

# Stealth

## The Silent Invaders

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*If both the past and the external world exist only in the mind, and if the mind itself is controllable-what then?*

*Who controls the past controls the future; who controls the present controls the past.*

**George Orwell, 1984**

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*There will be in the next generation or so a pharmacological method of making people love their servitude and producing dictatorship without tears so to speak. Producing a kind of painless concentration camp for entire societies so that people will in fact have their liberties taken away from them, but will rather enjoy it, because they will be distracted from any desire to rebel – by propaganda, or brainwashing, or brainwashing enhanced by pharmacological methods. And this seems to be the final revolution.*

**Aldous Huxley, Committee of 300, Tavistock agent, 1961.**

*We'll know our disinformation program is complete when everything the American people believe is false.*

**Alex Constantine, Psychic Dictatorship in the USA.**

## Prologue

1985 North Dakota

Dr Alex Devenport was not working late that night, but he had another reason to go back to the secret government research facility. It had nothing to do with being over-conscientious. He was not usually a risk taker, but there was no other alternative for what he felt he had to do. He felt some trepidation as he approached the security guard who sat at the reception desk.

Norman, although irritated by the interruption to his concentration, did not show it. He looked up from his unfinished tabloid crossword. 'I didn't expect to see you tonight, sir. Can't you keep away from the place?' he grinned.

'Oh, just some urgent work I need to catch up on. Don't bother getting up, Norman. I can find my way.'

The burly guard, happy to remain seated, said, 'Okay sir. I'll be up to check in a while.'

Alex carried on unhindered, but with forebodings. He had a dark sense that his mission would not go smoothly. He tentatively approached the director's office. It was no surprise to Alex that the door was locked. He had come prepared for that though. He knew the security code and pressed the number sequence that got him inside. The filing cabinet was one of those old ones easy to prise open. Although his intrusion did not spark off any loud alarms that alerted the guards to a break-in, there was some noise as the drawer sprung open. Alex took a deep breath – and waited. He could not hear any guards approaching, so, with a massive sigh of relief, he rifled through the files until he came to the secret government documents he was looking for. Alex flicked through the pages to find the academic publications, and psychiatric reports confirming the horrific mind control experiments conducted at the research institute. Together, with some of the most prestigious psychiatrists and psychologists in the world, he was one of the scientists carrying out the experiments. But he had no idea how far the CIA had gone with them.

Dr Devenport used a small torch to scan the reports. There was clear evidence that many top hospitals and research institutes in North America came under the umbrella of the vast military-industrial complex. The records showed details that even Alex had not imagined. And some of the experiments were much more barbaric than he previously thought. Alex shuddered at the titles of the various papers. He did not have time to read any of them as the guards carried out regular rounds. Stuffing some of the more damning reports into his briefcase, Dr Devenport left the office.

At first, he had accepted without question the nature of the work he had to do. But recently he had seen beyond the rosy lenses about the use of mind control ushering in a utopian era. He became aware of a more sinister motive behind the spin, justifying the brutality of the experiments he conducted. He sensed a global conspiracy behind the work. Once Alex realised the outcomes of the almost sadistic mind control experiments he and the other scientists carried out at the facility he became so horrified he could no longer have any part of it. His role in the callous mind control programs carried out on subjects now sickened him, and his health suffered as a result.

The turning point for the scientist had been the conversation he had with a Buddhist monk he chanced upon one day, in Mandan, which is just across the Missouri river, from Bismarck, where Alex lived. Mandan was named after the indigenous tribe who had lived there. Its slogan 'Where the West begins' embodied the community's rugged and hearty nature. On this particular day, Alex wondered why a small group of people had congregated outside the empty shop.

Drawn by curiosity, Alex joined the thong and quickly discovered the source of their fascination. Sitting in the shop window front was a group of Tibetan monks in full regalia creating an extraordinary artwork from bright coloured sands. The artists formed their design by tapping out grains of sands from a small funnel type implement. Alex quickly became captivated by the patience and precision involved. Mesmerised by the spectacle, Alex watched entranced. He felt an aura of peace emanating from the sand artists as they painstakingly trickled sand onto the Yantric design. This, in itself, was not the turning point though. It was the conversation he had with an elderly monk.

The monk had approached him and smiled. "Are you enjoying our sand painting?"

Alex looked at the smiling monk 'It's fantastic,' he replied. He added, 'My name is Alex, I've been observing the stillness and composure of your fellow monks as they work on the magnificent artwork. It's made me aware of my inner turmoil.'

The elderly monk, seeing the angst showing in the man's face, had said, 'Come. Let us sit and talk.' He showed Alex to a secluded area at the back of the premises that had served as a kitchen. As they sat at a table, the monk said, 'What troubles you so?'

'What can you tell me about karma, " asked Alex almost shyly.

The monk looked at him with compassion. "Every action you take has a consequence for your eternal soul,' he replied gently.

Alex immediately thought about the work he was doing and his heart sank. As a Christian, he took the fate of his eternal soul very seriously.

The monk continued. 'We believe you will continue to reincarnate with the same unresolved issues until your karma is balanced.'

'Well, I'm not sure about reincarnation, but your words resonate deeply with me. Thank you.'

At that point Alex was already aware that any new world order brought about through the use of torture, mass murder, secrets and deceit could only spawn a world plagued with the same human programming. It slowly dawned on him that he was responsible for the pain and suffering his clandestine work causes others. He was consumed with guilt and disgust at what he was willingly part of and now saw it as a conspiracy. Yet he was only privy to a small part of what went on. In the CIA information was just shared on a need to know basis, and there were hundreds of labs and researchers each working on their own little piece of the whole program.

Alex could not stomach the experimental work any more. He was forbidden, under threat of charges of treason, to tell the truth, or share unadorned facts that, if disclosed would elicit public moral outrage. Now, he felt he had to make amends to assuage his guilt.

Norman saw the scientist leave the director's office. Nobody was authorised to be there at that time. Norman had known Dr Devenport for over two years at the secret scientific laboratory, but this was a security breach, so he had to step in. Using his torch to light his way Norman approached Dr Devenport. 'This part of the centre is off-limits to everyone except senior management. So why were you in the director's office?'

Alex felt like a deer caught in the headlight beams of an approaching vehicle. He thought honesty was the best policy, especially when lies were unnecessary. 'Oh, I needed some data to help me with my work.'

Norman felt uncomfortable challenging personnel who were way above his pay grade. Pointing his torch beam at Dr Devenport, he demanded in a querulous voice, 'Open your case please, sir.'

Bluffing, Alex replied, 'Sorry, I can't do that. I have highly classified material, way above your security clearance.'

Norman, unsure how to proceed, took out his side-arm while speaking into the radio attached to his shoulder.

Seeing the weapon sitting uncomfortably in Norman's hand, Alex said, 'A gun, Norman. Is that really necessary?'

Ignoring the remark, Norman garbled, 'Bob, I have a situation, near the director's office.' Turning to the nervous intruder, he said, 'If you do not comply with my request, sir, we will have to inform the police.'

A cold chill shot up Dr Devenport's spine. If the cops arrested him, they would confiscate his briefcase and the stolen secret files. His professional life would be over and all for nothing. He could not let that happen. The gun wavered in the guard's hand. Dr Devenport had just one chance, one action. With a thumping heart, he swung the briefcase violently, knocking the weapon from the guard's shaky hand.

Norman, staggered but did not fall. The scientist stood still, shocked at what he had done, giving the guard time to reach for his fallen weapon. Dr Devenport instinctively threw himself onto the crouching guard, and they both tumbled to the floor. They rolled over with the much heavier security man ending up on top. Alex felt crushed beneath Norman's weight. In a blind panic, he grabbed for Norman's gun hand and tried wrestling the weapon from him.

As they struggled with each other, a deafening shot rang out echoing through the building. Norman was no longer moving. Dr Devenport stood up and looked down at Norman's inert form. He heard someone rushing along the corridor. Grabbing the briefcase he just made it to the lift before Norman's colleague, Bob guard came across his friend's body.

Alex somehow made it to a side exit undetected. His rapidly beating heart sounded to him like a bass drum in his chest. He could not believe what had happened. He was a scientist, not a thief and a killer. But he had just killed a man! He remembered what the monk had said but could not think about karma at that moment. His only concern was how to escape. He had been fighting for his life but the cops would not see it that way. Alex felt justified in his action. He was exposing a terrible crime against humanity. He had to believe it. Otherwise he was just like his superiors, using the ends to justify the means. How else could he live with what he had done? Survival instinct kicked in. He had to get away before the area was crawling with cops.

As Dr Devenport drove home, he relived the struggle with Norman in his mind. The gun went off accidentally. It could just as likely have been him lying there in a pool of blood. But the fates had determined that he would live. The police were not likely to see events in that light. For whatever reason, he was still at liberty and breathing. The only justification for the outcome was to disclose to the world the extensive mind control programs perpetrated on the unsuspecting citizens of Britain, America and many other places, by their governments.

## **Chapter 1**

*"I believe in everything until it's disproved. So I believe in fairies, the myths, dragons. It all exists, even if it's in your mind. Who's to say that dreams and nightmares aren't as real as the here and now?"*

### **John Lennon**

Aldous Foster saw them more clearly when he was off his medication, but he did not know why they were there. They appeared to him as grey shadows looming in the background, hovering around human forms. No one else knew about them except Kimberley Jarrold, and even she had never seen them. Aldous wondered if it was just him. They came in different sizes, dark silhouettes, looming, gawking. They just appeared and stood there, silent bystanders, except when they emitted a weird crackling sound like when two live wires touch. It was a subtle sizzling noise with a faint burning smell that accompanied it, lingering in the air. In his most lucid moments, he even wondered if they were artificial intelligence in some weird form.

Aldous wondered if this was related to his bipolar disorder. This is why he kept the experience to himself. Although the apparitions were disconcerting, they did nothing to harm him. Contact with them began when he was 13 years old. One of them even spoke to him telepathically.

'We're not here to hurt you. We are just helping you go home.'

Aldous had no idea what that meant. He just lay curled up in his bed, petrified, unable to move. Shortly after, he had a vivid dream in which several men in black suits sat around a table. There were also three Reptilian aliens in the room. One of them transmitted the images through his subconscious, into his dreams.

One of the black-suited men stared directly at Aldous, saying, 'He must be one of the abductees.' Aldous, terrified tried making the image go away, but he did not know how. Later one of the men calmly explained to Aldous what he had seen, and he showed him a number, 49.9, but he did not explain what it meant.

One day as Aldous and Kimmie walked around Dovestones Reservoir, the pair's favourite local attraction, he said, 'They're interested in me because I can see their energy.'

Kimmie, his best friend, in fact, one of his few friends, supported him in his dark times. She never judged his take on reality and accepted him for who he was. Smiling at him, Kimberly said 'It's a nice clear day. Fancy a walk to the top?'

Aldous, still caught up in his dream, said, 'I wonder if anyone else can see them?'

Kimberley Jarrold turned to her troubled friend. 'Well, I can't see them.' She smiled, 'Come on. I'll race you to the top.'

It was not much of a race. But Aldous followed her to the summit. On that cloudless day, the view of Manchester from the top was breathtaking. For Kimmie, it was one of the most spiritual places in the Peak District. Aldous stood transfixed, looking at the panoramic view. For a short while, it took him out of himself, giving him momentary respite from his demons. He felt safe with Kimmie.

Kimberley was in her mid-thirties with thick dark hair, solid build and a warm, open face. She was Aldous' rock. Her presence helped to steady him during his erratic mood swings. Even though she had her own deeply buried emotional issues, she was still able to support his attempts to understand his often turbulent thoughts.

Twisting her long hair nervously in a habitual gesture, she sat on the grass quietly listening to Aldous go on about the mysterious 49.9. Kim knew he had his problems with reality at times, but she believed that everybody had a different perception of the world. To her, none were more or less valid than others. Aldous loved her for that.

She adjusted her elegant tortoiseshell framed spectacles while he talked. The gesture was a little affectation exercised when she was thinking about something.

'It's not their energy. These entities siphon it from unsuspecting victims,' he said quietly, engrossed in his own world.

Kimmie looked him in the eye. 'So what about the men in your dream?'

'They have me under constant surveillance. One even looks at me through remote viewing. I can see the man in his office. They stare at me all day, even in the middle of the night they sit there like doctors, taking notes. They also talk to me telepathically. It's terrifying at times. But one of them seems different from the others. he keeps showing me the mystery number.'

Kim nodded thoughtfully. She had vaguely heard of some mind manipulation experiments being carried out remotely and wondered if this was one. All she knew for sure was they dealt in some

deeply weird shit. So her friend's bizarre experience could well be part of it in some unknown way. 'What number?' She asked.

Aldous replied, '49.9. But he never tells me what it means.'

'Have you looked it up.'

He shrugged, 'Yes, but it doesn't make any sense.'

'Maybe it's not that important?'

'They wouldn't have shown me if it wasn't a clue.'

Kimmie lightly touched his arm. 'Poor love, I don't know how you cope.'

'There's nothing I can do about it,' he sighed, 'So I just have to put up with it.'

Puzzled, she asked, 'So, why do you think they target you?'

Aldous leant forward towards Kim. 'Because I'm onto them.'

When Aldous was alone, which was most of the time, the images became vivid in his mind. The surveillance team kept watching him. Sometimes military personnel visited the offices to take a look at him. From age 13 to 21 this happened on a daily basis. Aldous even got to know some of the men and stopped seeing them as the enemy, especially the kindly one that kept showing him the number 49.9. Kim had suggested it was to put him off his guard. But there were some things Aldous did not even divulge to her. They were too shameful, too personal, too private to tell anybody.

But sometimes vivid and terrifying fragments escaped from his subconscious mind. During these flashbacks, he remembered waking to find himself somewhere else, surrounded by beings some of whom were apparently not of Earth origin. They tormented him mercilessly for hours on end. He could still feel the electric shocks, the effects of the drugs and the humiliating sexual molestation. At other times he had just hung out with them in hallways and other offices, as though they were buddies. This was the most disconcerting aspect for him.

## Chapter 2

*'When I despair, I remember that all through history the way of truth and love have always won. There have been tyrants and murderers, and for a time, they can seem invincible, but in the end, they always fall. Think of it--always.'*

### **Mahatma Gandhi**

Maxwell Dorrian scratched his head as he pondered the latest report. As a significant producer of pre-packed meals, he was well aware of the rules and regulations involved. He abided by such dictates as best he could, but now the Health Department had come up with even more stringent food safety guidelines. Max looked up as Jack Farrow, his factory foreman, knocked and entered his office. Picking up the HD report he handed it to Jack. 'Make sure everyone knows about this.'

'More red tape?'

Max said, 'The word processed even causes confusion for the health department.'

Jack sneered, 'What the fuck do they know? Once you take an apple from a tree, it becomes processed.'

Max frowned, 'Yes, well make sure that you people get the right training to meet these latest safety laws.'

Jack grumbled, 'The health department doesn't even know the difference between mechanical processing and chemical processing.'

Max agreed. At PakFoods he had always kept chemical additives down to a minimum level. 'Jack, just get on with it.'

Maxwell Dorrian came over to Jack and others as surly and aggressive. Not that it concerned him. He did not care a fig how others saw him. Max did not need anyone's approval. He was a very successful self-made man who owned and ran PakFoods, a major food products company. If Max had listened to the naysayers instead of ploughing on ahead regardless of what others thought, he would not be a billionaire listed in the Forbes 500. Being ruthlessly assertive had gotten him where he was today.

From an early age, Max had the knack to accumulate wealth. His first entrepreneurial enterprise was selling golf balls he had picked up near the course, just down from where he lived. Later a financial whiz kid mentor had told him. 'You Don't get rich working hard. You get rich by working smart.'

His father worked hard all his life on his Tulsa, Oklahoma farm, scraping together just enough to put food on the table and pay the bills. His older brothers followed in their father's footsteps, but not Max. He did his share of the chores around the farm, but out of fear, not love. He had to mentally discipline himself to plough the fields, milk the cows and reap the corn, all the time resenting the work, but carrying out the tasks to avoid punishment. If he was caught slacking he got a taste of his father's belt.

As Max grew up, he was taught to respect his elders. He could never figure out why getting old was supposed to make you wiser. In his mind respect had to be earned. But he never told his father that. He kept quiet and learned the importance of listening and following instructions. As Max never received any pocket money and had to earn his own, he quickly grasped the value of the almighty dollar. Having to make money for himself was one of the many life lessons his harsh childhood taught him. This encouraged Max to work smarter than his father who had struggled all his life for a meagre reward. Farm toil was not for Max, but his father's work ethic remained deeply ingrained, alongside his desire to make the world work for him.

As soon as Max graduated from high school, he left the family farm and Oklahoma, much to his father's anger and disappointment. After applying for many jobs, Max finally found employment in Dallas at the Lone Star Meat Processing Works. On his very first day, Max Dorrian snuck into the boss' office and sat in his chair. He had to try it out because one day it would be his.

With a positive attitude and experience gleaned from his toil on the farm, Max took to his factory floor job with gusto. He saved what money he could and dabbled in some stable stocks. Max proved very successful and, little by little accumulated great wealth. Max then bought shares in the company he worked for and eventually became a significant shareholder. As his fortunes grew so did the number of doors that opened to him.

Henry Small had similar concerns to those of Alex Devenport, but he never acted on them. At first, the field of psychotropic medicine had intrigued him. The official line was that the data came from documents retrieved from the Nazi experiments during World War II. Later, he found out the data from the CIA research into mind control drugs initially came from tests performed on mental patients in Canada and the US. Once this revelation came to light, Henry, like Alex Devenport,

detested having to carry out the immoral experiments. But Henry remained silent and had urged Alex to do the same. But Alex could not just turn a blind eye and do nothing.

Henry sensed Alex was gearing up to do something reckless but he had no idea what it was. But the late phone call from Alex was going too far!

It was 11:32 pm. 'Alex, why the hell are you ringing me this late?'

'I've done a terrible thing.'

Henry, taken aback, managed, 'What have you done?'

'I can't talk about it on the phone. Can I come to your place?'

'Err, yes, I suppose so.'

'I wouldn't ask if I wasn't so desperate.'

'Sure. Come on over.'

As the pair sat in Henry's kitchen, drinking shots of bourbon, he listened aghast as Alex recounted the horror of that night. He stared at his friend, trying to find the words. 'You killed Norman?'

'We were struggling, and the guard's gun went off.'

Henry's jaw dropped as his foggy brain tried getting the picture. 'Jeez man, what are you going to do?'

Alex hesitated, asking himself that very question. Then he handed his friend the briefcase. 'Take this. There are details about what to do, inside.'

Henry dropped it like a hot potato. 'It's yours. You deal with it.'

'I can't. The spooks will be onto me. I'm finished, Henry. You have to deal with it.'

'Holy Hell man! And you come here.'

'I had nowhere else to go.'

'They could have followed you here. If so, I have to give you up.'

Alex tapped the briefcase. 'This is fucking dynamite. There will be a thorough inquiry,' he said hastily rising from his seat. 'I have to get going.'

Henry followed him to the door. Grabbing his friend's arm, he asked, 'Inquiry. What inquiry. They'll bury it, just like they'll bury you.'

'You need to make many copies and hide them in different locations. Let me be clear about this. If the CIA recovers all the copies, I'm done. The evidence in those files is my only insurance.'

'So what the hell am I supposed to do with it?'

'Just follow my instructions, my friend. I'll keep in touch.'

Alex Devenport sat in his car his heart thumping in his chest. He had not wanted to make Henry complicit in his crime. But, with no one else to turn to Henry was it. He had one more thing to do before disappearing. Alex picked up his unwieldy Motorola phone and dialled his home number. He waited until he heard his wife's voice.

He said, 'Please listen to what I have to say.'

'Where are you? Is everything all right?'

'Julie, please just listen. I must make this quick.'

'What's the matter, Alex?'

'Something has happened, and I will be away for a few days. It has to do with my work, so I can't speak about it. I'll contact you again when things are clearer.'

'Alex, you're scaring me. What's wrong?'

He sighed, 'All I can say is that things have gone crazy and I'm in deep trouble.' He paused, then said, 'I have to go now.'

Julie, fearing her husband would break the connection, said, 'What about Henry? Is he involved?'

'He is now. But he's the only person who can help me.'

'Does he know?' Julie asked the now dead phone.

Alex wound down his window and took deep breaths. He sat a while trying to figure out his next move. But this was not his world. It was as though he was starring in somebody else's nightmare. He looked at the dashboard clock. It was three hours since he escaped from the facility. Norman would have logged him in, so the police would soon learn he was in the building at the time of the guard's death. That and the fact Alex had not been logged out was more than enough for a manhunt to be well under way.

'Shit!' Alex exclaimed thumping his steering wheel, accidentally sounding the horn. Christ, that was the last thing he needed, bringing attention to himself. Taking a deep breath, Alex reached for a hip flask he always carried. He took a nip of bourbon to clear his head. With a slightly less fuzzy brain, and fuelled by the terror of being caught, Alex decided to head south to Mexico. Bismarck had the nearest airport.

He felt as though his head was spinning, his thoughts in turmoil. Damn! He thought, realising his passport was at home. He could phone his wife and get her to bring it to him. But that would take up precious time, and every minute counted. Was he too paranoid? The chances were that the investigation was just under way. It could take days, or weeks before they caught up with him. But Alex could not rely on that. Supposing another security guard saw him drive away. If he was observant and quick enough, he could have taken down the plate number. In which case the cops could be on his trail right now. He needed to dump the car.

He rang Julie again. 'Look, I'm sorry to trouble you, but I need you to bring me my passport.'

'Passport! Where are you going?'

'Meet me at Bismarck airport.'

'Alex, what the hell is all this about?'

'I can't tell you. Not yet anyway.'

'Then I can't come out to meet you at 3 in the morning.'

'All I can say is that I discovered some mind control stuff our people are doing. Now the police are after me, and I have to get away.'

Having arrived at the airport Alex parked in the long-term car park and walked over to the terminal. The night was as dark as his mood. His glowing watch hands showed the time to be 3:32. As he approached the terminal, some of the lights came on, illuminating the near-empty building and the

empty taxi rank. As more of the interior lights sprung to life, Alex could see cleaners and security staff moving around inside. It was a good sign because he would soon be out of the biting cold. But first, he had to wait for Julie to show up.

Then Alex saw a car pull in to the drop off zone. The driver, a woman, got out.'

It was Julie, he realised, relieved. As she approached him, he reached out to embrace her.

She backed off. 'Tell me what you have done, Alex.'

He fixed her with his gaze. 'It's terrible. I accidentally killed a man.'

She stared at him wide-eyed. 'You killed someone?'

'It was a terrible accident. I was struggling with a security guard, and his gun went off. There was nothing I could do.'

Julie knew her husband did some kind of work for the CIA, but it was mostly laboratory stuff. This was crazy. She could not comprehend what he was saying. 'You were struggling with a gunman?'

Alex looked his wife in the eye. 'Give me my passport. I have to go and catch a plane.'

'To where?'

'The less you know, the better. for your own sake.'

She handed him his documents, as though in a daze.

As Alex turned to go, Julie grabbed his arm. 'You must tell me what happened. Alex. I have a right to know.'

He stared at her. 'Contact Henry.'

'Is that all you have to say?'

'Julie, there were no witnesses. The police will charge me with murder.' he took a deep breath. 'I'll contact you once I'm safe.'

Julie stood watching her husband's back disappearing into the night.

## Chapter 3

*'Books are mirrors: you only see in them what you already have inside you.'*

### **Carlos Ruiz Zafón, *The Shadow of the Wind***

Lara Balabanov had spent most of the day at Beautiful Books, in Brixton Station Road, signing copies of her new work *The Enemy Within*. She could see Gerald the proprietor looking furtively at his antique gold fob watch. Lara thanked the remaining customer and signed her book. Gerald turned the open sign as the customer left.

*The Enemy Within* looked to be her most successful book to date. Written from the perspective of her partially remembered experiences as an abductee, her book offered readers an insight to the scary, secret world of MILABs and mind control, as well as her encounters with alien-human hybrids. The subject of abductees was not new, but her take on this theme was controversial and challenged the beliefs of many prominent Ufologists. Her publisher had warned her to tread carefully because the UFO community formed a significant part of her readership.

Although she was usually nervous and hesitant about making her point verbally, Lara was confident and forthright in her writing. With her passion overcoming her reticence, she had written:

'It's MILAB that's getting people to believe in these so-called alien abductions. The truth is that abductions and mind control as we know of them are part of the Negative Alien Agenda which is a co-production between the CIA and other less well known US government agencies, and a disaffected group of Zeta Reticuli ETs from a dying race. There are also a few survivors of the Orion wars and their human hybrids, with advanced technology and a dark agenda including the use of our DNA in a last-ditch attempt to save themselves. True advanced ETs are highly evolved and have nothing to do with abductions or mind control at all. We humans have been cheated out of our heritage.'

Gerald Frost, her publisher, admired Lara's sense of integrity but reminded her that books sitting on shelves do not get her message out there.

During a long telephone call expressing his concern, he said 'Maybe, for the e Book version, you can just tone down your statements about the all those aliens and their mind control, or you'll upset Ufologists with your MILABs connection.'

However, Lara did not write her books to stroke egos and please her readers. She did so to inform and alert them. So she had stuck to her guns, and the book launch was a huge success. Much more so than Gerald had ever imagined. She breathed a huge sigh of relief now that her controversial book was published and on sale. The research had been gruelling and exhausting. Investigating MILABs was like entering a dragon's lair. She was consistently met with suspicion, barriers and disinformation. Her search for the evidence to back her theory was a task of labyrinthine proportions. But she considered the effort worth it. Her research revealed the extent of the vast conspiracy involving various co-existing factions of the Negative Alien Agenda. These included: Super-soldiers, MK Ultra, MILABs and other forms of mind control, shadow world government, the occult and predatory multidimensional dark entities of all kinds. They were are part of the full-scale infiltration and manipulation of human consciousness for nefarious purposes.

Lara did not merely reconstruct and plunder other people's stories. She wrote from her own experience as an abductee. Reader responses to her first book, *Who's Eating You*, revealed that many people had similar experiences. In her research, Lara came across an intriguing reference in the Book of Enoch. While sleeping, Enoch saw two men at the foot of his bed. They addressed him by name. They spoke in his tongue, saying, 'Do not be afraid, Enoch. We are here to take you to Heaven, where you will be brought before the Elders – the Galactic masters.'

This excited Lara because the experience described by Enoch was identical, even archetypal, of the events she and many other abductees had recorded. Over the years, as the memories very gradually came back to her, Lara remembered a group of blond humanoids with enormous eyes who controlled smaller grey beings. She learned about the Elders the ultimate overseers who were reptilian-like Draconian beings. Also known as the Watchers these beings were involved in the manipulation of all life on Earth for millennia. Despite their cunning self-chosen seemingly harmless role as Watchers of humanity, very few people knew they even existed.

In Lara's new book *The Enemy Within*, she wrote that human survival was under threat while people went around oblivious to their puppet masters. Lara believed that she needed to convey to her readers the urgent need to gain clarity about their dire situation and its ancient roots.

Lara wrote that without clarity we are all swallowed up by the Dark Age, the Kali Yuga of the Hindu religion. Ignorance holds humans in its vice-like grip, while the negative alien agenda in all of its manifestations drains the unique spiritual life force that defines human beings. The inexorable march of civilisation as we know it, into the jaws of AI, and the loss of the essence of humanity is

just the latest and most final incarnation of a process that reaches back into the dawn of human history.

It sounded like something from a Hollywood horror movie. But this was real – not some trashy movie creation. This mind manipulation had been going on for thousands of years. The more lethargic humans become, the more their defences were down, making them even more subject to the vampiric negative alien influences.

Lara reckoned humans needed anti-virus programmes and firewalls, like computers, to stop alien entities from entering their biological systems. Humanity was in big trouble but was not aware of its impending peril. As she explained in her book, most people went about their lives totally oblivious to the stalking death that threatened to wipe humanity from the face of the Earth. They were more concerned about their petty, unimportant minor issues, which they magnified to fill the whole screen of their reality.

It was apparent to Lara that the first step to solving a problem was to acknowledge it. It took a lot of courage but once people really saw what was going on in the world, they could no longer deny it and would feel compelled to do something about it. Lara was also aware that the harmful alien energy parasites that had infected Earth for many millennia would not be cheated out of their energy food. The more enlightened people who became aware of the Watchers and their sinister cosmic plan to harvest human energy and DNA the more the alien parasites tracked them through their thought patterns and energy signatures. This made people like Lara prime targets for life force syphoning.

Lara knew sticking her head above the parapet made her a target for entities precisely engineered to match her weaknesses and personal psychology. This was how things worked in the negative energy worlds. Lara was well aware that this essence draining was the root cause of much of the mental illness and the many forms of violence in the world today. But now that she was clear about the Watcher's game she had no choice but to forge ahead fully aware that she could be under psychic attack at any time.

The best Lara could do to protect herself was to learn how to shed the multiple levels of harmful energetic parasites that threatened her body and mind. This required specialised training, which she sought from Arturo Bruno. Lara had previously observed his methods at one of his short energy clearing workshops during her research for her first book. Later she joined in with two hundred other attendees at the bright and airy Hub, a unique and inspiring co-working space in the heart of Brixton. However, even this more practical experience left her with more questions than answers. So, feeling she needed a more personal and in-depth experience Lara decided, despite Arturo's brusque and sometimes unpleasant manner, to seek personal instruction from him.

This time Lara contacted him through his website, exchanged emails and eventually met with him for coffee. She soon discovered his surly side and that he was only interested in one thing – himself. But she could feel his powerful aura, and she became fascinated by him. Mainly because he was very comfortable with himself. What you saw is what you got. He made no excuses for his behaviour and brought all topics around to what he was doing. Which, according to Arturo, was saving mankind. Although, in his view, humanity was too stupid to see it.

Arturo, mostly self-taught, was hugely popular amongst a wide range of people wanting to learn to protect and clear themselves from negative entities and energies. Those who were looking for a leader saw him as the Guru of self-awareness. He had a great deal of knowledge and practical expertise in his field, but he was not an easy man to get on with. He did not suffer fools, had few social graces and many people regarded him as quite rude and unpleasant. Others ignored his arrogance and were only there to learn from his skills as tools for their own self-protection. When it came to putting up energy shields and dealing with dark entities, Arturo was an unchallenged expert who knew his stuff.

Lara asked him specifically how to combat the energy draining entities that latched onto people, like the way barnacles stuck to the hulls of ships.

Arturo's expression remained neutral throughout their conversation as he explained, 'You have to know your enemy. So you need to learn about energetic parasites and how they siphon off your life force.'

Lara almost said something about grandmothers sucking eggs, but she held herself in check. Instead, she found herself saying, 'Will you teach me one to one?'

He stared at her, his face remaining impassive. 'I don't teach individuals.'

She sipped her coffee and persisted, 'Maybe you can make an exception. I will do anything you say.'

Arturo stared at her coldly. 'So you want to be my disciple?'

'If that's what you want to call it.'

'You have to be deadly serious, else you'll be stirring up a hornet's nest with no protection.'

'Are you saying you're willing to take me on?' Lara persisted.

'You'll find me a hard taskmaster.'

She smiled. 'I accept that.'

He weighed her up poker-faced. 'You have no idea what you will be accepting. You will have to do everything I ask without question. Can you do that?'

Lara was entirely out of her comfort zone. Although she prided herself on being a risk taker to achieve her goals, by agreeing to this stranger's demands she was leaping into the unknown. Plus, Lara had no real idea who Arturo Bruno was. He could be a serial killer for all she knew. But he was the only person who could help her. Taking a deep breath, she said, 'Okay, I agree.'

Arturo pushed a small card over to her. 'Phone this number at 9:01 tomorrow morning.' With that, he got up and left.

Lara felt distinctly uncomfortable but her instinct told her following through with her scary decision was the correct thing to do. But what if her small inner voice was not right?

Arturo Bruno never showed his personal feelings. To do so would weaken the tough exterior he needed for his survival. Arturo was well aware that the spiritual cleansing work had him marked as a target by human and off-world beings and agencies. So he had to keep his eye on the ball at all times. This was the reason the healer trained himself to respond with the coldness of a machine. He could not afford to let down his guard by being emotional and fearful. Parasitic negative entities were always looking for a way in so he had to be super alert at all times. Now a woman had encroached upon his private space and that concerned him. She didn't seem to be severely energetically compromised, but Arturo could never be too sure.

Would she be willing to undertake the all the tough work required to clear herself and become open to the wisdom of the earth and then take the necessary steps to ensure her survival? Only time would tell. Arturo had learned, over the years to value his spiritual embodiment and his energetic sovereignty so as not be a drained by parasitic vampires of all kinds. Only in this way could the energetic healer be a responsible co-creator in the new epoch facing the human race.

## Chapter 4

*'Never laugh at live dragons.'*

### **J.R.R. Tolkien**

Aldous Foster was in many respects his own worse enemy. When he was high he went on impulsive spending sprees buying non-essential items instead of food and other household products. He also had one night stands that usually ended badly and business investments that turned out to be disasters. On top of these bad choices, he did not fit into human society like most other *normal* people. He seldom drank alcohol, could not abide smoking and had no interest in sport, religion or politics. Aldous was gawky and tended to be awkward at times. If it were not for his best (only real friend) Kimmie, he would have crashed and burned long before. When he fell into a black hole of his making she helped pick him up, dust him off and once more shape him into a functioning human being.

He felt irritable and agitated as he always did when confronted by authority figures. His eyes darted around Dr Jarvis' office. Aldous had felt euphoric for the past few days. He could take on whatever the cruel world threw at him. Nothing could assail him. But he sensed the signs of change. His manic optimism would become overshadowed by a sense of doom and doubt. His clear mental picture would break up and fragment like the images of a faulty DVD leaving him like an unmoored boat adrift on a seething sea.

Aldous, agitated, sat on the couch, detached and looking into space.

'I'm going to prescribe an increase in your medication. That should help you calm down.'

Aldous felt jumpy and found himself responding rapidly to the psychiatrist's question. 'But the lithium is making things worse.'

Ignoring that comment, the psychiatrist said, 'You mentioned a dream. Tell me about it.'

'It doesn't make any sense.'

'What happens in the dream?'

He answered reluctantly, 'There are many souls. They're in a dark place.'

'What do you mean, Aldous?'

'They are terrified.'

'What makes them terrified?'

'They can't breathe. But it's not air. it's a kind of dark force.'

'What is this dark force doing?'

'It is stealing the soul force. They try to escape through a galactic portal.'

Dr Jarvis nodded, 'I see.' He wrote something on his notepad. 'Where is this dark place?'

'Here, on Earth. The lower realms.'

'You are doing very well, Aldous. We are making real progress today.' Just one more thing. What does the dark force do when the souls leave through the portal?'

Aldous shrugged, 'Nothing. It resides in the lower levels of the astral plane and is stuck there. He added, 'The souls that make it leave in groups. There is a constant flow leaving the Earth plane. Recently it has speeded up.'

Dr Jarvis smiled and got up. 'Keep taking the mood stabilisers, and I will see you in one month.'

At age 21 Aldous had been diagnosed with bipolar disorder, a chronic mental health condition with profound changes in mood and energy levels. His charismatic portrayal when in a manic phase, together with his brooding, bad-boy looks attracted women who were oblivious to his radical mood swings. He lived in his own world most of the time. When he did emerge into the big world, the one outside his mind it terrified him and he soon had to retreat back into his shell, where he felt safer and more secure. The mood stabilisers helped to a degree, but they tended to shut Aldous out of his world. They constrained his vivid dreams. They stopped him being what he considered reasonable.

He looked at Dr Jarvis. 'So, what do you make of my dream, doctor?'

Having never been a fan of Jung dream therapy, the psychiatrist said, 'I don't interpret dreams.'

'Then why ask me about it in such detail?'

'It's a mechanism to help you escape your dark place.'

To Aldous, it was much more than that.

As he walked out into the street he received a text from Kimmie.

*How are you, Aldous?*

*Just been to see my shrink.*

*That must have been fun.*

*He gets me to tell him about my dream but doesn't help me understand it, the bastard.*

*What r u doing now?*

*Nothing much. Y?*

*How about catching up for a drink?*

*Sure. Y not? There's an idea I want to run by u.*

*Cool.*

*See you at the Circus Tavern in twenty minutes.*

OK.

The Circus Tavern boasted the smallest bar and the biggest welcome in the world. It was quite something for the publican to live up to. But Aldous and Kimmie always felt a warm welcome there. The service was superb, free sandwiches were offered and the beer was reasonably priced as a tourist attraction. Not that Aldous drank alcohol as it messed with his medication. As he sat with Kimmie drinking fruit juice, next to a wall dedicated to George Best mementoes, Aldous saw them. The dark grey formless forms looming over some of the customers. Why did they pick on some people and not others?

Seeing his vacant look, Kim said, 'You can still see them, can't you?'

Aldous nodded.

Observing a man looking in their direction, Kimmie warned, 'Be careful one of those blokes is giving you the evil eye.'

It was too late. The angry man fronted up to Aldous. 'Do you want a fuckin' photograph, lad?' He said menacingly.

Kim said, 'Sorry about that. He didn't mean any harm.'

The aggressive man backed off a little. 'All right I'll let it go this time. But keep him under control, or I won't be so nice.'

With the angry man gone, Kim touched Aldous' sleeve. 'Don't go staring at him again. I may not be able to rescue you next time.'

'What was all that about?' Aldous said, puzzled.

Needing to get his mind off the incident Kim smiled at Aldous, 'Never mind about that. What's this thing you wanted to run by me?'

'It's probably nonsense.'

'Try me.'

He asked her. 'You know about the alignment that's happening between this planet, the Sun and the Milky Way?'

'We discussed it, yes.' she replied.

'What if it is focused on a specific demarcation point on one of the time lines that separate different worlds?'

Kimmie looked straight at Aldous. She remained silent for a few seconds, then replied, 'It could be, I suppose.' But she was not at all sure what he was on about.

Aldous became animated. 'What if this division set off another stage of mass soul transition on the cusp from Ophiuchus to Sagittarius.'

Kimmie continued to look blank, "Are you talking about the souls in your dreams?'

'Of course. What else would I be talking about?' Aldous responded brusquely.

Still looking puzzled she continued, 'Well, you said you never knew where they went once they got through the portal.

He continued on his track. 'Maybe this is where the souls go?'

She countered, 'Yeah, but it's just a dream - right?'

Aldous replied tersely, 'To me dreams are just another form of reality.' He frowned, 'So why am I experiencing these other forms of reality at this time?'

Kim shrugged. 'Maybe for the same reason you keep seeing these ghosts and those strange numbers.'

He responded emphatically, 'Not ghosts. Some sort of alien energy forms.'

'Whatever, Aldous,' Kim said, agitated. 'The point is both these things are happening to you.'

'So what makes me so special, Kimmie?'

She shrugged again. 'I don't know, Aldous. Maybe we'll find out.'

## Chapter 5

*'Courage is not simply one of the virtues , but the form of every virtue at the testing point.'*

**C. S. Lewis**

### **1984 North Dakota**

Henry added a twelfth copy to the pile. His printer's black ink had run out so he hoped twelve copies would be enough. Finding places to hide the evidence was no problem but once Henry did that he was implicated in the crime, maybe even as an accessory to murder. But if he did not conceal the papers and the CIA got their hands on his friend ... He shuddered at the thought, then he looked at the original documents in the briefcase. They were damning and dangerous. Henry was over his head and did not know which way to turn. He needed help. But who could he trust?

Going through his phone contacts, he came across DON. Don was not a person it was a military department. He had not been in touch for years and hoped the senior naval officer had not changed his number. The now-retired Admiral, whom Henry had met through work with the Department of Navy, had told the psychiatrist to contact him if any advice was needed. Henry, puzzled, had asked the senior naval officer what he had meant.

The Admiral had responded, 'The time may come when you question what you're doing. Should you become disenchanted with what you are told to do, you may need an influential source in your corner. If you do require assistance in this, then contact me, and I'll steer you through rough waters.' Henry looked at the number in his notebook. If ever he needed guidance from a wise head now was the time. He dialled the number, then he heard Admiral Wallace Cowper's voice.

'Hello. Who's speaking?'

'My name is Henry Small. We met at the North Dakota facility a couple of years back.'

'What facility?'

'We were carrying out psychological manipulation experiments. We got talking, and you said to ring you if things got difficult for me.'

The Navy officer, caught on the back foot, demanded, 'Just who the hell are you and why are you calling me?'

'I'm a psychiatrist working for the US government. I have something that belongs to the facility.'

'What do you have?'

'I can't say any more over the phone. Can we meet and I'll show you what I have.'

'Where do you live?'

'Bismarck. We could meet on Boat-ramp road, down by the Missouri River.'

### **Bismarck airport 1984**

There was a Western Airlines flight to Mexico at 7:10 am. With no luggage and no queues at that time of the day, Alex Devenport was soon processed and sitting in the departure lounge.

He flew to Mexico City passing through immigration with no problems. There was no hand on the shoulder as he passed through customs. Alex figured this meant as yet there was no alert out for him. As an American citizen, he did not need a visa to enter Mexico. Even so, he was thoroughly relieved when he got into the taxi cab outside the airport. Alex, way out of his league, tried to work out a plan to keep him safe. But it only developed as far as lying low until the heat blew over.

Over the next two months Alex spent most of his time consuming US news reports, but there was no mention of the guard's death. The agency had obviously gagged the media. Alex figured that Henry was well placed to know what was going on. So he decided to ring him from a public phone.

But events beyond his control suddenly took over when nature played its hand. It was 7:18 in the morning when he approached the phone booth. All of a sudden there was an eerie silence. Then an odd grumbling noise grew in tempo. The rumbling sound rose from the bowels of the earth and soon became deafening. It was scary and surreal. All movement appeared to take place in slow motion. The ground was shaking, and huge cracks appeared in surrounding buildings as the massive earthquake hit the city, devastating it in a matter of just three minutes.

Alex ran blindly, desperate for shelter, but all he could find was an underground car park. The shaking became worse, weakening the unstable ground upon which the city was built. The quake quickly swallowed several old hotels, including the Regis, where Alex was staying. At the time Alex was unaware of the extent of the devastation which included the collapse of a college building, trapping hundreds of students who were attending early morning classes. Many factories, built with shoddy materials collapsed, causing leaking gas mains, fires and explosions throughout Mexico City.

Those three minutes were the longest in Alex's life. Already the streets were filled with the wailing sirens of emergency vehicles. As he emerged shakily from the protection of the car park, he saw the pile of rubble that had obliterated the phone booths entirely. For a short while, Alex's personal problems paled in comparison.

It did not matter to the Watchers whether or not humans believed in creationism or evolution. Humanity's inception was the ultimate perennial question. If anybody cared enough and dug deep enough they, like the Watchers, would know humans were not native to Earth but that humans were the product of an ancient alien progenitor race that determined their fate for them.

Ever since Harisun was a child he had looked to Baruch for guidance. He had not seen his teacher for many years and got quite a surprise when he turned up out of the blue. Like most of his kind on Earth, he remained isolated, subtly manipulating and observing human behaviour from a distance. The reunion took place in Miami, Florida where Harisun worked as a cab driver. He did not recognise his passenger at first. As they pulled up outside the Coral Castle Harisun said with a start, 'Baruch, is that really you?'

'Yes, Harisun. We have to talk.'

Having parked his cab, Harisun followed his mentor into the modern megalith. 'Why here?' the taxi driver asked.

Baruch grinned, 'I've always wanted to come here.' He added, 'Being here with you serves two purposes.'

'Oh! What are they?'

Baruch smiled, 'Let us explore this wondrous creation first.'

As they walked around the enigmatic construction, which they shared with a handful of other visitors, Harisun learned a great deal about Edward Leedskalin's Coral Castle. The monument was dedicated to heartbreak and lost love. As they walked around, Harisun noticed the decorative sundial, Polaris telescope and an ancient Egyptian style obelisk. He turned to Baruch. 'This is an extraordinary place.'

Baruch responded, 'He built it all by himself, you know. And only at night.'

'How is that possible? How could he have built it under cover of night with no modern construction conveniences at hand?'

Baruch looked Harisun in the eye. 'Edward was a self-taught engineer and sculptor. He defied the known laws of physics. When people questioned him about his extraordinary feat, all he would say on the subject was he knew the secrets of the pyramids.'

As the pair meandered past an array of odd objects, including a fountain, a map of the stars and a heart-shaped table, Baruch explained, 'We need you to get close to some of our subjects.'

'But we have never exposed our mission to them. So why now, Baruch?'

'We are fast approaching what some of our earthling subjects call the end times. The experiment has not gone as well as expected. Our social engineering strategy has misfired. Our human subjects have become extremely apathetic and disconnected from their roots.'

'But, surely, that makes them easier to control.'

'It also makes them docile and uncaring.'

Harisun turned to Baruch. 'So the experiment has failed?'

'To a degree, Harisun, but there may be some among our earth specimens who are still useful.'

Baruch passed Harisun a flash drive. 'It's all here. Study it and report back to me.'

Harisun showed puzzlement. 'What are the two purposes you spoke of?'

'You are astute. That is good. The first reason is curiosity. We want to see what human emotion is capable of creating and destroying.'

'By we, I take it to mean the other Watchers, Baruch.'

'It means more than that, Harisun. There are those who oversee and manipulate us. This is their experiment.'

A look of horror clouded Harisun's good mood. 'What do you mean?'

Realising his mistake, Baruch stilled his pupil's curiosity. 'I have said more than enough at this time. Such understandings are the burden of the Inner Chamber, not for the likes of you.'

'But ...'

'Just focus on your mission here.'

'But we have never been interested in our subjects' feelings.'

'We believe we are missing something. Something not built into human programming that could, when the time comes, become a threat to the harvesting.'

Harisun felt lonely most of the time. He could never share what he knew even with his selected Earth contacts. He could never be friends with them, and he always had to keep them at a distance for all the long lonely years he spent in the world of humans. The handful of people he did know and deal with knew of him as Harrison Eyett. His surname came from his surrogate parents, his caretakers until he was ready to join the other Watcher recruits.

Now, a fully fledged Watcher, Harisun knew about much of the goings-on in the humans' world. But he knew very little of how emotions motivated the Earthlings. Although there was overwhelming

evidence to show that emotions drove them to achieve extraordinary things against great odds. The Coral Castle was a case in point. Love was so strong in Edward Leedskalın's heart that it gave him the motivation to build his magical castle. Yet, the same emotion slightly tweaked could destroy entire cities and their inhabitants. Emotion, Harisun, learned, was a very tricky thing indeed. Too hot, it flared up and left devastation in its wake. Too cold, a surgeon's scalpel turned into a psychopath's blade, inflicting harm with cold, clinical satisfaction. Most humans Harisun had observed slotted somewhere in the middle – neither too hot or cold – but lacking passion and joy in their mundane everyday lives.

Of course, humans would be so much easier to manipulate if they were not emotionally driven beings. That was Harisun's take on human affairs. But the subjects were driven emotionally, and that made their behaviour unpredictable. However, if they were like human robots observing them would be tedious beyond measure. Harisun knew his ancestors had had to monitor such human traits since the lift-off'. It was a term Baruch used to describe the Creator Gods of ancient Sumer returning home after handing over control of the planet to the priest kings, who were dedicated to continuing the Anunnaki legacy on Earth. But the Watchers could no longer abide human subjects with uncontrolled emotions. So it had fallen to Harisun to decide which, if any of the Earth's subjects, could be salvaged.

When Harisun was ten years old, his surrogate guardians told him about the death of his biological parents. It had happened when he was a baby, so he had little recollection of their role in his life. When he reached thirteen Baruch came into his life and became his mentor. Well, not just his. There were another fourteen students in his class.

On one occasion Baruch had explained the history of Watchers on Earth. From this, Harisun had a framework which he used as a point of reference to see where he fitted into the scheme of things. Legend had it that 200 fallen angels descended on Mt Hermon, where they swore an oath that bound them by a mutual curse upon Earth. They did so with full awareness of the consequences of their actions. This pact is commemorated in the name of the place of their fall. In Hebrew transliteration of the word Hermon is 'curse.

The Watches then descended to the lowlands, where they mixed and mingled with humanity, hoping to sample the delights of mortal women. Whether or not this was true Harisun was not sure. But he did know that the human subjects had been played, like unwitting participants under the hypnotist's spell. The human specimen's true origins had been deliberately erased from their memories, to be supplanted by Biblical myths and later, misinterpreted evolution.

Harisun remembered a special day when Baruch and he walked around a beautiful lake shaded in part by big leafy trees. Harisun was 15 at the time, not that it meant much in Watcher terms as they had a longevity gene that humans did not have. Harisun had asked, 'Why did we start observing Earth people in Sumer?'

His mentor replied, 'Sumer literally translates to *Land of the Watchers*.' He added 'After our ancestors left the Earth for Nibiru, Watchers were needed to keep humans on track — our track.'

'So that's why we keep observing the humans?'

Baruch answered, 'Yes. It's our job.' he said simply, wanting to leave it at that.

Harisun nodded, then said, 'Who employs us to do this job?'

Baruch sighed. Harisun was like a dog with a bone. He explained, 'Our main purpose is to observe but not interfere with human progress except remotely. It's better that we don't engage with our human subjects. We tried that once, and it ended badly.'

Harisun nodded in affirmation. He knew Baruch referred to the time their ancestors showed up on earth and caused havoc by mating with the hybrid Earthlings, the result of which caused all sorts of problems with the experiment.

'The big lesson we learned from that, ' Baruch explained, 'Was that it is much easier to make humans act in a particular way remotely, through subtle programming methods.'

## Chapter 6

*'For what it's worth: it's never too late or, in my case, too early to be whoever you want to be.'*

### **Eric Roth, The Curious Case of Benjamin Button Screenplay**

Lara had been waiting for the second hand on her watch to complete its cycle. It finally reached 9:01am. She took a deep breath and phoned the number Arturo had given her. Waiting with apprehension for a response she wondered if she was making a dangerous mistake, one that could cost her dearly. She was about to hang up when she heard his voice with its slight Brazilian lilt. 'Give me your phone details. I'll text you the location and further instructions.'

It felt like an age before Arturo's message finally showed up on her phone screen. It just read:

*49 Middle Drove Glastonbury. Go through the gate. Take left fork before the house. Go into the one-room cabin and wait for further instructions. (Do not venture outside.)*

Lara reread the directions. He wasn't even going to meet her. But what did she expect? She knew from the coffee they had together he was not the romantic kind but to treat his guest in such an offhand fashion offended her deeply. But when she thought about it she was not exactly a guest and expecting to be pampered was part of her old programming. Perhaps this was the first lesson. However, even this realisation did not allay the tension building in her churning belly.

There was still time for Lara to change her mind about going there. But she had always faced her fears. It gave her a sense of being in control. For all, she knew Arturo Bruno could be a madman or at the very least a disturbing eccentric. He came over as aggressive, but she figured his bark was probably worse than his bite. Maybe his aggressiveness came from his feelings of insecurity?

Lara attempted to ignore her negative thoughts as she drove through the picturesque Wye Valley. She had known other control freaks, and Arturo seemed no better or worse than any of them. Besides, it was her idea to invite herself to his place for personal instruction. He had shown no interest in her at all.

The author followed the satnav's directions and found herself at 49 Middle Drove. She stopped at the gate and hesitated as she looked ahead at the long tree-lined driveway to the classical Georgian house in the distance. Wondering what she was getting herself in for, Lara drove slowly along the gravel lane. *Pull yourself together Lara Balabanov he's not as scary as all that*, she told herself, as she saw the turning to the left. As Lara drove slowly looking for the small dwelling, she reasoned that just because Arturo suffered no fools and because he dared, to be honest, it did not make him an unsavoury person. Besides, he had what she needed. Then she saw it. A compact timber building, surrounded by woodland.

Arturo, the fifth sibling in the Bruno family, spent his early life in the slums of Rio, in a tenth-floor concrete box in a tower block overlooking a massive garbage dump. Arturo's father, Luis, worked as a janitor. It was difficult for the family to live on his meagre wages. Life was hard for the whole family, and each of them was expected to pull their weight. So, from an early age, the kids spent

their time rummaging through the dump to find anything that could be fixed and resold. Apart from the other starving children who were also looking through rubbish to survive, Arturo had to compete with the flocks of black vultures continually pecking through the garbage, looking for carrion in the mountainous Gramacho dump. Many a time he covered his nose and mouth as wind-whipped dust devils whirled over 20 feet into the foetid air, leaving a blizzard of plastic bag shreds and rotting food, which covered the foragers on the stinking garbage pile.

Like thousands of other catadors (rubbish sifters) who lived in the shadow of the dump, Arturo's family survived by recycling consumer cast-offs such as fragments of plastic tubing, rubber erasers, electricity sockets, kitchen tiles, liquor bottles, Christmas tree baubles and discarded soft toys and dolls. Arturo, a sensitive child, also had to deal with acrid smoke from many fires - scorching heaps added to every day by illegal dumpers.

One day, something happened that turned Arturo's life around. While sifting through the mountain of refuse, he found an envelope containing 49,000 reals (approximately \$15,000) US in 50 real notes. At first, Arturo thought the small fortune must be fake. He could not believe that so much money could be real. The young boy pocketed his find and carried on scrounging as though nothing had happened. He decided not to share this windfall with his family as he realised this was his big and maybe only chance to break out of his seemingly hopeless situation.

He used this nest egg wisely to accumulate more wealth, and within ten years he had escaped the slum life and worked his way to Portugal. There he used his recycling skills to improve his financial and social circumstances. The timing was perfect for him as his arrival coincided with a significant upsurge of interest in the recycling of all kinds of discarded objects. He capitalised on this emerging market, and his ability to make money out of rubbish and his determination to succeed soon attracted investors.

By the time he was thirty, he had created a successful business in Lisbon which he had sold at the perfect moment right before the global financial crisis in 2008. With his substantial proceeds, he moved on to the UK where he learned English. Because of the drop in house prices, he also found himself in a position to snap up the run down but structurally sound Wyford Manor in the West Country.

Arturo partially renovated the house and estate, but once the initial excitement of being a property owner wore off, he felt that something still lacked in his life. He could afford beautiful things, but he wasn't happy. Arturo tried filling his emotional chasm with relationships, but that did not work as he was hopeless at intimacy and could not commit himself to one partner. In the end he found it much simpler to live a reclusive lifestyle.

Over time he began to be drawn to reading self-help books, and one, in particular, caught his attention, *Energy is all there is* by Monty DeVere a famous energy healer and teacher. As Arturo read it, the content resonated deeply, and he realised to understand the world he needed to fully understand the role of energies of all kinds. It was not enough to be successful in the business world but to have an enhanced life he needed to become energetically aware and balanced in himself. Or he would be at the mercy of opportunistic entities and negative influences he had never dreamt existed.

His life took a sharp turn when he frequented the annual Glastonbury Festival, five entertainment filled days of contemporary performing arts. Much to his surprise Monty De Vere was holding an energetics workshop there. Arturo did a double take. He was cognisant of the new age concepts about synchronicity and manifestation in De Vere's book but he had never met the author. *Maybe this was meant to happen*, Arturo mused. This was his first experience of the alternative culture, and he was blown away by it. Monty's words struck a chord with him, and Arturo was determined to find out more.

Ordinarily reticent, Arturo rushed up to Monty after his lecture.' Elbowing aside the peaceful queue of admirers waiting for a signed copy of the book, Arturo exploded, 'I've read your book. It blew me away, I've got to talk to you, man. I need to learn what you know. Things are going on with me that I don't understand and I need you to help me.'

This was a seemingly out of character statement for the usually arrogant Arturo. But he was feeling insecure about his life and where he was headed. He had made his fortune, but his life was going nowhere. He felt blocked at every turn but had no idea as to why. He could not think his way out of his dilemma while being propelled by unseen influences that drained his energy at every level leaving him lethargic and uninspired. Every new idea he had seemed to ebb away before he could make use of it.

Monty was taken aback. He was used to dealing with his mild-mannered New Age followers in his workshops, not pushy, aggressive people. But, despite the man's arrogance and sense of self-importance, there was something genuine about Arturo that moved him. He searched Arturo's eyes. 'It's OK. I hear you. Here's my card. Give me a call.'

Arturo Bruno did just that. Their first meeting led to a productive partnership. Arturo paid Monty to be his mentor for one year, and he proved to be a very astute student, learning a great deal from his teacher. After twelve months Arturo struck out on his own but Monty and he remained good friends. But Arturo went his own way, determined to follow his own path. Soon, he too was teaching students how to detect and release negative energy and entities.

Arturo became obsessed with the human condition, which was how things were, not necessarily how they should be. He noted that all natural life forms on Earth represented themselves as what they were and did not masquerade as something they were not. Except for humans, who hid behind personality masks of various kinds and very seldom showed their true selves. Arturo noted that a bird in its natural state did not act like a dog. A tree did not mimic a frog. This is so because every natural life form responds to its natural blueprint. That is except humanity.

Maybe the reason was due to parasitic energy interference causing the human being to become a distorted version of itself. Perhaps as a result of its lack of connection with the rest of nature humanity is now oblivious to its impending doom. This lack of survival awareness increasingly played on Arturo's mind. So much so it led to Arturo's self-ordained mission in life which was to shock people into realising humanity's extinction threat.

Looking back on his life and its harsh beginnings, being a tip kid had toughened him up to face the world and his life's purpose. His early childhood struggle for survival left him with an arrogant, overbearing attitude and apparent lack of compassion, which never won him many friends. But that did not matter much to him. He had a job to do, and if his manner upset the tender sensibilities of others, it was not his problem.

## **Chapter 7**

*'A little learning is a dangerous thing but a lot of ignorance is just as bad.'*

### **Bob Edwards**

As a child, Henry Small was entranced by the pioneering stories of America's colourful history. In particular how settlements developed along the famous Missouri River. He stood looking at the triple-arched suspension bridge that stretched across to Mandan. It brought to mind the Lewis and Clark Expedition that crossed the Missouri River to explore the West Coast of America. Henry

looked to the sky. The sun was settling down for the night, leaving the water blood red, making Henry shiver with its eerie likeness to the description of a biblical plague.

The sound of approaching feet snapped Henry from his reverie. He looked up to see the Admiral approaching. Henry was not sure he had done the right thing getting the Naval officer involved, but he had no one else to turn to. He had never been involved in anything so openly covert and was not sure how to play it.

The Admiral, who had an uncanny resemblance to Morgan Freeman, the Hollywood actor, broke the ice with, 'So why am I here?'

'Admiral, my colleague and I work as government psychiatrists in project MK Ultra. It's an experimental mind control ...'

'Dr Small I am conversant with that project. So what is this about?'

'My colleague discovered secret CIA files containing records of evidence showing that the American government uses criminals, mental patients and even children for its mind manipulation experiments.'

The Admiral frowned. 'But you've already said you were both engaged in this work, so I don't see ...'

Henry persisted, 'This goes way beyond the tests we carry out on CIA agents. This secret op is nightmarish. Citizens are abducted and subjected to the most horrific tests.'

Admiral Cowper shook his head in puzzlement. 'So why contact me about it?'

Henry feared this meeting was not going well. 'I saw you a few years back at Groom Lake. We got talking, and you said to contact you if I had any problems.'

The old Navy man buttoned his coat to the neck to keep out the evening chill. 'I don't remember the occasion. But I'm interested in this evidence you're talking about, Mr Small. So how about showing me what you have?'

Henry hesitated then said, 'Before I do that I need to ask some questions.'

'Go ahead.'

'Well, my friend dropped this evidence on me and disappeared. So where do I stand legally if I show it to you?'

'That all depends on what you've got.'

'Yeah, but I can't show you anything until I know where I stand legally.'

As though trying to stimulate his brain the retired Admiral ran his fingers through his wiry, grey hair. 'Looks like we have a stand-off here. So this friend of yours drops these files on you. Have you done anything with them?'

Henry, feeling the cold, said, 'Can we walk along the river to get the blood circulating more?'

As they strolled along the bank of the Missouri River, the reddish water gave way to a cold grey. Henry admitted, 'I made some copies and hid them in different places.'

The Admiral looked at him searchingly, 'That was a dumb thing to do because now you are implicated in the crime.'

Henry shuddered. 'I was following my friend's instructions.'

'Who else knows about this except you, your fugitive friend and me?'

'Nobody.'

Cowper placed a gloved hand on Henry's arm, stopping him. 'You said you wanted my help.'

'Yes, that's right.'

'Then you'd better do as I say.'

'Right.'

'Collect all the copies you have made and destroy them. Meet me here tomorrow at 1100 hours and give me the originals.'

Henry stared at the Admiral. 'I don't think I can do that. I'll show them to you but ...'

Cowper, responded, 'Let me tell you what's going to happen. You friend will be caught, and you will be implicated in a treasonous crime. Hell, they'll probably label you guys as terrorists, and you'll end up in a military jail. If you hand the files over to me, it will show your judges that you are a loyal citizen. So do you want to be a traitor or a hero? The choice is yours.'

Henry shivered, and not just from the cold. 'But if that stuff, that terrible stuff in the files is really going on ...'

'It's best if you do not make it your concern, Mr Small.'

<http://ascensionglossary.com/index.php/Inorganic>

## Chapter 8

*'Unfortunately, the clock is ticking, the hours are going by. The past increases, the future recedes. Possibilities decreasing, regrets mounting.'*

### **Haruki Murakami, Dance Dance Dance**

Sometimes the memories trickled back, seeping from his subconscious to his conscious mind. At first, Max Dorrian saw the images in his mind as imagination. Later, after reading about the accounts of others, he realised his *imaginings* were memory fragments from a real abduction experience. It was not clear to him as to whether the abduction had been physical, astral, inter dimensional, malevolent or friendly. Or even a mixture of any of those. All the information on the Internet and in books about people finding themselves captive on spaceships and subject to mysterious experiments meant Max, like most abductees, assumed the sinister events to be of an alien nature. However, one thing was clear to him about the intrusions, encounters or visitations was that he suffered symptoms of post-traumatic stress.

Max, not given to irrational mental ramblings, began questioning his belief systems and in his late twenties sought medical help. Counselling alleviated some of the psychological pain, but the sense of violation against his person never went away. This left Max with pent-up anger that sometimes surfaced at odd times, surprising even him.

The PakFoods Inc. foreman, seeing his boss approaching, dismissed the apprentice he was instructing. The look on his boss's face did not bode well. 'Yes, Mr Dorrian?'

'Ted, I have just been dealing with a call from Hong Kong Import Export's CFO Fong Hu, about their late order.'

'I can explain that, Mr Dorrian. 'It's because ...'

'I don't want an explanation. I want it fixed, now.'

'It's not that simple, sir. There was a stuff up with one of our suppliers and ...'

'That's not my problem. Sort it out now or look for another job.'

'With respect, Mr Dorrian.'

'HKIE is one of our major clients. We do not upset companies like that. This is a priority. Deal with it.'

Max wondered why he made this unwarranted verbal attack on the foreman a loyal employee for many years. Why did he react in such an extreme way? Max wished he could take the words back, but he never let on and never apologised. In his mind saying sorry showed weakness in leadership.

Maxwell Dorrian had a mind like a razor. He had to compete with the major processed food companies, and it was only his sharp mind that kept him ahead of the competition. The methods used in modern industry were a far cry from the crude fermentation, sun drying and preserving with salt from bygone days.

Modern food processing in the 19th and 20th centuries was mainly developed to serve military needs. This contributed to canning, which was initially expensive and hazardous to health due to the lead in the cans. Once these two drawbacks were dealt with canned food became part of the global staple diet. Space exploration and the burgeoning consumer society brought forth advances such as spray drying, artificial sweeteners, and colouring agents. These developments solved most of the processing food industry's problems - except those concerned with packaging. And that is where Max's brilliant mind was focussed.

Food packaging was the processed food industry's elephant in the room. The direct and indirect impact of food packaging on the environment, in areas of soil degradation, polluted water, and the threat to wildlife, was well known but the industry kept quiet as it had no solutions. Except for PakFoods, which specialised in using recyclable and bi-degradable materials where ever possible.

As Max Dorrian pondered this dilemma, he suddenly hit upon an idea, which was so impossible, so ingenious, so outrageous that if it worked it would totally revolutionise the whole food processing industry.

At the next board meeting, the directors sat staring agog at their CEO. Eventually, the managing director said, 'Edible packaging!'

Max glared at the man. 'That is what I said, yes. Can't any of you see the potential here? Better value for money and massive waste reduction. It's a win, win. We can't lose.'

The MD said, 'This is just an idea, right?'

Despite the board's intransigence on the issue, Max could not let the edible packaging concept go. He remembered a food biologist he had met at a food processing industry conference. He still had her card, so he gave her a ring.

Jill Greenway picked up the call. 'Dr Greenway here. How can I help you?'

'Max Dorrian here. We met a couple of years back in Philadelphia at the food processing conference. You spoke about healthy processed foods.'

'You remembered that?'

'Well, what you said made a lot of sense to me. The thing is I want to speak with you about my idea to overcome problems associated with food packaging.'

'And you want to talk to me about this, because?'

'I'd like to run the idea past you over lunch. I would like to get your professional opinion.'

'Oh!'

'Look, Dr Greenway, I can't say too much over the phone. Where are you based?'

'You can reach me at the University of Missouri.'

'What's the address?'

'Rollins Street, Columbia.'

'Good. Let's fix a date and time,'

The pair dined at the Brasserie French Steakhouse where they ate the best chateaubriand Maxwell Dorrian had ever tasted. 'Wow, this is great, Dr Greenway,' he extolled between bites.

Jill sipped her vintage Bouchard pinot noir. Looking directly into the eyes of her dining companion, she said, 'This is wonderful Mr Dorrian, but why am I here?'

'Apart from sharing this sumptuous food and wine we're here so I can tell you my brilliant idea.'

Oh! what idea is that?'

As they continued to enjoy their meal, Max explained, 'I'm a man who finds solutions to back burner problems. I built up PakFoods to produce ready made meals with minimal packaging. Not only does that help our bottom line, but it also helps to reduce the mountains of discarded packing bloating landfills. Cans, cardboard and plastics in all shapes and sizes filling garbage bins all over the world. The god-dam planet is choking on rubbish.'

Between mouthfuls, Jill commented, 'Is that what you've got me here to talk about?'

'No, Dr Greenway. My idea have moved way beyond that. Let me give you a 'what if?'

'Okay.'

'What if consumers could eat the packaging.'

'You want consumers to eat the packaging with the food.' She giggled uncontrollably, not because it was a joke but because the whole bizarre concept was contradictory to western consumer eating habits.

He glared at her. 'I'm offering you the opportunity of a lifetime, and all you can do is giggle like a school girl.'

Affronted, she responded, 'It's not that, Mr Dorrian. It's a new, crazy and inspiring idea. I just don't see how you can make it work.'

'You're a bioengineer. I'll pay you to figure it out.'

She stared at him unable to constrain her interest. 'Okay, it is an intriguing idea...'

Max Dorrian, already a successful businessman with his fingers in many commercial pies asked, 'How long for the initial research?'

'I can't give an answer to that.'

His eyes met her gaze. 'I'll commission you for one year and will double your fee when you come up with a workable product within the twelve month period, Dr Greenway.'

'And if I haven't figured it out in that time frame.'

'Then we will have both missed out on a great opportunity.'

Jill stared at him open-mouthed. She smiled, saying, 'It's a complex but highly imaginative concept. But is it feasible?'

Max eye-balled Jill. 'It's not just simple and imaginative, it's fucking brilliant. Excuse my French, but I'm very excited about this.'

The challenging project appealed to the scientist. She smiled, 'Okay, send me what you have so far, and I'll take a look at it.'

He grinned, 'I have a feeling you'll soon be rich and famous, Dr Greenway.'

The gamble paid off, and by the eleventh month, Max Dorrian had his first edible packaging 'PakFoods' product. The brilliant Jill Greenway had, against all odds, devised a way to convert packaging into food along with its product. It started with yoghurt encased in a strawberry package that could be washed and eaten. Many other products soon followed. The consumer got more food for their money with little or no waste. A massive promotion campaign was partially funded by government and municipal councils. PakFoods Edible Packaging was launched, and Max was on his way to becoming a billionaire.

Jill Greenway gave up her position as a food science lecturer at the University of Missouri to become PakFood's Research and Development Manager. At first, she had little to do with Max Dorrian. More often than not he was out of the office working on deals with supermarket chains. When they did cross paths, she found him rude and abrupt in his dealings with company personnel. Since her divorce five years before, Jill had been too busy to get involved in intimate relationships and her boss's belligerence confirmed for her that she was better off that way.

Maxwell Dorrian was just another example of the arrogant alpha male dominance that ran rough shod over women. He was definitely not her type. But she probably was not his type either. In any case Max Dorrian had certainly not made any overtures towards her. Like her, Max was too engrossed in his projects to have a personal life outside work.

As Dr Greenway found ways to add more food products to the edible packaging line, she began to work more closely with Max. On the odd occasion he let his guard down, Jill saw another side to his persona and even glimpsed a surprising vulnerability. She knew nothing of his tough childhood on the farm. But she did sense deeply rooted emotional pain from a past that he could not face. Ironically, the closer Jill got to Max the more she distanced herself from him. One thing she did not need was extra emotional baggage in her life.

But Cupid had a different plan and carefully picked the time to spring it on them. It happened when Max began looking at the massive potential for PakFoods in the European market. Jill and he went to Paris to promote his edible packaging at a symposium on processed food products. He held the audience rapt as he delivered his keynote speech and Jill Greenway found herself strangely attracted to the rude, impatient but very passionate man. For the first time, she admired his raw strength and

bulldog grip when it came to his belief in himself. Although he was often belligerent, she was turned on by his can-do attitude to life.

Jill smiled remembering the first time they had met when he proposed his crazy idea. Who would have thought he would make a fortune by getting consumers to eat their food packaging?

That night they made love for the first time. As Jill got to know Max intimately, it was terribly frustrating to her that he seldom said anything about his past. But there was one occasion, the night they became engaged, that he let his guard down.

As they dined that night and after she had accepted his proposal, he said, 'I have been married before.'

Jill, still on cloud nine, said, 'Oh, you never mentioned that. Are you divorced?'

He fixed her with his gaze. 'Maria died in childbirth.'

She thought she saw a tear glistening in his eye. That was when she knew she loved him. 'How terrible for you.' Then she added, 'What happened to the baby?' Seeing that he did not want to say any more about the painful subject, Jill gently touched his hand over the table. 'It's just that you never mentioned a child.'

He looked her in the eye. 'I was in a distraught state. My whole world had fallen apart. I was in no position to raise a child.'

Jill, seeing the controlled agitation showing on his face, said, 'Sorry my love. I won't press you any further.'

Max was first attracted to Jill Greenway because her genius had helped him accumulate great wealth. But later he came to love her for other reasons. True, PakFoods edible packaging was his innovation. But Max, like all *imagineers*, knew coming up with the idea was the simple part. It was the follow through that required courage, drive, faith, and hard work. This was where most inventors failed and their new inventions never saw the light of day. But Max had the self-discipline to stay the distance and reach his goal.

Working on the family farm had disciplined him to work smart not hard. He was the youngest of three children, a child of a harried mother and an overbearing, cruel father who was too fond of the drink and too free with his belt. Max Dorrian remembered those bitterly cold New England winter mornings when he had to be up milking because his drunkard of a father was too incapacitated to do his job.

This rigorous lifestyle served to prepare young Max for the path ahead. He had met his wife Maria at Texas Meat Works where he learned the processing meat business. Max studied hard in the evenings and got a diploma in business management. By this time Max and Maria fell in love; she became his world. Then, two years into their marriage she became pregnant, and they were both deliriously happy living in their bubble of love.

Max had been devastated when the doctor explained there had been complications. They had done all they could to save her but to no avail. The bubble burst and Max found himself in a dark place, spiralling down from despair into a profound state of depression and misery. Nothing pleased him. He just went through the motions to keep mind and body together. Somehow he managed to trudge through each day praying it would be his last. The only thing he wanted to do was to drink himself into oblivion. In his drunkenness visions of his alcoholic father assailed him and, even in the clutches of despair he hated the idea that he could become his like his dad.

Later Maxwell became aware of predatory entities, which are inexorably drawn to people in emotional turmoil, syphoning his life force, leaving him just a dry and bitter husk able to perform only the most basic survival tasks.

Somehow Max made it through his dark night of the soul and eventually emerged in a better space. But during the process he decided love was a cruel trick perpetrated on the gullible to make them let down their emotional defences. It was never going to happen to him again. Rudeness and belligerence became his shield. He regained his motivation and drive, but the door to his heart was firmly closed.

Oddly, it was his bitterness and arrogance that got him noticed at the Texas Meat Works where he was working in the processed meats department. At first, Max welcomed the well ordered, mechanical lifestyle rigidly adhered to at Texas Meats. The repetitive tedium of constant patterns worked well for his emotionless mathematical brain. But his mind kept coming up with ways to improve things in the office, to help him to become more efficient at his job.

Whenever he put these ideas to his foreman, his boss dismissed them out of hand. The foremen who had been with the company for thirty years pointed out to Max that the existing system worked very well for him. Max thought that was why he had never risen above foreman, but he kept it to himself. His mind remained active, and new concepts that he had shared with Maria re-emerged. He was determined that his progressive ideas would see the light of day, largely as a memorial to his beloved Maria.

## Chapter 9

*'We are all alone, born alone, die alone, and—in spite of True Romance magazines—we shall all someday look back on our lives and see that, in spite of our company, we were alone the whole way.'*

Hunter S. Thompson

### North Dakota 1985

A year had passed since Henry Small had handed over the secret files to Admiral Cowper and left his fate in the lap of the gods. He hadn't heard from The DON man since and nobody had come to arrest him, so he kept his head down and got on with his work as usual. That was until Henry heard from Alex for the first time since his friend disappeared. Out of the blue, in late September 1985 he received a call from Alex. Completely taken aback, Henry said, 'My god, Alex! Is that really you?'

'Yes, I tried to get you earlier, but there's been a huge earthquake here.'

'What, the Mexico City quake?'

'Yes, and I wouldn't like to experience anything like that again.'

'But you're okay.'

'Yes, but what's happening over there.'

Henry thought it best to leave out his meetings with the Admiral. Instead he said, 'You're considered a pariah but you also the elephant in the facility.'

'What do you mean?'

'There's many whispers but only a handful of people know what really happened.'

There was a pause, then Alex said, 'Henry, I want to come home.'

'That could prove awkward at present.'

'Maybe we could use the CIA files as leverage to get me a deal?'

'Alex, about the files – I don't have them.'

Alex felt a chill run up his spine. 'But they're my fucking insurance! What the hell have you done with them?'

'Alex, you don't understand the position you placed me in.'

'Who has the files?'

Henry took a deep breath. 'A retired Admiral. I gave him the documents in return for his protection. He stopped any charges that would have been laid against me.'

'Who is this Admiral?'

Henry sighed, 'All I know is he works for DON.'

'DON?'

'Yeah, Department Of Navy'

Alex shook his head. 'You shouldn't have done it, Henry. Now I'm stuck in this godforsaken country.'

Henry brightened a little, 'He helped me so he might be able to help you. Give me a contact number and I'll call you after I've made some inquiries.'

Alex became alert. 'What inquiries?'

'Look, Alex, If I'm going to help you it all has to be above board.'

'What do you mean exactly?'

'You'll have to give yourself up.'

Alex went silent. Then he said, 'Only if your man gets me a pardon.'

Henry sighed, 'I'll see what kind of deal he can get for you.'

Alex paused, then said, 'Why the fuck would he want to help me?'

Henry shrugged, 'Alex, the agencies involved want the whole business to go away as much as you do. They do not want to air their dirty laundry in public. They've gagged the media, and they need to tidy up loose ends.'

'And I'm a loose end?'

Henry smiled, 'I would say so, yes.'

'So what happens to me?'

'Let me speak to this ex-Admiral and get him to contact you.'

'How do you know he can be trusted?'

'Because, as I said, he has already helped me extricate myself from this mess.'

Alex felt frozen fingers run up his spine. 'How much did you tell him?'

'I had to tell him all I knew. You left me with no choice.'

'Then, how come there's no manhunt looking for me here?'

'I fear there soon will be, if you do not heed my advice.'

## **Modern day England**

Lara waited in the hut, following Arturo's instructions. It had been over three hours since her arrival, and he had not contacted her. Frustrated and annoyed she paced around the single room, in an agitated state. The one-room hut comprised a narrow pallet on the floor for a bed, and a single stove ring connected to a gas bottle. The only utensils were a small saucepan and a kettle. The one tiny cupboard was stocked with tea and coffee, long life milk, the latter of which Lara thought was ironic as it had no life in it at all.

There were the necessary cutlery items, a tea towel and a few condiments including salt and pepper. There was also a small loaf of bread and jam. Another shelf contained a bath towel, soap and a flannel. Lara had looked around for a bath or shower. Inspection outside revealed an old enamel bath raised a little to allow for a small fire underneath. Water was obtained from a tap at the side of the hut. The tub would have to wait until she'd figured out a way to give herself some privacy.

This set up had her wondering. Had Arturo Bruno set it up that way to test her resolve by seeing how she would cope living in such rudimentary, primitive conditions? Was he pushing her to see how she dealt outside her comfort zone? Or was Arturo purposely making it hard for her to gratify a sadistic side that went way beyond arrogance and rudeness?

Lara grew increasingly impatient waiting for Arturo to instruct her, so she passed the time going over her new manuscript, with the working title Galactic Get Together. She was editing a chapter about galactic alignment and how it powerfully activates the solar fire's resurrection force, according to the tenth stage of alchemy. Lara felt utterly alone in an alien environment but was comforted by the fact that one of her friends knew her location and her reason for being there.

Thank God she had plucked up the courage to confide in her closest female friend and soul mate, Geri Newton. She was taking a leap of faith with Arturo and had no idea what she would be subjected to. Geri had instructions on what to do if Lara missed sending her an encrypted message at the agreed to contact times.

Eventually, she received a text from Arturo:

'Cleanse yourself and only wear the garment I left you in your cupboard. Then wait at your door for my arrival.'

She found the cotton shift. Although Lara was not prudish about her nakedness, she felt vulnerable taking a bath with him knowing. She did not know Arturo from Adam. He could be a psychotic voyeur for all she knew. The sky was clouding over blocking out the heat from the sun. She shivered and began heating the water in the kettle and pouring it into the bath. But it was a long and tedious job until she found a hosepipe nearby that fitted to the tap. It was long enough to reach the tub.

While it filled she lit a fire under the bath — and waited. The evening was approaching with an accompanying chill factor. She tested the water with her hand, then shed her clothes and climbed in. Lara luxuriated in hot water. But not for long as it was already getting cold. Then, to her horror, she

heard footfalls nearby. She could not see him in the semi-darkness, but Lara felt Arturo's presence. Then she listened to his voice.

'You are stupid. You should have cleansed yourself earlier when it was warmer.'

She prickled, 'You gave me no instructions to that effect.'

'You will only speak when I ask you a question. Now that you have left it so late I will have to instruct you while you bathe.'

'But the water is getting cold and ...'

'If you speak out of turn again you can leave.'

Her mind shouted, *You arrogant prick!* But she kept her counsel.

Arturo continued, 'Now listen carefully. A gateway is opening that indicates recoding and healing for the masculine wound and feminine reversals, but to enter you will need the pass code. I know what this code is and will tell you when the time is right. This huge event reflects upon the insignificance of our personal lives. This gateway brings intense levels of transformation and transmutation of shadow forces, energetic parasites and related dark entities are purged out of the earth body and the human body. This makes us vulnerable and susceptible to attack from these negative forces. Ponder this as you lay in your bed.'

She heard the footfalls recede and she felt very alone.

Aldous Foster, starring in his own nightmare, ran hard but he could not get away from them. The grey shadows chasing him each had long hoses like the suction pipes of a vacuum cleaner, which they all pointed at him. He was terrified and kept running, the pain in his chest getting worse. He desperately needed to rest, but the grey shapes were gaining on him. He could feel the suction from the hoses drawing him back into their clutches, and he knew his end was near. Using superhuman effort, Aldous just managed to stay ahead of his ravenous pursuers. Then he came to the edge of a deep chasm. With nowhere to go but down he turned to face his enemy. But the vast field of ravenous forms joined together as one demonic force. Gigantic, it crackled with static energy as it loomed over him shutting out the light with its enormous bat-like wings. Aldous felt suffocated by the evil black cloud.

He woke up bathed in sweat, his heart beating rapidly. What the fuck was that about? He rose unsteadily from his bed and groped his way to the light switch. He disconnected his phone charger and checked the time. The digital display read 4:99 am. That can't be right his mind told him. He looked at the time again. *Shit, it is only 3:46*, he thought. It was far too early for him to be awake.

He still felt shaky as he put the kettle on for coffee. Those odd numbers were haunting him. Aldous saw them in all different places, even on the wall near his home. Then he sat down with his journal. Aldous had developed the habit of writing down his dreams before they faded. He was not likely to forget that one in a hurry though.

Aldous wanted to share it with Kimmie. She had told him he could call her at any time, but he felt ringing her at such an ungodly hour was pushing their friendship a bit too far.

So he made coffee and recorded his nightmare. Aldous had noticed that the *grey suckers*, as he termed the shadowy figures, seemed to thrive on human misfortune. He had been present at a road accident and saw the suckers congregating around the people at the scene. Nobody else seemed to know they were there but Aldous saw them go into an excited frenzy as they fed energetically on the stress, fear and anxiety generated by the victims and witnesses. He had always seen them as being relatively harmless, but after his nightmare, Aldous realised they were much more sinister. No

one else was aware these negative energy suckers existed, or so Aldous thought. Having never discussed them with anyone but Kimmie, and, she could not see them, he assumed no one else had his ability.

He needed a dose of mood stabilising medication but taking it made him feel ill with very little energy. The prescription meds made Aldous feel uncomfortable in his own skin. He felt uncertain and dumbed down to the point that life lost its magic for him. Apart from the drowsiness and hand tremors, Aldous felt nauseous and had no appetite. He even lost interest in sex. But worse of all the energy suckers had disappeared. He knew they were there, but they were hidden from him. He decided to take the lithium later. Right now he needed to be in top form to work out the meaning of the nightmare.

## Chapter 10

*'History is indeed little more than the register of the crimes, follies and misfortunes of mankind.'*  
**Edward Gibbon (1737 - 1794)**

Harisun both loathed and loved the Internet. He hated it because anybody could have a voice on social media or blog sites. This particularly irked him because anyone could post rubbish disguised as real for gullible consumption. The subject of the Watchers figured on many websites, posts and blogs. The fact that most of the information was pure fantasy did not matter. The problem was that it kept the subject in the public eye, making it difficult for Harisun to hide in plain sight.

But, he liked the world wide web because it made it easy to target people who were getting too close for comfort. He and his kind did more than merely watch. They meticulously observed everything happening on Earth. The Watchers were not yet ready for humans to wake up to what was really going on. However, one of these people who came to his attention was an author who wrote *The Enemy Within*. Cyberspace narcissism made it easy for Harisun to find Lara Balabanov's contact details. The woman's book was creating interest, so he downloaded the e Book from Amazon.

Harisun was most impressed with her study into the Book of Enoch, especially noting that there were angels both at the gates of Heaven and Hell. It was of further interest to Harisun that the 'little grey aliens' seemed to be witnessed in ancient times as guardians of Hell – and not as extraterrestrial beings. Although it was risky contacting humans outside of PanKosmia, he felt Lara Balabanov deserved his special attention. And it was time to reach out to the author.

Meeting in a cemetery was not a choice Lara would have made, albeit a mid-eighteenth century burial ground in Putney. But it was where Harrison Eyett wanted to meet. From his profile picture on social media, he looked to be in his forties. He had an olive complexion and seemed as though he spent much of his time outside. He was moderately handsome, in a Russell Crowe sort of way. But it was his grasp of the Watcher subject that really got her attention. That and the fact he had read her book and wanted to discuss it with her.

While waiting for him to show, Lara, checked out the cemetery, avoiding the school group who were carrying out some kind of assignment about the place. Four of the tombs were listed including that of Harriet Thomson, an 18th-century novelist and Robert Henry Wood, a traveller and author.

The day was pleasantly warm with an intermittent breeze, so Lara did not mind waiting for the intriguing Mr Eyett.

He made himself known five minutes later, but Lara did not recognise him. He looked vastly different to his social media profile picture. The man who approached her wore a broad-brimmed hat over over hooded, searching eyes. He was tall, of indeterminate age and quite prepossessing.

Harrison, looking at the attractive blonde with high Slavic cheekbones, that gave her a feline-like appearance, he said, 'I am Harrison Eyett. I am pleased to meet you, Ms Balabanov.'

'Hello,' she smiled sweetly. Then she said, 'You're very different to your profile photo.'

He half smiled. 'Miss Balabanov, what can you believe about the Internet?'

She smiled back at him. 'Balabanov is such a mouthful, so call me Lara.'

'So be it, Lara.'

She looked at his almost hidden eyes. 'So what did you think of my book?'

Harrison, the name he used in public, said, 'In it, you wrote the Watchers guarded an entrance to the other world, a realm of light. Behind which was the abode of the One. What did you mean by that?'

'As a young girl, I had a recurring dream about this. I always awoke before I reached the One. That's all I can say about it.'

Harrison sat down on a bench and Lara followed suit. The Watcher said, 'Was it a dream or was it a UFO abduction.'

'I don't believe in UFO abductions per se. That's what we are supposed to believe. I think MILABs are behind many, if not all, of them.'

Harrison looked at her. 'An interesting take on things. Can you back up your assertion?'

Lara said, 'Military Abductions, in the guise of alien activity is the perfect cover for carrying out mind control experiments on likely abductees.'

'What do you mean by likely abductees?'

'People who have previously been abducted. having already had such an experience they are the most prone to mind programming.'

Harrison needed to test Lara further. 'So who abducted Enoch, the military or the aliens?'

Lara thought him cynical. 'Military abductions are fairly new in the scope of things. In any case, It all sounds too archetypal to me.'

'Agreed, but all the classic elements are there even if they are couched in Bible speak. I mean, he was confronted by two angels, whisked off to heaven and was brought before the elders.'

Lara couldn't work this Harrison out. She got the sense he was fishing. So she said, 'The earlier Sumerian version of the Old Testament referred to Nibiru as Heaven. So maybe Adama, the Biblical Enoch, was abducted to the Anunnaki home planet, not some mysterious spiritual realm.'

'You may well be correct,' Harrison said. He looked at his watch. Having assessed her, he rose from his seat. 'I must be going.' As he turned to leave, he added, 'Oh, I like your book very much.'

Lara smiled, 'If you buy a hard copy I can sign it for you.'

'Don't worry about that. I won't be forgetting about you.' She was definitely a person of interest.

## Chapter 11

*'You cannot swim for new horizons until you have courage to lose sight of the shore.'*

### **William Faulkner**

Max Dorrian stepped down from the podium after receiving the prestigious Green Globe award from the International Conservation Foundation for his PakFoods edible packaging innovation. As he mingled with guests, who had been invited by his wife according to their usefulness as contacts, he was approached by a gentleman he had not seen before. The man was middle-aged with thinning salt and pepper hair. He had a firm handshake and a genial smile playing on his lips. 'Wycliffe O'Byrne. You wouldn't have heard of me. But I've certainly heard a lot about you.'

Max eyed the stranger suspiciously. 'Can I help you with something, Mr O'Byrne?'

'On the contrary. I think I can help you.'

'I wasn't aware I needed any help, but go on.'

Wycliffe took an envelope from his jacket pocket. Handing it to Max, he said, 'You have in your hand an invitation. These are rarely given out, Mr Dorrian, and always with careful scrutiny.'

'Invitation to what?'

'A very ancient fraternity that keeps its finger on the pulse of the world.'

'What, like the Freemasons?'

'Mr Dorrian, the PanKosmia Society is more covert, far older, much more knowledgeable and is a good deal more powerful than the Masons.'

'I have never heard of such an organisation.'

'Precisely, Mr Dorian. But you have now.'

Max checked the card. There was no postal address, only a web location, which included the number 49.9 He looked up at Wycliffe O'Byrne. 'What does this number mean?'

'Mr Dorrian, you are not ready for that information.'

'What the hell do you mean?' Maxwell asked, feeling agitated.

'For you to appreciate any higher knowledge you have to first earn it.'

Maxwell nodded. It was a credo he could relate to. He said, 'There's only a web address on the card, so where do you meet?'

Wycliffe smiled, 'To start with, online. You sign up and include your profile. We take a close look at you and if you pass scrutiny ...'

'What do you mean, pass scrutiny?' Max snapped, angrily.

Wycliffe rejoined, 'Do you have any idea of how hard it is to be invited?'

'Of course not, Mr O'Byrne. How could I when I have only now found out about this secret organisation?'

'Mr Dorrian, PanKosmia has thrived for nearly three thousand years precisely because we are thorough in our vetting. Only the cream of the cream of society gets to know about it. A man with your drive and imagination would be most useful, especially at this crucial time.'

Max could not argue with that. He took the card and stared at the URL. Then Max looked up; the curious Wycliffe O'Byrne had departed. *What the hell was PanKosmia?* He wondered. He was intrigued and quite excited about the prospect of being a behind-the-scenes player in world affairs. Anybody with an ear to the ground and an eye on the ball knew that humanity was in for a massive shake-up very soon. And maybe he, Max Dorrian, was being invited to the table of the real movers, shakers and makers to prepare for the End Game? If this were the case, perhaps he would be one of the special ones who would survive the pivotal shift taking place in the world.

'Who was that?' Jill asked as she and Max manoeuvred their way to their table.

'His name is Wycliffe O'Byrne. He had a business proposition.'

'One that you couldn't refuse, no doubt.'

He looked at her. 'Have you heard of PanKosmia?'

'No. What does PanKosmia do?'

'That's what I want you to find out.'

Jill sat down at the table with her and Max's name tags by their empty plates. 'How do you spell it?'

He handed his wife the card with the web address, which she Googled on her phone. Looking up at him, she said, 'The website doesn't exist.'

'Let me look, Max snapped, taking her phone.'

'I do know how to look up a website,' Jill said, miffed.

Max got the same result as his wife. The search engine came back with the error message invalid address.

## **Bismarck 1985**

Admiral Cowper had some idea about how it worked. But even the Department of Navy, which oversaw the mind control programmes, did not have the whole picture. Although, he did not believe in one complete explanation based on stellar dominance. The Admiral, now retired, wanted to put the part he played in the Montauk Project behind him. But the screams and torture persisted in his

night terrors, so-much-so he took a sleeping pill most nights. They messed him up the next day, but there seemed to be no alternative if he was to get some sound sleep.

While involved in the hallucinogenic drug experiments during the 60s he believed his distasteful work was carried out in the name of national security. But now, retired, he had too much time to think about it and was now not so sure he was one of the white hats. Teenagers were regularly abducted to the 'acid room' where they were 'mind-squashed', a term used was for acid trips to induce mind reading abilities.

Yet another reminder from the past assailed him when Harrison Eyett summoned the naval officer for a meeting. 'I didn't think I'd be seeing you again,' Admiral Cowper said, looking at the Watcher as they drank coffee outside Kroll's Diner on State Street.'

Harrison, who had not aged at all, looked at the old man opposite. He said, 'I'm touched that you missed me,' with more than a tinge of sarcasm in his voice.

The Admiral frowned, 'So why am I here?'

'I believe our man has surfaced.'

'Dr Alex Devenport?'

Harrison nodded. 'Have you made contact?'

'I have his number. So how do we play it?' Cowper asked.

'Go and meet with him. Offer him the deal.'

'Do we work with the Mexicans on this?'

Harrison Eyett eye-balled the navy man. 'So that's where he's been hiding?'

'It appears so.'

'Well, we don't tell the authorities anything. Besides the Mexican government has enough to deal with in the earthquake aftermath.'

Admiral Cowper phoned Alex's number and got him on the third ring. 'Am I speaking to Alex Devenport?'

'Who's speaking?'

'Somebody who is in a position to offer you a deal.'

A shiver ran up Alex's spine. 'What deal?'

'One that keeps you out of Leavenworth, or worse. Now, have I got your attention?'

Alex responded, 'What's the deal then?'

'First, off we talk face-to-face. As you can't come here, I'll have to come to you.'

Against his better instincts, Alex said, 'Deal. Give me your number, and I'll get back to you with a place and a time.'

*Henry, what gave you gotten me into now?* Alex wondered as he sat in the park, waiting for the Admiral to show. Although Alex trusted his friend, he did not always trust his judgement. Henry had pointed out that if Alex wanted to see his family again, this Admiral was his only option. Alex knew that given the 'only option' angle he was about to get fucked over.

The Admiral approached the bench and looked around at the devastation caused by the massive quake. Uprooted trees were strewn around the park, amid refugee camping sites. Many of the trees gradually turned into firewood for the cooking pots of thousands of Mexicans whose homes were destroyed in the quake. Sitting next to Alex, Cowper asked, 'Where were you when this shit storm hit?'

Alex answered, 'Hiding in an underground car park.'

'It must have been frightening for you.'

Alex nodded. "My hotel was one of the thousands of building turned into rubble. That's when I phoned Henry, and he told me about you.'

Cowper looked at Alex. 'Talking of shit storms, you caused a big one back home.'

'Norman's death was a terrible accident.' Alex said, his eyes downcast.

Cowper fixed Alex in his gaze. 'That's not my concern. I'm here to offer you a deal.'

'On whose behalf, Admiral?'

'The US government.'

'Which branch? The CIA?'

Cowper smiled, 'They listen to us.'

'Who's us?'

'I do consultancy work for the Department Of Navy'. He never mentioned his part in Project Monarch.'

Alex looked confused. 'What does DON have to do with this business?'

'The Admiral ignored the question. 'So why did you break in and take the files?'

Alex stared at the man. 'All I was told was that we were involved in a top-secret science project. I knew it had something to do with mind control. Henry was content to leave it like that, but I had an uneasy feeling about the project, and I had to know what I was really involved in. My security clearance was not high enough for me to access the files legitimately, so I decided to steal them.'

The Admiral nodded. He knew all about MKUltra and Monarch as well as other CIA mind control projects even unknown to Alex. It made his skin crawl just to think about it.'

Alex was on the back foot. The Admiral was the first person to ask him to explain his actions. The disgraced scientist, unable to hold back all the pent-up mixed emotions, burst out. 'I read about people being beaten, murdered, injured in horrible ways. It was a continuation of the experiments that the Nazis carried out in their concentration camps.'

The Admiral nodded again, then said, 'So here's the deal. I get all criminal charges against you dropped and get you back stateside.'

Alex smiled, 'It sounds good so far. So what's the catch?'

Cowper took a deep breath. Then eye-balling the scientist, he said, 'You quietly resign on health grounds. You sign a non-disclosure document, and you agree to a mental health assessment.'

'That's it?' Alex said, surprised.

The Admiral nodded again. Alex looked at the Admiral. 'I need to phone my wife to tell her I'm coming back.'

Wallace Cowper smiled, 'Of course, but first things first Do you agree to the deal?'

'How do I know I won't be arrested when I get back Stateside?'

'Because if you are charged, it means there will be a court case. Nobody wants that complication.'

Alex nodded. That much made some sense. 'How does this work then?'

Cowper handed over a document. 'Read and sign this.'

There were several pages, and much of it made no sense to him. 'I'll have to get a contract lawyer to go over this.'

Cowper stared at Alex. 'Don't fuck us around Mr Devenport. If you don't sign this right now, I will get up and leave you to your fate. You have no idea what you have stirred up by your actions. So far I've been able to hold back the hounds. But if you don't take the deal, without question, you'll never leave here alive. Do I make myself clear?'

Alex stared at the DON man, with no words forthcoming. He hated to think what was in the small print. Then he nervously reached for the pen.

## Chapter 12

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

### **Barbra Streisand**

Lara Balabanov had a sleepless night. The pallet was thin and uncomfortable, and the pillow was hard. She managed to grab a few hours sleep though but not enough to refresh her. It was 5:30 am when she received a text from Arturo:

*'Meet me in the garden.'*

Which garden she wondered? She had only just woken, and he was already annoying her, Lara texted back:

*'Where is it?'*

*'Be there in five minutes.'*

'Shit! Arturo, you're intolerable,' she snapped, wishing he could hear her. Grabbing her shawl, she went outside and looked for the garden. The darkness of the starlit night slowly gave way to the

greyness of cold dawn as the landscape silhouette dressed in its daytime colours. Breathing in the crisp air, Lara set off to find the location. She passed the elegant formal flower beds in the front garden, which were partitioned by immaculate topiary.

Arturo was waiting impatiently near the huge vegetable garden at the back of the property. He stared straight at Lara as she approached. 'You're thirty seconds late.'

'Good morning to you, as well.'

Arturo, surprised at Lara's reply, held her in his cold stare. Then, with no other comment about her tardiness he launched into, 'Most people live their lives totally oblivious to the satanic forces that hide behind large nano fields of ravenous energy parasites. What do you think about that?'

He was asking her opinion. Surprised, she said, 'It sounds about right to me.'

'Well, you would think that. Seeing as you wrote it.'

*Is he trying to trick me?* She wondered, she had to be on her guard.

Arturo continued, "I believe they have turned this planet into a closed system that is beneficial to only a handful of people. The entities behind these evil forces are the 'Watchers - descendants of the Draco bloodline.'

She almost commented but just stopped herself in time.

'So where is this bloodline leading us?'

Lara said, 'Is that a question?'

Arturo stared at her. 'Do you have an answer?'

'Well, it's just that they want to control everyone and everything on Earth.'

Arturo sneered 'Is that best you can come up with?' Lara did not respond, so he continued, 'Their agenda is clear. They use fear to weaken human resolve. Weak people are easy to control. Weak people can be compelled to carry out shameful acts. Troublemakers, who can see through the Draco's game are quickly dispatched by the weak-minded slaves.'

Lara cringed at the thought.

Arturo ignored her 'The evil bloodline has it sewn up. Resistance would be futile. What do you think about that?'

She would not let him see her weakness. 'It sounds like New World Order 101.'

He replied, 'The Dracos intend to impose a massive human cull as much as ninety per cent. Purportedly to save the Earth from overpopulation. In some circles, this is known as 'the harvest'. Maybe you saw the movie, Jupiter Ascending?'

Lara shrugged. 'No, I haven't seen it.'

'They describe it in the film. The truth is the Dracos, and their accomplices need to reduce the human population to as little as ten or even five per cent so they can carry out their objective and turn the survivors into willing slaves to do their bidding.' Eye balling Lara, he asked, 'What do you think about that?'

Lara said, 'I would say their plans are well under way. Their schemes are quite brilliant in their simplicity. Behaviour arising from blind allegiance to corrupt leaders generates massive energy imbalances and cause terrifying wars, extreme poverty, rampant disease and world suffering. The Dracos get their human cull without lifting a scaly claw.'

Arturo stood solidly grounded, his hands behind his back. 'We are in the end times. It's the crossover point defining who on Earth is willing to evolve beyond the negative closed source system of enslavement. Which was undertaken over millennia by Draco Archontic Engineered militarised AI entities invading people's consciousness.'

Lara instinctively raised her hand.

Arturo snapped, 'Yes?'

'Were we influenced by AI before we knew about it?'

'Of course, AI has always been part of the Negative Alien Agenda on Earth,' he said impatiently.

'OK,' said Lara thoughtfully, 'So what do you mean by Archontic?'

'Parasite entities, they burrow into the body's matrices the same as a real parasite.' Seeing the puzzled look on Lara's face, he said, 'The best way for you to understand these parasites is for you to study them and get to know them intimately. This is your next task. When you think you have learned enough, I will test you on them.' Turning on his heel, Arturo snapped, 'That's all for now.'

Lara felt let down. She and Arturo were just beginning to connect, and he called a halt. She wondered if he was scared of any intimacy with anybody. Or was he just a control freak who derived great pleasure from her emotional discomfort. Lara shrugged as though to cast off his influence over her. But having published two books about energy parasites, she felt insulted by his remarks. Still, Lara was not at Arturo's place for his congeniality. He was one of the most infuriating and obnoxious people she had met. But deep down she still felt he had something to teach her.

Back in her cabin Lara made coffee with hot toast and jam. As she ate, Lara pored over her notes on the screen. It did not take her long to scan her research notes about harmful energy parasites. But it was not that straightforward for her. Writing about mind and body control was one thing but realising she was a victim was entirely different. Lara had thought she had it all worked out in her books. She believed she had taken measures to protect herself from the insidious parasitic energies that invaded human life. Lara was well aware that they had been around on Earth for an awfully long time, carrying out the plans of the Watchers, to control humanity. As these thoughts swirled around in her mind, she felt increasingly confused. It was as though she was starring in a 1950's B sci-fi horror movie.

Lara wished Geri was with her to offer grounding and common sense. But would she take it? In all probability, Geri would advise her to get out immediately before her teacher had her completely under his spell. Although it would be sage advice, Lara's stubbornness would not let Arturo's belligerence deter her from her goal. But it would be nice just to hear a friendly voice. Also, as a fellow writer and spiritual seeker, Geri had powerful intuition and the gift of cutting to the core of any issue.' Arturo had cautioned Lara not to have anything to do with the outer world while under his tutelage. But he was not there to stop her. Besides, what right did he have to stop her from phoning a friend? She picked up her phone and pressed Geri's contact. To hell with him. Bloody Arturo wasn't her jailer.

'Hey babe, what's up?'

Lara sighed with relief as she heard her best friend's cheery voice and poured out the story so far. Geri listened in silence until Lara paused for breath.

'Jeez, Lar you sound like you've swallowed a whole course of Conspiracy Theory 101!'

Despite herself, Lara burst out laughing. But it was no laughing matter. 'I know Geri, it sounds bizarre, but all the evidence is there. Humanity is under attack from within by Alien Parasitic

Entities, or APEs as some people call them. It's the next step up from what I've been writing about for years.'

'Be careful Lar. You realise getting into this stuff will make you a target, don't you? The alphabet agencies are right on to anyone who starts poking their noses into it.'

'Yes I know Geri, I'm well aware that by sharing what I know puts me in the wacky writer on the fringe category. If I step out of line, they could pick me up any time they like.'

After the call and agreeing to keep in touch with Geri, Lara felt better and less fearful of the implications of what she had gotten into. After all, she had volunteered to expand her knowledge and learn from Arturo. But it was comforting to know she was not alone with a friend like Geri onside.

What she was learning was not new. Human involvement in the manipulation by the alien agenda had probably been going on in one way or another before scribes began recording human history. APEs were just one part of the increasingly scary picture. Their opportunistic attacks were part of the deliberate social engineering which weakened people's health and resistance in line with the plans for the big population cull.

Since World War II, US Government alphabet agencies like the FBI, CIA and DON had gotten into the act big time, resulting in the biological/bionic fallout from chemtrail spraying, heavy metal nano pathogens, GMO foods and EMF pollution. And behind it, all the Watchers quietly gloated over the success of their grand plan.

Lara shuddered at the thought that governments were deliberately putting their citizens in harm's way. But maybe that was not so surprising as governments were also controlled by the Negative Alien Agenda. She sighed at the enormity of it all. Through her latest research, she had discovered a whole array of new information about AI parasites. The thought of them in her body made Lara shudder. Sure, detoxifying her body would help her purge herself of them, but she had to be constantly vigilant. APEs caused many diseases, energy blockages, emotional volatility, all of which weakened their hosts in mind, body and spirit, But what could she do about her mind being invaded and controlled by them?

Maybe the lethargy she had felt lately was caused by bionic physical parasites in her body. But perhaps she was reading too much into it? Although, what if she was not, or it was even worse than she thought. Such worries made her even more susceptible to the Negative Alien Agenda. Although merely knowing this put Lara ahead of ninety-nine per cent of people in the world who continued in blissful ignorance totally oblivious to such things, it still did not help her to overcome the vampiric entities that sucked at her life force. Lara got up, stretched, yawned and made herself coffee.

Sitting down at her laptop again, Lara looked at the APE thing from a different angle. She figured that advanced medical science made it possible to detect microbiological pathogens. Yet there had been no reports as such. *Why is that?* She wondered. Then it struck her. Of course, the Negative Alien Agenda influenced all avenues of life, including medical research..

She had learned that scientists were not allowed to acknowledge any changes in shape and size of bodily micro-organisms. The mainstream medical system was controlled to the extent it was impossible to carry out live blood microscopic analysis, or electromagnetic frequency testing.

*Maybe if such testing became medically acceptable it would reveal parasites and toxicity as the cause of all disease,* she mused. Such a breakthrough would eliminate the need for synthetic drugs and medical barbarism.

In her book *The Enemy Within*, Lara wrote that energy parasites were the source of physical parasites and pathogenic micro-organisms. The more alien implants people have, the more energetic

parasitism happens in their life force resulting in new 'diseases' such as Morgellons, the first partly bionic, human biological infection. Social engineering in all its diverse forms was wearing people down and further impairing their mental, emotional and physical condition. In other words it was the perfect and undetected way to drastically cull the human population without public awareness. Even the globalists were mostly unaware that they were mind controlled by the Negative Alien Agenda.

## Chapter 13

*'The truth.'* Dumbledore sighed. *'It is a beautiful and terrible thing, and should therefore be treated with great caution.'*

### **J.K. Rowling, Harry Potter and the Sorcerer's Stone**

Although Enya McCaw pushed the bounds of acceptable behaviour, by Baptist standards, the Vicar of St Martin's Church always managed to stay within the Church's ecclesiastical guidelines. There were those among the clergy who considered the female cleric's view that Satan was an evil alien energy form as being somewhere between wackyness and blasphemy. But there was nothing in the Church's Canon law that precluded her from saying so.

Enya was quick to point out that blaspheming against the devil was perfectly acceptable and, instead of being frowned upon, ought to be praised. The Elders in the Baptist Church never saw it that way, and occasionally the Bishop would sneak into her church, incognito, to listen to her sermons to see if Enya ever crossed the line. So far Bishop Melville had not been able to catch her out.

One subject she did keep out of her sermon was about Psalm 144, Praise be to the Lord who is my Rock. It concerned the controversial topic of alien abductions. She did not even know why she was interested in the subject. Perhaps the story of the biblical Elijah and the chariot of fire triggered her curiosity. In a way, stories of abductions and mysterious communication with non-human higher intelligence, was not that different to prophets taking instruction from God in the Old Testament. Some researchers, convinced that alien abductions were sometimes genuine, sacrificed their reputations, security and in some cases, their lives to expose such phenomena.

Enya was in full swing in the Chelsea Community Baptist Church when Bishop Melville entered, dressed in plain clothes. Turning up in the middle of her service he didn't escape her notice. In a strident voice, she proclaimed, 'Don't be fooled by Satanic stealth as it influences all aspects of your life.' Holding up her Bible, she said, 'Even parts of the Holy Scripture have been hijacked by this negative alien force.'

The congregation, shocked into silence, could not believe such blasphemy. The Bishop was apoplectic.

Undaunted by the parishioners' response, Reverend McCaw, pushed the boundaries of Canon Law ever further. She was like a steam train once she got going. Gesticulating wildly, she said, 'This remarkable book has been contaminated by the lies and deceits of Satan. The Bible states that for more than a thousand years God's special favour and guardian care manifested to the chosen people, who were open to Jesus. Jesus came here to alert us to the negative influences designed to turn us from the Creator. Satan was not part of God's creation, as we are led to believe.'

Enya took a pause, then barrelled on. 'By going along with this untruth, we are left in contradiction. Why would the God of Creation make himself a powerful enemy to contend with? The Watchers would have us believe this lie so that we do not see them as the source of evil, the source of all our

ills on Earth. Yet this is the case. We can never defeat this evil while we look in the wrong place for it.'

Enya had seen a copy of the Book of Enoch before it had been sanitised by the Church. It had shown that the rebel Watchers had walked among humanity revealing forbidden secrets of heaven. She noted the look of restrained fury on the Bishop's face. But even that did not phase her. She continued, 'A leader of the Watchers named Azazel taught mortals how to make weapons from the metals of the earth. He also showed how to make bracelets and ornaments. He also taught women how to enjoy sexual pleasure and engage in promiscuity. Jesus came here at his heavenly father's request to expose this lie and to guide us to the path of righteousness.'

Aldous Foster was in the small congregation. He waited for the Vicar to come out and greet her little flock. He liked Reverend McCaw. She made sense to him. Enya was a full-bodied, bright young Vicar, like Dawn French in the Vicar of Dibley. 'I enjoyed your sermon,' he said, as she approached.

She flashed a lovely smile. 'Hello, Aldous. I glad you found it interesting.'

'Can I have a word about a dream I had?'

She had a soft spot for Aldous, who she saw to be a gentle soul. He had regaled her with his dream stories before. 'Okay Aldous, go through to the Presbytery, and I will be along shortly.'

Bishop Melville had hung back in the church waiting for his Vicar to come back inside. He was seething but held it in check. Seeing Enya walking down the narrow aisle he accosted her. 'Really, I think you went too far this time. Even your congregation was in shock.'

Enya said, 'Bishop, can't you see that our Holy Book would be the perfect target for satanic forces to trick us into thinking that God is responsible for the evil in the world.'

'God is not responsible for the evil perpetrated by man.'

'Precisely Bishop. I'm glad we are singing from the same hymn sheet.'

Bishop Melville wondered what had just happened. Had he missed something? 'So you agree with me?'

'Of course. And you agree with me. I'm glad we got that cleared up. Now I have to see a parishioner.' Enya left him standing there confused. He had had a strong case against her, and she had demolished it with just a few well-chosen words.

Aldous felt buoyed. His mind was sharp and fast. But he knew the pit of despair was waiting around the corner to snare him when he least expected it. He was determined to go back on his meds once he had spoken to the Vicar. But he had to stay clear in his head because what he had to say was important. Too important to even share with Kimmie. He felt a bit guilty because Kim was always there for him and listened to his ravings. But she never had anything to offer by way of an explanation. Aldous found the Vicar to be more inquisitive and not just a passive listener.

'What can I do for you, Aldous,' Enya said, divesting herself of her cassock and throwing it unceremoniously on a chair.

'Can Satan split himself up into micro pieces and form himself up again?'

Nobody had ever asked her that question. 'What makes you ask that?'

He looked at the friendly priest. 'I saw it in a dream.'

'Okay, tell me all about it, Aldous. But first, let me make us some tea.'

Having been regaled the Vicar with his nightmare, Enya, sipping her tea, said 'If Satan turned up as the Devil, horns and all, he'd give the game away. I think your subconscious was giving you a glimpse behind the curtain. The aliens who conjured up Satan are hardly likely to blow their cover. It works most effectively from behind the scenes, where it can see what's going on and what's needed for its energy harvesting agenda without humans knowing about it.'

Aldous beamed, 'So Satan is really like a swarm of nanobots.'

Enya poured a second cup of tea and rustled up some ginger nuts. 'Putting it simply, yes. He does spread himself around.'

Aldous was puzzled. 'Why wouldn't you want to put it simply?'

'Things are not always that black and white.'

'What about your collar and cassock?' Aldous pressed, cheekily.

Taking his point, she said, 'You're smart as a tack today. Your eyes are bright, and you seem pretty hyped.'

'Thank you, Sherlock.'

Enya laughed lightly at his play on words. 'Are you off your medication?'

*Shit! She was sharp as well.* 'I'm taking it when I get home.'

'See that you do.' Then Enya said, 'The Archon called Enlil was there from the beginning. He had Isaac set up for sacrifice on Mount Moriah. There the covenant of blessing, the glorious Messianic promise, had been confirmed to the father of the faithful as stated Genesis 22:9, 16 - 18.'

Aldous sipped his tea. 'Do we trust this Archon Enlil, Vicar?'

'How can we? He is one of the Dracos. He set the scene, through Abraham to favour his people above all others. He chose Jerusalem to be honoured by God above all the Earth. The Lord had chosen Zion. But this Lord is Enlil as Yahweh, not the God of heaven.'

'The Zionists certainly seem to have the lion's share of power and wealth,' mused Aldous.

Enya was pumped up too, 'Because they are the easiest to be manipulated. These descendants of the Elohim or Watchers have been holding the space for the Dracos to return to Earth in the form of Reptilians. They think their wealth gives them the freedom to exploit the earth. In reality, they are being used by the Archons to bring forth the lower realms for energy sacrifice.'

Aldous put down his cup. Frowning, he said, 'How can we beat this satanic realm?'

Enya put her hands together as though she was going to pray. 'Aldous, we are in the end times of this era, stuck in this perceived closed system.'

'How do we break out of it then?'

'The same way the un-hatched chick breaks out of its closed system, its shell. Our shell is energetically created by our enslavement by off-planet Archontic forces. There will be dire consequences for those who, by their actions, individually and globally stand against their evolutionary potential.'

'How do we know which side we're on?' Aldous asked anxiously.

Enya smiled, 'Aldous, the fact we are having this discussion shows you are ready for the dimensional shift into higher consciousness currently under way. The Dracos have set it up so that humans fight, kill and steal from each other. They do this by instilling fear and greed in the human

psyche. This keeps the majority of people in a lower vibrational state while change occurs on Earth. It means they cannot ever embody their true potential.'

Aldous said, 'So how do we fight the agents of evil?'

She flung open her arms in a gesture of exasperation, 'What with? They have all the power and the weapons. They have enslaved humanity, except for those who are ready to evolve, who have the power of the true God on their side.'

Aldous said, 'How do we have the power of the true God on our side?'

Enya smiled, 'By being true to yourself. By listening to your soul and maintaining your integrity, Aldous. That's how.'

## Chapter 16

*'Human history becomes more and more a race between education and catastrophe.'*

### H G Wells

Wycliffe O'Byrne started his working life at fifteen as an apprentice quarryman, like his father and his father before him. During his father's day, the work was still very taxing. He lived in damp, dreary conditions during the winter months, in a small village near Newcastle in the bleak and chilly North of England. But from the 1950's onwards quarry owners became more health and safety conscious and improved facilities were provided. Back in his grandfather's day hundreds of quarrymen set off to work from the valley bottom and climbed the steep inclines, ready for another gruelling day.

A pair of his granddad's heavy moleskin trousers were proudly displayed by Wycliffe in his office. They were a symbolic reminder of the extremely hard working conditions in the quarries in the early twentieth century. The men worked with hand tools in the open moor land with no safety equipment. They only had hammers, picks, crowbars and sledgehammers to force the stone from the rock beds. An old framed photograph on the sideboard showed his granddad and some other quarrymen wearing corduroy jackets, over waistcoats with a knotted handkerchief tied around their necks. They all wore an expression of determination with some of them smoking clay pipes with the stems fitted firmly between their teeth.

Wycliffe came from a different generation, in which heavy machinery did most of the hard work. Steam cranes were still in operation, but diesel cranes were more efficient and reliable. It took a skilled plant fitter and his apprentice to maintain the variety of machines now employed in the quarries and keep them working. Wycliffe earned his stripes using two-man crowbars to manipulate large blocks of stone before they were split into smaller chunks using the plug and feather method.

After many years of paying others to do the heavy stuff, Wycliffe O'Byrne had just bought his sixth quarry. He made his fortune from the Earth's stone and rock. As a businessman he became as hard as the granite he dug up.

Despite his enormous material wealth, Wycliffe was not at all content. Then he was invited to join the PanKosmia Society, and the world changed for him overnight. Especially when he met the strange man who became known to him as the 'Watcher'.

The casually dressed man wore a hooded jacket and shades, despite it being the dead of night. They met at a lookout above The Jackson Quarry, Wycliffe's latest acquisition.

Harrison Eyett broke the ice, saying, 'You probably wonder why I have brought you here?'

Wycliffe stared at the stranger before him. 'First off, who the heck are you?'

'I am a messenger.'

'Then what is the message?'

Ignoring the question, Harrison said, 'Humanity is under the control of forces you could not begin to imagine.'

Wycliffe, meeting the Watcher's steely gaze, snarled, 'Just what the hell are you on about?'

Harrison looked at the powerful businessman. 'You humans think you are in control of your lives. Yet, for a very long time the human race has been enslaved to forces more powerful than you could ever imagine.'

Wycliffe sneered, 'I am my own man. So, what are these forces you are on about?'

Harrison fixed Wycliffe with a penetrating stare. 'Only when you realise you are not in control will you seek out that which enslaves you and your kind.'

The quarryman, feeling uncomfortable, responded, 'Why are you here telling me this?'

Harrison sneered, 'Your ignorance born of your arrogance provides your enslavers with a source of constant amusement.'

'What the fuck are you on about?' Wycliffe snapped, brimming with anger and confusion.

Harrison grinned, 'The big con. You are all convicts in your world, even your leaders. Because a convict is a conned victim. And none of you is free.'

'We were born with free will.'

Harrison smiled, 'Ah free will. We tried that once. After guiding you from hunter-gathering to the greatness of the Roman Empire, we took a step back to observe how you would go without trainer wheels.'

'We achieved great things,' Wycliffe defended.

'You gave yourselves five centuries of Dark Ages, in which you stumbled around in superstition and fear. You tried dabbling in Democracy, and you can see how that worked out. More recently you brought about two world wars, and a third is hovering on the horizon. That's what you humans did with your free will.'

'So we made some mistakes,' Wycliffe argued.

'As did we, by allowing you free will. You are clearly not evolved enough to use it responsibly.'

Wycliffe wanted to strike out and wipe the supercilious grin off the stranger's face. But something made him stay his ground. He demanded, 'Just who the hell are you and what do you want?'

Harrison turned to his human contact. 'I will tell you this much. I am what is known as a Watcher.'

'What the hell is a Watcher?'

'Your Bible refers to us as the legion of fallen angels.'

Wycliffe scoffed, 'The Bible categorises everyone as either saints or sinners, angels or demons. So at least you're not a demon.'

Harrison answered, 'I guess that depends on your point of view.'

'What do you mean?'

'You haven't asked the obvious question, Mr O'Byrne.'

'Which is?'

'What are we watching?'

'Okay, what are you watching?' Wycliffe sighed.

'We are watching you humans and have done so for thousands of years.'

'Hang on a minute. What do you mean 'you humans'? That implies you're not human!'

'That's not important now,' Harrison said, dismissively. 'What is important is for you to listen to what I have to say.'

Harrison responded brusquely, 'About what?'

'Our human experiment.'

'What fucking human experiment? Harrison snapped, increasingly exasperated.

'One in which we program you, then observe you to see how it unfolds.'

Wycliffe stood rooted to the spot, shock showing on his face. It was all too much for him to take in. 'Who's behind this experiment?'

Harrison Eyett laughed, then apologised, 'Excuse my mirth, but it astounds me that you smart humans haven't a clue about what is really going on in your world. You all think you are so clever, that you have it figured out. You smugly point out that some of you make things happen, some of you watch things happen, and the majority of you don't have any idea what's happening.'

Wycliffe, exasperated, snapped, 'So where do you fit in all this?'

'I'm somebody who knows what's going on. Somebody who could be useful to your PanKosmia group.'

Wycliffe stood open-mouthed. 'How the hell do you know about that?'

'Mr O'Byrne, there are entities, for want of a better word, who prey on human weakness. And your biggest weakness is thinking you are smarter than you are. Even your movers and shakers are driven by influential forces more powerful than themselves.'

Harrison added, 'I know this to be true for I am part of that influence. I know how the human story will unfold.'

Wycliffe felt a chill creep up his spine. He asked tentatively, 'So, what the hell is going on?'

'You're not ready for the big picture. We will talk again.'

'Hey, you can't leave me hanging like that,' Wycliffe pleaded, watching the stranger walk away into the night.

Wycliffe's anger grew as he trudged back to his car. He felt used by a mental case. But to what end he had no idea. He had better things to do with his time than listen to the ravings of an idiot. Yet, although he could not make sense of the stranger's rambling, he was oddly compelled to take what he said on board. And that was the most worrying part.

Life as a quarryman - Valley of Stone.

<http://www.valleyofstone.org.uk/journey/historyofquarrying/quarryman>

## Chapter 17

*'No one can make you feel inferior without your consent.'*

### **Eleanor Roosevelt, This is My Story**

Maxwell Dorrian avoided meetings and committees like the plague. He suffered PakFoods board meetings because it was a price he paid for running his company. He had never enjoyed clubs or groups of so-called like-minded people. Mainly because they usually turn out to be not like-minded at all. Group members each seemed to have their own agenda that they paraded as being in the best interest of the club as a whole. Despite his abhorrence of groups and societies, Max searched the Internet for information about PanKosmia.

Now it was Max's turn to find out about the mysterious, secret group. So, despite his anti-groupie stance, Wycliffe's words had him intrigued. His search for PanKosmia yielded no results. The URL on the card Wycliffe had given him said *Earth Changes* with no reference to PanKosmia. However Max registered on the mysterious website and joined in the next webinar. There was no mention of PanKosmia and plenty of talk about being ready for an impending event. As a newbie, he was told to listen but not engage in the topics discussed. This annoyed him no end. That Max Dorrian the mastermind behind PakFoods, should be treated that way, was too much.

After thirty minutes he had had enough. 'I have many questions,' he announced. His interruption triggered an alert which curtailed the webinar. Wycliffe, also involved in the online discussion, was annoyed and embarrassed. Having vetted Mr Dorrian and recommended him to the PanKosmia committee, he felt responsible. Wycliffe apologised profusely and cut the connection. He phoned Max, demanding an explanation for his flaunting of the rules.

Max defended himself, saying, 'I'm not a child who is told when he can and cannot speak.'

'You are also not a member of our society.'

Max retorted. "What, you mean I'm kicked out before I join just for wanting answers?"

'We have a rigorous protocols for a good reason. Normally we do not invite potential acolytes to webinars until they are thoroughly familiar with our protocols. Inviting you so soon was my mistake. For my error of judgement I have been instructed to tutor you in the ways of our society.'

'Wycliffe, I spoke up because I was both intrigued and frustrated. So, will you answer my questions?'

'If they are appropriate for what I have to teach you.'

As Lara Balabanov waited in the cabin her mind went back to her early life in Russia. She did not have much of a childhood, having had to grow up fast and take on the mothering role in her family. Lara had lived with her mother and three younger sisters in Petrograd. Times were harsh, and her widowed mother had to work in a shoe factory, leaving Lara to look after her younger siblings. Lara had learned to read at a young age and loved English stories like *Treasure Island* and *Black Beauty*, which were translated into Russian. The young girl's heart went out to her mother when she saw how worn out she was having returned home from long, tedious hours spent in the shoe factory.

Young Lara had made a pledge with herself in response to her mother's plight. She would never have to live such a pathetic existence. She saw that the only way out of the poverty cycle was education. Lara did well at St Petersburg Secondary School. Her determination paid off, and she was awarded a free, state-sponsored, tertiary course to further her education. The bright young student chose to study Russian and English literature at the prestigious St Petersburg State University.

After the first year, Lara's mother had become sick and could no longer work to support her family. The Russian welfare system offered some support, but not enough to cover the bills. It broke Lara's heart to have to leave her studies to look after her younger siblings. But she felt the heavy weight of her responsibility and had to drop out from her course. Worse still she ended up in the shoe factory manufacturing military footwear. Now, working long hours for low pay, she found out what life was really like in Russia.

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

Lara shuddered to think of those dark times. Now she knew it was not arbitrary that she had so much working against her. Lara was a victim of a heavily entrenched system that made sure the odds of success were very slim. Later, she realised it went way beyond earth based tyranny. The tyrants were also playing their role in a much more significant off world game of energy monopoly. Lara was jerked from her reverie as her phone notified she had a message. Not surprisingly it was from her current tyrant, Arturo:

'Meet me in the garden.'

It was 7:02 am, and there was a chill in the air. Arturo was present when she arrived. But, to her surprise, he did not berate her for lateness.

He remained unusually pleasant, almost friendly, as he met her gaze, 'The Negative Alien Parasites use males to carry out acts of violence because they are more easily manipulated than females,' he began.

'Why is that?'

'Because it's easier to stroke male egos? Or perhaps their testosterone makes them more susceptible.' He paused, then asked, 'So how do you think these NAPs get men to do their will?'

Lara smiled, 'The NAPs attach themselves to their host and work through the psychological weakness in males, activating their tendencies whatever they are, and retrain the brain patterns to comply with their overall agenda.'

Arturo, remained blank-faced. 'So how do we get rid of these NAPs?'

Lara felt more confident now, 'It's possible to extract them from our bodies from the GB meridian channel with our fingers.' Receiving no comment from him, she continued, 'I have discovered that the energy generated by masculine-feminine sacred marriage sexual rituals makes the removal of these horrible entities easier.'

Arturo replied casually, 'Then that is what we shall do?'

She looked at him, nervously. 'What do you mean?'

'Cleanse and prepare yourself for we can advance no further while you are contaminated.'

She glared at him. 'You bastard! You're more infected than me. Lara responded, She added, 'And if I spurn your sexual advances ...?'

'Then you leave, and we never set eyes on each other again.' He looked straight at Lara, his face a mask of disgust. 'I don't fancy you, and I will have none of your childish virginal nonsense. So wake up to yourself if you wish to advance in this work.'

Feeling chided, but determined to continue, Lara said, 'Then I have no choice.'

'Oh, the choice is entirely yours. Work or walk.'

She stared at him, defiantly. 'If you are trying to shock me into leaving it's not going to work.'

Arturo gave no response.

*Brave words indeed* Lara thought. But she had no idea what she was in for. However, she was determined to see it through. Although the Hieros Gamos was called the sacred marriage, Lara had heard it was more appropriate to refer to it as the reunion of twin souls. Whatever the exact meaning she felt deeply uncomfortable about using the sacred ceremony in such a profane way.

She knew that this reunion took place while incarnate in the body, through sexual activity, involving the active role of the masculine and feminine aspects of God. Her sceptical self-told her that maybe Arturo used the Hieros Gamos as a seduction ploy. Instinctively she knew it was much more than that but still remained uneasy about it. As she sat in her hut pondering the ramifications of what she was about to undergo, she received a text:

Come to the big house now and be cleansed in preparation for the sacred ritual.

Sacred ritual, my arse, she thought. Then, deciding she may have gotten her mentor all wrong Lara walked over to the big house. As she entered Arturo's mansion, she saw a sign attached to a lectern that said *read me*. Feeling like Alice in Wonderland she found written instructions on a piece of paper. It was written in a neat script.

Lara figured that Arturo did not have time to write it since their talk in the garden. Which meant he must have planned the sex ritual all along. *If so, how did he get her to bring up the subject?* She wondered. Was he manipulating her in subtle ways? *Maybe I'm reading too much into it*, Lara mused. After weighing up her next move, Lara followed the instructions to the letter and found herself in a large bathroom with a substantial smooth granite tub, which had been prepared for her toilet. The water was hot, and bottles of body soap and hair washing products were lined up ready

for use. Lara sat luxuriating in the hot soapy water feeling it soothing her body. Sleeping on the thin pallet left her with stiffness in her back, and the water was helping.

Having dried herself and put up her hair, Lara donned the robe that had been laid out for her. Then she walked to the ritual room, as Arturo had called it. Like the rest of the house, it was large with a high ceiling. A fire burned intensely in the stone hearth. Arturo, clad in a similar robe leant forward prodding a log with a poker.

Letting his robe fall to the ground he stood naked his penis unashamedly erect. 'Let us begin,' he announced.

*Begin what exactly?* Lara wondered, with a terrifying idea of what lay ahead.

'Take off your robe and sit in front of me.'

She was no prude but stripping off in front of this obnoxious man made her feel cheap and unclean, despite the luxuriating bathing experience. She discarded the garment and sat down facing him.

Extending his arms towards her, he said, 'Take hold of my hands and breathe deeply.'

She did so.

He sat in the lotus position and indicated for her to do the same. He then intoned, 'I become one with El while you merge with Asherah, the Queen of Heaven.'