The background of the cover is a deep space scene. In the lower half, the curved horizon of the Earth is visible, showing blue oceans and green landmasses. To the right, the Moon is partially visible, showing its cratered surface. The sky is a dark, starry expanse.

OVER SEQUETUS 3

**NICK
BROADHURST**

**The second book in the NEW EARTH
MINISERIES and the second book in
the epic SEQUETUS SERIES**

BOOK 2

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

OVER SEQUETUS 3
Arrival on Earth



BOOK 2

By Nick Broadhurst

Published by Sequetus Publishing

Copyright 2013 - 2019 Nick Broadhurst

Sequetus.net, License Notes
Revised for updating the story July 2019

Thank you for downloading this eBook. This book remains the copyrighted property of the author and may not be redistributed to others for commercial or non-commercial purposes. If you enjoyed this book, please encourage your friends to download their own copy from their favorite authorized retailer.

DISCLAIMER

The SEQUETUS SERIES, the NEW EARTH MINISERIES and OVER SEQUETUS 3 are works of fiction. Names of individuals and companies used in the book, unless historical fact, are pure fiction.

THE SEQUETUS SERIES GLOSSARY

BOOKMARKS

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 *like this*. (Note these are colored). These are bookmarked to take you to the word definition in the Glossary. The glossary expands with each subsequent volume. At the end of the Glossary explanation there is a blue "return" button. That will take you back to where this term was first used in the text.

You do not need to read these items in the Glossary. It is up to you. This is an option given to the reader. That is all. The Glossary was originally made for the author so he could refer to all the items in it while he wrote the series. Now it is here for the reader too, if they want. For some readers these bookmarks may be a bit annoying. And it also depends on the reader you are using. The author is a storyteller and wants all available tools for the public to tell his story. So, do not let this tool get in the way of reader enjoyment. Also note that there are more bookmarks in the first books at the beginning than at the end and in later books. Also, while the author has colored the bookmarks grey, sometimes they still come up as electric blue. The author cannot fix this. This depends on your Kindle reader. So, you decide.

There are also FOOTNOTES. Both the BOOKMARKS and the FOOTNOTES work very well on PDF and the Microsoft XPS Document file as well. So you decide if they are useful or not. But to the author, he thinks the Kindle works well on the footnotes.

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:

THE NEW EARTH MINISERIES

Books 1-8

THE TEMPLAR MINISERIES

Books 9-12

THE JUGGERNAUT MINISERIES

Books 13-17

THE EARTH SYNDROME MINISERIES

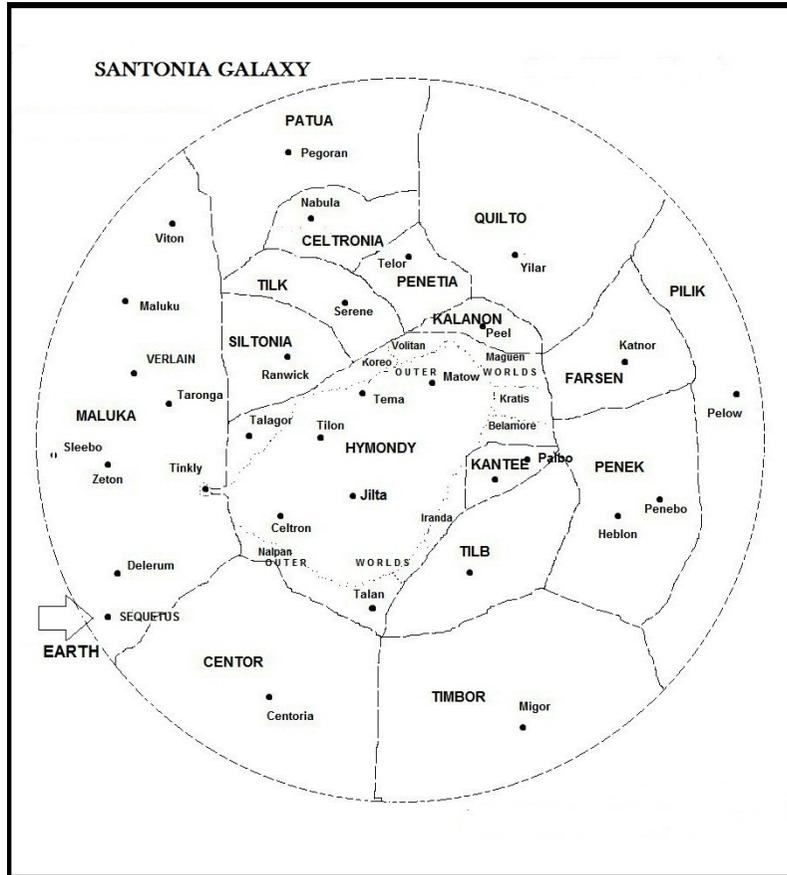
Books 18-23

Care has gone into creating this epic, and there is a glossary, pictures, maps, notes, credits, and more to assist the reader having an enjoyable reading experience.

Contents

CHAPTER 1 [ARRIVAL](#)
CHAPTER 2 [JENNY WANTEN](#)
CHAPTER 3 [SYDNEY](#)
CHAPTER 4 [MAKING MONEY](#)
CHAPTER 5 [AMERICA](#)
CHAPTER 6 [NEW YORK](#)
CHAPTER 7 [ON THE STREET](#)
CHAPTER 8 [TRADING WITH THE ENEMY](#)
CHAPTER 9 [CAPTURE](#)
CHAPTER 10 [ESCAPE FROM THE ENEMY](#)
CHAPTER 11 [A TASTE OF THE ENEMY](#)
CHAPTER 12 [DOCTOR A. P. MINSK](#)
CHAPTER 13 [ESCAPE FROM EARTH](#)
CHAPTER 14 [EPILOGUE](#)
[BACK MATTER](#)
[PREVIEW OF BOOK TWO](#)
[GLOSSARY](#)
[CREDITS ON REFERENCES](#)
[NOTES ON DIAGRAMS](#)
[ILLUSTRATIONS LIST](#)
[BACK COVER](#)

MAP



Santonia Galaxy

CHAPTER 1

ARRIVAL

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

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

For most of the journey Earth was a brilliant blue. As they approached, the Antarctic ice cap

appeared as a large dollop of cream on a rich blue plate.

Little Betsie traveled down the authorized line, making sure they did not veer. It had been impressed on them that this was the only way down to avoid the indigenous killer satellites, and the only way in allowed by *Moonbase*. Once over the Antarctic they were only allowed into the planet airspace via three alternate routes. If they veered from those routes, they would be shot from *Moonbase*. That had been made very clear. They also must not stray over the Antarctic. There were other bases, run by *Moonbase*, there. The troop was prohibited in any way from observing them. But Goren had learned the doctor on Mars that the Antarctic bases were old, predating the current civilization, and they were the real reason for no killer satellites over the Antarctic.

In some places, clouds blurred the icecap. *Goren* wondered how similar this ice-bound continent must have been to *Anqi's* home planet of *Sleebo*. They were now bearing away from the South Pole. It was late summer in the Antarctic, and the continent had been in sun the whole day.

As *Little Betsie* entered the planet's atmosphere the first speed reduction came when rarified atomic oxygen was encountered one thousand Ks out. This was the exosphere. Soon the four layers of the ionosphere had reduced their speed to 15,000 Ks. Then further down, the Rangercraft cut its speed to 5,000 Ks.



A Rangercraft #3

Little Betsie leveled out at two Ks above the ice. They were heading north to their first rendezvous point with a *Hymondian* junior agent, if he was still alive. Agent *Illtuck* was to meet them, in one of the most desolated parts of the planet, *Lake Disappointment* in Western Australia.

The Rangercraft soared over the fairyland of ice.

Goren shuddered. The temperature was minus fifty-six outside, with twenty-nine million cubic pacs of ice two Ks thick. The Antarctic wind was whipping the ice crusts and furling the loose snow along the plateaus.

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

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

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

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

Goren felt free. *Little Betsie* skimmed the wave tops for twenty minutes. Birds dived on a shoal of fish flashed past in a blur. Welcome to planet Earth again, he thought. He had arrived. He felt relieved. He wondered though. There had been luck and he was very thankful for it. He smiled.

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

ψ

O V E R S E Q U E T U S 3

P a g e 11 | 258

CHAPTER 2

JENNY WANTEN

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

The small silver craft streaked across the treeless *Nullarbor Plain* into the *Great Victorian Desert*. The surface was red, with sparse tufted vegetation. The sand radiated, shimmering heat in the viewscreens, creating false horizons.

Goren loosened his collar in anticipation. Below, the Great Victorian Desert became the *Gibson Desert*. *Little Betsie* slowed, ahead was the dried saltpan of *Lake Disappointment*.

The craft was now traveling at only 50 *Ks*. Goren examined the terrain for his contact. To the west were a tent and a wheeled terrain vehicle, a car, as Mepat had pointed out correctly.

Slowly they approached, watching for their man. Goren checked the computer screens.

The desert was over 1500 Ks long. The outside temperature was locally, 52⁰ Celsius. The illusion was of air-land-water-land-air. The reality through the quivering heat was hot air and scorched dirt. The ground cover was barely alive, with small clumps of vegetation clinging to the baked sides of the lake in anticipation of relief. In Lake Disappointment there was little relief. It looked like Mars.

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

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

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

The figure wore a broad brimmed hat, a sleeveless khaki shirt, shorts, and heavy boots

with short socks. As the figure neared, Goren thought he saw a glint of a weapon's barrel across the person's shoulder. Mepat stiffened to the same realization.

Goren was unconcerned; Letone would be covering from the rear in the Rangercraft.

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

Goren stepped forward out of the shadow of the craft. The sun bit deeply into his scalp, his hair feeling as though it might ignite. The figure approached another three paces. Goren edged forward. The figure reciprocated. Finally, Goren could see the face under the hat. It was a female.

"Agent Illtuck?" Goren called out.

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

Another vehicle and a cloud of dust could be seen approaching from the west, finally coming to a halt not far from Goren's right. A short stocky man leaped out.

"Independent Goren Torren?" he yelled from a distance.

Goren looked to the man, slowly shaking his head, and then back to the woman with the rifle.

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

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

Goren searched for the meaning of the question and then answered it. "My name is Independent Goren from the planet Jilta."

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

Goren looked blank. He whispered through his collar microphone, back to Letone, that the woman was frightened. Though not necessarily harmless, she could be talked out of doing harm.

Goren called across the hot sand. "Please. What is your name?"

No response.

Goren watched an insect burrow into the hot sand away from his feet. He called again, while his attention was fixed on the barrel of the rifle for the slightest movement. "We're not going to hurt you. Don't hurt us... Please, what is your name?"

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

“Thank you, Jenny. Behind me is Mepat and to my right is Agent Illtuck. If you would lower the weapon Agent Illtuck and I would feel less nervous. Poor Mepat is feeling very jittery too.”

The rifle did not move.

“You Martians... commos... or yanks?”

Jenny called over.

“We have just come from a visit to the first you mentioned, but the other two planets are unknown to us. We’re new here.”

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

Goren continued. “Mars, Jenny, is quite a beautiful planet, much like this lovely countryside of yours.” Goren outstretched his arms to display the heat-stricken desert. His chest and shoulders were now getting quite damp. Pearls of perspiration were rolling down his cheeks. Goren felt sure the skin of his face would soon be burnt off. The sun felt like a blowtorch.

Jenny's gun was welded in position.

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

Illtuck had remained still the whole time. Finally, he spoke, "Jenny, these are my friends. Either shoot us or do what you want, otherwise let's get the hell out of the sun and talk in the shade!"

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

Goren took a deep breath of relief.

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

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

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

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

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

Jenny called back from the shade by the craft's entrance.

"Well? You Martians going to just stand there?"

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

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

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

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

Goren unsure of the meaning of the words had to work out what could have been said.

"No," he replied carefully and stepped up aboard.

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

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

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

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

Goren smiled. "If you say so."

"I do! And you're Martians?"

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

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

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

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

Jenny's eyes readily agreed.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Illtuck shrugged as though to indicate he was only doing what he had to do.

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

"Start your engines!" Goren called to Mepat. Goren received four strange expressions. Apparently, none of the others saw the black and white Earth movie on the viewscreens a day ago. Still, Mepat motioned the computer to prepare for flight.

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

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

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

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

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

"On the desert floor. These screens of yours don't fool me for a minute. I haven't felt any evidence of leaving the ground."

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

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

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

Goren heard a whimpering voice from the bridge over the surf.

"Where... are we?" came her weak call.

"Twenty Ks south of Darwin!" Goren yelled down over the sound of the surf.

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

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

When Goren arrived Jenny was face down in the sand, gently sobbing. Goren knelt, unsure what to say. He took both her hands. Jenny looked up and Goren brushed some of the sand away from her face.

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

Goren shook his head, slowly.

"Am I having a mental breakdown?" Jenny's eyes pleaded for a yes.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"That is correct, Jenny" said Goren.

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

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

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

"That isn't my problem," laughed Goren quietly.

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

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

Goren looked in the direction where Mepat was indicating. An airplane was in the sky, most likely sent out to investigate them. That was the risk in putting down so close to Darwin. Goren wasn't however, prepared to land elsewhere in case Jenny wouldn't re-board the craft. From here she could walk to civilization.

"Jenny, are you with us or staying here?" barked Goren, who was already standing up to leave. "It is alright for you to stay. Darwin is twenty Ks up the coast that way." Goren pointed edging away.

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

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

"Jenny!" called Goren. Mepat had already begun his sprint for the Rangercraft. Goren began his run too. The jet craft was armed with

rockets. It was closing quickly. Jenny sat there as though in a dream.

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

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

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

"Go!" bellowed Goren as he bounded up the steps to the bridge. That aircraft would be upon them any second now. He made it to the bridge and saw the problem and in three strides was on the lower floor again.

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

Goren screamed. "Hands!"

Jenny flung her arms up to the voice. Goren caught them and lifted her through the air as though no gravity. He pulled her to the side away from the door and held her while the stairs retracted and the Rangercraft fled.

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

The Boguard were impressed.

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

The others watched as amazement dawned on her.

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

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

"Why?"

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

"There is something wrong?" she asked.

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

"In what way different... Goren?"

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

"Twenty-seven."

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

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

"That is correct," answered Goren.

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

“Correct.”

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

Goren thought for a moment. He liked the speed of her computation, and breadth of thinking. “Possibly,” he said slowly.

“Hmm. I see,” she said.

Goren's thoughts were ahead of him now. “What were you doing in the desert when we found you Jenny?” he asked tentatively.

“I’m an anthropologist,” she answered. “I have been studying old aboriginal camp sites for my doctorate thesis.”

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

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

Jenny watched the viewscreen as her campsite came into view.

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

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

face of Agent Illtuck, which read that you almost made a fatal mistake once jeopardizing the Rangercraft, its crew and Jenny's sanity. Goren looked to the Boguard. Their eyes were impassive, but Goren felt a sense of agreement emanating from them, or at least he imagined he could feel it.

“We accept your offer, Jenny.”

Jenny beamed.

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

Navia's face came on screen.

“Navia, good to see you.” Goren was all smiles.

“You too, Goren.”

“What have you learned of this planet since our departure?”

Navia quickly glanced at notes she had on a lower screen. “It seems the planet has been in a state of constant war over the past millennia. There seems no period in the current recorded history when a war somewhere wasn’t active. More recently there have been two global conflicts splitting the planet into alliances, each bent on the destruction of the other.

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

“Staggering is it not?”

Navia did not wait for a reply. “The planet is still answering to the dictates of two superpowers, as they’re called. What is interesting is that this super power status changes from one nation to another over the centuries, but the fundamental two-sided conflict between them continues. Only once has a nation recently almost attained planet conquest, or at least to become the major influencing power. What is curious here is that power, called the British Empire at its height, went to war against a league of enemies, won the war, but lost control of the planet, plunging Earth again into a two-sided duel. That nation now has a role as vanquished victor.

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

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

"Unless... you mean," Goren said coldly.

"That is correct! Unless!" agreed Navia.

"Economy?"

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

"Anything on religion?" Goren asked.

"Not much. Transmissions are low in that area. But it appears that religions are dictated by the geography and races of the area of religious founders. But in all areas, religion is relatively strong. In the less technologically

advanced areas, the religions are old but consistent. In fact, these are not unlike some of our older galactic religions. Interestingly, where this is the case the technological advancement it is predictable from a galactic viewpoint.

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

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

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

Goren nodded and allowed Navia to continue.

"The earlier religion from which psychology has wrested control is called Christianity, which I understand was here during your last visit."

Goren smiled. "Yes, that religion was very strong then."

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

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

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

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

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

"Nice to meet you, Jenny," Navia said smiling. "I must go now. Time is out. Be in touch Goren." The screen went blank.

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

Goren answered. "Navia is aboard our mother craft, the *Pegasus*, which is adjacent to a galactic listening post, called *Moonbase*. Both are on the moon." Goren watched Jenny. She gave no indication that he should stop. "Our signals are not transmitted by broad wave, as

yours are here on Earth, but rather by laser pulse. We aim our message at the recipient. It is a very tidy manner of transmission. However, there is still some atmospheric reflection, which could be picked up by the *Moonbase* receivers. The only exception is when we transmit in line with the axis of *Pegasus* and *Moonbase* and Earth. Our computers tell us when it is time to transmit. We still transmit at other times on matters of non-confidentiality, to prevent *Moonbase* from becoming suspicious. If necessary, we can also traverse the globe, in line with the poles, to remain in contact, but that places our craft in jeopardy from Earth surveillance.”

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

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

Dusk was beginning to settle over the desert. Illtuck, having completed his contact drove back into the desert. His cover as an outback station manager needed to remain intact. His job otherwise was to monitor media transmissions from the southern hemisphere and wait for further contact. He had handed over to Goren his extensive debrief.

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

ψ

CHAPTER 3

SYDNEY

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

They returned with a hold full of twisted branches.

The flames licked into the darkening sky with cinders vortexing heavenwards to become new stars. Around the campsite was a perimeter of orange luminescence; beyond was the eeriness of the encroaching night. For a few moments the scarlet horizon remained as the only evidence of the sun's ravaging during the day. With stealth the air chilled, warmth still radiated from the cooked earth below.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Little Betsie departed the desert and advanced east into the sun at 4,500 Ks. Jenny was amused to watch the sun progress quickly into the sky as the *Rangercraft* raced over the continent. It was her introduction into a world of the unbelievable. Though the view was through screens, and not with the naked eye, crossing central Australia was still a panoramic experience. From the red desert, which covered

much of the continent, they soon passed over plains supporting sheep, then cattle and finally they arrived at the Great Dividing Range, which separated the thin east coast of Australia from the remainder of the flat dry continent.

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

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

Unlike civilian vessels, Federation military vessels used laser pulse in their communications relays, both within the vessel from post to post, and from vessel to vessel. This kept eavesdropping by outside forces to a minimum. The compressed carbonate was used as the receiving and relay points of communication. Civilian craft used contemporary digital electronics, though computerized, for economic reasons. The stones that Goren had were only valued on Earth about four percent their galactic

value. For compressed carbonates, or diamonds, to be used as jewelry was vulgar. Goren ignored the thought.

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

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

Goren explained, “In an economic society it is the wealthy that do the controlling. It isn’t the politicians or militarists as Jenny had suggested. The politicians are only used as a machine to implement the control over the populace that the financial controllers required. When the politicians lose control, then a military rule is established to regain control for the wealth barons.” Goren suspected that somehow the Malukans were in league with one or more of the wealth barons of Earth.

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

Goren thought to himself: Could this be what his lorde was concerned about? On his last visit, Earth was being ruled in a similar fashion to the Federation, even if only in a barbaric state. Was the Federation on the verge of losing its control to the economic barons of the Galaxy, who were obviously gaining strength? Was this the purpose of his mission? Was he here to find the economic barons controlling the Federation? There were so many plausible answers to questions of why he was here. Only intense investigation would reveal the *why* and *who*.

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

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

Goren, Mepat and Jenny disembarked underneath the south end of the Sydney Harbour Bridge, leaving Letone with instructions to return in twenty-four hours. It was still dark. Jenny stood at the edge of the lapping waterline, as the dark outline of *Little Betsie* vanished back up into the stars.

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

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

The streets were narrow, and the buildings grew bigger. The commercial center, still dormant, waited for the light of day to inject life into comatosed concrete and glass structures. Goren stood and admired the buildings. They were not the same scale as the superrise

buildings of Jilta, but to have the technology to construct fifty story buildings was well beyond what he could have expected.

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

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

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

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

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

Goren had spied stones that bore a similar size and quality to his own.

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

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

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

"We would like these valued. Can you do that?" Goren held out a small box of gem studded rings.

The little man looked down and back at the three. "Indeed sir, these are beautiful. For what purpose do you need the valuation?" he enquired meekly.

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

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

"For as long as we can wait."

“It will take more than an hour, sir. The ring bands are easy once I establish what carat gold they are. We just weigh it and pay the list price. But each stone needs to be inspected carefully for flaws and quality. They’re large.”

Goren smiled at the old man. “We can wait.”

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

Soon after an hour the little man returned to the three, holding official looking scrolled documents. Jenny handed the little man a plastic card to pay for his services.

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

After leaving the shop, the trio strolled to another tower across the street, a bank. They returned with a credit note dated two days hence. The rings with the valuations had been deposited and the note would be honored upon a forty-eight-hour credit check on their registered owner, Miss Jenny Wanten, plus a police check on the rings themselves. The credit note was to

the value of ten percent of the jeweler's valuation. After forty-eight hours they would be able to draw additional credit against the jewels to the tune of seventy percent of an independent valuation. Jenny also drew cash against her credit card.

The next stop was to eat. After explaining to Goren and Mepat that she really wasn't intending to eat a horse, and that horse wasn't on the menu, they sat down to lunch. Goren wondered if he could ever be hungry enough to eat a horse. He hoped not. Where he came from, eating animals was not well thought of.

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

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

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

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

“Do you wish to see that movie, called *Alien II*?” she asked. The advertisement showed two star-troopers being eaten by reptilian aliens.

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

“Of course not, Goren. We eat those,” she taunted.

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

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

Goren looked up. Her help was turning out to be valuable. Goren smiled and nodded.

"You're correct Jenny. The idea has to come from somewhere, and someone, so why not out there?"

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

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

"What are you doing?" cried Mepat.

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

Jenny turned to Goren. "It is time for both of you to be dressed as I would expect of two men such as yourselves.

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

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

After Goren's encounter with the tailor, he was unsure if he would ever be able to trust a male of the Earth species ever again. However, he had endured and survived the attack for

Jenny's sake. They all joked about the episode over dinner at the hotel restaurant.

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

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

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

The morning was spent in boutiques and men's haberdashery stores. Then they took a ride on the *Manly Ferry*, a visit to the *Taronga Park Zoo*, and spent the afternoon at *Luna Park*. Goren found the last place had nothing to do with the Earth's moon, but rather, it was a series of fun rides designed to trap the unwary fun seeker into a state of fear. Goren felt he had died many deaths.

Ω

The evening was more civilized with a light summer's supper at a cafe at the *Opera House*,

overlooking the Sydney Harbour sunset. The sky was turning a brilliant orange as the solar fireball sank below the horizon of the bridge, harbor and buildings. Dozens of multicolored sails darted across the waters. A breeze was gently cooling as it drifted in from the sea. This was a fitting end to a wonderful day.

As Goren went through the day's events in his mind, he watched the traffic heading north over the Sydney Harbour Bridge slow to a crawl. Workers were going home to their partners and families. Hydrofoils, ferries, trains, all manner of transport bustled with life. It was a city full of motion, with a zest for living. Could it be his responsibility alone to determine whether or not these people lived to see another year of their lives?

Ω

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

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

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

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

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

Goren placed a handful of newspapers in front of her, as she sat at the table opposite. “It isn’t premature at all Jenny.” He continued soberly. “As you know, Navia said the economy is either on an upward or downward swing. I gather from the economic broadcasts that the planet has been, or is, in a low.

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

Jenny nodded. She had often wondered the same.

“Now,” Goren continued, “The economy is either going up or down, not both up and down

at the same time. All we have to do is work out which direction.

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

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

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

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

“So, what next then, sport?” she asked.

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

“So how do you intend to invest?”

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

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

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

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

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

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

"A hundred and twenty thousand," Goren said rather aloofly. Goren could see from the

expression on the broker's face that this wasn't considered a large sum.

"And how did you intend to invest it?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Alfix was impressed by Goren's selection.

AAAA Finance was able to loan Goren ninety percent on what he purchased. With the borrowed money Goren bought more shares and borrowed against them, and bought and

borrowed, and bought and borrowed until there was no further credit. The proviso to the deal was that the stocks would be held for no more than one week, and the interest rate charged was half a percent per day.

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

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

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

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

"I warn you Mister Torren, that exchange doesn't deal in legitimate stocks. It deals in the future price of second-rate stocks. It is the future prices you're gambling with, not the stock itself. The futures exchange has always been

subject to external influence and manipulation. This second exchange is no better than betting on horses.”

“This sounds just the remedy for poverty Mr. Alfix. Let’s select some stock.”

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

It took fifteen minutes.

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

Goren was delighted with his good fortune. The stocks he had selected were trading at three, four and six cents each. Alfix was certain that there would be no shortage of sellers. However due to the sheer quantity of stock required Alfix doubted that there would be enough stock to fill the order. Both agreed that purchases in parent and allied companies would be an adequate compromise.

Goren hurried back to the hotel. With only having to provide ten percent for the purchase

price of futures stocks, he was in control of almost four million dollars of stocks.

Goren was in a hurry. After dark he had to rendezvous with Letone, who would swap places with Navia from the *Pegasus*.

ψ

CHAPTER 4

MAKING MONEY

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

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

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

“Of course,” he laughed

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

Photographs in morning papers showed *Little Betsie* at her best. Descriptions of her unbelievable acrobatics were accompanied by

angry editorials demanding the government prevent such lunacy from occurring again.

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

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

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

All were laughing at the fun of that previous night.

So, the next night, they did *Canberra*, the Australian capital. The new Parliament House had finished construction only months before. There it lay, inside a low pyramid of soil, with a large exposed polished pyramidal frame

overhead. The building was in a street layout of a pyramid, and that set within another pyramidal street design, all pointing to the eye-of-providence. And Parliament House was in the center. It was Mars-worship gone extreme, explained Goren.

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

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

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

"Let's talk about that after we collect our winnings," Goren said.

Ω

They had accrued over twelve million dollars. Goren never saw Alfix again. Alfix wasn't disturbed. He had followed Goren with a small investment of his own in the same stocks. Alfix had made half a million the last two nights. This was only the start he assured Goren. It

was madness to withdraw from these shares now. They were only just starting to climb. Yes, they would triple again over the next week without fail. These shares were like gold, but more secure, Alfix claimed. Goren thanked him very much but sold the shares, and had the check made out into Jenny's account.

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

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

For night after night he buzzed the Persian Gulf oil fields.

It was the tenth night of their escapades. Navia was with him again. She looked at Goren and Letone. "Which Sheiks are you going to harass tonight?"

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

"Two nights ago, we buzzed four Iranian oil fields. All that happened was that the workers bent to their knees before us. We received only one hostile reaction and that was when a worker

was outraged and referred to us as fascist pigs. Now, I have found out since that a pig is a fat mammal to be eaten. I hope that he did not mean he would eat us." Goren looked to Navia for an explanation.

"Well, if they eat horses, I imagine that there could be primitives here that would eat us, given the chance." Both Goren and Navia were playing to relieve the tension.

That night six Saudi jet fighters intercepted them as they buzzed their first oilfield. It was only after the first volley of rockets from the ground, and the approaching aircraft, did the occupants of *Little Betsie* realize that there were no workmen in sight. The trap had been set, and Goren and his crew had been sprung.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Goren and the two girls looked at the contents. Navia wasn't impressed, but Jenny

was delighted. "Just like Al Capone, tourist style, eh Mepat?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Jenny laughed aloud while the others contained their humor. "This television won't work in America. It works on a different receiver system." Upon seeing his disappointment, Jenny put her hand on Mepat's arm. "When we arrive in New York I'll shop with you, until we find a television of excellent quality. Why, I have

heard it is possible to receive over twenty stations there!”

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

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

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

Goren suggested all to get some sleep.

ψ

CHAPTER 5

AMERICA

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

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

Goren understood well that his actions to date might have been noticed by Earth governments. He kept quiet about it. He also knew he had to assume that the Malukans were aware of his movements too. For twelve hours over the Pacific Ocean the Rangercraft drifted while staying in alignment with Erin at *Pegasus*. All the information they had to date was being uploaded by live interviews to the mother craft. Should the time come for Erin to escape by

himself, he was ready. Erin had been instructed not to risk *Pegasus* or its data at any cost. Letone had not returned to the mother craft as a switch for Navia. There were four of them on the planet now. Goren knew this exceeded the mandatory three they were allowed.

There was no interference while the Rangercraft stayed in contact with *Pegasus*. With the uploading of information complete Goren and his crew quickly flew on.

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

Ω

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"And the others?"

"Of course!"

"So, you think it is him?"

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

"And if we are wrong?"

"We're not."

Ω

Letone nestled the little craft down into an opening in a wood. There they waited till daybreak to leave on foot.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"And the damage?" Goren repeated.

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

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

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

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

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

Goren waited and then looked to Mepat.

"Automatic?"

"The man who sold it to me said it was, but he may have been lying. You have to use these.

They're called *keys*. They go in there and you use the floor pedal for speed."

The engine turned over and roared to life.

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

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

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

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

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

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

forms of local transport elsewhere in the galaxy.”

Jenny was still controlling her urge to laugh. Finally, she had to speak. “Goren, the road is broken into orderly left hand and right-hand streams of traffic. You’re on the wrong side of the road.”

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

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

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

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

For a minute everything seemed to smooth over, when Jenny's attention was drawn to a

wailing sound drawing closer from behind. She looked over her shoulder and sank back into her seat. "We're in trouble now, Goren," she lamented. "You had better pull over to the right and stop. It's the police."

"Police? Yes of course," Goren agreed.

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

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

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

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

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

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

The police car pulled over behind them. All the doors of the Buick opened. Jenny led them over to the policeman as he was getting out his pocketbook.

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

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

"I was," Goren said approaching.

"May I see your license sir?"

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

"Identification then, sir."

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

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

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

"Keep it mister."

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

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

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

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

Jenny yelled. "Grab his gun. Give me those keys and get in the car! Oh, man. Heck! Car theft, armed assault, assaulting a police officer, I don't believe it! I was in the Gibson Desert, looking for artifacts, minding my own

bloody business. Now I'm with a group of loony aliens wanted by the police. I'll be lucky to make thirty. Put him back in his own car so he is warm. Sorry mister."

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Okay folks," said Jenny. "We all get out here. There is a bus station across the road. Mepat, take the car. Leave it somewhere it can be found by the end of the day. I know you

didn't steal it but I would like to see it returned to its owner, so don't hide it too hard. Okay?"

"Yes Miss Jenny."

"Good. Meet us in the bus station in five minutes. Put five of these hundred-dollar bills in the glove box."

Jenny had to wait in a queue before buying the tickets. When she returned Mepat was sitting with the others in the lounge.

"Where did you leave the car Mepat?" Jenny asked.

"Outside the police station, Miss Jenny."

Jenny couldn't believe these three. "What did you do?" she asked.

"I walked inside and handed the keys to the desk sergeant. He was writing and did not look up. I said the keys were for the car outside, he grunted, and I left. I checked that I wasn't followed, Miss."

"Wise," said Jenny. There may have been some method in the Boguard's actions. It could take another day before the police notice the vehicle outside.

The public address system announced the departure of their bus.

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

ψ

O V E R S E Q U E T U S 3

P a g e 78 | 258

CHAPTER 6

NEW YORK

Once aboard the bus Jenny felt some relief. As they departed the station an ambulance siren wailed, and Jenny sank at the thought of where it was headed.

Two bus changes later, Jenny silently stared out at the frozen landscape. It was getting onto dusk as they started to enter the outer New York suburbs.

Jenny looked at her reflection in the glass, she wondered for the first time what she was doing there. Her few friends in Australia had accused her of being rash and hasty in chasing the thrill of life. Many said it would be her ruin. Yes, perhaps you have gone too far this time, her reflection said. Maybe it was right. Here she was on a bus with three humans from another planet. Yes, Jenny, maybe you're crazy, and these aliens are crazier than you are. The reflection seemed to be agreeing with her. But they're well meaning, and will you ever experience such adventure again? No, never.

Jenny turned away from her counterpart in the window to find Navia watching her.

Compassionately Navia spoke. "Jenny, if you wish to return home we can arrange for the Rangercraft to take you. You have helped us a lot already, and we're very grateful. We place no bind on keeping you with us. Please know that."

Jenny swallowed slowly and smiled. "Thank you Navia, but I still want to help and will remain a little longer."

Navia nodded. Jenny put her head back and closed her eyes. She wondered what tomorrow would bring.

Ω

The next morning Goren held another mission briefing. They were in the executive suite of the Prince Henry Hotel, overseeing Manhattan Island. The time was 8:30 AM.

"Navia, I want you to continue your library searches. I have a new subject for your list." Goren turned to Jenny. "Jenny, one thing intrigued me since we first met. You referred to us as Martians. Why? Goren's speech was tenseser.



Jenny Wanten

Jenny felt pleased to be part of the team.
“When I was young my father would tell me
about the saucer flaps of his youth. These were
times when UFOs were common and large

groups of citizens came together to report and solve the mystery of their occurrence. At the time governments and military leaders denied the existence of UFO's or flying saucers. The promoted view was that people seeing them were hallucinating; seeing little green men from Mars. The implications were that anyone reporting a UFO was in an unfit mental state."

"Thank you, Jenny. I thought as much. There we have a very strong thread of lies. I want you two to follow that thread until it leads to truth at the end. The truth will always stand bright.

"Now you're to assume nothing. All you know is that out there is the Federation. On the moon is *Moonbase*. You also know that we were told many things at *Moonbase*, Mars and *Dockside*. What we were told, and what is fact, may be different. Are there any questions?"

Both women said no. Jenny looked at Goren and was glad she had decided to stay.

Goren continued. "You're to research at the city's central library, but only if you don't require identification, otherwise initially browse at whatever book shops you may come across.

"It isn't easy," Navia required. "While Earth has some basic computer technology, it is very

primitive. All their information is book bound, and they have no multiuser computer access. We also cannot get data off other computer sources, from a third computer, so it is tedious work.”

“I understand. Do your best. Mepat and I’ll look for ID and search out other leads to follow.”

After three days of searching, stopping only for sleep, both pairs finally grouped together in their hotel suite.

Navia was the first to deliver. Her notes and Jenny's were scattered on the coffee table. “The library was five stories tall with a labyrinth of books. That is one of the joys of being on this planet, real books with real paper,” said Navia, looking bright.

“There were people quietly studying and reading. Jenny and I fitted right in. However, in three days we found no shining truth. But the history of Earth’s UFO research is interesting. Certainly, our meager threads have led us somewhere.

“*UFO* means *unidentified flying object*, meaning a flying craft that isn’t authorized to be there, and doesn’t belong to any known airport or person.”

Goren nodded for her to continue while Jenny passed notes.

Navia sipped on water. "It appears that UFO activity increased after the last global war. What is notable is that while reports of UFOs have increased, so have literacy standards. Considering a literary benchmark of preceding generations, the UFO activity increase appears constant, until twenty years ago.

"I could go into what was reported and when, but that would end up with long lists of dates, times and descriptions. There is no doubt as to the validity of the reports. The makes and styles of the craft involved are familiar to me. There are many photographs of standard Federation craft."

Goren nodded. "That makes sense."

Navia continued. "Jenny and I were after a thread of lies. Our thread found someone who is alive and who could attest to Federation existence. He is assessable."

Goren's eyes lit up as he waited for the name.

"But before I tell you who this is, I want to give you some UFO history that leads us to the present. It is fascinating."

Mepat brought more water and citrus and offered it around.

“To begin, it goes back many years. Debate of a Galactic civilization dates back thousands of years. Famous historical debaters, who favored external existence, were named Anaxagoras, Plutarch and Lucian, but their church squashed their ideas until a few hundred years ago.”

Navia looked around and the others nodded. She continued. “More famous historical people were named Nicolaus, Cusanus, Giordano, and Kepler. They refueled the debate. When telescopes were invented famous scientists such as Huygens, Fontenelle and Swedenborg wrote of extraterrestrial existence.”

Jenny looked up. “Should I omit the names?” Jenny was recording Navia’s talk on a small handheld device, so it could be uploaded to Pegasus later.

Goren shook his head. “Perhaps they are not meaningful now, but names are vital later. Continue please.”

Navia picked up her next paper. “In the Nineteenth Century scientists such as Hershell, believed the sun was inhabited, Von Littrow proposed that comets were inhabited, and the German astronomer Gruithuisen claimed to see

cities and railroads on the moon. They all added to the controversy, and they all became famous in other areas of research. These scientists were incorrect in civilizations being that close, but they were convinced that human beings on this planet were not alone. They got that right.”

Goren agreed.

“I have more about them here.” Navia held up a wad of papers and continued. “Until the Second World War there were no attempts to contact life beyond Earth. However, that changed with the war. The planet's attempts were split.

Jenny was scanning the notes with the recorder. It could scan five pages thick at a time. Jenny loved the recording device. “This is so amazing. Look what I can do.”

Goren smiled.

Navia continued. “America began to dominate the debate. It had Slipher, and Percival Lowells in Arizona, and Wright at the Lick Observatory in California. However, Russia, or the USSR, as it is called now, seemed bent on making first contact.” She held up more notes. Jenny scanned them.

“Initially, the works of Shklousky, Pulkovo, and astronomer Tikhov started it. In 1959, a

Russian named Agnest put forward theories that galactic visitors had been on Earth and are represented in biblical stories. Several years later these theories were repeated in the West by a Swiss, named Erich Von Danekin.”

Goren remained interested, as the end would be soon.

Navia could see her audience was growing impatient. She dispensed with her notes.

Jenny grabbed them.

“Now here we come to the most interesting part, so please pay attention,” said Navia.

Goren straightened. “Yes, Ma’am,” he smiled.

“Russian scientists Klivinski and Metov moved to a town called Tiksi, while *Dr. A. P. Minsk* went to Zovitinsk, in 1958. They were given extensive research grants to set up a series of experiments code named *ASK: Alien Superior Knowledge.*”

That made Goren sit up, and Mepat drew closer.

“Their research stations were both set on the same degree of latitude, 129⁰. Tiksi was in the north, while Zovitinsk was nearer the southern border in central Russia.”

Goren was very interested now.

“Continue.”

“These research stations were just a pair of radio transceivers. They emitted messages in binary code out into space, day in and day out, for years. They waited for answers. Two transceivers would be able to locate a return source more precisely than just one.”

“And they were answered?” asked Goren.

“I’ll get to that,” replied Navia as she continued. “After years of transmitting binary code, with no response, the scientists included four sentences in Russian. This inclusion was transmitted for a further three years. In 1964 a weak response was received in binary code. The message received lasted for fifteen seconds and repeated itself every thirty-four minutes and six seconds, for a period of just over two days, when the replies stopped. The message they received was a duplicate of their own binary code.”

Goren looked at Jenny who said, “Yes, and it gets more interesting.”

Navia continued. “So, the scientists kept on transmitting their Russian message. Fifteen months passed before another response. This time it was different. They received the word

WELCOME, three times every ninety seconds over a period of three days. The message then changed to TALK LISTEN, which repeated itself for another three days. This last message repeated itself for three days every three months for seven years. Then were added the words FRIENDS, and TRAVEL, and TIME, to the response. Shortly after the addition of these latter words, all replies stopped.

“In the meantime, the Russians had been adding to their repertoire of messages.

“Since the first communications there has been debate as to their authenticity. For a time, it was rumored that the responses were a British hoax. As the hope of the Russians was to have access to superior knowledge, officially their messages had been under clouds of secrecy. Thus, neither the Americans nor the British have been officially contacted about the research. Not that it mattered, as all the Russian research was falling into the hands of the American government anyway. The Americans then shared it with the British.”

Jenny shook her head.

Navia kept explaining more. “Over the last decade the debate as to what was received grew. One argument was that the Russian

scientific community had been duped. Finally, the research stations were closed, five years ago.

“Now, the appearance of the lie is this; while the Americans knew of the experiments and their apparent success, they never tried to copy them until much later. The reasons for not repeating similar research experiments were likely only one of two. First, the Americans knew that the replies were a hoax or fraud, or secondly, the Americans were already in contact with extraterrestrials. If the reason was the second, then the scaled down American version of the Russian experiment was a ruse to confuse the Russians. Otherwise, if the responses were a hoax, then why and by whom? And furthermore, if they were in contact with out there, was it Malukan, Moonbase, Mars, Federation, or someone else? And why were the replies the way they were, when there was already contact here?”

They all sat back and looked at each other.

Navia continued. “To solve this, I found that in the Scientific Congress Roll, at the United Nations, that a scientist of these Russian experiments still lives, in Zovitinsk. I propose that we visit Zovitinsk in the USSR.”

Goren looked hard out of the window onto bustling Manhattan.

“Possibly,” he said. Goren looked to Navia and Jenny. “Do you have any other information?”

Jenny put some papers in front of Navia. “Yes,” Navia said. “It supports the theory that the Americans have, and likely still are in contact with, outside life, probably the Federation. Recent history shows that the American government negates support to any who claim contact with others off from this planet. In fact, it has followed this path of trying to oppress those who provoke interest in UFOs since the ‘50s.” Navia made ready with new notes.

Jenny got the scanner out. She looked at Goren. “This is so amazing. You could become a billionaire with this!”

Goren nodded. He would remember that. He said, “It also has a laser, compass, and camera. The advanced models can even speak with each other.”

Jenny shook her head. “Can it make a drink of hot kalo?” she asked.

Goren smiled. “No, but it can heat water.”

Navia looked at them both, cleared her throat and continued. “Due to wide public

interest in UFO activity, the government set up panels of scientists and psychologists, to promote the unusual nature of UFO reports. Today this is called debunking, and I suspect Malukan agents are the debunkers.”

Goren concurred that it would make sense.

Navia handed Jenny a wad of notes. Navia explained, “Good. I have data on that as well. One major early committee to debunk the existence of UFOs was called *Project Sign*, set up after the end of the Second World War. Reports were common then, coming from thousands of witnesses. They came from radar officials, from Air Force pilots, from all manner of people. The governments had to do something about the reports, and the UFOs.

“In 1949, under the direction of an American, General Vanderberg, was *Project Sign*. The others of *Project Sign* had concluded the craft existed, as the evidence was obvious. So *Project Grudge* replaced *Project Sign*.

“Under *Project Grudge* UFO reports were received only on the premise that UFOs did not exist, and the phenomena must be due to other causes.”

Goren found this interesting.

“In 1952 *Project Grudge* became *Project Blue Book*, as the reporting of UFOs did not stop. Though this panel wasn’t as dogmatic as its predecessor, the insistence of a non-extraterrestrial explanation stayed in the reports until *Project Blue Book’s* dismissal in 1969. A Doctor *Gaudsmit*, an associate of the famous physicist Einstein, brought about the project’s dismissal.”

Jenny was still scanning and recording.

“Gaudsmit reported on *Project Blue Book* under the guise of the *Robertson Panel*. This panel reported that *Project Blue Book’s* research was bunk, and that the efforts of two UFO research groups, *Aerial Phenomena Research Organization* and *Civilian Saucer Intelligence* were potentially subversive. They used the threat of national treason as a means to disband research into UFOs.”

Goren sat back and wondered. He nodded.

“The panel also suggested that a program be designed by psychologists in mass psychology, to help debunk UFO existence. Enter here possible Malukan agents.”

“Possibly,” said Goren.

Navia continued. “Gaudsmit then later wrote that UFOs should be investigated by

psychiatrists, not physicists. He also drew parallels between extraterrestrial theory, drugs and mental illness.”

“Hmm. Not so silly,” said Goren. “Earth psychiatrists don’t need a court order to detain a person claimed to be mentally ill. They can incarcerate at will anyone they say is insane. The insane have very few liberties on Earth.”

“Exactly,” said Navia. “It is an easy and obvious way to silence people.” She reached for more notes from Jenny.

“Finally,” she continued. “The *Condon Report*, headed by Doctor Condon of the University of Colorado conducted an entirely negative series of interviews on UFOs. His report centered on the lunatic fringe, highlighting examples that could be easily explained away by non-extraterrestrial causes.” Navia looked around and indicated to all that they would eat soon.

She then continued. “Little time was taken to investigate the cases which were inexplicable. The *Condon Report* recommended that the Air Force drop Project Blue Book, which they did. That was the end of all official open American government investigation. There have been masses of UFO sightings since.”

Mepat brought in refreshments. Navia's story had been heavy listening.

Still she continued. "Now while the Air Force was busy investigating UFOs and setting itself up for debunking, the US Navy on the other hand was building UFOs. Believe it. The Navy never denied the existence of UFOs and had manufactured their own flying saucers." Navia indicated that this is where it got interesting.

"Their research work did not stop with UFOs either. With the assistance of Einstein, during the Second World War, the Navy developed what was loosely called the *Philadelphia Experiment*. This succeeded in transposing an entire Navy ship through time – and believe or not - space. The experiment is reportedly based on *unified field theory*. This theory has the Earth's magnetic field as its base and the experiment was more highly classified than their atomic weapons. Why would transport, using magnetic fields, be a higher classified secret than atomic weaponry?"

Navia looked up at her listeners. Goren was leaning back in the sofa, contemplating it, and nodded.

Navia continued. "As the ship was operating it is reported to have vanished. People were witnessed to have walked through walls and never seen again. Others returned from nowhere, dropping into living rooms out of thin air, ablaze. Some who worked on the project just went mad. After the initial experiments were concluded the project ceased. Survivors either died unexpectedly or were relocated to psychiatric institutions."

Goren nodded. "Again, the psychiatric connection, with no access to the public."

"There are no records of further activity. The war ended and that was the end, if you can believe it." Navia sat back into her chair to enjoy a spicy hot drink of *kalo* they had brought down from *Pegasus*. She waited expectantly for Goren to comment.

Goren stood, quietly walked over to the window and looked down outside over the teeming masses. He sipped his cup of *kalo*, and after a minute of silence let out a small sigh. He thought for a moment more and then turned back. He said, "Perhaps someone has been seeding Warp Drive theories to Earth, to replicate." He shook his head. He tried to think of what a race, with a passion for war, and a

high reproduction rate, might do with that technology. "This is extremely disturbing. First I think we need to visit Zovitinsk in the USSR." He paused for a moment and continued. "That's a lot of information Navia. And we still need a lot more." He put his kalo down.

Jenny looked at Goren. She couldn't see what he could. Navia did. Goren would keep it to himself until the evidence was conclusive.

Mepat phoned down to the restaurant to send up lunch, before Goren started explaining his events over the past three days.

The food arrived and Goren started his story.

ψ

CHAPTER 7

ON THE STREET

Three days ago, after Navia and Jenny had gone to visit the library, Goren and Mepat went out for a cab.

“Yes sir. Where can I take you?” said the black cab driver, leaning to the window.

Goren studied the man for a first impression. Yes, he would do. Goren asked the driver as he and Mepat climbed in. “We want you to take us to someone who can give us some ID.”

The cabbie investigated his mirror trying to study his two passengers, without seeming too obvious. “I can take you,” He said slowly, keeping an eye on the pair in the back. “But if questioned I know nothing of it. Okay?”

Goren nodded and the driver pulled out into the swirling traffic. Goren was surprised at how driving for fifteen minutes, the streets of New York could go from a clean, well-kept metropolis to a dirty, smelly, deprived ghetto. How could both areas survive side by side? Were there two

separate economies? They passed no gates keeping people in this desolated deprived state, yet there were people here, willingly. What kept them?

Eventually the driver stopped. "This is as far as I go. I can't put my cab at risk."

"I understand," said Goren stepping out.

"The man you're to contact is Big Herman. Here is his address and the fare is thirty bucks, with a tip."

Goren paid the driver and the cab sped away. Goren and Mepat stood in the street looking for a building number to correspond with that on the paper. They walked along searching, past broken up and burnt out car wrecks and garbage. The buildings were like the cars, derelict. Suddenly Goren felt vulnerable. He looked to the Boguard. Mepat sensed it too. There was no one else on the street. It became very quiet.

They were still a few blocks from their destination. Warily they continued and stepped over rubbish. A solitary figure had walked onto the road. The pair approached. He was large, almost as big as a Federation lorde, black, and wearing a leather jacket, boots and wide belt.

His hair was short. In one ear were five golden earrings. He wore two heavy chains, one around the neck, the other attached to his belt. He watched Goren and Mepat approach and spun a glittering object into the air, caught it and then tossed it again.

“What are you boys here for?” he grumbled menacingly.

Mepat and Goren glanced at each other and continued past.

“Honkeys!” was the call from behind. “I asked you something!” The man had now caught up and put his hand out to halt the pair.

“No further, whities. Empty your pockets or don't walk again. Your choice.” He smiled with a sneer.

Goren looked at the large black face in the eyes and said, “We’re looking for Mister Big Herman.”

The man's hand grabbed Goren by the shirt, lifting him partially from the ground.

“I don't give a shit about your social life man, what you got?” The black mouth breathed over Goren.

At that point the small object he had been tossing around flashed to become knife. Its blade gleamed but only for a second before it

unexpectedly sailed into the air away from menace. A foot slammed into the man's chest, followed by a small metal prod. Goren felt ground again under his feet as he watched his assailant's eyes waver, and his body collapse onto the street. Goren nodded to the Boguard and then looked at the body, lying silently, curled into a fetal ball with muscles spasmodically twitching.

Within a few seconds five other youths sauntered out from the building to the right. They approached slowly brandishing similar knives, the largest was closest.

Mepat took front position, passed the old stunner to Goren, indicating two more youths coming in from their left flank.

Mepat tensed in a low defensive stance. His training was over hundreds of years. Boguard lived for a millennium. A Boguard's first thought was for the protection of his charge. In this case it was Independent Goren Torren.

Another youth joined, making eight.

Goren backed up Mepat. The stunner was in one hand, his eyes waiting for the time to attack. Mepat's muscles tensed, like a bow wound back. As the gang closed the Boguard's mind and body saw only enemies. He eyed the

youths as they milled, waiting for an error so the hunters become the hunted. A little closer Mepat thought as he and Goren rotated facing the closing youths.

Goren saw eyes darting, the signal. The attack was from all sides. Goren blocked the closest lunging youth and retaliated with the stunner to the cheekbone. Goren felt the electrodes drive in and the current jolt. The youth collapsed holding his face, gasping for air, and slithered into unconsciousness. Another youth jumped to take his place. Goren ducked a swing and drove the stunner up into the boy's chest. Eyes opened wide in disbelief as his muscles trembled. Goren swung as an iron bar glanced off his upper left arm. The limb was in no pain, but immobilized. The assailant with the bar stepped back out of the stunner's deadly reach and began to circle.

Three bodies lay to Goren's rear. They weren't dead. Mepat leaped through the air at a tall youth's larynx. His heel contacted, almost severing the head. Before he landed Mepat was twisting his body, straining to make advantage of the split second. He landed and sprang at the throat of the next youth, missed, then turned to back Goren. The Boguard was maneuvering five

moves ahead. A youth lunged only to find his throat side kicked at a speed he did not witness. The youth with the bar took a step back, turned and fled. There was enough carnage. Mepat faked a kick and the last standing ran terrified, screaming down an alleyway.

Goren whispered while still not taking his eyes of the streetscape windows. "Any dead?"

"One," was Mepat's reply.

Goren knew which. He had heard the crack of the neck bone. Goren glanced at the dead boy, his head lying perpendicular to the torso. His hand was inside the jacket. Goren nudged it with his foot. The hand fell away exposing the butt end of a revolver. Goren looked up at the Boguard. "But how did you..."

Mepat spoke. "We should leave, quickly, or risk further encounter. They will return with greater weapons, to rid our advantage."

Goren glanced at the twisted, moaning, jerking, and battered bodies of human flesh at his feet. Yes, time to leave. "This way." Goren sprang into a canter.

As Mepat caught up he said, "Sir, you fought well. I was proud to be at your side."

Goren was surprised; flattery wasn't a Boguard quality. Goren looked at him.

Mepat spoke. "Sir, when we return to Jilta the story of your fighting courage will be enjoyed by my companions. You could be Boguard, sir."

Goren was uncertain of how to respond. He felt he had just received the highest tribute possible by Boguard. "Captain, I truly, deeply thank you for that honor."

The Captain nodded as they jogged. Some things were just true.

Goren slowed down and stopped. They were outside the address they sought. All the rundown buildings looked similar. Looking back Goren could see some of their assailants beginning to recover.

Goren ducked inside, up to the third floor. He felt sensation slowly return to his arm, mainly pain. Goren knocked on Herman's door and then looked at the garbage heaped at the ends of the hall. It gave off a foul dead odor. A fat brown rat scurried past as Goren's eyes became accustomed to the dark. Mepat was behind him. They listened to a sound on the other side of the door. A latch, a bolt slid, and the old door opened a fraction revealing three robust chains.

"What do you want?" the voice called.

"We want ID." Goren called back.

"Sorry, can't help!" The door slammed.

Goren indicated to Mepat to place five one hundred-dollar bills under the door. Each bill disappeared. Goren indicated another five. They also disappeared, but the door opened. A little man stood there. Goren gauged the height of the man was no taller than a child. The little man would have been fifty.

He looked up at the pair and said snappily, "Who are you?"

"I'm Goren and this is my companion Mepat."

"Come in. My name is Herman." The door closed quickly behind them.

The room was clean, even if old in style and cluttered with electrical appliances, probably as old as Herman. Goren cast his eye over the various makes and sizes of televisions, toasters, heaters, radios and clocks.

Herman said in a high twang voice, "It will cost you two thousand dollars," then as an afterthought he said, "a piece."

Goren indicated to Mepat who counted it out. Herman looked at the roll of bills, as if he was about to salivate. "Photos are a thousand each extra."

Goren nodded to Mepat who remained counting. Goren said: "We will make it a total of eight thousand now, plus an additional two thousand tomorrow when we return here for our ID, and it must be multiple – ID cards, passports in two nationalities, driver's licenses, credit cards and birth certificates, for both of us." Goren waited for the confusion in the little man to clear and then confirmed it. "Okay?"

"Oh, yes sir. Please, this way sirs. For that money I'll give you government receipts as well." Herman jumped from his couch and stepped over to a camera tripod behind a screen. He took their photographs, had them fill in the cards, sign them, and hustled them out the door. There was much to do to get it already by tomorrow.

Goren and Mepat headed for the daylight of the front door.

The smell inside the hallway was putrid. Goren was feeling nauseated and glad to get back outside.

As they were about to exit, Mepat and then Goren caught a glimpse of their earlier assailants by the front door. Goren had seen the rear fire exits chest deep in garbage, with the doors likely

rust frozen solid. Upstairs led nowhere. The youths knew it and waited.

Mepat tossed the stunner to Goren as he led to the front.

Goren shook his head. "No, side by side... friend."

The Boguard remained motionless until Goren caught up. They approached the open doorway together. Eyes straining, muscles alert to the most opportune time, for attack or escape. Neither Goren nor Mepat were under the illusion that a second meeting would be without the youths having guns.

An older youth stepped forward. He had not been in the fight. "You have beaten us once. That is enough. We have no craving to die. I'm sorry about Jerrard. We told him he would be the victim if he didn't obey the code. He gave an important lesson. To go against the code of the street brings death with dishonor. Jerrard carried a gun and died in hand to hand combat."

He turned to his companions, as though giving a sermon. "You all carried small hand weapons, no guns. You lived. Jerrard died. Learn from the code."

The youth turned back to Goren and Mepat and took a step closer. "From what my friends

here have told me, you two fight like cats from hell. We respect you.”

Mepat was watching the youth's eyes. One more step, closer, and if that left hand went any further out of sight the boy's head would be kicked into the building across the street. Mepat did not lift his eyes for a second.

The youth looked into the Boguard's eyes, and his hands came out in front of him, palms up. “Strike me if you wish. I bear no arms. I bear you no disrespect either.” The boy turned around. He bore no weapons. “My name is Trenton, and these noble warriors are the Tartar. What is your business with Big Herman?”

Goren calmly replied. “My name is Independent Goren Torren, and this is Captain Mepat from our Lorde Hymondy's Boguard.”

Trenton smiled and sighed deeply. His body relaxed, and he indicated the other youths to stand back. He stepped down from the stairs and beckoned the pair to follow. His arm swept the street. “This land of ours is called Myoller. In what land is your lord's palace? This way?” he pointed.



Trenton

Goren looked to Mepat. Maybe the boy was short of a full credit up top.

The Boguard shrugged, he would rather have kicked his head across the street. Perhaps the boy wouldn't miss it.

Goren said back, "Jilta. It is far away. We only seek safe passage through Myoller. In return we offer the same should you ever reach Jilta."

The youth looked at them sideways. "How many like you are there under your lord?" He pointed to the Boguard.

Goren glanced to Mepat for an answer. "Two thousand," said the Boguard.

Trenton's jaw was open. Two thousand fighting machines like that one! An enemy that strong was unheard of. With Jilta as an ally Trenton's kingdom would grow.

"Safe passage you shall have." Trenton wondered how he could borrow just one such as Mepat. Did this Lorde Hymondy honor street code? He must. Neither of these warriors was more than street armed.

"I must present you with favor. As great warriors and victors it is your right."

Goren thought for a moment. Mepat had remained poised. He could still dispatch this poor deluded youth in the blink of an eyelid.

"We seek one who my lorde can do great trade with," said Goren.

"How much trade?"

"Millions."

“The white death?” the youth asked.

Goren nodded, though uncertain of the meaning.

“Very well. We shall strike a deal, your lord and I. Tomorrow you shall meet me here. I shall bring with me a trader of status.” With that Trenton bowed. He backed away and was surrounded by the other youths as they trotted down the street.

Goren stared. The youths disappeared around the corner. “What do you make of that?”

The Boguard stood arms folded. He looked at the memory of Trenton. “Trenton is in the wrong place and the wrong time. He is stuck somewhere else in another world.”

Goren looked down the street and wondered.

ψ

CHAPTER 8

TRADING WITH
THE ENEMY

The next day they strolled up to Big Herman's apartment building to find a black limousine parked out the front. Goren was about to go inside to let Herman know about their other appointment, when the front window of the limousine drew down.

A deep raw voice from within the car called out. "Are you Goren?"

Goren turned to the voice. "Yes."

"Get in." The rear door opened.

Mepat bustled in before the independent. Inside was large for such a car, be it a limousine. Goren sat by his Boguard companion. There were two others in the back. One was a thin man, dressed in a white suit, wearing gold-rimmed spectacles. He nodded to Goren. The other man next to him was his minder.

The thin man spoke with a higher pitched voice. "You the one the loon Trenton was yabberin' about?"

“Possibly,” Goren replied cautiously, watching the old man's eyes flicker between himself and Mepat.

“Don't piss me about, son. Do you have business, or are you wind like the fruity Trenton?”

Goren glared at the man. His jaw firm, he nodded to Mepat. Mepat slowly drew out a wad of bills, watching the minder who initially stiffened at Mepat's movement. Slowly he unfolded the bills. He looked to Goren. Goren nodded again and Mepat let them fall into the thin man's lap, fifty thousand dollars of bills. The old man looked up at Goren.

“Fifty,” said Goren.

“How much do you want?” the old man asked.

“Twenty,” said Goren, not really sure if this was getting him anywhere.

“Cost you a million. Another three hundred before we deliver. Deposit in two days' time. Same place. Same time.”

Goren nodded, thinking their business was concluded as he reached for the door. The old man grabbed hold of his wrist. “Son, you ain't Fed's are you?”

Goren looked surprised. "The Imperial Galactic Federation? No. As I told Trenton, we're from planet Jilta, under the instruction of Lorde Hymondy III."

The old man burst into a smile. "You know son, you got style. I could almost believe you. You're good. You been at this long?"

Goren looked the man in the eyes. "This is my first deal. We only arrived on Earth over a week ago." Goren had no hint of humor in his voice.

The man felt Goren's cold gaze penetrate through him. For the first time the man felt afraid. He let go of Goren's arm. His brow was beginning to feel moist. He sat back, and only nodded.

Goren stepped out, followed by Mepat.

After the pair had left, the older man said to the other, "It's them. The ones we were told to look out for."

The other said, "I know."

Ω

Jenny had a question. "Did you know what you were buying?"

"I believe so. The prices indicate this *white death* is what is called heroin. Correct Navia?"

"Most likely. Research into the narcotic described by Anqi on Mars, showed the one used by her Karn, was cocaine. What you describe here would likely have to be heroin."

Goren pondered for a moment. "What does it do Jenny?"

Jenny shrugged. "All I know is that it is a mind-altering drug processed from the opium poppy. As to the user, well, they usually lose control of their ability to resist the drug after several uses. The life expectancy of a constant heroin user is sometimes no more than several years.

Navia asked next. "Why would someone use the drug when statistically they will die within years? It makes no sense!"

Jenny nodded. "No one would take this drug that has not been subject to the effects of other drugs before it. Perception is impaired chemically. Wrong decisions get made."

Goren had the next question. "Then what of these people that deal in the supply and sale of drugs?"

"Do you mean legal or illegal?" asked Jenny.

Goren looked shocked. "What do you mean legal?"

"Pharmaceutical drugs, which are permitted and subsidized by governments, are a larger operation than illegal ones. Both industries, legal or illegal, are independently larger than any other industry on Earth, and both are growing."

Goren's face showed pain. The galaxy wouldn't permit this. He heard Anqi's voice in his ears, crying for the destruction of Earth, before it was too late. He then heard Jenny's voice begin to answer his original question.

"I think there is a stratum of people here who simply enjoy seeing others get hurt and die."

Goren felt himself agree. There seemed to be an oversupply of such people on Earth.

The next day Goren made his delivery. He handed over another three hundred thousand dollars. The final payment and exchange was to occur the following day. Goren held a note containing the address and the time.

ψ

CHAPTER 9

CAPTURE

It was three o'clock in the morning. Goren and Mepat stood on the sand of the beach, in the gripping cold. A lonely yellow light glowed from the nearby pier. Waves washed the dilapidated timber pylons, while the bitter morning wind whispered through the broken boards.

Away from the pier four men approached out of the darkness. Weapons bulged beneath their jackets. Goren eyed Mepat. As agreed, they both had carried no guns. Goren touched the tip of the stunner in his sleeve as a sign of nervousness.

As the four neared, a jeep crawled into view further behind, lights off. After a few seconds a noise could be heard out on the water. A quiet chumming sound brought an inflatable dinghy within the lonely pier light. The jeep stopped, and the dinghy beached at the edge of darkness, their drivers remaining still. The four men approached Goren. The tallest held out a briefcase and beckoned for the one that Goren

was holding. The exchange was made in silence. Goren followed the tall man's lead by opening the case. Inside were plastic bags of white powder. The tall man watched Goren as though he was waiting for something. Goren was at a loss of what he could be expected to do or say.

He only nodded.

The tall man said in a gravelly voice.
"Aren't you going to inspect it?"

Goren shook his head. The tall man shrugged. As the four turned they stopped, each reaching for their guns. Their movement was fast but anticipated. Both Goren and Mepat had taken a precautionary step towards them and were still within arm's length.

Mepat felled the first two with a body kick and a forearm blow. Goren speared the stunner into the shoulder of one and lunged hopelessly into the suit coat of the other, while Mepat struck him with a fatal head kick. One of the four on the ground began to move and draw his weapon around. Goren nodded at the Boguard. Mepat grabbed the gun, turned it around. Three muffled shots came from its barrel.

In the meantime, the jeep had roared into life and was accelerating up the beach. The dinghy headed back out into the blackness.

Mepat took deliberate aim. One shot and the dinghy was out of control, its occupant slumped onto its side, the dinghy circling slowly back to the shore. Another careful aim, a shot, and the jeep slowed into the sand. The vehicle was out of sight, but the sounds indicated it was bogged. Goren heard a door open and motioned for Mepat to put down his weapon. A few moments later a figure could be seen scrambling up the stone embankment to a parked black limousine. The limousine drove off into the night.

Goren bent over their victims and searched for any identification. He found none. He looked at the staring eyes of the tall man's body, disbelieving his fate. The hole in the center of his skull slowly oozed dark blood onto the sand. With the small bags of white powder Goren walked to the water's edge. He opened each bag and held it upside down into the wind. Like a small mist veil, the contents blew out onto the dark waters. Goren wondered what this treasure was that bought men's lives so cheaply. He felt lonely in the dark on a small planet so far from home. There was an evil here as yet not experienced out there. Was this an omen? Were they on the verge of a lot more to come?

44 HOURS LATER

“Maybe you are a scientist of the mind, a psychiatrist. But look at your mind. You’re a sick example of human, Brown.”

The suited man was talking to Brown and thought of striking him. He despised him and his ways. He looked down at Goren, still unconscious, lying there. He thought to himself, and spoke as an afterthought, as he looked back at Goren. “I admire you mister. I hate to break you, but I’m following orders. Maybe there is a better way.”

He then turned to Brown. “This man is too good for you. Send him upstairs for observation, until I find out what to do with him.”

As the suited man was leaving, he turned back to Brown and said, “If you touch him with one of your machines, I will personally kill you.”

Brown froze and said nothing until the man had left. He then muttered something about all government men being insane.

Goren awoke to find himself out of the straps. He was lying on a thin foam mattress in a white single room cell. There was no furniture, no windows, only the outline of the door. The light was recessed, and the mattress smelled of urine. There was a water jug by the door.

Goren attempted to stand. His muscles were weak, his shoulders ached, and his jaw was still numb. As he tried to stand, he staggered and fell. He tried to crawl to the water jug. Goren had not been given anything to drink for twenty hours, or was it thirty? His mouth was dry, his tongue large. He reached the water jug and his hands shook. It was empty. He sat back against the wall. Maybe he would die of thirst. That was better than giving this enemy the information they sought.

A noise was coming towards him from outside. It stopped. A small hatchway opened in the door, and a bowl of steaming food appeared, followed by two bread rolls, a piece of fruit and a sealed plastic canister of drink. Two thuds followed on the door and the sounds drew away, followed by more thuds farther down the hall.

Goren immediately took to the canister, opened it and drank until it was gone. Satisfied he looked at the food. It did not smell so bad. It tasted bland but edible.

Having eaten Goren sat back. He felt stronger. Perhaps he could work an escape. Then he realized his clothes! This wasn't his *zipsuit*! He was wearing what appeared to be Earth hospital garments. He had seen them on television. He looked at the thin white pathetic blood-stained cloth. Slowly his vision began to blur. He looked at the drink, then the empty plate. Before he could think his concentration had gone. His arms remained limp even though he commanded them violently to obey.

Yet his eyes moved. He looked to his fingers. There was comfort as his fingers could slowly bend at his command. He could turn off his hearing and sight through pressing his thumbnails.

Goren sat against the wall and waited patiently for his captors to arrive. He turned off all perception of hearing and sight but was still aware of his body.

Goren did not have long to wait.

Soon he felt hands lifting him onto a chair. Aware of motion he brought back his sight. An

orderly was wheeling him along a corridor, with Brown at his side.

Goren activated his hearing to listen to the doctor. "So, you think you have beaten me. No one beats me. I do as I please. You will belong to no one, soon!" Brown laughed at his own thoughts. "Faster!" he snapped to the orderly.

They went to the end of the corridor and turned left through a patients' lounge. Goren saw four men in chairs such as his, all in sleeping wear. One young, two middle aged, and one old. None exhibited facial expressions; they just stared into blankness. Brown motioned the orderly over to the nearest patient, and had Goren face the victim. There was nothing in the man's eyes. The body was alive; that was all. There was no personality present.

Brown grabbed the patient's hair and lifted the head back to reveal scars running through the scalp. "See what will happen to you if your mind stays closed to me? If I cannot have your mind, then I'll destroy it!" Brown was breathing hard. "I control you." Brown let go of the patient and motioned the orderly to follow.

The scene revolted Goren. He had to get out. He couldn't afford to die. The psychiatrist,

Brown, was obviously mad. The Federation must be warned. How?

Four minutes of wheeling had taken Goren into an elevator, and up three floors. He was now in another small room in a different chair. There were four chairs; his was the largest. To his left was a console of dials, switches and small lights. Again, Goren was strapped in. Now there were three doctors, including Brown.

Brown passed a metal headband to one of his assistants. The other assistant brushed paste onto Goren's forehead. The band was cool as it slipped over Goren's scalp, the silver wires to the console dangled over his chest. Goren was losing the feeling in his fingers. Slowly he turned off the sight, then his hearing. He could do nothing. Even if he had wanted to, he could no longer talk to save himself. He felt the screws tighten into his scalp. Would this be death, the slow electrocution of his brain? Would he be left like those he had seen back there? He felt an uncontrollable tear caress down his cheek.

The first jolt hit him hard. He let go an awful scream as the electricity reverberated around his skull, tearing, burning into his brain. There was a wait of twenty seconds until a more

vicious second jolt struck. The third jolt was worse. Goren could smell the burning of flesh, his scalp. It felt as if his head was about to explode. The electric current through his brain had seared his flesh at a thousand degrees. It had boiled his blood, expanded his compressed brain dramatically. The gas of his boiled blood was killing more brain cells.

When the current hit him a fourth time Goren could start to see. Yes, it was clear. It was his body below him, arching against the straps. His wrists were bleeding and the body now slumped. His tormenters were increasing the voltage. Goren could hear their voices too, now. Though, their lips seemed to move only after the sound. Goren realized he was hearing their thoughts.

The three doctors were laughing. Goren thought this was strange and curious. There was that doctor again; wanting to know who Goren was, where he came from. Oh, such easy answers Goren could give them. But it did not really matter now.

Goren felt an urgency calling. He must move on. A pale light was beckoning him. It was funny watching the body arch again. Goren

would be gone soon. It did not matter; they could have his body.

Suddenly, Goren found himself being wheeled again into the room, as though it was a replay of what just happened, but with the memory of the events that were about to happen. Again, he felt the pain and he cried out. Then again, the scene replayed again and then again, another time.

“Doctor, we’re losing him,” cried one.

“No, more power!” barked Brown. “He will tell us!”

“He is going...”

Yes, Goren thought, you will lose him. It did not matter anyway. The room was in slow motion from above. Goren saw the door slowly burst in like a dream. It was a dream and there was his friend Mepat, the courageous Captain Mepat. A strange dream. The very good Captain Mepat. Such a friend, but too late.

Three white-coated bodies lay on the floor, their brains shredded by particle blasters. NO, NO were the Captain's thoughts. More blood and bodies were strewn over the far floor and walls.

And there was that strange wavering air again, behind Goren’s body. How strange it

looked. He had seen it there three times now. It seemed to give a message.

The Captain leapt to Goren's body. "Goren, Goren! Independent Goren don't leave. Come back." He pressed the visio and sonic controls and undid the straps and band. The body was still. Mepat shook it. No response. Slowly Mepat curved his head to the ceiling with a tear in his eye and said softly. "I'm sorry dear friend. There is much to do. Your time has not yet come." He swallowed. He also seemed to look at the shimmering air beside him, as though it was communicating with him too.

"Sir," he said looking back up, "You don't have approval to move on. We must leave now, and you must leave with us. I command you...get back in!!!"

Goren's body heaved under his own breath and he could now see through his eyes. The mind-searing agony returned. He coughed for breath; his body trembled under the pain; his head felt like it was continually exploding.

"Sir, there isn't much time. We must hurry."

Goren gave a slight nod before collapsing into unconsciousness.

Instructor Letone covered their retreat by the door. In his right hand was a particle gun with a heat-seeking nose, good for up to thirty meters. In small-armed combat it was deadly. The user only needed to aim within fifteen degrees of a living target to score a direct hit in the head or the heart.

Mepat grabbed Goren about the waist and drew his limp arm over his own shoulder. In one lift they were by the door where Letone gave a hand. Goren began to rouse as they hauled him up the long corridor. Then he felt himself being picked up again, and again. The scene was replaying again.

A siren wailed loudly in the background, and the corridor was littered with corpses, some with white coats, and others in military uniform. The blood running down Goren's wrists made it difficult for the Boguard to hold him, and the dead bodies hindered their escape.

Goren's vision was returning. He could hear footsteps behind them. He fell to the ground as the Boguard dove left and right turning. A corpse broke his fall.

A volley of fire went down the hallway. Goren heard four soldiers collapse; their primitive weapons scattering across the floor.

Goren was quickly lifted. "Independent Goren, sir." It was Letone's voice. "Try to help us. We're in a military hospital. It is lightly defended for the moment sir, but...."

Goren tried to help. It was hard; his legs wouldn't obey. Sometimes they would hold, then give out with no warning. Down more corridors they lumbered. Another military defender fell to their right.

Goren looked up as the whole building shuddered. The structure was damaged. There was natural light coming through the next set of doors. Come on, Goren thought to himself.

The whole series of events of the past 15 seconds played out another two times for Goren. It was like each time something important happened, he would relive the whole experience again, and then again. It did not seem like a memory, and each time he re-experienced the event, it was just slightly different, such as more or less people in the scene.

It was too confusing for Goren to think why. It was simply just happening.

They sped through the doors. The air was thick with dust, rifle fire was ringing in the air. The commotion filled Goren's mind. They were now outside a courtyard.

Goren could see US marines shooting at *Little Betsie*. The air smelled of battle. Someone from *Little Betsie* was firing back, with small lasers, but with little success, wild shots were far from their mark.

The Boguard pushed the door open. Letone let loose with scattered particle fire in the general direction of the military defenders. Without further waiting Goren was lifted off the ground and the three of them sped like wind through the dust and smoke towards the Rangercraft. They were almost there when they fell to the ground. Mepat had taken a bullet in the leg.

He looked at the wound, gritted his teeth and yelled above the noise. "My leg. It's good. Go... go!" The three leapt again, blood followed their trail. Goren could see the inside of *Little Betsie*, through the hold hatch. It was Jenny returning the fire. She waved them onwards, closer.

She screamed. "Faster, faster. Enemy plane approaching, four kilometers, and closing."

They reached her. Bullets were whizzing past. Goren found himself being shoved and pulled through the air into the hold. Once inside he looked back to see Letone dash in while

returning fire. Navia yelled from the bridge to hurry. Mepat was struggling to get aboard when two shots tore into him.

Mepat had been hit in his shoulder, and in the back. He fell to the ground and rolled. He meekly motioned them to leave. Blood was spurting from the shoulder as he urged them on. He was watching, semi-conscious, knowing that he was dying.

“We have to leave!” cried Navia's voice from the bridge.

Goren tried to cry out, but his voice was choked. No sound. Mepat lay in the dust slowly dying.

Someone rushed past Goren and dashed out of the hatch. It was Jenny. Goren could see Mepat trying to wave her back. She reached him, hauled him off the ground. Three steps to the hatch and she literally threw the Boguard into the craft. Letone grabbed his companion's hands and dragged him clear. Mepat's whole body seemed to be covered in blood.

Jenny dove into *Little Betsie*. She reached up to Letone. Her eyes bulged as her body gave a tiny gasp and she fell back to the ground. Goren could see in horror as part of her skull had been blown away. Her body lay still, and

her eyes remained open as they stared up into the sky.

Goren wanted to cry but there was no will left. A tiny thought came into his mind: *We will meet again, great commander. We will meet again.* The thought went.

In Goren's mind he saw Jenny there again, and again and again. It seemed like that one single scene continually replayed over and over. He seemed to lose count of how many times he saw the event happen. And each time it happened the scene was slightly different.

Goren finally fell unconscious.

Letone was about to break to get Jenny's body when Navia's voice yelled from the bridge. "She is dead Instructor! Attend the wounded. We're going. Hatch closing. Aircraft one K and rockets being fired! Hold on!"

The hatchway quickly closed and within two seconds they were off the ground.

"More rockets!" she yelled.

Navia watched the viewscreens as they cleared the buildings. The ground exploded violently beneath them. The second salvo of rockets was almost upon them.

Two ninety degree turns and finally at 5,000
Ks they were out pacing their pursuers over the
ocean.

ψ

CHAPTER 10

ESCAPE FROM
THE ENEMY

Goren regained consciousness for a moment to find Navia leaning over him. Calmly she spoke. “*Little Betsie* is on auto control from *Pegasus*. The marshal is in command. We’re not out of this mess yet. There are more air force fighters out there than you would have thought possible. Forty more appeared on our screens as we were leaving.

Navia watched as Goren seemed to be taking in the information. She continued, “We can outrun them, but the killer satellites keep us on a random zigzag course. The marshal has us heading for the Polar North where we can seek sanctuary under the ice. As soon as we submerge, we will have an overhead shield. In the meantime, we will maintain contact with Erin via long wave radio.”

Goren nodded, unable to keep his eyes open, and drifted into a state of half-sleep half-unconsciousness. Letone and Navia were going to be tending his wounds; the cut wrists, broken

rib, bruised legs and back, burnt forehead and the gouge marks in the scalp.

Letone carried Goren to the makeshift infirmary.

Navia could see the physical wounds but wondered what other scars might be present. What had they done to her longtime friend?

The next hour Navia operated on Mepat. Letone stood by, as was standard procedure for Boguard.

It was finally quiet in *Little Betsie*. Both Mepat and Goren were responding well. They slept soundly and wouldn't awake for hours.

Navia turned to Letone. "Neither of us has slept for days either. There's no more to do than wait. I propose we take three hourly shifts of sleep, you first."

The Boguard smiled. "Of course, Sir." Letone left.

Navia smiled at the title of sir, the manner all Boguard addressed a superior, no matter the gender. She also knew that Letone sensed Navia wished to be alone.

Navia stared at the black viewscreens. She was quietly by herself now and could grieve the short life of the Earth girl Jenny she had gotten to know. Tears trickled down her cheeks as

warm thoughts of Sydney came to mind. Earth people were good, and only some of them were touched by an evil so bad she couldn't explain.

ψ

CHAPTER 11

A TASTE OF
THE ENEMY

After Navia's second shift she checked on her comrades. Both were sleeping comfortably, their metabolisms reaching normal range.

She returned to the bridge while Letone attended minor damage in the hold. Some bullets had penetrated the gravity stabilizers.

The blackness on the viewscreens did not cease. Perhaps the oceans were like the mind, dark and unexplored. Why did Jenny's face seem to haunt Navia? Why didn't Navia stay at the Academia? Who was behind this planet's constant turmoil? Perhaps simply it was the Malukans, but the uncertainty of that simple answer hovered in her mind.

The darkness rolled on as *Little Betsie* continued its passage north.

Navia glanced at the time. Soon her companions would be waking and hungry. She left the bridge for the galley. She wanted to be ready.

Goren was the first. His eyes blinked at Navia by his side, then stared at the cot above him, where Mepat still slept. There was silence while Navia watched him. Goren felt a lump begin in his dry throat. Finally, he whispered. "What happened?"

Softly Navia replied: "Which part?"

"With Jenny."

Navia paused quietly. "She was killed getting Mepat aboard."

Goren raised a hand to cover his face and lay motionless. He whispered in a broken voice. "I was hoping it was only a dream." Goren went through the events in his mind.

Navia brought some warm food over to him. It smelt fine. Goren knew he needed the nourishment and propped himself up. He accepted the food, and then held onto Navia's hand before she could return to the galley. "What else happened?"

Navia pulled out a swivel stool and sat beside him and began. She nodded. The first words were hard to get out. "We could see you below us by the pier, as those men approached along the beach. Their car must have been waiting in the warehouse before we arrived. When you fell two more men with rifles emerged

from under the pier. As they approached, we could hear their conversation and it appeared their intent wasn't to kill you. Their rifles had darts. One of the men from under the pier confirmed it was you and rendered you unconscious and bundled you into the car. They were going to take Mepat as well when we turned on our lights from above. That spooked them, and they fled and left him. We followed.

"The car only went two Ks when a white van pulled alongside, and you were transferred. The van then traveled thirty Ks into the countryside where again you were transferred, this time to a helicopter. Its destination was outside a small town called Glens Falls. The helicopter was met on the ground by six men, two tall fair haired in black business suits, and the other shorter four in white coats.

"From here you were carried inside a building complex. Up until this time we were able to get perfect reception from your transmitters. From our reception it seemed as though you were still drugged. Once inside, your transmissions weakened. That meant you were being taken underground, at least four floors, as the signals disappeared completely. We stayed a thousand pacs above the complex.

Four buildings surrounding a courtyard. Shortly after your arrival troop carriers distributed armed personnel throughout the complex.

“Just before light a tall civilian, also in black, arrived. He seemed to be important.

“Initially we were going to intercept you, as you stopped moving, but when your signal faded out we knew we needed more information. We didn’t know the strength of the enemy. ”

Goren nodded and Navia continued. “At first light we were challenged by a military aircraft and had to flee out over the ocean. There we waited an hour until *Little Betsie* and *Pegasus* lined up for transmission. All our information and recordings were relayed to Erin.

“The then marshal ordered us to return to the complex while he deciphered the data. This was difficult, as now we had attracted a presence in the area, and more military aircraft were entering our skies. After a day of this we were in contact with the marshal. He gave us what we needed.

“The complex was a military psychiatric hospital, serving the duplicity of the Central Intelligence Agency of the United States of America, and some other autonomous private corporation. The marshal reasoned that the

place held political or military prisoners, or it was involved in psychiatric experiments for the military. The marshal suggested it was possible the CIA was using illegal drug connections to furnish human beings for experiments.

Apparently, this isn't uncommon on this planet."

Goren accepted a mouthful of food and layback.

"Delaying your rescue was no longer acceptable. We toyed with the military aircraft and found that we could divert them for no more than five minutes," explained Navia.

"On our last attempt we were over the ocean. Erin instructed us to reverse direction while doing 10,000 Ks. The trip heated the outside hull to its limits, with the Rangercraft shuddering all the way to Glens Falls. The marshal picked up your signal faintly on our systems. Initially your signs were fine, then after six minutes all your indicators went wild and then they began to fade. All the time we could hear the conversations around you.

"*Little Betsie* landed in the courtyard. I don't think they expected us to attack, nor am I certain that they connected you with us, but their guard had increased.

“The Boguard burst from the Rangercraft amongst sporadic gunfire and dashed into the building. Most of the fire was just randomly aimed at *Little Betsie*. We were aware that the Rangercraft was in no trouble from the gunfire but reasoned that if return fire did not maintain their attention, then their personnel would be sent after Mepat and Letone. So Jenny and I lowered the hatch doors and returned fire with lasers. Neither of us are marksmen, and most of our shots went wild. We were more concerned in maintaining confusion than eliminating the enemy.

“When we landed, we knew we only had minutes before their aircraft would return. After three minutes your signs showed you were all but dead, and then they suddenly jumped to life. We assumed that was Mepat finding you.

“A group of soldiers began to edge down our flank towards the doors. Lasers seemed unable to hold them, so we used the particle cannon. We shut down every system aboard the ship to reduce its consumption and used only immediate power, so we could recharge in a matter of moments for a speedy take off. We fired the cannon. Not only did it destroy the enemy but also an entire wing of the building

was gone. Only rubble and volumes of dust remained.

“For half a moment the fire ceased, but it soon resumed with more ferocity. We returned fire again, with our lasers creating a wild visual display in the dust. We were able to prevent their personnel from getting through the ruins to the door.

“Finally, we spotted you and the Boguard. Jenny started to shoot at anything and everything. Our pursuing aircraft were only ninety seconds out. The Boguard burst into the courtyard, Mepat was hit, and you were thrown on board followed by Letone. Mepat was struck twice more. We had thirty seconds to go when Jenny leapt to Mepat's aid. She pushed him on board, saving his life.”

Navia stopped and looked away and swallowed. “I still remember her disbelieving eyes as she fell back to the ground. Part of her skull was missing.” Navia felt a tear fall from her face. She swallowed.

“We escaped the rockets and now are moving at twenty-eight Ks under the northern polar cap. With no further plans we’re setting course for the USSR. We should be there in about thirty hours.”

Navia looked down at Goren who had already fallen asleep. She glanced to Mepat and said slowly to them both: "Sleep well. Billions more still need your help."

ψ

CHAPTER 12

DOCTOR MINSK

At noon, three days after their flight from the USA, and after hours of heating ice, *Little Betsie* surfaced in the Laptev Sea. Once airborne the Rangercraft set south for Zovitinsk.

Low over the frozen landscape they sped in the face of severe Arctic winds. It took half an hour to arrive at their destination.

Zovitinsk was a sparkle of lights set in a snowdrift. Navia estimated the population being around twenty thousand.

Goren stepped back from the viewscreens. "Does anyone have suggestions on how to make contact with this Doctor A. P. Minsk?"

Navia was surprised to see no obvious ill effects of Goren's experience in the hospital. His body had slept most of the time and was repairing exceptionally well. Goren was a bit groggy, but no more. Navia had permitted him to leave the infirmary for an hour or two at a time, so long as he returned for twice that time for rest. It seemed to work.

She answered half joking. "Telephone book or Post Office?"

Goren mused over the answer. They were not prepared for this meeting, and any suggestions regarding sleuthing were accepted. He had also thought of the obvious. "There is one problem. The Soviet Union comprises many states, cultures and languages which are far different to Standard Galactic."

"Sir." It was Letone. "May I?"

Goren nodded.

"As Boguard, Captain Mepat and I speak over seventy galactic dialects. There would always be a chance that if the speech pattern is simple and ancient enough, it may be like one of our known languages. It depends on how much covert intervention has happened in this part of their world, and from where."

Navia's mouth was slightly open. Her hunch was that the Boguard wouldn't say how they had attained this ability.

"Fine then," said Goren. "Instructor, put on a *Warmsuit* and meet in the hold in ten minutes." Goren had no other ideas and disappeared to change.

The temperature outside was minus seventeen degrees Celsius. Letone had put the

Rangercraft down onto a thin bed of snow outside of the town.

Ω

Goren and Letone were trudging through the snow towards Zovitinsk, their slick shiny warm suits performing well against the environment. The air was rare, clean; the white vapor of their breath a telltale signal of hot bodies on a mission. The snow was calf deep but light on the foot. Everywhere was white, the fields, the fences, the distant trees and even the sky.

The road they reached was sealed and slippery with ice.

An old car trundled past, its steel chains clinking on the ground. Goren and Letone said nothing in the twenty minutes it took to walk to town. Both were enjoying the white solitude, the cold, and just being there.

In the distance a lonely figure slowly approached from down the road. Goren indicated for Letone to ask after the doctor's whereabouts.

Letone stopped the woman in the middle of the road; she put down her bundle and chatted

with the Boguard for several minutes, all smiles. Obviously, her dialect coincided with Letone's knowledge of languages. Goren wondered how many basic galactic languages there were. He watched as the woman pointed in the direction of where Goren and Letone had come from. She then continued her own march down the road.

Letone returned with a broad smile on his face. "I understood much of what she said. She asked if we were from up North. I said we were. She replied that she had a daughter up there, and if we were ever..."

Goren shook his head. "Yes, yes Instructor, but what about Doctor Minsk? Is he alive, still living here?"

The Boguard nodded. "The last house on the right, which we already passed."

"Well done. Let's see if he is home." Goren started a quick walk back to the house. On the way Letone explained that the doctor's first name was Androv. They trudged through the snow up to a little white gate.

The gate was open, so the pair waded up to the small cottage. The home appeared to be about fifty years old, probably five rooms. Goren imagined that in the spring, the now submerged white garden beds would be bright

with bloom. All that was currently visible were frozen frosty sticks poking through thigh deep snow.

At the door Letone knocked. A small shuffling of footsteps could be heard from inside. The handle turned. The door opened a fraction, and an elderly woman's face appeared and said in Russian, "Yes?"

Letone explained. "We're here to visit Doctor Androv Minsk."

She looked at the pair for a moment, as if sizing them up. "Oh. Come in," she answered, and opened the door wide, beckoning them to enter.

The air inside was pleasantly warm and the pair watched as the elderly woman scurried off to collect the doctor. Within seconds a short elderly man appeared. He sported a neatly trimmed white beard, wispy white hair and glasses.

"I am Doctor Androv Minsk. I don't believe that I know you gentlemen," he said looking at Goren. Goren did not understand a word.

Letone said further. "No sir, you don't. My name is Instructor Letone and this is my superior, Independent Goren Torren. We

wondered, sir, if we could ask you some questions.”

“Certainly, though it does depend upon what the questions are about, to whether or not I give you answers. Maria, please bring these men some hot chocolate. It must be important to bring you out in this weather.”

They went to the living room. Goren admired the homeliness of the quarters. The furniture was old, perhaps eighty years; photographs hung on the wall depicting the man's life and work, his family and his home. Goren smiled at the thought of the good values represented here. Perhaps there were things still to be learned from simple Earth people.

The doctor saw Goren admiring some photographs. “They’re my three children. My eldest daughter is in Moscow with her younger sister. My son works here in the village.”

Goren could feel the warmth from the old man, and smiled. They seated themselves.

After accepting the drink Letone said, “Sir, we have come to ask you of your life's work.”

The man looked at them cautiously. “I’m not certain that I’m able to talk of such matters. Please provide me with exact questions.”

Letone nodded. "Sir, these are the questions. Why was your government interested in contacting extraterrestrial life in space, and what prompted them to begin their research?"

The old man slowly shook his head. "I'm sorry, gentlemen. I'll have to ask you to leave after you have finished your chocolate."

Letone leaned to Goren and explained.

Goren sighed. "Tell him the truth. It can be no worse."

The doctor replied in broken English. "I understand you. You're from a foreign government? I warn you that anything you say I shall have to report to the authorities."

Goren laughed. "I'm sorry doctor. In a fashion we're from a foreign government, but not terrestrial. It is us you had been calling for all those years, and now we want to know why." Goren sat back and watched the doctor while sipping his warm chocolate.

The old man also sat back staring at the pair. What was he to make of these two? Were they KGB still trying to catch him out, after all these decades? Perhaps they were some media trying to get a laugh for a Moscow readership? "You're as human as I. Your features are as any

west of the Urals. Please don't take advantage of an old man in his declining years."

"We don't mock you sir," said Letone.

The old man smiled. "Should you be able to prove who you claim to be I'll answer your questions, plus more. Remember, I'm a scientist. Proof won't be easy." The doctor couldn't rule out the possibility that perhaps....

Goren put down his drink. "First, yes we look human. Perhaps you were expecting a lizard to answer your calls? I did not think so. It is like this. Humanoid form is the most adaptable life form in the Galaxy. There is engineering involved to raise a body from a state of primates to what you see before you now. Of course, one starts with local primates, and works upwards to the final goal of human. And certainly, there are other species which have developed from lesser stock, being governed by the mother planet's environment, but the end goal is always human."

The doctor listened patiently then said, "Thank you sir. Perhaps that would make an interesting American movie. It is hardly proof."

Goren stood. "Then proof you shall have. Please come and view out from your front window." Goren beckoned the old man and his

wife to the window bay. He pulled the curtains across.

The old man's head tilted upwards to see what he couldn't believe. There was *Little Betsie* suspended in the air over his front garden.

Goren waved to the craft and it descended onto the snow. The legs spread out followed by the hold door opening. Out jumped Navia, making her way to the house holding parcels.

The doctor's blood raced. He was confused. He almost felt like crying. Could this be a special trick? Were these people really Americans? He did not take his eyes from the window.

His wife said something.

The doctor turned to Goren. "Maria said for me to open my eyes and see what is in front of my nose. She is correct. I believe you."

Navia was greeted at the door by Maria and ushered inside. The doctor asked his guests to be seated. All his life he had dreamed of such a moment. Now he wasn't certain that this wasn't a dream.

Goren sat back as Navia presented Maria with her two packages. "Sir," Goren said, "we come from a planet named Jilta and Lorde

Hymondy III has engaged me to investigate the inconsistencies of your planet.”

“Inconsistencies?”

“Yes sir. I’m more than two hundred years older than you.”

Androv Minsk stared. “What is it you wish to know?”

Before Goren answered Navia drew the doctor's attention. “Androv, these here are what we call *electroware*, or warmsuits. Though there is no longer any electrical circuitry in the suits the galactic manufacturer still maintains his original trade name. The full-length suits are what we’re currently wearing.”

The doctor felt the material. It felt slippery. He smiled.

“They’re made from laminated materials. I should explain. When the material is cold the atomic structure forces the suit to contract, as it is woven in with a metallic lattice. This prevents the escape of body heat. The layers closest to the skin have their molecules in a looser framework allowing that spacious layer to act as an insulator. The colder the outside the more the outside layer reflects body heat. The warmer the body gets the more heat is

dissipated. The result is a self-regulating heat suit.”

Goren opened the suit so the doctor could feel more inside it. Goren smiled, and continued. “This suit is perfect wear from minus eighty degrees to plus thirty-three. They’re standard issue around the galaxy. However, on restricted planets such as Earth we’re advised to don native dress over the top so that we appear culturally acceptable. We hope you can make good use of these.”

The doctor stared. His wife put her hand on his arm. He was impressed and told his wife that their guests were giving them warm clothes. He made no mention of the technology involved. Maria was pleased and pulled on Navia's arm for her to step out of the lounge.

The doctor, still bewildered, said: “Sirs, I’m unsure how I can help you, but I’m at your service.”

Goren looked into the old man's eyes. “Androv Minsk, we have made no contact with your colleagues. Should you wish this meeting to be secret or public we shall leave that to you. Our first question is why did your government seek help from extraterrestrial sources?”

The doctor looked to the photographs on the wall as though trying to regain memory, inspiration and courage. “The story began during the Second World War, when the Americans were our reluctant allies. Secretly the Americans had begun experiments with two forms of weapons. The first was atomics, as we all know. The second was with the use of unified field theory. During the war it was easy to spy on our allies and what we learned was startling.

“From our reports on the unified field theory experiments, the Americans were able to have a ship shimmer and disappear, while the surrounding waters were still showing the shape of the ship's hull. In effect the ship was still there but invisible. One of our agents was witness to the experiments and verified the leaked reports. Additionally, some of those aboard the ship, when interviewed, later said they had been to other worlds. Shortly after the experiments were completed all those aboard the ship were either interned in psychiatric hospitals, where they went raving mad, or else they died unusual deaths. There are reports of people *spontaneously combusting*, taking days to extinguish the flames, or merely vanishing

from view in front of colleagues and families, never to be seen again.”

Goren nodded and thought of the Warp Drives in his own craft that acted in a similar fashion, but without the ill effects.

The doctor continued, seeing the interest in his guests' eyes. “This experiment, coupled with the reported evidence of foo-fighters during the Second World War, craft like what you travel with, alerted us. Plus, there were rumors that this vanishing experiment was associated with Einstein, an expatriate of Germany and the founder of atomics. This led us to conclude that the Germans indeed had technology years ahead of the other nations. Also, it was inconceivable that an upstart of a man such as Hitler, and a poor nation such as Germany in the 1920's, could rise to such power without superior technology, and superior technological assistance.”

Androv passed a plate of biscuits around to his guests. “Certainly, we in Russia grabbed our fair share of rocket experts after the war, but none who could explain the source of this German technology. You see, there had to be a source. Technology like that isn't on tap. In researching the war, we searched for the cause

of Hitler's beliefs, that the Germans were the chosen race, the race of superiors. We found no such cause. Certainly, we found the *Thule Society*, along with their mystical beliefs, but nothing concrete. And of course we found great corporations backing them, such as *IG Farben*, Ford, General Motors, *SKF* and *Standard Oil*, but we could never make any sense of what happened. How could a small, deprived nation believe it could conquer the world unless it actually knew it had vast technological superiority and support? How did it know it could win?"

Goren only smiled and indicated for him to continue.

"My own belief was that Hitler was a front man for others, and when he got out of hand making great tactical blunders, attempts were made to kill him. These attempts failed, and with them went the hope of German conquest. But also, what went with them, was the technological assistance Germany had been receiving, until Hitler's breakaway.

"It was after the failed assassination attempts on Hitler that the Third Reich fell, and the technological advantages shifted across the Atlantic, to a more stable government.

“What my nation feared however, was a repeat of the invasion of Russia by the Allies after the end of the First World War. With the American technological advantage, we felt certain they would win should they declare war on us. Fortunately, they did not, though the British of course heavily pressed for it. But what we could do was to attempt to catch up technologically.”

The Goren and Letone accepted refills of warm chocolate as Androv continued. “Now, we never could catch the Americans technologically. When we were almost close, they took new leaps in their technology. As these leaps occurred during times of heavily reported UFO activity in the Fifties, Sixties and early Eighties, things were beginning to make sense. We had supposed that there was a very faint possibility that the source of the American technology wasn’t their own, and not of this world.

The doctor looked at Goren. “As you know something of my work, I won’t go into it, but needless to say, it was a failure until your arrival today. I have my own thoughts as to why it failed.”

Goren had not taken his attention from the doctor for an instant. "Please, I wish to know. That is why I'm here."

Androv Minsk quietly spoke as though not wanting to be heard. "I believe the Soviets and the Americans are being used by some third group to create and maintain constant tension and keep an accelerated weapons development program in progress, and I don't believe that source is necessarily Earth based." The doctor sat back looking at Goren to see how his accusation landed.

Goren simply responded: "I agree, but it isn't us." He then also sat back.

"Who then?" the old man asked.

"Possibly it is the Malukans, another part of our Federation."

The doctor looked puzzled. "But why do it?"

"Doctor, I'm still uncertain but I believe Earth has provided Lorde Maluka with the opportunity to experiment and develop what we call Warp Drive travel. He has done this through keeping this planet constantly pitted against itself with the illusion that the faster the technology is developed, the side that develops it will become the victor. This could be disastrous for the rest of the galaxy. Up until

now there has been only one source of Warp Drive technology. But with two sources of Warp Drives, what happened in your two World Wars could be repeated out there on a far larger scale.”

The doctor did not truly understand but sipped his warm chocolate.

“From your description and the current conflict between the nations of Earth there is still a chance that the technology of Warp Drives has not yet been replicated.”

“But why Earth?” asked the doctor.

“Here the experiments can be kept secret; your planet has a certain protection being isolated on the galactic rim,” said Goren, now quickly looking alarmed. “Doctor, I have just received bad news. In my ear I have a transceiver and my remaining crewman has informed me that in ten minutes our mother ship will be here. Apparently, our cover is exposed and we’re to be destroyed by our enemies out there.”

At that point Navia and Maria entered the room. They were laughing and Navia was wearing a Russian fur lined cap, a gift from Maria. Maria handed one to Goren, and Letone and had one in hand for Mepat.

Navia looked at the three men who appeared so solemn, and said, "Are you solving the world's problems or making new ones?" she laughed.

Goren shook his head. "Anqi has relayed us a message that *Dockside* has sent interceptors to destroy us. The marshal will be here shortly to pick us up."

Navia lost her smile. "Oh...." She swallowed.

"Doctor we must say farewell."

Disappointed, Goren turned.

"Can you wait a moment?" The doctor dashed out and returned with a camera. "May I...?"

Goren laughed breaking the tension.

"Excellent idea but let us do it outside."

Quickly Goren had them all in front of *Little Betsie*. They were all in line, with Maria and Androv in the center, and Letone and Navia on the flanks. He was about to shoot when his heart sank. Up the drive was coming a vehicle, a police car.

The doctor rushed over. "It is all right, this is my son." He grabbed the man as he hopped from the car staring at the disc shaped craft. The camera was thrust into his hands while

being instructed to photograph all five of them. The snow was beginning to fall more heavily.

The doctor linked arms with Goren and his wife. "My son asked who you were. I told him that you were part of a new Soviet experiment and a colleague of mine. He said he did not believe me, so I told him you were from another planet. He said that was rubbish and that you were probably some Soviet scientists with a new experiment."

After several shots Maria broke ranks and raced inside. She returned with a small tin.

"She says that you must have these freshly baked biscuits, you have far to go," grinned the doctor.

Goren leaned down and gently kissed the old lady on the cheek. "Thank you, now our time has expired." Goren pointed to the clouds, which were low with snow swirling all around. The outline of *Pegasus* could also be seen coming down.

Goren waved as he stepped back and began to board the Rangercraft. "Keep a print of the photographs for me doctor. I shall be back." With that he ushered the others into the craft.

The doctor waved and called after him but wasn't heard. The snow was developing into a

storm. He grabbed the camera from his son who had not moved but was simply standing there with his mouth open, staring at *Pegasus'* outline through the snow. The doctor photographed wildly talking to himself as the little craft began to lift from the ground. "Fantastic. All my life incredible...crazy, so beautiful...."

Maria backed onto the porch and put a hand to her mouth as *Little Betsie* ascended.

The doctor continued with the camera. "Just think ...me, of the entire people mother, this is fantastic...." He put his arms around his wife and son and called out: "Good luck my friends. Your mission is important. You have real friends here, when you return."



Pegasus over Russia

Pegasus lowered and the Rangercraft disappeared into the hold. The outside hull lights flashed three times as a last farewell. Androv Minsk took his final photograph as the mother craft moved back into the clouds. In a few seconds it was gone.

The doctor led his wife and son, who were speechless, into the house. He was certain this was a time to celebrate.

ψ

ESCAPE FROM EARTH

The holding-bay hatch closed. *Little Betsie* was secured, and the four made their way out and up to the bridge.

Marshal Erin Torb was waiting. "You look fine, ready for a wild run?"

Goren just smiled. "Thank you, Erin. What is the status?" Goren asked, looking to the screens.

"Currently we're on a small zigzag course. We leave the atmosphere in two minutes. To date no aircraft appear to have spotted us and I don't expect any trouble from the satellites. Our current destination until altered is Sequetus 2, locally called Venus."

Goren gave a puzzled look at the marshal.

The marshal held up his hand and indicated that they were now leaving the last of Earth's atmosphere. "The reason for Venus is that days after your time with the CIA, I received a message from Anqi on Mars. In summary your hostilities with the United States military have

been determined as an intolerable threat by *System Security*. The order has been passed down to dispose of both our crafts and their occupants, us.

“To perform this, three interceptors have been dispatched from *Dockside*. The confirmation of the order was sent to *Moonbase*, and fortunately Mars picked up the echo. The scientists then relayed the message to Anqi who beamed the call to us. I have no doubt that *Moonbase* would also have picked up her call as it was sent on direct broadcast, not laser pulse. Upon receiving the message, I broke from my position on the moon to call you, which had not been possible earlier as you were on the opposite side of the planet.

“I have made no contact with Anqi as I want the Malukans to believe that our mission is more paramount than her safety. If we were to attempt a rescue on Mars the interceptors would be there before us, thus we have to draw them away. The only feasible plan would be to hide in the dense atmosphere of Venus. They know that we could Warp Drive out at a moment's notice and be gone. What I want them to believe is that our mission is too important and incomplete, and we will return to Earth from

Venus. It would take all three interceptors to route us out from Venus. If only two interceptors were sent to Venus and the other to Mars, on a punitive mission, then it is conceivable that we could elude and outwit them. Interceptors are faster than *Pegasus*, but their range is short. After three days on Venus they would need to return to *Dockside* for refueling, that is, if they couldn't dock at *Moonbase*, which I doubt.

“The compubanks worked out that both the interceptors and we, should arrive at Venus simultaneously.”

Goren had digested this but couldn't see how they could outpace interceptors to Mars from Venus, unless the interceptors left the chase to refuel, which wouldn't be necessary if three interceptors met them on Venus.

Erin partially smiled. “Now, look at this screen over here. Here is Venus. This is our trajectory. Here is Mars. At this point we shall be closest to Mars. For the interceptors to arrive on Venus the same time as us, they must travel at a speed that will put them here in the shadow of the sun when we reach the closest point. In other words, the sun will make us undetectable, when we can either break for Mars or continue

to Venus. If they allow us this evasive course, we should arrive at Mars two hours and forty-five minutes before them. Primarily our plan depends upon the alertness of the interceptors.”

“And if they anticipate our move?” asked Navia.

“We warp drive out. No risk to our craft.”

“And Anqi?” asked Goren.

“She will be tried for treason, or possibly executed on *Dockside*.” The marshal looked straight at Goren, and then continued. “If I may judge my enemies, I wouldn’t give them the luxury of believing that we would go back for her. Should the enemy be as callous as I believe, they wouldn’t return if they were us. Thus, I think they will make for Venus. Should they anticipate us, then they have greater understanding than I thought. With that understanding Anqi’s safety will be enhanced when she is apprehended.”

“Erin, she is dead if we don’t pick her up, regardless. And *Moonbase*?” asked Navia wanting to get off the subject of Anqi.

“They will be able to view our maneuvers, but due to the shadow of the sun, they will be powerless to transmit our actions to the interceptors.”

"And *Dockside*?" asked Goren.

"A similar story. By the time a message reaches *Dockside*, and relayed back to the interceptors, it is too late to be of use."

Goren contemplated the plan. It seemed plausible. He saw one major flaw and that was that they did not know if there were more interceptors in any other unknown bases, and nor if there were any other *Docksides* in the Kuiper Belt. Goren had reasoned there should be five *Docksides* if he was planning a defense of Earth. He also felt he would have put more defending stations on other moons, and he did not know how many other out-stations the Malukans had in the asteroid belt, or anywhere else for that matter. Goren was feeling very edgy, uncertain, like he was waiting for a disaster to happen.

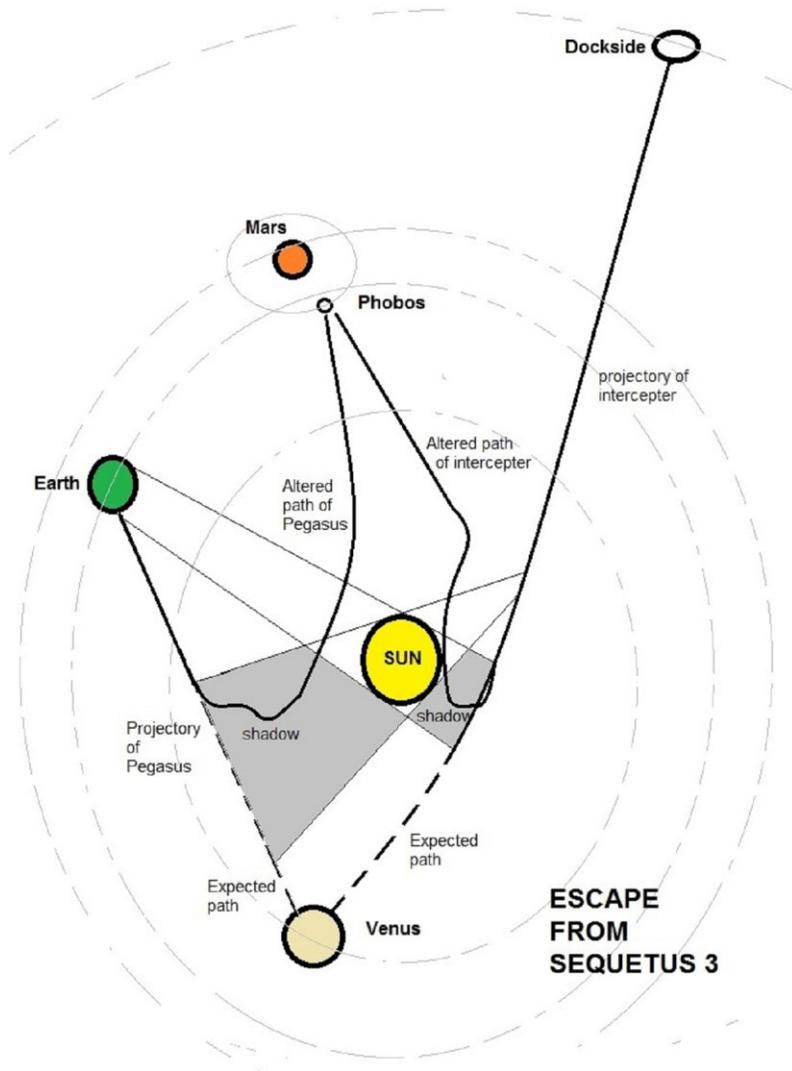
Then as Goren was watching the screen, there it was, a huge meteor materialized in front of them, from nowhere. And as Goren jumped it almost exploded onto them. Then it vanished from the screen, as though they had just gone through it. The air shimmered beside Goren and he looked at the others. They did not see the shimmer or the meteor. He swallowed.

Erin smiled, oblivious to what Goren was seeing, and continued speaking about his plan to evade the three interceptors. “And, I waited for the correct timing. If we left earlier than now, then we would have to slow *Pegasus* to achieve the shadow-effect, thereby giving away our intent. If we left any later, then the shadow wouldn’t be there.

“Of course, the interceptors could slow down, to let us make our move, but this would make their work on locating us on Venus almost impossible. They must be there when we arrive, or they lose. There is also the possibility they will place no attention on Anqi.”

“How long do we have until we pass into the sun's shadow?” asked Goren.

“Fifteen hours,” replied the marshal. “Two hours before that, we should have the interceptors on screen. But remember, what we will be seeing is what occurred forty-five minutes before. It takes their light that long to reach us.”



For thirteen hours Goren measured Erin's calculations, each time confirming their nearness. Finally, the marshal announced that the interceptors should be on the screen. "There... one... two...." There was a pause when the marshal looked uneasy but finally, he

said, "And three! All heading for Venus, at top speed."

The next two hours were difficult, just sitting, watching the enemy. It was a waiting game to see who was planning to outmaneuver who.

The sun finally came between *Pegasus* and the interceptors. *Pegasus* turned. They were now in shadow of each other. *Pegasus* was on its way to Mars.

Goren hovered on the bridge. Would the interceptors realize the plan while in the shadow of the sun, and turn back? Would he suddenly find the enemy pulling out from behind the sun unexpectedly? Other interceptors? To Goren's relief the interceptors did not appear early but appeared right on cue. There were no others out there.

Wasting no time, the interceptors turned about, forty-five minutes later, once they saw they had been eluded and *Pegasus* was on its way to Mars.

Erin examined the enemy position more closely. "That third craft had already dropped behind in anticipation of us. But there is now a fourth interceptor. Their plan was actually to have two interceptors arrive as expected. And

the third would hang back waiting to decide which option it would take. I anticipated that. But I never considered a fourth. It is now closer to our course than the other two. That will cut from our lead-time.” Erin hesitated, and then exclaimed with concern, “No! It’s using the afterburners.”



Interceptors over the Earth atmosphere

“What?” asked Goren feeling the uneasiness in the marshal's voice.

The marshal showed Goren a small steroid. “It keeps orbit with Earth and rotates around their sun each 364 days. It has a small manned

base and sent out an interceptor. We approached Earth from the other direction and never saw this.”

Goren saw there were other similar space rocks out there. “Bases?” he asked.

The marshal shrugged. “We are just now beginning to program them into our computer system, but as we do so, it announces our position to any other Malukan bases out there.

“By the gods of Jilta! Our time advantage will be cut further.”

Goren looked to the marshal expectantly.

“That lead craft is dumping its fuel into its afterburners to catch us,” said the marshal.

“Will it?” Goren's voice was losing the edge off its calm.

“I don't know. The craft will not be able to make a return journey. But how much fuel it must pump out, in an effort to catch us, I can't guess. All we can do is wait and see. The interceptor pilot will likely retain just enough fuel to maintain his interception at Mars. But how this affects us won't be known until its afterburning ceases.”

Goren watched the small interceptor blaze the darkness of space to catch them.

Ω

After several hours the marshal spoke solemnly. "The time has passed when we could set down on Mars without being overtaken. I'm sorry Goren."

"There must be a way," said Goren. No sooner had he spoken than the pursuing craft ceased its afterburners.

Erin put his hand on his chin thoughtfully while watching their pursuer. "We have no time to land on the surface but...." Quickly he contacted *Mars Base*. He gave brief instructions to the scientists at the other end. They understood; there would be no landing on Mars.

Ω

Erin checked his computer. In six hours, the interceptor pilot would be in range to launch rockets. Erin anticipated this as a matter of course. The pilot wouldn't expect the rockets to strike the target, *Pegasus*, but it could delay their escape. "He isn't a stupid, Goren, very sharp."

Ω

The man stood there, watching the scene in space with others. It was dark all around them, as though they were in a room with no walls or light other than what was between them. He shook his head. "We missed our chance."

Another man was next to him. He sighed and looked at the first man. "We could dispatch our other interceptor teams again."

The man shook his head. "We are becoming too predictable. Have a look at how many times we almost had him, and yet he escapes, time after time. Let them play out the charade. We have time on our side." The man chuckled at his joke. He thought it was funny, even if no one else did.

Those to the side of him were concerned. One of them said, "Surely it is better to overplay our hand now, as the expense of failure grows with time, does it not?"

The man looked over and nodded. "But we have done that. We just need to make sure the timing is exact, we are well guarded, and we will win as we have every other time."

They all nodded.

Goren was watching the screens, and he saw as predicted the rockets were launched. It may have been a matter of course but one error in the marshal's plan could see *Pegasus* become free atoms in space.

Goren saw the rocket home in on his craft. Cruisers or destroyers couldn't evade these rockets, but he had other defensive measures. The *Pegasus* was small, and correctly handled could evade, but also lose lead-time.

Goren nodded as the marshal evaded. He turned, and just as the rockets were upon *Pegasus*, *Pegasus* bore straight at them. Then with a last flick of the controls *Pegasus* passed between them.

They were safe now. The rockets could possibly slowly turn and pursue again, but if Erin evaded them once more their new target may become the interceptor.

Likely, the rockets were preprogrammed to detonate. Rockets did not have signals or communications to reprogram. Time lags made reprogramming dangerous, plus rockets proved too susceptible to jamming by an enemy.

As predicted the rockets detonated on a predetermined program.

"We lost valuable minutes," nodded Erin at the explosion. "I'm still uncertain...."

Goren watched the screen for the next twenty minutes. At the sight of another salvo of rockets the marshal altered course.

Mars was there before them and the rockets were only minutes behind. No time to evade. On a tangent to the atmosphere *Pegasus* sped, rockets nearing.

Pegasus' destination was the Martian moon *Phobos*. It was slightly closer than Mars and had no atmosphere. With luck the scientists had equipped Anqi with one of the antique spacecrafts and launched her out to its surface.

There she was, standing on a square storage structure on the little moon.

Pegasus slowed as they neared the lunar surface. The moon was only twenty-one Ks across, with a hollow center. Gravity was almost nonexistent. The rockets closed. The troop spotted Anqi's tiny gawking vulnerable craft below on the dim roof. Anqi was standing next to it. Slowly they lowered.

Goren was now in his *lifesuit*. The hold door was open. Letone was by his side. Out of the corner of his eyes he could see the flare of the rockets, becoming brighter, accelerating,

seconds away. Anqi's body gave a tiny leap from the roof surface and floated to *Pegasus*. Her heart was thumping but her projection angle was perfect. She landed into the crook of Goren's right arm as he leaned out of the hold attached to Letone by a line. The Boguard hauled them in hard. Goren's eyes flickered between Anqi's and the nose cones of the rockets. Finally, the outside universe began to quiver as they moved away. The door closed. Goren waited.

ψ

EPILOGUE

Goren, Anqi and Navia were in the galley. Navia had offered to food-prepare for them all.

“So, what is it you did that upset the Malukan command?” quizzed Anqi.

“Simply, we got very close to finding out what is happening on that little planet,” said Goren bringing a hot drink of kalo to the table.

“Can you tell me or is it confidential?” Anqi cast her eyes to the floor realizing she was in Malukan colors.

Goren leaned over and passed her the kalo. “Yes, it is confidential, but only from our enemies, not you.” His *intelligence estimate* however, would remain very confidential.

Anqi brightened and sipped her drink anticipating a good story.

Goren explained it well. How the whole of Earth humanity had most likely been engineered into short lifespans, how the balances of power had been designed, to produce two superpowers over the centuries, but never letting one super

nation, gain ascendancy over the other. Earth had not been without conflict or war for over a century. In fact, it would be safe to say the planet had been at war with itself continually for a millennium.

“Now what was happening during all the wars was accelerated technological growth, outstripping social conscience. The Earth societies were being transformed from benign republics to *economy-drive* societies. On-planet Malukan agents might be partially responsible for this.”

Anqi looked puzzled so Goren explained. “In a benign republic, people understand and feel good about a head of state as long as the leader serves the people. Interestingly on Earth, this seems natural with truly benign leaders wanting to help. There has been no shortage of them. But somehow the planet's leaders are continually painted with bad propaganda by the media. Again, likely, agents are involved inside the media. Once the character assassinations are over, the old leaders are put in the waste pile, and replaced.

“The populace has been taught to replace its belief in its leaders with an ideology, that only money can be trusted, only money can't hurt

you. The wealthiest on the planet control the media, and keep a low profile, while subverting the less wealthy, which oppose them.

“Those who rise above the media attacks are assassinated outright, and once dead are assassinated posthumously in the media, from which they can no longer defend themselves against. New leaders soon recognize that to survive they must obey the power of the media cartels. To survive those leaders, have to promote the worship of money, and service to money, or more - the wealth barons themselves.

“This is economy-drive. Simply it is new justified monetary values replacing what were once ethical values,” explained Goren as he refilled Anqi’s cup.

He continued. “As to who those barons are, they are not as important as their advisors. Those advisors live long lives and pass from one baron to the next over the centuries. Agents are never in the media, only the barons and their people are. So, agents are seldom noticed. Through this, the agents have accelerated Earth technology, so that the Malukans could develop their own Warp Drives.”

Goren had a hologram of the moon come on the screens.

"*Moonbase's* role in this is vital. It monitors several thousand agents on Earth, so that agents can nudge, cajole, incriminate or bribe, to produce the fluctuations of power and media needed. The entire planet is under observation, every man, woman and child is being logged and tracked. Nothing is left to chance. And I can assure you this will become more complete once computers are more developed down there, and the planet becomes fully computerized with cameras under every streetlight, and in every hip pocket."

"What about those drugs? How does that explain the drugs the planet produces?" Anqi asked.

"I'm not totally certain," explained Goren accepting a plate of food from Navia. "The drug issue on this planet is weird. I believe they're used to cloud the minds of the populace as a form of general thought control, to lower the mental ability of the planet's populace, to make it unable to discern its problems. We even noticed it somehow in the air in general.

"The drugs make people more controllable, such as your Karn, who started to use them. A last point is that with Malukan troopers addicted to drugs, the Malukan regime could argue for

planetary extermination, if their plans get found out. And we even found another plan to make the population very ill from infancy, with a counter programs that only more drugs can rectify.”

“Hmm, I’m not so certain your argument stands up Goren. The Malukans haven’t been around long enough to genetically engineer the population into such short-lives,” said Anqi taking her utensils from the table for sterilizing.

“Agreed,” said Goren, “however, if the race was or wasn’t engineered by them, or their predecessors, it makes little difference to the outcome. The Malukans now have their own Warp Drive System technology.”

“War?” asked Anqi sheepishly.

“I hope not!” interposed Navia.

Anqi stirred her drink, an old habit from her youth on Sleebo. Drinks on *Pegasus* were premixed and did not require stirring. “If what you suggest is true then there must be some evidence for the drug epidemic being deliberately created by someone intending it.”

Navia smiled. “There is. There is an organization called the *World Federation of Mental Health*. Where it has national government representation, statistically there is

higher legal and illegal drug use, and crime. It answers to the pharmaceutical cartels, and they are owned by the wealth barons, who also own the media cartels. And they all seem to have agents as advisors.”

For the moment Anqi was quiet.

Goren felt doubt creep into his mind. Yes, there was something else that needed answering, but it was now eluding him. He had forgotten something.

Ω

On the weeks returning to Jilta Goren asked all to make their own full reports on the activities on Earth and Sequetus.

To the amusement of all, Erin replayed at regular intervals film transmissions he had recorded from Earth.

-o0o-

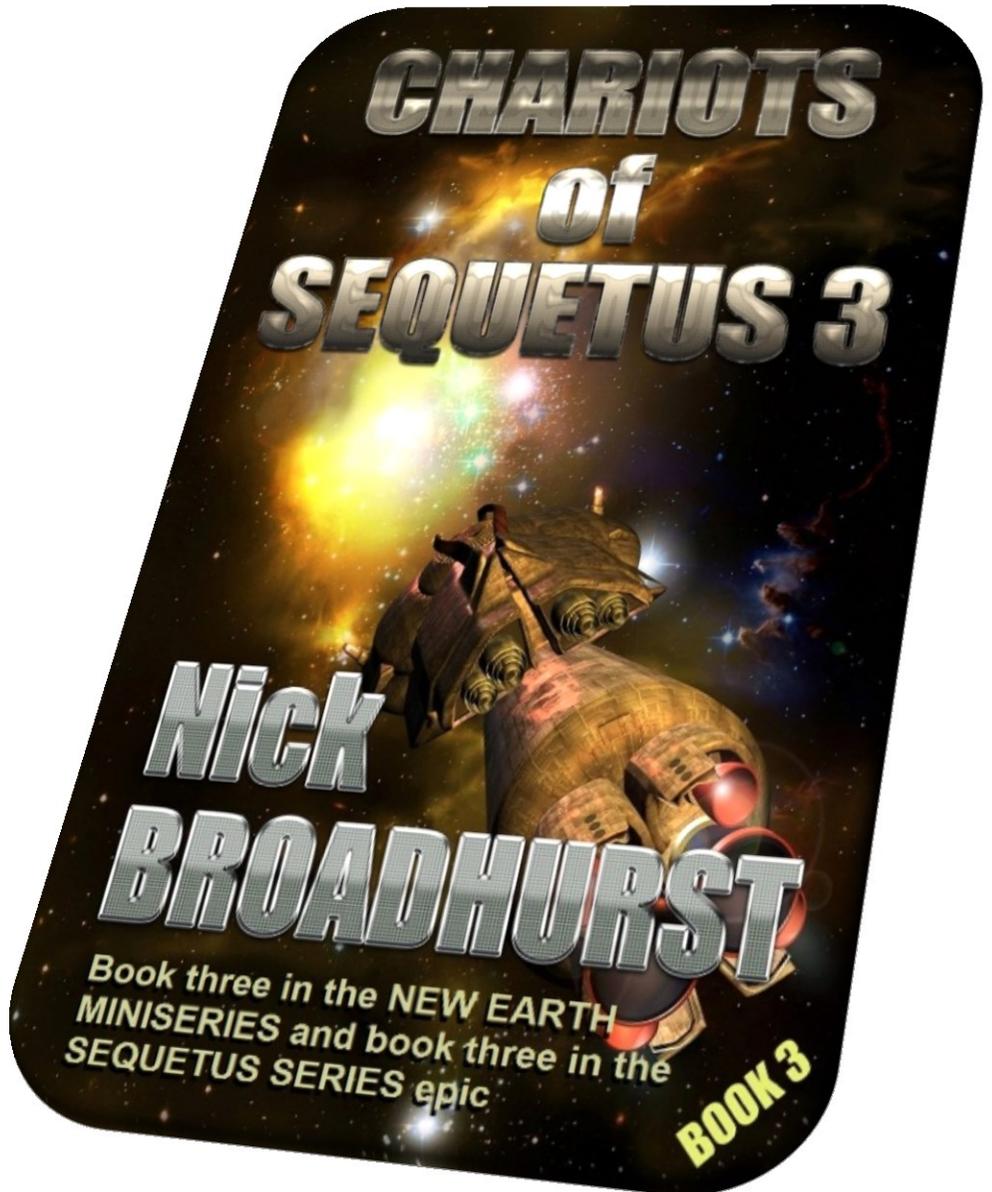
NICK BROADHURST

End of Book Two

Over Sequetus 3

ψ

NICK BROADHURST



OVER SEQUETUS 3

Page 188 | 258

NICK BROADHURST

PREVIEW

CHARIOTS OF SEQUETUS 3

OVER SEQUETUS 3

Page 189 | 258

JILTA

Pegasus re-entered the universe outside the Jiltanian system. Immediately, it beamed the complete reports to Jilta P.C. Three days later the craft descended into the atmosphere.

Goren led the six into the Great Hall wearing *High Parade Dress* adorned with their Russian caps. Lorde Hymondy waited on the dais, surrounded by his Boguard, drumming his fingers on the side of the chair.

As they approached Goren could see Lorde Hymondy watching him and was about to bow when something flashed to his right. Mepat leaped past Goren and fell to the ground.

There were cries from Hymondy's Boguard. Goren glanced, his comrade on the ground, and blood was all over. He looked up to see seven more Boguard rush towards him.

Goren jumped to protect his troop. His mind was confused. Had the Boguard gone mad? Could he fight them all? Lorde Hymondy had vanished. Where?

The oncoming Boguard formed a human screen around the troop. The Boguard were fighting amongst themselves, and their troop was being shielded from it.

Goren looked to his old friend Mepat now in the arms of Navia. As the struggle subsided Goren knelt down to the Captain.

Mepat's eyes fluttered as he whispered, "Poison dart meant for you, friend." His eyes closed.

Navia looked up at Goren in pain and said with a quiver in her voice. "No pulse...."

Letone too was there. He stood and motioned two junior Boguard. "The Captain still lives, just." He waved his arms and within seconds Mepat was rushed away.

Lord Hymondy had reappeared and the troop had moved up to his close audience.

Goren looked at the end of the hall. Three Boguard were being restrained with their faces to the ground.

"Instructor Letone...?" Hymondy was upset.

"My Lorde," said Letone assuming command stance. "These three assassins are not Boguard. With your permission, my Lorde, let the Boguard atone by finding whom these three serves.

We're shamed by this penetration of the inner sanctum of our protectorate."

Thoughtfully Hymondy replied. "This is a dark moment. Of the Hymondian sector, this palace, and hall, should be safe. For it not to be so, hints that I can no longer protect my people. If that should be evident then perhaps, I have existed beyond my usefulness."

Letone nodded. "My Lorde, should the Captain live, and we find the source of the assassins then...."

Lord Hymondy shook his head. "Do what you must Instructor. Get what information you can. However, I doubt it will be much assistance. Whoever engaged these assassins knew of their impending capture and interrogation."

Goren looked to the Boguard. They had never failed before. No one had penetrated the court to this level. In the meantime, more Boguard filed into the hall. Hymondy stood, ordered the hall to vacate. He wished to be alone with his independent and troop.

Goren understood. "My Lorde, it is possible that the sole intent of this attempt was to alienate you from your loyal protectors. If this

was the true purpose, then the assassination has succeeded.”

Hymondy looked long at his independent. It was rare that another could imply a Royal was wrong. He looked at the marshal. “Retrieve the first four Boguard outside and instruct them to enter and stand by me.” Erin marched out and Lorde Hymondy returned his gaze to Goren. “Perhaps you are correct. If I cannot trust my Boguard...”

He brought his thoughts back to Goren's mission. “Now, there may be an obvious reason for the attack. I must assume that whoever sent the assassins knew of your arrival and wished to prevent you talking to me. If this is the case, then the palace could be penetrated further. I must then assume that your *intelligence estimate* has somehow fallen into hostile hands.” Hymondy thought for a moment. He took Goren aside quietly. “I find your summary incomplete.”

The Boguard were now by Hymondy.

Goren thought to himself. He was handed his own report by Hymondy and glanced through it. Goren looked up. “My Lorde, it is all here. I cannot recall anything that isn't contained in it.”

"Then what do you deem to completely handle the problem of Earth?"

"I have no solid conclusion, sire. I was sent to find the *why*, and at the bottom of that I have supplied, the immediate *who*: Lorde Maluka."

Hymondy towered over the troop as he stepped down and walked around. "Last night there was a partial meeting of the *Council of Lordes*. They're here, on-planet, and have been issued with a summary of your work.

"There was a lot of disagreement my young independent. Some don't agree with your, *who*. Nor do they see the *why* that you propose.

"Their general counter argument is that what is occurring on Earth is nothing but simply the *way it is*. The other lordes don't disagree with your information. The marshal's recorded transmissions of Earth's media confirm that. They agree with Trooper Anqi Storm's summation, that planet Earth's populace is a threat to all the populations of the galaxy. Every race is threatened by this genetically dominant short-lived species. Their illnesses and drug dependencies are a threat. So are their aggressive and immoral natures. There is much argument in favor of disposing of the planet's population."

Lord Hymondy could see that Goren wanted the opportunity to counter the argument. However, Lorde Hymondy held up his hand to be allowed to continue. "The analogy was put forward that when the brain has a tumor - sending the patient insane, the correct solution is to remove the tumor to rid the insanity."

Goren hastily spoke up. "My Lorde, after that then the patient must be ridded of what caused the tumor in the first place, otherwise it will return."

Hymondy nodded. "That was a similar response to my own. Still, there was another argument. It would be perhaps simpler and of less risk to ignore the potential Malukan threat and merely eliminate Earth to enable the Malukans to save face. It was argued that if your report was accurate, then the Malukans have had over fifty standard years to perfect Warp Drives and build their own fleet outside the control of the Warp Drive Bank. Many fear that were we to press the Malukans too hard, then a response of war would be imminent, and too costly and damaging for many of the lordes to afford. The smaller lordes have argued that they cannot risk having Maluka angered at them, especially should he have drives independently

manufactured outside of the Bank. They will soon be at his mercy.”

“How can they afford to risk doing nothing in such circumstances?” Goren asked.

Hymondy laughed. “Again, that was my argument. The opposition countered with the answer that perhaps it was time the Bank lost its stranglehold on galactic travel, and that perhaps this competition would be good for the *Santonía Galaxy*. Perhaps this would reduce the cost of travel, enabling the realms to operate on a freer economy, and that this was good and not bad.”

Hymondy took his seat on the dais. As he did Goren approached and spoke quietly. “My Lorde, this is the argument of planet Earth’s wealth barons. This will lead to an economy-drive system such as on Earth. To not face the problem won’t make it go away. It will remain and fester. Action now will prevent the collapse of the Federation. Should we delay, then the political landscape of the Galaxy will change and I’m certain it won’t be for the better.”

Hymondy rose again with obvious signs of agitation. He looked to all around him. “If the only alternatives to be given were to destroy Earth, or war with the Malukans, what would your replies be?”

He looked to Anqi first. She hesitated under his gaze and then slowly replied. "Save Earth, my Lorde!"

Hymondy looked to Erin who replied. "Save Earth."

"Save Earth," Navia said.

Goren, under his lorde's gaze, said, "Save Earth."

Hymondy passed a look to the three Boguard standing closest, who slowly nodded with reverence. Lorde Hymondy then looked up and beckoned the troop farewell.

Before he left the rear exit, Goren called to him softly. "My Lorde...?"

Hymondy stared at his independent. "Six billion people. We will save Earth. The council has to meet again tonight. I'll brief you in the morning." With that the troop was dismissed.

ψ

**ILLUSTRATIONS MAPS
AND DOCUMENTS**

1. OVER SEQUETUS 3 COVER
2. MAP OF SANTONIA GALAXY
3. RANGERCRAFT
4. PEGASUS
5. TRENTON
6. JENNY WANTEN
7. INTERCEPTORS
8. ESCAPE FROM SEQUETUS 3
9. PREVIEW BOOK 3

ψ



**GLOSSARY, DEFINITIONS, HISTORICAL
NOTES
AND BACKGROUND DATA**

Editorial note: When the term *Terrestrial* appears beside a word or term, or historical note, this indicates it is a terrestrial word from Sequetus 3 – Earth – and the definition is a terrestrial definition, or historical note. It isn't a fictional term or definition.

**BACK MATTER
CONTENTS**

1. [Glossary](#)
2. [Credits](#)
3. [Illustrations](#)

GLOSSARY

Academia: 1. A college of high learning, tertiary education, offering doctorates. 2. (Plural – academias) The institutions of the highest places of learning in the Federation. *Source, Jiltanian* after the gardener *Academos* who used to tend the gods in making their gardens a paradise.

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

Agent: 1. Two levels below independent. Starting at the top is: Independent, Junior Independent, *Agent*, *Agent* Junior Grade. 2. Malukan *agents* are on Sequetus 3. They report to *Moonbase* and through the manipulations of world leaders are able to control the destiny of a planet. 3. Agent and Agent Junior Grade are often referred to by the same title – Agent.

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

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

APRO: (*Terrestrial*) Aerial Phenomena Research Organization. Started in 1952 and continued until 1988. It had many state branches. APRO placed strong importance on scientific field investigations. There were many prominent scientific members of the group: Dr James E. McDonald of the University of Arizona – an atmospheric scientist and said to be the

leading scientific UFO researcher of his time, Dr. James Harder of the University of California, Berkeley – civil and hydraulic engineer professor was director of research from 1969-1982. Both scientists along with others testified before the U.S. House of Representatives Committee on Science and Astronauts in 1968 with their hearings on UFOs. Astronomer Allen Hynek noted that APRO was one of two of the best civilian UFO groups of their time.

◀[Return](#)

Australian deserts: There are many large deserts in Australia. Western Australia has much desert in its inner regions. The temperature often exceeds 40° C.

Where rail tracks are present in deserts in Western Australia rail derailments have occurred due to the tracks buckling in the intense heat. (The author worked as a salvage crewman on a derailment when young. The temperature was 55° Celsius in the summer, the Great Victorian dessert. ◀[Return](#)

Automatic beam: Simply means that weapons lock on target automatically and fire by computer programming. The advantage is that they're not only accurate but will continue well after the crew manning them is dead.

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

Betsie: Famous Jiltanian battle cruiser of the CCP. Decommissioned on Celtron 4.

Billy-tea: (*Terrestrial*) Tea from water boiled in a billy, a small metal deep pot with or without a lid, used in the Australian outback. ◀[Return](#)

Boguard: 1. Guard at the palace to protect 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 unknown. Run along military lines. Source of instruction: Lorde Hymondy III. They're known to speak many languages, are trained in martial arts, physics. No command links with IFFCo. Being a race the word *Boguard* is capitalized.

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

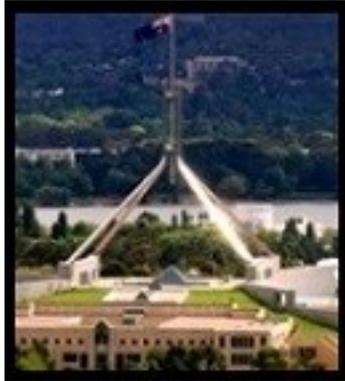
Captain
Guard Instructor
Instructor
Leader
Boguard
Boguard Novice (student)

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

Broadmatter Theory: Broadmatter is that matter which is so small that current instruments cannot detect it, but 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 eight for more details.

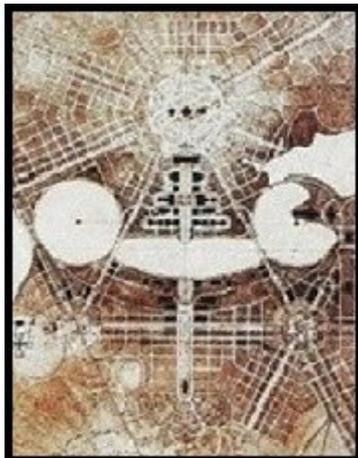
Canberra: (*Terrestrial*) 1. Canberra is the capital city of Australia, built in the highlands, 600 meters

above sea level. Architect Walter Burley Griffen, from Chicago, designed it. Its population was around 350,000 at the time of editing.



Pyramids as over Parliament House of Australia, Canberra.

2. The city street layout is designed on an *eye of providence* design, similar to the back of the American dollar bill. The Canberra street layout around parliament house has streets running off in a pattern of not only the eye of providence, but are coincident in layout style to the inner shaft design patterns of the Great Pyramid in Egypt. See pyramids.



The winning competition town planning design of Canberra city by architect Griffen.

The temperature of Canberra in the winter gets down to -5° C and lower in the suburbs.

The word *Canberra* means *meeting place* in the Aboriginal dialect.

Some Canberrans say the UFO activity in this very small city is high. [◀Return](#)

Captain: 1. Middle rank in IFFCo. Usually In command of an interceptor squadron, a destroyer, or a fighter team. Below Lieutenant Commander in rank. 2. Highest field rank of the Boguard.

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

Civilian Saucer Intelligence: (*Terrestrial*) American civilian UFO organization founded in New York City in 1954. The *CSI* conducted rigorous investigations into UFOs. They had what was said to be the best periodical on UFOs at the time. The *CSI* periodical is also claimed to have been a key source for J. Allen Hynek – particularly for overseas cases, for his research in *Project Blue Book*. During this time, the *Robertson Panel* was trying to divert cases away from Hynek. The organization became defunct in 1959, though its key players remained active in UFO research well into the 1970's.

Clerke, Agnes Mary: (*Terrestrial*) Popular astronomer. (1842 – 1907).

Communications Center: A ship has a *Bridge*. A Base has a *Communication Center*, which is the focus of all data going in and out. It can also be called a

War Room, or a Combat Information Center, depending on the sector.

Compu: ® The largest computer manufacturer in Crackess. Famed (or infamous) for its early invention of *intelligent computers*. After the Medallia Rebellion, the *Compu* executives were interned off-planet and CCP administrators placed inside the company. After this, the company expanded to be the largest interplanetary corporation in the Federation with 1.7 million staff in total.

Compubanks: ® A collective name for viewscreens and computers, that 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, displaying showing craft departures and arrivals. In a space fleet they're used to show the tally of battle. Manufactured by Compu Systems Interplanetary Inc.

Computata: ® Short for Computer Data or non-intelligent computer information, or in slang; a *dry-computer* – meaning no intelligence. Manufactured by Compu Systems Interplanetary Inc.

Compuscreens: ® Computer screens manufactured by Compu Systems Interplanetary Inc.

Computers, Intelligent: 5,550 Standard Galactic Years prior to Federation, Luis Medallia developed the first recorded fully mobile *intelligent computer*. At the time, it was recorded as a brilliant technological marvel. Not only could it store and extrapolate data to logical conclusions, but also it had the ability to self-perpetuate in other computers. The basis of all *intelligent computers* was the program *create*, coupled with the subprogram *survive*. 2. Intelligent computers led to the lowering of human life to that of servile status, to computers. Without the intervention of neighboring galactic civilizations, and the *Medallian Rebellion*, this social degrading

phenomena of humankind would have spread throughout the Santonia Galaxy. It is speculated that, without the *Rebellion*, within several millennium, all humanoid races may have become extinct. The cost of the Medallian Rebellion was fifteen billion humanoid lives lost, needed to defeat the intelligent machines.

Condon Report: (*Terrestrial*) Dr Edward Uhler Condon, physicist of the University of Colorado headed what was formally called the *University of Colorado UFO Project*, funded by the US Air Force, from 1966 to 1968. The result of this work was formally titled: *Scientific Study of Unidentified Flying Objects* and was known as the *Condon Report*.



Upon examining hundreds of UFO files from the Air Force's Project Blue book, and evidence from civilian groups such as APRO, the final report said the study of UFOs was unlikely to yield major scientific discoveries. Some have claimed the report merely covered up the UFO problem for the Air Force.

◀[Return](#)



The photo above is from a credible eyewitness that the Condon Report couldn't explain.

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

Full title - Confederated Council of Planets. (CCP)
The loose and often extended term applied to the political attempt to bring the multitude of races, political systems et al together to end the warring of two hundred and thirty standard years in the Santonia Galaxy. The *Confederacy* failed at total unification and was succeeded by the Federation.

Travel could take decades. As a result, the *Confederacy* was never conquered by a single force or in agreement with itself. Often planets would get forgotten and cultures rediscovered.

Conquest: The Federation conquered the CCP. While many planets simply did not fight and changed governorship of who was ruling them, some planets resisted and fought the Federation fleets and armies. During this fighting many government sections of cities were razed, and government records lost. This was as much a cultural and economic set back as anything else. A lot of historical records vanished.

Copernicus, Nicolaus: (*Terrestrial*) 1473 – 1543
Polish. Until Copernicus' time it was taught that the Earth was flat. He published a book, which came out after his death. *The Revolutions of the Celestial Spheres*. The book made an impact on Galileo and

other scientists. The Church banned the book. He worked for the Church most of his life and died from a coma following a stroke.

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

Council of Lordes: An informal gathering of royals who, when decided, can make formal decisions as a group, no matter how few or where. The decisions are for that group only, but other royalty may join. Lordes or their royal representatives of their respective realms generally attend. Mostly only royals or their representatives are permitted to know the conclusions of their meetings. [◀Return](#)

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

Cusanus: (*Terrestrial*) *Nicholas of Cusa*, (1401 – 1454) German philosopher, theologian and mathematician. He wrote and argued that the world wasn't indeed stationary, as traditional taught, but that the earth was moving through space and the stars. He further wrote that there were likely beings outside of this world, perhaps of the sun and the moon and beyond, and that they were more enlightened than the people of Earth.

Daffy: (*Terrestrial*) Animated cartoon character by Warner Bros. Daffy Duck. Popular on television 1960s - 70s. [◀Return](#)

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

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

Destroyer: An IFFCo military ship. It houses six interceptors and six fighters per interceptor.

Dinkum: (*Terrestrial*) Australian slang for something being very honest and good. Often accompanied by the word *fair* and used in the phrase *fair dinkum* to mean very fair, honest and good.

◀[Return](#)

Dingo: The only native dog in Australia. Medium sized; doesn't bark. It is against the law to keep them as domestic animals, without a permit. They're wild throughout Australia. They're not a threat to human life.

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

Dockside: Observation station at the edge of the Sequetus Series, maintained under the Malukan reign.

Doctor A. P. Minsk: Soviet scientist in search of extraterrestrial life in the 1950s – 1970's. ◀[Return](#)

Economy Drive: 1. The name given to societies that exist for profit principles. While *economy drive* is confused with *democracy*, non-democratic societies do follow and can be built around economically driven principles. 2. Where principles of money and economics are the senior reasons for existence and decision making.

ECT: (*Terrestrial*) Electro Convulsive Therapy. This is performed on anyone deemed mentally ill and diagnosed as needing the treatment. It can have up to 400 volts passing through the brain. It creates a grand mal (seizure) – a wave of electrical current that travels around the skull, burning brain tissue as it goes. It is currently performed mainly on old women, pregnant women and children. It is used in developed and developing nations alike.

Electroware: ® A trade name for spaceware that is heat regulated, often worn under Shocksuits. Founded by A. L. Bronal, industrial magnate, based on Jilta. [◀Return](#)

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

Enemy Agent: (*Terrestrial*) There are reports of enemy agents on this planet. For example, read the two versions of the same book by Robert Temple (*Sirius Mystery*). In the second version he has a preface explaining what happened to him after he published the first version book, twenty years prior. He was visited and harassed for publishing his findings, by what he thought was the CIA. That may or may not be a correct conclusion, but it is noted that he was harassed for publishing a very scientific and well-researched book on visitations to the peoples of West Africa from the Sirius stars. In another book called *Forbidden Archeology*, the writers researched an enormous number of archeological finds that make no sense in today's archeological model. Here are many examples of artifacts – obviously human, civilized and made with machines, dating back millions of years, even billions, that that have been found on Earth. Those who bring these finding forward can get dismissed; find they have no work in the future at universities and so on.

This author of the New-Earth Miniseries further recalls that when *Chariots of the Gods*, by von Danekin, first came out, in Australia in the late 1960s. Teams of people went to schools to instruct students on the so-called inaccuracy of the book. This author wondered at the time what had these people so worried that they would visit all these schools stamping out this new thought.

There are now teams of people who deride certain topics on the internet. They cannot totally control what goes on the internet, but they can make snide

comments - anonymously, to stop people reading more of the topic.

Erin Torb: A retired Reserve Marshal (Three Star) of the Hymondian fleet. ◀[Return](#)

Esperanto: (*Terrestrial*) *n.* Artificial universal language designed in 1887. Its inventor was L. L. Zamenhof, a Polish physician d. 1917. (*f.* *L sperare* hope) Its purpose was to create a universal language of Earth.

Estimate, intelligence estimate: (*Terrestrial*) From the *Free Dictionary* – 1. “The appraisal, expressed in writing only, of available intelligence relating to a specific situation or condition with a view to determining the courses of action.” 2. “The strategic estimate of the capabilities, vulnerabilities, and proposed courses of action of foreign nations produced at the national level and as a composite of....” ◀[Return](#)

Fair dinkum: see *dinkum*.

Federation: 1. Stands for The Imperial Galactic Federation, The Lords of All Worlds And Vassals Within The Domains Of The Galaxy. It has been the governing body that ruled the Galaxy after the CCP.

2. The Imperial Galactic Federation (IGF), The Lords of All Worlds and Vassals within the Domains of Santonia Galaxy (Santonia - Quadrant 451f or New General Catalogue 9154 Galaxy [Terrestrially termed *Galaxy*]). 2. FEDERATION - formally established in the standard year 13,576 upon cessation of the Santonia Wars of 13,331-574. Federation saw an end of 116,158 separate intra galactic domains of varying strengths. 3. Galactic political unification through federation after 120,000 years of varying peace and interplanetary warfare.

“The Federation's conquest and expansion across the galaxy was as much economical as it was a military venture. Those royals leasing military craft from the

WD Bank were able to fund conquest and expansion faster and more efficiently than before. The current Imperial Galactic Federation boundaries are really the mark of who leased and who purchased Warp Drives. The Banks Charter of Proclamation records that it shall not in any way violate or interfere with the wants or desires of any military, political or commercial group. The Bank also proclaims not to align itself with any military, political or commercial group or activity. The Bank extends its service to all, regardless race, origin or creed. Our motto is "WE SERVE SO THAT ALL MAY WIN."

Federation Fleet Command; 1. (IFFCo – Intragalactic Federation Fleet Command) The military command of the Federation fleets. On planet armies are not subject to IFFCo, but come under the Planet Military Guard – PMG, the military force over guards, and guardsmen and on-planet troopers. 2. IFFCo pronounced "if-co" is the vast interstellar military arm of the Federation. It is represented on all planets.

Federation Language Council: 1. A body of linguistic scholars from many sectors, who hold positions on the council in rotation. They were given a mandate to establish a common language so that all Federation sectors could communicate with each other. 2. A council of administrators and academia language specialists who by their design, develop and bring into use one language for the Galaxy. 3. To bring about peace it was considered to bring about communication by dialogue, instead of weapons. To do this a single common language was needed, so *Standard Galactic* was developed and still is being developed. 4. The Language Council was originally a concept pushed into the CCP by the Boguard, but as transport was less-than-light speeds then the concept was impractical. After WD speeds were available the concept was accepted by the Federation.

Federation Sectors: See map. The nineteen Federation Sectors are: Hymondy, Maluka (Maluku),

Pilik, Timbor, Penec, Centor, Qilto, Siltonia, Tilk, Patua, Serene, Penetia, Kalanon, Celtronia, Kantee, Farsen, Qilto, Penec and Pilik. Each sector is made up of provinces.

Fleet Command: IFFCo tradition is that when there is a fleet, the Flagship of the fleet is the most powerful of the fleet ships, likely a cruiser. The fleet commander oversees the fleet of ships, and the captain of that cruiser where the fleet command is set up, is in charge of his own ship. The fleet commander doesn't run the cruiser, which is his flagship. The cruiser captain or cruiser commander does that.

Food-prep: The name given for selecting, readying and producing meals.

Foo-fighters: (*Terrestrial*) UFOs that dogged Allies and Axis aircraft during WW2 around the Pacific and European theatres of war. These are well documented and experienced by both sides of the war. Witnesses often thought they were seeing secret project aircraft, sometimes of the other side.



Freeze-thaw: The term given for the early method of freezing the live body and then thawing it out alive after sub-light long-term travel. There were many adverse side-effects to the process.

Galaxy: (*Terrestrial*) *The Milky Way* is the *Galaxy*. *Galaxy* means *Milky Way*, and it also means the universe. Once there was thought to only be all the stars above in the heavens and they were in this

galaxy, called the Milky Way. There was no other Galaxy than this galaxy. There is no other name for it than above, and then other galaxies were discovered. Thus, you will read the term Galaxy as capitalized and it means the Milky Way, the galaxy that Earth is part of.

Gaudsmit, Samual: (*Terrestrial*) *Brookhaven National Laboratories physicist, member of the Robertson Panel, which was set up by US Intelligence in response to the Washington Flap of saucers and other UFO phenomena in 1952. Gaudsmit was an associate of Albert Einstein.* ◀[Return](#)

Gibson Desert: (*Terrestrial*) A large inland desert in central Western Australia, of 155,900 square kilometers, where temperatures will often exceed 40 degrees Celsius. ◀[Return](#)

Goren Torren: 1. An independent of Lorde Hymondy III. He graduated in Galactic Law at Academia Alson before being accepted into the School of Independent Learning of Jilta PCC. Once he completed his apprenticeship, he finished a mandatory one-year in the Federation Guards in a neighboring system, before returning for his *independent* internship. He was the youngest intern cadet and completed with honors. He once married Navia Charlton. Other relationships are unknown. He inherited a family estate early in life. No siblings.

2. *Torren* comes from old Jiltanian, *torre* or *toreza* meaning *heavy rain*, and Goren comes from *gore* meaning to *fetch*. n is for a male. So, Goren Torren would mean the man who seeks to make the heavy rains, or the one who breaks the drought. ◀[Return](#)

Great Cities of the Council: A Confederacy breakaway group of the Federation, allied until military intervention. They existed for a period of seventeen hundred years.

Great Hall: In the Jiltanian Palace is the Great Hall. It was designed and built by Jiltanian architect

Gioveni Gabalo and is 1,275 standard years old, predating Federation royalty.

Great Victorian Desert: (*Terrestrial*) A desert in south central Western Australia. 400,000 square kilometers. Temperatures exceed 40 degrees Celsius. [◀Return](#)

Gruithuisen, Baron Franz von Paula: (*Terrestrial*) German (Bavarian) March 1774 - June 1852, Professor of Astronomy at Munich University, and wrote many papers about life and buildings on the moon. He claimed he could see huge lunar buildings, cities and railroads.

Guard Instructor: A high field rank in the Boguard, below Captain.

Guardsman: The basic military personnel on a planet. *Guardsmen* are contracted and are mostly on the planet and less likely to see military action. They have defensive roles. They can be used as a supplement for local law and order. However, they can also be found on ships and remote bases during times of low conflict. See also Trooper.

Haliburton, Robert Grant: (*Terrestrial*) Anthropologist, Canadian writer, lawyer. He had a theory that mankind started out as a dwarf race. He wrote a book, *The Dwarfs of Mount Atlas*, London 1891, after he discovered pigmies in the Atlas region in North Africa. He also wrote about the Pleiades.

Herschell, Sir William, (*Terrestrial*) The greatest astronomer at that time, speculated about huge planets, great gas clouds, and galaxies beyond our own. British born 1738 – 1822. While he did not write papers on extraterrestrial life, he speculated privately in letters to friends that life existed out there. He proposed the nearest bodies: the moon and sun, were inhabited.

Heat seeking nose: Particle guns can be equipped with a heat sensor, which enables the particles to

target the warmest parts of a body, the heart or the brain. The heat seeker is accurate for 20 to 30 pacs at 15 degrees. Settings can be changed. Standard trooper issue.

Heck: (*Terrestrial*) Hell.

High Parade Dress: Parade dress with campaign bars, medals, honors, distinctions, knives, and awards worn over Parade Dress of a quality shocksuit. Parade Dress has gold braid for rank on top of a standard shocksuit white issue uniform.

◀[Return](#)

Hymondian Realm: The sector of which Jilta is the center and the Royal Planet. Each sector is broken into a number of provinces (17 in the Hymondian sector), which are in turn broken into *locats*, local regions (often 15 to 20 locats per province). They in turn, may be broken down further, depending on size. In each locat in the Hymondian Realm there can be 500 – 5,000-star systems or more, with usually one system supporting life per locat.

Hymondy: A Royal lorde of the Federation. With rejuvenation he has reigned over Jilta since its conquest. Lorde Hymondy III of Jilta. ◀[Return](#)

Hynek, Dr. J. Allen: (*Terrestrial*) 1910 – 1986, Chicago, USA, Astrophysicist, Ufologist, Astronomer and Professor. He acted as a scientific advisor to the US Air Force studies of *Project Sign*, *Project Grudge* and *Project Blue Book*. (1940 – 1969). He made a speech to the UN General Assembly in 1978 to initiate a centralized United Nations UFO Authority.

IFFCo: Intragalactic Federation Fleet Command. See *Federation Fleet Command*. Pronounced: "if-co"

IFFCo Panel of Investigation A disciplinary panel used to decide if an action has been committed, for which a military officer could be found guilty. There are four on the panel. The majority decision decides, and if the decision is hung, then there is no action.

I.G. Farben: (*Terrestrial*) Chemical company in Frankfurt am Main, Germany. Inaugurated in 1925 by amalgamating key German dye manufacturing companies. Full title: Interessen Gemeinschaft Farbenindustrie AG. It became defunct in 1952 after the war (1945) when it was found it to be the major supplier of chemicals – poison gas - to kill people (Jews) in war concentration camps under the Nazis. At one point there was a possibility that I.G. Farben would join Standard Oil and divide up the world for business between them. After the trials I. G. Farben was broken into BASF, Bayer and Hoechst. ◀[Return](#)

Illtuck, Vosper: Agent of Hymondy. Agent is two ranks lower than Independent and requires separate training. Vosper Illtuck is the son of Mario and Jillo Illtuck of Jilta PCC. ◀[Return](#)

Imperial Federation Warp Drive Bank: The organization of the group of persons who control the transport regulations and lease agreements of the Federation Warp Drive systems. They're an all-powerful body that predict and plot the expansionist policies of the Federation. They're a main power behind the Federation, as without them all commerce and military travel would effectively cease. See also Warp Drives.

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, which is possible to enter after completing a prior tertiary degree, *independent* schooling and apprenticeship. The quota for *independent* licenses is low. 3. Most *independents* have a non-military background, though this isn't mandatory, but they must have one year in an alternate defense force prior to acceptance. Most sectors have reciprocal exchange programs where *independent* students are permitted off-world training.

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, 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 where they were to be used in. Some were wide-bodied, some narrower. Some had more or fewer rockets. The variance depended on the gravity and the expected atmosphere the craft was to encounter.

Intervention: 1. The predetermined date and time when a planet finds out it officially is part of a larger group of planets. The time and date for intervention is determined at the beginning of a planet's culture. The *Planetary Intervention Board* (PIB), which is a subcommittee of the *Department of Worlds' Cultural Affairs* (DeWCA – pronounced *dewca*) – consists of academic scholars, military representatives, and Federation officials from the *Kantee Sector*. They decide the time frame and program under which such *intervention* takes place. 2. *Intervention* is a preset program that occurs over many hundreds or even thousands of years, as a planet culturally is nurtured along its path to maturity. 3. *Intervention* is like the coming of age for an entire species of humanoid.

Jenny Wanten: Resident terrestrial anthropologist of Western Australia. Instrumental in assisting Independent Goren Torren on Earth. Graduated University of Western Australia 1985.

Jilta: (pronounced *Yilta* in English) Is the Royal Planet in the Hymondian sector.

It is the center of the sector and the residence of Lorde Hymondy III. Population half a billion. Jilta is

a water planet with half its surface saturated; 11 continents, frozen Polar Regions, some deserts.

Before the Hymondian Realm Jilta was a prominent hub planet of a small province of the CCP.

Jilta P.C.: P.C. stands for 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.

Population 210,000 (Note; to pronounce *Jilta* it is necessary to pronounce the *J* as a *Y*, so the reading of *Jilta* is pronounced *Yilta* in Standard Jiltanian speech. This pronunciation is a local dialect of Standard Galactic.

Jupiter: Sequetus 5, named after the Malukan explorer Javes *Jupiter*, who worked for years as a sociologist on Earth, in its early civilization days.

Ks, K: Kinopac, a thousand pacs, over a kilometer long; also used to mean kinopacs per hour. [◀Return](#)

Kalo: 1. Mild stimulant pick-me-up bean roasted and ground, that when mixed with hot water is a popular drink. 2. Very popular hot drink around Jilta. 3. A Jiltanian equivalent of coffee. 4. *Kalo* is from the underground root, a legume, of the *kalo* tree. The "beans" are roasted and ground. Depending on the soil conditions to govern the taste and aroma. The ratio of "bean" to root ratio depends the stimulant effect. Kalo beans can also be eaten whole, similar to Earth peanuts, which are also a legume. 5. Kalo as a drink can be taken black, or mixed with creamer, added to with sweetener, mixed with alcohol. It can be put in cakes. 6. The kalo industry was once a prime industry on Jilta, ranking only second behind learning. 7. Tradition has it that the kalo tree was a gift from the head god Zaltro to his

son. 8. It is said on Jilta that a drink of kalo a day leads to good health and long life.

Kantee Sector: One of the *inner sectors* of the Galaxy. Home of the royal bloodline and separate race known as Royals, who provided the push to form the Federation. While the Royal race did not seek a dominant role in the Santonia Galaxy, they were forced to rule it – benignly – or suffer the consequences of being overwhelmed by increasing wars and skirmishes of neighboring races of the Confederacy.

Karn Form: Male Malukan Trooper stationed at *Dockside* in *Sequetus Series*. He died of a drug addiction overdose. Parents are Reale and Pom Karm of Maluka PC.

Kelvin: (*Terrestrial*) Temperature measured in the same as degrees Celsius, but where absolute zero is no temperature at all - zero on the Kelvin scale.

0° Kelvin = -273.15° Celsius

Kepler, Johannes: (*Terrestrial*) 1571 – 1630 *German, renaissance astronomer, astrologist.* Kepler developed three laws of planetary motion, their orbital ellipses around the sun, which became famous as Kepler's Laws.

Kinopac: 1. One kinopac is exactly 1030.91 meters. It is a length of measure of a thousand *pacs*. 2. A thousand *pacs*. Kinopacs is abbreviated to *Ks*. 3. *K*, slang meaning kinopac or kinopac per hour.

Klivinski, M. L.: Soviet, along with Dr. C. P. Metov, Dr. A. P. Minsk searched for extraterrestrial life, Project ASK.

Kul: A transport animal, known for its cussedness. It can lift the weight of twenty men over rocky ground.

Lake Disappointment. A dry lake that becomes a wet salt lake, in Western Australia, inland, where temperatures reach over 40 degrees Celsius, 38,000 hectares when full. It is noted for its birdlife when wet. [◀Return](#)

Leader: Boguard field rank below *Officer* and above *Boguard*. See *Boguard rank*.

Letone: A Guard Instructor of the Boguard, Commander of the Boguard. He was assigned to Lorde Hymondy III of Jilta.

Lick Observatory: (*Terrestrial*) Named after James Lick. It is part of the University of California, atop Mount Hamilton, California. This observatory has been searching for signs of alien life for years, with up to date technology.

Life suit: A pressurized, helmeted space suit. *Also, lifesuit.* The suit can be worn in space with no atmospheres, toxic atmospheres and even atmospheres such as Venus, with its sulfuric acid clouds. The same suit can be worn underwater and is good to 180 pacs. Made by numerous manufacturers on many planets. [◀Return](#)



Lift: (*Terrestrial*) Elevator. The terms are interchangeable. Lift is more English, and Elevator is more American.

Little Betsie: A Rangercraft Type III, owned by Independent Goren Torren.

Long-lifers: 1. A slang term meaning someone who would normally live a long-life, as distinct to some planets, which produce short-life humanoids. 2. A long-life is 250 standard years or more. Short life is less those 250 standard years. 3. See *Genesis* for a list of prior long-lifers of Sequetus 3.

Lowell, Percival, Professor: (*Terrestrial*) 1855 – 1916, American astronomer who predicted another planet would be discovered, beyond Neptune. He established the Lowell Observatory in 1894 to search for signs of life on Mars. While no life was found, this observatory did find the ninth planet (planetoid) Pluto.

Luis Medallia: The man who instigated the Medallia Rebellion after inventing intelligent computers. Billions lost their lives fighting artificial intelligence 7,550 years ago.

Luna Park: (*Terrestrial*) A permanent fun park on the north side of Sydney Harbour, eastern Australia.

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.

Manly Ferry: (*Terrestrial*) The ferry that leaves from Sydney city, and crosses the harbor to the coastal surf beach suburb of Manly, and return.

Mantle: (*Terrestrial*) It means an important role or responsibility, it is passed on from the previous incumbent.

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.

Marshal: The senior military rank in IFFCo. The rank of Marshal in order, on downwards is:

Defense Marshal - five stars, Ranking Marshall - four stars, Reserve Marshall - three, Marshal - two and one stars.

Matherson, Wolly: Sociologist from Jilta at the beginning of Federation.

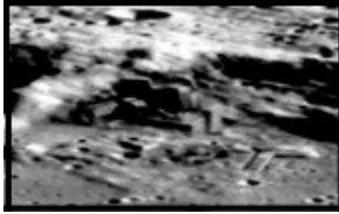
Matherson Hypotheses: 1. A social philosophy that planet civilizations will self-destruct to war unless intervened, and under what circumstances they do so. 2. The longer the life span of a race of humanoids, the faster it evolves culturally. Simply put, races that live longer, gain more knowledge in a lifetime, have a greater expectancy of life ambitions, and so achieve more in a lifetime; thus long living races speed up cultural evolution.

Mepat: Captain of the Boguard stationed at Jilta. In the future he became His Excellency High Commander of the Boguard. [◀Return](#)

Metov, C P: Associate of Dr. A. P. Minsk. See Klivinski.

Minsk, A P: See Dr. A P Minsk.

Moon: (*Terrestrial*) 1. The Moon is 356,410 km from the Earth at its closest point, perigee. It has a diameter of 3,473 km and has a surface gravity of one sixth of Earth, with a comparative mass of only one to eighty-one.



The difference between the comparative mass of earth and the relative gravity is of unanswerd interest. Obviously, the moon is very unusual, compared to the volume its mass takes up, meaning that the gravity of the moon isn't in line with its mass.



Here are photographs of the far side of the moon that have sparked comment. In his book *Alien Agenda*, Jim Marrs presents evidence that the moon is much older than the Earth. He cites evidence that the moon is hollow and that it was placed around the Earth 10,000 years ago. The far side of the moon is constantly facing away from Earth.

Moonbase: The Malukan base on the moon, overseeing Earth. *Moonbase* consists of six interconnecting *bases* on the "dark-side" or far side of the moon, interconnected via sealed underground tunnels. The *base* is really a series of *bases* built over three thousand years. The bases are built into the natural irregularities of the moon, and are underground, and well away from the surface, which is subject to meteor damage. [◀Return](#)

Navia Charlton: Resident of Jilta, occupation was lecturer of anthropology at the Academia Alson. *Also see Charlton.*

Nullarbor Plain: (*Terrestrial*) The plain which stretches across the Great Australian Bight in southern Australia. *Nullabor* is an Australian native Aboriginal word for *no-trees*, or *treeless plain*, due to no trees being on the plain, because of lack of regular rainfall in the region. ◀[Return](#)

Nylop: 1. A tough material that is used to create fabric, especially for use in military clothing and upholstery in galactic craft. 2. A synthetic material of Confederacy origin, easily molded, resilient to tear, but pliable. Often used in the manufacture of garments.

Off planet: *v.* 1. The term used to mean leaving or being away from the planet. 2. Leaving to go into space or another world.

Offplanet: Meaning not from the planet one is on, from another place, off from this planet. "*Tomorrow I go offplanet on my holiday.*"

On planet, on-planet, onplanet: *v.* The term used to mean going onto the planet from out in space or another world. "*I'm going on-planet from the cruiser.*"

Outback: (*Terrestrial*) 1. Australian term for being out the back of, and away from civilization. 2. Is to the east of the Great Dividing Range of Australia. 3. *Outback* is also a formal region across the southern coastal part of Australia.

Out synchronization, or out-of-sync: The term applies to the mechanism of misalignment of subatomic particles and time when the Warp Drive fields engage.

Pac: 1. Officially 1.03091 Meters (*Terrestrial*). 2. A length of standard measurement used throughout the Federation. 3. One pace or step.

Pegasus: A Tollycraft owned by Independent Goren Torren.

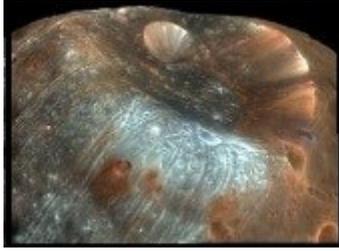
Pegasus: (*Terrestrial*) 1. Flying divine horse of Greek mythology that had many adventures. 2. The God Zeus created the constellation *Pegasus*, in honor of *Pegasus*. ◀[Return](#)

Philadelphia Experiment: (*Terrestrial*) During the Second World War, the experiment was attributed to Von Neumann who was setting up Project Rainbow or Mirage. The project was to make the ship invisible. By using *unified field theory*, the ship was reported to have vanished, and all that could be seen was the outline of the ship's hull in the water in Philadelphia Harbor.



The experiment was reportedly conducted on the USS Eldridge. The ship was further reported to have vanished and then seen in a different port. Einstein consulted with the US Department of the Navy and there is slight evidence linking him to the project. The side effects on the men involved in the experiment are reported to include that some went insane, and others took the residual effects of the experiment with them. There is a report of two sailors in a brawl one night after the test; who both vanished in front of a waitress. Some are reported to have dropped into a room, some afire, and some said they went to other worlds. ◀[Return](#)

Phobos: (*Terrestrial*) Moon on Sequetus 4, *Mars*, discovered in 1877, measuring only 21 km across; almost zero gravity. A photo has surfaced showing what appears to be an artificially constructed cube shaped structure on this moon. The second moon of Mars is Deimos, and only one seventh the size of *Phobos*. ◀[Return](#)



Planet Group Hysteria: 1. This is where a race of individuals comes under a singular group mind when the group is about to be destroyed, and the only thing left to do for the group to preserve the race is to destroy everyone and everything. It is a phenomenon that has been experienced when *intervention* is late. 2. PGH happens after a planet spreads alarm of *intervention* through transmitted media faster than Intervention Forces can calm the populace.

Planet Military Guard: See PMG.

PMG: Planet Military Guard is the military arm of the Federation that deals with on-ground and outpost forces, as distinct to IFFCo, which deals solely with the Federation Fleet Command. Off-world transport of troopers and guardsmen still falls under IFFCo. *United Liaison* is the coordination body between the various military Federation commands. PMG is over the sub command of *Marine Command* (MaCo), which deals in naval matters, and *PMG Flight*, which deals in on-planet air command.

Point Culver: (*Terrestrial*) A place on the south coast of Australia, dry and unpopulated. ◀[Return](#)

Polarization: The molecular state of reverberation direction where all molecules oscillate in unison and harmony before Warp Drives can carry occupants from the universe.

Polynylop: 1. A fabric made from twisted metal thread that when intertwined with nylop produces a material that can be used to cover spacecraft skins, space suits, boots etc. It is extremely strong, rigid

and durable depending on the ratio of *nylop* to the metal thread. Its strength varies depending on the metal used. Polynylop is watertight to over 150 pacs, and airtight in space. 2. *Polynylop 0* can be used in space suits. *Polynylop 9* can be used as desert clothing. The graded number represents how tight the thread is woven and its strength. Polynylop rope and twine is the recommended material for tying down and securing loose objects in federation craft.

Project Blue Book: (*Terrestrial*) *Project Blue Book* was a systematic study of UFOs by the US Air Force from 1952 to 1969. The project had two goals: To determine if UFOs were a national threat, and to determine if they were extraterrestrial in origin.

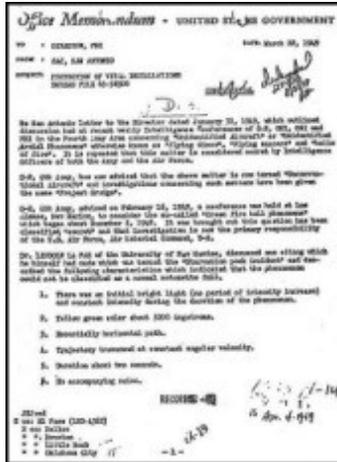


Thousands of UFO reports were collected and analyzed. *Project Blue Book* never completed its task but was ordered shut down in January 1970 once the *Condon Report* was published.

Project Blue Book had been commissioned after *Project Sign* and *Project Grudge*. The information from project Blue Book is available today under the *Freedom of Information Act*. [◀Return](#)

Project Grudge: (*Terrestrial*) This project took over from the terminated *Project Sign* to research UFOs.

An Air Force paper from Grudge 1949



The project ran formally from February to December 1949. Project Grudge issued only one report, 600 pages long. Previous data that Project Sign had looked at were possible extraterrestrial reasons for UFOs. These were dismissed by Grudge. Grudge did not mention the *Estimate of the Situation* by Sign, which explained why the extraterrestrial hypothesis was the most logical answer to the UFO problem. Similar to Sign, the US Air force commissioned Grudge. [◀Return](#)

Project Sign: (*Terrestrial*) Project Sign was commissioned in 1947 to '49 to research UFOs. Prior to the final report, some Sign personnel, such as its director, Captain Robert Sneider, favored that that UFOs were likely extraterrestrial in origin. Consequently, the project was terminated and replaced by *Project Grudge*. The files on *Project Sign* were declassified in 1961. [◀Return](#)

Quantum Drive: The sub-light method of travel around the Confederacy era of the Galaxy. Federation Warp Drives outdated the technology.

RAAF: (*Terrestrial*) 1. Royal Australian Air Force. 2. Roswell Army Airfield.

Rangercraft: ® 1. A small spacecraft manufactured by Rangercraft Industries Inc. of Jilta. The *Rangercraft 1,2* and *3* models are sought after,

especially by mining enterprises, as they're economical, sturdy and have excellent navigation systems. 2. There are three terrain categories: Terrain Category I for in space. Terrain Category II for atmospheres. Terrain Category III includes use under water. [◀Return](#)

Regeneration: ® 1. A process that Royals undergo when returned to their home in Kantee Sector. 2. *Regeneration* is complete body rejuvenation. 3. *Regeneration* is technology administered by the Warp Drive Bank. *Regeneration* isn't permitted on non-royalty. 4. Regeneration is the rejuvenation process whereby the DNA in the body is given the command to reverse its aging process. The rejuvenation is triggered artificially using scanners to the brain which turn on enzymes that trigger the Sertuin 1 (SERT 1) gene to activate the rejuvenating process through the body. Over twelve months of treatment a body can lose 50 years in age.

Rim System: A star system close to the edge of the Galaxy, such as Sequetus.

Robertson Panel: (*Terrestrial*) A panel set up by the CIA in January 1953 under the direction of Howard Percy Robertson, physicist, CIA employee, director of the Defense Department Weapons Evaluation Group, to investigate the extraordinary large number of eye witness accounts of saucers appearing over Washington, both singularly and in groups. *See Washington flap.* The UFOs appeared on radar, were seen from planes, the ground and homes; thousands of witnesses were involved. The flap lasted weeks. The USA President had to speak about it in the media. Jets were scrambled many times, ineffectively, and the nation was in fear of an invasion.

The famous film footage of 14 UFOs passing behind the White House in 1952 is from this flap. (*See Washington flap*) The panel had only four consecutive days of formal meetings.



The result was, that the panel suggested that the reports could all be explained, including those that had no explanation, and that the Air Force should begin a debunking campaign, using celebrities, media and even corporations such as Walt Disney. [◀Return](#)

Roswell: (*Terrestrial*) Town in the USA where nearby a flying saucer was reported to have crashed in 1947. The photo below is reputedly from the crash. The crash was announced to the public by a US Air Force press release, whereby a flying saucer had crashed, and the US Air Force was handling it.



This press release was later recanted, and a new story went out stating it was a crashed weather balloon. See the balloon parts further below. The story goes that the craft was taken to the Wright Patterson Air Force Base. There is a UFO culture surrounding this incident, including small so-called alien *greys* captured, with two videos of such *greys* in existence.



Royals: A tall humanoid race from the Kantee Sector of the Galaxy measuring up to 2.5 pacs tall. *Royals* as a race have olive complexion, stronger foreheads and cheekbones, and wide shoulders. Usually dark brown to black hair. They have a naturally high IQ. Prior to the development of W.D. *Royals* had no expansionist policies. The word *Royals* is sometimes capitalized – being a race.

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 the same meaning. *Galaxy* means a milky way. *Galaxy* is capitalized when referring to the galaxy we're in as it is the name of our galaxy – *Galaxy*. *Galaxy* and *Santonia Galaxy* mean the same. *Galaxy* is terrestrial, and *Santonia Galaxy* is Federation. [◀Return](#)

Sea of Tranquility: (*Terrestrial*) On the moon and reported site of Apollo 11 moon landing on July 20 1969. 00.06408 N, and 23.47297 E. Mystery surrounds the mission in that there are reports that Apollo 11 was being observed by UFOs and this was commented on by the astronauts while there, and NASA. There are other reports that the entire mission was filmed on a large Hollywood set, and that due to the radiation belts surrounding Earth, and lack of space suits to withstand such radiation – even today, no man has been able to go near the moon.



Sector: The region of space controlled by a Royal family within the Santonia Galaxy. A *sector* can have a million stars, of which only a few hundred are vaguely habitable. Some *Sectors*, *Duchies*, may have only a thousand stars of which only a few may have habitable planets.

Security: 1. Abbreviation for Fleet Security. Also, FS. 2. All communication between craft during a time of war is put through fleet security. There is no exception.

Sequetus: The solar system that contains Earth. The system is wondrous in all the different types of planets that are involved, and that Sequetus 3 and 4 are or were habitable. From Latin, *sequi*, meaning to follow.

Sequetus 2: 1. Venus (terrestrial name) This planet has scientific teams on its surface. The planet is too hot to naturally support life, and the atmosphere is too toxic, but teams exist there, supported from Earth. Named after an early female explorer Venu Fay (CCP), who explored Sequetus 3 in the Mediterranean Sea region 2,300 years ago.

2. (*Terrestrial*) Diameter 7,571 miles or 12,104 km. 67.7 million miles or 108 million kms from the sun. Atmosphere is carbon dioxide, with sulfuric acid clouds surrounding the planet. The surface temperature gets to 460° C.

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.

Sequetus 4: 1. Mars (terrestrial name). A planet that once boasted a large colony of some seven hundred thousand colonists. The planet colony was terminated, and colonists moved to Sequetus 3. Named after one of the early explorers of the CCP, Mares Bey who had a ruthless reputation in killing local inhabitants.

2. (*Terrestrial*) Mars is 141.6 million miles or 228 million miles from the sun. Diameter 4,208 miles, or 6,787 kms. Its red color comes from the iron rich mineral surface. Tenuous carbon dioxide atmosphere.

Sequetus Series: 1. The *series* of habitable planets in the Sequetus system. *Series* as a title applies only to *systems* that contain more than one habitable planet. Sequetus has *Sequetus 3* and *Sequetus 4* as its *series*. *Sequetus 4* is barely habitable today but has been so in the past, and so qualifies for the title of *Sequetus System* to be upgraded to the title of *Sequetus Series*. 2. A *System* is the title of a star with one habitable planet. A *Series* is the title of a star with two or more habitable planets.

Shklovsky, Iosif S: (*Terrestrial*) 1916 – 1985. Soviet radio astronomer and astrophysicist, co-authored a book with Carl Sagan 1966, *Intelligent Life in the Universe*. The crater Shklovsky on the Martian moon Phobos is named in his honor.

Shocksuit, Shock-suit® 1. Space wear for military duty in the Hymondian and some other sectors, manufactured by Hardware Enterprises Inc. Also worn by Boguard.



2. The shocksuit is designed to absorb blows and distribute the load of any physical shock around the body, so no one place is overloaded with impact. The result is that the wearer can exert himself far greater with far less risk of damage. The standard shocksuit colors are dress-white, black, grey, sand, buff, jungle green and navy blue. All the above colors are available in camouflage as well as special orders.

SKF: (*Terrestrial*) Global company headquartered in Gothenburg, Sweden, founded in 1907. They have about 45,000 employees today. It manufactures grease, roller bearings, seals, and lubricants.

[◀Return](#)

Sleebo: Outer planet in the Malukan sector near the central rim. A cold planet much of which is frozen.

[◀Return](#)

Slipher, E.C.: (*Terrestrial*) 1885 – 1969 American planetary astronomer with a focus on Mars and who researched the planet from observatories all over the world. He was also mayor of Flagstaff, Colorado River.

Social anthropology: (*Terrestrial*) The study of human societies. f. *F anthro* – human.

Solus: The center of a system, star system source of heat and light, sun. Note: a solus isn't simply a star. A star must have a system of classified orbiting natural bodies in order to be classed as the system's solus.

Spontaneous Combustion: (*Terrestrial*) The phenomena when a person bursts into flames for no apparent reason, and continues to burn. There are reports of people losing limbs, or most of their bodies, to this phenomenon.

One possible explanation is that fat in the body gets ignited and then slowly burns. The fat and all the body parts burn, with very little damage to the surroundings. Such would only happen if the person was already unconscious, and there were no passersby. There are about 300 such cases recorded. [◀Return](#)



Standard Galactic (SG): 1. The language that was forcefully imposed upon the Galaxy by administrators after Federation conquest. Local languages still represent most dialogue, and there are over a million different languages in the Federation. 2. *Standard*

Galactic has as its closest terrestrial equivalent type language *Esperanto*. 3. *Standard Galactic* evolved over a thousand years at the hands of the Federation Language Council (a body of linguistic scholars from many sectors, who hold positions on the council on rotation. They were given a mandate; to establish a language so that Federation sectors could communicate with each other. Government employment on any Federation post demands a *Certificate of Standard Galactic IV*, as the lowest level. To be an officer in the Federation one must have a pass in *SG II*. To hold any position in a Fleet requires a minimum of *SG III*. *SG I* is the highest recognized grade. Some Embassy positions require *Standard Galactic I*.

Standard Gravity: The gravity of the original royal planet is 1.0. All other planet gravities are a comparison of this, by the term *Standard Gravity*.

Standard Oil: (*Terrestrial*) American company, founded 1870, defunct 1911. Products were fuel, lubricants and petrochemicals. 60,000 employees. Chairman John D. Rockefeller. It was broken up into dozens of smaller *Standard Oil* subsidiaries such as *Standard Oil of New York*, *Standard Oil of California* etc., plus other companies such as Esso, Mobil, and Imperial Oil. [◀Return](#)

Starion: An animal for riding, burden and for racing, bred on Jilta.

Storm, Anqi: Malukan garrison trooper on Sequetus 4, daughter of Jarn Bulin and Maggri Bulin. Anqi Storm assisted Goren Torren in setting up the defense of Sequetus 3. Grew up in Sleebo. Storm Island off the coast of Ankrass in Sleebo is named after her, as well as the Anqi Marine Park, also off Ankrass.

Strine: (*Terrestrial*) The English language as spoken by Australians. The Australian accent, especially so in its north.

Stunner: A weapon that immobilizes the neuron system of the body, by interfering with electrical impulse to the brain and brain stem.

Superrise: A building that exceeds 100 floors. Predominant in countries with climate extremes or which have excess population problems.

A Superrise could have up to seven floors of shops and offices and service industries below it. It could also have rail stations inside, underneath.

Swedenborg, Emanuel: (*Terrestrial*) 1688 – 1772. Swedish scientist and philosopher. He was a religious person, who at aged fifty-six claimed to have had an experience of being consciously awake while being transported to the spirit world to converse with “angels.”

System: 1. See Sequetus series – (2). 2. See system, warp drives.

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.

Taronga Park Zoo: (*Terrestrial*) On the north side of the Sydney Harbour is Sydney’s zoo. It is a short ferry-ride from central Sydney. The zoo was shifted since the date this book was set in.

The way it is: 1. *Slang:* galactic term meaning that there is nothing one can do about it, so don’t waste the effort of trying. 2. Mild form of hopelessness or acceptance.

Throne: *Slang.* The special ornately carved seat for Lorde Hymondy, at the end of the Great Hall. While it is used for meetings, it also has a military

terminology, meaning to sink down into a battle mode of command.

Thule: A country described by the ancient Greek explorer Pytheas, as being 6 days sail north of Britain – Norway it seems.

Thule Society: (*Terrestrial*) Hitler and the Nazis supposedly followed the beliefs of the Thule Society, that were centered on supernatural and superhuman concepts, particularly on the super ability of humans.

◀[Return](#)

Tollycraft: ® A small type of spacecraft, manufactured on Jilta by Tollycraft Enterprises Corp. Founded by Rigbert Tolly. The small craft or ship is 60 pacs across, driven by WDs. It can take a crew of 5 to 14, plus passengers. It is unarmed and carries class II hull plating.

Torb, Erin: Battle tactician of Jilta, rank Three Star Marshall, in the Hymondian forces. Military author and recognized voluntary contributor to Searfinders Military Almanac.

Torren, Goren: An Independent, of service to Lorde Hymondy, of Jilta, tenth generation descendent to Phil Torell. Son of Betta Gangels and Bil Torren. See Goren Torren. For more data read the NEW-EARTH MINISERIES.

Trooper: The basic military fixed force personnel of space. Troopers answer to PMG and IFFCo. A trooper serves in space command posts, and small military outposts. The training of troopers is like guardsmen, and the basic rank of trooper and guardsmen is alike.

UFOs government: (*Terrestrial*) Various governments were experimenting with their own flying saucers, flying disks. Some were more advanced than others.



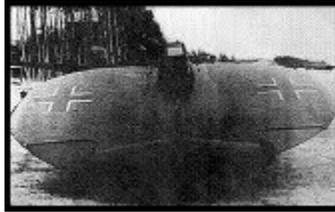
The photograph above is a Canadian hover type craft. This technology is over 50 years old.

Unified Field Theory: (*Terrestrial*) Circa 1920's 30's. Attributed to Albert Einstein, but a classical *unified field theory* can go back to James Maxwell from 1864. It can also be known as the *Theory of Everything*, but technically, they're not quite the same thing. Sometimes also called *Uniform Field Theory*. Einstein attempted to unify the theory of relativity with electromagnetism. [◀Return](#)

Unified Field Theory – UFOs _ Germany WW2. (*Terrestrial*) 1. There have been claims by some – such as Witkowski, a Polish military historian - that the Nazis had developed unified field theory.



He claims to have gained access to military top-secret German documents, that show the *Nazis* were experimenting with UFOs using drives, based on Quantum Theory or Einstein's *Unified Field Theory*. One example cited is the Bell, a *Nazi* experiment for transport. It has been argued that when the Third Reich fell, the Americans took this technology back to the USA.



2. Nazi-Bell has been described as what was found at a secret site - Wenceslas Mine facility - in Poland. The story is that SS General Hans Kammler, under secrecy deeper than the Nazis nuclear research program, oversaw the Bell device, designed to be a weapon.

It was said to induce torsion effects in electromagnetic fields and thus control gravity. Another such similar device was reportedly found in a Rhine Valley facility and appeared to be more weapon oriented.

von Daniken, Erich Anton Paul: (*Terrestrial*) Swiss, Born 1935. Author of the book *Chariots of the Gods?* (1968), and others, which created controversy at the time. Von Daniken suggested there was strong hard evidence to support the claim that the Earth had been visited many times by extraterrestrials to oversee man's evolution. The above-mentioned book became a best seller internationally. He began a new popular way of thinking of mankind's origins.

Von Littrow, Joseph: (*Terrestrial*) 1781 – 1840, In 1832 he proposed that comets were inhabited, and that they had extensive atmosphere, which preserved the heat of the sun. He was a leader in mathematical theory of comets.

Warp Drive: The faster-than-light speed travel around the Federation. Theoretically possible up to the speed of light squared. See also *Imperial Federation Warp Drive Bank*. See *Broadmatter Theory Addendum*.

Warm: The term given to the state of Warp Drives as they become more operational, before commencing faster than light speed travel.

Warmsuit: ® A one- or two-piece multi-layered suit, that is thermostatically set to keep the body warm by warming layers separately within it. The suit has ten layers with glass and metal fibers, which conduct energy from the inner to outer layers. The suit has a bio-thermal inducing battery within the lining. This stores electrical current so as to transfer heat. As the suit's outer layers cool to subzero temperatures, the suit uses stored power to warm the metallic layers of the suit. The cold outside air contracts and shrinks the suit fabric, trapping warm air therein. As the suit warms, it then expands; allowing trapped warm air to ventilate out, permitting cooling. Also see *Electroware*. Made by Suit Enterprises, Dalka, Jilta. ◀[Return](#)

Wanten, Jenny: See Jenny Wanten

Washington Flap: (*Terrestrial*) In July 1952 there were UFOs seen over the capital of America, Washington, for weeks. This was after LA had been inundated with UFOs following WW2 some years before, and after Roswell etc.



Notice in these photographs, taken from this flap, that the UFO multiple lights all reposition correctly, in relationship to parallax.

Hundreds and or thousands saw these and other lights in the sky. Observe also that in the second two photos that there is a water drop on the windowpane and it is in a different location. These

are stills taken from a movie, and the viewer is moving as well. It appears from the movie that the film is taken from the window of a moving car. The photographer moved, downwards, giving further authenticity to the pictures.



The Washington flap is the most prominent saucer flap in the western world. Thousands saw the craft. Jets were scrambled to intercept them, but as per the newspaper article based on a statement from the jet pilot, the craft outran the jets.



The President of the USA went on record in a press interview as stating that saucers existed and there was nothing much one could do. The media coverage continued.

WD's: Warp Drives

Wright, W.H.: (*Terrestrial*) Astronomer at Lick Observatory in California

XF-5-U1: (*Terrestrial*) The Flying Flapjack was a US Navy experiment, with a disk shaped plane, in 1947.

Zip Suit: ® A bulletproof suit, also *zipsuit*, made in Tilk by Tilk Industries. These are the preferred suits most government dignitaries wear. For the first 100 years after Federation, there were a recorded 15,679 assassination attempts on various government

officials in the Federation sectors, mostly in the first twenty years. Zip Suits became very necessary.

◀[Return](#)

Zovotinski: (*Terrestrial*) A town in Siberian Russia.

o0o

CREDITS (BIBLIOGRAPHY):

Below are sites that may help the curious on the background data of the *New-Earth Miniseries*. Some of the sites have gone, as sites do. But they are all included. The following sites also included the photos used as source materials in the Glossary and this also needs to be acknowledged.

Condon Report:

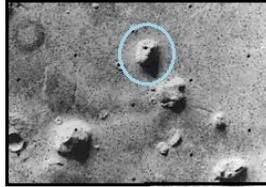


Key words: Condon, report, UFO

Site: <http://www.alienwar.com>

Notes: A professional site. The creators are passionate about what they're writing. The site has not just the Condon Report, but also alien abductions or various, and horrific kinds. You can get lost in this site with the data. The author of the site has his own story to tell and goes over much of it. His experience is subjective and worth the time to go through the site. This site is put together with a passion not seen in other sites. Read the author's subjective experience and you decide.

Cydonia:



Key words: Cydonia, Mars

Site: <http://www.enterprisemission.com>

Notes: The above site has good data, and the link has specific information on where this face is found on Mars, its coordinates etc. One will also find there the pyramid, fort and other named anomalies adjacent to the face.



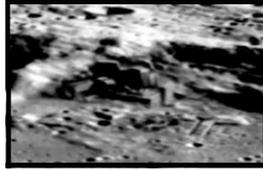
Foo-fighters:

Key words: foo, fighters, war

Site: <http://www.foofighters.greyfalcon.us>

Notes: The entire site is devoted to the Foo-fighter phenomena. There are many photos. The above image is 1945 over Italy. But foo-fighters were found in both the European and the Asian/Pacific theatres of war. Both sides saw the phenomena.

Moon:



Key words: moon, buildings, mystery, structure

Site: <http://www.ozpolitic.com>

Notes: What is best about this site is that there are two frames of this above picture and the buildings are seen from different positions of parallax. It is hard not to agree that these artificial looking shapes may not be buildings with some kind of landing bay to the front and left.



Key words: moon, anomaly, mystery, structure

Site: <http://www.thelivingmoon.com>

Notes: More showing anomalies. These shapes or holes in the lunar surface – if they were on Earth they would be accepted as mines. It is difficult to think of natural ways for these shapes to otherwise exist.

Philadelphia Experiment:

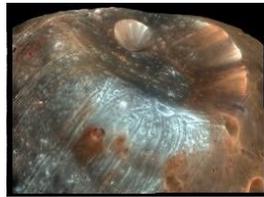


Key words: Philadelphia, experiment, navy us

Site: <http://www.bibliotecapleyades.net>

Notes: This site again is very professional. The page here explains the *Philadelphia Experiment* story in detail with the various facts that are known about. It separates facts from conjecture. The rest of the site is worth becoming familiar with and it presents more of the UFO culture.

Phobos:



Key words: Phobos, moon, Mars

Site: <http://www.nineplanets.org>

Notes: This moon is around 22 km across. Mars has two moons and its second moon is about a third of the diameter of Phobos. This is a straight look at what is in our solar system and has good photographs.

Project Blue Book:



Key words: blue book, project, air force, USA, ufo

Site: <http://www.ufocasebook.com>

Notes: This site is a general all-round excellent site that gives details and an overview of the UFO phenomena with a historical perspective.

Project Grudge:

Key words: project, grudge, UFO, USA, air force

Site: <http://www.obscurantist.com>

Notes: This is an overall professional site with a feel for good historical documents.

Robertson Panel:



Key words: Robertson Panel, UFO, USA

Site: <http://www.ufocasebook.com>

Notes: This is one of the premier UFO sites. It has all the classical cases well written and easy to understand. It isn't hard to get a quick grasp on the subject from here, and its history. One can move around easily on the site. This site is highly recommended. You can explore much of the historical data that the New-Earth Miniseries uses from this one site should you wish.

Roswell:



Key words: Roswell, UFO, CIA, agent

Site: <http://www.blastr.com>

<http://www.roswellfiles.com>

Notes: A CIA agent states that the Roswell incident is real and actually did happen and the ex-agent is a whistleblower. On the second site, it is very professional and thorough.



Key words: Roswell, newspapers, UFO,

Site: <http://www.malin.hubpages.com>

<http://www.battleofearth.wordpress.com>

Notes: Both these sites are worth a good look at as they show more of the background of the Roswell story and enrich the tapestry upon which the *NEW-EARTH MINISERIES* is painted.



Key words: Roswell, UFO, weather balloon, press release,

Site: <http://www.roswellfiles.com>

Notes: This page – if it is still there – isn't only showing two photographs of the so-called weather balloon remains of Roswell, but also an FBI document found in the FBI archives by an agent of theirs about the crash and the UFOs etc. In addition to this is the actual blog, which shows how much UFO culture has permeated.

Sea of Tranquility:



Key words: Apollo 11, moon, sea of tranquility, Buzz, Aldrin

Notes: The landing site of Apollo 11 has had reports of UFOs. Buzz Aldrin, astronaut who went to the moon explains the strange phenomena he encountered in space and on the moon and what happened when he reported it at the time.

UFOs government:

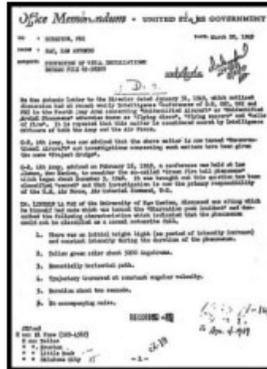


Key words: government, UFO, USA, Canada, VTOL

Site: <http://www.the60sat50.blogspot.com.au>

Notes: The *New-Earth Series* was being penned in 1989. Then Area 51 was unknown, and thus doesn't come into this story for several more years. Here is a 1961 Avrocar, VTOL – vertical takeoff and landing craft, jointly made by the USA and Canada.

Unified Field Theory:



Key words: unified field theory, Albert, Einstein

Site: <http://www.aip.org>

Notes: This site overall is about Einstein and his history, about his life and work.

UFOs Germany WW2:



Key words: Nazi, bell, Germany, UFO, anti-gravity, unified field

Site: <http://www.mysteriousuniverse.org>

Notes: The site is about UFOs and particularly specializes in anti-gravity and how it works etc. These concepts and theories are *not* used in the NEW-EARTH MINISERIES.



Key words: Nazi, UFO

Site: <http://www.where-is-area-51.com>

Notes: Good site and has another dimension to the UFO phenomenon. There have been links with Germany and UFOs with the Foo Fighters, and also with Albert Einstein and the Philadelphia experiment. This is now becoming entrenched in UFO culture.

Washington flap:



Key words: Washington, flying saucer, UFO, 1950s, flap

Site: <http://www.ufologie.patrickgross.org>

Notes: This site has the whole story, how the air force followed the UFOs on radar, how they plotted them, with photos, how jets tried to intercept but couldn't. How the UFOs followed passenger planes etc. Also there are the official claims that these were the result of temperature inversions, and how these came about. It is good reading.



Key words: Washington, flying saucer, UFO, 1950s, flap

Site: <http://www.ufoera.com>

Notes: Good site, well documented.



Key words: Washington, flying saucer, UFO, 1950s, flap, media,

Site: <http://www.ufocasebook.com>

<http://www.ufologie.patrickgross.org>



Notes: July 28, 1952. Not only the article itself but also the transcript is available.

Key words: Washington, flying saucer, UFO, 1950s, flap

Notes: This is an interesting comic from Washington at the time about the flap. There is a lot of data released under the Freedom of Information Act, and it is relatively easy to research some of these clippings. This was the biggest UFO flap on record, and while it is downplayed today, it is worth knowing, as the downplaying of these phenomena is what is taken up significantly in the *NEW-EARTH MINISERIES*.

◀*Return*

ψ

List of Sequetus Series Books:

THE NEW EARTH MINISERIES

- Book 1. Advance on Sequetus 3
- Book 2. Over Sequetus 3
- Book 3. Chariots of Sequetus 3
- Book 4. Magi
- Book 5. The Silent Enemy
- Book 6. The Federation Unravels
- Book 7. Savior of Sequetus 3
- Book 8. New Federation

THE TEMPLAR MINISERIES

- Book 9. Temples of Sequetus 3
- Book 10. Temples and the Juggernaut
- Book 11. Escape From Federation
- Book 12. The Book of War

THE JUGGERNAUT MINISERIES

- Book 13. Juggernauts
- Book 14. Temple Worlds
- Book 15. Far Outer Worlds and Sequetus 3
- Book 16. The Talkron Hunter – Part I
- Book 17. The Talkron Hunter – Part II

THE EARTH SYNDROME MINISERIES

- Book 18. The Earth Syndrome
- Book 19. Final Passage
- Book 20. Vigil
- Book 21. Maluka Rising
- Book 22. Orbat
- Book 23. Galaxy

- Book 24. Expanded Series Glossary and Notes

NOTES ON ILLUSTRATIONS:

Writing is a cultural art. So is drawing and painting. Most artwork in this series is from www.dreamstime.com and others. The artists, photographers and models who participated in these works are very talented.

DIAGRAMS:

The author created maps and diagrams to explain some of the events in these books. These works are copyright to the author. They may be used later to create more sophisticated works.

The author needed these diagrams to refer to. So, if he needed them, he expects you may also.

The author took the philosophy that he had a story to tell, and he uses pictures, to aid the story.

The Glossary is the same. The author initially constructed the glossary so that he could keep track of events, as he recorded the world of the Federation. He has now included the glossary, as it evolved further in each book. So, in this book now, you get the glossary, as it had evolved up until this book's end.

The characters of the book may seem like real people. The author wrote it that way. They feel, bleed, drink coffee (or kalo) and they have emotions. They have personality. But in saying this, no character in these books is designed around anyone the author knows or has read about.

Thank you for reading the *SEQUETUS SERIES* books.

Sincerely yours

Nick Broadhurst [◀Return](#)

ψ



We hope you enjoyed reading *Over Sequetus 3*, the second book in the *Sequetus Series*. We trust you found the book interesting, enjoyable, and maybe you learned a little. The rest of the series expands on what you have read and experienced so far.

Intervention has to occur, but when? Or are those who are using Earth for their own purposes likely to win out? But who really is using Earth? The only way you're going to find out is to continue reading.

Thank you for coming with us this far. We hope that you will continue with our books and recommend them to your friends.

ψ