

GIANT ROCK



CHAD C. MEEK

THE GREATEST UFO STORY NEVER TOLD

GIANT ROCK

The Greatest UFO Story Never Told



A Novel by Chad C. Meek



Triangulum Publishing.

Copyright © 2016 Chad C. Meek

First published (ebook), July, 2015

ISBN: 978-1534640597

LCCN: PAU 3-633-150

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced in any form or by any electronic or mechanical means, including information storage and retrieval systems, without written permission from the author, except in the case of a reviewer, who may quote brief passages embodied in critical articles or in a review.

Trademarked names appear throughout this book. Rather than use a trademark symbol with every occurrence of a trademarked name, names are used in an editorial fashion with no intention of infringement of the respective owner's trademark.

The information in this book is distributed on an "as is" basis without warranty. Although every precaution has been taken in the preparation of this work, neither the author nor the publisher shall have any liability to any person or entity with respect to any loss or damage caused or alleged to be caused directly or indirectly by the information contained in this book.

Acknowledgment:

This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places and incidents are either the product of the author's imagination or used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, events or locales is entirely coincidental.

Edited by Barbi Anderson.

Cover Design: Giant Rock Universal.



This story is dedicated to my uncle, George Van Tassel (1910-1978), who forced people to look up toward the stars. And to my amazing wife, Carol, whose love and support made the writing of this book possible.

Chapter 1

August 9, 1942

It's a blistering hot day in the Mojave Desert as a caravan of three automobiles travels at approximately 70 miles an hour over an unpaved road. The combination of speed and dirt creates a 30-foot high plume of dust that is visible for miles. The first two vehicles are marked 'San Bernardino County Sheriff Department', and in the trailing vehicle, a black 1939 Oldsmobile coupe, sit two FBI agents. A young 26-year-old, Lee Abramowitz, is buried in an FBI file on top of a history book, while his senior partner, agent Garth Ladel, a straightforward, self-absorbed bureaucrat is trying to maneuver the car through the blinding dust.

Garth, glances at Lee, "What're you reading, Son?"

"I've been researching the various paleo-indian tribes that once lived here, in particular the Zinea tribe," says Lee.

"What the hell for?"

"Background, Garth. They taught us at the academy to get the lay of the land, or in your vernacular 'find out as much information as possible' before going in half-cocked."

Garth blurts out, "Our guy ain't no goddamn Indian. He's a German spy."

"No doubt he's no Indian, Garth, but we really don't know that he's a German spy? Anyway, I was thinking he must have adopted some of their ways in order to survive out here. Their ancient legend speaks of the Great Spirit, who ended a drought by dropping a Giant Rock from the sky causing a natural fresh water spring to erupt. Since then, paleo tribes have revered the Giant Rock for thousands of years. Our suspect lives inside this Giant Rock."

Lee stares carefully at a small photograph of a 53-year-old German immigrant and shows it to Garth. “Here’s our spy,” he coyly remarks, shaking his head from side to side.

Garth looks straight ahead and makes no comment.

“I just don't get this guy’s a spy.” Lee continues. “He’s probably a kook all right, but certainly not a spy. The local ranchers report that he claims to speak to someone from outer space. Who knows, Garth. He could be speaking to extraterrestrials. I suspect that our planet probably did have visitors from outer space at one time or another.”

Garth scowls, “What? Come on! That’s B.S. There ain’t no such thing.”

“Well, based on the fact that there are approximately 100 billion solar systems, scientists conclude there could be similar life forms inhabiting planets such as ours.”

“So what. That don’t mean nothin’ at all,” Garth retorts. “Besides the Bible don’t mention nothin' about people from outer space.”

“I beg to differ,” says Lee assertively. “In the Bible it talks about Ezekiel’s Wheel.”

Ladel looks over at Abramowitz and slaps him on the leg, chuckling, “You’ve got quite the imagination, Boy. You should’ve gone into radio with that Orson Wells feller. He sure did scare the crap out of everyone out there on the East coast back in ‘37. What’s the name of that Martian broadcast of his?”

“Garth, it’s just simple math, and I think you’re referring to the War of the Worlds?”

“Yeah, that’s it.”

“If you want to know my opinion and to use your terminology from Texas, I think we’re going up the wrong tree.”

“Son, down in Texas our dogs bark up trees.”

“Ok, ‘barks up a tree,’ but regardless of whether or not he is speaking to spacemen or if he is merely delusional, we should perhaps refer him to a psychiatrist.”

He looks over to an unresponsive Ladel and pleads to him again, “I’m serious, Garth. Why don’t we just call it a day and go home. I’m telling you, I don’t get a good feeling about this.”

After a moment he slowly looks over at Lee and speaks in a deep, slow southern drawl, “What’s not to like? He’s a German kook and he’s trying to con American Citizens into what I don’t know, but trust me, we’ll soon find out.”

The veteran FBI agent looks annoyed, and turns to Lee with a smirk. “You’re a Jew, right? Then why don’t you be a smart Jew? You do understand we’re running out of Jap’s to stick in internment camps, don’t you?”

Suddenly, a large rock is thrown up on the hood and hits the windshield making a large spider crack. The golf ball size rock bounces past Lee’s side of the car as he lifts his hands to protect his face. Garth gives it only a cursory look. Lee clinches his teeth and chimes in with a barely audible, “Goddamn it! It’ll take weeks to get that fixed.”

Frustrated that he can’t convince Garth to reconsider leaving, Lee mutters, “You think that God just might be trying to tell us something?”

Garth ignores him, and in his casual Texan drawl replies, “You like apple pie don’t you, Boy? It’s the dessert we’re after here. I don’t know about you, but I don’t want to go back to checking stolen car’s vehicle identification numbers. And for your information, just yesterday I talked to my ex-partner, Tom Sharp, back in D.C., and he tells me this German fellow is guilty of doing somethin’ wrong.” He then raises his voice to wield his

authority, “So let me be in charge of this here investigation to find out just exactly what he’s doing out here - of course, if that meet’s with your approval?”

Garth smiles and contemptuously looks at Lee, “You Jews and your Gods and signs from heaven. You wonder why your people are always —”

After hearing the veiled anti-Semitic remark, Lee blurts out, “Always what?”

“Ah, nothing. I know you got a psychology degree from that Ivy League college of yours, but you need to stop over analyzing this guy. Everyone’s breaking some law and guilty of somethin’ every day. It’s our job to poke our noses into everyone’s business to keep them all honest. Son, just read the damn file.”

Lee, not wishing to make an issue with his senior partner, answers, “It’s Princeton. I have a Master’s Degree in Psychology from Princeton University.”

“Ok, I got it, Princeton. By the way, how come you ain’t working in a mental hospital or having the bed wetters come in and lay on your couch? Now that’s what you should be doing. There ought to be a number of people willing to pay you a good wage to listen to how they got their ass paddled by a wicked daddy.”

He gets irritated at the folksy inferences on the value of his academic achievements and is taken aback by what little his senior partner knows about his background. “My research primarily was on the anti-social behavior and the levels of malevolence that satisfies the human mind. My education was more for statistical background and had little clinical applications for practitioners. Essentially, my academic specialty allows me to figure out ten years in advance on matters like . . . how many Texan

rednecks does it take to unscrew and steal a light bulb in order to satisfy their criminal urges?”

“Now go easy on Texas, Boy. You may get yourself in trouble.”

“Ok, I’ll digress. Let’s call them cattle rustling Polacks. The bureau promised me when I was recruited at graduate school that I would be researching data in fields such as criminology. Shortly after I was hired, Congress changed their minds on the FBI budget, and of course in their infinite wisdom placed me out here as a field agent.”

“Well then, there it is. You should just be happy to have a job. At least you don’t have to shovel snow out here.”

The Princeton graduate with letters was not concerned about shoveling snow. That would be a small price to pay compared to being stuck with a quasi-racist and anti-Semitic Texan in the sweltering heat of the Mohave Desert. Under J. Edgar Hoover, the FBI was still a new concept of a national police force that was trying to find its relevance. Their claim to fame had been running down stolen vehicles and occasionally catching interstate bank robbers. The war came along just in time and gave Hoover and his new national police force a reason to exist.

Fortunately for Lee Abramowitz, Congressman Sirovich from New York City who hated anti-Semites like Hoover, was a friend of the Abramowitz family and made sure that the young and brilliant Lee got hired with the Bureau. Token Jew or not, he was perhaps the most imperfect fit for the clannish national law enforcement agency that could be found. His culture, attitude and academic background were incompatible with FBI work.

Garth continues, “Princeton, if you took a realistic look at this man’s file you would notice that he had to be up to somethin’. How does he feed himself? Did you notice there ain’t nothing to eat out here? According to my D.C. buddy, this Critzer guy was a Radioman on a German merchant

cargo ship called the Amindra. It was seized in the Suez Canal carrying a concealed load of uranium earmarked for Germany just a year ago!”

Lee curtly responds, “Mr. Critzer has been wandering out here in the desert for over six years now. Following your thread of logic of, you could just as well blame him for the Lincoln assassination or the Lindbergh baby kidnapping.”

Garth replies in defiance, “Son, my momma always said that where there's smoke, there's always a fire.”

Lee begins to read the file out loud. “Ok, let's review this man's nefarious criminal history:

Name: Mr. Frank Frederick Critzer

Age: 53

Date of Birth: 5/3/1889

Place of Birth: Munich, Germany

“The locals in Landers refer to him as ‘Crazy Critzer.’ and have filed numerous reports with Yucca Valley Police Department, as well as both the Riverside and San Bernardino Sheriff's department.

In 1941, he was fined \$50.00 for operating a short-wave radio without a license. He paid the fine, but not before throwing a chair across the room, tearing the ticket up and throwing it into the clerk's face. The local cops were called, but no charges were filed.

So there's your proof, Garth. He's a really bad citizen, huh?”

Garth ignores Lee's dry humor and begins to talk to himself out loud while continuing to navigate the dusty road.

Lee looks over at Garth, “The one question I have is who in the hell did he buy the shortwave radio from? I think it's mandated that you have

to present a shortwave license before you are allowed to buy one?” He hurriedly flips through the file to see if he can find anything about the shortwave radio license.

“Here it is! Nope, the file says he didn’t buy the shortwave radio. It says right here that he claimed he built it out of junked parts.”

Garth rolls the end of the right side of his handlebar mustache, “Yeah, them Nazi’s are resourceful.”

Lee continues reading:

Witness One: Ralph Ritchie

Age: 63

Occupation: Rancher in Landers, California

Testimony: “’Crazy Critzer’ keeps on telling me that spaceships the size of dirigibles are landing out at the dry lake near his dugout boulder.”

Lee lays the file down and thinks about the absolute absurdity of two law enforcement agents driving all of the way out into the middle of the desert for such a ridiculous venture. He rather thought the man would just die of thirst or commit suicide on his own. From what he could see in the file, the only real crime this German kook could be accused of was being from the wrong country at the wrong time in history. He takes his horn-rimmed glasses off, wipes them with a handkerchief and continues to read the file.

“Ah, this is interesting,” he says. “ ‘He was found by local Sheriff’s Deputies walking naked at 2:30 AM down the highway. When asked where he was going, he told them he was walking home.’ “

Lee loses it. “You’ve got to be kidding me, Garth? Really . . .There is still time to shut this thing down. I want to go on record stating that there is

no probable cause to be out here, and furthermore—”

Garth interrupts, madder than all get-out, “Well, do what you like. Go on record and file a nonsense report. I don’t care. They’ll just shit-can-it anyways.”

The air conditioning in the Oldsmobile is barely keeping up with the sweltering desert heat. Along with the lousy road and dust, agent Garth is thoroughly annoyed at Lee's reluctance to get on board with regards to the investigation.

“Look, Princeton, you need to ask yourself a couple of questions: who is buying the goddamn groceries out here for this Nazi spy, and why?”

Lee coolly shuffles through the file and comes across a picture of George Van Tassel, a flight engineer from Culver City. “It could be this man here, George Van Tassel, who’s the frequent visitor. Maybe he’s the one buying the groceries.”

Garth quickly looks at the photo, grimaces and scowls at him while pointing his finger in the air, “I think we’ll just visit that flight engineer when we get back into town. They might all be a part of some conspiracy, probably a spy network.”

“Well,” Lee replies sarcastically, “if this report is true, about him walking naked in the desert, then we won’t be able to charge him for a concealed weapon violation, now will we?”

Garth fumes silently as Lee continues, “Garth, the man has lived inside a rock that he dug out with a pick and shovel. How dangerous can this guy really be . . .?”

Lee squints as they approach an imposing Giant Rock that closely resembles a large Gray Whale exploding upward from the surface of the ocean. The 30-square-mile prehistoric dry lake next to the Giant Rock creates an optical illusion from the rising heat, causing a mirage across the desert. As

the law enforcement caravan draws near, they begin to see what appears to be a towering 40-foot antenna on top of the Giant Rock. Both agents are in awe of the size and grandeur of the Rock as well as the out of place commercial antenna. As they get closer, their eyes grow wider.

Garth exclaims, “Boy, would you look at that! That ain't no toy antenna.”

Lee is equally impressed. “That Boulder is the size of a small building in Manhattan!”

All three cars arrive at the front door of Giant Rock, bringing with them a cloud of dust as they skid to a complete stop. Right on queue the Sherriff’s deputies, who are led by a gray-haired, middle-aged Sergeant Timothy Williams, take their tactical positions. Standing behind the open doors of the squad cars parked 15 feet in front of the Rock’s entrance, they all take out their .38 caliber service revolvers and point them towards the front door. The well-ironed shirts of these deputy sheriffs begin to reveal heavy perspiration from both the heat and the adrenalin flowing through their veins.

Frank Critzer sits at his desk speaking German into his shortwave radio when he is suddenly taken aback by the complete intrusion. He drops the oversized microphone and stands up to see what all of the commotion’s about. His vision is partially obscured because of the small windows and the depth of his carved out room. He can hear the sound of shoes compressing the desert sand, but cannot see their faces above the doors of the sheriff vehicles. All he can see are their neatly pressed brown Khaki pants and polished black shoes.

Inside the Rock, the dynamite utilized for testing mining claims lays stored under the small 12 by 24-inch glass windows protected by four vertical steel bars. Frank climbs on top of the cases in order to open one of the windows to speak out. He’s not sure why this small army of deputies has

pinned him down inside the Rock, but he panics as his heart begins to pound. He yells out to the men in broken English, “Was happening?”

Sergeant Williams quickly grabs his bullhorn from his car. “Frank Critzer, we have a warrant for your arrest. Come out and surrender now.”

Frank yells at the top of his lungs to the unwanted visitors, “For what?”

Sergeant Williams hastily retorts through the distorted sound of the police bullhorn, “For espionage against the United States.”

The German-speaking immigrant isn’t exactly sure what the word espionage means, but surmises it is some sort of crime he’s being wrongly accused of, and yells back to the Sheriff, “I’ve done nothing wrong . . . and I have my American Constitutional Rights, so get the hell off my property!” Again he duplicates his words in German, “Bitte hilfe mir astor!”

“Critzter, you need to get your ass out here now or we’ll be forced to come in and get you out!”

Sergeant Williams doesn't know exactly what to do next. He slowly turns around and lifts his arms up signaling his frustration in not being able to remove this man from his well-protected fortress. He walks over to the black Oldsmobile and sticks his head in the open window. In a hush-toned voice, he speaks to the two FBI agents about what to do next.

Garth asserts, “Sergeant, it looks like we’re going to have to smoke him out. I don’t want to waste any more time out here.”

The Sheriff nods at agent Ladel. “Your call.”

All three men see a diamondback rattlesnake poke his head up from underneath the Rock. The snake slithers along the edge away from all of the commotion.

Lee gulps, “Every time I see a snake, something bad always happens.”

Garth looks over at his distressed partner and mockingly says, “You’re not gonna let a little rattlesnake get to ya, are you, Boy?”

“Hey! That's not just a little snake. We need to slow down a notch before we do something we may all regret.”

As Lee’s protests go ignored, he sees a shadow approaching over the entire area eclipsing both the car and the sun. It’s a large California Turkey Buzzard with an eight-foot wingspan that lands on top of the Rock and stares directly at him.

Sergeant Williams sees the distressed look on Lee’s face and says to him, “Don’t worry, Son. That German won’t last long down there.”

He walks over to the trunk of his squad car and begins tossing the tear gas canisters to his three deputies. His lack of stealth was a jester of confidence that lent an added effect of warning to Frank of their impending actions. He then yells at the top of his lungs, “Let’s go, boys!”

Inside the car, Garth begins to smirk, “I think I’m gonna wear my dark blue suit at the press conference. Hey Princeton, how’s this for a headline: 'Jewish FBI agent arrests a German spy'?”

Abramowitz gives a dry, sarcastic response. “Sounds great.”

Sergeant Williams and his deputy begin to aggressively kick in the low laying windows shattering the glass, and drop the canisters down inside the carved out Rock. In shock Frank hears the sound of the canisters bouncing along the stone floor as the toxic smoke fills the air. He hastily plunges a cloth in water and wraps it around his face to cover his mouth. He quickly knocks books off his makeshift bookcase and grabs a golden ornate flask and his journal behind it.

All outside activity seems to be frozen in time as Frank fixates on the golden ornate flask. He opens the round door of his potbelly stove, kisses the flask and places it and his journal into a large coffee can. Turning the can

upside down, he shoves it in the very back of the stove and shuts the door lock tight. Another tear gas canister is thrown down and bounces up, this time knocking over glass jars on top of the stove. Frank looks in horror as the gray milky substance drips down the stove and catches fire resembling a flamethrower, which then lands on the boxes of dynamite. The smoke of the burning chemicals obscures his vision and his throat begins to swell. He frenziedly crawls up the stairs choking as white foam drips from the corners of his mouth. He slowly opens the railroad door to protect him from any intended bullets, and gasps in the desert fresh air. Barely audible he gurgles out, "I give up. I surrender."

The dynamite ignites and explodes into a monstrous fireball compressing Frank's face and body onto the railroad door. The combustive pressure of the explosion launches him and the door conjointly towards the front window of the FBI car. In the same instance the agents' eyes protrude outward as they protectively lift their arms upwards, as if they were viewing it in a 3-D movie. The door, now a deadly projectile, heads directly at them and crashes into their front window instantaneously decapitating their heads. Frank's body lies face down on the hood forming a cross with his arms stretched out over the car. The back of his skull is completely caved in. Sheriff Williams and his deputy are both lying lifeless next to each other on the ground. The other two deputies are curled up in a semi-fetal position moaning in excruciating pain, blood dripping in-between their fingers clutched over their busted eardrums.

More turkey buzzards descend in a circular motion and perch on top of the Rock. Golden dust falls on the bodies, but sadly, there is no one around who can hear their moans of pain.

Chapter 2

June 5, 1936

(Six years earlier)

George Van Tassel is a very handsome 23-year-old mechanic with blond hair and blue eyes. He's dressed in a white mechanic's jumpsuit and is leaning against the side of a tow truck in his Uncle's gas station. The truck has 'VAN TASSEL'S GARAGE' painted on both sides. He chews on a toothpick while he studies an old blue 1925 Essex across the street at a competitor's gas station. The car makes a whining noise as it jerks and rolls into the street, barely moving. He yells out to his Uncle who's working on an old Model T, "Fish on a line," which is a code phrase they use for a potential new customer coming in.

"I think we're going to have to help this guy get his car out of the road, Uncle Bobby."

Both men hustle out to the street and utilize their collective strength to shove the Essex sedan into Bobby's open mechanic's bay. A beat up Model T Ford passes slowly by as a dark haired Mexican woman leans out the window revealing a sexy, low-cut cotton dress. She whistles loudly in their direction. They all turn around to wave back and smile, as she calmly holds up her middle finger. Bobby looks at George and shakes his head.

The driver of the Essex jumps out of the car with a sparkle in his eye and begins speaking in broken English, "They couldn't fix my car."

Bobby responds politely to their new customer, "Yes Sir. We will take a look at her right away. Hey, George! Fill out the work order for this gentleman."

"Sure thing! Ok, sir, I'm going to need your name."

“Frank Critzer,” the man replies.

This Essex sedan had seen better days. An extra tire is strapped on the top of the car and in the back there are picks, shovels, axes and spikes. George wipes his brow with a handkerchief. “Where are you headed with all of these tools?”

“I’m going out to the desert to prospect for rare mineral treasures.”

“You know it’s hotter than hell out there, and the desert is littered with prospectors’ bodies who had the same idea.”

Frank looks directly into the deep blue eyes of the young man while summing him up, and smiles. The German immigrant was looking for an opening to expound on the treasure and sensed that the young mechanic would be immensely interested in hearing the entire story.

Three years earlier, George, who lived in the mid-western town of Jefferson, Ohio, hitchhiked across the United States to find better opportunities in California. When nothing developed, he was forced to work as a mechanic at his Uncle’s gas station in Santa Monica. He had much grander aspirations than a career as a grease monkey and was exceptionally curious about this minor’s endeavor.

“Are you prospecting for Gold and Silver?” asked George.

“Yes, as well as platinum, palladium and other minerals that you’ve probably never heard of like germanium and aragonite. Mark my words; these materials will be more valuable than gold one day. Unadulterated silicon in the right hands can produce electronics that may eventually create machines that can replicate human functions. If placed in the wrong hands, it could cause evil reverberations not only for Earth but also for the entire universe. This is in part why I was sent here, as I was told that some of these minerals in the right combination may actually save mankind

one day.”

George looks over at Bobby, winks and smiles, “Save mankind? That’s a tall order, Mister. Let’s try to save your car first from the wrecking ball, uh?”

Frank asks George how much money it will cost to fix his car. Just then the phone rings and interrupts the conversation between the three men. Bobby answers and he shakes his head in disgust, “George, it's one of your goddamn girlfriends!”

George lifts his index finger to his mouth to quiet Uncle Bobby's loud voice as he grabs the phone from him. He speaks in a sheepish tone to calm the angry caller who just minutes before gave him the finger. “Consuelo, Sweetie, I asked you not to call during working hours. My Uncle Bobby will fire me if this keeps up.” He smiles at both Bobby and Frank. “I miss you too, but as you know your husband has threatened to kill me if he catches us again.”

He holds the phone at arm’s length as everybody hears a very excited Consuelo who is screaming through it, “You're a 'maldito cobarde,’ George, a fucking coward! My husband is 5'2" and he can't kill a flea! In fact, you are nothing but a cockroach inside a pig, a cucaracha dentro ode un cerdo!”

George hangs the phone up and gives Bobby a devilish grin, who with a disgruntled voice asks his flamboyant nephew, “Why? Why do you do this?”

He thinks and looks at his Uncle who is majorly perturbed. “I know, I know,” George says and returns his attention to Frank trying to use some levity to ease the focus back to what could be a broken transmission.

“How much money you got in your pocket, mister?” he asks.

Frank reaches into his pocket and slowly takes out a silver money

clip. “\$65 dollars, it’s all I have.”

“It might just be a clutch. If it's the transmission, and let us all hope that it’s not, we’ll need to start calling the junkyards. It’ll take a few hours before we figure it out.”

Frank lets out a sigh of relief and tells him that he’ll check back with them tomorrow.

George drives the busy streets of Santa Monica and heads home. His daily ritual before dinner is to take some time for himself and relax. He would sit down and prop his feet up, have a shot of whiskey, smoke a cigarette and read a magazine or two. His workbench has an assortment of tools that include electrical instruments such as avometers, multi-meters, voltmeters and old blueprints of airplanes, along with a periodic table of minerals hung up on the wall. Growing up, his family owned a salvage yard and he loved taking old engines, electrical motors and radios apart and fixing them. He was known to be able to mix and match parts to get most any disabled vehicle down the road.

His 24-year-old wife quietly walks in the attached garage but goes unnoticed. “Your supper’s long cold...and you're still in here inventin' somethin'...and what is that?” He’s startled and becomes sidetracked as his face contorts when a screwdriver touches a wire inside an old short-wave radio. An electrical arc makes the unit smoke and the overhead lights go dim. He's being electrocuted, but manages to pull away from the shortwave radio and the 110 volts of electrical current going through his body. His face is ashen white as his hair stands on end. He scrambles to the ground yanking the cord out of the wall. Immediately the lights return to normal.

As he begins to shake his charred right hand, he yells and grimaces with pain, “Goddamm, that hurts!”

Eva rushes towards him, “Are you okay George?”

“Hell no! The damn wires melted my skin. Get me some of that healing salve and gauze from the bathroom.”

Upon hurriedly returning from the bathroom Eva gasps, “That hand's a mess, George. You may need to see a doctor. And that smell is horrible.”

“We can’t afford to see any goddamn doctor,” George retorts.

“You are going to kill yourself one day,” Eva announces, “and then what would I do? I do all I can to support you, George, but one of these days you’re going to blow us all up with some of your tomfoolery!”

George, looking directly at Eva, and blaming her for the 110 volts of electricity that just burnt through his skin, angrily lifts up a book with Thomas Edison's picture on it. “You see him?” George snaps back. “This is Thomas Alva Edison. He says that genius is 1% inspiration and 99% perspiration. I put my pants on just the same way he did, and I’m putting in my 99% in to learn just a little bit more so that one day we can get ahead.”

Eva smiles condescendingly while he lividly replies. “And what do you think you’re smiling at?”

“George, you're just a simple mechanic working at your Uncle’s service station,” she nonchalantly replies, “And don’t raise your voice, the children will hear you.”

George hits the ceiling and throws the book down on the table. “Eva, I took the job at Uncle Bobby's because the world is in a depression, and there are no good paying jobs! I've been an inventor since before I can remember! I’m three times smarter than a degreed engineer. I even got my pilot’s license at 16 - the youngest kid in Jefferson, Ohio to do so, I might add. And I will raise my voice any time I please!”

Eva, realizing that she hit a raw nerve and takes a more subtle approach. “You’re the smartest man I know, George Van Tassel, bar none;

but nothing else is meaningful to you—not me, not the children, nothing.”

George calms down a little, “Eva, I met a man that came into the shop today all the way from Germany in order to look for minerals out in the Mohave Desert. He knows something no one else knows. There could be a fortune out there that we could get in on, and this is taking place right in our own backyard, right under our own noses! That man had a look in his eye that I have never seen before. He knows something, Eva, I’m telling you, he does!”

She looks at him perplexed, “Are you talking about Gold Mining?”

“No Eva,” he replied. “Something bigger than that.”

The next morning as Bobby and George are driving to work, they notice a large torrent of black smoke coming from the direction of the gas station. They look at each other in shock as they pull in the driveway and see thick black smoke pouring out from the back of the shop.

Bobby looks at George, “What in the Sam Hill is going on?”

They both jump out and Bobby quickly opens the front door. George starts pulling on the chain that lifts the rear bay door. Behind the cloud of black smoke is Frank standing with a serene and carefree look on his face, “What the hell are you doing here?”

“I am making some beans, I got hungry, Mr. Bobby.”

“Who said that you could come in here? And how did you get in?”

Uncle Bobby is now beside himself pointing his finger at Frank. “Do you see that fuel tank sitting next to that tire you lit on fire? You are burning old grease rags. Hey! That’s my goddamn bookcase,” he pulls the charred remains from inside of the burning tire.

Uncle Bobby turns around and looks at George, “I was going to fix that someday.”

Frank pulls the cast iron pan of beans from the fire. “I’m sorry, I

thought the old broken bookcase was firewood.” The two men are relieved that there was no further damage done. Frank apologizes and tells them that the expense of \$6.80 per night for a cheap hotel room was unreasonable.

Bobby looks up at a white-washed 12-foot wall that surrounds the shop and scratches his head, “How in the hell did you get in here? What are you, a locksmith? Did you use a ladder? Where in the hell is the ladder?” He looks over at George, “And how did he get in here?” George just shrugs his shoulders.

Frank looks down and after a brief moment, “Did you ever hear of Nikola Tesla from Yugoslavia or Rudolf Steiner from Austria?”

Bobby is clearly infuriated, squints and looks to George for an answer, “Who and what in the hell is this man talking about?”

George who has read every book about the greatest innovators since the beginning of time instantly recognizes the names. “Tesla is that genius who invented electric motors, alternating current, the energy coil, and x-ray technology. He holds more patents than anyone in the world. They say he is pure genius and got his ideas from space angels, you know from outer space. We wouldn’t have electricity out to the shop without Tesla. Steiner was a metaphysical genius who knew how everything works in the universe. He could take the ovaries out of a rat or a rabbit, smear it on a cloth and make the whole gall darn bunch of them disappear.”

“Rabbit ovaries? Boy, George, you have way too much spare time on your hands.”

It was the depression and times were tough for everyone in the country including those lucky enough to live in California where the weather was consistently warm. Few had money, but for most people during these difficult times there was almost a duty, an unwritten rule to help one another in a practical way. And often time’s, commerce was conducted by common

people without the exchange of money.

Bobby was a kind hardworking man with a third-grade education. He could be cantankerous at times, but reasonable. At this point he resigned himself to the fact that this German immigrant needed help.

“Frank, rather than burn my gas station to the ground, you need to go over to the Santa Monica pier and use the fire rings to cook on. You can sleep in your car here until we get it fixed.”

Bobby motions for George to come inside the office. “Instead of playing doctor with that girlfriend of yours, you need to tuck this guy in here at the station and make sure he doesn’t burn the place down, and then you can go home!”

“No problem, Uncle Bobby. I’ll take care of it.”

Chapter 3

Frank is sitting next to the fire with a stick in his hand stoking it as George walks up. The noise from the roller coaster on the Santa Monica Pier could be heard in the background.

“Mr. Critzer, I have a piece of cake for you that my wife made. I also stuck a few canned goods in the Essex, just so you know we won’t let you go hungry.”

“Thank you for your kindness, and please just call me Frank. In fact, call me anything but Francis.” He grinned, unraveled the cloth and began to eat the cake.

George sits down and looks through the fire at the eccentric foreigner. His curiosity was busting at the seams—how did he get back in that gas station? Frank finished eating the cake and fastidiously brushed the crumbs from his mustache and clothes.

“I still don’t know how you got into the shop, Mister—I mean Frank.”

“A magician never tells how he does his tricks, now does he?” Frank replies with a grin.

“Is that what you are, a magician?”

Frank avoids answering the question. “Take off those bandages and let me look at your hand.”

Frank shows him a golden ornate flask. “The greatest force in the universe once gave this to me some years ago, and it saved my life.”

“A great force, huh, the greatest force in the universe?”

Frank grabs George's hand and applies the contents of the flask

directly on the wound. He then shoves the bottle under George's nose and orders, "Now smell."

George's eyes glaze over as he floats upward. Frank places his hands on his shoulders to hold him down. After a few seconds George comes to. "What in the hell is in that? I feel strange, very strange, and yet very good. I feel like I'm floating."

"You were floating," Frank remarks. "I will explain this to you in a few minutes, but for now just try to relax and enjoy the experience."

Seeing things in a four-dimensional hologram, George retraces all of the events that had just occurred with Frank over the last two days. George is in his own bubble, a world of his own. He can see Frank look around the shop's 12-foot wall and take the golden ornate flask from his coat pocket. He sees Frank sniff the substance and watches him float over the wall. The hologram shuts down and Frank standing directly over him replaces the bubble. His hearing is amplified and the loud recurring noise of the roller coaster makes it sound like one of the cars is going to fly off the track and crash straight into him.

"How long have I been knocked out, and what's in that flask?" George asks anxiously.

Frank lets out a big grin. "You have been out for a few moments . . . and I don't know precisely the ingredients that it's made of. What I have learned is that the Yggrasil when combined with unadulterated consciousness can help mankind move forward. The combination of the two when directed at an idea can animate almost anything. This is the magic that the world has lost my friend: the ability to channel divine creativity that has always existed for the taking."

"I don't know what unadulterated consciousness is," George replies.

Frank pauses and thinks for a moment. “I think it is—” they are interrupted by a couple walking past them who are engaged in a heated argument. The man is screaming at the top of his lungs, “I want nothing to do with you, I mean nothing! You know you were flirting with that man.”

Frank points to the couple, “I think that they are both traveling on a lower vibration or that their pure consciousness has become adulterated or side tracked. The man is angry because he is jealous of another man intruding on his territory, which is an animalistic reaction, as he believes she is his possession. His true consciousness is blinded by his mind and ego. He thinks he has the right to dictate who that woman can look at.

Pure consciousness is the gift that allows us to transcend our animalistic instincts. It's the difference between intuition and your mind, ego and conditioned responses. There are of course more animalistic attributes that bind us to the animal kingdom like lust, sloth, gluttony, pride etc. etc. These traits weight down our innate higher level of consciousness or connection to primal source.

They told me that the Yggrasil and higher states of consciousness connect us all to a spring of knowledge or universal mind that allows us to access it at will. It can then make our bodies and minds perfect as they were in the Garden of Eden. We are one with God Source which includes all of creation, which makes us the most powerful force in all of nature. This is the amazing substance that had perennially run through the veins of past cultures here on earth when pyramids on every continent were built. Depending on the level of virtue, the Yggrasil allowed whole civilizations to actually be translated and preserved just before devastating wars and cataclysmic events occurred. They say that the people of Enoch were all translated within a twinkling of an eye because they had reached a pinnacle of higher consciousness and became one with God Source.”

“Frank, you keep referring to 'They.' Who are 'They?'”

“I am referring to the Council of Seven Lights when I say 'They.' Hey! Look at your hand now.”

“Well, I'll be goddamned! Would you look at that!” George is dumbfounded. The wound is barely visible. “Mister, do you realize how valuable this would be to modern medicine? I have never seen anything like this in my entire life! It's a miracle!”

Frank smiles and shakes his head, “I don't think governments or big corporations of the world would allow the Yggradasil to be administered to the people. They would keep it for themselves and use it to bribe or manipulate others in their insatiable greed and quest for power and control. The world is simply not ready to receive a gift such as the Yggradasil at this time. Anyway, the modern medical establishment wants you to exist and then die, but only after paying dearly throughout your life.”

“If I had the contents in this flask, “ George states emphatically, “I would never charge anyone anything as it would be a sin.”

“You would never be tempted to sell this to get a big home and a fancy car?” Frank teases.

“Nope,” George asserts, as he looks Frank straight in the eye, “never in a thousand years.” After a moment George continues, “You have to tell me; where in the hell did you get this medical miracle?”

As the roller coaster noise dissipates, Frank moves closer. “I will now tell you how I came to possess the Yggradasil.”

Chapter 4

Frank begins his story. “It was just six years ago that I was a radio operator on the cargo ship, the Amindra. We pulled into the busy port of Mogadishu, Somalia, on the east coast of Africa to pick up a load of coffee beans to ship to Amsterdam. We needed to make our way to the Ethiopian highlands where the coffee beans were grown by following the Shabala River that snakes through Somalia and Ethiopia for over 300 miles.

Chuck, the buyer from the Doug Egbert Coffee Company, was standing on the dock as we arrived. He was a large well-built man with enormous shoulders. His complexion was ruddy with large pox marks that covered his face. He had already chartered an old rickety Somalia riverboat that would pull the barge of coffee beans to the Amindra. The riverboat captain's name was Geez. He spoke broken English and claimed he was from an old Royal Ethiopian tribe with links to the Great Queen of Sheba. The captain of the Amindra did not want Chuck to venture alone on the riverboat, as there were rumors of kidnappings and ransoms to be paid. Since I had very little to do while the ship was in port, he sent me along with Chuck.

I have always ventured into the less traveled 'gut' of a city or country to look for new experiences. I had been to most every port city in the world, and given the opportunity, would have explored the lesser-known places. The feel of this trip from the very beginning stretched my senses to the max. We were able to see an array of stunning wildlife such as elephants, rhinos, giraffes, crocodiles and an assortment of birds that shared the river we traveled. The view of this abundant wildlife from the back of the riverboat was truly magnificent.

The boat's engine was loud and noisy. It had only two speeds, slow and slower. The sounds of wildlife, however, partially drowned out the

struggling diesel engine. In the afternoon the orange sun provided an enormous backdrop over the river. We relaxed on the deck and played gin rummy and chess to pass the time, but the incessant noise and diesel fumes reminded us that we were not on a pleasure cruise.

Geez could be somewhat entertaining, but the little man would not shut up. He claimed firsthand knowledge about evil spirits that were killing white men after getting them drunk on kaffa wine. We could not tell what part of his tall tales were either fact or fable, or what angle he was trying to use to gain additional respect or leverage with us. He would sometimes speak in a combination of broken English and German. He also knew Semitic, Cushitic and Omotic languages, which found their way into the conversations. At times, he would get the languages mixed up. That was annoying to both of us. This and his repetitive warnings about the various evil spirits and demons were making me, in particular, skeptical of anything he had to say.

“You must listen to me. I have seen this with my own eyes. You must be careful. They first get the white man drunk and then they take over his entire soul, and some—“ Geez drags his hand like a knife and crosses it like he’s slitting his own throat.

Chuck, who didn’t seem to be bothered by him, pulls his oversized Christian cross from inside his shirt and holds it up saying, “This is for my soul.” And with the other hand he takes the .22 caliber pistol from his holster and fires three shots in the air. “And this is for my ass.”

After four days of listening to the noisy diesel motor and the nonstop chatter, we finally reached the Gorda Village. I was happy to be anywhere but on the riverboat, and this remote village was a welcome reprieve. Chuck was a bona fide veteran of these buying excursions that had previously taken him to every coffee-growing region in the world. He seemed

to take everything in stride, including Geez.

There were huge piles of coffee beans drying along the dock that gave off a bittersweet aroma. Chuck looked at them and smiled and nodded his head as he inspected the beans. If they were acceptable with little or no fungus, they would be purchased at a reasonable price. The coffee beans would be loaded into Geez's riverboat and brought back to the port at Mogadishu, and then transferred by crane to the Amindra. There was no doubt that we were in the heart of Africa as the tribesmen were scantily dressed without a business suit worn anywhere.

The festive beat of the drums grew louder as we all walked closer toward the village. The meat that was being barbecued on an open pit looked and smelled fantastic. I had grown tired of eating the old salty dried fish and canned beef during the trip up the Shabala River. I was ready for a barbeque.

The small village was having a celebration of the harvest. Chuck, who was all business, stayed back to inspect the coffee beans. After an hour, he returned and began to make introductions. This had been his fifth journey up the river to the Gorba coffee region. After paying the village chief, both Geez and Chuck went back to the ship, and with the help of local villagers, loaded the coffee beans onto the boat for the next day's trip back.

The beguiling tribal elders smiled at me and instructed me to sit down and enjoy their festival. They brought a large piece of barbecued water buffalo for me to eat. The tribal children were laughing and running up, touching me and running away again. The tribal women also came up close to touch my clothing, as they smelled the Hudson Bay rum I was wearing.

The hot afternoon slowly turned to night as the tribal elders drank the fermented Kaffa wine contained in a goatskin bag. They passed the Kaffa wine around for all to consume. I didn't particularly like the taste of the bitter tasting wine, but it did pack a powerful punch and I was soon feeling no pain

at all. Chuck and Geez had the boat loaded and both walk back to the tribal leaders to say goodbye. They offered Chuck the Kaffa wine, but he declined. Stretching and yawning and pointing to the ship, Chuck signal that he was done for the night. Geez quietly tells him that I should leave with them.

The beguiling tribal leaders smiled and laughed assuring that I should stay longer to partake of the night's festivities. Chuck points to me that I am to be his personal ambassador for the night's festivities, but I must admit, I was higher than a kite and had no intentions of leaving. They both turned to head back to the boat and expected me to follow. That didn't happen. There was a loud sound of the drumbeat and then a dead silence as the harvest ceremony began.

What I presumed was a tribal witch doctor walked up to the chief and they both laughed and pointed to me. The witch doctor handed the chief some dark looking bread while he appeared to be speaking about me, and then he abruptly leaves. The chief summoned me to sit next to him. He rubs his belly and begins chewing the moldy bread. He then motions and taps me on the belly for me to do the same. Not wanting to insult my host and having no idea of the potential consequences, I ingested the moldy bread. It tasted awfully similar to tar and I tried to spit it out, but the chief extended his long index finger and moved it back and forth while frowning at me suggesting that I had better swallow all of it.

Immediately after he saw me swallow the moldy bread the chief pushed the goatskin bag of kaffa wine at me demanding that I drink up. He was relentless and wouldn't leave me alone until I took additional swigs of the kaffa wine. Customary African dancers began to stream in and perform with all the regalia of an old Hollywood movie production. My jaws became locked causing me to grind my teeth. The effects of the moldy bread became intensified as each minute passed. My head was pulsating and the Chief was

laughing and smiling at me, but then turned blank as he looked away to a crowd of onlookers.

Initially I shared in the hysterical laughter, but as the night continued I became ill with a fever and was nauseous, eventually falling to the ground. I was quasi-paralyzed and was lying on the warm dirt watching the tribal elders appearances turn into crocodiles with their eyes blazing a sapphire color. They all point towards a small hut that is 25 feet away motioning for me to go there. I crawl on my hands and knees toward the hut while violently throwing up all the way. Once inside, all I could do was fall on the floor and pass out.

A few moments later a tall 6'3" woman with the same sapphire colored fire eyes as the tribal chiefs awakened me. This woman was incredibly beautiful and I thought I was merely dreaming. Her eyes were quite large and not human, and her skin had a snake like texture, which was a caramel color and smelled earthy. She took off her tribal garment and I knew right then that that this was no dream. As she continued to stare at me with those penetrating sapphire eyes, she ceremoniously undressed me and climbed on top of my erect penis. I have never experienced such stimulation in my life. Those eyes were mesmerizing to the point that she was quite literally taking over my bodily functions. She was using my total life force as a tool to pleasure and satisfy her sexual needs. The feeling and sensation was supernatural, and ineffably terrifying. I know that rape perpetrated by a female sounds absolutely preposterous, but that was precisely what was happening. I was physically paralyzed and could not move.

Without any words coming from me, she could read my mind and would answer all of my questions as soon as they popped into my head. She told me in a sultry and enchanted voice that her name is Lilith of the first race of people from the core of the earth that had evolved hundreds of thousands

of years ago. Her race was called Eve and that she was once married to the man dropped from the stars called Adam.

I knew that something dreadful was about to happen to me, as I could not resist her or get away. Her body continually moved encroaching upon every cell of my body until I could not tell the difference between her and me. She kept telling me to render up my soul and come with her willingly or that I would die - that this was the way it was supposed to be, the masculine subservient to the feminine.

I, of course, resisted as best as I could, but her beguiling movements and continual bombardment of thoughts drew every human emotion from me, rendering me powerless. I could not stop sobbing in a profoundly intense manner. I never knew such emotion existed within me.”

George’s enthrallment with Frank’s story was interrupted by the sounds of the roller coaster and the screams from its thrill-seeking riders going up and down. The fire was almost out and a heavy fog rapidly rolled in from the Pacific. George stood up. “We’d better get back. I’m sure that Bobby is waiting to lock up.” They keep talking as they walk back to the shop. “So what the hell happened next?”

“Needless to say, the wine and the drug took a major toll on my sensibilities. The next thing I remember I was being shaken violently by Chuck the following morning as he yelling at me. ‘Hey! Wake up! What’s wrong with you? Wake up! We have to go now!’

I couldn’t walk, talk or even stand up. After several attempts trying to get me back on my feet, Chuck borrowed a donkey and threw my lifeless body on top of it. My head and arms were dangling down on one side and my legs on the other. I was in deep, mortal distress and simply wanted to die. As he was hauling me back to the ship, two bleeding heart baboons came charging out of the jungle and grabbed my arms, attempting to pull me off the

donkey. I could telepathically hear the baboons saying, 'We will drag you into the bushes and kill you.'

Chuck was screaming at the top of his lungs, 'What in God's name? Get back! Get back!' He pulls his revolver out and shot at one of the chimps. The shot hit the dirt, and both chimps move back, chattering and beating their chests. The local natives check out the commotion pointing at me. The dogs howled making the natives scream like hyenas. The birds all flew away. I was in a bizarre state of terror as I could hear and comprehend everyone's thoughts all combined together and all are condemning me at once. It was like a vortex of hell being directed at every part of my mind, body and soul. The tribal people threw stones at me and were yelling, 'Kishi-man, Kishi-man!' meaning 'devil man.'

Then suddenly something inexplicable occurred which made them stop. The entire surrounding environment froze like a still movie in mid-action allowing Chuck and me to escape and continue towards the boat."

George almost speechless says, "My God, Frank! That Chuck must have been one hell of a good guy to stick with you like that."

Frank looks over at George slightly annoyed at the interruption. "I will tell you straight up young man; Chuck saved my life. Most anyone else would have left me there to die."

Both men are suddenly enveloped in the thick fog that often rolls over Southern California beaches at night. Frank continues, "Chuck was able to get me to the boat and was clueless to the supernatural events that were occurring right in front of him. As we got to the riverboat, Geez had a look of terror in his eyes and began to wave his hand frantically back and forth, indicating that I was not welcomed on board.

He continued to scream at Chuck that he wouldn't let me on the boat, arguing that he had already warned us what would happen if we got

involved with those evil spirits. He wanted nothing to do with us. He said that I had to pay the consequences for my stupid actions. Chuck was furious at Geez and yelled, 'Ebaken, Ebaken!' which means in Dutch 'drive the boat.' Geez refused his command. And to my surprise Chuck took his pistol out and pointed it at Geez as he was dragging me onto the boat. I thought he was going to kill him right then and there. But to my shock, Geez ran to the front of the boat, climbed on top of the coffee beans and dove head first into the river. He swam to the other side and yelled at us from the shore that he'll have us arrested and sent to prison. But by a miracle, four days later, of which I remember none of the details, I was back on the Amindra in Mogadishu."

"Were you able to shake the curse that she had put on you?" George asks.

"Nope, and for the next consecutive six days, I would fade in and out of consciousness. The captain would have surely left me behind had I not been the ships only radioman."

They both walk up to the shop and see a note taped on the window: 'WENT TO TOW A CAR.' "Would you like some coffee, Frank?"

"No thanks, I'm just now getting to the good part. I was forced to sleep on the floor, as I couldn't hold food down or control my bowels. A shipmate, a little Filipino man, came by each morning and slid a plate of food and a pitcher of water through the door. He would then high step it down the hall as fast as he could since everyone thought I had the Ebola plague. Every day I begged the creator to take me back to heaven. On the sixth day I had enough of this affliction and I prepared myself to die. I utilized self-hypnosis that I had once studied years ago. My hope was to go so deep in a hypnotic trance that my body would completely shut down. And if that didn't work, I was certainly prepared to throw myself overboard.

I began breathing in cool air and exhaling warm while counting backward from 13 to 1 over and over again. And after a few minutes I was having what many call an out of body experience. That was when I began a celestial journey and had my first meeting with the Council of Seven Lights. Initially, the room created a vortex. I was propelled like a rocket ship into space. As I passed the Milky Way I saw a multitude of galaxies with spectacular flying space ships. Between these galaxies were long cylindrical tubes that seem to stretch for hundreds of thousands of miles. The Veda's had told me when I visited India that space travelers use these long tubes to travel to other galaxies.

As I soared upwards two little red pills appeared out of nowhere and slowly floated into each of my nostrils. Right afterward, I was enveloped in a transparent covering that wrapped around my entire body before I fell through a black hole that was linked to one of the long tubes. The incredible speed that I traveled can only be described as astonishing. At the end of the tube there was a long gate made of golden chains attached by two large snakeheads. Upon seeing me, they came to life and tore the material off with their teeth. As I entered a pitch-black chamber, I found myself standing in front of a 20-foot high wall; it stretched as far as the eye could see in both directions. There were pulsating cells with every color imaginable. The wall vibrated with an energy that permeated my entire body. Right beneath the wall there was a pillow that held a small gold ornate flask. I was told telepathically that the tall woman in the hut was a succubus and that she had done great harm to my soul.”

George stops walking and looks over at Frank, “What is a succubus?”

“It’s a demonic spirit. I was informed that she was a demon spirit wanting to destroy mankind. Because of my lack of knowledge, she was able

to have relations with me that were life threatening. I was then told that I must drink from the Yggradasil, as it was the only antidote. I was instructed upon my return to earth to continue drinking small amounts in order to recharge my spiritual life force. The Council informed me that without the Yggradasil I would have been transformed into the artificial world that had no connection to the primal God Source. Then they told me something very extraordinary about you.”

George’s eyes widened, “About, me?”

“Yes, I will get there in a minute. They said that I would be the initial catalyst that would lead to peace on our planet. The Council also stated that both of us would be human conductors for the reunification of all the earth’s people with the entire galactic family. After I took a drink from the flask I became a floating, pulsating cell, which connected to millions upon millions of other cells throughout the universe. It was a spiritual dance that allowed me to see strange images and visions. In one of the visions, there was a young boy running through the desert with a large black dog, as small balls of fire streak past him. I also saw an older version of you standing in front of a Giant Rock speaking to thousands of people. There were many other visions that I was told not to speak of.

Finally, I asked the Council where I should go to accomplish this monumental task of universal understanding and peace, and I was shown the same Giant Rock that you were standing in front of.”

Bobby pulls up with the disabled vehicle and honks the horn, “George, you’re going straight home, right? And by the way, why are you still here? What have you two been yakking about this whole time?”

“Yes, I’m going straight home. And trust me you really don’t want to hear about it.”

The next day Bobby and Frank study an old road map to the desert

while George loads canned goods into the Essex.

“Now, once I get those claims filed,” said Frank, “I will send you copies that outline your 1/16 ownership of all of the mining claims I stake.” Frank motions to George to come over as they turn their backs to Bobby. “Let me look at that hand.” Frank smiles as the hand is completely healed.

George opens his wallet and hands Frank the grand sum of \$31 to pay for the claims. This amount invested in those dark days of the depression was a huge financial sacrifice for Bobby and George.

As Frank pulls out of the station, the Essex lets out a plume of black smoke and backfires. Bobby and George gaze at the eccentric German behind the wheel, smiling and waving goodbye to his new financial backers. The vehicle slowly vanishes out of sight site, heading in the direction of the Giant Rock. “That German feller is one hell of a talker,” Bobby comments. “I bet we've seen the last of him and our thirty-one dollars.”

George looks over to his skeptical Uncle, “Thirty-one dollars is a cheap price for a dream.”

Chapter 5

August 10, 1942

The world is engaged in an epic battle amongst all of its inhabitants, and George with his mechanical skills and early aviation experience has become a very hot commodity in the California Aerospace Industry. The United States defense industry has known since Hitler's invasion of Poland that the world will need to increase their military defense manufacturing capacity tenfold. Anyone who could turn a screwdriver became a supervisor. George had transformed himself from auto-mechanic with a pilot's license to a heavily recruited flight engineer. The last stop before his current position was a flight inspector for Douglas Aircraft Company.

As the conflict increased worldwide leading to the attack on Pearl Harbor, the amount of money that George could command for his labor increased exponentially. The money he was making, which was over twenty thousand dollars a year, was considered to be a significant amount in the early 1940's for an engineer without a degree. He was actually offered five thousand dollars more to go to work for Lockheed. Instead he chose to work at Hughes aircraft, which gave him the rare opportunity of working directly alongside an iconic aviation genius, Howard Hughes.

Howard Hughes, like George, was a self-educated engineer. The time spent with Frank and the occasional whiff of the Yggradasil substance opened additional channels in George's brain. This additional brainpower allowed him access to the universal mind that only some of the greatest artists, composers and inventors through history were privileged to have. It also dramatically altered the ganglia of his brain by increasing the thickness

of this critical connecting tissue between the two spheres. His sense of awareness was superior. This enabled him to retrieve information that usually gets forgotten by ordinary people.

Hughes was curious how this common man from the mid-west had become so well versed in theoretical aeronautical concepts. He was so curious that he hired private investigators to go back to George's hometown to find out as much as they could. George's thinking was light years ahead of his more academically profound counterparts, specifically in aeronautical design. In addition, his energy and perseverance made Howard feel like the two of them were kindred spirits. They were a real team. George was able to harvest and process abstract ideas into a reality with the help of the Yggradasil, and the Hughes family wealth and pedigree gave George unprecedented resources.

He had no idea that his new prodigy was able to enhance brain function by the unorthodox use of the Yggradasil, and luckily he never found out. Had that happened Howard would have gone to great lengths to get a hold of that small golden ornate flask. There was also a host of side effects both good and bad; the substance stays in the system for months causing sleep apnea and over stimulated sexual desires. This would eventually require George to crash for up to eighteen hours at a time when he couldn't be awakened even for a four-alarm fire. On the rare occasion that he was physically exhausted, he would 'accidentally' sneeze within Howard's earshot making the long time germ-phoebe insist that he take a day off.

The enhanced sexual stimulus caused by Yggradasil added water to a well that was already overflowing. Sexual exploits had begun early for him at the tender age of 11. Back in Ohio an insecure and overweight neighbor named Nancy Todd was asked by George's parents to look after him while they traveled to Cleveland to attend a friend's funeral. She did

more than merely look after him; during the next few months the 11-year old crawled out of his bedroom window and into her's to exercise his young libido. The innocent tryst would have continued for an indefinite period had it not been for her father observing George, wearing only his underwear and t-shirt, climbing out of his daughter's window. Fortunately, Mr. Todd was more concerned about his daughter's reputation than any form of revenge. The stickiness of the age difference between the two oversexed adolescents made parental interference less attractive. He handled it by simply telling George that he would kill him if he ever saw him anywhere near his daughter again.

This was the first of many episodes with women of all ages, shapes and sizes that consistently caused him a certain amount of danger and controversy. The war years created opportunities tenfold for his insatiable sexual desires. The nation's eligible men were off fighting a war for their country, leaving their wives and girlfriends unattended. The country's morals and loyalties were still intact within the typical American family, but it was certainly strained by boredom and loneliness. Any man with a beating pulse, married or not, became a rare commodity at the Hughes Aircraft Corporation. Women became less particular at the time or place they received their much-desired physical replenishment. Work breaks, closets and the back seat of cars were found to be suitable places for their carnal pleasures. So the technicians who worked for George both male and female took extra precaution when entering his workspace.

Eva, while she was dating George, enjoyed the physical attention, but within weeks after their married, it became apparent that she could not satisfy his enormous sexual appetite. She once confided in her sister that a half-hour of love making with him was wonderful, but after an hour of sex, it became work that caused her pain for several days. And then on occasion

George, after inhaling the contents of the flask, would briefly stop making love and write down various mechanical equations. Right afterward, he would resume sex with Eva without losing his erection. This, of course, made her feel like a pleasure machine, and sex eventually became a total turn off.

Chapter 6

George is crouched inside a two-seater DX2 fighter plane, wiring the instrument panel when he hears, “Mr. Van Tassel?”

The tone of voice startles George. He stands up to see two FBI agents flashing their badges, and yells back, “What can I do for you?”

“We would like to speak to you about a Mr. Frank Critzer, a friend of yours.”

The mere mention of Frank's name was worrisome as it brought up a number of possibilities, and none of them favorable. What did Frank do now was his concern. Sweating from head to toe, he climbs down the ladder and grabs a towel to wipe himself off.

“Mr. Van Tassel, Frank Critzer committed suicide.”

George is stunned and shakes his head looking at both the FBI agents. “Suicide? No way. Come on. Suicide?”

The two FBI agents look intently at him studying his every move, hoping for a lead that would imply in some way that the suicide was actually a murder-suicide.

“I’ll get right to the point. He blew himself up with the dynamite that you purchased for him.”

George senses that these men want something more than just to notify him about his friend’s death. Stunned, he just stares at the agents for several uncomfortable moments. Distraught about the devastating news, he felt like an appendage had just been ripped from his body. Frank had become an integral part of his world. “I considered him a dear friend—almost family—and I knew him well. I just saw him. I knew he was lonely out there in the desert, but suicide? Not in a million years.”

“Well, just so you know, we lost two agents out there in the

desert, Mr. Van Tassel. The San Bernardino Sheriffs also lost two officers because your friend would not submit to law enforcement authority. They all just wanted to talk to him about his short wave radio communications and I might add that they also had families. Now Mr. Van Tassel, we are hoping that you could tell us who or what would make him take such drastic measures. It's our belief that he was trying to cover up something. Maybe he was covering up something for you?"

"Hey, wait a minute! Do you think I had anything to do with this? I was his partner in a damn mining operation and that's all. What am I in trouble here? Should I get a lawyer?"

Four hours later he gets a call from Alice, Mr. Hughes' secretary, informing him that he needs to see him immediately. Howard Hughes, 36, is sitting in the dark watching a documentary film in black and white. George walks in and stands in front of the screen, his eyes are forced to squint with the film covering his body and face. "Good evening, Mr. Hughes."

"Will you turn on the light please?" asks Mr. Hughes. "I understand you had a short visit from the FBI today?"

He fumbles in the dark and turns on the lights. Howard stands up and walks over to the corner of the room and picks up a golf putter and begins to hit golf balls in a glass cup.

"Yes sir, about an old friend of mine that died, Frank Critzer. Apparently there was a large explosion out in the desert that killed four others, who all happened to be law enforcement officers. I am profoundly saddened about this sir."

"I know all about it," Howard says.

George was surprised that he already knew about the FBI visit. He takes a deep breath concerned that the incident could somehow affect his future with Hughes Aviation.

“I’ve been told that the FBI has now taken a keen interest in you, George.”

“It appears so, as they came all of the way out here for a reason. Yes, and how would you already know about this sir?”

“I received a copy of the FBI file about you and Mr. Critzer just a little over two hours ago. I was surprised about how thick the dossier is on you: there are 124 pages about you and only 3 pages on your friend. It says that you've been providing money to Mr. Critzer for several years now. Why have you been providing money to him and for what purpose?”

He hands the file to George who is noticeable rattle. “Yes sir, we backed him in a small mining operation out in the desert. That is, both my Uncle Bobby and me. Mr. Hughes, this has in no way distracted me from performing any of my duties while working here.”

Howard is silent and looks at him with a blank look waiting for him to tell him something more.

“But I will tell you this, he would not take his own life. No way would he do that.”

Howard turns around holding the golf club like a baseball bat propped up on his shoulder, “You never mentioned anything before to me about your mining activities, George. How come I am hearing about this from the FBI?”

“For one thing Mr. Hughes, it was more like a hobby and I was doing this friend a favor. I wouldn’t think that you would be remotely interested in such a small venture that wasn’t profitable.”

“I’m interested, George, in any activity of anyone who works here. From the looks of it, according to this file, you are in this “small venture” about \$48,000, give or take a few hundred dollars either way. Is this number correct, \$48,000?”

“Not really sir, my Uncle Bobby has about \$12,000 in the operation also.”

Howard turns his head and looks perplexed, “But you haven’t made one dollar. And why do you think that the FBI would want to go out there and kill Mr. Critzer? I mean, you spend all of this money and the FBI goes out there for God knows what and your friend ends up dead along with four law enforcement officers?”

“I don’t know sir. Quite possibly some of the local people had the authority’s ear. I know Frank had many run-ins and disputes with his neighbors, but those are just local issues, nothing that would or should concern Federal Authorities.”

“From what everyone tells me the government thought that your friend was a German spy,” he looks at George and then looks down.

“No sir, he was not a spy—far from it. They may have mistakenly thought he was, but I can give my assurance to you that he was no spy.”

“Well, they’re calling it a murder-suicide. But it doesn’t make too much sense for them to go out there over a ham radio violation and kill a man, now does it?”

George tries to change the paradigm of the incident by twisting the blame on the government. “I can’t see how they could possibly call it a murder-suicide, Mr. Hughes. If anything, I would think it was just one big accident.” He knows that Howard is suspicious.

His relationship with Howard is unique in that the megalomaniac genius has very little conversation with anyone except him. He was feeling uncomfortable with the line of questions and felt pressured to give something up to Hughes that would placate him for a while.

“Sir, it could have been something else. Well, at least what he told me is that he was some sort of spiritual conductor or a channel for some

extraterrestrial group from outer space. He claimed that the extraterrestrials were giving him information on advanced technologies. I do not know precisely what he was doing or involved with out there, as he played anything other than mining very close to the vest. I was just trying to make some extra money in the mining business and as you probably already know, the locals referred to him as a crazy man. But when he was in my family's presence, he was as gentle as a lamb. My daughters loved Uncle Frank. A little eccentric sure, but crazy or unstable? No way!"

Hughes who had an obsessive-compulsive disorder was not buying any of George's wandering explanations. George could hear him repeating "mining business" over and over under his breath.

"Is this all you can tell me about him, after all those many years you were going out there and spending all of that money?"

"Well, there is more, but it's a long story and it's a little bizarre. He claimed that he first contacted them, as in the extraterrestrials, initially through the ingestion of a hallucinogenic drug. The formula was essentially derived from moldy rye bread that he ingested somewhere in Africa."

"You mean something like St. Anthony's fire? I am just now getting up to snuff on this substance that the CIA thinks will work as some sort of truth serum."

George lets out a deep breath, as he is actually relieved that Howard is going down this thread. "Yes, I believe that it would be very similar to that Mr. Hughes. He claimed that he was drugged and then sacrificed to an ancient demon spirit and a benevolent group of extraterrestrials saved him from a certain death. I just didn't think that you would be interested in this sort of—"

"I'm interested for personal reasons. The Germans use this drug to interrogate their political prisoners. Our scientists are claiming that it has

other medical applications for the treatment of melancholy.”

He slowly bends over, gently swings his golf putter and puts a golf ball directly into a clear drinking glass 20 feet away. He sinks another one into the same glass, just kissing the other ball. George looks down at the two perfectly placed balls in the drinking glass and nods in approval. Howard looks up briefly, breaking his concentration on his putting.

“George, did this Critzer fellow mention what he was doing with a gray milky substance?” George wants to be anywhere in the world other than having to fend off an inquisition and lie to him without any vacillation.

“No sir. He never mentioned anything about that.”

Howard Hughes looks at George and then picks up a small prototype of the HK1 more commonly referred to as, 'The Spruce Goose' from his desk and looks at George with a dismayed look.

“They want me to build planes without aluminum. Don’t you think it is unreasonable to ask me or anyone to build airplanes without aluminum?”

“Yes sir, it sounds unreasonable, extraordinarily unreasonable, sir.”

“Well, it is. Henry Kaiser got me in on this deal and abruptly quit when the going got tough. Now all these Senators are calling me a greedy war profiteer and to add insult to injury they are referring to the HK1 as 'The Spruce Goose' and that it will never fly.” He throws the small prototype on the desk.

“I realize how high the stakes are Mr. Hughes, and I also have got some serious hours into the HK1. Whatever I can do, I certainly want to help.”

“This is good, George. How would you feel about going out there to that big Rock and poke around to see if there is anything that he might

have left behind that may possibly be of any use to us?”

“Sir, to tell you the God’s honest truth, I would rather not. I don’t like the idea of the distinct possibility of seeing the blood and tissue from an old friend spread all over the walls inside of the Rock.”

Howard bends over and putts the third golf ball and watches as it slides into the clear drinking glass. “George, you still like working here at Hughes Aircraft?”

“I do Mr. Hughes. Yes sir, I really do like working here.”

“That’s good to know, George, so why don’t you fly out there tomorrow and see if there is anything that the FBI hasn’t picked over. And George, turn off the light as you leave.”

Howard flips the projector on to show the film titled “LSD 25 Mind Control Experiment, Department of Defense, February 25, 1941.” As the clicking of the 8 mm projector resumes, the narrator speaks about the progress of their mind control experiments. The narrator is interviewing a participant who is a volunteer, middle-aged housewife.

“This is about an ordinary housewife who has volunteered to ingest Lysergic Acid Diethylamide, LSD 25 that is produced by Sandoz laboratories under the direction of the Department of Defense mind control experiments.”

The middle-age woman speaks to the camera and smiles, “How do I feel? It is like describing the colors of the rainbow as different emotions all at once. I feel euphoric, and then the very next second I feel horrified, as the feelings switch to the most severe isolation and loneliness that I have ever felt in my life. And then suddenly, my emotions get replaced by the most wonderful feeling that I am connected to everything in the universe, like all is one or one thing. But what’s frustrating now is that I can’t just tell you about one thing. I can only tell you about everything. Do you understand me?”

The following day George takes off in a Piper J-3 CUB from the

Hughes airstrip. He looks to the right and sees Howard looking at him from his office drinking coffee.

George begins talking to himself while he looks at Howard and waves; “Yeah, go to the goddamn tomb of your blown up buddy right out there in the desert. See what I can find out for you, Mr. Hughes. Yeah, sure thing, Mr. Hughes. How about screw you and your Spruce Goose, Mr. Hughes.”

Chapter 7

The warm Santa Ana winds that often blow through the canyons of Southern California usually go unnoticed on the ground, but from 3000 to 6000 feet up, it's a much different story. The turbulence can cause a small plane to drop 500 feet or to veer sideways without a moment's notice. George flies visually following a row of palm trees out to the desert. The palm trees planted along Valley Highway run all the way from Los Angeles to Palm Springs, making it easy for pilots to find their way. For aesthetic reasons the trees were flanked on both sides with contrasting citrus trees to give the visiting tourists a feeling of a mirage, which ends at nothing but the barren Mohave Desert.

George sees the newly developed desert community of Palm Springs where Hollywood celebrities seek refuge from their glitzy Hollywood lifestyles, and makes a left 45-degree turn over the mountains to the high desert. Twenty minutes later over the cockpit dashboard George sees the Giant Rock. He throttles back the engine and flies a big loop around the Rock. He is no stranger to this part of the desert as he and Frank over the past decade spent much of George's spare time exploring this remote area of Landers, California. During the weekends prior to the outbreak of the war, George would take his family and anyone else that was gritty enough to join them on visits to Frank's carved out cave in the Rock.

The small plane with its oversized tires bounces along the landing strip and comes to a stop near the Rock. Grabbing a flashlight George gets out and walks over to the eight-story Giant. He stands in front of it and looks up in absolute awe. As he

approaches the entrance to Frank's dugout dwelling, the distinct smell of blood and decomposing flesh overwhelms him. He continues down the stairs surveying the damage that was once the home of his friend and mentor. The walls are charred and streaks of blood are splattered throughout. The blast of the dynamite in combination with the Yggradasil concoction created temperatures that exceeded 800 degrees.

He looks at the crooked potbelly stove that somehow managed to survive the explosion and tries to straighten it out. Something rattles inside of the stove. He kneels down, opens the stove's door and shines his flashlight inside. There in the back of the stove he finds himself looking at an old coffee can. He pulls it out, dusts it off and opens the lid. There it is: the golden ornate flask along with Frank's journal!

He opens the charred remains of the journal, and with the aid of his flashlight reads a notation—'Glass Age'—with the subtitle, 'Practical Uses of Polyurethane'. He then opens the lid of the golden ornate flask to see if there was any Yggradasil left. He inadvertently inhales and a torrent of fumes engulfs his sinuses. His eyes instantly glaze over as he struggles and falls backward on his butt. "Holy shit!"

Out of the blue he hears Frank's voice, and his hair stands on end as he becomes paralyzed with fear. The temperature drops 30 degrees inside the Rock. The room illuminates as the crystalline walls animate and sparkle.

"George, it's me, Frank."

George moves in a circle looking for the origin of where the words are coming from. "Where are you? Is this a voice coming from inside my mind?" He looks up and spins around again searching for Frank.

"No George. I'm here in different forms: in voice, color and sound. This holy Rock is a pure organic conductor. It was left here as a gift

thousands of years ago by the Great Spirit of the Council of Seven Lights. My essence has now been imbued through the pores of this sacred Rock, which causes me to be the only clear channel from the Council to the Earth.”

George looks around the inside of the Rock in wonder. His eyes begin to sparkle and turn bright blue, just as Frank's eyes use to do.

Frank begins. “We were both meant to be here, George. I told you that when we first met. The plight of Earth’s people is about to change as a great awakening occurs simultaneously with the shift of the planetary age. Earth is not only a host to civilizations within our Universe but also to a multitude of civilizations of parallel universes without end. It is the birthplace of many so-called alien cultures. Together, we will facilitate direct contact between Earth people and other benevolent civilizations throughout the Universe. We will no longer be a prison planet.”

George stands frozen in awe of what he is experiencing.

Frank continues, “There is so much you need to know, George. For eons of time planet dark forces have ruled Earth. These dark forces or Influencers were original primal sparks of God Source who chose to separate themselves from the whole. Over time their progressive separateness lead to ever-greater darkness and evil things. They subdued planet Earth and overtook mankind through men and women who postured to be world leaders.”

Suddenly, the Rock's appearance comes to life spewing out many colors while echoing sounds of trombones and trumpets. Pictures of world leaders from Pharaohs to Fuehrers appear on the walls interchanging in flashes of light. George spins around feeling panicked.

“These are men who have allowed their egos to align with walk-ins from other universes and time dimensions. Through their ill will and desire for self-aggrandizement, they have spread great lies and devastation

throughout the World. Don't be distracted by their governments and religions that profit from their man-made wars. The Earth is coming into it's own in spite of these malefactors."

Frank's voice echoes over and over, "We give thanks to the Council of Seven Lights, the guardians of the Universe, for watching over us and facilitating our reunification with the whole."

Pictures of multiple dimensions of universes and galaxies appear on the walls with spaceships flying in and out of oceans and volcanoes, and ancient cities and civilizations coming and going.

George is overwhelmed and exhausted when suddenly everything turns black and still. The room collapses into darkness and not a sound is heard. George remains still and pensive. Then a distant heartbeat is heard and a flicker of light flashes and dissolves. The heartbeat is heard again, only slightly louder. The light begins to send out waves of circles that grow, and the heartbeat gets louder and louder. The white circles increase, destroying all darkness, illuminating the entire inside of the Rock with a blinding radiance of light. An ohm sound is heard as Frank begins to speak once again.

"The natural progression of the universe allows for all of creation to follow the beacon and symbol of hope that is a positive abstraction of unifying primal love. You and I along with infinite other fragments of God are endowed with that God Source primal spark that makes us infinite and immortal. Billions of years ago when the Influencers willfully abandoned their primal connections, their goal became to consume and extinguish all God Source primal sparks and overpower God Source. But this willful disconnect has only lead to their further devastation and severing from the Source of life force energy. Therefore, in order to exist, they are solely dependent on stealing the life force energy of primal sparks wherever they can.

Only the weakest of humans are detrimentally vulnerable to these Influencers. In my drugged state during the night of the Harvest Festival, Lilith, at the behest of the Influencers, drained my life force energy dry. I had relinquished my soul through their horrible potion and I was a goner. Had it not been for Chuck who got me out of there and on the boat, my soul would have been rampaged and I would have died. And that is their constant quest: alienate as many vulnerable humans as possible from primal God Source, overtake them and extinguish their God spark altogether.

Because these Influencers separated from the whole, they also relinquished their ability to procreate primal sparks. Their only possible creations are inanimate, i.e. the 'Greys.' The Greys are Artificial Intelligence (AI) robotic, artificial entities that along with their Influencers have controlled the Earth, its rulers and institutions for thousands of years.

George is now inundated with pictures of gray aliens and their giant heads flashing on the walls of the Rock. He sees a very disturbing series of nuclear bomb explosions and the potential annihilation of planet Earth.

“As you can see” continues Frank, “these AIs and their Influencers are intent on destroying civilization and replacing it with their own. Their dark energy is powerful and cunning. They are able to travel between multiple dimensions and are not subject to universal law. Their ploy is to bombard humans continuously with up to 50,000 negative messages per day streaming through every human’s consciousness. Through their mind control manipulations, all animal based instincts are brought to the mental forefront, disrupting and adulterating the direct connection humans have with God Source. In fact, the plight of humanity in this very dense third dimension of Earth is total lack of recall of who they are as infinite God Sparks. There is a veil of forgetfulness that shrouds the human consciousness and all but prevents that knowingness and unclouded connection to God Source. If

humans continue to yield to dark consciousness, deceptions and delusions poised as reality, their connection to primal source will continue to dim to the point of possible evisceration.

The upside is that we are in a time of great awakening. What knowledge and truths that have been hidden are coming to the surface shining light on long accepted lies and illusions. The Yggradasil is the antidote that will remove the veil and allow the consciousness of earth's people to awaken. As the vibration of human consciousness increases, the more benevolent and advanced entities of other star systems can return. In legion together they will all come to assist in repairing the cosmic tear that opened the passageways for evil entities to enter and interfere with the human species. Telepathy, intuition and knowing will once again be a common practice once again on Earth."

George is overwhelmed, "What am I hearing? What am I listening to? Have I simply gone mad?"

He throws his arms up in total bewilderment and begins speaking in a somber tone. "Listen Frank, I don't know why they chose me. This is crazy. I can't prevent wars. I'm not a spiritual leader or a holy man. I'm a mechanical engineer and an inventor. They've got the wrong guy. It's too huge a task and not me for me, for God's sake."

Frank's voice replies calmly, "George, they know things we don't. You've been chosen to assist in this great awakening. It's a great honor. Go with it."

The colorful displays of lights and pictures mixed with the steam coming off of George's face enhanced his deep indigo eyes and made him look surreal. He was obliged to resign to his fate, realizing that his future had just been determined and the stakes are mortally high.

The Rock suddenly goes dark and the room returns to normal.

George carefully lifts the charred journal and flask of Yggradasil and places them carefully inside his jacket and walks outside. It's late in the day, but when he looks at his watch, he's confused. It had stopped at 11:35 am.

He then shakes his head back and forth and sits on the ground glazing up at the Giant Rock. His hunger reminds him of the lunch Eva packed in the plane. He climbs into the Piper Cub and eats his sandwich. Gazing again at the Rock, he puts his headset on, starts the engine and takes off.

“Dear God, why me? Why me?”

Chapter 8

The front entrance of the military base is heavily fortified with bobbed wire guarded by multiple layers of soldiers and German Sheppard dogs. It is July 1947. It's hot, miserable and humid which adds to the tension that has interrupted the usually placid daily routine of Walker Air Force Base. The base is located just outside the city of Roswell in the state of New Mexico. Roswell, which is home to a few ranchers and farmers scratching out a living, is now rampant with rumors about a crashed spaceship and the retrieval of four extraterrestrial corpses. Just inside the aircraft hangar there are doctors, nurses and generals along with over 60 military personnel. A nervous Colonel Dubois walks tentatively up to a one-star general who is having an animated conversation with someone of seeming importance on the phone. The general is overly polite with an abundant amount of, "Yes sir" and "No sir" answers.

"General Ramsey, I need to have a minute."

The middle-aged General with a uniform that is blanketed with military service ribbons abruptly turns to the anxious Colonel placing his hand over the phone, "Can't you see I'm on the goddamn phone here? This better be damn important. Congressman, will you please hold?" He puts the phone down and accidentally hangs the phone up on Congressman Kennedy and glares at the Colonel.

"General, I just got off the phone with General McMillan at the Pentagon. I have been told to tell everyone to stop calling this a spacecraft with aliens."

"What? I have just told Congressman Kennedy that we have four gray looking little aliens of which one is still breathing."

Over the intercom he is told that Congressman Kennedy has called back and is now on line three. General Ramsey's face turns blood red. He turns to Colonel Dubois, "I am going to get to the motherfuckin' bottom of this. I kid you not."

He charges over to a desk and picks up the phone. "Get me General McMillan at the Pentagon," he stares at Colonel Dubose while he speaks on the phone. "What? Yes General, I understand," as he slowly puts the phone down and shakes his head. "Crazy fucking people and here I am looking like a goddamn idiot."

He growls at Colonel Dubois in a low-pitched voice, "I want you to make it crystal clear to every swinging dick in here that this is a weather balloon. This is a weather balloon! Understand?"

"Yes sir, I understand General Ramsey."

General Ramsey takes a deep breath and hits line three on the intercom, "Hello, Congressman? Well, you're probably not going to believe this, but we just found out that this is a weather balloon with four dummies after all. False alarm, Mr. Kennedy—now if you will excuse me, Congressman—No, I think you misunderstood me—No, I thought I told you that I thought I saw four alien bodies."

The phone goes dead. "Mr. Kennedy, Mr. Kennedy?" He pushes the Intercom button, "Liz, if Congressman Kennedy calls back, tell him I had to rush home on a family emergency. Thanks."

Congressman Kennedy in Washington slams down the phone. He's livid, "What the fuck? What kind of a fucking idiot do they think I am?" He's enraged, rips the phone out of the wall and throws it through his office window creating a gaping hole in the shattered glass.

Chapter 9

World War II has been over for almost five years and the defense and aviation industries are both in a consolidation period. Gone were the eighty-hour workweeks and the impossible deadlines to meet. The troops were returning home and looking for work. For George, it was time to move on, as his career ambitions had changed radically with his new awareness of Frank and the Council of Seven Lights. His passion for electronics, his love of gadgetry and creating new inventions, coupled with his new awareness of the advanced technologies that Frank had been working on caused him to take a leap in the dark and move his family to Landers, California. There he would continue where Frank had left off. He had Frank's journal. He had the Yggradasil. The rest was up to him.

However, the use of the Yggradasil became an obsession for him. Frank had been more spiritually mature and was able to sublimate the sexual side effects and utilize the more egalitarian aspects. George had the more earthly sexual inclinations that began at an early age, coupled with the Yggradasil made fulfilling his base desires for just one woman practically impossible.

If he merely looks at another woman of any age from premenstrual to post-menopausal, a chemical reaction occurs. It creates a heightened sexual arousal that results in an immediate physical compulsion towards him. The powerful human pheromones that he emits are similar to the signals that animals give off when they're in heat. This moth-to-flame attraction transcends any other committed relationship and ignites a desperate longing to procreate, as if it is his last chance. Eva was aware of some of the sexual affairs as evidenced by the letters and the late night calls from some of

the more desperate women. She simply chose to overlook and accept these extraneous events in order to preserve what she had. The tradeoff was a semi-functional marriage with a man who some were calling a genius.

Everyone acknowledged George as a tour de jour of aviation circles. Rumors of his multiple sexual liaisons were running rampant and creating a mythological profile that was only one part of the picture. Others that were close to both of them and aware of the multiple illicit liaisons felt it was much easier on everyone to simply shut their mouths and look the other way.

A common denominator among all Intel operatives was the accumulation of dirt capital. When an up-and-comer like George Van Tassel arrives from nowhere, it was standard practice to begin collecting as much dirt on him as possible. Early on, George had met a young Ph.D. candidate, a brilliant nuclear physicist named Henry Tuchman from Berkeley, who had studied under Robert Oppenheimer. Because of his indirect association with Oppenheimer, George was placed under both the United States domestic and international Intelligence surveillance lists.

Cointel, a newly formed group of domestic black operatives recruited from both the OSS and the FBI, were as giddy as girl scouts at George's continual indiscretions. They compiled data on each participant and meticulously recorded dates and times of occurrence along with lurid and revealing photographs. The group's main focus was to discredit any person or organization that could have the ability to threaten the American way of life in the future.

Dr. Oppenheimer drew the interest of FBI and their black ops proxy Cointel because of his connections to communist sympathizers. He lost

his top-secret security clearance as a result of lying to investigators about a communist woman he had relations with. He was now a pariah within the atomic nuclear industry that he was responsible for creating. Cointel did not care whether George's political views were conservative or libertarian. George was for less intrusive government, not more, making his position far right of any communist sympathies.

George loved studying ancient religious books from the Vedic Rig Veda to the Judaic Talmud. He would look for scientific clues that were codified within these ancient texts. Dr. Tuchman under Oppenheimer was exposed to ancient Vedic cosmology. He began working with George who under the influence of the Yggradasil received additional insights. Quantum mechanics and Vedic cosmology were close in theory and had been around for thousands of years before modern science came on the scene and tried to divorce the two. Both men were anything but bashful when pointing this out to the orthodox scientific community. Even scientists, through atomic research, were coming up with mathematical formulas that explained how this other Quantum universe worked on a sub-atomic level, overriding most scientific laws of the day one by one.

This vanguard information that he and Dr. Tuchman were closing in on was squarely out of the hands of Government as well as orthodox science. This caused additional problems for them as they were viewed as both a competitor and a potential national security threat. Naively, the two men thought the breakthrough technologies would advance and propel them into the mix of leading scientists around the world. Unbeknownst to them, a Damocles Sword was poised, ready to drop on their heads by Cointel Operatives at any time.

There were several original ideas coming from the channeling sessions with regards to time travel and free energy that impressed Dr.

Tuchman. During this time period, George moved his entire family to the desert including his mother-in-law Henrietta, also called 'Fat Grandma'. He purchased two Air Stream trailers and dragged them out to the Rock where they lived while they built their homes. Soon afterward with the help of volunteers the inside of the Rock was also remodeled, but the subsequent death of Frank Critzer gave off an eerie energy.

George married above his social status as Eva's side of the family had deep roots planted in Southern California. Born in 1842, her grandmother was one of the first Anglo children in the area. Her family was prosperous and ran with the elitists. They owned ranches that encompassed the entire cities of Malibu, Redondo Beach, and the unincorporated City of Downey. Giant Rock was located in Landers, California, adjacent to Joshua Tree National Park and one hundred miles from Los Angeles. It was a four-hour drive as the Interstate Highway system was just in the beginning planning stages. The four-lane highway stopped about 34 miles east of Los Angeles turning into a two-lane highway that weaved its way to Palm Springs. Occasionally after it rained, the road leading to Giant Rock would be washed out by flash floods.

Eva was not happy with the lack of access to California beaches and the conveniences of living near a major metropolitan area with restaurants and shopping. However, the advantage of the move for her was that George would have much fewer opportunities to expand his growing physical needs.

Chapter 10

Ten Years Later

George is standing on top of the Rock looking for a friend named Gabriel Green who had previously worked for him at Douglas Aircraft. Still working and living in Santa Monica, Gabriel flew his Piper Cub out to see his old friend at Giant Rock. He lands his plane and taxi's toward the Rock. He unfolds his large 6'3" body out of the plane and walks over to George and embraces him. "Hey, there my friend. What a great flight that was. And you're right, this is one the softest landings I've ever had. No wonder the aliens like landing out here."

He continued. "You've done well, George. In ten years you've built homes, started a restaurant and an airport, and even managed to write a few books."

George stands in a trance, "Gabe - you mean you didn't see that flying Saucer following you?"

"No—you're not serious are you?" Gabe turns back and looks up in the sky, "I haven't had a UFO sighting since 1939."

George looks at him stone-faced and then breaks into a smile, "I'm just pulling your leg." G

"Hey! Now there's an angle to get more people out here. Maybe you should let the newspapers hear about your UFO encounters like George Adamsky does, and you would have thousands of visitors out here."

"Not my racket, Gabe, all though Eva and I could use some more customers."

"Just trying to be helpful," says Gabe. "I know you're the real deal and would never fake a—" George puts his arm around Gabe, "At least

until I get more desperate.” Both men laughed and walk over to the restaurant where Eva stands at the door and smiles.

“Gabriel Green you are sight for sore eyes. How’s Linda and the children? I sure do miss going to the beach with them. Sit down. I’ll get you some coffee.”

“Judy and Christopher are both in high school now and doing very well. Judy just got her driver’s license and of course Linda talks incessantly about you and George.”

“Little Judy driving a car now? I can hardly believe it. You still take your coffee black?”

“I do, and thanks, dear.”

George and Gabe sit down at the table. George, more intent on conversation stares out at the Rock. “Gabe, I’ll just have to wait to become an overnight success. People have to discover us out here first. Hughes comes regularly, but do you think he would tell anyone in the media? I’m still working with Dr. Tuchman who is absolutely brilliant.”

“George,” Gabe begins on a more serious note, “I just wanted to tell you in person that I received a strange phone call from a man asking me what you were doing out here. He said he was an old friend of yours.”

“Did you get his name?” George asked.

“That’s the strange part,” says Gabe. “When I asked him, he hung up. Since then I have had nothing but trouble with my phone. There’s this constant clicking noise and a light buzz. I’ve had the phone company out three times and they can’t seem to fix it. I just thought that after the FBI and Critzer incident and some of the research you are involved in, you should get the heads up on this.”

“Thanks, Gabe. Whoever it was, they’ll have to wait until next month to call and hang up on you.”

“That’s right George. The phone line installation out this way should be complete by next month. I’ll keep checking up on you and Eva. Stop by when you get into town; Linda would be thrilled to see you guys.” Gabe gets back into his plane and taxis down the dry lake, waving as he takes off.

The legacy of Frank Critzer and what he began out in the desert was never far from George’s mind. The information that was passed down to him led to several groundbreaking experiments that were foundational for many inventions. He never doubted the extraordinary intelligence that Frank possessed and how he came upon it: in the solitude of living in the Mohave Desert that placed him in a state of Zen and gave him an open channel to the universal mind. Information on the most mundane matters easily flowed to him.

This innate intuition came in many forms. He was able to blast and carve out the most optimum space under the Rock to exploit the year-round movement of the sun. The temperature never got lower than 58 degrees in the winter and no higher than 76 degrees in the summer inside the Rock. He engineered and built an almost magical gravity fed water system from a nearby mineral spring that provided all his water requirements.

Critzer, like his idol Dr. Rudolf Steiner, grew organic vegetables year round inside and outside the Rock in hanging baskets. The fertilizer compounds which were a combination of Coyote and Jack Rabbit carcasses ground up with desert sage and some of the minerals that were pulled from under the Rock, would produce hybrid lettuce and tomatoes and zucchini that provided ample organic vegetables for his strictly vegetarian diet. He learned much from his old friend and missed talking to him. Since the initial vision, he had not heard anything from Frank and was beginning to wonder if he had made a mistake moving out to the desert.

In the summer months, George would go down inside the Rock at night with an old kerosene lamp and study scientific or metaphysical books for hours. He was particularly intrigued by a novel theory of Quantum Mechanics via the Rutherford/Bohr model that Dr. Tuchman gave him to study. He was also fascinated with Critzer's journal and would find himself reading and re-reading every word. He often chuckled on how profoundly brilliant his old German friend was. When reading his journal, George could hear the broken English that Frank spoke:

February 25, 1941,

A pickup truck full of Indians came by and asked me why I was sleeping inside this Giant Rock. I told them that the 'Space People' told me to do so. They seemed to understand and then asked me if I had tobacco.

March 2, 1941,

Lonely, wish George would come out and surprise me. He is overdue for a visit out here.

March 5, 1941,

Incredible Discovery: I put 10cc's of the Yggradasil into both of my eyes with an eyedropper. I did not know what to expect and received instructions on how to build a cellular rejuvenation machine. I was told by the Council to build the structure first and then I'd be given the final key to the Yggradasil that will energize and make it fully operational. Was told that there are many other uses for this machine and will be instructed about that over time. It will be called the Integratron. The council made it clear, that I am not to tell a soul about it.

George already knew about Frank putting the Yggradasil in his eyes. He was reluctant to do this but was desperate and needed something to happen soon. He hoped that he would be able to communicate with Frank to find out what the Counsel wanted him to do next. One night, frustrated with

his progress, he decided to double down by placing the Yggradasil in his eyes.

“I guess they’ll be calling me Crazy George Van Tassel.” He takes an eyedropper and carefully puts a small drop in each eye. The inside of the Rock lights up revealing the crystalline mineralization that in every sense becomes its own universe. He feels like he has entered heaven. “Wow! This is much more intense, much more powerful.”

As the Rock lights up he hears Frank’s voice, “Hail the Council of Seven Lights.” Then through the lights he sees Frank as a 29-year-old man beaming with joy. He feels ecstatic to see his old friend and mentor. Both are straddling space / time dimensions. He goes to shake Frank’s hand when his old friend fades away.

“We cannot come in physical contact, George. You will not be able to go back if we do.”

“Where are we, Frank?”

“We are in between a level of consciousness just after death and before human incarnation. This will be the last time you will ever see me in a human form.”

George is perplexed by the events and is thirsting for new information. “Frank, can you tell me what I should be doing now?”

Multiple visions are being flashed in front of his eyes. One is with a young boy working on an airplane in a hangar outside the Rock in a future time. He hears the young boy’s voice but cannot identify who it is. The face is hidden from his view. Another vision is a group of government people talking about him like he is a despised enemy of the state.

Frank's voice becomes louder and louder and breaks through George's visions, “You must help your people on earth to prevent them from destroying each other.”

He listens but is uncertain of what kind of help he would be capable of giving. He thinks that his contribution would come in the form of an invention or new technology provided by the Council of Seven Lights that would be beneficial to mankind. He hopes to get the final instructions on how to process the Yggradasil.

“Should I be doing something with the material that you mined from inside the Rock?”

“You must do nothing with the material. The time is not right for the introduction of Yggradasil. There has been a great disturbance with the detonation of the hydrogen bombs throughout the universe. The missing parts of the formula will only be provided when the nuclear death devices made by your dark rulers under the direction of the Influencers stop destroying your earth and parallel universes. There must be good deeds that are demonstrated before the council will release the final component. Your world’s current leaders act like spoiled children. You must make them all understand what damage they are doing to our universe—you must get them to stop now.”

He becomes animated and begins to raise his voice, pacing back and forth. “You mean the above ground nukes? Now, wait just a dang-blasted minute. I have suffered enough ridicule just being out here in this desert, and now—they cannot possibly expect me to do this. I have no political power to get anyone to do anything.”

Frank pauses, gathering information from the council. “They want you to contact your authorities and tell them that they must seek agreements with leaders of your planet developing these nuclear devices and stop the above ground testing.”

He is stunned and remains silent for minutes. “Do they know what the government of the United States will do to me if I was to tell them this? Frank, the government will call me a traitor and come at me with everything

they've got. They'll lock me up in jail. My family and friends will be destroyed. They'll probably try to kill me, Frank." A silent pause pauses.

"Frank, Frank! You were close to perfecting the Yggradasil. Let me have the formula. Please let me have it now," Frank ignores George and there are several moments of silence.

"George, tell those in authority that in order to confirm our existence and to authenticate our messages to them, look for what your people call space ships in the sky. They will hover above your nation's highest government city. Many ships will be seen on July 19, 1959. You will be protected. The Council has spoken."

The Rock is now pitch black and the subtle vibration is dying down. George feels empty. He begins to shiver and feels nauseated. He gets up and walks outside and into the restaurant to tell Eva what he has just learned from the Council of Seven Lights through his old friend Frank. Eva steps backward and puts her hand to her mouth, saying nothing.

As he makes his way through the thousands of Yucca and Joshua trees that blanket the desert, he reviews the previous night's extraordinary events and is in trepidation of what the near future will present to him. He pulls up to the post office and turns off the engine. It's only 10:00 am and it's already 85°. He grabs the letters to President Eisenhower, Life Magazine, and the Los Angeles International Herald, walks up to the door and stands in front of the entrance. An old man opens it from the inside, but George just stands there. "Mister, you gonna come in?"

Chapter 11

July 20, 1959

George is smoothing out the road to the Rock with a bulldozer. He

looks up to see Gabriel Green coming toward him with a cloud of dust behind him going 90 miles an hour, honking his horn over and over. He gets out of the car shows him a newspaper headline: “UFO'S OVER WASHINGTON D.C. JULY 19, 1959.”

“George, did you read this yet?”

“No Gabe, I’ve been smoothing out this crappy road all morning.”

“George! You really did it!” He takes a deep breath while Gabriel does a little happy dance. He looks at the newspaper article, “Gabe, do me a favor and go show that article to Eva.”

He sits for a few minutes longer, grins from ear to ear and then starts working on the road again and wonders how the entire world will respond. One week later he sticks his small key in his post office box and looks inside. There is nothing in there except a small note from the postmaster. He reads it and walks to the counter where he stands in line. When it’s his turn, he hands the postal woman the piece of paper. She reads it and goes to the back room and returns with two large postal duffel bags stuffed with letters.

“This is it and you also got a certified letter from the IRS.”

George laughs and shrugs it off, “Tell the I.R.S. I'm deceased,” she smiles and says, “Just bring the bags back.”

George races home and as he gets to the dirt road that leads to the Rock, he grins from ear-to-ear fishtailing his '60 Dodge all the way back to the restaurant. He lugs the bags into the restaurant and dumps them on the table in front of a surprised Eva. As they open the letters they find cash ranging from \$5.00 up to \$100.00.

“George, this letter has a check for \$250.00!” Eva runs around the table and hugs and kisses him. He grabs the check and the letter attached and reads it out loud:

Dear Mr. Van Tassel,

I have read the newspaper article on the Washington D.C. UFO incident and have experienced several sightings since I was a little girl. I appreciate so very much you bringing these things to light to the general public! I am sending you this money for your Integratron Cell Rejuvenation machine to further its progress. God Speed

Sincerely,

Velma Head

Another letter reads: “Here’s a hundred dollars. We believe in you.” George looks at Eva and smiles, “I just knew it, Ev!”

“Knew what George?”

“That there are thousands of people who are willing to reach in their pockets and support us!”

Eva smiles and nods her head. “I think we could hold our very own UFO Space Conventions out here. We could sell hamburgers and a few of these old books,” Eva picks up a dusty old book from the book case titled, *I Flew in a Space Saucer*, by George Van Tassel, and blows the dust off it.

“Why not Ev? I think we could draw a few thousand people out here, maybe more!”

Over the next few months his media popularity surges. Between the increased radio exposure and his ongoing lecture series, people can’t get enough of the man who speaks to extraterrestrials. The Giant Rock phenomenon, as well as the charismatic George Van Tassel, is becoming a threat to both orthodox science and the United States government. The Integratron, which everyone is now calling “The Dome,” is a white dome-shaped building dotted with small windows that could easily pass for an alien

spacecraft. It sticks out like an anomaly in the desert and can be seen from miles around.

The intelligence agencies from several governments are keeping a close eye on George and none are sure what to do with him or how to use him. Life Magazine agreed to give George the cover of its June issue. It is just one more opportunity to spread the word about Giant Rock and the coming reunification with the space brothers and sisters from all parts of the galactic federation. He stands in front of the Integratron while reporters are asking questions and photographers are taking pictures. Construction of the enigmatic structure is very close to completion. There is a house painter standing on a scaffold that can be seen in the background putting the final touches of white paint on the front of the Integratron. As he is being interviewed and photographed by Life Magazine, he answers the reporter's random questions. "What's it like to be George Van Tassel?"

"As a matter of fact, it has its pluses and minuses: pluses in the fact that I get to meet new people like you, and minuses that I have to figure out how to keep everything moving forward. Just so you know, we're not trying to get rich out here. We're not charging a dime for people to enter the Integratron and get their cells rejuvenated.

For the record the Integratron was modeled in part after Moses' Temple, and of course with a little information from the space people that I communicate with."

George and Eva's lives are filled with new and interesting people and many new ideas. Some of the people come after reading one of his books or hearing him on the lecture and radio circuit. Still others are sent to infiltrate his inner circle to get to the bottom of what he is doing out in the desert. If there is a group to speak to he will be there. His message of no above ground nuclear testing is getting traction at colleges and universities

from coast to coast. The small restaurant out in the middle of nowhere is miraculously making money and keeping the entire family busy from early morning until late at night.

Chapter 12

Each night George and Eva sneak out of the restaurant, smoke a cigarette and talk to each other about the day's events. They get to view their own galaxy from the desert, which makes the stars seem so close that you can reach out and touch them. Out in the distance they notice bright lights sweeping the desert floor over the dry lake. After a brief moment, they begin to hear three Sikorsky helicopters coming directly toward the Rock. George and Eva look at each other and haven't a clue what's up. The helicopters land a hundred feet away from the restaurant and the dust and sand temporally blinds them, making it hard for them to see.

A man in a Marine aviator's jumpsuit wearing a helmet exits the helicopter and shouts at them, "Sir, are you Mr. Van Tassel?" George nods. The blades of the three copters start to wind down making it easier to listen.

He looks at the young Marine, "What do you guys want?"

"I am Lance Corporal Baca, Sir. You need to come with me. It's important."

He reluctantly follows the Lance Corporal and looks back at a worried Eva, "I'll be back in a minute."

She reluctantly walks back into the restaurant greeted by family members and customers who all inquire about the visitors in the helicopter. The Corporal leads George to a side door of the helicopter. The cargo door is open and the lights are on inside. A man wearing sunglasses is waiting for him. Corporal Baca introduces the two men, "Colonel Lafranz, this is Mr. Van Tassel."

He thanks the corporal and dismisses him. Corporal Baca salutes and promptly leaves. The Marine Colonel takes his sunglasses off revealing

blood stained eyes.

“Mr. Van Tassel, climb on up here and sit down.”

George climbs in the helicopter and the Colonel slides the door shut, “Russell Thurston told me to contact you, Mr. Van Tassel. He says you know something about these so called aliens.”

“Rusty? It’s been forever—the last time I spoke with him, I was working for Hughes.”

“I went to the academy with him,” Mr. Van Tassel. “He's now at the war college trying to be a general one day. He told me about his UFO sighting over the San Gabriel Mountains.” He laughs, “Roger that! He tried to tell me about it. I didn’t believe it and I cut him off at the pass before he could tell me any more about it.” He looks over and shakes his head, “I called him yesterday and he told me that you had answers about all of these extraterrestrial phenomena. I would not be here, if it were not for—” the Colonel’s voice cracks a little as he clears his throat and wipes his eyes, “—my wingman Captain Bradley, put a .44 caliber service revolver to his temple this morning and blew his brains out. His UFO entanglement put him over the top. He was a good Christian family man and left a beautiful wife and three little girls behind.”

“Colonel, I’m very sorry to hear that,” replies George softly. “But what does that have to do with me?”

He shakes his head, “Like I mentioned, Rusty said that you had answers.” He takes Captain Bradley’s suicide note from his front pocket and hands it to George.

“Well Colonel, this note says he couldn't get the noises out of his head and was beginning to lose his mind and was concerned about hurting others.”

George looks at the Colonel whose bloodshot eyes are filled with

small tears, “So what happened to you guys?”

“You understand I am still trying to put the pieces together. But we were scrambled in our F-86 fighter jets to intercept what was thought to be a large Soviet plane over the desert north of Las Vegas. It was flying in a restricted airspace; nothing was supposed to be out there. The Department of Energy had just exploded an above ground nuclear bomb earlier. It was one hell of a blast and rattled everything within a hundred miles.

As we were chasing this spacecraft, which was the size of three football fields, we came under attack by a group of three smaller ships that resemble spherical fireballs the size of Volkswagen's. I had the mother ship in my missile sites on my radar screen when the craft all of a sudden disappears into thin air. I radioed over to Captain Bradley and he had no clue either. Then I saw it again, but now it's about 8,000 feet above us and the three smaller ships are headed directly toward us at high speeds that had to be above Mach 5. I fired a .50 caliber round in the direction of the three spherical orange balls, but a blinding flash of blue light hit both of us.

When I say blinding, I mean I couldn't see a goddamn thing. But I could hear Captain Bradley scream as both of our jets lose all power and enter into a barrel roll down to the desert floor. I finally get part of my vision back and look over and see Captain Bradley's jet falling the same way and just figured that that was it for both of us. But then an amazing thing happened, and for the life of me, with all of the aeronautical training that I've had, I can't figure it out. Both jets inexplicably stopped just above the ground. There we were suspended one foot off the goddamn ground! Then after about ten seconds both of us landed like a feather. Our landing gear was still up inside our jets and we were 20 miles away from a fucking paved road!

Mr. Van Tassel, both Captain Bradley and I were picked up by these guys wearing unmarked military uniforms and were brought to the

hospital at the Marine Base near 29 Palms. We could see, but our eyes kept on burning, and I am telling you it was worse than when I had a napalm bomb malfunction over Korea. Our hearing was affected in that we both became human radio receivers picking up radio traffic and air traffic controllers from Los Angeles to Denver. By the way, I still have this ringing noise in my ears. Do you think it'll ever stop?"

"Colonel, the ringing may never go away as you may have a permanent case of tinnitus, which is one of the many side effects of an encounter with extraterrestrials. The radio antenna effect should begin to subside within weeks. Who debriefed you?"

"These government guys who claimed they were from Navy Intelligence. I'm a fucking decorated Marine officer, and I'll tell you what - they weren't Navy."

"What kind of questions did they ask you guys?"

" 'What did the UFO look like? How many minutes were you engaged and how did your aircraft react?' After we answered all of their questions, this so-called 'specialist' gave us some liquid drops to treat the burning in our eyes. Those drops made it worse and I blacked out. I woke up about 8 hours later."

"Colonel, I doubt that the liquid had anything to do with the treatment of your eyes."

"You could be right as the burning never stopped it got worse."

"You and the Captain had an encounter with a mother ship of origins, I don't know. As for the size and cloaking ability, I don't have any answers for you, at least for now."

"I don't like asking for help, Mr. Van Tassel, and if it wasn't for Rusty I wouldn't be here." The Colonel gets emotional and has trouble getting the words out. George gives a reassuring smile to him.

“Don't worry Colonel, you're with friends here. I'll get some information for you as fast as I possibly can.”

“How?”

George pauses and looks the Colonel in the eye, “You've been exposed to enough nuttiness haven't you? Why don't we have a chat about all of this in a couple of weeks, ok?”

He nods his head, shakes George's hand and slides the door open for George to exit. The Colonel motions to Corporal Baca and whirls his fingers indicating to the pilot to start the helicopters and leave. George walks back to Eva who is now standing in front of the restaurant as they both watch the three helicopters fly off into the night. They talk for a few seconds as George walks over and goes inside the Rock. He grabs the gold ornate flask and with an eyedropper and puts a drop in each eye. The lights begin to flicker and the inside of the Rock illuminates.

“Frank, about the spacecraft that Colonel Lafranz encountered—what was the spacecraft doing over that nuclear bomb site?”

As usual he is momentarily distracted by visions and voices of parallel time dimensions. He sees a silhouette of a young boy walking across the dry lake with a dog. There are intermittent fast moving clouds, purple in color and streaking in front of the sun. He listens to Frank's preamble, “Hail the Council of Seven Lights, the keepers of our universe. The spacecraft was out there vacuuming up the remnants of microscopic survivors of a parallel civilization that was just destroyed by the nuclear blast. The craft was out repairing the tears that the nuclear bomb created between all the various dimensions of space and time.

As a result of the ignorance of your government, billions upon billions of God spark fragments, just as significant as the people on your planet, were slaughtered needlessly. The suffering caused by these blasts is

horrendous, and all above ground nuclear testing must stop now. The hydrogen nuclear blasts cause holes in the different dimensions that renegade alien species are able to exploit, enabling them to enter your atmosphere at will. These holes are a great temptation for lower vibration extraterrestrials to bring in viruses that could prove lethal to the people on your planet.”

George feels great sorrow and pain as he is being shown a beacon coming from the spacecraft leading the fragments to an opening on their ship. The spacecraft is completely illuminated in the night sky.

“Your scientists have become murderers of civilizations that they refuse to acknowledge. They break the basic laws of the universe that were given eons ago. They treat your planet as a dead object by their anthropocentric philosophy. They have become the engineers of death and destroyers of worlds.”

There is a distinct feeling of tremendous sorrow and depression inside of the Rock. George becomes somber, “Is there anything I can possibly do?”

“This purposed devastation must stop, George. There is one great leader on the horizon—a man of vision who will seek the peace. You have perennially seen such leaders surfaced from time-to-time when the need arises. This great leader will attempt to bring back a world of harmonious respect for human civilization and the planet. To live in harmony is to live in peace, which will open up your planet’s heart and end the suffering to all inhabitants. This man will soon send a messenger to you.”

Frank's voice fades and then comes back, “George, you are not safe here. Men who want to harm you are close by.”

Chapter 13

Two miles south of Giant Rock, Eva's 75-year-old mother Henrietta, also known as Fat Grandma, picks up the phone. "Hello? Yes, I have some. Eva, and could you please have George come over and look at the well. Something's wrong with the water pressure again."

"Ok, I'll send Chase to get George right now."

Chase Cornelius Van Tassel is an eight-year-old boy with large beautiful blue eyes, and wearing an L.A. Dodger baseball cap. He is resting with his back propped against a hill of sand looking up at the sky. He watches the clouds that appear like skyscrapers and dinosaurs passing by. His dog, Blacky, is a large Collie-German Sheppard mix that could pass for a wolf from a distance. He sits proudly next to Chase, panting and observing the desert for any possible intruders.

Chase likes to spend time by himself so others don't disturb his lucid dreams. He's fifty feet outside of Fat Grandma's cabin surrounded by a variety of desert flowers that are in full bloom. He might as well be resting in the sands of the Sahara desert when Fat Grandma opens the window and yells, "Chase!"

He gets up in a flash and runs to the window, taking his cap. "Yes, Fat Grandma."

"Your Auntie Eva needs baking powder, dear. Please run this can over to her. Your Uncle George will bring you back later."

"Ok, Fat Grandma."

He puts on his blue Dodgers baseball cap, takes the baking powder and begins to run toward the dry lakebed that leads to the Giant Rock. It is a warm spring day in the Mojave Desert. There is nothing between

the Rock and Fat Grandma's cabin except for the blue sky, a few statuesque Joshua Trees and a vast ocean of sand. Chase and Blacky zigzag through the Joshua trees that could pass for Greek or Roman soldiers. He pretends to be John Wayne or Roy Rogers or Gary Cooper with his loyal sergeant Blacky. He laughs from the joy of the wide-open space that is a fertile canvass for a young boy's imagination. The dog joyfully bumps up against him in a playful manner as they make their way to the small restaurant.

With the scorching bright sun overhead, he pants and wipes his forehead when he reaches the dry lake that doubles as a landing strip. A windsock that was blowing in an easterly direction suddenly goes limp. His four-legged companion suddenly spots a jackrabbit to the south and takes off in a sprint after its prey. He watches his dog move at a high rate of speed when seconds later the windsock is fully inflated and turned to the west. His ears become sensitive due to a high-pitched noise as his face begins to tingle.

He looks up and see's two small cylindrical orange balls zipping in front of him. They are only 20 feet off the ground. He watches in amazement as they approach him directly, and then shoot vertically into the sky. He stops dead in his tracks and looks up in astonishment as he watches these orange balls fly out of sight in front of the eclipsed sun. He uses his hands to shield his eyes. It suddenly becomes eerily dark as a large shadow slowly eclipses the dry lake. He suddenly becomes cold and shivers. When he looks up again he sees the underbelly of an enormous spaceship.

“Oh my God—”

Terrified, Chase finds a way to get his legs moving and runs toward the Rock. Arriving out of nowhere his dog barks and purposelessly runs into the back of Chase's small legs knocking him down. He picks himself up again and resumes his sprint toward the restaurant by the Giant Rock. As he gets closer, he increases his speed and runs out of breath just as

he bolts through the screen door at the restaurant. He rushes inside as the old screen door slams shut behind him making a loud clapping noise. As Chase runs past his Uncle and three associates, they all turn their heads watching him go directly through the kitchen door with the panting dog right at his heels.

His Uncle yells out, “What's your hurry, boy?”

He is sweating and breathing heavily. He hands the can of baking powder to his Aunt Eva, “You didn't need to run over here so fast.”

“F-f-f-at-at Gr-r-and-m-m-m-a-a s-s-said-d-d that y-you n-n-n-eed-ed it s-soon.”

Eva smiles at Chase and asks, “What has gotten into you, child? Go out back and grab a soda, and cool off.”

“Wha—W-w-where i-is D-d-davey B-b-boy?”

“If he’s not out back playing in the boulders, he’s at home,” Chase stands motionless. She tilts her head and gently swats him on his butt, “Now go! I have things to do. If you find him, tell him that his mother wants him home by 4:00 pm to take a shower. You guys are going to the children’s fair at 6:00 pm over at the church.”

She grabs the still terrified and hesitant little boy by the hand and grabs Blacky by the collar and leads them both out the back door.

Chase, who now stands outside the back kitchen door, surveys the entire sky. He walks toward the refrigerator and quickly grabs a bottle of Grape Nehi. He calls out, “D-d-avey B-b-oy! D-d-avey-ey B-b-oy! Wha-w-where are y-wou?”

He gulps down a Grape Nehi, puts the empty bottle in the box and climbs up the boulder field. Davey Boy, his second cousin, is watching him climb up through a well concealed 36-inch crevice that leads to a large cave where he is standing. As Chase climbs just above him, Davey quickly grabs

him by the ankle pulling him inside the cave while making an animal growling sound. Chase screams. Terrified he struggles to free himself from the unknown creature and realizes it's his cousin laughing. His cousin wearing a Davey Crockett coon skinned hat and starts to laugh so hard, he can't catch his breath. He falls backward in laughter, "Sorry Chase, but I just had to do it!"

"You're a b-b-bastard, Davey B-b-boy!"

As he looks at Chase's blue cap he stops laughing. "Where did you get it?" As he goes to grab it, Chase moves his head away. He exhales and finally answers Davey Boy.

"My m-m-mom helped m-me. I wr-wrote S-s-sandy Couf-f-fax for an a-a-autogr-graphed p-p-picture, b-but he said that he r-r-ran out of p-p-pictures so he s-sent me this h-h-hat inst-stead."

"No-way! What'll you trade for it?"

"N-n-nothing!"

"How about my Davey Crockett cap?"

"No way!"

Davey Boy takes the coonskin hat off his head and tries to give it to Chase.

"D-d-davey B-boy I'm not in-in-interes-sted in t-t-trading it!"

"Oh keep it. Check this out!" Davey Boy pulls out a flashlight and shows him a large Phoenix that was painted thousands of years ago.

"W-w-w-what is th-th-that?"

Davey Boy shines the light into Chase's face temporarily blinding him, and then turns it back on the image.

"It's what they call a Petroglyph. It was painted by Indians a hundred years ago, I think."

"W-w-what's a p-p-petrog-g-glyph?"

“Search me; I just know it’s very old. Uncle George brought me here last week and said that I wasn’t to blab my mouth off about it. He said something about the government would want to take this place over if they found out about this drawing on the wall, so don’t say anything to nobody.”

“I w-w-won’t say a w-word about it.” When a serious event or trade comes up for the two young men, they confirm it by both spitting in their right hands and shake.

“B-by the way D-d-davey, you n-need to go h-h-home.”

The two boys hop from boulder to boulder until they reach the bottom. “See ya tonight Chase!” Davey Boy runs off to his home.

Chase walks back inside the restaurant and sits at a table near his Uncle just as the three men finish their coffee. Eva comes out of the kitchen and one of the men speaks to her as she removes the plates and coffee cups, “Thank you very much, Mrs. Van Tassel,” Eva looks over at George and sarcastically responds, “No sir, thank you. Most people think I am just the hired help around here.”

“George, you need to go look at Mom’s well and take Chase back. There’s no water pressure and she doesn’t know why.”

“Eva, do I really have to get these hands dirty?” He grabs her with affection while she tries not to smile while George winks at Chase.

“Chase, you’re going to help me change the oil in the Piper Cub, and then I’ll take you back over to Fat Grandma’s.”

“George, stop calling my mother Fat Grandma. It’s bad enough that all of the children call her that, but you don’t need to encourage them!”

“I didn’t know you were so sensitive Ev about your mother. Sheesh”

“Don’t keep Chase long as all the kids are going to the children’s fair tonight over at the church. I can’t believe that you would let Gabe fly that piece of junk. He’s the only friend of yours I like. He’ll end up killing

himself one day flying that.”

“Hell, Gabe’s like a brother. The Piper ain’t pretty, but I keep her in tip top condition.” He puts on his sunglasses as they walk toward the small airplane hangar consisting of several pieces of aluminum supported by two large boulders. Next to the hangar is the old tow truck from Bobby’s garage. The fuel truck used for planes is parked just outside the door. There’s an old fuselage scavenged from a wrecked plane. He looks at Chase with an uncertain look as he begins to work in the plane’s engine compartment.

“You need to tell me what’s going on, boy? What’s with the stuttering? Did you see something that scared you? Those eclipses are pretty regular and nothing for you to worry about.”

Chase looks away and doesn’t talk. George points to the dry lake, “Did you see a flying saucer out there?” The young boy looks down.

“I d-d-don’t b-believe in sp-sp-spacem-m-men or sp-spacesh-sh-ships. I j-j-just think t-too fast, that’s all, b-but I don’t b-believe in them!”

George takes off his glasses and looks at him as he sits on a ladder ignoring his statement.

“You’ll believe one day, Chase, you will. Heck everyone will.”

Chase, his younger siblings and Doris walk into the Desert View Baptist Church. At the entrance is a large statue of Jesus on the cross with painted blood dripping from his hands. Chase avoids looking directly at the life like Jesus’ eyes that seem to follow his every movement. The open double doors lead to the church’s cultural hall, which is decorated with colorful balloons and streamers. Davey Boy runs up to Chase and puts his hand on his shoulder as they run off to play with the other children. Above the stage is a banner that reads, “Desert View Baptist Children’s Fair, Know Your Scriptures. Pastor Steven J. Jack”. On the stage there is a metallic green

Schwinn Stingray bicycle, record player, and a large ten-gallon trashcan decorated with a bow.

Chase and Davey Boy walk toward the stage eyeing all of the prizes. Chase sighs, “I w-w-would like to w-win that b-b-bike!”

“Me to Chase, but we don’t know any scriptures.”

“W-what do y-y-you m-m-mean?”

“You have to answer questions from the New Testament; it’s a scripture contest.”

“Oh, I s-s-see,” Chase shrugs his shoulders and sits down on a folding chair in the last row. Pastor Jack yells at the children running and playing to come and sit down.

“Good evening, boys and girls. I hope you’re all having fun and have had enough to eat. I know I have.” he smiles and pats his stomach. “Before we get to the cake and ice cream we’re going to give some prizes out that members of the congregation have donated. I would like to thank Sidney Lavinich of Sid’s Bike Shop, Tim Bustous of Joshua Tree Stereo Store, and Cindy Adams of the Candy Maker.

Children, the Lord blesses those who love Him the most. Tonight we are giving out prizes to those that honor Him by keeping the Sabbath holy and attending vacation bible school. The two top prizes are this Schwinn bicycle and this record player. They will be given to those that can prove their loyalty to Jesus and this church by knowing their Bible verses. If it should be a girl that wins the bicycle, Sid will allow you to trade it in for one without the bar in the middle. The third prize is ten-gallon trashcan full of jellybeans. Those who can come closest to guessing the number of jellybeans will win it!

Ok, you have three different color cards: the blue is for the bicycle; the green is for the record player; the red for the jellybeans. Now this is very

important: write down the book, chapter and verse and print your name on the card. We'll go through a process of elimination should there be a tie. Parents, make sure all of the Bibles are picked up.

Ok, let's get started with the green cards, for the record player. Children, what parable pertains to angels throwing evil men into fire?"

Chase looks over at Davey Boy who rolls his eyes, "Write down anything."

He closes his eyes and takes a deep breath and a voice comes in his head: "Mathew 13, versus 40-43." He writes it down and passes the card over. For some reason a serene and peaceful feeling comes over him.

Pastor Jack collects all of the cards and a gray-haired lady reads them. She shows Pastor Jack that two children have the right answer – he hastily grins assuming his expertise in religious education has produced this success, and proudly proclaims, "We have a tie! The runoff will be between Nancy Chastain and . . . what, Chase Van Tassel?!"

Davey Boy's blown away as he looks over at Chase. Even Doris is shocked.

The Pastor continues, "Ok, here is the runoff question: how many books are in the New Testament? Nancy?"

"Uh, 29?"

"Chase?"

The number 39 comes to Chase. "39, Pastor Jack?"

Pastor Jack, rather frustrated and perplexed, peers over his glasses and looks at Chase. Wow boy, what a surprise. Well, Chase Van Tassel wins the record player!" Chase has a Cheshire grin on his face and Davey Boy slugs him in the arm, "No way!" Doris just shakes her head.

"Ok," Pastor Jack begins, "blue card children, this question is for the bike. What parable pertains to 'The Lost Sheep'?"

Again, a voice comes to Chase, “Luke 15 versus 3 through 7.” Davey Boy stares at Chase as Chase writes down the answer.

“How do you know this stuff?” as Davey Boy kicks Chase.

The gray-haired lady hands Pastor Jack the children’s answers. Pastor Jack's eyes bulge out of his head as he looks directly at Chase. “Ladies and Gentlemen, you’re not going to believe this, but we have the same two contenders for the bicycle: Nancy Chastain and Chase Van Tassel!” The entire audience turns around and stares at Chase.

“Well, we’re going to have another runoff, so here we go. Nancy, how many chapters are in the New Testament?”

She looks over at Chase and sticks her nose up, “Easy, 260.”

A voice tells him she is correct. It is 260.

“Chase?”

Without stuttering, “There are 260 chapters, Pastor Jack.”

“You’re both right! We have another tie! What is the longest chapter in the New Testament? Nancy?”

“It’s Luke 1.”

“Chase?”

“Yes, it is Luke 1.”

“This is unbelievable. What is the longest verse in the new testament, Nancy?”

She stands there and begins to speak, then pauses, “Pastor Jack, I don’t know.”

Pastor Jack is shocked. “Chase?”

“The longest verse in the New Testament is Revelation 20:4.” Chase’s mother is beside herself and Davey Boy shakes Chase several times.

Pastor Jack, sullenly, gathers himself and speaks out, “I can’t believe what just happened. But, oh well. Congratulations to Chase Van

Tassel, winner of the record player.

But, we still have the trashcan filled with jellybeans. Write down the number of jellybeans you think there are and the closest answer will get to bring it home or share it with the others. Fill out the red card.”

Davey Boy writes the number 85,000 and as he is about to sign the back of it Chase grabs Davey Boy’s red card from him and prints his own name on it and passes the two cards forward. Davey Boy looks at him dubiously and Chase puts his index finger to his mouth and lets out a “shhh!”

Pastor Jack, startled, looks up, “It looks like the Van Tassel clan has done it again and cleaned up, as the winner is Davey Janson!”

It's nighttime. George has made it back to the restaurant and is exhausted from working on Fat Grandma’s water pump. He notices that Eva is looking drained and upset.

“What's wrong Eva?” She doesn't respond and pouts, giving him the silent treatment. She looks at him with tears welling up.

“What’s wrong?”

“I’ll tell you what’s wrong. I'm so tired of this desert and this so called restaurant. The man with you today knew I was your wife. It got me to thinking about how many people come out here and think I am just one of the hired help.”

George senses the frustration and moves a little closer, but she gently pushes him away, “Where is all of this coming from Eva?”

“I came here with you because I love you George. All my sisters live close to the beach in Santa Monica, and me—in this unforgiving ocean of sand. My mother used to pal around with Buffy Chandler, as in married to the founder of the Los Angeles Times. Now, she is just Fat Grandma. And me, I’m just a cook in a restaurant. How pitiful is that?”

“Now wait just a minute. You know how important it is that I'm out here. It's not like I don't miss some of those things too.”

His voice gets a little higher with anxiety, as he points his finger at her like a teacher to a student.

“You know, I was going to mention on the Long John Nebel show about how Mr. Hughes flies out here just to taste your boysenberry pie.”

Stunned, Eva can't believe what she is hearing. She stands up and says with a shrug, “So what—we're stuck out here in the middle of nowhere, while you go to New York or Boston or St. Louis or wherever?” She has a tear running down her cheek and gets more frustrated by the minute, “We had everything we ever needed when you were working as a test pilot in town. People respected you, George. Now we're stuck out here in this God-forsaken desert, while half the world thinks we're crazy for believing in UFO's.”

He's getting intense and slams his fist on the table, “Eva, there is more to life than material things!” She is even more aggravated now and yells back at George while she stands up.

“You just don't get it George, and you never will. You act like the world revolves around you. I rarely hear you ask about the children. And as far as me, most of the time you actually treat me like the hired help.” Eva gets right in George's face and jabs her finger into his chest.

“And don't think for a minute that I don't know about all those floozies you spend time with.”

He's stunned and taken back by Eva's comments, and is in no position to defend his serial and indefensible indiscretions. She turns abruptly, runs out and slams the door. He stays at the table, staring into space trying to comprehend what had just happened. Eva gets into the Woody station wagon and slams the door. She pushes the starter button, but nothing

happens: it won't start. She pushes again and again. She wipes her tears, tries again and finally the beast sputters to life. He runs out of the door after her and catches up to the Woody and grabs the door handle, but it's locked. He tries to keep up with the accelerating Woody, but is literally left standing in the dust. Out of breath, he still manages to yell, "Where in hell do you think you're going, Eva? Come back, Goddamn it—come back here, Eva!"

With tears running down her cheeks, she looks in the rear view mirror and sees George waving his hands for her to come back. He runs back to the restaurant where the Dodge is parked, gets in and drives off after Eva as he talks to himself. "Eva, I promise to make this up to you, I promise."

As he drives around the bend he sees the taillights of the Woody. The car is stuck in a ditch. George comes sliding to a stop and finds Eva crying and kneeling by a motionless coyote. Off to the side, there are two small, frightened coyote pups yelping. He kneels down with Eva, "Eva, I am so sorry, this is my entire fault. I've forgotten, with all of the recent fanfare, that you are truly the best thing in my life. I can't explain or make excuses for my behavior, but ignoring you and taking you for granted is inexcusable. You're the mother of my children and have stood by me thick and thin."

Eva sobs as they watch the mother coyote take its last breath, "What about them?" She points her finger at the two coyote pups.

"Eva, we take care of our own out here. You'll have to bottle feed them until we can release them back in the wild." He empties a wooden crate full of tools and brings the box to Eva. She takes off her scarf and places it in the bottom of the crate and places the yelping pups in the box.

Chapter 14

A very sexy looking, well-dressed woman wearing a low cut top and a headset over her ears raises her hand and begins to count down with her fingers: 5, 4, 3, 2, 1. George and Long John Nebel sit at the table with microphones in front of them.

“Hi, neighbors! This is Long John Nebel. Tonight we have one of our favorite guests that always lights the phones up on the Long John Nebel Show. Please welcome George Van Tassel from Giant Rock, California! George, how’re you doing?”

“Great, John, and thanks for having me on your show again.”

“For the listeners out there, I am holding up a current issue of Life Magazine where George Van Tassel is standing in front of his new invention, the Integratron machine. Wow wee, ladies and gentlemen! We bring on the top celebrities and people in the news from all over the world.”

Long John pauses briefly and smiles at George. “—and sometimes special people like George Van Tassel who channels extraterrestrials from outer space! Whack-a-Dingy-Hoe! George has been a regular on our show for some time now. He has not only become famous here on our little planet, but out of this world famous!”

“Long John, thanks, but I’m going to have to make a correction. It is pronounced Inte-gra-tron. The key to pronouncing it right is in the last syllable, ‘TRON’.”

“Well, sure George, Inte-gra-tron,” He looks over, “Did I get that right?” He smiles and nods at Long John, “Will you kindly tell some of our listeners that may have missed you on your previous appearances a little more about yourself?”

“Sure Long John, as most everyone knows, I'm the owner of a small airport and restaurant out at Giant Rock in Landers, California. An old friend of mine, Frank Critzer, went out there in 1930 and dug out an 8-story boulder and made an energy efficient, sustainable comfortable place to live. He lived there until his death in 1941. Eva, the kids and I moved out there in 1947 and lived near the Rock until we finished building our more traditional homes. I might add that Giant Rock is a place where UFO's land regularly.”

“What a new concept! Rather than build a home, go out and dig one. And that's gotta be worth a Whack-a-Dingy-Hoe!” He honks the horn. “We know that you were a test pilot and flight engineer for Howard Hughes for a number of years. How is Mr. Hughes these days?”

“Well, as a matter of fact he recently flew one of his planes out to Giant Rock, drank coffee and ate a piece of my wife's famous boysenberry pie.”

“Your wife must be one hell of a cook for him to fly all of the way out there for a piece of pie—” George smiles and chuckles, “She is that, and a hell of lot more.”

“Now George, switching gears, we have heard some very strange things about the construction of the cell rejuvenation machine pronounced Integra-tron. This sounds a little a whack-a-dingy-a-hoe George.” Long John Nebel squeezes a horn and his assistant hits a few notes on a small xylophone.

“It does sound a little weird Long John, but uh, they say fact is stranger than fiction. The space people gave Frank Critzer instructions on how to build a cell rejuvenation machine that will allow the normal life span to be extended to 150 years.”

“Can you tell us how it works?”

George smiles and shakes his head, “Dr. Tuchman, a theoretical

physicist, and a few scientists in the field of rocket propulsion and nuclear power are working on ways to ease the burden of the common man. I should mention that we are being assisted by data that is transferred to me by the Council of Seven Lights. We're working overtime and just now are figuring the appropriate fuel source to make it fully operational. The Integratron has multiple uses, but I'll try to give the audience the basics of just one aspect of what it will do.

Technically speaking the Integratron is a high-voltage electrostatic generator that will re-charge the human cell structure. Now Long John, as we grow older let's say past 19 or 20, the cells in a human body begin to die and disintegrate. The two primary causes are genetic and environmental. Within our bodies is a frequency mesh that acts as a filter and runs from the top of our heads down to our toes that extends outward about an inch—some people have the ability to see these extensions as auras. As the mesh gets charged up it allows the free flowing energy from the universe, primarily the sun, to provide the energy we need to sustain us.

Without the appropriate energy, the human body's cells begin to die off through the so-called aging process that should more accurately be called the dying process. Essentially, Long John, the Integratron acts as an energy transducer that recharges every cell and organ in the body through the blood. So if you merely sit inside it, the cells within your body will get recharged. It also cleanses the fascia, the tissue memory in our bodies, which allows normal energy to flow into the body. This stops cell degeneration dead in its tracks and can in some cases reverse the aging process. This is why we're working on increasing the energy levels going into the Integratron in order to provide a mega jump-start for people who have terminal cancer as well as other diseases that will provide a cure.

It is anticipated that we will receive additional information

through our channeling sessions from the Council of Seven Lights at Giant Rock. Long John, we need cash, which will accelerate the research and development and allow us to help people through the life extension process.”

“Whack-a-Dingy-Hoe ladies and gentlemen. You heard it here first! A machine that will reverse the aging process, cure cancer and God knows what else. Friends, if you have a few extra shekels, then go ahead and send them to George at Giant Rock. George, I want to be the first one to become 19 again. By the way, how much will it cost?”

“Well, we don't know what the financing tab will be, but you can imagine it won't be cheap. I should mention we have received a sizable donation from Howard Hughes, as well as others who are interested in life extension.”

“It is my understanding that you're building this without any metal? Is this why Howard Hughes is on board?”

“In part, I suppose.”

“Folks, we've got to take a commercial break. Stay tuned ladies and gents and we will be back in a few minutes!”

Long John Nebel honks a horn and yells, “Whack-a-Dingy-Hoe!”

The assistant leans over and overtly rubs her breasts along George's back while filling up their coffee cups. He's clearly distracted by the attention.

“You know, George, Adamsky called me yesterday and said he had actually ridden on a Flying Saucer and went to Venus.”

“Long John, Adamsky seems to be flying to a different planet every other week. Think he's telling you the truth,” George asks?

“It doesn't really matter what I think and for that matter who cares? He might be a bald face liar for all I know. I'm in the entertainment business,” Long John chuckles as he sips his coffee. “I think it's more

important what I do know . . . like Betty, our producer over there with the big tits, has taken a real liking to you. It's odd in that I thought she only liked women. The other thing I know is that when either George Adamsky or George Van Tassel come on my show, people from all over the country set their alarm clocks to wake up and listen to you two guys talk about flying saucers and men from Mars."

"So it's all about the ratings?"

"George, until you and your space brothers pick me up in one of those flying saucers, I'm going to keep showing up to work and keep selling NO-DOZE." He opens a small prescription container and takes out a few pills, which he swallows with his coffee and throws the bottle to George. George puts his reading glasses on and reads the prescription, 'Dextroamphetertamie'. George tosses them back, "I have trouble enough getting to sleep at night."

"Suit yourself, George. One of these tiny little pills replaces 10 of the NO-DOZE." The producer begins to signal the start of the show. The sound of rattling cowbells and the honking of horns signals the final segment. "Now, let's take some calls and have some fun!"

Chapter 15

Listening to the Long John Nebel radio show from his Washington D.C. office, Tom Sharp in his late 50's turns off the large radio. There is a large picture of him and President Eisenhower shaking hands. Hanging on an adjacent wall is a picture of Tom and Clark Gable wearing a military uniform, standing on the side of his 1938 Duesenberg automobile. Jennifer Ladel Fowlkes in her late 30's is a mildly attractive career women with her hair placed in a bun. She's a woman looking to make a name for herself in the male-dominated world of government Intelligence.

“Tom, I've been waiting a very long time to make Van Tassel pay for the part he and Frank played in the death of my brother. I probably would have stayed at the Treasury if it wasn't for my brother's murder.”

“Jennifer, everyone knew how close your brother and I were back then. He had called me just a week before he died and specifically asked me about this Critzer fellow out in the desert.”

He looks directly at her and points his finger, “Just so you know, I'm taking complete charge of this matter. That son of a bitch Van Tassel thinks he is some kind of Holy Roller who is going to lead the world to his space brothers. I promise you this, he's going down. Now take a look,” the film begins at last year's UFO Space convention held out at Giant Rock and narrated by Long John Nebel.

“Hello, neighbors. It's Long John Nebel reporting from the annual Giant Rock Space Convention that George Van Tassel hosts every year here in the Mohave Desert. Whack-a-Dingy-Hoe, ladies and gentlemen.”

As they watch, she takes an old black and white photograph of her brother Garth, his wife Denise, and their four children and hands it to him.

You can tell by the veins protruding from her forehead and neck that her blood pressure is rising. “Tom, my preference is to watch Van Tassel experience a slow and painful death.”

“We just have to be patient. I talked Hoover into classifying Mr. Van Tassel as a national security threat to the United States.” He walks over to his desk picks up a copy of LIFE Magazine and studies it. “So, that'll give us cause to investigate and monitor his every movement. That prick Van Tassel was able to get his mug on the cover of Life Magazine. This should have been plastered on the walls of every post office across the country.”

He hands her the magazine and shows copies of the telegrams sent to governments, newspapers and magazine publishers regarding the July 19, 1959, Saucer Buzz over Washington D.C.

“How’s it possible that he was able to predict this event?”

“I don’t know and don’t care. There is so much conflicting information. For our purposes we do not want him gaining any additional traction and must do our best to nip this in the bud.”

“He now claims to the insiders of his organization that his white domed tabernacle can somehow be utilized as a free energy device. We’ll be asked tomorrow at the Joint Chief’s Intelligence briefing how we intend to compromise Van Tassel and some of the others involved in this anti-government, free energy movement.”

“What’re we actually going to tell them, Tom? The more people that know about this, the more likely it will get back to Hughes' people.”

“As little as possible, and we're going to give them vague answers. Always play down expectations Jennifer. It’s been one of the keys to my survival around here. We have good reason to believe George is not sharing the free energy component with Hughes, and yet it’s mostly Hughes' money that’s backing the development of the White Dome contraption.”

“Van Tassel wants to go directly to the people of every country and provide cell rejuvenation to cancer victims for free. I believe he’s positioning himself to be crowned as the world's new savior.” Tom walks to the window and closes the blinds.

“Jennifer, do you have any idea what would happen if a free energy device were made available to the world? It would be absolute chaos for the medical, economic and financial sectors. The stock market would fall apart resulting in a crash similar to 1929. Within months, unemployment would increase to over 50% of what it is now. Secretary Dulles is going to talk about this in more detail tomorrow. The highest echelons in and out of the government realize that their standing and position in our modern society is contingent on controlling the primary energy sources. And again let me remind you to be very careful of what you say in that meeting. Van Tassel claims this Council of Seven Lights has told him that the Soviet Union as well as the United States government must stop above ground nuclear testing.”

“It's no laughing matter. Kennedy is moving in that direction. He’s working through back door channels to get an above ground nuclear disarmament agreement with the Soviets.”

“I don’t understand how a sitting U.S. President can be so cavalier with the defense of our nation. It makes no sense.”

“Well, I’m just going say this: we can tolerate the hookers, the marijuana and of course that blonde sexpot Marilyn Monroe out there in Hollywood, at least for now—” He clenches his teeth, growls and makes a fist. “— But this above ground ban on nuclear testing will turn the whole chess board upside down and will keep us behind the Soviets. They’re just playing him. I won’t stand for it—at least not on my watch.

I’ll see you in the morning. Now go get some rest as tomorrow is a

big day.”

There are numerous senior levels of military and government intelligence chief's all gathered in a conference room inside the Pentagon. They're seated around a large oblong conference table. Jennifer sits behind Tom Sharp against a wall.

“What's she doing here?” CIA Director Dulles and all the other men turn around and stare at Jennifer simultaneously. She is visibly uncomfortable with the sudden attention. Tom clears his throat and throws his hands up.

“Gentlemen, she has a top secret clearance and is our point man on this.” The men in the room begin to chuckle. Tom sheepishly smiles, “I mean point woman.”

Director Dulles begins the meeting and gets right to the point, “I've been told by Director Sharp that a man and his associate out in the desert of California have come up with a theory of keeping precious metals in a mono-atomic form. I have also confirmed with theoretical physicists who are highly optimistic these men are close to discovery. One of them you've probably heard of is George Van Tassel spawned by Howard Hughes. Gentlemen, like we need one more loose cannon in our world. The other is a highly recognized physicist Dr. William Tuchman, who was a disciple of Dr. Robert Oppenheimer while he attended Berkeley.

It is my understanding after speaking to a few select members of the Atomic Nuclear Agency that their process will make these noble metals lose their chemical reactivity. This would allow the atoms to interact in two different dimensions inside the same nuclei. Gentlemen, we're not just talking about something in the same league of Plutonium-239, we're talking about a combined substance that makes our current technology not only antiquated

but also totally irrelevant in today's world. Van Tassel and Dr. Tuchman are calling the catalyst for their machine the Yggradasil."

Jennifer looks confused and doesn't know what Director Dulles is talking about, "I was also briefed by our scientists over at NASA that his various mineral concoctions will create super conductors that reach high spin low energy states like the one we currently have inventoried."

Jennifer taps Tom Sharp's arm trying to figure out what all of this means. Tom leans back and cups his hand over his mouth and mumbles, "the flying saucer they found at Roswell." An older General Ramsey, who was involved with the Roswell incident, is sitting next to Tom Sharp. He turns around and looks at Jennifer with an annoyed glare.

General Simms who is a part of the extraterrestrial re-engineering team speaks up and suggests they appeal to his patriotism with a big fat lump of cash. Tom Sharp turns around and motions Jennifer to speak.

"Sir, Mr. Van Tassel was put on the most dangerous person's list less than a year ago. Let me read a recent transcript of a speech that he gave to some college students down in San Diego:

You young people should understand that the extraterrestrials think of us as one world, one people. And until the framework of that unification process occurs, our world will continually be on the brink of self-annihilation. Furthermore, if you think that this will never happen because of the Russians or the Chinese or any other race or creed you would be pointing your finger in the wrong direction. Dr. Tuchman and I and others in our group, are on the verge of certain technological discoveries that will lighten the burden on everyone in the world. We are in need of young minds like yours to help us put this framework in action.

“General, it is apparent by his own words that Mr. Van Tassel has no desire in protecting the strategic interests of the United States. It is Director Sharp’s and my opinion that he has slipped so far off the reservation that he would never consider any proposal to get him back on our team.”

Director Dulles looks at Tom Sharp, “Gentlemen, this is serious and if we don’t cure this problem and soon, we’ll look like Great Britain after World War I. This is simply unacceptable. This is not mere idle speculation but a pure hard cold fact that if a free energy device gets in the hands of the world’s populations, our capital markets and currency will collapse. Most importantly our Breton Woods agreement, which gives us a total strangle hold on the world's oil supply, would diminish. In order to regain or maintain control of the world’s populations, we would be forced once again to enter a world war, only this time it will be fought with both tactical and strategic long-range ballistic nuclear weapons.”

He abruptly pauses and stares directly at Tom, “And that brings me to you. Gentlemen, I have nothing more. Tom, you need to stay here.”

As the military brass leave the room, Jennifer begins to follow them. “Director, she needs to be in on this,” Jennifer stops and is motioned to return to the room.

“Tom I need to know how you are going to stop this nonsense out there. Jennifer, what is your strategy?”

“We’ll be using a scorched earth policy on this problem. Treasury is looking at his non-profit status, as Van Tassel has not filed returns since he started his College and Church of Universal Wisdom in 1958. It’ll take time, but we’ll see to it that the money going into these projects is stopped. I’ve had an initial conversation with Brian Thompson over at FDA that will seek an injunction against Dr. Tuchman. We found trace elements of Diethylene Glycol in his laboratory in the mixture that they intend to use in the treatment

of cancer cells. The Massengill raspberry elixir that killed over 100 people in 1938 contained 70% Diethylene Glycol. Although Tuchman's mixture only contains .005% we should be able to hang them up for at least a year, possibly two."

"This is your plan to stop them? You're going to sick the IRS dogs on them and have the FDA slap their wrists? Please tell me there's a plan B in here somewhere?"

"Director, if you want us to turn up the volume, just let us know."

"Let me expand on your radio analogy, Tom. We need the maximum volume as high as you can take it. Are you clear on this?"

They walk outside the Pentagon. Tom takes an exaggerated deep breath, "Nothing like breathing some fresh air. I couldn't wait to get out of there. You did well; our asses are covered. Can you imagine being stuck in a nuclear fallout shelter with that bunch?" Tom speaking in a muffled tone, "Jennifer, if there's a formula floating around Van Tassel's brain we need to get it before anything happens to him."

"Dose him first? And then—"

"Bingo!"

"Do you have anyone in mind that can get the job done?" Tom looks intently at Jennifer.

"Yes, I believe I do."

"We both know he'll poke anyone that has a pulse. We need someone that he is more likely to fall for and fall fast."

"Tom, I know of a Cuban operative and better yet, she is extraordinarily beautiful—not cheap, though."

He shakes his head, "I don't care how much it costs. We need to get the information about the Yggradasil first, and then you and I will have a seat in the game. Just make damn sure this happens."

Chapter 16

A beautiful Latina woman with mixed European and Indian blood is sunbathing on a beach in the Cayman Islands. She's wearing a two-piece bikini with the back strap undone. A man sitting at the bar wearing a Hawaiian style shirt with dark aviator sunglasses is drinking a piña colada. After finishing his drink, he slowly walks over to the sunbathing beauty. His shadow covers her body, waking her up.

"Sonya?" She wakes up pretending to be coming out of a deep sleep; her long hair dangles in front of her while she holds up her bathing suit. She slowly pulls out a snub-nose .38-caliber revolver points it at his crotch.

"Whoa, Whoa! I work with Jennifer. She's here and wants to talk to you."

Sonya stares at him for a minute and then makes a seducing smile. "Darling, will you please help me fasten my top."

While Jennifer's on the phone, she opens the door, smiles and motions Sonya to come into the lavish suite overlooking the Caribbean Sea.

"Hi Sonya, want a drink? I have rum and beer, and I just might have a job for you, although this one's a little complicated."

"Rum and coke would be fine. I can do complicated. How much?"

"Ten thousand dollars, all expenses paid."

She sips the rum and coke, "You'll have to get someone else. You know I get more for a hit."

"It's not a hit, Sonya, at least not at first. You'll be dosing someone with a very powerful mind control drug."

"The target will live?"

“Yes, he will live at first, and then later you will get the hit for an easy 50K. We want you to string him along for a while to gather information that we currently don’t have before he goes to market.”

“Why me? I would think that this would be better for someone in the Cointel family, perhaps even you?”

“Sonya, from what we know, his Achilles heel has always been a sexy Latina women.”

“What Gringo male doesn’t have the hots for beautiful Latina women?” Sonya laughs, posing for Jennifer. “Perhaps I should charge you more for this one?”

They’re in a hotel room in Palm Springs meticulously planning every detail for Sonya’s accidental meeting with George. Sonya in a black skirt and a lacy black bra is trying to decide what blouse to wear.

“The split in your skirt and this low-cut blouse will do the trick.”

“Don’t you think this blouse is too much?”

“I think you’re missing the point, Sonya,” they both laugh.

Jennifer takes a small syringe and inserts it into a vial of LSD 25. She repeats the process and hands Sonya both syringes.

“You mean this is it? What if it doesn’t work?”

“Sonya, it’ll work trust me. Each syringe contains five to seven doses. And don’t get any of this on your skin. You’ll lose your mind if you do.”

“What do I do when this motherfucker is under the influence of this shit?”

“What any defenseless women would do? You call the Sheriff and report you have a drug crazed mad man trying to rape you. Don’t worry, we’ll take it from there—”

Sonya bends down with a tire gauge and releases the air out of the left rear tire of her baby blue 1954 Chevy convertible. The car straddles the sand and pavement. She returns to the front seat and settles in to wait for her victim.

Through the rear view mirror she sees the headlights of a car approaching and puts on bright red lipstick. George is driving home from Yucca Valley in his 1960 Dodge Polaris Matador. The winds are howling and the sand is blasting. High-velocity winds are not unusual for the high desert. As he reaches the bend at Whalen's curve, he notices a car pulled over with its lights on.

He slows down and sees a woman sitting in her 1954 Chevy convertible. He pulls up to the side of her car and rolls down the passenger window. "Looks like you have a flat tire." He puts his car in reverse and pulls behind her leaving his lights on. What's a pretty girl like you traveling alone late at night in the desert? That's extraordinary, but regardless the unwritten rule is that everyone stops for a stranded vehicle."

She smiles, takes the key out of the ignition, exits the car and slithers around to the trunk. Her tight skirt is revealing her long beautiful legs. Wearing sexy nylons with a thin black vertical line gets his undivided attention. "Where're you headed?"

"Las Vegas," she replies opening the trunk stuffed with clothes and dance outfits. George looks over, "This is an odd way to go. Where're you coming from?"

"I'm coming from Palm Springs? I didn't want to backtrack through San Bernardino."

"That makes sense, but not at night, and certainly never by yourself. Depending on the weather, these roads get flash floods which can be very dangerous."

“I got a call this afternoon to try out for the Moulin Rouge. I’m a dancer.”

“I can tell.” George starts handing Sonya her clothes, looking for the spare tire. One silky nightgown drops to the ground. George quickly picks it up, smiles and hands it to Sonya where she flashes a quick, I-have-your-simple-ass expression. She, like most all women, is enamored with George and senses something very unusual. Having read the news clippings in his file, she can’t get her arms around the profound mystery that surrounds him.

Unexpectedly, George stares right through Sonya. He has a distant look and pulls out a snub-nosed .22-caliber revolver, “Don’t move an inch.”

He stares intently slowly pushing her towards her open trunk. In a panicky voice she shrieks, “Oh my god, darling, what's wrong? Tell me what's wrong? Don't darling, please don't—”

George growls, “Shut up!” She closes her eyes waiting to be executed. At the same time he yanks Sonya behind him and fires several times. Sonya screams. He walks over and picks up two lifeless diamondback rattlesnakes behind the rear wheel. He holds up the bloody snakes.

“Bastardo Loco! You crazy bastard! You just gave me a heart attack!”

“I bet there were more. Goddamn things are all over here. They must have been attracted to the warmth of your engine. How long have you been out here anyways?”

He goes about his business like nothing had occurred during the last few minutes, kneels down next to the flat tire. He strains, as the last two lug nuts won’t budge. “For some reason I can't crack these last lug nuts. I’m going to need another tool or a drill. Listen, I have a friend who owns a motel just a few miles away. How about you stay there until morning? We’ll get it figured out and get you on your way as soon as we can.”

Sonya gathers herself, relieved that she wasn't murdered, and gives him a sensual smile. "You'll have to let me buy you dinner."

The Silver Slipper is an eight-room, two-story motel with a restaurant and bar. It's located between Giant Rock and Yucca Valley. The restaurant has seating for about 25 people. Mostly, it's a watering hole for desert rats and misfits. As they stroll on in four men sitting at the bar check Sonya out as she walks by. They sit down and Rick the owner comes over to take their order.

"Sonya, this is Rick. The cocktails are great. By the way, Rick, she needs a room for the night. Her car is broken down near Whalen's Curve."

Rick is smiling and can't keep his eyes off the beauty. He's embarrassing himself with the attention he's showing Sonya.

"Rick, I'll have a scotch and just a splash of soda. And the lady will have—Rick, are you with us?"

"Oh, Yea, Yea—What can I get you, Miss?"

"I'd like a bourbon and ginger, please."

"Hey George, how's the UFO business going?" Rick keeps staring at Sonya.

"Earth to Rick! It's good. Now will you go get us our drinks?"

He comes back to reality. "Sure thing, George, sure thing."

"Unbelievable." George just shakes his head.

Sonya is sounding tactically naive, "The UFO Business?"

"It's not a business, per se, but at times it feels like one—Haven't you heard of me on TV or Radio?"

"UFO business—Oh! Yes, I remember, yes, I remember now. That's very impressive!"

Over the next couple of hours they have dinner and several

cocktails. They laugh and discuss her career as a dancer and how lucky she is to get an audition. As each moment passes she feels an unexplainable chemical attraction to George. She becomes less confident of her ability to perform her professional task as her resolve is diminishing by the minute. She doesn't understand what's happening to her but is fully aware of what she must do. They're very relaxed as their cheeks are flush from the alcohol and the heat emanating from the grill in the kitchen. Rick clears the dishes from their table.

“We're going to need some coffee. Sonya, you will have to excuse me?”

George gets up and goes to the bathroom. Rick brings two cups of coffee, along with her room key, and sets them down. Sonya grabs the small syringe of clear fluid from her purse, looks watchfully around the room. She carefully injects five small drops of the clear LSD substance into his coffee. He returns within minutes.

“Let's talk about your UFO business. Are you rich from it?”

“It's more than that. It is a restaurant, small airport and I have written a few books. Am I rich? I'm afraid not even close.”

“If your restaurant, airport and the UFO business don't make you much money, how do you drive such a nice car?”

“Most of my income comes from my non-profit college and church, which pays my salary and makes my car payments.”

As he drinks his coffee, they continue talking, “America is amazing. Here you can be so lucky to have all of these nice things.”

“God, my mouth is so dry—”He's now thinking out loud and is feeling confused; he doesn't know if he is thinking the words or saying them out loud. Sonya's face is becoming blurry. “My mouth tastes like cotton—I'm really going to have to stop eating here.” As the drug takes effect, he is

speaking his thoughts out loud. “I am feeling similar to when I put the Yggradasil in my eyes. No, this feeling is not the same. This feeling is a much harsher feeling and my jaws hurt. What is this? Why am I feeling like this?”

Sonya asks if he is all right. Her voice keeps echoing and George's pupils are dilated and he starts to laugh. His jaws tense up. Sonya sees the effects of the drug and moves closer to George. “I have to go to the john—I mean the bathroom, or men's room, at least I think I have to, I mean—”

George hurriedly returns to the bathroom. It has one mirror over the sink and one behind the toilet that face each other. His stomach sensations make him feel like he needs to sit on the toilet seat. While sitting there, he looks directly at his reflection in the mirror over the sink and sees the top of his head turning colors. Through his shirt he looks down and sees his stomach pulsating in rapid motion, sweating profusely. Standing up, he stares in the mirror and smiles, but his reflection does not respond. He frowns, but the reflection doesn't respond, and he begins speaking to himself in the mirror.

“What is this? This is—so much different. What is this feeling? I'm so confused what's happening to me? Is this food poisoning?” He slowly moves out of the men's room, looking back at the mirror.

He waves to Rick on his way back to the table, “I am going to need that bill in a real hurry, Rick.”

“I'll get it right away.”

The bar and restaurant begin to fill up with locals. Rick is at the cash register tallying up the bill while wondering what is going on. Out of the blue, George laughs hysterically and everyone stops talking. The people in the restaurant take notice and all seemingly stare at him at once. He looks back at all of them, stops laughing and gabbles, “What're all you people

looking at?”

The desert sky is lit up with an amazing assortment of stars that feel like they are in his face. As they reach her motel room, George grabs Sonya kissing her on the lips. She passionately responds and asks him to stay the night. Her voice echoes and comes slow and distorted.

He asks, “But what will your wife say?” He fumbles with the keys, as he doesn’t notice his words and his mind has inverted.

She laughs, “Honey, I think it’s what will your wife say?” Smiling, “I think you're the one with a wife?”

She giggles as they collapse on top of the bed. The room is spinning, “I mean, I think, I mean—what somebody's wife is going to say?” George again begins to laugh and then cries.

She unbuttons her blouse revealing a lacy black bra. His jaw clenches as he looks at Sonya smiling at him. He grabs her as his hallucinations start to distort the entire room. His perspiration is permeating her body and she is feeling the effects of the combination of L.S.D. and Yggradasil stored in his body.

Her eyes are getting wider and wider, “I am feeling you, George. I am feeling you—I mean I am feeling all of you.”

He looks into her brown eyes and the rhythmical circular motion between them intensifies and intertwines their bodies to form an instrument that generates a supernatural soulful moan from Sonya. He is on the bottom and looks straight into her brown eyes and sees her as a happy young child as she swims in the ocean. As a young girl, she lives in poverty, skinny but already beautiful. She grabs some fruit from the floor at an open-air market, hides in a corner and eats it. Men whistle at her and she turns away from them embarrassed. A fat man wearing golden chains and large rings on his fingers hits on Sonya, a young teenager in an alley. She takes out a gun and

kills him.

The intensity of these experiences can be felt deep inside her. She begins to feel sorrow and weep as she can barely handle the emotional intensity. George whispers, “You had to do that—”

Sonya weeps, “I’m so sorry, George. I’m so truly sorry that I did this to you—please forgive me.”

His eyes roll back up inside of his head and he lays motionless for several minutes. As he comes to, he suddenly jumps up and keeps repeating a single sentence. “All is one, all is one, and all is one—” He sits on a balcony located behind the motel and is wearing sunglasses and a white tank top shirt. He has an unlit Lucky Strike cigarette hanging out of his mouth and is mesmerized by the giant morning sun. Ever so slowly coming down from being drugged, he puts the pieces together of the past night. She comes out and joins him wearing a see through teddy. She sits next to him gently leaning her head on his shoulder.

“What are you thinking about?”

He looks out over the desert, “I am thinking that I wish this moment could last forever.”

The astonishing events have turned her world upside down as she’s experienced a rebirth of sorts and is now emotionally and physically exhausted.

He looks up in the sky, “Wow, would you look at that! The sky just got crowded—”

“Look at what? What is that? It’s beautiful.” Her mouth drops wide open. She sees the most magnificent oblong, one-mile, rainbow-cotton-candy colored spacecraft, escorted by two small space ships traveling majestically across the sky.

“Beautiful, aren’t they?” George’s calm demeanor assures her.

“Why do the UFO's come here? Why here?”

He looks at her with tender eyes, “They always come here. It's just that a very few people can see them.”

“What should I tell them, George? They are waiting for me to call. I'm very nervous about what to say.”

“Tell them? Tell them they're all a bunch fucking amateurs.”

An hysterical Sonya barges into the motel room and screams at a composed Jennifer. “You can shove that ten grand right up your ass. I dosed him with five drops of that shit and now he knows everything!”

Jennifer is shocked, “You blabbed to him? You are one crazy fucking bitch! How could you?” Jennifer gritting her teeth is flabbergasted.

She angrily taps her finger on Jennifer's chest. “Screw you! I didn't need to say anything. He knew nothing until I dosed him and then he knew everything. It almost killed him. Don't you put any of this shit on me!”

An elderly man and his wife walk by the open motel door and give a look of condemnation for their foul language. Jennifer calmly shuts the door. “Sonya, will you please get a firm grip on reality. You don't realize what you're doing to us.”

“No, you need to listen to me. This is like Jesus Christ or something. I don't understand what happened to him or me. You just don't know—his fucking sweat got into me and I ended up being drugged. All this shit is mind bending. I'm out for good. You need to find someone else.”

Chapter 17

Chase and his younger brother and sister are outside playing on the swing set. Blacky begins to howl. Darkness blocks the sun and the dry desert wind stops abruptly. The chains on the swing set extend vertical pulling them upward. Chase realizing the danger screams. His brother and sister smile not realizing what is happening. As they release their hands, they get sucked up into the air by a vortex of energy.

Chase refuses to let go although his legs are being pulled vertically while he desperately hangs on to the swing. Blacky, barking fearlessly jumps five feet in the air trying to pull him back.

He hears a strange voice, speaking to him that keeps telling him to let go. "I'm not going with you!" he screams.

Finally, the energy vortex releases him. His mother walks out of the house and finds him and his dog by the swing. He wakes up suddenly and gasps for air as she gives him a concerned look. "Where are your brother and sister?" Chase slowly stands up, "I d-d-d-don't kn-kn-know w-w-where they w-went."

"They were just here with you! Carol! Billy!" She yells frantically as she runs back inside the house. She then returns with Chase's father, grabs the young boy by the shoulders and begins to shake him violently.

"What have you done with them? Why are your hands so red? Why are you stuttering?"

"I j-j-j-just d-don't kn-kn-know!" They fan out in all directions searching for the lost children. Chase prays out loud while running through the desert looking for his brother and sister. "Dear God, please help me. Dear God, help

me find my brother and sister!” He hears a voice in his head. “Hurry, hurry, they’re in trouble; you must go to the pink house!”

Blacky is by his side and they begin sprinting towards the pink house. When he gets to the front door, it’s locked. “Hurry, hurry,” the voice keeps urging him on. He bangs hard on the door and then futilely kicks at the door. He backs up and runs towards the door. He gives a flying sidekick and tumbles to the ground.

The voice continues, “Hurry, keep going, keep going!” Blacky, continually barking follows him to the rear of the house where he sees a small window. He finds an old wooden pallet stacked up against the wall and climbs through headfirst and tumbles into the bathtub. He gets up and races through the empty house and finds nothing. The voice is relentless. “Hurry, Hurry, Hurry!” The voice screams inside his head, “The refrigerator—”

He suddenly stops and stares intently at the large refrigerator. He runs to it and opens the door. His brother and sister fall out, soaking wet and barely alive—they resemble two newly hatched chickens. They’re crying as he pulls them out the front door. “I’ll b-b-be b-back with s-s-s-some help-p-p!” Chase runs to the road and George has to lock the breaks up and throw the car sideways to avoid running him over. He jumps out of the car and picks Chase up, “Uncle George, I f-f-f-ound them!” as he points in the direction of the pink house.

“Let's go get ‘em.”

Billy and Carol are sitting on the examination table as Doc Atkinson examines them. Doris is in the room, “You two kids are sure lucky!” He looks over at Doris and walks toward her, lowers his voice and almost inaudibly whispers, “Another 20 minutes and they probably would have

suffocated and died.”

”The refrigerator was inside a house?”

“I know the owners, Doc, and like many of the homesteaders they only come a week or two each year at the most. They keep the house locked up tight and turn off the utilities.”

“What? How did they get in there? And how did they get the refrigerator door to close?” Doc Atkinson inquisitively looks at her. She returns the look with her arms up shaking her head. “Chase was the only one with them—”

“Billy, why did you put yourself and your sister in the refrigerator and close the door?” Billy just shakes his head several times. “Me, Carol and Chase were on the swing set and I—just woke up in the refrigerator.”

Chase is sitting alone in the waiting room reading a child's magazine when he hears his mother calling, "Chase!" Doc Atkinson and his mother angrily come out into the waiting room. They stare at the hapless young boy. He looks up slowly with his arms spread out and with his palms up. ”What?”

He is now standing face first against the wall. Fat Grandma answers the phone, “It’s George. He would like to speak with you. Chase is in trouble and is standing against the wall to think about what he did. What do you want to talk to him about?”

He explains to her about the Greys abducting children and for some reason they are attempting to make Chase look crazy. She becomes angry at his remarks.

“George, I don’t want to hear any of your outer space nonsense now. Pastor Jack says that what you're doing is of the Devil, pure and simple.”

“Pastor Jack—Doris . . . do you ever wonder why Chase stutters?”

“He stutters because he gets excited and has a vivid imagination. It’s because somebody around here conjures up the Devil and his demons. I don’t

think it is good for him to be told about space men and flying saucers.”

“Ok, okay, I’ll pay for the broken screen door. Send Chase over and I’ll put him to work.”

Chapter 18

Doris enters Pastor Jack's office first and Chase is left looking through a stained glass window. Pastor Jack is in his early 60's, a portly man with tightly folded lips. "You're one of the more faithful members of our congregation, Doris," He says. "Now, if I could just get your brother-in-law from siding with the Devil, our lives out here would be so much better. We have lost about one-third of our congregation to his new space age religion—and the women! Does this man have no shame?"

"I pray for him every night, Pastor Jack, and hope that he will repent and return to his Christian roots. I believe that one of George's demons has got a hold of Chase and will not let go. I have literally tried to beat the demons out of this child. I am at my wits end." She begins to weep and he hands her a wrinkled used handkerchief that he pulls from his pocket.

"Proverbs 13:24 says, 'Whoever spares the rod, hates his son, but he who loves him is diligent to discipline him.' " He opens his 9 by 14-inch oversized bible with gold lettering.

"Why don't you have a seat outside and let the Lord and Pastor Jack handle this?" He smiles piously at her and gestures for Chase to come in. Chase halfheartedly comes in with his head down and sits in an oversized high-back leather chair.

"Chase, your mother says you lied to her about stuffing your brother and sister into that refrigerator. She says that you were playing like you were a Captain of a spaceship and you got carried away and ran off and forgot that you had put them in there."

"N-no Pastor Jack, I d-d-didn't do th-that."

"Chase, do you see that door behind you?" Chase turns around and nods

his head. "That door, well it's the door to my sanctuary," he explains as he waves his arms around. "You see, this is all a part of God's sanctuary. Do you know what a sanctuary is?" Chase shakes his head 'no' as Pastor Jack smiles and waves his arms around his opulent church office, "Do you know when you tell a lie in his beloved sanctuary that you are guilty of committing a mortal sin?"

Chase is confused, "Do you know what a mortal sin is?" he moves his head slowly back and forth.

"You don't? Well, let me explain. It can be many things, including when someone is holding their hand on the bible and swears to tell the truth and he doesn't speak the truth; that is a mortal sin."

Chase pays attention to the big bible, "Now, Chase, I want you to put your right hand on the Bible" He is so nervous he places his left hand on the bible while looking at Pastor Jack. "That's not your right hand!" Chase hastily puts his right hand on the bible.

"Again, have you been lying to your mother about placing your brother and sister in that refrigerator?" Chase does not respond initially as the Pastor Jack's face turns red. After a brief moment Chase looks him strait in the eyes and shakes his head 'no'.

Pastor Jack grits his teeth, "No? Everyone says it was you. Your blessed mother says it was you that did this!"

"P-p-p-pastor J-j-jack they m-m-maybe think i-i-it was m-m-me, b-but it w-w-wasn't."

The portly Pastor stands up and walks behind Chase with his oversize bible in hand, "Well then, how can you explain that you were the only one who knew where to find them?" Chase turns around and has to bend sideways to look around the high back chair at Pastor Jack.

"Y-y-you're not g-g-going to b-b-b-believe m-me."

“Well young man, try me.”

“The p-p-p-people from out-t-ter sp-sp-space, or m-maybe God t-told me where th-th-they were.”

Pastor Jack gets in front of him and puts his face within an inch of Chases and yells, “You come in the Lord’s sanctuary, put your hand on this Holy Bible, and you dare to tell me that outer space people or God told you where your brother and sister were?”

“Y-y-yes that’s w-w-what they t-t-told m-me in m-my head-d.”

Pastor Jack lifts up the over-sized bible and hits him on top of his head over and over screaming at the top of his lungs as Chase tries to move away from him. “You are a Blasphemer! You, little lying evil son of a bitch! How dare you commit blasphemy in the name of God?”

Chase lifting both arms over his head for protection yells, “S-s-s-s-stop you’re h-h-hurting m-m-me!” He dives under a desk to take refuge from the beatings and crawls out the other side and then jumps up. Pastor Jack attempts to grab the young offender, but Chases keeps moving around the desk out of his reach. The exhausted Pastor trips over a large potted plant, falls to the floor screaming, “There are no spacemen in the Bible, only demons and devils!”

Doris hears the commotion, rushes to the door and tries to open it, but it's locked. “Help, M-M-Mom! Help!” Doris shakes the door violently. “Let me in! Let me in there!” Chase runs over and manages to get the door unlocked and runs to the waiting arms of his mother.

As they drive home he looks out the window quiet and sullen. His mother begins to defend Pastor Jack’s actions. “You know this is your entire fault, Chase. Why can’t you be like other children?”

Chapter 19

Howard Hughes comes out of the bathroom of the cockpit of a modified Lockheed L-188. There's a full moon and the sky is clear. He takes his seat next to his test pilot, Dennis Teal. They're flying over Lake Arrowhead, a small lake located in the mountains near the city of San Bernardino.

"Mr. Hughes, you want to turn back?" Howard ignores the test pilot as a barely visible UFO passes by distracting him. "There it is again! There are three of them headed right for us!"

The test pilot ducks his head and takes the plane into a 45-degree bank to the right to avoid the oncoming spacecraft. Directly ahead is a silhouette of a 300-foot long by 100-foot wide space ship with colors that resemble a rainbow. The young test pilot's eyes bulge out, and his teeth begin to chatter. Hughes looks over at the test pilot who is scared to death, "We need to get closer."

"What do you mean closer? I say let's get the hell out of here, Mr. Hughes. Are you nuts?" He panics as the three orange cylindrical scout ships once again head directly toward the windshield of their plane and veer off at the last second. Howard steers the plane just underneath the oncoming spacecraft. The massive craft heads due east followed by its scout ships.

"Why don't we just go back, Mr. Hughes? I didn't sign up for this." Hughes ignores him and continues chasing the mother spacecraft. The three escorts make crisscrossing motions and shoot up in the sky circling back within a fraction of a second. One is directly in front of the windshield standing still looking at both men in the cockpit.

The control panel goes dark; the starboard engine number three begins to sputter, followed by number four. The plane becomes unstable and

begins to vibrate, “Oh Shit! May Day, May Day—this is—”

Hughes barks at the young test pilot, “Get off the radio. We don’t have time for that now. Help me fly the goddamn plane. What’s our glide ratio?”

He tries to restart the plane's engines as the plane loses altitude, but the two port side engines completely fizzle out. A deadening silence prevails as the plane descends and glides powerlessly towards the ground. He calmly throws his hands up, shakes his head, and looks over at a terrified Dennis Teal saying, “Oh my God—oh my God.”

Both men frantically attempt to restart the plane and miraculously the lights come back on. Both port engines cough and start back up giving the plane a gentle lift upward.

“Starboard number two won't start. Should we try for Palm Springs?”

Howard looks straight ahead, “No, we’ll go see George,” as he banks the plane slowly to the left.

Dennis looks over and says, “George who?”

George fires up the generator to light up the runway. He hears the sound of the sick plane approaching. It circles, and begins its decent. Over the cockpit, they see the runway. “Is there enough run way to land this beast?”

Howard lowers the landing gear and turns on the inside lights. He looks over at his young co-pilot, “How much runway do you think we need?”

A nervous Dennis Teal responds quickly, “More than we have here,” as the plane smacks down on the runway.

Howard says, “No one lives forever,” the plane violently shakes and rattles as Howard hits the reverse thrusters as both men press the breaks. The plane comes to a stop inches from the end of the runway.

George walks over to the plane as it taxis toward the restaurant. Howard Hughes leans his head out the cockpit window, “We just ran into some of your UFO friends, George.”

He yells back, "They're not all my friends. What's with the sick Electra?"

Howard jumps out wearing khaki pants, leather jacket, and a hat. He's calm, almost serene and lets out a small grin. Dennis who looks gravely ill runs up to George, "Got a bathroom in there?"

"What's up with your boy?"

"He's just a little green; thought he wanted to be a test pilot."

The sun is peeking over the eastern horizon. George and Howard are sitting at a table having coffee, "Does your wife have any of that boysenberry pie?"

"No, but if you wait around, I'm sure she'll make one up for you."

George yells out, "Eva! Howard wants some of your boysenberry pie!" He looks at Howard, "What's the latest? Am I still on the radar?"

"George, you have made some enemies in Washington. This Cointel Pro is coming after you and anyone who is anti-nuke. They don't like what you're saying, or doing out here. You and that Dr. Tuchman look like you're a part of some anti-government conspiracy and need to be careful."

"Hell, Howard, they've got the propaganda machine running overtime against me. I am just against above ground nuclear testing and dropping them on innocent people."

"George, I have my own problems as people are calling me all kinds of vile things including that I'm a paranoid schizophrenic. Now, I don't trust anybody, and if that makes me a paranoid schizophrenic, well then so be it. If I had your enemies, I would seriously think about living in another country."

"Howard is there anything you can do for me?" Dennis Teal walks back into the restaurant. "Mr. Hughes, the wiring jacket to our fuel pumps is melted. We're not going anywhere."

"George, I will do what I can, but until you can demonstrate that you have the Integratron fully operational, you won't have anything to bargain

with. Word is you and that physicist have stumbled onto some kind of free energy technology?”

“Howard, we’re close, but we’re missing something. I didn’t want to mention it until we had something to show you.”

“I don’t need to remind you who got you this far, George. I don’t want to hear about this second hand from any Mormons. Anyways, I need to borrow a car?”

”You can take Eva's.” They walk toward Eva's car in front of the blinding morning sun. “The clutch is going out, but it’ll make it back to L.A. Aren’t you taking your Lockheed boy back with you?”

“No, stick him on a bus.” George watches in amusement listening to the grinding transmission gears as Howard drives off. He starts talking to himself as he walks back to the restaurant.

“Sure Mr. Hughes, I’ll keep you informed. Yes, sir. I hope the fucking thing breaks down in Watts.”

George walks up and Eva looks perplexed, “Why’d you let him have my car?”

“I couldn't give him my car. I’d never find it again.

Chapter 20

Sonya sits in front of Jennifer Fowlkes and Tom Sharp. There are two stacks of one hundred dollar bills sitting on a conference table. Jennifer pushes them toward Sonya and she quickly pushes it back, “Here’s the ten grand, take it.”

“Not interested, Jennifer. I told you I’m out.”

“But you earned it.”

“Oh, I’ve earned it all right, but I don’t want it.”

Jennifer gives a look to Tom signaling, “I told you so”. Tom is aware of the tension between the two women brought on by the recent events that had backfired. “Sonya, there are programs going on in the United States that are being jeopardized by Mr. Van Tassel’s involvement with, let’s say, persons not of this planet. Some call them aliens.”

She gets enraged and looks him straight in the eyes. “Make no mistake about it, they are aliens.”

“Sonya, Jennifer and I understand the complications that have occurred and what we want now is to have you merely keep tabs on him. We simply want to know whom he is meeting with and any new technology that he’s working on. You did what was expected and I have no complaints at all. Sonya this is the smart play.”

Jennifer gives Sonya a spiteful look while Tom walks over to the window and speaks without looking at Sonya, “In fact it’s the only play. We know about your father’s kidney problems and we’re willing to get him moved up on the donor list. We’ll pull a few strings and he’ll receive a humanitarian medical visa. We could get him here as early as next week, that is if you’re still willing to play ball with us. And to sweeten the deal, we can

bring the rest of your immediate family and get them green cards.”

Sonya folds her arms and suspiciously asks, “So, you will do all of this just for me to be your little spy? Van Tassel probably knows we are having this conversation about him right now. You don't seem to grasp the fact that the drug you paid me to give him only made him more psychic.”

Tom gives Sonya a paternalistic smile. “We just want you to get him to scale back some his disparaging remarks that are helping the Soviets. You would be helping our country's national security and the government which has employed you for the last five years.”

“He won't scale back his comments concerning the dangers of above ground nuclear testing. I'll tell you that right now.”

Jennifer again pushes the cash back to her. Sonya isn't falling for the charade put on by the two veteran counter-intelligence agents. Still, all the same, she sticks the cash into her over-sized bag and leaves the office.

Tom lowers his voice, “It looks like we're going to end up making a martyr out of George and turn Sonya into a mere wet spot on the road. It'll have to be you, my dear. Can you handle this?”

“Love to. I should've put a bullet in her head after she failed the mission. She's become a liability for us. We can't afford any loose ends Tom. I'll get her to set up a meeting with him.”

George drives his car toward the Rock. He sees a car in the distance on the right side of the road: Sonya is standing in back of her car. “What? Another flat tire? Why are you here?”

“You won't return my calls, but I need to talk to you. This cannot end like this. I would love nothing better than to spend time with you, but after the other night in which I lost my mind, how is it possible for me to trust anybody now?”

“You must have rocks in your head. This has gone way past trust. I’m a mental and physical wreck because of what we felt and experienced. This all has hit me like a ton of bricks and I just want to be near you that’s all.” George looks into Sonya's eyes. He knew that she would show up, as the connection between them was a lightning strike that only happens once in a lifetime.

“Stick around for a while; you may learn something. There are potential donors waiting for me at the restaurant and try your best not to distract me.”

George sits in a chair, inside the restaurant in front of 30 people answering questions about the Integratron and the history of alien visitors. “Yes, Bill, I channel the instructions through the help of a man who once lived down in the Rock. Usually when I am sent schematics or other drawings it is sent to me through an omni-beam that is translated utilizing a telepathic ada-phone.”

A man in a business suit asks him how the Integratron works.

“What is your name and where are you from?”

“Bob Hoskins, I’m from Burbank.”

“Let me give you a general idea of how it works, and if you have any further interest in knowing more, I will take you to the Integratron later. First off, the positive and negative lines of primary light energy cause motion. This pertains to humans, atoms, suns, planets and galaxies as the same forces power them all. The Earth is an over-sized electron of a predominately negative polarity. Its rotation and orbit are the result of attraction and repulsion to the lines of primary light energy.

The Integratron is similar to the ancient pyramids that are on every continent of the world which were essentially power generators. They were able to utilize the lines of primary light energy and supercharge cells in humans. It’s the same energy that the ET’s utilized to power their flying

spacecraft. The Earth's power grid has been eroded from the effects of carbon pollution and nuclear explosions that have interrupted the lines of primary light energy. Above ground nuclear explosions have caused tears in the ozone layer that will take decades to repair. Chemical trails have also been implemented to obscure these lines and to discourage extraterrestrials from visiting our planet. Incidentally, with the current population explosion, this is going to get exponentially worse and will affect everything from crops to our sanity. There have been studies conducted showing that the rate of paranoid schizophrenia—not to be confused with acute or shaman event schizophrenia that occurs in psychics and visionaries—is increasing at an alarming rate. This might explain why you have to be a psychopath to get elected to public office. But getting back to how the Integratron works, for all practical purposes we have the machine built. You passed it as you came out here to the restaurant.

The sun as many of you know mainly consists of 90% hydrogen and 8% helium along with smaller trace elements. We cannot utilize hydrogen or helium because they would be unstable and uncontrollable inside the Integratron. This is why our major financial backer, Mr. Howard Hughes, and I have been vehemently opposed to any above ground testing of hydrogen nuclear bombs. Very few understand that what the Atomic Energy Commission has been doing is essentially creating and simultaneously blowing up small suns on the surface of our planet. My old friend, Frank Critzer, came close to a mixture that would replace hydrogen and helium, which would in turn re-activate these lines of primary light energy from the core of the Integratron.

The medical applications are endless as when primary light energy is condensed and is directed at renegade cell duplication. It actually rehabilitates the cell. Instead of growing malignant cancerous cells, these

cells will be replaced with healthy non-evasive cells that will provide life extension. Our research points directly to the lack of primary light energy within humans in the last two decades as the cause of high rates of cancer and heart disease. The promise is we will be able to double the human life span. Frank called the mixture the Yggradasil and was given a small prototype by the Council of Seven Lights. Unfortunately, he was killed approximately 20 years ago by the FBI before he could duplicate the formula.”

A small Asian woman he had known for years raises her hand, “You once mentioned that the space brothers cross bred the human with apes?”

“Close, but not apes, per se. Science tells us that we are only one Y chromosome away from them. This suggests some form of DNA splicing somewhere back in time. Through radiocarbon dating and information I have received from the Council of Seven Lights, the transition was more gradual. I have been told the Yggradasil was introduced to the Neanderthals and over time they genetically evolved into the Cro-Magnon species. This is the definitive answer of how the Neanderthals and any remnant of the animal tail mysteriously disappeared. Critzer said during this time period the quantum leap of being able to access unadulterated or pure consciousness from the universal whole became possible. The Council of Seven Lights told me that everything is up to us, not only to transform ourselves but also to transform our environment back to where it originally was. Grace has been provided for us to do this through the Yggradasil, and the Integratron allows us back into the Garden of Eden.”

George points to Sonya as she raises her hand.

“This may seem like a silly question, but in your opinion do you think that Adam was able to forgive Eve for her misdeed of eating the forbidden fruit?”

“No, it’s not a silly question and some of these metaphors have multiple

meanings within them,” George smiles and winks at Sonya. “I’m sure at first he had to be confused, because he was put in a state of shock. This was all new to him, but in time, I am sure he was able to forgive her. Michael, you had a question? And by the way, I would like to thank Michael Benson here for donating \$2,500.00 to our cause. Go ahead Michael.”

“Mr. Van Tassel, do you have any biblical reference to extraterrestrial's and DNA manipulation?” George runs over to the bookcase and grabs a Bible and a Quran and holds them up.

“Michael, let's see what our good books have to say. Pick your mythological poison, the Bible or the Quran? In Genesis 1:26 it says ‘Let us make man in our own image, after our own likeness,’ ‘Sons of God,’ ‘Let us’ and ‘our’ - ‘our’ means plural or more than one doesn't it, ok? Quran 90:4 ‘We have created man to toil and struggle.’ There it is again, ‘we’ as in plural. And perhaps, this is why the local pastor hates my guts whenever I point these things out to him in his book that he shoves up everyone’s ass each Sunday. It is clearly evident by these passages in the holy books that there were gods or extraterrestrials that had their fingers in the DNA engineering of what we refer to as human beings.

All right people, enough for now. Make those checks out to the College of Universal Wisdom. Thank you for your interest and, of course, your financial support. Oh! One more thing, we need you people to make sure that you tell everyone about the upcoming UFO convention. It’s in two weeks and there are rumors that even George Adamsky is going to show up!” The crowd applauds as he walks out the door. Sonya waits a minute and follows. He walks over to the bench near the Rock to smoke a cigarette and she sits next to him.

“You're brilliant! I would say that you’re a perfect mix of super intelligence, charisma and power, but unfortunately for me, you’re married

and of course committed to this place and to this cause. I don't know where I could ever fit in.”

“Sonya, I don't know how long I'll even be on this planet. So enjoy the mystery, take the best, and just please leave the rest. My life is not my own, but still let's flip a coin: heads you stay here with me, tails you go back to Cuba. We'll leave it up to fate.”

She frowns and gets annoyed. “I'm not playing any stupid games with you,” as she attempts to grab the coin from him.

“Nope, you have to call it. Oh, you won't? Ok, I'll call.” As he moves away from Sonya, he asks, “Don't you believe in fate? Heads it is! Hey, you should have more faith in your own destiny.”

She turns around and slaps George on the chest, “You knew it was heads all along.”

Chapter 21

Chase is busy washing pots and pans when George and Davey Boy walk in. Davey Boy whispers to him, “What’d you do wrong this time?”

“N-nothing D-d-davey B-boy!”

“Eva, I am going to need Chase for an hour to wash windows for me.”

“U-u-Uncle George, d-do I have t-to? I d-d-don’t like going down there —at-t all.”

“Let’s go, boy. I need you to sit on top of my shoulders to reach the high up windows. I won’t let anything happen to you. You can play with Davey Boy after you’re finished.”

Chase senses something is out of kilter as the Rock walls change countenance and the crystalline sides flicker gently. “Hey, I know you didn’t put your brother and sister in the refrigerator,” says George, “and God Almighty, I can’t seem to reach your mom on what actually goes on out here. She has devil and demon on the brain and won’t listen to a word I say.”

Chase looks down and begins to tear up, “Nobody believes me.” George looks at the bump that Pastor Jack gave him and gently touches it, “Well, I believe you. Does it still hurt?”

Chase shows a small space between his index finger and his thumb, “It hurts this much.”

“Pastor Jack is a jackass. I should have him arrested for this or better yet, beat his fat head with a Bible.” Chase chuckles.

“U-u-Uncle George, p-please don’t s-say anything t-to anyone. It’ll just g-get me in more t-t-trouble.”

“You let me know if he ever lays a hand on you again. I mean it. Now you and I know what happened at the pink house don’t we?”

“Uncle G-george, I’m af-f-fraid. If I believe what I’m s-seeing or hearing th-they’ll keep coming back; they c-come to me in m-my dreams all of the time.”

“Who are they? You need to tell me who comes to you in your dreams at night?”

“N-not just at night; sometimes during the d-day when I dream with my eyes op-p-pen. Men who look st-st-strange like nobody else I’ve ever s-seen! I’m in a different world—I’m still me, but everyone and everything around m-me is different. I don’t know w-w-what they want.”

“There is usually a reason for everything. Do you want to find out why they keep coming to you?”

Chase takes a deep breath and then shakes his head, “N-no, not really.”

“Listen, we better get to the bottom of this as your mother is blaming me for everything that’s happening to you. I need to find out why the aliens are so attracted to you.” He pulls out the gold ornate flask rubs a small amount in the middle of Chase’s forehead and inhales the Yggradasil. The Rock illuminates and Chase’s eyes grow very large. George puts a hand on his shoulders to calm him down.

“Hail the Council of Seven Lights the protectors of the Universe.”

“I-I’m scared.”

“Don’t be; there’s nothing to be scared of. Frank. What purpose is he being contacted by aliens from other galaxies?”

“This one has many gifts and like you, was destined to help in the reunification of the whole. Within this boy contains a fading splendor. He is a pure channel. You must protect him at all costs and never mention his name. His vibration attracts visitors who are looking to communicate with humans. Here are the various watchers of your universe that have contacted him.”

George is hit with an Omni-Beam of Information that profiles Chase

being transported into a silver space ship outside of Fat Grandma's house. The Greys insert long sharp instruments up through Chase's nose causing it to bleed. His eyes are stretched open by a metal device as a penetrating light from the ceiling allows one of the Greys to probe inside them with a laser instrument. He's hit with a different Omni-Beam showing very tall attractive aliens who look like humans. They're in a spacecraft somewhere in outer space watching him pray on top of Fat Grandma's trailer. The men smile and speak into a tube and in a thunderous tone call out Chase's name. Upon hearing his name called out of nowhere, the young boy jumps from the trailer onto some cardboard boxes and runs into the house.

Chase tugs on George's arm, "Uncle George, what's the Yggradasil?"

He comes to and focuses back on Chase and is surprised by the question, "What makes you ask that?"

"A man came to me in my dreams and told me that the answer to all of the world's problems is the Yggradasil. He told me to write down these math symbols mixed with letters, but I have no idea what they mean."

He pulls a piece of paper out of his pocket and hands it to him. On the wide spaced paper there are equations along with the periodic table abbreviations for rhodium, iridium, palladium, osmium, platinum, silver and gold. There are also coordinates representing a planet light years away.

"Chase, it's time to show you something very important." They walk back to the restaurant and Chase does the occasional hop, skip and jump in a carefree manner. He feels relieved that he is not alone with his secrets.

Once inside the restaurant George picks up a screwdriver and takes Chase into the restroom and locks the door behind them. A full-length mirror is mounted on the wall. He removes the screws and takes the mirror down revealing a cavern with a ladder going down into it. He reaches down and pulls a string that illuminates the cavern.

Chase sticks his head down and looks around at the large mineral cache,
“Wow! What’s this?”

“It's the material for the formula on the paper you received. When it is combined with a world of higher spiritual consciousness, it is the basis for creating everything. It will bring the people of this world together.”

Chapter 22

President John F. Kennedy is on speakerphone. His chief of staff, Kenny O'Donnell, sits across in a chair in front of him. The President is speaking to CIA Director, John Dulles. "What do you mean I cannot access this information? I am the President of the United States of America, and I have a goddamn need to know!"

He hangs up the phone. He stands up and stretches his back and walks toward the window. "Kenny, I am going to fire that two bit son of a bitch, Dulles, after the election, and we need to find his replacement now."

"Kenny, who do we know that can get us inside of the UFO phenomenon?"

"Most of these UFO sightings seem to be happening out west—out in the Arizona and California deserts. The people involved are not playing with a full deck of cards. The temperature gets 100 to 110 degrees in the summer; that makes them delirious."

"Kenny, I've never told you this, but I've had my own experiences with UFO's on the Cape and in the Pacific during the war."

He looks at the President and then laughs, "You're not serious are you?" The President doesn't respond. "You're serious."

"Dead serious. My brother had a visual contact with a UFO while flying on a training mission over England. He was excited and wanted to share it with the world, but my father thought it would negatively affect his political career."

The President pounds his fist on the desk, "This really pisses me off. In 1947 when I was a congressman, General Ramsey shut me out of the Roswell Incident. Then it happened again in '54, after I was elected Senator. They

won't do this again while I'm President. Our agents tell us that our space program got a huge boost by alien technology. If I can somehow propose an open doctrine regarding the UFO issue, this'll open the door for a nuclear weapon test ban treaty. Hell, we could end up with a joint space exploration program." He leans back in his chair with his hands clasped over his head, "Kenny, you need to find out who CIA Director Dulles is most worried about in the UFO movement. We should start there."

George and Sonya are sitting close to each other having a drink. "I kept calling and couldn't get hold of you! They believe that I'm going to deliver you on a silver platter in my motel room at 10:00 am tomorrow morning. I had to play along. George, I'm taking Jennifer to market before this goes any further. That fucking snake has not left me alone for a minute. First, they tell me they just want information. Then they show me pictures of you with all those other women and tell me I am just another piece of ass. Jennifer now acts like she's my long lost sister and wants to protect me from the devil incarnate, George Van Tassel."

They're watching President Kennedy on the television set above the bar. He's giving a speech on United States and Soviet joint space exploration in front of the United Nations Assembly. He points to the President, "I'm hopeful this is the man that the Council of Seven Lights was referring to."

She lays her head on George's shoulder. "I know too much and have become an embarrassment and a liability to these people," Sonya remarks. "I know of a place on the south side of Cuba where we can go. Why don't you just run away with me? I have money that will last us for a year. We'll figure the rest out later."

"As much as I want to, I can't. I need to speak to Howard to see if he can help us, and you need to hide somewhere until I can figure out what to do."

They finish their drinks and walk out to George's car.

"Sonya, my life is not my own and wherever I go, I know they'll try to kill me and anyone with me." They cling together in a long embrace. George gets in his car and drives off as Sonya looks after him.

Three miles across the dry lake is a lookout station on top of Goat Mountain. Four Cointel operatives are looking through high-powered long-range binoculars at the activity at the Rock. They focus directly in on Chase, who's wearing his signature blue Dodger baseball cap. He climbs to the very top of the Rock and sits down. They view the front doors of the Rock, the restaurant, and Davey Boy's house. They're able to observe all activity within a twenty-mile radius.

It's late at night. Sonya is in her motel room sitting up in bed drinking a bourbon and ginger ale. The phone rings. "Sonya, it's Jennifer. They're pulling the plug. It's on. I tried to convince Tom to go in another direction, but no dice, so we'll proceed as planned. I'm sorry Sonya, there's nothing we can do about it. We have your dad in Miami and your mom should get there by next week."

"I'll have him wrapped and tied in a bow."

¶Slowly she hangs the phone up as a small teardrop falls from the corner of her eye.

Jennifer has a devilish grin on her face, while Tom Sharp stares out the window.

Chapter 23

President Kennedy is lying on the floor resting on a heat pack when Kenny O'Donnell walks into the Oval Office.

“Back hurting you again?”

“It was another one of those all-nighters with Mary. I never went to sleep at all. For a while, I even forgot that I had a back. The things that we saw and the promise of what is possible; I just can't express it in words.”

“Aren't you worried about the side effects?”

“Mary's associate over at Harvard, Dr. Leary, thinks it's so safe that we should put it in the water,” he chuckles as he agonizingly pulls himself off the floor and sits down at his desk, “Hollywood seems to be a fan of it. Did you read this article on Cary Grant? He claimed the drug was a huge factor in his recovery from depression. How about you Kenny? Want to join us sometime? You'll never be the same.” He chuckles and Kenny shakes his head.

“No, I'll pass.”

“Regardless of the side effects, this psychic woman doesn't think I will make it to a second term, so what do I have to lose?” He hands a letter to Kenny from famed Psychic Jean Dixon. He reads it and hands it back.

“What's the difference between this one and the hundreds of others we keep getting that are predicting your death?”

“Probably nothing, Kenny, but she's Catholic,” he laughs. “This is the 9th time I've done this with Mary and whatever the risks or side effects, well . . . I'll just risk it. I sat for hours with Mary staring at this Bonsai tree and

could see it all.”

“See what boss?”

“I could see the entire purpose of our lives: it’s to grasp the concept that our Earth is truly our mother and this is not some metaphor. The power and glory is contained within its entire people.” He picks up photographs of the UFO convention and shows them to Kenny. “Where are we at with this?”

“For starters, I’m sending Darryl Robinson out to speak with George Van Tassel during his annual space convention at Giant Rock.”

“Kenny, 'Dull-Ass', that son of a bitch and Hoover advised me that they are sending people out there also. The trouble with them is I already know what they’ll say: ‘Another conspiracy story about communist sympathizers!’ Oh! One more thing, do you think Robinson will run into trouble out there because he’s black?”

“No, not out there.”

It’s 7:00 am, and the sun has just risen over Goat Mountain warming the desert floor next to Giant Rock. George looks out the window and sees trailers, tents, and campfires everywhere. People are coming from all over the world, to attend the UFO Convention. The phone rings. He picks it up and is having a difficult time hearing because of the noise from the packed restaurant. “It’s Sonya.”

He stares at Eva across the room. She is barely keeping up with a flood of orders, but still manages to look up at him. She gives him a quick smile and an air kiss. George exhales a deep breath, feeling guilty as he looks away from Eva.

He hears Sonya’s soft sultry voice, “George, you’re the only man that I have ever known that I would take a bullet for. I love you.”

He walks out the door where thousands of people are staking their spots

near the Rock. Several attendees approach him asking for an autograph while others slap him on the back. “You're the man, Van!” He’s gracious, smiles and shakes their hands.

He notices a smartly dressed, good looking feminine man with blond hair. He’s surrounded by a small group of well-groomed men. As he gets closer he notices who it is: “George 'Fucking' Adamski. So glad you could make it. How in the hell are you?”

The two men shake hands as photographers take pictures of the two biggest names in what some are now calling ‘Ufology.’

“I’m great, and it’s good to see you, Mr. Van Tassel. You have quite a crowd here. I’m truly surprised by the amount of people. See any flying saucers lately?”

“Nope, not lately. I just channel them, but I have heard that you’ve had yet another encounter.”

“Yeah, just last week I met, up at the Desert Center on the Arizona border, with a saucer from Venus.”

“And you want to sell some books out here, don't you? Are you going to hang out for the entire event?”

“The answer to your first question is ‘of course.’ The second is ‘no.’ I’m doing some non-stop book tours and working my way out to the Long John Nebel show in New York. It’s my 7th appearance. I’ll give him a full report about this wonderful event. I saw the footage from last year’s convention that Long John did out here - very impressive George. Well anyways, I’ll tell Long John 'Hello' for you.” They shake hands again and he works his way through the crowd.

George spots Long John Nebel and his crew at a distance. They wave. “Hey George, where can we set up?”

George points to the media stand, “See that tall blonde woman? She’ll

help you get squared away. George Adamski just got here too.”

“Did you tell him I was going to be out here?”

“No, Long John, I thought we’d surprise him.” George climbs up the stairs of the twenty-foot tall makeshift platform that is built up against the Rock. He begins to ping the microphone. Long John Nebel's crew is also setting up and begins testing their microphones and camera equipment.

“I’d like to welcome everyone to Giant Rock and our Annual Giant Rock UFO Space Convention! We have some really good speakers with incredible stories that you’ll be hearing for the first time.” The crowd applauds.

“I can’t believe how many people are here today,” George lifts his arm and moves it from one side of the crowd to another, “A couple of things that I need to tell you first and then you’ll get to hear from all our guest speakers. You can buy hot dogs, beans and soda pop on the backside of the restaurant. For your drinking pleasure, the fresh water truck is parked behind the Rock. One other thing a little more earthly is that our septic system and four outhouses are not designed for this many people. We built some temporary restrooms 100 yards behind that hill over there. All visitors from outer space will just have to go in their space suits.” The crowd laughs.

“Although he was not on our original speakers list, we are very much honored to have Mr. George Adamski in the crowd here today and just maybe he can get some of his space people to come down here to the Giant Rock Space Convention and honor us with their attendance.”

The crowd roars. As Adamski makes his way to the bottom of podium he waves to the crowd. As he reaches the third step he notices Long John Nebel’s crew are already set up with their equipment on the top of the media platform. He looks over at George and yells, “You're really an asshole!”

George turns around, chuckles and puts his hand to his ear, “I can't hear

you.”

George Adamski shakes his head as he resumes his climb to the top of the podium where he picks up the microphone.

Jennifer pulls up to the Silver Slipper Motel. She maneuvers her car around a group of little leaguers who are in uniform, playing a pickup game of baseball in the parking lot. She sees Sonya's pale blue 54 Chevy Bel Air. The drapes are drawn shut and the door is cracked open with the shower running. 'The Girl from Ipanema' is playing on the radio. She slowly pushes the door open while calling out Sonya's name. In the parking lot, the coach is gathering his kids to board the bus.

Ten minutes later, Jennifer comes to with her hands tied behind her back and mouth gagged with a washrag. Blood is dripping from her hair onto the sheets. Sonya, with a baseball bat in her hand, is tapping her chest as Jennifer whimpers. With fire in her eyes, Sonya whispers in her ear and puts a picture of George in her face, “Do you see this man? He says that I can't kill you. Only because I listen to his words are you going to live. This is the good news, and you can thank George for your life.” she taunts Jennifer. “Say, ‘Thank You George!’” She tucks the picture inside her bra, “Oh, I forgot; you can't speak. You have a washrag in your mouth. Don't worry, Jennifer. This is a one-way conversation anyway. But unfortunately for you, he said nothing about me slowing you down.”

There is a loud cracking noise in the midst of Jennifer's muffled screams. Her kneecap is spewing blood all over the motel room while she is shaking and mumbling for Sonya to stop. “Oh, did that hurt, Jennifer?”

Calm and cool she changes the dial of the radio and smiles as again, she finds 'The Girl from Ipanema' and hums along. She wipes the blood from the bat while watching Jennifer moan in excruciating pain. She looks in the

mirror checks her hair and puts on some bright red lipstick and smiles with approval.

She grabs her suitcase along with the bat, and with a wily smile says, “I understand the FBI has excellent medical benefits. Also, I never liked my father as he used to beat my mother and me, so you can do whatever you want with him and don’t worry about my mother. She’s not coming to the US.” Sonya shuts the door behind her.

She sees that the school bus is slowly pulling away and sets the suitcase down while running up next to the bus. She gently taps the side glass of the entry door with the bat. The baseball coach driving the bus sees her and immediately stops and opens the doors. She climbs up the stairs and stands next to the surprised coach. “Mister, one of your bats must have rolled under my car.”

The coach smiles, “I thought we were missing one, and thank you very much, lady.”

Sonya looks over at the kids in the bus and smiles at them, “Mister, I’m from a poor town in Cuba and know how valuable a bat can be. Good luck, and win the game for me!” She gives a victory thumbs-up to the baseball team. They look at each other and smile.

The bus proceeds to pull out from the Silver Slipper Hotel. The kids all turn around in their seats, smile at the lady and wave good-bye. She smiles, wiggles her fingers while waving good-bye, and then blows them all a kiss.

Eva, Doris, Fat Grandma and the waitresses are all frantically trying to keep up with the many customer demands. “Just promise me one thing, George: before next year’s convention, you’ll send me to Las Vegas!”

“Come on, we are having so much fun, Eva. Ok, Ok! I’ll buy you that new car I promised.” He kisses her on the forehead. She looks at him

affectionately, smiles and kisses him on the cheek.

“Oh, by the way, there’s a very nice man out by the water truck who wants to meet you.” Eva gives him the business card: "Darryl S. Robinson Jr., Attorney at Law."

George walks over to the water truck and shakes his hand. “This is a very impressive group out here Mr. Van Tassel. I know you're very busy and I’m sorry for the intrusion, but you should know that I was sent out here by JFK's Chief of Staff, Kenny O’Donnell.”

He looks down at the business card. “You know I was put on one of the FBI's most dangerous people lists by the Eisenhower administration?”

“Oh yes, I already know, but these are extraordinary times, Mr. Van Tassel. Did you ever hear that men in politics make the strangest bedfellows?”

“I have. Now tell me what can I do for you, Mr. Robinson?”

“I was sent here to evaluate your level of involvement with the UFO phenomenon we hear so much about back in D.C.”

“So, why do they need to send a lawyer on behalf of the President all of the way out here to Giant Rock?”

“Well, for starters I’m not just a garden variety attorney, Mr. Van Tassel. I also have a Master’s degree in Physics from MIT. In addition, I’ve previously worked for the C.I.A. So if you have any documentation or papers written I’m more than qualified to review them.”

“Mr. Robinson, we’re very careful who we release information to for many reasons that I won’t go into.”

“I understand, but when you say ‘we’, who are you referring to 'The Extraterrestrials?’ ”

“Not only them. I am currently working with a Dr. Tuchman, who is an astrophysicist.”

“Impressive man. I know of his work in quantum mechanics. Groundbreaking stuff, I might add.”

From a distance, four F4 Phantom jets approach Giant Rock. The jet wash causes George and Darryl to shield their eyes, as they look up at the planes’ underbelly. The jets are flying at an altitude of 1000 feet. Colonel Lafranz splits off and flies his plane into a backward vertical loop. He comes out of the loop dangerously close to the desert floor. Above his instrument panel the crowd appears in his vision while he flies only 40 feet above the ground. Colonel Lafranz hears the radio, “Victor Hotel X-ray, over.”

“Go ahead, over. This is Victor Hotel X-ray, over.”

“Are you ok, Colonel? What the hell are you doing, Colonel?”

“Carry on. I say again carry on, Captain. I’ll catch up with you in a few. I’m just saying hello to an old friend of mine, over and out.”

As he passes the crowd the jet wash blows over tables scattering books, cups and papers into the air. The gale force winds blow the cheap hairpiece off of one of George Adamski's associates. The glass windows of the restaurant shake and rattle violently. An old man is sitting in one of the outhouses. His eyes bulge out while the whole structure wobbles as the jet passes by. Fat Grandma watches the jet from the front of the restaurant counter. Colonel Lafranz smiles, looks over at George and salutes as he passes by all of the attendees. The fury of the jet thundering by the crowd is deafening. Fat Grandma puts her hand to her mouth, “Oh, my god Eva—has that pilot lost his mind?”

Eva turns around with a dry look, sees the tail end of the Colonel’s jet and shakes her head, “No Mom. It's probably a friend of George's having a little fun.”

George and Darryl put their fingers in their ears, smile and then resume their conversation, “As I was going to say, when JFK gets re-elected he’ll be

able to move certain joint space exploration programs forward with the Soviets.”

“And how will I be able to help?”

“We would like you to come to Washington and meet the Chief of Staff, Mr. O’Donnell. Would it be possible for you to facilitate a meeting between the President and the extraterrestrials? Oh of course, you’ll have a meeting with the President beforehand.”

“I’ve heard that the Soviets are trying to get on board with our space program? Is there any truth to this?”

“They already are in many aspects. All of this is being conducted through back door channels. But before we do anything, I’d like to see how you contact them. We’ve heard so many rumors from unreliable sources we’d like to see for ourselves.”

“Eisenhower threw me under the bus and acted like he didn’t know me. How do I know you and Kennedy won’t do the same thing?”

“You won’t. But it’s safe to say that the President has much more to lose than you. If any of this is leaked to outside sources, there’d be hell to pay. Can you imagine the mileage that his political enemies could get out of this?”

“All right, we’ll show you a couple of things that you haven’t seen before. Why don’t you come around tomorrow afternoon?”

Darryl Robinson smiles and tips his fingers like a salute. “Oh, is there a chance that you could get Dr. Tuchman out here also?”

“He’s a busy guy, but I’ll let him know that you’d like to meet him, and try to get him out here.”

George climbs up to the speaker’s podium and embraces his good friend, Gabriel Green, who is impeccably dressed in a suit and tie. “Ladies and gentlemen! Gabe is running for United States Senate. I don’t have to tell you how important it is to get one of our own in Washington. Gabe will help reset

the clock to when the government was interested in doing something for the people versus doing something to the people. There has never been a time in human history where mankind has needed to stop this evil progression that is trying to take over our lives.”

George holds Gabriel Green's hand up and the crowd applauds. They embrace and Gabe climbs down the podium. “He was our last speaker today. Thanks, Gabe.

Like you folks, I’m tired of this government deliberately lying to us about the extraterrestrials and their visits to our planet. And like you, I’m tired about the lies regarding the safety of above ground nuclear tests. We have collectively been entrusted with the stewardship of this planet. Stewardship is not ownership, and rather than preserve what some believe can be the restored, the Garden of Eden, some of the world’s governments want to blow it up. In addition, there is reputable scientific evidence that we are killing billions of entities in parallel co-existing universes.

We've had many people here at these conventions, but need to get millions more in order to stop the government that’s under the rule of secret societies. These groups that operate in the shadows have created compartmentalized sections of our government in order to proceed with their agenda. These select, elitist groups have more power than our elected officials. They don’t care who gets elected, and shamefully, they have created a shadow government with the sole intention of enslaving all of us Americans. They have monopolized our natural resources and control all capital. They have obtained new technology that they are using against us by making alliances with renegade alien species. Their intent is to turn us into something our creator never intended: a lifeless, soulless, programmed machine.” The crowd claps with great enthusiasm.

“The secret societies that I speak of through their proxy shadow

government are denying the existence of our more benevolent space brothers. They discredit and persecute anyone who claims they have made contact with extraterrestrials making us look like kooks and fools in the eyes of the mainstream public.” The crowds are all standing now and begin to clap and start chanting, “Van! Van! Van!” George puts his hands up to calm down the audience.

“Now folks, I have always gone through the proper legal channels and the authorities. I have talked to our religious leaders as well as some of our multinational businessmen, and I have come to a sobering conclusion that the above institutions have become so adulterated through these secret societies that they all are beyond redemption. They lord over our assets with their currency of fear, manipulate our thoughts and will never stop until they control every aspect of our lives. They do this by dividing us and creating perpetual worldwide conflict and wars. They have made us believe that up is down and right is wrong, that tearing the universe apart will save lives, and any counter belief systems that oppose them are demonized as unpatriotic, naive and treasonous. For the most part we the people of this world came into this century with balanced minds. Through the cosmic Influencers that control these people, we have suffered from the enactment of Federal Reserve Syndicates and the Federal Income Tax. We were promised stability and instead we’ve been burdened with two world wars and the 1929 depression. Our returning military suffer from post-traumatic disorder. Unless we can push forward our brand of peaceful co-existence, the elimination of nuclear weapons of mass destruction, and a full disclosure of the history of our galactic family, these cosmic Influencers will prevail against us. The battle lines have been drawn. So I’m suggesting that we stop giving our tax dollars to these universal criminals immediately and shut the entire government down until we get what we want which is, ‘Revolution Today! Revolution

Tomorrow! And may God bless not only our own planet, but the entire universe!’ Thank you.”

There is thunderous applause and whistles from the crowd as he climbs down to a group of well-wishers and supporters, where he receives hugs and handshakes.

Tom Sharp is standing in the back of the crowd wearing an innocuous fishing hat with two of his associates. He looks around and shakes his head, “I’ve seen enough. What a bunch of gullible assholes.”

A few hours later most of the crowd has already left. Volunteers are picking up trash around Giant Rock, planes are taking off, the motor homes and trailers are leaving and the extra outhouses are being hauled away.

Chapter 24

Darryl Robinson walks into the restaurant. “I’m eager to get started. Our friends in D.C. are very interested in the outcome.”

“Mr. Robinson, will you meet us outside at the Rock in about 15 minutes?”

He nods and turning on his heel, walks back outside. George gets up, walks over to Chase and whispers in his ear. They both head for the door and Davey Boy follows. “Grandpa, can I come too?”

“Not this time, Davey Boy. You need to stay here with the rest of the cousins.”

“It’s not fair. Why can Chase go and I can’t?”

Chase sees that his cousin is upset. He walks over and hands him the blue Dodger baseball cap. “Here, y-you can have it. I kn-kn-know you want it.”

He smiles, “You mean it?”

“Yeah, I mean it!”

Davey Boy smiles as he puts the cap on and spits on his right hand while Chase does the same in order to consummate the deal. “We’ll play l-l-later, ok?”

Chase, George and Darryl are all outside the Rock. Darryl doesn’t understand why the young boy is there with them. “Where’s Dr. Tuchman? I thought he would be here—and why the kid?”

“Dr. Tuchman had a lecture and you’ll see soon enough why Chase is here. Mr. Robinson, I need a few minutes with my nephew—alone. Go on down, we’ll be there in a minute,” Darryl warily makes his way down the Rock stairs.

George puts his hand on Chase's shoulder. "This man represents the President and we need his help."

"Uncle George, will he believe us?"

"We'll soon find out as we're going to show this man how the Yggradasil works."

They go down inside the Rock. "Chase, I want you to take some slow deep breaths. Slow breaths, yeah, nice and easy, nice and easy."

George turns to Darryl, "We're going to show you something that the Council of Seven Lights originally gave to Frank Critzer over twenty years ago." He shows him the golden ornate flask with the two red snakes on it. "I was able to retrieve this down here after the FBI blew him up. We believe this is the only remaining correct formula left on earth. I'm in contact with the Council through him and the contents of this flask. Now let's get started," George takes a drop of the Yggradasil and rubs it just above the eyebrows of Chase. Frank Critzer's voice is heard, "Hail the Council of Seven Lights." Darryl Robinson is blown away as the Rock illuminates into a dazzling array of colors.

Davey Boy quietly leaves his cousins, crawls around the Rock and sees the colors coming from inside. Darryl Robinson is astonished seeing the inside of the Rock illuminated, "What's going on here? What's happening?"

Chase's body slowly rises and gently levitates off the ground, rotating 360 degrees above the two men. Frank's voice is heard saying, "We are hopeful that we are coming into a new Era of peace and prosperity. When the people of—" Davey Boy's face is pressed against the window. He lets out a gasp and puts his hands over his mouth. George and Darryl look up and see the back of a small boy with a blue baseball cap running away. Chase gently floats downward.

George races up the stairs and grabs Davey Boy, throws him over his

shoulders like a sack of potatoes, returns to the Rock and yells, "I'll be right back!"

A Cointel Sharp Shooter has his long-range rifle sighted on them as he carries Davey Boy back to the restaurant. "The kid with the blue cap is with Van Tassel. Do I take the shot?"

Tom Sharp through his binoculars see's the two, "Take them down. Take them both down—now!" The sniper slowly pulls the trigger and the bullet explodes through Davey Boy's back penetrating his lung and exiting out the front of his rib cage. The bullet continues into George's lower back knocking the wind out of him.

Gasping to catch his breath he's still able to drag the small boy's bleeding body into the restaurant. Another shot just misses his head and explodes through the front glass window of the restaurant. The children inside scream in terror at the site of Davey Boy's bloody body as George yells at everyone to stay down.

He puts his head on Davey Boy's chest listening for any sign of a heartbeat. Eva comes running in a panic and kneels down. "What in God's name is happening? Is he still breathing?"

"Yep, he's still breathing. Eva, grabs some towels and have an ambulance meet me out on the paved road. Call the Sheriff and tell them there's a sniper out here." As he drives out to meet the ambulance, the rear window of his Dodge explodes showering them with shredded broken glass.

Tom Sharp gets on his walkie-talkie. "We blew it. The subject is headed your way. Plan 'Coin Toss.' Implement plan 'Coin Toss' immediately, copy? I say again, implement plan 'Coin Toss.' Get me out of here!" A black helicopter swoops down, picks up Tom and heads toward George's fleeing car.

George races down the dirt road creating a rooster tail of dust. Just as

they reach the paved road he glances up at the black hovering helicopter, and out of nowhere a large 18-wheeler crashes into them. They're shoved over an embankment and down into a 100-foot gulley. The Dodge rolls over and over and stops abruptly upside down. The black helicopter follows the truck and both speed away.

There is an eerie silence as the wheels continually spin. The distant sound of the ambulance's siren breaks the silence. The paramedics jump out and look over the side at the demolished vehicle. "Is that Van Tassel?" The paramedic hastily runs down the sandy hill. He sees George hanging upside down unconscious, crawls inside and feels for a pulse. He then moves to Davey Boy, who's been thrown out of the car and is lying motionless on the ground. "Van Tassel is alive, but the kid is dead." The other paramedic comes down and they pull George out of the car. They see a wallet and the bent ornate flask beneath him.

Two law enforcement units arrive at the crash scene. The paramedics cut open George's shirt to find out where the blood is coming from. In astonishment, they point towards the wound, "Something is moving up his back toward this bullet hole! Would you look at that? I've never seen anything like that in my life. What is that? Let's start him on an I.V. and get him to the hospital."

Chapter 25

George remains unconscious in the recovery room with an oxygen mask over his face. Davey Boy's mother, Eva, Fat Grandma, Chase and Doris are all outside the recovery room sobbing when the doctor comes out.

"I'm so sorry about your loss. He was so young . . . and about your husband, Mrs. Van Tassel. I don't know how he made it. He's in a coma, has a broken back and four fractured ribs. His lung is punctured and his leg's broken in three different places. He's lost more blood than I've ever seen any human being lose, but the most peculiar thing him is that the gunshot wound has completely closed up.

Mrs. Van Tassel, I don't know why he's still alive. We're going to keep him heavily sedated so he doesn't damage himself. We'll need time to make sure he is stabilized before we can safely transfer him to a larger hospital in Riverside. He must have an army of angels in his corner."

Chase looks down at his Uncle, "He does."

THREE WEEKS LATER

NOVEMBER 22, 1963 10:30 AM PACIFIC STANDARD TIME.

George, with an oxygen mask still around his nose and mouth, opens his eyes with a look of terror. He lifts his head up and yells, "Chase! Chase! Chase!"

NOVEMBER 22, 1963 10:32 AM PACIFIC STANDARD TIME.

A pack of wolves mull around the Rock. An earthquake starts to shake making a wailing sound similar to a machine winding down.

NOVEMBER 22, 1963 10:35 AM PACIFIC STANDARD TIME.

Blacky begins to howl and whimper while pacing frantically back and forth in front of Fat Grandma's house.

NOVEMBER 22, 1963 12:30 PM CENTRAL STANDARD TIME.

John F. Kennedy, riding in an open car in Dallas, Texas, receives two fatal bullets to the head.

Tom Sharp is sitting in his car observing Chase with binoculars playing a game of tetherball with his classmates at Joshua Tree Elementary School. There's an emergent shadow covering the entire area. Tom looks up in the sky and notices that an eclipse is enveloping the sun. A few moments later he looks back and watches three young students who were playing with Chase run up to a teacher. The boys are very excited and all point to the empty tetherball court. Sharp looks at the students pull the teacher to the tetherball pole.

He scans back and forth through his binoculars and cannot find Chase anywhere. He gets out of the car and looks over the entire desert with his binoculars. He watches the teacher frantically run to the office. He looks up and catches a glimpse of a large spacecraft over the mountain ridge in front of a Solar Eclipse that quickly goes vertical and is out of his site.

An alien that could easily pass for a northern European decathlon competitor escorts Chase through a maze of hallways that lead to the Bridge. The massive spacecraft has come to a standstill in front of a black wormhole the size of a football field. On the bridge there are numerous other northern European looking aliens sitting at their workstations. He's instructed to wait as his escort walks over to the leader. He whispers in his ear and motions for Chase to come over. Perplexed, Chase notices that the two that summoned him look identical except for perhaps a few years age difference.

“Come closer. My name is Lohexo. I am the commander of this ship and this is my son Vandross. I hope the ride to our ship was not unpleasant. We have been observing you since you were a small child.” Chase is calm, feels safe and somehow remembers these faces from a time before. “You are wondering who we are, and what you are doing here. We are from a sister planet that was created at the precise moment your Earth was. We are located many light years away from your Earth.” He touches a button and brings up a map that shows where their planet is located.

“Our planet is called Nulquin, and as you can see we have similar oceans, mountain ranges and land mass. I am limited to what I can say at this time. But you should know that there were evil forces that were planning to harm you. Young Chase, the Council would not allow that to happen. The only other thing that I can tell you at this time is that we were instructed to pick you up for an important reason. You will now enter a wormhole that will take you directly to meet the Council of Seven Lights.

The Council needs to prepare you for a very important task that will affect the entire universe. Vandross will help you get ready for your journey. Upon your return to Earth, he will be monitoring events and will assist you when needed. Be advised, we can only enter your atmosphere for a very short time during Solar and Lunar Eclipses. Only in extreme emergencies will we be able to intervene. For the most part, you will be on your own.”

Lohexo stands up and places his hand on Chase’s shoulder, “I am confident that the Counsel has chosen wisely and we will be together in more fortuitous times.” Chase is escorted to a room with a table. As Vandross grabs what looks like a small flashlight, he says to Chase, “I will see you soon,” and then shines the light over Chase’s forehead putting him to sleep. He inserts two small red capsules into his nose that allow him to breathe. He

moves Chase's knees toward his chest while he sprays a misty liquid substance over his entire body that quickly hardens.

He awakens as he is jettisoned from the spacecraft to the opening of the wormhole. Within seconds he passes through the Milky Way galaxy and enters another wormhole propelling him even faster through cities that are floating on air. Spaceships numbering in the thousands are traveling near him. He continues past and enters yet another wormhole. As he comes to the end of the wormhole he is engulfed in a dazzling array of gold dust that swiftly changes into a radiating gold rope of interlacing snakes. The snake's razor-sharp fangs disengage from the middle and tear the covering from his body. This allows him to float slowly through a golden chamber. He gently lands in front of a pulsating cellular wall of every color imaginable with no definite beginning or end. He's familiar with this place as he now faces the Council of Seven Lights.

There are no words spoken just telepathic messages. He asks why he was placed in this chamber. A message comes across telling him that he had to be there for his own protection. He inquires how long will he be there? The wall pulsates and Chase is sent a message that he will be in an incubation state for five earth years.

Chapter 26

Back on Earth there is a media frenzy, which has taken on a life of its own. The powers that be trotted their scientists who looked like clowns in their attempts to explain the events that occurred at the school. Initially it started out as a circus, but rapidly turned into a witch-hunt.

Mrs. Clark, the teacher supervising the playground when Chase vanished, was brought up on charges of child neglect that were quickly dismissed. The children that witnessed the event were relentlessly interviewed by government psychiatrists and after three months, the students were brainwashed into believing that the teacher had a secret dungeon beneath her home. They gave details of a magical passageway that originated from the playground to her house. Fresh human placentas had been buried 3 feet in the ground surrounding Mrs. Clark's home by Cointel operatives that gave credence to what the children were saying to authorities. Rescue dogs were brought in to search the property and the false evidence they found pointed towards a mass gravesite. There were several holes subsequently dug around her home, but no bodies of any children were recovered. The media had gotten a hold of Mrs. Clark's transcripts from college, which showed a low 'C' G.P.A. Her conviction of a minor in possession of alcohol while attending a college party and multiple speeding tickets were submitted to tarnish her reputation. Her husband soon afterwards divorced her and forced the disgraced teacher to move in with relatives.

The shooting that resulted in the death of Davey Boy along with the attempted murder of George was portrayed as carried out by a deranged and disgruntled ex-devotee. He was a psychotic who suffered from a long history of drug abuse. His extreme psychosis made him believe that he was a UFO

space guru with a message from God.

The Vietnam War protesters were slowly replacing George and his UFO followers. Its origins were organic in nature as it began on college campuses by students who were tired of seeing friends and relatives come home in body bags. The homegrown peace movement was a challenge to the government, as it was organized predominately by middle-class white kids. The movement was particularly problematic to the Nixon Administration as it brought in liberal and black communities followed by middle of the road conservatives. As the peace movement grew more mainstream, it threatened United States Corporate interests. Cointel headed by Jennifer Fowlkes was called in to provide a domestically engineered solution.

Her concept was to implement social psychic terror on the nation. Some of her methods were originally tested on UFO space contractors, including George. Through half-truths and outright lies, she was able to tie Jack Parsons, a follower of Aleister Crowley, a.k.a. "The Beast", and the founder of the Jet Propulsion laboratory to Giant Rock. Granted, he did visit some of the early public channeling sessions and his rocket testing area was located nearby in the town of Fontana, but that was the extent of it. As George and the space brother's UFO spiritual philosophy had nothing to do with Satan or Demons, George found some of his channeling information within their literature and wanted nothing to do with them.

The tactic was spectacularly successful as Pastor Jack and other purveyors of orthodox religion relentlessly attack George and his so called 'Devil Worshipers' at every opportunity. The shadow world government implemented the second part of a broader more insidious plan that Jennifer was aware of, but not directly involved in. Within the higher echelons was the long-term plan to lure the public into materialism along with a dense, surreal, artificial, social and cultural structure. This would be accomplished

delicately by occupying the mass' collective consciousness with a progression of redundant technological gadgetry provided by the Greys. A strange little-known fact of this technological gadgetry is that there are no traceable patent holders of transistors or fiber optic technologies. These far-reaching inventions just suddenly appeared overnight, given free of charge to corporate interests. So where did that technology come from, and from whom?

Cointel received additional methods of mind control from the black operations of the CIA who were working closely with the Greys. Only a few, including Jennifer and Tom Sharp, knew that interstellar puppet masters were controlling these covert operations. The individuals involved were simply brainwashed into thinking that their amoral actions were somehow fulfilling a patriotic duty.

Through advanced mind control techniques that included high-density microwaves, operatives were able to capture weaker minds with a distorted sense of reality and turn them into assassins. These lone-wolf assassins of the Kennedy's, Dr. King, etc. told government investigators that they had no philosophical differences with the people they had summarily executed. The assassins had no explanations or any recall of how or why they had done their insidious deeds and were left with a literal smoking gun in their hands. The general public did not see these men for what they were: brainwashed, mind controlled Manchurian candidates. Serial killers such as the much-sensationalized 'Zodiac Killer' and the Manson family cult were used by the Influencers to create devastation that sickened the main street people, driving many of them to organized religion for a sense of order and sanity. Labor Unions and peace rallies were replaced by television and religious programming that hypnotizes the public followed by the robotic 40-hour workweek.

One of Charles Manson's loyal lieutenants, Charles "Tex" Watson, a son of a Methodist minister, fell victim to the CIA while he attended North Texas University, studying to be a minister. The CIA used the University as a recruitment center, and while attending one of the CIA pilot programs of remote viewing under the guise of being recruited to the agency, "Tex" was indoctrinated into the darkest regions of mind control by systematic dosages of LSD. Watson went from a devout Methodist and honor student to a ruthless killing machine. Like many naive white middle-class religious targets during the 60's, he didn't have a clue that he was being turned into a Manchurian candidate. Implicated in the most heinous mass murders in history, he proved how effective and ruthless Cointel could be in imposing their will on an unwitting public.

The net effect of Cointel's counter-terrorism was to dampen any alternative unifying thought to a more negative, materialist bend that would also enhance their coffers and the Gross National Product (GNP). Laws were tailored to accomplish this. Bogus scientific studies and films such as, "Reefer Madness" were created to point to the debilitating health risks and socially reprehensible consequences of smoking marijuana. This once again masked their real aim: not only to conceal the benefits of the marijuana plant but also to increase the annual GNP by 2.4% by a 20% reduction of pot smokers.

The government through the controlled media was repressing any leaked information from returning astronauts or rogue intelligence agents who wished to come clean about their contacts with UFOs. The free press was being systematically gutted and controlled by corporate interests, which were able to contain most all extraterrestrial reports worldwide. The followers of George Van Tassel and the space brotherhood began to dwindle away along with their evaporating financial support. Most all research regarding time

travel and cell rejuvenation came to a standstill. The Dome was chained, locked up and forgotten. It became a mere curiosity out in the middle of the desert.

It took George nine months and two different operations to get back on his feet. He rarely ventured outside of the Ranch House as he was afraid of long-range snipers positioned on Goat Mountain or on top of the boulder field above the Rock. After the shooting Dr. Tuchman and his wife were visited by Cointel agents and told in no uncertain terms that if Dr. Tuchman continued to work with George Van Tassel, his entire family would be killed. This was a problem as Dr. Tuchman had put up his house as collateral for a bank loan for a lab-suite purchased after the last convention. His wife was so distraught by the threat, she never left her home and become a total recluse.

During this time period, Chase entered a deep sleep. His brain and DNA structure were being purposely altered. He was the only one of five indigo children that was sent back to Earth to help preserve and assist the human species in its ascension to a higher vibration. While he was away, his family moved back to Pomona to live with his maternal grandparents. His Dad, Richard Van Tassel, died from a heart attack shortly after his disappearance. During his life, his famous older brother, George, had overshadowed his father. Richard relished the nonstop publicity that his brother received and did anything that George asked him to do. His death preceded Fat Grandma's by six months, and Eva's by nine. The once vibrant UFO movement and Chase's interconnected family structure had been shattered since his disappearance.

Chapter 27

Five Years Later

It's a cold blustery day as the moisture coming from the Yucca trees creates small dripping icicles. The morning sun has just peaked over Goat Mountain. The desert sage combined with the moist earth gives off an odor unique only to this part of the remote Mohave high desert. A California Highway patrolman has a dune buggy pulled over on the paved road. The young man at the wheel is arguing with the officer, "I'm not going to sign that ticket. I drove just 100 feet on the paved road. I was going to turn right here on this dirt road and go out to Giant Rock."

"I don't care if it was just ten feet on the pavement; this vehicle is not registered with the DMV to be on any public roads."

As he finishes writing the ticket, the patrolman notices another young man walking along the road without a jacket on, and rather in a daze. "Son! Son!"

Chase, now 13 years old, ignores the officer and continues walking. The officer hurries after him and grabs him by the shoulder. "What're you doing out here?" He does not respond and looks at the Officer with a blank stare.

"Where's your jacket? Where're you headed?"

Chase just puts his hand to his mouth indicating he's going to get something to eat.

"What's your name? Do you need a ride home?"

Chase remains silent.

"I think you need help" the officer replies, "and escorts him to the patrol car."

His mother is notified that Chase has been found and is being held at the hospital in Yucca Valley for observation. The media and tabloids once again had a field day with headlines such as “Vanishing Desert Boy Returns” and “School Teacher Vindicated.” George was getting requests for interviews by radio and television reporters who wanted to hear his thoughts on where Chase had been. He declined all interviews and was desperate to speak with Chase, but Doris would not allow any contact.

In the hospital they diagnosed him with an acute case of Broca's Aphasia that was caused by a series of epileptic seizures. The diagnosis was of course inaccurate, as his brain function had been enhanced by the Council while he remained in a deep sleep. It would take several weeks for his brain to settle down enough to have any conversations with anyone. The media sensation lasted a month, which created more questions than answers regarding the exact whereabouts of the “Vanishing Desert Boy.” Doris was bombarded with requests from psychiatrists around the world who wanted to perform in-depth examinations on him. She refused, wanting no additional publicity regarding her son and his mysterious disappearance.

After six months, Chase returned to school slightly confused and essentially bored by a curriculum that was more about warehousing than education. He spent most of his time reading anything that pertained to physics. Because of his initial inability to communicate, few realized the extent of the transformation that occurred while he was in a five-year deep sleep. The Council endowed him with additional powers that included the ability to read minds and telepathically implant thoughts directly in the minds of others. As he returned to school, his classmates would talk amongst themselves about how strange he acted. He was acutely aware of their thoughts and most of the time he would simply ignore them. But there were those rare occasions where Chase couldn't resist toying with some of his

more pedestrian of classmates, and he simply had to respond.

On one such occasion during lunch, a group of the more socially elite were sitting across the room out of ear range and talking about him. “He's cute and nice and everything, but he's so weird. He just creeps me out.”

Chase finishes his lunch and walks directly up to the young girl who was the apparent leader of the social click. “Thanks for the compliment.” The girl, shocked, hurriedly runs off while all of her friends just stand there with their mouths open.

His mother had always been an emotional wreck, but her problem with alcohol was exacerbated by Chase's connection with his Uncle and The Giant Rock phenomenon. The local police knew they were going to have their hands full when a call from 858 North Towne Avenue reached the dispatcher.

After consuming large amounts of alcohol, she would spew out the most vitriol emasculating words that would make a truck driver blush. Between the alcoholism and what can be easily described as an opiate, non-sensical form of fundamental Christianity, her use of language seemed to vacillate between the knitting circles and outlaw biker gangs. But she had a history. Her first husband was one of the founding members of the San Bernardino chapter of the Hell's Angels. Her father, a horse trainer, enabled and encouraged her dysfunction by providing for her instead of helping her to help herself. He bought her a car, paid her rent and gave her money which along with the welfare food stamp program, helped her get by. The events of Chase's five-year disappearance added more fuel for her depression. She had always been oblivious to the needs of her children, but the additional years of alcoholism made this condition worse. Her day would begin with coffee accompanied by a shot of Jim Beam while she read the newspaper.

“ ‘General Dynamics Plans More Layoffs. FHA and VA homes to be

filled by low income minorities.’ “What did I tell ya? More thugs are coming here,” she reports.

“We’re no better than they are, Mom, and stop calling them thugs! Would you like to be called a half-breed or white trash?”

“What’re you now, some kind of ‘black rights activist?’ You don’t know shit. Your grandfather was a member of the Ku Klux Klan in Kentucky, and just wait till I tell him about his black loving grandson.” Doris gives him another one of her menacing glares and barks, “Everyone knew that the coal miner union representatives during the depression were card carrying Ku Klux Klan members.” Chase knew better than to argue as the cheap Kentucky Bourbon had taken over. “First they give ‘em our jobs and next, it will be our town. Hell, we need the Klan here to take care of this problem.”

“Mom, stop it! They're not taking your job because you don’t have one. You’ve never worked. It’s your bitterness that has prevented you from moving forward.”

She quickly inhales her filter-less Pall Mall cigarette and points her finger at him, “Do you know who you sound like right now?” He knew precisely what she was going to say next, “That son-of-a-bitch out in the desert, that’s who! The biggest mistake I ever made was marrying into this family. Look at us now! Your father worshiped your Uncle and he put every last cent that we had in that ridiculous Dome. On top of that, he worked every weekend after putting in 50 hours of construction work in town. When you came up missing, it put the final nail in his coffin. His heart was broken because of his belief in your Uncle and the UFO space brother crap. All we got left now is a beat-up old station wagon. Your Uncle was a bull-shitter and between your utterly stupid Fat Grandma and your doormat Aunt Eva, I was the only one that knew the truth about his racket. That’s what I’m saying.”

“Mom, Fat Grandma and Auntie Eva were saints! They did everything

they could for us and they both died for a cause bigger than themselves. Can't you just give it a rest? And why do you have to drink all of the time? It just makes you madder at me and everyone else."

"Listen, you were too young to know, but that false messiah put his pecker in every woman that he came in contact with. Apparently, nobody could resist him; he was the Devil Incarnate. Pastor Jack ran out of fingers telling me about all the different women he screwed out there. Thank God, we made it out of there alive."

"Mom, I don't care and I don't remember much, and that was a long time ago." He picks up a box of Cheerios, opens the refrigerator and sees that there's no milk. He grabs some Cheerios out of the box and yells as he walks out the door, "Would you buy some milk for a change?"

Chapter 28

George Van Tassel, the man who predicted the 'Saucer Flap' over Washington D.C. in 1959, had few followers left, and was desperate and broke. The days of him drawing thousands of people out to Giant Rock had ended. He tried everything he could to transform the material that Frank had dug from inside of the Giant Rock into the transformative elixir that he had received from the Council. His experiments with various catalysts led him to ingesting small amounts that only made him and Gabriel Green sick. He now was spending the majority of his time with a group of desert rats that paid his beer tab in exchange for a story about the Good Ol' Giant Rock days.

Eva died two years after Chase disappeared. It was never the same after the Cointel killed Davey Boy and maimed her husband both mentally and physically. The continued harassment and the increased stress of George's persecution caused Eva's death.

George very unscrupulously remarried an obnoxious woman one week after Eva's death. The entire family was outraged. Stella Perkins had been his primary booking Lee for speaking engagements, and her only saving grace was money. She, like most women who came in contact with George, was bedded regularly. Benny her son had been born with mild brain damage as the result of a drunken anesthesiologist. She received a settlement that provided a monthly annuity that was their only source of income, enabling her and her son to move close to the Ranch. George was flat ass broke and since she was the main paramour, he didn't have to pay her as a booking Lee. It made sense for him to marry her.

The other members of the family, who had put up with George's lifelong philandering as the UFO rock star, drew the line with accepting Stella into the

family. Although George was suspected of being the child's father, it was obvious by the dark skin and jet-black hair that Jorge Ridley Gomez came from a different father. The divisions that his new wife caused with some of the old timers created chaos for the pseudo-scientific organization called the College of Universal Wisdom, which was the non-profit organization that survived off of donations. Cointel had now reduced his image to a cartoon character, 'The Tin Foil Hat' man of a bye-gone era.

Doris was on her third Jim Bean toddy when the phone rang. “Hello!” the phone was silent, “Whoever is breathing on this line, it’s your nickel and you have two seconds before I hang up.”

“Don’t hang up, Doris. It’s George.”

“Speaking of the Devil.”

“I need to speak to Chase.”

“You have a lot of nerve calling here! Like I’ve told you repeatedly, he’s not allowed to speak to you and I mean never. The pain you have caused this family will never be forgiven. So please have a nice life with the new Mrs. George Van Tassel and your horde of loyal followers, but leave us alone.” She slams the phone down, but he calls right back.

“Doris did you ever tell him?”

She begins yelling, “George Van Tassel, you are disgusting! Don’t you have one thread of decency left in you? You sent Dick to town, came over, got me drunk and knocked me up. You knew full well what happens to me when I drink. You’re an animal, and the fact that you could betray your own brother—well it’s simply irreprehensible!”

“It was a side effect of a drug that made my sex drive three times greater than normal.”

“Bullshit, utter bullshit! This is me, Doris, your brother’s wife you’re speaking to. From the very first time I met you, you were trying to get me in

the sack!”

“You could’ve said no. I didn’t rape you and I felt the chemistry between us. Hell, I’m a flawed human being and so are you.”

“You might as well have.”

“Again, I’m sorry, but I need to speak to him. I need to tell him the truth, and besides, he shouldn’t be living in an urban war zone.”

“Having my son vanish into thin air from the playground of his elementary school is far from a safe environment for any child.”

“He’s older now. He needs to remember who he is. He may be the world’s last hope and he may not even know it.”

“Leave us alone, and don’t you ever think of telling him anything about us. You know I’ll just deny it!”

Chapter 29

Chase always walked to school by himself. He has a 1957 Chevy in his backyard, but it needs a transmission. His mother who often stayed up late drinking arose at different times and was an unreliable chauffeur. Besides, she couldn't turn the ignition without a lit cigarette in the other hand. This made his teachers think he was a smoker and made any explanation to the contrary an exercise in futility. On the way to Ralph Waldo Emerson High School, he passes a small well-maintained circular park. He notices a classmate sitting on a bench with his head bowed trying to conceal tears. "Jeffrey, what's wrong with you?"

"I can't go to school," he looks up showing a mouthful of braces and red eyes.

"What in the hell do you mean?"

He turns and sheepishly blurts out, "Poof took my ten-speed bicycle."

Chase sits down next to him and leans over, "When did Poof take your bike Jeffrey?"

"About 10 minutes ago, right here. I was riding to school and he stopped me and told me to get off and give it to him. He just got out of jail for armed robbery. I'm not crazy."

"I know who he is. Why don't we just go get your bike back; what's he going to do, kill us?"

"Yes, maybe not you, but he told me if I mentioned this to anybody including the police, that he'd come back and kill me."

"Poof won't kill you. I know where he lives, so get up. We're going to get your bike back, now come on."

"Don't you think you need a knife or a gun or something?"

He scowls at Jeffrey, “What for?”

“Chase, even the girls in their family are vicious. His younger sister beat the hell out of Scotty Hawks and put him in the hospital for a week. This is a real bad idea. I just want to go home now.”

Chase ignores him as the two continue to walk down the street toward the railroad tracks. They reach Poof’s home and Jeffrey is nervous; he paces back and forth. Chase stands out in front of Poof’s house and he hears Jeffrey’s thoughts: “Maybe if I run now I can get to that fire station that we just passed.”

Chase looks over at Jeffrey, “You’ll never make it, so forget about it.” Surprised, he looks over at Chase and wonders how he heard his thoughts.

The town of Pomona just ten years prior had been voted the best town in America to live, and now it was an urban war zone. It had the dubious distinction of having the highest homicide rate of a city with a population of 100,000 or less in America. The town was nicknamed “The Pit” as in the armpit of Los Angeles.

The demise of any city is always rooted in macroeconomic factors. The city officials couldn’t pick a long-term winner capable of providing good paying jobs for its citizens. Walt Disney came up with a proposal for an all-inclusive year around amusement park, but it was turned down as they thought it was too risky. Instead, they opted for the defense industry that was dependent on a fickle United States Congress for funding.

The population was ill prepared for the onslaught of what was to become the stomping grounds for Los Angeles County's toughest street gangs. The town was experiencing an acute culture shock being viewed as a systemic meltdown.

There had always been a working class Mexican population along with a few associated gangs. As time went on, they were replaced by street

numbered territorial gangs that usually kept to themselves primarily on the south side of town. The Mexican gangs had a strict hierarchy and rarely bothered anyone with the exception of rival gangs from neighboring cities.

Jeffrey is shaking and his teeth are chattering as Chase reassures him and tells him to relax. He walks up to the old house with a large wooden door and an elegant opal window that seemed out of place. He opened the torn screen door and begins banging loudly. A large black woman with her hair contained in a fishnet moves slowly toward the front door followed by two relatively fit black girls with Afros. They're all frowning at him, "What ya want, white-boy?"

"Your son Roland took my friend's bike and we've come to get it back." She looks out at Jeffrey standing out in the street with his hands in his pockets.

"How come you doing the asking not him?" She points to Jeffrey with her two daughters echoing the same question, "Yeah, why?"

"This ain't any of your business, white-boy."

He slowly rubs the back of his head. "To tell you the truth, Jeffrey here is very shy. If you would please have Roland return the bike, I would appreciate it."

He hears what the large black woman is thinking while she stares at him, "This is one crazy-ass white-boy; got some nerve. Look at those eyes."

From upstairs Poof opens the window and starts yelling at Jeffrey in the street, "I told you. Boy, what I was going to do to you!"

The woman yells at Chase, "You had better get out of here," and abruptly slams the door.

Chase sees Jeffrey start walking down the street and whistles loudly at him to come back, "We came here to get your bike back, right?"

Chase yells up at Poof, "Do you know who I am?"

“I’ve seen ya around at school. You’s that crazy boy from the desert.”

Chase smiles at Jeffrey and looks up, shaking his head at Poof. “That’d be me and you’ve seen what I can do Roland, so save us all from this needless aggravation and give Jeffrey back his bike.”

Poof glaring at Chase yells, “Don’t be calling me Roland. My name is Poof, and he gave it to me silly white-boy. Besides, I sold it, so 'poof', be gone now before 'poof', you're gone.” Poof points his hands like he has a magical wand.

Chase slowly kneels down and picks up a couple of golf ball sized rocks. “Roland, I just asked you nicely, so rather than me busting out all of your windows, why don’t you just give him his bike back.”

“Hey white-boy, you’s already in line for a beat down. You better get along.”

He looks over at Jeffrey and then very calmly throws the rock that crashes into the top of the window, forcing Poof to duck. Jeffrey looks over at Chase in shock, “What’re you doing?”

“I’m gonna make you pay, white-boy!”

Chase throws another rock crashing through the window next to Poof. His mother opens the door and begins yelling, “Stop that white boy, now! Roland, give him back his bike!”

They both stand there waiting for what seemed to be an eternity. Jeffrey blurts out, “We need to go! I don’t want the bike back anymore.”

The door opens and a thump, thump noise comes from the house as the ten-speed bicycle is thrown out landing on the steps. As the door slams, Chase wheels it back to a smiling Jeffrey.

“Thanks! I’ll see you at school.”

Chase didn’t mind stepping up for a friend who needed his help as he relished the opportunity. For him being the outsider, the crazy kid from the

desert, making friends was difficult, and being respected for anything other than being weird or different was a welcome relief. He was referred to as a “roamer” by the parents of his classmates because he was always seen walking around town at all hours of the night. His worn out cloths didn’t help much either and he would telepathically hear words like 'rag bag' from the parents of his classmates. He wore an old black police jacket with a thick wool collar and Vietnam Infantry boots. His unconventional behavior along with the inexplicable disappearance placed him last on the list for birthdays or sleepovers.

After the ordeal with Poof, he finally makes his way to school. He quietly strolls into his first-period class and tries not to interrupt the algebra lesson that is being written on the chalkboard by Mrs. Albertson.

“Late again, Chase?”

“Sorry, Mrs. A.” she wore bifocal glasses connected by a long dangling chain. She colored her hair auburn and kept it parted with a small beret giving the impression that she still cared about her appearance and her job.

“I had some important business to take care of.”

“That’s true, Mrs. Albertson. He was helping me.”

She looks sideways at Jeffrey, “Then how come you managed to get to class on time, and he didn’t?”

“Hey Chase, look at this!” Gordon Brooks, notorious class clown and Chase’s friend, had brought his mother’s 12-inch dildo to school and was tapping it on his ex-girlfriend, Kathy Fee’s head. Chase and the rest of the class go into hysterical laughter watching the young girl try to avoid Gordon’s outrageous brand of comedy.

Mrs. Albertson turns around from the chalk board, sighs and in a dry voice, “Gordon put your play thing away. If only your math skills were as clever as your comedy, you might have a chance of passing this class.”

She looks at Chase, “—and where might your algebra book be?”

He looks over at Gordon who throws him an old tattered Algebra book, “Right here, Mrs. A!”

During that time period, smoking pot and taking various drugs including Quaaludes, or what was referred to as 'marshmallow reds', because they were large pills and made you feel like a large marshmallow, were the norm. There was a prevailing sense of resignation by his classmates due to their dismal prospects that made drug abuse acceptable. As far as Chase was concerned, the use of any drug with the exception of drinking an occasional beer was ridiculous. His early ethereal experiences with Yggradasil and encounters with aliens from multiple dimensions could never be matched by any self-induced pharmaceutical or herbal drugs.

Soon after he returned from the five-year absence and was reintegrated into the school system, he had several run-ins with the stronger more abrasive kids, and earned a reputation for never backing down regardless of the consequences. A year earlier he was confronted in an alley by six young thugs, and was able to get away by fighting his way backwards until he was able to escape through a back yard. The next day at school before class started, he proceeded to beat senseless the unsuspecting thug from the night before, bashing his head against a locker. The surprise and efficiency in which he had beaten this kid paralyzed the 30 or so onlookers, as it was an unusual event seeing a smaller kid take the offensive.

Gordon sees Chase in the hallway and runs up to him, “Hey dude, it’s all over the school about you throwing rocks and breaking Poof’s windows out. You must have a death wish. What you did for that little squirrel was righteous. I mean everyone is talking about it. You’re famous around here now.”

“Yeah, right. The last thing I want to become is a target.”

“Too late. I hear that Poof’s been rounding up the brothers to meet you after school. I’ll try to round up some back-up, but you know we’re going to get our asses kicked.”

The rest of the day, kids that he hardly knew came up and told him how great it was that somebody finally stood up to Poof. Gordon later came up to him and told him that he thought as many as 20 kids would show up.

Chase looked up at the clock. It was 2.45 pm—less than fifteen minutes before a date with a very uncertain future. The minute hands on the clock appeared to stand still. The final bell rang, sounding like something you would hear at a horse track. He opens the door in surprise as he sees a large number of kids of all ages, shapes and sizes soberly waiting for him.

Gordon smiles, “This is your posse dude.”

Chase yells out to the crowd, “Are you sure you want to do this?” He looks in the eyes of his supporters and in unison they all yell out, “Hell Yeah!”

Chase now leading the group sees Poof at the center of a large group. He recognizes only a few students as the rest look like they are much older. As they pass an intersecting hallway, more students join behind him. By now, both groups are headed toward each other resembling locomotives headed on a collision course. Chase's eyes turn blood red. He focuses all of his attention on Poof who becomes terrified at his supernatural transition, making Poof take a step back. Chase, utilizing a cement barrier, launches himself four feet in mid-air, throwing an elbow that tags Poof’s eye causing an explosion of blood. Fists begin flying and he pummels Poof’s face with rapid-fire punches. He beats him senseless causing the skin around his knuckles to tear. As Poof loses consciousness, his body turns limp and falls on the cement. Something extraordinary was evolving from this over-matched rag-tag group of young men. The built up fear, and frustration along with the psychic intimidation

created an energy that unified them all behind the blind courage of Chase Van Tassel.

Police sirens are heard from a distance alerting all the pugilists to finish up their work as the closing bell was about to ring. Chase, followed by Gordon and a handful of young men run down their fleeing opponents who hurdle over retaining barriers in the parking lot. Running from the melee toward a locked chain linked fence, they were all trapped. As the combatants climb the fence, Chase and his companions grab the last two before they were able to escape to safety. Gordon's shirt is torn to shreds, and has blood dripping from his nose. He looks over at Chase's bulging veins in his neck. The bright red blood in his eyes along with the flaring nostrils indicates that Chase wants more action. He runs back to an unconscious kid and kicks him in the head repeatedly.

Gordon runs after him and attempts to stop him, "Chase! Stop it, man; you're going to kill him!" he stops and looks at Gordon as his next victim.

"I got to make a point here, you understand! A point!"

Gordon lifts his arms up, "I get it, dude! But we need to go!" The sirens indicate that the police are now in front of the school and they swiftly run away from their urban battlefield.

"What happened to you, dude? I've never seen anything like that in my life. I mean you were freaking me out. Look at those knuckles!" as he grabs Chase's left hand; the flesh is torn from the bone. He looks at Chase's eyes that are still red. "Hey, man! It's over, dude. You should go to the hospital and have them knuckles sewn up."

It's early morning and Chase is dreaming, when a giant asteroid speeding down on a collision course directed at the middle of his forehead startles him in his sleep. Just as the asteroid is about to hit him, he wakes up and opens his eyes wide screaming, only to see two policemen and Doris

looking down at him. He's hand cuffed and taken to the police station. He's put into a room and sees Gordon and several others who were involved in what has been described by the newspapers as a race riot started by white racist thugs. The bulky policeman orders him to sit down and to shut up.

One by one they are retrieved and taken to a conference room for questioning. As he is being led down the hall he passes Gordon being escorted to the jail's central processing where they finger print and take photos. Still in handcuffs, he looks at Chase and says, "We're all screwed, dude." Chase passes Poof and his mother in the hallway. Poof's eyes are swollen shut and raw from the beating. Poof gives him a steely glare, begins screaming and throwing punches in the air.

"I am going to kill you for this white-boy. I knows where you live!" He then starts using his hands like magical wands turning around walking backward and pointing at Chase, "You're a dead man white-boy! 'Poof!' Your house is on fire."

Under his breath, Chase utters, "We'll see about that Roland."

He's brought into a conference room where another uniformed officer and a detective along with a woman dressed in a beige pantsuit are standing. Another man in his mid-50s is sitting down in a chair. There are Polaroid pictures of the combatants in action spread all over the table. Principle Smith takes a deep breath and looks directly at him.

"Chase, this is Dr. Samantha Reeder, Officer David Kidney and Detective Bill Rogers." Detective Rogers speaks up, "You're in some serious trouble. We know it was you that was behind the cause of this racial riot."

Detective Rogers picks up a paper and looks at it. "We have Mrs. Middleton's statement that says that you came over and started breaking windows in her house at around 8:00 am in the morning."

Chase begins to stammer, “Well yeah, but Poof had stolen this kids 10 speed and I was—” he’s interrupted by Detective Rogers.

“Jeffrey Allen, we have his statement also. He substantiates both Roland’s and Mrs. Middleton’s assertions that the bike was actually given to him.”

“What? That’s not true! He didn’t really give it to him. Poof extorted it from him.”

Detective Rogers shows him the signed statements. “In addition, you later caused a dangerous public disturbance by starting a race riot at Ralph Waldo Emerson High School, enlisting your friends in the malicious beating of Roland Middleton as well as 40 to 50 others on school grounds.”

Chase begins to smile and clasps his hands over his head. The superintendent of the school district, Dr. Reeder walks toward him. “Do you think this is funny? We work 24/7 in this community keeping the lid on race relations and you think that this is somehow funny?”

“No, nothing about this is funny in the least bit. All of you know what really happened and are trying to portray me as someone I’m not. You all know what it’s like: we can’t even go to the bathroom without getting jumped and beaten up.”

Detective Roger motions for Chase to stand up and points to a picture of him on top of the large black man, kicking him. “Recognize anyone in the photo?”

He looks down, nods and picks it up. “This is of course me, and a maybe twenty-year-old kid recruited by Roland to give me a beating. I guess it didn’t work out for him,” he lays the photo down.

“How about this one?” The detective points to a picture of him kicking Poof in the ribs with his Vietnam Infantry Boots. “Son, when a man is down and you kick him into unconsciousness, that’s called attempted murder.”

Detective Rogers snidely asks Chase, “So, do you deny any of this?” Frustrated in his inability to refute the pictures, yells at everyone, “I don’t deny that I was involved in this brawl, but you people got this all wrong!”

He picks up several of the photos of the various men. “You see this guy? How about this guy? They don’t go to Emerson or any other school. Poof only shows up to school to shake down weak kids.”

The detective looks at officer Kidney. “You don’t need to worry about Poof. You just need to worry about yourself. As of right now—” he begins to count on his fingers, “there are one, two, three, four, five, maybe six felonies that you can be charged with young man.”

Chase, I heard about the disappearance. I’m sympathetic, but when you break out windows and try to start a race war, you lost your audience, son. The mayor and two councilmen want you to spend time in jail for this.”

He folds his arms and takes a deep breath. Principal Smith looks at the woman wearing the beige pantsuit for direction. “Superintendent Reeder, what do you think?”

“I just want him out of the school district, and I want him out now. I have to go talk to the mayor.”

Chase shouts, “What? Where will I go? I only have a year to finish and I’m done for good!”

She looks at him, “I don’t care where you go.”

That night, there was a party thrown in Gordon’s garage, which spread out to the front yard with the kids involved in the melee. The ensuing riot reverberated around the entire town and surprised everyone.

Chase walks up to Jeffery at the party. “Dude! I got jammed up with the cops and kicked out of school. Why in the hell did you tell them that you

gave your bike to Poof?”

“It wasn’t like that Chase. I told them that I didn’t want to give it to Poof, but they kept asking me the same questions over and over again, like why I didn’t call my parents and the police. They kept on asking me whose idea it was to go down there and throw rocks at Poof’s house. My dad kept on telling them what a tough guy you were and that I had nothing to do with it. I’m sorry man, between the cops and my dad I couldn’t get a word in edge-wise.”

The cars kept on arriving and cases of beer were stacking up in Gordon’s garage. Gordon’s mom looked out the window at the growing crowd, then turned the inside lights out and went to bed. Gordon grabs a beer and shotguns it down. Led Zeppelin, the House of the Holy was being played on a stereo, blasting through over-sized speakers that Gordon had taken out and placed on the grass. Tony Martinez showed up in his lowered 1966 Lincoln Continental. The suicide backward doors open and three girls and four Latino guys climb out.

“Hey, you did good! Me and the honeys were strolling on out of the campus after the rumble and the stupid cops stopped and ask me my name and I told them that my name was Joe Lopez. I always say Joe Lopez. I know one day I’m going to wake up after drinking too much tequila and the only name I’ll be able to remember will be Joe Lopez. Anyways, I tell them that there were some brothers beating up some white boys and they just kicked us loose. Shit! I always get busted and taken to jail. I must’ve been the wrong color or something that day.”

Tony takes a hit of a joint and then shotguns a beer, sets it on the ground and crushes it with his feet. Everyone’s having a great time. Chase grabs Gordon, “Hey, I’m going home, man.”

“Why dude?”

“Gordon, this party is going to blow up pretty soon and I have had enough trouble with the heat for one week. I’ll catch up with you.” They shake hands again and without fanfare, he quietly walks down the street.

He walks home through a cluster of small stucco houses in the remaining middle class section of Pomona. As he looks through the windows he can see the flickering shades of color that television sets give out. One home had four children doing their homework on the dining room table. He wondered how his life turned out so different than everyone else’s.

Chapter 30

Jennifer Fowlkes was being fast-tracked up the various layers of the Washington D.C. Intelligence community. The phone rang in her small corner office overlooking the Lincoln Memorial. It was Tom Sharp her mentor and old friend, “Got good news, my dear. It looks like you’re going to get the top spot at Cointel. It’ll be your show to run.”

She lets out a very loud, “Fantastic! To tell you the truth, I thought Robbie Williams was going to get it. And thanks, I know you were instrumental in getting me the position.”

“He was too straight of an arrow to get anything done. I groomed you for the job and I have every bit of confidence that the country is in good hands.” Tom is officially retired but is often hired as an outside contractor for jobs primarily in foreign countries.

Jennifer and Tom Sharp were professionally embarrassed by the George and Sonya fiasco, as the adverse publicity of that event turned swiftly turned into a public relations nightmare. There were congressional hearings as well as investigations that the public demanded. Most of the more sensitive hearings were closed to the public. They were afraid to breathe a word regarding the attempted assassination of George Van Tassel and the accidental shooting of Davey Boy. As usual, the government protected their own as they quickly closed ranks. Fortunately, UFO and extraterrestrial matters had additional layers of secrecy that benefited them. Related documents were redacted leaving entire pages blacked out; but for both of them the death of Jennifer’s brother, Garth Ladel, had never been resolved, and because of her injuries that she received from Sonya, she remained determined to settle all old scores.

“Jennifer, by the way, what have you heard about Sonya Ortiz's whereabouts?”

“She’s vanished into thin air. We don’t have a clue,” she said. “Van Tassel, on the other hand, is a completely different story as he’s become his own worst enemy. He seems hell-bent on discrediting himself.” Jennifer shows him a wacky picture of George and his new wife Stella kneeling and raising their arms on the day of the spring equinox. They both laugh at the photo. “And no, Tom, she doesn’t work for us.”

“Jennifer, the number one rule is if a person is intent on destroying themselves, never get in the way. Speaking of Van Tassel, his nephew Chase showed up out of nowhere two years ago like a smelly fart in the wind. I was there when he vanished. We searched everywhere so I suspect he went with them. There’s something very odd about that kid. The picture of that large spacecraft in front of the eclipse has stayed in my mind all of these years. I’ll never forget it as long as I live.”

The one thing that keeps Jennifer going is the chance of spending an hour alone with Sonya and a blowtorch. That day of revenge would have to wait as the Vietnam Protesters were attempting to destroy the American way of life. She was put in charge of infiltrating the Weathermen, a well-organized faction that started as a peaceful protest against the Vietnam War. Frustrated, they attempted to start a revolution against the government of the United States, but could find little support within the peace movement as very few joined them. They were tactically efficient at getting noticed by the public, but their practice of bombing unoccupied government buildings gave mixed signals. The majority of the peace protesters were non-violent after the Gandhi and Dr. King model.

Jennifer was the one that introduced violence into the movement through her assigned infiltrators. She was one of the few in the Washington

spook circles that understood how the various intelligence agencies worked. She knew the players and posers along with those who were there to stay. She was able to formulate long-term strategies by playing all sides against the middle. This and her ruthlessness made her the logical choice to head Cointel and its counterintelligence. She was already a well-seasoned operative with her activities within the UFO movement and had no problem doing anything to achieve her objectives. Her extensionality provided the intellectual foundation to rationalize any act that would move her up the food chain. She had a reputation of getting the job done at any cost.

Cointel was the perfect agency for her as it was the most amoral and predatory agency that existed anywhere in the world. It was just two steps below the Gestapo and the KGB. The FBI would take pictures of nude women, but Cointel would provide the man, woman, or in some cases the child to get what they wanted. Elected members of the house, senate and appointed judges were considered fair game, and often frequent targets of Cointel. Information of some of their more illicit behaviors by these key decision makers was provided in everything from budget negotiations to getting one of their own out of a tight spot with prosecutors.

This endeared her to the shadow government's puppeteers that were controlling the current administration in Washington D.C. She was given unimaginable access to a host of the compartmentalized cronies who all knew that their own bureaucratic fortunes rested on the effectiveness of Jennifer's out-of-the-box ideas. If she wanted information, she got it. Few were able to comprehend that it was Jennifer's idea to establish the Weathermen's policy of notifying newspapers and security guards at the various buildings before a bombing was to occur. She was able to recruit members of their inner circle early on, which made her look like she had psychic powers being always one step ahead of them.

She was asked to figure out a way to move the population more to the center in order to get the naïve American public to rally around the President as a silent majority. She provided a paper pointing to a possible solution, which was to get a group of well-educated middle-class white children to commit the most heinous and brutal crimes of the century. She found the perfect ambassador for her plan in a messianic former Mason and now leader of a counter culture family named Charles Manson and his henchman Charles “Tex” Watson.

The Nixon administration was being manipulated and turned psychotically paranoid about leaks to the press. Tom Sharp and Jennifer were usually the ones responsible, which caused them to actually seek out soothsayers in an attempt to find out just who was responsible for giving inside information to the press. She was given the job and promptly became the liaison between them and a made up a psychic called “Dale” who would provide just enough truth to keep their charade going. Most knew very early within the first term that Nixon’s re-election chances in 1972 would become problematic, as he had no intention of withdrawing troops from Vietnam. Both Kissinger and Nixon had plans for an all-out escalation of carpet-bombing in Cambodia, Laos and along the Ho Chi Minh trail keeping the defense contractors both busy and profitable. Jennifer received a rare ‘That-A-Girl!’ memo from Nixon after reviewing her plan, “Super in scope, well done! RN.”

Her ability to use technology and the cultural instruments of the time such as the song, Helter Skelter, by the Beatles accompanied by additional Theta Binaural beats preceded the more violent acts Watson and the other members committed. The eight-track tape technology was first given to Bill Leer by the CIA who received it from the Greys. These special tapes were given to Manson who played them over and over to the family and subsequently extrapolated his own diabolical vision of a complete societal

breakdown. Between the use of LSD by the Manson family members and the Theta Binaural Beats, the conditions were put into place that turned their individual psyches into a unit of ravenous bloodthirsty animals. The Manson family's misguided actions accomplished what ten thousand individual criminal convictions could never do which was the swaying of public opinion.

She knew fear would be more widespread and therefore, more effective if Manson was viewed as the personification of the devil. This and leading white middle-class religious targets who actually committed the murders, created the fear necessary to get the population to rally around Nixon. She was given access to unlimited amounts of resources that included both personal attention and capital for all her domestic intelligence programs. It was not by accident that unusually large amounts of money were being provided to Hollywood producers who had strong connections to the CIA and FBI for a typically lower grossing genre that included Rosemary's Baby and the Exorcist. Books like the Omen and the Exorcist were passed on to Jennifer and were instantly green lighted to be adapted to film screenplays that would immediately become a Jennifer Fowlkes personal fear film franchise.

She took great pleasure in hearing that her viral form of schizophrenia had spread through the radical peace movements such as the Weathermen, or Students for the Democratic Union, causing numerous suicides within these organizations. Most criminal cases filed against the Weathermen were dropped because of competent, manipulative legal counsel. Several of the Weathermen who held victims by their feet twenty stories high in order to gather information or signed confessions walked free because of legal misconduct. Unfortunately, most of the reports of Cointel's ruthless illegalities ended up on page 60 of the New York Times because they weren't

deemed newsworthy. Due to the times of political unrest, nobody listened or cared and subsequently the public turned a blind eye to Cointel's crimes against humanity.

Jennifer's ascension within the intelligence community in Washington, although phenomenal, was no accident. Her timing, as well as her own innate intelligence, seemed otherworldly. She had always had the perfect idea and solution at the perfect time. Plus she had Tom Sharp in her corner and that still meant something. Her main obsession continued to be George and Sonya, who left her with a limp and agonizing pain.

Chapter 31

The shock of being tossed between different worlds through parallel universes put Chase in a perpetual state of apprehension. Continually thrown off balance, he was never in the present here or in the other worlds where events were being played out simultaneously. The time spent with the Council of Seven Lights in a deep sleep was a break from the insidious events that occurred to his Uncle and the UFO disclosure movement. In many respects he was reborn into a world where the development of his innate powers inoculated his psyche against the prevailing pedestrian passions that included the sexual pursuit of young women.

His ability to enter into a deep trance in order to access the information that was programmed into his subconscious during the five years of deep sleep gave him a natural reasoning ability that surpassed many seasoned academics. The lessons he was taught during the deep sleep were sometimes given to him as motifs by a divine Inuit Shaman and Hunter, Jugar.

Jugar lived on Earth during the Alaskan gold rush and saved hundreds of miners that were seeking gold in the Koyukuk mining district. These tenderfoots considered him to be a ghost, an angel sent by God, as he would drag caribou or moose that he had hunted to starving miners at night after their fires had gone out. He was brought to the Council's attention by the prayers of gratitude of the miners. The Council sent scouts to observe the reason for the grateful prayers and noticed him saving yet another life. He was asked why he didn't keep the food for himself.

"These animals are the divine of their species and are moving up in their spiritual evolution. They come to me and I asked them if they would be willing to sacrifice their lives for humans to live. They sacrifice themselves

out of love, which can never be taken; it can only be given. It would be right for me personally to partake of such a great sacrifice.” Because of the wisdom of such a reply, he was translated and given an elevated status with the Council as a teacher. Jugar taught Chase the most priceless gift given to mortals in a body. “The body that one borrows from the creator is the most enviable of all in the universe. Any chance at valor ends when the spirit leaves the body. Those who do not respect this gift are fools.”

While Chase was in a deep sleep, Jugar came to him and waved smoke in his face making him cough and his eyes water. He placed a stick in the fire and told him to smell it. “No other species in the universe has the range of sensations and filters that you do through your body.”

He was given lessons on the power of wind, fire and water and the most important element, love that held them all together. Through Jugar’s holistic teachings, Chase realized that power was derived from his own core essence and even though hundreds of spirit matter tried to influence him in one way or another. It was ultimately up to him to channel or move them in any direction that was appropriate for any particular situation. He was cautioned to be ever so vigilant in experiencing these sensations, as he could be deceived by darkness including demonic or multi-dimensional alien life forms. The challenge to come would be the ability to discern these elements in order to join the creative forces and properly utilize the sub-atomic elements.

Chapter 32

Chase is in his room sleeping and is arguing telepathically with the alien Vandross about coming back to see the Council. Vandross tells him that it's very important that he come back now. The argument continues throughout the night, but he still refuses to return. He's told it is not an option. He tells Vandross that he just wants to live a normal life. He wakes up physically exhausted and feels like he has the flu. As he enters the bathroom, he notices large lumps on both sides of his neck. Reaching down to pee, he discovers large boils on the inside of his legs ending at his knees. His entire body is inflamed and painful resembling a piece of raw meat.

Doris looked up from reading the morning newspaper and nearly fainted at the grotesque sight of him. At the hospital Dr. Reynolds opens the curtain and is taken aback at the sight of the boils. "Wow! What happened to you?" As he probes the boils, a putrid bloody puss slowly oozes out. "These look like chemical burns have you recently been exposed to any chemicals young man?"

"No, I just woke up with them, Doc."

Perplexed, he wrinkles his nose as he throws the bloody gloves in the trashcan. "We need to take a biopsy to find out what's going on. I'll write you a prescription for antibiotics and give you some Benadryl."

Doris takes Chase home, drops him off and tells him that she's going to pick up his prescriptions. Chase watches his mother drive off with the ever present lit cigarette in her mouth. It'll be hours before she returns after making her usual stopover at the Alibi East bar and grill.

The phone rings and it's Uncle George. Chase tells him about the boils on his body requiring a hospital visit. He suggests that he come to the Rock

so he could remedy his condition and will have Gabriel Green fly him out to Giant Rock. "I'll have to let my mother know."

"Suit yourself, but can't you just leave a note?"

Against the vitriolic diatribe and threats from his mother, he packs a few things and makes it out to Bracket Air Field. As he arrives at the small airport, Gabe is waiting in front of the office. "Oof, those must hurt." Gabe had grown old and barely passed his last flight physical. He was embittered as the results of his lifelong sacrifices yielded very little in bringing together the unification of the universe. Like the others involved in the Giant Rock phenomenon, he slid further into obscurity.

"Thanks for coming out and getting me."

"No problem, son, By the look of them boils, I am glad I did. They even smell bad. If anyone can fix you up, it's your Uncle George."

Chapter 33

They circle around the Rock in Gabe's Piper Cub. In combination with the powerful antibiotics Chase's repressed memories come bubbling to the surface, and cause him to hyperventilate and pass out.

George opens the door of the Piper Cub and glances at Gabe, "What did you do to him?"

"I was just talking to him and he passed out."

Chase regains consciousness and sees the two men looking at him; "You ok?"

"I think so, Uncle George."

George looks at the grotesque boils on his face. "Hell Gabe, we need to do something as those boils stink like crap. Don't you smell them?"

"Not since the last time I drank your latest Yggradasil mixture and fell over and broke my nose."

They all make their way towards the Integratron over the bumpy dirt road hitting the bottom of George's old rusted English Land Rover, and bouncing Chase and his painful boils as they go. As they pull up to the white dome, Chase looks over at George, "Wow! The Dome seems so much smaller now."

"Well, it's because you've grown into a young man. Let's go figure a way to get rid of them boils." George holds his nose as he helps Chase lay down in the center of the circular Dome on a mat.

The air coming into the structure whistles throughout the building. He takes the gold flask and opens the lid and looks over at Gabe. "There is very little left. We will have to mix it with food grade hydrogen peroxide."

"Uncle George, I have been told by an alien entity called Vandross that I

am supposed to go up to see the Council. I didn't want to go as I was hoping to be left alone for a while."

"I think these Boils could be the Council's work. Who is Vandross?"

"Vandross and his father Lohexo were the ones who delivered me to the Council for protection after Davey Boy was killed. They call themselves Nulquinies after their planet Nulquin."

"Why are they involved?"

"I don't know, but they seem to do the Counsel of Seven Lights' bidding."

"Give me the flask," Chase says. "I'm sure the Council will take care of the boils - and don't worry. Hopefully, I will be back here safe and sound."

Chase inhales the Yggradasil and streaks through the universe, softly landing on his feet in front of a Cellular Wall. A tiny bottle of the Yggradasil with its rich gold color is on a small pillow.

The telepathic session begins and he is told to drink the Yggradasil. A violet colored cell that is brighter and more pronounced than all other colors moves out from the wall. The pulsating cell is within inches of his face and inspects the boils. The violet cell plunges into his pineal gland permeating through each of Chases chakra's causing golden rays to come out of every pore. Chase feels an effervescent bubbling throughout his entire body.

"We are taking the memory bands completely off your mind so you can see what needs to be seen."

His awareness has become pure consciousness and he remembers all of the particulars of past lives he's had. He remembers the various incarnations on Earth, all seeming to continuously flow one into another. He sees himself as a teacher in Africa before recorded time and then an Egyptian priest sitting with a young pharaoh in a pyramid. Finally he sees himself

working as a printer in England in 1720.

Chase listens to the combined voices of the Council.

“In the beginning it was decided by the god source unified whole that primal god would fractionate into countless primal god sparks to facilitate each individual achievement of purer forms of refined love. In order to create a higher vibration of love, each fragment would vary in separation through time and space to accumulate experiences and come and go from god source at will. It was not possible to determine the depth of experience that each individual fragment would require to achieve its highest vibration of love. Some would require greater separation and more conditioning and some less, but all would evolve according to their own free will in order to bring their highest vibration of love to the unified whole.

However, some God sparks exercised their free will for greater and greater separation from the whole and degraded to jealousy, envy and all forms of extreme evil. They abandoned their primal source of energy, which forced them to steal energy from other God sparks or primal fragments vulnerable to their ploys. These low vibrational sparks thrive on devouring and destroying other primal fragments like the humans on your planet.

To further their own ends these evil ones, called Influencers, also lost their ability to pro-create, and therefore can only mimic creation by creating artificial beings like the Greys. These artificial beings are exempt from physical laws and can cause great harm and mischief throughout the universe. They have made arrangements through secret trade agreements with your government, to conduct experiments on human beings through abduction, DNA splicing and crossbreeding in order to create the new human hybrid called humanoids. There were others in the universe whose DNA was crossed at varying degrees with the human race. One is the Nulquin, who were initially incubated on your planet.

The Influencers are accelerating their plans of destruction of the human species on Earth in several ways: (1) by increasing the number of humanoids on Earth to replace the primal human population; (2) by taking control of all institutions and governments of the world; (3) by preventing the collective consciousness of primal humanity from expanding in knowledge and awareness of reality; (4) by increasing material imbalances on Earth that cause great difficulties for other dimensions of beings throughout the Universe - 'as above so below'; (5) and by attempting to enact a thermo-nuclear exchange that could be so devastating to the universe as to create a malignant black hole that exponentially pulls in all galaxies one by one.

Primal humans, however, can make a quicker evolutionary step through molecular reconstruction, enabling them to access higher levels of knowledge and consciousness. This can be accomplished through the use of the Yggradasil and the Integratron.”

There's a very familiar scent that Chase realizes is a combination of the inside of the Rock mixed with desert sage. An image of Frank Critzer smiling and standing on the stairs of the Rock is transmitted into his mind. Chase's full attention is drawn back to the vibrant color and collective voice of the Council of Seven Lights.

“Earth is the only planet with the raw materials to process the Yggradasil. You, Chase, are here to get instructions on how to do this and fulfill our mandate of facilitating the reunification of hundreds of billions of civilizations of varying dimensions in our fragmented universe.”

Chase is fixated on a small dot within the violet cell that is joined by other dots that fill the entire cell with an abstraction of joy. Suddenly, it turns black, and for a brief period leaves Chase in a state of sadness. Then the entire black circle lightens again creating a circular horizon of the purest white color. A massive sunburst displays a collection of color that bursts into

rays of joy. Chase is lost in the ecstasy of the moment.

Chapter 34

George and Gabe are pounding on Chase's chest. "Wake up boy, wake up! Come on!" His eyes flicker and then open widely with a huge gasp of air. "You scared the holy crap out of us! We thought you were dead. Oh, thank God! George, I'm getting too old for this kind of excitement."

"Ah, nonsense, Gabe. You're lucky to be here."

"I know, I know—"

The two men take a deep breath and look down at Chase. The debilitating boils are gone. "What'd they say to you?"

"I'll tell you later, but I'm starving. I feel like I haven't eaten for a month." They help Chase to his feet, close up the Integratron and head over to the Grubstake restaurant.

Chase devours a chicken fried steak and seems to be thinking about seconds.

"Chase, you sure you've had enough to eat? Stella has this thing about late night snackers in her kitchen." Chase nods.

George was relieved to have Chase back out in the desert. The marriage to Stella was one of the biggest mistakes of his life. As a wife, she gave credence to the 'tin foil hat' image that now shrouded the crowd at Giant Rock. Having moved into the Ranch House, she was often seen dancing outside in a chiffon nightgown claiming to have made contact with alien and Indian spirits. Stella didn't approve of George having contact with anyone from Eva's side of the family. This included Chase. She damaged the relationships with all of his close contacts and whatever donors he had been able to hang on to. His family members made it clear that he had become *persona non grata* at many of the ongoing social and UFO functions. Stella,

regardless of what people said behind her back and the public ridicule she got from most everyone, relished being the new Mrs. Van Tassel. The fact that nobody took her seriously didn't have the slightest impact on George, as he was focused on coming up with a working formula that would lead to Yggradasil production.

George's personal safety was no longer an issue. Cointel operatives stole the actual photographs of alien UFO crafts that George had photographed himself and replaced them with fabrications. Because of their continuous sabotage of George and the UFO movement, he was now viewed as a harmless cartoon character. Once the leader of a worldwide UFO movement, George Van Tassel was now considered a pariah to his old friends and family.

The truth is George missed the limelight of his earlier years where the focus was primarily on him. Chase had many of the same characteristics as George: a quick and inquisitive mind and a thirst for finding out what made things tick. But he was different in that he was more introspective and did not possess the same human flaws as George; he didn't need to be in charge and wanted to avoid the limelight. His personal traits of playing everything down especially as the chosen Avatar bothered George, but it was clear George needed his nephew to complete his life's work.

Chase was not one to pass judgment on his Uncle's poor choices. He remembered the good times that he had had when the entire family was still together. He still very much looked at George in awe. As they pulled up to the Ranch House, Stella walks out with little Benny not far behind.

"Where in the hell have you been? I checked the Dome and drove out to the Rock, but I didn't . . ." She glares at Chase making him feel uncomfortable. Gabe turns to Chase and breaks the tension.

"Would you drive me back to the plane in the Land Rover?"

“Sure, Gabe.”

George hops out of the car and walks with Stella to the house. Chase gets into the driver’s seat and as they take off, they hear George and Stella arguing loudly. She quickly turns around and points at Chase.

“His mother was rude to me!”

“Stella, you can hardly blame her for being rude. She caught us having sex in her bed.”

Gabe looks at Chase with a grin, “We sure got out of there in the nick of time.”

Chase takes it in stride as the effects of the Yggradasil and the spontaneous removal of the boils has given him a new lease on life. He drops off Gabe and watches him take off in the sunset. Chase pulls around and approaches the Ranch House where they’re still arguing.

As he drives up Chase sees a spacecraft with ultraviolet lights moving above their heads, unbeknownst to the arguing couple. He gets out and tries to get their attention, “Uncle George! I think you need to—”

“Please, Chase, give us a minute.”

“But, But—”

Stella storms back into the house.

“Look, Uncle George! There’s a space—”

George whips his head around and catches a glimpse of the spacecraft speeding away. “Wow, I haven’t seen a spacecraft in over eight years. You’re here the first day and one just pops up.”

Chase changes the subject. “I guess Stella isn’t too keen on my being here?”

“Ah, don’t worry,” George replies. “She’ll get over it. We have more important work to think about.”

Chapter 35

Early the next morning George wakes Chase up and puts his finger to his mouth signaling him to be quiet. “Let’s drive out to the restaurant before they wake up.” Just as they approach the Rock, the sun peaks over Goat Mountain casting an array of sunlight that animates the exterior walls. The once thriving restaurant roof is partially caved in. Its window frames hold only a few jagged pieces of broken glass. The remaining sides are riddled with bullet holes. Chase is stunned looking at the remnants of a once thriving enterprise. “What the hell happened out here, Uncle George?”

“After they tried to kill me, my world turned upside down. They branded me an extremist that threatened the stability of the United States. I was put on America’s most dangerous persons list. The government spooks were out here in force night and day for months. Then it was the alphabet soup of government regulatory agencies probing every cent I had ever made. The IRS in their infinite wisdom said that what we were doing was a total sham and I had created a phony tax shelter. Then all of the investors got audited and had their tax write-offs disallowed. They confiscated all of my financial records leaving me no documentation to defend myself. And of course, they made a big deal out of my trips to Vegas. Then the Bureau of Land Management canceled my lease on the runway making me spend thousands of dollars on legal fees to keep the damn thing open. There was a media frenzy that lasted almost a year that made me look like a fraud and a complete idiot. The situation that occurred was like a cold in a daycare unit. Just when I thought it was over, a new government agency would popped up, and the press would regurgitate the older stories making sure that I suffered again from the same old cold. Now they claim the inside of the Rock is a public nuisance and

they're going to bulldoze the thing in."

"Can they do that?"

"It sure looks like they can. But what really matters now is the material that Critzer pulled out of the Rock." They walk through the dilapidated screen door that was only secured by a single hinge. Chase looks down at a cracked commode with a missing toilet seat.

"I took the old mirror down and added a piece of plywood to cover the opening. Nobody has any idea what's under here." Chase takes the plywood down, exposing the cache of Yggrasil and dabs a little on his finger and tastes it. George looks at him, "Well? How does it taste?"

"It tastes like crap. Were you able to do anything with the math formula I received from my dreams?"

"After a few trial and errors, I was finally able to break down the mineral composition. At first we tried to use arsenic to break down the compound. We then tried mercury in limited doses but it contaminated the mixture. And don't let anyone tell you that small traces of arsenic or mercury can't harm you because it can. Go ask Gabe! He ended up in the hospital. I eventually used a combination of organic apple cider vinegar processed through my body in the form of urine."

Chase cringes. "What made you think of using urine?"

"It's not a new concept. Critzer used it often for a variety of things including washing his clothes. He told me he got the idea from the ancient Romans, I think. Anyways, I figured that if urine could break down grease, it should be able to break down the mineral compounds contained in the Yggrasil. The year after my hospital stay, I continued conducting experiments, but without being able to contact Frank and the Council, it went nowhere. It was just around that time everything went to total shit out here. Eva got breast cancer, Fat Grandma got sick and all I was doing was running

everyone from one specialist to another. Chase, when you were just a toddler, I would look at you with that big head and oval eyes and knew you were much different from the other children.”

“Uncle George, it was never my intention to be any different. I had no idea that I would become a part of this. I’ve always wanted to have just a normal life with normal parents. Instead, I’ve been forced to deal with these other worlds that most people don’t even know exist.”

“There are some things you can change and some you can’t. You can’t change who your family is, but you more than anyone have the opportunity to change the world.”

“I miss Fat Grandma and Auntie Eva terribly. They were saints. When I came back, they were gone. I wasn’t able to say my goodbyes. It took months before I could even comprehend that they were gone. I see them in my dreams now and they’re both very happy.”

“Yes, they were saints. Everyone out here sorely misses them. Your Aunt Eva and I were married over 40 years.” He looks away, “I never knew how much I depended on Eva. I’ll never be able to atone for what I did. She hung in there during those lean years. I’m paying a steep price for what happened. First Davey Boy dies, and then you and Eva and Fat Grandma all vanished from my life.”

Chase punches him in the shoulder and smiles, “I’m back!”

George looks down at him and smiles, “Indeed you are. As I was going to say, I had the compound tested at a lab in San Bernardino for pathogens. And low and behold bacterial and viral pathogens instantaneously die when anywhere near the stuff. This is a great start for cell rejuvenation, and with the energy of the Integratron, we can offer a one-two punch in the cure for cancer.

Critzler was way ahead of his time and was on to something big. After

working 80 hours a week for Hughes, I just wanted to relax with Eva and the kids, but I would somehow manage to sneak out here to visit Critzer. And he was relentless in teaching me. He was not about letting anyone sleep, especially me. When I did get to sleep, he would sit there until I opened my eyes and begin where he left off, talking insistently about the many applications of the Yggradasil. His endless barrage of spell binding, futuristic ideas regarding its applications ranged from raising consciousness to time travel and rocketry. In a suitable environment and at a different time, he would have been considered an Einstein, or Niels Bohr. The more research I do, the more I'm convinced that this is the missing link that will transform everyone and everything back to our earliest and purest molecular structure: no disease, no death, possibly nirvana and a direct link to the primal source. 'This could be our inheritance, Boy!' he would say."

George's excitement about the potential of the Yggradasil hardly fazed Chase. Because of his super consciousness, any personal benefit that he realized would invariably be accompanied by his ever-present sinking feeling of potential doom. The potential consequences of any major breakthroughs would overcome any illusions of fame or fortune. He now knows fully well that the dark ruling forces in government would attempt to extinguish anyone associated with bringing the multi-universe together.

"Uncle George, what do you know about Artificial Intelligence?"

George looks over at him shaking his head, "I've never heard a word about it. What is it?"

Chase begins. "The Counsel transferred a massive amount of information from the universal mind to me during the five years I was missing and in a deep sleep. They told me about artificial beings called the Greys who were created by an older primal faction of Influencers that have since died out. The Grey's life expectancy is short and because they are not

of primal source, they cannot procreate. Their goal is to hybridize with humans so they can overtake the human soul. To do this they have to abduct humans to harvest human sperm and egg, which they then combine with their Gray protoplasm to create humanoids.

“Alien Influencers have had technology transfer agreements with the government going all the way back to the Truman administration, which allows the Greys you speak of to abduct as many humans as they want for medical experiments. These governmental bastards signed our souls away by allowing robotic Greys to harvest humans, and now what is of greatest concern to the Council of Seven Lights is that the human abduction rate has exploded to over 4,000,000 people each year. That means that the Greys are close to recreating second and third generational hominoids who will cause havoc across the connected universes with a potential of overtaking human souls and obliterating the primal spark within the souls of humanity.”

These dark governmental overlords who sold us out receive nascent technology such as transistors, fiber optics and micro computer chips which they have been developing for their own black projects and personal benefit, only sharing with the public what they feel would benefit their goals for humanity. But no one had any idea what the numbers of abductions were.

The Van Allen Belt is an energetic belt of protection to keep aliens from entering the earth’s atmosphere and interfering with humanity. There is only a short window of time equivalent to minutes that they can enter and exit without getting stuck in the earth’s environment. If they don’t exit in time, they either perish or are forced underground where they are sustained by methane gas and artificial light they create.

“But these artificial intelligent Greys can come and go because they are robotic and are not affected by the energies of the Van Allen Belt.”

“That makes sense. Our government and Cointel don’t want

anyone interfering with these technology deals,” George adds. “The material gadgetry that the Greys provide the world through their human proxies inside corporations and the shadow government weakens the once innate, telepathic connection between families, which is the social fiber that binds the human race together.

The only antidote that remains, that can turn the clock back for humans is the Yggradasil.

Chase, I may need to reach out to a few of the old timers to help like Dr. Tuchman.”

“Who’s he?”

“The one we need, more than any of them. He’s an astrophysicist. He has more letters next to his name than Albert Einstein, and he's one of the pure psychic channels who can read books by sleeping on them like Edgar Cayce did. When it comes to remote viewing and time travel, I was able to retrieve things with him that I could have never gotten on my own. But, I'm not sure if he'll talk to me.”

“Why not?”

“It’s complicated. Two men that I believe were working for Cointel told him if he ever contacted me again, they would kill his entire family. I think his wife is dead, and I know his kids are out of college, so who’s left to kill?”

Chapter 36

Riverside, California had the misfortune of being the final resting stop for all the smog from Southern California. It was a basin surrounded by mountains on three sides that trapped it in. It also had a less than flattering nickname being referred to as the “hole”. The little secret was that once you bought a house in Riverside Country, the chances of recouping your original investment were nil, making it a one-way money pit.

As George and Chase made their way through the campus to the physics department of Riverside College, George with his ever wondering eyes would point out to Chase the various features of the young college coeds. As they make their way through the offices, a secretary greets them, “How can I help you gentlemen?”

“I’m here to see my old friend, Dr. Tuchman.”

“He's conducting experiments. Do you have an appointment?”

“I just dropped by hoping to catch him. I’ll just poke my head in if that’s ok?”

George bangs on the laboratory door. A tall slender Asian woman in a white lab coat greets them. George gives her their names and requests to see Dr. Tuchman. The young woman in her early twenties with long jet-black hair and green eyes tells them to wait a minute and shuts the door behind her.

“Did you see those eyes?” George exclaims. Chase doesn’t respond. “You’re not going to act uninterested are you?”

“Give it a rest, Uncle George. That’s not why we came here. Besides, she's too old for me.”

Suddenly the door opens and a distinguished blue-eyed man with white hair looks at them, “Well, George Van Tassel? Do you have my money?”

“Bill, I haven’t forgotten. I’ll get it back to you as soon as I can.”

“Come back, George, when you have my money,” and slams the door in their faces.

He looks at Chase and shakes his head, “After all I’ve done, to be treated like this.”

“Why is he so angry?”

“Well, back in the day we were running low on cash and I had him put a second mortgage on his house. Unfortunately, he ended up losing it.”

“Uncle George, let’s get out of here.”

As they walked back to the car the Asian woman comes up behind them and taps Chase on the shoulder. “You’re Chase, right?” he nods his head. “Dr. Tuchman’s told me some amazing stories about you. I’m Dr. Tashee. It’s a pleasure to meet you.”

Chase extends his hand nervously shaking her hand. He feels a warm jolt of electricity run through his entire body and is mesmerized by her grace and charm.

She looks at him with a smile, “Chase? Dr. Tuchman and I would like to spend some time with you, if that’s ok?”

George chimes in, “It’s ok with me.”

“Here’s my phone number,” and she hands him her card. Chase looks down at the beige business card written in a stylish cursive font, 'Dr. Jillian Tashee, Ph.D - Astrobiology,' with just a phone number placed in the corner. She smiles at him, “Great! We’re busy today, but tomorrow would be good. Can you come?”

He’s surprised at the invitation and awkwardly responds, “Yeah, sure I can.”

“Oh, by the way, you’re not the only indigo kid on the block.” She winks at Chase and runs back to the lab.

Jillian Tashee was discovered in a remote town called Dharmasala near the Tibetan border. Her mother was Tibetan, her father Mandarin, and both were nuclear scientists involved in high-level research before Chairman Mao sent them both to a re-education camp at a collective farm. They died from severe malnutrition as they gave their small amounts of food to their daughter so she could survive. She was only seven when her parents died, and shortly thereafter was released from the camp to relatives.

She was considered a mathematical savant and spoke seven languages from the age of four. When Dr. Tuchman heard that her parents had passed and that she had been released from the camp, he flew to Tibet to bring her back to the states at the request of family members who managed to find favor with Chinese deputies.

George looks over at Chase and grins, and then gives Chase a gentle poke in the ribs. “That Dr. Tashee really took a liking to you. Why don’t you ask her on a date?” Chase looks over and lets out a sheepish smile, but doesn't respond. “You could borrow the old Rover.”

“Yeah, right. I'm sure she would just love to be seen around town in that beast. There’re holes in the floorboard. She'd never go with me in a thousand years.”

“Young man it’s one of the best tests around. If she won’t date you because of the car you're driving, she ain't worth dating. This vehicle's not pretty, but it'll get you home.” He points to the back open area. “Plus, you won’t have to get a motel room.” Chase lets out a smile and shakes his head.

When they returned the next day, Dr. Tuchman looks like he wants to rip George’s head off. Chase senses the tension and runs interference, giving the original piece of paper of mathematical equations dictated to him as a child to Dr. Tuchman. His demeanor changes as he studies the paper with the now faded equations. “Have you gone anywhere else with this, George?” He turns

to the blackboard and writes the long mathematical equations out.

“Nope, I couldn’t risk it. There’s something missing here, Bill. I’ve tried to inhale the fumes several times over the last few years and the most I got out of it was a headache. Chase’s had better results.” The two men look over at Chase who is engaged in a conversation with Jill.

Dr. Tuchman’s expression brightens. “George, the equation looks very interesting.”

“Bill, we have a chance of making this formula work with your brilliant scientific mind and psychic abilities.”

“George, I just want you to know that I’ve stopped the channeling or any kind of traveling in the psychic realms. I’m too old and I can’t take the stress anymore. The cutting edge research in quantum physics is breaking all of the rules and validating the research we conducted in the channeling sessions inside the Rock. We’re now in an upside down inside world where science fiction has become fact. Still the same, I shouldn’t be seen with you. I would lose all of my grant money, so count me out.” George is insulted, but realizes the truth in what his old friend says.

Jill is intrigued by the softness of Chase’s voice and his gentle demeanor. Both humbled by circumstances beyond their control as children, they learned to manipulate their hostile worlds in order to survive. “Dr. Tashee could probably help you as she’s gifted in ways that you and I will never comprehend. She’s able to enter another person’s mind and explore areas that Chase might not be able to remember. George, I’m very interested in running some tests on Chase and the Yggrasil material. It’s amazing - five years in a deep sleep somewhere out there. I suspect that most of the answers are imprinted in his brain, and she should be able to retrieve them”

“Bill, I could only get to the Council through Frank, but Chase has had several audiences with them. His brain contains the most powerful

information on Earth. I've watched this kid since he was little and he never flaunted any of his abilities. The only exception is when he was seven years old and ended up getting a young girl fired at Church.”

“What in God’s name did he do?”

“Gave answers to Bible questions, won a bike and a record player, and then gave his cousin the exact number of jelly beans contained in a barrel.”

“So how'd that get anyone fired?”

“Chase never before had opened up a Bible and the pastor was sure that the young lady had somehow passed him the number of the jelly beans as well as the Bible passages. That fat bastard, Pastor Jack, beat him in the head later on with a Bible.”

“What? You’ve got to be kidding? Anyway, like I said, I'd like to do some testing on him.” He turns from the blackboard and they sit down at the table. “She's extraordinary in her own right; I knew her parents very well. To date they are the most honorable people I ever met. They gave up their lives' rather than work on weapons that could kill others. She's a perfect mixture of both of them and twice as smart as you and I.”

Dr. Tuchman motions for them to come to the table. “Jill, how'd you like to do some field work out at Giant Rock?”

“Sure, but doing what?”

“I think it's time for you to use that other intelligence you have. Before we run an electroencephalogram and measure Chase’s brainwaves on the wave oscillator here, you need to see if you can enter into a theta dream state inside his brain. You’ll have to spend the night inside the Rock and see what information you might be able to retrieve. George will be filming and recording, so Chase here won’t be able to attack you.”

Chase is taken aback by that comment and begins to stammer. His face turns bright red with embarrassment. “She doesn’t have to worry about me.”

Jill breaks the awkward moment with a smile and puts her arms around his neck, “Who is going to protect him from me?”

The cameras are rolling. “I’ll leave everything on for you guys. I’m going to the Ranch House, and I’ll be back first thing in the morning.”

The sound of the distant motor as his Uncle drives off is replaced by an eerie silence. “This place still gives me the creeps, Jill. We’re not just in a cave; we’re actually inside a Rock.” He’s nervous; he’s never spent time alone with a girl. She senses his uneasiness and tells him to take a deep breath and relax. “I guess we need to be careful what we do down here since we’re being filmed and recorded.” Chase laughs, “I almost forgot.”

They sit facing each other as Jill grabs his hands and closes her eyes and chants a captivating sounding mantra. She stops and opens her eyes. “Chase, I was just told - if we’re going to get anywhere with this, you’ll have to focus. A couple of things in order for me to get past the negative and positive gate keepers within your mind, you have to surrender and let me in,” she speaks in a seductive tone. “Do you trust me enough to let me in?”

Chase is mesmerized by her hypnotic stare and the intentional pauses between words. He suddenly awakens from his temporal bliss by a weird and wonderful psychic slap that brings him back to the work at hand. “What should I do?”

“First, you must totally embrace nishkam, which is non-attachment, so we can be united with the power of God’s consciousness. With two people who are non-attached searching for answers, we’ll not be denied. We must rotate our mantras. I’ll begin by giving the mantra of the negative side of the polarity from the masculine and you will then return it back with the positive polarity of the feminine.

Let’s get started with a simple mental exercise. You know the

Fibonacci number sequence? When I say, 'so is below one', you say, 'so is above two'. I'll then say, 'so is above three', and you'll say, 'so is below five'. I'll say, 'so is above eight'. We'll continue through the whole Fibonacci series until we reach 144, then we'll remain silent.”

Their first words are stiff and methodically slow, but Jill raises the tempo and increases the speed, which surprisingly synchronizes their collective chant. Chase telepathically transmits to Jill after they hit 144, and they both remain silent. In rapid succession, he begins transmitting numbers to her beginning with 154, 205, 256, 307, 358, 409, 460, 511, 562 . . .

Jill telepathically counters, “What do these other numbers mean?”

“I can’t tell you,” Chase responds.

They quickly find themselves in a fog as electrical charges spark. She telepathically asks him, “Where are we now?”

“We're inside my brain.”

A mosaic of his life moving backwards through time is observed. They see him run across the desert with his dog Blacky shadowed by a UFO spacecraft. The panoramic view is amazing inside his mind as the pictures continually move backward in a circle. There are mathematical formulas flowing continually 36, 72, 144, Pi sequences 3.14 and then 51.428, 103.25. Looking at a segment, she watches him in front of a large cube directing its lasers at the Washington Monument and the Lincoln Memorial. The numbers flow through a picture of the Mona Lisa, art pieces, a Model T Ford, space ships and a newborn baby. She doesn't understand the vision. Chase telepathically re-directs her to a diagram with numbers and letters on a map. The diagram shows a planet called Schar II located in the Alpha Centauri B solar system. It is an identical twin of Earth.

The sun is peeking over the eastern horizon as George walks down the Rock stairs with bacon and egg sandwiches. Lying down cuddled in Jill’s

arms is Chase who's dead asleep. Jill, who's in a cotton tank top, smiles as she awakes. Chase opens his eyes, looks at George, then turns over and tries to go back to sleep.

“I have breakfast for you two.”

She grabs the sandwich and devours it. Chase who is barely awake watches her. “I thought you would be Vegetarian or something?”

She glances over at him, “Why, because I have a killer body, or is it because I’m psychic and smart?”

He smiles and puts his head in the pillow while she speaks to George, “I think we may have found some new uses with the Yggradasil.”

Chapter 37

Jennifer Fowlkes is sitting at her desk looking out the window of her corner office on Pennsylvania Ave. in Washington D.C. Life for her was now a bit less hectic as the Vietnam War protests were winding down and the troops were coming home. Cointel Lees who were under deep cover essentially now ran groups like the Weathermen, Black Panthers and Students for a Democratic Society. Organized crime was in disarray as new players from South America, with the help of the CIA, switched from smuggling bulky shipments of marijuana to the more profitable drug, cocaine. Nixon's war on drugs was in reality, a war on marijuana. A study that was conducted by a think tank primarily consisting of economists proclaimed that marijuana, or cannabis sativa, robbed the nation of 1% of GDP as the result of workforce use. Heroin had less of an impact on GDP as junkies didn't work and the government referred to them as useless eaters that were killing themselves by overdoses.

Over the intercom came, "Director Fowlkes, Mr. Donohue is here to see you." Michael Donohue is a Senior Investigator for Cointel's UFO Scientific review board. As he walks in, he pulls out a brown envelope and lays several photos on her desk. "Director Fowlkes, we have spent considerable time investigating Dr. Tuchman out at the physics department at Riverside College."

She looks at the 8 x 10 photo of Dr. Tuchman. "What do you have on him?"

"Not much, but a guy from the Rocket Propulsion laboratory has been sending classified maps regarding newly found solar systems. This Professor Dr. Tuchman doesn't have the security clearance to view them. We tapped the

phones and found out a Dr. Tashee was actually the one making all of the requests.”

Jennifer frowns and hands back the other photos, “Is this all you have?”

“That’s it for now. We’ll keep the surveillance up and inform you of anything else that may develop.”

Jennifer pulls a four-inch thick file from her desk with the words 'Giant Rock' stenciled on the side. She pulls the photo of George Van Tassel and hands it to him. “Include this guy with a full surveillance crew, and if you need additional people just get them—you have my authorization.”

Jennifer pushes the intercom. “Joan, move all my appointments to tomorrow and get Tom Sharp on the phone.”

As usual, when it came to anything to do with George Van Tassel, Jennifer’s first call was to Tom Sharp. The now retired ex-Cointel Director is still in the mix of the intelligence business both foreign and domestic. He plays golf with congressmen and bureaucrats to which he lobbies, but finds he misses being involved directly in the action.

Tom is sitting on a bench near the Washington Monument reading a newspaper when Jennifer finds him. She sits down and hands him a brown paper bag. “Pastrami on rye?”

“You’re an angel. You know, between my wife and my doctor, the chances of me getting one of these is nearly impossible,” he smiles. “Jennifer, you aren’t the only one who has spies out there.”

“I sense that something is going on out at Giant Rock again,” she states looking in the distance. I’m getting dreams about those people; actually, more like nightmares. It’s like I never go to sleep at night. I need your help on this one. If this gets screwed up again, it’ll end my career.”

“I’m also limited on what I can do this time around Jennifer, as my

involvement with this could actually get me jail time, and I'd lose my pension.”

“Tom, Van Tassel and Tuchman are teaming up again. It used to be easier telling someone you're going to kill his family. That was a very persuasive tool back in the day.”

“The irony is, Jennifer, if our guy had been able to shoot just two inches over, he would have nailed Van Tassel in the heart, and we wouldn't be having this conversation.”

“Tom, I'd love to finish George off, but this guy Tuchman has the credibility and talent to get in the way of some of the other programs with the ET's. His wife is dead now and I don't think we can risk threatening him again. This has to be way off the reservation.

“The country is going through some changes with this Watergate thing,” Tom continues. “Nixon's lost his goddamn mind and has turned out to be a real idiot. These cowboys out west truly believe they're the saviors of the world, with no regard for the place that the United States holds as the world's only representative. If our advantages are diminished, a power vacuum will occur internationally making us extremely vulnerable to be taken over by several different alien species.”

“Tom, they're willing to lay down their lives for their belief in this Yggradasil formula and the Integratron.”

“Perhaps we should give Dr. Tuchman the privilege. It just might be enough to give the rest of them a wake-up call. Someone will call you about this, and one more thing: you cannot contact me for about six months for anything as there's going to be quite a bit of heat around this.” He stands up, gives Jennifer a hug and walks toward the Washington monument.

Jill and Dr. Tuchman are working in the lab together. Unbeknownst to

George, they're continually refining the gray milky substance down to a liquid gold.

“Dr. Tuchman, when do you think we'll be ready for a test?”

“Test? On whom would we even think of testing?”

“It would be either George or Chase. They're the only two people who've already been exposed to it.”

“I wouldn't want to risk this on Chase, and win or lose, it would be a disaster to give this stuff to George.”

“I don't understand. Is this because of the trouble with the government?”

Dr. Tuchman shakes his head, “Jill, I wish it were that simple.”

“But Van Tassel seems harmless.”

“He's anything but harmless, and don't ever forget that! He's always been very reckless. Nancy and I suffered with Eva as George became the darling of the scientific and UFO communities. The man is brilliant, don't get me wrong. He can hold a conversation with any physicist, priest, pilot and dogcatcher simultaneously and make everyone feel like they've known him their entire life. But the down side is, George has the uncanny ability to bring the forces of hell down on everyone around him. He is just plain unlucky. When we were doing the channeling, he wasn't satisfied just talking to Frank Critzer. He had to communicate with every entity including demonic spirits on his quest to master universal science. Nothing was sacred, not even my own wife.”

“Did he—and you're—?”

“No, but he would've—all that space brotherly love crap was just George's way of maneuvering anybody he came in contact with. The really bad thing about him is that he's totally unaware of what he's doing. And do you know what's the most disturbing thing about him? After all he's put me through, I actually look forward to seeing him.”

“Chase is so different from his Uncle and we have a lot in common,” adds Jill. We were essentially raised by ourselves; only I had my parent’s colleagues to rely on. I don’t know how he was able to survive. He’s all alone. And all of the things he was forced to go through; it’s almost like wolves raised him. The story he’s told me about his mother alone is enough to bring tears to my eyes. He doesn’t hold a grudge for some reason.”

“I met her. She should have been arrested or committed. What a piece of work. He’s indeed a nice, unassuming young man, but I can’t put my arms around it. I don’t know for certain, but I’m thinking that George is actually Chase’s father.”

“What’re you saying, Dr. Tuchman?”

“I’m not saying anything, but you should be careful as George Van Tassel turned out to be nothing but trouble, including garnering death threats from what I suspect were the Cointel. I’m only an apolitical academic and researcher, and to have them come to my house and threaten my family the way they did—”

Dr. Tuchman stops himself from divulging any more of the histrionics that he’s had with George in the past. “You like this kid, don’t you?”

“I do! I’ve asked him out on dates three different times since the night I was able to enter his world at the Rock. He always says yes, and then he calls back and changes his mind. I know what he’s thinking; I pick up the phone before it rings. The last time he called to cancel, before he could get a word in, I called him chicken. He just laughed and said, 'Yes.' He’s anything but your typical American boy. I’m going out with him tonight to a drive-in movie. At least I think I am.”

“You’re not taking him there in the 'thing' are you?”

“Yes, it’s perfect for those desert roads.”

“Jill, will you please do me a favor and take the Goat.” Her eyes lit up,

as she never in a million years would have thought that he would allow anyone to drive his prized 1966 maroon Pontiac GTO convertible. They walked outside and he hands her the keys. She jumps in the car and revs up the motor and smiles at Dr. Tuchman. Over the noise of the muscle car's motor, Dr. Tuchman raises his voice. "Another thing Jill, no more maps, no more chats with anyone from RPL. I got a call from Dr. Pavlakes. He said there was some interesting stuff going on regarding his personal files after he sent you the maps. He told me that someone was able to get into his office and go through them. No more nothing from RPL, you got it?"

"I got it Dr. T."

She begins to let the clutch out and the rear end breaks lose in a burnout.

"Whoops!" Jill smiles and Dr. Tuchman shakes his head.

She stops the vehicle and slowly backs up. "How are you going to get home?"

She grabs her keys from her purse and rattles them before handing them over and points to her Volkswagen." It's that 'thing' sitting lonely and all by itself at the end of the parking lot."

Chapter 38

Chase is sitting out on the porch on a dangling chair waiting for Jill to come pick him up. In the background he hears George and Stella yelling at each other over finances.

“George, I can’t give you any more money for anything.”

“What about the money you get for little Benny?”

“It runs out in six months George, and then what’ll we do? Little Benny’s therapy has to be paid for and you bring another mouth out here to feed!”

“Stella, that kid is worth his weight in gold, and keep your goddamn voice down. Hey! I’m going to get back on top and soon we won’t have any money issues, but I need more money to operate with.”

Just then little Benny walks out of the house; he has tears in his eyes. He walks up to Chase and points back to the house, “They’re fighting.” Chase gets out of the swinging chair and puts Benny in it and twirls him around. The little guy begins to smile and laugh.

“No, buddy. They’re not fighting; they’re just playing like they are.”

The sound of the GTO’s motor is humming down the road followed by a dust trail. The headlights come on as it’s near dusk. Chase doesn’t recognize the vehicle until it pulls up to the Ranch House with Jill, her long black hair wrapped up in a yellow scarf. His heart beats loudly as a warm feeling comes over him. “Wow! Nice car!”

Jill just smiles and raises her eyebrows. The convertible top is down exposing the dashboard lights that resemble a spaceship. Chase looks over at Benny as he puts both of his hands on top of the door and inspects the perfect, meticulously maintained interior. Benny looks at both of them and

begins to tear up. Meanwhile, the arguing gets louder and louder inside the Ranch House.

“Can I go, Chase?” Chase looks at Jill and she moves her lips and nods her head in approval. He opens the door and pushes the front seat forward helping a happy little boy in, and buckles his seat belt.

“Should we tell them he's going with us?”

Chase looks over at Jill and shakes his head 'no.' “I don't think they'll miss him, but I'll leave a note.”

The three drive the ten miles down to Yucca Valley Movie Theater. It's another warm desert night and as they drive up to the theater, they see a well-lit marquee with the title 'Sleeper.' There's a playground just under the large movie screen. Once they are settled in their parking spot inside, they place the speaker on the window. As they turn up the volume, a road runner cartoon comes on the theater screen.

“Can I go play on the swing, Chase?”

“Sure, but don't go anywhere else, buddy.”

Benny doesn't bother to wait for the door to open as he unbuckles himself and stands up and jumps out of the back seat of the car.

Jill looks over at Chase, “We think we're ready to begin testing on the Yggradasil.”

Chase looks over at Jill and shakes his head. “I don't think so.”

“Chase, we followed the mathematical formula to a tee. The combined substances crystallized to the fine golden color that the alien dictated in your memory bank.”

“You're right, but he also showed us where it had to be made. I had a dream that I wasn't sure of until now. I'm actually having a déjà vu moment. In the dream I was speaking to you right here and now in this car discussing this very same subject. The key for completion of the Yggradasil is to process

it in the same physical environment as when it was processed on earth.

Those are the right calculations and the mixture is perfect, but when it was made here on earth over 10,000 years ago, the planet was filled with moisture that activated the combined substances of the sun molecules that must contain the precise amount of helium and hydrogen that act as natural catalysts. He showed us where we needed to go to find the environment suitable to make the Yggradasil work. I was told more about how this will finally be developed, but I'm still processing all of this.”

Jill looks surprised. “Chase, I think you could be right. I'll tell Dr. Tuchman.”

Chase looks down and holds Jill's hands. “I'm not telling anybody about this, and for now I want you to keep this a secret.”

“I can't keep this from him, Chase.”

“Jill, this is a dream and I'm still processing the whole thing in my mind. If I'm right, this will all take care of itself. If I'm wrong—” he looks in her eyes and begins to sweat, “Jill, I can't say what's in my heart, as the warmth within my entire being overwhelms me. I've always been alone my entire life, even in a room full of people, but when I'm with you, I don't feel alone.”

“I know the feeling as the intimacy we share is more heart-to-heart and soul-to-soul than the majority of all the married couples in the world. This is what love feels like.”

Chase looks over at Jill and grins, “I know.” She reaches over to kiss him just as little Benny runs up.

“I want some popcorn.”

Comedian Woody Allen is on the outdoor movie screen with weird objects on his ears portraying an alien character.

The phone rings and Dr. Tuchman turns on the light. He looks at his

watch and see's that it's 6:15 am in the morning. He picks up the phone.

“Hello? Hello—It's Saturday morning—” He slams the phone down, puts a pillow over his head and tries to go back to sleep. After a few minutes he gets up and calls Jill and gets a recording. “Jill, I know it's early, but I'm going to mow my lawn and want to return this wonderful piece of work you call an automobile. Get over here by ten.”

Dr. Tuchman puts on his shorts and grabs his baseball cap near the inside door of his attached garage. He pushes the button of the automatic garage revealing his driveway with about a 1/16 of an acre of well-maintained grass, and Jill's Volkswagen 'thing' parked out on the street. He flips the key to his riding lawn mower and slowly pulls out and begins the chore at hand, which is something he likes to do. He looks across the street and sees a group of Jehovah's Witnesses, canvassing the neighborhood block. As he turns his mower around, two women in heels carrying leather brief cases come up his walkway toward the front door of his house. He yells at the women over the noise from his lawn mower, but they're now standing at his front door.

“Can I help you ladies with something?” He gets off the mower and walks toward the two women. “Can I help you with something?”

“We have a magazine that we'd like to give to your wife. Is she home?”

Dr. Tuchman scowls at them and is agitated with the intrusion, “No, she's not home; she's dead. She died over five years ago. And if you will excuse me, I have a lawn to cut.”

The women look apologetically at him and try to hand him watchtower magazines. “We're so sorry, but we know that she's with God now.”

“First of all, you don't really know who my wife is with, and secondly it's none of your business.” The one woman with glasses and blond hair tries to give him a small magazine.

“This will help you understand that God has a plan for all of us.” The other woman that was standing next to her suddenly falls down in front of Dr. Tuchman.

“What’s wrong with her? I’m going to call an ambulance.” They both kneel down and support her head.

“She told me that because of her faith she stopped taking her water pills for her high blood pressure. She probably needs some orange juice?”

The woman opens her eyes and Dr. Tuchman helps her to her feet. “I’m so sorry mister.”

“Come on inside.” He walks her into the house and sits her down on a piano bench. “I’ll have to make it from a can. I don’t have any fresh.” He goes into the kitchen and pours the contents into a large pitcher.

Chapter 39

Jill rings the doorbell. Ding-dong, ding-dong. Jill looks in the large window and goes back to the front door. Ding-dong.

She begins yelling Dr. Tuchman's name and finds the door open. She walks in while continuing to yell his name. Something didn't smell right as she walked into the kitchen. There she sees Dr. Tuchman with a gun in his hand, blood dripping out of his right temple slowly spreading across the entire floor. A blond woman lying near him has a bullet hole in her forehead with a Bible clutched in her hand. Their blood co-mingles and spreads behind the kitchen appliance. Jill puts her hand to her mouth and quickly leaves. She calls Chase on the phone.

Chase and Little Benny are playing 'Mary had a Little Lamb' on a xylophone together inside the Integratron. The all-wood structure with no metal created a unique acoustical sound. Benny was developing a deep affection for Chase, as he was one of the few people who would spend any time with him. For Chase, who had for the better part of his life been a social outcast, this was comforting, as Benny took him for who he was with very few demands. Through all of Chase's many ordeals during his life, compassion and empathy had become a recurring theme. His problems became minuscule when he was able to share himself with others who appreciated him.

Little Benny is looking out the window and sees his mother yelling as she walks toward the Dome. Chase with both mallets is preoccupied as he goes up and down the scale. Then he glances at Benny pointing out the window. They go down to the lower level and open the door.

"Chase, that girl is on the phone." Jill hysterically brings him up to speed

about the murder of Dr. Tuchman and the Jehovah's Witness lady. Chase tells her to come out and get him.

Chase anticipates her arrival and begins to walk down the desert road. Jill drives up, gets out of the car, runs up and hugs him, and all the while crying hysterically, "Someone killed them, Chase. They killed them."

"Them?"

"There was a blond haired woman with a bullet in her forehead lying next to him. I have no idea who she was but I think she's a Jehovah's Witness. Dr. Tuchman was laying there with a handgun."

"What?"

Chase looks around and remembers that they're standing very near where the semi had plowed into his Uncle and Davey Boy ten years before. He grabs Jill by the shoulders and looks in her eyes, "Where's your car, Jill?"

"I couldn't find my keys at Dr. Tuchman's house, so I just drove off."

"Did you call the police?"

"I tried, but the phone was dead. As I drove to a pay phone, the police passed me so I just kept on driving. I went to the office and there were black cars parked in front."

"Jill, this is getting weird. I think it's related to the Yggradasil material. They'll be looking for his car so we better get it back there. Do you have a spare set of keys to your car anywhere?"

"The only spare keys are at home."

"Jill, we better go."

When they get to Jill's apartment, it had been torn up and files were thrown everywhere. They find the keys and drove over to the astrophysicist's house, parking the GTO down the street. There's a police car parked in the driveway with nobody in it. The front of the house has yellow tape outlining

the crime scene. They notice there's a policeman inside. Jill hands Chase the keys to her Volkswagen parked on the street. "You'd better drive."

They make it back to Jill's apartment and look at her home phone: there are 22 unread messages. Jill hits the play button and the first message begins: "Jill, I know it's early, but I'm going to mow my lawn and want to return this wonderful piece of work you're calling an automobile. Get over here by ten."

All the rest of the messages were dial tones, except for the last, which was from the Redlands Police Department. Jill looks frightened, "What should I do?"

"We should probably talk to my Uncle George, and you should get a lawyer before you speak to the cops. Go stay at a friend's house until we can find out more. I need to go back and not only warn George, but find out where his head's at about all of this."

It's late when Jill drops Chase off on the dirt road. As he walks the two miles back to the Ranch House, he looks up at the desert sky with its various star clusters and the occasional falling star that resembles decorative tinsel from a Christmas tree. Once again serious trouble has found him and resignation sets in.

He quietly makes his way to his bedroom and gets in bed. He hears a conversation between Stella and George that begins to get loud.

"Why don't you just sell those minerals George and get whatever you can?"

"I just don't know Stella. Frank and the entire movement were about breaking the shackles that have kept us all down. This was a gift and I was able to be a part of it. Now Chase is here to carry on. I'm sure all of this is no accident."

"You're going to end up just like him George; dead, if you don't play ball with them."

“If I sell the Yggradasil, my connection to the Council will forever be severed. I need to do something, but selling the Yggradasil, I don’t think so.”

Chapter 40

The open-air memorial service for Dr. Tuchman was attended by some of the leading scientists in the world. Jill was asked to say a few words, but opted for a poem instead.

As she stood there in her simple black dress and gleaming jet-black hair in the noonday sun, she confidently spoke. “Dr. Tuchman was a selfless educator and friend. He was relentless in his pursuit to help this world find peace. All that knew him, well . . . you understand this. And although we don’t know specifically who robbed the world of one of the greatest scientific minds, we have a good idea.” Jill looks at Cointel Lees who are easily distinguishable in the crowd. “Whatever the motive for killing Dr. Tuchman in this way, I want the perpetrators of this crime to know a few things and I’ll quote an ancient warrior who lived in the country where I was born. His name was Sun Tzu.

‘It is said that if you know your enemies and know yourself, you will not be imperiled in a hundred battles. If you do not know your enemies, but do know yourself you will win one and lose the other. If you don’t know your enemies nor yourself you will be imperiled in every single battle.’

I am not only learning about myself, but also the enemy of all of humanity. I know the lengths they will go to silence those who are valiantly trying to improve the human condition.”

She looks up and points to the sky tearfully saying, “You were loved by many, Dr. Tuchman, and the perpetrators will be brought to justice.” She stares directly at the Cointel Lees.

George looks at Chase and nervously shakes his head back and forth, “I don’t think she knows with whom she’s picking a fight.”

Chase stares at him with contempt. “At least she’s not for sale. I don’t know who you are now. Tuchman was your friend—“

“Now wait a minute Chase. George tries to put his hand on his shoulder, but he quickly shrugs it off. Jill with tears in her eyes makes her way over to Chase after the service and they embrace.”

“I couldn’t sleep at all last night. The thought of anyone getting away with this is unthinkable. The police are calling this a random act of murder and suicide.”

“Jill, I really think that you should take a deep breath. The only way to defeat these people is by pursuing the promise of what the Yggradasil can do for our entire world.”

She isn’t the least bit satisfied with Chase’s words. “We have to do something Chase.”

“I know and we will. We need some time to figure out what to do. I know the Council is watching and I hear their words. There will be justice.” He looks at his Uncle and Stella. “I don’t think we can trust them now.”

Later on that night, Chase and Jill make their way out to the Rock with an old U-Haul trailer. The cache of Yggradasil is still buried under the restaurant. The roof is partially caved in and all the windows have been broken out. In back of the restaurant Chase and Jill build a fire from a collection of giant tumbleweeds and some old dried out yucca trees. The smell of the desert in combination with the fire lifts their spirits. They rest pensively enjoying the peace of the moment.

Chase then hops up, grabs a shovel and a pick ax and begins dismantling the fake wall made out of plywood. He stops for a moment, turns to look at Jill. Her hair glistens from the fire’s reflection. She is so beautiful in a simple a red tank top that accentuates her well-defined muscles. She is still

mourning, “They killed him over the Yggradasil. There’s no way that we can ever let it get into their hands, for any reason.”

Holding the pickax, he looks away into the dark desert. “I do know this Jill. Dr. Tuchman is no longer with us in a physical form and there’s nothing we can do about him now, but I know he’s still with us. I can feel his presence.”

Chase removes all of the stored ingredients for making the Yggradasil and loads them into the U-haul. Just then sparks fizzle out of the fire and Jill shivers. She walks over and hugs Chase. “I just smelled him, Chase. He’s here. I’ve sensed from the very first when Dr. Tuchman told me about the Yggradasil that it would come with a necklace of pearls, but at a great price that would undoubtedly have to be paid. I had no idea that it would be paid for with his life and possibly ours.”

Chase looks at Jill. “I overheard my Uncle’s new wife talk on the phone to someone about selling out to Cointel.”

Jill turns around and looks up at him, “You mean your Uncle’s wife would sell the Yggradasil to the government? Are you sure? What would your Uncle do if he knew this?”

“I don’t know. This is why we’re here now? I just hope and pray that I’m wrong, but something tells me that the powers that be are getting close. I don’t think we can trust anyone anymore.”

“You’re moving in with me, Chase. Dr. Tuchman was right about Mr. George Van Tassel. He brings everyone down with him. We can’t let that happen to us too.”

Chase looks into Jill’s eyes. They’ve gone past words, as the psychic connection they share requires none. It’s late at night and the fire’s burned itself out. The sky’s now blacked out in the desert next to Giant Rock with only a few stars visible. In the background they hear the eerie sound of a pack of coyotes yelping.

“Jill, I know where the key to the old Pink House is. It’s next to my Fat Grandma’s house. The owners only come out here in the spring. We’ll be safe over there.”

“Who’s Fat Grandma and what’s the Pink House?”

“My Fat Grandma was everyone’s grandmother out here; she’d help anyone who needed it. She’s the closest thing to a saint that I’ve ever known—with the exception of possibly you and Aunt Eva. At any rate the Pink House is, well, pink and you’ll see it soon enough.”

They drive the five miles over a bumpy dirt road to the Pink House. He grabs the key hidden under a brick and opens up the door. Jill’s nervous and a bit confused about walking into someone else’s house like they owned it. Chase backs the trailer into an old carport, disconnects the trailer and then puts a tarp over it. “You mean we are just going to take over this house?”

“Pretty much, that’s exactly what we’re going to do. I don’t want to get too far from the Rock until I speak to my Uncle. The owners won’t be out here until possibly Christmas and they won’t mind.” He winks at her. “Let’s get an hour or two of sleep if we can.”

Three hours later, Chase sees a light in the distance coming from the Ranch House. It’s dawn and they’ve been wrapped in each other’s arms all night. On top of the Pink House there’s a sun deck with a panoramic view of the entire area, including the house.

“I wonder if that’s my Uncle. If it is, I need to speak with him.”

Jill runs down the stairs, grabs a pair of binoculars from the VW and comes back up, handing them to Chase. “See for yourself.”

Chase looks through the binoculars and sees his Uncle in front of the kitchen sink. “It’s him all right. I have to go talk to him. Give me about an hour then come and get me.”

Chase begins walking down an old wash that takes him past the

Integratron toward the Ranch House. The desert sage from the bushes is pungent and the smell takes him back to the world he knew as a small child. As he gets to the house, his Uncle's is sitting in the kitchen drinking coffee. He surprises him by opening the sliding glass window.

"You scared the hell of me! Where've you been all night?" George looks up and down Chase's soiled clothing, "and why are your clothes are all dirty?"

"I couldn't sleep, so I took a little hike up into the mountains."

"You came home last night? The amount of time you're spending with Jill, I thought you'd moved in with her. I don't blame you--she's a looker."

"Uncle, please stop. It's more than just that with Jill and we're probably going to start living together."

"You're not going to stay here, go to school and work on the Yggradasil with me? What's changed? Does this have to do with Dr. Tuchman's death?"

"Everything's changed out here. Fat Grandma and Aunt Eva aren't with us. You have a new wife and she doesn't want me here. The magic just isn't here anymore." The room goes quiet momentarily before George gets defensive.

"Dr. Tuchman's death wasn't my fault, Chase. And if you want to leave, you might as well as that material under the restaurant is worthless now."

Chase starts fuming. His Uncle, who he's always admired and looked up to, has lost everything, including the courage to fight on.

"Uncle George, it's not worthless! It's always been up to us to make it worth something to mankind. The mere opportunity or chance for you and me to take an evolutionary quantum leap by developing the Yggradasil is incalculable. These aren't my words. These are yours."

George looks away. "Chase, you've always been different from me and everyone else out here. I just don't have the fight in me anymore. All of this

—the restaurant and the airport—would have generate enough revenue to keep us going, but that all died with Eva.”

“Uncle George, I don’t know what has happened to you, but you can’t let them beat you now.”

“You do what you need to, but make sure you tell your mother where you’re going. Now I have some work to do.”

Chapter 41

Jill honks and picks Chase and his belongings up. Stella and Benny come out and say good-bye. George is in the Integratron and sees Chase and Jill through the little windows driving down the dusty road. As they make a right turn onto the paved road that leads to Yucca Valley, they see three out-of-place GMC Suburban's with their windows blackened out coming up the road. Following them is a diesel truck pulling a low trailer with a large bulldozer on top. Chase ducks his head down and tells Jill to look away from them. "Keep going, Jill, and don't stop. Those are the Fed's. I bet they're after the Yggradasil and my Uncle George."

They drive a quarter of a mile and Chase tells Jill, "Don't turn around." As they continuing drive they see the humongous dust storm created by the Suburbans and the diesel truck.

"There's a dirt road coming up on the right that circles back to Goat Mountain. We should be able to see what they're doing from up there."

She turns onto the bumpy road. The suspension on her VW is set up for this kind of terrain and as they bounce up and down, moving parallel with the government vehicles. They make it to the base of Goat Mountain where there's an old mining road that's overrun with tumbleweeds. He looks up at the almost vertical climb to the top, "Can we make it up there in this?"

Jill smiles and shifts gears, "I think so, but we'll find out!"

As their tires break the loose rocks and sand everywhere, they finally make it up to the top. Chase looks over at Jill and smiles, "You're amazing!"

He grabs the binoculars and focuses at on the convoy that slows down in front of the Ranch house. "They've stopped at the house."

He hands the binoculars to Jill. “There are five men and one woman getting out of the vehicles” she reports, “and they’re headed into the house. Chase, what’re they doing here?”

Inside the house, George hears the commotion and opens the front door as five men with M16 assault rifles dressed in black barge in. He just stands there while two of the Lees handcuff him and push him back into a reclining chair. The woman follows them into the house. She walks over to George and speaks to a Lee, “There should be three more people back there.

Two officers bring Stella and Little Benny out into the living room. “Good morning, Mr. Van Tassel. We’ve never met personally, but my name is Jennifer Fowlkes. I’m sure you know who I am and what I do, and more importantly, what I want. So let’s get right down to business.”

“Sure, I know who you are; you’re an illegal domestic Counter Intelligence Agency, nicknamed Cointel, or is it Cointel Pro? Either way, you’ve unlawfully barged into my house. So will you please leave?”

“You’re correct that we are Cointel Pro and because we’re custodians of the security of the United States, we’re above the law. Oh, also your wife gave us permission, so we’re not going anywhere until we find the Yggradasil.”

George looks over at Stella with rage and begins yelling at her, “What did you do? What did you do?”

Stella shakes her head and little Benny begins to cry and ask for Chase.

“Mr. Van Tassel, your wife told us about a cache of minerals that’s located out here in the desert somewhere that’s of both vital and of strategic interest to our government. Dr. Tuchman and you were developing it against the laws of the United States, who as you probably know, but obviously chose to ignore, has jurisdiction over these sorts of things.”

“You have jurisdiction over two metals: gold and helium. Nixon took the

United States off the gold standard last year, so the only mineral that's left is helium, over which you have legal jurisdiction. Since I don't have any helium, you have no right to be."

"Mr. Van Tassel, I'm done playing games with you. It's in your best interest to cooperate. If you don't, I'm prepared to dig up every square inch out here to find your Yggradasil material. You see that bulldozer out there?"

"Ms. Fowlkes, I have to apologize as you have been misled. My wife has a severe mental condition which sometimes causes her to be delusional and greedy."

Jennifer walks over to little Benny and pats him on the head, smiling at Stella. She leans down closely to whisper in Benny's ear, "Where is Chase and Dr. Tuchman's assistant?"

"Unfortunately, you just missed them," George pipes up. "Anyway, he's moved out."

"Is this right, Mrs. Van Tassel?"

Stella slightly moves her lips and nods her head in agreement.

Chase and Jill continue to look for any sign of movement down at the house. They're anxious and feel a sense of dread.

"Mr. Van Tassel, I'm sure you've heard of the Donkey, the Carrot and the Stick? We've already paid your wife a grand for her help, but I'm willing to offer you a much larger carrot of, say 5k."

George is livid and looks at Stella in indignation. "If you were going to sell me out, you should've at least gotten more money."

Jennifer's impatient. "I've had enough. Where is the material being stored?"

In an almost melodious tone she looks around the room and then stares directly at George. "I know it's out here somewhere near the Rock."

George begins to grin. "Ms. Fowlkes? Today I'm very sorry about

several things: one, I'm sorry that I don't know where this mineral concoction is because I'd gladly sell it to you; two, I'm also sorry for the recent mistake I made in choosing a wife;" George glances at Stella, "and three, Ms. Fowlkes, would you like to know what I'm most sorry about?" George looks directly at Jennifer Fowlkes, smiles and then pauses.

"And what would that be Mr. Van Tassel?"

"I'm incredibly sorry that I prevented Sonya Ortiz from killing you when she had the chance."

Jennifer Fowlkes looks over at one of the Lees who takes the butt of his shotgun and hits George on the back of the head, knocking him unconscious. George is dragged and thrown into one of the government vehicles. The caravan of government vehicles continues toward the Rock. As they arrive, they pull him out and drag him down inside the Rock.

"He needs me," Chase murmurs as he views the ongoing violence through his binoculars.

They're both stunned on what they're witnessing. Jill begins to cry. He looks again through the binoculars and watches the bulldozer being unloaded from the trailer. "Chase do you know anyone with a gun out here?"

"My Uncle has an old hunting rifle."

Chase and Jill are taken aback as a large 6'6" blonde-haired, blue-eyed man suddenly appears standing next to them watching the activity at the Rock. "He's in the Council's hands now."

"I'm sorry, but who are you?"

"Jill, you saw him when you were inside my brain. His name is Vandross and he and his father Lohexo are a part of the Council of Seven Lights. They are the ones who rescued me ten years ago."

Vandross turned and motioned to them, "I've been directed by the Council to rescue both of you. There will be an earthquake soon; we really

need to hurry. Walk with me to my transport.”

“I can’t leave my Uncle to those monsters.”

“The work that you will do is much more important. Whatever discomfort your Uncle is experiencing is of low priority.” They continue walking and see a perfectly round 12-foot transparent circle that looks like water.

“This is it? Most of the ones I’ve seen are metallic.”

“Our mother ship is over 5000 meters long. This is just the transport vehicle that I use to travel short distances. Metallic or silver comes from lesser civilizations with lower levels of technology. The mother ship is beyond any earthly radar or satellite technology.”

“What about my Uncle? I can’t leave him here.”

“Your Uncle will survive this, but you should know that to endure this is for his benefit to clear some of the damage he’s caused the Council.”

“Chase, I just don’t understand how we’ll all fit in there, and what is his name again?” Jill whispers.

He takes the 12-foot transparent circle and triples the size merely by waving his hand. He sits down in a chair that’s invisible to the naked eye. Vandross waves for Chase and Jill to climb in and take their seats in the transport. As they lift off, the transport turns into the color of the sky and the inside control panel lights up, revealing seven instruments and a small steering device.

The transport is silent. Vandross hovers over the Rock and sees the bulldozer moving dirt near the old restaurant where the cache was just removed.

“Vandross, is there any way that we can help my Uncle George?”

“I am sorry, Chase. We are not allowed to interfere unless the Council tells us to. If you wish, I can show you. Would you like to see him?”

“Please.”

Vandross hovers directly over the Rock, and a small screen opens up, showing George, blindfolded, being tied to a chair as buckets of water are poured on him while he’s tilted back and forth. Inside, the Lees led by Jennifer Fowlkes are screaming at George, “There’re two ways that you’re going to leave here today, Mr. Van Tassel: one is on your back in a body bag and the other on your own feet. It’s all up to you.”

Jennifer nods at them to keep pouring buckets of water over his mouth as they slowly tilt the chair and continue water boarding him. George tries to keep his mouth shut as they tilt his head backward and hold it in a position, but he’s forced to open up for air as they pour water down his throat drowning him. After he’s lowered, one of the Lees slams a telephone book against the back of his head.

“Stop! I’ll tell you where it is. I’ll tell you,” George is gasping for breath, “It’s over there, over there, just stop, ok? Please, stop.”

Tears fill Chase and Jill’s eyes.

“Ok, it’s time,” Vandross speaks and moves the transport higher. An earthquake creates tremors that begin to shake the ground. As they ascend, they see the Rock beginning to shake violently throwing everyone to the floor inside the Rock. A giant 16-foot wide crevice in the ground reaches the old foundation of the restaurant and tears through the surface beside the Rock. As the earthquake grows more intense it splits the Giant rock in two.

The inside entrance to the Rock is flattened and only a few feet of headspace is left. George who moments earlier was just un-blindfolded and freed from the chair crawls to a small opening, and runs toward the boulder field that sits behind the Rock. Everyone inside the Rock is choking from the dust with the exception of Jennifer Fowlkes, who’s sitting upright with her eyes blankly staring at a two hundred pound slab that has crushed her lower

body.

Vandross propels the transport higher, hovering back over Goat Mountain. Chase and Jill look down and see her VW at the bottom of the mountain upside down. Jill puts her hand on Chase's thigh and squeezes it tightly. Vandross smiles at Chase and Jill, "You understand now?"

He takes them back over to the Rock and sees George, bloody and climbing the boulder field. "Your Uncle is making excellent time."

"I know exactly where he's going, Jill. We'll catch up with him later." Chase reports.

Three of the Cointel Lees are injured, but manage to climb outside of the Rock.

"Vandross, we need to see the Ranch House and the Pink House." He hovers over the Ranch House within seconds and they see the roof is caved in.

"Please let us out for a minute. There may be a little boy in there who's hurt." Vandross lands and Jill and Chase run in the house. Stella's crushed body is lying in the center of the floor with a support beam pinning her to the ground. Little Benny is still encircled in her arms. Chase's heart hurts for Benny. He'll miss him, but at least Benny's in a better place.

Helicopters approach the disaster area. Jill and Chase quickly join Vandross. As they take off, they narrowly escape a collision. The helicopter pilot twists his neck to look at a faint outline of their invisible transport.

Chase points directly to the Pink House as they hover above it. "How're we going to transport the Yggradasil?"

"I can have it taken up now if you like?"

Jill and Chase nod their heads. "Please, take it up now."

Just then several fighter jets come roaring by to survey the damage. Vandross looks at his radar screen and there are two disks speeding towards

the Rock. He looks over at Chase. “We are in trouble now. Can’t stop for Yggradasil. I will not be able to outrun those disks, as the transport will be too slow. They’re communicating with each other.” Chase directs Vandross to enter the caves above the Rock in the boulder field.

“This will be very difficult; there is no room to land. We will dissolve the ship before we land.”

As they get close to a small clearing in the boulder field, Vandross dissolves the ship and reduces it to a three feet circumference. Everyone gets slammed into the dirt, rolling into small boulders. Jill has the wind knocked out of her and Chase bangs his head on a rock, but Vandross is knocked unconscious. They hide the cache and the transport craft. Vandross slowly comes to and immediately begins spitting up a blood-like substance.

“I can only last for about two weeks before all of my systems will begin to shut down,” Vandross explains. Because of the methane gas being released in Earth’s atmosphere, my people can only stay here a short time.

“Vandross, you need to go and come back with help from the mother ship.”

“It’s not possible now since the transport has been discovered. As long as I am not in the air, they will not be able to track me. The Artificial ones in the disks do not have the same life forms as me and would not be able to recognize me on the ground, as I would appear as water. We are going to need an escort to make it to the Van Allen belt. There is a very short time window to get you across the galaxy so you can produce the Yggradasil for humans on this planet.

As they sit in a secluded cave with a view of the Rock and the surrounding areas, a good size rock tumbles down, and right behind it is George Van Tassel.

“You can’t keep a good man down, now can you?”

Chase gets up and hugs him. “Uncle George, I have some bad news. Stella’s dead.”

“You’re kidding?”

“We saw her at the Ranch House. That big center beam fell on top of her.”

Jill and Chase look over at George who sits down. Vandross, confused, looks over at Chase and Jill wondering why George’s smiling, and not more upset with the news.

“Well, it must be my lucky day as two of the worst women I’ve ever known check out on the same morning.”

Vandross’ eyes widen with bewilderment and he looks at Chase to elucidate George’s cavalier comment.

Chase looks over at Vandross and smiles. “My Uncle George doesn’t like spending money on divorce lawyers.”

Vandross shakes his head up and down in a confused manner. “Oh.”

Chapter 42

They all sit and watch the helicopters, fire engines and paramedics come in to treat the survivors. The helicopters scour the area with their floodlights looking for any survivors as well as George.

As the sun goes down, the temperature drops and all four begin to shiver. They hike through the boulder fields back toward the Pink House until they see the last helicopter leave and then they cross the desert.

Vandross is rolling the transport as if it were a tire along the ground. As they walk up to the Pink House, Chase removes the tarp from the U-Haul trailer.

“Uncle George, we removed the material last night from under the old restaurant.”

“Wonderful! As I was being tortured, Frank whispered to me that everything would be all right. I’ve got to visit an old friend now who owes me a favor.”

The next morning George grabs the Land Rover and crosses the barren desert over a series of dirt roads passing clusters of Joshua trees until he comes to a comfortable home in the middle of a thicket of sage brush. As he drives up, he sees a small Cessna 172 Skyhawk and the name Lafranz Flying School on the side of the adjacent house. Near the front of the house lying in a hammock under a baseball cap is Colonel Bruce R. Lafranz. George moves closer and stands in front of him. Sensing the change in light, Lafranz lifts his cap above his eyes and smiles.

“George fucking Van Tassel! I’d recognize your stink standing inside a Texas feedlot. Why in the hell are you coming out here and disturbing my afternoon nap?”

Bruce gets up and shakes George's hand, looking at the bruises and cuts on his face.

"What the hell happened to your face? It looks like someone mistook it for a punching bag. I hope you got the better end of it. I could use a beer, George; want to join me?" He reaches inside his ice chest and pulls out a couple of Budweisers from an ice chest and hands one to George.

"I need a favor, Colonel."

"Do a Marine a good turn and you can ask him to do almost anything. That's always been our motto, right George. So what can I do for you?"

"I'm going to need a couple of jets to run some interference. I need you to fly one and I need you to teach me how to fly the other one."

Lafranz looks at his friend in disbelief.

"Ok, and I suppose you want to deliver Christmas gifts with them? This is a tall order Van Tassel."

George tells his old friend the entire story about Chase and the Yggradasil.

"There's one more part of this I need to tell you. You've probably heard about the problems I had with little Chase. Well, this happened over eighteen years ago, so I'll just get it out. My brother's wife, Doris, and I got drunk one night. My brother passed out and Doris wanted to keep drinking, so we did. Hell, Bruce, I can't stand the woman sober. She's hated my guts ever since the first time my brother brought her home to meet our family. But she has these big tits and that night we were drunk and having a great time, and the whole incident remains a complete fog, except for the fact that Chase came along like clockwork nine months later. It's a dirty little secret that only Doris and I know. Thank God everyone's dead around here as he's the spitting image of me. You see, I have to do anything I can for him."

“You’ve got to be shitting me, George. Does he know?”

“I don’t know what he knows.”

“George, they’ve brought out those F 16 Fighting Falcons, and they’re fast. They can reach speeds up to Mach 3 with the right pilot at the controls. I know two Mirage G4-01s that are headed to South Africa, illegally I might add. We just may be able to borrow them for a few hours. I flight-tested them after they were all refurbished. These apartheid operatives are working on finding the money to pay for them, but are having trouble finding a banker due to the sanctions.”

“How fast can they go?”

“Plenty fast. They average about Mach 2.2 and depending on what payloads they’re carrying could go even faster. George I know those planes well and I’m battle ready. You’re a quick study, but it’ll take some time to get you acquainted with this kind of jet aircraft.”

“How would we get the flight time to train?”

“I’m gonna tell them that you’re a crooked banker interested in financing the planes for the South African Government.”

“Bruce, you’re one crazy son of a bitch.”

Vandross’ health continues to deteriorate from injuries and the polluted atmosphere. Chase and Jill have been doing everything they can to help him. It’s been almost ten days since George left, and they haven’t heard a word from him. They’re getting anxious.

“I don’t think he’s coming back, Chase.” Vandross in a weakened raspy voice looks over at Jill.

“Don’t worry, he will be back soon.”

“You guys have more faith in him than I do.”

Vandross motions to Chase to come nearer. “If I sit in the transport with it running, it helps me recharge to 15% of my normal capacity. I’ll be too

weak to fly the transport alone and I'll need your help."

Jill gets her binoculars and scours for any aircraft out in the sky. They help Vandross expand the transport, and he and Chase get in.

"This is where you activate the hydrogen and helium mix. Make sure as we begin to exit the Van Allen belt that you add the helium slowly to prevent a stall. Our best spot to break through will be from 117 W 34 W, so whatever happens make sure we're on that course. We should have just enough energy to get out of Earth's gravity field. We can't afford any engagement with jets or saucers on the way."

"Jill, do you see anything up there?"

"Sky's clear."

Even from sitting in the transport just for a few minutes, Vandross starts to get some of the color back into his face.

"Now, you've flown a plane before, right?"

"No, I haven't," Chase smiles at Vandross and gets out of the transport. "Just a minute, Vandross. I'm going to find you a pilot." He goes up on the deck and stands behind Jill as she's looking out through the binoculars. She feels him coming up behind her. "Jill, do you still have your pilot's license?"

She smiles, hands the binoculars over to Chase and gets into the transport with Vandross. They both take off and begin to maneuver. Chase looks across the desert through his binoculars and sees the old Land Rover headed toward them. Jill and Vandross land and Vandross is happy to report, "She's a natural, Chase." Jill's all smiles.

George and Colonel Lafranz pull up. Colonel Franz walks up to Vandross, sizes him up and shakes his hand. "You're the first alien I've ever met in person. I can't wait to meet your women folk."

He looks over at George. "This is what they look like? I thought they all looked like giant ants or something. He's perfect!" They all bust out in

laughter. "I want to check out this transport ship. Where in the hell is it?"

Vandross points to the folded down version with its water-filled center glistening in the sun. Colonel Lafranz scratches his head and puts his hand in the center. It disappears. Startled, Colonel Lafranz quickly pulls it out and smiles, "I'll be damned."

It's late at night and they're all looking at star maps. Vandross begins. "The Council sent me at the direction of our prophet Pallulous, who arranged for the transport to come here. Our mother ship, which travels through space with highly charged electrons, cannot penetrate this layer here." Vandross points to a layer just inside the Van Allen belt and continues. "This plasma plause, or radiation belt, was originally placed between 1,000 and 6,000 feet from inside the Belt to prevent your species from traveling to other galaxies and essentially quarantines your planet from more sophisticated and higher vibrational beings. Higher advanced intelligence and advanced species have these higher charged electrons innately, and this is why we are limited to only one or two at a time coming through this section of the Van Allen belt."

George looks at Vandross, "So that's why we're primarily stuck with the Greys?"

"Precisely. Their artificial, low vibration frequencies can enter and exit at will in your Earth's atmosphere. That's why benevolent beings want to aid the Earth's people in their pursuit of higher levels of consciousness, so they can eliminate the Van Allen Belt. The Yggradasil will dramatically aid this. After a while, your species will be able to catch up with the rest of the galactic family and eliminate the need for any further radiation belts that have quarantined your planet for eons."

"So what would happen if your mother ship tried to rescue us?"

"It would be similar to passing through a cracked, broken window in your car. We would be shredded into thousands of pieces. The exception is

the time between a lunar or solar eclipse. There is a narrow window of time that sentient beings such as the people from my planet with a higher vibration are able to travel in and out of your atmosphere. The calculations requiring the balance of energies for an entry and exit which gets extraordinarily complicated. The problem is that I would have to contact the mother ship, but then that would allow the Greys to triangulate our position.”

George looks over at everyone around the table. “It sounds like evil is allowed in and good is shut out. Does the promise of the unification of all peaceful species throughout the Universe rest with the five sitting at this table?”

George and Colonel Lafranz get up from the table and walk out the door. “Colonel, I’m not going to bullshit you. There’s a chance we may not make it as we attempt to shepherd the transport through the Van Allen Belt.”

Colonel La Franz looks at George and puts his hand on George's shoulder, “Until the day that I ran into the alien craft north of Vegas, I thought I knew everything, but that encounter changed my life. For the first time I had to reach out to someone else who knew more than I did. In many ways, my old life ended that day. The day after I met you, a new life began. What I took away was that our very existence consists of a continual series of endings and new beginnings. To me, this is a no-brainer, George. I’m privileged to have the chance of making this world a better place, because it really can’t afford to get much worse.”

Chapter 43

Vandross sits inside the transport craft showing Jill how to use the onboard navigation computer. He's not doing well, as he's finding it more and more difficult to breathe.

"Vandross, would the Yggradasil help you survive? I mean, your body chemistry. Is it that different from ours? Could we adapt this to your body somehow?"

Vandross just smiles, his eyes turning gray, "I'm too weak to work on this, but you are welcome to try."

Jill spends hours on the computer calculating by memory the ingredients of the Yggradasil to be able to give Vandross a cellular reset. She makes up several different batches and asks Vandross which one makes him feel better.

"Well, the last one seemed to increase my energy, so let's give it a test."

Vandross slowly gets up, breathing very heavy, and makes his way up the ladder.

"Jill, I feel much better out here in the air and sun. I think you might have something!"

"Oh, that's great!"

"Tomorrow we should pick out the precise time to cross,"

Jill is excited and shares the news with Chase, who goes back upstairs and speaks to Vandross, "Jill tells me that you're feeling better?"

"Much improved, thank you."

"Vandross, I think if we begin our transit from here about 12 minutes before the eclipse at 10:42 AM, we should make it through the ceiling."

"Sounds about right. Now, if we should come under attack by the Greys or the US jets, I want you to begin sending a distress signal immediately to

the mother ship. It is my hope that they will already be looking for me and will be entering earth's atmosphere during this time."

"What do you think the chances are that they'll be looking for you?"

"I am not sure, but it is my hope that they will be looking for you. Oh, I need to show Jill how to work the vacuum that picks up the Yggradasil material. Could you go get her?"

Chase calls down to her, and within a few seconds her glossy hair is visible as she scales the ladder.

"Young lady, you really need to know everything about this transport ship. Let's review it all once more, as tomorrow we'll go."

Vandross meticulously trains Jill as she twists dials and moves buttons. The child like redundancy isn't something that Jill is use to, but she takes it in stride and prepares herself for the many contingencies that may occur.

All parties at the Pink House are having dinner. George found a bottle of port wine in the pantry along with some rice and an old clove of garlic. Colonel Lafranz brought some deer meat from his freezer. Together they prepared dinner, causing the entire house to smell like garlic.

"Now, Jill, you know how to expand the transport to 36 feet in diameter?"

"Yep!"

"Chase you know I need you to spread the Yggradasil material into a 9-foot diameter, not 7, and definitely not 14, but a 9-foot diameter?"

"Vandross, you'll have it."

"George, Colonel, with this heavy load we'll be a bit slow making our way up. If you allow any craft within a mile of us, we'll be shot down."

George pours everyone a small amount of wine into small wine glasses. He lifts up his glass, "Gentlemen, and of course Jill, I would like to make a

toast. It has been my pleasure to be associated with such valiant and brave people. That our mission, if proven successful, will not only save our planet from destruction but also facilitate a fantastic transformation of the entire universe.”

“To the Yggradasil!” They all join and repeat the toast, “To the Yggradasil!”

Vandross shakes hands with George and the Colonel, and Jill receives hugs from all of the men. They all know that it will be the last time they’ll be seeing each other; Jill attempts to hold back her tears. Vandross excuses himself and goes to the transport.

“Uncle George, let me walk you out.” They walk out to the old Land Rover. George gets inside the vehicle and starts the motor. “Uncle George, how’re you feeling about tomorrow?”

George smiles at Chase and looks forward.

“How do I feel? I feel like I’m going to be able to push back the people who have conspired to snuff out the human spirit in all of us. Through you, I know that the battle will continue long after I’m gone. We win every time we stand up against any force that tries to keep us down.”

Colonel Lafranz jumps in the passenger side. “Hit it, George!”

George smiles and drives away. Chase stands there and smiles, watching them disappear in the distance. Chase responds, “I feel the same way, Uncle George. The same way.”

Chase and Jill sit alone on the couch. It’s quiet. They look at each other for a moment and then Jill looks away as she begins to speak, “How many people are aware that everything that occurs in their lives is dictated by operatives in the shadows? I mean from the price they pay for a gallon of gas, to a bag of apples, to the taxes they take from your paycheck?”

“I guess they think that’s freedom. Think of all the wars that have been

instigated based on lies and false premise, causing millions of people to die. But now we have the chance to animate the God spark in each human soul that's been suppressed for thousands of years.”

Chase looks over at Jill and smiles, turns off the light and in the dark whispers, “This is assuming we make it out of here, of course.

Chapter 44

The next morning Jill walks outside, horrified to see Vandross leaning against the carport with his eyes wide open and an eerie smile stretched thin on his face. He's only a third of his normal size and is literally dissolving before her eyes. He pinned a note to his shirt.

"Chase, you need to come down here now!" Chase sprints down the stairs and out the door; they both begin reading the note in silence.

Chase & Jill,

I knew from the start that this was going to be a one-way trip for me predicted by the prophet.

The transport will be overloaded with the Yggradasil substance, and with my extra weight, it won't be able to make it to the Van Allen Belt let alone penetrate it.

Another thing I was told by the prophet is that you must leave. Your planet will enter into a violent stage and 90% of the world's population will be wiped out by nuclear war. The ultimate fate of the human species solely rests on your ability to get to the planet Shar II, process the Yggradasil substance and bring it back to earth. Those who have survived will desperately need the Yggradasil to transform their animal bodies. The Yggradasil will increase the vibrational component of the human species allowing them to raise their frequencies and sustain themselves. In due time a higher level of consciousness will evolve that will be acceptable to other inhabitants from other galaxies.

In closing my dear friends, you have given me a high level of hope that

my life has not been sacrificed in vain.

Vandross

P.S. It was not the Council that gave you the boils, Chase; it was I. They would never do such a thing. I am sure in time you will understand everything.

Jill and Chase look down to see only clothes and boots remaining. Chase turns and looks through the binoculars and notices a large plume of dust coming down the dirt road. There are several black military transport trucks with no identification. Chase follows the vehicles as they head out to the Rock. As they turn, he notices through the back that they have at least thirty men wearing black helmets.

Jill is folding out the transport and bringing it alive. “Jill how close to 10:40 are we?”

Jill looks at her watch, “About six minutes.”

“It looks like they’re going back to the Rock with a small army.” Just then Chase hears the sound of jets coming from the East.

He runs back up to the sun deck and looks through the binoculars just in time to see two thunderous Mirages buzz by, blowing sand and dust everywhere. As Jill activates the transport, Chase tears the tarp from the U-Haul trailer and begins to push it backward. Jill sees Chase straining to move the trailer and she joins him on the other side of the hitch. The trailer moves ten feet away from the house and carport. He opens up the door and begins shoveling the Yggradasil material out the back into an exact 9-foot round pile. Jill has the transport hovering a foot off the ground. She gives Chase the thumbs up just as he removes the last of the material from the trailer. He picks up the hitch and walks the trailer back into the carport. George and Colonel Lafranz make a return pass with Colonel Lafranz going vertical.

Chase jumps into the transport and Jill positions it directly over the mound of material four feet above it. Jill is confused, as the switch that is supposed to vacuum the material doesn't work.

“What's going on, Jill?”

Jill, looking perplexed, shakes her head. She tries it again, but nothing works. “Chase! Vandross and I went over and over this. This should work.”

The bright radiating Sun is being slowly eclipsed and the sky is getting darker. Chase sticks his head out of the transport and watches as a few particles of the Yggradasil are being sucked up into the transport. The Mirage fighter jets can be heard chased by three F-16 Falcon jets. Chase reaches over, points down and yells for Jill to drop down two feet. Jill looks over with a worried look and lowers the transport and immediately the Yggradasil is picked up entirely in one swoop. Jill pushes the handle and they slowly begin to ascend with the material safely aboard. As they rise, they can see the jets in and out of the mountain engaged in a dogfight.

They increase their speed to 500 miles per hour. The cloaking device turns the transport into the same color as the sky. The sun's eclipse is almost full. George is being fired on by an F-16. As he maneuvers the Mirage along the mountain range, Colonel Lafranz gives the jet in pursuit a cannon blast hitting the right wing and prompting the pilot to eject. Chase and Jill look down at the ejected parachute. A glimmering disc can be seen approaching them at a high rate of speed.

The sun is totally eclipsed. The transport begins to shake violently as it enters the first section of the Van Allen belt. Jill looks over at Chase while a silver disc shaped saucer jars them both. The two remaining F-16s have dropped their pursuit of the Mirages and are less than four miles from the transport. The silver disc is closing in and bumps them again. It flies over and gets in front of the transport attempting to slow them down. There's nothing

that Jill can do. There aren't any weapons on the transport.

Jill is at full power when the F-16s begin firing. She sends a distress signal to the mother ship. One of the bullets hits the side of the transport and bounces off. Colonel Lafranz activates the starboard rocket and smiles. An F-16 veers off and loops backward. Colonel Lafranz engages the rocket and watches it hit the F-16 as it explodes. The silver disc is still trying to stop the transport, bumping it on all sides. George fires a burst of the machine gun at the disc, but the bullets just bounce off.

George frantically engages his missile system and fires a rocket, but the flying saucer maneuvers around it and continues to pursue the transport. Inside the disc there are four small Greys who are speaking to United States authorities at a remote military base. George flanks the saucer, but is unable to fire any missiles because of the disc's proximity to the transport. As a last ditch effort, he tries to ram his plane into the side of the saucer, and almost hits the transport. The jet begins to stall and George falls back.

Jill tries to maneuver past the silver disk with no luck. A light beeps on the control panel and signals they're running out of power. Chase and Jill look at each other. The transport is shaking violently and lights are flashing. There's a loud beeping sound, and then suddenly dead silence. The transport loses all power and begins to free-fall. Jill frantically tries to restart it. Inside the disk the Greys are shaking their heads and following behind the transport speaking with the military base. She hits the control panel doing everything in her power to start the transport, when a 5,000-meter mother ship comes roaring down into the Van Allen Belt following the saucer and the transport.

The Greys are puzzled as they look at the screen on their control panel. It's lost communication and the controls are frozen, streaming a blur of fuzzy lines. The mother ship fires her laser gun and eviscerates the disk. As it bursts into pieces, she opens her cargo doors, pulls in the transport and within

seconds ascends into space.

George and the Colonel begin their decent amongst the rain of metallic debris. The F-16 fighter jets intercept them, indicating they want them to land at Giant Rock.

“Colonel, you want to try to make a run for it. Copy?”

“Run to where, George? Copy.”

“Somewhere where I can get a drink and a shower. I feel like I’ve peed enough in this flight suit. Copy.”

Colonel Lafranz begins to laugh. “You crazy asshole. Copy, over and out.”

“Mirage call letters LFG299 and LFG276, you are hereby ordered to land on the dry lake landing strip below. If you do not land immediately, you will be shot down. I repeat, you are hereby ordered to land your jets immediately or you will be shot down.”

George shakes his head, “Yeah, Yeah, Yeah. I guess you won’t get these jets back with a full tank.”

As the two rogue pilots land, military transport vehicles swarm in and pull alongside both of the cockpits. Lafranz lifts up the canopy of his jet and climbs back over his wing. “Sweet Jesus! If I’d known there’d be so many people out here, I’d a’ brought my guitar.”

George gets out, lifts his arms up, jumps on top of a white service truck and climbs down. As soon as his feet hit the desert floor, he’s handcuffed.

George is brought to an unmarked vehicle and placed in the back. As the sheriff shoves Lafranz into another vehicle, George hears him yelling, “We didn’t steal the cocksuckers. We just borrowed them!”

As the squad cars drive off, George pushes his face against the window looking for a glimpse of the transport ship. All he can see are the few falling remains of the silver saucer shot down by the valiant mother ship. It must

have safely scooped up the transport as Chase and Jill were nowhere in sight. That means they made it, and all's well for the future of the human race.

George turns from the window and looks at the Sheriff.

“Now, about a shower . . . “