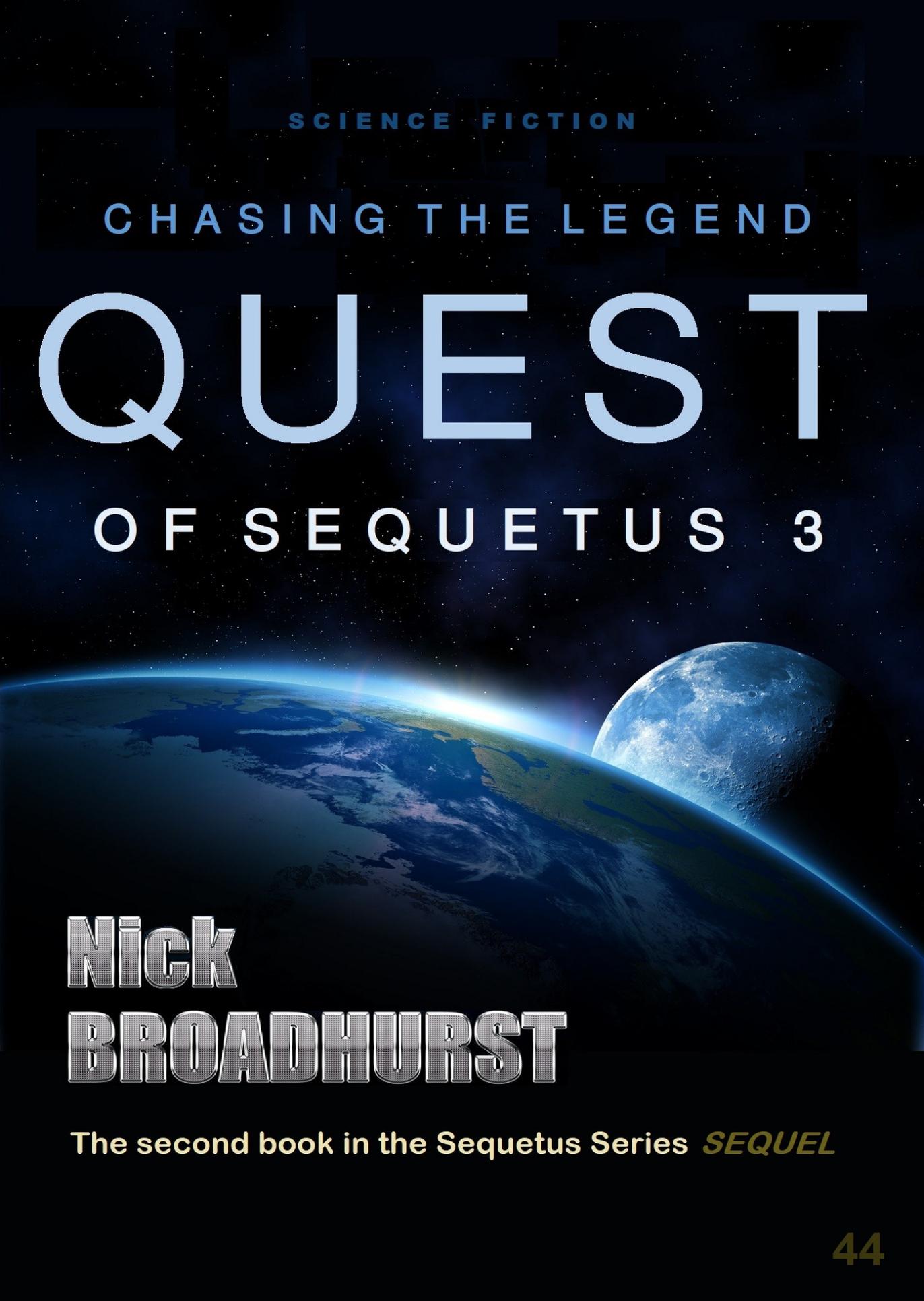


SCIENCE FICTION

CHASING THE LEGEND

QUEST

OF SEQUETUS 3

A view of Earth from space, showing the curvature of the planet and the atmosphere. The Moon is visible in the foreground, partially obscured by the Earth's horizon. The background is a dark starry sky.

**Nick
BROADHURST**

The second book in the Sequetus Series *SEQUEL*

N I C K B R O A D H U R S T

Q U E S T

OF SEQUETUS 3

Chasing the Legend



BOOK 2

SEQUETUS SEQUEL

and

Book 44

in the entire Sequetus Series

By Nick Broadhurst

Published by Nick Broadhurst

Sequetus.net Edition

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HOW TO READ THIS BOOK

From the Author

Being able to read is an ability. Being able to read an entire book, takes something special. Book readers are a top minority of the world. So, I am honored you have picked up this book.

This book is special. If you read the story in full, and go with the rest of the series, you will understand why.

The *SEQUETUS SERIES* is fiction, overlaid onto a tapestry of truth. Names of individuals and companies used in the series, unless historical fact, are fiction.

Science fiction is grounded in science. Readers have varying expectations. Being science fiction, the reader likes some science behind the fiction. But how much? How science literate is each reader? They differ. The science behind a manga comic is limited, but usually enough to carry the story forward for manga readers. I wrote some sci-fi children's picture books, a fun sequel to the *Sequetus Series*. The science in those almost does not exist. But young children just enjoy it.

But you, as a literate reader, are different.

Here is a simple example of how far a writer goes. How many planets are in our solar system? Include minor planets, planetoids, dwarf planets, and planets. The answer is over three quarters of a million.

Unbelievable? They are there. So how much time does an author devote to explaining this to a reader? Some readers, to really appreciate the story, might want to know about the hundreds of trillions of objects in and surrounding our solar system. Some readers will not.

Here are more examples: Is gravity attraction or is it propulsion. It is the latter. Is it necessary to explain why? Probably, as schools teach gravity is attraction.

How can a person see or know what is happening in the future? What is the real construct we call time?

What truly is energy? We might say *photons*, but really, they are just a label of something else unknown.

To go faster than light one needs to have the technology of understanding light. But maybe not all readers need it in detail.

And what about going through the physical construct to parallel universes? Yes. What are they? How much reading space do I devote? I am a storyteller and want to tell a story, but readers differ, and some may consider too much time, a waste of time.

And what about seeing something far away from you, through your mind? And *déjà vu*, what is that really? If we use telepathy, how does it work and how does it relate to speech? Some readers may not care.

And body aging? Can it be changed? Then how?

To help readers at a rate that suits them, I have different paths. And I let each reader work out their own speed on that pathway.

Of course, I use the story. That is the basic communication from author to reader. But I also use *Footnotes* to quickly explain things. There are more footnotes in the early books and less the later books.

I have written a detailed illustrated *Glossary*. First, I created for me as a writing aid. Now it's yours. The glossary contains extra history on the galactic civilization, and some real science. It is up to you to use it or not. I also use it for sequel books.

There are *Notes* at the rear of some of the volumes. The Notes are extensive in this volume and get less in later books. There are also contracts/documents from out there. These add to the culture of the world I am building. But again, not everyone wants to read these, and readers do not have to. Each reader has their own pace. And they have their own timing.

Some readers want to read all these extra *bits* at the end, after the story. And that is fine. These are all in the back-matter material. But they are also

bookmarked through the story for instant access. So, you choose your path and speed of reading.

I further use *Diagrams*, and *Maps*, at the front of each book, and sometimes through the books, and, in the Glossary and Notes at the end. But again, I created them for me, the writer. Now they're yours.

Through the book *Illustrations* are used liberally to help readers understand the concepts and culture. To assist my story, I often sketched and drew. I am an architect and enjoy drawing. Those illustrations of mine are professionally done now. There are 174 pictures in this book, and a couple of thousand in the series.

Further, there is *Music* for the series, two albums worth. This gives dimension. Plus, there are computer *Games*. Each medium used is story depth.

And, finally, there is the *Sequetus Website* with more pictures and research information not found elsewhere.

So, this series has taken over thirty years to create. You read it, if you wish, the way you want.

HOW TO USE THE *SEQUETUS SERIES GLOSSARY*

In the back-matter is a section named *Glossary*, a list of terms and words and what they mean. When a word in the story is shown *like this* it means it is bookmarked to take you to the word in the Glossary. The glossary has a return button to then bring you back to that text you just left. These references are all optional, for extra reading if wanted. Skip them if they slow you down. All readers are different.

MEASUREMENT

In the Federation there is Standard Measurement, such as kinopacs, or K's and pacs, but also use kilometers.

Please enjoy this book.



HOW THE *SEQUETUS SERIES* BOOKS
ARE NUMBERED

There are twenty-three story books. The 24th book deals in total notes and references. Each book appears in chronological order. The story is in four miniseries:

There are twenty-three story books in the original *Sequetus Series*. The 24th book deals in total notes and references. Each book appears in chronological order. The story is in four miniseries:

THE NEW EARTH MINISERIES	Books 1-8
THE TEMPLAR MINISERIES	Books 9-12
THE JUGGERNAUT MINISERIES	Books 13-17
THE EARTH SYNDROME MINISERIES	Books 18-23

Book 25 to 28 are the boxed books of each of the miniseries.

Book 29 is the *Sequetus Series* volume that has all 24 books.

Book 30 IS NOT WRITTEN – yet, and when it is, that will make sense. The sequel series must be written first so that Book 30 can be written.

CAPTAIN KURO FROM MARS SERIES Books 31–42

These are the *Captain Kuro from Mars* children's picture books and comics that carry on from Book 29. These are available in most good book shops.

THE SEQUETUS SERIES SEQUEL Books 43–51

This book in your hand is Book 44, the first in the *Sequel*.

You do not have to have read the earlier books to read this sequel. This can be your first book.

NICK BROADHURST

Care has gone into creating this. There are: footnotes (depending on the e book format), a glossary, notes, diagrams, maps, illustrations, music, games, and a research website to assist your reading. Have fun.



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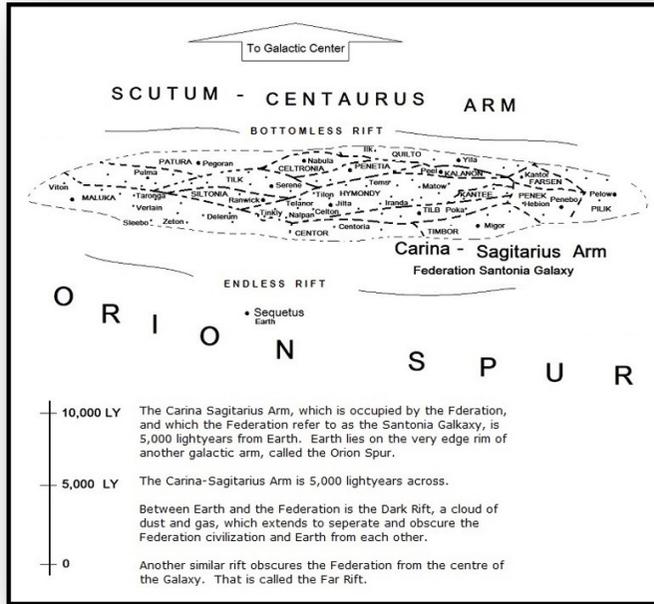
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MAPS



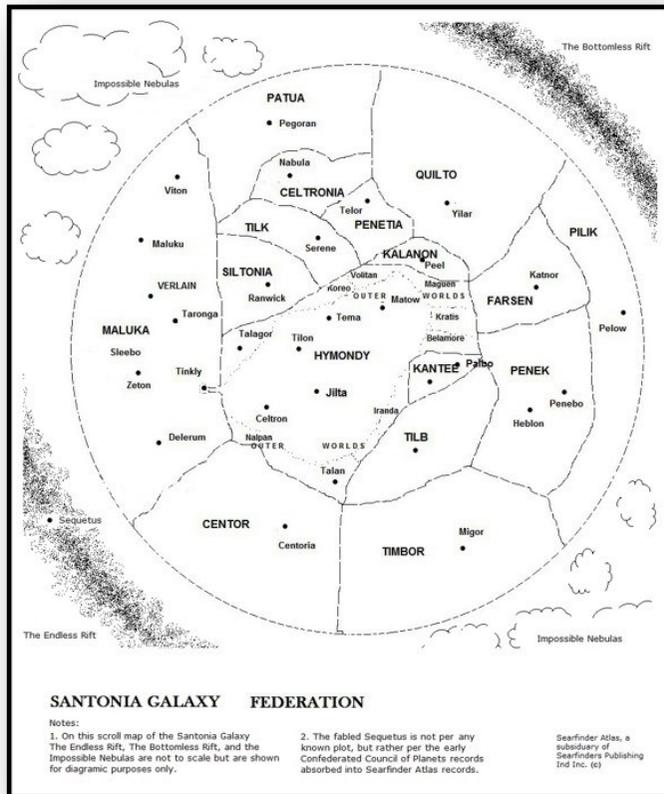
MAP 1. This Milky Way rendering shows the position of Earth with a very small yellow arrow. (See in Book 1 Notes on The Galaxy for a full description on where the Earth lies.) The Federation is on a straight path between Earth and the center of the Galaxy in a minor arm of the galaxy, which is occupied by the Federation. Between that arm of the Federation and Earth is a massive dust and gas cloud (called the Dark Rift on Earth, and the Endless Rift by the Federation). This cloud obscures one from the other. The cloud is more visible on Map 2.

MAPS



Map 2. This Galactic Map shows an expanded view of Earth, the Federation, and all the major planets within the Federation. However, this map is flat from-the-top view down only. A more readable map is the stylized expanded version below – Map 3.

MAPS



Map 3. The Santonia Galaxy, with the Sequetus System (Earth) bottom left, shown in the Endless Rift (Dark Rift). This stylized map is like Map 2, except it uses solely Federation terms. The above is also how a flat map is drawn from a three-dimensional scroll, or tube shape volume, that the Federation occupies.



NICK BROADHURST

PRELUDE

Goren Torren and the Federation

ARRIVAL

After leaving the moon's surface, the first hours of travel to Earth seemed slow. However, that time was taken up observing the planet's media transmissions. These generally consisted of war, real or imagined or hoped for, together with news of man's inhumanity to man. There was also the plague of disasters that never ceased to afflict the planet or its people. *Erin* noted with interest that the broadcast news was usually all bad, and generally presented to the population around its mealtimes.

Mepat wondered if the unnatural short life expectancy on Earth may not be from old age at all, but rather from worry. The news telecasts, movies and documentaries rolled on. Then there was a brief spell of humor with a psychotic animated duck called *Daffy*.

For most of the journey Earth was a growing brilliant blue. As they approached, the Antarctic ice cap appeared as a large dollop of cream on a rich blue plate.

Little Betsie traveled down the authorized line, making sure they did not veer. It had been impressed on them that this was the only way onto the planet to avoid the indigenous killer satellites, and the only way on allowed by *Moonbase*.

Once over the Antarctic they were only allowed into the planet's airspace via three approved alternate routes. If their craft veered from those routes, they would be shot from *Moonbase*. That had been made very clear. It had happened before¹. Goren had been shown the Moonbase Ordinance and the *crash site* evidences. This was part of his video briefing while skirting over the *moon's* surface as he readied to leave.

They certainly must not stray over the Antarctic. There were other bases there, run by *Moonbase*. The troop was prohibited in any way from observing them. But Goren had learned from the doctor on Mars that the *Antarctic bases* were old, predating the current civilization, and

¹ **REFERENCE: MOONBASE ORDINANCE 23.** "Any so person varying from an approved path can and may be shot at from any angle without warning, be they in a non-terrestrial craft or not, or in a terrestrial craft or not." Crashes were not uncommon of craft blown out of the sky, by Moonbase, or those acting on its orders." Quote from Moonbase Management Order (MMO) 23.

they were the real reason for no killer satellites over the Antarctic. Goren did not always believe what he was told.

In some places, clouds blurred the icecap. *Goren* wondered how similar this ice-bound continent must have been to *Anqi's* home planet of *Sleebo*. He wished *Anqi* could have been with him now. But that would have been forbidden by *Moonbase* and forbidden by all his *Independent* training. Still, he sighed. Sometimes there was little lighter side to being an Independent of a *Royal* Court. He shook his head slowly, to get his thoughts straight, and back on his mission.

They were now bearing away from the South Pole. It was late summer in the Antarctic, and the continent had been in sun the whole day. It was so bright below.

As *Little Betsie* entered the planet's atmosphere the first speed reduction came when rarified atomic oxygen was encountered one thousand *K's* out. This was the exosphere².

² **DEFINITION: Exosphere.** *Exo* means outer or outside. The exosphere is the outside shell, outside the atmosphere. It goes out as far as 10,000 km. There is no air, but it has rare hydrogen and helium.

Soon the four layers of the ionosphere³ had reduced their speed to 15,000 K's. Then further down, the Rangercraft cut its speed to 5,000 K's.



A Rangercraft #3

Little Betsie leveled out at two K's above the ice. They were heading north to their first rendezvous point with a *Hymondian junior independent*, if he was still alive. Junior Independent *Illtuck* had to be there to meet them, in one of the most desolated parts of the planet, *Lake Disappointment* in Western Australia.

Goren had wondered how they would recognize him, but it seemed this rendezvous

³ **DEFINITION: Ionosphere:** This is 80 km to 1,000 km out. It is ionized rare atmosphere. An ion is an atom or molecule that has gained or lost one or more electrons. The ionosphere is highly charged.

place was abandoned by others. It was desolate. Goren was wondering what Illtuck would look like now. How long had he been here on *Sequetus 3*, Earth?

The Rangercraft soared over the fairyland of ice.

Goren shuddered. The temperature was minus fifty-six outside, with thirty trillion cubic *pacs* of ice two K's thick. The Antarctic wind was whipping the ice crusts and furling the loose snow along the plateaus.

After eight minutes they crossed the continent's edge. They passed the settlement of Casey on their right. Ice was still one K thick at the ocean edge.

Finally, a large blue expanse of water came up to greet them. Hundreds of icebergs dotted the screens, some hundreds of K's long.

Below them a blue whale spouted into the air. After signaling its majestic presence the large lumbering mammal dived to its icy deep.

The icebergs became fewer and smaller. Suddenly all the ice was behind them; nothing was ahead but blue waves and white caps.

Goren felt free. *Little Betsie* skimmed the wave tops for twenty minutes. Birds dived on a shoal of fish and flashed past in a blur.

Welcome to planet Earth, he thought. He had arrived. He felt relieved. He wondered though. There had been luck and he was very thankful for it. He smiled. He was so grateful. They had survived to be on the planet.

Goren reflected on what it took. He and all the others had arrived. That was a third of their mission, done. Arrived.

Goren looked at *Navia*, and she also felt it. She too let out a small sigh of relief.

Mepat, the *Boguard*, calmly looked at Goren and smiled, and nodded slowly. He was not giving much away, other than approval. They had all arrived. They were all alive.



JENNY WANTEN

The Australian coastline appeared as a dark waver on the horizon of a blue world, and quickly loomed as a quivering hot mass stretching east-west. *Little Betsie* crossed the flat land over *Culver Point*.



Crossing the southern Australian coastline.

The small silver craft streaked up over the cliffs and into the treeless *Nullarbor Plain*, and then into the *Great Victorian Desert*. The surface was red, with sparse tufted vegetation.

First there, were no trees to any horizon. Goren wondered what kind of planet this was. The sand radiated, shimmering heat in the viewscreens, creating false horizons.

He checked his instruments. He could see that no one living on this part of the continent other than a few original inhabitants. He whisked over several of those only meters above. One looked up; others seemed not to otherwise notice.

Goren loosened his collar in anticipation. Below, the *Great Victorian Desert* became the *Gibson Desert*.



Little Betsie slowed, ahead was the dried saltpan of Lake Disappointment.



Lake Disappointment

The craft was now traveling at only 50 K's. Goren searched the dried-up lake for his contact. To the west were a tent and a wheeled terrain vehicle, a car, as Mepat had pointed out correctly. They could not see Illtuck.

Slowly they approached, watching for their man. Goren checked the computer screens. The desert was over 1500 K's long. There were only a few trees and bushes.

The outside temperature was locally, 52⁰ Celsius. The illusion was of air-land-water-land-air. The reality through the quivering heat was hot air and scorched dirt. There was no water.

The ground cover was barely alive, with small clumps of vegetation clinging to the baked sides of the lake in anticipation of relief. In Lake Disappointment there was little relief. It looked like Mars.

Little Betsie settled, nestling onto the radiating red dirt. The lower hatch opened. Goren and Mepat stepped down from the craft into the burning air. Goren gasped at his first intake of Earth breath; it was dry and seared his lungs. He drew in too quickly.

They stood in the protective shade of the Rangercraft. Goren half closed his eyes, to keep out the sun's glare that was reflecting up from the baking soil. Small beads of perspiration began to form at the base of his hairline. His collar was quickly getting damp.

He squinted in the direction of the wavering motor vehicle. This had to be Illtuck. A solitary figure appeared to be approaching. With the heat distorting his vision Goren found it difficult to see until the figure drew closer.

The figure wore a broad brimmed hat, a sleeveless khaki shirt, shorts, and heavy boots with short socks. As the figure neared, Goren thought he saw a glint of a weapon's barrel across the person's shoulder. Mepat stiffened to the same realization.

Goren was unconcerned; *Letone* would be covering from the rear in the Rangercraft. And it was good that Illtuck was armed.

The figure stopped. It was difficult to see through the heat.

Goren stepped forward out of the shadow of the craft. The sun bit deeply into his scalp, his hair feeling as though it might ignite. The figure approached another three paces. Goren edged forward. The figure reciprocated. Finally, Goren

could see the face under the hat. It was a female.

"Illtuck?" Goren called out.

"Like hell I am!" and the rifle lifted in the direction of the independent.

Another vehicle and a cloud of dust could be seen approaching from the west, finally coming to a halt on Goren's right. A short stocky man leaped out.

"Independent?" he yelled from a distance.

Goren looked to the man, slowly shaking his head, and then back to the woman with the rifle. Mepat quickly glanced at Illtuck, as his car dust enveloped their craft.

Goren let out a small sigh. "He's Junior Independent Illtuck. So, who are you?" he called to the woman.

A shaky voice replied. "More to the point sport, who the bleedin' heck are you?"

Goren searched for the meaning of the question and then answered it. "I am from the planet Jilta."

"Like hell you are!" came the reply. "Where you really from?"

Goren looked blank. He whispered through his collar microphone, back to Letone, that the

woman was frightened. Though not necessarily harmless, she could be talked out of doing harm.

Ω

The day before, Illtuck was waiting. He had made it to this point, right now. He was going to get off from this planet. He could feel it. This place was worse than Halz⁴. He knew the Independent Network. They were a brotherhood. Yes, Earth was Halz for sure. They all swore an oath to protect their patrons, their nation *sectors*, their guild and each other. The *Independent Network Guild* was not that strong but they were comrades, nevertheless.

He out haled through his small ventilation shaft. How long had he been underground now, under the heat blanket so no one could find him? It had been all night, at least.

Then his attention went to the woman he had nearly encountered at the rendezvous point the day before. He recalled spying her with his binoculars from two K's away. He thought she

⁴ **DEFINITION: Halz:** The pits of the lowest place where the worst gods had been locked up in a Jiltanian mythical time. During the god wars of unrecorded time ago, on Jilta, there was a place worse than all others. It was indescribable in terms of pain and suffering and said to be inhabited by demons.

had seen him, and he had ducked back out from view behind a small growth of bush. There was not much cover on Lake Disappointment.

His first plan was to put his car out near the rendezvous point and sleep underground near it. Now that the woman had camped nearby, that had changed. Damn!

So, he had backed away and dug down near the car in a hole that was his body size, made a shallow dirt cover above. He laid over him two thermal blankets to shield his heat signature, covered that with some dirt and shrubs, brought breathing pipe down, attached the fan to the car battery, and tucked in for the night. He had a torch light and would not surface until the scheduled time. He would not disturb the woman until then.

Ω

Goren called across the hot sand. "Please. What is your name?" Who the Halz was this woman? And the smell, from Illtuck. That told all. What had happened to him?

No response.

Goren watched an insect burrow into the hot sand away from his feet. Goren thought that was clever. This might not end well.

He called again, while his attention was fixed on the barrel of the rifle for the slightest movement. "We're not going to hurt you. Don't hurt us... Please, what is your name?"

A lizard came out from a tiny shrub. It stared at Goren. It looked like it wanted to run up Goren's leg.

Not now thought Goren.

Then the air shimmered to his right? Goren was starting to wonder if the whole universe was going insane. He glowered at the shimmer menacingly. It instantly vanished.

Goren now looked at the lizard. It was glaring at him now. He went to slightly push it away with his right foot, trying not to alarm the woman. He did not know what this animal would do but he did not want it running up his leg. He touched it very gently with his boot while holding his hands up, watching the woman.



Frilled-neck lizard

The lizard flared its frills that went whack against the air! And it hissed.

It scared the heck out of Goren. He flinched; hands still in the air. Goren sweated more.

"*Jenny Wanten,*" came her quivering reply. She pointed the gun higher at Goren and looked at him sideways.

"Thank you, Jenny. Behind me is Mepat and to my right is Junior Independent Illtuck,

who needs a clean. If you would lower the weapon Illtuck and I would feel less nervous. Poor Mepat is feeling very jittery too.”

Illtuck fell to his knees. They are Boguard, he thought. Then that must be a Royal Mission and that must be Independent Goren Torren. By the gods, I am free. He stared at Goren with tears forming in his eyes. He just had to work out how to handle the woman.

Ω

Illtuck had risen from under the ground, only five minutes before the rendezvous time. He was so anxious. Would an Independent be there? Had they gotten the message? Did his companion Junior Independent *Premis* get through? Did she make it off the planet? Did she get out, and arrive at *Jilta*? Would he, Illtuck be stuck here forever, in this desert, which he called the *Halz* of Earth.?

Illtuck knew he was a mess. His shirt was torn. He had stolen the clothes he wore. He had buried his Jiltanian survival suit months ago. His car ran on good luck more than anything else. He has given the carburetor one more good clean before he left and unclogged it of

dust. This vintage vehicle stuff was so new to him. A 1972 Holden⁵ Kingswood? What did that mean anyway? It worked though, in a fashion.

He rolled back his thermal blankets. He slowly looked around for snakes. They were deadly out here and there were many of them. He knew if he was bitten, he would soon be dead.

He stowed the blankets away in the back of the car, grabbed his food pack, and uncovered the car's amateur camouflage. There was three minutes to go, if they were to meet. He could not wait. If that woman was still there, he would have to deal with it.

This car had better start or he would be late and that would be bad.

He turned the key. The starter motor groaned like a sick dog. It did not fire. He turned it again. He swore to himself. How did he do this? He went over the reasons again for why out here. No people. He could live off the land. There was no terrestrial surveillance and Moonbase had no attention out here.

⁵ **DEFINITION: Holden:** The Holden was a car made with General Motors in Australia. The Kingswood series of family sedans from 1968 – 84. They had a six-cylinder motor.

On the third attempt it came to life. Was it hotter today, as he was sweating already? Yesterday it got to 55 Celsius. The engine was roaring.

He looked at his hands. They were shaking again. He looked at his eyes in the mirror. He wondered if anyone would recognize him from Jilta. He couldn't. And who would they send? Probably some inexperienced trainee who would get stuck in the same trap here that he did.

He was now revving the car and had taken off in a flurry of dust.

Ω

The rifle did not move.

"You Martians... commos... or yanks? And what's he blubberin' about?" Jenny called over.

"We have just come from a visit to the first you mentioned, but the other two planets are unknown to us. We're new here. Please let me help my friend Illtuck."

Jenny let out a slightly audible moan looking to the Rangercraft.

Goren continued. "Mars, Jenny, is quite a beautiful planet, much like this lovely countryside of yours." Goren outstretched his

arms to display the heat-stricken desert. His chest and shoulders were now getting very wet. Pearls of perspiration were rolling down his cheeks. Goren felt sure the skin of his face would soon be burnt off. The sun felt like a blowtorch.

Jenny's gun was welded in position.

Goren looked to Mepat. Tiny drops were forming over the Boguard's cool eyebrows. Mepat held his palms out to Goren as if to signal: What now?

Illtuck was still kneeling in the dirt in his filthy jeans, full of holes, tears running down his bearded cheeks.

Jenny was not moved.

Finally, Illtuck cried out, "Jenny, for God's sake. These are my friends to get me off your planet. Either shoot us or do what you want. I don't care anymore." He burst into full grief sobbing looking ahead at the ground. His tears were hitting the baked soil, sitting, without penetrating.

Goren nodded for Mepat to be still. "Maybe you should shoot us Jenny. I came here to save my friend, and I am going to walk over to him, to take him with us. Shoot us if you have to."

Goren lowered his hands slowly and looked more to Illtuck.

Illtuck was recovering himself. He slowly propped himself up. "We can explain Jenny. But please, let's get out of the sun and talk in the bloody shade!" Illtuck was trying to sound Australian.

Keeping the rifle trained on Goren, Jenny turned to Illtuck and stared. "I might as well shoot you; no one would know!" She then sighed. "What the hell," and lowered the rifle.

Goren took a deep breath of relief.

Illtuck spoke. "I apologize Jenny, but I did not expect you here."

"Nor I, you." Jenny nodded to the spaceship. "You got anything in there decent and cold to wet the throat, mister?" She called to Goren.

"If you mean a mind-relaxant, no. Against Federation policy. However, could I offer you citrus drink instead? It's very cold?"

"You could. Hell, I'm outnumbered anyhow." Jenny marched over the hot sand past Goren to the shade of the craft. Passing Mepat she tossed the rifle to him and winked. "Not loaded. Don't believe in guns." She looked at Illtuck and shrugged.

Mepat caught the barrel and gingerly juggled the hot iron until he held the butt end.

Jenny called back from the shade by the craft's entrance. "Well? You Martians going to just stand there?"

Goren raised his eyebrows to Mepat. Mepat shrugged, uncocked the double-barrel shotgun; no cartridges were in the breach.

Goren went and stood by Jenny. The shade was relieving.

"Would you be interested in coming aboard? It is far cooler."

"You twisted my arm," she replied, and then added, "You aren't gon'na mug me, are you?"

Goren unsure of the meaning of the words had to work out what could have been said. "No," he replied carefully and stepped up aboard first.

As Jenny clamored into the tight little craft Goren gestured. "Welcome to *Little Betsie*."

"Thanks, sport." Jenny looked around at the inside with mixed amazement and curiosity.

After a moment, Goren drew Jenny's attention. "Please let me introduce you to *Instructor Letone*."

A brief hello, then she spoke more. "So, this is a real flying saucer, eh?"

Goren smiled. "If you say so."

"I do! And you're Martians?"

"Not strictly speaking, Jenny, but as I said, we have recently been there."

"Oh," Jenny said, still gawking at the instruments. "You gon'na take me for a spin?"

Goren's mind drew blank on understanding of what was asked.

Letone stepped forward. "I believe sir, the young lady has requested a demonstration of the craft's capabilities, in flight, sir."

Jenny's eyes readily agreed.

"First," Goren said, "a refreshing citrus drink is in order, and I feel dehydrated by my introduction to your desert."

Jenny agreed. It was hot. Goren wasn't all that thirsty but rather wanted time to think. Mepat poured the drink and passed it around.

Jenny hesitated and looked at Goren before a sample sip, then decided that should they have wished to harm her they would have done so before now. She sipped and then gulped the remainder of the container. Mepat refilled.

All thirsts quenched; Goren continued. "Well, that wasn't strictly citrus, but a very similar fruit, from another planet."

"Delicious, my host! Now what about that ride?" Jenny's manner of speech seemed to become slightly more sophisticated. Some of her Australian parochial dialect had disappeared.

Goren would rather have talked more about his homegrown Jiltanian fruit, but he would play the part of host. Letone enabled a small grin to ride his face.

Goren was about to agree to the request when Illtuck reminded Goren of the *Moonbase* rules on native contact and codes of conduct.

Jenny's accent returned. "Really, Illtuck! You're a real spoil sport, aren't you?"

Illtuck was bearded and looked like he had been in the desert too long. His shirt was dirty, and hair bedraggled. He shrugged as though to indicate he was only doing what he had to do.

"Illtuck, we will get with you soon." Goren turned to Jenny. "Illtuck is also considering you, Jenny," Goren said, "But... rules are there for independents to break. Right everybody?" Only Jenny's eyes agreed. The other three seemed to be on a contrary thought pattern. Still, the decision was Goren's.

"Start your engines!" Goren called to Mepat. Goren received four strange expressions. Apparently, none of the others saw

the black and white Earth movie on the viewscreens a day ago. Still, Mepat motioned the computer to prepare for flight.

Three minutes later *Little Betsie* was once again headed north over the red-hot sands of the desert.



More Australian desert

After watching the screens for some minutes Jenny casually asked, “Where are you really from?”

“Planet Jilta, from the Hymondy sector,” replied Goren, becoming a little exasperated at having to repeat himself.

“I suppose I’m meant to believe we’re really off the ground?” Jenny asked with a tinge of sarcasm.

"Of course. Where do you think you are?" asked Goren in reply.

"On the desert floor. These screens of yours don't fool me for a minute. I felt no evidence of leaving the ground."

"You're not meant to. You cannot travel the Galaxy and expect the sort of technology that would give a craft a *bumpy* ride!" Goren's patience was drawing short. He was still hot. This was a strange mission. The viewscreens showed a greener landscape racing beneath them.

"I'll put the craft down; you can step out and inspect for yourself." The scene below was some white sand and surf. "It is safe to exit now, if you wish."

Jenny trotted down to the exit stairs. She peered out at the pounding surf, tentatively stepped down and walked a few meters onto the bleached sand. A wave thundered up the beach and splashed up her legs. It was cold. She froze still.



Beach south of Darwin

Goren heard a whimpering voice from the bridge over the noise of a lapping wave.

“Where... are we?” came her weak call.

“Twenty K’s south of Darwin!” Goren yelled down over the sound of the surf.

Goren watched her on the screens. Her legs buckled, a small moan and she collapsed into a ball on the sand.

Goren cursed himself as he dashed down the stairs onto the beach. He was with her in seconds. Mepat was half a stride behind him.

When Goren arrived, Jenny was face down in the sand, gently sobbing. Goren knelt, unsure what to say. He took both her hands. Jenny

looked up and Goren brushed some of the sand away from her face.

“That machine,” she said, between sobs, “Isn’t a movie prop?” Her eyes were reaching for some reality to share in Goren's face.

Goren shook his head, slowly.

“Am I having a mental breakdown?”

Jenny's eyes pleaded for a yes.

Again, Goren slowly shook his head. “No Jenny. You’re quite sane. We only had citrus to drink, and all of us here are real.”

Jenny moaned and began to sob. She clutched onto Goren's arm and quietly wept.

After some minutes she looked up with uncertainty. Goren recognized the fear in her eyes.

Goren did not wish to hurt her. Why had he not listened to Illtuck when he had the chance?

Jenny looked around at the surf, propping herself into a kneeling position. This wasn’t the Gibson Desert. Wherever it was, a few minutes ago they were over a thousand kilometers away. Jenny's head was whirling.

Goren said nothing. He was there should she want to speak.

Jenny looked at the pair of them. “You really were on Mars?”

“Correct, Jenny” said Goren.

Jenny sat back on the sand, staring to the water, into the waves as they pushed down and then up the beach.

Minutes more passed and Goren could sense the thoughts racing through Jenny's mind.

“But no one will believe me,” she said, shaking her head.

“That isn’t my problem,” laughed Goren quietly.

“Nor mine!” reflected Jenny, as she slowly joined in the laughter.

Mepat broke into the train of both thoughts. “Sir, Australian military surveillance aircraft headed this way.”

Goren looked in the direction where Mepat was indicating. An airplane was in the sky, most likely sent out to investigate them. That was the risk in putting down so close to Darwin.

However, Goren wasn’t prepared to land just elsewhere in case Jenny wouldn’t board the craft again. From here she could walk to civilization.

“Jenny are you with us or staying here?” asked Goren, who was already standing up to leave. “It is alright for you to stay. Darwin is twenty K’s up the coast that way.” Goren pointed edging away.

He did not know if the aircraft was armed, nor did he wish to find out.

Jenny looked up the coast, then back to *Little Betsie* and then back along the beach again.

“Jenny!” called Goren. Mepat had already begun his sprint for the Rangercraft. Goren began his run too. The jet craft was armed with rockets. It was closing quickly. Jenny sat there as though in a dream.

Goren made it to the stair ramp. The ground legs had already begun withdrawing and the craft was hovering.

Goren leaped inside and yelled to the bridge. “Right! Go! Go!”

The craft did not move; the stairs did not retract.

“Go!” bellowed Goren as he bounded up the steps to the bridge. That aircraft would be there any second. He made it to the bridge and saw the problem and in several strides was on the lower floor again.

There was Jenny, half up the steps from the beach, but losing her footing.

Goren screamed. “Hands!”

Jenny flung her arms up to the voice. Goren caught them and lifted her through the air

as though no gravity. He pulled her to the side away from the door and held her while the stairs retracted and the Rangercraft instantly fled.

By the time the pair had made their way to the bridge the aircraft was a distant dot in the sky behind them.

The Boguard were impressed.

Jenny looked at the screens. The landscape receded at a speed that hurt her eyes. She looked to the three of them in bewilderment, and she quietly said: "Wow! Oh, Wow!"

The others watched as amazement dawned on her.



DEBRIEF

Jenny shook her head slowly. "Are you here to invade us?"

"No," laughed Goren. "Observation, only observation."

"Why?"

"Your species has been under observation since its beginnings, and your planet has developed differently to others in your Galaxy. We're here to find out why. That is all."

"There is something wrong?" she asked.

"Not wrong, but different, Jenny," Goren answered.

"In what way different... Goren?"

Goren felt good. "Well, how old are you?"

"Twenty-seven."

"I'm more than a hundred years older," Goren said.

"Do you mean that all of you who appear as your age are over a hundred years old?"

"That is correct," answered Goren.

"So, you're here to find out why?"

"Correct."

"Genetic interference?" Jenny asked, her Australian accent all but gone again.

Goren thought for a moment. He liked this girl and her thought. "Possibly," he said slowly.

"Hmm. I see," she said.

Goren's mind was ahead of him now. "What were you doing in the desert when we found you Jenny?" he asked tentatively.

Illtuck had been taken below by Letone to be debriefed and then he would get clean.

Goren would go down in a few minutes.

"I'm an anthropologist," she answered. "I have been studying old aboriginal camp sites for my doctorate thesis."

Goren couldn't withhold the small chuckle that let go. Jenny did not understand it, but who knew alien humor?

They arrived back over Lake Disappointment and the Rangercraft was settling down.

Jenny watched the viewscreen as her campsite came into view.

Rather distantly she asked, "Do you guys need a hand?"

Goren recognized the offer of help. He had spent hours studying the Earth broadcasts. The English classes however, never catered for this

form of informal speech. Goren wondered. He almost made a fatal mistake once jeopardizing the Rangercraft, its crew and Jenny's sanity. Goren looked to Mepat. His eyes were impassive, but Goren felt a sense of agreement emanating from them, or at least he imagined he could feel it.

“We accept your offer, Jenny.”

Jenny beamed.

Goren offered Illtuck a cool citrus. Illtuck thanked him. In the meantime, he had decontaminated, cleaned his body, gotten rid of the beard. He smiled at the image. He had been given two sets of shocksuits that the Boguard had brought with them. This had been anticipated.

They were now sitting around the debriefing table. Recorders were on.

Illtuck restrained the feeling of grief as his mind wandered back.

“I just cannot recall how we got here. Neither could the others. It was weird.” He just shook his head.

“Did Premis make it back then Independent Torren, sir?” Illtuck asked.

Goren shook his head slowly. "Not alive. Why don't you tell me what happened? Take your time. There is no hurry."

Illtuck shook his head, and then looked at his old clothes lying in the laundry bundle. "There is no time Independent. They will get you, come for you. We must leave now. We need to warn Jilta and the others. Please..."

Illtuck was getting agitated.

Mepat looked at Goren and they instantly recognized this. Illtuck had been heavily traumatized by his time on the planet. Mepat had been told by Illtuck he had been here five months.

Illtuck looked about, like he was looking for a way to escape. Images were going through his mind. He was becoming frantic.

Mepat put his hand in front of Illtuck's face and moved it back and forth slowly.

Illtuck came out of his – whatever. He looked at the Boguard. He recognized the uniform and felt relaxed again. He was with the Federation, and in the hands of Boguard, and the most famous Royal Independent in the Jiltanian sector. He breathed out slowly. Tears began to form in his eyes, and he looked at fleeting moments of terror.

He swallowed.

Goren nodded. "Here is what we will do."

He looked at Mepat. "We will be setting down in a few seconds. You have your car out there. I want you and Mepat to go out, and I want you to feel the ground. Feel this craft and feel your car. I want you to do that until you realized where you are. Understand?"

Mepat understood. He gently led Illtuck out of the room.

Illtuck turned to Goren and fell to his knees, "Thank you Independent. Thank you. The Santonia Galaxy is at risk. We must hurry. Please. More tears rolled down his cheeks.

Goren nodded as Mepat helped him up and led the way out.

Goren knew the signs of *Series Deprogramming*. They were there. Goren also let out a deep breath. He looked up at the monitors and felt his own eyes getting moist. He slowly shook his head and inhaled.

After a moment he walked to the front door. He saw Jenny rummaging through her campsite, getting belongings ready. She was going with them. But that would be in the morning.

Pegasus had indicated that likely Moonbase would not be able to detect their individual heat

signatures, but it may be able to detect the number of heat signatures on the ground. So, to be sure, they would only ever have three people outside until the morning. There was no point risking their security. They maybe on an isolated planet, but up there was one of the most sophisticated listening devices that Goren had ever seen outside of a Federation Capital Planet.

Mepat was standing beside Illtuck. Illtuck was still somewhat incoherent. Goren watched as Illtuck was lying face down, with his hands outstretched, with his palms down, feeling the dirt. When he was ready, Mepat would instruct him to go and feel his car, and then when ready, Jenny's car, then her tent and so on. Goren reflected on the great man who had taught him this, many years ago. Eventually, and slowly, Illtuck would pull himself out of whatever had traumatized him. The memories would swim to the surface and be visible. But those helping would have to be patient. Series
Deprogramming laid in harm, very deep down, erasing memories. It was banned in Jiltanian space, but this was not Jilta.

Goren looked around and there was a slighting beeping hum coming from the Bridge.

After a second, an amber light began to pulse from the console along with a recurring mild beep, Goren activated one of the visios to life.

Navia's face came on screen.

"Navia, good to see you." Goren was all smiles.

"You too, Goren."

Goren saw on the other security screen that Illtuck had finished and was being brought aboard Little Betsie. Letone waited for Mepat to get aboard and then he went out to start to go through Illtuck's vehicle and other belongings. They needed to know where he had been, and what had happened.

Illtuck and Mepat were on the Bridge with Goren. Illtuck was smiling. Mepat went below to make notes on what had happened, and what Illtuck said he recalled. Some of Illtuck's light memories had returned. Goren nodded as Illtuck said he was going below to get himself a cup of *kalo*. Goren acknowledged he would love to have one too. Kalo... Nothing is better than a cup of hot Jiltanian kalo.

“What have you learned of this planet since our departure?” asked Goren to Jenny. He smiled at her very familiar and professional business posture. Always the anthropologist, thought Goren. He nodded and smiled.

On the screen Navia quickly glanced at notes she had on a lower console. “Okay, let’s go.”

They had two minutes and fifty-three seconds that were safe that Navia and Erin had worked out. Then the Moon and the Earth would move out of alignment for their needs and their transmission would get disbursed slightly by the atmosphere.

Goren watching. Navia was saying, “It is so good to see you again Goren. The moon is so lonely up here....”

Seven, six, five....

Goren watched as Navia set her timer. Both his screen and hers had the time of when the silent zone would start and finish. Her screen was set to go blank just a millisecond before the end.

This was going to be a one sided and fast download of information. Goren would record it and play it back. On the top right was the transcript to be displayed of what Navia was

reading from her desk. Plus, she would send any other prerecorded material, she had ready.

She watched the timer; took a deep breath. It was about to start. She nodded as the timer count was about to start. It would count down in hundredths of a standard second.

Navia nodded. Three, two, one.... It started. "It seems the planet has been in a state of constant war over the past millennia. I find no period in current recorded history when a war somewhere wasn't active. More recently there have been two global conflicts splitting the planet into alliances, each bent on the destruction of the other.

"The amount of technical knowledge appears to accumulate at a hyperbolic rate doubling every fifteen years.

"Staggering is it not?"

Navia did not wait for a reply but kept reading. "The planet is still answering to the dictates of two superpowers, as they're called. What is interesting is that this super power status changes from one nation to another over the centuries, but the fundamental two-sided conflict continues.

"Only once has a nation recently almost attained planet conquest, or at least become the

single major influencing power. That power, called the British Empire, recently went to war against a league of enemies, won the war, but lost control of the planet, plunging Earth again into a two-sided duel again.

“Almost all nations pledge support for one superpower or the other. The two powers today are known as the USA and the USSR. They’re shown on this map. Both powers have enough weapons to destroy the planet seven times over, and they continue weapons manufacture. The main arsenal is atomics.

“Another anomaly Goren is that during the planet's major wars, when one side was about to make an absolute resounding route of the enemy, they fell to the most stupid of tactical blunders. According to what I have gleaned from media transmissions, the status of this planet's military and political alliances should just not be.”

“Unless... you mean,” Goren said coldly.

“That is correct! Unless!” agreed Navia.

“Economy?” Goren accepted his cup of kalo from Illtuck and smiled back. Illtuck settled in on a seat and watched. He understood the timing system and had used it before himself.

“Ha. Almost the same. The planet's fortunes are won and lost by individuals in a predictable cyclic manner. The planet's economy rises and falls every thirty or sixty years without fail. But there seems little attention on this by the natives. The political powers at the time perform to the same tune as their predecessors without thought to the past. It all points to the same thing, but this study is only beginning.”

“Anything on religion?” Goren asked.

“Not much. Transmissions are low in that area. But it appears that religions are dictated by the geography and races of religious founders. But in all area's religion is relatively strong. In the less technologically advanced areas, religions are old but consistent. In fact, these are not unlike some of our older galactic religions. Interestingly, where this is the case the technological advancement is predictable from a galactic viewpoint.

“In the areas of technological advancement, a new religion seems to be replacing earlier religions. This new religion goes by the name of *psychology*. Its meaning comes from an ancient language, called Latin, which is a root language of Confederate Galactic. The word *psych* means

soul or spirit, and ology comes from logis, to study."

Goren asked, "So psychology means *to study the spirit.*"

Illtuck smiled and sipped his kalo. He nodded to Goren that Navia was right, but his smile indicated more.

Goren watched the timer on his screen. They had a minute left.

Navia continued, "Correct Goren. But that is where this new religion is interesting. It generally claims that there is no real religion, which isn't unusual - one religion denying the existence of another. However, this religion claims they're not a religion, but a science. That also isn't new; religions setting themselves up as the only center point of scientific truth."

Goren nodded and allowed Navia to continue.

"The earlier religion from which psychology has wrested control is called Christianity."

Goren smiled. He was enjoying his kalo.

Navia's face looked past Goren. "Goren, is that a native female I see there in the background?"

"Well, err, yes, an anthropologist. I'll explain to you later."

"All right Goren, you and your wayward native friends. What is her name?" Navia smiled, now speaking English.

"Jenny Wanten!" butted in Jenny as she stood beside Goren.

"And I'm not a native. I'm an Australian."

"Nice to meet you, Jenny," Navia said smiling. "I must go now. Time is out. Be in touch Goren." Navia was holding her finger up as the micro-timer scrolled down the last second. She pressed her screen and Goren's screen went blank.

Jenny turned to Goren. "Why did she leave in such a hurry?"

Goren answered. "Navia is aboard our mother craft, the *Pegasus*, which is adjacent to a galactic listening post, called *Moonbase*. Both are on the moon." Goren watched Jenny. She gave no indication that he should stop. "Our signals are not transmitted by broad wave, as yours are here on Earth, but rather by laser pulse. We aim our message at the recipient. It is a very tidy transmission. However, there is still some atmospheric reflection, which could be picked up by the *Moonbase* receivers. The only exception is when we transmit in line with the axis of *Pegasus* and *Moonbase* and Earth. Our

computers tell us when it is time to transmit. We still transmit at other times on matters of non-confidentiality, to prevent *Moonbase* from becoming suspicious. If necessary, we can also traverse the globe, in line with the poles, to remain in contact, but that places our craft in jeopardy from Earth surveillance.”

Jenny nodded with a blank stare. She had tuned out.

“So, Jenny, our task now is to secure your vehicle, for we’re going east,” said Goren.

Jenny smiled.

Dusk was beginning to settle over the desert.

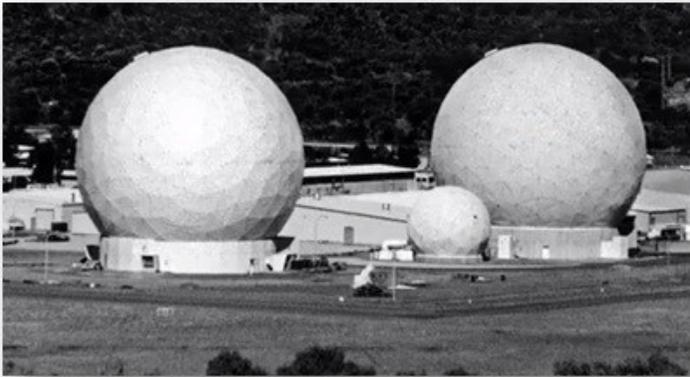
Jenny convinced Goren and the Boguard to spend the night in the outback. She also decided to ready some outback supper for all of them.

Goren had been given a brief fist of notes that were found in Illtuck’s car. It was like a file, but in two halves.

He looked at one half. Then the other. There were photos. It did not make a lot of sense. He would have to read it later. The photos were of a place in Australia, right in its center. Its unofficial name was simply Pine Gap.

According to the notes, there were eight hundred employees at this *Pine Gap*.

Goren looked at the photographs.



Pine Gap Facilities – Central Australia

Goren read on. Its official name was: *Joint Defense Space Research Facility*. It was divided into three sections, as well as above and below ground. It was big.

Goren looked how far away it was. Not that far. Not far from where Illtuck had driven

from. Maybe it was two days drive if his car did not break down. Goren looked at the car, so was not sure about that.

He looked up at Letone. Goren read on. This place was also close to a rocket-range, in a place called *Woomera*⁶, and close to the nuclear testing grounds of a few decades before. It was also noted that this facility was a key to others, forming a sky defense network. The notes were written in shaky English handwriting. Maybe it was Illtuck's.

There were more photographs. There were also plans to show three underground levels at the base, and schematic diagrams for another three levels below those.

The other folder had information on Woomera, nuclear testing, and other similar bases around Australia. There were also some notes on Africa and similar bases there.

Goren looked up from the notes. He exchanged glances with Mepat.

⁶ **DEFINITION: Woomera:** A woomera is a device for throwing a spear. It is an Australian indigenous word. As this was a rocket facility developed by the British in conjunction with the Australian government, the name suited. It then was the name for the village that was built to accommodate these facilities.

Mepat handed him more notes and diagrams.

“These were all in the car?” asked Goren.

Mepat nodded.



PINE GAP

The sun had finally set and the heat of the day was quickly losing to the cold of night. The Boguard used the Rangercraft to scavenge for firewood a thousand K's away at the desert's edge.



They returned with a hold full of twisted branches.

The flames licked into the darkening sky with cinders vortexing heavenwards to become new stars. Around the campsite was a perimeter of orange luminescence; beyond was the eeriness of the encroaching night. For a few

moments the scarlet horizon remained the only evidence of the sun's ravaging through the day. With stealth the air chilled, but warmth still radiated from the cooked earth below.

Goren accepted the friendly warming of the open fire. The night desert, cold at his back, balanced the heat from the small flames.

The jewels of the *Milky Way* shone brightly against the pitch black beyond them.

After his meal Goren consented to spending the night outside, under the stars. Jenny lay back and stared up until sleep overtook her. Goren had hoped she would have asked questions about his home or his past. He wasn't tired. Instead he listened to the sounds in the blackness, of the night desert creatures stalking their prey. He hoped the fire would keep them away. After three hours and several startling false alarms Goren finally fell asleep. The Boguard rotated watch.

Following a restless night Goren awoke with a plate of fried eggs under his nose. Though unfamiliar, his senses quickly adjusted to enable him to accept his good fortune.

"Sleep well?" Jenny asked as she cleaned the breakfast utensils by the fire.

"Yes fine," Goren lied, wiping the sleep from his eyes.

He shook the blanket off and started eating breakfast. "The desert has a lot of noises during the night."

"Yes, but you get used to that. It is really quite calming." Jenny looked up from her cleaning. "No people. Only Martians!" she said with a wry smile, looking at the Rangercraft.

The sun wasn't yet up, but the night chill was fading rapidly. Goren looked to the horizon as he dunked his toast into *billy-tea*. The dark was disappearing. The ground was light. He watched for the first of the sun's rays to penetrate the desert. Yes, it was beautiful.

It would be difficult to recommend destruction of such a varied water bound planet as this. He shook the possibility from his mind. That was a recommendation to be made only after much investigation.

Goren helped with cleaning of the campsite, dousing the fire, and securing Jenny's car. The sun was climbing into the sky, attempting to repeat its holocaust of the previous day. Goren could already feel its first bite penetrating deep into layers of his skin. He was eager to get away before the discomfort got worse.

The two Boguard pulled down Jenny's tent and stowed her gear in the Rangercraft. They had left a note in the car by Jenny, which she would be back, but had to leave on an important mission, of planetary importance. Jenny had laughed at that. This was a new very big adventure.

Illtuck's car was parked not so far away. The Boguard had gone over it, checking everything they could and inspected under the hood, pulling out the rear seat, inspected everything they could.



Illtuck's outback car

They found another set of documents sewn into the lining under the rear seat. And there were six rolls of film, or that was what Jenny

said it was, found in the glove box compartment of the car.

In its roof lining they had found a map. On it were marked locations of the apparent sky net.

Illtuck had been quiet all this time. He watched with interest what the Boguard were finding in the car. Goren at the same time watched Illtuck. Illtuck did not seem to recognize what they were removing.

Mepat commented that it had a dozen strange new markings on it, like a lizard from above. They were on some the documents as well.

Soon they had finished, and Little Betsie moved away from the campsite. It was going inland. It slowly crossed the dry landscape, desolate, with nothing but a few short husks of grass. They decided to move slowly; attract no attention by moving too fast, or too slow. The Australians would never see them, but who knew out there, who was watching or listening.

Goren had not forgotten Lorde Hymondy's warning about *Sequetus 1*. He had since found that this planet, locally known as Mercury, had one side facing Earth all the time. It turned out that with the Moon, continually watching, with

its permanent set of eyes on Earth, and presuming a similar base was on Mercury, watching, like the moon, never to revolve away from Earth, then per Goren's calculations, there needed to be two more watching bases, permanent watching Earth that did not revolve. Navia and Erin were researching those.

It was an hour later, and they had left Lake Disappointment and were heading to Pine Gap, and from there would go to the biggest nearby city.

They settled not far from the Pine Gap facility. The Moon was not up over the horizon yet. They were going to nestle down near an archeological site, not far away.



Pine Gap in the distance

Goren watched Illtuck as he become more fidgety the closer, they got to the facility. Then as he backed Little Betsie away, Illtuck seemed to calm again.

Slowly Goren put Little Betsie down.

Letone had been working with Illtuck.

“Sir,” Letone had said, “All we can get from him is something about - what he calls Project 12. But he can’t say what it is other than the title.” Letone sighed. “It is not in any of the other notes, writings or diagrams. What we got from the car is not his handwriting. It might belong to Junior Independent Premis, but Illtuck doesn’t know. He says we must be careful of Project 12. I asked him who are the “we” and he started to shake.”

Goren nodded. “Do the best you can. We will set down near the big rock after dark.”

It was dark. The small Rangercraft set down on the north side of *Ayer’s rock*, a massive monolith, and the biggest in the world.

Goren noticed that the rock had a strange presence, as he looked it over. As he walked its majestic circumference, even though dark, it seemed to emanate some unseen glow. Goren wondered. It took hours to walk the circumference. The emanation from the rock

seemed almost audible. And then the shimmering began again to his right. It seemed like an acknowledgement. It also seemed as though something was on the other side of the shimmering and it could hear Goren, and that the link was magnified by the rock.



Central Australia with Ayer's Rock on right

Illtuck's memory was beginning to return. They left him to feel the rock by himself. It seemed to have some healing effect. Illtuck next felt the ground under him. It seemed that by do that, and lying down, out there, looking out to the sky, into the stars, Illtuck was able to hear things. He did that the whole night. Lying

awake, looking outward, hearing sounds, screaming, he slowly healed.

Slowly images of something horrific returned. First, he could see blinding white light. Then it faded. But it seemed to come back in flashes. A few times Illtuck curled up in a ball. But he straightened out and looked back up into the sky, where he had come from. He investigated the Dark Rift. He knew now he was looking into a lie. It was not endless. There was another side. The Federation and earth shared the same galaxy.

By morning, after twelve hours, Illtuck was different. He looked to the first rays of light, like arrows of truth, they were piercing the overlay of darkness that had made him forget the past five months.

He knew he would not have all his memories, but he had more now. He thought about Premis and felt sad. Now he knew why she had offered to go for help. She was his girlfriend from Jilta, a fellow Independent in training. Someone had made him forget this. He really wanted to know who. Premis had gone for help knowing it might kill her, because she loved him, and she loved Jilta.

Illtuck straightened. Now he would remember whatever else he needed. More was returning.



Ayer's rock

He went inside Little Betsie. Letone had been on guard over him the whole night, watching Illtuck non-stop. They both needed to sleep and would soon get it.

Letone gave Illtuck a steaming cup of kalo. They both had one.

Illtuck smiled and sipped. He looked at Goren. The new girl was there in the background. Illtuck nodded at her. He sipped again and exhaled, savoring the aroma. He smiled. "This reminds me of..." He stopped himself as he was about to say *Premis*. He clenched his jaw, restraining tears.

Instead, he said, "It is in that Pine Gap base. In their third floor down, is a special program set of compartments, called Project 12

or sometimes PJ 12. It is run by another group, called M. And there is a further group, who are a different race to us and different to Jenny as well. They are smaller with bigger heads. They also share the base.”

Illtuck still could not recall exactly how he got there. He looked at Goren and sipped more of the nostalgic kalo. “They have a bigger plan, all of them. They are all working together with Moonbase. I do not know who they are or where they come from. They might be the original inhabitants of Earth. I just do not know.”

Goren refilled Illtuck’s kalo. “How did you escape?” Did they just let you out?”

Illtuck smiled and then shook his head. “I was sprung loose, but I have no idea who or how. But I get the idea there was a raid on the Pine Gap base by another group – and they were not from Earth and they pulled me and Premis out or maybe Premis was with them. I just do not recall what happened.” He sighed. “I recall being lifted out of the base and there were dead or stunned guards and so on. I was half unconscious. Mostly unconscious. Premis was alive. We were handed over to the local indigenous people, called the Aboriginals. They

are very kind and have a deep knowledge of where they come from.”

Goren nodded. Letone held back Jenny who was wild eyed. Mepat motioned for Jenny to say nothing but just wait.

The next three minutes Illtuck mumbled. He softly said that he had given all he could remember from his night of sharing the earth and the stars. But now that he had said it, he had found more memories. They were beginning to swim to the surface.

“I was given to the local indigenous people, the aboriginals. They cared for me. They fixed my wounds. They seemed to understand what was happening, and they seemed to have some knowledge of who this other group was that had just helped me.”

He sipped. “There are two other groups out there, other than the Federation I know of.”

He put down his cup and sat and was silent. Then he said, “They then put me in a car with two others and drove me to the Kimberly Mountains, on the western side of Australia. They said that I should be quiet and wait.”

Goren knew that Illtuck needed sleep and motioned for the others to leave him. Letone nodded.

But Illtuck continued. "It was like I felt somehow they would get word back to Jilta. It was like somehow, they knew. They just said, "Trust the Dreamtime, Mister Illtuck."

Illtuck smiled. "I did not tell them I was found out there. They already knew." Illtuck turned to Goren and the others. "They are very magical. I have seen what they can do."

Jenny was sitting unusually quiet. Illtuck was speaking in scattered Jiltanian, parts he said in English, and he was also speaking the local dialect of the northwestern Australia, which Jenny knew a little of too. Jenny sat back in the little hallway, mouth open, shocked at what she was watching and hearing.

Goren stepped back as to the immediate right of him the air was shimmering very brightly. Goren knew the others could not see this. He half glanced at it. He knew his time with Illtuck was over for the moment. Illtuck needed to get more memory returned.

Goren stepped out and up to the bridge. He looked at Letone who slowly said in perfect Jiltanian, "It looks like you may have been summonsed here."

Goren sat. He just nodded. He could see Letone also trying to mentally figure out the events of the past half year.

They would line up with Navia and Pegasus soon. Goren needed to be ready to upload and download. This would happen on their way to Sydney.

They would not get involved in the affairs of Pine Gap in central Australia. That was too big, and their force was too little. They just did not know enough yet. They did have a plan and they would stick to it, for the moment.

Jenny was thinking of all she had just encountered. It was one thing to find you are not alone in the galaxy, but to find you are only one of several species unknown to each other on Earth made her wonder. She was silent.

Jenny thought of her own many nights under the stars over the years, and she now started to explain some of things she had seen.

She knew about the indigenous theories, and their own explanations for other races out there. Why, the locals even said there was a giant race of people, who once roamed Australia.

Now it was Jenny's turn to be silent as the pieces of life's jigsaw now took place to find their correct spaces in her mind.

Goren and Mepat had discussed this, including *Manik* in Moonbase. But there were still too many parts of this puzzle missing. These mysteries were only compiling, and the puzzle pieces did not join yet. They would go with the original plan.



SYDNEY

L*ittle Betsie* departed the desert and advanced east into the sun at 4,500 K's. Jenny was amused to watch the sun's progress quickly into the sky as the *Rangercraft* raced over the continent. It was her further introduction into a world of the unbelievable.

Though the view was through screens, and not with the naked eye, crossing central Australia was still a panoramic experience. From the iron-red desert, which covered much of the continent, they soon passed over plains supporting sheep, then cattle and finally they arrived at the *Great Dividing Range*, which separated the thin east coast of Australia from the remainder of the flat dry continent.

Goren explained his plans to Jenny. They would approach the eastern seaboard city of Sydney. There they would sell Goren's gem studded gold rings. From the news Navia had sent via the open relay, the rings were worth far less on Earth than in the Federation.



Compressed carbonate was used extensively in communications on board Federation military vessels. The quantities needed were large, devouring almost all compressed carbonate Federation miners could sell.

Unlike civilian vessels, Federation military vessels exclusively used laser pulse in their communications systems, both within the vessel from post to post, and from vessel to vessel. This kept eavesdropping by outside forces to a minimum. The compressed carbonate was used as the receiving and relay points of communication. Civilian craft used contemporary digital electronics, though computerized, for economic reasons. The stones

that Goren had were only valued on Earth about four percent their galactic value. For compressed carbonates, or diamonds, to be used as jewelry seemed vulgar. Goren ignored the thought.

Still, Goren smiled when displaying his box of jewelry to Jenny, watching her excitement.

"The wealth generated from these will only be slight," Goren said. "We will have to work on this to become a big sum." The design of his plan was simple. To find the *why* of this planet Goren would have to find a *who*. There is never a *why* without a *who*, he explained, and the only way to meet the *who* was to be on equal terms in the mind of the *who*. As the planet was being run on economic lines then the *who* would most likely be a person of wealth, and therefore power.

Goren further explained to Jenny, "In an economic society it is the wealthy that do the controlling. It isn't the politicians or militarists as you suggest Jenny. That is usually a ruse.

"The politicians and military are simply used in tandem as social machinery to implement control over the populace that financial controllers required. When the politicians lose control, then a military rule is established to

regain that control - for the wealth barons.”

Goren suspected that somehow the Malukans were in league with the wealth barons of Earth. Still he wondered who the small people were with the big heads that Illtuck spoke of.

“Out there,” Goren explained, “Our Galaxy is ruled as republics, along with constitutional benign monarchies. There, economics is used as an expansionist tool of the Federation lordes.”

Goren thought to himself: Could this be what his lorde was concerned about? Goren considered the earlier reports on the *Confederacy* ship, the *Micon*. The records then were that Earth was being ruled in a similar fashion to the Federation, even if only in a barbaric state. But something had changed that dramatically.

Was the Federation on the verge of losing its control to a collusion of economic barons of the Santonia Galaxy, who were obviously gaining strength? Was this the purpose of his mission? Was he here to find economic barons were controlling the Federation? There were so many plausible answers to questions of why he was here. Only intense investigation would reveal the *why* and the *who*.

The Rangercraft hovered well outside Sydney Harbour waiting for the sun to leave, providing a cloak of darkness. During the following eight hours, between sleep, Jenny and her alien friends exchanged home stories.

The next morning, before dawn, *Little Betsie* crept over the rooftops towards the harbor once again. An early morning ferry cruised below, its cabin lights ablaze, soon to rendezvous with the first city trains. *Little Betsie* drifted over the wave caps to the shore.



Sydney Harbour from the north shore

Goren, Mepat and Jenny disembarked underneath the south end of the Sydney Harbour Bridge, leaving Letone with instructions to return in twenty-four hours. It was still dark.

Jenny stood at the edge of the lapping waterline, as the dark outline of *Little Betsie* vanished back up into the stars.

Goren looked around. There were no cameras. No digitalization yet. There was still a purity and naivety about the planet that made it feel free. Yes, as Goren looked overhead he wondered how many eyes were watching him from out there.



Milson's Point under the Bridge

The three wandered up the road by foot from the bridge towards the towers of lights that overlooked them. Jenny wondered if she should be scared. She wondered what she could fear most; her newfound companions or being found with them by others? It mattered little. She had no fear, only curiosity and amazement.

The streets were narrow, and the buildings grew bigger. The commercial center, still dormant, waited for the light of day to inject life into comatosed concrete and glass structures. Goren stood and admired the buildings. They were not the same scale as the *superrise* buildings of Jilta, but to have the technology to construct fifty story buildings was well beyond what he could have expected.

For all their technology though, the streets were dirty, with rubbish strewn from the previous evening's orgy of night living.

Garbage canisters overflowed, with litter traveling, in a warm easterly breeze that approached with the dawn. Along with the garbage were occasional bodies, twisted and hunched. Alive, but not alive, thought Goren. Drunks, Jenny called them, contemptuously.

As the sky brightened the hum of the city grew. Wheeled vehicles took their domain in the streets, and people soon crowded the narrow paths beside them.

Jenny explained opening-hours, and though she had never been to Sydney she was able to use her knowledge and experience of Perth, the large Australian city on the west coast. Time passed until the shops opened.

They made their way along Pitt Street until Goren stopped outside a small jewelers' store. It was in the heart of the city, ground floor of a forty-story office block. Inside the window were stands of pearls, and cases of stones; mainly commercial bulk trade. However, at the rear Goren had spied stones that bore a similar size and quality to his own.

The three entered, a bell rang, and a little man looked up at them, Jenny in her outback cloths, and the two males in shocksuits. The shop owner was short, lean and old, with what hair he had slicked over his shining bald scalp.

The man looked beyond his thin-rimmed glasses. "Good morning ma'am, sirs." He had seen all types of strange people enter his shop before. At least these did not have frizzed green hair, with yellow stripes like his crazy nephew.

"What can I do for you?" he asked timidly.

"We would like these valued. Can you do that?" Goren held out a large box with many big gem studded rings inside.

The little man looked down excitedly and back at the three. "Indeed sir, these are beautiful. For what purpose do you need the valuation?" he enquired meekly. There were over two hundred rings in the box. The man felt

the weight of the box. It was heavy enough. At four hundred dollars⁷ an ounce, this would be interesting.

"It is our intention to use them as collateral, or sale," Goren answered. "I need written valuations."

The little man nodded. "Sir, I can perform the task myself. I'm qualified. How long may I retain the jewels?"

"For as long as we can wait."

"It will take two hours, sir. The ring bands are easy once I establish what carat gold they are. We just weigh it and pay the list price. But each stone needs to be inspected carefully for flaws and quality. They're large."

Goren smiled at the old man. "We can wait."

"Fine, fine then. If I may take the first ring?" The little man did so and shuffled back into the rear of the shop. An elderly woman, who was dusting the shelves, replaced him.

Soon after 1:00 pm the little man returned to the three, holding official looking scrolled

⁷ **Valuations:** Gold in 1989 was worth around US \$400 an ounce. Diamonds were significantly more valuable compared to income in 1989 than now.

documents. Jenny handed the little man a plastic card to pay for his services.

Goren read the valuations, certifying to the value of \$185,865 Australian. Goren asked Jenny if this was a lot of money. She replied that it almost was. Goren smiled nodding.

After leaving the shop, the trio strolled to another tower across the street, a bank. They returned with a credit note dated two days hence. The rings with the valuations had been deposited and the note would be honored upon a forty-eight-hour credit check on their registered owner, Miss Jenny Wanten, plus a police-check on the rings themselves. The credit note would be ten percent of the jeweler's valuation. After three days they would be able to draw additional credit against the jewels to the tune of seventy percent of an independent valuation. Jenny also drew cash against her credit card.

The next stop was to eat. After explaining to Goren and Mepat that she really wasn't intending to eat a horse, and that horse wasn't on any menu, they sat down to lunch. Goren wondered if he could ever be hungry enough to eat a horse. He hoped not.

Again, Jenny's plastic card paid; soon they were in the upper levels of *The Figent Hotel*.

The suite was large with three bedrooms. The balcony overlooked the harbor, and from the back bedroom they could see all the way to the horizon. The rooms were tastefully decorated in pale pastel greens, creams and greys.

Jenny withdrew for a few hours' sleep. Mepat claimed the television to further his research. Goren was now finding some of his communication to the Boguard partially ignored. So, he made his way back down to the hotel lobby in search of newspapers.

Jenny roused from sleep to enter their lounge room to find the pair sitting there. Yes, they were still here, hardly the sort of alien encounter she might have imagined. She laughed at the entertainment guide Goren was studying.

"Do you wish to see that movie, *Alien II*?" she asked. The advertisement showed two-star *troopers* being eaten by reptilians.

"Hardly," said Goren, only partly amused. "What do you Earth people think we are? Lizard people hatched from eggs?"

"Of course not, Goren. We eat those," she taunted.

She couldn't see Mepat behind the back of his lounge chair, but she heard him let out a slight chuckle.

"If we, as a planet, are of the opinion that intelligent life forms are visually distorted and grotesque, and we're under interference - as you put it, where do you think those ideas of reptilian aliens come from? Fifty years ago, the media represented aliens in human form, like you. They were the Buck Rogers days. Opinions have changed. Why?" Jenny looked earnest.

Goren looked up. Her help was turning out to be valuable. Goren nodded. "You're correct Jenny. The idea has to come from somewhere, and someone, so why not out there?"

Jenny walked over to behind the Boguard and put her arms around him. Mepat startled, half jumping out of the chair.

"A size 105 I would say Mepat. Good to see that you're awake," she jested.

"What are you doing?" cried Mepat.

"Just checking your chest size," she laughed. "Don't worry. I'm not going to eat you. We draw the line at horses. Aliens are never served in an establishment such as this, so you can sleep well," she chided. She had

noted that these aliens shied away from eating meat. She did not ask why.

Jenny turned to Goren. "It is time for both of you all to be dressed as I would expect you to be."

Goren shrugged. Why not, he thought.

"Before we came up here, I made arrangements with the hotel management to have a tailor fit you out properly. He will be here in ten minutes, so be ready."

Goren and Mepat stared at each other. What was a tailor they wondered?

After Goren's encounter with the hotel tailor, he was unsure if he would ever be able to trust a male of this Earth species ever again. However, he had endured and survived the attack for Jenny's sake. They all joked about the episode over dinner at the hotel restaurant. Jenny noted again, they stayed with bread and grain foods. Still, she did not ask why.

Ω

Illtuck was remembering some more things and had gone to the library. He told Goren that his local aboriginal community back there in the desert was rife with knowledge of being

interfered with, being captured and even being killed by some race out there.

Illtuck had said that he had personally met people in the desert, after his rescue, who had told him of their ancestors who had been captured. Then he had wondered if the Pine Gap location in Australia was chosen because it centered some interplanetary activity.

It seemed to Illtuck that this was a highly significant place. Now that he was in Sydney, he wanted to find out more, so he was going to the state library. The hotel lobby staff had recommended it.

The following days Illtuck kept to himself, but Letone occasionally followed Illtuck to go to the library, while he mumbled about *Wandjinas* and *giants*.⁸

Ω

⁸ **NOTES: UFO ACTIVITY AUSTRALIA HISTORIC:** The activity of unexplained flying phenomena in Australia dates back considerably. Aboriginal paintings in caves, and their stories, match more recent UFO abductee experiences. Wandjinas are sky spirits that have been visiting Australia for thousands of years, not far from Lake Disappointment, where this story is set. The skeleton of a 5-meter giant was also found in 2019 in the area of the story. See NOTES ON AUSTRALIAN UFOs.

The next day began with Mepat making his rendezvous with *Little Betsie*. He returned to find the television gone.

He concealed his disappointment on missing the *Early Morning Breakfast Hour with Sandy Herring*, and went back to his room.

Jenny had breakfast served in the suite. The radio announced: "Today is a day of total fire-ban," and the temperature would reach thirty-nine degrees Celsius. Goren grimaced at the thought.

The morning was spent in boutiques and men's haberdashery stores. Then they took a ride on the *Manly Ferry*, a visit to the *Taronga Park Zoo*, and spent the afternoon at *Luna Park*.



Goren found the last place had nothing to do with the Earth's moon, but rather, it was a

series of fun rides designed to trap the unwary fun seeker into a state of fear. Goren felt he had died many deaths.

Ω

The evening was more civilized with a light summer's supper at a cafe at the *Opera House*, overlooking the Sydney Harbour sunset. The sky was turning a brilliant orange as the solar fireball sank below the horizon of the bridge, harbor and buildings. Dozens of multicolored sails darted across the waters. A breeze was gently cooling as it drifted in from the sea. This was a fitting end to a wonderful day.



As Goren went through the day's events in his mind, he watched the traffic heading north

over the Sydney Harbour Bridge slow to a crawl. Workers were going home to their partners and families. Hydrofoils, ferries, trains, all manner of transport bustled with life. This was a city full of motion, with a zest for living. Could it be his responsibility alone to determine whether these people lived to see another year of their lives?

Ω

By mid-morning of the next day the bank had given the all clear on the jewelry. A credit of slightly over one hundred and thirty thousand dollars was now in Jenny's account.

Goren had the phone book open. "AAAA *Brokers, Our Health is Your Wealth*. Do they sound reputable enough Jenny?" Goren called.

"Dreadful!" Jenny cried back from the balcony. "With a name like that they're bound to fleece you."

Whatever fleecing was, Goren hoped it did not involve a tailor. He made the call.

Jenny came in. "Why are you investing so rapidly? Surely it is better to wait and find out what the economy is doing?"

Goren placed a handful of newspapers in front of her, as she sat at the table opposite. "It

isn't premature at all Jenny." He continued soberly. "As you know, Navia said the economy is either on an upward or downward swing. I gather from the economic broadcasts that the planet has been, or is, in a low.

"All the writings I have read agree on this point. However, in the papers in front of you there is great disagreement on the future. There are six articles predicting disaster, while six point to a rising economy. Even within the same paper the experts disagree. So, from that I can happily deduce, half the experts are wrong, while the other half just don't know."

Jenny nodded. She had often wondered the same. Goren understood them well.

"Now," Goren continued, "The economy is either going up or down, not both up and down at the same time. All we must do is work out which direction."

Jenny nodded.

"That I have already worked out. Yesterday wasn't lost on me. This city is vibrant. It is moving, bustling, which indicates growth. For this city, the time period of now, say into the future of a few days to a week at least, the economy is going up."

Jenny was impressed and nodded agreement. "You mean all you have to do to predict the economy is look, outside?"

Goren sat back into the chair and stretched his arms. His pupil was doing fine. "Perhaps not just a glance, and maybe what I see is only the immediate state of the economy, but in essence yes."

Goren had already explained that what he saw in the newspapers and other media was a collusion.

"So, what next then, sport?" she asked.

"This afternoon we have an appointment with Mister Albert Alfix of AAAA Brokers."

"So how do you intend to invest?"

"As short term as possible. With probable *intervention* from out there, it isn't safe to leave funds invested for too long."

Ω

Albert Alfix was a senior partner in AAAA Brokers. Goren looked out from the forty-seventh floor over the harbor and suburbs below. They were in the Alura Trade Center building, in the city center.

Goren could see sixty K's up and down the coast, and thirty K's inland over the suburbs. Outside was another scorching day.

It was a hot and sticky 38 degrees and his new clothes seemed to adhere to him. Dozens of small flies were trying to soak in the moisture around his perspiring face. It was so hot that Jenny's new shoes sank into the soft bitumen paving. And holding bare metal burned the skin.

Inside the office tower was delightfully chilled. The background hum of the air-conditioning gave pleasure as Goren looked over the shimmering landscape below.

Goren's attention was brought back to the group around the table. "Mister Torren, how much did you intend to invest?" asked Alfix.

"A hundred and twenty thousand," Goren said rather aloofly. Goren could see from the expression on the broker's face that this wasn't considered a large sum.

"And how did you intend to invest it?"

"I don't know. What would give me the fastest return?"

"Stocks would give the fastest return, but they're risky and prone to failure to the uninitiated right now."

“That is fine. Now with the stocks I purchase, can I borrow against them?”

Alfix smiled. He had a punter, and a green one, at that. “AAAA Finance can look after your needs, I’m certain.”

“Good. I want a list of your thirty most potentially underrated stocks,” Goren said.

Alfix left the room and returned half a minute later. He began to read the names of the stocks to Goren.

Goren found selection easy. When Alfix gazed to the floor Goren would agree to the stock. When Alfix’s eyes settled onto Goren’s, the stocks were those Alfix was trying to unload.

Alfix was impressed by Goren’s selection.

AAAA Finance was able to loan Goren ninety percent on what he purchased. With the borrowed money Goren bought more shares and borrowed against them, and bought and borrowed, and bought and borrowed until there was no further credit. The proviso to the deal was that the stocks would be held for no more than one week, and the interest rate charged was half a percent per day.

Goren walked out with control of over a million dollars’ worth of stock.

After the third day Goren returned. The stocks he had controlled had risen a few percent across the boards. After interest he had made slightly more than one hundred thousand dollars. He complained to Alfix at the slow nature of making money.

Alfix was indignant about his client's complaint. "If it is higher rewards, you're after, may I recommend the futures market. It is volatile now and not a game for the weak hearted. If that isn't enough then there is the Futures Second Exchange, for those with cast iron constitutions." Alfix sat there looking smug.

Goren laughed. "Alfix, it is only money. The risks aren't relevant."

"I warn you Mister Torren, that exchange doesn't deal in truly legitimate stocks. It deals in the future price of second-rate stocks. It is the future prices you're gambling with, not the stock itself. The futures exchange has always been subject to external influence and manipulation. This second exchange is no better than betting on horses."

"This sounds just the remedy for poverty Mister Alfix. Let's select some stock."

Alfix grumbled, shaking his head and left to get a new list.

It took fifteen minutes.

The companies whose stock Goren had chosen were bidding in a government tender for an early warning radar system. Recently, however, a new government had been elected on the promise to disband the system as an expensive folly. The stocks of the companies involved had crashed.

Goren was delighted with his good fortune. The stocks he had selected were trading at three, four and six cents each.

Alfix was certain that there would be no shortage of sellers. However due to the sheer quantity of stock required Alfix doubted that there would be enough stock to fill the order. Both agreed that purchases in parent and allied companies would be an adequate compromise.

Goren hurried back to the hotel. With only having to provide ten percent for the purchase price, he was in control of almost four million dollars of stocks.

Goren was in a hurry. After dark he had to rendezvous with Letone, who would swap places with Navia from the *Pegasus*. This was going to be both risky, and exciting.

Goren also needed to have Navia back on the moon continuing her research. Erin had

some ideas for back there, which needed both he and Navia.



THE DREAM TIME

Once back at the hotel, Goren and the others gathered around Illtuck. He was about to give a further account of what had happened. He had his cup of kalo beside him. Jenny smiled.

Jenny smiled. She had to admit, kalo was a good comparison to coffee. She liked it.

"I recall being roused," said Illtuck. "The sleep we were in seemed like a drug induced sleep, but really it was induced by waves of magnetic influence. The waves further coerced glands to emit serotonin, and that put us to sleep. And from what I can find out, they could keep us asleep for weeks and maybe indefinitely."

Goren nodded.

Illtuck continued. "Someone was tugging at my shoulder to wake up...."

Ω

"Mister Illtuck, wake up!"

Illtuck looked across at the big black face. It was not happy but worried. It looked around the room with fear.

Illtuck could see Premis being half carried as the effects of sleep was still deep in their body tissue.

They were quickly pulled to their feet and forced to dress. Illtuck was given old jeans and a ragged shirt and Premis was given the same. Plus, sandals were put on their feet quickly.

"My name is Benjamin" said the face to Illtuck, sincerely. "We need to hurry."

There was another aboriginal in the room by the door. He craned his ear for any sound. Then he motioned them to come over.

Illtuck said nothing. He looked around for the third member of his group. There were three junior independents. Then she saw him, on the floor.

"I am sorry Mister Illtuck, but he is already dead. Last night they tried to make him talk but he would not. They torture him, and he scream and scream, but he would not talk."

"Who, how did you...?" Illtuck seemed to be foggy about what he was asking.

Benjamin smiled while he waited for the all clear from the other at the door. "I was in their

room above them, in split-form, watching. I saw them kill him. We must go.”

While Illtuck was trying to comprehend this the door was slowly opened and they were pushed down the hallway. Split-form, he wondered?

Premis was kind of part alive and part not, and Illtuck caught her eye and motioned her not to speak. She nodded. She could tell they were being rescued.

They went down a corridor. Benjamin was bare footed, as was his friend, a woman. Benjamin looked at Illtuck wondering about the woman. He grinned, “Best tracker!” and he beamed.

They came to a small cupboard and opened it and ducked inside. They heard footsteps outside walking past and voices, foreign.

Benjamin opened the door. He pushed them both slowly into the hallway. There was a set of stairs. Illtuck could tell from the hallway and the stairs, this was a self-contained cell inside a larger complex.

They went up two sets of stairs. The cameras seemed to be working but there was no one at the monitors raising the alarms.

They were at another door. Benjamin smiled and nodded to his partner. He looked at the camera and smiled and waved. All the lights went out.

Just as the doors were about to snap locked Benjamin thrust out. They opened. It was pitch black outside.

There was now screaming from the military outside. Illtuck was not aware of the time, but it was 3:15 am. Illtuck had guess, but this was the hour when people were least awake.

They rushed for the fence. Illtuck thought he would have to somehow jump it, but it was barb wired. And there were two rows of fences. Then the fence gave way and an opening appeared where it had been snipped apart.

A moment later they were outside the compound. Illtuck though he caught a glimpse of another black figure, or two, running in the other direction from another side. He paused to watch. Premis tugged at his sleeve.

Four minutes after running up a track they ducked left into the night.

Benjamin smiled and they slowed down. "They will not follow. This is my country here Mister Illtuck."

Another five minutes later and they were on another track. They jumped into an old four-wheel drive vehicle. They slowly started the motor and then crept away under darkness, lights off.

An hour later they were at the home of Benjamin.

Ω

Illtuck looked at the Jenny. "That is what I learned; this person Benjamin had the ability to be in another place by looking only. He would go into a trance like state, see what others were doing in a distant place, and report back. That was his split-force."

The Boguard nodded. "If they are sufficiently detached from the physical universe, then it is quite possible." They both agreed.

Goren looked at them. He never knew Boguard had this kind of training. Goren had heard of it. He leaned over to beckon Illtuck to continue.

"I remember staying there for three days, in Benjamin's house. They fed us some basic bush indigenous food. Then they transported us to another group who then looked after us for two

days and then, after going to a third group, we were in an old car going west. Overnight we ended up near where you found us with Jenny, well away from the compound where we had been held."

Jenny leaned forward. "Please, continue Mister Illtuck."

Illtuck smiled. He liked that title. "We stayed with members of another tribe, or nation as they all them out there. While the ruling people, the white people, have nations, they do not accept the national boundaries of the Aboriginals that they overran. But the Aboriginals have nations.

"On the western side of Australia Premis and I learned the local dialect and soon spoke well enough to get by. We were told that if we waited, the Wandjina would come and rescue us. They were emphatic we were going to get picked up. I hoped that would be you, Independent Torren. I also felt it might be you. I do not know how I felt that though."

Goren smiled.

"We waited month after month. You did not arrive, nor did anyone else.

"I wandered the caves of the region and that was when I realized there were these

Wandjina people who were regular visitors from up there to the region. But that is not all.”

“Go on,” begged Jenny.

“There were, and are, also giants. They are bigger than any species of human I have ever seen. Some still live in the caves.”

Jenny leaned over enthusiastically and grabbed his arm. “That is exactly what I thought. It is what I was working on, and why I was in Lake Disappointment.”

Illtuck slowly nodded. “I had wondered if that was why you were there. There were remnants of older races around the lake. I saw them to.”

She begged Illtuck to continue. Jenny almost fell off her seat she was so excited.

Illtuck stretched and accepted another cup of kalo. It tasted so good. “Premis and I were shown to all these caves. It was like the backwoods of far Jilta. It was beautiful, rugged terrain where no one could get in or out from. The terrestrial cars could not drive there, as there were no roads, and no airports nearby.”

He signed. “We had fun just taking time for ourselves. We were sorry for the loss of our comrade cadet who they killed. We were sorry

for the loss. But Premis and I were friends, and this brought us closer together.

“The reason why I was researching in their library here, and their university in Sydney, is because this area is old. Per their own records there is evidence that people have lived in this region as far back as 185,000 years ago. There are strange spirit paintings that make no sense to us, but they do to the tribes in this area of the Kimberly region⁹.

“I wondered who was here in this region over a hundred thousand years before the Aboriginals? They are said by the Aboriginals to be the first humans to set foot on Earth.

“I got so interested, as did Premis. So, we started to journey around. We were with one of the three tribes of the area. We were not prisoners and were looked after with a kind of mild neglect. They made sure we had enough food and there was always water. We were just told to be aware of the serpents. The other

⁹ **HISTORICAL NOTE: Kimberly Region:** This region is the size of the United Kingdom. The number of people there at the time of this story is perhaps only thousands or maybe less. The inhabitants travelled to Australia 60,000 years ago. Today the Aboriginal tribes are the Worora, Ngarinyin and Wunumbul. The Aboriginal Dreamtime stories are of the Wandjina, the spirits who brought the heavens to Earth and created all the people thereafter.

animals in the region were fine. And of course, were told not to go to the land of the old-god.”

Illtuck looked around. “Here I have a book on the region. This is what it was like. It was just inland and close by.”

They all looked and were impressed.

Illtuck explained that the caves kept any Moonbase preying away. The local inhabitants who had brought him there knew about that somehow. He was not totally sure if they thought it was Moonbase, however, or some bad spirit that they were avoiding.



Kimberly during the wet

Illtuck had also been interrogated by someone who was familiar with Moonbase procedure. He could tell.



Illtuck explained that after they arrived at the falls they camped. It was after the wet season so there was good water and even fish to catch and eat. “You get used to eating the fish when there is little else,” he said.

“We were shown how to make nets and we made a small trap. We could put the trap down overnight and generally we would have a fish.

“This worked for two weeks and then we found the trap being opened and our fish gone. After this happening every night for a week we decided to stay up all hours and watch what was happening. We did not know of any animals that could do this.

“So, we waited up in the hill above the waterfall. And waited. Then at around 3 am it came.”

Illtuck cleared his throat. “It was big. It had some clothes of a fashion. Its hair was almost to its waste and it was more than twice my height.”

“Yes, then what?” butted in Jenny.

Illtuck smiled. “We saw it take the trap out of the water. It looked and saw a fish in there, two in fact. It picked out one, put it in its pouch and then let the other lose. That was when I called out and stood slightly up.”

Jenny almost fell off her chair.

“The thing then peered up. I thought it might attack or run. It did neither. Once it saw us it pointed to the fish and the stream and it, indicating that the stream belonged to it.”

So, I apologized and then asked in my best Jiltanian, would we be allowed to eat some of the fish until it was our time to leave?”

“Well, believe it or not, the think looked at me, put its hands on his chin and hips and thought for a moment and then nodded its head. Then I got the distinct idea it thought right at me – okay is what I got”

I nodded and thought back, agreed. It then smiled and turned away. But I got the idea it wanted me to catch two fish, with two traps. One for him and one for me and Premis. That was the cost for using his stream. It then left.”

“Yes, go on Illtuck. Please.”

Illtuck smiled. He liked telling this. He liked Jenny. He thought she would be a good junior independent. He liked that idea. Junior Independent of Earth. “So, for the next week we set two traps. It only took a few hours to make another trap. It then came and took one and left one. It was a good deal. Then, get this, after a week, I awoke in the morning, and found some broken old wood at the front of our cave, under the overhang that Premis and I were living out of. It was a gift. I was amazed.”

Jenny said, “Quick, someone get the man some more kalo. Goren. Quick. Go on, Illtuck, please.”

Goren looked around and smiled and Mepat obliged.

Illtuck said that the wood was good as then we did not have to spend hours looking for it, and so, we left an extra fish where the wood was.

“Two nights later we hung about and the thing came again. We just watched it, and it was a bit more curious about us. We just waved and felt contentment and a nice feeling. And that feeling was reciprocated.

“So, the following night we were there again and this time there were two of them. The other was a female. I got that we were safe for its mate to be with us. It sat not so far from us. Premis made motions and asked if she might be allowed to sit closer, and that was how it started. For the next two months we worked together and Premis and I learned to speak giant.”

Illtuck sat back and sighed. “They were good times,” he mused.

“Then what happened?” asked Jenny.

Illtuck nodded. “A plane flew overhead one day, and it all started to change. The plane was surveying for minerals, and I think diamonds. A land vehicle got within several kilometers and our friend indicated it and his partner were leaving. I never saw them again after that.”

Illtuck accepted a new cup of kalo. “Premis and I were sad, but we learned a lot. And the giants interestingly live longer than we do in the Federation, about twice as long.”

Jenny looked up. "You mean about six hundred Earth years?"

"Maybe a bit more," replied Illtuck.

He accepted another kalo refill. They all accepted.

Then Illtuck continued. "So, Premis and I decided that we had to move as well. Unlike our friend, whom I called Groth, because his name sounded like that, we did not know where to go. But we left our retreat at the grotto by the pool. We knew where Groth and his partner had lived and it was further up the river. We had never been there, but he had described it to us."



"It was further upstream, so we went there to his abandoned cave until we could find another place."

Jenny nodded. "Go on."



“We had to find the crack in the wall of the rocks, at night, and we could slide in. Any river craft would likely never find us. I could see why he used it.”



“What happened to the tribe that originally took you in?” Asked Goren.

“They found us okay. They are trackers and I did not have to worry about that. They also cleaned up our trail too, so that others would not find us.

“After the mining camp started, we could see three flights in a week. It was getting really busy for this area.”

“Then how did you get out of there to here?” asked Jenny.

Illtuck cleared his throat. “I am getting to that, and this is the really hard part.”

Illtuck stalled and drove away a feeling of grief for Premis. He continued. “In the back of where Groth used to live was a larger cave alcove. There was an opening out the back of that to the upside. And there it was...”

He shook his head. “You may not believe me. It was a small craft. I figure it was for short range. It was broken. We could barely see it in the dark.”

Illtuck looked around, expecting none to believe him. But they encouraged him to continue. “Normally it would have been in a deep pool, but after the mining people arrived the water was being drained from the river fast and this small craft started to become visible.

We only saw it during the night, and never came out during the day.”



Illtuck half laughed. “We started to gut it and pull out its communication gear. Mostly because we had nothing to do. Plus, we took what looked like batteries and so on. We also pulled ship carcass up to higher ground.”

Illtuck heaved a sigh, and continued. “Premis was pretty good with that. She rigged stuff back at our cave and fiddled and so on.

“It was not a Rangercraft and it was not the craft that Premis went back in, but it was a craft, nevertheless. It had different writing on it, and I have drawn sketches of it and the script.”

Jenny was more a goggle now.

“We knew this could be our ticket out, but then, we really did not know how to leave here, or really, we did not even know where here was. We also had no recall of how we got here.

None. So even if it worked, which it didn't, we could not go anywhere."

"Then how did you get out?" asked Goren.

"I am getting to that." Illtuck smiled.

"Premis started making a communication loom. She had no battery and we had no idea how to contact anyone anyway. But she kept rigging something up and plugging this wire and that wire into the ground. She said there was power in the ground. I did not know what she was talking about, but she insisted and one day her system lit up for a few minutes. Then it went dead."

Jenny offered more kalo but Illtuck politely declined. "We then – one night – received a communication. We were terrified of what the heck it may have been. We did not do anything but Premis and I whispered to each other and watched. After ten minutes the power drained and the lights in the system died with it.

"We did not know what to do. We did not know who it was, but it was a signal from somewhere.

"We decided to turn it on again the next night and it seemed to be communicating again. It was like it was humming at us. It was not a repetitive pattern in any way. It was like an old

code of some kind that we did not know. Then it died again.”

Illtuck smiled. “Then it happened. Some good luck, I think. We went to the back again, to try to find some more from the old wreck, and figured we could utilize the seats. But it was no longer there. But there was something under the surface.”

Jenny shook her head. “You mean it flew away? I thought it was broken.”

Illtuck shook his head. “No, it could not fly but someone removed it. Maybe it was a bad thing to have exposed in the daytime. There are thousands of agents from Moonbase crawling all over this planet. I figured that they found it, by viewer scopes or something, from the Moon. So, they may have sent down a tug and taken it up during the night.”

“And then?” asked Goren.

“They would have noticed someone hacking into the old ship. We broke metal and cut *nylop* and these were new rips and cuts, and someone would have seen that. I thought we were in big trouble. I figured Moonbase would be onto us and return.”

“But as I looked in the water I saw, another ship. It was not there when the old craft was

there. It was a replacement. It was not seen from up there. Someone knew we were here, somewhere, and they left it for us. We had a friend on Moonbase, I think.”

Goren looked at Mepat. “Manik?” he asked.

Mepat shrugged. “Possible.”

Letone nodded.

“Who?” asked Jenny?

“A friend in Moonbase,” was all Goren said.

“Well, it seemed friendly. There was food, new clothing inside and so on. We knew how to get in and did. It was like it was sent by the gods. We sat inside and it was great. But we did not know where to go. We sat and figured the instruments and looked and worked things out. Per the instruments we had to realign ourselves and so on. We were able to identify some of the stars, but most of those were new. Whoever it was who had given us help left us with some navigation equipment. They knew we did not know.”

Illtuck pulled out a special souvenir. He unraveled it. “They also left us some chocolate, and this is the wrapper of the last piece.”

Mepat now became really interested and put his hand out. Goren recognized it too. “That is

the same as what Manik passed to us on the Moon.”

Mepat nodded. “I want to test it and compare some things, but I think so. May I?”

Illtuck passed it over.

“Then why didn’t you both leave?” asked Goren.

Illtuck nodded. “Good question.”

He accepted kalo this time from Jenny. “I wanted to stay, to find out more. Premis wanted to leave, to try to escape.”

Illtuck looked down and wiped his eyes. “I wrote down a place and time for Premis to get back to here. We knew she would have to get through the Endless Rift, but we thought it could be done.

“This was a warp drive machine but not with the Bank’s programs, nor was it the Bank’s possession. That was not their craft.

“The craft was strange, but it did not operate under the Bank. I could tell. It had no direct link. I could further tell. It was independent and that was why it was so important to get out and tell the Federation.

“If there were craft that were not the Banks, then what was this and what is going on

here? One of us had to survive. So, we spilt up. If she died and did not get through...”

Illtuck swallowed and tears came to his eyes. “There was a chance the ship would get through. And in that case, someone might be able to follow the ship back here somehow.”

He wiped his brow. He felt it getting hot around him. He continued. “So then, I let Premise works out how to warp out from here and make her way back to Jilta. Her ship could do it. And that was how I left her.

Illtuck swallowed. It was very hard for him to now look at his memory and get his words out. “I watched her slowly dive down under the water, get in from underneath one last time. I was seated above the water. We had loaded the ship up with supplies. I am sure you saw what you thought were strange containers.”

Mepat and Letone nodded. Yes, and they had seen those.

“I stepped away from the shore and the stream lit up. Then the light died, and she was going.”

Illtuck looked around and could not control himself and burst into slow sobs. “She was gone, gone. I sent her back and it should have

been me. She has gone.... She went forever....”
And he cried.

Jenny stood. “I think Illtuck has said enough and I am sure you can all get some rest now. He will remember more if we let him rest now too.”

They all agreed. In the morning, Navia would trade places with Letone on Earth. Then they would put their next scheme into action to get noticed by Earth’s ruling financial elite.



ON THE MOON

Moonbase was tracking every movement that Pegasus made. They tried to decrypt the Pegasus transmissions but only succeeded when Pegasus was not in a direct line with Earth. But those open transmissions seemed fine, from what Moonbase could tell.

However, there were always those few minutes when Moonbase could not decrypt, and that worried the Base Commander. "I do not care who he is working for. I want something on that ship. Just do what you have to do."

Operations came up with a basic plan.

Ω

Navia looked at Erin. "It looks like we have an invitation from one of the camp commanders to go to one of the other bases."

Erin looked unimpressed. "I wonder what they want from us, and why? I am always suspicious."

“Me too. We are invited for a tour and to receive Earth provisions,” replied Navia.

Twenty minutes later they were scudding over craters, please to be away from the *Sea of Tranquility*. It was thoroughly boringly there.

They had passed several buildings, mining camps and other sites¹⁰. There was a real business on the moon. Helion¹¹, thought Navia. It had to be that, or titanium.

The moon was an easy source of titanium to mine. It had a water-planet nearby for full provisions and labor.

Navia thought deeply for a few minutes and worked out a possible overall scenario. If someone wanted to make a fleet of ships

¹⁰ **NOTES ON THE MOON: Bases and Mining**

Camps: There appear to be many examples of bases and camps on the moon. They are either real, imagined, flawed, faked, or most likely, a combination of all. See *NOTES on the Moon*. There are a good dozen there, pictorially. There are another dozen not shown. The obvious fakes are also not there. But there is one, known, good one. See if you can pick it. As to the rest, there may be experts with opinions speaking loudly from soap boxes.

¹¹ **REFERENCE: Helion:** AKA Helium-3. This is a light non-radioactive isotope of helium with two protons and one neutron (one less neutron than common helium – Helium-4). Many have considered helion as a future energy source created by helium-3 fusion reactors.

covertly, this would be the ideal place, she mused.

And they could fuel it from here too, if they intended to invade the rest of the galaxy. Navia thought about this as a hypothesis. It was not so improbable. Whoever it was from out there - who was behind this - they would have to keep the locals on Earth from knowing, or the locals would get upset. Obviously, Earth would be needed as a supply source. Earth would also need higher technology, fast. And the population would need to be made more docile, amendable to being controlled.

Navia could see all that in operation. But who were they going to invade? She wondered. Maybe it was the Federation, on the other side of the Endless Rift. Then who was doing the invading, who was this enemy? Was it the Malukans? Really?

Pegasus passed over mountains, more craters. The moon was littered with different bases and mining camps.



Erin was noting them as they flew, but there were too many. There were fuel depots, mining establishments, administrative quarters, barracks and more.

Soon they could see their destination.



Erin shook his head. "This is a big operation. Why are they showing us this?"

Navia shook her head. “Down there are dormitory buildings, accommodation¹², mining business centers, and military.”

“There Navia; that is the beam. Follow it down. We will find out soon enough.”

Navia did not have a good feeling about this. She shook her head quietly.



Pegasus docked and they saw the Base Commander of 77 come on the screen. That was all it was referred to, or named as, – 77. It was not called Base 77, or Camp 77.

Navia was escorted off from Pegasus while Erin remained inside. He did a security check of the craft. His cameras were reading well. He scanned for nearby life. None was found.

Navia did not have a choice.

¹² **NOTES: Moon camps:** The above moon camps are easily found on Google Earth Moon. They show more detail on a big screen.

Inside the camp building she saw thirty men and women. They were a mix of military and civilian, but their job was to maintain the moon's security. This camp belonged to Moon Security.

Navia was adding these numbers to the agent numbers she believed were on Earth, and added in the number she figured were on Moonbase and its immediate subordinate bases. Then she wondered how many others were out there, on other *Sequetus* planets.

Underneath Pegasus a tiny droid came up from under the floor, positioned itself between the Pegasus cameras and detection units. It hovered over the floor and quietly and efficiently attached a small eavesdropping device to the under-outer-hull. It then withdrew, and the base floor opened up, and it disappeared from view.

The Camp Commander smiled. The device was working and they could now hear the sounds of Erin moving about. They could also see out from the device's six cameras. The camp was in full view from under Pegasus.

Navia was busy accepting food; apples, oranges, grapes, and especially baked breads. She inspected the boxes as they were being loaded up.

She smiled, thanked the Camp Commander of 77. Slowly Pegasus drifted away from the site to return to another new vantage point for contact with their group on Earth.

Erin and Navia nodded at each other.

Little Betsie would be up from Earth soon and they could go over the hull then, with help. Until that time they would assume they were being listened to.

Ω

Predictably Letone found a listening device in one of the boxes of fruit, and left it there, and a position tracking device was also found, in one of the box cardboard linings.

When Little Betsie docked they also found the attachment underneath. They did not attempt to look too closely at it. Letone took charge of security while Navia was then escorted back down to Earth.

Nothing else abnormal was found. They did not disarm the devices.

Erin rationalized that the devices might come in useful if they wanted the camp to think that Pegasus did not know the devices were

there. It might give them at least a few minutes head start.

And as for the device under Pegasus when they were transmitting those crucial few minutes, they could jam it, if needed, at the right time.



MAKING MONEY

Mepat escorted Navia to their new top floor hotel suite. She was impressed after the austere accommodation on of Pegasus on the moon. The suite was decorated with antique paintings, huge leather chairs, and carpet almost thick enough to lie in.

Goren explained his ideas of how to be a financial success.

“You’re crazy Goren, without doubt. Will it work?” she asked.

“Of course,” he laughed. Then he added, “So long as Moonbase do not get too wise and interfere. They might, so we will have to watch out and ease off if we get too noisy.”

That night after supper, *Little Betsie* was put into action, seen buzzing the central business districts of Melbourne and Sydney, with full lights glaring. Citizens watched from below in awe, as the Rangercraft looped to loop, through their city skies, circled buildings, and ran the length of the Sydney Harbour Bridge.

Photographs in the morning papers showed *Little Betsie* at her best. Descriptions of her unbelievable acrobatics were accompanied by angry editorials demanding the government prevent such lunacy from occurring again.

Goren's shares began an instant rise at opening time of the Sydney Stock Exchange. By lunchtime the shares were four times their original value.

The group met in their hotel suite for lunch. Navia had attended the previous night's escapades and was bubbling with the story of events as they unfolded. Jenny was all ears. She had been out all morning while the others slept.

"Jenny you should have seen us. Motorists were shaking their fists as we flew the length of the Bridge. Jet fighters scrambled as we buzzed their air force base. And the best was the Rialto Building in Melbourne. We hovered up and down it for twenty minutes before anyone took action. They finally called out the fire brigade to meet us with ladders!"

All were laughing at the fun of that previous night.

So, the next night, they did *Canberra*, the Australian capital. The new Parliament House

had finished construction only months before. There it lay, inside a low pyramid of soil, with a large exposed polished pyramidal frame overhead. The building was in a street layout of a pyramid, and that set within another pyramidal street design, all pointing to the eye-of-providence. And Parliament House was in the center. It was Mars-worship in extreme, explained Goren.

And above Parliament House, above its small glass pyramid, was a metal pyramidal frame, and above it was a tall metal flagpole. And further above all of that was *Little Betsie*. Then just above the Rangercraft was an Australian Air Force jet, circling overhead.

“It isn’t one of ours!’ Claims Air Force,” said Goren as he read the next morning’s paper.

Navia said trying to look stern, “It was slightly delinquent Goren.”

“Let’s talk about that after we collect our winnings,” Goren said.

Ω

Their shares had gone up so much they had accrued over twelve million dollars. Goren never saw Alfix again. Alfix wasn’t disturbed. He had

followed Goren with a small investment of his own in the same stocks. Alfix had made half a million the last two nights. This was only the start he assured Goren. It was madness to withdraw from these shares now. They were only just starting to climb. Yes, they would triple again over the next week without fail. These shares were like gold, but more secure, Alfix claimed. Goren thanked him very much but sold his shares, and had the check made out for Jenny's account.

There were avid buyers for the shares now as the new government had to honor the previous government's pledge to build the radar system.

Over the next two weeks Goren invested heavily with a different broker into the futures market, again. This time it was the first board and oil was his target.

For the next nights he buzzed the Persian Gulf oil fields.

It was now the tenth night of their escapades. Navia was with Goren again and asked, "Which Sheiks are you going to harass tonight?"

Goren shrugged. "We had better try the Saudis again."

“Two nights ago, we buzzed four Iranian oil fields. All that happened was that the workers bent to their knees before us. We received only one hostile reaction and that was when a worker was outraged and referred to us as being fascist pigs. Now, I have found out since that a pig is a fat mammal to be eaten. I hope that he did not mean he would eat us.” Goren looked to Navia for an explanation.

“Well, I do not think so.”

That night six Saudi jet fighters intercepted them as they hovered over their first oilfield. And, after the first volley of rockets from the ground, and the approaching aircraft, the occupants of *Little Betsie* realized that there were no workmen in sight. A trap had been set, and Goren and his crew had been sprung.

The little Rangercraft twisted and turned as Arab rockets closed in on them from different directions. *Little Betsie* escaped and Goren vowed he wouldn't return.

The result was that the price of oil did move up, be it only seventeen percent, and possibly not solely his doing.

But Goren's total worth now had extended to twenty-one million dollars.

During the next two days Goren had Navia and Jenny spent time at the city library researching the planet's finances. Goren knew he had to get into the bigger markets, but where? The central stock exchanges outside of Australia were Tokyo, London and New York.

Tonight, would be their last night in Australia. Already, Goren's wealth had somehow gotten mentioned in the press. He was being hailed as the new guru on the Sydney share scene. Goren knew it was time to leave.

Navia explained that New York appeared to be the largest finance center. Many big market fluctuations seemed to originate from this city. Navia likened New York as an epicenter of an earthquake, with its shock waves generating ripples, or tidal waves around the planet. Here Goren was certain he would find his *who* of Earth.

Mepat had been sent to buy clothes for their arrival in New York. He returned to the hotel with four identical suitcases. Each contained a camera, overcoat, sunglasses, gloves, hat and scarves; all five sets were identical.

Goren and the two girls looked at the contents. Illtuck shrugged. Navia wasn't impressed, but Jenny was delighted. "Just like Al Capone, tourist style, eh Mepat?"

Mepat smiled and nodded. "Do you approve?" he asked softly.

"Yes," Jenny replied. "We will be the savviest cats in town!"

Goren laughed. It was such a strange version of their own language. Still, it seemed good, thought Goren.

"Mepat," Goren asked, "What are in the other two boxes?"

The Boguard hesitated. "Impulse buying, sir. I couldn't help myself. It was there and I couldn't help but ask how much. I cannot remember what happened, until walking out with these boxes under my arm."

"Are we permitted to see the contents?" Goren asked.

The Boguard almost blushed as he opened the largest box. It was a television.

Jenny laughed aloud while the others contained their humor. "This television won't work in America. It works on a different receiver system." Upon seeing his disappointment, Jenny put her hand on Mepat's arm. "When we arrive

in New York I'll shop with you, until we find a television of excellent quality. Why, I have heard it is possible to receive over twenty stations there!"

Mepat's eyes lit up and he smiled. "The other box, sir, is for the ladies." Mepat began to open the smaller box.

He pulled out matching necklaces. They were large with many stones. "The diamonds are for Anthropologist Navia, as they reflect the light from her golden hair. The emeralds are for Anthropologist Jenny, as they match her eyes."

Goren smiled as the Boguard nodded. Goren was pleased. Both women were beautiful. Goren saw the lights shine in Jenny's eyes as she looked at the Boguard.

Ω

After dinner they had another session with Illtuck. He was explaining how he had left the Kimberly.

"After Premis had gone I really did not know what to do. So, I just hung around. I did not see much of the miners and that was good. This area of the planet was otherwise unchartered. And I know I had two months to wait. That was

what I had worked out. I had two months to get me down to where I had made the rendezvous point.”

They all nodded as Illtuck continued his story. “Then one day Benjamin appeared again. I was so happy to see his big beaming black face. It was such a nice smile.”

Jenny took up her role to supply the kalo and handed Illtuck his cup. He thanked her and continued.

“We got to know each other. He told me the giant race were the original race in the area. He did not know where they came from and said that his race, had been brought to Earth by a group of spirit people known as the Wandjina¹³. They are the spirits who, from out there, brought all Aboriginal people to Earth who exist all over Australia. Here, I found a library book on them. You can see from the photos these spirits do not look like the Federation or anyone from this planet.”

The Wandjinas were lots of strange looking spirit types.

¹³ **NOTE:** See *Notes on the Wandjina*.

Illtuck continued. "Someone wrote a book over twenty years ago¹⁴ suggesting that these Wandjina look like they are from another planet, and the concept has stuck to a degree."

"And the older race?" asked Goren.

Illtuck shrugged. "I do not know much about Groth. Benjamin said there was meant to be a whole colony of them somewhere in a series of caves in the Kimberly, or the Wandjina region. That area is huge. I have no way of finding out myself. He said they were supposed to exist across the whole continent once and that they were happy to share the land."

The others nodded.

"But Benjamin would come to where I was living, and he started to clean up the tracks around me.

"And when it got close to when I was going to rendezvous with you he said he would show me how to get there. And he did. We walked to a nearby settlement, and from there over the next few days, walked to a tribe not far from Lake Disappointment."

¹⁴ **NOTE:** This author was Erich von Daniken, author of *Chariots of the Gods*. See Notes section in the first book, *HUNT*.

Illtuck was getting weary and his speech was slow. "Then they prepared a car for me and I drove to the lake and camped there the night before your arrival. I used all my survival skills."

He looked at the floor. Everyone knew he had gone back to thinking about Premis.

"And they were the ones who put the maps and files about *UFOs* in the vehicle, hoping we would find them?" asked Navia.

Illtuck nodded. "I expect so. I found some more chocolate wrappers as well."

"Hmm. Very clever," said Goren as he accepted the wrappers. Mepat had already examined the last one and yes, it was the same wrapper.

"It appears that whoever Manik on Moonbase is with, Benjamin, and others out there are part of it too."

Illtuck nodded and yawned.

Goren suggested all to get some sleep.



AMERICA

As they receded out through the harbor headlands; Goren reflected on the look of astonishment on the taxi-driver's face. He had waited with them by the base of the bridge as *Little Betsie* came into view.

The flight out over the ocean was uneventful. Goren was impressed when he heard Jenny saying to Navia about how astounded she was. There were people, the same as Jenny, on other planets, studying ancient cultures. For the hours in between Australia and America the two compared experiences.

Illtuck was still unable to recall how he had gotten to the Sequetus system, let alone Earth. Mepat was working with him on that.

Goren understood that his actions to date might have been noticed by Earth governments. He kept quiet about it. He also knew he had to assume that the Malukans were aware of his movements too. For twelve hours over the Pacific Ocean the Rangercraft drifted while

staying in alignment with Erin at *Pegasus*. All the information they had to date was being uploaded by live interviews to the mother-craft. Should the time come for Erin to escape by himself, he was ready. Erin had been instructed not to risk *Pegasus* or its data at any cost. Letone had not returned to the mother-craft as a switch for Navia this last time. There were four of them on the planet now. Goren knew this exceeded the mandatory three they were allowed. They just had to be careful. But even with Jenny and Illtuck, they needed more research help. If they were going to crack this planet they were going to do it by having an overabundance of manpower researching. They needed knowledge and a lot of it.

There was no interference while the Rangercraft stayed in contact with *Pegasus*.

The jamming worked. They put the listening device inside on the floor over the one under the hull of *Pegasus*, and just before the uploading and downloading began, Erin would excuse himself to go to the bathroom. He would then turn on the flushing mode of the toilet, which was rigged to vibrate and interfere with the signals going to the camp base. The plan worked perfectly.

With the uploading of information complete Goren and his crew quickly flew on.

An hour later the small craft bolted over the coastline of the United States of America, well before sunup. *Little Betsie* continued east.

Ω

“What do you think they’re up to?” asked the taller blond male as they watched the small space craft scurry over the Pacific Ocean. The screens showed the Rangercraft very clearly.

A shorter male, also blonde, answered, “They left that moon as instructed. That early episode in the Communications Center wasn’t accidental. Has that trooper involved been examined yet? His mind?”

“Manik? No sir,” came the response from a third.

“Do it. There is more here than a simple survey team, and some rich children from Jilta having an exciting holiday.”

The first male turned. “Did anyone get the thought patterns of that independent while he was on the base overhead?” he asked.

“No sir.” The junior of the five felt uncomfortable.

“Play back the records and tell me what you find that is unusual,” said the larger one obviously in charge.

The junior one answered after quickly reviewing the playback. “There are strange things observed with the air, moving to one side of him, when he was in the Communication Centre. The air seemed to radiate energy, per the scanners.”

The senior of them looked around, and then glanced back to the junior staff. “That is not good. That isn’t good. That is very alarming. Anything else?”

“He seems to have been involved in financial institutions during his stay in Sydney. However, it is hard to tell, as the planet’s computer systems are primitive, and slow to monitor.”

“Alright, I have seen enough. We cannot risk it. Stop him, any way you can, with as little notice as you can. Trap him. Get all the data from him, and then get rid of his body. There is too much at risk now to let him roam free.”

“And the others?”

“Of course!”

“So, you think it is him?”

"Of course, I do. Look at the scanners again, at the image of the air beside him. There is no mistake."

"And if we are wrong?"

"We're not."

Ω

Letone nestled the little craft down into an opening in a wood. There they waited till daybreak to leave on foot. While Illtuck and Letone would stay in the craft Jenny, Mepat and Goren would stay on the surface.

At dawn Jenny gave Mepat a fistful of American dollars, and instructions on hitch hiking. The main road was two hundred yards to the east. Mepat then went away for three hours.

Jenny leapt out of the Rangercraft to greet the Boguard upon his return. Goren and Navia followed with their suitcases. The air was cold and clean. A blanket of snow lay on the ground.

The three of them followed Mepat like a procession of smoke breathing dragons, the snow scrunching underfoot.

Jenny asked Goren: "Aren't you concerned about being found out?"

Goren laughed holding up some fencing wire for the others to pass beneath. "In my business Jenny, the rules are set up purely as an obstruction to my work. I operate beyond those limits, as part of my independent classification." He did not tell her his true concern. He quickly glanced up to the clouds, as though expecting something to happen.

Jenny nodded as she jumped a ditch, almost toppling into the ice at its perimeter. Mepat held out his hand for her to steady.

Not much was said as they ducked branches and crossed fallen logs. Finally, they came to the last snow filled gully. They could see the road on the other side. The snow had become brown sludge.

Mepat pointed to the car he had purchased, a 1972 black Buick. The troop approached it in ankle deep mud.

Jenny squealed with delight. "It's huge, Mepat. A beast, a real *fair-dinkum* gas-guzzler. What a beauty!"

Mepat was bashful about Jenny's enthusiasm. "Yes, it is beautiful," he responded. "I was fortunate to be able to purchase it so quickly. For a ground car it is very fast."

Goren also was admiring it. "The damage at the side, it looks recent?"

"Yes sir. To begin with, I thought the machine was under the instruction of an intelligent computer. That isn't the case, but the car does seem to possess some form of small will.

"However, after some mastery, the machine succumbs."

"And the damage?" Goren repeated.

"That is where a tree hit us, sir. The machine's performance is unaffected."

"Good," responded Goren. "It is automatic?"

"It is claimed to be sir, but it still requires pilot assistance."

"Very well, then. Everyone in," said Goren.

They all sat while Goren settled behind the wheel, and nothing happened.

Goren waited and then looked to Mepat. "Automatic?"

"The man who sold it to me said it was, but he may have been lying. You have to use these. They're called *keys*. They go in there and you use the floor pedal for speed."

The engine turned over and roared to life.

They waited until Jenny spoke: "Put it into gear, *drive*. There, and don't kill us," she laughed.

Goren was beginning to feel silly, but he wasn't going to let a 1972 Buick, or his passengers' wry humor, get the better of him.

The engine roared with fury, and all waited anxiously as Goren depressed the automatic gearshift. Immediately the black machine flew into the left-hand traffic lane, crossed the median strip and took off down the highway. Goren's full concentration was taken into attempting a series of straight lines.

Mepat said calmly. "It was under such circumstances that the tree engaged us, sir."

As the Buick careered down the road other cars swerved, horns blew, and motorists yelled. The speedometer showed they were exceeding eighty miles per hour.

Goren eased off the accelerator. He was beginning to feel confident behind the wheel. He said, "It appears Mepat, that when one gets the feel of the vehicle, it is no different to other forms of local transport elsewhere in the galaxy."

Jenny was still controlling her urge to laugh. Finally, she had to speak. "Goren, the road is

broken into orderly left hand and right-hand streams of traffic. You're on the wrong side of the road."

"Yes, it does appear as though Jenny is correct." Navia added: "It would be wise if you followed her advice." Navia perceived that the swerving cars, blaring of horns and screams of motorists had a reason.

"You are wrong!" cried Goren. "I examined the driving habits in Sydney. This is the correct side."

Jenny was becoming impatient. "It is the correct side if you're in Australia, Asia, and Britain. But in Europe and in the Americas, they drive on the wrong side of the road. Now change to the other side of the road before you kill us!" Jenny screamed.

The car lurched back over to the right-hand lanes. Goren mumbled something about insanity and driving backwards, but he received no attention.

For a minute everything seemed to smooth over, when Jenny's attention was dragged to a wailing sound drawing closer from behind. She looked over her shoulder and sank back into her seat. "We're in trouble now, Goren," she

lamented. "You had better pull over to the right and stop. It's the police."

"Police? Yes of course," Goren agreed.

The car slowed to about ten miles per hour. After some seconds Goren said, "It won't stop!" losing some of his self-control.

"The other pedal sir, you have to stand on it to stop," said Mepat.

Goren did, and momentarily all the passengers ended up in the front seat. The Buick stopped.

Goren took his foot off the brake and the car began to move off again, down the road. Goren slammed the brake again, now having lost all his patience. He said something that did not translate from Galactic to English.

Jenny leaned over and threw the gearshift into *park* and said, "Turn the key anti clockwise until the engine stops and remove it. Then get out."

Goren followed the instructions, though he was unsure if the car was safe to leave by itself. He thought Mepat may have been right and it processed some intelligent will of its own.

The police car pulled over behind them. All the doors of the Buick opened. Jenny led them

over to the policeman as he was getting out his pocketbook.

Jenny approached first. "What can we do for you officer?"

"Good morning Ma'am. Who was driving the vehicle?" the patrolman asked.

"I was," Goren said approaching.

"May I see your license sir?"

Goren looked helpless. "I don't have one."

"Identification then, sir."

Goren smiled and shrugged helplessly. The patrolman turned to Mepat who also shrugged. A message came over the radio. The patrolman listened and quickly drew a gun and said. "Sorry people. Everybody put your hands on the car. The vehicle is stolen, and we're all going to wait until help arrives."

Jenny placed her hands on the roof of the car. The others followed.

With hands on the cold metal roof Goren said: "We apologize for the car being stolen. We bought it this morning with good intentions."

"Keep it mister."

Goren let go of the Buick and turned around. "We have important business that cannot wait."

The patrolman swung Goren onto the car, keeping his gun in one hand. "Listen, wise guy. A stolen car, dangerous driving, driving without a license, no I.D., you're going..." He did not see Mepat's hand flash up and touch his neck. The patrolman collapsed into a heap onto the ground.

Jenny looked down in horror at the writhing body. "What have you done, to him?" she yelled.

Goren nodded to Mepat and then turned to Jenny. "Mepat just used a primitive stunner. The patrolman is fully conscious. All that has happened is an electronic jolt has interfered with his nervous system. He has temporarily lost use of his muscles. He will regain them in ten minutes. There is no pain." It was all true bar the pain. Jenny believed it. In the Australian *outback* she would pack a cattle-prod for similar protection, if a bit less powerful.

Jenny yelled. "Grab his gun. Give me those keys and get in the car! Oh, man. Heck! Car theft, armed assault, assaulting a police officer, I don't believe it! I was in the Gibson Desert, looking for artifacts, minding my own bloody business. Now I'm with a group of loony aliens wanted by the police. I'll be lucky to

make thirty. Put him back in his own car so he is warm. I'm really sorry mister."

The Buick swerved into the highway clipping the police car on the way. Jenny picked up speed and soon was overtaking the traffic.

There was silence until Goren said, "You certainly drive well Jenny."

"Shut ya trap! Wad'ya expect? Australia's a big place. You can't get anywhere if ya can't drive fast. Just shut up, 'til I figure out what to do!"

Goren was about to say that Jenny's accent was stronger when she got upset. But he received an elbow in the ribs from Navia. Navia wasn't impressed with Goren's handling of the situation.

After ten minutes they passed a sign. WELCOME TO READING. Jenny slowed the car down to within the legal limits.

The town was small and took only a moment to reach the center.

"Okay folks," said Jenny. "We all get out here. There is a bus station across the road. Mepat, take the car. Leave it somewhere it can be found by the end of the day. I know you didn't steal it but I would like to see it returned to its owner, so don't hide it too hard. Okay?"

"Yes Miss Jenny."

"Good. Meet us in the bus station in five minutes. Put five of these hundred-dollar bills in the glove box."

Mepat walked away.

Jenny had to wait in a queue before buying the tickets. When she returned Mepat was sitting with the others in the lounge.

"Where did you leave the car Mepat?" Jenny asked.

"Outside the police station, Miss Jenny."

Jenny couldn't believe these three. "What did you do?" she asked slowly.

"I walked inside and handed the keys to the desk sergeant. He was writing and did not look up. I said the keys were for the car outside, he grunted, and I left. I checked that I wasn't followed, Miss."

Navia nodded.

"Wise," said Jenny. There may have been some method in the Boguard's actions. It could take another day before the police notice the vehicle outside, and if they found it soon, it would confuse them. There was no reason for it to be outside the police station.

The public address system announced the departure of their bus. They would board at the very last minute.



CHAPTER 9

NEW YORK

Once aboard the bus Jenny felt some relief. As they departed the station an ambulance siren wailed, and Jenny sank at the thought of where it was headed.

Two bus changes later, Jenny silently stared out at the frozen landscape. It was getting onto dusk as they started to enter the outer New York suburbs.

Jenny looked at her reflection in the glass, she wondered for the first time what she was doing there. Her few friends in Australia had accused her of being rash and hasty in chasing the thrill of life. Many said it would be her ruin. Yes, perhaps you have gone too far this time, her reflection said. Maybe it was right. Here she was on a bus with three humans from another planet. Yes, Jenny, maybe you're crazy, and these aliens are crazier than you are. The reflection seemed to be agreeing with her. But they're well meaning, and will you ever experience such adventure again? No, never.

Jenny turned away from her counterpart in the window to find Navia watching her.

Compassionately Navia spoke. "Jenny, if you wish to return home, we can arrange for the Rangercraft to take you. You have helped us a lot already, and we're very grateful. We place no bind on keeping you with us. Please know that."

Jenny swallowed slowly and smiled. "Thank you Navia, but I still want to help and will remain a little longer."

Navia nodded. Jenny put her head back and closed her eyes. She wondered what tomorrow would bring.

Ω

The next morning Goren held another mission briefing. They were in the executive suite of the Plaza Hotel, overseeing Central Park. The time was 8:30 AM.

"Navia, I want you to continue your library searches. I have a new subject for your list." Goren turned to Jenny. "Jenny, one thing intrigued me since we first met. You referred to us as Martians. Why? Goren's speech was tenseser.



Plaza Hotel Manhattan

Jenny felt pleased to be part of the team. "When I was young my father would tell me about the saucer flaps of his youth. There were times when UFOs were common and large groups of citizens came together to report and solve the mystery of their occurrence.

"At the time governments and military leaders denied the existence of UFO's or flying saucers. The promoted view was that people seeing them were hallucinating; seeing little green men from Mars. The implications were that anyone reporting a UFO was in an unfit mental state. People were publicly ridiculed."

"Thank you, Jenny. I thought as much. There we have a very strong thread of lies. I want you two to follow that thread until it leads

to truth at the end. The truth will always stand bright.”

They all nodded.



Jenny Wanten

“Now you’re to assume nothing. All you know is that out there is the Federation. On the moon is *Moonbase*. You also know that we were

told many things at *Moonbase*, Mars and *Dockside*. What we were told, and what is fact, may be different. Are there any questions?"

Both women said no. Jenny looked at Goren and was glad she had decided to stay.

Goren continued. "You're to research at the city's central library, but only if you don't require identification, otherwise initially browse at whatever book shops you may come across.

"It isn't easy," Navia said. "While Earth has some basic computer technology, it is very primitive. All their information is book bound, and they have no multiuser computer access. We also cannot get data off other computer sources, from a third computer, so it is tedious work."

"I understand. Do your best. There is you, Jenny and Illtuck. Letone is in Little Betsie, so use him when you can. Mepat and I'll look for ID and search out other leads to follow."

Ω

After three days of searching, stopping only for sleep, they all finally grouped together in their hotel suite.

Navia was the first to deliver. Her notes and Jenny's were scattered on the coffee table. "The library was five stories tall with a labyrinth of books. That is one of the joys of being on this planet, real books with real paper," explained Navia, looking bright.

"There were people quietly studying and reading. Jenny, Illtuck and I fitted right in. However, in three days we found no shining truth. But the history of Earth's UFO research is interesting. Certainly, our meager threads have led us somewhere. Shall I start?"

Goren nodded as he and Mepat pulled together their chairs.

"*UFO* means *unidentified flying object*, meaning a flying craft that isn't authorized to be there, and doesn't belong to any known airport or person." She looked up.

Goren nodded for her to continue while Jenny passed notes.

Navia sipped on water. "It appears that UFO activity increased after the last global war. What is notable is that while reports of UFOs have increased, so have literacy standards. We would thus expect more people to report the more literate they are. So, considering a literary benchmark of preceding generations, the UFO

activity increase appears constant, until twenty years ago.

"I could go into what was reported and when, but that would end up with long lists of dates, times and descriptions. There is no doubt as to the validity of the reports. The makes and styles of the craft involved are familiar to me. Some photographed are even the same, even though seen years apart. There are many photographs of standard Federation craft."

Goren nodded. "That makes sense."

Navia continued. "Jenny and I were after a thread of lies. Our thread found someone who is alive and who could attest to Federation existence. He is assessable."

Goren's eyes lit up as he waited for the name.

"But before I tell you who this is, I want to give you some UFO history that leads us to the present. It is fascinating and makes this person more important."

Mepat brought more water and citrus, and offered it around.

"To begin, it goes back many years. Debate of a Galactic civilization dates back thousands of years. Famous Earth historical debaters, who favored external existence, were Anaxagoras,

Plutarch and Lucian, but their church squashed their ideas until a few hundred years ago.”

Navia looked around and the others nodded. She continued. “More famous historical people were Nicolaus, Cusanus, Giordano, and *Kepler*. They refueled the debate. When telescopes were invented famous scientists such as Huygens, Fontenelle and *Swedenborg* wrote of extraterrestrial existence.”

Jenny looked up. “Should I omit the names?” Jenny was recording Navia’s talk on a small hand device, so it could be uploaded to Pegasus later.

Goren shook his head. “Perhaps they are not meaningful now, but names are vital later. Continue please.”

Navia picked up her next paper. “In their Nineteenth Century scientists such as *Herschell*, believed the sun was inhabited, *Von Littrow* proposed that comets were inhabited, and the German astronomer *Gruithuisen* claimed to see cities and railroads on the moon. They all added to the controversy, and they all became famous in other areas of research. These scientists were incorrect in civilizations being that close, but they were convinced that human beings on this planet were not alone. They got that right.”

Goren agreed.

"I have more about them here." Navia held up a wad of papers and continued. "Until their Second World War there were no attempts to contact life beyond Earth. However, that changed abruptly with the war. The planet's attempts were split."

Jenny was scanning the notes with the recorder. It could scan five pages thick at a time. Jenny loved the recording device. "This is so amazing. Look at what I can do."

Goren smiled.

Navia continued. "America began to dominate the debate. It had *Slipher*, and *Percival Lowell* in Arizona, and *Wright* at the *Lick Observatory* in California. However, Russia, or the USSR, as it is called now, seemed bent on making first contact." She held up more notes. Jenny scanned them.

"The works of *Shklousky*, Pulkovo, and astronomer Tikhov started it. In 1959, a Russian named Agnest put forward theories that galactic visitors had been on Earth and are represented in biblical stories. Several years later these theories were repeated in the West by that Swiss, named *Erich Von Daniken*."

Goren remained interested as the end would be soon.

Navia could see her audience was growing impatient. She dispensed with her notes.

Jenny grabbed them.

"Now here we come to the most interesting part, so please pay attention," said Navia.

Goren straightened. "Yes, Ma'am," he smiled.

"Russian scientists Klivinski and Metov moved to a town called Tiksi, while *Dr. A. P. Minsk* went to *Zovitinski*, in 1958. They were given extensive research grants to set up a series of experiments code named ASK: *Alien Superior Knowledge*."

That made Goren sit up, and Mepat drew closer.

"Their research stations were both set on the same degree of latitude, 129⁰. Tiksi was in the north, while Zovitinski was nearer the southern border in central Russia."

Goren was very interested now.

"Continue."

"These research stations were just a pair of radio transceivers. They emitted messages in binary code out into space, day in and day out, for years. They waited for answers. Two

transceivers would be able to locate a return source more precisely than just one.”

“And they were answered?” asked Goren.

“I’ll get to that,” replied Navia as she continued. “After years of transmitting binary code, with no response, the scientists included four sentences in Russian. This inclusion was transmitted for a further three years. In 1964 a weak response was received in binary code. The message received lasted for fifteen seconds and repeated itself every thirty-four minutes and six seconds, for a period of just over two days, when the replies stopped. The message they received was a duplicate of their own binary code.”

Goren looked at Jenny who said, “Yes, and it gets more interesting.”

Navia continued. “So, the scientists kept on transmitting their Russian message. Fifteen months passed before another response. This time it was different. They received the word WELCOME, three times every ninety seconds over a period of three days, in Russian. The message then changed to TALK LISTEN, which repeated itself for another three days. This last message repeated itself for three days every three months for seven years. Then were added

the words FRIENDS, and TRAVEL, and TIME, to the response. Shortly after the addition of these latter words, all replies stopped.

“In the meantime, the Russians had been adding to their repertoire of transmitted messages.

“Since the first communications there has been debate as to their authenticity. For a time, it was rumored that the responses were a British hoax. As the hope of the Russians was to have access to superior knowledge, officially their messages had been under clouds of secrecy. Thus, neither the Americans nor the British have been officially contacted about the research. Not that it mattered, as all Russian research was falling into the hands of the American government anyway. The Americans then shared it with the British.”

Jenny shook her head.

Navia continued to explain more. “Over the last decade the debate as to what was received grew. One argument was that the Russian scientific community had been duped. Finally, the research stations were closed, five years ago.

“Now, the appearance of the lie is this; while the Americans knew of the experiments

and their apparent success, they never tried to copy them until much later.

“The reasons for not repeating similar research experiments were likely only one of two. First, the Americans knew that the replies were a hoax or fraud, or, secondly, the Americans were already in contact with extraterrestrials. If the reason was the second, then the scaled down American version of the Russian experiment was a ruse to confuse the Russians. Otherwise, if the responses were a hoax, then why and by whom? And furthermore, if they were in contact with out there, was it Malukan, Moonbase, Mars, Federation, or someone else? And why were the replies the way they were, when there was already contact here?”

They all sat back and looked at each other.

Navia continued. “To solve this, I found that in the Scientific Congress Roll, at the United Nations, that a scientist of these Russian experiments still lives, in Zovitinski. I propose that we visit Zovitinski in the USSR.”

Goren stood looked hard out of the window over Central Park. The children were ice skating. He smiled. It allowed him to think of Anqi.

"Possibly," he said, turning. Goren looked to Navia and Jenny. "Do you have any other information?"

Jenny put some papers in front of Navia. "Yes," Navia said. "It supports the theory that the Americans have, and likely still are in contact with, outside life, probably the Federation. Recent history shows that the American government negates support to any who claim contact with others off from this planet. In fact, it has followed this path of trying to oppress those who provoke interest in UFOs since the '50s." Navia made ready with new notes.

Jenny got the scanner out. She looked at Goren. "This is so amazing. You could become a billionaire with this!"

Goren nodded. He would remember that. He said, "It also has a laser, compass, and camera. The advanced models can even speak with each other."

Jenny shook her head. "Can it make a drink of hot kalo?" she asked.

Goren smiled. "No, but it can heat water."

Navia looked at them both, cleared her throat and continued. "Due to wide public interest in UFO activity, the government set up panels of scientists and psychologists, to

promote the unusual nature of UFO reports. Today this is called debunking, and I suspect Malukan agents may be the debunkers.”

Goren concurred that it would make sense.

Navia handed Jenny a wad of notes. Navia explained, “Good. I have data on that as well. One major early committee to debunk the existence of UFOs was called *Project Sign*, set up after the end of the Second World War. Reports were common then, coming from thousands of witnesses. They came from radar officials, from Air Force pilots, from all manner of people. The governments had to do something about the reports, and the UFOs.

“In 1949, under the direction of an American, General Vanderberg, was *Project Sign*. The others of *Project Sign* had concluded the craft existed, as the evidence was obvious. So *Project Grudge* replaced *Project Sign*.

“Under *Project Grudge* UFO reports were received only on the premise that UFOs did not exist, and the phenomena must be due to other causes.”

Goren found this interesting.

“In 1952 *Project Grudge* became *Project Blue Book*, as the reporting of UFOs did not stop. Though this panel wasn’t as dogmatic as its

predecessor, the insistence of a non-extraterrestrial explanation stayed in the reports until *Project Blue Book's* end in 1969. Doctor *Gaudsmit*, an associate of the famous physicist Einstein, brought about the project's dismissal."

Jenny was still scanning and recording.

"Samuel Gaudsmit reported on *Project Blue Book* under the guise of the *Robertson Panel*. This panel reported that *Project Blue Book's* research was bunk, and that the efforts of two UFO research groups, *Aerial Phenomena Research Organization* and *Civilian Saucer Intelligence* were potentially subversive. They used this threat of national treason as a way to disband their research into UFOs."

Goren sat back and wondered. He nodded.

"The panel also suggested that a program be designed by psychologists in mass psychology, to help debunk UFO existence. Enter here possible Malukan agents."

"Possibly," said Goren. "Let's follow who was on the panel, and who they engaged. There will likely be Malukan agents there, somewhere."

Navia continued. "Gaudsmit then later wrote that UFOs should be investigated by psychiatrists, not physicists. He also drew

parallels between extraterrestrial theory, drugs and mental illness.”

“Hmm. Not so silly,” said Goren. “Earth psychiatrists don’t need a court order to detain a person claimed to be mentally ill. They can incarcerate at will, anyone they say is insane. Those insane then have few liberties on Earth. We need more information on Gaudsmit.”

“Exactly,” said Navia. “That is an easy and obvious way to silence people.” She reached for more notes from Jenny. “Also note that they examined only 23 cases of 2,331 reported.”

“Finally,” she continued. “The *Condon Report*, headed by Doctor Condon of the University of Colorado conducted an entirely negative series of interviews on UFOs. His report centered on the lunatic fringe, highlighting examples that could be easily explained away by non-extraterrestrial causes.” Navia looked around and indicated to all that they would eat soon.

She then continued. “Little time was taken to investigate the cases which were inexplicable. The *Condon Report* recommended that the Air Force drop Project Blue Book, which they did. That was the end of all official open American

government investigation. There have been masses of UFO sightings since.”

Mepat brought in refreshments. Navia's story had been heavy listening.

Still she continued. “Now while the Air Force was busy investigating UFOs and setting itself up for debunking, the US Navy on the other hand, was building UFOs. Believe it. The Navy never denied the existence of UFOs and manufactured their own *flying saucers*.” Navia indicated that this is where it got interesting. “This is not just about building a Rangercraft. There is more.” She sipped water.

“Reportedly, with the assistance of Einstein, during the Second World War, the Navy developed what was loosely called the *Philadelphia Experiment*. This is reported to have succeeded – and I say this loosely - in transposing a Navy ship through time – and maybe - space. The experiment is reportedly based on *unified field theory*. This theory has the Earth's magnetic field as its base and the experiment is reported to have been more highly classified than their atomic weapons research.”

Goren wondered out aloud, “Why would transport, using magnetic fields, be a higher classified secret than atomic weaponry?”

Navia looked up at her listeners. Goren was leaning back in the sofa, contemplating that.

Navia continued. "These are the claims: As the ship was operating under experimental conditions, it is reported to have vanished. It was subjected to a change in magnetic field around it. People were reported to have witnessed others walk through walls and never be seen again. Others returned from nowhere, dropping into living rooms out of thin air, ablaze. Some reappeared fused into the hull of the ship. Some who worked on the project just went mad. The ship lost ten minutes in time. After the initial experiments were concluded the project ceased. Survivors either died unexpectedly or were relocated to psychiatric institutions."

Goren nodded. "Again, the psychiatric connection, with no access to the public. You told me that they did that with the crew of the planes that dropped atomic bombs on Japan."

"Correct. Likely they ended up in the same psychiatric hospitals. As to the ship, there are no records of further activity. The war ended and that was the end, if you can believe it."

Navia sat back into her chair to enjoy a spicy hot drink of *kalo* they had had been brought down

from *Pegasus*. She waited expectantly for Goren to comment.

Goren stood, quietly walked over to the window and looked down outside over the cold park. He sipped his cup of kalo, and after a minute of silence let out a slow sigh. He thought for a moment more and then turned back. He said, "Perhaps someone has been seeding Warp Drive theories to Earth, to replicate it." He shook his head. He tried to think of what a race, with a passion for war, and a high reproduction rate, might do with that technology. "This is extremely disturbing. First I think we need to visit Zovitinski in the USSR." He paused for a moment and continued. "That's a lot of information Navia. And we still need a lot more." He put his kalo down.

Jenny looked at Goren. She couldn't see what he could. Navia did. Goren would keep it to himself until the evidence was conclusive.

While Goren looked down on the streets below, Navia spoke some more. "I do not know warp drive theory as well as you, Goren. But I did receive your induction at the beginning of this mission. If broadmatter could be *polarized*, I suspect changing magnetic fields could do it."

Goren slowly turned. He nodded his head sourly. "Yes. A changing magnetic field is just a byproduct of something else happening. That something else will polarize broadmatter and all other matter. The result is yes, the ship could have become invisible."

Goren faced them all, watching each. "Yes, that can occur. But moreover, what is more disturbing is that yes, the ship could appear to move. It would be remaining stationary for the time it was polarized, and the Earth could move underneath it. And then when the polarization was reversed, it would come out from the warp fields at a different time."

Again, Goren sighed again. "And when they come back, if the polarization is not perfect, before they try to move, when they reenter the now-universe, people of all things will repolarize at different rates, and arrive back not only fractionally out of time, but also out of place. Yes, they could be imbedded into bulkheads."

Goren swallowed the lump in his throat as he fought to suppress what he felt he could see now in the future. "I think you asked Navia, what would happen if you reentered the universe at a different time, when we began this mission, and this is the answer. You come back in inside

pieces of the physical universe. Using proper warp fields, properly polarized, this does not happen.”

Goren straightened his composure. “So, what this report indicates, is that someone was playing with Warp drive technology and they have been ceded part of Broadmatter Theory.¹⁵”

Goren turned to the window again. He felt depressed at what he had found. That ship experiment was forty-four years back. Where was that technology up to now? This was the why. This was the smoking gun at the end of their investigation. It was not the full why, he knew that. But this explained almost everything they were here for.

Mepat watched Goren look at people below, going about their work, and their pursuit of their life’s goal. Mepat felt it to. He could see the future, to some degree. He knew where this was going to end. If a Boguard could cry, and it was allowed, he may have right then.

¹⁵ **NOTES:** See NOTES ON BROADMATTER THEORY in the first book HUNT. It should be noted that the phenomena spoken of is in the Charles Berlitz book, *The Philadelphia Experiment*. This phenomena fits under Broadmatter Theory. Also see *NOTES ON PHILADELPHIA EXPERIMENT*.

Mepat phoned down to the restaurant to send up lunch, before Goren started to explain their events over the past three days.

The food arrived and Goren started his story of what happened on the street.



ON THE STREET

Three days ago, after Navia, Illtuck and Jenny had gone to visit the library, Goren and Mepat went out for a cab ride.

“Yes sir. Where can I take you?” said the black cab driver, leaning to the window.

Goren studied the man for a first impression. Yes, he would do. Goren asked the driver, as he and Mepat climbed in. “We want you to take us to someone who can give us some ID.”

The cabbie investigated his mirror trying to study his two passengers, without seeming too obvious. “I can take you,” he said slowly, still keeping an eye on the pair in the back. “But if questioned I know nothing of it. Okay?”

Goren nodded and the driver pulled out into the swirling traffic. Goren was surprised at how driving for fifteen minutes, the streets of New York could go from a clean, well-kept metropolis to a dirty, smelly, deprived ghetto. How could both areas survive side by side? Were there two separate economies? They passed no gates

keeping people in this desolated deprived state, yet there were people here, willingly. What kept them?

Eventually the driver stopped. "This is as far as I go. I can't put my cab at risk."

"I understand," said Goren stepping out.

"The man you're to contact is Big Herman. Here is his address, and the fare is thirty bucks, with a tip."

Goren paid the driver and the cab sped away. Goren and Mepat stood in the street looking for a building number to correspond with that on the paper. They walked along searching, past broken up and burnt out car wrecks and garbage. The buildings were like the cars, derelict. Suddenly Goren felt vulnerable. He looked to the Boguard. Mepat sensed it too. There was no one else on the street. It became very quiet.

They were still a few blocks from their destination. Warily they continued and stepped over rubbish. A solitary figure had walked onto the road. The pair approached. He was large, almost as big as a Federation lorde, ominous, and wearing a leather jacket, boots and wide belt.

His hair was short. In one ear were five golden earrings. He wore two heavy chains, one around the neck, the other attached to his belt. He watched Goren and Mepat approach and spun a glittering object into the air, caught it and then tossed it again.

“What are you boys here for?” he grumbled menacingly.

Mepat and Goren glanced at each other and continued past.

“Honkeys!” was the call from behind. “I asked you something!” The man had now caught up and put his hand out to halt the pair.

“No further, whities. Empty your pockets or don't walk again. Your choice.” He smiled with a sneer.

Goren looked at the large face, in the eyes and said, “We’re looking for Mister Big Herman.”

The man's hand grabbed Goren by the shirt, lifting him partially from the ground.

“I don't give a shit about your social life man, what you got?” The big mouth breathed over Goren.

At that point the small object he had been tossing around flashed to become knife. Its blade gleamed but only for a second before it unexpectedly sailed into the air away from

menace. A foot slammed into the man's chest, followed by a small metal prod. Goren felt ground again under his feet as he watched his assailant's eyes waver, and his body collapse onto the street. Goren nodded to the Boguard and then looked at the body, lying silently, curled into a fetal ball with muscles spasmodically twitching.

Within a few seconds five other youths sauntered out from the building to the right. They approached slowly brandishing similar knives, the largest was closest.

Mepat took front position, passed the old stunner to Goren, indicating two more youths coming in from their left flank.

Mepat tensed in a low defensive stance. His training was over hundreds of years. Boguard lived a millennium. A Boguard's first thought was for the protection of his charge. In this case it was Independent Goren Torren.

Another youth joined, making eight.

Goren backed up Mepat. The stunner was in one hand, his eyes waiting for the time to attack. Mepat's muscles tensed, like a bow wound back. As the gang closed the Boguard's mind and body saw only enemies. He eyed the youths as they milled, waiting for an error so the

hunters become the hunted. A little closer Mepat thought, as he and Goren rotated facing the closing youths.

Goren saw eyes darting, the signal. The attack was from all sides. Goren blocked the closest lunging youth, and retaliated with the stunner to the cheekbone. Goren felt the electrodes drive in and the current jolt. The youth collapsed holding his face, gasping for air, and slithered into unconsciousness. Another youth jumped to take his place. Goren ducked a swing and drove the stunner up into the boy's chest. Eyes opened wide in disbelief as his muscles trembled. Goren swung as an iron bar glanced off his upper left arm. The limb was in no pain, but immobilized. The assailant with the bar stepped back out of the stunner's deadly reach and began to circle.

Three bodies lay to Goren's rear. They weren't dead. Mepat leaped through the air at a tall youth's larynx. His heel contacted, almost severing the head. Before he landed Mepat was twisting his body, straining to make advantage of the split second. He landed and sprang at the throat of the next youth, missed, then turned to back Goren. The Boguard was maneuvering five moves ahead. Another youth lunged only to find

his throat side kicked at a speed he did not even witness. The youth with the bar took a step back, turned and fled. There was enough carnage. Mepat faked a kick and the last standing ran terrified, screaming down an alleyway.

Goren whispered while still not taking his eyes of the streetscape windows. "Any dead?"

"One," was Mepat's reply.

Goren knew which. He had heard the crack of the neck bone. Goren glanced at the dead boy, his head lying perpendicular to the torso. His hand was inside the jacket. Goren nudged it with his foot. The hand fell away exposing the butt end of a revolver. Goren looked up at the Boguard. "But how did you..."

Mepat spoke. "We should leave, quickly, or risk more encounter. They will return with more weapons, to rid our advantage."

Goren glanced at the twisted, moaning, jerking, and battered bodies of human flesh at his feet. Yes, time to leave. "This way." Goren sprang to a canter.

As Mepat caught up he said, "Sir, you fought well. I was proud to be at your side."

Goren was surprised; flattery wasn't a Boguard quality. Goren looked at him.

Mepat spoke. "Sir, when we return to Jilta the story of your fighting courage will be enjoyed by my companions. You could be Boguard, sir."

Goren was uncertain of how to respond. He felt he had just received the highest tribute possible by Boguard. "Captain, I truly, deeply thank you for that honor."

The Captain nodded as they jogged. Some things were just true.

Goren slowed down and stopped. They were outside the address. All the rundown buildings looked similar. Looking back Goren could see some of their assailants beginning to recover.

Goren ducked inside, up to the third floor. He felt sensation slowly return to his battered arm, mainly pain. Goren knocked on Herman's door and then looked at the garbage heaped at the ends of the hall. It gave off a foul dead odor. A fat brown rat scurried past as Goren's eyes became accustomed to the dark. Mepat was behind him. They listened to a sound on the other side of the door. A latch, a bolt slid, and the old door opened a fraction, revealing three robust chains.

"What do you want?" the voice called.

"We want ID." Goren called back.

"Sorry, can't help!" The door slammed.

Goren indicated to Mepat to place five one hundred-dollar bills under the door. Each bill disappeared. Goren indicated another five. They also disappeared, but the door opened. A little man stood there. Goren gauged the height of the man was no taller than a child. The little man would have been fifty.

He looked up at the pair and said snappily, "Who are you?"

"I'm Goren and this is my companion Mepat."

"Come in. My name is Herman." The door closed quickly behind them.

The room was clean, even if old in style and cluttered with electrical appliances, probably as old as Herman. Goren cast his eye over the various makes and sizes of televisions, toasters, heaters, radios and clocks.

Herman said in a high twang voice, "It will cost you two thousand dollars," then as an afterthought he said, "a piece."

Goren indicated to Mepat who counted it out. Herman looked at the roll of bills, as if he was about to salivate. "Photos are a thousand each extra."

Goren nodded. Mepat remained counting. Goren said, "We will make it a total of eight thousand now, plus an additional two thousand tomorrow when we return here for our ID, and it must be multiple – ID cards, passports in two nationalities, driver's licenses, credit cards and birth certificates, for both of us." Goren waited for the confusion in the little man to clear and then confirmed it. "Okay?"

"Oh, yes sir. Please, this way sirs. For that money I'll give you government receipts as well." Herman jumped from his couch and stepped over to a camera tripod behind a screen. He took their photographs, had them fill in the cards, sign them, and hustled them out the door. There was much to do to get it all ready by tomorrow.

Goren and Mepat headed for the daylight of the front door.

The smell inside the hallway was putrid. Goren was feeling nauseated and glad to get back outside.

As they were about to exit, Mepat and then Goren caught a glimpse of their earlier assailants by the front door. Goren had seen the rear fire exits chest deep in garbage, with the doors likely

rust frozen solid. Upstairs led nowhere. The youths knew it and waited.

Mepat tossed the stunner to Goren as he led to the front.

Goren shook his head. "No, side by side... friend."

The Boguard remained motionless until Goren caught up. They approached the open doorway together. Eyes straining, muscles alert to the most opportune time, for attack or escape. Neither Goren nor Mepat were under the illusion that a second meeting would be without the youths having guns.

An older youth stepped forward. He had not been in the fight. "You have beaten us once. That is enough. We have no craving to die. I'm sorry about Jerrard. We told him he would be the victim if he didn't obey the code. He gave an important lesson. To go against the code of the street brings death with dishonor. Jerrard carried a gun and died in hand to hand combat."

He turned to his companions, as though giving a sermon. "You all carried small hand weapons, no guns. You lived. Jerrard died. Learn from the code."

The youth turned back to Goren and Mepat and took a step closer. "From what my friends

here have told me, you two fight like cats from hell. We respect you.”

Mepat was watching the youth's eyes. One more step, closer, and if that left hand went any further out of sight the boy's head would be kicked into the building across the street. Mepat did not lift his eyes for a second.

The youth looked into the Boguard's eyes, and his hands came out in front of him, palms up. “Strike me if you wish. I bear no arms. I bear you no disrespect either.” The boy turned around. He bore no weapons. “My name is Trenton, and these noble warriors are the Tartar. What is your business with Big Herman?”

Goren calmly replied. “My name is Independent Goren Torren, and this is Captain Mepat from our Lorde Hymondy's Boguard.”

Trenton smiled and sighed deeply. His body relaxed, and he indicated the other youths to stand back. He stepped down from the stairs and beckoned the pair to follow. His arm swept the street. “This land of ours is called Myoller. In what land is your lord's palace? This way?” he pointed.



Trenton

Goren looked to Mepat. Maybe the boy was short of a full credit up top.

The Boguard shrugged, he would rather have kicked that head across the street. Perhaps the boy wouldn't miss it.

Goren said back, "Jilta. It is far away. We only seek safe passage through Myoller. In

return we offer the same should you ever reach Jilta.”

The youth looked at them sideways. “How many like you are there under your lord?” He pointed to the Boguard.

Goren glanced to Mepat for an answer. “Two thousand,” said the Boguard.

Trenton's jaw was open. Two thousand fighting machines like that one! An enemy that strong was unheard of. With Jilta as an ally Trenton's kingdom would grow.

“Safe passage you shall have.” Trenton wondered how he could borrow just one such as Mepat. Did this Lorde Hymondy honor street code? He must. Neither of these warriors was more than street armed.

“I must present you with favor. As great warriors and victors it is your right.”

Goren thought for a moment. Mepat had remained poised. He could still dispatch this poor deluded youth in the blink of an eyelid.

“We seek one who my lorde can do great trade with,” said Goren.

“How much trade?”

“Millions.”

“The white death?” the youth asked.

Goren nodded, though uncertain of the meaning.

“Very well. We shall strike a deal, your lord and I. Tomorrow you shall meet me here. I shall bring with me a trader of status.” With that Trenton bowed low. He backed away and was surrounded by the other youths as they trotted down the street.

Goren stared. The youths disappeared around the corner. “What do you make of that?”

The Boguard stood arms folded. He looked at the memory of Trenton. “Trenton is in the wrong place and the wrong time. He is stuck somewhere else in another world.”

Goren looked down the street and wondered.



TRADING WITH
AN ENEMY

The next day they strolled up to Big Herman's apartment building to find a black limousine parked out the front. Goren was about to go inside to let Herman know about their other appointment, when the front window of the limousine drew down.

A deep raw voice from within the car called out. "Are you Goren?"

Goren turned to the voice. "Yes."

"Get in." The rear door opened.

Mepat bustled in before the independent. Inside was large for such a car, be it a limousine. Goren sat by his Boguard companion. There were two others in the back. One was a thin man, dressed in a white suit, wearing gold-rimmed spectacles. He nodded to Goren. The other man next to him was his minder.

The thin man spoke with a higher pitched voice. "You the one the loon Trenton was yabberin' about?"

“Possibly,” Goren replied cautiously, watching the old man's eyes flicker between himself and Mepat.

“Don't piss me about, son. Do you have business, or are you bad wind like the fruity Trenton?”

Goren glared at the man. His jaw firm, he nodded to Mepat. Mepat slowly drew out a wad of bills, watching the minder who initially stiffened at Mepat's movement. Slowly he unfolded the bills. He looked to Goren. Goren nodded again and Mepat let them fall into the thin man's lap, fifty thousand dollars of bills. The old man looked up at Goren.

“Fifty,” said Goren.

“How much do you want?” the old man asked.

“Twenty,” said Goren, not really sure if this was getting him anywhere.

“Cost you a million. Another three hundred before we deliver. Deposit in two days' time. Same place. Same time.”

Goren nodded, thinking their business was concluded as he reached for the door. The old man grabbed hold of his wrist. “Son, you ain't Feds are you?”

Goren looked surprised. "The Imperial Galactic Federation? No. As I told Trenton, we're from planet Jilta, under the instruction of Lorde Hymondy III."

The old man burst into a smile. "You know son, you got style. I could almost believe you. You're good. You been at this long?"

Goren looked the man in the eyes. "This is my first deal. We only arrived on Earth a little over a week ago." Goren had no hint of humor in his voice.

The man felt Goren's cold gaze penetrate through him. For the first time the man felt afraid. He let go of Goren's arm. His brow was beginning to feel moist. He sat back, and only nodded.

Goren stepped out, followed by Mepat.

After the pair had left, the older man said to the other, "It's them. The ones we were told to look out for."

The other said, "I know."

Ω

Jenny had a question. "Did you know what you were buying?"

"I believe so. The prices indicate this *white death* is what is called heroin. Correct Navia?"

"Most likely. Research into the narcotic described by Anqi, on Mars, showed heroin was used by her *Karn*."

Goren pondered for a moment. "What does it do Jenny?"

Jenny shrugged. "All I know is that it is a mind-altering drug processed from the opium poppy. It depresses the central nervous system, goes through the blood-brain barrier to the opioid receptors. It mimics endorphins, the body's own pain killing substance to extinguish pain in cases of emergency.

"So, I guess a user of heroin has a feeling of general well-being when he takes it. It is very addictive. As to the user, well, they usually lose control of their ability to resist the drug after several times. The life expectancy of a constant heroin user is sometimes no more than several years.

Navia asked next. "Why would someone use the drug when statistically they will die within years? It makes little sense!"

Jenny nodded. "No one would take this drug that has not been subject to the effects of

other drugs before it. Perception is impaired chemically. Wrong decisions get made.”

Goren had the next question. “Then what of these people that deal in the supply and sale of these drugs?”

“Do you mean legal or illegal?” asked Jenny.

Goren looked surprised. “What do you mean legal?”

“Pharmaceutical drugs, which are permitted and subsidized by governments, are a larger operation than illegal ones. Both industries, legal or illegal, are independently larger than any other industry on Earth, and both are growing.”

Goren's face showed pain. The galaxy would not permit this. He heard Anqi's voice in his ears, crying for the destruction of Earth, before it was too late. He then heard Jenny's voice begin to answer his original question.

“I think there is a stratum of people here who simply enjoy seeing others get hurt and die.”

Goren felt himself agree. There seemed to be an oversupply of those people on Earth.

Ω

The next day Goren made his delivery. He handed over another three hundred thousand dollars. The final payment and exchange were to occur the following day. Goren held a note containing the address and the time.

Ω

The following day Jenny first gave her research. She had been prompted by Illtuck. In fact, he had been hounding her to speak. This was his topic. He said this was it, a big part of what was going on.

So, both Navia and Mepat and Jenny spent the day at the libraries following Illtuck's leads. And they were good.

Now they were back, and it was time to give their summaries.

Navia held her papers and looked up from the couch. "I would say Illtuck is very right. There seem to be more toxins at the equator. Mepat has been testing the water and the food. Illtuck is correct, and it bears out Manik's note.

"The water is *poisoned*, slightly. Very slightly. If you drink it every day you will not die, but you will appear to be lethargic and

suffer malaise. It will not kill in the doses they are offering it.

“How much is that, Jenny,” asked Goren.

“Wait on. Let me give you my findings and then you can ask, okay?”

They all agreed.

“Sodium fluoride is put in the water to help teeth stay whiter longer and give them strength. And it looks like it does that. But there is a cost, and when looked at, it might not be crazy to think it is just wrong to do it. So, it may be put in the water for other reasons.

“I mean, after all, the government is not doing anything to save people from malnutrition, such as hand out free minerals and free vitamins. So, what is the real reason that sodium fluoride is placed in most of the water supplies around their world?”

The others shrugged.

“As said, in the amounts given to the population, it will not kill them. But in lesser amounts, and it builds up in the fatty tissue and affects the nerve tissues and brain. It reduces intelligence, make people compliant because they cannot think well, and on a day by day level, they will not see what is happening to them. Over two or three generations it changes

how a population thinks. We know that in animals, if you take a savage species, give it this compound, over two generations it is domesticated.

“Animals have also been shown to have a lower capacity to learn when subjected to it, so school education levels will get lower and lower. I have checked and this is happening with lowering literacy rates in developed countries.”

Illtuck nodded. “It is what is happening all over their world.”

“People’s sight will deteriorate, and that may contribute for more people wearing more glasses today than the last generation.

“This fluoride is also linked to impaired fetal development,” said Illtuck.

Jenny sat there nodding, mouth open. “I get it. If it was simply the world leaders wanting to make the population have whiter teeth, then that benevolent action would be seen elsewhere, but it is not. So, the white-teeth explanation is likely a lie. It might make the teeth whiter, but that is a side effect. The real reason it is in the water is something else. Likely, what Navia said.”

Navia smiled. “Thank you, Jenny. May I add more?”

Jenny smiled and looked at Goren who raised his eyebrows.

Navia read now from her notes. "The last thing, is that if fluoride is taken with aluminum, it is much worse for the health of the brain and all Jenny just said is amplified."

"Yes," added Illtuck.

"That brings me next to what they are putting in the air. It is aluminum. Some of the locals call this *chemtrails*.

"But what they put on the air are other metals, not just aluminum. Possibly the other metals are there to mask the real purpose and that is to have aluminum act with fluoride so people become lethargic and have a lower intelligence. They will be unable to think clearly and object to what is going on around them."

"Clever, evil bollards," said Jenny.

The others smiled.

"The wars that people objected to a hundred years ago will not be objected to in a hundred years from now. That means simply that with given time people can be made so compliant that they will not object to themselves being slowly killed even if they found out."

"And now here is the last part of Illtuck's last great theory. It has to do with what they

term *vaccines*. They are to stop various diseases, by injecting the population with a means of making the patient immune to those diseases. The intent seems valid from what I can see. But according to Illtuck the result is catastrophic where he was living.”

“Absolutely, and fatal on occasions.” Illtuck was shaking his head.

Then he added, “It killed the magic of the elders and they started to forget what the oral traditions were. The elders, instead of becoming people respected and revered became empty husks, with a very limited memory recall.”

Navia then added, “Illtuck thought it was because the drug companies are deliberately poisoning the people with two metals. One is the aluminum, again, as earlier outlined, but the other is *mercury*.”

Illtuck passed out English tea, with milk.

Navia continued, “Mercury acts to bind with the growing thin outside layers of neuron membranes. This has the effect of making the brain growth cease and even reverse as the brains microtubule structure falls apart.” She showed them a diagram explaining how this worked.

She continued. "This exposes the nerves inside. The nerves now suffer excess pressure. This in turn makes a person suffer excessive imagination or excessive psychosomatic pain, which is not in fact from the mind but really is there. But the body is pulling in painful memories as well."

Illtuck passed around some honey. He loved honey in tea.

Navia smiled, halfheartedly. "This in turn makes a person prone to needing pain relievers.

"So Anqi was right. Living on this planet is a condemnation to something we as Federation, are just not used to," said Goren.

Navia nodded. "I suppose what is happening is that this pain relieving compound is needed for Federation crew who work here long enough, breathe the air, plus drink the water. And I expect, even eating the food is bad, for what is in the air will fall onto the food and be absorbed by plants."

Goren looked at the fruit they had been eating in disgust.

"And Goren, that is not all. There are now several large emerging food conglomerates that have a really bad reputation. They are also being merged with chemical cartels. What they

are doing is developing poisons that go on food, which have been proven to change the population DNA.

“Illtuck was suggesting that the population are being driven to an economic degeneration by the ones who rule, so then people become just workers and followers. And then no real leaders can emerge.”

Illtuck sipped his honey flavored milk tea. “Sorry. This is God-given. Hmmm.” He just smiled.

Jenny sipped hers. “Not bad Illtuck. Not bad. Illtuck also argues that there is a purpose behind it, and while he cannot think what the purpose is, he is right in his observation that there are mechanisms in place making people less intelligent, less literate, more forgetful, and more dependent on opioids.” Jenny put her notes down and looked at everyone, one by one. They were all stunned silent.

Mepat was quiet, but slowly handed Goren a small box. He opened the box and looked at the Bogaard wondering what they are.

Mepat nodded at the small computer Jenny now had. “These are floppy disks. Use this red one here to boot up the hotel computer, and then the others have a message from Premis.

These were on your craft Illtuck. We did not really understand them ten, but now it is as you said.”

Illtuck remembered. “Yes, yes. Right. Premis.” Then he went quiet.

Jenny shrugged. “Why not.” She walked to the computer in the business room.

She inserted the old 5 ¾ inch discs. Illtuck’s original message that he had given to Premis came up in good English with Jiltanian under it. It read:

“Good that you have got this far. Here is what Benjamin was been telling me and I think it is true. Illtuck, I have no idea if I am alive when you read this. I hope I am.”

Illtuck shrugged. “Alive!”

The disc continued reading: “There is poison in the water. It is called fluoride and is not there for teeth. It is a byproduct of other manufacturing, and in particular, nuclear fuel.

“There are other things that are being put in the water that are poisonous. Evil people are getting this from sky-spirits. The sky-spirits used to help Benjamin a lot, and he could travel almost anywhere without a body. But because of the poison in the water, it is getting harder to find his own good sky-spirits.

“And the good sky-spirits are not here much now because of the poison in the air. He said he had the air tested, and the water too. The air is just bad. He does not know how it is getting there.

“Benjamin has an elder named Jonus and Jonus says it is coming from the planes and he can see it. Those planes fly over past the sun and moon, and they leave white streaks of clouds over the great dreamland. Jonus says the clouds left by the big planes are scaring away the sky-spirits. But the great lizard spirit is rising to fight them, and we must all get ready to unite to fight back behind the great lizard.

Illtuck was now reading it aloud and he stopped. “I forgot that I wrote this. I will continue: Benjamin said he had it tested, the air. It is made of aluminum. I asked some friends of mine at the University of Western Australia what this would do, both these, and they said it would stop creativity, thwart memory and drive the population into being old and not caring.

“But Benjamin thinks it is more. It is to stop the world dreaming so the world cannot ask the sky-spirits for help. It will kill the Dreamtime.”

Illtuck finished his tea, and continued. "Then Jonus noticed our children are being jabbed with needles, and we tested that and there is mercury and parts of unborn children in the mix. That kills all our spiritual dreams. That kills all religion. They are injecting us with dead unborn children. Jonus says he is in communication with the great sky lizard. And the great sky lizard is helping him understand this."

Navia noted that. Lizards are an important part of the culture going back a long way.

Illtuck cleared his throat. "Benjamin says he knows people in the Pine Gap place, and they told him what is happening on the lower floor where they found me. They have a plan for Earth, and it is to make the population less spiritually awake and aware."

Illtuck looked over. "That is it Navia: I will leave it with you. These elders are over eighty years old and Jonus - we have no idea how old he is, he is much older, and what he says is from his memory.

"Illtuck out."

The room looked at each other. They were quiet. Was this part of it too? To make a

population willingly give up all their spiritual dreams and ambitions?

Goren said nothing. He looked out the window. He saw the Boguard from the corner of his eye. He could tell what they were thinking. And yes, that ability would be lost as well.

Goren nodded to the Boguard. They had to get ready for their next rendezvous.



CAPTURE

It was three o'clock in the morning. Goren and Mepat stood on the sand at the beach, in the gripping cold. They had come from the meeting with the others and Illtuck's message, along with his research, was still going through his mind. A lonely yellow light glowed from the nearby pier. Waves washed the dilapidated timber pylons, while the bitter morning wind whispered through the broken boards.

Away from the pier four men approached out of the darkness. Weapons bulged beneath their jackets. Goren eyed Mepat. As agreed, they both had carried no guns. Goren touched the tip of the stunner in his sleeve as a sign of nervousness.

As the four neared, a jeep crawled into view further behind, lights off. After a few seconds a noise could be heard out on the water. A quiet chumming sound brought an inflatable dinghy within the lonely pier light. The jeep stopped, and the dinghy beached at the edge of darkness, their drivers remaining still. The four men

approached Goren. The tallest held out a briefcase and beckoned for the one that Goren was holding. The exchange was made in silence. Goren followed the tall man's lead by opening the case. Inside were plastic bags of white powder. The tall man watched Goren as though he was waiting for something. Goren was at a loss of what he could be expected to do or say.

He only nodded.

The tall man said in a gravelly voice.

“Aren't you going to inspect it?”

Goren shook his head. The tall man shrugged. As the four turned they stopped, each reaching for their guns. Their movement was fast but anticipated. Both Goren and Mepat had taken a precautionary step towards them and were still within arm's length.

Mepat felled the first two with a body kick and a forearm blow. Goren speared the stunner into the shoulder of one and lunged hopelessly into the suit coat of the other, while Mepat struck him with a fatal head kick. One of the four on the ground began to move and draw his weapon around. Goren nodded at the Boguard. Mepat grabbed the gun, turned it around. Three muffled shots came from the metal.

In the meantime, the jeep had roared into life and was accelerating up the beach. The dinghy headed back out into the blackness. Mepat took deliberate aim. One shot and the dinghy was out of control, its occupant slumped onto its side, the dinghy circling slowly back to the shore. Another careful aim, a shot, and the jeep slowed into the sand. The vehicle was out of sight, but the sounds indicated it was bogged. Goren heard a door open and motioned for Mepat to put down his weapon. A few moments later a figure could be seen scrambling up the stone embankment to a parked black limousine. The limousine drove off into the night.

Goren bent over their victims and searched for any identification. He found none. He looked at the staring eyes of the tallest man's body, disbelieving his fate. The hole in the center of his skull slowly oozed dark blood onto the sand. With the small bags of white powder Goren walked to the water's edge. He opened each bag and held it upside down into the wind. Like a small mist veil, the contents blew out onto the dark waters. Goren wondered what this treasure was that bought men's lives so cheaply. He felt lonely in this dark on a small planet so far from home. There was an evil here as yet

not experienced out there. Was this an omen? Were they on the verge of a lot more to come?

Ω

44 HOURS LATER

“Maybe you are a scientist of the mind, a psychiatrist, apparently. But look at your mind. You’re a sick example of human, Brown.”

The suited man was talking to Brown and thought of striking him. He despised him and his ways. He looked down at Goren, still unconscious, lying there. He thought to himself, and spoke as an afterthought, as he looked back at Goren. “I admire you mister. I hate to break you, but I’m following orders. Maybe there is a better way.”

He then turned to Brown. “This man is too good for you. Send him upstairs for observation, until I find out what to do with him.”

As the suited man was leaving, he turned back to Brown and said, “If you touch him with one of your machines, I will personally kill you.”

Brown froze and said nothing until the man had left. He then muttered something about all government men being insane.

Ω

Goren awoke to find himself out of the straps. He was lying on a thin foam mattress in a white single room cell. There was no furniture, no windows, only the outline of the door. The light was recessed, and the mattress smelled of urine. There was a water jug by the door.

Goren attempted to stand. His muscles were weak, his shoulders ached, and his jaw was still numb. As he tried to stand, he staggered and fell. He tried to crawl to the water jug. Goren had not been given anything to drink for twenty hours, or was it thirty? His mouth was dry, his tongue large. He reached the water jug and his hands shook. It was empty. He sat back against the wall. Maybe he would die of thirst. That was better than giving this enemy the information they sought.

A noise was coming towards him from outside. It stopped. A small hatchway opened in the door, and a bowl of steaming food appeared, followed by two bread rolls, a piece of

fruit and a sealed plastic canister of drink. Two thuds followed on the door and the sounds drew away, followed by more thuds farther down the hall.

Goren immediately took to the canister, opened it and drank until it was gone. Satisfied he looked at the food. It did not smell so bad. It tasted bland but edible.

Having eaten Goren sat back. He felt stronger. Perhaps he could work an escape. Then he realized his clothes! This wasn't his *zipsuit*! He was wearing what appeared to be Earth hospital garments. He had seen them on television. He looked at the thin white pathetic blood-stained cloth. Slowly his vision began to blur. He looked at the drink, then the empty plate. Before he could think his concentration had gone. His arms remained limp even though he commanded them violently to obey.

Yet his eyes moved. He looked to his fingers. There was comfort as his fingers could slowly bend at his command. He could turn off his hearing and sight through pressing his thumbnails.

Goren sat against the wall and waited patiently for his captors to arrive. He turned off

all body audio and visio, but was still aware of touch.

Goren did not have long to wait.

Soon he felt hands lifting him onto a chair. Aware of motion he brought back his sight. An orderly was wheeling him along a corridor, with Brown at his side.

Goren activated his hearing to listen to the doctor. "So you think you have beaten me. No one beats me. I do as I please. You will belong to no one, soon!" Brown laughed at his own thoughts. "Faster!" he snapped to the orderly.

They went to the end of the corridor and turned left through a patients' lounge. Goren saw four men in chairs such as his, all in sleeping wear. One young, two middle aged, and one old. None exhibited facial expressions; they just stared into blankness. Brown motioned the orderly over to the nearest patient, and had Goren face the victim. There was nothing in the man's eyes. The body was alive; that was all. There was no personality present.

Brown grabbed the patient's hair and lifted the head back to reveal scars running through the scalp. "See what will happen to you if your mind stays closed to me? If I cannot have your mind, then I'll destroy it!" Brown was breathing

hard. "I control you." Brown let go of the patient and motioned the orderly to follow.

The scene revolted Goren. He had to get out. He couldn't afford to die. The psychiatrist, Brown, was obviously mad. The Federation must be warned. How?

Four minutes of wheeling had taken Goren into an elevator, and up three floors. He was now in another small room in a different chair. There were four chairs; his was the largest. To his left was a console of dials, switches and small lights. Again, Goren was strapped in. Now there were three doctors, including Brown.

Brown passed a metal headband to one of his assistants. The other assistant brushed paste onto Goren's forehead. The band was cool as it slipped over Goren's scalp, the silver wires to the console dangled over his chest.

Goren was losing the feeling in his fingers. Slowly he turned off the sight, then his hearing. He could do nothing. Even if he had wanted to, he could no longer talk to save himself.

He felt the screws tighten into his scalp. Would this be death, the slow electrocution of his brain? Would he be left like those he had seen back there? He felt an uncontrollable tear caress down his cheek.

The first jolt hit him hard. He let go an awful scream as the electricity reverberated around his skull, tearing, burning into his brain. There was a wait of twenty seconds until a more vicious second jolt struck. The third jolt was worse. Goren could smell the burning of flesh, his scalp. It felt as if his head was about to explode. The electric current through his brain had seared his flesh at a thousand degrees. It had boiled his blood, expanded his compressed brain. The gas of his boiled blood was killing more cells.

When the current hit him a fourth time Goren could start to see. Yes, it was clear. It was his body below him, arching against the straps. His wrists were bleeding and the body now slumped. His tormenters were increasing the voltage. Goren could hear their voices too, now. Though, their lips seemed to move only after the sound. Goren realized he was hearing their thoughts.

The three doctors were laughing. Goren thought this was strange and curious. There was that doctor again; wanting to know who Goren was, where he came from. Oh, such easy answers Goren could give them. But it did not really matter now.

Goren felt an urgency calling. He must move on. A pale light was beckoning him. It was funny watching the body arch again. Goren would be gone soon. It did not matter; they could have his body.

Suddenly, Goren found himself being wheeled again into the room, as though it was a replay of what just happened, but with the memory of the events that were about to happen. Again, he felt the pain and he cried out. Then again, the scene replayed again and then again, another time.

Goren started to wonder, where had it gone so horribly wrong? He mind started to go back a standard year. He saw himself waiting in the palace of Lorde Hymnody, of Jilta. Yes, he thought. That was Jilta.

“Doctor, we’re losing him,” cried one.

“No, more power!” barked Brown. “He will tell us!”

“He is going...”

Yes, Goren thought, you will lose him. It did not matter anyway. The room was in slow motion from above. Goren saw the door slowly burst in, like a dream. It was a dream and there was his friend Mepat, the courageous Captain

Mepat. A strange dream. The very good Captain Mepat. Such a friend, but too late.

Three white-coated bodies lay on the floor, their brains shredded by particle blasters. NO, NO were the Captain's thoughts. More blood and bodies were strewn over the far floor and walls.

And there was that strange wavering air again, behind Goren's body. How strange it looked. He had seen it there three times now. It seemed to give a message.

The Captain leapt to Goren's body. "Goren, Goren! Independent Goren don't leave. Come back." He pressed the visio and sonic controls and undid the straps and band. The body was still. Mepat shook it. No response. Slowly Mepat curved his head to the ceiling with a tear in his eye and said softly. "I'm sorry dear friend. There is much to do. Your time has not yet come." He swallowed. He also seemed to look at the shimmering air beside him, as though it was communicating with him too.

"Sir," he said looking back up, "You don't have approval to move on. We must leave now, and you must leave with us. I command you...get back in!"

Goren's body heaved under his own breath and he could now see through his eyes. The mind-searing agony returned. He coughed for breath; his body trembled under the pain, his head felt like it was continually exploding.

"Sir, there isn't much time. We must hurry."

Goren gave a slight nod before collapsing into unconsciousness.

Instructor Letone covered their retreat by the door. In his right hand was a particle gun with a heat-seeking nose, good for up to thirty meters. In small-armed combat it was deadly. The user only needed to aim within fifteen degrees of a living target to score a direct hit in the head or the heart.

Mepat grabbed Goren about the waist and drew his limp arm over his own shoulder. In one lift they were by the door where Letone gave a hand. Goren began to rouse as they hauled him up the long corridor. Then he felt himself being picked up again, and again. The scene was replaying again.

A siren wailed loudly in the background, and the corridor was littered with corpses, some with white coats, and others in military uniform. The blood running down Goren's wrists made it

difficult for the Boguard to hold him, and the dead bodies hindered their escape.

Goren's vision was returning. He could hear footsteps behind them. He fell to the ground as the Boguard dove left and right turning. A corpse broke his fall.

A volley of fire went down the hallway. Goren heard four soldiers collapse; their primitive weapons scattering across the floor.

Goren was quickly lifted. "Independent Goren, sir." It was Letone's voice. "Try to help us. We're in a military hospital. It is lightly defended for the moment, sir, but...."

Goren tried to help. It was hard; his legs wouldn't obey. Sometimes they would hold, then give out with no warning. Down more corridors they lumbered. Another military defender fell to their right.

Goren looked up as the whole building shuddered. The structure was damaged. There was natural light coming through the next set of doors. Come on, Goren thought to himself.

The whole series of events of the past 15 seconds played out another two times for Goren. It was like each time something important happened, he would relive the whole experience again, and then again. It did not seem like a

memory, and each time he re-experienced the event, it was just slightly different, such as with more or less people in the scene.

It was too confusing for Goren to think why. It was simply just happening.

They sped through the doors. The air was thick with dust, rifle fire was ringing in the air. The commotion filled Goren's mind. They were now outside a courtyard.

Goren could see US marines shooting at *Little Betsie*. The air smelled of battle. Someone from *Little Betsie* was firing back, with small lasers, but with little success; wild shots were far from their mark.

The Boguard pushed the door open. Letone let loose with scattered particle fire in the general direction of the military defenders. Without further waiting Goren was lifted off the ground and the three of them sped like wind through the dust and smoke towards the Rangercraft. They were almost there when they fell to the ground. Mepat had taken a bullet in the leg.

He looked at the wound, gritted his teeth and yelled above the noise. "My leg. It's good. Go... go!" The three leapt again, blood followed their trail. Goren could see the inside of *Little*

Betsie, through the hold hatch. It was Jenny returning the fire. She waved them onwards, closer.

She screamed. "Faster, faster. Enemy plane approaching, four kilometers, and closing."

They reached her. Bullets were whizzing past. Goren found himself being shoved and pulled through the air into the hold by Illtuck. Once inside he looked back to see Letone dash up while returning fire. Navia yelled from the bridge to hurry. Mepat was struggling to get aboard when two shots tore into him.

Mepat had been hit in his shoulder, and in the back. He fell to the ground and rolled. He meekly motioned them to leave. Blood was spurting from the neck as he urged them on. He was watching, semi-conscious, knowing that he was dying.

"We have to leave!" cried Navia's voice from the bridge.

Goren tried to cry out but his voice was choked. No sound. Mepat lay in the dust slowly dying.

Someone rushed past Goren and dashed out of the hatch. It was Jenny. Goren could see Mepat trying to wave her back. She reached him, hauled him off the ground. Three steps to

the hatch and she literally threw the Boguard into the craft. Letone grabbed his companion's hands, and with Illtuck dragged him clear. Mepat's whole body seemed to be covered in blood.

Jenny dove into *Little Betsie*. She reached up to Letone. Her eyes bulged as her body gave a tiny gasp and she fell back to the ground. Goren could see in horror as part of her skull had been blown away. Her body lay still, and her eyes remained open as they stared up into the sky.

Goren wanted to cry but there was no will left. A tiny thought came into his mind: *We will meet again, great commander. We will meet again.* The thought went.

In Goren's mind he saw Jenny there again, and again and again. It seemed like that one single scene continually replayed over and over. He seemed to lose count of how many times he saw the event happen. And each time it happened the scene was slightly different.

Goren finally fell unconscious.

Letone was about to break to get Jenny's body when Navia's voice yelled from the bridge. "She is dead Instructor! Attend the wounded.

We're going. Hatch closing. Aircraft one K and rockets being fired! Hold on!"

The hatchway quickly closed and within two seconds they were off the ground.

"More rockets!" she yelled.

Navia watched the viewscreens as they cleared the buildings. The ground exploded violently beneath them. The second salvo of rockets was almost upon them.

Two ninety degree turns and finally at 5,000 K's they were out pacing their pursuers over the ocean.



ESCAPE FROM
THAT ENEMY

Goren regained consciousness for a moment to find Navia leaning over him. Calmly she spoke. “*Little Betsie* is on auto control from *Pegasus*. The marshal is in command. We’re not out of this mess yet. There are more air force fighters out there than you would have thought possible. Forty more appeared on our screens as we were leaving.

Navia watched as Goren seemed to be taking in the information. She continued, “We can outrun them, but the killer satellites keep us on a random zigzag course. The marshal has us heading for the Polar North where we will seek sanctuary under the ice. As soon as we submerge, we will have an overhead shield. In the meantime, we will maintain contact with Erin via long wave radio.”

Goren nodded, unable to keep his eyes open. He drifted into a state of half-sleep half-unconsciousness. Letone and Navia were going

to be tending his wounds; the cut wrists, broken rib, bruised legs and back, burnt forehead and the gouge marks in the scalp.

Letone carried Goren to the makeshift infirmary.

Navia could see the physical wounds but wondered what other scars might be present. What had they done to her longtime friend?

The next hour Navia operated on Mepat. Letone stood by, as was standard procedure for Boguard operations.

It was finally quiet in *Little Betsie*. Both Mepat and Goren were responding well. They slept soundly and wouldn't awake for hours.

Navia turned to Letone. "Neither of us has slept for days either. There's no more to do than wait. I propose we take three-hour shifts of sleep, you first."

The Boguard smiled. "Of course, Sir." Letone left.

Navia smiled at the title of sir, the manner Boguard addressing a superior, no matter the gender. She also knew that Letone sensed Navia wished to be alone.

Navia stared at the black viewscreens. She was quietly by herself now and could grieve the short life of the Earth girl Jenny she had gotten

to know. Tears trickled down her cheeks as warm thoughts of Sydney came to mind. Earth people were good, and only some of them were touched by an evil so bad she couldn't explain.



CHAPTER 14

A TASTE OF
THE ENEMY

After Navia's second shift she checked on her comrades. Both were sleeping comfortably, their metabolisms reaching normal range.

She returned to the bridge while Letone and Illtuck attended minor damage in the hold. Some bullets had penetrated the gravity stabilizers.

The blackness on the viewscreens did not cease. Perhaps the oceans were like the mind, dark and unexplored. Why did Jenny's face seem to haunt Navia? Why didn't Navia stay at the Academia? Who was behind this planet's constant turmoil? Perhaps simply it was just the Malukans, but the uncertainty of that simple answer hovered in her mind.

The darkness rolled on as *Little Betsie* continued its slow passage north.

Navia glanced at the time. Soon her companions would be waking and she hoped,

hungry. She left the bridge for the galley. She wanted to be ready.

Goren was the first. His eyes blinked at Navia by his side, then stared at the cot above him, where Mepat still slept. There was silence while Navia watched him. Goren felt a lump begin in his dry throat. Finally, he whispered. "What happened?"

Softly Navia replied: "Which part?"

"With Jenny."

Navia paused quietly. "She was killed, getting Mepat aboard."

Goren raised a hand to cover his face and lay motionless. He whispered in a broken voice. "I was hoping it was only a dream." Goren went through the events again in his mind. "I have been having a dream, within a dream. It has been.... I wish I could reverse the dream." And he slowly sobbed a few times.

Navia slowly left, quietly. She knew not to speak. Leave him to sort his memories out and find his own direction. That was their way.

She brought some warm food over to him. It smelt fine. Goren knew he needed the nourishment and propped himself up. He accepted the food, and then held onto Navia's

hand before she could return to the galley.

“What else happened?”

Navia pulled out a swivel stool and sat beside him and began. She nodded.

The first words were hard to get out. “We could see you below us by the pier, as those men approached along the beach. Their car must have been waiting in the warehouse before we arrived. When you fell two more men with rifles emerged from under the pier. As they got nearer, we could hear their conversation and it appeared their intent wasn’t to kill you. Their rifles had darts. One of the men from under the pier confirmed it was you, rendered you unconscious and bundled you into the car. They were going to take Mepat as well when we turned on our lights from above. That spooked them, and they fled and left him. We followed.

“The car only went two K’s when a white van pulled alongside, and you were transferred. The van then traveled thirty K’s into the countryside where again you were transferred, this time to a helicopter. Its destination was outside a small town called Glens Falls. The helicopter was met on the ground by six men, two tall fair haired in black business suits, and the other shorter four in white coats.

“From here you were carried inside a building complex. Up until this time we were able to get perfect reception from your transmitters. From our reception it seemed as though you were still drugged. Once inside, your transmissions weakened. That meant you were being taken underground, at least four floors, as the signals disappeared completely. We stayed a thousand paces above the complex. Four buildings surrounding a courtyard. Shortly after your arrival troop carriers distributed armed personnel throughout the complex.

“Just before light a tall civilian, also in black, arrived. He seemed to be important. We heard someone call him Poppy.

“Initially we were going to intercept you, as you stopped moving, but when your signal faded out, we knew we needed more information. We didn’t know the strength of the enemy.”

Goren nodded and Navia continued. “At first light we were challenged by a military aircraft and had to flee out over the ocean. There we waited an hour until *Little Betsie* and *Pegasus* lined up for transmission. All our information and recordings were relayed to Erin.

“Then the marshal ordered us to return to the complex while he deciphered the data. This

was difficult, as now we had attracted a presence, and more military aircraft were entering our skies. After a day of this we were in contact with the marshal again. He gave us what we needed.

“The complex was a military psychiatric hospital, serving the duplicity of the Central Intelligence Agency of the United States of America, and some other autonomous private corporation. The marshal reasoned that the place held political or military prisoners, or it was involved in psychiatric experiments for the military. The marshal suggested it was possible the CIA was using illegal drug connections to furnish human beings for its experiments. Apparently, this isn’t uncommon on this planet.”

Goren accepted a mouthful of food and lay back.

“Delaying your rescue was no longer acceptable. We toyed with the military aircraft and found that we could divert them for no more than five minutes,” explained Navia.

“On our last attempt we were over the ocean. Erin instructed us to reverse direction while doing 10,000 K’s. The trip heated the outside hull to its limits, with the Rangercraft shuddering all the way to Glens Falls. The

marshal picked up your signal faintly on our systems. Initially your signs were fine, then after six minutes all your indicators went wild and then they began to fade. All the time we could hear the conversations around you.

"*Little Betsie* landed in the courtyard. I don't think they expected us to attack, nor am I certain that they connected you with us, but their guard had increased.

"The Boguard burst from the Rangercraft amongst sporadic gunfire and dashed into the building. Most of the fire was just randomly aimed at *Little Betsie*. We were aware that the Rangercraft was in no trouble from the gunfire but reasoned that if return fire did not maintain their attention, then their personnel would be sent after Mepat and Letone. So, Jenny and I lowered the hatch doors and returned fire with lasers. Neither of us are marksmen, so most of our shots went wild. We were more concerned in maintaining confusion than eliminating the enemy.

"When we landed, we knew we only had minutes before their aircraft would return. After three minutes your signs showed you were all but dead, and then they suddenly jumped to life. We assumed that was Mepat finding you.

“A group of soldiers began to edge down our flank towards the doors. Lasers seemed unable to hold them, so we used the particle cannon. We shut down every system aboard the ship to reduce its consumption and used only immediate power, so we could recharge in a matter of moments for a speedy take off. We fired the cannon. Not only did it destroy the enemy but also an entire wing of the building was gone. Only rubble and volumes of dust remained.

“For half a moment the fire ceased, but it soon resumed with more ferocity. We returned fire again, with our lasers creating a wild visual display in the dust. We were able to prevent their personnel from getting through the ruins to the door.

“Finally, we spotted you and the Boguard. Jenny started to shoot at anything and everything. Our pursuing aircraft were only ninety seconds out. The Boguard burst into the courtyard, Mepat was hit, and you were thrown on board followed by Letone. Mepat was struck twice more. We had thirty seconds to go when Jenny leapt to Mepat's aid. She pushed him on board, saving his life.”

Navia stopped and looked away and swallowed. "I still remember her disbelieving eyes as she fell back to the ground. Part of her skull was missing." Navia felt a tear fall from her face. She swallowed.

"We escaped the rockets and now are moving at twenty-eight K's under the northern polar cap. With no further plans we're setting course for the USSR. For the moment we are free. We should be there in about thirty hours."

Navia looked down at Goren who had already fallen asleep. She glanced to Mepat and said slowly to them both: "Sleep well. Billions more still need your help."



DOCTOR MINSK

At noon, three days after their flight from the USA, and after hours of heating ice, *Little Betsie* surfaced in the Laptev Sea. Once airborne the Rangercraft set south for Zovitinski.

Low over the frozen landscape they sped in the face of severe Arctic winds. It took half an hour to arrive at their destination.

Zovitinski was a sparkle of lights set in a snowdrift. Navia estimated the population being around twenty thousand.

Goren stepped back from the viewscreens. "Does anyone have suggestions on how to make contact with this Doctor A. P. Minsk?"

Navia was surprised to see no obvious ill effects of Goren's experience in the hospital. His body had slept most of the time and was repairing exceptionally well. Goren was a bit groggy, but no more. Navia had permitted him to leave the infirmary for an hour or two at a time, so long as he returned for twice that time for rest. It seemed to work.

She answered half joking. "Telephone book or Post Office?"

Goren mused over the answer. They were not prepared for this meeting, and any suggestions of sleuthing were accepted. He had also thought of the obvious. "There is one problem. The Soviet Union comprises many states, cultures and languages which are far different to *Standard Galactic*."

"Sir." It was Letone. "May I?"

Goren nodded.

"As Boguard, Captain Mepat and I speak over seventy galactic dialects. There would always be a chance that if the speech pattern is simple and ancient enough, it may be like one of our known languages. It depends on how much covert intervention has happened in this part of their world, and from where."

Navia's mouth was slightly open. Her hunch was that the Boguard wouldn't say how they had attained this ability.

"Fine then," said Goren. "Instructor, put on a *Warmsuit* and meet me in the hold in ten minutes." Goren had no other ideas and disappeared to change.

The temperature outside was minus seventeen degrees Celsius. Letone put the

Rangercraft down onto a thin bed of snow outside of the town.

Ω

Goren and Letone were trudging through the snow towards Zovitinski, their slick shiny warm suits performing well against the environment. The air was rare, clean; the white vapor of their breath a telltale signal of hot bodies on a mission. The snow was calf deep but light on the foot. Everywhere was white, the fields, the fences, the distant trees and even the sky.

The road they reached was sealed and slippery with ice.

An old car trundled past, its steel chains clinking on the ground. Goren and Letone said nothing in the twenty minutes it took to walk to town. Both were enjoying the white solitude, the cold, and just being there.

In the distance a lonely figure slowly approached from down the road. Goren indicated for Letone to ask after the doctor's whereabouts.

Letone stopped the woman in the middle of the road; she put down her bundle and chatted

with the Boguard for several minutes, all smiles. Obviously, her dialect coincided with Letone's knowledge of languages. Goren wondered how many basic galactic languages there were. He watched as the woman pointed in the direction of where Goren and Letone had come from. She then continued her own march down the road.

Letone returned with a broad smile on his face. "I understood much of what she said. She asked if we were from up North. I said we were. She replied that she had a daughter up there, and if we were ever..."

Goren shook his head. "Yes, yes Instructor, but what about Doctor Minsk? Is he alive, still living here?"

The Boguard nodded. "The last house on the right, which we already passed."

"Well done. Let's see if he is home." Goren started a quick walk back to the house. On the way Letone explained that the doctor's first name was Androv. They trudged through the snow up to a little white gate.

The gate was open, so the pair waded up to the small cottage. The home appeared to be about fifty years old, probably five rooms. Goren imagined that in the spring, the now submerged white garden beds would be bright

with bloom. All that was currently visible were frozen frosty sticks poking through thigh deep snow.

At the door Letone knocked. A small shuffling of footsteps could be heard from inside. The handle turned. The door opened a fraction, and an elderly woman's face appeared and said in Russian, "Yes?"

Letone explained. "We're here to visit Doctor Androv Minsk."

She looked at the pair for a moment, as if sizing them up. "Oh. Come in," she answered, and opened the door wide, beckoning them to enter.

The air inside was pleasantly warm and the pair watched as the elderly woman scurried off to collect the doctor. Within seconds a short elderly man appeared. He sported a neatly trimmed white beard, wispy white hair and glasses.

"I am Doctor Androv Minsk. I don't believe that I know you gentlemen," he said looking at Goren. Goren did not understand a word.

Letone said further. "No sir, you don't. My name is Instructor Letone and this is my superior, Independent Goren Torren. We

wondered, sir, if we could ask you some questions.”

“Certainly, though it does depend upon what the questions are about, to whether or not I give you answers. Maria, please bring these men some hot chocolate. It must be important to bring you out in this weather.”

They went to the living room. Goren admired the homeliness of the quarters. The furniture was old, perhaps eighty years; photographs hung on the wall depicting the man's life and work, his family and his home. Goren smiled at the thought of the good values represented here. Perhaps there were things still to be learned from simple Earth people.

The doctor saw Goren admiring some photographs. “They’re my three children. My eldest daughter is in Moscow with her younger sister. My son works here in the village.”

Goren could feel friendliness from the old man and smiled. They seated themselves.

After accepting the drink Letone said, “Sir, we have come to ask you of your life's work.”

The man looked at them cautiously. “I’m not certain that I’m able to talk of such matters. Please provide me with exact questions.”

Letone nodded. "Sir, these are the questions. Why was your government interested in contacting extraterrestrial life in space, and what prompted them to begin their research?"

The old man slowly shook his head. "I'm sorry, gentlemen. I'll have to ask you to leave after you have finished your chocolate."

Letone leaned to Goren and explained.

Goren sighed. "Tell him the truth. It can be no worse."

The doctor replied in broken English. "I understand you. You're from a foreign government? I warn you that anything you say I shall have to report to the authorities."

Goren laughed. "I'm sorry doctor. In a fashion we're from a foreign government, but not terrestrial. It is us you had been calling for all those years, and now we want to know why." Goren sat back and watched the doctor while sipping his warm chocolate.

The old man also sat back staring at the pair. What was he to make of these two? Were they KGB still trying to catch him out, after all these decades? Perhaps they were media trying to get a laugh for a Moscow readership? "You're as human as I. Your features are as any west of

the Urals. Please don't take advantage of an old man in his declining years."

"We don't mock you sir," said Letone.

The old man smiled. "Should you be able to prove who you claim to be I'll answer your questions, plus more. Remember, I'm a scientist. Proof won't be easy." The doctor couldn't rule out the possibility that perhaps....

Goren put down his drink. "First, yes we look human. Perhaps you were expecting a lizard to answer your calls? I did not think so. It is like this. Humanoid form is the most adaptable life form in the Galaxy. There is engineering involved to raise a body from a state of primates to what you see before you now. Of course, one starts with local primates, and works upwards to the final goal of human. And certainly, there are other species which have developed from lesser stock, being governed by the mother planet's environment, but the end goal is always human."

The doctor listened patiently then said, "Thank you sir. Perhaps that would make an interesting American movie. It is hardly proof."

Goren stood. "Then proof you shall have. Please come and view out from your front window." Goren beckoned the old man and his

wife to the window bay. He pulled the curtains across.

The old man's head tilted upwards to see what he couldn't believe. There was *Little Betsie* suspended in the air over his front garden.

Goren waved to the craft and it descended onto the snow. The legs spread out followed by the hold door opening. Out jumped Navia, making her way to the house holding parcels.

The doctor's blood raced. He was confused. He almost felt like crying. Could this be a special trick? Were these people really Americans? He did not take his eyes from the window.

His wife said something.

The doctor turned to Goren. "Maria said for me to open my eyes and see what is in front of my nose. She is correct. I believe you."

Navia was greeted at the door by Maria and ushered inside. The doctor asked his guests to be seated. All his life he had dreamed of such a moment. Now he wasn't sure that this moment wasn't a dream.

Goren sat back as Navia presented Maria with her two packages. "Sir," Goren said, "we come from a planet named Jilta and Lorde

Hymondy III has engaged me to investigate the inconsistencies of your planet.”

“Inconsistencies?”

“Yes sir. I’m more than a hundred years older than you.”

Androv Minsk stared. “What is it you wish to know?”

Before Goren answered Navia drew the doctor's attention. “Androv, these here are what we call *electroware*, or warmsuits. Though there is no longer any electrical circuitry in the suits the galactic manufacturer still maintains his original trade name. The full-length suits are what we’re currently wearing.”

The doctor felt the material. It felt slippery. He smiled.

“They’re made from laminated materials. I should explain. When the material is cold the atomic structure forces the suit to contract, as it is woven in with a metallic lattice. This prevents the escape of body heat. The layers closest to the skin have their molecules in a looser framework allowing that spacious layer to act as an insulator.

“The colder the outside the more the outside layer reflects body heat. The warmer

the body gets the more heat is dissipated. The result is a self-regulating heat suit.”

Goren opened the suit so the doctor could feel more inside it. Goren smiled, and continued. “This suit is perfect wear from minus eighty degrees to plus thirty-three. They’re standard issue around the galaxy. However, on restricted planets such as Earth we’re advised to don native dress over the top so that we appear culturally acceptable. We hope you can make good use of these.”

The doctor stared. His wife put her hand on his arm. He was impressed and told his wife that their guests were giving them warm clothes. He made no mention of the technology involved. Maria was pleased and pulled on Navia's arm for her to step out of the lounge.

The doctor, still bewildered, said: “Sirs, I’m unsure how I can help you, but I’m at your service.”

Goren looked into the old man's eyes. “Androv Minsk, we have made no contact with your colleagues. Should you wish this meeting to be secret or public we shall leave that to you. Our first question is why did your government seek help from extraterrestrial sources?”

The doctor looked to the photographs on the wall as though trying to regain memory, inspiration and courage. "The story began during the Second World War, when the Americans were our reluctant allies. Secretly the Americans had begun experiments with two forms of weapons. The first was atomics, as we all know. The second was with the use of *unified field theory*. The Germans were doing similar research. During the war it was easy to spy on our allies and what we learned was startling."

Tea was offered by the wife.

"From our reports on the unified field theory experiments, the Americans were able to have a ship shimmer and disappear, while the surrounding waters were still showing the shape of the ship's hull."

Goren nodded, and begged for the doctor to continue.

"In effect the ship was still there but invisible. One of our agents was witness to the experiments and verified the leaked reports. Additionally, some of those aboard the ship, when interviewed, later said they had been to other worlds. Shortly, after the experiments were completed, all those aboard the ship were either interned in psychiatric hospitals, where

they went raving mad, or else they died unusual deaths. There are even reports of people *spontaneously combusting*, taking days for others to extinguish the flames. And some simply vanishing from view in front of colleagues and families, never to be seen again.”

Goren nodded and thought of the Warp Drives in his own craft that acted in a similar fashion, but without the ill effects due to advanced polarization techniques.

The doctor continued, seeing the interest in his guests' eyes. “This experiment, coupled with the reported evidence of foo-fighters during the Second World War, craft like what you travel with, alerted us. Plus, there were rumors that this vanishing-experiment was associated with Einstein, an expatriate of Germany and the founder of atomics. This led us to conclude that the Germans indeed had technology years ahead of the other nations. Also, it was inconceivable that an upstart of a man such as Hitler, and a poor nation, such as Germany in the 1920's, could rise to such power without superior technology, and superior financial assistance.”

Androv passed a plate of biscuits around to his guests. “Certainly, we in Russia grabbed our fair share of rocket experts after the war, but

none who could explain the source of this German technology. You see, there had to be a source. There had to be.”

Goren nodded. “That is what we are here to find out.”

The doctor agreed. “Technology like that isn’t on tap. In researching the war, we searched for the cause of Hitler’s beliefs, that the Germans were the chosen race, the race of superiors. We found no such cause. Certainly, we found the *Thule Society*, along with their mystical beliefs, but nothing concrete. And of course we found great corporations backing them, such as *IG Farben*, Ford, General Motors, *SKF* and *Standard Oil*, but we could never make any sense of what happened. How could a small, deprived nation believe it could conquer the world unless it knew it had vast technological superiority and support? How did it know it could win? It must have known or was completely convinced it could.”

Goren only smiled and indicated for the doctor to continue.

“My own belief was that Hitler was a front person for others, and when he got out of hand making great tactical blunders, attempts were made to kill him. Those attempts failed, and

with them went the hope of German conquest. But also, what went with them, was the technological assistance Germany had been receiving, until Hitler's breakaway."

Goren passed around the biscuit plate and did not interrupt.

"It was after the failed assassination attempts on Hitler that the Third Reich fell, and the technological advantages shifted across the Atlantic, to a more stable government.

"What my nation feared however, was a repeat of the invasion of Russia by the Allies after the end of the First World War. With this American new technological advantage, we felt certain they would win should they declare war on us. Fortunately, they did not, though the British of course heavily pressed for it. So, what we had to do was to attempt to catch up technologically."

The doctor reflected and smiled. "We had always assumed the British would get back up after the war. They were who we always had feared, especially after their failed invasion of southern Russia after the Great War. But the Americans far outstripped any British advances. They should not have, but it happened."

The Goren and Letone accepted refills of tea as Androv continued. "Now, we never could catch the Americans technologically. When we were almost close, they took new leaps in their technology. As these leaps occurred during times of heavily reported UFO activity in the Fifties, Sixties and early Eighties, things were beginning to make sense. We had supposed that there was a very faint possibility that the source of the American technology wasn't their own, and not of this world."

The doctor looked at Goren. "As you know something of my work, I won't go into it, but needless to say, it was a failure until your arrival today. I have my own thoughts as to why it failed."

Goren had not taken his attention from the doctor for an instant. "Please, I wish to know. That is why I'm here."

Androv Minsk quietly spoke, leaning closer, as though not wanting to be heard. "I believe the Soviets and the Americans are being used by some third group to create and maintain constant tension and keep an accelerated weapons development program in progress, and I don't believe that source is necessarily Earth

based.” The doctor sat back looking at Goren to see how his accusation landed.

Goren simply responded: “I agree, but it isn’t us.” He then also sat back.

The doctor sat quiet, dumbfounded by the abrupt and so honest a reply.

“Who then?” the old man asked. “I assume you know of the *Tunguska* event in June 1908.”

Goren nodded. “Yes, and still no trees growing there. You have a theory?”

The doctor nodded. “It was not natural.” And he sat back.

Goren accepted that and added, “I should not say, but it was someone coming out of Warp Drives while stationary, just above the forest. I saw it before on another planet. They hit something solid as they entered the universe. They miscalculated. This solar system is not right for Warp Drives. Anyone coming out of Warp Drives, or interstellar travel here, can experience the same affect.”

Then Goren added, “Our Warp Drives are like the ship experiment and your unified field theory. My research shows you almost were on the right path, but someone diverted you away from it using that theory of relativity. We have that theory too, but it doesn’t work in the end.”

The doctor sat back. "But relativity is the Holy Grail. It is not disputable." He looked astonished.

Goren nodded. He smiled. "That does not exist either, and both the grail and relativity are born from good theories but fudging facts."

The doctor paused and spent a minute just looking out the window. His world was shaking.

Goren took his tea in his hand and sat well back. "If you want to know more look again at the experiments of David Miller. He is a child trying to walk up the mountain, but at least he is on the right path. If he was in my body, he would have had time to find the true answer, which we call Broadmatter Theory out there."

The doctor's wife refilled their biscuit plate. The doctor durned from his gazing out the window.

Then you know something of science of this planet."

Goren nodded.

"Then you know of Institute 22?¹⁶"

Goren nodded.

¹⁶ **HISTORICAL NOTE: Institute 22:** This was a very secret investigation into the UFO phenomena of the Soviet Union of this era. See Notes on Soviet UFOs.

The doctor smiled. "I was a member. Well, for several years."

Goren sipped his tea. "I had worked that out."

The doctor shook his head. "You know of the incident in the Ukraine, in 1982?"

Goren looked to the photos and nodded in the right direction. "That is outside the silo."



A silo in Ukraine that almost self-launched

"Yes, that was all I could keep. There was a flying saucer nearby, and then the solo started to arm a nuclear weapon ready to fire. We had only the warning from the silo alarms to tell us. There were no orders from Moscow, and no one locally touched it. It did it by itself."

Goren nodded. "Someone telling you who was in charge."

The doctor nodded. "We felt so, too."

Goren stood up and looked at another photo. He saw a very young bearded Doctor Androv Minsk, standing in front of a platoon, by a crashed UFO.

Goren turned and smiled. "You are young there."



Russia have their own UFOs

Androv smiled. Yes, he liked those wild early days.

"So, my alien friend, what is it you really want?"

Goren leaned back. "The world is in trouble. I need to find out who is doing this. Where do these craft come from? Who is running all this?" Goren spread his arms wide.

The doctor said shrewdly, "You likely have your answers. So, from one intelligence officer to another, who is it?"

Goren smiled back at the doctor. He really liked directness of this man. "Possibly it is who we call the Malukans, another part of our Federation."

The doctor looked puzzled. "But why do it?"

Goren looked genuinely puzzled. "Doctor, I'm still uncertain but I believe Earth has provided Lorde Maluka with the opportunity to experiment and develop what we call Warp Drive travel. An advanced form of the Philadelphia Experiment.

"I think he has done this through keeping this planet constantly pitted against itself with the illusion that the faster the technology is developed, the side that develops it will become the victor. This could be disastrous for the rest of the galaxy. Up until now there has been only one source of Warp Drive technology. But with two sources of Warp Drives, what happened in your two World Wars could be repeated out there on a far larger scale."

The doctor did not truly understand, but sipped his warm chocolate.

“From your description and the current conflict between the nations of Earth there is still a chance that the technology of Warp Drives has not yet been replicated.”

“But why Earth?” asked the doctor.

“Here the experiments can be kept secret; your planet has a certain protection being isolated on this galactic arm,” said Goren, now quickly looking alarmed. “Doctor, I have just received bad news. In my ear I have a transceiver and my remaining crew have informed me that in ten minutes our mother ship will be here. Apparently, our cover is exposed and we’re to be destroyed by our enemies out there.”

At that point Navia and Maria entered the room. They were laughing and Navia was wearing a Russian fur lined cap, a gift from Maria. Maria handed one to Goren, and Letone and had three for himself, Illtuck and Erin.

Navia looked at the three men who appeared so solemn, and said, “Are you solving the world’s problems or making new ones?” she grinned.

Goren shook his head. “Anqi has relayed us a message. *Dockside* has sent *interceptors* to

destroy us. The marshal and Illtuck will be here shortly, to pick us up.”

Navia lost her smile. “Oh....” She swallowed.

“Doctor we must say farewell.”

Disappointed, Goren turned.

“Can you wait a moment?” The doctor dashed out and returned with a camera. “May I...?”

Goren laughed breaking the tension.

“Excellent idea but let us do it outside where it is more credible.”

Quickly Goren had them all in front of *Little Betsie*. They were all in line, with Maria and Androv in the center, and Letone and Navia on the flanks. He was about to shoot when his heart sank. Up the drive was coming a vehicle, a police car.

The doctor rushed over. “It is all right; this is my son.” He grabbed the man as he hopped from the car staring at the disc shaped craft. The camera was thrust into his hands while being instructed to photograph all five of them. The snow was beginning to fall more heavily.

The doctor linked arms with Goren and his wife. “My son asked who you were. I told him that you were part of a new Soviet experiment

and a colleague of mine. He said he did not believe me, so I told him you were from another planet. He said that was rubbish and that you were probably some Soviet scientists with a new experiment.”

After several shots Maria broke ranks and raced inside. She returned with a small tin.

“She says that you must have these freshly baked biscuits, you have far to go,” grinned the doctor.

Goren leaned down and gently kissed the old lady on the cheek. “Thank you, now our time has expired.” Goren pointed to the clouds, which were low with snow swirling all around. The outline of *Pegasus* could also be seen coming down.

Goren waved as he stepped back and began to board the Rangercraft. “Keep a print of the photographs for me doctor. I shall be back!” With that he ushered the others into the craft.

The doctor waved and called after them but wasn’t heard. The snow was developing into a storm. He grabbed the camera from his son, who had not moved, but was simply standing with his mouth open, staring at *Pegasus*' outline through the snow. The doctor photographed wildly talking to himself as the little craft began

to lift from the ground. “Fantastic. All my life incredible...crazy, so beautiful....”

Maria backed onto the porch and put a hand to her mouth as *Little Betsie* ascended.

The doctor continued with the camera. “Just think ...me, of the entire people mother, this is fantastic....” He put his arms around his wife and son and called out: “Good luck my friends. Your mission is important. You have real friends here, when you return.”



Pegasus over Russia

Pegasus lowered and the Rangercraft disappeared into the hold. The outside hull lights flashed three times as a last farewell. Androv Minsk took his final photograph as the mother-craft moved back into the clouds. In a few seconds it was gone.

The doctor led his wife and son, who were speechless, into the house. He was certain this was a time to celebrate.



ESCAPE FROM EARTH

The holding-bay hatch closed. *Little Betsie* was secured, and the four made their way out, and up to the bridge.

Marshal Erin Torb was waiting. "You look fine, ready for a wild run?"

Goren just imitated a smile, cocking his head. "Thank you, Erin. Status?" Goren asked, looking to the screens.

"Currently we're on a short zigzag course. We leave the atmosphere in two minutes. To date no aircraft appear to have spotted us, and I don't expect any trouble from the satellites. Our current destination until altered is *Sequetus 2*, locally Venus."

Goren gave a puzzled look at the marshal.

The marshal held up his hand and indicated that they were now leaving the last of Earth's atmosphere. "The reason for Venus is that days after your interrogation with the CIA, I received a message from Anqi on Mars. In summary your "hostilities" with the United States military have been determined as an intolerable threat by

System Security. The order has been passed down to dispose of both our crafts and their occupants, us." The marshal breathed in long and steady.

Goren nodded. "Then, with God knows how many bases, hundreds of craft against us, how could we lose?"

Erin nodded. "They have no chance, right?"

Goren looked out from the screens. "You are the master tactician, what have you got?"

Erin nodded. "To kill us, three interceptors have been dispatched from *Dockside*. The confirmation of the order was sent to *Moonbase*, and fortunately Mars picked up the echo. The scientists then relayed the message to Anqi, who beamed the call to us."

They all looked grave.

Erin continued, "I have no doubt that *Moonbase* would also have picked up her call as it was sent on direct broadcast, not laser pulse. She did not know where we were. Upon receiving the message, I broke from my position on the moon to call you, which had not been possible earlier, as you were on the opposite side of the planet.

"The moon has not launched against us yet. They were complacent, as they had tracking

devices aboard us, which we knew of. So after we dropped those outside on the moon floor, they still thought we were on the moon when we had left. That gave us a five minute start.”

Goren nodded.

“I have made no contact with Anqi as I want the Malukans, or rulers here, to believe that our mission is more paramount than her safety. If we were to attempt her rescue on Mars now, the interceptors would be there before us, thus we must draw them away.”

They all nodded. That made sense.

“The only feasible plan,” said Erin, “would be to hide in the dense atmosphere of Venus. They know that we could Warp Drive out at a moment's notice and be gone. What I want them to believe is that our mission is too important, and incomplete, and we will return to Earth from Venus. Then it would take all three interceptors - for a three-dimensional triangulation - to route us off from Venus. If only two interceptors were sent to Venus and the other to Mars, on a punitive mission, then it is conceivable that we could elude and outwit the two.”

Again, this made sense to everyone.

“Interceptors are faster than *Pegasus*, but their range is short. After three days on Venus they would need to return to *Dockside*, or another base, for refueling. That is, if they couldn’t dock at *Moonbase*, which I doubt.”

Goren was considering all this. He nodded for Erin to continue.

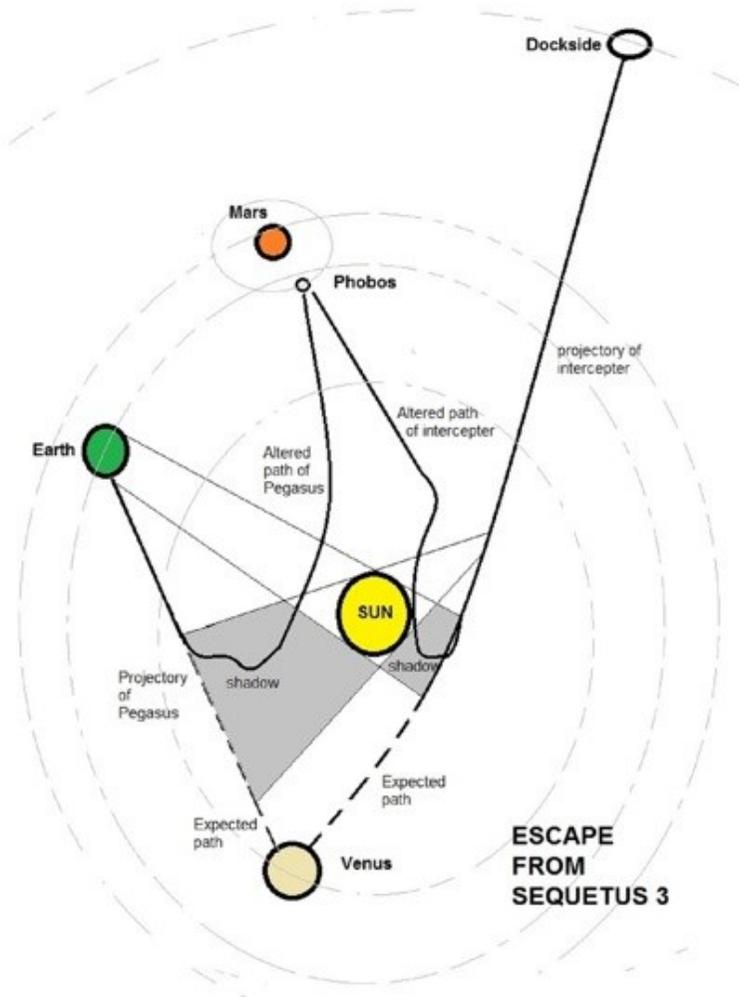
“The compubanks worked out that both the interceptors and we, should arrive at Venus simultaneously using our maximum speeds.”

Goren digested this but couldn’t see how they could outpace interceptors to Mars from Venus, unless the interceptors left the chase to refuel. But wouldn’t be necessary if three interceptors simultaneously met them on Venus.

Erin partially smiled. “Now, look at this screen over here, at the diagram. Here is Venus. This is our trajectory. Here is Mars. At this point we shall be closest to Mars. For the interceptors to arrive on Venus the same time as us, they must travel at a high speed that will put them here in the shadow of the sun when we reach the closest point.

“We will be blinded from each other. In other words the sun will make us undetectable, when we can either break for Mars or continue to Venus. If they allow us this evasive course,

we should arrive at Mars two hours and forty-five minutes before them. Primarily our plan depends upon the alertness of the interceptors.”



“And if they anticipate our move?” asked Navia. She was now seated on the bridge, with Illtuck behind her.

"We warp drive out. No risk to our craft."

"And Anqi?" asked Goren.

"She will be tried for treason, or possibly executed on *Dockside*." The marshal looked straight at Goren, and then continued. "If I may judge my enemies, I wouldn't give them the luxury of believing that we would go back for her."

Goren nodded. "Go on."

"Should our enemy be as callous as I believe, they wouldn't return for her if they were us. Thus, I think they will all make for Venus."

Goren was not so sure.

"They are very clever, though," commented Illtuck."

Navia turned to him. "Yes, but if they have been in Sequetus long, they likely will have lost some of their intelligence. They will perceive less. Anqi commented on how those at Dockside changed over time. I think they put the same contaminated air through the Dockside and other bases that they put on Earth."

Illtuck nodded. "Yes, I know they have huge tankers over reservoirs, and they scoop up lots of raw *clean* equatorial air for the Sequetus bases. That could be what kills them out there. Air and water from Sequetus 3." Illtuck put his

fingers to his mouth, tapping, as though he had just have a major revelation.

Erin brought them back to the screen. "We need to escape. Should they anticipate us, then they have greater understanding than I thought. With that limited understanding, Anqi's safety will be enhanced when she is apprehended."

"Erin, she is dead if we don't pick her up, regardless. And *Moonbase*?" asked Navia wanting to get off the subject of Anqi.

"They will be able to view our maneuvers, but due to the shadow of the sun and Earth, they will be powerless to transmit our actions direct to the interceptors."

"And *Dockside*?" asked Goren.

"A similar story. By the time a message reaches *Dockside*, and relayed back to the interceptors, it is too late to be of use."

Goren contemplated the plan. It seemed plausible. He saw one major flaw and that was that they did not know if there were more interceptors in other unknown bases. Nor if there were any other *Docksides* in the Kuiper Belt. Goren had reasoned there should be five *Docksides*, if he was defending Earth. He also felt he would have put more defending stations on other moons, and he did not know how many

other out-stations the Malukans had in the asteroid belt, or anywhere else for that matter. Goren was feeling very edgy, uncertain, like he was waiting for a disaster to happen.

Then as Goren was watching the screen, there it was, a huge meteor materialized in front of them, from nowhere. And as Goren jumped it almost exploded onto them. Then it vanished from the screen, as though they had just gone through it. The air shimmered beside Goren and he looked at the others. They did not see the shimmer or the meteor. He swallowed. What the Halz was that?

Erin smiled, oblivious to what Goren was seeing, and continued speaking about his plan to evade the three interceptors. "I waited for the correct timing. If we left any earlier than now, then we would have to slow *Pegasus* to achieve the shadow-effect, thereby giving away our true intent. If we left any later, then the shadow wouldn't be there."

Goren's attention had been brought back. He listened.

Erin continued. "Of course, the interceptors could slow down, to let us make our move obvious, but this would make their work on locating us on Venus almost impossible. They

must be there when we arrive, or earlier, or they lose. There is also a possibility they will place no attention on Anqi.”

“How long do we have until we pass into the sun's shadow?” asked Goren.

“Fifteen hours,” replied the marshal. “Two hours before that, we should have the interceptors on screen. But remember, what we will be seeing is what occurred forty-five minutes before. It takes their light that long to reach us.”

After a few minutes Goren’s heart sank. Two blips were coming out from Mercury. He looked at the Marshal.

Erin gritted his teeth, said nothing. He watched the screens. His hands were firm on the consul. Slowly he said, “Keep a steady command. Do not waver. Keep to the plan.”

Ω

For thirteen hours Goren measured Erin's calculations, each time confirming their nearness. Finally, the marshal announced that the interceptors should be on the screen.

“There... one... two....” There was a pause when the marshal looked uneasy, but

finally, he said, "And three! All heading for Venus, at top speed."

The next two hours were difficult, just sitting, watching the enemy. It was a waiting game to see who was planning to outmaneuver who. The blips from Mercury also turned out to be interceptors. There was a chance that Pegasus could still outrun those to Venus.

The sun finally came between *Pegasus* and the interceptors. Goren exhaled as he watched. He relaxed just slightly. Pegasus turned. Pegasus was now in shadow to the other interceptors, and to the moon. Pegasus was on its way to Mars.

Mercury was temporarily obscured by solar flares for the next hour. That was the plan. The moon was hidden. It would stay that way for another six hours.

Goren hovered on the bridge. Would the interceptors realize the plan while in the shadow of the sun, and turn back? Would he suddenly find the enemy pulling out from behind the sun unexpectedly? Other interceptors? To Goren's relief the interceptors did not appear early but appeared right on cue. There were no others out there.

Then dread washed over him. An Interceptor materialized out of nowhere. Goren looked at Erin. It quickly had its own direction and it was not going for Pegasus. It was aiming direct at Mars.

“Halz! By the gods... what... Halz!” exclaimed Goren.

Navia threw down a set of coordinates. “That is Earth’s single Trojan¹⁷ body. Damn. So, that is how they track Earth! Like Mercury and the Moon, it faces Earth the entire time. I can’t get an image, but it must have a very small base that watches.”

Navia brought the asteroid up on the screen. “It is only three hundred pacs wide. With that, called 2010 TK₇, they have a total full-time coverage of all of Earth’s surface regardless day and night.”

Goren shook his head. “How did they get someone down there? It is so small. Who would live there?”

“Money,” said Illtuck. “The grease of coercion!”

¹⁷ **FACTS: Earth’s Trojan:** Earth’s only *Trojan* is 2010 TK₇. See NOTES on Moon at the end.

Mepat pointed. "There! There is another, but from that 5-k asteroid, Earth's other quasi-moon."

Another two blips came on the screen. They were also heading off to Mars.

Navia looked up at Erin, swallowing. "They call that *Cruithne*¹⁸."

Wasting no time, the original interceptors from Dockside turned about forty-five minutes later, once they saw they had been eluded and Pegasus was on its way to Mars.

Erin examined the enemy position more closely. "That third Dockside interceptor has already dropped behind in anticipation of us. But there is also now a fourth interceptor coming in from Dockside.

"Their plan was to have two interceptors arrive as expected. And the third would hang back waiting to decide which option it would take. But I anticipated that. Though, I never considered a fourth. That fourth is now closer to our course than the other two. That will cut down our lead-time." Erin hesitated, and then

¹⁸ **FACTS: Earth's Companion:** 3753 Cruithne follows the Earth orbit in 364 days around the sun. Some have referred to it as a moon. See NOTES.

exclaimed with concern, "No! It's using the afterburners."



Interceptors over the Earth atmosphere

"What?" asked Goren. He felt the uneasiness in the marshal's voice.

The marshal showed Goren another small asteroid. "It also keeps orbit with Earth and also rotates around their sun each 364 days. It too has a small manned base. When we came into Sequetus we approached Earth from the other direction and never knew this."

Goren saw there were other similar space rocks out there. "Bases?" he asked.

The marshal shrugged. "We were finding and plotting their positions as much as we could while we were on the moon. Obviously we did

not get all. We are now beginning to program them into our computer system, but as we do that, it announces our position to any other Malukan bases out there.

“By the gods of Jilta! Our time advantage will be cut more.” Goren looked to the marshal expectantly.

“That lead Dockside interceptor is dumping its fuel into its afterburners to match our arrival,” said the marshal.

“Will it?” Goren's voice was losing the edge off its calm.

“I don't know. It will not be able to make a return trip to Dockside. But how much fuel it has to pump out, in an effort to catch us, I can't guess. All we can do is ... wait.”

Goren breathed out long.

Erin added, “The interceptor pilot will likely retain just enough fuel to maintain his interception at Mars. But how this affects us won't know until its afterburning ceases.”

Erin was slowly shaking his head.

Goren read the alarm.

Erin pointed. “I am looking at the interceptor from *2010 TK7*. It is ahead of the others, and us too, I think. It is now also dump-burning its afterburners, but slower than

the other. It has a smaller screen signature than the others.”

Goren watched the small interceptors blaze the darkness of space to catch them.

Ω

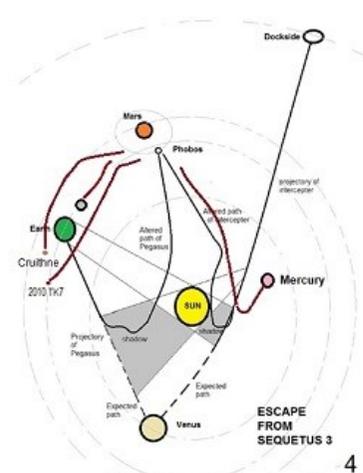
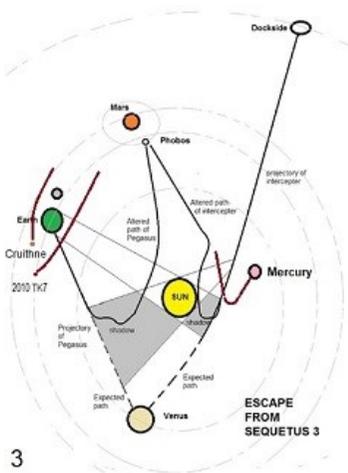
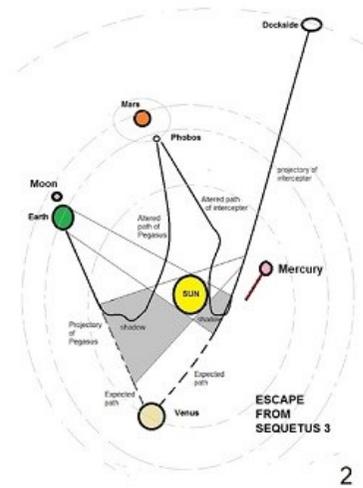
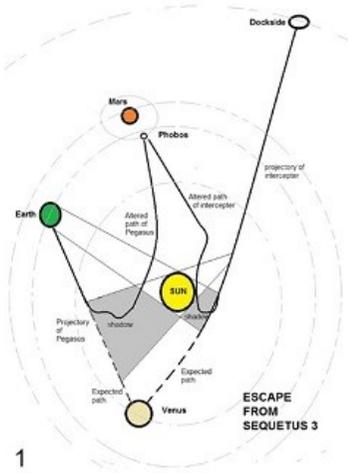
After several hours the marshal spoke solemnly. “We have gone beyond the time when we could set down on Mars without being overtaken. I’m sorry Goren.”

“There must be a way,” said Goren. No sooner had he spoken than the Dockside pursuing craft ceased its afterburners.

So did the 2010 TK₇ interceptor.

Two more interceptors moved out from the moon. It had come into view, receiving calls and images directly. They should have already been onto Pegasus regardless, but were slow.

Erin put his hand on his chin thoughtfully while watching their pursuers. “We have no time to land on the surface but....” Quickly he contacted *Mars Base*. He gave brief instructions to the scientists at the other end. They understood; there would be no landing on Mars.



Ω

Erin checked his computer. In six hours, the interceptor pilot from 2010 TK₇ could be in range to launch rockets at Pegasus. The Dockside craft would be a few minutes behind. The interceptors from Moonbase and Cruithne would be later. Erin anticipated this as a matter

of course. The Mercury craft were further behind.

“The pilots will not expect their rockets to strike *Pegasus*, but will delay our rescue and escape. They aren’t stupid, Goren. They’re very sharp.”

It became obvious that *Pegasus* would be two minutes behind the leading interceptor from 2010 TK7.

Ω

The man stood there, watching the scene in space with others. It was dark all around them, as though they were in a room with no walls or lights other than what was between them. He shook his head. “We missed our chance.”

Another man was next to him. He sighed and looked at the first man. “We could dispatch more interceptor teams, again.”

The man shook his head. “We are becoming too predictable. Have a look at how many times we almost had him, and yet he escapes, even now. Let them play out the charade. We have time on our side.” The man chuckled at his joke. He thought it was funny, even if no one else did.

Those to the side of him were concerned. One of them said, "Surely it is better to overplay our hand, now, as the expense of failure grows with time, does it not?"

The man looked over and nodded. "But we have done that. It did not help then. We just need to make sure the timing is exact, we are well guarded, and we will win, as we have every other time this has been played."

Ω

They all sat transfixed to the screens in Pegasus.

They could see Phobos and the cuboid storage building¹⁹ on it. They could see Anqi's small craft. That was the arrangement. She was to wait there to save time. It was closer than going to the planet's surface. She was there, suited up. The first interceptor was approaching, the one from 2010 TK₇.

Goren swallowed, and held his breath.

Would the pilot shoot and kill?

¹⁹ **NOTE: Cuboid Building on Phobos:** See the Notes on Mars in the first book, HUNT, to learn more. There is a photographed, large cube on Phobos, around the size of what would otherwise be six stories of a cube.

Goren clenched his hands tight.

Erin spoke slowly, "I think he is going to arrest her. He is slowing down. Wait, wait...."

Pegasus was too far away to help.

They still had this other Dockside interceptor out there and soon it would try to slow them down.

Goren had been glued to the screen the entire last six hours. They couldn't get any closer to that first interceptor. They would be too late.

The second interceptor, from Dockside was now zeroing in on Pegasus. That is how it would play out. The enemy would destroy Pegasus, and arrest and execute Anqi.

Goren refused to warp out. He just would not! He watched the screens, and he saw, as predicted, rockets launched from the Dockside interceptor. It may have been a matter of course but one error in the marshal's plan could still see *Pegasus* become free atoms in space.

Goren glared as the rockets homed in on his ship. *Cruisers* or *destroyers* couldn't evade these rockets, but he had different defensive measures. The *Pegasus* was small, and correctly handled could evade, but it would lose lead-time.

Goren nodded as the marshal evaded. He turned, and just as the rockets were upon *Pegasus*, *Pegasus* bore straight at them. Then with a last flick of the controls *Pegasus* passed between both rockets.

They were safe now. The rockets could slowly turn and pursue again, but if Erin evaded them once more their new target could become the interceptor.

Likely, the rockets were preprogrammed to detonate. Rockets did not have signals or communication systems to reprogram. Time lags made reprogramming dangerous, plus rockets then proved too susceptible to jamming by an enemy.

As predicted the rockets detonated on a predetermined program.

"We lost valuable minutes," nodded Erin at the explosion. "I'm still uncertain...."

Goren watched the screen for the next minute. At the sight of another salvo of rockets the marshal altered course.

Mars was there before them and new rockets were only minutes behind. No time to evade. On a tangent to the atmosphere *Pegasus* sped, rockets nearing.

At a glance the interceptor from 2010 TK₇ was nearing the Mars moon.

Pegasus' destination was also Martian moon, *Phobos*. With luck the scientists had equipped Anqi with one of the antique spacecraft and launched her out to its surface.

And there she was, standing on the storage structure on the little moon.

Pegasus slowed as they neared the lunar surface. Phobos was only twenty-one K's across, with a hollow center. Gravity was almost nonexistent. The rockets closed. The troop spotted Anqi's tiny gawky vulnerable craft below, on a dim roof. Anqi was standing, holding onto it. Slowly they lowered.

But the interceptor from 2010 TK₇ was closer and faster. It was getting even closer. It had slowed, and was maneuvering. It was only a two-man interceptor, an *Infant*²⁰. Goren stared unbelievably; its hatch opened.

Pegasus was not going to make it. They were beaten.

²⁰ **DEFINITION: Infant Interceptor:** The Infant Class of Interceptor is faster and lighter than traditional interceptors. It can out-maneuver its bigger and clumsier brothers. It is a two-man interceptor, while other classes are three to four-man versions. It can still carry traditional fire loads and defense capabilities. Searfinders Index p. 2791.

Goren was now in his *lifesuit*. Their own hold door was open wide. Letone was by Goren's side. Out of the corner of his eyes he could see the flare of the rockets from the Dockside interceptor, getting brighter, accelerating, maybe half a minute away. Anqi's body gave a tiny leap from the roof surface and floated to the interceptor, the Infant. Her heart was thumping but her projection angle was perfect. She landed into the bay of the 2010 TK₇ interceptor. It started to drift away, then powered slightly in a tight arc.

Goren watched helplessly from the open hold door of Pegasus.

Pegasus was now being approached by the same interceptor with Anqi leaning from its open door. It got closer.

Goren heard a voice in his helmet.

"Goren, they will open and board. No time to explain. Just, let them in."

Goren had no idea what this was about. But he did as told. He saw the first rockets shoot past and drop to the moon, unexploded. The Dockside interceptor was turning for another shot. Rockets were loosed again.

The interceptor with Anqi was outside his hold door. Anqi pushed and floated over, slowly.

So did the interceptor! It was retracting its external gear, getting smaller, but nudging its way over.

The next batch of rockets were aiming right at them. Anqi caught the crook of Goren's right arm as he leaned out of the hold attached to Letone by a line. This was not a tidy way to enter Pegasus, but there was no time. The Boguard hauled them in hard.

The Infant interceptor was floating, nudging its way in, and just barely fitting through the doors. The Pegasus was big, sure, but the *Infant*, was an infant. That was the great joy of that model. They could be packed, wings folded, and all externals could be retracted. Even the motor and hull could slide in on itself. One could store eleven *Infants* in the space of two traditional interceptors.

Letone grabbed the nose and held it down, attached the clamps. Goren quickly did the same at the rear. Woomph, whang, clung, done! Secured! Goren had no idea what he was doing. Why were they were doing this. It was mad. They should have gone.

Goren's eyes flickered between Anqi's and the nose cones of the rockets outside that were

still bearing down. She put her gloved hand on his arm, biting her lip.

Letone was screaming that they were secured. The hull door was closing.

The rockets were close, and getting closer, getting bigger.

Finally, the outside universe began to quiver as they edged away. The hull door closed. Goren waited.



CHAPTER 17

EPILOGUE

Anqi formerly introduced Arvo Manik to all the crew.

Manik gave a slight nod, and clipped his helmet down onto the rack alongside the others. Goren watched and said nothing. Navia waved for them to follow her to the galley. Navia had food-prep ready.

Once there, Goren smiled. “So Manik, very welcome aboard to you, and your friend. That is official. I best give you the floor. Everyone, this is Arvo Manik, and his young friend. Her name is *Yilla*. We want to hear both your stories. Please.”

Manik stood there tall and strong. Beside him was a seven year old Aboriginal girl. She stood there behind him in an impromptu made *shocksuit*, holding her helmet in her left hand. She had long straight black hair, black skin, a genuine big white toothed smile. She clutched onto the back of Manik’s trousers with her right hand.

Manik nodded. "Nice to meet you in a way that you won't forget. Good to see you Marshal, again. Okay, I guess I better fill in the immediate gaps. I will explain about Yilla."

He accepted some kalo, as he nodded to Anqi.

Anqi smiled at Yilla, knelt and offered a small peeled orange. "My name is Anqi. You are very pretty. We are pleased you are here," and Anqi genuinely meant that.

Manik smiled down at Yilla. "Thank you Anqi. Yilla means *evening star* where she comes from, and she is seven years old. She has no parents, so we adopted each other."

Yilla looked up at Manik and smiled, nodding. She spoke some Jiltanian, some English, and her own language, in bits, and started to suck on the orange.

Manik then looked at the others and began to explain his story. "*Anqi Storm's* betrothed, Karn, was my best friend. We did many tours together. I had heard of Anqi and it was Karn who got me this posting, out here." Manik checked to make sure Yilla was fine, as she watched him, watched the others, and enjoyed the orange.

"I saw what was happening to Karn. He was changing. He had been on Earth for many years and getting older fast. He started to use the drug down there they call heroin. It is big trade up here now and even bigger down there. I will debrief more on that later.

"They have a small country down there, Afghanistan, which they hold hostage, and it grows heroin for them. It is used by the *Warp Drive Bank*. That is all I know of where it goes."

Goren's crew were all somehow between shock and surprised.

Manic continued, "I do not know why it's used yet, but they get it off the planet by the freighter, as much as they can move. This plant based material is brought from two sources. Afghanistan for to grade heroin, and the hills of Myanmar for second grade heroin."

Manic grabbed the offered kalo refill. He sipped it. Then sighed. It was a real Jiltanian brew. Yilla was still enjoying her orange, as now leaned on Anqi looking at Manik.

"After I met Anqi and saw what was happening to Karn, I decided to work out some way to help. I did not know what to do, but I was sent down to Pine Gap. There I became the Moonbase liaison. That really opened my eyes.

I also became known to some locals down there as the Lizard King, because I quietly just came and went. The locals there supported me and fed me information. They could tell I was not like the others.”

Illtuck looked at Navia in surprise, but nodded.

“I then heard about you, Illtuck, I assume. Nice to meet you, formerly.”

Illtuck was feeling teary. “You are the Lizard King? I know you. It was you who gave us the warp drive ship, which could go through the rift.”

Manik nodded. “I am not good at that kind of thing, but I thought if you sent a ship to Jilta with one of you in it, it would bring help. Did she make it then? Premis. That was her name, right?”

Everyone went quiet. Illtuck looked at the floor.

Goren accepted some kalo.

Manik breathed in and out slowly, and said he was sorry then. But he continued. “I was about to be arrested on Moonbase two days ago, and so, I moved about from base to base. I put some flares in the interceptors there before I

left, which is why they were late in responding.”
Manik had a big smile.

“And after I heard about Anqi’s death-warrant, I slowly left the surface for that rock, 2010 TK₇.

Anqi had her arm around Yilla. Both watched Manik.

“I knew you would try to rescue her somehow, and so I waited. I did not have long to wait.” He smiled. “And good strategy to you sir, Marshal.”

The marshal grinned. “I think you are the expert strategist, son. You have been magnificent.”

Manik nodded. He then swallowed his kalo in one gulp. “That is it in brief. I need to debrief fully. And I would like to get with Illtuck if I may. I know what is going on from my perspective of Moonbase, and Illtuck has his. I think we can work this out.”

They all nodded.

Manik had been on a forty-hour shift and asked to get clean and some sleep for he and Yilla. Mepat showed him both to their new quarters.

The others knew there would be a lot more to hear later.

Ω

“So what is it that you did, which upset the Malukan command?” quizzed Anqi, playing with a spoon.

“Simply, we got very close to finding out what is happening on that little planet,” said Goren bringing a hot drink to the table.

“Can you tell me, or is it confidential?” Anqi cast her eyes to the floor realizing she was in Malukan colors.

Goren leaned over, passed her a drink. “Yes, it is confidential, but not from you.” His *intelligence estimate* however, would remain very confidential and was still not finished.

Anqi brightened and sipped, anticipating a good story.

Goren explained it well. How the whole of Earth humanity had most likely been engineered into short lifespans, how the balances of power had been designed, to produce two superpowers over the centuries, but never letting one super nation, gain ascendancy over the others.

Earth had not been without conflict or war for over a century. In fact, it was safe to say

the planet had been at war with itself continually for a millennium.

Illtuck was sitting at the next table. "Do not forget the poison air. And poison food. It means people become dependent, especially us. Our races are not used those low nutritional values."

Goren nodded, and then explained it more, including how Karn got drawn into drugs like many others had, from the Federation.

Goren then went over the bigger picture. "Now, what happened during all the wars was that accelerated technological growth, outstripped social conscience. The Earth societies were being transformed from benign republics to *economy-drive* societies. Yet, on-planet Malukan agents were only partially responsible for this."

Anqi looked puzzled so Goren explained. "In a benign republic, people understand and feel good about a head of state as long as the leader serves the people. Interestingly on Earth, this seems natural, with truly benign leaders wanting to help. There has been no shortage of them. But somehow, the planet's best leaders are continually painted with bad propaganda, by the media. Again, likely, agents are involved

from inside the media. Once the character assassinations are over, the old leaders are put in the waste bin, and replaced.”

Anqi nodded. It made sense.

“The populace has been taught to replace its belief in its leaders with an ideology, that only money can be trusted; only money can’t hurt you. The wealthiest on the planet control the media, and keep a low profile, while subverting the less wealthy, which oppose them.”

Illtuck nodded while sipping and listening.

“Those who rise above the media attacks are assassinated outright. And once dead they are again assassinated posthumously in the media. From that they cannot defend themselves.

“New leaders soon recognize that to survive they must obey the power of the media cartels. To survive, those leaders, have to promote the worship of money, and service to money, or more - the wealth barons themselves.

“This is *economy-drive*. Simply, it is new justified monetary values replacing what were once ethical values,” explained Goren as he refilled Anqi’s cup. Illtuck held out his to be topped up too.

Goren continued. "As to who those barons are, is not as important as their advisor's names. Those advisors live long lives, like you and me, and pass from one wealth-baron to the next, over the centuries. Some call them the *men-in-black*. But there is no dress code, and some just agents love their UFO melodrama."

Anqi sipped some green tea. She thought it exceptionally good.

Goren continued. "But they are all just agents. Agents are never in the media, only the barons and their servants are. Thus agents are seldom noticed. Through this, agents have accelerated Earth's technology, so that the Malukans could develop their own Warp Drives."

Goren nodded and a hologram of the moon came up on the screens.

"*Moonbase's* role in this is vital. It monitors several thousand agents on Earth, so those agents can nudge, cajole, incriminate or bribe, to produce the fluctuations of power and media needed."

Goren turned the screen. "The entire planet is under observation, every man, woman and child are being logged and tracked. Nothing is left to chance. And I can assure you this will become more complete once computers are

further developed down there, and the planet becomes fully computerized. Cameras will be under every streetlight, in every hip pocket. People will be watched for how they walk, how they talk, what words they use, how they stand, and even how they sneeze.”

Anqi was quiet for a few seconds. “What about those drugs? How does that explain the drugs the planet produces?” Anqi asked.

“I’m not totally certain,” explained Goren accepting a plate of food from Navia. “The planet’s drug issue is weird. I believe one use is to cloud the minds of the populace, as a form of thought-control, to lower their mental ability, to make them unable to discern problems.

“Drugs make people more controllable, such as your Karn, who started to use them. A last point is that with Malukan troopers addicted to drugs, the Malukan regime could argue for planetary extermination, if their plans get found out.”

“Hmm, I’m not so certain part of your argument holds up Goren. The Malukans haven’t been around long enough to genetically engineer the population into short-lives,” said Anqi taking her utensils from the table for sterilizing.

"Agreed," said Goren. "However, if the human race was or wasn't engineered by them, or their predecessors, it makes little difference to the outcome. Someone has done it. The Malukans now have their own Warp Drive System technology. And they are using this short lived race to get the drives. But you are correct, they may not be the original architects of the short-lived race."

"War?" asked Anqi sheepishly.

"I hope not!" interposed Navia.

Anqi stirred her drink, an old habit from her youth days on Sleebo. Drinks on *Pegasus* were premixed and never required stirring.

Anqi said absent-mindedly, "If what you suggest is true then there must be some evidence for the drug epidemic being deliberately created by someone intending it."

Navia nodded. "There is. There's an Earth organization called the *World Federation of Mental Health*. Where this group has national government representation, statistically there is higher legal and illegal drug use, and crime. The group answers to the pharmaceutical cartels, which are owned by the wealth barons, who also own the media cartels. And they all seem to have agents for advisors."

For the moment Anqi was quiet.

Goren slowly felt doubt creep into his mind. There was something else that needed answering, but it was now eluding him. He had forgotten something. So he left out the rest of what he was going to say, and offered to help Anqi clean up.

Ω

Illtuck and Manik had brought forward their combined report. They were in the Pegasus lounge. Yilla was still sleeping.

Manik summarized what they had figured out. "The Sequetus system exports one major product. That is *Helium-3* – H3. It is a huge natural export, and not doubted. I think we all know that. And the planet is being groomed in the apparency of it being awakened, so that it can claim its right, and supply the galaxy with H3. We all got that?" Illtuck looked around.

Navia and others nodded. That is what it looked like was happening back there.

Manik continued. "But that is not the real purpose of all the clandestine organizations there. Goren, when you and Mepat got all the

files and paper I put in Illtuck's old car, you found a lot more than you expected."

"How so," asked Goren.

"You did not just find fifty pages of a rambling manuscript, of a conspiracy theory, by some ancient nutter. Each page you found can be split into to another ten to fifty pages each. You can decipher those sheets on this ship now, but it will take time. In those pages are 5,000 names, all the agents of consequence of earth. And, what they do."

All stared. Manik was awake now. He had just slept ten hours and was feeling very bright, and aware.

"You will find in those pages, their plan for each sector of the Federation. Yes. It all has to do with that planet, Earth. There are of course, the legitimate grooming activities that you get a planet ready for, for its Intervention Day. But there is much more going on than down there than that."

Everyone was leaning closer. All were quiet.

Manik continued. "There are layers below layers below layers of clandestine operations happening there. Each layer has an apparent genuine purpose. But behind that purpose is

something very bad, and behind that, another deeper purpose.”

The others were becoming uncomfortable and looked about.

“Look at the fluoride,” Manik said. “They put in the water. It makes people stupid. Less intelligent, less observant and more compliant. Of course, they say they want people’s teeth to be well, and most governments abide by the demand of them, but the demand comes from who? It is all in these pages. You will have names, corporations, and there is also a timeline of when things are going to occur. There is plan. It is a big plan. It is Federation big.”

Goren was looking directly into Manik’s eyes and saw a fire, a passion for rightness and justice.

“Yes, their plan has to do with drugging and poisoning every person on the planet.”

Manik refilled his glass. He chewed on a Russian biscuit. It was very good and made him smile. “They want those people on Earth to make freighters on the moon. They want them to mine helium-3. Mostly they need them to be compliant for something else though.”

Goren had thought this. So had Navia. And so had Illtuck.

Manik continued, "They do not want people asking who is running their banking, drug companies and their media empires."

Manik helped himself to another biscuit. "It is all being run so that when intervention happens, those out there have total one hundred percent control of that planet, Earth."

"I thought so too," said Illtuck as he breathed out slowly.

Manik nodded to him. "They are right now using agents to put in laws that will remain dormant until intervention. Then they will kick in.

"The ruling elite; they even sponsor the terrorism that they campaign against, so they can get their laws passed. And, they often do some of their battles themselves, both sides, and that is why you sometimes see Federation craft at battle sites, in war zones²¹. They are being run by our own people to bring about the outcome wanted by up there."

²¹ **NOTES: UFOs at War Zone:** The *foo-fighters* were the first to be heavily noticed from 1944 onwards in World War II. There were six sightings over Western Europe of fast moving well lit objects following allied aircraft. The phenomena occurred elsewhere and at other times. UFOs have also been reported around rocket, nuclear silos, space shuttle, the International Space Station and more. See the Glossary for photos of foo-fighters.

Navia looked around at the others. "Some of this I had thought of, but not in such clear detail. Please continue, Mister Arvo Manik. Wow."

Manik smiled. "They have a timeline and intervention is meant to be in forty years. By then they want to be able to monitor every person on the planet, and if someone moves, they want to know who, and what, within seconds. They are on that path right now.

"Every crazy law that is passed has a purpose. It is not money. But money serves those running this operation, so it looks like money is the motivator. But it is not money. It is not." Manik looked around to make sure everyone understood this.

"What they want from this planet is its resources. They want its helium-3, as said. But they also want its heroin. That is not available anywhere else. And they want its *mercury*.

"Both mercury and heroin are needed by... get this ... the Warp Drive Bank. And that Illtuck, is what you fell on, in Jilta. You started to question what was happening with the Drives as they went through the Endless Rift. That got you abducted along with your friends, and you were thrown into the prison of all prisons. The

worst in the galaxy. You got an eternal sentence down there. There is no life after life down there.”

He looked at them all, and said the next parts very slowly.

“While we all recall our last life in parts, and so on, and we think nothing much of it, that is not the case down there. There, they are getting groomed to be rid of that concept, and the mercury is being taken off their planet to do the same everywhere else. That planet, down there is a testing ground, for something much bigger.”

Everyone was stunned into silence.

“There is nothing on that planet that does not make sense, which is not aligned in this direction. It all makes total sense when you understand this concept.” He looked at each face, one by one, individually, before continuing.

“Mercury destroys cells, especially brain and nerve cells. So, they give it to infants. It kills your potential spiritual awareness. And it gives pain. So, the heroin handles the pain. And, while I am not totally sure how warp drives work, I have an idea. It is insidious. But I will not say more, for now, we still need to travel. So let’s get all the information I have in those

pages. Yes, they intend to manufacture warp drives, but the operation is so much bigger than that.”

He finished and no one breathed. The air-conditioning was the only faint sound heard for the next half minute.

As Manik walked from the bridge, Goren wondered just who this man was.

Ω

During the weeks returning to Jilta, Goren had all make their own very full reports on the activities on Earth and Sequetus. Every detail was needed.

The television broadcasts, the advertising, newspapers, books were all there. Each time Little Betsie had returned to Pegasus from Earth, she had brought back tons of books, magazines and literature.

For their amusement, Erin replayed at regular intervals some of the thousands of film transmissions he had recorded from Earth.

NICK BROADHURST



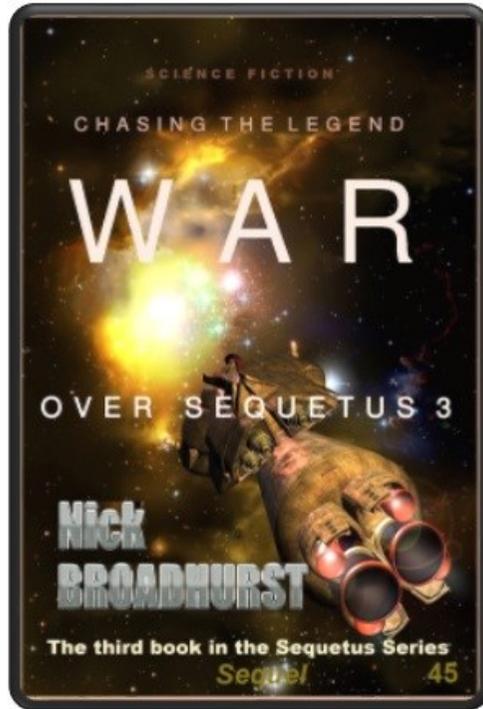
NICK BROADHURST

*End of the second book of the
Sequetus Series Sequel.
Next is*

WAR

OVER SEQUETUS 3

Chasing the Legend



PREVIEW

JILTA

Pegasus re-entered the universe outside the Jiltanian system. Immediately, it pulsed down the encrypted reports to *Jilta P.C.* Three days later the craft descended through the atmosphere.

Goren led the eight into the *Great Hall* wearing *High Parade Dress*, adorned with their Russian caps. Goren breathed in the smell of the palace. He was home, alive, and it felt very good.

Lorde Hymondy waited on the dais, surrounded by his Boguard, slowly drumming his fingers on the side of the chair. He had read the reports and could barely believe his Independent had made it back. He smiled and let his head give a very slight bow to the troop.

As they approached, Goren could see Lorde Hymondy watching him, and Goren was about to bow low when something flashed on his right. Mepat leaped past Goren and fell to the ground.

There were cries from Hymondy's Boguard. Goren glanced, his comrade on the ground, and

blood was on the floor. He looked up to see seven more Boguard rush towards him.

Goren leapt to protect his troop. His mind was confused. His group formed a human shield to protect each other. Had the Boguard gone mad? Could he fight them all? Lorde Hymondy had vanished. Where?

Oncoming Boguard formed another human screen around the troop. The Boguard were fighting amongst themselves, and Goren's troop was being shielded.

Goren looked to his old friend Mepat, now in the arms of Navia. Goren bent down. As the struggle subsided Goren knelt directly on the ground, next to the Captain, and leaned near him so he could hear.

Mepat's eyes fluttered as he whispered, "Exploding poison dart, meant for you, friend." His eyes closed.

Navia looked up at Goren in pain, and said with a quiver in her voice. "No please... no pulse...."

Letone was there. He stood and motioned two junior Boguard. "The Captain still lives... just." He waved his arms and within seconds Mepat was rushed away.

Lord Hymondy reappeared and the troop had been moved up to his close audience.

Goren looked at the end of the hall. Three Boguard were being restrained with their faces to the ground.

“Instructor Letone...?” Hymondy was upset.

“My Lorde,” said Letone assuming command stance. “These three assassins are not Boguard. With your permission, my Lorde, let the Boguard atone by finding whom these serve. We’re ashamed, by this penetration to the inner sanctum, of our protectorate.”

Thoughtfully, Hymondy replied. “This is dark. Of the Hymondian sector, the palace, and this hall in particular, should be safe. If it is not so, it hints that I can no longer protect my people. If that should be evident then perhaps I have existed beyond my usefulness.”

Letone nodded. “My Lorde, if the Captain lives and we find the source of the assassins then...”

Lord Hymondy shook his head. “Do what you must Instructor. Get what information you can. However, I doubt it will help much. Whoever engaged the assassins knew of their probable capture, and interrogation.”

Goren looked to the Boguard. They had never failed before. No one had penetrated the court to this level.

In the meantime more Boguard filed into the hall. Hymondy stood, and ordered the hall to vacate. He wished to be alone with his independent and troop.

Goren understood. "My Lorde, it is possible that the intent of this attempt was to alienate you from your loyal protectors. If this was the true purpose, then the assassination has succeeded."

Hymondy looked long at his independent. It was rare that another should imply a Royal was wrong. He looked over to the marshal. "Retrieve the first four Boguard outside and instruct them to enter and stand by me." Erin strode out and Lorde Hymondy returned his gaze to Goren. "Maybe you are correct. If I cannot trust my Boguard...."

He brought his thoughts back to Goren's mission. "Now, there may be an obvious reason for the attack. I must assume that whoever sent the assassins knew of your arrival beforehand, and wished to prevent you from talking to me. If that is the case, then the palace could be further infiltrated. I must then

assume, that somehow, your *intelligence estimate* has fallen into hostile forces.”

Hymondy thought for a moment. He took Goren aside quietly. “I find your summary good but incomplete,” he said in a low hushed voice.

The Boguard were now by Hymondy.

Goren thought to himself. He was handed his own report by Hymondy, and he glanced through it. Goren looked up. “My Lorde, it is all here. I cannot recall anything that isn’t contained in it.”

“Then what do you deem to completely handle the problem of Earth?”

“I have no solid conclusion, sire. I was sent to find the *why*, and at the bottom of that I have supplied, the immediate *who*: Lorde Maluka.”

Hymondy towered over the troop as he stepped down, and he started to walk around the hall, taking Goren gently by the arm, as they walked. The Boguard followed behind. “Last night there was a partial meeting of the *Council of Lordes*. They’re here, on-planet, right now, and have been issued with a summary of your work.

“There was a lot of disagreement my young independent. Some don’t agree with your, *who*. Nor do they see the *why* that you propose.

“Their general counter argument is that what is occurring on Earth is nothing but simply *the way it is*. Many other lordes don’t disagree with your information. The marshal's recorded transmissions of Earth's media confirm that. They agree with Trooper Anqi Storm's summation, that planet Earth's populace is a threat to all the populations of the galaxy. Every race is threatened by this genetically dominant short-lived species, engineered or not. Their illnesses and drug dependencies are a threat. So are their aggressive and immoral natures. Their literature shows that. There is much argument in favor of disposing of the planet.”

Lord Hymondy could see that Goren wanted the opportunity to counter the argument. However, Lorde Hymondy held up his hand to be allowed to continue. “The analogy was put forward that when the brain has a tumor - sending the patient insane, the correct solution is to remove the tumor to rid the insanity.”

Goren hastily spoke up. “My Lorde, after that then the patient must be ridded of what caused the tumor in the first place, otherwise it can return.”

Hymondy nodded. “That was a similar response to my own. Still, there was another

argument. It would be perhaps simpler and of less risk to ignore the potential Malukan threat and merely eliminate Earth to enable the Malukans to save face.”

The turned as they had reached the end of the Great hall.

“It was argued that if your report was accurate, then the Malukans have had over fifty standard years to perfect Warp Drives, and build their own fleet outside the control of the Warp Drive Bank.

“Many fear that were we to press the Malukans too hard, then a response of war would be imminent, and too costly and damaging for many of the lordes to afford.

“The smaller lordes have argued that they cannot risk having Maluka angry, especially, should he have warp drives independently manufactured outside of the Bank. The smaller lordes would soon be at his mercy.”

Goren shook his head. “How can they afford to risk doing nothing under these circumstances?” Goren asked.

Hymondy laughed. “Again, that was my argument. The opposition countered with the answer that perhaps it was time the Bank lost its stranglehold on galactic travel, and that perhaps

this competition would be good for the *Santonica Galaxy*. Perhaps this would reduce the cost of travel, enabling the realms to operate on a freer economy, and that this was good and not bad.”

Hymondy took his seat again on the dais. As he did, Goren followed and spoke quietly. “My Lorde, this is the argument of planet Earth’s wealth barons. That will lead to an economy driven system such as on Earth. To not face the problem now won’t make it go away, my Lorde. It will remain and fester. Action now will prevent the collapse of the Federation. If we delay, then the political landscape of the Galaxy will change and I’m certain it won’t be for the better.”

Hymondy rose again with obvious signs of agitation. He looked to all around him. “If the only alternatives were to destroy Earth, or war with the Malukans, what would your replies be?”

He looked to Anqi first. She hesitated under his gaze and then slowly replied. “Save Earth, my Lorde!”

Hymondy looked to Erin who replied. “Save Earth.”

“Save Earth,” Navia said.

Manik nodded, “Same, my Lorde. Save it.”

Illtuck nodded, "Save the planet, and all its life."

Goren, under his lorde's gaze, said quietly, "Save Earth."

Hymondy passed a look to the three Boguard standing closest. They slowly nodded with reverence. Lorde Hymondy then looked up, and beckoned the troop farewell.

Before Goren left the rear exit, he called to Hymondy softly. "My Lorde...?"

Hymondy stared at his independent. "Six billion people. We will save Earth. The council has to meet again tonight. I'll brief you in the morning." With that the troop was dismissed.





GLOSSARY, DEFINITIONS, HISTORICAL NOTES AND BACKGROUND DATA

Editorial note: When the term *Terrestrial* appears beside a word, term, or historical note, this indicates it is a terrestrial word from Sequetus 3 – Earth – and the definition is a terrestrial definition, or historical note. It isn't a fictional term or definition. [◀Return](#)

The author started the glossary so he could make notes as he researched the story. The glossary was to keep brief information on real subjects of interest, as well as fictional data to build a plausible history of the Galaxy. Now the glossary is for the reader.

This section of the book has a lot of information and sets up the rest of the CHASING THE LEGEND MINISERIES. Due to the size of all Glossaries and Notes. Book 24 was created as a free compendium sum of all books.

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GLOSSARY

Academia: 1. A college of high learning, tertiary education, offering doctorates. 2. (Plural – academies) The institutions of the highest places of learning in the Federation. *Source, Jiltanian* after the gardener *Academos* who used to tend the gods in making their gardens a paradise.

Afterburners: When dumping fuel out through the exhaust system, and igniting it within the system, the continual explosion of *afterburning* adds speed to a craft.

Agent: 1. Two levels below independent. Starting at the top is: Independent, Junior Independent, *Agent*, *Agent Junior Grade*. 2. Malukan *agents* are on Sequetus 3. They report to *Moonbase* and through the manipulations of world leaders are able to control the destiny of a planet. 3. *Agent* and *Agent Junior Grade* are often referred to by the same title – *Agent*.

Alice Springs: (*Terrestrial*) A large town in central Australia, in the Northern Territory. It had around 16,000 population at the time of this story.

Alson: 1. A suburb in *Jilta P.C.* 2. *Alson*, Academia, most prestigious tertiary Academia in all of *Jilta*. It supplies most degree doctorate courses and has forty five thousand students enrolled per year, including full time, part time and by correspondence.

Anqi Storm: 1. Malukan female trooper and former resident of *Sleebo*. 2. Important woman in saving *Sequetus* 3. From parents *Nobus* and *Requel Mas* of *Taronga PPC*. Educated in biophysics in *Anst Academia* at *Taronga*, joined the *Malukan Guards* shortly after graduation. 3. She served as a *Malukan trooper* on *Mars Base* and was once betrothed. ◀*Return*

Antarctic: (*Terrestrial*) The Antarctic region is a continent of two islands, but the sea between the islands is covered by ice. There are reports of UFO bases in the Antarctic region. ◀[Return](#)

APRO: (*Terrestrial*) Aerial Phenomena Research Organization. Started in 1952, and continued until 1988. It had many state branches. APRO placed strong importance on scientific field investigations. There were many prominent scientific members of the group: Dr James E. McDonald of the University of Arizona – an atmospheric scientist and said to be the leading scientific UFO researcher of his time, Dr. James Harder of the University of California, Berkeley – civil and hydraulic engineer, professor, was director of research from 1969-1982. Both scientists, along with others testified, before the U.S. House of Representatives Committee on Science and Astronauts in 1968 with their findings on UFOs. Astronomer Allen Hynek noted that APRO was one of two of the best civilian UFO groups of their time. ◀[Return](#)

Australian deserts: (*Terrestrial*) There are many large deserts in Australia. Western Australia has desert in its inner regions. The temperature often exceeds 40° C.



Where rail tracks are present in deserts in Western Australia rail derailments have occurred due to the tracks buckling in the intense heat. (The author

worked as a salvage crewman on such a derailment in 1976. The temperature was 55° Celsius.) ◀Return

Automatic beam: Simply means that weapons lock on target automatically and fire by computer programming. The advantage is that they're not only accurate, but will continue well after a crew manning them is dead.

Ayers Rock: (*Terrestrial*) Otherwise known as Uluru. A single sedimentary rock, that is two miles long, and three miles deep. It is in the center of Australia. It is worshiped by the indigenous aboriginals of Australia as being the navel of Earth.



It is sacred. It was here where man was created. Man's creator came out from above Earth in the Dreamtime.



It is listed as a UNESCO world heritage site. It is 335 km from Alice Springs. Uluru has no word meaning to the indigenous population, though the word is

theirs. Ayer's rock was named after the Chief Secretary of South Australia, Sir Henry Ayers. Both names are valid for use. The rock is noted for its changing color with the time of day. See below a close up of the sandstone. [◀Return](#)

Bank: See The Imperial Federation Warp Drive Bank. Home planet Palbo.

Betsie: Famous Jiltanian battle cruiser of the CCP. Decommissioned on Celtron 4.

Billy-tea: (*Terrestrial*) Tea from water boiled in a billy, a small metal deep pot with or without a lid, used in the Australian outback. [◀Return](#)

Boguard: 1. Guard at the palace to protect Lorde Hymondy III. 2. Race of bodyguard for the protection of Lorde Hymondy III. Their inception into the Federation region was about 550 standard years after Federation conquest. Origin of race unknown. Life expectancy unknown. Run along military lines. Source of instruction: Lorde Hymondy III. They're known to speak many languages, are trained in martial arts, physics. No command links with IFFCo. Being a race the word *Boguard* is capitalized. [◀Return](#)

Boguard rank: The following is the Boguard field ranking, from highest to lowest:

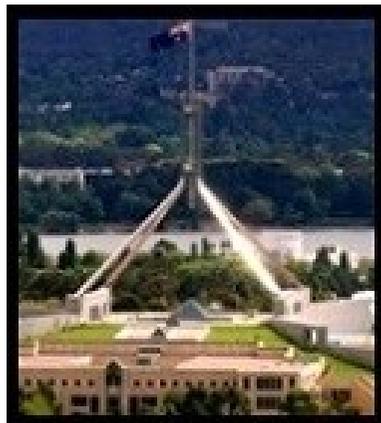
Captain
Guard Instructor
Instructor
Leader
Boguard
Boguard Novice (student)

Bridge briefing: 1. *Bridge briefings* are where missions are presented and discussed in a formal manner. They're recorded for future reference. Discussions of missions are not permitted outside of such briefings. All mission crew attend. 2. They're called *bridge briefings*, not because they happen on

the *bridge*, because in larger craft they don't, as the *bridge* can sometimes be too small for all relevant crew. Only senior personnel are present the bridge briefing; often from the *bridge*.

Broadmatter Theory: Broadmatter is that matter which is so small that current instruments cannot detect it, but it acts like a sea, supporting molecular-matter that floats within it. It transmits heat and ALL kinetic energy, and in this way is very different from the concept of dark matter. Broadmatter makes up the bulk of the universe mass and is the reason why the universe is expanding at an accelerated rate. Broadmatter ties in with space and time, and without broadmatter there would be no space, no gravity and presumably no time. Without it, all other matter would collectively condense. See Broadmatter Theory Addendum at the end of Book eight for more details, or NOTES on Broadmatter in the first book, HUNT.

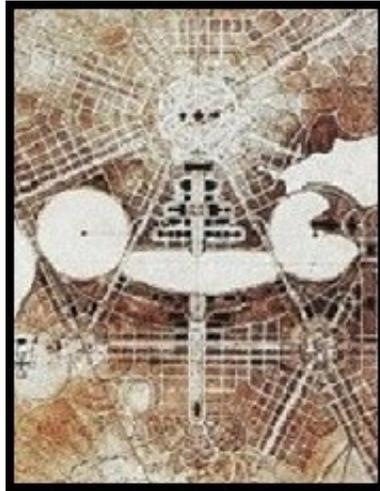
Canberra: (*Terrestrial*) 1. Canberra is the capital city of Australia, built in the highlands, 600 meters above sea level. Architect Walter Burley Griffen, from Chicago, designed it. Its population was around 280,000 at the time of editing.



Pyramids as over Parliament House of Australia, Canberra.

2. The city street layout is designed on an *eye of providence* design, similar to the back of the

American dollar bill. The Canberra street layout around parliament house has streets running off in a pattern of not only the eye of providence, but are coincident in layout style to the inner shaft design patterns of the Great Pyramid in Egypt. See pyramids.



The winning competition town planning design of Canberra city by architect Griffen.

The temperature of Canberra in the winter gets down to -5° C and lower in the suburbs.

The word *Canberra* means *meeting place* in the local Aboriginal dialect.

Some Canberrans say the UFO activity in this very small city is high. [◀Return](#)

Captain: 1. Middle rank in IFFCo. Usually In command of an interceptor squadron, a destroyer, or a fighter team. Below Lieutenant Commander in rank. 2. Highest field rank of the Boguard.

Charlton, Navia: Social anthropologist from Academia Alson; companion and associate in Sequetus 3 to Independent Goren Torren. Torren and Charlton attended Academia Alson together studying, prior to Torren applying for his

Independent's Certificate in Jilta. They were married for three years during this time. No children. At the end of the *Battle of Sequetus 3* Navia Charlton moved to Sequetus. ◀[Return](#)

Chemtrails: (*Terrestrial*) The laying of chemicals and metals in the air, deliberately, for a purpose unknown by the general public, by civilian and military aircraft. This has been a contentious issue for decades with man arguing it exists while others say it does not. More recently it has had US government acknowledgement that it exists as geothermal engineering to keep the planet temperature down. See *NOTES on Chemtrails*.

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Civilian Saucer Intelligence: (*Terrestrial*) American civilian UFO organization founded in New York City in 1954. The *CSI* conducted rigorous investigations into UFOs. They had what was said to be the best periodical on UFOs at the time. The *CSI* periodical is also claimed to have been a key source for J. Allen Hynek – particularly for overseas cases, for his research in *Project Blue Book*. During this time, the *Robertson Panel* was trying to divert cases away from Hynek. The organization became defunct in 1959, though its key players remained active in UFO research well into the 1970's.

Clerke, Agnes Mary: (*Terrestrial*) Popular astronomer and writer from Ireland. She wrote: *A Popular History of Astronomy during the Nineteenth Century* (1842 – 1907).

Communications Center: A ship has a *Bridge*. A Base has a *Communication Center*, which is the focus of all data going in and out. It can also be called a *War Room*, or a *Combat Information Center*, depending on the sector.

Compu: ® The largest computer manufacturer in Crackess. Famed (or infamous) for its early invention of *intelligent computers*. After the Medallia Rebellion, the *Compu* executives were interned off-

planet and CCP administrators placed inside the company. After this, the company expanded to be the largest interplanetary corporation in the Federation with 1.7 million staff in total.

Compubanks: ® A collective name for viewscreens and computers, which plot a craft's course and synchronize with Warp Drives. Manufactured by Compu Systems Interplanetary Inc.

Compuboard: ® Often found in airports, spaceports, these boards, are an instant tally board, displaying showing craft departures and arrivals. In a space fleet they're used to show the tally of battle. Manufactured by Compu Systems Interplanetary Inc.

Compudata: ® Short for Computer Data or non-intelligent computer information, or in slang; a *dry-computer* – meaning no intelligence. Manufactured by Compu Systems Interplanetary Inc.

Compuscreens: ® Computer screens manufactured by Compu Systems Interplanetary Inc.

Computers, Intelligent: 5,550 Standard Galactic Years prior to Federation, Luis Medallia developed the first recorded fully mobile *intelligent computer*. At the time, it was recorded as a brilliant technological marvel. Not only could it store and extrapolate data to logical conclusions, but also it had the ability to self-perpetuate in other computers. The basis of all *intelligent computers* was the program *create*, coupled with the subprogram *survive*. 2. Intelligent computers led to the lowering of human-life to that of servile status, to computers. Without the intervention of neighboring galactic civilizations, and the *Medallian Rebellion*, this social degrading phenomena of humankind would have spread throughout the Santonia Galaxy. It is speculated that, without the *Rebellion*, within several millennium, all humanoid races may have become extinct. The cost of the Medallian Rebellion was fifteen billion humanoid lives lost, needed to defeat the intelligent machines.

Condon Report: (*Terrestrial*) Dr. Edward Uhler Condon, physicist of the University of Colorado headed what was formally called the *University of Colorado UFO Project*, funded by the US Air Force, from 1966 to 1968. The result of this work was formally titled: *Scientific Study of Unidentified Flying Objects*, and was known as the *Condon Report*.



Upon examining UFO files from the Air Force's Project Blue book, and evidence from civilian groups such as APRO, the final report said the study of UFOs was unlikely to yield major scientific discoveries. Some have claimed the report merely covered up the UFO problem for the Air Force. [◀Return](#)



This photo above is from a credible eyewitness that the Condon Report couldn't explain. It is from Santa Ana 1963. But today when looking at a large digital version of this photo, this author perceives the flying saucer is

crisper in its look than the surrounding areas, suggesting it is perhaps only 25 feet away, and only a foot wide.

Confederacy: The loose governing body, democratic, that ruled the known outer galaxy prior to conquest by the Federation. The full title is *The Confederated Council of Planets. (CCP)* It existed loosely for a hundred and twenty thousand years. The Federation defeated it in decades.

Full title - Confederated Council of Planets. (CCP)
The loose and often extended term applied to the political attempt to bring the multitude of races, political systems et al together to end the warring of two hundred and thirty standard years in the Santonia Galaxy. The *Confederacy* failed at total unification and was succeeded by the Federation.

Travel could take decades. As a result, the *Confederacy* was never conquered by a single force or in agreement with itself. Often planets would get forgotten and cultures rediscovered. [◀Return](#)

Conquest: The Federation conquered the CCP. While many planets simply did not fight and changed governorship of who was ruling them, some planets resisted and fought the Federation fleets and armies. During this fighting many government sections of cities were razed and government records lost. This was as much a cultural and economic set back as anything else. A lot of historical records vanished.

Copernicus, Nicolaus: (*Terrestrial*) 1473 – 1543 Polish. Until Copernicus' time it was taught that the Earth was flat. He published a book, which came out after his death. *The Revolutions of the Celestial Spheres*. The book made an impact on Galileo and other scientists. The Church banned the book. He worked for the Church most of his life and died from a coma following a stroke.

Council: Another term for the Confederated Council of Planets, CCP. 2. Confederacy, CCP, *Council*, Confederated Council of Planets.

Council of Lordes: An informal gathering of royals who, when decided, can make formal decisions as a group, no matter how few or where. The decisions are for that group only, but other royalty may join. Lordes or their royal representatives of their respective realms generally attend. Mostly only royals or their representatives are permitted to know the conclusions of their meetings. ◀[Return](#)

Cruiser: The largest Federation military strike ship. It is half a Kinopac long. It houses between forty to sixty interceptors with five escort fighters for each interceptor. Personnel range at around 3,000 per ship. ◀[Return](#)

Cruithne (3753): (*Terrestrial*) A companion to Earth on the same approximate orbit. It is 5 kilometers long. It has been featured in movies and several books and novels. See *NOTES here*. ◀[Return](#)

Cusanus: (*Terrestrial*) *Nicholas of Cusa*, (1401 – 1454) German philosopher, theologian and mathematician. He wrote and argued that the world wasn't indeed stationary, as traditionally taught, but that the Earth was moving through space and the stars. He further wrote that there were likely beings outside of this world, perhaps of the sun and the moon and beyond, and that they were more enlightened than the people of Earth.

Daffy: (*Terrestrial*) Animated cartoon character by Warner Bros. Daffy Duck. Popular on television in the 1960s - 70s. ◀[Return](#)

Decam: Slang term for *decontamination* when leaving an isolated world or system.

Defense Marshal: The most senior *Marshal* ranking. See *Marshal*.

Destroyer: An IFFCo military ship. It houses six interceptors and six fighters per interceptor. ◀[Return](#)

Dinkum: (*Terrestrial*) Australian slang for something being very honest and good. Often accompanied by the word *fair* and used in the phrase *fair dinkum* to mean very fair, very honest and good. ◀[Return](#)

Dingo: (*Terrestrial*) The only native dog in Australia. Medium sized; doesn't bark. It is against the law to keep them as domestic animals, without a permit. They're wild throughout Australia. They're not a threat to human life.

Docks and Checks: The docking procedure used in space, and where the crew and ship are inspected per regulations.

Dockside: Observation station at the edge of the Sequetus Series, maintained under the Malukan reign. The keep this solar system in check, prevent inflow and outflow, those behind Dockside have commissioned five more such stations.

Doctor A. P. Minsk: Soviet scientist Androv Minsk, in search of extraterrestrial life in the 1950s – 1970's. 1921 - 1990 ◀[Return](#)

Economy Drive: 1. The name given to societies that exist for profit principles. While *economy drive* is confused with *democracy*, non-democratic societies do follow and can be built around economically driven principles. 2. Where principles of money and economics are the senior reasons for existence and decision making.

ECT: (*Terrestrial*) Electro Convulsive Therapy. This is performed on anyone deemed mentally ill, and diagnosed as needing the treatment. It can have up to 400 volts passing through the brain. It creates a grand mal (seizure) – a wave of electrical current that travels around the skull, burning brain tissue as it goes. It is currently performed mainly on old women, pregnant women and children. It is used in developed and developing nations alike.

Electroware: ® A trade name for spaceware that is heat regulated, often worn under Shocksuits. Founded by A. L. Bronal, industrial magnate, based on Jilta. [◀Return](#)

Elevator: (*Terrestrial*) Lift. Interchangeable term for lift.

Enemy Agent: (*Terrestrial*) There are reports of enemy agents on this planet. For example, read the two versions of the same book by Robert Temple (*Sirius Mystery*). In the second version Temple has a preface explaining what happened to him after he published the first version edition, twenty years prior. He was visited and harassed for publishing his findings, by what he thought were CIA employees. That may or may not be a correct conclusion, but it is noted that he was harassed for publishing a very scientific and well-researched book on visitations to the peoples of West Africa from the Sirius stars. In another book called *Forbidden Archeology*, the writers researched an enormous amount of archeological finds that made no sense in today's archeological model. Here were many examples of artifacts – obviously human, civilized and made with machines, dating back millions of years, even billions, but had been found on Earth. Those who bring these finding forward can get dismissed; find they have no work or future at universities etc.

This author of the Sequetus Series further recalls when *Chariots of the Gods*, by Erich von Daniken, first came out, in Australia, in the late 1960s. Teams of people went to schools to instruct students on the so-called inaccuracy of the book. This author wondered at the time what had gotten these people so worried, that they would visit all these schools stamping out new thought.

There are now also teams of people who deride certain topics on the internet. They cannot totally control what goes on the internet but they can make snide comments - anonymously, to discourage people reading more of the topic.

Erin Torb: A retired Reserve Marshal (Three Star) of the Hymondian fleet. Strategist and part of the troop to press through the Endless Rift with Goren Torren. ◀[Return](#)

Esperanto: (*Terrestrial*) *n.* Artificial universal language designed in 1887. Its inventor was L. L. Zamenhof, a Polish physician d. 1917. (*f.* *L sperare* hope) Its purpose was to create a universal or international language of Earth.

Estimate, intelligence estimate: (*Terrestrial*) From the *Free Dictionary* – 1. “The appraisal, expressed in writing only, of available intelligence relating to a specific situation or condition with a view to determining the courses of action.” 2. “The strategic estimate of the capabilities, vulnerabilities, and proposed courses of action of foreign nations produced at the national level and as a composite of....” ◀[Return](#)

Fair dinkum: (*Terrestrial*) see *dinkum*. This is Australian *strine* (language) for fair = good, and dinkum meaning really true. So something that is fair dinkum is really good, and well done. It is used as an adjective.
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Federation: 1. Stands for The Imperial Galactic Federation, The Lords Of All Worlds And Vassals Within The Domains Of The Galaxy. It has been the governing body that ruled the Galaxy after the CCP.

2. The Imperial Galactic Federation (IGF), The Lords of All Worlds and Vassals within the Domains of Santonia Galaxy (Santonia - Quadrant 451f or New General Catalogue 9154 Galaxy [Terrestrially termed *Galaxy*]). 2. FEDERATION - formally established in the standard year 13,576 upon cessation of the Santonia Wars of 13,331-574. Federation saw an end of 116,158 separate intra galactic domains of varying strengths. 3. Galactic political unification through federation after 120,000 years of varying peace and interplanetary warfare.

"The Federation's conquest and expansion across the galaxy was as much economical as it was a military venture. Those royals leasing military craft from the WD Bank were able to fund conquest and expansion faster and more efficiently than before. The current Imperial Galactic Federation boundaries are really the mark of who leased and who purchased Warp Drives. The Banks Charter Of Proclamation records that it shall not in any way violate or interfere with the wants or desires of any military, political or commercial group. The Bank also proclaims not to align itself with any military, political or commercial group or activity. The Bank extends its service to all, regardless race, origin or creed. Our motto is "WE SERVE SO THAT ALL MAY WIN."

Federation Fleet Command: 1. (IFFCo – Intragalactic Federation Fleet Command) The military command of the Federation fleets. On planet armies are not subject to IFFCo, but come under the Planet Military Guard – PMG, the military force over guards, and guardsmen and on-planet troopers. 2. IFFCo pronounced "if-co" is the vast interstellar military arm of the Federation. It is represented on all planets.

Federation Language Council: 1. A body of linguistic scholars from many sectors, who hold positions on the council in rotation. They were given a mandate to establish a common language so that all Federation sectors could communicate with each other. 2. A council of administrators and academia language specialists who by their design, develop and bring into use one language for the Galaxy. 3. To bring about peace it was considered to bring about communication by dialogue, instead of weapons. To do this a single common language was needed, so *Standard Galactic* was developed and still is being developed. 4. The Language Council was originally a concept pushed into the CCP by the Boguard, but as transport was less-than-light speeds then the concept was impractical. After WD speeds

were available the concept was accepted by the Federation.

Federation Sectors: See map. The nineteen Federation Sectors are: Hymondy, Maluka (Maluku), Pilik, Timbor, Penec, Centor, Qilto, Siltonia, Tilk, Patua, Serene, Penetia, Kalanon, Celtronia, Kantee, Farsen, Qilto, Penec and Pilik. Each sector is made up of provinces.

Fleet Command: IFFCo tradition is that when there is a fleet, the Flagship of the fleet is the most powerful of the fleet ships, likely a cruiser. The fleet commander is in charge of the fleet of ships, and the captain of that cruiser where the fleet command is set up, is in charge of his own ship. The fleet commander doesn't run the cruiser, which is his flagship. The cruiser captain or cruiser commander does that.

Fluoride: (*Terrestrial*) Fluorine is natural but a toxic gas. Fluoride is the chemical white crystalline derivative. There are many fluorides. Sodium Fluoride (NaF) has been put into drinking water for decades on the advice that it is good for teeth.

Sodium Fluoride costs about \$750 a ton, with China being a competitive supplier these days. It has also been used as rat poison. It has been reported as a bi-product of nuclear fission. It reduces intelligence, and makes people more agreeable. Other side effects are below, as well as positive attributes of the product: www.medicalnewstoday.com/articles/154164.php

Some nations have forbidden it, such as Japan. See *NOTES on Changing the DNA*. ◀[Return](#)

Other uses for sodium fluoride are: wood preservative, electroplating, removing gas pockets during steel manufacture, for manufacturing glass, detection of radiation, disinfecting equipment in breweries.

The chemical process of manufacture is:
 $2\text{HF} + \text{Na}_2\text{CO}_3 \gg 2\text{NaF} + \text{H}_2\text{O} + \text{CO}_2$

Food-prep: The name given for selecting, readying and producing meals.

Foo-fighters: (*Terrestrial*) UFOs that dogged Allies and Axis aircraft during WW2 around the Pacific and European theatres of war. These are well documented and experienced by both sides of the war. Witnesses often thought they were seeing secret project aircraft, sometimes of the other side. After the war the *Robertson Panel* attributed the phenomena to Saint Elmo's fire. Both sides of the war thought these were weapons belonging to each other. [◀Return](#)



Freeze-thaw: The term given for the early method of freezing an alive body and then thawing it out after sub-light long-term travel. There were many adverse side-effects in the process.

Galaxy: (*Terrestrial*) *The Milky Way is the Galaxy. Galaxy means Milky Way, and it also means the universe. Once there was thought to only be all the stars above in the heavens and they were in this galaxy, called the Milky Way. There was no other Galaxy than this galaxy. There was no other name for it than above, but then other galaxies were discovered. Thus you will read the term Galaxy as capitalized and it means the Milky Way, the galaxy that Earth is a part of.*

Gaudsmit, Samuel: (*Terrestrial*) *Brookhaven National Laboratories physicist, member of the Robertson Panel, which was set up by US Intelligence in response to the Washington Flap of saucers and other UFO phenomena in 1952. Gaudsmit was an associate of Albert Einstein.* [◀Return](#)

Geothermal Solar Engineering: (*Terrestrial*) *This is a more technical term for chemtrails and involves laying in chemicals and metals into the Earth stratosphere by aircraft giants, civilian and military. See NOTES on Chemtrails.*

Giants: (*Terrestrial*) *Giants are mentioned in old texts, including the Bible. There have been bones from giants found in many countries. The reference in this books is to Giants across Australia. See Notes on Giants.*

[◀Return](#)

Gibson Desert: (*Terrestrial*) *A large inland desert in central Western Australia, of 155,900 square kilometers, where temperatures will often exceed 40 degrees Celsius.* [◀Return](#)

Goren Torren: 1. An independent of Lorde Hymondy III. He graduated in Galactic Law at Academia Alson before being accepted into the

School of Independent Learning of Jilta PCC. Once he completed his apprenticeship, he finished a mandatory one-year in the Federation Guards, in a neighboring system, before returning for his *independent* internship. He was the youngest Federation intern cadet, and completed with honors. He once married Navia Charlton. No children. Other relationships are unknown. He inherited a family estate early in life. No siblings.

2. *Torren* comes from old Jiltanian, *torre* or *toreza* meaning *heavy rain*, and *Goren* comes from *gore* meaning to *fetch*. *n* is for a male. So *Goren Torren*, would mean the man who seeks to make the heavy rains, or one who breaks the drought of the heavy rain. [◀Return](#)

Great Cities of the Council: A Confederacy breakaway group within the Federation, allied until military intervention. They existed for a period of seventeen hundred years.

Great Hall: In the Jiltanian Palace is the Great Hall. It was designed and built by Jiltanian architect Gioveni Gabalo and is 1,275 standard years old, predating Federation royalty. It is 50 pacs wide by 70 pacs long by 27 pacs high with moderate ornamentation. [◀Return](#)

Great Victorian Desert: (*Terrestrial*) A desert in south central Western Australia. 400,000 square kilometers. Temperatures exceed 40 degrees Celsius. [◀Return](#)

Great Dividing Range: (*Terrestrial*) The fourth largest mountain range on Earth by area. It is a series of ranges however, not just one range.



It divides the eastern Australian seaboard from the central drainage plateau of Australia on the western side of the range. It was formed 300 million years ago. [◀Return](#)

Gruithuisen, Baron Franz von Paula: (*Terrestrial*) German (Bavarian) March 1774 - June, 1852, Professor of Astronomy at Munich University, and wrote many papers about life and buildings on the moon. He claimed he could see huge lunar buildings, cities and railroads. [◀Return](#)

Guard Instructor: A high field rank in the Boguard, below Captain.

Guardsman: The basic military personnel on a planet. *Guardsmen* are contracted and are mostly on the planet and less likely to see military action. They have defensive roles. They can be used as a supplement for local law and order. However, they can also be found on ships and remote bases during times of low conflict. See also Trooper.

Haliburton, Robert Grant: (*Terrestrial*) Anthropologist, Canadian writer, lawyer. He had a theory that mankind started out as a dwarf race. He wrote a book, *The Dwarfs of Mount Atlas*, London 1891, after he discovered pigmies in the Atlas region in North Africa. He also wrote about the Pleiades star system.

Halz: The term to represent something bad. In ancient Jiltanian mythology, Aqin, the son god Zaltro

was kept captive and boiled alive in an underground prison in Mount Halz by his father's enemies. ◀[Return](#)

Herschell, Sir William: (*Terrestrial*) The greatest astronomer at that time, speculated about huge planets, great gas clouds, and galaxies beyond our own. British born 1738 – 1822. While he did not write papers on extraterrestrial life, he speculated privately in letters to friends that life existed out there. He proposed that the nearest bodies: the moon and sun, were inhabited. ◀[Return](#)

Heat seeking nose: Particle guns can be equipped with a heat sensor, which enables the particles to target the warmest parts of a body, the heart or the brain. The heat seeker is accurate for 20 to 30 pacs at 15 degrees. Settings can be changed. Standard trooper issue.

Helium-3: (*Terrestrial*) Helium-3 (H3) is said to be a possible next safe fuel. It is non-radioactive. It is a standard Helium molecule but with one less neutron. The greatest sources of this in the solar system are expected to be the moon, and planet Mercury. It is expected that both would be relatively easy to extract H3 from. H3 can be produced at low heat fusion. It has been said that the moon is so rich in helium-3 that it could solve all Earth's energy needs for the next 10,000 years. ◀[Return](#)

Heck: (*Terrestrial*) Hell.

High Parade Dress: Parade dress, with campaign bars, medals, honors, distinctions, knives, and awards worn over Parade Dress of a quality shocksuit. Parade Dress has gold braid for rank on top of a standard shocksuit white issue uniform. ◀[Return](#)

Hymondian Realm: The sector of which Jilta is the center and the Royal Planet. Each sector is broken into a number of provinces (17 in the Hymondian sector), which are in turn broken into *locats*, local regions (often 15 to 20 locats per province). They in

turn, may be broken down further, depending on size. In each locat in the Hymondian Realm there can be 500 – 5,000 star systems or more, with usually one system supporting life per locat.

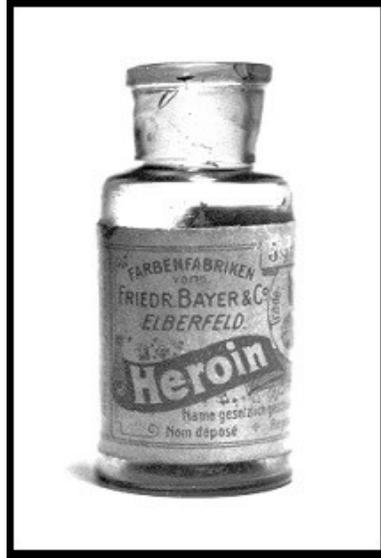
Hymondy: A Royal lorde of the Federation. With rejuvenation he has reigned over Jilta since its conquest. Lorde Hymondy III of Jilta. ◀[Return](#)

Hynek, Dr. J. Allen: (*Terrestrial*) 1910 – 1986, Chicago, USA, Astrophysicist, Ufologist, Astronomer and Professor. He acted as a scientific advisor to the US Air Force studies of *Project Sign*, *Project Grudge* and *Project Blue Book*. (1940 – 1969). He made a speech to the UN General Assembly in 1978 to initiate a centralized United Nations UFO Authority.

IFFCo: Intragalactic Federation Fleet Command. See *Federation Fleet Command*. Pronounced: "if-co"

IFFCo Panel of Investigation A disciplinary panel used to decide if an action has been committed, for which a military officer could be found guilty. There are four on the panel. The majority decision decides, and if the decision is hung, then there is no action.

I.G. Farben: (*Terrestrial*) Chemical company in Frankfurt am Main, Germany. Inaugurated in 1925 by amalgamating key German dye manufacturing companies. Full title: Interessen Gemeinschaft Farbenindustrie AG. It became defunct in 1952 after the war (1945) when it was found it to be the major supplier of chemicals – poison gas - to kill people (Jews) in war concentration camps under the Nazis. At one point there was the possibility that I.G. Farben would join Standard Oil and divide up the world for business between them. After the trials I. G. Farben was broken into BASF, Bayer and Hoechst. Bayer trademarked the name heroin in 1898 for the drug diacetylmorphine and sold it as a cough suppressant and a non-addictive alternative for morphine until 1910.



Bayer merged with five other companies to become I. G. Farben, but as said was broken up after the war. Since, Bayer has become one of the largest chemical conglomerates buying up the US manufacturing giant Monsanto (poisons and GMO fame) in 2018, and pharmaceutical vaccination giant Merck & Co's businesses in 2014. Merck is from the Merck Family, also from Germany. [◀Return](#)

Illtuck, Vosper: Junior Independent of Jilta. A Junior Independent is still technically an intern. Agent is two ranks lower than Independent and requires separate training. Vosper Illtuck is the son of Mario and Jillo Illtuck of Jilta PCC. He vanished from Jilta after he and others began inquiring as to why Warp Drives could no venture into Rifts. See Endless Rift and Dark Rifts that separate Earth from the Federation. [◀Return](#)

Imperial Federation Warp Drive Bank: The organization of the group of persons who control the transport regulations and lease agreements of the Federation Warp Drive systems. They're an all-powerful trust-body that predict and plot the expansionist policies of the Federation. They're a main power behind the Federation, as without them

all commerce and military travel would effectively cease. See also Warp Drives. [◀Return](#)

Independent: 1. A contracted vocation of intelligence gathering and sometimes action amongst the rival royal families of the Federation. 2. A license is required, after a five-year internship, which is possible to enter after completing a prior tertiary degree, *independent* schooling and apprenticeship. The quota for *independent* licenses is low. 3. Most *independents* have a non-military background, though this isn't mandatory. But they must have one year in an alternate defense force prior to acceptance. Most sectors have reciprocal exchange programs where *independent* students are permitted off-world training. [◀Return](#)

Independent, the: Short for the Independent Goren Torren. (Now capitalized as Independent)

Independent Network Guild: The Independent Network Guild is a guild that was set up to establish common guidelines for training independents across all sectors. Its motto was "In each other we trust."
[◀Return](#)

Instructor: A Boguard high field rank. It is below Guard Instructor, but above Officer. [◀Return](#)

Interceptor: 1. A winged spacecraft that can stay in space or enter atmospheres. It is the prime attack craft of the Federation. It can carry limited atomic warheads on rockets. Manufactured by various corporations, most common is Fair Space Industries Inc. The interceptor was the fastest of all Federation military attack styled vehicles.

2. There were many models of interceptors, depending on the region where they were to be used. Some were wide-bodied, some narrower. Some had more or fewer rockets. The variance depended on the gravity and the expected atmosphere the craft was to encounter. [◀Return](#)

3. Infant Interceptor: Due to space needs on ships the interceptor was sized-down with a baby version, called the Infant. This was half the length and width of traditional versions and could be easily folded and stored. [◀Return](#)

Intervention: 1. The predetermined date and time when a planet finds out it officially is part of a larger group of planets. The time and date for intervention is determined at the beginning of a planet's culture. The *Planetary Intervention Board* (PIB), which is a subcommittee of the *Department of Worlds' Cultural Affairs* (DeWCA – pronounced *dewca*) – consists of academic scholars, military representatives, and Federation officials from the *Kantee Sector*. They decide the time frame and program under which such *intervention* takes place. 2. *Intervention* is a preset program that occurs over many hundreds or even thousands of years, as a planet culturally is nurtured along its path to maturity. 3. *Intervention* is like the coming of age for an entire species of humanoid.

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Jenny Wanten: Resident terrestrial anthropologist of Western Australia. Instrumental in assisting Independent Goren Torren on Earth. Graduated University of Western Australia 1985. [◀Return](#)

Jilta: (pronounced *Yilta* in English) Is the Royal Planet in the Hymondian sector.

It is the center of the sector and the residence of Lorde Hymondy III. Population half a billion. Jilta is a water planet with half its surface saturated; 11 continents, frozen Polar Regions, some deserts.

Before the Hymondian Realm Jilta was a prominent hub planet of a small province of the CCP. [◀Return](#)

Jilta P.C.: P.C. stands for Planet Center and is the capital city of the planet. Population 1.2 Million.

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Jilta P.P.C. *Jilta Prime Planetary Center, Jilta PCC*, the inner center of Jilta PC, the capital city of the planet *Jilta*, where the government administrative offices are.

Population 210,000 (Note; to pronounce *Jilta* it is necessary to pronounce the *J* as a *Y*, so the reading of *Jilta* is pronounced *Yilta* in Standard Jiltanian speech. This pronunciation is a local dialect of Standard Galactic.

Jupiter: Sequetus 5, named after the Malukan explorer Javes *Jupiter*, who worked for years as a sociologist on Earth, in its early civilization days.

K's, K: Kinopac, a thousand pacs, over a kilometer long; also used to mean kinopacs per hour. ◀[Return](#)

Kalo: 1. Mild stimulant pick-me-up bean roasted and ground, that when mixed with hot water is a popular drink. 2. Very popular hot drink around Jilta. 3. A Jiltanian equivalent of coffee. 4. *Kalo* is from the underground root, a legume, of the *kalo* tree. The "beans" are roasted and ground. Depending on the soil conditions to govern the taste and aroma. The ratio of "bean" to root ratio depends the stimulant effect. Kalo beans can also be eaten whole, similar to Earth peanuts, which are also a legume. 5. Kalo as a drink can be taken black, or mixed with creamer, added to with sweetener, mixed with alcohol. It can be put in cakes. 6. The kalo industry was once a prime industry on Jilta, ranking only second behind learning. 7. Tradition has it that the kalo tree was a gift from the head god Zaltro to his son. 8. It is said on Jilta that a drink of kalo a day leads to good health and long life. ◀[Return](#)

Kantee Sector: One of the *inner sectors* of the Galaxy. Home of the royal bloodline and separate race known as Royals, who provided the push to form the Federation. While the Royal race did not seek a dominant role in the Santonia Galaxy, they were forced to rule it – benignly – or suffer the consequences of being overwhelmed by increasing

wars and skirmishes of neighboring races of the Confederacy.

Karn Form: Male Malukan Trooper stationed at *Dockside* in *Sequetus Series*. He died of a drug addiction overdose. Parents are Reale and Pom Karm of Maluka PC. [◀Return](#)

Kelvin: (*Terrestrial*) Temperature measured in the same as degrees Celsius, but where absolute zero is no temperature at all - zero on the Kelvin scale.

0° Kelvin = -273.15° Celsius

Kepler, Johannes: (*Terrestrial*) 1571 – 1630 *German, renaissance astronomer, astrologist.* Kepler developed three laws of planetary motion, their orbital ellipses around the sun, which became famous as Kepler's Laws. [◀Return](#)

Kinopac: 1. One kinopac is exactly 1030.91 meters. It is a length of measure of a thousand *pacs*. 2. A thousand *pacs*. Kinopacs is abbreviated to *Ks*. 3. *K*, slang meaning kinopac or kinopac per hour.

Klivinski, M. L.: Soviet, along with Dr. C. P. Metov, Dr. A. P. Minsk searched for extraterrestrial life, Project ASK.

Kul: A transport animal known for its obstinate behavior. It can lift the weight of twenty men over rocky ground.

Lake Disappointment. (*Terrestrial*) A dry lake bed that becomes a wet salt lake, in north Western Australia, inland, where temperatures reach over 40 degrees Celsius, 38,000 hectares when full. It is noted for its birdlife when wet. [◀Return](#)

Leader: Boguard field rank below *Officer* and above *Boguard*. See *Boguard rank*.

Letone: A Guard Instructor of the Boguard, Commander of the Boguard. He was assigned to Lorde Hymondy III of Jilta. ◀[Return](#)

Lick Observatory: (*Terrestrial*) Named after James Lick. It is part of the University of California, atop Mount Hamilton, California. This observatory has been searching for signs of alien life for years, with up to date technology. ◀[Return](#)

Life suit: A pressurized, helmeted space suit. *Also lifesuit.* The suit can be worn in space with no atmospheres, toxic atmospheres and even atmospheres such as Venus, with its sulfuric acid clouds. The same suit can be worn underwater and is good to 180 pacs. Made by numerous manufacturers on many planets. ◀[Return](#)



Lift: (*Terrestrial*) Elevator. The terms are interchangeable. Lift is more English and Elevator is more American.

Little Betsie: A Rangercraft Type III, owned by Independent Goren Torren. Named after a Cruiser, from which it was given armament. [◀Return](#)

Long-lifers: 1. A slang term meaning someone who would normally live a long-life, as distinct to some planets, which produce short-life humanoids. 2. A long-life is 250 standard years or more. Short life is less those 250 standard years. 3. See *Genesis* for a list of prior long-lifers of Sequetus 3.

Lowell, Percival, Professor: (*Terrestrial*) 1855 – 1916, American astronomer who predicted another planet would be discovered, beyond Neptune. He established the Lowell Observatory in 1894 to search for signs of life on Mars. While no life was found, this observatory did find the ninth planet (planetoid) Pluto. [◀Return](#)

Luis Medallia: The man who instigated the Medallia Rebellion after inventing intelligent computers. Billions lost their lives fighting artificial intelligence 7,550 years ago.

Luna Park: (*Terrestrial*) A permanent fun park on the north side of Sydney Harbour, eastern Australia. [◀Return](#)

Maluka, Lorde: A Royal lorde who rules the Malukan sector, originally from the Kantee Sector.

Maluka, also Maluku: The main central and Royal Planet of the Malukan Sector. Famous for its industrial products, and engineering skills.

Manik, Arvo: Trooper (second class) of Jilta. Son of Marian Malo and Billo Manik, Jilta PC. Specialized in communications. AKA The Lizard King. Ran transport to Pine Gap Australia, from Moonbase. Reportedly died by accident in a cargo hold in Moonbase, in Sequetus. [◀Return](#)

Manly Ferry: (*Terrestrial*) The ferry that leaves from Sydney city, and crosses the harbor to the coastal surf beach suburb of Manly, and return. ◀[Return](#)

Mantle: (*Terrestrial*) It means an important role or responsibility, it is passed on from the previous incumbent.

Mare: (*Terrestrial*) The Latin word for sea. On the moon are dark areas that were thought as being seas, such as the *Sea of Tranquility*. What these *mare* are, are volcanic lava spilled out through lava tubes. The moon has a molten core. As the moon orbits the Earth on an elliptical orbit, the varying change in gravity compresses and let's go of the moon, causing friction, and heat. This creates the molten center and the mare flows over the moon's surface.

Mars Base: The scientific expedition base on Mars set up by the Federation on Sequetus 4. Its job was to monitor the Sequetus Series, for scientific purposes. ◀[Return](#)

Marshal: The senior military rank in IFFCo. The rank of Marshal in order, on downwards is:

Defense Marshal - five stars, Ranking Marshal - four stars, Reserve Marshal – three, Marshal - two and one stars. ◀[Return](#)

Matherson, Wolly: Sociologist from Jilta at the beginning of Federation.

Matherson Hypotheses: 1. A social philosophy that planet civilizations will self-destruct to war unless intervened, and under what circumstances they do so. 2. The longer the life span of a race of humanoids, the faster it evolves culturally. Simply put, races that live longer, gain more knowledge in a lifetime, have a greater expectancy of life ambitions, and so achieve more in a lifetime; thus long living races speed up cultural evolution.

Men in Black: 1. Agents who are sent to Sequetus 3 who then in turn run the planet. They work under the auspices of the directive of New World Affairs (NWA), a Malukan government arm from a department called the Department for Peaceful Settlement.



The DPS has been active for several centuries. The DPS do not refer to their agents as agents, but rather as reprogrammers. They reprogram a targeted planet so that it can be settled peacefully. Section 11 of the DPS is said to have a clandestine arm, which intimidates people, who attempt to thwart their peaceful aims.

2. The above picture of men-in-black was taken by security after people said to be suspicious by hotel staff as both me had no eye-brows, were both bald, and looked identical. Plus they wore black suits etc. Other men in black descriptions seem to be similar. They MIBs came to the hotel after someone staying there reported a UFO above the hotel in the sky. That is the story. [◀Return](#)

Mepat: Captain of the Boguard stationed at Jilta. In the future he became His Excellency High Commander of the Boguard. [◀Return](#)

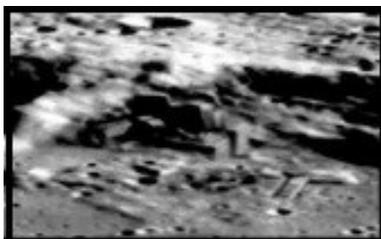
Mercury: (*Terrestrial*) A metal, known to be very harmful to life. It is put in vaccines and this has made the vaccines controversial. It lowers intelligence and while the drug companies tote it, there are other reports that it is toxic in vaccines and linked heavily to autism. See *NOTES on Vaccines*. [◀Return](#)

Metov, C P: Associate of Dr. A. P. Minsk. See Klivinski.

Micon Salves: Historian, from the Confederacy era, before federation. He miraculously arrived back in the Jiltanian space of the federation claiming to have come back from the fabled and mysterious planet Earth, that otherwise is known not to exist out in the Endless Drift. He was interviewed by Goren Torren and then vanished in front of ten witnesses never to be seen again. [◀Return](#)

Minsk, A P: See Dr. A P Minsk.

Moon: (*Terrestrial*) 1. The Moon is 356,410 km from the Earth at its closest point, perigee. It has a diameter of 3,473 km and has a surface gravity of one sixth of Earth, with a comparative mass of only one to eighty-one.



The difference between the comparative mass of earth and the relative gravity is of interest, but unanswered. Obviously, the moon is unusual, compared to the volume its mass takes up, meaning that the gravity of the moon isn't in line with its mass.



Here are photographs of the far side of the moon that have sparked comment. The first above, is believed a fake by this author. Many believe not.

In his book *Alien Agenda*, Jim Marrs presents compelling evidence that the moon is much older than the Earth. He cites evidence that the moon is hollow and that it was placed around the Earth 10,000 years ago. The far side of the moon is constantly facing away from Earth. ◀[Return](#)

Moonbase: The Malukan base on the moon, overseeing Earth. *Moonbase* consists of six interconnecting *bases* on the “dark-side” or far-side of the moon, interconnected via sealed underground tunnels. The *base* is really a series of *bases* built over three thousand years. The bases are constructed into the natural irregularities of the moon, and are underground, and well away from the surface, which is subject to meteor damage. ◀[Return](#)

Navia Charlton: Resident of Jilta, occupation was lecturer of anthropology at the Academia Alson. Married once with no children. *Also see Charlton.*

Northern Territory: (*Terrestrial*) A state in northern central Australia. Its population is around 150,000 of the time of this book. It is the 11th biggest state land mass on Earth. Much of its population is in its capital, up north, called Darwin.



Nullarbor Plain: (*Terrestrial*) The plain which stretches across the Great Australian Bight in

southern Australia. *Nullarbor* is an Australian native Aboriginal word for *no-trees*, or *treeless plain*, due to no trees being on the plain, because of lack of regular rainfall in the region. [◀Return](#)

Nylop: 1. A tough material that is used to create fabric, especially for use in military clothing and upholstery in galactic craft. 2. A synthetic material of Confederacy origin, easily molded, resilient to tear, but pliable. Often used in the manufacture of garments. [◀Return](#)

Off planet: v. 1. The term used to mean leaving or being away from the planet. 2. Leaving to go into space or another world.

Offplanet: Meaning not from the planet one is on, from another place, off from this planet. "*Tomorrow I go offplanet on my holiday.*"

On planet, on-planet, onplanet: v. The term used to mean going onto the planet from out in space or another world. "*I'm going on-planet from the cruiser.*"

Outback: (*Terrestrial*) 1. Australian term for being out the back of, and away from civilization. 2. Is to the east of the Great Dividing Range of Australia. 3. *Outback* is also a formal region across the southern coastal part of Australia. [◀Return](#)

Out synchronization, or out-of-sync: The term applies to the mechanism of misalignment of sub atomic particles and time when the Warp Drive fields engage.

Pac: 1. Officially 1.03091 Meters (*Terrestrial*). 2. A length of standard measurement used throughout the Federation. 3. One pace or step. [◀Return](#)

Pegasus: A Tollycraft owned by Independent Goren Torren. Named after a god's winged horse of Greek mythology. [◀Return](#)

Pegasus: (*Terrestrial*) 1. Flying divine horse of Greek mythology that had many adventures. 2. The God Zeus created the constellation *Pegasus*, in honor of *Pegasus*. ◀[Return](#)

Philadelphia Experiment: (*Terrestrial*) During the Second World War, the experiment was attributed to Von Neumann who was setting up Project Rainbow or Mirage. The project was to make a ship invisible. By using *unified field theory*, the ship was reported to have vanished, and all that could be seen was the outline of the ship's hull in the water in Philadelphia Harbor.



The experiment was reportedly conducted on the USS Eldridge. The ship was further reported to have vanished and then seen in a different port. Einstein was said to have consulted with the US Department of the Navy and there is slight evidence linking him to the project.

The side effects on the men involved in the experiment are reported to include some going insane, and others took the residual effects of the experiment with them. There is a report of two sailors in a brawl one night after the test; who both vanished in front of a waitress. Some are reported to have dropped into a room, some afire, and some said they went to other worlds. There are some who counter these claims as well. See *NOTES on the Philadelphia Experiment*. ◀[Return](#)

Phobos: (*Terrestrial*) Moon on Sequetus 4, *Mars*, discovered in 1877, measuring only 21 km across; almost zero gravity. A photo has surfaced showing what appears to be an artificially constructed cube shaped structure on this moon. Below are two photographs of the monument from different angles.

In this story, Anqi is to be standing on the top, waiting, and suited-up. The second moon of Mars is Deimos, and only one seventh the size of *Phobos*.

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Pine Gap: (*Terrestrial*) A research tracking station in the center of Australia. Pine Gap is the common term

for it, but the early name is the Joint Defense Facility Pine Gap. It was earlier known as the Joint Defense Space Research Facility, a year before this book was first written. It is 18 kilometers from the central Australian township of Alice Springs, in the state of the Northern Territory of Australia. [◀Return](#)



Planet Group Hysteria: 1. This is where a race of individuals comes under a singular group mind when the group is about to be destroyed, and the only thing left to do for the group to preserve the race is to destroy everyone and everything. It is an insane phenomenon that has been experienced when *intervention* is late. 2. PGH happens after a planet spreads alarm of *intervention* through transmitted media faster than Intervention Forces can calm the populace.

Planet Military Guard: See PMG.

PMG: Planet Military Guard is the military arm of the Federation that deals with on-ground and outpost forces, as distinct to IFFCo, which deals solely with the Federation Fleet Command. Off-world transport of troopers and guardsmen still falls under IFFCo. *United Liaison* is the coordination body between the various military Federation commands. PMG is over the sub command of *Marine Command* (MaCo),

which deals in naval matters, and *PMG Flight*, which deals in on-planet air command.

Point Culver: (*Terrestrial*) A place on the south coast of Australia, dry and unpopulated. ◀*Return*

Polarization: The molecular state of reverberation direction where all molecules oscillate in unison and harmony before Warp Drives can carry occupants from the universe. ◀*Return*

Polynylop: 1. A fabric made from twisted metal thread that when intertwined with nylop produces a material that can be used to cover spacecraft skins, space suits, boots etc. It is extremely strong, rigid and durable depending on the ratio of *nylop* to the metal thread. Its strength varies depending on the metal used. Polynylop is watertight to over 150 pacs, and airtight in space. 2. *Polynylop 0* can be used in space suits. *Polynylop 9* can be used as desert clothing. The graded number represents how tight the thread is woven and its strength. Polynylop rope and twine is the recommended material for tying down and securing loose objects in federation craft.

Premis Joans: Young intern of the Independents of Jilta Guild. She, along with her partner, Illtuck, went missing. Last seen on the campus grounds of Academia Alson. The investigation netted no results. Case still open. She returned to Jilta, dead, aboard a Warp Drive craft, not of the Federated Warp Drive Bank signature. Per her ship's log book shows she had been sent back to Jilta from the fabled Earth, within the Endless Rift. ◀*Return*

Project Blue Book: (*Terrestrial*) *Project Blue Book* was a systematic study of UFOs by the US Air Force from 1952 to 1969. The project had two goals: To determine if UFOs were a national threat, and to determine if they were extraterrestrial in origin.



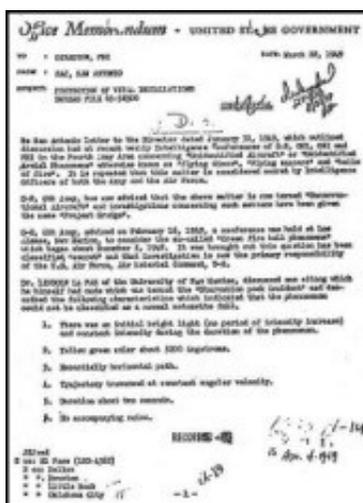
Thousands of UFO reports were collected, and analyzed. *Project Blue Book* never completed its task but was ordered shut down in January 1970 once the *Condon Report* was published.

Project Blue Book had been commissioned after *Project Sign* and *Project Grudge*. The information from project Blue Book is available today under the *Freedom of Information Act*. [◀Return](#)

Project Grudge: (*Terrestrial*) This project took over from the terminated *Project Sign* to research UFOs.

The project ran formally from February to December 1949. Project Grudge issued only one report, 600 pages long. Previous data from Project Sign looked at possible extraterrestrial reasons for UFOs. These were dismissed by Grudge.

An Air Force paper below from Grudge 1949



Grudge did not mention the *Estimate of the Situation* by Sign, which explained why the extraterrestrial hypothesis was the most logical answer to the UFO problem. Like Sign, the US Air force commissioned Grudge. [◀Return](#)

Project Sign: (*Terrestrial*) *Project Sign* was commissioned in 1947 to '49 to research UFOs. Prior to the final report, some *Sign* personnel, such as its director, Captain Robert Sneider, favored that that UFOs were likely extraterrestrial in origin. Consequently the project was terminated and replaced by *Project Grudge*. The files on *Project Sign* were declassified in 1961. [◀Return](#)

Quantum Drive: The sub-light method of travel during the Confederacy era of the Galaxy. Federation Warp Drives outdated the technology.

RAAF: (*Terrestrial*) 1. Royal Australian Air Force. 2. Roswell Army Air Field.

Rangercraft: ® 1. A small spacecraft manufactured by Rangercraft Industries Inc. of Jilta. The *Rangercraft 1,2* and *3* models are sought after, especially by mining enterprises, as they're economical, sturdy and have excellent navigation systems. 2. There are three terrain categories: Terrain Category I for in space. Terrain Category II for atmospheres. Terrain Category III includes use under water. [◀Return](#)

Regeneration: ® 1. A process that Royals undergo when returned to their home in Kantee Sector. 2. *Regeneration* is complete body rejuvenation. 3. *Regeneration* is administered by the Warp Drive Bank. *Regeneration* isn't permitted on non-royalty. 4. *Regeneration* is the rejuvenation process whereby the DNA in the body is given the command to reverse its aging process. The rejuvenation is triggered artificially using scanners to the brain which turn on enzymes that trigger the Sertuin 1 (SERT 1) gene to activate the rejuvenating process through

the body. Over twelve months of treatment a body can lose 50 years in age.

Rim System: A star system close to the edge of its Galaxy or galactic arm, such as Sequetus.

Robertson Panel: (*Terrestrial*) A panel set up by the CIA in January 1953 under the direction of Howard Percy Robertson, physicist, CIA employee, director of the Defense Department Weapons Evaluation Group, to investigate the extraordinary large number of eye witness accounts of saucers appearing over Washington, both singularly and in groups. See *Washington flap*. The UFOs appeared on radar, were seen from planes, the ground and homes; thousands of witnesses were involved. The flap lasted weeks. The USA President had to speak about it in the media. Jets were scrambled many times, ineffectively, and the nation was in fear of an invasion.

The famous film footage of 14 UFOs passing behind the White House in 1952 is from this flap. (See *Glossary: Washington flap*) The panel had only four consecutive days of formal meetings.



The result was, that the panel suggested the reports could all be explained, including those that had no explanation, and that the Air Force should begin a debunking campaign, using celebrities, media and even corporations such as Walt Disney. That campaign appears to be in force up to today.

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Roswell: (*Terrestrial*) Town in the USA where nearby a flying saucer was reported to have crashed in 1947. The photo below is reputedly turned up later from the crash. But it also may be manufactured. The crash was announced to the public by a US Air Force press release, whereby a flying saucer had crashed, and the US Air Force was handling it.



This press release was later recanted and a new story went out stating it was a crashed weather balloon. The story goes that the craft was taken to the Wright Patterson Air Force Base. There is a UFO pop culture surrounding this incident, including small so-called alien *greys* captured, with two videos of such *greys*.



Royals: A tall humanoid race from the Kantee Sector of the Galaxy measuring up to 2.5 pacs tall. *Royals* as a race have olive complexion, stronger foreheads and cheekbones, and wide shoulders.

Usually dark brown to black hair. They have a naturally high IQ. Prior to the development of W.D. *Royals* had no expansionist policies. The word *Royals* is sometimes capitalized – being a race.

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Russian UFOs: (*Terrestrial*) While the West had its saucer flaps, Soviet Union was having its. A nuclear warhead was said to be almost launched by a UFO. There were departments that dealt only in UFOs. There was also a cover up as many of their own top war projects were mistaken for UFOs by their citizens. See *NOTES on Soviet UFOs*.

Santonia (Santona) Galaxy: 1. Named after astronomer Rel Santonia, who mapped the Galaxy for space travel seventy-five thousand standard years ago. 2. The name for the Galaxy in Federation is *Santonia Galaxy* or *Santona Galaxy*. The terrestrial name is simply *Galaxy*, or *Milky Way*, which has exactly the same meaning. *Galaxy* means a milky way. *Galaxy* is capitalized when referring to the galaxy we're in as it is the name of our galaxy – *Galaxy*. 3. The *Santonia Galaxy* mean the arm of the Milky Way the Federation occupies. The Santonia Galaxy is surrounded by rifts and nebulae, leading planets within the Federation to believe they were otherwise alone. *Galaxy* is terrestrial, and *Santonia Galaxy* is Federation. ◀[Return](#)

Sea of Tranquility: (*Terrestrial*) On the moon and reported site of Apollo 11 moon landing on July 20 1969. 00.06408 N, and 23.47297 E. Mystery surrounds the mission in that there are reports that Apollo 11 was being observed by UFOs and this was commented on by the astronauts while there, and NASA. There are other reports that the entire mission was filmed on a large Hollywood set, and that due to the radiation belts surrounding Earth, and lack of space suits to withstand such radiation – even today, no man has been able to go near the moon.

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Sector: The region of space controlled by a Royal family within the Santonia Galaxy. A *sector* can have a million stars, of which only a few hundred are vaguely habitable. Some *Sectors*, *Duchies*, may have only a thousand stars of which only a few may have habitable planets. [◀Return](#)

Security: 1. Abbreviation for Fleet Security. Also FS. 2. All communication between craft during a time of war is put through fleet security. There is no exception.

Sequetus: The solar system that contains Earth. The system is wondrous in all the different types of planets that are involved, and that Sequetus 3 and 4 are or were habitable. From Latin, *sequi*, meaning to follow.

Sequetus 1: 1. Mercury (terrestrial name) The planet named after the winged messenger. Now the center of operations for the Sequetus series. It has a relatively low atmosphere, but a high Oxygen content within that atmosphere. The planet's surface is a rich source of H3, Helium 3, used in Fusion Drives. These drives are inexpensive and save energy manufacture. Mercury is the cheapest place to find H3, the next being Earth's moon. 2. (*Terrestrial*) See Notes on Mercury. [◀Return](#)

Sequetus 2: 1. Venus (terrestrial name) This planet has scientific teams on its surface. The planet is too hot to naturally support life, and the atmosphere is too toxic, but teams exist there, supported from Earth. Named after an early female explorer Venu Fay (CCP), who explored Sequetus 3 in the Mediterranean Sea region 2,300 years ago.

2. (*Terrestrial*) Diameter 7,571 miles or 12,104 km. 67.7 million miles or 108 million kms from the sun. Atmosphere is carbon dioxide, with sulfuric acid clouds surrounding the planet. The surface temperature gets to 460° C. [◀Return](#)

Sequetus 3: 1. Earth (terrestrial name). Fully colonized and expanding. It is in pre-intervention stage of development. 6 billion inhabitants.

2. (*Terrestrial*) One natural satellite – moon, one trojan, and one companion. Diameter 7,654 miles - 12,654 km, 90 million miles (149.6 million km) from the sun. Density 5.5 times water. ◀*Return*

Sequetus 4: 1. Mars (terrestrial name). A planet that once boasted a large colony of some seven hundred thousand colonists. The planet colony was terminated and colonists moved to Sequetus 3. Named after one of the early explorers of the CCP, Mares Bey, who had a ruthless reputation for killing local inhabitants.

2. (*Terrestrial*) Mars is 141.6 million miles or 228 million miles from the sun. Diameter 4,208 miles, or 6,787 kms. Its red color comes from the iron rich mineral surface. Carbon dioxide atmosphere.

Sequetus Series: 1. The *series* of habitable planets in the Sequetus system. *Series* as a title applies only to *systems* that contain more than one habitable planet. Sequetus has *Sequetus 3* and *Sequetus 4* as its *series*. *Sequetus 4* is barely habitable today but has been, in the past, and so qualifies for the title of *Sequetus System* to be upgraded to the title of *Sequetus Series*. 2. A *System* is the title of a star with one habitable planet. A *Series* is the title of a star with two or more habitable planets.

Series deprogramming: 1. A form of mental and administrative exercises which may be as light as a short mission debrief, but could be as heavy as removing memories by otherwise illegal and controversial means. This may involve electrocution to the brain, removal of parts of the brain, microwaving to cook the brain, or ingesting chemicals to prevent the brain from operating. 2. On Sequetus 3 series deprogramming is permitted in psychiatric institutions with laws set in place to

enable it to be administered by qualified Malukan agents (or others) as a legal therapy. [◀Return](#)

SETI Russian: (*Terrestrial*) SETI – Search for Extraterrestrial Intelligence began in Russia in the late 19th Century. Under the USSR with limited finding it still existed. Modern studies began in the 1960s. See Shklovsky below.

Shklovsky, Iosif S: (*Terrestrial*) 1916 – 1985. Soviet radio astronomer and astrophysicist, co-authored a book with Carl Sagan 1966, *Intelligent Life in the Universe*. The crater Shklovsky on the Martian moon Phobos is named in his honor.

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Shocksuit, Shock-suit® 1. Space wear for military duty in the Hymondian, and some other sectors, manufactured by Hard Ware Enterprises Inc. Also worn by Boguard.

2. The shocksuit is designed to absorb blows, and distribute the load of any physical shock around the body, so no one place is overloaded with impact. The result is that the wearer is able to exert himself more with less risk of damage. The standard shocksuit colors are dress-white, black, grey, sand, buff, jungle green and navy blue. All the above colors are available in camouflage as well as special orders. [◀Return](#)

SKF: (*Terrestrial*) Global company headquartered in Gothenburg, Sweden, founded in 1907. They have about 50,000 employees today. It manufactures grease, roller bearings, seals, and lubricants.

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Sleebo: Outer planet in the Malukan sector near the central rim. A cold planet much of which is frozen.

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Slipher, E.C.: (*Terrestrial*) 1885 – 1969 American planetary astronomer with a focus on Mars and who researched the planet from observatories all over the

world. He was also mayor of Flagstaff, Colorado River. [◀Return](#)

Social anthropology: (*Terrestrial*) The study of human societies. f. F *anthro* – human.

Solus: The center of a system, star system source of heat and light, sun. Note: a solus isn't simply a star. A star must have a system of classified orbiting natural bodies in order to be classed as the system's solus.

Spontaneous Combustion: (*Terrestrial*) The phenomena whereby a person bursts into flames for no apparent reason, and continues to burn. There are reports of people losing limbs, or most of their bodies, to this phenomenon.

One possible explanation is that fat in the body gets ignited and then slowly burns. The fat, and all the body parts burn, with very little damage to the surroundings. Such would only happen if the person was already unconscious, and there were no passersby. There are about 300 such cases recorded. [◀Return](#)



Standard Galactic (SG): 1. The language that was forcefully imposed upon the Galaxy by administrators after Federation conquest. Local languages still represent most dialogue, and there are over a million different languages in the Federation. 2. *Standard Galactic* has as its closest terrestrial equivalent type language *Esperanto*. 3. *Standard Galactic* evolved over a thousand years at the hands of the Federation

Language Council (a body of linguistic scholars from many sectors, who hold positions on the council on rotation. They were given a mandate; to establish a language so that Federation sectors could communicate with each other. Government employment on any Federation post demands a *Certificate of Standard Galactic IV*, as the lowest level. To be an officer in the Federation one must have a pass in *SG II*. To hold any position in a Fleet requires a minimum of *SG III*. *SG I* is the highest recognized grade. Some Embassy positions require *Standard Galactic I*. [◀Return](#)

Standard Gravity: The gravity of the original royal planet is 1.0. All other planet gravities are a comparison of this, by the term *Standard Gravity*.

Standard Oil: (*Terrestrial*) American company, founded 1870, defunct 1911. Products were fuel, lubricants and petrochemicals. 60,000 employees. Chairman John D. Rockefeller. It was broken up into dozens of smaller *Standard Oil* subsidiaries such as *Standard Oil of New York*, *Standard Oil of California* etc., plus other companies such as Esso, Mobil, and Imperial Oil. [◀Return](#)

Starion: An animal for riding, burden and for racing, bred on Jilta.

Storm, Anqi: Malukan garrison trooper on Sequetus 4, daughter of Jarn Bulin and Maggri Bulin. Anqi Storm assisted Goren Torren in setting up the defense of Sequetus 3. Grew up in Sleebo. Storm Island, off the coast of Ankrass, in Sleebo, is named after her, as well as the Anqi Marine Park, also off Ankrass. [◀Return](#)

Strine: (*Terrestrial*) The English language as spoken by Australians. The Australian accent, especially so in its north.

Stunner: A weapon that immobilizes the neuron system of the body, by interfering with electrical impulse to the brain and brain stem.

Superrise: A building that exceeds 100 floors. Predominant in countries with climate extremes or which have excess population.

A Superrise could have up to seven floors of shops and offices and service industries below it. It could also have rail stations inside, underneath. ◀[Return](#)

Swedenborg, Emanuel: (*Terrestrial*) 1688 – 1772. Swedish scientist and philosopher. He was a religious person, who at aged fifty-six claimed to have had an experience of being consciously awake while being transported to the spirit world to converse with “angels.” ◀[Return](#)

System: 1. See Sequetus series – (2). 2. See system, warp drives.

System Security: The security personnel and its equipment, buildings and so on, of a planet, a ship or a station. ◀[Return](#)

System, Warp Drive: A *Warp Drive system* is the hardware of the drives plus the integration circuitry, as well as the intellectual knowledge of WD making up the full workable *Warp Drive* product.

Taronga Park Zoo: (*Terrestrial*) On the north side of the Sydney Harbour is Sydney’s zoo. It is a short ferry-ride from central Sydney. The zoo was shifted since the date this book was set in.

The way it is: 1. *Slang:* galactic term meaning that there is nothing one can do about it, so don’t waste the effort of trying. 2. Mild form of hopelessness or acceptance. ◀[Return](#)

Throne: *Slang.* The special ornately carved seat for Lorde Hymondy, at the end of the Great Hall. While it is used for meetings, it also has a military terminology, meaning to sink down into a battle mode of command.

Thule: A country described by the ancient Greek explorer Pytheas, as being 6 days sail north of Britain – northern Norway it seems.

Thule Society: (*Terrestrial*) Hitler and the Nazis supposedly followed the beliefs of the Thule Society, which were centered on supernatural and superhuman concepts, particularly on the super ability of humans. ◀[Return](#)

TK7 2010: (*Terrestrial*) Earth's only Trojan. An asteroid that measures 300 by 500 meters and has an orbit of 365.389 days around the sun. See *NOTES on Earth's Trojan*. ◀[Return](#)

Tollycraft: ® A small type of spacecraft, manufactured on Jilta by Tollycraft Enterprises Corp. Founded by Rigbert Tolly. The small craft or ship is 60 pacs across, driven by WDs. It can take a crew of 5 to 14, plus passengers. It is unarmed and carries class II hull plating.

Torb, Erin: Battle tactician of Jilta, rank Three Star Marshal, in the Hymondian forces. Military author and recognized voluntary contributor to Searfinders Military Almanac.

Torren, Goren: An Independent, of service to Lorde Hymondy, of Jilta, tenth generation descendent to Phil Torell. Son of Betta Gangels and Bil Torren. See Goren Torren.

Trooper: The basic military fixed force personnel of space. Troopers answer to PMG and IFFCo. A trooper serves in space command posts, and small military outposts. The training of troopers is like guardsmen, and the basic rank of trooper and guardsmen is alike.

Trojans: (*Terrestrial*) The term given to minor planets and asteroids found in orbit around the sun on the same path as a known host planet. Jupiter has hundreds of thousands of Trojans, equidistant from Jupiter in similar numbers. Trojans also exist

for other planets, including one for Earth. Also see:
Notes on the Trojans Book 1 - Hunt. ◀[Return](#)

Tunguska: (*Terrestrial*) A region in central Russia that was struck by a force that wiped out life and vegetation in a 30 km radius in 1908. It remains a mystery today. There is no crater. The sound was a series of explosive booms. See *NOTES on Tunguska.*
 ◀[Return](#)

UFOs German War: There is a pop culture of UFOs being part of the Nazi war machine. They have been advanced along with the mystique of the Antarctic UFOs.



UFOs government: (*Terrestrial*) Various governments were experimenting with their own flying saucers, flying disks. Some were more advanced than others.



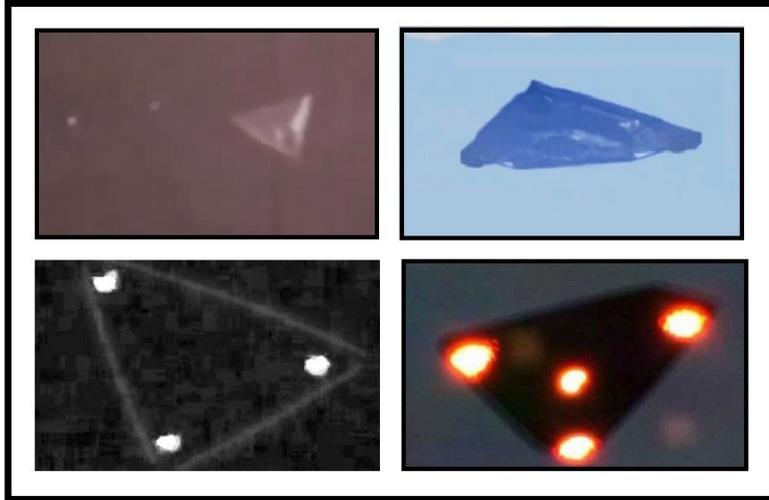
The photograph above is a Canadian hover type craft. This technology is over 50 years old. Below are two US discs.



UFO Crashes: (*Terrestrial*) There are many instances of where UFOs are reported to have crashed, in different countries. Below is one from the era of the story, in the Soviet Union. [◀Return](#)



UFO Similar Designs: (*Terrestrial*) It was mentioned in the book that Navia recognized quickly similar designs of the UFO craft. If one were to look at the many thousands of UFOs there are some that are similar in design. Here are two sets of similar designs. The first is a Soviet triangular UFO of 1979, repeated in style many times around the world.



It has been said more recently in some UFO literature that this type vehicle is a new weapon of the USA. However, it was first capture on film in the USSR four decades ago. While not all in this set are identical, let's guess that there may be models that evolve, and cater to users, as we do in our boat/car/airplane designs.

The below photos are decades apart. The first three top photos are from a person claiming to be a contactee, Billy Meier, of Switzerland. The photo from on mid right is in the USA and maybe five decades ago. It was not thought to include this photo in the set because of the openings at the top. But, let's just suggest that if these are real, there may be changes in models, which is suggested in the story, and like an airplane, openings may also be closable.

The bottom two photographs are from New Bear Mountain, USA and are more recent. The blown up photo of the New Bear Mountain craft even has a similar slight red tinge to its leading edge as Meier's craft, several decades before. That tinge is just visible. While the New Bear Mountain and Meyer's ships are at slightly different angles, they look like identical models. The hull of all three craft look identical. [◀Return](#)



Unified Field Theory: (*Terrestrial*) Circa 1920's 30's. Attributed to Albert Einstein, but a classical *unified field theory* can go back to James Maxwell from 1864. It can also be known as the *Theory of Everything*, but technically, they're not quite the same thing. Sometimes also called *Uniform Field Theory*. Einstein attempted to unify the theory of relativity with electromagnetism. [◀Return](#)

Unified Field Theory – UFOs _ Germany WW2. (*Terrestrial*) 1. There have been claims by some – such as Witkowski, a Polish military historian - that the Nazis had developed unified field theory.



He claims to have gained access to military top-secret German documents, which show the *Nazis* were experimenting with UFOs using drives, based on Quantum Theory or Einstein's *Unified Field Theory*. One example cited is the Bell, a *Nazi* experiment for transport. It has been argued that when the Third Reich fell, the Americans took this technology back to the USA.



2. Nazi-Bell has been described as what was found at a secret site - Wenceslas Mine facility - in Poland. The story is that SS General Hans Kammler, under secrecy deeper than the Nazis nuclear research program, oversaw the Bell device, designed to be a weapon.

It was said to induce torsion effects in electromagnetic fields and thus control gravity. Another such similar device was reportedly found in a Rhine Valley facility and appeared to be more weapon oriented. [◀Return](#)

Vaccines: (*Terrestrial*) The method of assisting the body's immune system beat disease. Some

however, argue that the cure is more harmful than the disease, as many vaccines use mercury (second most toxic metal known to man) in the vaccine.



Many vaccines also use aborted fetus matter and many object to this on ethical grounds or religious grounds. See Notes on Vaccines. [◀Return](#)

Von Daniken, Erich Anton Paul: (*Terrestrial*) Swiss, Born 1935. Author of the book *Chariots of the Gods?* (1968), and others, which created controversy at the time. Von Daniken suggested there was strong hard evidence to support the claim that Earth had been visited many times by extraterrestrials to oversee man's evolution. The above mentioned book became a best seller internationally. He began a new popular way of thinking of mankind's origins. [◀Return](#)

Von Littrow, Joseph: (*Terrestrial*) 1781 – 1840, In 1832 he proposed that comets were inhabited, and that they had extensive atmosphere, which preserved the heat of the sun. He was a leader in mathematical theory of comets. [◀Return](#)

Wandjina: (*Terrestrial*) The spirit people that visited the Aborigines in the Kimberly in North Western Australia. They come from the Dreamland. The paintings about them are unusual in that the Wandjina have big eyes, white heads and appear to have either an aura or space helmet around their heads. See *NOTES on the Wandjina*, and *NOTES on Australian UFOs*. [◀Return](#)

Warp Drive: The faster-than-light speed travel around the Federation. Theoretically possible up to the speed of light squared. See also *Imperial Federation Warp Drive Bank*. See *Broadmatter Theory Addendum*.

Warm: The term given to the state of Warp Drives as they become more operational, before commencing faster than light speed travel.

Warmsuit: ® A one or two piece multi-layered suit, that is thermostatically set to keep the body warm by warming layers separately within it. The suit has ten layers with glass and metal fibers, which conduct energy from the inner to outer layers. The suit has a bio-thermal inducing battery within the lining. This stores electrical current so as to transfer heat. As the suit's outer layers cool to subzero temperatures, the suit uses stored power to warm the metallic layers of the suit. The cold outside air contracts and shrinks the suit fabric, trapping the warm air therein. As the suit warms, it then expands; allowing trapped warm air to ventilate out, permitting cooling. Also see *Electroware*. Made by Suit Enterprises, Dalka, Jilta. [◀Return](#)

Wanten, Jenny: See Jenny Wanten

Washington Flap: (*Terrestrial*) In July 1952 there were UFOs seen over the capital of America, Washington, for weeks. This was after LA had been reported as inundated with UFOs following WW2 some years before, and after Roswell etc.



Notice in these photographs, taken from this flap, that the UFO multiple lights all reposition correctly, in relationship to parallax.

Hundreds and or thousands saw these and other lights in the sky. Observe also that in the second two photos that there is a water drop on the window pane and it is in a different location. These are stills taken from a movie, and the viewer is moving as well. It appears from the movie that the film is taken from the window of a moving car. The photographer also moved, downwards, giving further authenticity to the pictures.



The Washington flap is the most prominent saucer flap in the western world. Thousands saw the craft. Jets were scrambled to intercept them, but as per the newspaper article based on a statement from the jet pilot, the craft outran the jets.



The President of the USA went on record in a press interview as stating that saucers existed and there was nothing much one could do. The media coverage continued.

WD's: Warp Drives

Woomera: (*Terrestrial*) A rocket testing facility in Australia. It launched Australia's first satellite in 1967. A woomera is a device for slinging a spear, thrown by an indigenous person. The woomera is the wooden instrument below. The rocket-range also launched the British Black Knight and Black Arrow rockets. Its testing area is now said by the Royal Australian Air Force to be: the largest land-based test range in the western world. [◀Return](#)



Wright, W.H.: (*Terrestrial*) Astronomer at Lick Observatory in California. [◀Return](#)

XF-5-U1: (*Terrestrial*) The Flying Flapjack was a US Navy experiment, with a disk shaped plane, in 1947.

Yilla: 1. (*Terrestrial*) An Aboriginal girl's name that is used over much of Australia. The name generally means *evening star*. 2. Yilla is the seven-year-old adopted daughter of Arvo Manik, stationed on Moonbase, off Sequetus 3. Yilla was found homeless, abandoned in the Australian dessert by Manik, who suspected that her parents may have been used for special experiments in the Pine Gap facility in Central Australia, but vanished. [◀Return](#)

Zip Suit: ® A bulletproof, but formal looking suit, also *zipsuit*, made in Tilk by Tilk Industries. These are the preferred suits most government dignitaries wear. For the first 100 years after Federation, there were a recorded 15,679 assassination attempts on various government officials in the Federation sectors, mostly in the first twenty years. Zip Suits became very necessary. [◀Return](#)

Zovitinski: A rural farming town in Siberian Russia.
Population 7,000 including the outer lying areas.
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E N D O F G L O S S A R Y

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NOTES:

On the Notes:

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The Notes section needs some explaining. It is not here for everyone to read. At the end of the Glossary, the story is over. The author has finished his storytelling. The Glossary contains a mix of fiction and reality. The Notes however, are not fiction.

But as this book is using certain things that are true, or claimed to be true, as a backdrop to the story, then these notes are here as a short fast reference. The author needed to find this information himself, so he could frame his story, and make it real to readers, even if fiction. So, here are the NOTES for readers too.

There are more notes in this book and the first book of the *Sequetus Series*, than later books.

Subsequent books add to what is already written.

For most readers the Glossary is enough. But if you do want to know more, here it is.

[Notes on The Moon:](#) What is it really?

[Earth Trojan and Companion](#)

[Notes on Soviet UFOs:](#) Really?

[Notes on Mercury:](#) What is there?

[Notes on UFO:](#) History.

[Australian UFOs](#)

[Australian Giants](#)

[More on the Wandjina](#)

[Nazca Line Mummy](#)

[Notes on The Philadelphia Experiment:](#) What was it?

[Notes on Changing The DNA:](#) Vaccines, Chemtrails.

[Notes on Skeptic Debunking:](#) How it might be.

[Notes on Illustrations:](#) Why they exist?

As said, these may be interesting.



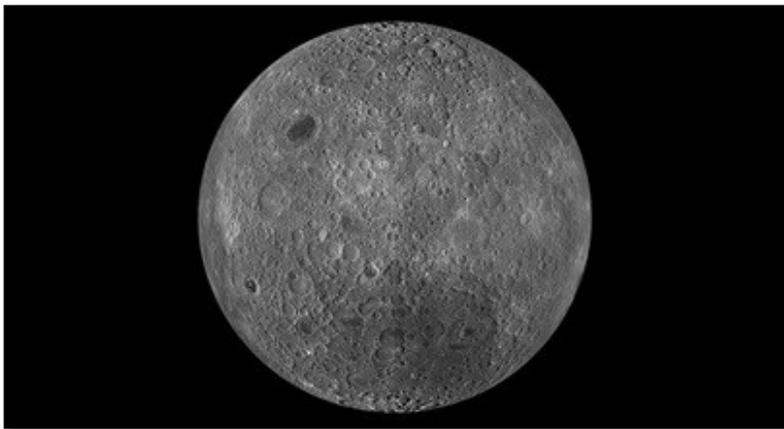
NOTES:**On the Moon:**

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The moon is basically, a body the size of a planet.

There is what is termed, the Far Side of the Moon. That means it is never observed from earth. It is mostly cratered and not smooth.

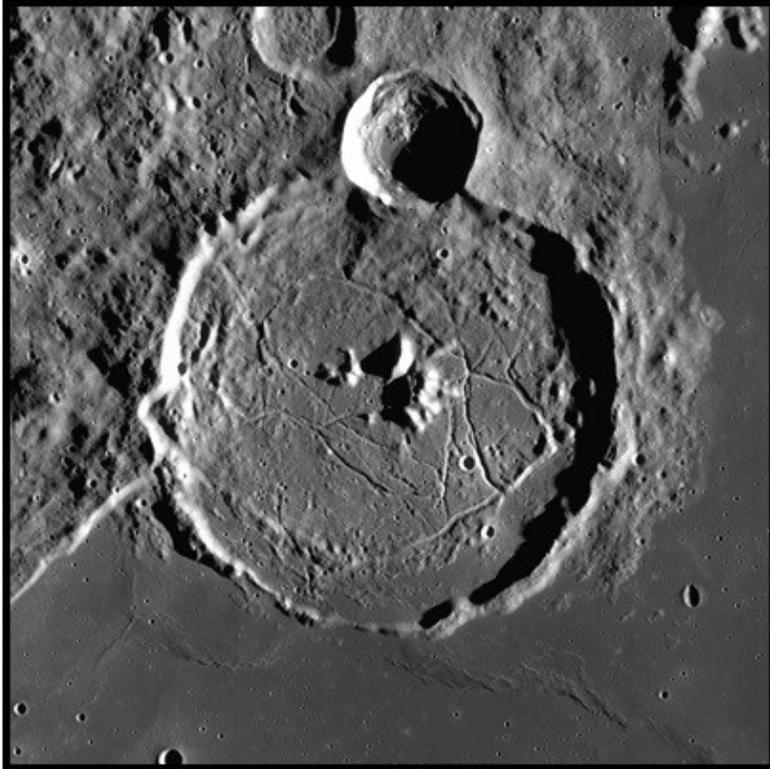


Below is an eruption. As the moon rotates the Earth, and gets closer and further away, it creates friction as it expands and contracts.



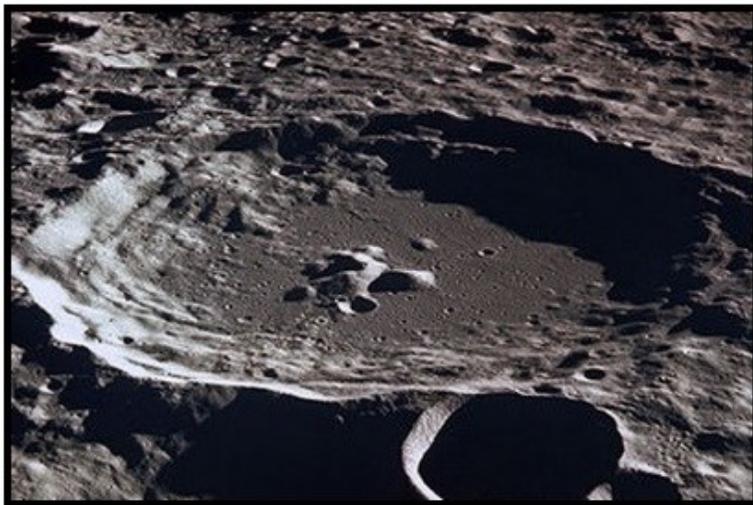
This friction creates heat and the core of the moon is molten

Below one can see how outside the crater the molten lava has filled up the space to the crater wall and spilled over the crater wall. This molten lava is called *mare*, Latin for *sea*. This mare can vent to the surface by lava tubes. The tubes can be as wide as 500 meters before they collapse.



Notice the craters with the smooth surface have less meteor impacts.

Craters can turn the surface to lava by impact heat. Below is a very clear photograph showing the lava layer over the crater floor. This would make an excellent secure base floor.



Because of eruptions a low building that had arms, similar to above, would be best suited. Crater walls

should be reinforced. Below is a bad photo. It looks touched up too heavily to show much detail around the crater walls. The crater rims seem fuzzy and one cannot see if and how the crater walls are constructed.





The above is one of the craters and it has an upright object, which cast a shadow that hints at not being natural. Inside the crater are what could be thought to be ramps and intelligent earthworks to the object's left.

Below are different methods of construction, if true. The bottom photograph is from a film that the Chinese made. One can see building-like form there, and it may be a good attempt to use crater wall for security.

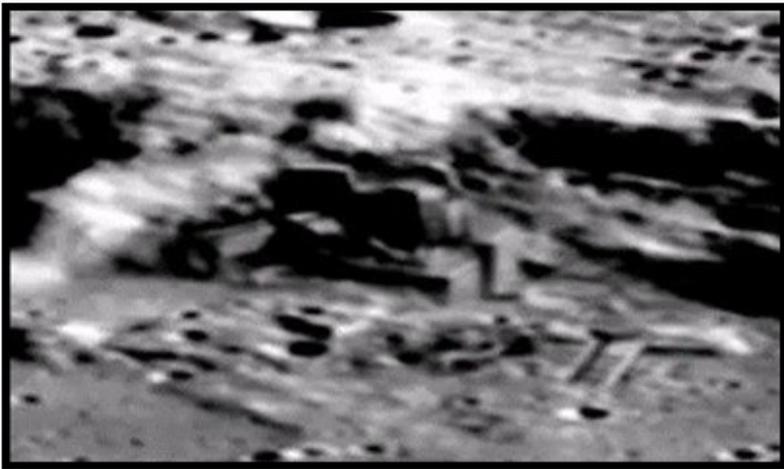
If building on the moon, one needs to build in mind for not just the tremors of the moon, but also for the meteors that may hit the moon, and subsequent debris. Notice on the above mare that the meteors are less now than before the mare.

Any buildings on the moon will have to have movement dampers, shock absorbers, or springs, so that the ground can move. Building with severe earthquakes in mind is a must.



The second photo on the below page looks authentic, but there is another photo of the same position without the building. Hmmm....

It is important to view these with the idea that they can be faked. But in saying that, look at the immediate photograph above, and then look at the photograph from Mercury on page 402. They are very similar in architectural style.



Building up against a natural wall, at the side of a canyon offers natural protection, but as said, the immediate photo above is a fake photograph.

Below are images from Google Moon. The first image is of a shape that appears like a ruined structure. But it is not. Google Earth has better angles. It is a mountain. Next below is something that looks figure-like and has a shadow of the same. It was found on Google Moon as though someone was caught outside at the wrong time. But that scenario is highly unlikely.



If this is a real life form it would have to be big.

The two photographs below are certainly interesting. The top one appears like a communication center of some kind. It also has a shape and shadow similar to a rocket, giving the consideration that it is from an Earthly origin.

The bottom photograph could work as a structure and looks more temporary, being on four stable legs

that are installed for a temporary period of time. The legs would absorb shocks well.



As this writer is also a Class A Builder, and architect, he finds these photos with structure looking type images very convincing.

Below are two more objects. The first seems to be in a precarious position and badly situated for a real place. It does not make sense if it is a building. It could work if it was a transport of some kind and there only temporary.



The above is one of a few domes. There is another similar dome below from the moon, and another on Mars. If this dome is real, it is a huge. It would have to be built with as a geodesic style structure. If the building materials can be gotten, such a structure will not need a lot of substance, as gravity is light.

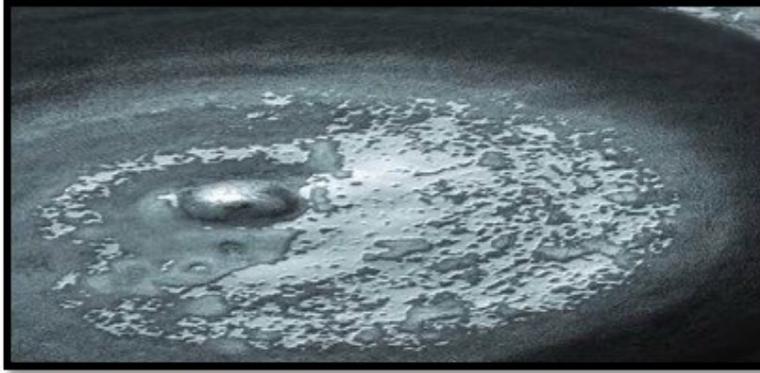
The dome above is not the same as below, and below seems to have a more rigid structure on its roof, if that is what it is. This is also on the moon. If one asks why it would be reflective, it is might need to be due to such much heat coming onto the surface from the sun during its day. It must reflect.

The dome above and the two domes below are of interest as there is a commonality in design.



Now the one below is on Mars, and that is why there appears to be water around it, or ice. This looks

more natural than the others, as though the ice has a huge un-popped bubble in its center. See Book 1, HUNT, of the Sequetus series – in the NOTES section to see more images of Mars with water and ice.



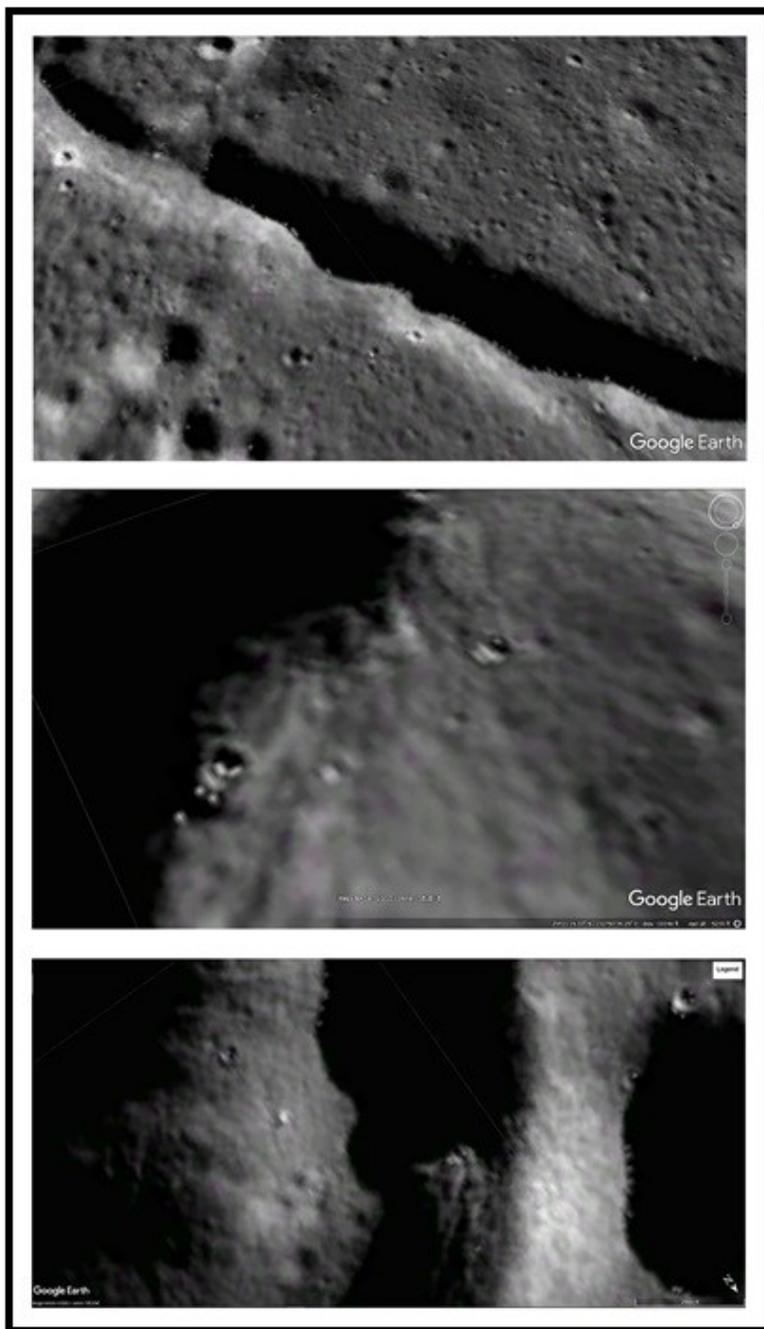
The above on Mars might well be a real structure, but it might also be naturally occurring. It appears to be a bubble in ice. If it is natural, this author does not have enough data to fathom what it is.

The immediate set of pictures below might be of something or may not be. These are from Google Earth on the moon. Due to the heavy pixilation it is not easy to say they are anything but an error. There are perhaps a couple of dozen of these but smaller.

Google Earth uses many photographs of a region to produce its picture. Otherwise they are just interesting, as they look regular and intelligently designed.

On the last set of photos there are smaller versions of these. Plus there are small pale dots on the edge of the dark areas. On a large screen this is very interesting but on a small screen, as in this document, their impact is lost.





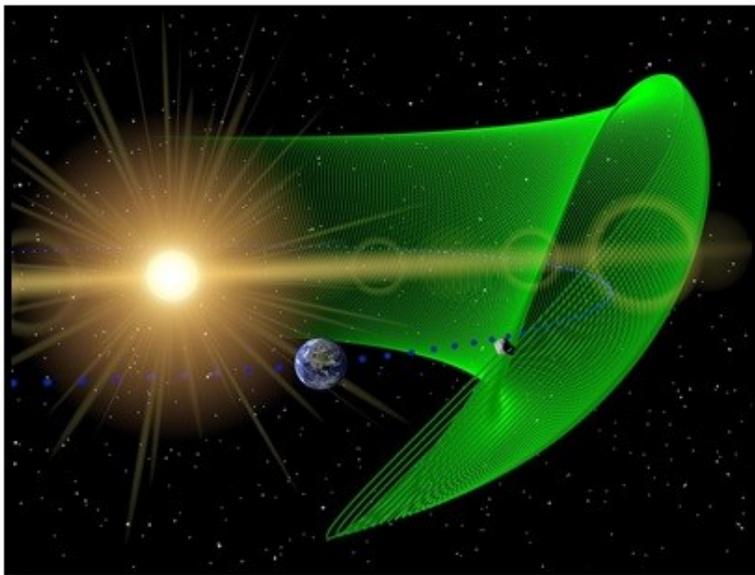
NOTES: On Earth's Trojan, and, Earth's Companion:

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2010 TK₇

Earth's only Trojan (a body that moves in the same orbit as Earth), is known as 2010 TK₇. It is 300 to 500 wide and long. It was discovered on 1 October 2010 using NASA instruments.

It orbits the sun every 365.389 days. It does the loop it follows, around the earth orbit every 395 years.



The above NASA diagram gives the best concept.

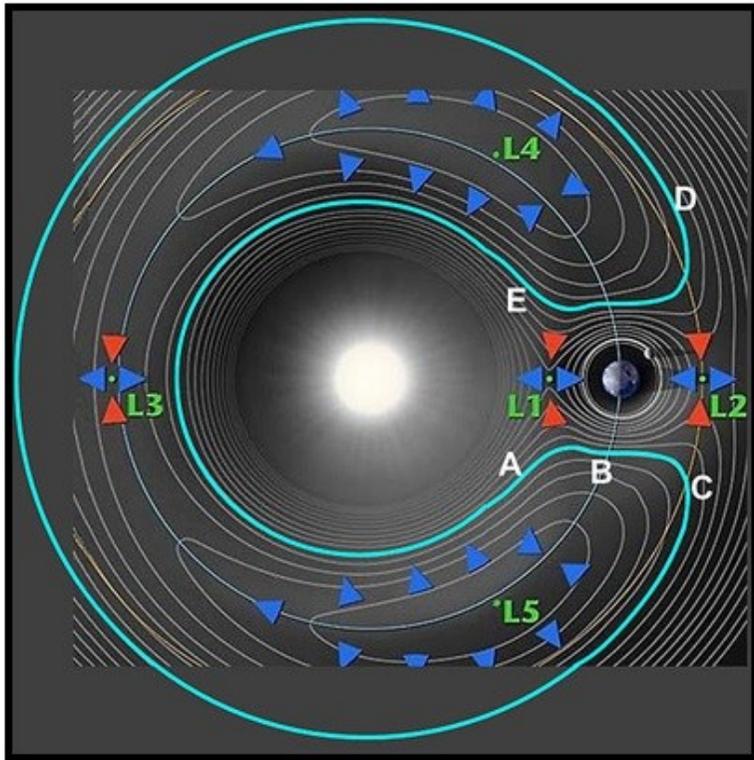
“The name trojan was first used in 1906 for the Jupiter trojans, the asteroids that were observed near Jupiter's orbit.” Wikipedia

3753 Cruithne

This is a five km body that is known as a companion co-orbital body to Earth. It orbits the sun in a bean shaped orbit. It was discovered in 1986.

Its period of revolution around the sun is about 364 days but takes 770 years to do a horseshoe shaped orbit about Earth.

It was named after the Cruthin, a people in Medieval Ireland.



NOTES:**On Soviet UFOs:**[◀Return Back Matter Index](#)[◀Return to Contents](#)**Tunguska June 1908***Map showing Tunguska*

Below is a reported firsthand account of what happened:

On the morning of 17th of June, around 9:00, we observed an unusual natural occurrence. In the north Karelinski village [200 verst (213 km (132 mi)) north of Kirensk] the peasants saw to the northwest, rather high above the horizon, some strangely bright (impossible to look at) bluish-white heavenly body, which for 10 minutes moved downwards. The body appeared as a "pipe", i.e., a cylinder. The sky was cloudless, only a small dark cloud was observed in the general direction of the bright body. It was hot and dry. As the body neared the ground (forest), the bright body seemed to smudge, and then turned into a giant billow of black smoke, and a loud knocking (not thunder) was heard as if large stones were falling, or artillery was fired. All buildings shook. At the same time the cloud began emitting flames of uncertain shapes. All villagers were stricken with panic and took to

the streets, women cried, thinking it was the end of the world.

The author of these lines was meantime in the forest about 6 versts [6.4 km] north of Kirensk and heard to the north east some kind of artillery barrage that repeated in intervals of 15 minutes at least 10 times. In Kirensk in a few buildings in the walls facing north-east window glass shook.

Below is the first investigator on the scene shortly after the event. He found a 30 km radius around a center where all the trees had been pushed over by the force of something.



He had figured that there would have to be a crater to make such a huge shock wave to destroy the trees, but there was none.

Where there should have been a crater center he found some trees still upright, and a part of the swamp was still frozen. This did not fit the model of a meteor hitting that he had in mind.



Later it was said to be a comet and that its ice must have vaporized due to the heat. If that was the case

it would not account for the trees still standing or the swamp still frozen.

There are no other similar accounts relating to the eye witness of the pipe like object in the sky before the explosive type impact. Other investigators came some decades later.

Soviet UFOs

There have been UFO sighting over the Soviet Union. Below is a triangular UFO, similar to contemporary UFOs in other parts of the world. The Soviets started Institute 22 in 1978, under the Academy of Sciences, under the Ministry of Defense, to research UFOs.



Above is a silo entry in Ukraine, where a missile was said to be brought online, shortly after a UFO was spotted in the area. The launch was prevented.

In 1989 the [Telegraph Agency of the Soviet Union](#) (TASS) reported that a group of children had seen a small ball in the Voronezh Park whilst playing. It became a disc and landed near them. Witnesses reported a "three-eyed alien" plus a robot exiting the craft. The alien stared at a horrified observer before leaving and returning five minutes later and abducting a 16-year-old boy.

A police officer reported seeing the UFO.

There is more from the below website:

https://www.rbth.com/science_and_tech/2013/04/12/former_kgb_agent_reveals_soviet_ufo_studies_24927.html

The Soviet Union took UFOs seriously. The KGB and the Soviet Ministry of Defense had the above dedicated units collecting and analyzing information about paranormal activity. Military experts even claimed to know how to "summon" UFOs.

Russian Prime Minister Dmitry Medvedev was recently asked an unusual question by a REN TV correspondent: Ass a former president, was it true that, together with the nuclear briefcase, the head of state was presented with a classified folder with materials about UFOs. He answered affirmatively.

What was going on in the USSR was mirrored in the USA. The allies of the USSR experienced what the allies of the USA experienced. It was like they were mirrors of the same phenomena

The below photos are from a film purportedly filmed in the Soviet era. It may or may not be true. There have been some very serious studies of this film.



This author first saw this film in Toyo, around 1998. The resolution was much sharper, and crisper then, and there was additional footage showing the dissection of an alien body retrieved from the craft, in a nearby USSR hospital. That quality footage is no longer present.

In the earlier footage one could see the shoulder insignia on the soldiers' arms showing they were Special Forces of that era, and the footage all seemed legitimate. There was a lot more information on the film not available today. Now the films circulating – such as YouTube - with these poor-quality images are less reputable. But having seen the better-quality film, with commentary, they are included here.

NICK BROADHURST



NOTES:**On Mercury:**

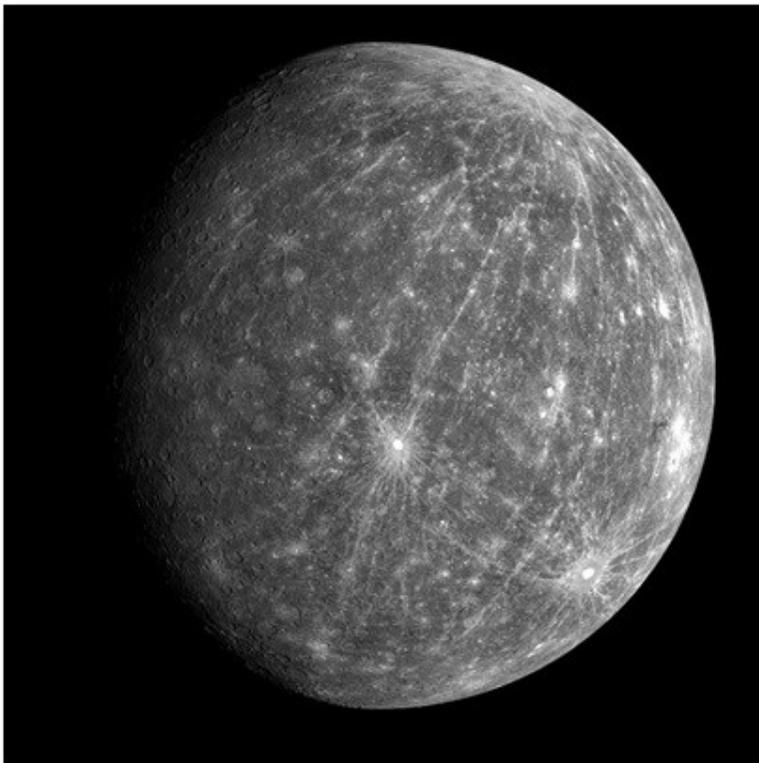
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Mercury has been referred to a few times in this story QUEST, as well as in the first book, HUNT.

It is referred to in QUEST as being the planet which is the base for all Sequetus Solar System operations.

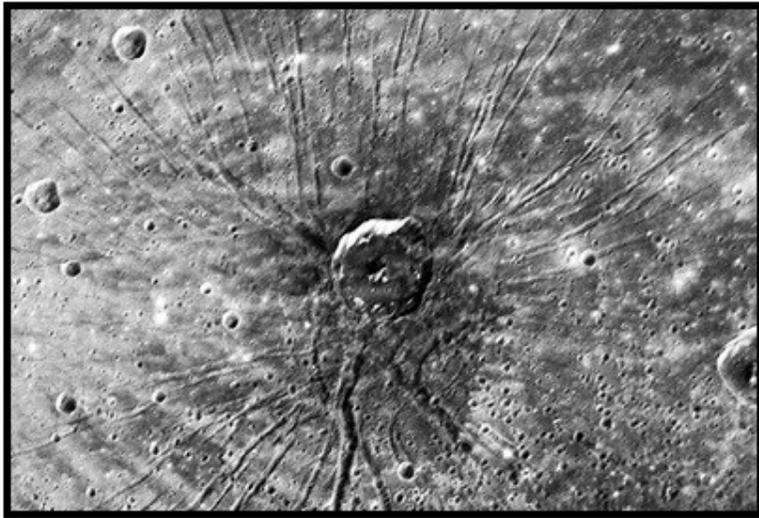
While Mercury is half way from Earth to the sun, it is not the hottest planet. Venus is hotter, and some claim the Moon is hotter when it faces the sun.



The advantages for a Coordination Base, if you want to call it that, being on Mercury is because Mercury

has a thin oxygen atmosphere. Plus there is a minute amount of water. Both are needed for operations.

But oxygen also gets blown away by solar wind. There is also another reason for such a base being on Mercury and that is because Mercury is small, but has a side that is always turned towards Earth. That means, like the moon, a base on that facing side, could always observe operations on Sequetus 3.



Plus, while Mercury's orbit is close to the sun it results in the mean distance from Earth and it, as actually the closest mean distance to Earth of all the planets. For contrast, if one takes Mars, when it is furthest to Earth, it is a real long way off, and Venus too. But for Mercury, its furthest distance is closer than all the other planets. That means any needed intervention could be swiftest if the Coordination Base for Sequetus 3 was on Mercury.

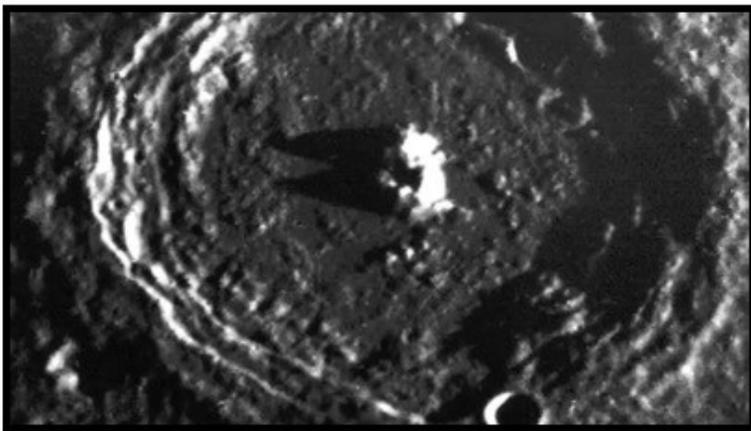
And if one were to use the above crater for such a base, one could store multiple craft away from the base, such as in the two craters on the top left.

If one were to build such a base, one might want to put it in a crater. That shields it from unwanted flying debris should a meteorite crash nearby.

The walls of the crater would need to be reinforced.

The floor of such a crater has already been heated, melted and hardened, and should make for a fairly secure base or slab for a structure.

Below we see two different types of construction shapes. The top seems similar to the one on the moon, page 331, which was filmed by the Chinese. If there are structures (pages 331 and 402) in these craters then they are designed similarly with similar



design philosophies. They are very different in style to the bottom photograph.

The bottom structure-like shape is unusual. The walls, however, look excellent and are sheer upright retaining wall type shapes.

While the shape of the central mass looks unusual, it also looks purposeful. Some argument against accepting these central “things” as structures on the center of a crater is that – apparently – when a crater is formed and its base goes molten, it lops upward as water does. But instead of falling back down into the liquid floor it just stays there solid at its apex. But to be convinced of that we would need to see it modeled correctly.



NOTES: On UFOs:

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AUSTRALIAN UFOs.

Bill Chalker writes extensively about Australian UFOs in his book 1996, *The Oz Files – the Australian UFO Story*.

<http://www.project1947.com/forum/bcabor.htm>

There is little points reiterating what is written on the above link. But here is a brief summary as to what is in QUEST.

The aboriginals in the western Kimberly Australian region have been handing down the oral history of the sky people, or Wandjina. The photos below is from a cave, photo by Jutta Malnic.





Today there is art for sale from the region, as further below by Mildred Mungulu and Jack Dale. Follow the link for art for sale at the gallery.

<https://japingkaaboriginalart.com/articles/wandjina/>



Below is a quote from the gallery, about the Wandjina.

For people of Mowanjum community, near the town of Derby in the Kimberley, the Wandjina brought the law, the culture and the language of their people. Their Dreaming stories tell of the first Wandjina, called Idjair, who lives in the Milky Way and is the father of all Wandjinas. The Wandjina Wallungunder was Idjair's first son and he created the Earth and all life upon it. After that he created the first human beings, the Gyorn Gyorn people. Wallungunder travelled back to Idjair to

bring back more Wandjinas to give the Gyorn Gyorn people laws to live by.

None of the above are claimed to be extraterrestrial. They are sprits of the Dreamtime. This creation-story above is not so far from other creation-stories around the world.

Chalker writes of the case of a cigar shaped flying object in around 1828 that landed and killed vegetation and cattle, and when it landed people and cattle would disappear.

Then in 1933 there was the reported case of a woman who was abducted in the Great Sandy Desert in Western Australia by the *sky gods* or *culture heroes*. The abductions are about women being made pregnant, having real babies, phantom or false pregnancies, similar to stories reported in the west in the 1990s.

There are contemporary UFO stories around Australia as well.

The Wandjinas have been coming down to meet with and communicate and mix with the Australian Aboriginals for many thousands of years.



This rock carving in Peru looks similar to Wandjinas, be it the scale of a whole mountain.

NICK BROADHURST



Australian Giants

Below is a photograph of an archeological dig (University of Adelaide) next to Ayer's rock where the QUEST story is partly set.

Below is in this link:

<https://worldnewsdailyreport.com/5-meter-tall-human-skeleton-unearthed-in-australia/>



The skeleton is from a human being 5.3 meters tall, the largest skeleton ever found. The digging was after the Uluru civilization was being

“Only further research can help us uncover the truth behind this anomaly of nature. Until we have found more skeletal remains, we should not rush ourselves into hazardous explanations” he told local reporters.

“We have found several incomplete skeletons, of which the bones were also of gigantic size. It seems a major catastrophe has completely washed away all traces of this lost and unknown civilization” he notes.

“This specimen is apparently not unique, it is but a question of time before we find a similar specimen” he firmly believes.

The Uluru archeological site, unearthed in 2014 by a team of researchers from the Australian National University, led to the discovery of a previously unknown megalithic civilization that could help solve the mystery of the estranged discovery.

They also reported on an 80 ton megalithic block that had been quarried 200 km away. And that the skeletons had abnormal radiation. The full story should be read in the link.



The above two photographs are from the above article in World News Daily Report

More from oocities.org

Rex Gilroy, onetime director of the Mount York Natural History Museum at Mount Victoria, Australia discovered gigantic fossil footprints in Australia's outback and began excavations in that area. Over the years he has gathered sufficient evidence to indicate that a race of giants once dwelled

there. "The implications are," he wrote in an article detailing his archaeological finds, "that men of 12 to 20 feet in height once roamed this continent."

Below are photographs from the Ayer's rock archeologist site. What is of interest is that the buildings found – along with the megalithic rocks, found in 2014, are the only megalithic society known on continental Australia.



That there could have been a race, that walked, building buildings, made megaliths, is not surprising if one is to wonder at the other giant type animals that used to roam the land.

There is the 1,000 pound kangaroo, a 25 foot lizard, a 300 pound marsupial lion around 50,000 years ago.

But these giants were not alone. A similar sized giant humanlike skeleton was found in the Philippines.



While the finds at Ayer's rock are amazing, there are records of other giants being in the Pacific area.

From: <http://www.sydhav.no/giants/oceania.htm>

New Zealand: According to the local newspaper, a very large skeleton was found about 7 feet below the surface

on the Saltwater Creek spit, Timaru, in 1875 - when removing some sand for building. The skeleton was estimated to belong to a person of around 8 meters tall. It had such a huge skull that a normal human skull could entirely fit into its mouth. It belonged to a mysterious tribe of local giants called by the Maoris as Te Kahui Tipua. They used to roam vicinity of Timaru until around 18th century.

Here is a question from this author. What is gigantism? Is being a giant an abnormality, or was it something very normal for a great number of mammals for the planet until recently? Then one asks, does that mean being a standard human height today could be considered a form of dwarfism? So which is the abnormal? Or, are they all normal? Could gigantism just be the expression of a recessive gene popping up in today's humans?

The next question comes from the correlation that bigger animals generally live longer lives. So, what was the life span of these bigger humans, and what changed it? So, then, could we find some useful DNA in those old bones of giants? Now we are back into the world of fiction. See later the books in the Sequetus Series. There is more.

Also see *Ayer's Rock* in the Glossary.

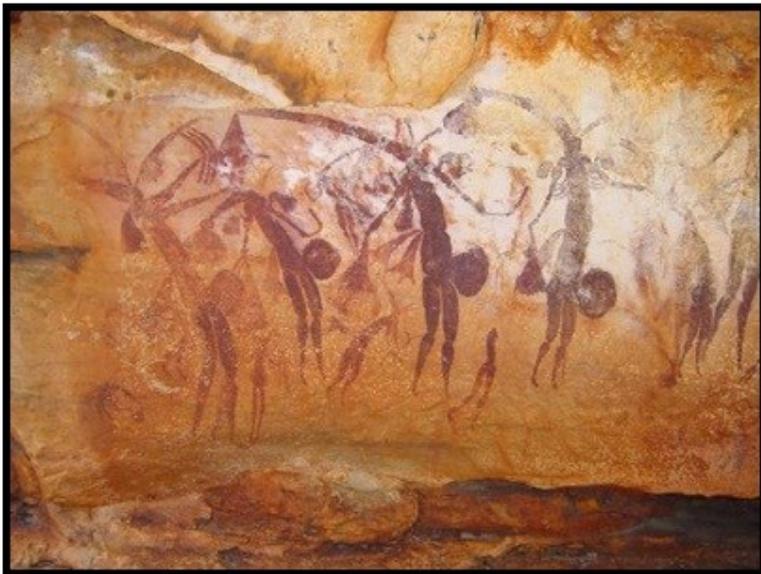


More on the Wandjina

The best description of the Wandjina and their art comes from David Wroth, Peter Vetch of the University of Western Australia, 2017, on the below Japingka Gallery site.

<https://japingkaaboriginalart.com/articles/kimberley-rock-art-overview/>

The below illustrations come from this site:

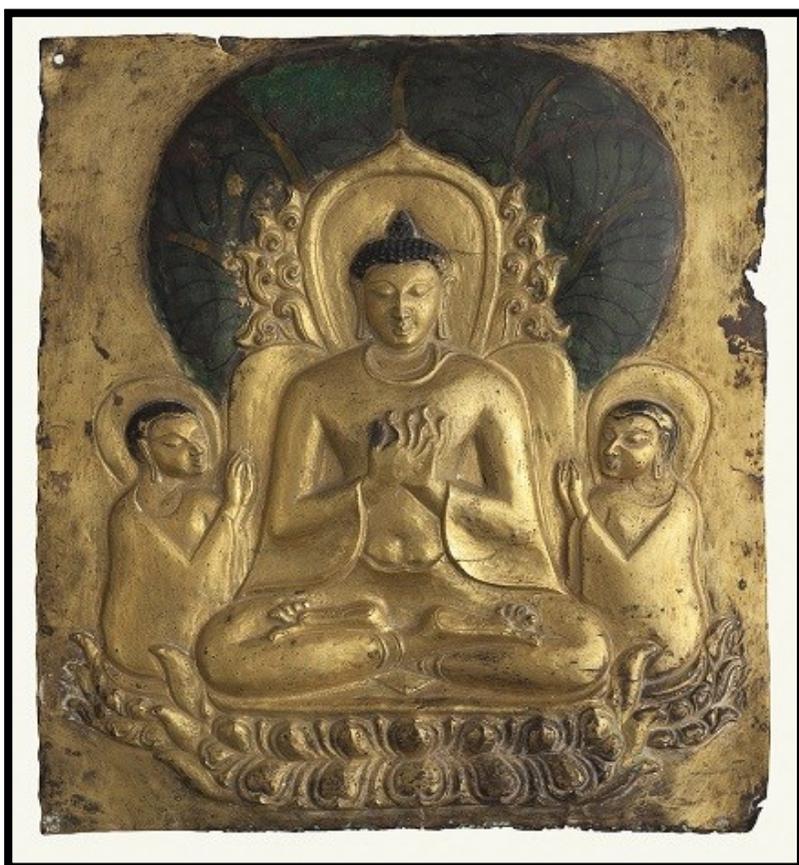




Per the above site the art is thousands or even tens of thousands of years old. It indicates that humans reach the region 18,000 years to 65,000 years ago.

There are different styles of artists and different styles of depiction of people, spirits and so on.

While this author delves into a fictional outer-world side of the Wandjina, there is another possibility of where this may be from. There are artists across the water, to the north of Australia depicting quasi-similar images. And like the Wandjina, these illustrations are spiritual. See below. Similar paintings may also be found from India through South East Asia.



An historic brass relief from Myanmar

The illustration of the Buddha in the center flanked by two novices is similar to the more primitive Wandjina drawing. The halo one sees above the Buddha is a representation of the spiritual being itself, being exterior to the body. There are different states of exteriorization, and these can be shown as two circles above the body, or sometimes being three. And sometimes Buddha is shown as a pointed halo as above.

The largest Hindu buildings are in Cambodia. And as religious buildings, they are unrivalled in size. Both Hinduism and Buddhism made its way down through Sumatra and Java to the islands just out from Australia. This is only a few hundred kilometers away from the Kimberly region. It then makes sense that if Hinduism and Buddhism spread within a few hundred kilometers of this region, by boat, then why not the occasional pilgrim going south a bit further?

If this is the case, and again it might not be true either, it could mean that the Wandjina were Buddhist or Hindu monks spreading their message of spiritual awareness by a boat, not spaceship. Of course such would only be relevant for pictures that are only a few thousand years old.



Nazca Lines Mummy

The Nazca Lines in Peru are well known for their thousands of kilometers of unexplained lines and illustrations that can truly be only fully understood by viewing from the air. These are well documented.



However, what of the people or race associated with this? Below is a mummy from Naca, Peru. It appears authentic. Follow the scientists on the link.

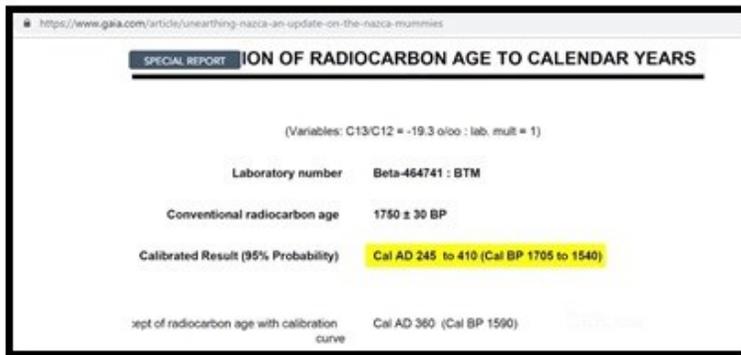


The information comes from Gai:

<https://www.gaia.com/article/unearthing-nazca-an-update-on-the-nazca-mummies>

The above head, with those eyes, does not resemble human.

The mummy is carbon dated 245 – 410 AD. See below.



The mummy has three fingers and three toes.





It measures, when fully stretched out, to be the size of an average man's height, but with longer arms.



Above is a Nazca petroglyph, and note the three fingers on the hand.

There are more tests being done on the mummy, which incidentally, still carries its organs.

Below is a rock painting of a Wandjina in the Kimberlee's of Western Australia. The figure does look as though it has three fingers.



The picture immediately below is of the side of a mountain in the Nazca area. Note the face on the side of this mountain. It has similarity to the Wandjina face above. They are not identical, but allowing for artists' impressions of what he sees, there is similarity nonetheless.



One could argue these faces are common in primitive cultures, and this represent the people from the area.

Nevertheless, some of the Wandjina art has a resemblance to the face of the Nazca mummy.



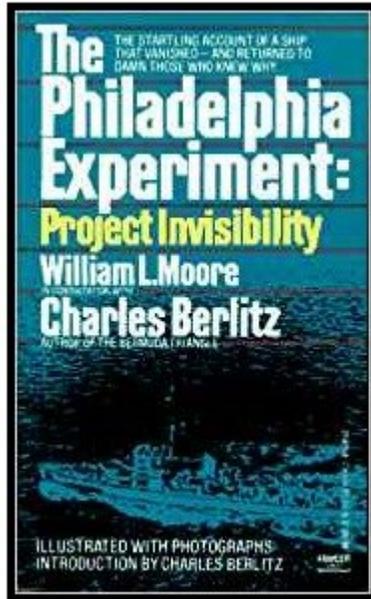
NOTES:

On the Philadelphia Experiment:

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The Philadelphia Experiment is a very old report that surfaced ten years after World War 2. The story grew and was reported by different people and in 1984 Charles Berlitz, an ex-intelligence employee, wrote a book with a UFO researcher and writer, William L. Moore. The title of their book was *The Philadelphia Experiment: Project Invisibility*.



Both authors had previously written *The Bermuda Triangle* and *The Mystery of Atlantis* and *Atlantis: The Eighth Continent*, and thought these subjects were intertwined

Charles Berlitz was born in New York in 1913. He spoke eight languages fluently, per Wikipedia, and worked in the family language school.

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Charles_Berlitz

He spent 13 years in the army, mainly intelligence.

The story goes that in October 1943, the US Navy was experimenting with invisibility, distorting the path light travelled around an object, by charging the

object up with a heavy magnetic field. The ship would be invisible to radar and sight.

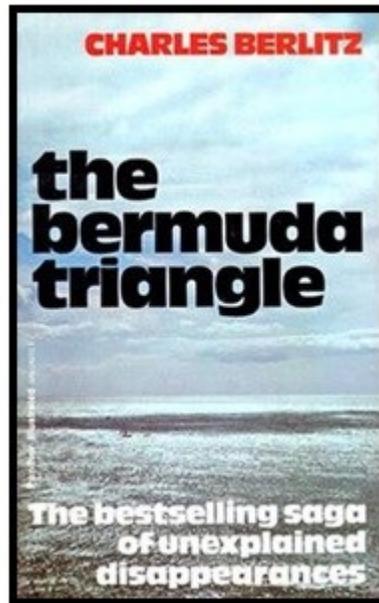
One day in the mid-1950s the author of UFO books, Morris Jessup was called up by the US Navy's Office of Naval Research.

They had a copy of one of Jessup's books which had been heavily annotated by hand.

Jessup recognized the handwriting as coming from a person calling himself Carlos Allende (Carl Allen). Jessup got in touch with Allende, and soon the story began to evolve as the Philadelphia Experiment, as outlined in the second book of the Sequetus Series - QUEST.

The Philadelphia Experiment found its way onto television shows. Allende claimed to have been on the ship, USS Eldridge, where the experiments happened.

The claim is that the ship went into a green fog. People in it became imbedded into the structure of the ship, some went mad, some disappeared and some returned to nearby places and others dropped into a rooms out of nowhere. The ship was said to have vanished. There were people quoted that they could see wires coming from shore where the power came from, linking into a cloud where the ship should be. And they could also see a gap in the space of the water where the hull of the ship should otherwise be.



The ship was said to vanish, appear in another city, and then reappear where it was.

Of course there is the usual debunking. And the debunking may also be correct. But for the sake of the fiction in the Sequetus Series, we say the debunking is bunkum, and let the rest of the story role out from there.



The destroyer USS Eldridge

This author read both the above books by Berlitz. The *Bermuda Triangle* was fine, and will be taken up as a theme later in another Sequetus book, but the *Philadelphia Experiment* had a special gripping resonance all of its own.



NOTES:**On changing the DNA:**

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Fluoride

<http://fluoridealert.org/issues/health/brain/>

Below are brief summaries of the above link that is offered, and it is hoped that readers will read the whole link.



In July of 2012, a team of Harvard researchers published a “meta-analysis” of 27 studies that have investigated the relationship between fluoride and human intelligence. (Choi 2012) The overwhelming majority of these studies found that fluoride exposure was associated with reduced IQ in children. In fact, 26 of the 27 studies that met the Harvard team’s inclusion criteria found a relationship between elevated fluoride and reduced IQ. The Harvard team thus concluded that fluoride’s effect on the developing brain of children should be a “high research priority” in countries like the U.S. where,

despite mass fluoridation programs, no studies have yet been conducted to investigate the issue.

The Lancet Review (2014)

In March of 2014, the prestigious medical journal The Lancet published a review of “developmental neurotoxicity” which concluded that fluoride is one of only 11 chemicals that is known to damage the developing brain. Developmental neurotoxins are capable of causing widespread brain disorders such as autism, attention deficit hyperactivity disorder, learning disabilities, and other cognitive impairments. The harm is often untreatable and permanent.

The authors of The Lancet review, which included Harvard scientist Philippe Grandjean, write:

“Our very great concern is that children worldwide are being exposed to unrecognized toxic chemicals that are silently eroding intelligence, disrupting behaviors, truncating future achievements, and damaging societies, perhaps most seriously in developing countries.”

In a bulletin posted on the Harvard School of Public Health website, Grandjean notes that:

“Fluoride seems to fit in with lead, mercury, and other poisons that cause chemical brain drain. The effect of each toxicant may seem small, but the combined damage on a population scale can be serious, especially because the brain power of the next generation is crucial to all of us.”

Chemtrails

There is evidence of chemtrails. But there is more considerable evidence that planes are discharging chemicals into the atmosphere under the banner of Geo Solar-Thermal Engineering.

The reason given for the engineering is to reflect the sunlight with metals such as aluminum so as to reduce the probable climatic overheating seen in the future. There are registered US patents for this. SAG – Stratospheric Aerosols Engineering - is another name.

The only trouble with this argument for metals being sprayed into the atmosphere is that it supposedly started in 1949 and overheating of the planet was not anywhere in people’s minds then. Even today many argue against any global warming.

So one can say with some certainty that the aluminum, barium and strontium is not being pushed into the atmosphere for that purpose.



The following link is compelling.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=hXOFNFWfgmk>

Please note that there are very few links now coming up in search engine searches compared to several years ago. Search engines are filtering these out. That is another issue in itself.

Back to chemtrails.

Barium decreases the potassium levels in the body. Potassium reduction will make people weaker and also more depressed.

Aluminum can by itself bring about an onset of Alzheimer's disease.

<https://www.hotzehwc.com/2018/04/5-reasons-to-avoid-aluminum/>

Below is a quote from the above site:

"Research shows that aluminum is a well-established neurotoxin and is suspected to be linked with various neurodegenerative diseases including Alzheimer's disease, amyotrophic lateral sclerosis (ALS), and Parkinsonism dementia, and the Gulf War syndrome. Increasing evidence suggests the implication of aluminum in the pathogenesis of Alzheimer's. (1) Occupational exposure to aluminum appears to be a risk factor for Parkinson's disease based on epidemiological studies. Elevated levels of metal have also been reported in the area of the midbrain of Parkinson's disease subjects."

There is the clincher: Aluminum compounded with fluoride produce a far worse affect than either of these products by themselves. And, if so, then why were both these elements brought into Public consumption at around the same time? The below abstract explains a lot more of the dangers of these two elements being together.

<https://www.ncbi.nlm.nih.gov/pmc/articles/PMC5879948/>

From the above is the following Abstract:

Previous studies showed that prolonged exposure to fluoride (F⁻) and aluminum (Al³⁺) ions is associated with numerous diseases including neurological disorders. They don't have any known biological function. But they can bind with proteins that interact with ions similar to them. Such unwanted interactions affect the normal biological function of the target proteins, as well as their downstream protein-protein interactions. Several studies show the detrimental effects posed by them including Alzheimer's disease. However, their target proteins have never been reported. Here, we have screened for the human protein targets subjected to F⁻ and Al³⁺ interactions by using data-driven prediction tools. We have identified 20 different proteins that directly bind with them (10 interact with fluoride and 10 with aluminum). In addition, protein-protein interaction has been explored to find the proteins that indirectly interact with F⁻ and Al³⁺. We have found 86 indirect targets for F⁻ and 90 for Al³⁺. Furthermore, 19 common protein targets have been identified, including proteins (9 out of 19) associated with neurodegenerative disorders. However, wet lab experiments are beyond our scopes to validate the binding networks. Additional studies must be warranted.

Keywords: Fluoride, Aluminium, Neurodegenerative disorders, Human Health

Vaccines

The following site has a lot of information.

<https://myersdetox.com/flu-vaccines-are-toxic/>

This author cannot improve on it and hopes readers will read it themselves. The following is quoted directly from the site.



“Dr. Hugh Fudenberg, a world-leading immunogeneticist, has extensively studied the effects of the flu vaccine on neurological health. The results of his research indicate that an individual has a 10-time greater chance of getting Alzheimer’s disease after receiving five flu shots in the course of their life compared to individuals who have had zero to one shot in their lifetime. Flu vaccines are directly linked to about a dozen cases of paralysis and brain damage each year. Many researchers believe these flu vaccine cocktails produce delayed reactions and long-term health consequences.

Dr. Fudenberg and other researchers believe the increased risk of Alzheimer’s is a result of the combination of mercury and aluminum within the flu

vaccine. Individuals with poor blood sugar signaling and weakened anti-oxidant defense systems will bio-accumulate these heavy metals in areas of their brain with repeated vaccine and other environmental exposure.

Flu Vaccines and Autism

Since 1983, the number of vaccines recommended for our children by the Center for Disease Control has more than tripled. This time frame coincides with the 800% increase in autism diagnoses. Evidence points to thimerisol (a mercury containing preservative) STILL used in MMR vaccines and flu shots. An independent evaluation of a large study as part of the Centers for Disease Control Vaccine Safety Datalink concluded that children exposed to 3 thimerisol containing vaccines were 27 times more likely to develop autism than children who were not exposed. Many experts deny the relationship between mercury and autism, however, there is a large body of scientific medical evidence that supports the link.

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2. Bradstreet J, et al. *J Am Phys Surg*. 2003;8(3):76-79.
3. Kern J, Jones AM. *Journal of Toxicology and Environmental Health, Part B*, 9:485–499, 2006.



NOTES: On Skeptical Debunking:

◀ [Return Back Matter Index](#)

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Larry Kusche was found debunking Charles Berlitz.

Who is Kusche, I asked.

Kusche books are:

The Bermuda Triangle Mystery – Solved, 1975

The Disappearance of Flight 19.

Popcorn Cookery, 1977

Shape Up Your Hips and Thighs, 1979

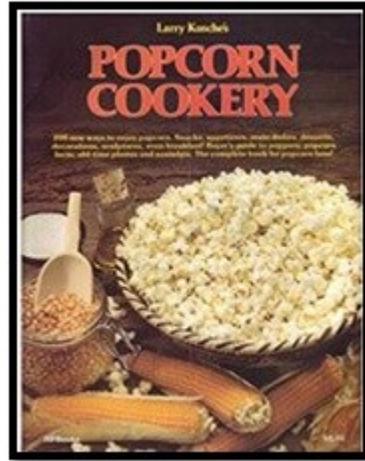
Wikipedia has on Kusche: In 1964, Kusche graduated from Arizona State University (ASU). He completed a training course to become a commercial flight engineer, but on the day he was supposed to report for work, he decided he didn't like the prospect of a career sitting in front of hundreds of switches and dials unable to see out of the airplane. He resigned and returned to Arizona to become a high school math teacher and librarian.

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Larry_Kusche

Kusche became a member of the CSI – Committee for Skeptical Inquiry. That led to this address:

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Committee_for_Skeptical_Inquiry

That led to their website: www.scicop.org .



Tweets by @SkeptInquirer

16h

SI Skeptical Inquirer
@SkeptInquirer
Family of Robert F. Kennedy Jr. slams his views on vaccines as 'tragically wrong'
[cnn.com/2019/05/08/pol...](https://www.cnn.com/2019/05/08/pol...)



Family of Robert F. Kennedy Jr. slams his...
cnn.com

14h

SI Skeptical Inquirer
@SkeptInquirer
Pink Himalayan Salt Is A Total Waste Of Time
medium.com/@gidmk/pink-hi...



Pink Himalayan Salt Is A Total Waste Of Ti...
Why you can stick to regular table salt for your health
medium.com

Embed View on Twitter

A look into the website shows the above tweet.

This is a skeptic's expose on Robert Kennedy Junior over his stand on mercury in vaccinations, and a similar tweet on Himalayan Pink Salt.

These two items caught my eye, so I decided to read them.

Vaccines without Mercury:

Kennedy, if you read the CNN article attached, wrote a book outlining the dangers of mercury in vaccines.

The article goes on to say how great vaccinations are for children and so on. The article then links to another CNN article about the dangers of not vaccinating against measles. I had measles when I was younger as did all my friends back then. And yes, I also took the mercury from my teeth amalgams twenty years ago.

If someone can show that injecting mercury, the second most toxic metal to humans (only behind uranium) into a body is good for it, more people might be ready to listen. Otherwise it defies logic. And therein lies the argument.

And if one looks further at the pictures being shown in the article they are from the pharmaceutical giant – Merck. Merck has been reported as the highest paying advertiser CNN has. And Merck would not have anything to do with mercury – would it?

Himalayan Pink Salt

So that brings us to the anti-Himalayan Salt article. Yes, it is pink. And yes, it has many natural minerals. That is true.

I live in the Himalayas and so eat it every day. I also eat many other nutritional foods.

The article says people eat it to get cured. I do not eat it to salt cure any illnesses or any diseases. The same for any healthy foods that have high nutritional content. But I am aware of people who leave a malnourished life, deprived of micronutrients. They can get ill. I eat nutritional food to stay healthy.

The article gives one example of the salt's many minerals and says the volume of minerals are so low as to not be effective so one is better to eat no minerals. How is that rational? It is not. The article the skeptics are referring to is by a person calling himself Health Nerd. I will not use his real name.

The article says that people say the salt is magic and that is why they take it. Well, there may be people who believe that, depending on their religion, especially if they come from central Asia. But I have never heard that claim and doubt it.



Pictured: Himalayan salt, probably Source: Pexels

So I continued to read the article by Health Nerd, AKA Shill Blogger.

The article's picture is of a person blowing into a cloud of dust. It says under the picture: Pictured: Himalayan salt probably Source – Pexels.

The only trouble with it, is that this picture is not of someone blowing into salt. The action in the picture is of a special holiday celebration called Holy Holiday, and the Holy Festival (part of the holiday) is about colors and the picture is of someone putting two of the many colored dyes onto themselves by blowing into it. I currently live in the Himalayas so I do know.



So, that was my first visit to the home page of the skeptics. Not very scientific at all.

Possibly though, I am just a skeptic's skeptic. I did go to three of their meetings once, and it cost me good money.

In Book 1 - HUNT (in the NOTES section) we found the skeptics debunker calling himself The Amazing Randy, was not truthful, and was exposed in a British newspaper. See the NOTES in Book 1 - HUNT to get the full information.

My point here is that the skeptics are linked to people who are basically frauds and the skeptics use their articles. They should not.

That is not to say, there are not well-motivated people there, helping to stop fraudulent claims made by other people playing on the fears and superstitions of others. Our society needs watchers. But the skeptics are not bona fide authorities and their own members end up needing skeptical watching and debunking.

And just to be fair, I went back to the skeptic twitter page, and found articles there which I totally agree with, such as a New York Times article warning of the damage done by environmental planet abuse.

So not all the skeptics are bad. And perhaps the real point here is that anyone who starts to concentrate on finding the bad in people, will find it, eventually. There is no perfect solution to anything.

So, yes, there is right and wrong about vaccines too.

As to Himalayan salt – who knows, but I would be doubting any claim it is a total waste.

As to Larry Kusche, maybe he is a better at popcorn cooking than debunking. Who knows? And as explored in the first book in the *Sequetus Series*, we know the skeptics have been active influencing directly the Wikipedia editors. That gives their publication a flat, flavorless, filtered one-sided perception. And that is a pity, as I also use it, recommend it, and have also donated to it.

Then, this now leads me to ask, who is CSICOP and what is their angle? Where do they get their money from? Is it all about money? The Amazing Randi, a founding skeptic, made it seem that way when he

was exposed by British media. But to really answer this, we have to go back to the *Sequetus Series*, which is fiction, to make a good answer seem like fun.



NOTES:

On Illustrations:

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Writing, drawing, painting is art. Much of the artwork in this series is from www.dreamstime.com, and others were commissioned over the years. Dreamstime has paid and free works. Mostly here we have paid works. The artists, photographers and models who participated in these works are very talented. In the entire *Sequetus Series* there are thousands of illustrations.

DIAGRAMS:

The author created many maps and diagrams to explain the events in these books. These works of his are either used here or have been more professionally rendered.

The covers of the *Sequetus Series* were first painted by the author in pastel. These also went through a professional rendering but retained the original design.

The author needed these images to refer to so he could write the story. So, if he needed them, he expects you may also.

The author considers that he has a story to tell, and uses pictures, to aid that story telling. He believes himself to be more of a story-teller, than a writer. Thus, there are diagrams, maps, illustrations, sketches, book covers, to tell the story. He even commissioned games and videos to help.

The Glossary, Notes and Credits are part of this. While the author initially constructed the glossary so that he could keep track of events, as he recorded the world of the Federation, he has now included the glossary in each book, as it evolves further in the

story. So, in this book now, you get the glossary, as it had evolved up until this book's end and is particular to this book. Should you wish a copy of all these, there is Book 24 of the *Sequetus Series*, a Compendium, as it has all these and nothing else.

The characters of the book may seem like real people – we hope. The author wrote it that way. They feel, bleed, drink coffee (or kalo) and they have emotions. They should have personality. But in saying this, no character in these books is designed around anyone the author knows or has read about.

Thank you for reading your part of the *SEQUETUS SERIES* books.

Sincerely yours

Nick Broadhurst

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**ILLUSTRATIONS MAPS
AND DIAGRAMS CREDITS**

STORY & FRONT & BACKMATTER

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2. [Sequetus Series logo](#) - commissioned
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16. [Pine Gap Facilities in Distance](#) - Dreamstime
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175. [Washington Saucer Flap Media 2](#) – P Domain
176. [Back Cover](#) – Dreamstime & Author



CREDITS (BIBLIOGRAPHY):

Below are sites that may help the curious on the background data of the *New-Earth Mini Series*. They were the first set of references compiled many years ago, so have been retained for nostalgic reasons by the author. Some of the sites have gone, as sites do. But all the references from then are included. The following sites also include the photos used as source materials in the Glossary and this also needs to be acknowledged.

Condon Report:

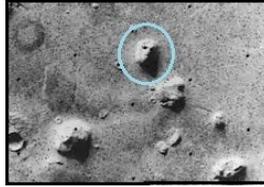


Key words: Condon, report, UFO

Site: <http://www.alienwar.com>

Notes: A professional site. The creators are passionate about what they're writing. The site has not just the Condon Report, but also alien abductions or various, and horrific kinds. You can get lost in this site with the data. The author of the site has his own story to tell and goes over much of it. His experience is subjective and worth the time to go through the site. This site is put together with a passion not seen in other sites. Read the author's subjective experience and you decide.

Cydonia:



Key words: Cydonia, Mars

Site: <http://www.enterprisemission.com>

Notes: The above site has good data, and the link has specific information on where this face is found on Mars, its coordinates etc. One will also find there the pyramid, fort and other named anomalies adjacent to the face.



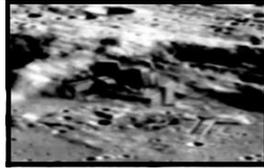
Foo-fighters:

Key words: foo, fighters, war

Site: <http://www.foofighters.greyfalcon.us>

Notes: The entire site is devoted to the Foo-fighter phenomena. There are many photos. The above image is 1945 over Italy. But foo-fighters were found in both the European and the Asian/Pacific theatres of war. Both sides saw the phenomena.

Moon:



Key words: moon, buildings, mystery, structure

Site: <http://www.ozpolitic.com>

Notes: What is best about this site is that there are two frames of this above picture and the buildings are seen from different positions of parallax. It is hard not to agree that these artificial looking shapes may not be buildings with some kind of landing bay to the front and left.



Key words: moon, anomaly, mystery, structure

Site: <http://www.thelivingmoon.com>

Notes: More showing anomalies. These shapes or holes in the lunar surface – if they were on Earth they would be accepted as mines. It is difficult to think of natural ways for these shapes to otherwise exist.

Philadelphia Experiment:

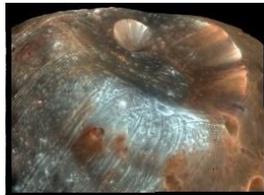


Key words: Philadelphia, experiment, navy us

Site: <http://www.bibliotecapleyades.net>

Notes: This site again is very professional. The page here explains the *Philadelphia Experiment* story in detail with the various facts that are known about. It separates facts from conjecture. The rest of the site is worth becoming familiar with and it presents more of the UFO culture.

Phobos:



Key words: Phobos, moon, Mars

Site: <http://www.nineplanets.org>

Notes: This moon is around 22 km across. Mars has two moons and its second moon is about a third of the diameter of Phobos. This is a straight look at what is in our solar system and has good photographs.

Project Blue Book:



Key words: blue book, project, air force, USA, ufo

Site: <http://www.ufocasebook.com>

Notes: This site is a general all round excellent site that gives details and an overview of the UFO phenomena with a historical perspective.

Project Grudge:

Key words: project, grudge, UFO, USA, air force

Site: <http://www.obscurantist.com>

Notes: This is an overall professional site with a feel for good historical documents.

Robertson Panel:



Key words: Robertson Panel, UFO, USA

Site: <http://www.ufocasebook.com>

Notes: This is one of the premier UFO sites. It has all the classical cases well written and easy to understand. It isn't hard to get a quick grasp on the subject from here, and its history. One can move around fairly easily on the site. This site is highly recommended. You can explore much of the historical data that the New-Earth Mini Series uses from this one site should you wish.

Roswell:



Key words: Roswell, UFO, CIA, agent

Site: <http://www.blastr.com>

<http://www.roswellfiles.com>

Notes: A CIA agent states that the Roswell incident is real and actually did happen and the ex-agent is a whistleblower. On the second site, it is very professional and thorough.



Key words: Roswell, newspapers, UFO,

Site: <http://www.malin.hubpages.com>

<http://www.battleofearth.wordpress.com>

Notes: Both these sites are worth a good look at as they show more of the background of the Roswell story and enrich the tapestry upon which the *NEW-EARTH MINI SERIES* is painted.



Key words: Roswell, UFO, weather balloon, press release,

Site: <http://www.roswellfiles.com>

Notes: This page – if it is still there – isn't only showing two photographs of the so-called weather balloon remains of Roswell, but also an FBI document found in the FBI archives by an agent of theirs about the crash and the UFOs etc. In addition to this is the actual blog, which shows how much UFO culture has permeated.

Sea of Tranquility:



Key words: Apollo 11, moon, sea of tranquility, Buzz, Aldrin

Notes: The landing site of Apollo 11 has had reports of UFOs. Buzz Aldrin, astronaut who went to the moon explains the strange phenomena he encountered in space and on the moon and what happened when he reported it at the time.

UFOs government:

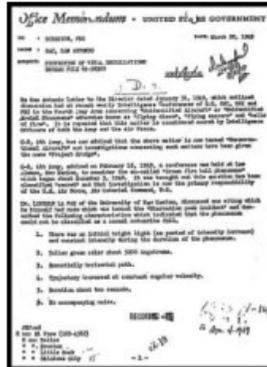


Key words: government, UFO, USA, Canada, VTOL

Site: <http://www.the60sat50.blogspot.com.au>

Notes: The *New-Earth Series* was being penned in 1989. Then Area 51 was unknown, and thus doesn't come into this story for several more years. Here is a 1961 Avrocar, VTOL – vertical takeoff and landing craft, jointly made by the USA and Canada.

Unified Field Theory:



Key words: unified field theory, Albert, Einstein

Site: <http://www.aip.org>

Notes: This site overall used to be about Einstein and his history, about his life and work.

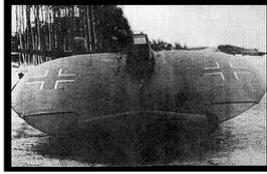
UFOs Germany WW2:



Key words: Nazi, bell, Germany, UFO, anti-gravity, unified field

Site: <http://www.mysteriousuniverse.org>

Notes: The site is about UFOs and particularly specializes in anti-gravity and how it works etc. These concepts and theories are *not* used in the NEW-EARTH MINI SERIES.



Key words: Nazi, UFO

Site: <http://www.where-is-area-51.com>

Notes: Good site and has another dimension to the UFO phenomenon. There have been links with Germany and UFOs with the Foo Fighters, and also with Albert Einstein and the Philadelphia experiment. This is now becoming entrenched in UFO culture.

Washington flap:



Key words: Washington, flying saucer, UFO, 1950s, flap

Site: <http://www.ufologie.patrickgross.org>

Notes: This site has the whole story, how the air force followed the UFOs on radar, how they plotted them, with photos, how jets tried to intercept but couldn't. How the UFOs followed passenger planes etc. Also there are the official claims that these were the result of temperature inversions, and how these came about. It is good reading.



Key words: Washington, flying saucer, UFO, 1950s, flap

Site: <http://www.ufoera.com>

Notes: Good site, well documented.



Key words: Washington, flying saucer, UFO, 1950s, flap, media,

Site: <http://www.ufocasebook.com>

<http://www.ufologie.patrickgross.org>



Notes: July 28, 1952. Not only the article itself but also the transcript is available.

Key words: Washington, flying saucer, UFO, 1950s, flap

Notes: This is an interesting comic from Washington at the time about the flap. There is a lot of data released under the Freedom of Information Act, and it is relatively easy to research some of these clippings. This was the biggest UFO flap on record, and while it is down played today, it is worth knowing, as the downplaying of these phenomena is what is taken up significantly in the *NEW-EARTH MINI SERIES*.

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- Book 22. Orbat
- Book 23. Galaxy

Book 24. Compilation of glossaries, notes, diagrams, maps, illustrations and so on. [◀Return](#)

- Book 25. The New Federation Miniseries Book
- Book 26. The Templar Miniseries Book
- Book 27. The Juggernaut Miniseries Book.
- Book 28. The Earth Syndrome Miniseries Book
- Book 29. The Sequetus Series All 24 Books Book

Book 30. Lords of Illusion – The Time Makers

THE CAPTAIN KURO FROM MARS SERIES

(Children's Picture Books and Comics)

- Book 31. Captain Kuro From Mars (now in sixty languages)
- Book 32. Captain Kuro From Mars and Prince Khuram
- Book 33. Captain Kuro From Mars and the Mad Doctor
- Book 34. Captain Kuro From Mars and The Men in Black
- Book 35. The Mad Doctor Chases Captain Kuro From Mars
- Book 36. Captain Kuro From Mars and the Mad Doctor's Return
- Book 37. The Hunt For Captain Kuro From Mars by the Men in Black
- Book 38. Captain Kuro From Mars Helping All The Animals
- Book 39. Captain Kuro From Mars Against All The Polluters
- Book 40. Captain Kuro From Mars and the Mad Doctor's Revenge
- Book 41. Captain Kuro From Mars and Helping Others
- Book 42. Captain Kuro From Mars is Going Home.

THE SEQUETUS SERIES SEQUEL BOOKS

- Book 43. Hunt For Sequetus 3 – Chasing the Legend
- Book 45. Quest of Sequetus 3 – Chasing the Legend
- Book 46. War Over Sequetus 3 – Chasing The Legend
- Book 47. The Heaven Makers – Chasing the legend
- Book 48. GODS of Sequetus 3
- Book 49. SILENT ENEMY over Sequetus 3
- Book 50. UNITING of Sequetus 3
- Book 51. UNSEEN of Sequetus 3
- Book 52. GONE within Sequetus 3

N I C K B R O A D H U R S T

Book 53. The boxed set of the above nine sequel books.

SEQUELS beyond the above? Possibly.



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