

# ESCAPE from FEDERATION

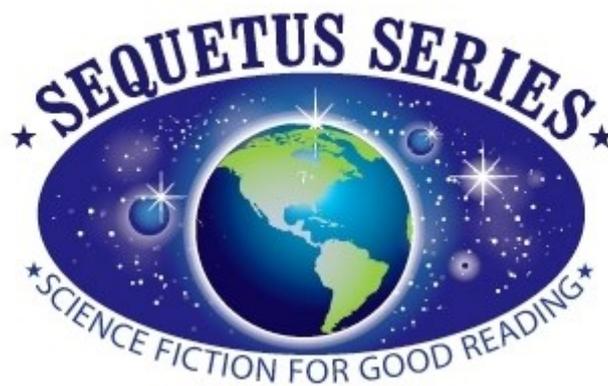
NICK  
BROADHURST

Book Three in the **TEMPLAR MINISERIES**  
and Book Eleven in the epic  
**SEQUETUS SERIES**

BOOK 11

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

**ESCAPE**  
**from**  
**FEDERATION**



BOOK 11

**By Nick Broadhurst**

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### DISCLAIMER

The SEQUETUS SERIES, the TEMPLAR MINISERIES and ESCAPE FROM FEDERATION are works of fiction. Names of individuals and companies used in the book, unless historical fact, are pure fiction.

### THE SEQUETUS SERIES GLOSSARY

Part of this volume is a chapter named *Glossary*, a list of terms and words and what they mean. When a word in the glossary is first used in the story it is shown slanted *like this*. These are bookmarked to take you to the word definition in the Glossary. The glossary expands with new terms with each subsequent volume

### MEASUREMENT

In the Federation there is Standard Measurement, such as kinopacs, or Ks and pacs, but those who have left Earth may still use kilometers.

### HOW THESE BOOKS ARE NUMBERED

This is an epic story. By its nature it is big. There are twenty-three books. Each book deals with a specific aspect of the story.

The Sequetus Series is broken up into four miniseries. Each miniseries is comprised of between four to eight books.

The miniseries are

#### THE NEW EARTH MINISERIES

Books 1-8

#### THE TEMPLAR MINISERIES

Books 9-12

#### THE JUGGERNAUT MINISERIES

Books 13-17

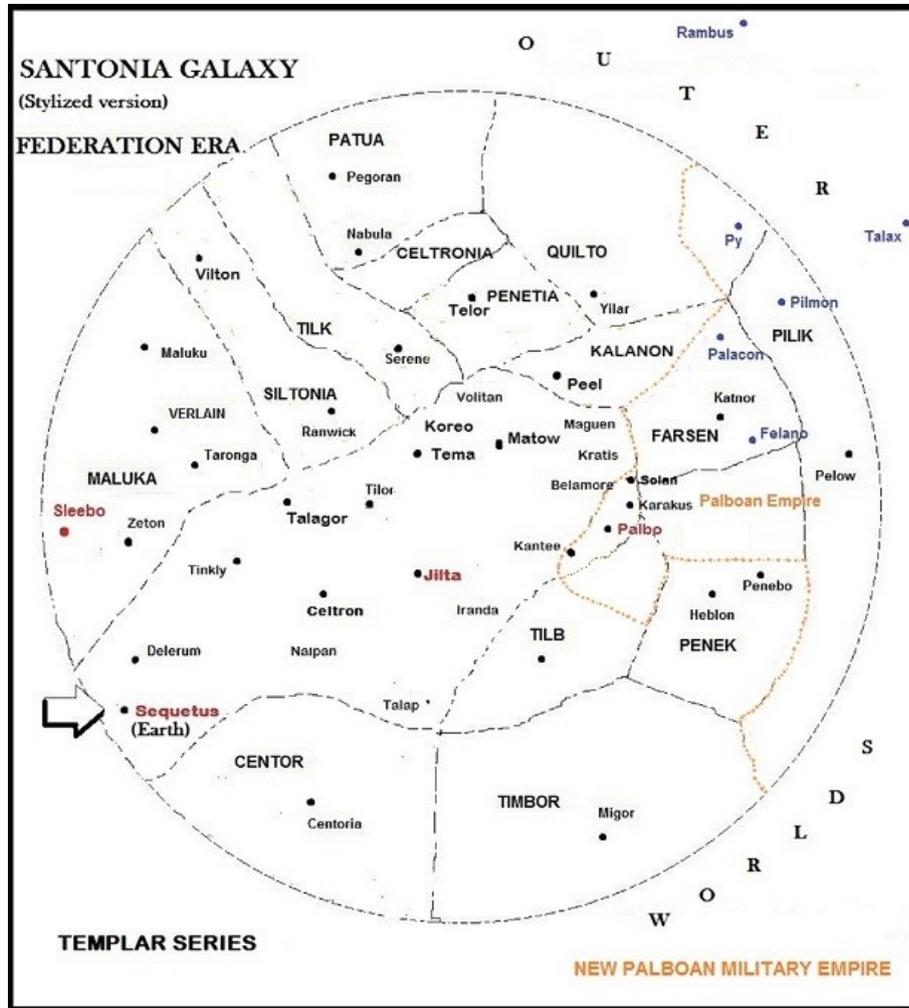
#### THE EARTH SYNDROME MINISERIES

Books 18-23

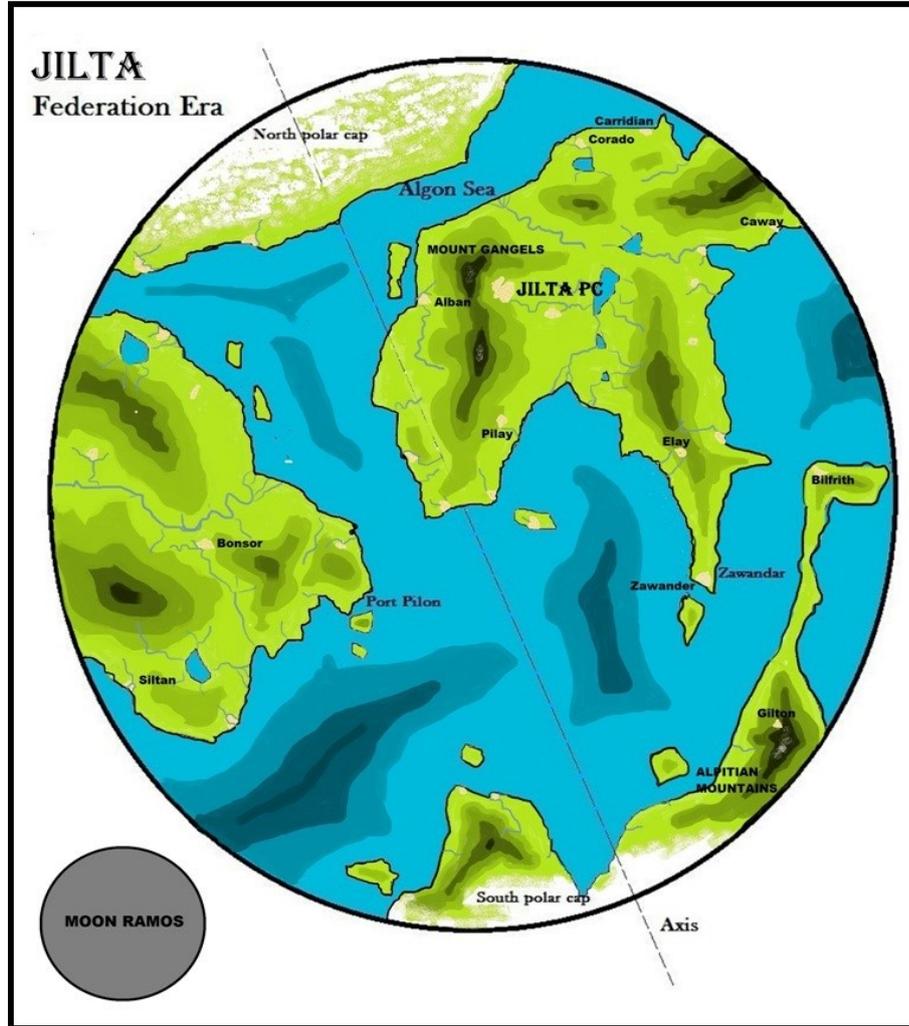
Each miniseries can be read in its own right.

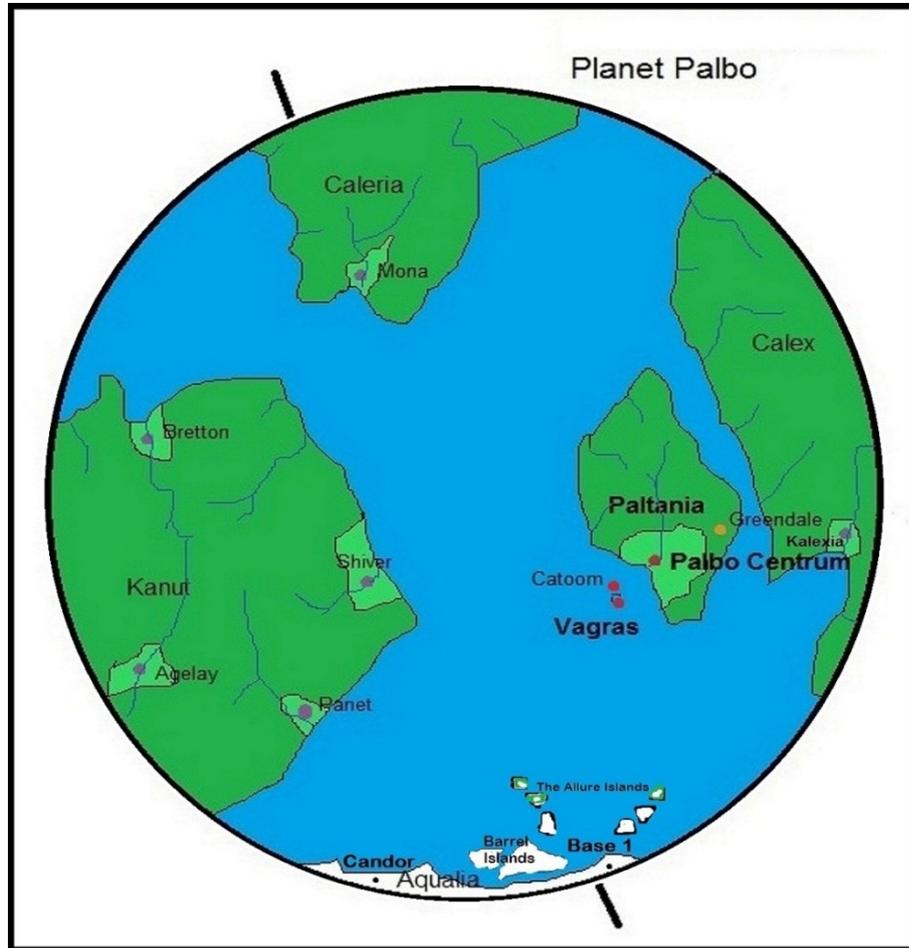
A lot of care has gone into creating this epic, and everything has been done by way of glossary, pictures, maps, notes, credits, and so on, to assist the reader to have an enjoyable reading experience.

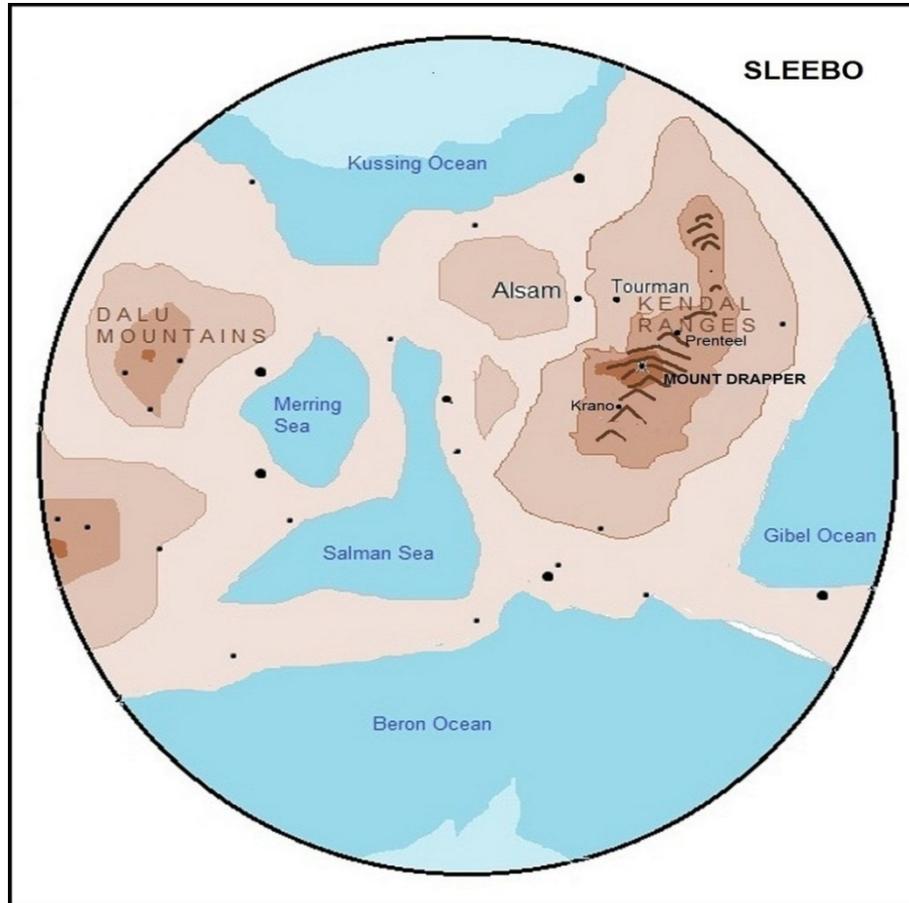
MAPS











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## GREENDALE

*Rigrano* couldn't recall much, but then he felt there was no need for recall. All his needs were satisfied; here. Where was here? Sometimes he never really knew. He looked at the hills; beyond the windows. It was another perfect day. The sun shined and the green hills were so attractive. He sat back on his bed and sighed. Life really was so good to him. Why? The *psychrons* tried very hard to make it that way.

Rigrano looked at the clock. Soon, it would be dinner time. He enjoyed that. That was the time when the kind *psychrons* came and helped him to the table. They were so kind. He had only good things to think about them. If it were not for them, he wouldn't be here, and if he were not here, then where would he be?

A sharp pain ran through his skull. He winced and thought a nice thought, about the *psychrons*. The pain suddenly vanished. He smiled. The *psychrons* told Rigrano that his pain was related to his past and that they would help him. They must have helped as he couldn't recall the past and the pain had mostly gone just as they promised. He was grateful for that.

The door opened and two white coated males stepped inside.

The larger one of the pair smiled, "Are we ready?"

Rigrano nodded and they helped him from his bed.

They placed him in a wheeled chair and they were soon moving down a corridor, when, without warning two other white cloaked psychrons passed by, and the pair helping Rigrano then lay on the floor, in a pool of blood.

Rigrano stared at the blood and then at the two men, by his side. They were carrying knives.

The one with the blue eyes said, "Come on, Commander, we are leaving here."

Rigrano was confused. The word *commander* seemed familiar to him, but they were his friends, there, on the floor. They took away the pain and now the pain was coming back. Rigrano tried to speak, but found the words stuck in his throat. He felt his body being lifted from the chair. The men were talking to him, but he no longer could understand them. They talked about ships and evil things. He wanted them to stop, and leave him alone. He was happy here. He didn't want to leave.

The pair dragged him to the outside food elevator. It took them to the surface of the underground building. All around were dead psychrons and psychosurgeons. Rigrano was dismayed at the deaths of his good friends.

He smiled, as he reached the outside. This was the view to which he had become accustomed to. The hills and serene surroundings were his, to soak in again. He looked and there were another seven that were in patients' clothes like his. He did recognize some of them, but it only increased the pain.

Overhead was a floating craft. Rigrano stared at the machine, as a small car descended from it. He became anxious, even panicky, and started to scream, at the sight of the car. He couldn't leave *Greendale*. He would die; he knew he would. Rigrano screamed; his arms flayed at anyone that tried to stop him. He would run away, the psychrons would save him, they had to.

As he ran, he saw three forms move behind him. Something pricked his arm and he collapsed to the ground.

Once aboard the craft, it shimmered and vanished from view, Palbo and the universe.

Ω

*Brandon* was enjoying himself that fine day, on *Palbo*. Palbo City Central was the hub of a small planetary empire, which ruled much of the *Federation*, with the economic might of the *Federated Warp Drive Bank* behind it.

Directly within this small planetary empire, were thirty-three inhabited planets. This may have been small, compared to the rest of the Federation, or even the *Outer Worlds*, but it was still large enough to stage a fight back, for Federation supremacy.

After all, it was only a millennium ago, when Palbo fought off the rebels of the so called *Alliance*, which was sparked off by a crazy *Jiltanian* dissident who had intervened in the Malukan mess. Yes, and that ended

in... in... that woman...*F...F...* and the pain made him think of something else.

Brandon recalled the data, which he was privy to. Yes, Lorde Maluka had wanted to set up in opposition to the Warp Drive Bank. Maluka had engineered the puerile planet of *Sequetus 3*, into developing the warp drive theory necessary, in order to manufacture his own ships.

Unfortunately, the *Royal on Jilta, Lorde Hymondy III*, had found out Maluka's scheme and intervened. By this time, the Bank had disposed of Lorde Maluka, but there was no way of ridding the *sector* of the excess number of ships that he had built.

This was handled in the end, by a war between the Alliance and the Malukan sector.

To make things better for the Bank, several other Royal sectors had thrown in, with the Malukans. They lost out to the Jiltanians and their Alliance. The Alliance in turn, seemed to have been headed by a singular entity called *Goren Torren* who in turn was assassinated, a millennium ago.

Well, it mattered far less now; the Alliance fell after only a decade, and its control had passed back to the Federation and then again to the Warp Drive Bank. In fact, the war had served a great purpose. Boundaries had altered and new ships had to be constructed, to replace those lost in war, meaning great rewards to the Bank, and the small planetary empire of Palbo, in particular. In the last five hundred years, great prosperity had befallen this small group of

planets. Of course, there was that woman and her fanatics... but the pain stopped those thoughts, and Brandon Mirak thought of something else.

Brandon looked out of the window of his car, as it floated over the surface-way. He leaned forward and asked the driver to open the top. Yes, the breeze did feel better.



*Brandon Mirak's floater over Palbo CC*

As he looked ahead, he could see there was a jam of vehicles, up ahead. "Flash the diplomatic lights, driver, and take the upper level."

The driver did as requested, and the car soared to the upper level stream of traffic, away from the vehicles below.

Car expressways had four levels. There was the lowest level for prime movers, which floated along only two pacs above the surface. Next, was the transit class, which was for the general public transport. Above that, was private transport, for those who could afford their own car floaters. The top level was for the exclusive use of diplomatic and governmental vehicles.

The top level was clear today, and Brandon was able to look downwards, at what was causing the congestion, below. It was a prime mover that had capsized and spilled its load. It then had been hit by another vehicle, travelling too close behind, resulting in confusion for other drivers, and smoke billowing, blocking visibility on the second and third level, thus creating further congestion.

Brandon sighed, as he looked ahead again. There was no sign of the traffic-patrol, yet. In the meantime, Brandon could enjoy the view, as he passed over the countryside.

The sky was a cloudless blue. The sun felt good on his face, as did the warm wind, as it wafted past. Below, the fields were almost ready for harvesting. Such was the joy in the abundance of the Palboan Empire. It was his to control, and his to enjoy. Brandon sat back, closed his eyes and let the sun warm his face. He was content. Perhaps it was the first time, this season. In fact, this was the first time he had left

the office, in eighty-three days. Yes, he deserved a break, and a small trip like this would help him to unwind.

He didn't know why he had felt so pent up in the past year. Perhaps it was that stupidity on *Sequetus 3*, which had started it all. No, maybe it was the *Rambus* fiasco. Yes, that was it. Those stupid pirates had missed out on grabbing that girl. He opened his eyes again. It was as if all his concerns had returned. He knew what he would do, just look out the window, enjoy the scenery, and he calmed down.

As Brandon turned to his right, the car-floater pitched and rolled. It dove with a speed that left Brandon hanging on, to avoid being thrown from the vehicle.

Terror struck his heart. What the blazes? The car top was closing over, but his wild ride was not finished, as the car now rolled to the other side. It banked back and then raced forwards, up into the sky.

"Are you crazy?" Brandon snapped on the voice phone and screamed at the driver.

A tort fast reply came back, "Ground rockets; fasten your belt!"

Brandon snapped his belt buckle locked, and he stared out of the window, in bewilderment. The driver was right. There went another rocket, as the driver swerved. It missed and continued into the upper atmosphere, where it exploded harmlessly.

The car banked and dove again, as another swished past.

This was lunacy, thought Brandon. He couldn't be attacked here, not on Palbo, and certainly not just outside Palbo City Centrum.

The driver switched on the intercom. "Sir, the attacks appear to have ceased. I'll be accelerating to our arrival point, and I have notified the authorities."

Brandon sank back into his seat, stunned. "Thank you, driver; carry on." This had never happened before. Why should it? The people here loved him, and why shouldn't they? Palbo was wealthy. The living standards here, were the highest in the galaxy, and he, Brandon Mirak, was about to return them to being the supreme rulers of the Federation and beyond.

Brandon was indeed badly shaken. He would have to travel now, with an escort. Luckily for him, those rockets were primitive, without *seekers*, otherwise he would be dead.

Brandon sunk low in his seat, and was pleased to see a military patrol arrive, from over the next hill tops. Twenty minutes later, he had arrived at the *Greendale Health Center*.

A tall man stood apart from all the others, and shook Brandon by the hand. "My dear sir. What a horrific experience? I hope you were not harmed."

Brandon put on his best made-up smile. "I'm fine. These...rebels, are they prevalent? I had never heard...?"

The tall man spoke while pointing the way. They began to stroll towards the outer doors. "No. They are

a new force. I say a force, as they do need to be reckoned with.”

As they passed into the outer wards, the staff welcomed Brandon, but his attention was still on the attack, “Doctor Craz, am I to understand that this has happened before?”

The tall man nodded as they strolled the wards. “The attack which you experienced is a new thing here on Palbo, but it has been rife on the other planets of our sector, for some time.”

Brandon shook his head. “I was never informed.”

“Understandable, sir. It would have been seen as nothing, but a civil manner. However, now it seems to me, that there is a combined force behind it. A conspiracy.”

“A conspiracy, here on Palbo? You must be wrong,” Brandon said, incredulously.

“I wish I were, but please, come with me.” The doctor led Brandon over, and through another ward. Stretched out before him, were seven bodies, on tables. Brandon looked up, in surprise.

The doctor continued. “Two days ago, we had an escape. It was the commander of the force, who had led the fleet on Sequetus 3 seven years ago. He was the one that missed the boy, who was thought to be the return of the Torren, the one that the *Templars* talk incessantly about. If you recall, the commander and his officers were turned in here for programming, they escaped, but were captured again. A year ago, they were reprogrammed again, but with heavier methods

and it seemed as though they were on their way, to a full recovery. However, two days ago, we had a break-in. Six psychrons and a *psycho-surgeon* were murdered. The intruders escaped with the commander and his junior officers. It was conspired and enacted, from outside and I suspect that the attack on you, was part of that same conspiracy.

“Whoever is behind it, would also like you assassinated. That is my theory sir.”

Brandon stood and looked at the man and then turned towards the bodies. “Where was the commander being kept?”

“Three floors; underground, sir.”

“May I see it?”

“You may, but the area isn’t ready for visitors and we would prefer to clean up, first. There was much damage.”

Brandon nodded. “Perhaps another time. What would you suggest next, then?”

As they continued through the outer wards, the tall man smiled. There were ten psychrons and two administrators trailing, behind them. The doctor turned, and pointed to some smiling patients and said, “Obviously there are people out there, who are hostile to you and your administration. We have the technology to change that, and create a better world, a saner world. What we need, is approval to conduct a program of search-and-find, in the populace. We have the means to find as well as control the people, who are your enemies.”

Brandon studied the man, talking to him.

"Sometimes I think we have already gone too far," he said.

"I understand your concern, sir, but what are you going to do when this whole planet is in civil war and the power of the Palbo realm has diminished, to next to naught? Whose rights are diminished when Palbo is destroyed and insanity is rife? Don't the people of this world deserve a sane system of control? Don't all who reside here deserve to live in peace, rather than live in the constant fear of war and terrorism?"

Before Brandon could answer, a note was thrust into the hand of the tall man. The tall man read it and then smiled. "It appears from the first reports, that the accident on the express-way was also deliberate sabotage. The same rockets that were fired at you, struck the prime-movers. It seems that the incident was staged, in order to manipulate your car to be in the upper level, by itself."

Brandon breathed deeply. He could see what the tall man was getting at. There were troubles, out there. "I see," he said. "Please lead on. I would like to inspect the work that you have been doing."

The tall man smiled. "If it pleases you, of course, but unfortunately, I'm the head administrator and due to what happened here two days ago, and in light of today's attack, I would like to personally see to the security arrangements, of your passage home. The head psycho-surgeon will be honored to show you around."

Brandon nodded. "I'll still be leaving in four hours. Perhaps we could talk about the cost of your program, over a meal."

The tall man, the head administrator of the *Greendale Health Retreat*, agreed, bowed and left. Brandon continued on his inspection of the wards and the smiling successes of the programmed patients. It was all very impressive.

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## CHAPTER 2

## ESCAPE

The tall man looked at his second administrator. "You what?" he said, incredulously, "You let them escape? You blithering idiot! How did it happen?"

The other smaller man trembled, as his superior flew into a rage. He had heard that sometimes people disappeared, when this tall man was upset. The small man swallowed and tried to answer. "We staged the accident... just as you said. We fired the rockets, as you instructed...."

"Get this straight...Boris, I never instructed and I know nothing about what you have been up to. Understand?" The tall man was red in the face and standing aggressively over the smaller Boris. If he was not so useful in the administration of *Greendale*, he would have been replaced or reprogrammed, years ago.

Boris understood his innuendo, nodded, and continued in a stammering voice. "We took the Commander to the site, where you...I mean, where I had decided the attack should take place. We left him there, as you said, with his junior officers, as well as others, who have been troublesome outside, lobbying against us. They should have been unconscious from the drugs we gave them, and the security patrol we

sent in, should have found them and been able to kill them, there and then.

“However, it didn’t happen that way. When the security patrol arrived, they were fired upon, by assailants unknown. Many of the patrol are dead, and the commander and his junior officers have escaped or been freed.”

The tall man slammed his hand down on his desk and menacingly spoke, with hatred. “That will be the work of those Templar sympathizers, in Palbo C.C. We must be able to arrest them.”

The tall man then turned and looked at the scene, beyond his window. He knew that the only thing beyond his window was another room, but the scene still appeared real. He watched the wind rustle through the leaves, and then he turned. The redness in his face had vanished and his manner was calmer.

Quietly, he spoke. “How did our guest take to our suggestions, do you think?”

The small man tried to smile. “I believe that he was genuinely shaken by the attack, and will probably allow our proposals for subliminal control of the population, in a confined area, to prove the programming does work.”

“Good, have preliminary proposals drawn up. I believe there is a village nearby, which may be of use. This will be the first time that it will be used on a full society. We must not mess up, and those who oppose us must be terminated. We may not get another chance, like this again.

“With regards the rebels that kidnapped the Commander, find them privately. Brandon Mirac is never to know, or else he may start to wonder what we really are doing.”

The small man bowed slightly, and left the room.

Ω

Commander Rigrano opened his eyes every now and again. They were very heavy. He tried to remember where he was, who he was, but it all seemed a blur.

He did recall some images of white coats and men scurrying about, but that seemed to give him a headache. He also recalled bodies, lying on the ground. There were buildings and some blood. It was very confusing; there was also someone, who he knew. Perhaps it was a psychron, but they seemed distant now. He closed his eyes, and slipped away again. It all seemed too hard to comprehend.

A day later, he awoke, with a startled feeling. He looked around and saw three people gathering wood, by a large tree. He looked at their clothes, and then his own. Where was he, he wondered? It seemed that these people were wearing cotton clothing, or at least something woven, appearing as cotton. He certainly was not wearing patient dress.

Rigrano tried to lift his head, and coughed, and then collapsed, back onto the grass. He lay there; feeling helpless, but at the same time appreciating the

sunlight that dappled through the leaves of the tree, providing warmth to his face.

One of the men came into view. He leaned over Rigrano's body and smiled. He seemed familiar; but Rigrano couldn't place him. He spoke in a kindly voice. "So; you're awake, Commander? Can you sit up?"

Rigrano was surprised; at the familiarity of the man's voice. He seemed friendly and compassionate, and obviously knew him. Rigrano spoke quietly; with much deliberation. "Sir, I can get up with your help, but I must confess to not knowing who you or I are." He looked around, helplessly.

His senses picked up the smell of a hot *kalo* brewing on the fire, as he was helped to his feet.

He was offered a drink immediately. He sipped while one of the others spoke. "You can't recall the *Greendale Health Retreat*?"

Rigrano winced at the pain, which seemed to pulse through his brain. He almost collapsed as he said, "No. Nothing... but... nothing."

The other man raised an eyebrow and nodded. He spoke softly, "We have all suffered at the hands of those barbarians. You have, too. We, like you, were rescued from the psycho-surgeons...."

"But...but..," stammered Rigrano. "They are our friends."

The nearest man spat on the ground, and threw his beverage into the nearby bushes. "They are your enemies, and ours. Here is a picture of you and us,

before we were passed into their hands. Look at yourself now. You can't even remember who we are."

Rigrano stared at the picture. He then looked down, at himself, and then up at the others. He looked up, "We, I mean I, we are in military uniform. How can that be? I think I was a peasant farmer, before I was taken ill."

"Peasant farmer, ah! Sir," said the nearest. "You were a Federation Fleet Commander. We were your junior officers. Look at the rank, on your sleeves in the photograph. What does that show you?"

Rigrano stared at the photo, and looked up. "It shows that I was in a uniform when this picture was taken, and nothing else. There could be truth to what you say, but I think it would be best if you take me to the nearest authorities."

The man by the fire came over, with a new brew. "I'm sorry sir, but we can't permit that. It would put us all in danger."

Rigrano looked around, for a means of escape. Feeling the terror in Rigrano's mind, the man with the beverage handed it to him. "If you think you were a farmer, then tell us what you farmed, how you did it, and where your family is," he said.

Rigrano stiffened with pride and said, "I'm from...from.... Well, I'm from... and I harvest... no I...." He stared at the men, and sat down. His eyes felt moist and he said, softly breaking into grief, "I don't know who I am, or where I'm from. I'm not ... a... peasant farmer."

One of the men stooped down to Rigrano. "Sir, you received far more programming than any of us. After you masterminded the last escape, they vowed that you would recall nothing of your past existence. We, on the other hand received simply more, of the same programming. Yours was on a more severe level. We can recall glimpses of our past, but we won't be satisfied until you're one of us again, and help us stop this poison, in galactic society.

"Sir, they may have wiped out your memory, but we do have records and details of your life, and if you permit us to present them to you, then we hope that you'll be able to dig it up, and join all the parts again. We want you to remember who you were, and all the abilities that went with being you."

Rigrano looked up and nodded. They helped him up to his feet and led him over to the other side of a hill, and into a small interplanetary craft. It shimmered and vanished from view.

Ω

Brandon stood at his desk, looking out, over the park. He had just received the news of another terrorist attack. He read the data slower, in order to be certain. Three government ministers and two administrators had just been killed, in an ambush, outside Central Hall.

Brandon Mirac pulled a document from his drawer, which he had been keeping, for some time. He

unscrewed the cap from his pen and slowly signed. This would inform the *Supreme Council* that he was behind the general subliminal control that the psychrons would now put in, on the population. Perhaps, they could curb the current unrest.

Ω

Rigrano had been watching actual footage of his own treatment, in the *Greendale Health Retreat*.

The man he had got to know as Johnny was running through the film again. He continued explaining, "Here is where they treated the patients initially, with their latest methods, subliminal implanting. On a level of hearing, lower than is consciously audible, they play messages to obtain agreement from the patient. It sets up a circuit in the mind of the recipient, who unknowingly acts out the implanted commands. It is an effective, but light method of implanting. It can be broken by simply replaying the implanted messages, at a level that the patient is aware of. In your case they are as follows."

Johnny turned up the volume of the recording. The screen was showing three patients with the phrases being repeated over and over, below the level of the patients' awareness. "Psychrons are good. They are here to help you. Psychrons are your friends. Only psychrons can be trusted."

Rigrano had his attention fixed to the screen until he said, "I think I have heard and seen enough."

Johnny nodded. He waited for the next video to start, before ordering food. He continued, "Here, they use what is called, narcosis-therapy. The patient is placed asleep for hours and days, while commands are played through speakers. Once the subliminal messages have hold of the patient, the resistance of the person, at this level, is almost zero. I'll play the massages that were programmed into you later, along with the names of the drugs, which were used to hold your mind in control.

"The next method is what is called aversion therapy. In your case, you were heavily drugged on hallucinogenic drugs and then shown a picture of your old job, along with a simultaneous jolt of electrical current to the head. You were shown these pictures, of military uniforms, as well as Federation military. They used pictures and film while you were given a current of seventy volts for up to three minutes, through your brain. The result was that if you recalled any memories of your past existence, then you would re-experience the same pain, and headaches."

Rigrano winced, under the pain. "Like now!" he said, as he could barely watch.

Johnny nodded. "We will run this one through a few times, and the pain will finally disappear."

Moments later, the pain had gone and Johnny continued. "Here is where they blank out the last of any memory. Short sharp electric current is run through your brain for fractions of a second. The power is high, and irreversibly damages the brain cells, which

are turned into scar tissue. I'm afraid this is what we can't repair."

Rigrano had one last question. "How did you manage to get access to all this data?"

Johnny shrugged. "Like our initial escape, we have no idea. When I awoke, it was near the tree that you were under. I then woke my friends, and we found the craft, nearby. All the footage of imagery was in it. I have no idea how it, or we, came to be here."

Johnny stood and let Rigrano go through it, again.

Ω

It had been several months since Brandon Mirac had permitted the installation of the subliminal programming, on a large social level. He had even approved the programming of some of the Directors of the Security Council.

The amount of terrorist attacks seemed to be dwindling.

Ω

Rigrano sat back and stared at the image, and then looked to Johnny, "I seem to get the idea that I was part of a large fleet," he said.

Johnny nodded. "That is part of your next step. As your memory is as far as we can tell, permanently impaired, we will furnish you with data, to take its place. In other words we will show you material, so

that you can replace that, which has been permanently lost.”

Rigrano nodded, as he sat back and watched the screen. They soon came to the part of his last major command, *Sequetus 3*.

Rigrano became fidgety. Finally, he said in a shaky voice, “There is something frightening about this place. I can’t put my finger on it though.”

Johnny nodded. “Continue to watch. I believe it might all come back to you, as it did, to us. What you’re about to see is real footage. It is from the Fleet Flagship *Cruiser Bridge*, which you commanded, at the time.

The recording rolled on. Together, they watched, as a lone *interceptor* escaped from Earth, only to be forced back down through the clouds, and then return again. The display from the pilot’s viewpoint was magnificent, but he was grossly outnumbered. Eventually, the craft cut its drives system, and free fell, down to the ocean. Next, the image panned across to the west, where a large white light, the size of a cruiser began to rise, over the horizon. It grew in size, and descended over the fallen interceptor. The orders at the time, were given for no action to be taken, and all recordings of the event to be marked *Security Council*, viewing only.

Rigrano nodded, “I do recall that thing, now. I had no idea what it was then, and no more of an idea, now.”

Johnny agreed. "Yes. Whatever it is, it is known by the Security Council. You may recall, your orders were, to not engage."

"I remember."

"So why were we sent to Greendale?"

"To hide what we knew, but what is it that we knew?" asked Rigrano.

"Well, what we were doing out there, coincides with the mystic law of the Templars. They claim that their Goren Torren would be found, a millennium after his assassination, give or take a few years, and that is about seven years ago."

"So what was that bright light? Some form of a pagan god?" asked Rigrano.

Johnny shook his head. "I don't think so. It isn't part of their religion, but it sure has the Security Council bluffed."

"Where to now, then?"

"For the past several weeks, we have been warping from one place to another, on Palbo. We are unable to escape the planet. As you may know, the warp fields around this system were mined, a millennia back. You need a map to get through, and a map, we don't have."

Rigrano shook his head in shame. "They have mined the shades of time, the warp fields? That is horrific."

"Correct. So, our first mission is to get into the ministry of transport and steal a copy of the pathway, out. Then, we have to escape."

Ω

The preparations for the intrusion into the ministry took them ten days. The small band succeeded, and vanished from the Palboan sector, heading for their home planet; Sleebo.

Ψ

## CHAPTER 3

## VAGRAS

A hundred and fifty *pacs* under the island of Vagras on Palbo, worked eighty-five psychrons and psycho-surgeons.

On top of the island was a tiny sleepy fishing village. At the rear of the village at the base of the mountains, was a three story hotel, also in a sleepy existence. Its purpose was to provide tourist and holiday accommodation, during the peak periods of summer. The hotel lay directly over the underground work levels, and provided a vertical link between the two facilities.

It was no surprise that the majority of the tourists were psycho-surgeons and psychrons. Without them, the economy of the small island would die.

The island had the name of Vagras, and that meant *paradise*, in an ancient and unused tongue, for it was to be *paradise* for those who visited.

It was six hundred *Ks* out into the ocean, off Palbo C.C. For those not immediately familiar with the region, the island was relatively unknown.

Amongst the psycho-surgeons Vagras was very well known. More recently the island, and especially the hotel, had been frequented by government diplomats and administrators.

The island was shaped like a horse-shoe, with the hotel high up on the slopes in the center and a small jetty jutting out from the southern wall by the sea. Leading from the jetty, a small road threaded its way up to the village, via the hotel.



*Island of Vagrås*

This day was beautiful. The breeze gently wafted in from the ocean cancelling some of the sun's harsh equatorial rays. Out past the jetty, could be heard the putt-putt of the day's incoming steamer. The ship was of two levels, with paddle wheels at the rear. The trip had been a perfect run, from island to island and the small ship hooted its whistle.

Cautiously, it pulled into the old wooden jetty, with waves gently lapping up against its side.

The lines were secured by a bustle of attendants and the gangways hoisted over. This was a big day on the island and only happened once a week. After the boat left, there would be no scheduled transport, until the next week.

It was strange, this anachronism. The boat was new, but the form of transport had not generally been seen in the waters of Palbo, for three millennia. It had been decided by the owners of the hotel, that in order to achieve a restful atmosphere, ancient transport

would reduce the state of turmoil a visitor might be in, when he came to the restful retreat of Vagras.

There was a small crowd, at the jetty. Behind them, were the only six floaters, permitted on the island. Dust rose around the bustle of activity, as goods began to be offloaded and some fishing products put on board for export.

The boat had originally been loaded, at the nearby island of Catoomb, six hours away.

The passengers began to disembark, and were greeted by hotel staff.

Morris was a psychron, top of his field, and was here to welcome some special guests. He wore a white suit, and had hotel staff standing by, at his floater.

Morris called out, over the crowd, "Doctor Elan...Doctor... over here." He waved his hands, as goods and passengers brushed past him.

The female, whose name he had called, was still on the boat, waiting her turn to step off. Behind her, were a patient and two attendants. As the boat slowly rocked to the slight rhythm of the waves, the crowds began to clear. It was a glorious day, with only the occasional scudding cloud to detract from the brilliant blue sky.

Finally, Doctor Elan reached Morris, an old friend and associate. They shook hands and smiled. Morris had known her from the Palbo Academia decades ago. She had graduated, to become one of the shining lights of the psycho-surgeons.

Her bright green eyes sparkled, as she spoke.  
“Morris, it has been such a long time, since we worked together. You have been well, I hope?”

“Of course, Elan. Thank you. Is this your patient?” Morris asked, as he pointed to the man, standing behind her.

Elan smiled, turned and nodded to the two assistants, who gently nudged the man forward. “Yes, this is my charge. We are about to make him stronger and better than he ever was. When he returns, no one will recognize the new man.”

Morris smiled. “Well, you’re at the right place. No one could do a better job, than here. Please follow me.”

Morris led the way. The patient was gently nudged along the path. The floater was only moments away.

The patient had lost most of the vitality, in his eyes. He seemed to only stare, three feet in front of him. His arms just hung, and he responded to neither casual speech nor command.

Morris had seen many patients, like this. This was the retreat of retreats. The patient would be fine, like all the others. He would recuperate, and become a much stronger human being – a super human being.

Though Morris knew the man wouldn’t understand what Morris was saying, he said it anyway as the man was pushed into the rear seat of the floater, “Welcome to Vagras, *Brandon Mirac, sir.*”

Ω

*Letone* stood, at the head of the *Council of Order*. The room was large, with high ceilings, and natural rock spotted with glowing moss. *Letone* pointed to the hologram, which danced in the center of the dark room. He spoke to the Council. "This, fellow *Aaron*, is the escapee, Commander Rigrano and his junior officers. No one has ever successfully penetrated their warp-mine fields.

"What appears to have happened is some form of resistance to what the government has set up. That resistance has somehow managed to free Rigrano and his compatriots, and create some havoc, throughout their systems.

"There, as you see, is some form of military hostility, striking at a government transport."

*Letone* then shrugged. "That is all we have. The hologram message was transmitted to us in Jilta, from outside of the Palbo group of planets. We don't know who this group is that opposes the Mirac regime, or who sent us this message, but we can assume these two groups, Rigrano and the resistance, are the same or closely allied. Also, we know that Rigrano and his crew are headed for their home planet of *Sleebo*."

The image ceased.

*Letone* turned to the rows of *Order Members*. One by one, they said, "A *Boguard* mission to *Sleebo*."

*Letone* nodded and bowed slowly.

Under Vagras, the psychrons and their surgeon counterparts readied the treatment, for Brandon Mirac. All the preliminary work had been done at Greendale, but on Vagras, the research was further advanced.

Brandon had been escorted from his hotel room, down the lift, to the sixth level, below ground. Here only the most trusted of psychrons were employed.

Brandon was lying in a room, coming around from the great quantities of narcosis therapy.

A young male psychron looked down, as the patient moaned.

Elan stepped over. "Thank you Glaon, but he has to return for his next session."

She handed to the youngster her clipboard and waved two psychron orderlies, to move Brandon's bed.

A moment later, he was under a long lamp that illuminated his whole body. Elan looked on, as the attendants attached six wires to Brandon: two at the temples, one at each palm, and one at the heel of each foot.

She turned on the power and soon twenty volts was flowing, through Brandon's body. Over the period of an hour, the voltage would gradually increase, to eighty volts.

Elan smiled, as Morris walked into the room. She pulled him aside and whispered, as the voltage steadied. The body seemed to tense, relax, tense and relax. Elan whispered, "As the body tenses, we reduce the current in wattage, and then the body muscles

relax. As the muscles relax, we in turn increase the wattage. At no time do we alter the voltage, or take less than seventy-five minutes to build up, to the optimum voltage of eighty-five.”

She nodded, as the body tensed and then relaxed again. “With the correct narcosis, this can be kept up indefinitely. The narcosis will render him unconscious, and relax the body, so that the muscles are not ridging too tensely, but there must not be so many drugs, that they create pain. Do you understand, Morris?”

“Of course, Doctor.”

“Now watch, as the head-phones go on. His whole mind is open to suggestion. What he is listening to, is a series of messages, which will be with him, for the rest of his life.”

“They are?” asked Morris.

Elan drew the attention of one of the attendants, and the sound in the earphones filled the room: *You’re a great man. The Templars hate you, and they must be destroyed. Destroy the Templars. The Federation is great. The Federation must be great. At all costs, the Federation must be great. Palbo through the Federation, shall rule. It shall need total war, to rule. The Federation shall rule the galaxy. Brandon Mirac is strong. Brandon Mirac is great. Brandon Mirac will lead the Federation to total victory, over the Templars. The Templars are evil. The Templars must be destroyed.* The voice of the commands was professional, soothing, and masterful. Behind the voice, was relaxing aesthetic music.

After a three second pause the sound faded. The attendee checked the instruments.

Elan smiled. "The therapy will be complete, after twelve sessions."

Morris nodded. "That will change him?"

Elan put her hand on Morris's shoulder and began to lead him out. "He'll become a superman, a man, above other men. He'll lead the Federation against that cult of short-lifers. Soon, our worlds will be free, from their interfering influence."

"Will Brandon Mirac be strong enough to do it?" asked Morris.

"More than enough. If we can keep him on the narcotics during this, then he'll have those messages in his mind as natural a thought, as his own. The excellent part of the therapy, is that he'll never be able to tell the difference between how he used to think, and now. Even if he could, he wouldn't be able to do anything about it, anyway."

Morris's voice showed that he was impressed. "So, where do these narcotics come from?"

Elan turned and smiled. "Sequetus 3."

Ω

The Chairman of *The Imperial Council for Psycho-Surgeons of Palbo*, was Rees Jay. He was a small man, with an amazing vision of how the universe was to unfold. It was he, as Chairman, who had orchestrated the programming of Brandon Mirac and his

government. It was he, Rees Jay, who had the grand ideas of reinstating the power of the *Federation Warp Drive Bank*.

Certainly, there was backing from the Directors of the Bank, as they had already been programmed. Now, with the assistance of the government and Brandon Mirac as its head, all those in authority, could embrace the doctrines of the psycho-surgeons. The power of Rees Jay now seemed unlimited.

He stood as erect as his short body would allow, cleared his throat and looked at the group of twenty-three, that sat around the table. He recalled the day outside, three floors above, in the over-ground. The weather had cooled and it pleased him.

All eyes in the spartan room were on him. He looked down and then stared back at them. He continued his speech. "We must aim to permeate every educational activity in our galactic life: academia and technical education, those who provide the teaching, the principles upon which they work, and the people upon whom they work. They must all be the object of our interests. Public life, politics and industry should all be within our sphere of influence.

"Especially since the last great Alliance, a millennia ago, we have done much, to infiltrate the various organizations, throughout the Santonia Galaxy.

"We have made a number of useful attacks upon a number of professions. The two easiest of them naturally were the teaching profession and the Temple. Yes, we have infiltrated the Temple with our ideas. The

two most difficult to penetrate have been law and medicine.

“We don’t need to act as The *Psychronic Council* to change the galaxy, now. We need only act individually from our own corners of the galaxy. It won’t matter if The Psychronic Council is never heard of, again. We will become a fifth column into galactic society. The military will lead the attack, but that will soon cease, and then it will be up to us, to take control of a galaxy, in its turmoil.

“However, we will need a long-term propaganda plan.

“We have the technology to change life. We must use this power our technology gives us, or it shall be viewed in the future, as criminal neglect.”

Ω

Brandon Mirac had returned to his role, as head of the Warp Drive Bank and absolute administrator of the planet. In the meantime, there had been a series of executions, military triumphs and power consolidations.

Over two hundred days prior, he had yearned for and been granted power to revitalize the Palbo influence, over the Federation.

He had miraculously found himself at the head of the military. It was through lobbying by the Bank, and the execution of three generals, that he now was head of the Palbo Empire military machine. He was now Commander-in-Chief. Palbo had a new constitution.

Brandon Mirac was the first to admit that the might of the Palbo military was small on galactic scales, but the Imperial Federation Warp Drive Bank was still the most powerful organization in the Federation, even with the advent of the Templars.

The Bank, coupled with the Palbo military machine, would grow, and it would grow in numbers, finance and planetary possessions.

Brandon Mirac was now outlining the plans that he had in mind, for the military. Two generals and five marshals sat watching him, as he pointed to a holographic impression of their sector of the galaxy.

Brandon slammed his palm down on the table in defiance of any, who would dare defy him. "These planets are held and farmed by Templars. They are short-lifers and a blemish to the name of the Federation. They are a blemish to Palbo and its neighbors. In the name of decency and the Federation, it is up to us to liberate these planets. There will be no sleight of hand here. We need the Federation to be seen, as a consolidated force. We from Palbo, will show our weak bellied allies, how easy it is for these Templar planets to be taken.

"A simple fleet of two *cruisers*, plus a backup fleet of ten *destroyers* with landing support, can take and control any Outer World. With two destroyers overhead to consolidate our power, these planets will be ours, thereafter."

The plan was simple. A small ground assault would land secretly, on the planet. The commandos

would take out the administrative nerve center and then a massive twenty minute aerial bombardment would create mayhem, followed immediately by a general ground assault to consolidate the gains. Give a week to mop up any resistance, and the fleet minus two destroyers could pull out.

This was the beginning of many easy conquests, to return the balance of power of the Federation to the Palbo Empire.

ψ

## CHAPTER 4

## WAR

Brandon Mirac stood; smiling, in front of the ecstatic crowd of half a million, which had gathered to see him. He had just finished speaking, to the people of Palbo, and had demonstrated the power of their military and fighting men. They had extended their boundaries far into the new territories, with small loss of personnel. Twelve planets had fallen to Palbo, and now a team of psycho-surgeons and psychrons was securing that position. His personal following had risen. It seemed that people genuinely loved him. They cheered and carried images of him.

Brandon waved and the crowd below him, the seething masses, chanted his name. He gave one last salute, and turned from the balcony, back indoors.

He asked the aide, "Please leave the doors open. It pleases me to feel the warm breeze of Palbo, with the sound of its great peoples."

Brandon turned to his Marshals, who bowed.

The Marshal, with the three stripes over the left breast of his grey and black uniform, stepped forward. "My Leader; our cruisers have just taken over the small principality of Palacon. I also have news that we have a treaty with Pilmon and Felano, who have agreed to forsake their heads of planetary control, in exchange for Palbo's protection. In ten days' time, we expect the

small Duchy of Py to concede to the embargo, which we have placed on the planet, and for them to agree to you, as absolute monarch of its constitution.”

Brandon threw off his cape and sat into a large chair, which automatically contoured itself, around his body. The thought of power made him feel ecstatic. The feeling of power was exhilarating. It was like an electric current running through his body. It felt soothing, relaxing and satisfying.

“The terrorists?” asked Brandon.

One of the generals at the rear, stepped forward. “Leader, the terrorists are being hunted down, as you ordered. They are being executed, at every possibility, but still they seem to come out, being bred from nowhere.

“There can be no more than a dozen, which we know of, who have not been caught, but we will catch and execute them all.”

Brandon nodded thoughtfully. He looked up, “Execute them publicly, and if that fails, begin to get hostages from the towns of known terrorists. Execute the hostages as needed, until the terrorists come forward, or are named. We can’t have Templar sympathizers. Is that understood?”

The general bowed and backed out.

Brandon turned; his body indeed felt electric. His face was flushed and his voice rose, as he addressed the others, “The people out there love me. I’m the greatest liberator to come to Palbo. Even in the earlier days of the Warp Drive Bank, the people had not

invested so much power in one man. We are now more powerful, than we have ever been.

“Here is our next objective. It will be in two stages. The Marshal Tarrow shall take his expedition through the Outer Worlds, who remain loyal to the Templars. Remember, it isn’t our apparent objective to remove the Temples, but rather take control of the planets. The Temples will be removed, at a later date. For the moment you’ll find it simple enough to take control without much resistance. It has been found that the Templars will give up control of their beloved New Worlds, if we leave their Temples intact.

“These last eleven planets fell at our knees, from only our mere presence. That will continue, as we push further away from their power base, Jilta.

“To assist us, we have called on the *Palbo Youth*, to supply men and women, to travel to these new worlds to take over the major decision making processes. Once on these Outer Worlds, they will be granted the best dwellings of the locals, and be allowed to determine their own rewards; after all it is they who will have had to leave their comfortable existence, here on Palbo, to help those barbarians rule their repugnant little Outer Worlds.

“You, Marshal Philani; you’ll take a larger force, into the established realms of the Federation. There, you’ll take the sectors, by threat, force or treaty. You’ll ensure that it is me, who is head of their military regimes.”

Finally, Brandon Mirac turned, to his last general. "You, old friend, General Kalap. It will be your job, to go directly to Jilta, and offer them my express wishes that I don't intend to wage war against the Templars or their federated sectors. They must be made to understand that we could no longer sit by idly and see the worlds around and beyond Palbo be exploited, without our own control put in. Tell them that the Temples may continue, if the existing inhabitants don't offend our new administration. Tell them General, that we don't want war, but if the Templars and Jilta force it upon us, then we shall wage it, and it will be bloody."

Brandon halted for a moment, and beckoned three diplomats into the front of the hall. "These emissaries shall assist you, General. It will be their charge to travel to the sectors of *Siltonia*, *Kalanon*, *Centor* and *Kantee*. They must deliver the message that we are offering peace to Jilta and the Templars. Our expansion is then complete. They must be told that."

The general asked tentatively, "The Malukan sector, my Leader?"

Brandon nodded, and put his arm around the shoulder of the general, "Old friend. There is still the Warp Drive Bank. That will secure the abstaining of this sector, from any conflict. The Malukans still bear grudges against the Jiltanians, because of their loss, in the *Battle of Sequetus 3*. That memory can be revived, and I can assure you that the Malukan sector won't rise up against us. At worst, it will remain neutral. Possibly, it will become an ally."

The general nodded. Brandon Mirac straightened and turned to the remainder. "Leave now and may the grace of genetic superiority win out against the barbarians."

Brandon now turned and walked to the window, as his staff left.

Below, were the remnants of the rally. Half a million people had packed into the square, to see him speak. Some had come from other planets, some from other continents, but most were local. They had all cheered. He was a hero, to all who saw him.

He wondered what the future would hold. Would the Templars resist attacking? If they did, then Palbo would have time to gather strength and then deliver the decisive blow, and become the only rulers of the galaxy.

Brandon thought back to the time of a few hundred years ago, when all seemed bleak for Palbo and the Bank. They were dark times, when no one realized the strength and power that a Federationist possessed. That power had been unleashed now and he would be ruler of the Galaxy. He thought about it. This had never happened before.

His left hand twitched. He watched it, as though it had a mind of its own. It seemed to move and shake, of its own accord. Brandon stared at it and concentrated. Eventually, he grabbed it with the other hand, and held it down on the balcony rail. The twitching subsided.

The days were getting shorter. The summer was over and in months, the cold would arrive. Brandon mused over the cold. It was the cold that motivated and drove the Palboans to greater endeavors, to climb out of the earlier oblivion, to develop new ideas, dozens of millennia ago. It was Palbo that was the recognized center and source of galactic civilization. It was from here that the original Royals set out, to meet the *Confederated Council of Planets*. Brandon smiled, as he recalled reading how soon the victory in that part of the galaxy transpired. The *CCP* had little weaponry that could match the success of the Federation cruisers and warp drive travel. The Royals quickly won and colonized the CCP worlds.

Brandon would do the same. He would take the planets and rule them, as his forbears had done, millennia before him. He sighed. This was the second coming of the Palboans.

Ω

In a small metal clad building, in the north of Palbo City Centrum, a series of experiments were being carried out. The building was a disused factory, which had once manufactured wire strand, for interstellar cruisers. The works had since moved away from the city, to confidential underground work havens.

Three floaters pulled up, outside the old building. The day was overcast and the first sign of snow was in

the air. Palbo was moving well away from the sun, on its elliptical orbit.

Doctor Elan stretched as she stepped from the second floater. She smiled, as a small group at the front entrance greeted her. The full party stepped out from the floaters and crowded around a central figure, who stepped forward.

"We're pleased you could attend, Doctor Elan," said Doctor Rees Jay.

Elan smiled. "The pleasure is mine, to be in the presence of such a distinguished and notable psycho-surgeon, doctor."

The doctor smiled. "Thank you. If you'll follow me I'll begin." He looked up, casually. "It is the wrong time of the year, to be outside like this."

The party made its way, undercover. It had already begun to snow. Only the guards posted, were left outside.

Inside, was barren. Only a few screens and chairs, scattered around half a dozen beds with patients, could be seen. The rafters of the old steel building were exposed, as was the steel structural shell of the walls. Elan wondered if it was colder inside, than out.

Rees stood at the front of the party. Including those already inside, there would have been close to thirty-five in the group.

He cleared his throat and waved to the attendants at the rear. The outer lights dimmed. He began, "Distinguished guests and colleagues. I apologize for

the surroundings, but due to the terrorists, it is difficult to maintain a foothold for these valuable experiments.

“If you’re not aware, it seems that the terrorists have singled us out, as their enemy. That is unfortunate, as there is no other science that can deliver this galaxy its freedom, from the yoke of the Templars.

“The experiments that I’m about to show you, are those that were the methods used, on the Royal Families a thousand years and more ago. Through these experiments, we were able to control the galaxy, until the coming of Torren and the Alliance. Since then, we have not lost the use of this technology, but we have not had a great use for it. However, now with the advent of war, it is well that we revive this old craft.

“This simply, is the removing of the living life-force, or mind, from one body, and placing it in another living organism. I don’t mean removing the physical brain. With the essence of the mind, we are acting. We did this successfully with the Royals, for millennia. We have the technology, and I wish to demonstrate it to you, but before I do, I’ll tell you how useful it was back then.

“Royals aged as you, or I, in their somewhat cumbersome bodies that came from the planet, *Talax*. They are larger than bodies of Palbo, and when the invasion of the Confederated Council of Planets was planned, it was decided that the large bodies of Talax would show we conquerors to be bigger than life. The effect was successful.

“What was done was the mind of a normal Palboan administrator or General was removed, from his existing body, and then the mind was removed from the Talaxon. The bodies and minds were then interchanged. As we also programmed the minds, and as they were the most intelligent and able of minds we had, then the result was phenomenal. The Royals simply ruled the galaxy, at our behest.

“What we also implanted in them was a failsafe command; that was as they grew old, they would return to Palbo for reprogramming and get new bodies, which we grew in advance, and which were grown, from the cells of their existing bodies. They then could later return to their planets in the Federation, rejuvenated with new bodies, but with their own very experienced and savvy mind. Due to the commands of the reprogramming, they would always do as we commanded, as well as return to Palbo. In exchange for this, the Royals lived lives that were effectually forever.

“However, with the advent of the Alliance, the Royals fell and were lost. Some of them returned. Where the majority went, we are not totally certain, but we do have a hint of where.”

An attendant entered, wheeling two beds with bodies.

Rees continued, “I’m now going to demonstrate something. Here, gentlemen, is the body of a captured terrorist. He has been hypnotized, to remain

unconscious until the sound of the snap from my fingers. He is strapped down.

"Next to him, is the body of an ape. It is a lower primate, from the Sequetus system. It can't talk nor think, to any great capacity. It is nothing, but a wild animal. It also is strapped to the bed.

"Now, the next part is to have their minds removed. You'll see what I mean, when I say that the mind isn't the brain. The brain remains intact." Rees waved to the attendant, who had wheeled in a machine that he placed over the bed of the primate. He positioned the head of the primate so that its skull was sitting in between two electrodes, directed towards each other, but out from the skull. The attendant then did the same for the human, and bowed to the audience.

Rees smiled and continued, "The current from one electrode will simply arc, from one side of the machine to the other. As the mind is electrical, and only resides in the brain, and isn't actually the physical brain itself, then the arc - if I let this continue - will entrap the mind - and in this way, it can be separated from the brain.

"The arc spins wildly at first, but then it narrows down, once the mind is attached. It is at this point, when the body can be removed. The arc will be seen travelling across the electrode, and the mind will be entrapped here. It is at this point when a new body can be entered, inserted, and the process reversed; just like we have done here.

"Please watch," he said as he turned back to the experiment. Rees looked around to make sure all were watching. He snapped his fingers. The human opened his eyes and looked around the building, to find the audience at his side. He saw them from the corner of his eye and began to scream. He had already been told what was going to happen to him.

"For the pity of humanity!" called the human patient. "You can't do this! Do you not have any decency left? For the love of ...."

Rees nodded; the machine began to hum and the man's eyes began to flutter. His voice trailed off and after a small gasp, his rigid body went limp. The machine was slowly removed away from his body, but with the arc still travelling from one electrode to the other.

Rees smiled. "As the body won't operate long without a mind, we must move fast... please." He indicated to the attendants.

The primate simply stared at the ceiling, as the hum of the machine went on and then slowly it closed its eyes.

Its machine was then removed, away from its head, while the arc lit the area around it.

The bodies were exchanged. Slowly, the human body was wheeled into the machine, which had previously had the electrodes on either side of the primate's skull. The electron arc hummed and then disappeared, and the sound of the machine died away.

Reece nodded and the same was done with the primate body.

Seconds later, there was nothing but silence. "Remove the straps to both the creatures," said Reece.

The straps were undone. The human body opened its eyes and stared at the ceiling. It rolled its head over and then sat up. It grunted at the audience and then loped over to the far end of the factory, with three attendants chasing it. It ran and then tried to climb the walls. Finally, they drugged the human and it fell, into a heap.

Rees simply smiled, and snapped his fingers.

The primate's eyes opened, and stared at the ceiling. It rolled its head over, to look at the audience and stared at them. It sat and then stood, looking around, as though for a means of escape. Slowly it looked downwards, at its arms, its legs and its crooked stance.

Again, it stared at the audience. It shrieked. Its eyes became like fires of terror, as it bolted for the audience. The hum of laser rifle from the side was heard. The animal fell. It regained its footing and rose. Two more shots and then a third, and it still made for the audience.

Three more shots and it fell at the feet of Elan. Another shot, and it was immobile, dying. It opened its eyes and stared into those of Elan's. The burn marks of the laser were deep. He knew he was about to die and grateful for that. Slowly, his big black lips curled as he looked at her, and a single word came out, "Why?" and

he fell back to the floor with eyes rolled upwards. The primate was dead.

Elan stood in horror that such a wild primitive animal should have gotten so close. "Doctor, the theatrics of your experiments are well known. I can say that I see a great need, for these experiments to be underway, again. It will save the loss of some of our greatest commanders. I, for one, support the experiment. I believe it to be one of the greatest advances, for humankind. However, I'm a bit shaken. Please excuse me."

Reece grunted and smiled. His point had been made.

As Elan left, the image and the word spoken by that ape would haunt her, for the rest of her life.

ψ

## CORDELLOS

The *Master Templar* had called an emergency meeting: of the Temple Cordellos. There were twenty-three *Cordellos* now, seven from Jilta.

The Master Templar was worried. He waited only until the last Cordello had been seated around the table, before he began his address. The room was filled with the antiquity of previous Royal days.

He saw that the agenda had already been handed out, and so began. "Thank you all for attending, on such short notice. As you know, the Palboan Empire has undertaken a series of ventures into the Outer Worlds, and taken almost total control. This was never completely a surprise. We had always expected some direct attacks, since the first appearance of the pirates. What we didn't expect, was the following attacks and consequential submission of the older Federation sectors, our neighbors, to come directly under control of the Palboan dictator, Leader Brandon Mirac.

"It seems that sectors are falling at his feet and handing over their military, for him to command.

"The reason why we are now here, is to decide what to do before we are conquered, to become only an interesting historical anecdote."

The head Cordello from Silt, stood. Two other Cordellos also represented his sector. "My Master," he

addressed the meeting. "It is known widely that the tyrant Mirac has offered peace, and that all they want is to claim planets that arguably could be considered theirs. It is possible that they don't intend to attack any of us. I propose that non-aggression is something, which we should consider."

"Granted," said the Master Templar, "But we all have received the delegates from Mirac. The question is, whether or not to believe him."

The Cordello from Kalanon stood. She bowed. "Gentlemen. This Mirac, is the most dangerous human being alive in our galaxy. He'll destroy all culture and education, in his psychotic quest to be the greatest and most powerful person there is." She looked around.

"Like some of the other Temple planets, the Kallonians have their intelligence gathering agencies." She looked about her, watching the faces drop, and continued. "Our intelligence has to be one of the best and as such, we can name all the other Templar Intelligence agencies. We all know that Mirac is killing the so called terrorists, on his home worlds. His people have extracted great wealth from our Outer Worlds, and great cruelty has been brought upon our Outer World populations. I propose that we stop this outrage, and if that means the Templars have to precipitate a war, then so be it!"

A Cordello slammed his fist down and rose. "That is planetary suicide. My home sector isn't ruled by Templars, and such action would precipitate civil war, as well. Already, there is a backlash against us. If we

war against Mirac, then at home, the non-Temple long-lifers will side with Mirac, in return for peace.”

The Kalanon Cordello stared at the man. “Agreed, but if we don’t stand up to this tyrant, then who will save the rest of the Federation?” She looked around the room, and smiled. “We have the craft; to take them on. We all know that we have ships, to protect our stronger planets. We have military craft, on order from the Malukan construction planets. We also have defense craft, from the CCP era. If we send some of our reserves, to secure the production of the Malukan craft, then we can form a formidable defense. However, first we need time, and time is also what Mirac is after. The question is, who will benefit the most from waiting?”

The Cordello from Centor was shaking his head.

The Cordello from Kalanon laughed. “You can shake your head, if you want, but you, Cordello.., you have one of the largest private fleets out in the galaxy. Don’t be ashamed. You’re not alone. The largest and first was the House of Jilta. They have just recently fought a great battle out near Rambus. There, part of their fleet was decimated, but they have more ships, as you do. If we be honest, we will find out that the combined strength of the Houses is great, and I believe, greater than that madman, Mirac. Our job here, is to consolidate the strength of the Houses, where necessary, take control of the military through legal and constitutional means. We must strike back,

as soon as possible. I believe Mirac needs time more than we do, so I suggest an immediate strike.

“Who has a private fleet that can strike now, or do I need to come clean for you all?” she smiled. “Why do I know this? It is because Kalanon is a small principality, and as such, we can’t afford the fleets of military hardware that you have all been buying. However, we can afford one of the finest intelligence gathering services, in the galaxy.”

She sat and waited for a reply.

Her comments turned the meeting. The center of operations would be Jilta, a Temple controlled planet, and seen by Mirac and Palbo as its natural counterpart.

Ω

The Cordellos met again, the next day. It was decided unanimously, that under the tenant of Torren, they must fight. They couldn’t run from an enemy, which eventually would ultimately destroy them.

The attack was to be launched, in several stages. The first would be intelligence, the second a public relations machine on the Temple planets, and finally an arms buildup. All told it would take about ten months. The Temples would then deliver a decisive military attack. In the meantime the Templars would agree to Mirac's choice of peace.

Ψ

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

ESCAPE FROM FEDERATION

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## SLEEBO

Letone meanwhile looked down at the small white planet. His Expeditionary Craft had just come out of warp drive. He was heading his last mission as Boguard, to rescue Rigrano and his junior officers.

Sleebo was on its larger orbit. Unlike most planets, Sleebo had two orbits around its solus. The inner orbit was short and only months long, while the outer orbit was most of their calendar year. The variance was due to the wobble in the solus revolution and a large Sleebo moon. The result was a mini winter, followed by a small summer, then a long drawn out winter, when the whole planet was under ice, then a spring, a short summer, autumn and then the short winter, when the whole cycle repeated itself. The planet Sleebo had six seasons and currently it was in the beginning of the long cold winter, when temperatures around the planet would drop to minus twenty degrees at the equator and minus seventy at the poles.

The view of the hologram was one of a white planet in turmoil; of swirling white masses of clouds.

Letone sat and thought of his young protégé, a millennium ago. It was here, that Goren had promised to visit, for the young *Anqi Storm*. Letone recalled the face of the young Malukan Trooper, who had been

positioned on *Mars Base*, a thousand years ago. She had helped, and fallen in love with, the great Goren Torren, who later died in her arms, assassinated by a bullet, through his head.

Letone's reverie was pulled away, as the image of the distant star came into view. Sleebo was approaching its furthest position, away from its solus. Letone shuddered at the thought, of working down there.

A sign lit up, in his room. They were ready to depart. Letone threw on the last of his *weather suit*<sup>1</sup>.

Moments later, he was joined by twenty other Boguard. He was an old man amongst them, but he carried their absolute respect. For an Aaron to be sent out on a Boguard mission in his twilight years was an honor to the persons, who served with him. All would learn, from such a man.

As Letone sat in the shuttle, he watched the clouds loom ahead. The shuttle rocked and shook, as it lowered through the first layers of clouds. Eventually, the craft shook so much that Letone was sure there must have been some malfunction.

Just as quickly, the small craft broke through the cloud layer, to reveal to them a sparkling white series of mountain peaks, which receded into the distance.

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<sup>1</sup> **DEFINITION:** Weather Suits: Wear that is the principle winter gear of Sleebo. The inner skin is (imitation) fur lined loose fitting garments. *Shocksuits* are today often worn beneath. With the fur the dress looks baggy and unfinished: Source: Searfinders Index pp. 23-26.

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Pristine white ice glistened under the lights of a small village, on the slopes of a large mountain close by. They descended towards the village. Many small cottages dotted the scene, poking their small white roofs through the ice and snow.

The shuttle was lowering into the village of Alsam. It had a population of three thousand people, which was quite large for Sleebo. Sleebo was a single planet in a system that seemed to watch the events of the galaxy pass it by. It didn't possess any great exports, but was mostly self-sufficient, with a small planetary population of around seventeen million. The villages were spread out, in a random fashion.

In the summer, there was the *Bearing Harvest*, when the mountain people came down from their peaks and grew crops in the valleys, to last them through the winter. The winter was a time when little was done, when adults spent time with their families, when children played in snow, and when the population generally awaited the thaw of spring.

Due to the cold, there was little gained from any military acquisition of Sleebo. The costs of ore extraction, or farming beyond subsistence, were too expensive for export. Export drives had been attempted, but inevitably failed. Markets were too far away and the galaxy could obtain whatever Sleebo produced, from cheaper sources.

The shuttle quickly lowering down, to the gentler slopes of the mountains. There was no government security station to visit or obey, upon entering Sleebo.

There was never any need for it. Sleeboans were not a threat, nor were any others a threat to them. The joke was if anyone ever wanted to take over Sleebo, they would only have to ask the locals. It would cost more to try to hold the planet, than it was worth by selling it.

The small craft landed on what was a frozen lake, frozen to its bed seven pacs down. All life within it was frozen, as well. In the spring, the lake would thaw, swell in size and come to life, in amazing abundance. The life that had frozen would return back to be living, during the thaw.

After the landing, Letone stepped out from the circular craft.

He stared up, into the valley, inhaling his first breath of the alien air. The bitter cold and dryness ran down, into his lungs. It surprised him. He looked around and saw the other Boguard, removing Federation snow transports, from the craft. He trudged around to the side, from where the wind was blowing. It hit his face, bringing sensations of biting pain, along with feelings of freshness and good health.

About two hundred pacs away, were a group of children, playing on the edge of the ice lake. They appeared to be making a small dwelling, using the snow. They looked up at the craft, Letone and the others, and quickly began to saunter up the side of the mountain, towards the village.

Letone checked his pockets. He had all he needed. He signaled to four of the twenty, to accompany him. The others would move out on their single seat floaters,

searching deeper, down into the valley. They would all return, in about six hours.

Slowly, the five crossed the snow and ice.

Snow scrunched beneath his feet and they soon came across the area where the children had been playing. Letone smiled and turned to the others. "A Federation cruiser, in the snow. Hopefully our quest is close to an end. Our records show that Rigrano originally came from Alsam. He would be a hero, among the villagers."

They marched on, until they trudged past a home, then another and another, many joined together. Soon, they were walking up the main street of the village.



*Alsam, of Sleebo, during the recess of winter*

Lights brightened the pretty scene, with colors reflecting off the snow. Lights shone from windows of

occasional shops. People peered out, to watch the visitors, as they walked up the hill.

Soon, the five stopped at a small single story building, which echoed inside, with raucous laughter.

Letone smiled. "An inn," he said, as he walked towards the front door.

He shook the snow off his clothing and entered. The others followed. Immediately, all noise stopped.

It was warm inside, and the pungent stale smell of alcohol wafted, into his lungs. Letone looked at the watchful eyes and walked to the front inn bar. There were about fifty people present, and it seemed that Letone and his friends had interrupted the evening's entertainment.

Immediately upon reaching the bar, Letone drew the attention of the keeper. "Sir," he said in plain *Standard Galactic*. "I would like to buy a drink for all the people in this room. It seems I have interrupted their occasion, and that was not my intention. Perhaps this will help." Letone placed four coins on the bar and the noise began to pick up again. As the mugs of *meedle*<sup>2</sup> began to be carried out to the customers, the raucous laughter returned.

The air was warm and heavy with tobacco, a gift and curse from Sequetus 3. Letone and the four Boguard took their seats, around a vacant table. As

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<sup>2</sup> **DEFINITION: Meedle:** A drink often served in the Malukan sector. It is distilled from barley and mixed with cinnamon and pepper derivatives. Served warm to hot and alcoholic: Source: Searfinders Index, pp. 989-91. [◀Return](#)

the keeper served them Letone grabbed hold of keeper's arm softly and asked, "Do you know the whereabouts of this man, Rigrano?"

As Letone held out a holographic image for the inn-keeper to view, the little old man pulled away in fright. He hurried back behind his counter, and then into the rear rooms.

Letone shrugged. He noticed two others, on the adjacent table staring at him, so he asked, "Have you seen him?"

The men turned away. The larger man, with a fiery red beard came and pulled a chair up next to Letone and said, in educated Standard Galactic, "Listen. I don't know what you and your boys are doing here, but forget trying to find Rigrano. It would be very dangerous for your health. Understood?"

Letone didn't understand. He looked at his own men and then back, into the eyes of the Sleeboan, "My man, I don't know why you seek to hide him...." The man cut off the rest of Letone's sentence, as he grabbed Letone's clothing around the throat and pulled him, face to face.

The man's eyes glowed in hate, fired by the alcohol. "I said, mister, please leave it alone. Get out of here, before I or...." Immediately, the man let go of Letone with a shriek. He waved his hand around as though it had been burnt.

Letone calmly spoke again. "Your hand is unharmed. You need to tell me why you're so angry.

I'm here to help Rigrano. He is already in much danger, and more is coming."

By this time, about a dozen others were milling around the table. Letone was noting their positions, carefully.

One of the men threw a piece of paper, onto the table. Letone read it and looked up at the men. He nodded. "This does explain your animosity and need to protect your comrade." He handed it to his men.

The paper was a reward; posted for any that could catch Rigrano and return him to Palbo. He was worth three times more, alive than dead. The names of four junior officers were included, as was the town and planet, of where to find him.

Letone looked at the men, around the room. It wouldn't take much to stir these men into a fight. Letone was still calm, as he said, "I see that the five of us are covered by lasers. Fine. Have others been around, in search of Rigrano?"

"Ha!" said the man with the red beard. "About half the galaxy have."

"Hmm," mused Letone. "Then you won't be readily accepting anything I say. Why do I not make you a proposition, then? Take me to him, while you guard my friends, here. If Rigrano believes it wise to kill me, and my friends of course, then do it. If, on the other hand, Rigrano decides that I'm not to be killed, then you let my friends go and Rigrano and I'll plan our next move, together."

The crowd seemed to be split on the idea, until Letone said to the one with the red beard, "Of course if six Sleeboans, with lasers aimed at the back of an old man are no match for the old man, then I can understand your reluctance."

That was enough, and the bearded man went to grab Letone but pulled his hand back quickly. "Listen old man, I tried to warn you, but if you insist, then come with me."

Letone heard the off-clicks of six laser safety latches. He stood, and followed the man into the rear room. Behind him, came the occasional prod, of a rifle.

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## RIGRANO

Letone was led into a small room, lined with timber. The short inn-keeper was there. He nodded and the far wall opened. Letone was hustled inside.

For a moment, Letone stared at the tunnel he was now in. A primitive form of electric bulb lit it. He was quickly pushed ahead. They had gone only one hundred paces, when the lights were turned off, and another set turned on. It was another tunnel, leading in a different direction.

Letone had been briefed on the tunnels of Sleebo. In its primitive past, the planet had been a halfway haven, to wealthier planets. The Sleeboans in turn, were looted and as such, all towns developed tunnels, interconnecting the above ground dwellings. The tunnels also served as local transport routes, when the temperatures dropped far below zero. There were of course, two types of tunnels, those that everyone knew about, and those that were hidden, which everyone still knew about.

They had traveled five hundred paces, as far as Letone could tell. Letone estimated they had gone into the mountain, and were well below the surface.

Finally, they arrived at a door. It opened and Letone was shoved through. Six people were sitting around an old wooden table. A woodstove was burning

in the corner, its flue going up, into the rock. There were two other doors, on the far side.

Letone felt at ease; the tunnels felt like home. He recognized the person sitting amongst a small group. It was Rigrano. Letone nodded at him and sat.

Rigrano pulled back his hood, and said in a gravelly voice, "Who are you?"

Letone looked at the six lasers, which were again pointing at him and the angry ruddy bearded faces, behind them. He said, "My name is Letone. I have a secret, like you. My secret is my origin. Let it suffice to say that I'm Boguard. Does that mean anything to you?"

Rigrano smiled, and sat back, looking the old man over. "Boguard...hmmm.... The Boguard were known for sending their best, to help the Lordes, the Royal families, but they vanished with the race of Royals. How can you be Boguard?"

"I just am. We are not just a piece of history, as the Royals became; we are still present on Jilta, assisting the Templars."

"Why did they send you, old man?" asked one of the junior officers. "You're too old to fight."

Letone replied as he leaned forward, "Young man, I could still beat you with both arms tied behind my back, but I didn't come here to fight you, but rather, we need your help. I'm the last surviving Boguard, who took part in the *Battle for Sequetus 3*."

All the men sat back. "That was over a millennium ago," said Rigrano, looking at Letone sideways.

"Indeed, I'm that old."

Rigrano looked around the room, and said in a smug smile, "Then if you were there, then you could tell me who it was, that the Torren loved."

Letone smiled, "My Lorde Goren Torren was in love with a young trooper, from this planet. Her name was Anqi Storm." Letone smiled, as he recalled her name and added, "She was beautiful and innocent. Her eyes were smoky-blue and her hair, auburn. She was tall, adventurous and loved life, until her death, aboard the *Destroyer Aliza*. She died with all other hands." The old man looked down, as he recalled the images of the terror, of that terrible day. He swallowed and took a deep breath.

Rigrano stared at the old man. He was an enigma. Why would he be here? He surely couldn't be strong enough to overpower them, even if he were Boguard. He asked, "Anyone skilled in literature could have learned those facts, though granted, they are little known. If you're Boguard, then prove it."

Letone looked at the man directly in the eyes. *I don't have to prove who I am. I came here, as I needed your help. You need my help. If you still don't believe me, then attempt to kill me!*

Rigrano fell back, off his chair. He was helped to his feet. He had received the thoughts of the old man, clearly. He looked at those old burning eyes of fire, across from him. Certainly, that was not an ordinary Federationist, sitting opposite him.

Rigrano coughed and finally said flustered, "I believe you, old man Boguard. What did you say your name was?"

"Letone." *Letone!*

Rigrano nodded quickly and turned to his men. "Letone is Boguard, as he says. Please ask his friends to come down here, if they wish. Also, ask the inn-keeper to prepare food for our guests."

One of the men, at the rear began to object, as did two of the junior officers.

Letone intervened, "Commander Rigrano, it may make your men feel more at ease, if my crew are simply let go, as was our agreement. They are also Boguard. For them, it will be enough that I have found you, and that you're willing to listen. I'll stay with you, as we need to talk and plan."

Rigrano waved his men away. They understood. "Food for us two, then," he called back.

Ω

After some hours of discussions, Rigrano and his junior officers had explained their internment and escape, from Palbo. Letone learned of the terrorists and the activities of the psycho-surgeons. He also learned of the earlier mission to Sequetus 3, and the escape of the lone interceptor and the admiration Rigrano had, for its pilot.

Letone was finally alone with Rigrano, when he again spoke of Sequetus and his last days there.

Letone smiled and said, "Commander, the pilot of that interceptor was me. Thank you." Letone bowed slightly.

Rigrano looked at the old man, shook his head and laughed, "Not possible. Those maneuvers that pilot executed were brilliant. An old man...."

*You doubt what you know to be true?*

Rigrano shook his head in amazement. "I'm pleased to finally meet you," and laughed. "I wanted to work with you... and here you are...."

Ω

The topics covered next, were the mining of the warp drive entry to Palbo, and its Empire. The entry to Palbo was almost impenetrable, and Letone knew that Rigrano must have had a map of the clear route out. Rigrano conceded that he did have such, but didn't intend to give it up.

Letone understood and asked, "Commander, does the government of Sleebo have much sway in the Malukan Council?"

Rigrano laughed, "There is no planetary government to speak of. In the winter, there is no way that one town or village can communicate with another, except through personnel passage. The weather doesn't permit shortwave, long-wave or microwave transmissions around the planet, and we are too poor, to afford land lines.

“What is happening on the other side of the planet, we won’t know, until the summertime. Even then, there are very few radios. We once had a satellite, but it malfunctioned during a winter, and no one knew that it had fallen to the planet, for another eight months. With that form of communications block, no one is interested in forming a planetary government.

“Don’t get me wrong. Each village has its own council, and they administer and form the laws. During the summer, the heads of the councils meet and confer on new laws, but there is no real planetary government, as such. The result is that we have little say in galactic affairs, and we like to keep it that way.”

Ω

It was established that Letone would stay underground, and send a message to his craft, outside of the village.

The topics they discussed were simple. Would Sleebo fall in, behind Commander Rigrano, one of their most decorated military *IFFCo* officers in centuries? If the planet did follow behind him, would they be willing to fight?

Rigrano didn’t know the answers, but was willing to find out. He would however, need protection if he was to proceed above ground. The bounty offered for Rigrano was more than enough, for a regiment to retire on. He loved his countrymen, but it didn’t mean that he trusted all of them.

The following day, three sets of patrols set out, from the small village of Alsam. Each patrol was headed in the direction of a different neighboring village. Their support would be enlisted, on a village to village basis. The appearance of a space craft would bring mistrust; jeopardize their chances, so travel must be by floater.

The floaters skimmed over the snow and ice. Letone was in radio contact, with the other Sleeboans. Over short distances, the radio disturbances in the atmosphere made little difference.

The daylight was occluded by low lying cloud. There were ten members, in each team. In two columns of five, they threaded their way around the mountains. Cloud banks cut visibility to only fifty pacs, and then suddenly it would clear, before being cloudy again.

Letone was in the first group. They had just burst through another cloud bank, and were travelling down the side of a mountain, when out of the sky, came a thundering roar. Letone looked back, over his shoulder. It was a large planetary craft, about a *Kinopac* across. It was enormous and getting closer.

Rigrano didn't have to be told what this was. His floater shot off to the side, as did the Boguard. Floaters and men scattered everywhere, down the side of the mountain, into the snow. Letone did the same. His body hurled over the crest of the edge, into the oblivion of whiteness.

As he contemplated his body, hurling through the air, Letone saw his floater falling ahead of him. He went onto a snow drift, head first. He heard a sound behind, as another body and floater landed into the snow.

Letone stared around himself. He was well in the snow drift. He twisted his body, expecting at any moment to feel the wrath of enemy lasers.

In a moment, Letone had pushed his head above the snow. There in the distance, the huge machine was disappearing over the horizon.

Almost disappointed, that they had dived for the security of the snow, for nothing, Letone pulled himself free and found others, doing the same.

Over to his left, Rigrano was trying to steer his floater out from his snow drift. Letone labored and helped heave the machine, clear. Moments later, all those that had left the track above, were back above the snow, hovering. Letone noted the grin on some of the younger faces; those who had not sought the safety of the snowdrifts. The grins would have been on dead faces, if those had been bounty hunters, above them.

When they had arrived back on the track, Letone asked Rigrano, "If that was not a bounty hunter, then what was it?"

Rigrano sat there, on his floater, looking over towards the horizon. The wind was whipping up snow, making visibility blurred. "I have heard there may be Federationists further north, but a craft that size, is

very unusual.” He turned to Letone. “Who would need something that big, on Sleebo?”

Letone shrugged, adjusting his goggles and face mask. “Our next town is Tourman, and we will be there in an hour. Maybe they’ll have an answer.”

Rigrano agreed. He looked at the others, who were suited and helmeted up. They quickly took off out, along the trail.

Letone followed. The snow was now coming down faster and thicker.

Tourman was the fourth town they had visited, in three days. The previous towns and villages had pledged support, to Rigrano's cause. Letone wondered how their counterparts were finding the weather to the south.

On time, they reached Tourman. It loomed out of the snow, to reveal only small low buildings.

Rigrano asked Letone to wait. “I know some friends in this village.”

Letone lowered his floater, as Rigrano and two of his men vanished into the whiteness. Letone settled down, by the small craft and pulled his mask and hood tighter, as he crouched. The wind was beginning to howl. The temperature had dropped, to thirty degrees below freezing. Letone left only the slits of his eyes open to see by, as the wind whipped snow, in all directions.

He sat there silently, for an hour. Ice began to form inside his mask, from his breath. He cleared it and looked up, the snow had almost covered him and

his body, but it mattered little, as he withdrew into his own world of thought.

Twenty minutes later, Letone was roused by the sounds, on the small radio receiver he wore. Opening his eyes wider, and clearing the snow from his mask he could see that the outside was dark. Quickly, the light had vanished and night had set in. Letone estimated the temperature had now plummeted, to minus forty degrees.

He stood to find himself up to his waist, in snow. The bitter wind whirled and groaned around him.

A crackling noise came, over the air. Letone put his hand to his ear to hear the message. It was Rigrano, "Everybody put your lights on. This is Rigrano; we have an audience for this evening."

Letone brushed the snow and ice from the controls of the floater. He switched on lights and heater. Ice fell away, and the floater slowly rose to the top level of the snow.

Stepping back onto the craft, Letone saw the outline of Rigrano, waving ahead. A minute later, all had rendezvoused by a small street light, at the lower end of town.

Rigrano yelled coarsely above the roar of the wind, "We have accommodation; tonight."

Ω

That night, the group met the village elders. No one knew whom the ship belonged to, that had flown

overhead, that day. The villagers had seen it. The only added information was that they had seen the same craft, and two others, three days before.

The visit was successful, and pledges for support were made.

They were now five hundred Ks from Alsam, and only one village was left to visit; Prenteel.

The following day, as for most of the journey, the group traveled again, in blizzard conditions. They had gained two thousand pacs in height over the past three days, and now the atmosphere was totally in turmoil.

Letone wondered who would live this far up. Rigrano assured him that outside of the peak of winter these small villages were the most aesthetic places to live in, in the sector.

It was later in the day, when they were almost at the tiny village of Prenteel; the clouds cleared suddenly and Letone slowed. To his right, was a vast white canyon. Below, were wisps of cloud, and in the distance were sharp peaks reaching into the sky.

Letone held his hands to his face, to keep out the wind. He stared. Something to his right caught his attention. There it was, again. A faint glint, again, from a distant mountain peak. Rigrano had seen it, also.

"What do you make of it?" asked Letone. Some of the others began to mill around, waiting.

"No idea. There is certainly something strange happening, here. First there are ships in the sky; and

now, occasional flashes, in the peaks of uninhabited mountains.”



*The Kendal Ranges of Sleebo*

Letone stared out, into the distance; looked at the other Boguard. “They are inhabited,” he said. Letone brought the screen up, on the floater. He wiped the ice off it, with his thick glove. The map lit up, showing they were about to turn north. The flashes came from a place, in the west.

Letone looked over, to where the flashes had come from, and pulled his mask down from his mouth. “While the others travel up into this village, I want to investigate that mountain peak. My senses tell me there is something going on up there I which I would rather not know about. Are you with me?”

While the group resumed its travel north, Rigrano and Letone hung back, and waited as the weather closed in.

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**ESCAPE FROM**

Jaron watched, as the faint image of their quarry faded in and out of view, as they raced through the relativity barriers of the universe.

The pirates had left a trail, long and wide. Finally, it stopped, after five and a half months. Their journey had been slow, due to the damaged destroyer.

Jaron gave the order to come out from warp drive, and the universe reorganized itself around them. A quick scan of the monitors showed there was a system nearby, which supported life. They were in the Malukan Sector.

Scanning further located the pirates, six million Ks into the system. The Boguard followed.

Ω

Letone and Rigrano had spent the first two hours of the night, riding towards the peak. A light flashed on and off twice, about six Ks away; they were getting close.

The cold was now for the first time, beginning to penetrate the old bones of Letone.

Rigrano smiled. "You don't have to be old, to feel minus fifty-eight my friend. Come, it is time we warmed ourselves."

They parked the floaters, under a snow bank. The wind was screaming up the slope and they had to shout, as radio communicators were too close to the enemy and would give away their location.

Conversation was difficult while they set about, getting ready for night fall.

Rigrano found a compact snow bank, and with the aid of a holster-laser he began to bore into it. In twenty minutes, he had gouged out a place to hide and sleep, which was well away from the now gale force winds. Quickly, he pulled out some food, which he had taken with him. He plugged the laser charge socket plug onto a small pan and it began to heat the food.

He went outside of his snow hollow, and found Letone. "Come on, friend," he called, "These machines will be here in the morning. Time to get inside." He noticed that the side of Letone's jacket had a short rip in it. Also, the old man's glove was slightly torn away.

Letone stumbled. Rigrano grabbed him. It was no use shouting at the old man, as the wind was lacerating his face every time he removed his mask, to speak. He grabbed Letone by the shoulders, and heaved him through the snow and wind. Ducking, he bent down and dragged him, into the dugout. The wind's deafening roar eased, once they were inside.

Rigrano removed the old man's mask and hood. Ice had begun to form, over his chin and eyebrows.

He plugged the laser charger chord into a plastic container of food. It warmed and instead of opening it, he placed it down Letone's tunic. Rigrano did this

another six times, until he was certain the old Boguard felt the warmth, permeating his bones.

Letone's eyes flickered open and then closed. Rigrano felt his pulse; he was still alive, but sleeping.

That night, Rigrano didn't sleep, but kept watch over the old man. Their hollow was lit by a small incandescent source, which was attached to the Sleeboan's belt. He turned the light down, low. Rigrano patched Letone's torn jacket and glove, and kept heating the plastic containers of food. Every few hours he would slide outside to recharge the lasers from the floaters.

Finally, the Letone awoke. He looked up and over to Rigrano, and smiled. "Thank you," Letone said very slowly and quietly.

Rigrano held up a hand; to indicate to him to stop talking, "Not now. Please, here, eat this," and he placed a spoonful of very warm food into Letone's mouth. The Boguard swallowed it, and then more, until finally; he fell asleep, once again.

Rigrano sat back and sighed. The cold on Sleebo was treacherous to the native Sleeboans, let alone to off-worlders<sup>3</sup>. Rigrano surmised that Letone must have torn his jacket and glove, when they dived from the track into the snow bank, two days back. It was not unusual for a person to dismiss damaged clothing, until it was too late.

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<sup>3</sup> **DEFINITION: Off-worlder:** Standard Galactic. A person not from the local planet. Someone native to the outside galaxy. Source: Searfinders Index, P. 398 [◀Return](#)

Rigrano smiled. His friend would be fine. He pulled out the flask of meedle, which he always carried with him, put it to his lips, and smiled. He inhaled its heady aroma. There was nothing as good as Sleebo meedle on a cold night. He closed his eyes and drank.

The next morning, Letone awoke to the sizzle of food. His senses told him that he was in good hands. The wind had died down, and there was even light penetrating, into their small cavern.

A sound came from the entrance. It was Rigrano. He smiled and then laughed, as he saw Letone prop himself up.

Rigrano pulled tight the flap behind him, to keep out the wind. It seemed that he had more food. His voice had a feeling of warmth, when he spoke. "You look good. The day outside is unusual. There is an opening in the sky. The solus is visible, which means we will be, too. We can observe but not move. The outside temperature is up to minus nineteen and still rising. For us, it means a terrible day." He laughed.

Letone threw off the reflective blanket that he was wrapped in, looked at the repair on his jacket and nodded. "The fall," he said and then looked over towards the food. It was sizzling in a shallow dish, attached to the chord on the end of Rigrano's holster-laser.

Rigrano offered him a piece of the food, on the end of his knife. It tasted better than it smelt. After eating, the pair then crawled their way outside. Letone was feeling the best he had; in days.

They lay and covered themselves in snow, while wrapped in reflective thermal blankets.

Rigrano handed the binoculars to Letone. "Up there, on the peak, is an opening," he said.

Letone strained to see; yes, it was there. Looking very closely, he saw there was movement, at the mouth. "Maybe there are three people, and the opening is big enough to allow that craft to enter."

In the distance behind them, a familiar noise began to reverberate up the valley. Instantly, Letone looked back and saw another huge craft lumbering closer, through the sky, towards them. In seconds, it was overhead and continued up, to the mouth of the mountain. The roar was deafening and vibrated the ground they lay on. No quicker had it come, it had disappeared again.

Letone spoke slowly, as though trying not to be overheard, "Do you think we were spotted?"

Before Rigrano could answer, his eyes showed what all Sleeboans feared. Above them, was another rumble that was quickly turning into a roar.

Rigrano jumped up from his position and grabbed at Letone, "No time to take anything, just run. This way!"

Letone jumped to his feet and together they waded slowly and helplessly, through the snow.

The noise from the huge craft had set off an avalanche, above them. It was gaining momentum and they seemed to be too slow; as they tried to outrun it.

The noise was soon replaced by a gushing wind and that was traded for a second, by a biting cold rush, then without warning, the world went upside down.

Letone tried to fall with the flow of the avalanche. It took him, and rolled him over and over. He had no idea if Rigrano had managed to outpace the snow onslaught. Letone kept tumbling. He tried to keep his arms in, and his legs tucked up, but eventually the whiteness of the world went black. He continued to be carried down the mountainside; unconscious.

When Letone opened his eyes, he couldn't move his limbs. He wondered how long he had been lying submerged in the snow. Mentally the answer came; three hours. He tried to feel throughout his body and was relieved to detect no broken bones. He moved his hand and then his arm. Gradually, he was trying to push aside the snow, so that he could maneuver his body. He was facing downwards.

Quickly, he stopped his hand movements, as he heard digging above him. Something caught his hand, and then his arm. He was being dragged upwards. In two seconds, he was lying on his back, on the side of the mountain, staring at the ends of seven laser rifles.

Rigrano was there with them also, his arms fastened behind his back. He shrugged. Letone was lifted up. He could have fought, but to where could he have escaped? He offered no resistance.

The head of the party, who found them, offered no explanation. "Get aboard the floater, now," he simply said.

Letone was bound and pushed aboard the machine, which hovered above the ground. Unlike the small mono-floater, which he and Rigrano had used, this seated ten persons. Soon, they were ascending the slopes.

In five minutes, they had entered the mountain they had previously been observing. Inside was an enormous cavern.

The floater descended, and Letone saw ships and hundreds of men, moving about their business. Overhead, were catwalks carved into rock, and to the side of the ships were steel gangways and troops.

In the background, was the noise of grinders and welders, repairs and manufacturing. To the right, were stairs down and a bank of elevators. This was far more information than he could take in, now. Letone surmised that there must be administration and accommodation, in the floors, below.

Letone also noticed the electron screen at the opening, which permitted large matter to move back and forward but prevented the penetration of smaller charged particles. The voltage was low and barely noticeable, as the floater went through. This was how the heat was kept in. Letone figured that the inside temperature must have been one or two degrees, above freezing. He threw his hood back. It was warm.

The floater settled down on the base floor, next to a ship. Letone guessed the ship was the one that had started the avalanche. Inside the ship, there appeared to be a commotion.

There was shouting. One guard was thrown out from the ship, and then another. Letone was being hustled away, but he kept watching. Soon, the shouting ceased and whomever it was, was now muzzled. Muffled noises came from the craft, and again, another trooper was ejected from the side door, to sprawl over the decks.

Finally, four troopers staggered out, pulling on a series of chains. Behind them was a woman, gagged and bound. The woman kept trying to pull on the chains and attack her restrainers. Letone mused with the idea of deciding that the chains should snap, but thought better of it. With the way the woman was acting, it may be safer for her, if she remained chained.

Another three guards, pulling on chains from the opposite direction - to keep the woman in check, followed the woman. Another young woman, in turn followed them. Her hands were only bound, behind her back.

Letone called out to her above the commotion. "You, girl! What is your name?"

The guard, behind Letone, slammed the rifle butt down onto his spine. The old Boguard went down to the ground, in pain.

A voice came back from the girl, "Anki, daughter of the Master Templar."

As Letone was hauled off the ground, he saw the girl being gagged and shoved away, but not before he had caught her eye.

Letone knew that thought. He sent a message,  
*Hold tight, Anqi.*

Letone soon lost sight of her and was being shoved down to the next floor. He looked at Rigrano and nodded. *We will get out.*

*I know.*

“These are the pirates, who have been raiding the Outer Worlds,” said Letone.

A laser pistol was pushed under Letone's nose. The Trooper snarled, “Keep your mouth shut, or I’ll seal it, with this!”

Letone nodded.

Doors opened, and they were escorted down a series of corridors.

Finally, they stopped in front of a large metal door. The Trooper inserted a card and it opened.

They stepped inside to be greeted by four people. Rigrano's mouth fell open, with surprise.

Ω

Brijet ordered the *Man-o-War* to keep a million Ks away from Sleebo, and the circling fleet of pirate ships, which they had been following.

Quickly, she checked: her scanners showed another three destroyers had warped into the system.

A large ferry was seen, leaving the cruiser for the planet's surface, but due to the atmospheric conditions it was impossible to track its movements, this far out.

The chief of the pirate cruiser received his verification.

"That craft, which is three million Ks off the port beam, is confirmed as the one that was in the Rambus system," said the second-on-the-bridge.

"Damn!" the chief cursed. "Who are they?"

The second scanned the computer and shrugged. "No idea, sir. The scanners are not even picking up that sort of craft correctly. Different scanners show it as different shapes and sizes... which is how we know that it is the same craft."

The chief walked over to the screen; looked very closely and studied what was shown. "Have a message sent, asking it to identify itself."

The message was sent, and after three minutes the second said, "Sir, no reply."

The chief paced across the floor. How could he be tracked? Even if someone had been able to follow his warp drives, he had laid a zigzag course. Damn that craft; out there.

He turned and said to his battle-commander. "We need the craft brought in. Send three interceptors."

The battle-commander reached over and gave the command. Four minutes later, three streaks into the blackness of space showed afterburners, as the interceptors sped, to their quarry.

The chief kept his eyes on the screen, and as soon as the interceptors arrived there, the strange craft shimmered from view.

Ω

Jaron sat beside Brijet, at the helm of the Man-o-War. The message came through, from the chief of the pirates. Brijet advised against answering the message. Jaron agreed.

When the interceptors arrived, Brijet warped out from their view, to reposition themselves.

Ω

The chief had his fleet gradually close into orbit over Sleebo and watched, as the planet slowly spun, in its winter turmoil. As it revolved, it showed something new. On the other side of the planet was the glowing bright craft that had eluded his interceptors.

The chief slammed his fist down on his consul again. "Damn it! Who is that out there, who will ignore a whole battle fleet? It is close enough, now. Have all craft fire full lasers at it!"

Over the next three seconds, the lasers of eight battle seasoned ships, fired at the strange ship, which seemed to have no apparent dimension, nor shape. It shifted and shimmered, to only appear again further out of range of the lasers.

The chief mused for a moment. "It appears that the lasers gave no lasting damage to the craft, but it certainly was not slow, in getting out from direct strikes." He thought for a moment. "I wonder who

they are?" He slowly returned his attention, to the activities on the planet.

ψ

## MOUNT DRAPPER

Rigrano found himself speechless.

"Surprised, commander? Welcome to *Mount Drapper*." said Helann. It was the Commander Rigrano's second in charge, his most trusted junior officer.

"Why?" pleaded Rigrano. He could see that Helann was there, of his own will.

"Money is a good motivator, but there are other reasons." Helann shook his head, with a smirk. "You had no idea, did you? Did you not wonder who had rescued us, or why we never met anyone, or any, of the so called terrorists?"

"So called terrorists?"

"So called, my gullible commander from the famous village of Alsam. That is because there are no terrorists. The terrorists are just a ploy, developed by the psychrons, to entrap those who oppose them. There are no terrorists."

Rigrano began to feel his world unravel. Hesitantly, he put forward another question, "But why bring me here? Why this elaborate hoax?"

The taller man from the rear stepped forward. He extended his hand, "My name is *Balgoss*. I'm the commander, of the base here. It was intended that you would endorse our being here, so that you would

help us. It was well known that you despised the work of the pirates, and that your sympathy lay with the Temples, though you were known as a Federation military man, through and through.

“You see, Rigrano, we are Federationists as well. It is just that we don’t believe that the Templars are a good influence, upon our societies. In fact, it is quite the contrary. As the Temple movement grows, then the power of the long-lifers in the galaxy, diminishes.

“It was intended that you originally join us, as a fifth column movement. You were not to find out that we were the pirates, until a later date. It was expected that then you would consider helping us, without any hesitation. As it happens, this old man here, let the idea slip out, but never mind. The question still remains; will you join us?”

Rigrano shook his head slowly, “Sorry. I could never slaughter defenseless civilians, no matter where they are from, or their genes. I’m a military man, who takes out military targets. I’m not a butcher. I’m sorry,” he said, shaking his head, ignoring Balgoss’s hand.

Balgoss only smiled and withdrew his hand. “That is no matter. There was another important reason for having you here, and that was to capture this man.”

Immediately he pointed to Letone, who was at the same time lunged at with a syringe. For Letone, the world began to swirl. He staggered, fell against the desk, then the wall, and finally, he collapsed onto the floor.

Balgoss smiled and nodded at the body, on the floor. “We believe that the balance of the galaxy is somehow tied to this man, or at least, his Boguard. We also know that they are assisting the Templars on Jilta. We knew that if you were to escape the psychrons, we could lure the Boguard here, to Sleebo, so, well done, Rigrano. You have struck a great blow, against the Boguard.”

Rigrano jumped at Balgoss, but was felled short, by the back of a gun butt, from his ex-junior officer, Helann.

Ω

Letone awoke; disoriented. He was conscious of his awareness; of being exterior to his body. His old body lay down flat, on a table, under him. It was breathing, slowly and shallowly. Also in the room, were two men in white coats.

Letone noticed that the walls felt surreal. There seemed like there was a distortion of time, as the men were endlessly withdrawing the needle, from his body’s arm. The door was opening, opening and still opening. It appeared to be forever opening. It opened, and in stepped the commander, of the base. He was moving faster, than the rest. He seemed to be saying something.

Then, the men in the white coats were trying to say something, to his body. They looked very strange,

down there. Letone seemed in a good position, up near the ceiling, looking down.

What was the question? What was his name? He knew that, but he shouldn't tell them. He knew he shouldn't tell. What was his name? He could remember. It was Letone, Captain of the Aaron, but he wouldn't tell. He was not allowed to tell. What was his name? He just remembered that, but he wouldn't tell.

Letone watched, as the body began to move its lips. The men slowly leaned over it and were beside the head. The body continued, to move its lips. It was saying things, which it was not allowed to tell. Stop that body. You're not allowed to tell.

Letone began to feel frantic. The body was telling. He willed it not to tell, but the body wouldn't obey him, anymore. He was outside it, now. Letone was trying to stop it. The body wouldn't obey. Now, the men in white coats have his name.

What was that? Where is his home base? Oh, the body must not tell. Please, don't tell body, please don't tell. Letone willed with everything that he had, for the body not to tell, but the body was trying, and so was Letone. The lips moved a bit, but Letone would stop them. He wouldn't let his body tell them where the base of Aaron was located, but he couldn't stop it. The world was going so slowly, and he couldn't stop his body from telling.

Letone's mind almost gave up, when he finally called for help.

*Help... Help... Body will tell... Help.*

His message went out to anyone, who could receive it. He simply sent out a thought broadcast for anyone and everyone, to pick up.

Jaron was alert. He felt a *mind-call*. He picked it out, somewhere on the planet, calling for help. *The body will tell... help...* Immediately Jaron knew that it was his old mentor, Letone. He could identify another Aaron's mind, just as anyone else would recognize another's voice. A mind was just as distinctive.

Jaron sent out an alert to the other Boguard, on the Man-o-War to join him, and then followed the mind of Letone, in to the room, with the psycho-surgeons. Horror and revulsion ran through Jaron, as he *far-saw* what was in store, for his old comrade.

Letone watched, while he felt first the presence of a friendly mind, and then a whole room full of friendly minds. The men in white coats were thrown backwards, from the body on the table, and slammed against the walls. Then, the door opened and a force, which they couldn't see, threw them out, as well as the commander. The door slammed shut, and the tumblers in the lock rolled and froze into position.

Letone had thought to himself, when the other mind called him, but he couldn't think of how to respond. The ceiling now seemed closer to the floor, and the walls were going around and around.

Ω

Jaron sat back. He looked at Brijet. "We have problems. Captain Letone is down there; on the planet. It appears that the enemy knows who he is, and have used some form of narcosis intervention, in an attempt to strip data from him. I suspect that they are after the whereabouts of the Aaron."

Brijet nodded. The Aaron had not been under such a threat, in a long time. "The protocols are plain. The body of the Captain must die. He'll live again, and come back to us. We can't afford the risk of him giving out our location," she said, in a slow cold steely voice.

Jaron understood, but he wouldn't concede it, just yet, "If Letone is there, then other Boguard, will be down there. Let me find them, and see if they can assist. For now, no one can get into that room."

Brijet nodded, sharply. She had far-seen the room. "Very well, but you know our mission-charter. We must not put the Aaron at risk, and we are not to be seen, intervening in the affairs of the Federation."

Jaron sighed. "I'm fully aware of it. I'm also in control of the events, on the planet. For the moment, this affair is in my domain."

"As long as the Aaron isn't at risk, but it is the responsibility of every Aaron, to see that the risk is eliminated," she said.

Jaron's attention went out, to the planet of Sleebo. He found other Boguard. He also found out what their mission was, and why they were there. There was

great support for the Commander Rigrano, who they assumed, was in the mountain.

Ω

Balgoss couldn't believe what had just happened. He righted himself and rammed the door, but it was shut tight. He grabbed at the handle, but received a burn on his hand. He stood back, and looked at the two psycho-surgeons. "What in the universe was that?" he asked.

One of the psycho-surgeons managed to stand. "It is as we were led to believe, sir. These Boguard are ... powerful. They are not as you or I, sir. You can see what one man is like, when he is in a coma, with narcotics. Imagine what they can do as a race, if they decided to declare war, on the rest of the galaxy. That is why they were lured here. They are dangerous. Now for the first time, I truly understand why."

"Right. There are about twenty others like him, on the planet. Be alert for them. I'll send out search patrols and in the meantime, get that door cut open."

The man dusted his coat down, and looked at the door. "I don't think I would bother. The head psychrons want this specimen in prime condition and in one piece. When we are ready to deliver him, we can blow the hinges. Before that, we can keep him unconscious, with the ventilation system. Then we will send him on to Palbo. I'm certain that Doctor Rees will

be most impressed with this specimen. The first relay destroyer is due in two days.”

Ω

Jaron was organizing the events down on the planet, while the Boguard were readying. The Man-o-War was back on full mission alert.

Ω

Balgoss watched the image of the Man-o-War, which had been sent down from the cruiser. He saw how the lasers had little effect. Still, he thought, there was nothing to indicate the event was related to his prisoner. When this man Letone arrived, there were no other craft out there. In fact, there was nothing to indicate that the craft out there, was a craft. It may have been some sort of illusion or natural phenomena, but then, he couldn't take that risk. He was now a worried man.

What was this race that had some form of control over matter by thought, he wondered.

Ω

*Gandin* was the leader of the Boguard group, which had journeyed to the south. They had received many offers of help, from the warmer towns and wealthier Sleeboan families.

He now had a mission to take up those offers, and advance a small army north. He did so, and soon met with the Boguard team, who was travelling west, to the base of Mount Drapper. There, he would meet up with the remaining teams. Each team had brought a local contingent of Sleeboan forces.

The Sleeboans were not quiet. Many had experience in the galactic mining companies, some were ex-troopers and some were just rough-necks, after excitement. For whatever their reason for being there, they were welcome.

Gandin had no opportunity to see his following, of over three hundred men, as the weather was howling its obscene cry, with ice through the air.

He looked through the slit left open for the eyes. The world was a white blitz of swirling snow. Gandin threw his arm forward and hoped the message would be relayed down the line. Three hundred men soon were moving again.

The day was slowly ending, as Gandin and his troops edged forward, through a freezing minus forty-three degrees. They had no idea where the opening to the mountain was. The weather had been kind to them, and provided some of the lowest temperatures and highest winds for weeks. There was no way that they could be observed. Only with Jaron's vague overhead directions, did Gandin know where to climb. All floaters and electrical equipment had to be left behind. If the weather held out, they could arrive, unseen, in three hours. This was the last ascent.

Gandin crawled over more rocks, as the wind bit at his eyes. He felt his lips under the mask, as they began to freeze. He could barely make out his companion, at his side; the snow was building up so fast against his goggles. He placed one leg before the other, along the ledge, blind to all, bar Jaron's directions from above.

Finally, after two hours and twenty minutes, Gandin found a sheer cliff face. He turned to his companion. "Scout ahead, and find where this leads us; that way," he yelled.

His companion waved in acknowledgement, and had vanished into the blackness within two seconds. The night had taken over their world. Gandin could see no one; no stars, no lights, and no movement.

A hand rested lightly on his shoulder, "Gandin, friend." It was a fellow Boguard. "We have to use lights. It is too dark, and I can't feel any energy detectors up there."

"Very well!" Gandon shouted back, through the screaming wind. The Boguard vanished to pass the news. Gandin turned on the light of his belt, which would be good for a distance of three pacs. Beyond that the snow and ice blinded even that large glow-lamp, from view.

Another Boguard nudged up, along with a dozen other men. In the lee of the wind, they could be heard. "What are we doing now?" screamed one of the Sleeboans.

“Reconnaissance!” yelled Gandin, shaking his head.

“All right! Just wanted to know. I came here for a bit of a fight, not to become a frozen slab of meat for the *high-volves*<sup>4</sup> in summertime!”

Gandin nodded, when another light came into view. It was the Bogaard, doing the reconnaissance. “Leader,” he yelled over the wind, “The cliff face is outflanked by an easy passage, to the right. Only seventy meters beyond, is the opening.”

Gandin grinned, “Pass the word. When we reach the cliff face, all glow-lights are to be dowsed. Let's go!”

Slowly and quietly the covert band of men crawled, through the snow. Many had laser rifles strapped to their backs; others had simply holster-lasers, while some possessed both. Gandin's men passed out six boxes of percussion grenades.

Ω

Letone opened his eyes, and stared at the ceiling. The first thing he thought about was eating. Then he thought to himself, that he had to recall where he was. He tried to sit up, but feeling his head swirl, he almost fell onto the floor.

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<sup>4</sup> **DEFINITION:** High-volves; Native animals that are notoriously vicious on the peaks of Sleebo. Hibernating carnivore. Source: Searfinders Index. PP. 3112-3 [◀Return](#)

He grabbed the side of the bed. Steadying himself, he looked at the door. There was knocking, coming from the other side. No, it was pounding. Then Letone realized that he was not alone; there were other minds in the room. Help was with him!

The door was being held tight by those minds, and whoever was on the other side, was being held out.

Quickly, Letone recalled the events of the past two days. He couldn't make a lot of sense of it, but that was the effect of the psychon-drugs.

Getting in touch with Jaron, Letone informed him of the other important people, in the building.

Jaron understood.

Ω

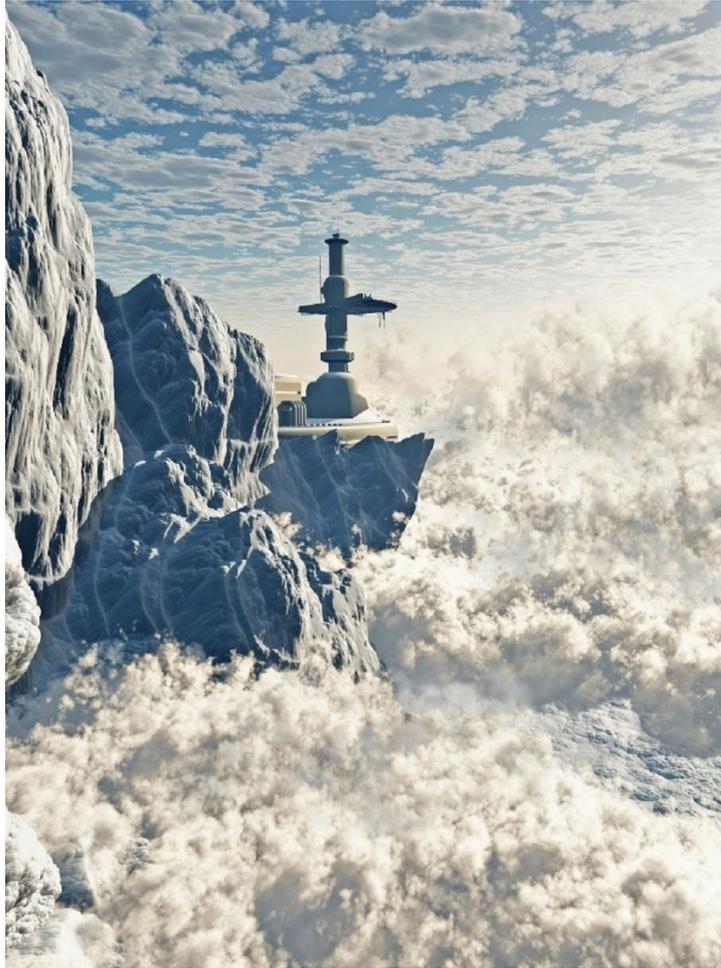


*Amy, locked in a cell in Mount Drapper*

*Amy* sat chained to the wall, her hands strapped to her sides. All she could see was the door. All she could think about was escape and killing the enemy.

The room she was in was small; devoid of fixtures. As one of the psychrons had said, they had no intention of drugging her. It would be far more enjoyable for them, to have her to watch with frustration, as they performed small operations on her friend Anki. She knew what to expect. The thought drove *Amy* even crazier, to the delight of the psychron attendants. The more she struggled, the more they described what they were about to do.

Ω



*The pirate base entrance at  
Mount Drapper, during the day*

Outside the base, in the dead black swirling cold of night, a small army off Sleeboans was amassing.

In one finite second, the world around Sleebo began a tiny change.

ψ

## THE SLEEBOANS

Gandin waved a small band of twenty, towards the far side. He threw the first percussion grenade. Five more exploded, in a deafening roar, through the base from his left.

A volunteer corps from the village Krano flooded through the entrance, down the far left, with lasers blazing. There were twelve of them; some of the toughest miners in the sector.

Another swarm of volunteers, including retired troopers, ran in from the right, and Gandin's group in the center followed them. Their orders were to kill all; until the enemy surrendered.

The pirate base had been caught only partly off guard; extra patrols had been stationed near the huge troop-carrying ferries. As the miners and Sleeboans swarmed in, the pirate troopers returned fire.

Sleeboans fell, but still, many continued to advance in.

Commander Balgoss was caught asleep. When awakened he asked how long the fighting had been going on; the answer: one minute. He grabbed his weapons and rapidly barked out some orders, through the communicator. The view on the screens showed him, that the invaders had already taken control of the

base entrance level above, and were now beginning to swarm down, below.

Gandin fired and blew away the side of a pirate's face, then another's arm. He swung and returned more fire, to over on the cat-walks. The enemy fell from its perch. He was making ground and controlled half the floor area of the base around the ships.

He could hear the hollow ricochet, from inside the ferries. Some of his men dashed over, to join the fight. The ships were then secured.

The group on the left had reached the communications section and taken control. Those on the right were gaining access, to the lower floors.

Gandin sprinted over, to the stairs; they effectively now had control of the open level. Three percussion grenades were thrown down the stairs, to the lower levels. The explosions were followed by a swarm of men, tramping down, and firing at anything that moved.

Gandin dashed down further, to find the next level littered with dead and writhing pirates. The bodies seemed everywhere. He could hear the echoes of the zips of laser fire down through further-away corridors.

More men followed him, down the stairs, and more percussion grenades followed.

As Gandin was about to leave, he saw the dead body of a man in sleepwear with a laser by his side. Gandin bent down and turned him over and pulled the bracelet from his wrist. Base Commander Balgoss, of

the Federation Command of Palbo. Gandin smiled and continued down, to the next level.

Ω

The chief of the pirate cruiser looked at the screens. "Mister," he said. "That strange craft is getting closer. Give me coordinates."

The second confirmed what they saw, visually. The craft was getting closer. In fact too close.

"Get out three interceptors, now!" he bellowed, but it was too late; the screen began to die down. Its power went down, and the lighting on the bridge began to dim.

The chief stood and then ran to the communications banks; they were down too. Only emergency lighting remained.

"Second, get down into the lower sections and get me a report; fast. Have the damage-unit report, now!" called the chief.

The second sprinted to the door, but found it sealed - no power.

Finally, the thought dawned on him. His cruiser was now without any power, bar what was being produced by the emergency batteries. There would be no lighting to the corridors, doors would be sealed and no communications systems were working. They were about to be boarded.

The chief pulled out his laser and fired at the seal on the door. He felt it. It was not even warm.

Ω

Jaron watched as the cruiser came nearer in the hologram. *Now*, he thought and the lights of the cruiser began to dim. In unison, a hundred Aaron minds joined him. Moments later, the destroyers followed suit.

He nodded to Brijet. "If we could have transport down below, please."

She turned to those behind her and nodded. They were ready.

Jaron smiled and left the bridge. Moments later, he and twenty of his ground forces were being whisked down, to the icy planet.

Ω

Jaron soon found Boguard on the open decks and was directed to the stairs, where a cordon had been drawn around. He descended. There was still heavy resistance below, by some of the well-seasoned enemy troops.

On the third level, Jaron came across Gandin, "Have you found him?" was all he asked.

"No, Sir." Gandin replied smartly, to his new ground commander.

Jaron looked about and yelled over the commotion, "The next level down!"

With that, they fell back to the stairs. Above, a miner dropped and crashed down two flights, below them. Jaron fired at the source of the shot. He missed; looked surprised at Gandin, and then dashed down the stairs.

They were three floors down, now. There was far less noise. The corridors were empty of bodies.

Jaron turned to Gandin, "The experimentation section. They will be down here. Check all the doors."

The pair ran down, trying all the doors that were locked, until they came to one in particular. Jaron burst the hinges, with merely a thought. The door fell back into the room, with a crash. Jaron and Gandin stepped inside. On the far wall was a woman, tied and strapped. She stared at them, in terror.

Jaron looked at her. Images raced through his mind. Her terrified eyes rested on his. She felt quiet for a second.

Jaron noticed a shimmering of air, to the right.

"Is she insane?" whispered Gandin noticing a strange look in her eyes.

Jaron walked up to her, very close and looked directly into her eyes. They burned with fury. He turned back to Gandin, "No, definitely not." and then looked at the woman again, and removed the gag from her mouth. He said simply to her, "We work for the Temple," and dashed off.

Amy stared at these two, who had burst in, like they were from some crazy Sequetus archive movie. After the gag was removed, she still sat there, stunned.

She felt calm and looked, as the straps and chains fell away. "Sure!" she called. She then thought after the two, who now were further down the hall.

She jumped from her seat and promptly fell down. Quickly, she willed the blood to return to her legs and followed after the pair.

"Wait!" she called out.

She caught up to them, well down the corridor. She pulled at Gandin's shoulder.

"You can't just walk in there." She pointed to the door. "That is where they developed their biological experiments," She touched the scar along her cheek. "Let me!"

Jaron nodded, and passed her his laser.

She shook her head and pointed to the knife, hanging on his belt. She said softly, "When I go in, don't let anyone else in, until I give the all-clear. If those psychrons have already let their experimental creatures loose, then we and the whole galaxy are at risk. If I tell you that this whole place has to be incinerated, then that is what you must do. Understand?"

Jaron nodded. He recalled the bravery of the woman on Rambus, as she disappeared behind the door. One thought, and the door was sealed, once again. He turned to Gandin and said, "That is one, who should be Boguard."



*Inside the base lower floors*

Gandin looked at Jaron as if to ask, "Really?"

Inside the room, Amy could see the five doors that led away, to the experimental section. Through the glass partitions, she could see the white coated psychrons and a single psycho-surgeon.

The first psychron she crept up behind, was standing over a microscope. Amy slowly came closer, gagged her, and dragged her down, below the bench by her left forearm, while cutting through her windpipe. Amy thrust her left hand over the psychron's face, and felt for the woman's eye socket. As the body writhed she thrust two fingers under the eyes, up through the bone, into the brain. The eyes bulged and pushed out. Amy delighted in feeling the rubbery tissue give way, within the skull. She pushed her fingers harder, into the other eye socket, and the body finally ceased to kick. Removing her fingers from within the psychrons brain, she pulled out her knife and slit the throat

properly. She watched, as the body slumped to the floor and blood trickled down the psychron's collar. There was no breath left in it, anymore. Amy started to feel better.

She then looked up from the bench, and saw her next victim, in the other room. Slowly, Amy crept over; it was another female psychron. This one was poised over her notes and tried to scream, as the hand covered her mouth, from behind. She fought, as her unseen assailant dragged her down and pinned her on the ground.

Amy shoved a glass jar into the woman's mouth and then tied her right arm to the leg of the bench while holding her down, by her knees. Amy then taped the other arm so the woman was lying face up, and arms out. With a grin, Amy whispered, "Is your heart pumping with terror? I hope so, because you're about to die." With that Amy rolled the woman's sleeves up and slashed an artery on the right arm with the woman watching. Blood sprayed over the walls while the woman struggled helplessly.

Amy then left, for her next victim. This time it was a male psycho-surgeon.

Moments later, she rapped on the door and Jaron opened it. "Safe!" she said, smiling calmly.

Jaron swung the door open to see the walls covered in blood, and six white coated bodies, strewn over the floors. Each had its throat cut. Two had their eyes gouged out; another had its head barely attached to its body.

Jaron swallowed. He nodded to the woman, who was covered in blood, her raging anger having disappeared from her eyes. "Professional," is all he said.

Amy passed the knife back to Jaron after wiping it on her tunic. She smiled. "There are some friends, over in there," she said, and pointed.

A moment later, Letone found himself staring at his young protégé. Jaron hugged the old man. After letting go, Jaron handed him a laser pistol. Letone felt relief. He followed the three.

"I seem to recall doing something like this before, with you," called Jaron loudly.

Letone smiled. "A long time ago, and it was I who was dragging you out from that CIA base, on Sequetus 3, I recall."

The next door fell from its hinges and Amy dashed in, to find her friend Anki.

Anki jumped up. "This will be another time that you have saved my life. My father will be tired of this," called Anki, as the straps were cut.

"I think not," said Amy. "It was not I, but these people, who claim to be working for the Temple." Amy moved aside, to let Jaron into the room.

Jaron extended his hand. Anki shook it and stared into his eyes, and thought; that this man doesn't work for my father, but he is good. Jaron smiled.

Gandin shouted, from the corridor, "How many more of these rooms have captives?"

Amy dashed out. "There are still the Sleeboans, which the psycho-surgeons have been experimenting on." Amy led the way.

Ω

Two hours later, the base had been completely secured. One hundred and twenty prisoners were taken, and locked in the floors, below. The dead measured ninety-seven. There were many more wounded.

Jaron was near the entrance to the mountain, when a young Boguard came up to him. Amy and Gandin were at his side.

"Commander Jaron, there has been an accident on the third floor. A psychron has gotten loose and he smashed three experimental cages, letting out the insects of death."

Jaron turned, to see the terror once again fill the eyes of Amy. He said, "Have the base pumped full of the outside air. Reduce the inside temperature to that of the outside. That insect is a local inhabitant of the southern extremities of Sleebo, where it is warmer for far longer and the water doesn't freeze. The cold should kill it. Seal off the third floor if it has not been done."

Jaron watched the Boguard, as he sprinted off. Jaron turned to Amy and said, "Most of the southern continent of Sleebo is plagued by the insect. Up here, the water freezes down to the bottom of the lakes and

rivers, and thus the insect dies. It doesn't hibernate and can't survive the cold conditions, but I'll have the floors sealed off and we can inspect all, to ensure that those that have now been bitten are treated. We have treatment for the insect and its eggs."

Amy stared at the man, who had taken charge of the base and she asked, "Who are you, really?"

Jaron shrugged and simply said, "Boguard." He turned to follow the men, who were boarding the ferry. "This battle is only half over. Are you staying here, or joining us, Ma'am?"

Amy didn't wait. She sprinted over and jumped aboard with the door quickly sealing tight, behind her.

Ω

The chief of the pirate cruiser had been trying to exit from his bridge, when finally the door slid open. He was staring down the barrels of ten laser rifles. He stepped back and swallowed.

Three Boguard grabbed him, and held him up against the wall. As Jaron looked around the room, four laser shots zipped through the air. One came from the front of the bridge, while the other three were from his own men. Two pirates lay dead, on their console.

The Boguard stepped aside, as a group of twenty Sleeboans stormed past, to take over control, of the ship.

Slowly, Jaron moved down to the bridge center, and watched, as all faces were now upon him.

As the Sleeboans reefed the pirates from their seats, Jaron spoke to the men in front of him, plus the remainder of the ships' complement, through the viewscreens, "Your cruiser, as with your destroyers, has been captured. We are in control of your vessel, from the engine compartments to the galley. You can fight us, if you wish, but I warn you that you'll die, and that we will suffer light losses. Your cause was evil, and for that reason alone we shall prevail. For the moment you shall, each and every one of you, be interviewed. Mercy will be shown to you, who cooperate. For those that continue to oppose us, this will be your fate." Jaron turned on a screen showing six bodies floating, out in space, their eyes exploded from their skulls and their tunics bulging from the internally bloated body-pressure. They had been ejected into space, without protective suits.

Jaron sat in the chief's chair and turned, to face his enemy. Jaron's voice was straight to the point, "You and your men will remain prisoner, until you can be tried for your crimes against any and all humanity, and the galactic civilizations of the Outer Worlds."

"Ha!" screamed the chief as he was being taken away, "There is no crime in exterminating vermin. That is what you all are! Vermin! Vermin...." His voice trailed off, as he was led away, struggling.

Ω

Twenty hours later Jaron was conferring with Rigrano, Letone and the leaders of the Sleeboans. They would return to the village of Alsam, to collect the micron discs that contained the mine outlays, of the route to Palbo. Then, there was only one more step and maybe it could be done from here, on Sleebo. A full scale galactic war might be averted, if they were swift enough.

After five days preparation, the pirate fleet would be readied with a Sleeboan crew and provisions, and they would be setting their course, for Palbo itself.

The prisoners would be interned, on Mount Drapper. They would be left provisions and heating. They wouldn't be left warm clothing or transport. A single destroyer would stand guard, over the planet. The reports were that the insects had died, as expected. There were only three cases of bites and they had been treated. If the prisoners interned on the mountain should suffer from further insect bites, then that was no worse than what they inflicted upon the Outer Worlds. However, it was unlikely.

During the next five days the cruiser would undergo repairs on its warp drive system by the Boguard.

After five days, Jaron looked at the screens and watched the universe outside begin to shimmer.

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End of  
Book Eleven

*ESCAPE*  
*from*  
*FEDERATION*

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## **GLOSSARY, DEFINITIONS, HISTORICAL NOTES**

### **AND BACKGROUND DATA**

Editorial note: When the term *Terrestrial* appears beside a word or term, of historical note, this means that it's 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.

**Aaron:** Original name of the race on Yaltipia, otherwise known as Boguard outside the Pleiades, and the Galaxy. On Yaltipia the original race was called the Aaron. Technically anyone can evolve to become a Boguard through their training programs and can join and become Boguard. However, to be Aaron, one needs to be born on Yaltipia within the Aaron race. [◀Return](#)

**Aaron Library:** An underground library of 17 levels, that measure about a k wide in each direction. In Earth terms, it covers 17 square kilometers of library floor space.

**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 by making their gardens a paradise.

**Acran:** Pleiadian for Devout Coordinator of On Planet Operations. This began in Sequetus 3. Acran Anderson was the first of many Acrans to follow.

**Acron Field:** This is one of several kinds of fields that hold free-air inside military craft. The Acron Field is generated around a ship and prevents the free-air from leaving, while permitting large solid objects to enter and leave the ship. This effect is achieved by a magnetic force that is held as a ridge at the perimeter. The magnetic force is strongest nearest the center of the source of the field. Through unifying fields gravitational, electrical and so on, the magnetic fields can be made denser, further out from specified epicenters. They then prevent free-air molecules passing; while at the same time allow more solid masses and objects to pass. Named after its inventor, *Luis Acron* of Tilk.

**Afterburners:** The effect of dumping fuel out through the exhaust system, and igniting it within the system, the continual explosion of such *afterburning* adds speed to the craft.

**Aftersun:** 1. When a ship has a permanent station orbiting a planet, the period when the ship goes into the shadow of the planet is called aftersun. 2. It simulates night. 3. The shifts aboard Federation military craft are divided into two per Standard Day. The first is called Foresun while the later Aftersun. There is no *night* aboard military craft.

**Agent:** 1. Two levels below independent. Starting from the top is: Independent, Junior Independent, *Agent*, and *Agent Junior Grade*.

**Alfrash:** The planet that was first colonized by the Pleiadians. It has 1.04 Standard Gravity, was lush with forests, had deserts, ice poles, temperate and tropical rain forests. A super solar flare, itself a series of 12 flares, took out the colony over a sixty-year period. There were enough suspicious circumstances, to indicate that the flare(s) may not have been completely natural. Over ninety percent died, during those sixty years. The planet was abandoned, and at vast effort, it was engineered, to remove all evidence of previous occupation.

**Algon Sea:** The nearest sea to Jilta PPC, measuring 765 Ks across at the widest point.

**Allied Council of Free Sectors:** The name given to the first authority controlling the new Federation Alliance. It was made up of the remnants of the Federation after the Battle of Sequetus 3, and consisted of the military heads of all the known sectors, including Farsen, which was restored. It was the forerunner to The New Federation.

**Alliance, Federation:** An alternative name for the Federation after the *Battle of Sequetus 3*. [◀Return](#)

**Allied Council of Jilta:** 1. After the atomic war on Jilta the planet set up a temporary government called the Allied Council of Jilta. 2. After all the Royals had left their Federation planets; the planets no longer had their autocratic control. There were members of the Federation military, as well as government, who tried to seize control of their own cities, countries and continents. Some seized atomic weapons. In the Federation, wars were starting to break out. On Jilta this culminated in an atomic war between three factions. After three years, and with almost all of Jilta PC and its sister cities completely wasted, the war ended. The government that took over was named the *Allied Council of Jilta*. This shouldn't have happened and for several years after the *Battle of Sequetus 3*, Torren traveled to Jilta trying to stop the wars and the fighting. He was unsuccessful, and it continued to the almost total destruction of the former prosperous cities of Jilta. As the other planets became embroiled in similar wars Torren found he was just as ineffective, so he concentrated his efforts on Earth, and hoped that when he found who was behind what was

happening on Earth, it would lead to the same solution for the rest of the Santonia Galaxy.

**Allied Imperial Federation:** The full term for *Federation Alliance*. *Allied Imperial Federation Forces*. AIF, or AIFF, which all mean the same thing.

**Alson:** 1. A suburb in Jilta PC. 2. *Alson*, Academia, most prestigious tertiary Academia in all of Jilta. It teaches most degree doctorate courses and has forty five thousand students enrolled per year including full time, part time and by correspondence.

**Aneel, FAS Destroyer:** The Aneel went through the portal with the Expeditionary task force BS 10 and never returned. Presumed destroyed.

**Anki:** The teenage daughter of the master Templar of Jilta. Was shipwrecked on Rambus and saved by settlers there. She attended Academia Alson of Jilta. For former past lives of Anki see *Anqi Storm* and *Vicra Starn*, both separate lives at different times but the same person.

**Amy:** The teenage daughter of a family of settlers on Rambus. She used to dream of finding out what was outside of Rambus. She became strong friends with Anki of Jilta. She was stranded off from Rambus after the planet was raided by pirates, and they killed her family and friends. On returning to her home planet and experiencing the death of all she loved, and almost dying herself, she swore an oath that she was even the score. ◀[Return](#)

**Anqi Storm:** 1. Malukan trooper, former resident of Sleebo. 2. Important in saving Sequetus 3. Daughter of Nobus Mas and Regel Subar of Taronga PPC. Educated in biophysics in Anst Academia at Taronga, joined the Malukan Guards shortly after graduation. ◀[Return](#)

**Aquel:** A local length measure of stride from the planet Aqeliam

**Arenic Alps, Jilta:** On the continent of Algorico, the alps run through the center and are on the opposite side of the planet to Jilta PC.

**Arlon, Doctrains:** Head of household staff of Residence of Jilta. Employer Goren Torren. Has a degree in Business Management from Academia Alson, Jilta. He moved with Goren Torren to Earth, and survived the *Battle of Sequetus*

3. On Earth he headed the *Home* of Goren Torren. He showed flair and became active with *Boguard Letone* in external affairs. He vanished after the FBI assault on *Home*, along with other *Household Staff*. Later he was found and did his part to bring about Intervention. After intervention he became a national USA celebrity on terrestrial television, made eleven movies, and married another member of his household. He returned to Jilta three times but remained as a resident of Earth. He had two long-life children. He died 498 BS a full supporter of the Temple movement. He was deemed a Minor Temple of Sequetus 3. See the definition of [Temple](#).

**Armsman:** Federation for Master at Arms, MAA. His prime purpose is to keep order on a ship.

**Arrival Day:** The day of arrival of the First Fleet and its pioneers, to a new world, sponsored by the Templar movement, the anniversary of is celebrated as the Arrival Day each year.

**Ataran:** City of Ataran, which housed the *Boulan*, the ruling class of the Aaron. Ataran had 110,000 people and was one of the oldest and biggest Aaron cities in Yaltipia. It was hydro powered by the cross currents of water flowing through the planet's crust. The city is at least 15 thousand years old.

**Automatic beam:** Simply means that weapons lock on target automatically and are fired by computer programs. The advantage is that they are not only accurate, but will continue well after the crew manning them is dead or incapacitated.

**Bacterol-bandages**™: Bandages with anti bacterial impregnated layers, which bring about fast healing. Made by Medicol Corp Inc. Jilta.

**Balgoss, Eroni:** Base Commander of the Palboan outstation on Sleebo, pirate station. Aged 234 when killed in the fight for Mount Drapper. ◀[Return](#)

**Baling:** 1. The martial art of fighting with a two pac long thick stick made from the dense wood of the Baling tree of the Nalpan province. 2. The name of a tree from Nalpan province. Their folklore says that this tree was intelligent and the chief god over Nalpan would come to think and get his best ideas while sitting under a Baling tree. 3. It is said that a Baling stick has a mind of its own and after

meditating with the stick, the stick and the fighter think as one, during a fight, in order to overcome a more powerful enemy.

**Bank:** See The Imperial Federation Warp Drive Bank. Home planet Palbo.

**Banquast:** A city of 60,000 on Yaltipia, made up of the warrior class of the Aaron. There were twenty-three warrior cities of similar sizes. The city occupies six interconnected canyons.

**Battle Bar:** 1. The saloon aboard a cruiser or destroyer where alcohol is served. 2. The name of the flight bar on the *FSS Nebulus*.

**Battle of Sequetus 3. The:** *The Battle of Sequetus 3* is the official title for the battle between the Hymondian and Malukan forces in the Sequetus Series in 1990 local time.

[◀Return](#)

**Battlemaster:** The Malukan equivalent of a marshal and commander of a fleet or armada.

**Battleroom:** A temporary make shift war room, CIC – Combat Information Center – inside the palace. It was 50 by 80 pacs, with seventy staff, troopers or Boguard.

**Battle of Six Worlds:** The battle in which both Pleiades and Boguard fought Centrecom out in space, and in which Torren battled with Centrecom.

**Bauxite:** A rock that is mined, and which when treated by a process, is converted to aluminum.

**Bearing Harvest:** A two week period on Sleebo when it is close to the sun and crops can be harvested. The whole of Sleebo get busy harvesting the year's crops during this one two week period. [◀Return](#)

**Biobots:** The surgical automated worms, which are used to inspect, stitch and repair tissue during an operation. Biobots generally are  $10^{-4}$  pacs in diameter.

**Biotynes:** The small insects bred and let loose onto a planet, that destroy human and mammal life by the pirates. The Warp Drive Bank sponsored the breeding and release of the insects themselves.

**Blackheart:** Pleiadian term for meaning a person who lives against the better good of the community and self. A law breaker, a breaker of moral and ethical codes of behavior. One who creates turmoil, and one who does more harm than good around him. *See also Clean Heart.*

**Bloodwood, Jiltanian:** A tree measuring up to 390 pacs tall, found in the temperate regions of Jilta. Its wood is a rich red, dense and sought after for making furniture on Jilta. Today the trees are numbered and protected. Each tree is plotted on a map. They can live to seven thousand standard years. There is an entire industry on Jilta dedicated to protecting these trees. They are the source of much of early Jiltanian folk lore. Each tree has resident within it hundreds and thousands of other species. Its aroma is known to keep away parasites and plagues.

**Bluster:** See Microwave bluster.

**Boguard:** 1. Guard at the palace to protect of 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 indefinite. Run along military lines. Source of instruction: Lorde Hymondy III. They are 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 Front:** The assault corps of Boguard. They can be anything from 500 to 500 strong depending on the objective. The Boguard Captain Felice Karo made them famous when she defeated Palbo 1,000 years before. At that time there were up to twenty thousand *Boguard Front* that hit the planet in one strike, carefully coordinated, taking out all communications systems in one unified moment.

### **Boguard rank:**

The following is the Boguard field ranking from highest to lowest:

*Captain*

*Guard Instructor*

*Instructor*

*Leader*

*Boguard*

*Boguard Novice (student)*

**Boulan:** The Boulan number exactly 500. They reside in a small section of Ataran of a square K in area. They are the ruling elite of the Aaron and Boguard.

**Bridge briefing:** 1. *Bridge briefings* are where missions are presented and discussed in a formal manner. They are recorded for future reference. Discussions of missions are not permitted outside of such briefings. All crew attend. 2. They are called *bridge briefings*, not because they happen on the *bridge*, because in larger craft they don't, as the *bridge* can be too small for all crew. Only senior personnel present the bridge briefing usually from the *bridge*.

**Brijet, Captain:** Female senior Boguard officer captaining the expeditionary forces fleet taking Captain Jaron to his objective mission. She was 283 years old at this time. It was her first command as an entire fleet command.

**Broadmatter Theory:** Broadmatter is that matter that is so small that current instruments can't read it, but it acts similar to a sea supporting molecular-matter that floats within it. It transmits heat and ALL 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 Seven for more details.

**Caff:** The place, where non-intoxicating beverages are served, aboard a vessel.

**Captain:** 1. Upper middle rank in IFFCo. Usually in command of an interceptor squadron, a destroyer, or a fighter team. It is below Lieutenant Commander, in rank. 2. Highest field rank in the Boguard.

**Carriers:** 1. Short for non military ore carriers. They are generally made in space, and can be many kilometers long. They are under WD. The carriers connect up section after section (sometimes known as pods), and can be as many as four sections long. Often, the term *carrier-trains* is used to express the long attached lengths of the carrier containers.

2. Federation military *carriers* contain a complement of between 100 to 800 fighters, and a onboard crew totaling between 1,200 to 9,600. These ships pack a tight crew, and

have high morale. In the Federation of Jilta, the slang word *hive* is used to mean *carrier*, and *darlt* is often used for *fighter*. A *darlt* is an insect from Jiltanian mythology that when stirred would seek out its enemy anywhere to attack, even if it meant the insect itself died. The tradition of using this term goes back well before the Federation of Jilta.

**Carriers, Ore Carriers:** Unarmed ships, used to transport mining produce or spoil. While they are big they have a very small crew.

**Carvan:** A city near two cross currents of water as well as geothermal power sources, and was one of four such cities devoted to manufacturing clean power for the other Aaron cities.

**Cast-outs:** The term given to those who are cast out into space unsuited. An illegal act, but practiced in some sectors, especially in remote mining areas.

Law systems turn a blind eye to the practice as most offences happen in return for illegal acts. That is, when a person gets caught committing theft or murder, and there are no law enforcing officials around, often the local inhabitants, meet and pass sentence with cast-outing being the penalty

**Centoria:** A democratic rim sector of the galaxy, adjacent to Jilta. Centoria is the capital system, where there are two inhabited planets. Being adjacent to Earth, Centoria has the most number of temple buildings, secondly only to Jilta. Centoria is the closest system capital to Earth. ◀[Return](#)

**Centrecom:** Either a life-force or a computer program that ran the Six Worlds.

**Charlton, Navia:** Social anthropologist from Academia Alson, companion and associate in *Sequetus 3* to Independent Goren Torren. Torren and Charlton both attended Academia Alson together studying, prior to Torren applying for his Independent's Certificate in Jilta. They were married for three years during at this time. Upon the end of the *Battle of Sequetus 3* Navia moved to *Sequetus*.

3. On Earth, she headed the Torren corporate empire of ACI. That corporation collapsed after a siege, by the terrestrial forces. She then took on a role gathering data and waited for the return of Torren, using the new corporation Acram. Upon intervention she continued on in

Sequetus, and went back to her earlier profession of lecturing in anthropology until her retirement. She wrote 23 books while as a lecturer to universities in New York, London and Tokyo. She died 480 standard years after C Day. She never returned to see Jilta, maintaining that she wanted to retain good memories of her home. She never remarried, no children. See *NEW FEDERATION* for more data. 4. She is considered by the House of Torren to be one of the Temples (see definition of [Temples](#)) of Sequetus 3.

**Civvies:** (*Terrestrial*) Slang. Civilians. It also means civilian clothes, civilian life, as distinct to military.

**Clapboard:** A computer pad upon which a flashscan is taken for identification verifying the user. The palm and three fingers must be present.

**Class A rocket:** Non-explosive rocket. No warhead.

**Class B rocket:** A non-atomic warhead, but packed with explosive.

**Class C rocket:** A non-atomic warhead, but packed with liquefied explosive gel. Designed to explode and send the burning gel to other areas and set those other areas alight.

**Class D rocket.** The warhead is packed with explosive shells, so that when the war head explodes it sends armor piercing unexploded shells through armor plate and they in turn explode on the other side of armor plate.

**Class J rocket:** J is the Juggernaut series, containing atomics of various subclasses.

**Clean Heart:** Pleiadian term. A person who does more good for society and self than harm. A person who abides by the ethical and moral codes, and laws of society. See *also Blackheart*.

**Clerical Law:** The Templar law as written by the Foundation Temple Goren Torren or as was ratified by the Sortet, during meetings of the ruling Cordellos.

**Clife:** A long Federation military blade made from Magnopolop (a non metallic resilient compound) that is worn in a sheath on every shocksuit. Clifes are either dress or combat style. *Origin:* from the days before Federation when the Royal race was planet bound, the clife was worn as an instrument for bonding of the earlier warrior clans.

**Cold Hype:** Death that results from exposure to subzero temperatures in space, freezing of the limbs and body.

**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 – *intelligent computers*. After the Medallian Rebellion, the *Compu* executives were interned off-planet and CCP administrators placed inside the company. After this the company expanded, to become 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, these boards are an instant tally board showing craft departures and arrivals. In a space fleet they are used to show the tally of battle. Manufactured by Compu Systems Interplanetary Inc.

**Compudata:** ® Abbreviation 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:** 1. 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 a servile status to computers. Without the intervention of neighboring galactic civilizations, and the *Medallian Rebellion*, these 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 which were needed to defeat the intelligent machines.

**Confederacy:** The loose governing body, democratic, that ruled the known outer galaxy prior to the conquest by the Federation. The full title is *The Confederated Council of Planets*. (CCP [◀Return](#)) It existed loosely for a hundred and twenty thousand years. The Federation defeated it in only decades defeated it.

**Confederacy:** 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. [◀Return](#)

**Confederacy:** 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 over centuries.

**Conquest:** The CCP was conquered by the Federation. While many planets simply didn't 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. It was a loss of historical records.

**Consol Agent:** The chief and legal representative of an intragalactic corporation to a planet. Similar in status to an ambassador.

**Control-fathers:** Those who implemented the program to go back in time to avert the catastrophe that happened in the Galaxy, which originated in Sequetus 3. They in turn became to be known as the *Masters* on Six Worlds.

**Cordellos:** The heads of the Houses, which represent the strongest Temples. There are Ten Cordellos, but that will later expand, to include more Minor Temples. There were originally five Cordellos, and they were presided over by the Great Sharman. There were another five Cordellos representing the Lessor Houses. This number has been

increasing, as the Outer-Worlds becomes inhabited.

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**Council:** 1. Another term for the Confederated Council of Planets, CCP. 2. Confederacy, CCP, *Council*, Confederated Council of Planets.

**Council of Order:** A small body of Boguard whose task it was to decide what areas the Boguard should influence, and how, to bring about the goals of the Aaron. ◀*Return*

**Crackess (Krackass):** 1. Home of the Confederacy inspired uprisings against the Federation in the Hymondian Realm. This cost the lives of three million civilians and military. 2. A planet in the Federation, which previously was relegated to backwaters after severe depression. It, being a mining planet that also relied heavily on computer manufacturer was depressed economically after the Medallian Rebellion.

**Crackess Uprisings:** See Crackess.

**Cravana:** Settlement in the Amazon of Sequetus 3. Population 420, at date 1,000 BS, and an outpost for the federation. It once had a population of 50,000 at date 500 BS.

**Credit:** 1. The galactic pronunciation of the credit is dahl. Its subunit is *dihlo*, and takes ten *dihlos* to a *dahl*, and ten *strake* to make a *dihlo*. For the sake of translation in this book we use the word *credit*. 2. Federation unit of currency, whereby tied to the Average Production Index. The average person earns about seven hundred *credits (dahls)* a week, but this varies upon the wealth of the planet. The value of *credits* remains constant and inflation and deflation are negligible with the Average Production Index system. 3. Material assets only rose and fell against the Average Production Index, not *credits*.

**Crosshair Nebula:** The giant gas cloud in the Pleiades wherein the Karo Series lies. It is a collection of dust particles that block out much view through the Pleiades.

**Cruiser:** The largest Federation military strike ship. It is half a Kinopac long of destructive power. It houses between forty to sixty interceptors with five escort fighters for each interceptor. Personnel number around 3,000 per ship.

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**Darlt:** Jiltanian insect in early mythology. It had 12 legs, was the size of a finger. It was said to travel to any length to carry out its deadly sting. In the myth the *darlt* wouldn't stir until stirred. A *darlt* hive was said to have killed the son of the god of Jilta, after its hive was brushed against, accidentally during a hunting tournament. The insect was thus given intelligence by the god – Taurius, so that when Taurius destroyed the *darlt* species, the insect would realize why it was being destroyed. The term *kill like a darlt* means to not carelessly choose your target, but to seek one's target intelligently, with purpose, and not fall back until the kill has been effected.

**Dates:** 1. From fifteen years after the *Battle of Sequetus 3* all dates were recorded from that date, which on Sequetus 3 was known as 1989. So, the year 2000 on Sequetus 3 was recorded as BS 11. BS being the abbreviation of *Battle of Sequetus 3*. 2. All dates before the battle have a minus symbol before the number. BS -50 is a date 50 years before the battle, and would be 1939 local date.

**Decam:** Slang term for *decontamination*, done when leaving an isolated world or system.

**Defense Fleet Destroyers:** This large class off Jiltanian destroyer bristles with guns, torpedoes, and single man *defense-sortie-craft*.

**Defense Marshal:** The most senior *Marshal* ranking. See *Marshal*.

**Defense Sortie Craft (DSC):** Craft likened to suicide capsules designed to singularly target an enemy incoming ship. The single crewman may, or might not evacuate, just prior to impact. The craft would come in at speeds low enough to not be deflected by the Acron or Proposhields. Once the warhead was (armed with electromagnetic pulse - EMP) within the shields the *DSC* detonated. The Acron and Proposhields would then be eliminated. The atmosphere around the launch bays leaves the ship and makes the launch and landing bays inoperative. Those caught in the bays die instantly as their bodies explode out due to zero external pressure. The effected launch bays remain down and open for hours, enabling enemy crews to board and

fight their way into the ship. The EMP not only downs the shields, which enables external laser fire to be effective, but it disengages electronics, making electrical doors inoperative. The *DSC* is a very powerful weapon, but has almost no return rates for its single crews. Not used in the *Battle of Sequetus 3*. Crews often have some external reason why they volunteer. All crews are volunteers. They and their families are always subsequently highly honored and decorated.

**Delerum:** A planet seventeen light years from Earth. The home of the bone traders that brought about the extinction of the great dinosaurs on Sequetus 3.

**Delopacs:** Ten thousand pacs, 10 Ks.

**Destroyer:** An IFFCo military ship. It houses six interceptors and six fighters per interceptor. [◀Return](#)

**Dispatchers:** Staff – Boguard – who would deliver messages on behalf of Hymondy and ensure they are obeyed by the recipients.

**Docks and Checks:** The docking procedure used in space, and where the crew and ship are inspected per regulations.

**Drysuit:** "The helmet was similar to that of any aquanaut. Breathing tubes were connected to the suit through a series of cells, it was able to draw oxygen out of the water. The used air was expelled through the suit walls, which were of a molecular size small enough, being then absorbed by the water."

**Duality:** The universe can't exist as singular events, items or happenings. It exists as dualities. Men and women are one such a duality.

**Duchy:** *Duchies*, may have up to a thousand stars of which only a few may have habitable planets. A sector has 1001 stars or more. There are two Duchies in the federation – Kalanon and Celtronia.

**Econdar:** An education city of the Aaron in Yaltipia. It housed students and educators and administrators and had a population of 65,000 population. It was near the equator.

**Element analyzer:** It analyses the physical elements for their various properties, a planet's atmosphere, the temperature of space etc.

**Elevator:** (*Terrestrial*) Lift. Interchangeable term for lift.

**Elevators:** Vehicles used to exclusively lift great tonnage into space. In effect they are one big gravity plate with two pilots and one navigator. Twenty-five *elevators* can lift a destroyer off a planet with specific gravity of 1.0.

**Empire of Earth:** It lost in civil war to long-lifers, in BS 5789. The Earth Empire that ruled the Galaxy for over five thousand standard years.

**Engineers, Federation:** *Federation Engineers* are famous for their work repairing almost anything, getting bases occupied, making bridges, and so on. Generally, they are non-combat crew.

**Exodus Week:** As with clerical; law, the outer worlds celebrate a week remembering the exodus from Earth, to the newer outer worlds, such as Rambus.

**Expedition Fleet:** The Boguard fleet, of 4 ships, including a Man-O-War, which goes out on a mission for a designated predetermined objective. A total crew complement of up to 200.

**Far-saw, far-see:** The ability to see something remotely from a distance, well away from the object to be seen.

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**Farsen:** A region of space with few planets, but ruled over by the Federation.

**FCS:** Federation Civilian Ship. The title given to a registered civilian vessel within the Federation.

**Federation:** Stands for The Imperial Galactic Federation, The Lordes Of All Worlds And Vassals Within The Domains Of The Galaxy. It has been the governing body that ruled the Galaxy after the CCP. ◀[Return](#)

**Federation:** 1. The Imperial Galactic Federation (IGF), The Lordes 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.

**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 Planet Military and 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. 3. IFFCo doesn’t usurp the sovereign power of the royal sectors, and the sovereignty of each sector was senior to IFFCo, until the arrival of the junta that ruled the Federation, then IFFCo became senior to civilian authority.

**Federation Sectors:** See attached map. The sixteen Federation Sectors are: Hymondy, Maluka (Maluku), Pilik, Timbor, Penec, Centor, Qilto, Siltonia or Silt, Tilk, Patua, Serene, Penetia, Kalanon, Celtronia, Kantee and Farsen. Farsen did exist until taken by neighboring hostile sectors of Qilto, Penec and Pilik. Each sector is made up of provinces.

**Fibrerail:** The train that is used, through the tunnels of Yaltipia. The railcars are pulled up and down the canyons, more for vertical travel, but also lateral, to a degree.

**Felice Karo:** See Karo, Felice

**Fighters:** 1. Fighters are the only real defense craft against interceptors. They are non-atmospheric and short ranged, and very fast. Usually they are quartered on carriers, cruisers or destroyers. 2. *Fighters* have a complement of one pilot with sometimes a second co-pilot.



Two more of the *fighter* crew remain at the carrier, so each fighter has a tight assigned squad of four personnel. Fighters further have allocated to them, a general staff of seven more support crew (cooks, doctors, administration staff etc) on board a carrier, cruiser or destroyer. Thus each

fighter carries ten to twelve personnel. Also see *carriers* for more data.

**Final Battle:** BS 26 That battle which was waged around Earth as the last battle for the *Federation Alliance* against the *Far Federation*. It was after the Alliance had fallen, subsequently to Jilta being taken. Those not under the *Far Federation* gathered around Sequetus for one last stand. The Alliance forces were outnumbered 10 to one.

**First Fleet:** The First Fleet was those first ships bringing the pioneers to the new worlds for settlement. Each planet had its own First Fleet. Those who came on the First Fleet were revered.

**Flashscan:** An instant scan of human details taken with multiple bands of light. The scan checks for life in what is being scanned, as well as other details such as finger prints, palm prints, foot prints, iris recognition, facial recognition etc. People are not always aware they have been flashscanned as these are used in docking bays, banks, stores, airports, trains, and even highways.

**Fluid-wellness:** Given to any crew in the infirmary who are ill aboard Federation military vessels. It consists of protein mixes, vitamins and carbohydrates, depending on the body type. There are a dozen varieties, and within those types, various strengths.

**Fransibar:** Planet Capital of Orbat, of the Karo System, in the Pleiades. Population fifty-eight million.

**Free-area:** Slang for a place *free* of tight discipline.

**Free Areas:** 1. *Areas*, which are *free* from certain codes of military law. Often found as the recreation areas of military personnel. 2. *Slang - Free Areas* are also civilian commercial areas of trade.

**Frigate:** A warship used by the Templar movement, which was brought into being, to counter the piracy against its colonies. It had up to 45 crew.

**FSS:** Federation Service Ship, the title given to each military ship in the Federation.

**Fundamental form:** The original form that populated the Galaxy long before changes that adapted the body to

environmental requirements. "People from Earth have *fundamental form*."

**Galactic Council, Boguard:** It is the Council's sole purpose to guide the future of the Galaxy towards a path of greater survival.

**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 other than this Galaxy. There is no other name for it than above. Later on other galaxies were discovered. Thus you'll read the term Galaxy as capitalized and it means the Milky Way, the Galaxy that Earth is part of.

**Gandin, Guard Instructor:** Boguard leader who lead the assault on Mount Drapper in Sleebo against the pirate base..

**Gangels, Mount:** The tallest mountain in Jilta, 250 Ks due west of Jilta PCC. Height 4,289 pacs, said to be home to the gods of Jilta.

**Garato:** The Nalpan martial art of fighting with rope and wire.

**Gods of Jilta:** 1. From mythology dating back 15,000, who were said to be the ruling class and who ruled the world from Mount Gangels. 2. A saying, exclamation of emphasis. *By the Gods of Jilta...*

**Goldor:** Administrative Member of the Confederated Council of Planets.

**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 had 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 intern cadet and graduated with honors. He once was married to Navia Charlton. Other relationships unknown. He inherited his family estate early in life. No siblings.

2. Torren comes from old Jiltanian, *torre* or *torenza* meaning *heavy rain*, and Goren comes from *gore* meaning to *fetch*. *The addition of the letter n* is to indicate it is a masculine

word. So Goren Torren would mean the man who seeks to make the heavy rains, or the one who breaks the drought.



*Above: Goren Torren stops the assassin's bullet in mid flight.*

3. *The Independent*, as prophesied by *The Early Works* as Magi.

4. The personage as promoted by The Master Templar, and accredited to be the founder of the movement that grew later on. *For more history, see the NEW-EARTH SERIES.*

5. The foundation Temple for the Houses of Torren. See definition of *Temple*. [◀Return](#)

**Graviton:** (*Terrestrial*) Is the force of gravity, and for many it is described in theory as a particle.

**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.

**Great Holy War:** As described in *The Early Works* there would be a holy war unrivalled in history that would set mankind straight again. Here mankind had a new chance after the war to take a higher place in the existence of things.

**Great Palace:** The Palace of Jilta that was taken as residence by the Jiltanian leaders. It was once the home of Lorde Hymondy III. More recently the Master Templar resided there. It originates from the time before the Confederacy. Estimated as 1,780 years old.

**Great Search:** After Goren Torren vanished one of the biggest searches in federation history was undertaken. The search was not limited to just Sequetus as there were

purported sightings in other systems, but there were none that proved true.

**Great Sharman:** The first was John Anderson of Sequetus 3, who fired the assassin's bullet that created the legend of Goren Torren. After the assassination was foiled Anderson hid and then joined the army. He was lifted off the planet by Letone to a higher status, but was then back on the planet, running the Temple Movement and was Torren's representative on Earth. Each subsequent Great Sharman has been Torren's representative in the Galaxy. There are other Sharmans, one for each major planet, which have the status of one hundred temples or more under them.

**Greendale Health Retreat:** A 1,500-bed mental health retreat on Palbo, situated 45 Ks outside of Palbo City Centrum, the hub of central interplanetary government of Palbo. The retreat comprises 17 buildings, over 300 nurses, psychrons and psycho-surgeons, and over 200 administrative staff. It sits on 15 square kinopacs of land, has its own airport and security forces and a small weapons depot. [◀Return](#)

**Groundflight:** ® A vehicle used on a planet's surface. *Groundflights* can elevate two pacs above the ground. A *groundflight* seldom carries more than eight persons or that equivalent in cargo. Manufactured by Resilient Industries Inc of Jilta. The Groundflight model was the center piece of their production.

**Grut:** A curse word of the federation. It came from the Confederated Council of Planets administrative planet Tilan. A grut was an instrument used to artificially inseminate wild animals, with outer planet genes, for domestication purposes.

**Guard Instructor:** A high field rank in the Boguard, below Captain.

**Guardsmen:** 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. They can also be found on ships and remote bases during times of low conflict. See also Trooper.

**Gyrocopter:** A single seated autogiro, which is a form of aircraft, which has freely rotating horizontal vanes and a propeller. The difference with a helicopter is that the vanes

of the gyro are not powered but instead rotate in the slipstream. The power of lift comes from the propeller in front.

**Halz:** The term to represent something bad. In ancient Jiltanian mythology, Aqin, son of God Zoltro of the mountains was kept captive in an underground prison, in Mount Halz by Zoltro's enemy, named Lansider. Lansider kept Aqin alive for 25 years, some said under constant torture, until Zoltro relinquished his status as head god. Aqin was boiled alive and it was his skin that was given back to Zaltro by Lansider that made Zaltro give in. Lansider was never caught but was always there, potentially waiting to take what was important. So there are phrases such as *hot as Halz, as bad as Halz*.

**Harvester:** The large multi-story machine, which extracts bauxite from the surface of the planet, Rambus. H1 means simply Harvester 1. There are five or six harvesters on Rambus.

**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 brain. The heat seeker is accurate for 20 to 30 pacs at 5 degrees. Settings can be changed. Standard trooper issue.

**Health Retreats:** The retreats set up by the Bank to treat those who disobey their commands. See series deprogramming to understand more about what is done to people at these retreats. Detention centers would be a better suited name, than health retreats. The physicians overseeing those treated therein are psychrons.

**High Parade Dress:** Parade dress with campaign bars, medals, honors, distinctions knives, and awards worn over Parade Dress which is a quality shocksuit. Parade Dress has gold braid for rank on top, of a standard shocksuit white issue uniform. [◀Return](#)

**High-volves;** Native animals that are notoriously vicious on the peaks of Sleebo. Hibernating carnivore that has a 25 year life span, weighs the same as a man.

**Highwater™:** Water combined with minerals, vitamins, body salts and with the citrus fruits of Jilta, sold commercially and made from similar fruits in different sectors. Made by the Highwater Company of Jilta.

**House of Torren:** Part of the Temple Movement. Each House represents one of the Temples of the Templar movement. House of Torren, House of Charlton and so on. See *Temple*.

**Hymondy:** A Royal Lorde of the Federation. With rejuvenation he has reigned over Jilta since its conquest. Lorde Hymondy III of Jilta. [◀Return](#)

**IFFCo:** Intragalactic Federation Fleet Command. See *Federation Fleet Command*. Pronounced: "if-co" [◀Return](#)

**Imperial Federation Warp Drive Bank:** The organization, which control the transport regulations and lease agreements of the Federation Warp Drive systems. They are an all-powerful body that predict and plot the expansionist policies of the Federation. They are the instrumental power behind the Federation, as without it 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 royal families of the Federation. 2. A license is required after a five year internship, in 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 complete one year's duty in an alternate defense force prior to acceptance. Most sectors have reciprocal exchange programs whereby *independent* students are permitted into off-world training programs.

**Independent, the:** Short for the Independent Goren Torren. (Now capitalized as Independent)

**Instructor:** A Boguard high field rank. It is below Guard Instructor, but above Officer.

**Interceptor:** 1. A winged spacecraft that can stay in space or enter atmospheres. It is the prime attack craft of the Federation.



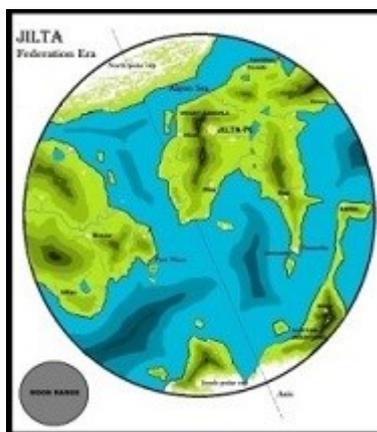
It carries atomic warheads on its rockets. Manufactured by various corporations, the most common is Fair Space Industries Inc. The interceptor was the fastest of all Federation military attack style vehicles.

2. There were many models of interceptors, depending on the region they were to be used in. Various ones were wide bodied, some narrower. Some had more or less rockets. The variance depended on the gravity and the expected atmosphere the craft was to encounter. [◀Return](#)

**Jaron:** Born 985 BS in the Amazon, Sequetus 3. Married Sheril Brud, of The Amazon in Yaltipia 1002 BS. One child. Jaron became Boguard Leader rank, in 1015 BS.

**Jenny Wanten:** Resident terrestrial anthropologist in Western Australia. Instrumental in assisting Independent Goren Torren in his *estimate* of Earth. Graduated University of Western Australia 2013. Deemed a Minor Temple of Sequetus 3. See the definition of [Temple](#).

**Jilta:** (pronounced *Yilta* in English) Is the Royal Planet in the Hymondian (now Jilta) sector. It is the center of the sector and the residence of Lorde Hymondy III. Population half a billion.



Jilta is a watery planet with oceans over half its surface saturated, 11 continents, frozen polar regions, and 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. means Planet Center and is the capital city of the planet. Population 1.2 Million.

**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.



*Jilta PC layout.*

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.)

**Juggernaut:** Any blinding idea for which people are prepared to sacrifice their lives forsaking all else.

**Ks, K:** Kinopac, a thousand pacs, over a kilometer long. Also used to mean kinopacs per hour. ◀[Return](#)

**Kalanon (Kallon):** Reluctant ally of Jilta. Kalanon was the Duchy of Kalanon, a relatively small sector. Its royal was the Duke of Kalanon. At the end of the Battle of Sequetus 3 he arrived in Sequetus to support Hymondy. ◀[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 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, the taste and aroma may change, but also the ratio of 'bean" to root ratio depends on 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, sweetener added, or mixed with alcohol. It can be put into 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 didn't 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. ◀[Return](#)

**Karakas:** 1. A planet in the Outer World province of Belamore. In the Hymondian Sector, and in from the Penek Sector, its nearest neighbor.

**Karo, Felice.** Pleiadian Daughter of the Governor General of the *Karo Series* of the Pleiades.

Later, became Boguard and captain of the Boguard during the Battle for Centrecom, and battle of Palbo, where she excelled. She transmuted when she rehabilitated her otherwise lost abilities when training as Boguard. Said to be the duality of Goren Torren and just as important.

She is deemed and titled as one of the Temples of Sequetus 3. (See the definition of *Temple*.) ◀[Return](#)

**Karo, Series:** A series of 27 planets within the Pleiades, otherwise unknown to the Federation or the CCP. It has five of its 27 planets habitable, including those it is terra-forming.

There are two races, the original Aaron, otherwise known as Boguard, on Yaltipia, and the Pleadians, who arrived, after fleeing Earth in their long forgotten history, and who set up a new life, on Orbat.

**Kelvin:** (*Terrestrial*) Temperature measured in the same as degrees Celsius, but where absolute zero, where there is no temperature at all, is zero on the Kelvin scale.

0° Kelvin = -273.15° Celsius

**Kinopac:** 1. It is exactly 1030.91 Meters. 2. A thousand pacs. Kinopacs is abbreviated to *Ks*. 3. *K*, slang meaning kinopac or kinopac per hour. [◀Return](#)

**Kintecs Province:** a former industrial and technological planet famous for its intelligent computers before the Medallian Rebellion. It is now in the Hymondian Sector.

**Kul:** A transport beast known for its cussedness. It can carry the weight of twenty men over rocky ground.

**Kwankindo:** The martial art of unarmed combat. Taught in most military schools.

**Lallow:** - . The word comes from the minute sound of its wings, Lal-loh. The lallow can live two years, and adopt the colors of various fungi for repelling enemies or attracting mates. They are a sign of good fortune and cherished by the Aaron. Many Aaron cultivate small sections outside their homes certain fungi the lallow feed upon, to attract them. The local lore says that while the lallow reside in the labyrinth of caves below Yaltipia, so can the Aaron.

**Last Battle, The:** (*Also see Final Battle*) This was the last stand by the Federation Alliance, against the Far Federation. There were no other battles after this. The Alliance totally fell at this point. Twenty-three ships were destroyed in this battle, and it was the first time the Alliance had confronted the enemy face on.

**Leader:** Boguard field rank below *Officer* and above *Boguard*. See *Boguard rank*.

**Letone:** (Historical information only) A Guard Instructor of the Boguard, Commander of the Boguard. He was assigned to Lorde Hymondy III of Jilta. He is seen below in the Wanted Poster. He died (presumed) in BS 27 when *Home* was raided by Earth intelligence agencies.

He was born on Yaltipia, age unknown. He was in charge of security at ACI under Goren Torren in California, Earth. He was also in charge of the mission that captured Anderson from the Wright Patterson Air base and brought back the dead alien Tog from the crash retrieval.

He was loyal and believed in the freedom of Sequetus 3 to maintain its own sovereignty without interference by external forces. A statue was erected in his honor in Los Angeles. He never married, no offspring known.

Deemed by the Templars as a Temple of Sequetus 3.

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**Life-force:** (*Terrestrial*) That spiritual singular existence that gives energy to a living organism and which does its computing and decision making.

**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, which has sulfuric acid clouds. The same suit can be worn underwater and is good to 180 pacs. Made by numerous manufacturers on many planets.



**Lift:** (*Terrestrial*) Elevator. The terms are interchangeable. Lift is more English and elevator is more American.

**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.

**Lorde:** 1. Lorde, meaning a title of trust, and honor, used by royalty and high ranking religious officials of the Federation. 2. (*Terrestrial*) Old English 1200 – 1300 The spelling of lord was lorde, along with other spellings in England at that time. From *Hlaford* means *bread-keeper*.

**Lotta:** A flesh eating predator from the mountains of Jilta. Protected species. The most similar mammal on *Sequetus 3* would be the Bengal tiger in size and habitat.

**Magi, The:** From *The Early Works*, one who has redeemed his natural inherent abilities of life, who will lead the Galaxy away from a hidden tyranny. Goren Torren became the Magi of the Early works.

**Magi:** (*Terrestrial*) 1. The fourth century BC the Greeks saw the magi as being associated with the Zoroastrian religion of Persia and the term became synonymous with practitioners of magic, astrology, and higher knowledge. The Gospel of Mathew refers to magi being the *wise men of the east*. The number three (three wise men) was added perhaps a thousand years later to the English version. 2. The Old Chinese word for magician, wizard, is *m'ag*, coming from *magi*. The Old Chinese symbol for this is the following cross: (A cross with serifs:  $\oplus$ ) The point being is that the term has crossed from China to the far West and generally means people who have wisdom and who can perform real magic. 3. The term illusionist, or one who performs tricks, to make people believe the magician is performing a real feat came during the Hellenistic period of Greece, when the term magician was applied by skeptic thinkers. This term survives today in the English words magic and magician.

**Magnaplate:** *n.* The flexible plate threads that are electrically locked into polynylop. When woven into nylop and charged, the impregnated nylop adds dramatic strength and endurance to the wearer. *v.* magnoplatting.

**Magnoclamps:**  $\text{\textcircled{R}}$  Clamps which hold vehicles in space stationary to each other, and lock them together. They are used particularly on interceptors when they dock for refueling and need a quick turnaround. Magnoclamps are made by Standard Solid Industries, of planet Peel.

**Magnopolop:** A non metallic resilient compound that has no magnetic properties.

**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. The Malukan sector was once larger than it is now and was the sector that Sequetus was in.

**Man-o-War:** The Boguard warship, which works in harmony with its crew, as though the ship itself was a living life-force in its own right. It works on thought rather than

mechanical operation. The man-o-war varies in size up to a hundred crew, and can be as small as twelve crew. [◀Return](#)

**Mars Base:** The scientific expedition base on Mars set up by the Federation on Sequetus 4, in the Cydonia region. 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 downwards is:

Defense Marshal - five stars, Ranking Marshall - four stars, Reserve Marshall – three, Marshal - two and one stars.

**Master Templar:** The ecclesiastic head of the Templar movement. He was elected for life. The elected position had been male dominated since the movement began, but no rule to enforce so. The position is decided upon by a vote, by the Cordellos. [◀Return](#)

**Matow:** Planet previously known for its industrious work ethic, and manufacturer of galactic ships on its three moons, prior to its demise at the hands of the Patuans.

**Meedle:** A drink often served in the Malukan sector. It is distilled from barley and mixed with a cinnamon and pepper derivatives. It is served warm to hot, and highly alcoholic. 2. On Sleebo meedle is drunk extensively, easily made, and there are great competitions for who can produce the best. [◀Return](#)

**Mepat:** Captain of the Boguard stationed at Jilta. His Excellency High Commander of the Boguard. See also the Great Manapet. He was deemed a Temple of Sequetus 3. See the definition of Temple.

**Merron City:** On Palbo, a powerful city, that built cruisers and was the final manufacturing place of Warp drives. Population of 2.8 million. It was laid waste by Felice Karo, during the intervention of Sequetus 3. Getting Merron running again gave power to the Bank and Mirak did this for 150 years before being elected to the Board of the Bank. After 45 years on the Board was elected to the Boards chief executive and administrator.

**Mind-call:** A call mentally from one to another or all. A Boguard term. [◀Return](#)

**Minor Cordello:** A Cordello representing a Minor Temple, such as the Minor Temple of Wanten, who represents Kalanon.

**Mirak, Brandon:** Head of the Imperial Federation Warp Drive Bank, the chief administrator, and once elected by the Bank Board, he has a ten year term of office. Already having being elected as President of Merron City – population 2.8 million, got him onto the board of the Bank.  
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**Mount Drapper:** A mystical mountain in the Kendal Ranges of Sleebo. It is 18,000 pacs above sea level. It is permanently covered with snow, and its peak is weeks away from the nearest village, by foot. It is one of the remotest parts of the planet. [◀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.

**Off planet:** v. 1. The term used to mean leaving or being away from the planet. 2. Leaving to go into space, or to 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."*

**Off-worlds:** A term used in the Karo Series, to refer to the habitable worlds, beyond Orbat and Yaltipia.

**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."*

**Orbat:** the chief planet in the *Karo Series*, in the *Pleiades*. Standard gravity: 0.97, Water 68% of its surface, 267 million kpacs from its solus. One of a binary pair of planets.

**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.

**Outer-Worlds:** Not to be confused with the out-worlds of Jilta, those small regions lying on the outer part of the Jilta sector. The Outer Worlds on the other hand are those

worlds that fall outside of the Federation of the long-lifers. The outer-worlds were never inhabited, until the Temple or House of Torren pushed humanity out there beyond the earlier Federation limits. ◀[Return](#)

**Pac:** 1. Officially 1.03091 Meters (*Terrestrial*). 2. A length of standard measurement used throughout the Federation. 3. One pace or step. ◀[Return](#)

**Palbo:** In the Kantee Sector, the planet rose to prominence, due to it being the home and headquarters for the Warp Drive Bank. 38% water, not counting another 23% of frozen water caps. 12 continents, but with one supercontinent at the northern polar region. There are three native races on Palbo. Three moons, gravity 1.23. Oxygen 23%, nitrogen 75%. ◀[Return](#)

**Past-lives:** (*Terrestrial*) There is frequent mention of past-lives in the sixth book of the NEW-EARTH SERIES. This phenomena of a past-life is simply a person leaving his humanoid body, as a spiritual life force, and getting another humanoid baby's body at its next birth. This is distinct to reincarnation, which allows for migration of the spirit between species. Past-life theory doesn't subscribe to migration between species and this is the concept used in this book, past-lives.

**Patua System:** Planet system nearest the Jiltanian System.

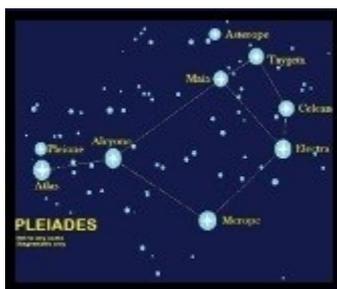
**Patu, Lorde:** Ruler of Patua.

**Peel:** Royal planet of Kalanon. Population 29.1 million.

**Permanent Status:** When a law is submitted and approved it is provisional, but it is put into effect straight away. After a predetermined number of years of testing the law, it goes before the Sortel again and gets ratified as a permanent law. To revert the law after that, it needed a new law be provisional and so on.

**Plant:** Someone planted amongst a group to spy on them. "A plant that high amongst us?" An infiltrator, a spy, put there to steal, and pass on confidential data.

**Pleiades:** (*Terrestrial*) 1. Star cluster known as the Pleiades, or Messier object 45 – M45 – or the Seven Sisters.



2. A cluster with seven stars known as the seven sisters containing middle aged B type stars – hot blue - in the constellation of Taurus. They were formed around 100 million years ago. The stars are 440 light-years away and about 48 light-years across. There are around 1,000 stars.

3. The name Pleiades comes from Greek mythology and the names of the seven sisters are the seven sisters from Greek mythology.

4. The Pleiades are reportedly referred to in the following ancient cultures: Maori, Australian Aboriginal, Persian, Chinese, Japanese, Mayan, Aztec, Sioux and Cherokee, Babylonian, Hindu (six mothers of war), Revelations 3:1, and perhaps is the Star of Najm referred to in the Quran.

**Pleiades:** 1. There are three star systems with inhabited planets known by the Federation. They are: Thora, Lordal and Quintex, with about ten million people on each. 2. There is the Karo Series, a system with several occupied planets. When someone in this story is referring to the Pleiades as a civilization they are usually referring to these coming from the Karo system. 3. A relatively young set of stars in the Galaxy.

**Polynylop:** 1. A fabric made from twisted metal thread that when intertwined with nylop produces a material that can be used to cover space craft skins, space suits, boots etc. It is extremely strong, and rigid and durable, depending on the ratio of nylop to the metal thread. Its strength also varies depending on the metal used. Polynylop is watertight to over 150 pacs, and airtight in space. 2. *Polynylop 0* (strongest) can be used in space suits. *Polynylop 9* can be tailored 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.

**Profood:** They are self heating packs of food. This is the Federation equivalent of junk food, extensively used by outspacers, but high in protein and nutrient value.

**Proposhield:** An electronic shield usually in the front of the ship that negates and or deflects laser fire. See the Broad Matter Theory in the Addendum for more working data. It operates differently to that of an Acron Shield.

**Psycho-surgeon:** Professionals from Earth who were seconded to Palbo, after Earth was introduced to the galactic civilizations, to operate of malcontents and those who would oppose the Warp Drive Bank's rule. They introduced surgical implants, for new-born infants, the size of a grain of sand, implanted in the brain through the soft skulls of the new-born, to ensure future compliance as the child grew older. They later changed the name of their profession to the term *psychrons*, however the profession divided into two schools of activity. The psychrons dealt with purely the mind and non intrusive methods of implanting, while psycho-surgeons dealt with manipulating the body to change behavior.

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**Psychotronic mines:** The mines go into Warp Drive automatically and send out millions of signals in millions of time slots. If any return, a signal is then is plotted. If there are any craft in the same time instant as the mine then it is registered. If it can be plotted, with subsequent plots, as well then the craft can be intercepted and mined and destroyed. *Time-mining* it is called.

**Psychrat-chamber:** A 1. A four pac chamber, which, when a person is placed into it, head first, it wraps itself around the person, applies a certain amount of pain and numbing sensation by the use of alternating currents to the whole body. At the same time the person is fed imagery through the eyes, to create an entire new memory for the person. Psychrons and psycho-surgeons do it. 2. Through drugging and hypnotically instructing the patient has to keep his eyes open and by projecting into the patient's eyes pictures and movies, along with a verbal sound track of the logic of what is happening and of why and what the patient is to think, the patent can be made to take up new causes, fight previous alliances and so on. A complete artificial memory can be induced, into the patient as real as any he had lived during his lifetime.

**Psychrons:** A branch of physicians dealing in series-deprogramming, who originally came from Earth in 89 BS.

They were shipped to Palbo from Earth to work with the Warp Drive Bank re-instate its control over the population, which had been liberated from the Bank by the Boguard and Felice Karo after BS 35

Psychrons are the control-fathers that the Masters on Six Worlds claim to have come from, and thereby linking their heredity line to the mind controllers of Earth from the 20<sup>th</sup> and 21<sup>st</sup> Century. Psychrons is another term for psychosurgeons. ◀[Return](#)

**Quantum Drive:** The sub-light method of travel during the Confederacy era of the Galaxy. Federation Warp Drives outdated the technology.

**Quiet-talk:** The term used by four year old Mathew Wanten, to describe the concept of thought-thought communication.

**Rambus:** An Outer World planet discovered 789 BS. It has .96 standard Gravity. It is mostly desert with huge lakes and weeds. There are some mountains, and in the colder area is snow on the mountains by the lakes. There is some sparse vegetation near the lakes. Oxygen is produced by the various plant growth, beneath the water of the lakes. Bauxite extraction is its primary industry. Its population was destroyed by the pirates. Rambus became a symbol to the Temple over later years, to never give up fighting back.

**Rapid gunneries:** Guns that fire over three thousand rounds of particle fire from space craft per second. *Rapid gunneries* work in space only, as they are generally inoperable on planets due to their excessive heat generation.

**Recount coils:** The coils used in broadmatter theory to bring about WDS operations. They cause a unifying of the different physical fields to change time and space.

**Reduction:** A pirate term for administering the *biotynes* - the insects that burrow into human beings, mammals and destroy human populations. The insects are safely managed, using large spheres, that are sent from space down to the inhabited regions on a planet. Reduction can take from week, or months, depending on the resilience of the population being attacked.

**Regeneration:** ® 1. A process that Royals underwent when returning to their home in Kantee Sector. 2. *Regeneration* is complete body rejuvenation. 3. *Regeneration* is

technology administered by the Warp Drive Bank.  
*Regeneration* isn't permitted on non-royalty.

**Religion:** (*Terrestrial*) means simply the organized way to explain oneself, the universe and how one fits in the cosmos now, the past, and in the future. Often answering the age old questions of who am I, what am I, do I have a purpose, and what happens after death?

**Residence:** The home residential name for Goren Torren's home, on Jilta. It has now become the administrative center, for the Houses of Torren of the Temples.

**Resurrection:** The era after Earth had been introduced to the Federation, and the time when depopulation of Earth had been instigated, by the Warp Drive Bank by lifting off humanity in its billions to other worlds. It was seen as a time of healing of Sequetus 3 after it had been heavily polluted and ravaged by the short lived species of man on Earth. No one has records of those who survived the travels to new worlds or how many of those billions were lost in the ether worlds of warp drive space. The Templars kept the only true records for those they sponsored to arrive at the Outer Worlds.

**Rigrano:** Fleet Commander serving the Palboan Fleet Command, originally born in Sleebo. Very highly decorated career officer, he saw service in Sequetus before being taken out of commission. 434 years old, son of Bubbo Brin and Dorin Rigrano of Dacal, North Sleebo. [◀Return](#)

**Royals:** A tall humanoid race from the Kantee Sector of the Galaxy measuring up to 2.5 pacs tall. *Royals* as a race are olive complexioned, have stronger foreheads and cheek bones, and wide shoulders. Usually their hair is dark brown to black. They have a naturally high IQ. Prior to the development of W.D. *Royals* had no expansionist policies. *Royals* is sometimes capitalized – being a race, sometimes not. [◀Return](#)

**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 are in as it is the name of our galaxy – Galaxy. Galaxy and

Santonia Galaxy mean the same. Galaxy is terrestrial, and Santonia Galaxy is Federation.

**Screens, ship:** Aboard battlecraft are different types of screens. They are not linked to a central computer, but rather are run as completely isolated computers with their own separate attendants. These are datascreens, which access data; and commscreens, which access communications going in, out and around a ship; viewscreens, for general display of information, briefings and so on. There are mapscreens for showing overlay, ground enhancement and positions in space. For security of data these systems are physically never linked.

**Searfinders Index:** ® 1. The two hundred and seventy-three reference volume set of books that is used to standardize galactic cultures and education, which had been missing under the Confederacy. Searfinders Publishing Industries Inc. is headquartered in the Kantee Sector and has half a million staff around Santonia. Searfinders publish over 1,800 daily, weekly, monthly and quarterly publications through the Galaxy. 2. Searfinders are a conglomerate of publishing divisions. They have a mandate to accumulate and publish data, for the cultural future of humanoids, to bring about an improving civilization. 3. Searfinders are an aligned body of publishing houses.

**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 barely habitable. Some *Sectors*, *Duchies*, may have only a thousand stars of which only a few may have habitable planets. [◀Return](#)

**Security Council of Palbo:** The body of 13 men, six military, seven non-military, that answer to the President, and who preside over all security matters of the planet and its empire. [◀Return](#)

**Sequetus:** The solar system that includes 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 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. 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 was terminated and colonists moved to Sequetus 3. Named after one of the early explorers of the CCP, Mares Bey who gained a ruthless reputation in slaughtering 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. Tenuous carbon dioxide atmosphere.

**Sequetus Series:** 1. The *series* of habitable planets in the Sequetus system. *Series* as a title applied 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 so in the past, and therefore 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 intrusive as removing memories, by the use of otherwise illegal 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 done in psychiatric institutions and laws have been set in place to enable it to be administered by qualified Malukan agents (or others), as a legal therapy.

**Shaman:** (*Terrestrial*) n. priest or clan witch doctor, claiming to have sole contact with gods etc.: hence *n*, shamanistic *a*. [f. G schamane & Russ. Shaman f. Tungusian *saman*.] (Oxford Dictionary)

**Sharman, the Great:** 1. The sole person responsible for speaking to and being able to understand the spiritual deity of Goren Torren. To be the Great Sharman one needed to be able to transmigrate through time itself to be able to contact the Holy Torren. 2. The title was first accepted by John W. Anderson on Earth. In the two thousand years

after the graduation of the Holy Torren in BS 31, there have been five holders of the title of The Great Sharman. 3. Sharman is an alteration of the word shaman.

**Shanar:** Title pronounced upon a person by The Master Templar. Technically it isn't a name but is received as a title. Such a person has to reach a certain mental and spiritual enlightenment state, as well as certain physical ability, before being granted Shanarian recognition. This was the title given to the public relations officer of the Master Templar 2020.

**Sheril:** Born in the Amazon to an Indian tribe 986 BS. Had one son to husband Jaron, and moved to Yaltipia of the Pleiades.

**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 such physical shock around the body, so that no one place is overloaded with impact. The result is that the wearer is able to exert himself far greater with far less risk of damage. The standard shocksuit colors are dress-white, black, grey, sand, buff, and jungle green and navy blue. All the above colors are available in camouflage as well as special order colors.

**Short-lifers:** Those who live a lifespan of between 70 – 150 years thereabouts. Until the emigration of peoples of Earth into the galaxy, short-liferism was listed as a physical treatable disease of the DNA. Short-lifer then became a derogatory term meaning someone with Earth ancestors.

**Siltonia:** Sector, with Ranwick as the Capital and Royal Planet. Siltonia, also known as Silto, was a major ally of Jilta during the Battle of Sequetus 3. After the Royals slowly vanished the sector elevated to being a democratically run republic. ◀[Return](#)

**Six Worlds, the:** The name given to the six planetoids beyond the portal. The six worlds are: Yildon, the home of Vila and the Masters. Tibel, the home of Centrecom. The others are Vauxou, Paleno, Ferrow, and Julipor.



**Sleebo:** Outer planet in the Malukan sector near the central rim. A cold planet much of which is frozen. After the Earth intervention day the planet became a major trading partner with Earth, due to the very close proximity, and a wealth of resources for the Templars. [◀Return](#)

**Solan:** 1. Planet in the Federation that previously was relegated to backwaters after severe economic depression. Solan was a mining planet that relied heavily on computer manufacture, but was wiped out economically after the *Medallian Rebellion*. 2. Remote province in Centor Sector.

**Soldo:** An inner Pleiadian colony planet, of the Karo Series. Already it has had human habitation and pioneers for 300 years, population 3 million.

**Solus:** The center of a system, star system source of heat and light. 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.

**Sortet:** The annual Grand Meeting lasting two weeks, of the House of Torren. All Temples from the civilized world are represented. Traditionally the Sortet is on Jilta on the same date every standard year.

**Standard atmospheric:** 1. A term applied to atmosphere pressures. This can vary to extremes. It is a relative term. 2. Sequetus 3 is 95% Standard Atmospheric, while Mars is 2%, Jupiter varies from 800% and above. 3. 1.0 is Standard Atmospheric.

**Standard Book of Records.** A subsidiary of Searfinders Index for government data records.

**Standard Centre:** A relative measure from the center of a Galaxy. 0.0 is absolute center. 1.0 being very the outside rim. The measurement is decided on the proportion of mass within the nominated figure, not distance. Example 0.3 has

0.3 of the mass of the Galaxy to the center of the orbital position nominated.

**Standard Galactic (SG):** 1. The language that was forcefully imposed upon Galaxy administrators after Federation conquest. Local languages still represent most dialogue, and there are over a million different languages in the Federation. [◀Return](#)

**Standard Gravity:** The gravity of the original royal planet is 1.0. All other planet gravities are a comparison to this by the term *Standard Gravity*.

**Standard-year, Standard Year, standard year:** 1. A *standard-year* is the measure of average time, which all the Royal Planets take to traverse one full annual cycle around their solus. While each planet has its own local-year, and measures time on the planet in Earth-years, Jiltanian-years, and so on, there is a *standard-year* that all years can be measured against, and that is by taking all the royal planets and making the average time of each of those years, a *standard-year*. 2. By using this as a benchmark, it means that all planets have had an input into making the standards upon which the Federation is built. 3. A standard-year is 1.0595 earth-years.

**Starion:** An animal for riding, burden and for racing, bred on Jilta.

**Storm, Anqi:** Malukan garrison trooper on Sequetus 4, daughter of Jarn Storm and Maggri Bulin. Born on Sleebo. Anqi Storm assisted Goren Torren in his work 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. She was deemed one of the Temples of Sequetus 3. See the definition of Temple.

**Strikers:** Attack craft of the Boguard, not dissimilar to fighters, but which move to the use of thought, accelerate and approximate the speed of thought, and which can actually alter position in space solely determined by thought.

**Superrise:** A building that exceeds 200 floors. Predominant in countries with climate extremes or which have excess population problems.

Superrises could have up to seven floors of shops and offices and service industries below it. It could also have underground rail stations inside it.

**Suppressor-plates:** Plates which absorb lasers in battle. These are defense plates that allowed the lasers to hit, absorb and transfer the energy of laser fire, rather than deflect the energy with proshields. Thus CCP military craft were bigger and heavier than Federation craft so as to be able to absorb laser fire.

**Supreme Council of Palbo:** A full bench of nine judiciary that approved laws and proclamation put into effect by the President of Palbo. They are non political and are drawn from the legal fraternity usually. 2. Some say the Supreme Council are only a rubber stamp for the planetary president's Office, while the council was formed, so as to curb excessive abuse of power. [◀Return](#)

**System-alignment ports:** While Warp Drives will work without the ports, only the drives themselves would be transported. To include the entire craft, its occupants and craft in the transportation, the crew and ship need to vibrate in harmony and synchronize with the Warp Drives. That is the job of the system alignment ports. They polarize the electrons of all matter within the ship so that the Warp Drives recognize the ship and its load as itself, and transport it all accordingly. *Port* means to travel, teleport, transport, *port*, so *systems-alignment port* means traveling with the *alignment* of a whole system. Normally alignment takes a variable time depending on the volume to be transported.

**System Security:** The security personnel of a planet, a ship or a station.

**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.

**Talax:** Fabled planet, where the Royals are said to come from originally. While no history books actually record its existence as real, it is said that in one of the myths it was an early Outer World, beyond Migor of the sector Timbor.

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**Tallum:** A giant planet in the Karo Series in the Pleiades. It has six moons, one of which is being organized for colonization. Target date 4,000 years.

**Tema:** Administrative Member of the Confederated Council of Planets.

**Templars:** Those who are the clergy of the House of Torren and the Temple, and who follow the Temples of Sequetus 3.

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**Temple:** 1. The term temple doesn't mean a building that holds religious relics and statues. The term temple here means the body of the person who holds the spirit of Torren to their way of being. Every person who became a follower of Torren, and adopted some or all his teachings was referred to as a Temple of Torren.

2. There were some temples of Torren who were posthumously elevated to Temple-Status (sainthood) as being the pillars of the Temple movement. There is the Foundation Temple, and five Temple and five Minor Temple statuses as follows:

Foundation Temple:  
Goren Torren

Temple Navia Charlton  
Temple Mepat  
Temple Letone  
Temple Felice Karo  
Temple Anqi Storm  
Lesser Temple Mathew Wanten  
Lesser Temple Arlon Doctrains  
Lesser Temple Jenny Wanten  
Minor-Temple Erin Torb  
Minor-Temple Hymondy III

**Temple Minor:** A smaller temple, a subsidiary temple. A Temple could have as many as ten, or ten thousand Temple Minors. A Temple Minor could have as many as a hundred thousand members, with smaller local Templettes consisting of thousands of members. Temple Minors and Templettes are all temples.

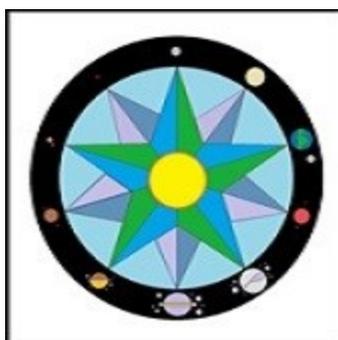
**Temple Security:** The security arm of the Temple movement. It handles the straight security affairs of the Temple. But it also has gotten involved in small clandestine activities as needed, such as hunting down pirates and where they originate.

**Temples:** The buildings that are a congregation points for those who follow the word of Goren Torren.

**Temples of Sequetus 3:** The above eleven mentioned are the Temples of Sequetus 3.

**Ten Pointed Star of Sequetus:**

1. The star has the following symbolism: In the center is the sun, source of persistence. It gives life to the eight planets and many planetoids of Sequetus. They are in the order closest to the sun: being Mercury, on out to Eris. The ten points are indicate the green for life, dark blue for water, and pale blue for air. The shades of gray represent the other planets. The black represents space.



2. It is said to be a Boguard symbol and if one was to fix his stare on the star for five minutes the star starts to rotate within the wheel, as does the sun.

3. (*Terrestrial*) There are 5 known planetoids, three additional to Pluto and Eris. There are likely a lot more yet to be found. There are 8 planets and 5 planetoids, or dwarf planets.

4. The Federation recognizes only the ten planets of Sequetus in the Searfinders Index.

**The Way:** The Boguard training and realization activity and program that when adhered to brings about the states of self- recognition and understanding that enables a person to transform into being Boguard. It is by invitation only.

**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.

**Tilk:** The administrative planet of the Serene System.

**Tilon:** Planet in the Federation, which previously was relegated to backwaters after severe economic depression. It is a mining planet that once relied heavily on computer

manufacture. It was wiped out economically after the *Medallian Rebellion*.

**Time, The:** The Early works prophesize that at *The Time*, a magI'll appear from Sequetus 3, to save the Galaxy, from an encroaching evil. *The Early Works* outline the clues that will enable one to know the Time.

**Time and space.** Both time and space are properties of broadmatter. Time needs space and space needs time. They are invariably linked. One can't have one without the other. Broadmatter is so small that it can move in space through time. *See Broad Matter Theory Addendum*

**Time-mining:** See psychotronic mines. Time-mining was outlawed after the Far Federation fell to the joint forces of the Boguard, the Pleiades, and Earth.

**Tinkly:** Garrison planet run by the Hymondian realm within the Malukan sector. It is a very dry planet with lakes and vegetation toward the poles. It has a 0.4 standard atmosphere, which is breathable.

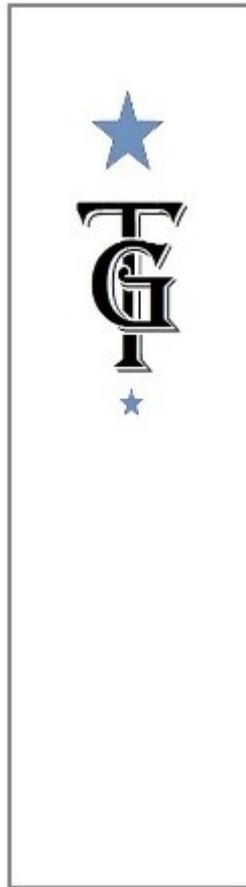
**Torren Crest:** The adopted symbol of Goren Torren, Magi.

The crest is simply a smaller star at the bottom, being oneself – a small spirit looking for betterment. That spirit rises up and becomes larger, as it is more fulfilled by the philosophy of Goren Torren. Up is the traditional direction of attainment and growth.

The outward thrust of the five pointed star represents the outward drive of the spiritual being as it trusts outwards to control the universe around it. One has more control as a larger star.

The white background symbolizes the spirit and its everywhere through the universe. The initials TG are simply the physical world representation of the body, the agreed form and the name of Goren Torren.

Commissioned by Felice Karo and inspired by the PR firm, Galbaty and Michaels of New York.



**Torren, Goren:** Independent of service to Lorde Hymondy, of Jilta, tenth generation descendent to Phil Torell. Son of Betta Niq and Bil Torren. See Goren Torren. For more data read the NEW-EARTH SERIES.

**Torren, The:** A way of referring or mentioning Goren Torren, as the Foundation Temple, of the Templar movement.

**Traditional-form:** The traditional battle-formation of fleet versus fleet was cruisers at the center, destroyers on the flanks, with interceptors and fighters placed where needed. Usually this is a wide flat approach. After Sequetus this was found to be an ineffective fleet formation.

**Trell:** Administrative Member of the Confederated Council of Planets.

**Trolley-bus:** On cruisers and destroyers there are electric carts called a trolley-bus. They carry weapons, parts and so on, but can also carry passengers.

**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 similar to that of guardsmen, and the basic rank of trooper and guardsmen is alike.

**Truth, a:** The Great Sharman explains *a truth* as being something that can't be broken down into further explanation; that which needs no further explaining.

**Tugract:** A small heavy lifting ship used for dense planets to lift craft into space. It has lots of grunt, but no speed. The Tugract corps are specialized Federation engineers.

**Tugs:** The space stations from which *elevators* work. *Tugs* support ten elevators each.

**Tunno-car:** A small vehicle used in the underground tunnels of Yaltipia. It is electrically powered, from electricity generated thermally under Yaltipia. It can seat two or four people, travel at speeds of up to 500 Ks. The cars are centrally coordinated for traffic control and computerized to arrive at their destination as swiftly as programmed.

**Underthought:** The lower more depraved forms of thought. Underthought is shrouded with evil and its intent is to harm other life.

**Unison, unison-mind, unison action:** Whereby all minds present are strong enough to feel the presence of each other's minds and then act in coordination with the other minds to bring about a single agreed upon effect into the physical universe.

**Vicra Starn:** Born in Norway of Earth shortly after the Battle of Sequetus 3. She was always interested in stars and UFOs. She just happened to be at the crash-retrieval site of an interceptor in Norway and reported it to the authorities. They visited her and no further action was taken. She then was at another retrieval site and this time met and spoke to Federation troopers, and to a Boguard (Letone). She informed Vicra's parents of this, and they made reports to the authorities; and subsequently they died in a rail accident. The Boguard Letone brought Vicra off planet; as he had been monitoring her for two years.

She attended Guardsman and Trooper basic courses and was adopted by *Commander's Care* (a trust the Commander set up to deal with children who saw IFFCo activities prior to

Intervention and who in turn were removed off-planet when other means was not available, so as to prevent them from further harm by agents or renegade Earth agencies.) When she was 12 years old, she was brought to the Flagship. There she later met Independent Torren, became involved in intervention activities. She married Mathew Torren in BS 36 and had children and died on planet Earth.

2. Aka Anqi Storm in her earlier life, and deemed a Temple of Sequetus 3. See the definition of *Temple*.

**Visio:** Slang for visio screens on a craft or in an office.

**Viton:** Planet under Malukan control.

**Warp Drive:** The faster-than-light speed travel around the Federation. Theoretically possible at the speed of light squared. See also *Imperial Federation Warp Drive Bank*. See *Broadmatter Theory Addendum*.

**Warp Drive Coils:** "Before them was the coil that circled the entire rear perimeter of the ship. It was the Warp Drive coil, and moved them from the now universe into another smaller universe which was only theirs, from which they could travel at accelerating speeds beyond the relative speed of light.

As free electrons surged into the coils, and then reversed, it created a charged field. That field was interwoven with another field, which was woven around the previous field, like coils around coils. The fields didn't cancel each other out but instead created a greater field that extended over the whole ship. The influenced was hyperbolical, increased by smaller coils around the larger ones. Soon all the ship and its components would start to harmonize in resonance with the coil fields. Then the final accelerators would play. Around the coils small electronic particles would be accelerated. They cut the field from time itself. The ship could then be edged into the future or back into the past by *nanoseconds*."

"Before them, was the dark grey void of space. No stars, no coil, nothing. All she saw was black, as though all before her, had absorbed all light. Navia couldn't determine how far the coil went up, but she felt it must have been sixty pacs. She looked towards the sides, nothing. It was not as though the coil was black, or missing, but rather like a dark black fog shrouded the coil and it was prevented from being seen. The blackness had no edges, no corners or center. It

felt as though you could simply walk into it to vanish forever.”

“The coil was a series of spikes, like millions of tiny tentacles they waved from a central band”

“The Drives occupy their own universe, or are at least accessed from a different universe.”

**Warmsuit:** ® A one or two piece multilayered 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 thermal inducing battery within the lining. This stores electrical current, so as to transfer heat. As the suit’s outer layers cool to sub zero temperatures the suit uses battery power to warm the suit’s metallic layers. The cold outside air contracts and shrink the suit fabric, trapping 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, and Jilta.

**WDs:** Warp Drives

**Weather Suits:** Wear that is the principle winter wear of Sleebo. The outer skin is an (imitation) fur lined, loose fitting garments. Shock suits are now often worn beneath. With the fur the dress looks baggy and unfinished. 2. Weather suit is a generic term and not a trademarked apparel item. [◀Return](#)

**Wheelie:** ® A wheeled electric ground vehicle for mining camps. Dozens of models available. Maximum speed 15 Ks. Initially manufactured by the Wheelie Vehicle Co. Inc., Telco, Kinetics Province.

**Word, the:** The Master Templar was given a spiritual understanding, through insight, that he was the chosen one, to promote the testimony of Goren Torren. This undertaking came to him as a moment of revelation, during in deep meditation called the Word.

**Xelofom:** Royal leader in Karacas, before the uprising. He believed that by placing mental implants into the brains of people, one could control the thoughts of the many, from an external source. He thought this would eradicate war, poverty and bring about an ideal society. It did the reverse,

and led to the Karacas uprising. He was tortured by his own people and parts of his body dismembered while alive.

**Yaltipia:** Karo 4, the larger of the binary planets of Yaltipia and Orbat. Yaltipia is the home of the Boguard race. It varies in gravity around 1.4 standard. It has 28% water coverage.

**Yandra:** Son of Jaron and Sheril of the Amazon, later to be Boguard. He was the first short-lifer, born as Aaron on Yaltipia two years after his parents left Sequetus 3.

**Zaltro:** The senior god of Mount Gangels, God Zaltro, of Jilta. He procrastinated in saving his son, and in turn his son was boiled alive. The phrase *for the sake of Zaltro* means not to procrastinate. *See Halz*

**Zip Suit:** ® A bullet proof suit, also known as *zipsuit*, made in Tilk by Tilk Industries. These are the preferred suits most government dignitaries wear. During 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.

Acknowledgement: The **artwork** in the book, its cover and the series was purchased from [www.dreamstime.com](http://www.dreamstime.com) and personally selected by the author for its quality and excellence.

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**List of Sequetus Series Books:**

**THE NEW EARTH MINISERIES**

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- Book 24. Expanded Series Glossary and Notes

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This is the third book in the *Templar miniseries*, and the eleventh book in the *Sequetus Series*. It moves fast, and follows naturally from the previous books. In this book the Boguard have followed the pirates, who raided the planet Rambus, to their planet of hiding. At the same time the psychrons have been manipulating the minds of the leaders of the planet Palbo. They in turn are setting the scene for total galactic war with the Temple. It is straight and pure science fiction, space opera, at its best, and its raciest, but with the incredible but believable spiritual side placed on it by Broadhurst. Enjoy this book and its fast pace and its outcome. If you liked the first two books you'll love this one. However, be warned, out there it can be bloodthirsty. But, if you like your spiritual space opera with a bit of guts and blood, and a fantastic storyline to boot, you'll love this book.

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