

THE SILENT ENEMY



**Nick
BROADHURST**

Book 5 in the
NEW EARTH MINISERIES, and the
SEQUETUS SERIES

BOOK 5

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

THE SILENT ENEMY
Rulers of Earth



BOOK 5

By Nick Broadhurst

Published by Sequetus Publishing

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Revised for updating the story July 2019

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

DISCLAIMER

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

THE SEQUETUS SERIES GLOSSARY

AND 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 grey. These are bookmarks 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 pale-blue "return" button. That will take you back to where this term was first used in the text.

The Glossary was developed for the author to use as an alphabetical reference so he could develop more books in the series, and record data for future books to use, while ideas came to mind in earlier books. So he gives it to you now, the reader.

The author also likes footnotes, and uses them liberally. But these are not listed in alphabetical order, so the reader cannot find easily a word he might need later in the text. But an alphabetical glossary, can serve that purpose well. So he has used both these reference methods in these books.

The only problem with the original Glossary, was that kindles would insist that all bookmarks be electric-blue. This made the text an unpleasant reading experience. So, a way was developed with templates that allowed the bookmarks to be colored text-grey in a kindle.

You do not need to read many of these items in the Glossary if you have read them in earlier versions. It is up to you. But bear in mind that

reading past words one does not understand can make a person groggy and sleepy.

This author is a storyteller and wants all tools available for the readers so he can tell his story.

He wants reader enjoyment. But also, all readers are different in what they want. So the author hopes he has picked a middle path for most readers. There are also other reading machines, and others formats too. For example, the PDF files do not have these bookmarks underlined as the underlines are removed. That makes reading even easier. But here in a kindle bookmarks are still underlined. So it is tricky, as each reading methods changes the experience slightly. Also note that there are more bookmarks in the first books at the beginning than at the end and, or in later books.

And to help with the story there are also pictures, and maps.

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

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

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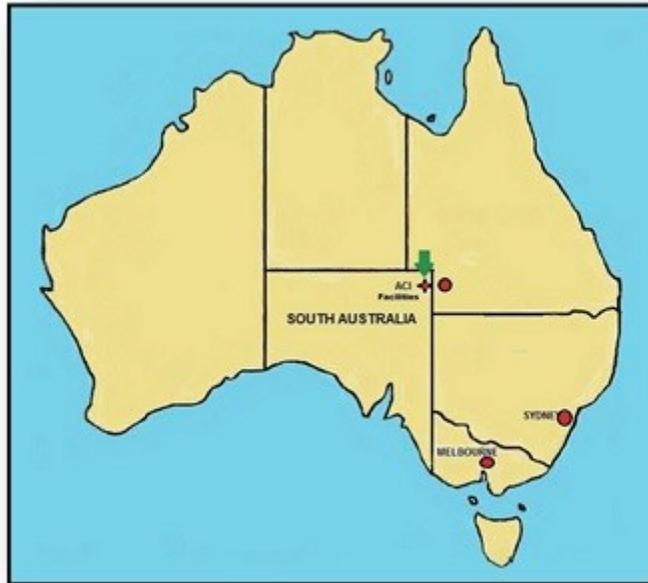
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BACK COVER



Relative locations of Healesville, Essendon Airport, City of Melbourne, Port Phillip Bay, and Greenhaven.



Australia, showing the location of the ACI launch base

MATHEW

Pegasus headed for the South Pole, being the sole entry not patrolled by Earth's armed satellites, supposed remnants of the Cold War. Down the axis, across the Antarctic ice lands the craft skimmed.

The views were enthralling, with stark white ice mountains, breaking up, as they reached the deep blue ocean. As *Goren* scanned the blue horizon he thought of how good it was to return to this beautiful little planet. The blue aura permeated the bridge from the viewscreens. *Goren* searched for the dark thin line that he knew was the continent of Australia.

Australia soon appeared to stretch both sides of the horizon. *Pegasus* flashed over its coast, and headed into the desert. The light was failing, and the continent would soon be in darkness.

Pegasus slowed. Before them were the lights of the ACI launch facilities. The silhouette of the rocket was lit, with carnival-like lights radiating its presence into the desert night. As

the *Pegasus* settled onto the ground outside the base the sky darkened. The first stars were beginning to lighten the incoming threat of darkness.

A vehicle turned off its lights, and stopped fifty meters from the craft. *Colonel Johnson* jumped out to greet them.

Goren was the first out from *Pegasus* to smell the clean air.

Johnson strode over the sand, extending his hand. "Good to see you, sir." *You have changed*, came the thought to Goren. *Bigger stronger different*.

"You look well Colonel. Great work has been taking place in my absence," Goren said, as he gestured to the rocket in the distance. "Ready?"

"Almost, sir. A few technical problems, but it'll be ready soon," replied the colonel. *Early work. Complete. Problem small hard work. Three month early. Hope likes*.

Goren looked the colonel over. "It looks as though the project is about three months ahead of program. It's a credit to you, Colonel."

Johnson swelled with pride. "Thank you, sir." *Great man, work harder*.

Goren turned to *Felice*, "Felice, this is Colonel Johnson, his project, and our first corporate venture into space, using only Earth technology."

Felice smiled, as the thoughts came to her. *Pretty lady. Goren fortunate. Pretty lady.* She looked knowingly at Goren, and then back to the colonel. "It is a most impressive project Colonel"

"You are kind, thank you."

Letone stepped out from the *Pegasus*. Johnson stared. *Senior Boguard. Important mission. Boguard special strong must be important mission.* Tentatively he offered his hand.

Letone grabbed the man's hand in a firm grip. "It is good to meet the man who is famous for this historic project. I hope you find time to escort me over it tomorrow.

More Boguard stepped from the *Pegasus*, and the colonel stood back. *Fear military harm control fear.*

"Colonel," said Goren, "These Boguard are here to assist us. They're from the Hymondian Court, and were on this mission prior to me. They will protect this base more zealously than

themselves. Your mission is theirs, and they will protect you.”

A new thought flowed. *Safe secure good.*

The colonel smiled. “I’m pleased they’re here, sir.”

Ω

The next morning Goren took the company helicopter south to Melbourne. Accompanying him was Letone, a Boguard pilot and two troopers. Felice remained at the base.

Healesville was in a beautiful autumn morning. The property below was dappled in sunlight, as the eucalypt trees swayed gently to the hymn of the gentle north wind. As Goren looked out he could see the completed house renovations. The trees bowed in the rush of air, as the copter descended onto the new tennis court.

Goren watched *Marline* and *Mathew* peering out from the verandah. Excitedly, Mathew began to wave, and Marline was doing all she could do to hold her son back. The air swirled, and the trees whipped, as the copter blades slowed.

Letone and Goren ducked low, and made a dash, as Mathew ran towards them from the stairs. He was followed by a small group of excited children who overtook him.

Goren stood watching the children, as they milled around Letone and he. One of the children cried out in a cruel taunt. "That isn't your father Mathew. You don't have a father." The other children laughed. *Mathew lies, hurt punish body hurt Mathew stupid.* Another thought came: *Ridicule awe no father, fantastic helicopter. Mathew lies, no father.*

Goren looked to Mathew, who was at the rear watching, as he let out a whimpering thought: *Hide shame Mathew bad like man, like father.*

Goren looked to Marline, as she now approached with a smile. Her thoughts ran through him softly. *Say yes, please not hurt Mathew, only love please great man.*

Goren nodded to Marline. "It is nice to see you again on such a beautiful day, Marline."

"Also, you too, Goren. See how the house is finished?"

"Yes, it appears fine." Goren then turned his attention to the boy who had made the cruel remarks. "But I'm Mathew's father, boy."

"No you are not. Mathew has no father."
The children burst into laughter.

In an icy stern reply Goren held his finger to the child who made the remark. Then Goren stretched out his arm, and swooped Mathew up to his chest. Instantly Mathew had his arms around Goren's neck, holding tight. Goren was warmed by the thoughts: *Father love father, like me, Mathew not bad.*

Goren smiled, and turned to the children. "Mathew is going to learn how to fly the helicopter. Are you ready Mathew?" he said, looking to Marline for approval.

Awe surprise. Mathew meekly answered, "Yes."

Then a new thought came to Goren: *Mathew not learn to fly, Mathew bad, us learn not Mathew.* Goren looked to see the same boy, with the thoughts about to raise his hand in objection.

Goren then felt a warm thought, a kind, and gentle thought, soothing. *Go Mathew, learn how to fly, show nasty boys you good.*

Mathew kind Mathew, do good, like Mathew.

Looking at the girl with these thoughts, Goren said, "Cindy, if Mathew is going to learn to fly, can you be our navigator?"

"Yes," was the surprised reply. *Joy happy great man Mathew's father good surprise show nasty boys.* Cindy ran over to the three, and turned towards the aircraft. Goren nodded to the Boguard in the helicopter, and the rotors whined into life.

Moments later they were soaring above the trees.

"Mathew," called Goren through the headsets, above the scream of the engine, "Grab hold of the stick, and I'll teach you how to fly!"

Mathew's eyes bulged, as he stared at the controls to his left. His feet could not touch the pedals. Tentatively he put a hand to the stick, and suddenly felt the power of the craft surge through his body. *Fantastic me strong control great machine, love great man.* Soon Goren and pilot released the machine of all physical control. Only Mathew held the stick. The two Jiltanian troopers in the rear shed thoughts of sheer panic, as they saw only the

young child, in the pilot seat of the powerful machine.

The Boguard and Goren were in touch with each other, and exchanged glances as well as thoughts. They did not need to hold the controls. They were in harmony, with the machine.

Cindy had lost her fear, and pointed to her house below. Mathew followed her direction, with a smooth movement of the stick, and the craft seemed to follow.

“Where to Cindy?” cried Goren into the microphone over the whine.



“There, over my home again,” was her excited response.

"Can you get there, Mathew?"

The young child nodded, as his face showed intention. He stared at the stick, and scenery outside. *Yes concentrate, house fly machine over trees, concentrate.*

It did not take long for the children to work out that they could project their thoughts to the copter, and have it respond accordingly. What was happening, was Goren and the Boguard were channeling the children's thoughts through their own minds, and amplifying them to control the copter. Goren was surprised at the clarity of the children's thoughts.

The navigation of the hills and valleys absorbed the children, as they thundered over the countryside. After thirty minutes they gently began lowering over the tennis court again.

As Mathew and Cindy dashed out, from under the blades to relay the experience to their friends; Marlene ran from the verandah.

Mathew was mid stride to the other children, when he halted. "Where is Scampi?" he cried in alarm. *Scampi fear alarm compassion Scampi.*

Goren sent out a mental thought to the small dog. *Scampi? Scampi?*

Soon the reply came. *Scampi joy fun birds, fun call.*

Goren sent the thought. *Scampi Mathew needs you protect Mathew help.*

To that Goren added the afterthought: *Now immediately.*

Scampi began to run. He dodged trees, panted heavily, as he raced to the open clearing. *Help master Mathew protect now fast.*

“Over there!” Goren called out to Mathew.

“Scampi!” cried Mathew in elation. He ran to the little dog, but quickly froze.

Scampi ran to his small master. *Call master Scampi thought?* The little terrier cocked his head, and looked at his master. *Danger?*

Goren could feel something wrong. He looked to Marline. She sensed it, as well. Goren could feel the young boy's feeling of fear. There were many thoughts around, and most he could analyze, with his awareness. He put out a feeler, and found the source. There amongst the children was an evil thought, powerful, and deliberately harmful, and it was aimed at Mathew. *Mathew hurt enjoy hurt harm*

make Mathew cry wait hurt Mathew with words.

Goren put out a thought to Scampi.

Scampi.

The little dog turned his head. *Call Scampi man?*

Yes Mathew protect Scampi, you protect master, Scampi strong bad boy there, protect Mathew master, scared of boy, Scampi protect good, Scampi ok?

Yes great man, Scampi protect Scampi bite boy, Scampi bite? Please Scampi bite boy? Protect master.

Goren thought back. *No Scampi, no bite boy, anything else but no bite boy, anything else no bite boy, don't bite Scampi, if you bite Scampi lose master ok?*

Fear no lose master, other way.

Goren watched the boy that had Mathew in such fear. Scampi could see him moving around behind the other children. Scampi trotted into position, as Cindy told the crowd how she and Mathew controlled the great powerful machine.

Make boy go away?

Yes but no bite ok?

Yes.

Scampi stood at the feet of the boy. The boy looked down, and Scampi growled. The boy looked at the little dog. He was not afraid. This was a stupid dog that belonged to a stupid boy, who had a stupid friend Cindy. Mathew was a stupid fatherless little boy, and he would tell all the children when this dumb man goes away. The boy was now listening to the Cindy's stupid talk of how they flew the helicopter. He would tell them later that it was a lie, but first he wondered why his leg was feeling warm, and wet too. Quickly he looked down to see Scampi scratching grass into the air at him. The little dog promptly trotted off.

"Oh," he cried, "Now look what your stupid dog has done...my leg." The boy shook with anger, and drew away, and then began to run.

Scampi, good?

Okay.

Cindy described how Mathew flew, with the controls, by himself. Only Mathew touched the controls, but they did it together. The children listened, and Mathew listened. It was exciting.

Soon the conversation had changed, and they ran to the house, Scampi beside them.

Scampi...

The little dog turned to face the originator of the thought. *Yes?* He replied.

Protect master Mathew, protect his friends, never forget this.

Yes, protect master Mathew, fun play joy, and Scampi chased after the children.

Marline watched her son happy in the company of the others. She turned to Goren. "I hope that Mathew did not embarrass you, about being your son."

Goren drew back from his communication with the dog.

"They taunt him," she said. "When he first told them that you were his father, I did not have the courage to stop him, even if it was a lie." *Please not scold Mathew, Goren my boy only small.*

"Where is his father?" Goren asked.

Marline turned to watch the children play. Her son had grabbed the ball, and was laughing, as the other children tried to retrieve it from him. His shrieks filled the still air. Marline sighed. "He left before Mathew was born, and I have never heard from him since. He knows

that he has a child somewhere, and could contact me, if he wanted to.”

“So what is it you really want Marline?”

Distantly she gazed upon her son, as he chased the ball. “I suppose all I want is for Mathew to be happy. Perhaps a father, someone that can give him the things, and answers in life that a woman can’t provide.”

Goren nodded. “I could be Mathew's legal father, or shared guardian if you wished. I, perhaps, like Mathew, need someone who can show me things that otherwise I don’t experience in life.”

Marline smiled. “You don’t have to. You are already so kind.”

“No. It has nothing to do with Jenny. I could be Mathew's legal father by adoption so that he would be a legal heir of mine. The choice is yours. I don’t want to force myself on you, or Mathew.”

Surprise happy. “The choice would be Mathew's, but I think I know the answer. Let’s go inside, so I can show you what the contractors have done. It is a wonderful house, now.”

Inside, after Goren, Letone and Marline had exhausted the tea supply, Mathew arrived, with Scampi bouncing at his side.

“Mathew,” asked Goren. “Would you like to be my legal son?”

Mathew father joy, his little mind went.

“It is up to you Mathew. It is up to you to answer,” Marline softly said.

A small tear came to the boy's eyes, smiled, and carefully walked to Goren. *Great man father mine father, man wants me, Mathew family happy.*

Mathew looked up, and said, “I like that. Will you come and play football, with me?” *Show children father.*

Goren looked to Marline, and shrugged and walked out, with the small boy.

A moment later the children surrounded Goren in a clearing. They were calling for him to kick the ball.

“Kick it, as far as you can,” came Mathew's instructions.

“Even if it goes over the trees?” asked Goren.

“Yes, yes, a really big kick.”

"I will, if you show me how. Kick one for me," Goren pleaded.

Mathew looked at the ball, held it. He steadied it, with both hands, everyone watching. Mathew stared at the ball; firmly he held it. He knew he was not a good kick, he gritted his teeth. He would show his father how to do it. *Concentration, ball far, foot, long way.*

He took aim, dropped the ball onto his foot, and kicked. His thoughts changed from: *Not failure please ball no fail*, to: *wow amaze wonder long*, as the ball sailed into the air. It just kept going, and going. Finally after forty-five meters it crashed into some trees. Mathew was riveted. *Me? Ball? Kick?*

Goren thought to Mathew. *With help.*

Mathew quickly turned, looked at Goren, and wondered. He then turned again, and ran to the trees after Scampi.

The ball was returned quickly, and presented to Goren.

"A long, long way," yelled Mathew, as he jumped into the air, arms stretched, "over the top of the trees."

Goren nodded, and kicked the ball, sending it sailing up, up and over the trees, but it just kept flying, up and beyond the next line of trees. It then it slowed, and dropped about a hundred meters from the children.

None had seen a ball kicked that far before.

Goren looked at the little dog. "Scampi, will go and fetch the ball."

Scampi will? How? Thought the dog.

Goren *far-saw* the ball, lodged in between two trees, far away. Goren provided the little dog, with pictures of direction, and location. The dog understood, and ran.

I help get ball. The little dog raced into the long grass, and disappeared under the trees with image, and location of the ball in his mind. After two minutes he found the ball exactly where he thought it would be. The dog halted. The ball was twice as big as he was. He wouldn't be able to bring it back to the clearing.

Help, the thought came from the terrier. The ball slowly rose in the air until it cleared the grass. Scampi nudged at the ball, and it floated effortlessly in the direction of the clearing. Scampi jumped, and pushed it again, and it floated along more. So intent on the ball was

Scampi that he did not hear the children calling, as they too were searching for the ball. Scampi kept nudging the ball, and it continued to get closer to the children. *This you man?* Goren smiled, as he far-saw the dog and the ball, getting closer to the clearing. *Yes Scampi.* The little dog was just in view when a voice cried, "I have found him!" It was Cindy. Scampi looked up and the ball fell to the ground.

Cindy bent down and picked up the ball. "Scampi, you are a clever doggy. How did you get the ball here?"

The dog tried to explain. He barked and jumped, but couldn't tell about the great man's help. The girl laughed, and ran back to the clearing with the ball.

The children played.

Finally, it was getting dark, and Mathew had already been put to bed. It was time to go. Goren looked to the cool sky, as the last light seemed to duck down behind the western horizon. The rotors began to turn over, and start their whine.

Goren hurried, but became aware of a psychic whimper. *Parting cry hurt father pain parting.* Goren could see Mathew in

the dark at the side of his bedroom window. He was waving, but hidden in the dark. *Father not see me wave please see wave.*

Goren looked to the little dog sitting up on the verandah. *Scampi go, needs friend master Scampi.* Goren then waved to the small boy.

The dog stood and looked, as Goren made his way to the tennis court. *Me help master yes great man,* and he ran indoors.

Soon Goren had the image of Mathew's face in the darkness, his tears being smothered by puppy licks.

Goodbye Mathew, goodbye son.

Goodbye father, I love you.

Marline did not understand, but knew there was something special developing between her son, and this magical man. She couldn't explain it. Perhaps it was just the fatherly figure, she did not know.

Goodbye Marline. The announcement almost made her stumble. The thought was so strong, and clear, and real. She shuddered.

Goren yelled to her, as he was entering the copter. "So we shall see you both in December then?"

“Yes, of course,” came her barely audible reply.

One last wave to the darkened window, and the machine began to rise from the ground. Its spotlights were as blinding as its engine roar was deafening. Slowly it began to clear the treetops, and head away northwards.

Marline continued to look up at the stars. Who was this strange man who had recently entered their lives?

She turned to see her son, and his little dog standing by the verandah palings. “Come,” she called. “Young man, how do you like the idea of a warm chocolate drink, and biscuits?”

Biscuits food Scampi happy.

ψ

PREPARING FOR THE ATTACK

The next three days in America were hectic. The new Boguard had to gain entry, and be issued with passports as American citizens. One of Goren's priorities had been to establish his legitimate existence for the courts. *Aeroitek Corporation International* was under attack. The media were running stories that Goren Torren had fled the country from a toppling corporate empire, an empire built on straw, and hype.

The press had claimed that Goren Torren had been the fifteenth wealthiest man in the world before he disappeared. He had once been hailed as a great hope, and now he had betrayed them. He had gone missing for half a year. Some press articles painted a more sinister picture of assassination.

Inaccurate exposes of the ACI Continental Vice Presidents were published, about them being the real new gurus to the massive empire, which had crept up on Wall Street, not Goren

Torren. Other articles claimed that ACI was corrupt, and riddled with drug money from South America, especially Peru where ACI had established itself as a gold mining operation.

Goren had answered his critics, with an interview by a reporter that he had once held great hopes for, but the result turned out to be a maligning insult. That reporter was Miss Judy Jones. Goren now offered her the exclusive interview of a lifetime. She was to be his campaigner, and his voice, for he was going to help the world whether it believed him or not. Judy believed in him.

Ω

On his fourth day back Goren held a conference, with those who were to be his inner confidants, advising them of his coming plans. The meeting was in the regally appointed study of his Californian residence now known as *Home*. Present was Felice, Navia, Mepat, Letone and Arlon.

“As you are aware,” Goren addressed them all. “We’re an organization under attack from forces that we had assumed were terrestrial, until now. When we find the attackers of ACI we

hope it also leads us to who is behind what is happening elsewhere in the Galaxy. However, we must draw our enemy in closer, invite him to attack more, for only then can we see it face to face, put a name on it, and then finally defeat it. We must be able to face the target, before we can deal with it correctly. Our enemy's ability to stay in the shadows and appear invisible and silent is what protects it. We must remove that protection. By standing for what the enemy wants to destroy, we expect to draw him out of the shadows.

"To encourage our enemy to attack repeatedly will provide valuable data. We need to expand our operations, and become more prosperous, and larger. We must expand on many fronts." Goren looked to make sure all agreed and they did.

Goren continued. "Obviously Navia, we need to step up research into who is behind the attacks. The end of Earth's Cold War has left plenty of intelligence agents without work. Find the best of them, and set up a strong terrestrial Intel-unit under ACI. The others of you, feed all the data of any attack – media or otherwise - to Navia's unit. Coordinate with Mepat.

“Arlon, have *Kimonu Huro of Household Security* step up to military grade security around the residence, and have her consult at ACI Security. We’re going to need a lot of her help.”

“Felice, I want you to set up a following of me. I want you to promote me, as the new Magi. *A person of wisdom, common sense, but do I have more?* Create mystery. You’ll need to promote a following that will self-perpetuate, which will in turn draw the enemy out.”

Goren exchanged a few thoughts with Felice, and smiled. He turned back to Arlon, his head housekeeper. “Arlon, I want you to present me to the world through the media, as a new political force in the United States of America. Use a separate PR unit to that of Felice. Create a ground swell that could get me elected as something.

“Letone, your part is to totally oversee all of our further security, and military operations, here on Earth. This will include ACI, as well as all our assets, plus the organizations that will be set up by the others in this room. Obviously you will coordinate with Kimonu Huro of the Household.”

Goren turned his attention to Mepat, his old friend, and leader of the Boguard. “Mepat, in you I will trust the economic control of ACI, and its subsidiaries. Your tasks are many, but right now you will need to ensure that there are no legal areas where an enemy can attack us. Under no account are we to leave ourselves open to an attack over finances, especially taxes. Cover every country we’re in, and be very thorough, and look for accountancy infiltration and sabotage.”

Goren looked back to all. “You’ll find that the funds you need for your operations are already available. Should you require Boguard expertise for any reason, clear that through Letone. Apart from those troopers already cleared for terrestrial duty, no others are permitted on the planet at this stage.

“Our plan ultimately is to free Earth, have it become part of the Federation Alliance. And that won’t happen, while this planet is a war mongering risk to outside eyes.”

Goren looked around, and after a brief flurry of questions and answers, left the room.

The interview with Judy Jones went as planned. Goren not only proved his existence to the world, but also sowed the seeds of

expansion. He gave great visions of ACI entering space, entering the media, and helping the world. He told her that three more rocket bases were being planned. The result was that all eyes were on South Australia. Many dubbed the exercise as visionary folly. They said business had no place in space. That was the select domain of the benevolent government scientist, who wished only knowledge and freedom. No, there was no room for the hungry capitalist. Goren's drive into space was doomed to fail.

Of course there were no other rocket sites in mind, however, the enemy did not know this. The enemy grabbed the bait, and exposed itself after this announcement. All attacks were collected from the media, and analyzed. Statistically data was being collated, and evaluated.

ψ

CHAPTER 3

THE LAUNCH

Felice was in the drawing room of the residence, *Home*. She continued to outline her plan to Goren. "Firstly, we'll research the terrestrial leaders of movements from the past. I'll find out what is expected of them, from this planet. We'll also survey people to find out what they hope for. The population will have some very strong expectations in life, and we need to know what they are.

"From this information, we'll be able to present you in a way people want. We need smaller venues to test these concepts, and once the crowds grow in size, we'll lease larger ones. I'll collect all the historical data on spiritual leaders, and their impact on relevant societies. Secondly, I will then research popular beliefs, and any forgotten truths that may have been pushed aside over the millennia."

Goren thought as he paced the room. "Can this be done in three weeks? The research?"

Felice thought for a moment and answered. "I don't know. I have been allocated six Boguard for the initial task. There is a lot of data to wade through. The research material is still in book format. It's slow. I expect there will be differences between what we find on Earth, and to what we know about elsewhere, so, we need to be thorough."

Ω

Arlon was responsible for the meetings between *ACI* and the invisible men, as he called them, who purported to run the planet. He was to step up his meetings and get the data to Navia.

Arlon was also negotiating to hire a *PR firm* that would map out television coverage of Goren Torren. Plus Arlon was meeting political party representatives, in order to sow seeds.

Ω

Mepat had installed his Boguard into all the key financial positions within *ACI*, and its subsidiaries. The finance divisions were doing well and attacks in this area were dwindling.

Ω

Letone had all new Boguard down on the planet within three weeks. He undertook extra building projects that would extend *Home* accommodation. He also negotiated the purchase of three adjoining properties for twice their market value. Eventually, these too, would become the home of the Boguard. Plans were likewise being drawn up, for state-of-the-art terrestrial security systems.

Ω

Goren and his entourage met Judy Jones at the departure lounge of the Los Angeles International Airport. The ACI aircraft was taxiing to departure gate sixty-three. Boguard surrounded Goren.

Judy held out the microphone while her cameraman filmed. "What is the announcement that is hailing from your PR division, Mister Torren?"

They were walking briskly and Goren looked at her. "Aeroitek last night bought *Pan Pacific Airlines*. We are now the owners of fifty-two

percent of the stock, making our entry into the mass people-mover business complete. That; with our purchase last month of *Indiana Air*, makes us now the world's fourth largest airline conglomerate."

Judy returned to her camera crew as Goren and his troop disappeared into the customs area. She removed the video cartridge and gave it to her cameraman; sending him scurrying back to the office, while she raced after Goren.

Half an hour later Goren's group were over the Pacific Ocean. In twenty hours they would be in Sydney.

Judy stared out of the window. She did not understand why she had been selected by this man to cover his rise, and further rise, in the world. He was not like other tycoons. Perhaps that was because he was the first real tycoon to emerge in the world for the past two decades. He seemed a good guy, not anything like the image she was made to portray of him. That still worried her. She caught him watching her as she was thinking about him. She stared outside at the clouds below.

Goren smiled at the thoughts emanating from her. Her cameraman was different. He was after any angle to take Goren down. His

thoughts were confused and jumbled. Mentally, the man was a mess.

Goren decided to leave her thoughts. He leaned back; closed his eyes.

An hour had passed when Letone and three Boguard left their seats for the rear luggage compartments. The airliner began to lower gracefully over the ocean. *Little Betsie* drifted out from the lower hold bay doors. In moments the *Rangercraft* rose behind the lumbering plane and shot up to eighty thousand feet.

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"Target on screen," reported the navigator of the *Rangercraft*.

Letone looked to the right screen. An armed satellite placed over South Australia was coming into view. The scanners showed the satellite's weaponry had zeroed in on the launch facilities of ACI.

"We are in position now, sir."

Letone kept an eye on the screen. The first of three satellites was only a kilometer away.

"Ready to depart," came another call.

"Depart," ordered Letone.

Two Boguard had been ready, suited up, waiting for the word. They exited from the holding bay into the great void of space. Through their clear-faced canopies, they watched each other as they drifted.

On the side of their visor they saw the broadcast image of Letone. Likewise, Letone had several images of those outside. *Little Betsie* had constructed a hologram of the satellite. Its functions and methods of control would soon be known.

Slowly, the Boguard grappled with the satellite. They were propelled by compressed nitrogen cartridges, strapped to the arms. Over the next ten minutes they realigned the satellite's armaments and placed transceivers aboard, to detect any further instructions from Earth.

A Hymondian *destroyer* took up a larger orbit of three hundred K's out. It locked its lasers and particle guns onto the satellites in case anything should go wrong. There would be no threat to the launch. The three satellites were now aiming at each other. If someone in the American military decided that the ACI launch be destroyed; it would instead result in the destruction of their own hardware.

The Boguard returned to *Little Betsie* and waited for any word from below. Twenty-five hours after Letone and the Rangercraft had left the ACI jumbo, he received Goren's call. "Systems are clear here. Thirty seconds and counting down...."

All images of the launch were being sent to *Little Betsie* and the fleet. *Adams'* face appeared from the cockpit on camera. Due to excessive media coverage it had become impractical to send up a vacant cabin; someone had to be aboard. Adams was recalled from Jilta, as Johnson wanted only him.

Adams checked the instruments, sat back and let the last seconds pass by. He gripped the sides of his seat, as the cabin began to shake. Soon, his whole body was shaking. Looking to the monitors, he saw the ground move and then gradually slide away. Soon the shaking rumble had turned into a high-pitched resonance. A moment later, the craft was tearing through the sky. The forces on Adams' body were pulling his flesh down, pinning his limbs to the contours of his seat. The clouds flashed past. He experienced the release of the second stage and felt exhilarated. He exited the atmosphere.



The launch in South Australia

Judy watched from the underground bunker, as the flames exploded out from the rocket at the ground level. The white vapor blew out a hundred meters, in all directions. Slowly, the rocket separated from the ground.

Judy put her hand to her mouth as the monster rose higher into the sky. The first stage separated in an explosive mass of flames and vapor. It slowly began to descend orderly back to Earth. The space disasters of the past were ever present in her mind. The room was electric with excitement. The rocket and its occupant safely continued their accelerated ascent.

Letone watched as the rocket first appeared as a dot on his central screen. He looked to the right screen and noticed a new image, and then another. They were more images of the capsule and the distant destroyer.

As the capsule approached, a warning came through from the destroyer.

Letone looked up. "What is it Commander?"

"There are two more armed satellites repositioning themselves. They are Russian."

"Got them Commander. Do you have them covered?" asked Letone.

"Yes; *Little Betsie*. Give the word and we shall remove them from their orbit."

"Too upsetting for terrestrials, Commander. Our presence here will be tolerated only if we don't attract too much adverse attention. Do we have time to dismantle?"

"You have twenty-four minutes until they arrive in the vicinity of the capsule."

"Adams?"

"He will reach your zone in thirty-one minutes."

Letone looked at the screens. "Then we'll have to defuse them."

Little Betsie began to move to a new position to intercept the incoming satellites. The two Boguard suited up again and soon were drifting out into space. The first of them was nearing the closest satellite.

Letone watched on the screens as the computerized hologram of the satellite's internals rotated. While the images were sharpened on screen, a red light flashed and then the whole screen turned red. Letone watched in horror! He knew in an instant what had happened. His mind was searing with agony from the Boguard outside; scrambling his thoughts. The screen showed his body convulsing under a high voltage electric arc that was still shooting out from the satellite. Letone looked at the body. It was now limp; the thoughts of pain vanished from his mind. A Boguard was dead.

Letone looked at the screens. The other Boguard was returning.

Letone what happened I felt great pain. It was Goren.

Lorde, Boguard dead from satellite trap.

Destroy all satellites within two hundred Ks of the rendezvous point. Take no further risks.

"Commander," Letone called to the destroyer.

"What happened down there?"

"Booby trapped satellites. Destroy the satellites I'm now marking on your screens."

"Will do, *Little Betsie*."

Instantly, both satellites were covered in a pale red light. Slowly, they began to glow under the heat of the destroyer's lasers. Ten seconds passed and their remains glowed red hot.

The commander's face came back onto the screen. Those, and all the other nearby satellites were now non-operational. Their internal workings had been welded inoperable.

Letone now watched for the approach of Adams. As the craft closed, Letone's grieving thoughts returned to his friend, who had just

died. He would have to wait until the end of the mission, before they could retrieve his charred body.

Adams' capsule approached the rendezvous point. The original American armed satellites were still in location.

Watching all screens Letone pressed the switch that discharged the new satellite that Adams was supposed to repair and regenerate.

The contract was for the satellite to be repaired and refurbished. There would however, be no repairs; merely the exchange of a new satellite for the old.

The satellite had traveled for no more than ten seconds when Letone flinched as another warning light came on. The three American satellites exploded in space. Letone viewed the exploding cylinders, as the American satellites became space dust.



Refurbishing satellites

The screens showed Adams grappling the ACI satellite, securing it to his craft, and readying it for the so-called repairs. Faking the repairs took nine hours. The new satellite was placed in its orbit, and Adams returned on his journey back to Earth under the watchful eyes of the Federation Alliance destroyer.

None in the Federation Alliance knew that the Kremlin and the Pentagon had just gone onto a condition red, war alert.



Adams in space

As the small ACI capsule raced on its downward path another fifteen satellites' internal workings overheated, and seized up.

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Goren watched the parachute open over the Simpson Desert. The capsule would be touching down in three minutes. He turned from the screen, to Judy. "So; you have seen a perfect operation. We have just refurbished a satellite at a third of the cost of a conventional launch. In addition to that, the fact that we now own half of all defunct satellites; it makes us the

largest user and owner of communications systems in the sky. For this reason we have introduced another corporation. It is called Satel Industries. With our reduced costs, we'll be the largest holder of satellites up there in less than three years. Report that in your coverage."

Judy did report it.

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As the nerves of the officials in the USA and Russian war department cooled, Goren was aware that someone knew he was non-terrestrial, but he did not know who that was. It would still take time, to flush them out.

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MAGI AND MAGI

Goren had been locked in a meeting with Felice for an hour. He sat back in the leather chair of his study, and viewed her recommendations. Felice sat opposite with seven folders of loose notes and photographs.

She opened the first file again and sorted through some of its contents. "This is a fascinating planet Goren, and its movements have a colorful history. As you would expect there is an obvious relationship between what we are looking for and *religion*. The current society is a porridge of two main schools of thought, with a sprinkling of subsidiaries, offshoots, and lesser beliefs." Felice put two books on the table.

She continued. "Those two schools of thought are what can be termed as *revealed* religions, and *natural* religions. The revealed religion is where a founder explains to others what they need to do for spiritual betterment; this being revealed through the founder from a divine source. This would include Judaism,

Christianity, Islam, *Zoroasterism*, and some of the earlier *pagan* religions. The natural religion, on the other hand, is where the individual members find answers themselves. Their betterment has usually come from meditation, self-reflection and so on. Natural religions would include Hinduism and Buddhism, plus some others, such as Taoism. There are also some which are mixed."

"Which is the most powerful, and how did they get that way?" asked Goren.

"They seem to follow the same sequence as our galactic religions. Times are usually tough. They have stories that foretell a leader is coming. A leader is born. He liberates in a time of repression; teaches right from wrong in a time of moral decline. He is held in high esteem. He dies and a religion is born with ordinary people to take his place as leader."

Goren sat tapping his finger on a book. "So; what is it that made this messiah so great and his religion so strong?"

"His supporters were convinced that he had divine powers. Like many galactic religions these religions Earth relied heavily on mysticism and experiences that only members of the following could experience." Felice replied.

"And the teachings themselves?" asked Goren.

"They are all good. They are as true now as then. Arguably, there may be better teachings in later religions, but this one still remains as the religion with the greatest mystical and divine content, and it has shaped Earth's society."

"Tell me: how did it become so great?"

"It is all here in the report. The orthodox story, and its real history, are not necessarily on the same path."

Goren requested two hot *kalo* drinks.

"Explain," he said.

"Well, there are different versions of what occurred two thousand years ago. The first regards him as a teacher of divine words, while the second portrays him as a rebel against an oppressive militaristic regime. The second account states that he had brothers who rebelled with him.

"His followers today claim that he died on a cross at the hands of his persecutors, while another account shows evidence that he fled with his wife and son. A third version says that he lived out his life in the Hindu Kush of Pakistan."

Goren sat back watching Felice, and tapped the table, indicating a thought, and a possible idea in the making. Briefly he pondered over the data. "Neither story really degrades the other. What is expected of such a founder today?"

Felice shrugged and looked up from her papers. "I have been here only a short time, but the folklore is centered on the book of Yeshau's exploits. In the past the old Judaic religion needed a super human messiah: one that was physically divine."

Goren nodded slowly. "Perhaps a mortal messiah wouldn't fill their needs."

"I doubt that a mortal messiah would suffice today," added Felice.

Goren rose and stood looking out of the window to see a new gardener tending the far rose bed. Goren so liked those flowers; their scent and colors were so rich and subtly pure. He turned to Felice. "Will we face much opposition from this religion?"

Felice bit her lip. "From what I have found, if any ruling religion is challenged, there will be a lot of trouble; including bloodshed."

"The reason being?"

Felice looked at Goren squarely. "Through the past millennia, millions upon millions have

died in the name of these religions. Any threat to them would be defended by any means available. Your life would be at great risk. You will be seen as a threat to those who died before, in the name of their religion."

Goren thought for a moment and gazed out the window again; the gardener was now trimming the far hedge. "It won't be just me at risk, but those around me as well."

"Yes. You must protect them too."

"Religion: does it have a chance if presented by a worthy leader?"

"It would, Goren. Earth's inhabitants lead a life of little adventure and scant hope for much more. If they knew of the Federation, there might be a resistance to a messiah, but I suspect that they are more than ready. Many times, the scriptures of the Christian religions refer to what is supernatural, and those affected by psychology call it the paranormal. You and I simply call it *natural*."

"Your main opponents will be the proponents of materialism. They appear to be able to subvert religion.

"Yes; I have seen the tenets of materialism at work in the seven years I have been here," said Goren solemnly. The gardener was now

beginning to move his tools to the garden shed. The day was getting along, and shadows began to draw over the lawn from the house. "There is much subtle worship of finance and the justification of its worship; which will be difficult to break."

Felice laughed. "If a magi can give his people a purpose, then he will find his job easy. I believe it won't be hard to find such a purpose for *Sequetus 3*. They don't even know the Federation exists; all you will have to do is lead their minds away from their insignificant lives, to believe in something greater."

"You mean, the *Federation*?" asked Goren. The gardener had gone now.

"Not just the Federation, not the *Pleiades* or the abilities you have regained; I mean give them the task of finding out why you are here. Goren, you are the *Magi*, and your task is to teach. Earth is your starting point. After we've finished here, the Federation and the *Galaxy* are waiting for you."

Felice joined him by the window. She gazed with him, watching, as the grounds were now completely covered in shadow. Yes, how much Earth reminded them both of their home planets.

They shared their thoughts as the clouds scudded away to the horizon.

Goren looked at the fence six hundred feet away and wondered about the fortress that he was building, for the events to come. He drew the curtains wide and opened out the double windows.

The air outside had an edge of chill, that brought back fond memories of the southern regions of Jilta. Goren breathed deep and stared out to the well-tended garden. Would he have sufficient protection here? Would the Boguard be able to keep out whoever was plotting against him? He knew that he was on someone's list, of people to be removed, but whose? Goren watched as two young birds outside flittered from one branch to another.

Felice was standing beside him. "Thinking of times past?"

Goren glanced sideways before staring out again. Yes, he had been deliberately keeping his thoughts to himself. "Past and future, Felice. I wonder what will happen to this planet, if we fail."

Felice looked to the darkening clouds as they rolled over the horizon. "The alternative is

for *Intervention*, but I don't think the planet is ready for it."

Goren accepted that, but wondered what he was looking for; what had happened to Lorde Hymondy? Had those behind the *Warp Drive Bank* taken him? Was the Warp Drive Bank in control, here too?

Felice stepped in front of Goren's desk and said, "I have an outline of what could flush out our enemy." She unfolded a large sheet of paper, exposing a map. "I have initially organized six rallies for you to speak at. From a series of surveys that we took, in the cities of the proposed rallies, I'm convinced people would be interested to make the effort to see you. To date, the mystery and the success that surrounds you, has created an interest amongst a certain strata of the population. To that interest, we'll market and advertise. It seems it is the mystery that has people fascinated in you."

Goren let out half a laugh. "Well, I hope that at least their mystery appetites will be satiated. You will have security in place, with Letone?"

"Of course; I'll provide you with a folder-of-operations as they become firm commitments."

Felice passed Goren a list of places and dates.

Goren nodded while studying the list. "I wonder when the enemy will strike its hardest blow?" he said, and handed it back.

Goren turned away to be alone with his thoughts. Felice understood and left.

Goren looked at the past, at the *Battle for Sequetus 3*. He also brought up memories of *Anqi, Orbat*, Mathew and Jenny. There were good times too, in the memories of Goren Torren.

Goren looked at the sky. It was almost black now. The first stars were out, and a new moon had begun to shine over *Home*.

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CHAPTER 5

THE MAGI

1997 January

Goren's introduction to the general public was three weeks after Felice's briefing. The meeting was in a city hall, with seating for three hundred. Advertisements had been placed in three local papers. Felice's survey got good results, and they had marketed correctly. There was only standing room at the rear when Goren walked on stage. Three hundred pairs of hands conservatively applauded. Admission was free. The lure was hearing one of the world's wealthiest men speak. As Felice suspected, people saw Goren as a success, and wondered if they could emulate him.

Goren received a pleasant welcome by the curious audience. He opened his talk by introducing himself as a philosopher and businessman. He asked if any would be interested in his philosophy on wealth. The audience responded with delighted affirmation.

As Goren looked out over the anxious faces, he realized that he liked them.

The talk was of Goren speaking about the grey areas of right and wrong - the infinite shades between the absolutes of right and wrong.

He spoke on the rightness of money, its wrongness and the variable degrees between, which exist in every financial decision.

Goren explained that there were some who believed that there was no right or wrong. The audience laughed. There was right by degrees and wrong by degrees and anyone that disagreed with him was wrong by several degrees.

After the hour had passed, Goren thanked the audience for their time. Mepat stepped onto the stage and announced the date and venue of the next talk, to be held in a month's time. The audience dispersed.

The next rally was equally successful as were the following three meetings. The third meeting attracted over fifteen hundred people, many of whom had to be turned away, due to lack of space in the venue,

Finally, Goren was billed at the *Rocks Football Stadium*. There was seating for ten

thousand. The first full page advertisements went into the daily papers. Television ran announcements on prime time and no expense was spared on the radio.

"Mercurial Business Wizard Goren Torren can do the same for you as he has done for your money. Be on time to hear him speak." At the bottom of the advertisement, was a telephone number for those wishing to take advantage of the courtesy ride to and from the event.

The advertisements started an active controversial campaign by the media, which only aided Goren's cause.

By that night, over 53,000 people had called to confirm attendance. Mepat had made arrangements with cab and private bus companies. People were notified that there would also be large screens outside the grounds, with excellent views. Free food and drink would be available at the close. The Boguard would be stretched for the evening, and over a thousand private security personnel had been hired from interstate, to cover the needs of the event.

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*The Crest of Goren Torren
hung from overhead poles.*

That night, as the sun set below the horizon, the floodlights burst out from *The Rocks*, supplementing the darkening blue horizon. When night finally fell, searchlights began to blaze and scan the skies. The night

was clear, as the remnant of the warm afternoon retarded the oncoming evening chill.

The Boguard milled around, instructing the security guards on the evening's schedule. By six thirty the first of the audience was arriving.

Within twenty minutes, the seats in the ground had taken a capacity crowd and were beginning to spill outside. Soon, even the outside space swelled with people. Most of the parking areas were full and there appeared to be little room for stragglers.

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Goren stayed in *Home*, pacing and glancing at the television. Two of the local TV stations had agreed to cover the event.

Felice stood behind him, watching, arms folded. She wore a cotton turquoise jumpsuit, highlighting her golden hair. She looked exotic. "They are reporting over seventy thousand out there, Goren. This is truly *the time* of the Magi. People are demanding you."

"Yes, but is it really me, or a contrived occurrence, merely to suit an end?"

Felice put a hand on his shoulder, sympathetically, "You may be nothing but an

independent, Goren, but tonight, you are about to have a great impact on the world out there. Let history judge whether you are to be Independent or Magi. Come, Goren, people are waiting. Your helicopter is here."

Goren took one last glance at the screen, and followed her from the room.

In the center of *The Rocks* was a white dais. Cameras and television crews buzzed about, as white streaks of light crisscrossed the dark sky. Excitement emanated from the spectators. Some were talking of religion, others of financial philosophy. The crowd was getting more anxious with waiting.

The Boguard had formed a ring around the dais, as well as searching the crowd for weapons. The Boguard mentally scanned all who entered the gates. Those with criminal intent obviously stood out to them. By seven thirty-eight, many weapons had been confiscated. Some had knives, some had guns, and others just had their evil thoughts.

Inside the grounds, the Boguard were alert to the psychic whispers emanating from the crowd.

There was a hysterical cry from the crowd and then utter silence. All eyes went aloft as

one search beam and then another caught the silver turbo-copter as it began to descend.

Goren looked down from the bubble window. Below, were the blinding lights, and between them the thousands who had been promised a glimpse of this amazing man. The lights on the top of the stadium were sweeping the crowd. The sea of people and their faces were drawn to him, and only him. Goren could feel them, their thoughts. They felt good and exciting. Goren took a deep breath and looked to Felice by his side. Is this what he was destined for?

Felice leaned over and put her hands on his. She saw the nervous apprehension in his eyes.

Goren tightened his hands around hers. "It isn't bad," he said, "I can feel their minds tingle that some hope is coming."

They were seconds from touchdown and the thunderous engines deafened the audience. The 'copter graced the landing pad, its blades whipping the air and dust into the crowd. The crowd held its breath, as the cacophony from the machine began to subside.

Goren stepped out in a black business *shock suit*. At the rear, a woman fainted, followed by others. A general feeling of hysteria and

expectancy swept through the audience. Some began to yell out; it's him. Some brandished bibles, but for many it was simply a matter of being swept up in an exhilarating euphoric sensation.

Goren stepped up to the dais followed by Felice, then Mepat and finally Letone. There was suddenly an unearthly silence.

Goren stepped to the microphone, raised both hands high into the air. "Welcome people!" he called out, as he scanned the stadium.

The Boguard applauded their lorde, along with the remainder of the stadium. The applause grew in volume until it thundered into the hillside beyond. Cameras flashed and whirred. Crews recorded Goren and his entourage, in what was beginning to appear as an unprecedented modern spiritual experience.

Goren lowered his hands to silence the crowd. "Thank you!" he boomed through the microphone. "Many of you are wondering why you are here. Some of you already know. Others are curious as to what you can learn from me. All that will be answered tonight."

Goren stared out to the crowd that was watching intently, waiting for each word to leave his lips. "Today I want to talk about you. Some

of you have heard me before, so this won't be a new subject. I want you to ask yourselves, *what can you do?* I mean, *why are you here?* Or more importantly, *what can you do for all of us here?*

"Let me tell you now, you are the reason for your being here, and you are why everything happens to you, be it good or bad. Only you are responsible for your tomorrow. Your government, your boss, your wife, your husband, or your neighbor doesn't make tomorrow. It is you who chose to be at your job. It was your decision to ask that fine person you are with to marry you. It was your vote and participation that elected or permitted the government to take office. It was your decision to act this way. You are the *why* of your being, not any other person."

Goren looked around at the staring faces and his voice boomed out over the crowd, "So, who wants to be free? Everyone does, is the answer. Yes, there are people who appear to want to enslave us, and if they do then it is us, we, the people here tonight, who are the reason, not any others. If we, who are here tonight, have become slaves to others, then it is our duty

to correct this and take what action is required to alter that course of history."

Goren paused and drew breath before continuing.

"What am I talking about? It isn't a revolution, let me reassure you. What is needed is for you to speak out. This is a democracy. Make it work. Write, talk or shout, for if this democracy begins to serve others who prefer to see a man in chains, then it is us who know better...."

Goren continued for an hour. There was no sound from the audience. They listened as though their existence depended on it.

After a ten second pause, after he had finished speaking, Goren called out to the crowd, "Are there questions?"

Goren noticed a shimmering in the air a meter to his right. While the he could see through it, the light was wavering.

You see it? It was Felice.

Yes. What is it?

I am asking you, replied Felice.

This is the first time I have seen it since before leaving Earth to find the Pleiades. I thought it was you guiding me there.

Felice looked at him and raised an eyebrow and slowly shook her head, ever so slightly.

Goren slowly nodded. He then pointed to a faint voice arising from a young woman. The microphone reached her. "Are you a prophet? Some say you are only a manipulative business man."

Goren looked down to her and nodded. "I have no prophecy. I'm indeed a businessman. Whatever you decide to call me, be certain that you are judging from your own experience. Don't rely upon the bias of others. Make your own decisions, based on what you know yourself."

The woman nodded, and Goren directed his attention to a figure only twenty deep from the front. Goren all of a sudden received a psychic jerk. That shimmering intensified and seemed to be taking up much more space and was way more intense than he had ever seen before.

Goren felt Felice applying a slight pressure to his arm, to make sure he was aware, even though she was beyond arm's length.

Be ever so careful Goren, came Felice's mental warning.

Goren was startled as the shimmering almost appeared to exude its own light. Goren

looked to the man he had seen. Goren felt as though he was being directed to this person. He could barely see him. The man's mind; it was clouded, like layers of voices shouting, like no single voice could be heard. Goren almost squinted trying to pierce into the man's psyche.

It's gone, was Felice's thought.

Goren saw it too, the shimmering had receded and vanished. He had never seen it so intense before.

The microphone finally arrived at the man and suddenly the face of the man looked up and stared at Goren. The man's face went red and the muscles in his cheeks clenched. As though, without any volition, he burst out the angry words, "Die Messiah!" Without any warning, the man withdrew a gun from his coat and aimed it squarely at Goren.

The shot echoed throughout the stadium. Some camera crews were on Goren while other cameras had the man in their sights. The camera crews filming Goren were absolutely stunned. Goren did not react, and he did not duck. He appeared to have plucked the bullet out from the air and was now examining it, curiously in front of him.

He stood looking at it in his hand for a couple of seconds.

Soon the psychic gasps and whimpers from the crowd brought Goren's attention from looking at the bullet, to searching for the man. He had already vanished, into the crowd.

Find him, went Goren's orders to his Boguard, who were already on the trail. Goren took another second to locate the man. Three Boguard were arm lengths behind him. The man's mind was in a state of sheer panic. He was still holding the gun.

Stop!

The man froze at Goren's mental command. The Boguard had him. They took the gun, and the man ceased to struggle and slumped into the Boguards' arms. Slowly, they began to push a path through the crowd, as they carted the man to Goren. Goren could feel the hostility to the shooter. All those past lives of hate, his many earlier lives of fear and violence were showing themselves now. The crowd was angry. Goren could feel the tension building. Soon, the Boguard had the man before him. The crowd had cleared a circle free. Goren looked at his Boguard. *Leave him.*

The man stood up; and less sure without his gun, motionlessly he stared at the ground. He now had nowhere to hide. Goren looked down, still clutching the bullet that was meant to kill him.

Look up. The man's head jerked up. He gazed into Goren's eyes.

Why? demanded Goren, in a single sharp thought. Images began to flood from the man's mind; images at first, that the man did not understand. Firstly images from lives lived long ago; then of life present. In answer to the question, flashing pictures ran through his mind. Tears began to run down his face. He was sorry, he did not know. He did not know why. The man looked to the ground and fell to his knees and bowed his head. He did not know, he did not know why, but now he knew who Goren Torren was.

Assassin, look up. The man stared up into those knowing eyes. Goren understood. The man knew too, now, and wanted to weep.

Yes. I'm who I am. Help me. I need you, thought Goren.

The man couldn't control his emotions further. "Please, help me too. Please!"

Goren looked back to the crowd, who were waiting, and watching him. "We'll meet again," he said to the man. He called out loudly to the crowd, "Do what is right. Good night."

With that, Goren waved both hands in the air. The turbo-copter whirred to life and Goren and his entourage briskly ran to the open doors. Goren felt a gentle psychic probe, trying to catch his attention.

Messiah. You are the messiah?

Goren located the source. It was a young girl, standing up in the far top rows.

Goren smiled, then nodding his head to her.

I am who I am.

The surprised girl let out a small gasp as the message entered her mind. She knew. She held her little book to her chest and watched as Goren and the others soared upwards, amidst the blaze of spotlights. There goes the messiah and he knew her, and she alone knew who he was.

The crowd began to disperse, and shortly there was only the cleaning detail and a handful of Boguard remaining. The assassin looked around as a Boguard passed by. "What do I do?" the assassin asked.

The Boguard answered. "Go and tell your friends about our Lorde, and if you are given a message, obey it. Be ready when he calls you!" The Boguard turned and walked to the gate.

The assassin looked around at the empty stadium. He was surprised to not be under guard; but thankful. Not thankful to be free from the authorities but thankful to be free of the fogginess of mind that had plagued him, from as early as he could remember. Somehow the hate he had felt was gone. His life was not *full of love*, however. He just felt normal, and that was good. What was the message that he should give of his experience? Should he go to the press? He knew what had happened, but no one else would believe him. The media would ridicule him. What should he do? He left, wondering how he could tell this amazing story, which no one would believe.

Ω

The next day, Goren, Felice, Navia and Mepat were viewing the night's events on the news. Most reports and papers had centered on the sensational photographs and video, showing Goren holding the bullet in the air with a

bemused look of wonder on his face. Slow motion had showed the bullet closing on him, until his hand plucked the bullet from the air. As the bullet came in closer the bullet slowed down. The expression on Goren's face was intense for that split second. The phenomena was shown at multiple speeds and then examined from many angles, with all the results being the same. All TV stations showed the phenomena of the event, and the miracle that accompanied it. The story had made international headlines and was big.

Very little was said about the content of Goren's message. On the late news there was a call for a total debunking of the charade, which had the whole of the west coast of the U.S. under his spell. Investigations were called for: before somebody really got hurt.

By the early morning news, the announcers had uncovered unnamed sources that claimed to be whistleblowers; explaining the whole event was rigged with wires and mirrors.

By the second morning the headlines of the paper read "Magician or Messiah?" On page three it had a report about mass hypnosis and the gullibility of the mass mind.

As the days went by, the debate grew. Eyewitnesses were called to the media and were

subsequently slowly ridiculed; over what they couldn't prove. Experts were found, who said that the experience was only a commercial ploy, to fatten Goren's banking interests. They claimed that Torren was an evil man, who had to be closely watched before he took control of all of the minds of America.

One newscaster claimed that he could identify the laboratory which had developed the technology for an electromagnetic bullet; that was controlled by the suit Goren was wearing. Another source claimed that the magnetic traction technology had been stolen from NASA.

Ω

Eight days after the event, Felice entered Goren's study. Goren looked up from the latest reports in the weekly reviews that he'd been reading. Editorials appeared to be getting worse. Goren tried to look cheerful.

Felice felt the emptiness emanating from him. She composed herself. "Goren, this is fantastic!" she burst out.

"Yes?" Goren enquired, rather slowly.

Felice couldn't suppress her excitement regarding the news she had just received. "The

Mayor of New York City called. He wants you in Central Park, Manhattan. He said that he listened to your speech from start to finish and wants you to speak to the people of New York. He will guarantee you a crowd of one and a half million! He also has spoken to the Networks and can guarantee you a live, uninterrupted viewing audience of forty-eight million. In addition to that he says you can add another half a billion for overseas franchised viewers after the event."

Felice could see that Goren's spirits were lifting rapidly. "He says the city will pay for all the expenses, and that they he will sell the viewing rights to the networks in order to cover all the costs of staging, security, advertising, travel and accommodation."

"It sounds interesting. Does he have a motive? The invitation flies in the face of the media coverage; which seems to imply that I'm far worse than the assassin."

"Yes," Felice added. "He said that since your speech, the crime rate in Los Angeles has dropped twenty-three percent, and over the whole of the United States a thirteen percent reduction has occurred. He wants to book you for two weeks from now."

The days went fast after that. Over two million people were expected to attend. Screens were being set up in the streets; blocks away from the venue, to anticipate the overload. One of the greatest shows on Earth was about to begin. Support mounted, with the *media networks*¹ announcing direct satellite link-ups to forty-three countries. The live audience was now estimated to be beyond one billion.

Still, the debate continued over the attempted assassination, but the content of Goren's speech was now being examined.

Ω

A pyramid of scaffolding was erected in the gardens; it protruded above the treetops. One hundred and fifty super-tall mobile screens had been set up; many were pulled in from other

¹ **HISTORICAL NOTE: Media:** Media on Sequetus 3 was centrally run by media moguls at this time. The television stations, the newspapers and magazines, and radio, were all interlinked. Sequetus 3 was developing a computerized network called the internet, but by 1997 this was not media oriented. It was developing as a mass of opinions, only, run by small interested persons. There was no social internet media; computers were in their infancy. This time period was when print and broadcast media was at its peak and concentrated in a very few hands. *Searfinders New World Index. pp. 1954-58.*

cities. People were arriving from far away American capitals, as well as from overseas.

It was time to depart for the venue. The silver `copter was waiting on the roof of Goren's hotel. Minutes later, Goren and his entourage were flying over the gardens, seen by the crowd in the spotlights.

The temperature was mild for late winter. In the searchlights that scanned the crowd, Goren could see all kinds of people, some in colored robes, some meditating, and others playing guitars. The sea of people stretched well out of the gardens, for a mile in every direction, into the outer streets. The surrounding office buildings had faces at the windows and cars were still converging on the city. The `copter lowered, until it came to rest within a cordon of Boguard.

In a moment, Goren was atop the pyramid surrounded by his loyal four. He reached for the microphone, and looked out to the sea of faces that stretched for as far as he could see. It was time.

"Hello!"

The crowd seemed to quiet a little.

"I said hello!" called Goren, with a lot more gusto.

Without a thought the crowd replied "Hello."

"Thank you." Goren could see they were attentive. "Now, before I start, do we have any police in the crowd?" A few hands went into the air. "Thank you; that man with the green sweater has just stolen this man's wallet."

Stop.

The pickpocket froze, and a policeman intercepted him.

"Alright, I want everybody to try to spot a pickpocket. I can see a few already; now hang onto your belongings, and if you see your neighbor being robbed, don't be afraid to tell him, so that you can both prevent the escape of the criminal. It is good to help other people."

Goren pointed out over the crowd. "That man there just stole a bag, and that one over here is making off with another wallet." The crowd was quick to pounce. Goren looked around; he could feel the pride of the people around him. They could have in this place, what they would never have before; crowd control over crime.

The shimmering was there again. Goren looked to Felice. She nodded as she also saw it. No one else did, or ever did.

Goren looked up to the far rooftops and leaned back from the microphone and whispered to Mepat quietly. "Up there, two snipers are on the roof, setting-up weapons. Have six Boguard get there fast and secure the roof, then get another twenty Boguard roving, and I'll guide them to thieves, who seem to think they can't be touched by what is happening here. Let the Boguard know that those on the roof are hired mercenaries, and not frenzied killers. They will kill any who approach them. They also have a controller in the crowd, in radio contact with them. When I give the signal, have him picked up and held for Boguard interrogation. The thieves and the shooters are linked."

Mepat nodded and started looking at his men in the crowd. They understood the messages and went about their tasks.

Goren glanced around and saw his assassin from three weeks prior, now below. Goren nodded.

The man called up. "My Lorde, I'm here!"

Thank you for coming.

The man jumped with fright as Goren's thought was so clearly heard in his mind.

"Thank you for that, John. It has not been an easy life for you, but now it is changing for the better." Goren looked out.

"Now, who here wishes to strive for perfection?" The Boguard had apprehended those on the roof. Goren gave the signal for the two Boguard next to the man with the radio, to move. That man was seized and cuffed in seconds. No warning. Goren continued. "If you don't strive for perfection, then you will never attain it. Don't worry about not achieving perfection, just keep striving for it. The nearer you get to it, the easier it is to get the rest of the way."

The shimmering had gone.

Goren talked for another hour before he stopped. He looked to Mepat, turned to the crowd and raised his arms. "Do what is right!" He called. "Be free!" Quickly Goren descended the pyramid, followed by the others.

Seconds later he was rising to the shrill of the silver machine. He looked down on the faces that seemed to be begging for his return. Soon, he was gone from them; into the cool starry night.

NICK BROADHURST

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THE SILENT ENEMY

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THE INTERVIEW

Back at home in Beverly Hills, Goren, Felice and Mepat went over the events of New York for a third time.

Letone entered. Accompanying him was Judy Jones, the reporter, who was shaking her head with a look of disbelief.

"Goren!" she said while appraising him in new light. "I don't understand how I underrated your intentions."

Goren laughed. "You never asked me about my intentions." Goren was becoming more serious. "You requested an interview, and I shall give you one, on the condition that you print what is actually said and done here, honestly and completely, without any paraphrasing. I have arranged for the room to be filmed from these two cameras, from different angles. What I want is for you to contact your editor now, and obtain his permission to make a contractual undertaking, on your paper's behalf to report the interview honestly. As part of this agreement you will be

signing it on behalf of your paper; if you breach the agreement, then the rights of these recordings will become my property, to be used as I see fit. If there is a breach of the agreement, I will also use this recording that is presently being filmed, to send to your opposition papers and affiliated stations to show your impropriety and inability to comply. Judy, here is the phone; call your editor, now please."

As Judy moved to the telephone the two cameras followed her every move. After a brief exchange of words, some sharp, she put the receiver down. "Where do you want me to sign?"

Mepat handed her the agreement and Judy signed; Goren did so also, with Mepat signing as witness.

Goren indicated the couch on the far wall for her to sit on, during the interview. Judy was quick to fire off her first question. "Are you the Messiah that is on everyone's lips or, are you just a very clever man who has been able to capitalize on his good fortune, and who is now trying to control all our lives with false hope?"

Goren sat back, as a morning tea tray served the pair. He was wearing a grey two piece business suit, for the interview. Three

Boguard stood by the windows. "I'm not offering anything that a person can't achieve without me. What I'm offering is a way to exist that leaves a person more in control of his own life. That is what I'm doing."

Judy thought deeply for a moment. "You have never mentioned God; why is that?"

Goren nodded. "I have little to teach anyone about God. God is a very deep personal experience, and isn't something a person like me can easily teach another. I'm simply not here for that."

"Are your teachings religious then?"

"What is religion? Is it the ordered structure of a spiritual doctrine and philosophy enjoyed by a group? If freedom is a spiritual experience, and if this freedom is enjoyed by a group, then it could be to that degree religious." Goren smiled.

"Hmmm." Judy stared at Goren as though he was the adversary. "What about the current religions of the world; do you support them?"

Goren leaned forward. "Yes. Every person has the right to have his own spiritual beliefs and non-beliefs. The only stipulation to that I would make, is that I won't personally support any group that has murdered, lied, cheated or

led others on a path to war. Any group that does that is a failure for mankind, and I don't support that form of failure."

"Does that include some religions?"

"There have been times when some groups have failed as I have aforementioned, and when they fail like this, they are no longer serving spiritual betterment, and thus they cease to be a bona fide religion."

"Are there such non bona fide religions today?"

Goren shrugged nonchalantly, "You tell me."

Judy decided to question along another tack. "The trick with the bullet, how did you do that?"

Goren was disappointed with Judy's question, but it would take the bullet episode to convince many others like her. "Very simple, I did not wish to be killed, so I stopped the bullet."

"Sure!" laughed Judy.

Goren shrugged. "We all have the ability to arrange energy in the way it pleases us, and all matter is an agreed arrangement of that energy. If a person decides to alter that agreement, then so be it. It is his right to do so."

With that, the orange on the plate rose up before Judy. It then maintained its position two feet in front of her, as it rotated.

Judy looked troublingly, at Goren, then back at the orange. It remained in the same position. She looked to Goren for help, but he only shrugged. Judy's feelings were that of fear and shock. She had no idea of what was happening before her. She wished that she were not there. Finally, a short shudder went through her body and she reached out to touch the orange as it spun. She pushed it. It moved. She held it and then let go. It stayed in the air. She grabbed it, started to peel it and then released it. Both the peel and the orange hung there. She looked at Goren and began to giggle which then grew into a steady laugh.

"I give up. It is real," she said with a slight tremor in her voice.

Goren leaned over and held the orange out to Judy. "So is the orange. Keep it." He laughed.

Judy asked, "How did you do that?"

"As I said, everyone has the ability, as you do now; but not everyone has the ability to accept that it is true. Many would prefer to believe that it isn't true, due to their fears and

superstitions. It is my task to bring this world to a point to where it can accept what they have seen, and be able to accept that many do have this ability."

Judy sat back. "If I have that ability, then why is it I can't do what you just did? I did try a moment ago."

Goren nodded. "I know you did. I felt your effort, but it isn't about effort. There is no need of effort, but then I must not give away too many secrets, as you may not be ready yet. That time will come later though."

Judy looked very disappointed. "Then when..."

"As soon as this world is ready, which it is not. We'll be in touch when the time is right. Now Judy, your time is up, we need to end the interview."

Ω

The following is an extract from a speech Goren Torren made to a packed audience in London, November 17 1997:

"I believe you want to know how this philosophy can apply to politics. Well, for a start, realize that

politicians are people, and contrary to what you may have been led to believe, they are similar to you, are motivated by the same basic need, to want to help. However, be it so, some have used unusual solutions to help, and unusual causes to help. When they use the wrong means to help, such as force and evil coercion, then they will ultimately fail because their basic desire was to help.

"For some, even though the desire to help is within them, it is very latent and buried. It is these people who are a danger to society. They won't be in a position of power to help, in a public position, but rather they will be behind the scenes, lessening the efforts of others, who are indeed trying to help.

"Some will blunt a good person's desire to help until it becomes as impotent as their own. Sometimes you might find these people around media. They can be spotted by the critical comments of those who are making things better.

"Politicians can't come up with divine solutions. They are no more able to produce foresight than their silent detractors who become noisy only after the event.

"So what do we want and expect of politics? I suppose the answer would be freedom, but no politician has been able to produce that. This doesn't mean it isn't achievable, but rather it is often unfathomable to those it eludes.

"So how can you expect politics to give you this freedom? Change some laws? Place another limitation on society? No, freedom isn't one of those things that can be regulated. Freedom exists within the individual and is a state of personal existence, not a state of the state.

"Yet, in saying that, there are laws that take away freedom. Oh, you are thinking of some despot in a faraway country? No, there are laws here, in this country, which actively remove freedom...."

Ω

The following is an extract from a speech made by Goren Torren at a gathering of six thousand in Dallas on November 25th 1997.

"Well, hello everyone. I have been asked to talk to you about the plight of the poor and unemployed. Why is a person poor, and why does one man find himself out of work, and another with less experience and less talent become better paid than someone with more experience and greater talent? For a start...."

At the same meeting: *"You asked what a job is for? For some of you, a job is a way to get money. This isn't the real purpose of a job, and until you realize the real purpose of a job, it will likely be drudgery for you. There are some, who see work as a means of giving back to the community for what*

they have been drawing upon, since birth. And for giving back to the community like this, they get paid. That is the only purpose of a job. There is none other. It is a chance to help, and for that, you get paid."

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CHRISTMAS

1997

It was December 23rd, 1997. Goren was waiting to collect Mathew, Cindy, Marline and Scampi on Commercial Airlines flight 079, which had a stopover in Sydney.

Mathew was the first to spot Goren. He rushed past customs. *Goren happy father see.*

Marline, struggling, with luggage and passports further down the hall, was calling to her son. "Mathew, stay here. Not yet. Oh damn. Cindy, will you go and look after him please?"

Goren saw Mathew's beaming face as his tiny legs propelled his small body towards him. He stooped to sweep the boy up. "Wow, you have grown. I'm glad you are so well."

Mathew, all of a sudden looked around nervously, scratching his head. "Mama, Cindy, we must get Scampi. Scampi."

Goren smiled, nodded to Arlon who was already on his way to assist Marline. *Scampi fine, here soon.* Mathew relaxed; he began to look at Goren again.

Ω

The next day was turmoil for some of the household; especially Arlon.

"Naughty puppy!" cried Arlon. "You must not do that inside." However, no sooner had Arlon put Scampi out, than he shot indoors again, through the narrow gap between Arlon's legs. "Ah! You naughty dog. Come here you... naughty puppy. Doggy, where are you...." Arlon's voice drifted through the house.

Ω

"Goren...." asked Marline. She was standing in the study, with Goren gazing out the window. "You never explained to me, exactly what Jenny was doing with you, when she died. Can you tell me yet?"

Goren turned to face her penetrating eyes. "Jenny, yes, she was a good person. There isn't a lot I can tell you."

"I wish you could. I heard so much about you recently in Australia. You were portrayed as a corporate wizard, or something. I don't know what or who you are, but you are special to the children and me. They will never be at risk, will they?"

Goren shook his head and smiled. "When Jenny died, she was killed saving the life of a Boguard. A Boguard can leap higher, out run, out shoot and out fight any other person on this planet. Your sister saved the life of *Captain* Mepat of the Boguard. Any Boguard would give up his own life for you and the children, in an effort to repay that debt."

Goren motioned to outside. "As you will have seen, there are many Boguard around the grounds and inside the house. They are trained to protect you and all the residents in *Home*."

Marline stood and looked from the window to see her son playing with Scampi and Cindy. She noted the Boguard in the background. They were not intruding and seemed to be a little away from the children, but upon closer inspection Marline noted that three Boguard had the children clearly in very close sight.



Christmas was an experience unknown to other parts of the Galaxy, and on this occasion *Home* had children present. The children had never been so spoiled. This was their day. The entire household joined in the festivities. Even Scampi and Arlon were friends.

Lunch had finished and the children were outside, playing. Goren requested that the staff and Boguard join the children in their games.

Mepat, Navia, Goren and Marline were in the rear lounge, which opened onto the lush fernery. Goren had his attention on the soft chirps and bird songs coming from the aviary.

With no warning, absolutely no warning at all, the house shook! It shook again.

Goren jumped up. He looked up at the others and heard a mental scream. *Goren. Terror, cry father terror.*

Goren ran, glancing at the Boguard captain. "The children. Mepat!" *Boguard, all Boguard, children protect. Front house fast!* Goren dashed to the door. Mepat was a split second behind, yelling instructions at the ceiling cameras as he ran. Helicopters could next be heard above.

Marline ran after them screaming. "Goren, tell me what is happening!"

Another explosion, and the house shook again. As they rushed to the front of the house the sound of machine-gun fire could be heard; reverberating in the hallway, echoing from outside. The door in front flung open as the three jumped into the chaos. Dust swirled into the air. The thundering sound of overhead engines was now deafening.

A new small thought struck Goren. *Master protect bite grrr...*

As they glanced about, a cloud of suffocating gas came over them, choking thick and grey. As Goren fell to his knees, he saw Marline hiding her face from the sight in front of them. Bodies were strewn over the lawn, some Boguard, some unknown. Arms were severed, skulls were crushed; bullets were still spraying down from above.

The gas began to clear quickly. Marline screamed, "There, the children!" she pointed above.

Goren caught a glimpse out of the corner of his right eye, as he tried to throw off the effects of the gas. It was too late, as a small furry

bundle was flung from the `copter. The second that Goren needed to save the little dog was wasted in reorientation. Scampi's body impaled itself against the far fence. The sound of the body breaking rang loud in Goren's ears. The bundle of fur slipped to the ground leaving a red smear over the bricks above.

Marline was screaming, "Scampi! Scampi! No! Mathew, Goren, help him!"

Great man, Scampi fail Scampi fail. No protect master Scampi fail.

Goren felt the grief in the little dog's mind as its life-force began to slip away. Goren put out a powerful thought for the small mind, wherever it was. *Scampi not fail. Slow enemy.*

Goren couldn't contain himself any longer, as he could see the enemy's black unmarked helicopter receding a mile away. His body began to become rigid; his muscles tensed and his flesh tightened to the point where he felt his head might explode. He pointed his arm in the direction of the other `copter that had thrown out the little dog.

"No!" he screamed from somewhere near the inner depths of being. Marline shrank away

from the sight in fright. Goren's body began to illuminate. His right arm thrust out, glowed white and exploded with a fireball that raced across the sky. In half a second the turbo `copter was engulfed in flame, gyrating and twisting into its gravitational descent.

Again Goren screamed, "No!" The terrifying cries permeated Marline's bones. Again, his body glowed, his right arm burst into white light, which enveloped the second helicopter. It exploded and flamed its way to the ground.

Marline grabbed Goren in terror. "Where is he? My son, where is he? Mathew!" Tears were flooding from her distraught face in her hysteria.

"There!" cried Goren as he pointed to the last craft.

"No! No! No!" yelled Marline as she grabbed Goren's arm.

"Quiet!" snapped Goren as he flung Marline to the side. Goren's face began to contort in concentrated effort and his color was beginning to alter to red. The turbo `copter's escape was slowing.

The `copter was still fleeing, but more slowly now, becoming very slow.

"Help him!" cried Mepat, as he too faced the enemy.

Marline was in a state of horror; she had turned to see Felice also facing the fleeing `copter, frozen, with all attention on the craft. The machine had almost halted in mid-flight, the blades turning but the `copter remaining stationary.

Other Boguard lifted themselves off the ground, rallying to the call and facing the machine. Soon the craft began to give the illusion that it was growing in size, because it was nearing; the Boguard and Goren were winning.

It was only hundreds of meters away when Marline saw two small hand launched missiles leaving the craft. The missiles closed in upon them. Marline fell to the ground and covered her face.

There was no chance of escape and Marline screamed. The exploding fireballs enveloped everyone, plus the front of the house. Marline felt the heat, anticipating incineration any second, but the burning never came. After two seconds she looked up from the ground. The others were lying unconscious while a large smoke mushroom billowed above her into the

sky. Marline rose to her knees and leaned over Goren who was coughing, as he came around. There were more moans from the others on the lawn.

Goren rolled over and tried to vomit.

"What happened? The flames, they never touched us?" Marline asked in a rasping voice, trying to lift him.

Goren spluttered as he tried to rise, looking at the sky. The turbo `copter was gone. "We held out until the last moment. We had to protect ourselves. They still have your son." Goren staggered to his feet and helped Felice.

He looked at Marline as she began to question him. "I'll explain later," he said, "Help the staff attend the wounded Boguard." Goren was weak; barely able to support his weight. He took three steps, was caught by Mepat as he collapsed. Mepat signaled household staff to assist their master to the study.

In the study, Marline felt something was odd about it. She had been there a dozen times over the past three days. She sensed it, the last few moments, had been wild and unexpected, but now this was somehow the norm. Mepat looked at the windows; the curtains closed, the

lights dimmed and then the north wall slowly slid groaningly open, to reveal a hidden room.

The three entered the hidden room. Letone's face appeared on a screen there. Goren found a seat and fell into it. He acknowledged Marline's presence with a slight nod while she sat to the rear. The wall closed behind them.

Letone spoke. "We have tracked the intruders from *Home*, my Lorde. They are now at the International Airport and about to board a plane. *Moonbase* has been notified and the Imperial Allied Federation *Destroyer Elypsom* is now on its way to an altitude of five thousand K's above Los Angeles. Six *interceptors* have been launched and will stay above the atmosphere.

"All Boguard are on mission alert-one."

There was a pause and Marline hesitantly asked, "*Moonbase*? Imperial Allied ... above Los Angeles? Goren, please...."

Goren raised his hand as Letone began to read from the screen. "The *Elypsom* reports that the enemy's new craft is on a domestic private flight with a heading north, to a military base outside of Portland. Its arrival is estimated as sixty-seven minutes."

Goren nodded. "Damages?"

Letone looked grave. "Seven Boguard dead, sir. Another ten wounded. Eight enemy dead, two captured, without critical wounds, three staff with minor injuries. The burning helicopters fell into a nearby park. No further damage to people or property. The local aviation authorities and police have been notified about a mid-air collision.

Goren breathed deeply. He felt remorse for his friends. "Well done on the captives. Interrogate wisely. Study out." The screens went blank.

Marline was feeling as if she was drugged. She couldn't move, even though she wanted desperately to talk. Where was her son? Who were these people really, and what were interceptors doing above the atmosphere? Her mind went round and round until she sank her head into her hands and finally burst into tears. "No, no, no...." She cried.

Goren waited until the tears stopped. He placed his hand on her forearm. "You are right when you think that we are not from this planet. I'm from a planet like yours, but far away. That was Jenny's secret. She died to defend our

cause, which is to defend Earth from destruction. Do you understand?"

Marline nodded and then shook her head.

Goren pointed her to a viewscreen, and activated it. It showed Earth. "This is your world. Here," Another screen came on, but suddenly atomic explosions began to erupt around the equator, Marline lifted her hands to her mouth in horror. "This is my world, Jilta. It is a beautiful world, similar to yours. Like yours, many defended it and the war you see here is now over, but the true enemy has not been found or brought to justice. The Galaxy's survival lies here on your planet. I don't know why. That war you saw on Jilta is spreading right now to other planets. Those who attacked here moments ago are tied in some way to the attack on my own world. However, we are wasting valuable time. We must hurry, to reduce any risks associated with saving the children."

Marline nodded. They exited from a new door that appeared to the left of the view screens. In a moment they had ascended to the attic. Marline's eyes were agape as she watched the roof gradually slide open. Letone was over in the far corner, beside a large bank of screens

and computers. Navia was there with him and waved to Marline. Marline tried to smile and noticed Felice was now by their side.

Felice pointed to the sky and said, "Be brave. We are going to get your son and Cindy."

Marline felt her knees go weak. She saw the reason why the roof was open. Up there, was a small circular craft, growing in size. There was no sound. Marline realized that it was slowly drawing nearer as it blotted out the sky. Marline shivered. The *Pegasus* stopped only thirty feet above them. Marline held her breath as the craft began to lower slowly.

A moment later, they were escaping the atmosphere. Goren smiled at the thought of the Earth military trying to explain to nearby residents that the *Pegasus* was all in their imagination, a weather balloon or the planet Venus. *Pegasus* was not a little Rangercraft, but a fast intragalactic patrol craft.

Goren showed Marline scenes from the *Battle* that had occurred in her solar system years ago, and quoted the number of lives lost that had never seen nor set foot on Earth. Goren explained about the missing Mars probe they had saved, and the dedication those Americans now had, to this mission.

"Those abilities that you saw us display back at *Home* are new to me," explained Goren. "However, they are not new to Felice, whose people showed me them. They seem to have been lost to all humankind for almost an eternity, but fortunately there has been an exception, and it was they who taught me. The importance is that all people have these abilities, including those on Earth."

Marline shook her head; she was very confused. "I do understand that you are not from here.... I know what I saw... but people here don't have...."

Goren sighed as he adjusted a control. They were over the Pacific Ocean. "Your son; Marline, he has these abilities. I know that he has the power of thought-transfer."

Marline shook her head until Felice came into her vision, and explained more to her.

"I heard the mental cry from Mathew as he was being abducted. He was crying out to Goren. He knew Goren would hear," Felice said.

Marline's face brightened and she looked up to the pair. "Yes. Yes. *Quiet-talk*. That is what Mathew called it. Quiet-talk. He said, after your visit in Australia you showed him how to quiet-talk. I thought he was just being a silly

youngster. He said that Scampi could quiet-talk. I did not believe him, and he would just shrug and go and play with Scampi. I thought it was not good, as he seemed to become more isolated. I suppose that was because no one could quiet-talk with him, except Scampi." She looked anxiously to Goren.

Goren responded, "It seems that you have the right idea Marline. There is an update coming over the screens from the *Destroyer Elypsom*. Its senses are more powerful than anything we have." Goren turned his eyes to the screen.

The commander of the destroyer spoke. He was a young man who had tasted battle close to Earth, eight years before. "Independent Torren. Our interceptor has reported that a military craft has transferred the children to another plane; less than a minute after touchdown; a chartered jetliner. Its path is bound for the central Pacific or beyond. Either Hawaii, or Australia, is the logical destination. The children are conscious."

"Thank you Commander. Keep me informed." The commander nodded and the screen blanked off.

Letone's face appeared on the right screen. "Our interceptor is closing in, sir, for a closer

tag. *Little Betsie* is being mobilized for possible use. It will be airborne in about three minutes.” The lower bank of screens showed the ACI jet crossing the Pacific, the interceptor entering the atmosphere, and the enemy civilian craft.

The pilot of the interceptor, now in the atmosphere, came onto the screen. The camera moved, to show the field of vision ahead. He was heading after the commercial aircraft.

Federation fighters maneuvered over the atmosphere, while the destroyer coordinated their efforts by eliminating armed satellites. There would be no risks. The enemy on Earth knew who they were, that was obvious by the coordination of the attack, the timing, and the military involvement of the base for transferring the children.

Goren had no concern about upsetting the military on Earth now. It knew it was not alone in the sky. Goren's only worry was who did the Earth military think they were sharing the sky with?

"My Lorde." It was Letone on screen. "The prisoners. They have confessed to being mercenaries. One American and one Australian. They don't know who hired them. They believe that none of those in the `copters knew any of

the others on the raid. The raid set out from a farm in Oregon. Our records show that both men had war experience in the Red Sea fifteen years ago."

"Good work, Captain. Offer the men, as prisoners of war, the alternatives of death, or deportment to work camps, on the planet Peel."

Letone smiled. "Yes sir."

Ω

The pilot of the commercial liner looked through his sunglasses, to the horizon. So far, this mysterious mission had gone without a hitch. His passengers were strange, a family of four. The children did not look anything like the parents, but then he never asked questions. He knew better than that.

"This is private flight C19, Captain Richards." The pilot glanced over his instruments. "The sky is clear," he continued in his monotone voice. "Visibility is about twenty miles. Seas calm, and we are now banking to ten degrees south. The sun is bright on the horizon. It must be an optical inversion layer. No wait. There are ten craft approaching from the western horizon."

The pilot listened through the headphones. "No, they are aircraft. Over."

There was a pause. "Got you base. They are ten military craft approaching from the east. Got it now, over."

The pilot looked at the horizon. The ten craft were nearing, approaching low over the ocean, from the west, not the east. Quickly, he banked south and could see another four craft that were approaching from the east.

He listened to the voice on the other end of the phones. "Yes. I have both in sight. Wait... there is a craft south, yes, and another north. They are both closing in on us. What do you mean that they are not meant to be here? You said.... Yes they are now on my tail, just sitting there. Yes, I know that I'm being paid to...." The pilot's voice was getting frantic. The sky out there had become very full, and none the craft out there were recognizable to him.

Ω

Goren received the destroyer's report. The craft that were matching pace, west of the commercial aircraft were not Federation or terrestrial. They were being monitored closely,

and held away from the aircraft. Goren noted the light that was emanating from the ten craft.

Felice said that there were mentions of ancient power sources, in one of the volumes of *The Early Works* and that it described craft of light and great power. It was possible, according to *The Early Works*, to tap the source of the universe itself, for power.

Ω

"This is military Commander Read to private flight C19. We have you in sight; also the two craft north and south of you. Will investigate.

"All right you guys, let's bother these two. They shouldn't be here," said the commander to the other three military fighters.

The four US Air Force fighters separated into two pairs and headed north and south respectively.

Ω

Goren saw the chase begin. *Little Betsie* to the north, with two spots approaching fast and a similar pattern for the interceptor to the south.

"Ruddy hell! What sort of craft you got there Jacko? This is a bleedin' UFO. It is round, disc shaped and shiny. It's outpacing me. I can't catch it!"

"This is Red Leader. This one ain't a UFO but it sure is the strangest thing I seen before. It is brute power. Nothin' aerodynamic about it. Damn, it is big. Look at that brute turn. It handles like a fighter but is the size of a long distance bomber. Sort of like a space shuttle from the year 3000. I can't catch the thing either!"

"This is Ground Leader. Put the opposition to ground. Put them to ground. Do you copy?"

"Copy Ground Leader."

Goren saw four missiles leave the four fighters simultaneously. Two of them were aimed at the Boguard manned, Rangercraft. Without warning, the missiles to the south vanished, as did the fighters that launched them. Goren watched as his Rangercraft below, went south. On the top of the screen the interceptor had eluded the missiles. The fighters tenaciously launched more missiles. Again, the interceptor escaped, but now was turning on its hunters. More missiles approached.

Letone's voice came over the screens. "Put them down Captain."

Within seconds of the order, Goren saw a series of flashes on the screen. No military craft remained.

"This is Ground Leader to private flight C19; we have lost contact with our men up there. What is going on? Over."

"This is C19. What you guys playing at? Your four craft just disintegrated. Two in the North just went up into balls of fire, while those in the south vanished into clouds of dust.

"Yes, the others are still here. Two are on either side of me now.

"Yes. The ten craft to the west are getting closer. No, they have not been involved to date.

"Right. Light. Yes that's it. They emanate light.

"About five miles away and closing.

"Yes, the vagrants are still with me.

"The lights are closer now. Yes, they are about ten meters across. The color is changing slightly, now they are staying away from us.

"The craft to the south? Sure. It is ...big... made from some type of metallic compound. A canopy and small wings. The surface appears to be shining metal with a ceramic edge to its

wings. Hey, I can see a person in its cockpit and it is waving...look at that.

"To the north? Yes. Oh no! It is a ...you ready for this? Yeah. It is a UFO. Yes, metallic.

"Wow! Geez, will you look at that! The UFO one is now moving out. Those light type craft are after it. The same with the other one, the space-shuttle bomber. Look at it move. Those guys must be strong; the G forces would kill you. It is a dogfight. All the light type craft are involved now.

"They have taken to the clouds. Oh my gosh. Look at the laser fire. The UFO craft has left the scene but the other is involved in a fight I ... There are flashing lights slashing back and forwards, all over the sky. Red, green and now missiles. Explosions... now more light-craft. The whole ten are onto him.... The light type craft seem to alter color as they fire. Geez, I hope they stay away from us.... Thank the stars. You got fifteen fighters comin' from Hawaii in two minutes.... About time. I don't know what is goin' to happen up here next...."

Ω

Goren could also hear the Federation crews on his radio. *Pegasus* was now lowering into the area. Thirty Federation fighters had been dispatched, and would be awaiting the return of their comrade interceptor, as it departed the atmosphere. Fighters unlike interceptors bore no shielding armor.

"Come on, shoot! Shoot!" came the distraught voice of the interceptor captain.

"Trying skipper. They are everywhere. We can't get a straight line of fire."

"Hit them, hit them!" screamed the interceptor captain. Maneuverability was limited by air and gravity. This was not the place for a dogfight.

"Got one! I think I got one, skipper."

The interceptor ducked and wove, avoiding the lances of green light that arced through the heavens. They were dog fighting at Mach seven and the G forces were almost making them pass out; which would effectively kill them.

The captain was trying to get out to free space. Once there, he would show these craft what he could do. That was his world, not here, like fish in a barrel, to be shot at. Every time he thought that he had a clean run to exit the

atmosphere there were those light-craft blocking him with their arcing green light.

They had been struck a few times. The effect was to cripple their craft for a second. The captain realized, that if he were struck a few more times, then he would lose power and be subject to their lasers, and be without maneuverability.

They almost blacked out as the interceptor achieved a triple-roll pull-up, while exceeding three thousand K's through the atmosphere. They were almost there. They were reaching the upper stratosphere. The captain could see his comrades only twenty seconds away. He applied speed and rolled some more. They were a hundred miles above the planet now. They were still trading red laser fire against the green arcs from the light-craft. Only seconds away now, and thirty Federation fighters would make easy pickings of this enemy.

The captain was about to congratulate his gunners, when a bright green light sliced through his hull, then it happened a second time and finally a third. The interceptor was sliced neatly into three.

The captain heard a hiss, and then all went blank for him. Blood gushed from his ears, and

his eyes bulged as his brain exploded from his skull. His bloodied corpse stared out into space.

Seconds later, the squadron of Federation fighters flashed past, too late for the rescue. They attempted to draw the enemy into battle. The light-craft merely returned to the safety of the atmosphere, as though to taunt the fighters down. *Pegasus* had now reached the Rangercraft, and it was secured in the hold.

Goren rubbed his eyes. It seemed that previous memories of killing in space flooded back to him, like a recurring nightmare. He was tired of seeing death. Pointing to the screens he said, "We have seen that the light-craft don't attack aircraft of the United States Air Force. They did not have to destroy our interceptor, but they did. Perhaps they had to show their weaponry, to indicate: back-off. They did not attack the Rangercraft with the same vigor. They attacked an armed Federation interceptor in preference to an unarmed Federation passenger craft." Goren turned to the others. "I assume that was a warning or a test of our own weapons."

Goren was interrupted by Letone, on screen. "Those craft are now at sea level, beyond your horizon. They are moving over into

the air space of Mexico; four hundred and thirty kilometers south of the United States border. Wait... they just faded and I have lost them; I'll relay the radar messages to you shortly. We have no visual contact; only radar from our South American bases."

"Very well, Captain. Keep a watch. I'm getting data that the commercial aircraft is on a direct heading for Sydney, Australia. That will put their arrival time at about eighteen hours. We'll rendezvous with the destroyer in twenty-five minutes." Goren stood back from the screens after Letone acknowledged, and then turned to Marline and Felice. "Marline, you are about to have your first experience of a military Federation vessel. We'll be there soon. It will be good to get rested. There, we'll plan out rescuing the children."

Marline nodded and pointed to the screen. "How many were aboard the interceptor?" She was watching the robot craft, which had been sent out, to retrieve the remains of the interceptor and its crew.

Goren looked at her. He could tell that she was feeling for others dying, in order to save her child. "Four Marline; and many others will die,

to save those children of Earth, if it is necessary.”

Goren explained more, "All those about you here, and above, are the cream of the Federation Alliance. They have vowed, that to live under oppression, isn't life at all. One lifetime is a small token to give up for the sake of freedom. Prepare to meet a new humanity Marline." Goren turned and went below.

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MATHEW'S PROTECTOR

Goren looked at the large view screen in the *Elite Lounge* of the *Destroyer Elypsom*. Mepat sat to his left. On the hand carved timber paneled walls were pictures and holograms, of the *Elypsom* over Jilta and *the Battle of Sequetus 3*.

The captain of the destroyer was talking; referring to the screen. "What we know about these light-craft, is that they have attended many ACI operations. They are seen constantly around operations in South Australia. There are historical records of similar craft in Earth's libraries; now they have attacked us we are searching for who they are. We know where they vanish to in Mexico. We don't know how they disappear, or really why. We do know that they seem to have ties to the United States Air Force. These craft are either in league with the US Air Force, or at least tolerated by them. Probably the USAF has known of these craft, for decades."

"What reason could there be for them to escort and attend this commercial airliner, flying the children across the ocean?" asked Goren.

The captain and crew alike; all had been caught in the conjecture of events.

"I surmise the same as you, Independent," said the captain. "I believe that we have received our first warning from our unknown enemy. It is possible, that as we watch from up here, we are being scrutinized from down there. I suspect that the enemy, whoever it is, arranged for the abduction of the children and ensured that we were powerless to intervene."

Goren sat there, deep in thought. "There is something that stands alone here." Goren walked to the far screen that showed the Earth's surface. "Look here." Goren pointed to the screen. "This is where we see the light-craft around our base in South Australia. Here is where we were attacked, and here we find the craft vanishing. Do you notice anything in common?"

The Captain and Mepat both saw it. "The same degree of latitude," the Captain said.

Goren continued. "Yes. The twenty-seventh parallel, or close to it. Now one of the reasons that we chose our site in South Australia

was because there is a window into space over the desert through the Van Allen belt. This belt protects the planet from frying under the rays of its *solus*. If there is one window, as used by us, then it stands to reason there may be holes used by others, namely the light-craft. This region of Mexico is also a desert. We need more data. Get *Moonbase* to send what data it receives from eavesdropping on NASA."

The captain agreed. He left the meeting.

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Felice walked in. "This destroyer is now over the children's plane Goren, and no killer satellites are nearby. We can inspect the interior of the plane, and the wellbeing of the children." Felice looked to Goren and Mepat and asked, "Ready?"

Goren nodded.

Mathew...Mathew.... Goren scanned the Pacific Ocean for the little mind that he knew oh so well.

Mathew.... the other minds tagged in harmony. A single, one minded search was being led by Goren.

Finally they found it, a small whimper, and a trickle of grief going out to no one in particular. Goren felt it, it was not fully conscious. Goren felt alarm in his companions' minds. The child had been drugged and a slight rage was swelling from Mepat. He held that part of him in check, as Goren guided them in, closer. Felice let out a small thought. Their minds had to be clear of all confused emotion to act in unison; otherwise, the exercise would have to be aborted. Goren, alone, would have only a small portion of the power that they could produce in unison. She looked at Mepat, who nodded. Goren felt the power of unison strengthen further.

Mathew....

Scampi? came the faint reply.

Mathew...Mathew....

Scampi...who?

Mathew...me...Goren.

Immediately the little mind began to rouse itself. *Goren, father where help.* The boy's mind was becoming frantic. *Father help me. Tight pain, dark pain, can't move.*

*Mathew, me Goren, calm. Good son.
Be calm. Can move fingers?
No! Can't move fingers. Alarm.
No alarm. Calm. Move fingers.
Surprise relief finger moves.
Good boy. Move hands.*

Goren felt the touch of Mathew's hands gradually moving as if they were his own. *Good Mathew. Now open eyes.*

Goren felt pain and fear enter his mind. The small boy couldn't open his eyes. He was afraid of failure and the drugs were strong, he was relapsing.

*Mathew move hands, move hands.
Feel for father. Goren felt the fingers move and sensation enter his own hands. Good boy. Now open eyes a small bit. Open only a small bit. Eyes.*

Instantly, Goren began to receive a blurred vision of inside the aircraft. The others were also receiving the images.

Eyes hurt, tired, yes tired, open little.

Good son. Open more. Very good.

The sounds of the roar of the engines were now in their ears.

We see you now, son.

We? Mama? Scampi?

No son. Mama and scampi resting.

Friends help. Special friends.

Friend Felice and friend Mepat.

Remember? We see you now son.

Mathew brought up memories of the pair to view.

Very good Mathew.

Mathew sent out another thought. *All quiet-talk?*

Felice let her own mind separate and enter Mathew's. *Yes Mathew. All friends can quiet-talk.*

You teach mama.

We'll help you teach mama.

That pleased the young mind. *I teach mama. Scampi help teach. Where scampi? Alarm!*

Goren instantly took over from Felice.

Scampi not here. Look at plane. Who else is there?

Immediately, Goren saw images of the interior of the cabin. There was Cindy's body, still breathing, slumped over by the opposite window. There was a female in a white clinical

coat, seated by a male in a grey striped two-piece suit. They were at the rear of the craft. The nurse's eyes flickered open and caught sight of Mathew staring at her.

*Fear, help afraid, fear father!
Calm son, Mathew. Goren and
friends here. Be calm.*

The nurse nudged her companion awake. "Look at that doctor. Wonder what evil thoughts the little bastard has been thinking about us. Unbelievable! I gave him enough to keep him under for another twenty hours."

The doctor responded half asleep. "You had better give him another lot, same quantity. We want no trouble with him."

The nurse rose from her seat and fetched a glass of water and three pills.

Before Goren could think what to do he could feel the pressure of the glass of water at his own mouth, the pills being pushed between his own lips.

*Resist Mathew. Resist, no
swallow.* Goren felt his own tongue trying to push the pills out. Her finger pushed against his will. Goren gave out a unison command. *Bite!*

The nurse screamed in pain and looked at her forefinger, as it dripped blood.

Goren felt the tablets leave his mouth and tasted the flavor of her blood. He ran his own tongue along his own teeth. It felt good.

All could see the nurse as she returned. She raised her right arm, and her palm slammed down against Mathew's left cheek.

The impact threw Goren from his chair. Felice jumped as the image was lost. She rushed to Goren's limp body, lying on the floor. She checked his pulse and breathing.

A thought entered her mind. *Body functions fine. No time.*

Goren could see inside the cabin. He was not looking through the eyes of Mathew anymore. His perception was three hundred and sixty degrees. Mathew's lip and nose were bleeding, his little mind trembling.

Goren felt rage. His attention went ahead. He no longer needed unison. The nurse was about to shove four tablets into Mathew's mouth and there was a slight mental whimper.

No please, no hurt. Mathew began to weep.

The rage swelled inside Goren once again; now he felt nothing but power, sheer power.

He is only a little boy!

The nurse's arms flayed back and the tablets hit the walls. The nurse's eyes bulged, and her body flew to the rear of the craft, smashing into the toilet door.

She was pinned; spread eagled against the wall, and Goren was inside her mind now. *He is only a little boy.* Goren made her arms turn in their sockets to give her pain. *You hurt him and I'll pull your arms out. Sever your arms.* Again he twisted her arms. She screamed in agony.

The doctor bolted upright from the chair. "Nurse, what the hell..." Goren hit his face with a mind-projected impact that threw the man over the rear of the seat. The doctor became unconscious.

Goren returned his attention to the nurse against the wall. *You hurt him again and I'll pull your arms from your body. Understand?* Goren began to increase the pressure against her arms as they stretched to their limits outwards.

The nurse screamed in pain. "Yes, yes."

Immediately her arms went limp and she fell to the floor.

The nurse looked up at Mathew, as he sat there looking at her. She hated him and would get her revenge. She hated all children. Immediately her arms flung up and she was against the wall.

You not hear me. You protect that boy or I'll torture you. Lots of pain. I'll enjoy giving you pain. Protect him. Understand.

"Yes, sorry..." Her arms fell down again. She collapsed to her knees and looked up at the boy. His eyes just watched her. She said, "Boy, who is it?" as she looked around the cabin.

Mathew quivered as a tear ran down his cheek. "My father."

And protector. Don't forget. Protect him, came the loud and certain voice in her head.

"Yes, of course, as you say," she said as she knelt and looked around to the ceiling as though she might catch a glimpse of the voice in her mind.

*Goren father you here in plane?
Yes.*

How? You not in my head. You here.

I know. Not sure how, but am here. You safe now.

No doctor, father see, fear help.

Goren could see. The doctor had regained consciousness and was approaching Mathew. He had a syringe that spurted liquid into the air. "Enough of this nonsense. This will keep you quiet."

Fear father help.

No fear. Mathew watch.

"What are you smiling at kid? This will shut you up." The doctor smiled.

Mathew said nothing, as he watched the needle droop before the doctor's eyes. It then tied itself into a knot. Then the doctor dropped it and it stuck into the floor. Without warning, the doctor found himself pushed up against the far wall next to the nurse. She was trying to block off any bad thoughts that may enter her head, and crawled away from the doctor in fear. Goren slowly imagined heat and placed it in the mind of the doctor, until it was real. Goren added the mental image of burning flesh to the nasal sensors. The doctor's eyes became

fearful; he looked at his hand. His vision began to blur and soon he focused on the charred remains of his right hand. It was burned to a stump. The doctor screamed and fell to the floor in agony.

More, Mathew?

No, its okay.

Hearing the crash, the co-pilot entered from the cockpit and looked at the mess. He stared at the doctor, who was mumbling on his knees and holding up his hands. The co-pilot shook his head. He knew he was carrying a psychiatrist and his wife, but this was simply weird. He returned into the cabin, slammed the door to his cockpit, and bolted it securely. Those fruit cakes in there were not going to get him. He glanced at the pilot, and checked his revolver; it was loaded; and he stared out ahead.

The pilot asked him, "Any problems, Dan?"

Dan felt the weight of his firearm on his chest, and shook his head.

The doctor looked at his hand. It was fine. There was no pain; no smell of burning flesh. This couldn't be real. He turned to the nurse. "Have we..."

"Possessed, doctor. The boy thinks he is his father. Delusions...." she said breathing heavily.

Goren increased the pain in her arms. She cried out. "NO, no, you are real. Just leave me alone."

Very well. Get the boy some drink. He is thirsty. Fast!

The nurse jumped at the command.

Food doctor. Get the boy food or I'll kill you! Squeeze heart, understand?

Yes fear.

The doctor looked at the boy and then at his hands. As he looked at the ceiling he called to the nurse, "You had better prepare a meal for him too, and make it good, whatever you do." He sat and viewed the boy cautiously.

Mathew watched in return and felt a thought come from the doctor. *I don't know who you are kid, or how you do what you do, but I'm only paid to deliver you. No drugs. You will be fed soon.*

Goren began to bring Cindy around, from her stupor. The same drugs had been given to her.

The doctor stood with the nurse by the food warmer. He looked at the children, to make certain that he was not being observed. "Nurse,

the ability of that child is fantastic. I believe that it is in our interests to amuse him.

Whatever you do, don't get him upset. I can see why so much effort and expense has gone to have him transported. The boy has fantastic potential."

No talk. Food hurry up. More pain? Goren sent both of them a tiny twinge of reminders.

The nurse winced, while the doctor rushed out. "Here boy. Good cake. We are your friends and want you to be happy. Please, you only have to ask and we'll help you. There is no need for more pain. Agreed?"

Mathew looked at Cindy, and then nodded while accepting the cake. He smiled.

Good Mathew. I go back to my body now. Please quiet-talk to friends and me. Understand?

Yes father.

Ω

Goren looked around himself and moved his shoulders. They had stiffened in the absence of his consciousness. He looked at Felice, nodded and said, "Wow! He is fine, for the moment."

Mathew, she asked.

Yes Felice, a small mind answered.

Do you want to play a game?

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THE RESCUE

Ten hours passed, before *Pegasus* departed the destroyer. Goren, Mepat and Felice all took turns to keep watch over Mathew through *mindspeak*. *Pegasus* had tracked the aircraft across the Pacific. It had diverted from Sydney, and was now headed for Melbourne's Essendon Airport.

It was 3 a.m. with Colonel Johnson and six Boguard already waiting at the airport. The aircraft began its descent. Goren instructed that the enemy was not to be intercepted without him, unless the children's lives were in obvious imminent danger.

Johnson looked over the poorly lit tarmac, now only a minor runway, serving only small domestic goods carriers. The airport had seen its days as the once prominent international airport of the City of Melbourne, now it was almost forgotten, with the larger Tullamarine Airport, a little further away.

The seven waited and watched through a hallway window. Inside the sixty-year-old

building, there were few attendants still working. The night remained warm, from the previous day's heat. There wouldn't be many on duty. It was a public holiday; a good day to have such an aircraft arrive, with few witnesses.

They could see the jet now, descending from the clouds. The colonel listened to the broadcasts from the control tower on his ear piece, through the small receiver he had in his coat pocket. One of the Boguard pointed in the direction of outside - a fast car was approaching, then another. An ambulance came into view.

Johnson nodded to the senior Boguard, who spoke on a microphone. A dozen of their own cars, outside the airport, would close off the vehicle entry, as needed.

A cleaner strolled past, pushing a squeaking small trolley of rags and solvents. He barely gave the seven any notice.

Pegasus took position one hundred kilometers above the lonely airport. The plane was on screen, as were more distant light-craft that had recently rejoined the plane across the Pacific.

Goren, Felice and five Boguard departed the *Pegasus* in *Little Betsie*, to rendezvous with three waiting limousines on the shoreline of Port

Philip Bay, thirty minutes from the airport. Goren carefully watched the screens as one of the light-craft buzzed *Little Betsie* as they approached the shore. Quickly, the light-craft was joined by three more. They were trying to stop the Rangercraft.

Overhead, in *Pegasus* Navia was tracking the Rangercraft and the enemy. Her concern grew as the light-craft drew close and appeared to ram the Rangercraft. Marline gasped as *Little Betsie* evaded. The Rangercraft was not deflected from its task and continued to the rendezvous point.

Without warning, a green flash arced through the air. The light struck the surface of the small Rangercraft; no harm eventuated, then another green light streaked through the black sky, again hitting with little effect.

Navia bit her lower lip, as all six light-craft began to swarm around the Rangercraft. Lances of green light streaked through the heavens, striking the surface of the Rangercraft, without damage. Again, and again; no affect.

The limousines patiently waited at the end of the desolate *Web Dock* of *Port Melbourne*. The three Boguard looked out over *Hobson's*

Bay. In the dark, was an electric light display, reflecting off the moonlit, warm, still water.

Goren's craft was being assailed from all directions, as it swooped down over the waves. The lights swarmed together, and shot out green lances. The Boguard at the dock looked to each other in dismay; their lorde's craft was barely withstanding the onslaught and there was nothing they could do. Again, a green light struck out from the red light-craft, to slash at *Little Betsie*. Again, with no visible result.

The Rangercraft became motionless, about fifty meters above the still water. A second later, a flash lit the whole sky in a white brilliance, and two of the light-craft were gone.

The Boguard on the docks now breathed more easily, as the night heavens again, turned into day for a split second. Another two craft of light vanished. Darkness overtook the bay again and *Little Betsie* moved to the north. The remaining light-craft accelerated fast, towards the southern horizon. After a few seconds, the nearer of the remaining craft vanished in a light, that lit the whole bay and the surrounding hillsides. There was only one craft of light remaining and that receded beyond the horizon.

The Boguard on shore watched, as a red thin pencil of light broke the clouds for half a second stabbing over the horizon. It ended with a red flash. The Boguard smiled to each other. "Imperial Federation cruiser!"

The stars above were breaking through the clouds now, as darkness again descended over the bay. The water lapped against the dock. The three Boguard withdrew torches from their pockets and waved, indicating the place for *Little Betsie* to settle.

The Rangercraft touched down. The hatch opened, and the occupants fell out, onto the ground. Goren staggered and waved to the Boguard on the dock, that all was not fine and that a moment's recuperation was needed. Goren flashed the events of the past five minutes into the minds of the three Boguard, who had waited by the limousines.

The Boguard could see the cramped conditions of the Rangercraft, as the message was shown to them in mindspeak. The light-craft were toying with them. A green light arced on the viewscreen and Goren grimaced. *Little Betsie* was unarmed; then another attack came. The Boguard inside the small craft were in unison with Goren, but the attacks mounted in

intensity and frequency. Soon, the strain on the minds of the Boguard and Goren was beginning to show on their bodies. They were growing weaker. Felice offered to help, but was refused. She was needed to maneuver the craft.

Felice however had steadied the Ranglercraft, and turned on the cannon, that relic from an antique cruiser, but now strapped securely inside *Little Betsie*. The setting was low with a recharge time of seconds. She fired and the two craft of light erupted, spreading out a flash of light, into the night like shockwaves into the universe.

They were gone; vanished. The craft of light could be beaten with conventional Federation armory. Goren and the Boguard controlled the Ranglercraft against any recoil effects from the cannon. Felice aimed and shot again, and then again. Only one craft had escaped, but that was an escape limited to only seconds, as the Federation cruiser stationed between Earth and Mars had been signaled to strike. A laser was shot from tens of millions of K's away. It struck the remaining craft, with deadly accuracy and lit the sky.

Goren shook his head and raised himself from the ground. He staggered to the limousine.

Before he stepped in, he looked at the sky. Who were these craft of light; where did they come from and why were they interested in him and the children?

Within moments, *Little Betsie* had departed and the three limousines were on their way into the city. They would now follow the ambulance that had carried Mathew and Cindy from the airport.

Felice remained in touch with Johnson, by radio while Goren and Mepat communicated with Mathew, via mindspeak.

Goren's limousine soon drew up behind those of Johnson and the other Boguard. With Goren's arrival it put their strength at eighteen. The car lights were off. Goren stepped out. He recognized the premises at once.

Before him was a building built in the nineteenth century; the large structure looked down from the hilltop over parks and gardens that stretched out for acres. Goren read the sign that marked the entrance of the grounds. The night was still dark and a lonely pale light shone over the brass name plaque.

GREENHAVEN PRIVATE PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL
Goren shuddered. He knew this type of place on Earth only too well. He waved to his Boguard, to

fan out through the grounds and make their way up to the building.

Goren could see some of the inside lights of the building through the trees. The ambulance had been stationary for only a moment, and was flanked by three sedans. Two men from the hospital ran down the steps to open the rear of the ambulance.

Men from the accompanying sedans stepped out, and began to mill around the front steps of the building. Two of the men lit cigarettes, while others looked out into the darkness, as though searching for phantoms of the past. One of the men touched the hard cold metal within his coat pocket. He felt more secure when touching his gun. The night was cool and black. A slight breeze chilled his face.

An update of the building was being beamed down, from the data files of *Moonbase*.

Greenhaven had once been a government asylum for the insane. It had been sold to a construction company, which went into liquidation several years later, and then sold back to the state government. That government then bequeathed the grounds to the local government council, which leased the property to the *Mental Health Research Fellowship of*

Victoria. This was a privately run organization that received state and federal funding; to be used in mind experiments under the guise of mental therapy. Here, was an ideal location to keep and restrain any individual, far from prying eyes.

Goren sent a message to Mathew. *Help here now Mathew. Lots of friends here, to help Cindy and you. Go home soon.*

Goren gave Johnson the signal that it was time to move.

Mathew tried to look sideways, from the restraining straps that pinned him to the stretcher. The stretcher stopped at the foot of the steps. The orderlies looked at the men in plain clothes, as a car began to pull up, into the light. It was Colonel Johnson with three Boguard. He stopped under the light and stepped out in his ACI uniform. The Boguard got out while the plainclothes men on the steps put their hands across their jacket chests to feel the comfort of hard steel.

Johnson called out in his broad American accent. "Where do you want my staff?"

The head of the plainclothes men stepped forward. "What do you mean? We called for no further assistance." The man glanced sideways at Johnson, looking at his strange uniform, for the first time. "Who are you?" He said now, brandishing his revolver.

The doctor that had flown with the children instructed the orderly to proceed up the steps fast. There was worry in his voice. The nurse, who had assisted him on the plane rushed past, inside. She could feel that something was wrong. In fact, she knew it. This whole project was doomed to failure.

Four other plainclothes men joined them on the steps, revealing revolvers as well. A large man came from inside the building and called to the head plain clothed man. "What seems to be the problem? I was to understand that there would be no trouble with this mission. Get these men out of here!"

The colonel attacked the plainclothes man's forearm, then his face. The three Boguard followed. In two seconds, the eight men had exchanged blows and two shots were fired. The men on the steps stood their ground, and took aim at Johnson and his Boguard.

A single volley of ten shots, from out in the darkness rang through the grounds. All enemy *agents* on the steps collapsed to the ground, their guns scattering across the gravel driveway as they fell. From out of the dark more Boguard ran, revolvers trained on the orderlies.

An orderly broke away from the stretcher and made for the top of the steps. Within a second, three bullets exploded his brain. He lay motionless. His companion looked up in horror at the approaching Boguard; all dressed in battle-black *nylop* uniforms. The male orderly then looked at his friend and back to the Boguard. His bottom lip began to quiver and his arms started to tremble. Finally he stepped from the stretcher and screamed to the approaching body of men. "You bastards. He was a beautiful quiet man." He rushed at the nearest Boguard, arms flaying in the air in all directions.

Just as he was about to strike the Boguard, he stopped and stared. The Boguard looked at him and said, "Your friend was evil. Do you wish to live?"

"Ahhh!" he screamed and leaped for the throat of the Boguard. In a split second, he was lying in the gutter, with a small bullet hole in his

head. The Boguard moved on. They stepped over all the bodies that lay slumped on the ground.

Colonel Johnson looked at his comrades. One had fallen, and was being helped by a senior Boguard. Blood was seeping from the right forearm. The Boguard looked at his wound, then to the colonel. "Minor bullet puncture. I'll be fine."

Johnson nodded and then called for the furthest Boguard to go inside and secure the building. He turned to the doctor and walked up to him, holding one of the agent's revolvers. "You! Doctor or what the goddam hell you call yourself. Untie the boy, and then the girl!"

The doctor hesitated. "But they are...."

Johnson brought the barrel of the revolver down across the doctor's face, and then cocked the gun. "I could do it myself, if you wish! Just give me any excuse to kill you slowly, and I will!"

"No, no. I'll do it..." The doctor began to fumble with the strap. Finally, it was undone and three Boguard took the doctor away.

Johnson looked down at Mathew and put his hand on Mathew's arm.

Mathew looked up at the colonel, his eyes beaming. "You are friend Johnson. Goren, father, quiet-talk me that...that... you would be here."

Colonel Johnson smiled. "You are a bright lad. How are you?"

"Good, now," Mathew said. "Cindy was scared. I was brave. Where is father?"

Johnson instantly looked up in the direction of the sound. More vehicles approached. Johnson grabbed Mathew gently, and aimed his revolver in the direction of the sound, ready to defend.

Two long black limousines pulled up, under the light. A voice came from the rear of the colonel. "Sir, they're ours."

Mathew squirmed until he was on the ground. He ran to the vehicles.

"Father. Father!" he called. *Love father love.* Mathew stopped in front of the first car and looked around, confused.

Goren stepped out from the second car and looked at the little face.

Where? Mathew thought.

"Here, Mathew," called Goren as he stepped towards him. Mathew looked up seeing Goren and ran. *Father, father.*

In a second Mathew had his arms tight around Goren's neck, holding him close, giving out the thought, never to let go. Goren felt the tears from Mathew run down the side of his own neck.

Goren said nothing. Quietly, he hugged him firm, and let him cry; cry away the terror.

While standing with Mathew, Goren looked over to Cindy. She was just standing there under the light staring at Mathew. Her Mommy was not here.

Here.

Cindy turned. It was Felice. Cindy ran over to her and was instantly picked up. Felice held her tight, while the little girl also cried, and Felice slowly walked over to Goren holding her.

Goren called out, "Mepat. Send in another four men to find out what has taken the first team so long to secure the building."

"Yes my Lorde." More Boguard sprinted into the building.

"Colonel," called Goren, "*Little Betsie* has descended. I want you to take them to

Pegasus." Goren turned to the children.

"Mathew, Cindy. You are now going on a flight, which no other Earth children have been on. It will take only minutes, and you will find Marline waiting there. Felice will be traveling with you."

"Will you be long?" asked Mathew.

"Soon," replied Goren, "There are people here, who need my help."

Goren watched as the children were led away into the dark. He had no more concern over security. Over the past three hours the Federation *Cruiser Impeel* had been deactivating armed satellites. If any light-craft were to appear during the remainder of the night, they too, would be destroyed.

An orderly was joined by a male colleague, who was obviously staggered at the destruction before him. They slowly stepped from the front door down the steps. Around them were corpses, agents and more orderlies. Goren stood at the bottom of the steps, as the man eyed him carefully.

Finally a doctor came out, from inside the building. He approached Goren. He looked around at the bodies and then to Goren. He spoke in a confident voice. "I don't understand what has been happening here, but the death of

these unarmed men is despicable. I, as a professional, find killing unarmed people an insult and a violation of basic rights." He looked Goren in the eyes. "I hope you feel sick for what your men have done. They acted like blood-lusting animals, with little concern for life."

Goren stared hard at the doctor. He grabbed him by the lapels and pulled him to the side of the ambulance. "I have no compassion for human life as yours." Goren ran the tip of his finger down the side of the ambulance. The enamel paint blistered and smoked under the progress of his fingernail. "I don't need to touch to do that." Goren looked at the side of the ambulance and it began to glow red.

"Now," said Goren, "I want to know what you were going to do to my children? Why did you want them? They, nor I, have ever done anything to you." Goren's voice was controlled. "Who are you?" He pushed the man against the ambulance.

"I...I...I'm the director of this research center. We never intended to harm the children," he stammered.

Goren shifted his attention to the nurse that had been on the plane. Johnson was dragging her out from the building. Goren stared at the

woman while keeping a hand around the director's throat. *Remember me on the plane? Or had you believed our meeting to be only a figment of your imagination? I'm as real now as then. Do you want the same pain as you experienced then? Cooperate and you may survive.*

The nurse's face turned white, and she began to shake. "Sorry...s... so...sorry," she whimpered.

Goren was angry. He removed his attention from the pair and sent out a message. *Mepat. Where are you, now? Be here please. Where Boguard?*

Quickly there was a reply from inside the building. *Pity. Oh Lorde. Pity. How can human do this to other humans!*

"Come with me!" Goren demanded and pushed the director ahead. "Don't think of fleeing, Doctor Parker. You will be dead in seconds." A fleeting stabbing pain shot through the doctor's head.

They entered the front doors. The director glanced at the nurse. They followed Goren and met Mepat down the hall.

"My Lorde," said Mepat. "They call this place Greenhaven; it is a medieval house of torture."

"Lead the way," said Goren.

Mepat slowly led them, down a series of old corridors and rooms. They stepped into a small lounge with fifteen people sitting, just staring at the walls. There were Boguard all around, watching.

Mepat shook his head in dismay. "We have found three rooms, such as this, my Lorde. There are also individual rooms with people like this; drugged asleep. We have captured the criminals, my Lorde." Mepat pointed to the night duty nurses, now held by Boguard. He returned his attention to the patients, sitting and staring at the walls. "Feel their minds, my Lorde. They have gone. The being there almost doesn't exist. How can humans do that to each other? To die or kill in battle has nobility about the cause, as death also liberates the spirit to be reborn and fight again. To deliberately enslave the spirit into a tortured and brutalized brain is simply evil."

Goren turned to Doctor Parker. "Explain yourself. Did these people here harm you in some way?"

Parker stiffened and straightened his jacket. He lifted his head. "I should say not. The people here came to us because they were mentally ill. They used to suffer depression and fits. The brain was diseased so we operated to remove the parts affected. It is done under strict scientific procedures. Often we are successful, but like all surgery there are some failures. Failure is the price you have to accept, for the successful advances we make in modern science."

"How do you operate?" asked Mepat as he stepped closer, to the doctor.

"With precise surgical microwave, without opening the skull. No telltale signs of being operated upon."

Mepat walked into a room and returned with a machine on a trolley. "Do you use this electric machine to pass a high voltage current through the head?" Mepat looked as though he could kill the doctor with a glance.

Parker stammered. "Sometimes there may be an ionic brain imbalance, which requires the passing of an electric current. It returns the brain cells to their normal balance, thereby readjusting the patient's thinking pattern."

Mepat was annoyed by the answer. "What about this?" Mepat then wheeled the *ECT* machine over to the patients. None responded as it was wheeled past, until the last patient. A woman, about seventy went pale with fright. Mepat remained there. The woman looked at him, and then the machine, and a tear began to run down her cheek.

Goren stared at the doctor. "Did she have an ionic imbalance of the brain?"

Parker squirmed and then puffed up his chest. "There have been known to be incorrect diagnoses in all professions. This machine works on the premise that there are certain chemicals and nutrient imbalances that can become evident in a brain, leading to insanity. This machine readjusts the brain, accordingly, but there are times when the diagnosis is wrong, and the person can't be helped."

Mepat pointed to another patient. "You cut her legs off, to treat her mental illness?"

"Absurd. I have nothing to say." A pain grew within his head and the doctor blurted. "Alright, twenty years ago there was a practicing psychiatrist that cut her legs off, to heal her back pain, when the *lobotomy* did not help.

That was a long time ago, and the psychiatrist has since died."

"However, your patient still lives in this state," said Mepat.

"Ha! I have heard enough. You can't detain me. I'm leaving!" said Parker with contempt, as he turned.

"Stop!" demanded Goren. "Nurse, treat him."

Parker froze. He knew what would happen. He shrank from the idea, and unsuccessfully tried to throw off the steel grip of the Boguard.

Parker screamed abuse, as a Boguard strapped him onto the table and plugged in the machine. The gag created silence, but his eyes bulged in terror.

"Are drugs normally used in this procedure?" Goren asked the nurse. "Well! Are they?"

The nurse shrugged. Her hands began to shake as Mepat handed her a vial of *sodium amato*. She dropped the drugs on the floor.

Goren looked at her. "Well, are you not going to administer the drug?"

The nurse shook her head.

"Strap her to the next table." The Boguard did as instructed. "We shall leave now. If the

patients here wish to set you free Parker, then they can. They may respect and appreciate the healing you have done for them. Otherwise, you might be here until the morning shift arrives."

The nurse screamed. "You can't leave us here. These people are psychotic, crazy; you can't trust them."

As the Boguard had finished binding and gagging the other nurses, Goren called back to Parker and the nurse. "If your patients are cured, they may want to help you. The machines are not on, only plugged in. May they do what is right."

Goren and his men exited, down the front steps.

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SEARCHING FOR THE ENEMY

Three days after the rescue of the children there was a meeting two thousand K's out from Earth. Three destroyers and two cruisers were present, including the *Impeel*. The children were both fine, and Marline was still crying from relief to have her son back again in her arms. As the first day became the second, became the third, the three of them were fascinated to walk amongst this other, non-Earth, world.

In a sealed room aboard the *Impeel*, were representatives from *Moonbase*, *Mars Base*, *Dockside* and the *Battleclass*, along with representatives from the *Allied Council of Jilta*².

² **HISTORICAL NOTE: Allied Council of Jilta:** After all the Royals left their Federation planets the planets no longer had their autocratic control. There were members of the Federation military, as well as government, who tried to seize control of their own cities, countries and continents. Some seized atomic weapons. In the Federation wars were starting to break out. On Jilta this culminated in atomic war between three sides. After three years, and with almost all of Jilta PC and its sister cities completely wasted, the war finished. The government that took over was the *Allied Council of Jilta*. This should not have happened and for several years after the *Battle of Sequetus 3* Goren travelled to Jilta trying to stop the wars and fighting. He was unsuccessful, and the fighting

Goren stood, addressing the dignitaries. With him, were Navia, Felice, Colonel Johnson and Mepat. The children were still safely reunited with Marline, in the *Recreational Lounge*.

Goren looked around the conference. All wanted to hear of progress. The room was large, timber paneled, with diffused ceiling light, and wall washes of Earth scenes. Goren looked at the screen, which would accompany him with holographic images. "As you know, our mission on Sequetus 3 is at a crossroad. Before you, is a hard copy folder of the results, to date. From here, Navia Charlton, anthropological lecturer, from the most distinguished *academia* on Jilta, will brief you on recent startling discoveries: Navia please."

Navia stood. The scenes on the screen were a view of Earth from several million K's out. Navia was direct. "As you should be already aware, when we first came to this planet

continued to the almost total destruction of the former prosperous cities of Jilta. As other planets became embroiled in similar wars, Goren found he was just as ineffective. He thus decided to concentrate his efforts on Earth, and hoped that when he found who was behind what was happening on Earth, it would lead to a solution for the rest of the *Santonia Galaxy*. In the meantime, the *Allied Council of Jilta* became the ruling body for the Hymondian sector. *Searfinders New World Index pp. 2889 – 2978* [◀Return](#)

we thought the Malukan sector had chosen Sequetus 3, known as Earth, as the base for a short-lived breeding program. This, we thought, was to encourage the development of technology to undermine the monopoly of the Warp Drive Bank. This act of genetic manipulation did occur, and the monopoly of the Bank is indeed broken. As you know the *Trans Galactic Ship Corporation* of Maluka is now flourishing.

"Our problem in exposing the Malukan scheme is that the crimes and wars on Sequetus 3 have not ceased. Elsewhere, in the Galaxy, they have escalated. Wars here did slow, but restarted two years ago. This increase, we assume, is through external agent activity, creating hostilities. We initially thought the *enemy agents* were Malukan, but now we believe it is another, causing the problems of Earth."

Goren asked, "Do you think it has anything to do with what we found on Sequetus 1, Mercury? The Buildings in the craters?"

Navia shook her head. "Mercury is an unusual planet and rotates at a rate so that it always has one side facing away from Earth. And yes, we found deserted structures inside their craters. They seem to not have any current

relevance to Earth. The planet has a slight oxygen atmosphere, about three percent of Earth's. We only know there was habitation there but it is not there now. We are still researching."

Goren nodded, and asked, "Does it have to do with the anomalies we saw with the solus?" Goren was referring to the sun and what appeared to be planet sized structures linked right up close to it for short periods of time, but then vanishing.

Navia shook her head. "The Earth's solus, or sun, had some anomalies when we first arrived, but after the Battle of Sequetus 3, that phenomenon ceased. The same for Saturn. There appears to have been mining camps all over the Sequetus Series of planets and their moons, but since the Battle, it has gone quiet. Nothing out there seems to be linked to the light craft that attacked us. Out there is different."

Felice nodded. "Those camps on the Saturn and Jupiter moons were not us, and they seem not to be from the Federation. But they are from somewhere and should not be ruled out. And beyond the Kuiper Belt we found two super gas-planets similar to their Jupiter, but without evidence of occupation."

Navia accepted that. "Correct, what was out there does not appear linked to any attacks on us at this stage. The craft out there, especially the harvesters on Saturn's rings, are noted in the archival material as being here before the Battle. The Sequetus Series has been a very busy set of planets. There has been a lot of interest in it, and it will take a lot more work to get to know everyone who has been here and is connected to this planet now.

"However, we believe an important group has just revealed itself. There may be other extraterrestrial forces on this planet; of origins unknown to members of the Federation, but this one with the light ships has declared itself hostile and deadly. It now has our full interest."

Navia turned. All faces were upon her. She had the floor and continued, "Lorde Hymondy stated that should we find the *who* of this planet's ills, then the problems of the remainder of the galaxy would resolve. We, as yet don't see how this will happen, but then we have not as yet found our *who*, of Sequetus 3.

"As described, in the file in front of you, Independent Torren decided that the best method to flush out an enemy of this nature, was to create someone who could show the

population here that there was more to their lives, beyond their current earthly existence. He became a threat to those who run the planet. People turned to Goren, and the subsequent attacks eventuated." Navia showed images on the screens.

"We were attacked as a corporation for supposedly breaching almost every law under legislation. The accusations were ill-founded, and did not have much impact upon us. We then received black media attacks to discredit Independent Torren. This had little effect, but rather inspired people to search for real answers for themselves. Finally, we had the paramilitary attack on *Home*. This was a precise incursion, and would have been successful were we of a terrestrial origin. Needless to say, that attack failed too.

"What we did brought on these attacks. ACI freed the planet from total domination by the Earth media barons. ACI followed similarly with banking. Freedom of financial destiny was promoted and accepted.

"As for the kidnapping of the children, that was by a different subgroup. That group is a mixture of military intelligence and psychiatry, liaising with the light-craft.

"Added to that, are the effects of..." Navia stopped and looked over her audience. She had lost some of them. She began again. "I'll put it another way. There are those on this planet down there, who wish to totally control it. Those groups or persons have changed from time to time, over history. Much of that control, however, remains under the scrutiny of certain factions under various disguises.

"That control is easily shown, diagrammatically. Here on the left we have international banking. They control through merchant and domestic savings banks, and are able to manipulate government policy by corrupting elected officials.

"Following this, we have the media. This is the means of controlling what they want the population to think. Here, we have television, radio, and newspapers. They are mind benders. One of their primary functions is to ensure that no one person leads the population into revolt, against its unseen *rulers*. Popular leaders thus don't survive long on Earth.

Navia changed the picture and continued. "Next, we have the subgroup of military intelligence and psychiatry. Here, through the use of physical force and hardcore individual

mind-control techniques, this subgroup has been able to change the destiny of nations. Where the military couldn't go, then psychiatry had to blaze its own path. Here, we include the assassins waiting on the *grassy knoll*."

She made sure the group were still attentive. "Through the legal promotion of drugs, many have been controlled. The intervention of military intelligence also crosses here with the pharmaceutical drug industry. They ensured psychiatric drugs were also manufactured and promoted illegally, such as heroin, LSD and cocaine. It is another means of corruption. Corruption gives control."

Navia looked at them all, and then added, "And here we have the kicker. With all this in place these above people are set to control every nation, so long as it has democratic leaders elected. These leaders can be corrupted, groomed for control at early ages, and the population can be manipulated into accepting the political leaders who the real rulers of Earth want.

"So long as it is democratic, then anything wrong found can be wiped clean with newly groomed leaders taking the place of the exposed

corrupted rulers. It is a perfect political machine here to control the planet."

Navia looked to Felice who was about to object to where this was headed. "No system works perfectly, and I am just saying Felice, that the one on Earth is designed to have its rulers obscured behind the scenes."

Felice nodded. "So you think that with the simultaneous removal of the monarchies out there Federation, and the removal of them here on Earth, there are parallels?"

Navia nodded. "Certainly. There would be bad people in monarchies at times, but in the main, they tried to act as a back drop to prevent corruption. The only monarchies on Earth that survived were those that were corrupted or sidelined. The others were removed."

Navia looked to the others. "So, then we arrived amongst all this, and started offering people freedom. We began to water down the control the rulers had over their population. So those rulers pooled their resources that resulted in the kidnapping of the children. We have never been able to make out the identity of our real enemy beyond these groups I outlined. That was, until the kidnapping. Here, we have the emergence of another single controlling

group, which we previously saw, but only fleetingly. They are the light-craft that attacked our interceptor and Rangercraft."

Navia looked at everyone. They were alert and waiting for her next words. She continued.

"It is our opinion that whoever is behind these craft, which are neither terrestrial nor Federation, are our real enemy. We have no firm idea as to who they are or what their real purpose is. We have new information on their presence and will soon have them traced. I believe we are now on the verge of finding whom our missing Lordes were so afraid of."

Goren nodded for her to continue.

She did. "Now, we have also identified a handful of men who control the planet through the groups I indicated to you. This reads as a *Who's Who* in banking, media, weapons, pharmaceuticals and drugs. Of these people, there is a smaller handful, which have links to all five groups. This over-group also has a leader, or one who is more powerful than his peers. He stands singularly prominent. Here is a photograph of him. His time will come, but our mission now is really to establish who is behind him."

Goren nodded and Navia continued, "Good emissaries, this is precisely where we are at. There is a high-powered terrestrial. He has a name, but we have also seen there is a non-terrestrial group, which we expect must be behind him. Therefore, we have to find out where that group is, no matter how long it takes, and find its leader. After that we have to make contact, and finally remove the threat to Earth and the other sectors. Remember, it isn't just Sequetus at stake. Many of our home worlds in the Federation have now fallen to someone, who we must expect is the same identity."

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CHAPTER 11

UPDATE

It had been ten months since Navia's briefing on the *Cruiser Impeel*. Since then, there had been three unsuccessful enemy attacks on *Home*. No longer were they paramilitary style, but from the underworld, simple brutal, terror attacks. Each occasion resulted in the repulsion of the invaders, but with a cost of two Boguard and seven staff dead in total. Boguard now patrolled the grounds, with terrestrial weapons.

Overhead: was a permanently stationed cruiser.

ACI had expanded its purchase into the media, and controlled seventy-three newspapers around the world, plus a string of television stations. Some ACI subsidiaries were floated on the stock exchanges.

Goren continued to lecture around the planet, and there were no attacks outside of America.

South Australia had received many commercial orders, and after three more launches, ACI were the leaders in commercial

satellite technology. The price for second-hand satellites, had by then, risen three hundred percent. That in itself, added twelve billion to the paper value of ACI.

The crime rate had fallen twenty-three percent across the USA, wars ceased faster than they began, and the world seemed to be heading into a time of prosperity. The standard of living around the world had also risen two point seven percent over the last ten months.

Goren had also launched a series of environmentally sustainable power solutions in the United Nations. He was driving the planet away from oil. And for that Goren Torren had been nominated for the Nobel Peace Prize.

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It was September 8th 2001 when the idyllic run of good tidings finished. Two light-craft, the first seen since the six were destroyed off the Melbourne beach line, were recorded by the *Impeel* and that data was transferred to *Home*.

The two craft had emerged from the east side of the Mexican coast, and set a course north. One vanished while the other continued to New York City. There, it also vanished.

Three hours later, they both emerged together off the central North Atlantic coastline, traveling south. They crossed the coast on the twenty-seventh parallel and headed to the Mexican interior, whereupon they vanished again.

Similar pairs of craft were seen seven times, over the next two months.

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The following is an extract of a speech made by Goren Torren in front of a crowd of fifteen thousand at Wimbledon in England, June 27th 2003:

"I believe you want an analogy. Who can remember the dream of a man in the early nineteen sixties? He wanted to put man on the moon. It was a time of vision and expansion. It was a time when one had to expand one's borders. It was the United States of America that set this vision, and did not the whole world expand with it? Yes, and as soon as this man's vision was shared, he was assassinated. Certainly, his dream was fulfilled, but his vision and expansion stopped.

"Yes, there have been machines sent into the outer reaches of the Solar System, but what is vision if man doesn't accompany that machine? When

Armstrong set foot on the moon, who in the world wouldn't have traded places with him? Whenever a man ventures into space, every man, woman and child; to a degree, goes there with him.

"Believe it or not, but this is the truth. When man, and not machines, continues the exploration of space then this planet will prosper. Earth will then cease to look in on its minor petty problems, but begin to concentrate out there on the larger issues, of greater magnitude. Life here, would then be, only a simple easily surmountable problem."

*Washington Herald
June 27, 2003*

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Goren sat out on a seat, at the back of *Home*.

Mathew sat beside him. "Goren, if we are not just a body, but actually a life, then what was Scampi? Was he a life also?" he asked.

Goren looked back on when Marline and he had broken the news to Mathew that Scampi had died in trying to save his loved master.

"Yes, but a dog life," answered Goren. He smiled at how much bigger and stronger, both mentally and physically, Mathew was, these five

years later, since his kidnapping, and loss of Scampi.

Five years ago it had taken many days and weeks for Mathew to seem to get over the grieving of his *quiet-talk* friend. Perhaps this was where this conversation was leading.

"That means then he is still a life-force. I mean, he isn't gone; he will live again, now. Only his body has gone." said Mathew.

"Yes." Goren looked carefully at Mathew, who was now watching the streaking clouds overhead. "He would most likely be happy, wherever he lives."

Mathew thought for a moment. "Could he be around here?"

"Perhaps, but he could also be a long way off."

"Could we find him?" Mathew turned and looked at Goren.

Please, came Mathew's thought.

"Hmm," said Goren, feeling the pain in Mathew's thought. *Follow me; can you see what I see?*

Yes, pictures of home from way up. Now you are moving past the walls of

home. Over the grounds of other houses.

Good. Can you hear my call?

Yes, replied Mathew who was superimposing the faint images he received, against the backdrop of clouds.

Goren called, and Mathew shared:

Scampi...Scampi...now you try through me.

Mathew's mind began to echo with Goren's *Scampi...Scampi.*

For an hour, the pair searched for the feel of the little dog's mind. They continued, sifting through the minds that replied. Some had similar identities to Scampi, but none compared exactly with their memory of the valiant little dog.

Goren and Mathew continued:

Scampi...Scampi.

Another reply: *Scampi? Scampi? No. Dingle.*

Scampi?

Scampi...? Yes...no...Dingle yes.

Mathew could feel Goren's mind now focusing strongly, on the sender of those small thoughts.

Again the reply came. *Scampi? Who there? This dingle.*

Scampi. This is great man. Memory?

Great man?

Yes.

Master too?

Yes. Goren sent to him a picture of Mathew.

Master. Great man. Dingle happy. Tail wags happy. Where?

Here. Now, who is your master Scampi?

Master gone. Dingle Scampi alone

Who is Dingle?

Dingle me Scampi.

Good Scampi. We send friend for you. You meet earlier master and great man. Ok?

Good. Scampi protect master.

Goren got up and spoke to Mathew.
"Captain Mepat will send a Boguard to get him. Scampi, or Dingle, is on the other side of the city."

Three hours later Mathew trotted into the large staff kitchen of *Home*, where his mother was speaking to Felice. "Look Mama. Here is Scampi!" He said very excitedly, filling his pockets with cookies, and then skipping off.

The little dog looked; cocking its head at Marline expectantly: *Remember?*

Marline smiled and said to Felice. "That is amazing. There is definitely a similarity, but they are not the same. How did Goren convince Mathew that the small dog was Scampi?"

Felice smiled as she looked at the dog.
Welcome home.

ψ

MEXICO

October 2nd 2004, six light-craft were observed leaving the Mexican desert, for the United States. Their point of origin and destination was as before.

Ω

A week later, Goren, Felice, and an entourage of Boguard and Federation Troopers found themselves in the heat of the Mexican desert. It had taken them years to find this exact spot.

The party's vehicles had just left Ceballos, a dusty hot little adobe peasant town, where Goren had just hired a local Mexican Indian named Pallende.

The Indian grinned as he pointed to the open desert. "The only difference here, is that people don't disappear. They just see strange things."

They were about to enter one of the most desolate places on Earth. The morning heat was

beginning to blister their skin, and the horizon was shimmering in the heat.

Goren looked at the Indian and wiped the sweat from his brow. "Pallende, if we are going, let's move, otherwise we'll melt."

Pallende just grunted, and climbed into one of the jeeps and they drove off.

It only took an hour of slow bouncing in the vehicles, before the first anomalies of the landscape appeared. The morning temperature had risen to 103 Fahrenheit, as they entered an area bounded by the Mexican states of Chihuahua, Coahuila and Durango. Soon, Goren found the area was a dead spot for radio transmitting and receiving. No cell phones worked out there. This was where the mysterious light-craft appeared and disappeared from.

As they continued into the brown landscape, Felice pointed out to Goren that some cacti were now bright red, instead of green. Other plant life had changed to purple. As they got closer to the center of the *Zone*, as the locals knew it, the abnormal coloring became more pronounced.

After two hours in the desert, Pallende suddenly halted the seven vehicles. He leapt out, and began digging, under a nearby bush.

Goren stepped out of the car puzzled, watched Pallende and then looked in the direction to where they were headed. According to the map, they did not have far to go. He looked over, to see Pallende's hairy happy face coming towards him. There was something alive in his hand.

"Amigos, sirs. See her," he beamed enthusiastically. "This is a tortoise. It has no tail and has a triangular pattern on its shell instead of hexagonal. Unusual? Not for the Zone, sirs."



Goren was intrigued. Soon they were traveling again. Radios were fading in and out. After a quick analysis, Goren determined that the fading was related to a grid pattern. Interesting. The seven vehicles continued.

Finally the convoy stopped and Pallende announced that they were at the center of the Zone. Goren and all hands exited the vehicles. It was well over 114 degrees Fahrenheit, abnormally hot. Troopers set up defense patrols while the Boguard set out, to map the area. There was no thought of aerial support; if the light-craft should appear, it was better if the troop were incognito. Overhead, the *Cruiser Impeel* recorded all events below.

The Indian began to walk off, into the desert. Goren indicated for a Boguard to follow him.

Troopers set up a series of tents, including rest and mess quarters. Even in this heat, a tour of planet duty was always welcomed by space troopers.

After establishing a base camp, and all had eaten, they prepared to map out the unusual aspects of the Zone.

Navia appeared satisfied with what they were finding.

Pallende returned with a sack of rocks and deposited them onto the table, set up under a fly. Goren picked up one of the hot rocks and looked at the grinning sweaty Indian.

Pallende said, "Examine these, sir. You will find them unusual. I think you will find their properties similar to stainless steel."

"Oh?" said Goren a bit surprised, wiping the sweat from his face, too.

"Oh yes," the Indian agreed readily. "That is the result of a University study of the Zone, which was carried out last year. The unusual existences in the Zone have been discussed by many, but with no answers."

"I see. So, we are not the first to set eyes on this Zone. What else have others discovered, here?"

"Ahh!" said the Indian with a great smile. "Those rocks are from the heavens." The Indian pointed to the sky.

Goren lifted one of the rocks. Indeed, they were smooth, as though they were glazed, from intense heat. Goren looked out at the desert floor; there were countless numbers of them on the ground, in all directions.

"They lie on top, not in ground, sir. These rocks very new," said Pallende.

One of the Boguard came up to Goren and presented him with a spinning compass. Goren held it, tilted it, but it would stop at any direction. So, this too, was strange about the Zone.

"I show you special place, special place..." Pallende appeared to be in a hurry to show Goren a place away from the camp.

Goren decided to go with him. He called for Mepat and two Boguard. The Indian seemed hurt, that he couldn't be trusted to be alone, with their beloved master. Still, he would show them a place that was a mile away, according to the map. They climbed into the jeep.

After five minutes driving Pallende pointed. "There. This is the place where I show you the ocean floor. Here was the ocean, at the beginning of much time."

The vehicle stopped and Goren stepped out to photograph fossils. Pallende was telling the truth. Goren knew enough to recognize aquatic fossils.

Getting into the jeep Goren asked, "What else Pallende?"

Pallende shrugged while wiping his face with his hat. "Ah, yes. One last place; there.

There." He pointed and Goren followed his directions.

Soon, they were at a small ridge. "Here, this is straight. It is six miles long and there are more, many more."

Goren squinted through the windshield. Even with air-conditioning the cabin was at a sweltering temperature. He stepped out, and walked to the mound. The sides of the mound were abnormally straight. He looked down. The meteorites seemed to cover the side of the mound with greater density. Goren walked around; kicking a few stones; there was something strange. He felt it, and so did the Boguard, who were mentally urging him to return. They felt danger here. Goren agreed and stepped back into the vehicle. It roared to life and set off back to their base camp.

Back at camp, another excursion was sent back to the mounds. They needed to map them, analyze the mounds, and check the rocks that surrounded them, the relative weights, and their number per square foot. They also had to map the radio reception, around them.

As the troop had not completed its analysis by dusk, they decided to work through the cool of the night. The Indian was fearful. He had

seen strange things, heard the legends, and with his own eyes seen the great Ceballos UFO, which stretched over a hundred meters wide. Dogs had howled that night, as they did on many such nights, when the visitors from the dark came out, to haunt them. Goren listened to the Indian.

After a midnight hot cup of coffee to ward off fatigue and cold, Goren took Felice aside. "This is really a strange place."

She nodded.

"On the other hand, not as strange as one might think," added Goren, "Look here, an orange and a rock. I'll hold them and you will see that when I remove my hands, they remain in the air where I want them."

"Or where I want them," added Felice with a wry smile when the two objects floated towards the right.

"Agreed," said Goren. "As we both know; you and I, to a degree, are timeless. As such, we have some agreement, in the formation of this universe and the bonds that hold it together. Knowing that agreement can give us a lot of control of how we manage the environment around us."

Felice nodded but wondered where this was leading. She took the orange and began to peel it. Goren then held up a different type of rock, and held it in the air beside the first. Felice watched while eating the orange.

As Goren opened his hand, the rock fell to the table. Goren watched Felice's surprise. She tried to lift it by mental decision, but while it should rise, it did not.

She began to frown. "Goren... that rock, it doesn't..."

Goren understood and gave a tight smile. "I also tried to raise the rock and failed. It won't rise by my decision either."

Felice picked up the rock. "That isn't possible. Everything must follow the same laws...."

Goren cut into her speech to finish her sentence, "Unless it isn't from the same universe...."

By seven the next morning, the group had broken camp and were returning home.

ψ

THE PORTAL

Three days later Goren reassembled his inner circle of confidants aboard the *Impeel*. He was addressing twelve of them, in the *Commanders' Conference Center*.

"Here is an overlay map of the desert showing the mounds," Goren said while pointing to the screen on his left. "Now, on top of this we overlay where the radio signals faded in and out. Notice the concentric rings. They seem to center around the mounds, radiating out."

Next, Goren picked up two rocks. All present knew of his talents. He went through the same experiment that he had with Felice. One of the rocks fell to the table.

"We have analyzed it," he said holding it up. "It contains no unusual properties, other than it doesn't respond to magnetism, even though it is basically iron."

Goren then ran through the other anomalies of the area, and finally finished with the mysterious stories of UFOs.

He turned to the screen again, showing the position of the first sightings along with the disappearances of the light-craft. They coincided to the close proximity to the mounds.

"So," asked Goren, "what explanation can we give for all this?" Mepat and Felice already knew the answer. The Boguard felt the place was different and it did not take them long to find out why. Goren waited a second and continued. "The answer lies in the possibility that beyond the center of those concentric circles is another universe or a portal into another region of our own universe. Yes, a universe that follows similar laws to ours, but not identical."

Navia spoke while looking around at some surprised faces. "It is the only hypothesis we have. In a place where the light-craft can come from, and leave at will; it might leave unusual phenomena of another universe, impinging upon us. This could explain the concern of our Lordes in the galaxy. It could explain why there are forces, intent upon destroying Earth, and why we have never been able to find the *who* of the planet's ills. It should be also noted that when the light-craft ceased to visit this side of the portal for eight months, the sanity of this planet

drastically improved. There is less war, and less crime.

"When you think of how this planet developed its technologies so fast, and the fact that genetic engineering really did occur before the time of Lorde Maluka, then it is easy to see why Lorde Hymondy was correct in saying that we had not found the *who* of our mission nine years ago.

"It is now possible to see why, after the *Battle*, that the Malukan Sector crumbled. There is no doubt that Maluka was able to trade and learn of this planet's Warp Drive theory, and use it to start building his own fleet. Lord Maluka's reasons may not have been as evil as they first seemed, but more commercial, to break the Bank's grip on the Federation. To Lorde Maluka, it may have seemed that the bank was his enemy, which then included the whole of the Federation. I make no excuses for his actions, but what we have now, is an extraterrestrial intelligence, operating on this planet and it isn't from the Federation."

Navia grinned. "We are close to finding our *who* then?"

Goren shook his head. "This doesn't solve who is behind the portal, however, nor their

intentions. It doesn't explain how they arrived, nor does it explain what they are doing in the light-craft, north of Mexico. Nor does it explain how it connects to the *Royals*, and our own civil wars in the Galaxy, after the *Battle for Sequetus 3*."

Goren stood and walked over behind the group, and turned on the wall screen lighting. He began to draw on a board. "Here is an extended hypothesis. As you know, there was the genius Federation scientist, *Albar Scandral*. He died about four hundred and seventy years ago. Cause of death is unknown, and died before he could prove his theory, which was that the universe exists on a time spiral. That spiral, he claimed, was fifteen million *Standard Years* in duration. Why he died, who knows, but many of his theories vanished with him. It was whispered that the Warp Drive Bank had assassinated Scandral in an effort to maintain their monopoly of transport.

"Now, if Scandral's theories were correct, then it is possible that our other universe could just be in another time, which is either fifteen million years into the future or the past, to the light craft. As I understand the Scandral time theory, the universe is a spiral, or at least time

is. But that spiral doesn't necessarily mean that the universe time spirals are separated by distance, but rather they are spirals, separated only by time."

Goren could see that his audience was without questions. He continued. "Now, all we have is speculation on how this portal could traverse from one side to another. The planet Earth is unique in many of its physical properties. What could also be contributing here, is the proximity of the Van Allen Belts, along with an abnormality of great iron ore deposits, plus a strange magnetic field in this specific area. I believe that whoever is on the other side of the portal has somehow managed to monitor and create this portal. Now while I say a portal, I suppose that the correct concept would be termed a gate, and through that gate could travel a craft, a craft that mightn't be part of either universe, and a craft that might be under the influence of Warp Drives."

Goren could feel the thoughts of those present and continued. "Yes, it may be possible to travel to the other side of the gate with technology that we, in the Federation currently possess. There is no reason to assume that the

life forms on the other side of the portal, have any technology greater than our own.

"However, before we send a Warp Drive craft through, we should analyze all data we now have."

The commander of the *Impeel* looked serious. "This is good timing Independent. The Federation Warp Drive Bank has been squeezing the Federation Alliance hard for money, and this development could be the economic lever to make the Bank back off. We may have something of greater value than *warp drive field theory* at stake."

"Correct," agreed Goren, "There could be much at stake for many, here."

Another picture came onto the screen. It was the *Pegasus* in section format being rotated by a computer perspective. Goren cleared his throat. "This will be our chariot, to pass into time. We won't be risking a large ship or its crew, but rather a heavily armed Tollycraft. The ship will be fitted out for battle, with thicker armor, and will be crewed by troopers and Boguard.

"*Pegasus* will lower to the height of the mounds and warp drive, hopefully into the portal. There, the *Pegasus* will reverse its

Drives. If we are correct, it will emerge in a universe, on a differing time spiral than ours. If wrong, it will emerge on the far side of the Sequetus Series.

"Are there any questions?"

Navia had a question. "Do you expect our own universe to be ahead or behind fifteen million years, or could it be another universe all together?"

"I really don't know, but I'm hoping it is our own universe. I don't know how many multiples of fifteen million years – or spirals – we may be linking to here. I only hope that when we emerge we not only find time, but also matter and energy."

Mepat had another question. "What happens if the scenario is only partially correct? What happens if the *Pegasus* finds a universe that doesn't obey the laws of our own universe? Those light-craft, they may not have physical form, and the *Pegasus* could be lost forever."

Goren nodded. "That is a risk. Perhaps the *Pegasus* will never be seen again. I'll be commanding the mission, and there is much to do before we leave. You will all be briefed at the next meeting."

Ω

Two weeks later the *Pegasus* was ready. It was armed and standing on the launch decks of the *Impeel*. The journey would only take ten minutes, of Earth time. The *Pegasus* would appear on the other side of the gate, and then return to Sequetus only after minutes on the other side. That was the plan.

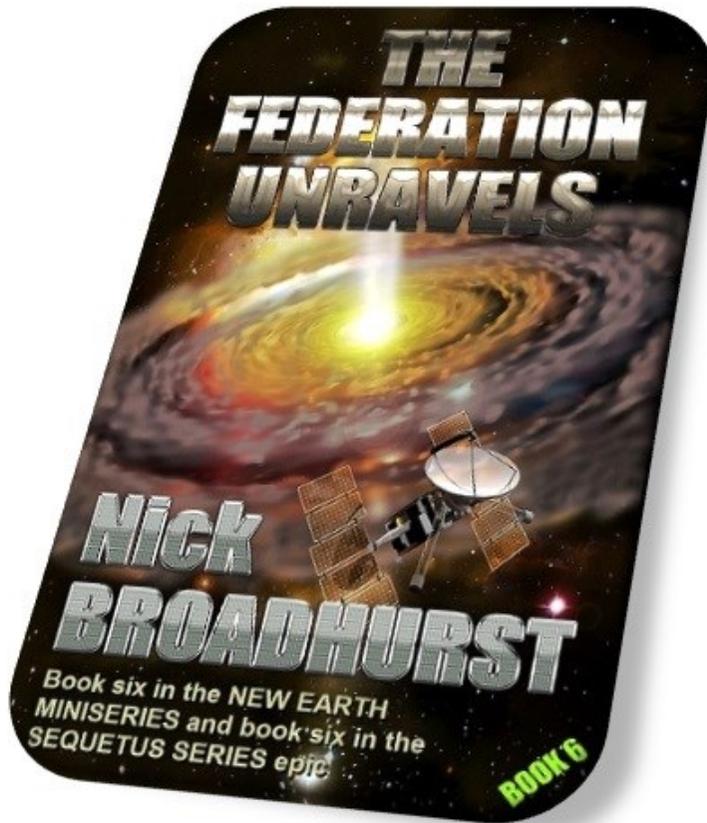
Finally, *Pegasus* was ready. It left the *Impeel*, lowered to the Mexican desert, wavered and vanished.

Ψ

The End Book Five

THE SILENT ENEMY: Rulers of Earth

NICK BROADHURST



PREVIEW

The Federation Unravels

THE SILENT ENEMY

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WRIGHT PATTERSON AIR BASE

For three weeks, the screens of all Federation ships and bases were monitored around Sequetus to detect any anomaly. From Dockside, past the system itself, all the way to *Home*, all screens were constantly watched. Independent Goren Torren and *Pegasus* were missing.

On day twenty-three, an alert went out to all stations. A magnetic ripple had been observed at *GROUND ZERO*. After three seconds of concentric ripples, two light-craft emerged.

The commander of the *Impeel* immediately dispatched two interceptors that were on a standing schedule, orbiting over the planet. The interceptors kicked out of orbit, into the atmosphere. They had been reinforced with additional heat shields, to cater for greater atmospheric speed and heat. As soon as they had swooped over the American border, their *afterburners* blasted into life. The interceptors sped at over twelve thousand K's.

The light-craft were moving north on their usual run; the interceptors already had them on

their screens and closing. Radio silence was observed.

Leader-One looked over to the cockpit of Junior-One. They both nodded. Immediately they kicked afterburners for six tenths of a second, rolled and overtook the light-craft ten thousand feet over the Tennessee mountains. The interceptors passed on either side of their quarry. The two pairs of Federation gunners let fire with automatic lasers. Their mission was to disable a craft for capture, not destroy it.

The light-craft responded with surprise. Green lasers arced in return. The light-craft changed color, reversed direction and then elevated straight up. They traveled at ten thousand Ks, but not enough to outpace the faster interceptors. At sixty thousand feet the interceptors' speed increased, and once again they were striking at the foreign craft. Together the four dove to the ground, exchanging strikes. The light-craft were changing color, and Leader One registered that the strikes they were receiving were diminishing.

They hit a cloudbank; they were on instruments only now. The gunners still fired. The craft were up again into the outer atmosphere. The interceptors set onto them,

again. Now the enemy offered little resistance, as the interceptor lasers struck the small craft time and time again. The two small craft began to lose their glow; soon there was no light at all, only the naked silver disc hulls of the craft remained. The enemy craft faltered and then gave in to gravity.

They tumbled, flipping and turning, cartwheeling down to the surface of the Earth. The interceptors had ceased the attack and were following the craft down. Seconds passed as they slipped through the cloudbanks, the ground reared up before them.

Leader-One found himself trying to will the craft to life; he did not want them dead. As though in response the craft gained some color, the freewheeling ceased and the angle of pullout increased. Both enemy craft hit the water at a twenty-degree angle, at reduced speeds. The spray and sand from the beach, shot ninety feet into the air.

As the spray cleared, the interceptors roared overhead and reported with pictures back to the *Impeel*. The first part of their mission was complete.

The commander on the Bridge saw the craft lying partly submerged. Waves washed over

their shining hulls. There was no movement from the craft.

The interceptors screamed into the upper atmosphere, increasing speed as they gained altitude. The sun shimmered on their white hulls as they left orbit for the safety of their cruiser. Leader-One acknowledged the four Rangercraft Terrain-Category-3's that were positioned in the upper atmosphere, to retrieve the enemy craft.

Quietly, the Rangercraft descended to the beach line of the Atlantic coast; the two craft, four thousand feet below. The tiny shining specks were becoming less visible as the sun set, shedding light for darkness over the land.

Two thousand feet to go, and the three Rangercraft ejected the magnetic lines to pull the stuck craft from the sand and water.

The Rangercraft were readying when Leader One picked up an alert from the north. It was a formation of fifteen US Marine fighters. They had banked to again come in with the last of the sun behind them. They swept in, with the Rangercraft in their sights. Rockets fired. Three seconds later the Rangercraft were into the outer atmosphere, with five fighters giving chase. At thirty miles above, the Rangercraft

pulled up to watch the fighters circling below. Their instructions were: to wait.

The *Impeel* tracked the events below. Helicopters were now flying to the scene from the McGuire Air Force Base, while further Air Force fighters were coming in, from the Fort Dix Army Camp.

The thunder of the helicopters echoed over the waves. Army divers leapt into the water near the UFOs; the water become flat, under the force of the rotors overhead. Nets dropped into the ocean. Moments later, the craft were being dragged up from their watery graves.

More minutes and the helicopters with their catch slung below, began to circle over the well-lit Wright Patterson Air Force Base. The craft were lowered onto the backs of flatbed trucks and taken to hangers.

For two hours, the Rangercraft waited overhead. The United States Air Force increased its air surveillance. There were never less than ten fighters overhead, at any one time.

The commander of *Impeel* conceded that an aerial pick-up had been aborted.

Ω

Letone sat in the Communications Room of *Home*. Their plans were unraveling. They had committed a most unholy error. They had underestimated an enemy.

It was past eight in the evening, when Letone tuned out from a conversation with the commander of the *Impeel*. There was little time available. Arlon's image came to the screen. "Urgent mission Arlon. On the other side of the continent. We need a car out in front in four minutes."

Arlon acknowledged.

A new image came onto Letone's screen. "Sir?" It was a Boguard.

"Palow; have yourself and three other Boguard, ready for medium armed personnel combat, out in front in four minutes. We'll be gone for eight to ten hours."

"Sir!"

Letone turned to another of the twelve screens. "Miss Huro, *Home* security is fully under your command until I return, from an imminent mission." Letone turned to another screen. "Leader Boltan, have the ACI Swiftjet ready for departure in thirty-five minutes. Destination New York and return." Letone flicked the screens off, swiveled in his chair;

grabbed his neuron-stick, securing it to his right leg; his particle gun clipped to his belt and his laser strapped to his thigh. A quick inspection of the shock-suit showed the transceiver fully charged. He strode to the door.

In ten seconds, he was on the ground floor. He ran down the steps. The car was idling, Boguard were inside, with Arlon beside the car. Before Letone could enter, Arlon put his hand up, to halt him.

"Captain," he said, "If you value harmony between the staff and the Boguard, then invite me along. I'm ready."

Letone looked at Arlon and shook his head. Arlon stood there; wearing a long dark grey overcoat, dark felt hat and sunglasses. "Arlon. You are weird. Perhaps that is why there is seldom any disharmony between us. Jump in." Arlon climbed into the limousine and Letone added as an afterthought: "You had better live through this."

The vehicle pulled out and headed to the airport.

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



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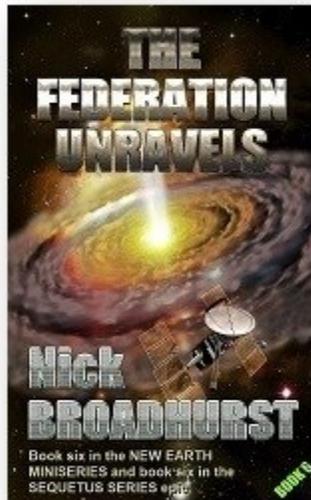
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N I C K B R O A D H U R S T

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PICTURE AND MAPS

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GLOSSARY, DEFINITIONS, HISTORICAL NOTES

AND BACKGROUND DATA

Editorial note: When the term *Terrestrial* appears beside a word or term or historical note, this means 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.

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GLOSSARY

Academia: 1. A college of high learning, tertiary education, offering doctorates. 2. (Plural – academies) The institutions of the highest places of learning in the Federation. *Source, Jiltanian* after the gardener *Academos* who used to tend the gods by making their gardens a paradise. ◀[Return](#)

Adams, Lieutenant: United States Air Force - NASA astronaut turned interceptor crew. Survived the *Battle of Sequetus 3*. *Born in Ohio, went to Caltech*. ◀[Return](#)

Aeroitek Corporation International: ACI – See *Book Four*. The corporation begun by Goren Torren as the business vehicle to flush out who is controlling the planet financially. ACI is based in California, with offices in all twenty-three countries, specializing in high tech travel technology. ◀[Return](#)

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. ◀[Return](#)

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

Alliance, Federation: An alternative name for the Federation after the *Battle of Sequetus 3*.

Allied Imperial Federation: A fuller term for *Federation Alliance*. *Allied Imperial Federation Forces*. AIF, or AIFF all mean the same thing.

Anqi Storm: 1. Malukan female trooper, former resident of Sleebo. 2. Important early female in saving *Sequetus 3*. Daughter of parents Nobus and

Requel Mas of Taronga PPC. Educated in biophysics in Anst Academia at Taronga, joined the Malukan Guards shortly after graduation. ◀[Return](#)

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

Arlon, Doctrains: Head of household staff of Residence of Jilta. Employer Goren Torren. A degree in Business Management from Academia Alson, Jilta. He moved with Goren Torren to Earth, and survived the *Battle of Sequetus 3*. On Earth, he headed the *Home* of Goren Torren. He showed flair and became active with *Boguard Letone* in external affairs.

◀[Return](#)

Atlanta Afternoon Sun: A made up name for an afternoon newspaper.

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

Battleclass: Early military vessel from the Confederacy era. They were effectively made obsolete with Warp Drives. Its major deficiency was that it couldn't move from one system to another. As a comment they were effective in defense around a system and were designed to be impregnable, but their immobility made them ineffective once Warp Drives came into existence. *Battleclass* have about three to four times the compliment of a cruiser. These ships were too large to be governed by Warp Drive engines. While the technology within the Warp Drive engines is secret, it is believed there is a limit to the size of mass that the WD can effectively cover.

◀[Return](#)

Battleclass Realm: The battleclass in the Sequetus Series, remaining after the *Battle of Sequetus 3*.

Battle for Sequetus 3. The: *The Battle of Sequetus 3* is the official title for the battle between the Hymondian and Malukan forces in the Sequetus Series in 1990 local time. ◀[Return](#)

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. Racial origins, the Karo system, Pleiades. Life expectancy unknown. Run along military lines. No command links with IFFCo. Being a race, the word *Boguard* is capitalized.

Boguard rank:

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

Captain

Guard Instructor

Instructor

Leader

Boguard

Boguard Novice (student)

Broadmatter Theory: Broadmatter is that matter that is so small current instruments can't read it, but it lies as 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. Broadmatter ties in with space and time and without broadmatter there would be no space, no gravity and presumably no time. Without it, all other matter would collectively condense. See Broadmatter theory Addendum at the end of Book Seven for more details.

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 in the Boguard. ◀[Return](#)

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 at this time. Upon the end of the *Battle of Sequetus 3* Navia moved to Sequetus. On earth she headed the Torren corporate empire of ACI.

Colonel Johnson: USA citizen with NASA who joined the Hymondian defense forces defending Sequetus 3. He survived the *Battle of Sequetus 3*. Has the large Johnson Crater named after him on Mars.

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

Confederacy: Full title - Confederated Council of Planets. (CCP) The loose and often extended term applied to the political attempt to bring the multitude of races, political systems et al together and 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.

Confederacy: Travel could take decades. As a result, the *Confederacy* was never conquered by a single force or in agreement with itself. Often planets would get lost and cultures rediscovered over centuries.

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

Delopacs: Ten thousand pacs, 10 K's.

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

Dockside: Observation station at the edge of the Sequetus Series, set up under the Malukan reign.

Early Works, The: 1. The basic first historical record for the Pleiadians, which shows how they arrived in the Pleiades, and also how to develop one's potential. 2. Historical record in full, originated from within the Boguard. [◀Return](#)

Earthside: Local slang for being stationed on Sequetus 3.

Elypsom: Federation destroyer parked above Sequetus 3. Its orders are to position itself over wherever Independent Goren Torren is located on Earth, for protection. The Elypsom is a survivor of the *Battle of Sequetus 3*. [◀Return](#)

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

Federation: 1. The Imperial Galactic Federation (IGF), The Lordes of All Worlds and Vassals within the Domains of Santonia Galaxy (Santonia - Quadrant 451f or New General Catalogue 9154 Galaxy [Terrestrially termed *Galaxy*]). 2. FEDERATION - formally established in the standard year 13,576 upon cessation of the Santonia Wars of 13,331-574. Federation saw an end of 116,158 separate intra galactic domains of varying strengths. 3. Galactic political unification through federation after 120,000 years of varying peace and interplanetary warfare.

"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 Bank's 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." ◀[Return](#)

Federation Fleet Command; 1. (IFFCo – Intragalactic Federation Fleet Command) The military command of the Federation fleets. On planet armies are not subject to IFFCo, but come under Planet Military and Guard – PMG, the military force over guards, and guardsmen and on-planet troopers. 2. IFFCo pronounced "if-co" is the vast interstellar military arm of the Federation. It is represented on all planets. 3. IFFCo doesn't usurp the sovereign power of the royal sectors, and the sovereignty of each sector was senior to IFFCo until the junta that ruled the Federation. Then IFFCo became senior to civilian authority.

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

Felice Karo: See Karo, Felice

Fernil: Boguard, who worked on Earth with Goren Torren after *The Battle of Sequetus 3*.

Fighters: 1. Fighters are the only real defense craft against interceptors. They are non-atmospheric, short ranged, and very fast. Usually they are quartered on carriers, cruisers or destroyers.

2. *Fighters* have a complement of one pilot with sometimes a second co-pilot. Two more of the *fighter* crew remain at the carrier, so each fighter has a tight assigned squad of four personnel. Fighters further are allocated a general staff of seven more

support crew (cooks, doctors, administration staff etc.) on board a carrier, cruiser or destroyer. Thus each fighter represents ten to twelve personnel. Also see *carriers* for more data.

Fio Wran: Hymondian female trooper at Sequetus. Served on the FSS Cruiser Nebulus in the *Battle of Sequetus 3*. Heritage unknown. Orphaned to the state and brought up by foster parents on Jilta. Later became a Jiltanian politician over human-rights issues for ten years in the New Federation.

FSS: Federation Service Ship, the title given to each military ship in the Federation.

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. Once married to Navia Charlton. Other relationships unknown. He inherited his family estate early in life. No siblings.

2. Torren comes from old Jiltanian, *torre* or *toreenza* meaning *heavy rain*, and Goren comes from *gore* meaning to *fetch*. n is for a male. Therefore, Goren Torren would mean the man who seeks to make the heavy rains, or the one who breaks the drought.

3. *The Independent* as prophesied by *The Early Works* as Magi. [◀Return](#)

Greenhaven: Made up name for a psychiatric hospital in Melbourne.

Healesville: (*Terrestrial*) Small town outside of Melbourne, the capital city of the state of Victoria, in Australia. Healesville is surrounded by small hills densely forested in native trees. Many native animals live in the region.

Hobson's Bay: (*Terrestrial*) A small bay adjacent to Port Melbourne. ◀[Return](#)

Home: Residential headquarters in LA of Goren Torren, Boguard and household staff in Beverly Hills, California. The initial property was 3 acres, but was extended to 5 acres after additional purchases of neighboring properties. ◀[Return](#)

Household, the: The staff, housekeepers, and important items of the residence of Independent Goren Torren.

Household security: 1. Traditionally always female. Historically, Jilta nobles found that when surrounded by female security, the number of assassination attempts was less, and almost never successful. Goren used this tradition within his *household security* staff. 2. When the head of the household staff was not present, the head of *household security* was in charge of all. 3. The head of *household security* couldn't take orders from the head of household staff as regards *security*. ◀[Return](#)

Household staff: There is five staff. Arlon (M) is the head of staff. Kimonu Huro (F) is head of security with a deputy Morion (F). Farboin Jules (F) is in charge of catering and stores. Her deputy is Kanal Mirs (F). Woliam Wilrim (M) in charge of vehicles and their upkeep.

Huro, Kimonu: Head of the Torren household security. She held the post for eighty years. Trained in martial arts (black belts in kwakindo, baling and garato), security, communications, weapons (swordsmanship, *struck fighting*, and small projectile blasters), and with a degree with honors in business management from Academia Alson. From the outer world of Talon, Jaltan province. Daughter of Kiwate and Tanate Huro, of planet Talan. ◀[Return](#)

Hymondian Realm: The sector of which Jilta is the center and 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.

IFFCo: Intragalactic Federation Fleet Command. See *Federation Fleet Command*. Pronounced: "if-co"

Impeel, Cruiser: Federation cruiser of the *Battle of Sequetus 3*, and subsequently stationed in Sequetus Series. [◀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 are an all-powerful body that predict and plot the expansionist policies of the Federation. They are the instrumental power behind the Federation, as without it all commerce and military travel would effectively cease. See also Warp Drives. [◀Return](#)

Independent: 1. A contracted vocation of intelligence gathering and sometimes action amongst the royal families of the Federation. 2. A license is required after a five-year internship, 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 programs.

Independent, the: Short for the Independent Goren Torren. (Now capitalized as Independent)

Instructor: A Bogaard 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 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. [◀Return](#)

Interceptor bays: Where interceptors land aboard carriers, cruisers and destroyers.

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*) – consist 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. [◀Return](#)

Intervention Day: The official specific day when a subject planet gets notified that it isn't alone

Jenny Wanten: Resident terrestrial anthropologist of Western Australia. Instrumental in assisting

Independent Goren Torren in his *estimate* of 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.)

Johnson, Abraham: Colonel of USAF, NASA, of the manned space probe to Mars, survivor of The Battle of Sequetus 3, and deputy in charge of establishment of the rocket launch base in Australia.

Jones, Judy: Junior reporter for the Los Angeles Chronicle. Went to UCLA. After C Day she regretted her involvement is destroying the reputation of Goren Torren. [◀Return](#)

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.

Kalo: 1. Mild stimulant pick-me-up bean, roasted and ground, that when mixed with hot water; is a popular drink. 2. Very popular drink around Jilta. 3. A Jiltanian equivalent of coffee. 4. *Kalo* is from the underground root, a legume, of the *kalo* tree. The "beans" are roasted and ground. Depending on the soil conditions depends the taste and aroma, but also the ratio of "bean" to root ratio depends on the stimulant effect. Kalo beans can also be eaten whole, similar to Earth peanuts, which are also a legume. 5. Kalo as a drink can be taken black, or mixed with creamer, added to with sweetener, mixed with alcohol. It can be put in cakes. 6. The kalo industry was once a prime industry on Jilta, ranking only second behind learning. 7. Tradition has it that the kalo tree was a gift from the head god Zaltro to his son. 8. It is said on Jilta that a drink of kalo a day leads to good health and long life. ◀[Return](#)

Karo, Felice. Pleiadian Daughter of the Governor General of the *Karo Series* of the Pleiades.

Karo, Series: A series of 27 planets within the Pleiades, otherwise unknown to the Federation or the CCP. It has five of its 27 planets habitable; including those it is terra forming.

There are two races, the original Aaron, otherwise known as Boguard, on Yaltipia, and the Pleiadians, who arrived from fleeing Earth in their long forgotten history, and who set up on Orbat.

Kimonu Huro: See Huro, Kimonu.

Kinopac: 1. It is exactly 1030.91 Meters. It is a length of measure of a thousand *pacs*. 2. A thousand pacs. Kinopacs is abbreviated to *K's*. 3. *K*, slang meaning kinopac or kinopac per hour.

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. He died (presumed) in BS 27 when *Home* was raided. He was born on Yaltipia, age unknown. He was loyal and believed in the freedom of Sequetus 3 to maintain its own sovereignty without interference by external forces.

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Lieutenant Adams: USA citizen, of NASA, who fought with the Hymondian Expeditionary Forces to defend Earth. *See Adams.* He married Fio, and they resettled in Jilta for many years, but they both returned to Sequetus 3, upon the request of Torren and Johnson.

Little Betsie: A Rangercraft Type III, owned by Independent Goren Torren. ◀[Return](#)

Long-lifers: 1. The slang term meaning someone who would normally live a long-life, as distinct to some planets, which produce short-life humanoids. 2. A long-life is 250 standard years or more. Short life is less those 250 standard years. 3. *See Genesis* for a list of prior long-lifers of Sequetus 3.

Lorde: 1. Lorde, meaning a title of trust, and honor, used by royalty and high ranking religious officials of the Federation. 2. (*Terrestrial*) Old English 1200 – 1300 The spelling of lord was lorde, along with other spellings in England at that time. From *Hlaford*, which means *bread-keeper*.

Magi, The: From *The Early Works*, one who has redeemed his natural inherent abilities of life, who will lead the Galaxy away from a hidden tyranny.

Magi: (*Terrestrial*) 1. The fourth century BC the Greeks saw the magi as being associated with the Zoroastrian religion of Persia and the term became synonymous with practitioners of magic, astrology, and higher knowledge. The Gospel of Mathew refers to magi being the *wise men of the east*. The number three (three wise men) was added perhaps a thousand years later, to the English version. 2. The Old Chinese word for magician, wizard, is *m'ag*,

coming from *magi*. The Old Chinese symbol for this is a cross with serifs, 卐, and can be dated back to the 8th century BC. The point being is that the term has crossed from China to the far West, and generally means people who have wisdom and who can perform real magic. 3. The term illusionist, or one who performs tricks to have people believe the magician is performing a real feat, came into use during the Hellenistic period of Greece, when the term magician was applied by skeptic thinkers. This term survives today in the English words, magic and magician.

Magians: (*Terrestrial*) Old Persian *magus*, experts in Persian (Iran and Iraq) religious traditions. Possibly of the Median tribe, of which Zoroaster was a member. Can be traced back to sixth century BC. They attended many religious affairs, particularly the Zoroastrian religion. 2. When Alexander the Great conquered Persia he destroyed many of the Persian temples, texts and persecuted their religion 330 BC. The Magians became part of his court. Alexander died mysteriously at 33 years of age.

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.

Mars Base: The scientific expedition base on Mars set up by the Federation on Sequetus 4, in the Cydonia region. Its job is to monitor the Sequetus Series for Scientific purposes. [◀Return](#)

Media: Media on Sequetus 3 was centrally run by media moguls at this time. The television stations, the newspapers and magazines, and radio were interlinked. Sequetus 3 was developing a global computerized network, called the internet, but by 1997 this was still not media oriented. It was still developing as a mass of opinions only, run by small

interested persons. There was no social internet media; computers were still in their infancy. This time period was perhaps when print and broadcast media was at its peak and when it was concentrated in a very few hands.

Melbourne: (*Terrestrial*) The capital city of the southeastern state of Victoria, Australia. Population around 5 million.

Mepat: Captain of the Boguard stationed at Jilta. His Excellency High Commander of the Boguard.

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, interconnecting 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, are underground, and well away from the surface, which is subject to meteor damage. ◀[Return](#)

Morcan Class: One of the early designers of Warp Drive military vessels, Berry Morcan designed Destroyers, Carriers and Cruisers. Born in Delerum, Maluka, he became famous for his military designs. The early Morcan Class ships were generally smaller than their later counterparts by other designers.

Natural: (*Terrestrial*) Editor: There are 18 separate meanings of the word *nature* in the 1987 Oxford Dictionary. There appears to be an attempt on the internet to redefine the word *natural* to mean to do with the physical universe. That definition doesn't appear anywhere in my 1987 paper dictionary. The definition for *natural* used in the NEW-EARTH SERIES is: 1. Belonging to a person or thing by nature, innate, inherent, natural *to*; hence ~ ly (established by nature). ◀[Return](#)

Nature: (*Terrestrial*) Oxford Dictionary (1987): 1. A thing's essential qualities. Comes from *Old English*, from *Old French*, from *Latin*, *nat* – born. So, a

natural ability could be that which you are born with. (Note: This is the definition used in this story, which was first drafted 1989 – 92. The new definitions of nature totally ignore the fact that life is what you are born with. A study of nature isn't a study of the physical universe. One won't learn about nature by studying a brick, for example.)

Navia Charlton: Resident of Jilta, occupation is lecturer of anthropology at the Academia Alson. *Also see Charlton.*

Nilthan, Jaroh: Jiltanian Captain, survivor of *The Battle of Sequetus 3*. Been in IFFCo for one hundred and eighty three years, graduated Dora Military College on Jilta. Parents Broa and Eilene Niltan. Served on Sequetus 3 with Independent Torren, captain of *Pegasus* and other craft. Executive of ACI.

Nykol, Captain: Federation cruiser captain, saw service in the Battle of Sequetus 3. Most famous for his traveling the time portal with Independent Goren Torren in date BS 15. Graduated from the Military Academy of Boreal in Jilta. Served with IFFCo for 75 years before Sequetus.

Nylop: 1. A tough material that is used to create fabric, especially for use in military clothing and upholstery in galactic craft. 2. A synthetic material of Confederacy origin; easily molded, resilient to tear, but pliable. Often used in the manufacture of garments. [◀Return](#)

Orbat: the chief planet in the *Karo Series* in the *Pleiades*. Standard gravity: 0.97, Water 68% of its surface, 267 million kpac from its solus. One of a binary pair of planets. [◀Return](#)

Pac: 1. Officially 1.03091 Meters (*Terrestrial*). 2. A length of standard measurement used throughout the Federation. 3. One pace or step.

Pagan: (*Terrestrial*) The definition of Pagan used here is the original. That is: early religions. The

religions before the Christians were collectively termed pagan. They were merely the religions used, – successfully – up to this point, by the Romans, Greeks, and its various populations. It just means early or earlier religions. There is no other nuance. Gods of the pagan religions included Venus, Jupiter, Mars, Neptune and others. Most Western days are named after pagan gods, and 25th December Day was celebrated as a pre-Christian pagan holiday.
Latin: Paganus – civilian. ◀[Return](#)

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](#)



Pleiades: (*Terrestrial*) 1. Star cluster known as the Pleiades, or Messier object 45 – M45 – or the Seven Sisters. 2. A cluster with seven stars, known as the seven sisters containing middle aged B type stars – hot blue - in the constellation of Taurus. They were formed around 100 million years ago. The stars are 440 light-years away and about 48 light-years across. There are around 1,000 stars.



3. The name Pleiades comes from Greek mythology and the names of the seven sisters are the seven sisters in Greek mythology. 4. The Pleiades are reportedly referred to in the following ancient cultures: Maori, Australian Aboriginal, Persian, Chinese, Japanese, Mayan, Aztec, Sioux and Cherokee, Babylonian, Hindu (six mothers of war), Revelations 3:1, and perhaps is the Star of Najm referred to in the Quran. ◀[Return](#)

Pleiades: 1. There are three star systems with inhabited planets known by the Federation. They are: Thora, Lordal and Quintex, with about ten million people on each. 2. There is the Karo Series, a system with several occupied planets. When someone in this story is referring to the Pleiades as a civilization, they are usually referring to these coming from the Karo system. 3. A relatively young set of stars in the Galaxy.

Port Melbourne. (*Terrestrial*) The large commercial docking area of *Melbourne*. ◀[Return](#)

Port Phillip Bay. (*Terrestrial*) The bay that serves *Melbourne* Australia, which the suburbs of Melbourne is sprawled around. Ships come through the bay to unload and load at the docks and port of Melbourne. Named after Governor Phillip, an early governor of New South Wales in Australia.

PR firm: (*Terrestrial*) Short for a Public Relations company. When dealing with the public one is advised to get help from a Public Relations firm who can guide one as to the correct way to act so as to be perceived well. A PR firm can help get positive

media, handle adverse media, and generally advise how to conduct oneself in public. ◀[Return](#)

Psychosurgery: (*Terrestrial*) This is where a psychiatrist operates to remove a part of the brain, to change behavior of the patient. It isn't to remove brain tumors and physical problems. It is for changing human behavior patterns. The practice is getting less; sometimes outlawed.

Quantum Drive: The sub-light method of travel around the Confederacy era of the Galaxy. Federation Warp Drives outdated the technology.

Quiet-talk: The term used by four-year-old Mathew Wanten, to describe the concept of thought communication or *mindspeaking*.

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 are economical, sturdy and have excellent navigation systems. 2. There are three terrain categories: Terrain Category I is for in space. Terrain Category II is for in atmospheres. Terrain Category III includes use under water. ◀[Return](#)

Religion: (*Terrestrial*) means simply the organized way to explain oneself, the universe and how one fits in the cosmos now, the past, and in the future. Often answering the aged questions of who am I, what am I, do I have a purpose; what happens after death? ◀[Return](#)

Rim System: A star system close to the edge of the Galaxy, such as Sequetus.

Rocks, Football Stadium: Fictitious name of a small LA stadium where Goren Torren held an event where he stopped an assassin's bullet midflight. This was the well-publicized incident that made him a celebrity, someone hated, and someone to be targeted. ◀[Return](#)

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, with stronger foreheads and cheekbones, and wide shoulders. Usually dark brown or black hair. They have a naturally high IQ. Prior to the development of W.D., *Royals* had no expansionist policies. *Royals* is sometimes capitalized – being a race, sometimes not.

Santonia (Santona) Galaxy: 1. Named after astronomer Rel Santonia, who mapped the Galaxy for space travel seventy-five thousand standard years ago. 2. The name for the Galaxy in Federation is *Santonia Galaxy* or *Santona Galaxy*. The terrestrial name is simply *Galaxy*, or *Milky Way*, which has exactly the same meaning. Galaxy means a milky way. Galaxy is capitalized when referring to the galaxy we are in as it is the name of our galaxy – Galaxy. Galaxy and Santonia Galaxy mean the same. Galaxy is terrestrial, and Santonia Galaxy is Federation.

Satel Industries: Under the umbrella of ACI, *Satel Industries* runs the satellite refurbishment and space program for ACI. Established October 1996.

Scandral, Albar: Federation scientist who believed that the universe traveled on a time spiral. He died mysteriously four hundred and fifty years ago. Born in Peel, Kalanon. Parents Frit and Betro Scandral.

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Searfinders Index: ® 1. The two hundred and seventy-three reference volume set of books that is used to standardize galactic cultures and education that had been missing under the Confederacy. Searfinders Publishing Industries Inc. is headquartered in the Kantee Sector and has half a million staff around Santonia. Searfinders publish over 1,800 daily, weekly, monthly and quarterly publications through the Galaxy. 2. Searfinders are a conglomerate of publishing divisions. They have a mandate to accumulate and publish data for the

cultural future of humanoids to bring about an improving civilization. 3. Searfinders are an aligned body of publishing houses.

Sector: The region of space controlled by a Royal family within the Santonia Galaxy. A *sector* can have a million stars, of which only a few hundred are vaguely habitable. Some *Sectors*, *Duchies*, may have only a thousand stars, of which only a few may have habitable planets.

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 3: 1. Earth (terrestrial name). Fully colonized and expanding. It is in pre-intervention stage of development. 6 billion inhabitants (at the time of this story).

2. (*Terrestrial*) One natural satellite – moon. Diameter 7,654 miles - 12,654 km, 90 million miles (149.6 million km) from the sun. Density 5.5 times water. [◀Return](#)

Sequetus 4: 1. Mars (terrestrial name). A planet that once boasted a large colony of some seven hundred thousand colonists. The planet was terminated and colonists moved to Sequetus 3. Named after one of the early explorers of the CCP, Mares Bey who had a ruthless reputation by slaughtering local inhabitants.

2. (*Terrestrial*) Mars is 141.6 million miles or 228 million miles from the sun. Diameter 4,208 miles, or 6,787 kms. Its red color comes from the iron rich mineral surface. Tenuous carbon dioxide atmosphere.

Sequetus Series: 1. The *series* of habitable planets in the Sequetus system. *Series* as a title applied only to *systems* that contain more than one habitable

planet. *Sequetus* has *Sequetus 3* and *Sequetus 4* as its *series*. *Sequetus 4* is barely habitable today but has been so in the past, and so qualifies 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.

Shocksuit, Shock-suit: ® 1. Space ware for military duty in the Hymondian and some other sectors, manufactured by Hard Ware Enterprises Inc. Also worn by Boguard. ◀[Return](#)



2. The shocksuit is designed to absorb blows and distribute the load of such physical shock around the body, so that no one place is overloaded with impact. The result is that the wearer is able to exert himself far greater, with far less risk of damage. The

standard shocksuit colors are dress-white, black, grey, sand, buff, jungle green and navy blue. All the above colors are available in camouflage as well as special order colors.

Sodium amatol: A classic pharmaceutical drug used by psychiatrists in the 1970's and 1980's. Also known as truth serum. Used in MK Ultra and mind-control experiments in the 1960's and 1970's.

Solus: The center of a system, star system source of heat and light. Note; a solus isn't simply a star. A star must have a system of classified orbiting natural bodies in order to be classed as the system's solus.

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Standard atmospheric: 1. A term applied to atmosphere pressures. This can vary to extremes. It is a relative term. 2. Sequetus 3 is 95% Standard Atmospheric, while Mars is 2%, Jupiter varies from 800% upwards. 3. 1.0 is Standard Atmospheric.

Standard-year, Standard Year, standard year: 1. A *standard-year* is the measure of average time it takes for all the Royal Planets to traverse one full annual cycle around their solus. While each planet has its own local-year, and measures time on the planet in Earth-years, Jiltanian-years, and so on, there is a *standard-year* that all years can be measured against, and that is by taking all the royal planets and making the average time of each of those years, a *standard-year*. 2. By using this as a benchmark, it means that all planets have had an input into making the standards upon which the Federation is built. 3. A standard-year is 1.0595 earth-years. ◀[Return](#)

System: 1. See Sequetus series – (2). 2. See system, warp drives.

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.

Time, The: The Early works prophesize that at *The Time*, a magi will appear from Sequetus 3 and save the Galaxy from an encroaching evil. *The Early Works* outline the clues that will show the Time.

Time and space: Both time and space share properties of broadmatter. Time needs space and space needs time. They are invariably linked. One can't have one without the other. Broadmatter is so small that it can move in space through time. See *Broad Matter Theory Addendum* [◀Return](#)

Torren Crest: The adopted symbol of Goren Torren, Magi. The crest is simply a smaller star at the bottom, being oneself – a small spirit looking for betterment. That spirit rises up and becomes larger, and more fulfilled by the philosophy of Goren Torren. Up is the traditional direction of attainment and growth. The outward thrust of the five pointed star represents the outward thrust of the spiritual being, as it thrusts out to control the universe around it. One has more control as a larger star.

The white background symbolizes the spirit and its everywhere-ness, through the universe. The initials TG are simply the physical world representation of the body, the agreed form and the name of Goren Torren.

Commissioned by Felice Karo, and inspired by the PR firm, Galbaty and Michaels of New York.

Crest: A distinctive mark or representation, borne on a shield or coat of arms, (originally worn on a helmet) or separately reproduced on paper, or other imagery to represent the name, family or corporate body.

Torren, Goren: Independent of service to Lorde Hymondy, of Jilta, tenth generation descendent to Phil Torell. Son of Betta and Bil Torren. See Goren Torren. For more data read the NEW-EARTH MINI-SERIES.

Trans Galactic Ship Corporation: Based in the Malukan sector, the corporation began developing Warp Drives ten years before the *Battle of Sequetus 3*. Its founder Piro Huw died in a transport accident, three days before the aforesaid battle.

Trooper: The basic military fixed force personnel of space. Troopers answer to PMG and IFFCo. A trooper serves in space command posts, and small military outposts. The training of troopers is similar to guardsmen, and the basic rank of trooper and guardsmen is alike.

Tugs: The space stations from which *elevators* work. *Tugs* support ten elevators each.

Warp Drive: The faster-than-light speed travel around the Federation. Theoretically possible, at the speed of light squared. See also *Imperial Federation Warp Drive Bank*. See *Broadmatter Theory Addendum*.

Wanten, Jenny: See Jenny Wanten

Wanten, Marline: Sister of Jenny and mother of Mathew. Writer. Graduated Monash University, Melbourne. Lives outside of Melbourne, Australia.

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Wanten, Mathew: Son of Marline Wanten, and Richard Kelp. Moved to Los Angeles with mother.

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Web Dock: (*Terrestrial*) A dock in Melbourne (Australia) in 1989. [◀Return](#)

WDs: Warp Drives

Yaltipia: Karo 4, the larger of the binary planets of Yaltipia and Orbat. Yaltipia is the home of the Boguard race. It varies in gravity around 1.4 standard. It has 28% water coverage,

Yamma Yamma, Lake: (Terrestrial) A lake inside the southwest Queensland boundary of Australia. It is mostly dry. The region surrounding the lake extends into South Australia, where ACI has set up its commercial rocket launch base. The region is isolated, hot, almost with no population.

Zoroastrian: (Terrestrial) Started in the 6th C BCE, and based on the teachings of its prophet, Zoroaster, based in Persia, what is today Iran. The religion collapsed after Alexander the Great invaded the Achaemenid Empire. The religion still exists today, with perhaps up to 190,000 members worldwide.

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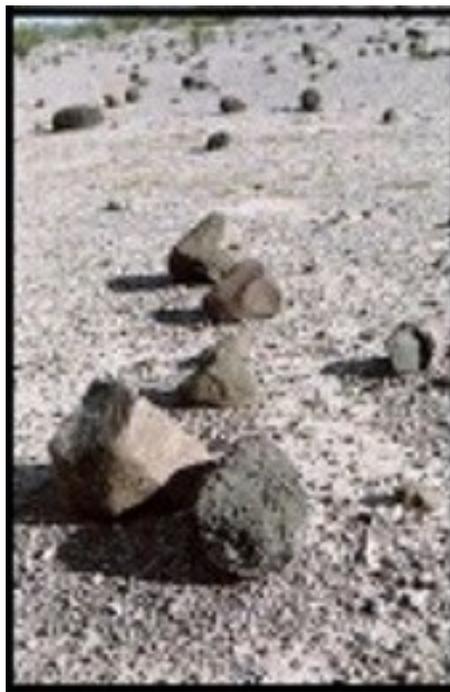
Zone, The: (*Terrestrial*) 1. Otherwise called the *Zone of Silence*. The data given in Chapter 12 of Book 4 about the Zone is reportedly correct. In 1989 when *The Silent Enemy* was first written this region in Mexico was referred to only as *the Zone*. Now it is referred often to as *the Zone of Silence*. Refer to *The Silent Enemy* for more data.



2. A mysterious region in Mexico where unusual phenomena happen and where UFOs are reported as sighted, especially in the 1970's and 80's. It became notorious when a missile from the USA unintentionally veered off from course and came down in Mexico in *The Zone*. The area is noted for radios not working, microwaves not functional, compasses spinning, and extraterrestrial sightings reported.



It is also known for the strange colored cacti, purple and or red instead of green. Apparently, meteors are drawn to there.



The desert floor is littered with meteorite stones. Also the reports indicate that there is a much higher incidence of meteorite activity over the Zone than in other areas. The meteorite rocks that litter the surface vary in type, but they are above the surface, not buried under it.

In September 1976, a 300 meter long UFO was reported at 8:59 pm outside of the small community of Ceballos in the Zone. The craft was rectangular. Lights surrounded it, green to blue to white,

pulsating light with a humming sound. The dogs in the town started howling. Two dozen residents gathered to watch the object at the outskirts of the town. There have been many other reported sightings of other craft and even sightings of extraterrestrials that fit the descriptions of *greys* in this region.

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NOTES:

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On Mars:

Ref: *The Martian Message* by Goro Adachi. See his book *The Time Rivers* 2003 for more data.

Additional data about Mars is summarized briefly as follows:

The Egyptian capital Cairo, situated next to Giza, derives its name from *Al Qahira*, denoting Mars, but also meaning victorious.

The ancient Egyptians called Mars "Horus of the Horizon" (Horakhti) which was the same name as given to the Great Sphinx. Mars was also called 'Horus the Red' (Hor Dshr), and for a long time the Sphinx was painted red.

Just as the Great Sphinx is the hybrid of man and a lion, in the ancient Hindu myths Mars is Nr-Simha, the 'Man-Lion'.

The term 'pyramid' derives from the Greek term pry meaning 'fire', as in Mars the 'fire planet'. (Mars is often referred to as pyroeis in Greek.)

NASA's Mariner 9, the first spacecraft to enter the Mars orbit in history, captured the apparent pyramids of Mars in 1972. It flew over the region called the Elysium Quadrangle.

Carl Sagan commented that these 'becoming pyramids' did 'warrant ... a careful look.'

In 1976, the Viking space probe photograph 35A72 showed the *Face on Mars*, situated in the

region called Cydonia. The rock formation resembles a human face staring into space.

In 1979 photographs 70A13 showed another peculiarity, a five-sided pyramid near the Face. Due to the geometric nature of the pyramid, many claimed this more indicated intelligence than the Face. Then, other anomalous objects were found such as the Fort, Cliff, and City and Tholus. When all these objects are mapped and interconnected, intelligent geometric attributes become apparent.

While the data collected appears highly reliable, and involves some very serious research, backed by scientists, the results are always set up for ridicule, with sufficient force behind the ridicule to warrant some to suggest that there is a conspiracy of silence on the subject and that 'they' don't want extraterrestrial artifacts on Mars taken seriously.

Other recommended research books on the subject are:

Graham Hancock, *The Mars Mystery* (New York: Crown Publishers, 1998).

Richard C. Hoaglund, *The Monuments of Mars* (Berkley: North Atlantic Books, 1993).

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People moving objects:

It is common that people have experienced having moved an object, or created an otherwise impossible situation into being. There have been people in the past, that could claim to bend

metal spoons at will and thousands of people would come to watch them. Others reportedly could repeat this. (There are also many people willing to debunk it too.)

There are those who have claimed to move objects, using their minds. There are those who would say this isn't a mental feat, but spiritual. For this book, we'll qualify this, and say it is the same thing, though technically maybe it is not. The mind and spirit can be different.

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Telepathy:

(*Tele* Greek for *far*, *apathe* meaning *feeling*.)

Who has not thought someone was thinking of him or her, only to find a moment later they are speaking to that person on the phone? Many lay claim to this ability. It is claimed that people who have high empathy, who are sensitive to others, have a high range of this ability.

Then, there is a phenomenon of not allowing your emotions (or thoughts) to be conveyed to another. That is called shielding.

There is too much written on this subject for it to be gone over here, other than it is a valid phenomenon of life.

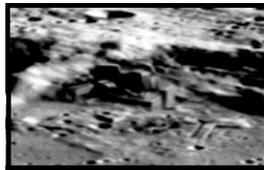
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CREDITS (BIBLIOGRAPHY):

Below are some websites that may help those curious on the background data of the *New-Earth Series*. These sites and many others, shed more color on the tapestry of history, upon which this series is written. The following sites were also selected, because they include the photos used as source materials in the Glossary and this also needs to be acknowledged.

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 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.

Pleiades, star system:



Key words: Pleiades, UFO, stars, mankind, history

Site: <http://www.bibliotecapleyades.net>

Notes: This star-system has been linked historically to most of the planets civilizations for some reason. This site goes over much of that raw data.

Pleiades, Billy Meir:



Key words: Billy, Meir, Pleiades, ufo, Switzerland

Site: <http://www.ufocasebook.com>

Notes: Billy Meir of Switzerland became a sensation in the 1990s when he said that he had been in touch with Pleideans who were visiting Earth in what he called light-ships. Billy photographed many of these ships, as seen in the above two photographs. The above is a good website for data on him.

Zone (Of Silence):



Key words: zone, Mexico, silence

Site: <http://www.alterreddimensions.net>

Notes: This site is professional and can show you more about the Zone of Silence of Mexico and much of the stories that surround it and its history. The stories of unusual people/beings are found in the Zone, along with a lot of very unusual phenomena. This is an excellent site that allows the reader to get as much information as he can take.



Key words: zone, Mexico, cactus, colors, red

Site: <http://www.crystalinks.com>

Notes: Again this is a very good site and with the basic data of the Zone. The website has a general good understanding of much of the entire subject of The Zone as well as other related subjects.

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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

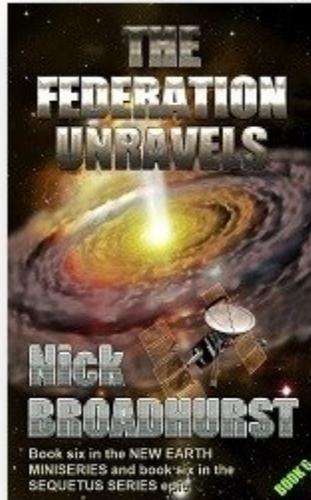
- Book 18. The Earth Syndrome
- Book 19. Final Passage
- Book 20. Vigil
- Book 21. Maluka Rising
- Book 22. Orbat
- Book 23. Galaxy
- Book 24. Expanded Series Glossary and Notes

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NOTES ON ILLUSTRATIONS:

Writing is a cultural art. So is drawing and painting. The artwork in this series is from www.dreamstime.com. The artists and photographers and models that participated in these works are indeed very talented

DIAGRAMS:

The author has created maps and diagrammatic explanations to some of the events in these books. These works are copyright to the author.

The author also needed these diagrams to refer back and continue writing. So if he needed them, he expects you might also.

The author has taken the philosophy that he has a story to tell, and it's the story that is most important and he has to use pictures, as an aid to tell the story.

The Glossary is the same. He initially constructed the glossary so that he could keep track of the events, as he built up the world of the Federation. He has now included the glossary, as it evolved further in each book. So in this book, you get the glossary, as it had evolved up until the end of this book. Book 24 has an unabridged version. It's free.

The characters of the book seemed like real people to the author once upon a time, and so he wrote it that way. They feel, bleed, drink coffee (or kalo) and they have emotions. They have personality. Given a certain situation the

author felt they would act, as they had, because that was who they were. He hopes this comes across. 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. We hope you become a fan, so welcome to a good reading experience.

Yours

Nick Broadhurst

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We hope you enjoyed reading *THE SILENT ENEMY*, the fifth book in *THE SEQUETUS SERIES*. We expect you found the book interesting to read. The rest of the series expands on what you have read and experienced so far. Goren Torren is to attempt to bring about a solution for the dilemma for Earth. Intervention has to occur, but when? Who really is using Earth? The only way you are going to find out is to continue reading. Some of the future topics are left as clues within the Glossary. Thank you for coming with us this far. We hope that you have enjoyed reading and will continue with our future books.

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