled his food or his coffee? Maybe it had sensed his presence somehow?

# Chapter 13

## Secrets

September 22, 1993  
Southern United States

A week after leaving the silo, Darren was finally able to meet Anna again. Darren still had several days left of his leave, and Anna had taken an extra week off.

She met him, just as enthused as always, and . . . Darren seemed different. She noticed that he was low in energy and wondered why he was so flat.

“It’s just jet lag,” he assured her on the first night.

By the second day, Anna was starting to get concerned. After a stilted and awkward evening out on the town, they returned to their hotel room. Right before Darren got into the shower, Anna caught him by the hand. She asked, “What’s wrong, Darren?”

“Nothing. I’m just tired.”

“You’ve been acting weird since we got here. I’m concerned about you. Was it—was it what happened on the island?”

“What?”

“The fire,” elaborated Anna. “And those bodies. We can talk about it, you know. I’ve been there.”

Darren froze. For a moment, he was torn between telling her the truth or not.

Maybe it made him a coward, but he took the easy way out.

“I’ve just been having a hard time sleeping,” said Darren. “I’ve had nightmares, and it just . . . it doesn’t just keep me up at night, love. It makes me not want to lie down either. And then all through the day, I’m just tired. Bloody exhausted.”

Anna’s whole face softened. She pulled Darren into a hug. “I’m sorry, honey. I know that sort of thing. It’s hard.”

Darren already felt guilty. He didn’t like lying to Anna. In fact, up until today,

he had *never* lied to Anna.

But this last week, his entire world had been rolled on end. Sometimes, he still felt a strange compulsion to find a body of water and submerge himself. Sometimes, when he closed his eyes, he could almost see the conversations between Tesla and his business partners playing out in real-time.

He said none of that.

He settled for a half-truth. Darren told her, “This last week’s just been hard, love. All that happening, and then only getting to see you for a day on top of it. And what with the baby coming and all of that. I’m just frazzled.”

“I understand,” said Anna. “I am too. Go get your shower, honey. Let me think. We’ll get through this together. I promise.”

By the next morning, Anna had reached out to her handler and requested extra leave for the both of them. She pulled off the feat by telling her boss over a secure phone line that Darren Mathews was showing signs of fatigue. He needed a break before he crashed, she told him.

Over lunch in the town, she told her boyfriend that she’d asked for extended leave and had been granted some extra time for them both.

Darren told her, “You didn’t have to do that just for me, love.”

Anna admitted, “It’s not just for you. We’re both at the end of our ropes, Darren. And . . .”

She trailed off.

Darren frowned. “And?”

“And I’m not sure that I want to continue working for the CIA,” said Anna. She started talking quicker, as if afraid she might change her mind about telling Darren this. “I know that they want me to keep on working for them. But it’s not just about me anymore. Alan—you know how my handler is.”

Darren frowned. Alan Schiff had been a point of contention between them for a while now. He wasn’t just a handler. He was a controlling rat of a man who thought that he owned anyone and everyone that worked for him.

Anna said, “I know he’s been trying to monitor the baby. And while you were

gone . . .”

“What happened? I swear, Anna, if he did something—“

“No, no! Not like that, at least. Fuck no. But he asked me . . .” Anna took a deep breath, stealing herself. “He asked me why I’m so interested in the origins of the CIA.”

It took a moment for that to sink in.

Darren said, “He’s been listening to our conversations?”

“He knows that I’ve been talking to you about it somehow,” said Anna. “He’s worried that I’ve revealed information to you about the Grand Canyon and other things about Pine Gap. Things I *haven’t* told you.”

Darren’s paranoia ratcheted up. He was suddenly very, very glad that he hadn’t said anything to Anna about the Tesla documents, the pictures he’d taken, or the pocket-sized notebook he’d decided to take with him from the silo. That could have ended with them both being escorted to a wet room.

“I’ve stopped using my laptop,” continued Anna. “And I found a bug in the last place they housed me. I’ve told him that I’m just doing my reports, but he’s starting to think I might be a problem. He’s growing more and more suspicious I think.”

“But if you use the baby as an excuse . . .”

“I might be able to get out before anything else goes wrong,” said Anna. “I might be able to get away with going to Florida if I say that I want to raise the child near my own parents.”

Darren wasn’t sure that would actually work. Who knew how long Schiff had been listening to their conversations?

Anna and Darren were sometimes lax when no one else was around. He thought back to when they had been looking up records on Anna’s home computer in her apartment that the CIA had provided her with in New York, to their conversations about the things that they have both seen and done over the years.

Those things could get them both killed, whether they were active in the CIA or not.

For the moment, though, all Darren could do was echo Anna’s sentiments from

the night before.

He pulled her into a hug and said, “Don’t worry, love. It’ll be all right. We’ll get through this together. I think it might be time for a trip to see the old man.”

Darren rarely spoke about his father. She wasn’t sure what that would entail.

“Where’s your father?”

Darren laughed. “I haven’t got a clue. I need to track him down somehow.”

Anna gave him a hug. “That sounds a lot like you. A chip off the old block,” she said smiling.

Things didn’t get better for them, though.

In fact, they got worse—fast.

Schiff made it clear through backhanded comments that he was well aware of the fact that Anna knew more than she let on. Anna and Darren’s conversations had been picked up long before they realized that they were being listened to.

The Orange Corporation wasn’t loyal to anyone but themselves either.

Anna had started to worry about that when she realized that General Chen might not be happy about how much time they were taking off from working on secret projects around the world. She wondered if she had been too loose-lipped, sharing all that information with Darren? If the people listening in had picked up their intimate conversations, they were in big trouble. Especially about General Chen being a clone and that she had confirmed that the Orange Corporation was part of the Industrial Military Complex of the United States or China—they still hadn’t figured that out.

Anna started wondering who was really getting all of the recovered materials that Darren brought back. Who was really benefiting from the re-engineered technology? Who would be using it? Why wasn’t it being used to help mankind evolve into something better? The answer she came up with was that the people that were members of the Order of the Black Sun had no intention of freeing the slaves on planet earth. They had a purpose to make them money that could be used to build things that would help them branch out into space and expand their empire.

And Schiff had found out they were asking those kinds of questions.

The longer they were back at work after their leave, the more heat Schiff put on Anna, and Darren finally commented that something had to give—and soon.

Two weeks after their return to work, Darren caught Anna and told her, “I’m going to South Africa to see my dad. I finally found him, and I want you to come with me.”

Anna’s hand moved to rest on her belly. “What?”

“Come with me,” said Darren. “I’ve got a friend. Bill Jenkins. He’s going to come by and check on your apartment right away to check whether or not the place is bugged. I’ll pick him up at the airport and bring him here. It’s a good idea, love. He’ll do a complete sweep and let us know what he’s found.”

Bill Jenkins was a personal friend of Darren’s who he believed he could trust. And while they were away in South Africa, Anna would be able to stay in the hotel and catch up on her work.

At the time, it seemed like the perfect plan.

Bill needed time away from his wife. When Darren called him to ask, “Can you come and apartment-sit Anna’s place in Florida, mate?” Bill replied that he’d be happy to help out.

That evening, Darren took his beautiful girlfriend out for a lovely meal, and then they went to see her parents who lived in a town not too far from where they were. The country life was relaxing and Darren enjoyed a nice drive in the rental car that Anna had gotten. It was a Toyota Corolla, which relaxed him somewhat because he knew that he was in a reliable car. When they got there they decided to stay for two days and nights in the guest room that Anna’s parents had.

A few days later, Bill arrived right on time—not even a minute late. Darren met him at the airport, and then they caught a taxi back to the apartment building.

“Nice place,” commented Bill as he looked up at the building, and he saw pigeons flying around in the air.

Darren agreed, “It worked well for us on this trip even though we didn’t stay here a lot. Anna doesn’t own it though. The company she works for provided it for discrete pleasure. So, watch what you say when you get up there, okay? The place

should be considered compromised until you check every nook and cranny for us.”

Bill looked at his friend cautiously and shook his head as he stopped in his tracks and faced Darren for a moment. “Why would you stay in a place like that? You know they’ll be listening to everything you say in there.”

Darren nodded his head as he exhaled a deep sigh. “I know, mate. I know. It wasn’t me who got the accommodation. It was Anna’s conversation with her boss. He wanted to keep tabs on her after she requested to leave Pine Gap and requested a trip to the United States to see her parents who live close by. She’s over there right now.”

“Darren, there’s a lot of stuff that goes on in this place that’s pretty dodgy. Tonnes of smuggling happens in this state. Just that is enough of a reason to put you guys in a safehouse and monitor everything that you say. I wouldn’t come back here to stay if I were you,” Bill suggested as he started walking again toward the main door of the apartment building.

After coming through the front door, the two men spent a few minutes touring the apartment not saying anything while Bill pulled out a device that detected electric-magnetic disturbances in the air. The apartment was painted white and was elaborately decorated and was no doubt used for high-end assignments. “To live here month to month would cost a fortune I reckon,” Darren said as he walked to the bathroom to take care of some personal business.

Inside the bathroom, sitting on the counter was a small book that Anna had obviously been reading. Darren picked it up and read the cover. “*The Book of Enoch*, huh?”

A few minutes, later Darren left the bathroom with the book in hand. He walked around until he found Bill, who he gave the hand signal not to speak as he walked over to a lampshade and pointed thumbs down, which meant *enemy*. Darren nodded to show that he understood what Bill was trying to show him as he watched his friend move to the air vent in the wall. Again, another thumbs down signal.

Darren was then given the signal to come out onto the deck outside the apartment as Bill unlocked the sliding door and stepped out onto the balcony. “If

you stay out here for too long, you could be a target for sniper fire if you're being hunted, but this is the only place where I'd feel safe to have a conversation with you. I can stay here for a couple of days, but I think you should let this place go. Give it back to Anna's boss and get out from under his control," he said to his Australian friend as he noticed the title of the book that Darren had in his hands.

Bill grinned at him. "It's a great read. I didn't think I'd like it at first, but I'm obsessed with it now."

"What's it about?" Darren asked.

"It's a book that was removed from the Bible. You know me; I'm always looking for the secrets behind humanity. Always one more dot to connect. That helped me connect a *few* of them. The fact that the Titans and the Olympians were giants really got my attention."

Darren felt the same way after only reading a few pages. With his curiosity piqued, he asked, "Well, what else does it say in these pages? Can you give me a summary?"

"We're being prevented from having the technology to solve all our problems," said Bill. "According to that book, at least. I picked it up from a pile of books that I'm trying to get through. Sometimes, I have problems sleeping. Reading a chapter or two is supposed to help me refocus from the day and too much thinking."

"Did it work?"

"Honestly, it just keyed me up more. I can't stop thinking about the damned thing."

Darren put the book on a small glass table and took in the view. "Somebody could be taking photographs of us right now, and we'd never know."

Bill nodded his head as he sat down on one of the two chairs after making sure that there were no bugs underneath it. He sat down and just listened for a moment.

"Do you hear all that noise?"

Darren nodded. "Yeah, there's a lot of bugs flying around because it's so humid. This weather reminds me a lot of Queensland back in Australia. It's muggy hot back there for half the bloody year!"



# Chapter 14

## 1936

### Train Station

Location: Los Alamos, New Mexico

April 16, 1936

Tesla stood at a train station in Los Alamos, New Mexico, waiting for his ride. He was an old man now; he'd just turned eighty. Russia had never responded to his request to fund his project, and Tesla now feared that they would take his ideas and use them for their own research without ever paying for or even crediting him. Humiliation over the incident had crushed him, much like his humiliation and destruction at the hands of Edison, Morgan, and Westinghouse. All that business had worn him down. There were many bad apples out there who didn't want humanity to evolve, he'd concluded.

Nikola had aged greatly in the short year since he had first started communicating with the Russians. His hair, dishevelled and suffering from poor care, contained more than a few streaks of grey; dark bags had formed under his eyes, and his eyes themselves had grown hollow. The spark of his creativity had faded. He walked slowly, as though something had drained all the energy out of him. Even his surviving friends hardly recognized the once vibrant, eccentric man.

A black 1933 Chevrolet Eagle Sedan pulled up in front of Tesla. This was usually a family vehicle, so Tesla was surprised to see only one person in the entire car: an older gentleman with greyer hair than his, wearing a nice but simple black suit. He exited the vehicle and smiled. "Nikola?" the man asked politely

"Yes?"

"Good to see you again, my friend," the driver said in a thick German accent.

"Otto," Tesla gasped. "I didn't recognize you, my friend."

"Nor I you." Otto smiled and shook Tesla's hand vigorously. He gestured to the

single bag at Tesla's heels. "May I help you with your luggage?"

"No, I can manage," Tesla said and picked up his bag.

Otto Schmidt waited for Tesla to load his belongings into the car's trunk and slide into the passenger seat. "How have you been?" Schmidt asked as he started the car. They pulled away from the station.

"I've been better."

"Haven't vee all?" Otto chuckled sadly.

"Yes we . . . well *I*, certainly have."

"I'm sure your luck vill turn around soon."

Tesla's moustache bristled as he huffed. "I've told myself that for a long time, Otto. It has yet to prove true."

"Don't lose faith."

Tesla fell into silence, which continued for the entire drive to their hotel. Schmidt thought nothing of the man's reverie, knowing well that Tesla preferred the company of his own thoughts to the chatter of other people. When they reached the hotel, Schmidt helped Tesla take his bag up to his room.

"Vee all meet in zee socializing area in a couple of hours, ya?" Schmidt said as Tesla set his suitcase on the bed. "Until then, relax. Get settled. You know which room is mine if you need anything."

"Thank you, Otto," Tesla said, and he could hear how tired he sounded.

Schmidt waited a moment, perhaps hoping that Tesla would ask him to stay and keep him company, but he did not, and the German scientist set out for his own room.

Two hours later, in the early evening, Tesla headed downstairs to the socializing area. There were several men and a few women all in suits and dresses speaking in low, thoughtful tones. There was a quiet calm to the gathering.

Across the room, Schmidt spotted Nikola and waved him over to where he sat with several other men. "Nikola," Schmidt said jovially, causing the other men to turn to Tesla. "So glad you're able to join us."

Tesla gave Schmidt a closed-lip smile and nodded but didn't say anything in

return. He took a seat next to Schmidt. When he finally looked up, Tesla found himself staring directly at a very familiar face.

“Hello, Mr Tesla,” the young man smiled.

“Werner. Good to see you,” Tesla said, and he meant it.

The aerospace engineer, Werner Von Braun, only twenty-four years old, bowed his head respectfully to the eighty-year-old inventor. “You as well, Mr Tesla.”

Schmidt interjected enthusiastically, “Nikola, we were just discussing your new project for rocket propulsion and design. We were hoping that you could elaborate on it for us.”

Tesla looked at the men and women staring at him, but his gaze returned to the young and eager face of Von Braun. “Of course.”

Yet, as Tesla detailed some of his ideas and designs for the brilliant men and women gathered around him, his eyes and mind continued to find the prodigy sitting across from him. He didn’t know why, but Tesla trusted something about Von Braun, and he felt that the young man had the greatest potential of any of the next generation’s scientists whom Tesla had met so far.

Werner started talking about the Russian rocket scientist named Konstantin Tsiolkovsky, who in 1903 started a massive conversation about space travel and engineering rockets that would take them to other planets and moons around the solar system. Tesla was quite interested in talking about space travel and the problems that they might face when designing rockets according to Tsiolkovsky’s concepts.

It would be the first conversation of many yet to come.

Rented Laboratory  
Los Alamos, New Mexico, United States  
July 14, 1936  
P2 Project

Tesla was three months into the management of a two-year project for the Germans. He was working with several German scientists, including Werner Von Braun. He had mixed feelings about the project, considering the animosity with which the United States had portrayed the Germans back during the Great War.

However, he justified his actions by reminding himself that these technological developments he was working on for the Germans had first been offered to the Americans in 1914 and were utterly ignored. That had launched his relationship with Germany in the first place and had led to him selling propulsion technology designs to one of Germany's naval ministries, and Tesla saw no problem with continuing this working relationship with the country that welcomed him and his ideas.

Tesla approached Werner at his workstation. The young man worked with such focus. Tesla remembered a time when he had worked with the same diamond-sharp mind.

"How is everything? Good, sir?" he asked as he looked over the young man's work. He watched his hands move swiftly as he tightened a portion of his device.

"We're progressing according to schedule, Mr Tesla," Von Braun replied.

"Very good." Tesla cleared his throat. "Mr Von Braun—Werner—if you don't mind me picking your brain, I would like to run an idea by you."

Werner set down his work and gave his full attention to the octogenarian. He had nothing but the utmost respect for the brilliant man. "Of course, sir."

Tesla was struck by one of Von Braun's rings. "Firstly, what is that?" Tesla said, admiring the ring.

"This?" Werner asked, twisting the ring on his finger. "This is a symbol of Thule, sir."

"Ah, the secret ones." Tesla chuckled knowingly. Once upon a time, the Thule society had attempted to recruit Nikola, but he had never wanted any part of any secret society. He had declined, and it was one of the few organizations that had attempted to recruit him that had respectfully taken no for an answer and never contacted him again. Now, he admired the golden ring on his protege's hand.

“The founder gave me a telescope when I was young. That sort of launched my whole fascination with space. So, I wear this in honour of that.”

Tesla smiled and held up a finger, gesturing for the boy to wait a moment. He went to his desk a short distance away, retrieved his notebook, and returned with it. He flipped through its pages until he found what he was looking for. He held it out for Werner to see.

“What’s this?” Von Braun asked with a curious smile.

“It’s an idea for a new propulsion technique that doesn’t rely on rocket fuel,” Tesla began. Curiosity shone in Von Braun’s eyes and encouraged Nikola to continue. “Instead, the rocket can be powered by an energy beam directed from the ground. This beam of energy will stay on the rocket and the rocket will go wherever the energy beam takes it.”

“No hard rocket fuel at all?”

Tesla shook his head.

“Fascinating,” Werner said. “So, no need to refuel. It can just be launched and directed as needed using this energy beam?”

“Essentially, yes. And there is no negative environmental impact,” Tesla said proudly.

“So, if they could control the energy beam remotely, the operators could direct the rocket at any country in the world? Could it be used on missiles, do you think?”

Tesla blinked. He didn’t appreciate that this was the first thought the young man had. He eyed Von Braun suspiciously for a moment but eventually nodded. “Yes, I suppose so, but don’t be limited to Earth. Think about what this could do for space travel. We could push ourselves further out into space with this technology quite easily.”

The German prodigy leaned over the notebook to inspect the plans and design more closely. “This is brilliant, Mr Tesla.”

Tesla grinned, his ego having been stroked by Von Braun’s compliment. “Thank you, Werner. I was hoping you would approve. Do you have any other thoughts on it—like how it could be improved?”

Flattered, Von Braun blushed slightly. “I’m not sure. Let us take a look.”

“Okay.”

Werner looked into Tesla’s face and smiled. Nikola smiled in return. The boy had such curiosity in him. And then Nikola saw it. Werner also had the gleam and twinkle of creativity that had once been in Nikola’s own eyes.

“You know, it was predicted when I was a child that I would meet you,” Werner said.

“Oh, really?” Tesla remarked. “Well, I’m glad it came true.”

Werner smiled and returned to the notebook. The two men poured over the designs together for the rest of the day—and the days and weeks and months that followed.

Tesla spent many an afternoon chatting with Werner, running new ideas by him and getting his opinion on works in progress. Tesla saw promise in the young man. He hadn’t felt so energized by a collaborator since he had first met Thomas. For the first time in countless years, Nikola felt appreciated when he was with Werner.

But before he could truly get any use out of him for the German-funded project, Werner Von Braun surprised everyone and left for Germany in 1937. Tesla had only been paid a fraction of what he’d been promised.

Popular belief points to Tesla dying, broke, alone, and mistaken for a man gone insane, only six years later. Most believe that he had only been able to see the beginnings of the havoc, which the propulsion systems and other technologies he had shown to Von Braun would wreak on the world; he didn’t live to see the destructive power of the likes of the V-2 rocket. He didn’t see the Nazi projects for which the secrets he had shared and developed with Von Braun were used—projects so secretive that only Hitler and a few other SS Nazis knew of them. Nor did Tesla live to see the German knowledge base that came back to America at the end of the war through Operation Paperclip. They had started with his ideas and were able to go far beyond some of those initial sketches that he’d initially provided to Von Braun.

There are some who claim that German agents who wanted more answers

murdered Tesla or wanted to prevent him from revealing to the US government everything he knew about Von Braun. Others, still, believe Nikola Tesla faked his death and retreated from the world with his colleague and friend, Guglielmo Marconi, along with several other scientists deep into the jungles of Venezuela, living long enough to regret their collective part in making the world the mess it became as a result of the World War II and its aftermath, which gave the United Nations incredible powers and new possessions, which would allow them to pursue a new world order.

# Chapter 15

## Africa

November 27, 1994

There was an old mining site in South Africa in a rural stretch of the countryside. When Darren was young, he'd come here once with his father, who was interested in it because of its gold-bearing possibilities.

Now Darren was hoping to see his old man at the same place as his driver dropped him off in the remote wilderness. It was a two-day hike from the city that Anna was staying in. It was a dangerous walk, and he had to be alert all the time. At night, he slept in trees to avoid the wild animals. He didn't have a fire at night either because that would show the poachers where he was camped.

Once, shortly after Darren climbed into the tree for the night, a group of hyenas came and prowled about its base. They barked and yipped and laughed at him.

Darren ignored them. He pulled his slouch hat down further over his face, shielding it from the weather and the insects that came out once the sun had set. It was a cold night, and he tried not to roll around in case he fell from the tree. But by the time morning came, all the sounds of wild animals moving around were gone.

This was a stretch of the country where people didn't come very often. He pulled a mini pelican case out of his rucksack, running his fingers over it. The watch was inside. And so was Tesla's pocket notebook.

"It's been a time of it," he said, more to himself. He used a trowel to dig through the red earth. He dug down three feet, and then put the case into it.

Darren made sure to pack the earth down deep before he stood up.

That watch had unlocked a wealth of information. It had led him to the motherload of information and now he knew how the Fourth Reich and the order of the Black Sun had infiltrated both the US presidency as well as all levels of government within the United States and the many other commonwealth countries



such as Australia, New Zealand, Canada, and the United Kingdom.

It was too much of a risk to keep these materials in his possession right now, though. Especially considering that he still didn't have all of the pieces of the puzzle yet.

Darren was still trying to figure out how the Chinese were connected to the Orange Corporation beyond General Chen since it was also affiliated with the US military. He wasn't at the level of security clearance to know how that all worked. He hadn't been taken off-world yet because he simply wasn't that important. The Interplanetary Corporate Conglomerate that he and Anna had heard about through rumours didn't have a need for him in space since they had their own forces on every colony where they had people mining. To his knowledge, there were over two hundred colonies on different moons and planets within our own galaxy but that wasn't confirmed.

It just made the spiderweb of information seem that much more confusing . . . and that much more important to figure out. The solo patrol to get out to see his dad was helping him process everything he'd learned while he'd been in America.

At around 1500 hours, Darren met a man in the mountains exactly at the grid reference he'd been given. The old man was looking skinny, but mentally he knew that his father was as skilled as they came. When they locked eyes, they recognized each other immediately. Darren's father stood up from the ground and waited for Darren to walk over to him. "Son. About bloody time you got here. I've been waiting all morning. How the heck are ya, mate?"

"Yeah—Good, old man. It's so good to see you again pops," Darren said as he hugged his father, who held him just as hard. They hadn't seen each other for over a decade. To say it was an emotional moment for them both was an understatement.

For the remainder of the day and for the rest of the night, the two men talked about everything. Darren trusted no other man as much as he did his pops, so he told him everything.

At midnight, the two men were in a campsite that they had surrounded with

enormous thorny branches to prevent all kinds of predators from reaching them. They had no fire, so they focused instead on making the best defensive position that they could. While they touched things up Darren asked about his father's experience in Cambodia during the Vietnam war.

His father, Shane Mathews, was in his late sixties now, but he still had the inner drive to be out in the middle of nowhere on his own like a true nomad. Darren was proud to be his son and was so happy to be reunited with him. "I understand what you were trying to explain to me when I was only a teenager. I always thought it was some lost tribe that you saw coming out of the jungle on that day you experienced all that bombing so close to you. They weren't humans at all, were they?" Shane's son asked.

Shane kept working on his patchwork of the debris that he was weaving together to strengthen their wall of thorny bush that surrounded their camp. "Nope. *Not* natural humans. Some kind of genetic hybrids . . . and there was a whole family of them. It wasn't just one. They taught me about the code of silence in the bush when you're moving. I didn't even hear them moving through the bush because they have pads on their feet. And they're hairy. I saw orange when the being looked at me. If I hadn't been taking a break and not moving when they came by, I'm sure they would never have shown themselves but the Americans were dropping bunker-buster type bombs down on the jungle and they needed to move fast in order to survive. Pure and simple. And you know what, mate?"

Darren looked over at his father, "What?"

Shane turned and looked into his son's eyes, "When that first one locked in on me and we looked into each other's eyes, we both saw a soul. Then, it backed away into the bush behind it and looked for another way out of the danger, I guess, because it didn't want anything to do with me."

"And how is that connected to the missile attack on the Australian Navy Ship? What was that thing called?" Darren asked as he took a break and looked at where they might have the best chance of lying down straight since they didn't have a very big campsite.

“There were UFO and Airforce engagements in the air. There were Special Forces teams going underground and never coming back up. Whole teams of US Special Forces were going missing, and when they sent in rescue teams, they also went missing. There were reptilian bases in the jungles that these teams were coming across. I guess it was because they liked the hot and humid weather there. But the name of the boat was the Hobart. Where that story gets interesting is that a US Airforce pilot fired those missiles at a UFO, and the saucer kept them and redirected them at an Australian warship hundreds of miles away, and they hit the ship. The people on the deck of that vessel never saw or heard a plane. The missiles just came out of nowhere and hit them. Quite a few people died as a result, which is why they imposed a rule that if pilots saw any UFOs or USOs they weren't to fire at them.”

Darren could finally relate to his old man and told him so.

An hour later, they were laying on top of an air mattress each with a ranger blanket wrapped around them. Darren put his head down on his rolled-up socks and settled in for some sleep while his dad kept watch. He wondered what his old man was going to do next and asked him.

“I bought a gold mine in the Congo, and I wanted to ask if you'd have any spare time to come and help me. I've got my mate named Mgoo. You'll like him. He's a character, but it's always business when it comes to that guy. But I'd like it if you could come up and give me a hand. I'm going to be buying a safehouse in Nigeria, which you can live in whenever you feel the need. It'll be our go-to place, mate.”

Darren couldn't believe the size of the balls of this man. “Dad, you're fucking in your late sixties and you want to take on the bloody Congo? Are you out of your mind? Of course, I'd come and help you, but you know better than anyone how dangerous that's going to be. You're going to have to tell me all the details in the morning. I'd like to stay out here with you for a few more days, but I can't unfortunately because I left a beautiful white woman in a hotel by herself, and that's not a wise thing to do in this country. Not right now.”

The roar of an elephant nearby caused Darren to sit right up and take notice.

“Shit. Did you hear that? That sounded like a big animal,” Darren said, listening attentively.

Shane stood up and walked around a bit, trying to look out into the darkness. Not wanting to turn on a flashlight. “I’d say there’s three of them. Two females and one big alpha male. If they come over here, we could be in some real trouble mate. Let’s hope they find some food somewhere else.”

For the next while, they stayed up and talked about the Tesla things that he had seen. His father was glad that he’d buried the stuff out there and that he wasn’t keeping it on his person.

By 4 a.m., it had gotten colder, so Darren and his father lay side by side to preserve body heat. They slept for perhaps a few hours, and then they broke up camp and started hiking out together.

Shane and Darren walked for quite some time. While they did their ruck march together, the conversation came to focus on George Herbert Walker Bush. Darren’s father talked about what he had done during the Vietnam era. Darren knew that he’d been the director of the CIA during the Vietnam war, but he had no idea that he’d started a program to bring in drugs in the bodies of dead American soldiers. Those drugs were then collected by the US military and used to raise funds for the expansion of the German/US secret space program. Darren commented about the Order of the Black Sun and the Skull and Bones at Yale University. The Bush family was a big part of both groups.

“Bush and his CIA started the whole fucking thing, mate. The Gulf of Tonkin incident in 1964 was all a bunch of lies that led them into a war in Southeast Asia that my friends and I were sent to fight in, and I lost friends over there so this is really personal to me. Bush had his dirty mitts all over that event. It was a false flag,” Shane said as he pulled out his canteen and unscrewed the cap. “They used that as a precursor to going in and getting their drugs. What you’ve just told me connects a lot of dots for me, Son. Thank you. Once the Bush family took control of the CIA, they started their plan to take down the United States. What a crooked, evil family!”

Darren let his father cool off. They took a five-minute break underneath a tree that offered some shade. The sun was beating down on them now and the temperatures at ground level were starting to rise. There wasn't a cloud in the sky, and out in the wilderness that they were in, that meant for really hot temperatures. It was amazing that anything would grow out there in that kind of heat, but the evidence was all around them, showing that life did, in fact, exist in this kind of climate.

When they were rested and re-hydrated, they began walking again, but it wasn't long before they heard a rifle being fired off in the distance. Instantly, both men crouched down and observed their surroundings. "I'd say the poachers are at it again. We'd better give this area a wide berth," Darren suggested as they both looked around for a safer place to head toward.

Darren didn't want to upset his father by bringing up Vietnam, but he did want to talk about George Herbert Walker Bush having taken the presidency and starting the first Iraq War. Shane was happy to listen and didn't spiral into a rage. "That wasn't my war, mate. That was your friend's war. You take my word for it. That Bush Bastard has a plan. I don't know when or how, but he has something big planned. If he's the leader of the Fourth Reich like you say he is, then he doesn't have our interests in mind, does he?" As he spoke, he continued walking toward their objective, which was a small isolated town some ten miles away from their current location.

Darren wiped his face with a wet bandanna and looked at his father. "No. I reckon he's got his own agenda to take over the world at some point. Watch out for the globalist agenda, eh?" Darren replied as they continued walking.

"Yeah, that'd be right," his father said in response as he looked onward.

The sun was starting to sink behind the mountains when they walked into the town of Dargo. They went to the petrol station, and that's where they met their ride at the agreed time of 6 p.m. for the rendezvous. As their driver took them through the back roads, Darren was thinking that he would like to go to Nigeria as soon as he could to help his old man.

They talked about that being a real possibility in the future since things were looking pretty shitty for Darren and Anna in their present line of work. “It has a lot of advantages coming back to see you, pops. If you can make me disappear, that would be a pretty good thing. You’re going to be a granddad soon. You need to give me an address so I can send you a picture,” Darren said to his father as they drove down a dusty road and night fell across the countryside.

A few hours later, Darren was dropped off at the hotel where his wife was situated. Shane waved goodbye and hoped he’d see his son again in the near future. Darren, on the other hand, was smiling ear to ear and was just amazed by how much energy his old man still had left in him as he waved at him as the old truck drove away.

With the watch and pocket-sized notebook safe in a hole somewhere in the remote wilderness of South Africa, Anna and Darren returned to Florida . . . and by the end of the week, Darren was being sent on a retrieval mission in Afghanistan.

They had discovered a Vimana underground in a tunnel system. Several local boys who had been digging in the mountains for precious gems had discovered it. They were barely teenagers, and their clothing was ratty, dirty, and torn. They didn’t speak English.

Mathews waited with them until two other CIA agents showed up to escort them away. As they left, one of the boys turned around and called out to him, pointing in his direction

Darren didn’t understand the language, but he still had the distinct feeling that the boy was asking for help. None would be given. They would likely never be seen again.

It sat sour in Darren’s mouth.

The CIA had their own Special Forces who were working in the area. They’d been tasked to find another route down to the Vimana and get it up to the surface. Then, it would be carried in the air by way of a lifting cable and cargo net configuration. The straps would fasten to the underside of the black Chinook helicopters.

Then, it would be taken out into the ocean to one of the CIA helicopter landing ships that had been assigned to support the recovery operation.

Darren knew that his old friend Dr Emily Aranda would be the one to study the Vimana. He wondered what discoveries she would make. It had been her suggestion that he research the ancient Veda texts, and he hadn't done so and now he was regretting that big time.

## Chapter 16

### Circle of Life

The next few years were better for Anna and Darren on a relationship level because they were always watching out for one another and had proven themselves to be a good match with similar interests and knowledge.

There were times, however, when they had nothing but their wits to keep them alive. At one point, they went gold-detecting in the desert of Arizona. Thieves stole their generator, their food, and their water. They had nothing but each other. Darren had had the good sense to bring along several plastic bags to wrap around branches of trees and plants. Overnight they would accumulate water and that had been their saving grace from death.

Together, they hiked out of the desert and found the highway. A state trooper travelling the highway on patrol was flagged down, finally giving them a way out of the nightmare they'd been subjected to.

It seemed, for a while after their ill-fated gold-digging expedition, that burying the watch and the notebook in South Africa had been the right thing to do, but Darren still had to deal with the dozen or so rolls of film that he hadn't had developed yet. He'd buried those in a swamp in Florida near Anna's parents' house. Keeping those sorts of things away from his family was the right thing to do because now they had a lovely daughter, who they had named Dana, and they lived just down the road from Anna's parents' place. He knew that he needed to get those things developed, but how would he do it?

Eventually, he found a way through the mail and a website on the Internet. There'd been no drama and he'd gotten close to two hundred pictures plus negatives. After he'd read them, he mailed the prints to the address that Bill Jenkins had given him and then reburied the negatives without arousing Anna's suspicions.

Life was going good for a while. Darren had been sent on half a dozen missions all over the world, and then he got a phone call that he had to come home. Anna's



parents were dying. When he got back to Florida he was told that both Martha and Terry were very, very sick. It was Stage four cancer. For both of them, the alarm bells were ringing!

It seemed odd to Darren that they would both come down sick like that so suddenly, and at the same time, too! But Anna was so struck by her grief, she didn't have any care for Darren's theories.

Not wanting to upset his wife even further, Darren started to keep his thoughts to himself, though it pained him to see that they didn't want their house checked over or their food inspected. He had no choice but to accept Anna's request to not upset her parents, and he complied though he struggled with that because he thought moving them out of the house would prevent their deaths. He suspected something wasn't right with it. Perhaps Anna's boss had done something to send a warning to them not to become complacent about what they'd both seen and done for the CIA and Orange?

Anna's father died first. It was less than a month after Darren had been sent back to the United States. Then, her mother passed away a few weeks after that. Handling the death of both of her parents and a new child was very hard for Anna. She fell into depression, walking around the house where she'd grown up. It was so empty, and it seemed like her entire life's story had now ended there. It made her so sad. And yet, she spent a great deal of time over there, sorting through things and donating clothes. It was hard for her to let go, but she was still grateful that she had Darren looking after Dana at their place.

After a heated discussion regarding their next move, Anna left the living room of their house and went to the bathroom, where she started vomiting. Over the next few days, she started experiencing a lot of trips to the toilet because of excessive diarrhea, and that really worried Darren. He made her stop going over to her parent's house and instead took her to the doctor's so she could have some tests done. Unfortunately, they came back positive for several kinds of cancer.

Two weeks after, Anna began to feel sick as well. She tried to brush it off. "It's just a cold, honey."

Darren insisted, “Just go see a doctor, love. Do it for me, won’t you?”

While she was at the medical clinic, Darren left Dana with her and went to her parents’ place. He had the front door key and walked inside the empty house. It wasn’t long before the air quality company arrived for the appointment he’d scheduled with them and they took samples in every room and then promised to let him know if there were any toxic substances in the air. After they’d left him, he took their advice on how to take soil samples around the property and who to take them to so he walked around the house and dug up some samples, which he then put into separate plastic bags.

He’d just dropped them off at the lab when he remembered that his wife would be expecting him back to pick her up, so he focused on getting back to her, but he was in deep shit because she waited for half an hour outside the clinic with their daughter. He apologized profusely to her and she wanted to know why he was so late, so he told her that he’d been out at her parent’s property taking soil samples to see if there was something poisonous in the soil. “It’s the one common denominator, honey. Your parents’ place is where you’ve all been and every one of you has gotten cancer. We need to keep Dana from ever going there. I’ll know in a week if the ground’s contaminated or not,” he told her.

She was angry at him for doing what he’d done, but she didn’t have the energy to argue. She just wanted to go home and sleep.

There was no denying it any longer. Darren did his best to take care of his wife. He had to let Orange know about the situation, but Anna had told him that she’d already called her boss and told him that she needed him at home. “You’re on medical leave, Darren. So am I. Dana needs you.”

At the end of the week, Darren took his daughter to the lab and got a negative result in the soil contamination. He paid his bill and left the building. Then, he drove to the air quality testers and asked to speak with the manager who came out of the back to see him. He was not happy about his crew being subjected to radioactive air particles and explained that to Darren. “Half my crew is being tested right now for what’s causing their bad health. That place needs to be locked down

and *torn* down. You can't live in it. I don't know what's been sprayed in there but it'll kill you if you stay there long enough."

Darren left the office with his daughter and took some time to go to the store to get some groceries so he could cook something for her and his wife. She needed to start eating because she was wasting away. To Darren's delight, Anna was willing to eat some chicken soup, which she managed to keep down this time.

Late at night, curled in bed together, tears fresh on Anna's face, she said, "I can't believe that this is how the CIA decided to take me out."

"They must have been spraying that radioactive substance in your parents' house," said Darren, bitterly. "I don't know what that stuff is but half the testing crew are sick like you are."

"I'd have preferred a bullet in the brain over being sick like this. And my parents . . . they're only dead because of me."

"They're dead because the CIA is filled with a bunch of rat bastards," said Darren, firmly. "Not because of you. Cancer is their biggest bio weapon. Flies under the radar every time."

"I don't want Dana to see me like this, honey."

Darren didn't want to see her waste away either. Anna had lost so much weight that she was already starting to look like a skeleton. She looked sicker with every day that passed by. It broke his heart. "I understand, love."

This was the lowest that Darren had ever seen her. The way she looked was getting to her as well. Darren could tell. He wondered if she had enough energy for one more trip but decided against asking. Even so, she seemed to read his mind and said she'd like to give it a try.

When they drove out to the mountains, they enjoyed a magnificent view of a big river at the base of several forested hills. There was a place to camp so they tried to enjoy a night in a tent.

It was during this time that Darren brought up all the different kinds of technology that the Orange Corporation had access to. He was bitter because he knew that they had so many kinds of gadgets at their R&D facilities. Somewhere in

those buildings were med beds that could cure all diseases known to mankind. She agreed with him and said she would ask her boss and see what he said. Darren hoped they could negotiate something that would see the cancer eliminated.

A few days later, she told Darren that Alan Schiff had come back with a “no” for an answer. She was left to her fate and would have to start doing the treatment options that were available to the public. “That’s basically death right there. That’s what we’re being left with. What about doing this ourselves? We know it’s all about sound frequencies. What if we made our own med bed and used sound frequencies to kill your cancer? You might live.”

Anna told Darren to go ahead but she didn’t think she had enough time left and he didn’t know how to make a med bed properly. So, he began researching on the Internet and then went and dug up his pictures to see if there were any references to using sound frequency to destroy cancer cells in the body. There were some references to other things like levitation, but he hadn’t taken pictures of any notes that dealt with using sound waves to assist a body in healing itself.

Darren read countless white papers and still managed to take care of their child and his wife. But he wanted to do more. They didn’t have enough money to hire anyone, so he called Bill and asked him what he knew about making a med bed. “I haven’t a clue how to make one,” he said, but I can start thinking about it, Darren. How much time do we have?” he asked his friend.

Darren didn’t think he had much time left before she passed away. “Not long, mate.”

That same day, Anna called for Darren. She was sleeping on their living room sofa and wanted to tell him about where she’d hidden her secret knowledge that she’d accumulated over time while working for the CIA. She pointed to the little dog sculpture on the shelf, which he went and looked at while she continued speaking. “And make sure she gets that little clay dog, won’t you? That was modelled after the real dog that I had when I was a teenager. His name was Sebastian. What a great dog he was!”

Darren knew the dog she was speaking about. She’d shown him many pictures

of them together.

“It has a lot of disks inside it, Darren . . . filled with all of the sensitive information that she might want to know about when she’s old enough to challenge the reality they’ve imposed on us,” she whispered.

He told her, bitterly, “That’s why they killed you, Anna. For knowing about all that shit!”

Anna smiled at him. “Yeah. I know. I’m sorry.”

“What? Sorry?”

“I told you I would always be honest with you. And there’s something I didn’t tell you about.” Anna’s voice was a rasp. “Look up Nacht Waffen. That’s . . . that’s the name of the Bushes’ secret space fleet.”

Guilt hit Darren hard. He thought about the Tesla files that spoke of the merger between the SS and the OSS—and the machines that Tesla had created for them.

“I know that already, love,” said Darren, softly.

Anna laughed. “Of course you do. Always the smart one.”

“No, love. That was you. I—Anna, what am I supposed to do now? It’s only going to be a matter of time before they come for me. Or worse, before they come for Dana.”

“Take as many of those bastards out as you can,” his wife replied. “If you’re going down, take them down with you. And then take the truth to the people.”

She wanted him to be a whistleblower.

Darren could do that . . . for her.

Time passed, both too slowly and quickly at once.

Anna only grew sicker after she had no options left but chemo treatment. Before long, she needed help getting in and out of the shower. They bought a chair to sit in, so she could rest . . . but eventually, Darren had to take his shower at the same time as her, so he could wash Anna’s hair.

Getting dressed became an ordeal. Anna’s hands shook too badly to deal with buttons and slippers. She wore mostly loose-fitting tee shirts and sweatpants.

Dresses. Anything with a soft fabric.

It was easy to tell that she was only getting worse. Darren tried to cherish every moment that he had left with her as the weeks went by. And Dana noticed that her mom was sick and wasn't around as much, which was upsetting to her. She would often come to lie on the couch with her mom and have an afternoon nap or play on the carpet in front of the couch. They tried to be a family up to the last second.

Darren knew it would never be enough. Not enough time. Not enough love. Not enough memories. It would always just be too short. Their *forever* would end in pieces.

Just the thought was enough to make Darren get choked up.

He tried not to think about it.

The day that they put Anna into the ground was the hardest of Darren's life.

For all that he'd seen and done over the years, there was nothing that could have prepared him for that moment. He wore a rented suit. His daughter wore a black dress. She didn't understand that her mum wouldn't be coming back. The day was clear with some clouds in the sky, and a wind blew the branches of the nearby trees as if to send a message that a soul was moving on.

One by one, the attendees put a rose on top of the freshly buried grave. Darren carried Dana over, holding her down.

"Give mommy a flower," said Darren.

Confused, Dana put the rose on the ground.

Darren's breath hitched. Tears streamed down his proud face as he held his daughter's hand. He stepped to the side, watching as the others finished. He stood there while they came up, shook his hand, and wished him well.

At the end of the line was Anna's sister, Elizabeth White. It was the first time they had met in person but not the first time that they had spoken.

With tears running down her face, Elizabeth held out her arms. "I don't mind watching her for you, Darren."

"Thank you," he replied. He gave Dana a kiss on the forehead and then passed her over. Dana turned around, stretching out one chubby hand and reaching for her

father.

Elizabeth shushed her. "It'll be okay, Anna."

Next, Darren gave her a set of keys. "This will let you into our house. Take whatever you want. Don't go into your parent's house, though. It's contaminated with something radioactive. That's what killed your sister and your mother and your father. Do *not* take Dana to that place. I've already had it tested and the results came back positive. It needs to be demolished," he told her. Darren nodded his head. "You knew who your sister worked for, right?"

Elizabeth nodded. "Are you saying they killed her for what she knew?"

"Yes. That's what I'm saying, and if you want Dana to stay alive, you need to separate from me while I go off in another direction to lead them away from her."

Elizabeth was stunned. She looked at Dana and then up at Darren. "Are you sure? There's going to need to be lawyers involved. You can't just pick up and leave or Anna will be taken away and put in foster care."

Darren hadn't thought about that. "Okay, I'll go to a lawyer and sign custody over to you. I'll be in touch in the next twenty-four hours while I sort things out," he said.

"Where are you going?" Dana asked her father. Darren kneeled down and looked at his daughter. Tears streamed down his face as he readied himself for the biggest lie he'd ever told somebody that he loved.

"Dad's got to go to work, love. I'm going to be gone for a while. Elizabeth is Mum's sister. You're going to be staying with her for a little while okay?"

Dana wasn't happy about the news and started crying. He picked her up and held her close for several long minutes and then kissed her on the cheek and handed her over to Anna's sister. Dana immediately began crying as Darren walked away. It was a heartbreaking moment that Darren would never forget.

Just as Darren was getting ready to leave, a familiar voice called out to him. "Darren! Just a moment."

Cold fury shot through Darren.

It was Alan Schiff. The bastard had turned up at his wife's funeral.

“I’m sorry to hear about your loss,” said Alan.

It took all of Darren’s self-resolve not to punch the man right then and there. He had little doubt as to whether or not Alan was involved in this. In fact, he was fairly certain that Alan had been the one to call for the hit.

Darren turned his shoulder to the man. “Sorry. I don’t have time to chat.”

“It’ll just take a moment,” insisted Alan.

Darren ignored him and kept walking toward the car. He couldn’t deal with Alan. Not right now, at least. Grief was still a raw wound in his chest. It would stay open, festering, and sore for a long damn time.

Darren turned toward him and poked him in the chest. “Look, you piece of shit. Don’t play with me. Her death is on your shoulders. You could have prevented her from dying, and we both know it. Leave me the fuck alone. Get out of my way,” Mathews told the man as he walked out of the graveyard and got into his wife’s car.

He had barely pulled out of the graveyard before he was on the phone with his buddies Mitch and Bill. He gave them a brief rundown of what had happened, and asked them to keep their ears to the ground for anything that might have to do with Elizabeth or Dana. Bill felt tremendous guilt because he hadn’t been able to finish making the med bed that he’d started designing and felt like he’d failed his friend. “Don’t worry, mate. You tried. That’s all you could have done. I’m grateful that you stuck with us to the end,” Darren said before he ended the call due to being overwhelmed with emotion. He’d just lost so much in such a short time.

By the next morning, he was at a lawyer’s office signing papers, and then he phoned Elizabeth and told her the details of where she needed to go in order to have proper representation. “I’m signing over Anna’s house to you to sell, and then I want you to move away from the area. Start a new life, and protect my kid. Someday I hope she’ll want to see me again,” he said as he looked around the phonebooth he was standing in.

By 5 p.m., Darren had what he needed from their house and he left with a fully packed car. His next destination was an old silver mine out in Arizona. Anna’s father had owned it. Then, it was handed down to Anna after his death and she had



given it to Darren because he was so interested in mining.

It made a good hideout for him while he made plans to leave the country. He knew where Anna's father had buried a large cache of silver bars there and made several trips to places where he could sell several hundred ounces at a time until it was all gone. Once he had accumulated several hundred thousand in cash, Mathews drove around to find people that had baseball and hockey cards for sale. It was an easy way for him to smuggle small items that were worth a lot of money out of the country without having a thick stack of cash in his bags.

By the end of the week, he'd been able to convert money into collectibles that were small enough to mail out of the country. One by one, he wrapped up each collectible card into cardboard CD mailers and sent them to several locations around the world. His father would be scratching his head when he started receiving the cards that he'd sent to his address, but he'd understand what his son was doing when he saw the Wayne Gretzky rookie cards and the Mickey Mantle baseball card. He'd paid a pretty penny for each one. Each day, he had gone to a different post office and mailed a different envelope to a different location. Some went to Bill Jenkins. Some went to his father's address. Other cards he kept in his own luggage.

Darren hoped that the stuff he'd mailed to Bill would be sold and the money that Bill got for the cards would help him with his research and development on the med beds because he didn't want that idea to be stopped. He knew they existed, and he wanted to have access to one if he or his friends were ever attacked in this manner again.

Darren also decided to purchase a few gold coins—not many but enough to mail to his father and to Bill. The remaining gold coins he kept in his car until he decided how he could get them out of the country. He was starting to think he could walk in with a few in his pocket and put a few more in his carry-on luggage when he boarded the plane that would take him to the African continent.

The day finally came, though, when he had to say goodbye to Florida. He drove back to the law office one last time and dropped off a box that contained some cash and some coins and the paperwork for the silver mine since he didn't see himself

coming back there. The rights to the mine were still worth some money, but he didn't know exactly how much he'd get for the site. It was still able to produce a fair bit of silver and might be worth holding onto, he suggested in a letter he had written to Anna's sister the night before. After thanking the lawyer for passing on the box to his wife's sister, he left the building and walked back out to Anna's car. He still had to get rid of the vehicle, and he didn't want to spend a lot of time on it. As he drove around, he considered going to a dealership and offering them the car at a rock bottom price, but he didn't get any interest from the first place he stopped at, which frustrated him. While he ate at a restaurant he thought about his daughter and the life she would now have with Elizabeth. He hoped that they would be able to use the money that he'd left for them to start their new life away from danger.

With his checklist complete, Darren drove around town taking a last look at Florida when he saw a veteran sitting behind a sign on the side of the street. The man said he was looking for a job and so Darren decided to ask him if he'd accept the car as a gift. He explained his situation and after the homeless veteran was convinced that Darren was being sincere he got in the car with him and they drove towards the closest department of motor vehicles so they could get the forms required for a transfer of vehicle ownership. Darren learned that the guy's name was Carl Hannagan, and he'd been in Iraq in 1991 serving with the Special Forces, which some of Darren's SAS friends had also been in.

After the car was put in Carl's name, he was so happy that he volunteered to drive him to the airport. As he drove him, he checked out the vehicle and told him it would allow him to leave the state and drive back to Maine where he could reunite with his father and younger brother. They owned a lobster boat, and he might be able to start working with them. He had hope in his voice and that made Darren feel pretty good.

"Where you going to go now?" Carl asked curiously as he parked the car at the airport parking lot for drop-offs. "I'm going half a world away, mate. Back to Australia, I guess. My wife's died and there's nothing more for me here. Take this car and start building your life back up. There's no way the government should

throw you to the curb and leave you outside in the cold. I'm a veteran too, mate. Least I can do."

The two men shook hands. "Good luck, man. Thanks, Darren. Nobody's given me this much kindness since I got back from the Middle East."

Darren got out of the car and waved back at Carl. "Good luck to you, too, mate." He then took his suitcase and walked into the airport to see if he could get a ticket that might take him back to South Africa, and from there, he'd make his own way back to his father who was going to be in either Nigeria or the Congo. At this point, he had no idea which one it would be.

# Epilogue

I want them,” wailed Dana. She threw herself down on the bed. She was seven years old and couldn’t understand where her parents had gone.

Elizabeth understood. She was her mother’s younger sister and she missed her as much as Dana did. Anna had always been a secretive person. Elizabeth had never expected that one day, she would be the only one there to raise her young niece.

Hell, up until recently, Elizabeth hadn’t even realized she had a niece!

She sat down on the edge of the mattress. Elizabeth put a hand on her niece’s back. “I know, Dana. I know things are hard right now. But I promise you, it’s going to be okay.”

Dana was crying uncontrollably. She clutched her pillow. “I want them! I miss them!”

“Shh, shh, it’s going to be okay, honey!” Elizabeth carefully bundled her niece up, pulling her into a hug. “We need to be brave. It’s only the two of us right now. We have to look out for each other,” she said.

Dana only fought it for a moment before collapsing against her aunt. She cried so hard that her shoulders were shaking.

This wasn’t Dana’s first meltdown. It wouldn’t be her last, either.

Elizabeth was a full-grown adult when she lost her parents. She understood the concept of death. It had still gutted her. There were songs she couldn’t listen to without crying. There were places she couldn’t go. Series and movies that she couldn’t watch. Books that she couldn’t read.

Elizabeth couldn’t imagine how much more difficult it must be for a child to lose both of her parents though. Wherever Darren was going, he hoped he would be okay.

Dana was too young to understand how this had happened or why she was suddenly living with her aunt down in Florida. She was just a scared little girl who missed her parents.

There was no way that Elizabeth could ever take their place.

But as she sat there, humming and rocking and singing Dana a lullaby, Elizabeth knew that she would still do her best to raise Dana. Now she had to think about putting Anna's home on the market and moving to another state. She had always wanted to move to Hawaii, and maybe now was the time to do that too. Elizabeth swore, in that moment, to *always* be there for her niece. No matter what.

# Reviews

Thank you for reading the first book in the series. If you liked the story and would like to hear what you thought about it, please consider posting a review. I hope it makes you think about the technology that we've been prevented from having access to, and I hope that we'll be allowed to finally branch out into space, rejecting modern slavery packaged as freedom.

And don't miss the next story in the *Obliterating the Deep State Series: Whistleblower*—Book II . . .



*Darren is done waiting for Trump to give us disclosure. Empowered by what he's heard from Dr Steven Greer, he decides that it's time for the truth to come out. Suppressed technological advances, bioweapons, interventionism, a one-world government—Darren is about to throw open the floodgates. He knows from his wife's murder that whistleblowing comes at a price, but the Deep State will soon learn that there's no greater enemy than a man prepared to lose everything. With the help of Jason DeBruin and his website, UFO Watchers, this former Australian SAS soldier will tell*

*the entire world what he knows before America collapses as planned by the Luciferian Clinton-Obama-Bush cartels. What he's about to reveal will challenge everything you thought you knew about technology, history, and the human race itself. And once you open this Pandora's Box, it won't be closed again.*