



THE OFF-WORLD MAN COMPANION  
THE GORDON MARCUS PARKS NOVELLAS  
By  
G.K.Walker

## **A Message from the Author**

The Off-World Man trilogy is simple exopolitical DISCLOSURE science fiction. SCIENCE FICTION. It is truth immersed in the veil of fiction, as all good sci-fi mysteries are. The Off-World Man Companion is the result of a three-decade journey of research into the military aerospace industrial complex. Stage Two, involves its introduction into as many fields of production as applicable; print media, Syfy Channel series and or Motion Picture franchise, producing the books as a film, graphic novel, and expanded novel series developing the ancillary characters. That's my vision. This is a relevant, potentially profitable franchise on the level of the Star Wars and Star Trek franchises.

I am a self-taught Mechanical and Industrial Designer and Conceptual Artist, specializing in creative design solutions. Author of the design engineering white paper, Formula One Geometry in Human Powered Land Vehicle Design; 20+ years of research into carbon fiber Forward Prone Position Speedframe Design and Construction. Author of The OFF-WORLD Man, a military science fiction novella series based on decades of research into the military aerospace community. I am a Type One Technology Researcher and novice Science Fiction Writer.

I was accepted at the Art Center College of Design 1987. However, I was unable to attend due to financial hardship. I am self-educated, still hoping to go back to college one day and looking to fund a design studio and various business partnership ventures. I can only imagine how far I would have gone. I would have had a productive, rewarding career as a product and transportation designer.

My coroflot.com portfolio is a limited archive of my concepts on product, transportation and architectural design. I was born to be an industrial designer. The creative process is my life. I would have become a professor and made a difference in the lives of design students. Perhaps, in the next incarnation. The lesson to be learned here is to never give up on pursuing one's career dreams and goals.

Design and Marketing ARTIFACTS of the FUTURE. My Coroflot.com page is an archive of drawings and sketches are an indication of where my training ended, much too soon. I was not born to abundant financial means or resources, nor was I willing to follow other options such as the Montgomery G.I. Bill while I was still young and able. So my quest to become an industrial design engineer ended abruptly in 1988. I have continued to follow the related fields for decades. Thirty years have passed, along with any realistic chance to make a living or a real contribution to the field of industrial design, but the desire get that education never went away. I wrote the whitepapers Formula One Geometry in Human Powered Land Vehicle Design and Higher Education 2050 out of frustration. In 2007 I began studying novel writing and began the industrial design themed novella series The Off-World Man: A Gordon Marcus Parks Novella. The four-novella series The Off-World Man Companion is complete. In the novella series, I predict near-future product and transportation, what I term artifacts of the future. I placed the storyline a mere 30 to 40 years into the future, knowing full well that many of the concepts will not be available to the everyday consumer for at least 100 years.

The OM Companion was the only way I could contribute to the continuum of professional industrial designers and mechanical engineers and students fortunate enough to pursue a career in those fields, dedicated to envisioning artifacts of the future. I hope you realize that you are priests of the purest of all creative processes. Priests of Creation. You are trained to tap into that solution-oriented process at will. And realize that your works enhance and advance the human condition with every new innovation in materials and function. You can make a real difference in such far-flung fields as medical science, transportation and aerospace, consumer products and emerging technology. You have no idea how truly blessed you are.

G.K.Walker

## The Off-World Man

### PROLOGUE

Air Force Space Command:

"The establishment of Space Command is a crucial milestone in the evolution of military space operations. Space is a place like land, sea and air. A theater of operations, and it was just a matter of time until space was treated as such." --General James V. Hartinger.

Air Force Space Command, created September 1, 1982, is one of nine Air Force major commands, and is headquartered at Peterson Air Force Base, Colorado. Missile warning and space operations were combined to form Air Force Space Command in 1982, the same year NASA launched the first provided emphasis for the command's new focus on support to the war fighter ICBM forces were merged into Air Force Space Command in 1993.

Air Force Space Command defends America through its space and intercontinental ballistic missile operations, vital force elements in projecting global reach and global power and is a key factor in implementing the expeditionary aerospace force organizational structure.

Air Force Space Command has two numbered air forces. Fourteenth Air Force provides space war fighting forces to U.S. Space Command, and is located at Vandenberg Air Force Base, California.

Fourteenth Air Force manages the generation and employment of space forces to support U.S. Space Command and North American Aerospace Defense Command operational plans and missions. Twentieth Air Force, located at F.E. Warren Air Force Base, Wyoming, operates and maintains Air Force Space Command's ICBM weapon systems in support of U.S. Strategic Command war plans.

The Space Warfare Center at Schriever Air Force Base, Colorado, is also part of the command. The center plays a major role in fully integrating space systems into the operational Air Force. Its force enhancement mission looks at ways to use space systems to support war fighters in the areas of navigation, intelligence, communications and theater ballistic missile warning and how these apply to theater operations. The center is also home to the Space Battle lab

Air Force Space Command is the major command providing space forces for the U.S. Space Command and trained ICBM forces for U.S. Strategic Command; and also supports NORAD with warning information, operates the Space Warfare Center to develop space applications for direct war fighter support and is responsible for the Department of Defense's ICBM follow-on operational test and evaluation program.

Air Force Space Command bases and stations include Cheyenne Mountain Air Station, Schriever and Peterson Air Force Bases and Buckley Air National Guard Base, Colorado; Onizuka Air Station and

Vandenberg Air Force Base, California; Cape Canaveral Air Station and Patrick Air Force Base, Florida; Cavalier Air Station, North Dakota; F.E. Warren Air Force Base, Wyoming; Malmstrom Air Force Base, Montana; Clear Air Station, Arkansas; Thule Air Base, Greenland; and Woomera Air Station, Australia. Air Force Space Command units are located around the world, including Japan, the United Kingdom and Germany.

Space lift operations at the East and West Coast launch bases provide services, facilities and range safety control for the conduct of D.o.D, National and Space Administration and commercial launches. Through the command and control of all D.o.D satellites, satellite operators provide force-multiplying effects -- continuous global coverage, low vulnerability and autonomous operations. Satellites provide essential in-theater secure communications, weather and navigational data for ground, air and fleet operations and threat warning. Ground-based radar and Defense Support Program satellites monitor ballistic missile launches around the world to guard against a surprise attack on North America. Space surveillance radars provide vital information on the location of satellites and space debris for the nation and the world. With a readiness rate above 99 percent, America's ICBM team plays a critical role in maintaining world peace and ensuring the nation's safety and security.

Air Force Space Command operates and supports the Global Positioning System, Defense Satellite Communications Systems Phase 2 and 3, Defense Support Program, NATO 3 and 4 Communications and Fleet Satellite Communications System UHF follow-on and MILSTAR; and currently operates the Atlas 2, Delta 2, Titan 2 and Titan 4 launch vehicles. This includes all of the nation's primary boosters from the Eastern and Western ranges and range support for the space shuttle. Air Force Space Command also operates the nation's primary source of continuous, real time solar flare warnings. The command also operates a worldwide network of satellite tracking stations to provide communications links to satellites -- a system called the Air Force Satellite Control Network.

Ground-based radars used primarily for ballistic missile warning include the Ballistic Missile Early Warning System, PAVE, PAWS and PARCS radars. The Ground-based Electro-Optical Deep Space Surveillance System, Passive Space Surveillance System, phased-array and mechanical radars provide primary space surveillance coverage.

The ICBM force consists, as of the year 1999, of Minuteman 3 and Peacekeeper missiles that provide the critical component of America's on-alert strategic forces. As the nation's "silent sentinels," ICBM's and the people who operate them, have remained on continuous around-the clock alert since 1959 -- longer than any other U.S. strategic force. Five hundred Minuteman 3 and 50 Peacekeeper ICBM's are currently on alert in reinforced concrete launch facilities beneath the Great Plains.

Air Force Space Command is the Air Force's largest operator of UH-1N Huey helicopters, responsible for missile operations support and security. As of June 1999, approximately 37,200 people, including 25,800 active-duty military and civilians and 11,360 contractor employees, combine to perform Air Force Space Command missions.

Air Force Space Command brings space to the war fighter by continuously improving the command's ability to provide and support combat forces -- assuring their access to space. In addition, the

command's ICBM forces deter any adversary contemplating the use of weapons of mass destruction. Air Force Space Command has six primary mission areas:

- Space forces support involves launching satellites and other high-value payloads into space using a variety of expendable launch vehicles. It also operates those satellites once in the medium of space.

- Space control ensures friendly use of space through the conduct of counterspace operations encompassing surveillance, negation and protection.

- Force enhancement provides weather, communications, intelligence, missile warning and navigation.

- Force application involves maintaining and operating a rapid response land-based ICBM force as part of the nation's strategic nuclear triad.

- Computer Network Defense

- Computer Network Attack

GlobalSecurity.org

Naval Space Command:

Beginning in the mid-1980s, concurrent with the development of space operations and space engineering curricula at the Naval Postgraduate School, the Navy began "coding" officers as space sub-specialists. As space sub-specialty codes were then assigned to particular officers' billets on numbered Fleet staffs and at commands ashore, the service began assigning Navy members with matching codes to those positions. More recently, the Navy has begun efforts to build a cadre of "space smart" officers, enlisted personnel and civilian employees.

The Naval Space Cadre is composed of active-duty and reserve Navy and Marine Corps officers and enlisted personnel, along with Navy civilian employees from a wide range of career fields who meet mandatory education, training and experience standards established for a particular certification level. The Navy Space Cadre is a distinct body of expertise horizontally and vertically integrated within Navy and Marine Corps active duty, reserves and civilian employee communities organized to operationalize space. Initial identification of the cadre began in mid-2001 with the standup of the Naval Space Cadre Working Group and culminated in a naval message (NAV ADMIN 201/03 DTG 211435Z JUL 03) announcing the first 700 officer members of the cadre. These officers were identified by the subspecialty codes of 6206, Space Systems Operations, and 5500, Space Systems Engineering or by the additional qualification designator of VS1, VS2, VS3 or VS4. Identification of enlisted and civilian cadre members is more challenging, as these groups do not have specific space identifiers like the officers do.

Approximately 265 billets are currently identified as space billets. These jobs are in Navy, Joint and National Security Space organizations. Space cadre members are currently assigned throughout the National Security Space arena, including the National Reconnaissance Office, National Security Space Architect, National Security Space Integration, MILSATCOM Joint Program Office, as well as in all Navy organizations that deal with space.

High Frontier: The Journal for Space and Missile Professionals, Summer 2004

United States Space Command (U.S.SPACCOM):

U.S. Space Command was created in 1985, but America's military actually began operating in space much earlier. With the Soviet Union's unexpected 1957 launch of the world's first manmade satellite, Sputnik 1, President Eisenhower accelerated the nation's slowly emerging civil and military space efforts. The vital advantage that space could give either country during those dark days of the Cold War was evident in his somber words. "Space objectives relating to defense are those to which the highest priority attaches because they bear on our immediate safety," he said.

During the 1960s and 1970s, the Army, Navy and Air Force advanced and expanded in the areas of communication, meteorology, geodesy, navigation and reconnaissance. Space continued to support strategic deterrence by providing arms control and treaty verification, and by offering unambiguous, early warning of any missile attack on North America.

On September 23, 1985, the Joint Chiefs of Staff confirmed the ever-increasing value of military space systems by creating a new unified command — U.S. Space Command — to help institutionalize the use of space in U.S. deterrence efforts.

The U.S.-led coalition's 1991 victory in the Persian Gulf War underscored, and brought widespread recognition to, the value of military space operations. Communications, intelligence, navigation, missile warning and demonstrated that space systems could be indispensable providers of tactical information to U.S. war fighters. Since then, U.S. Space Command has further strengthened its focus on war fighting by ensuring that Soldiers and Marines in the foxhole, Sailors on the ship's bridge, and pilots in the cockpit have the space information they need — when they need it.

U.S.SPACCOM provides joint employment of military forces and operational support to other unified, combatant commands. Its mission is to conduct joint space operations in accordance with the Unified Command Plan assigned missions: Space Force Support, Space Force Enhancement, Space Force Application, and Space Force Control. U.S.SPACCOM is a unified command of the D.o.D supported by three component commands: AFSPACCOM, NAVSPACCOM and SARSPACE. U.S.SPACCOM conducts all integrated attack warning and space operations including control of space, direction of space support activities, and use of space assets to enhance the force effectiveness of other combatant commands. U.S.SPACCOM is headquartered at Peterson AFB, Colorado Springs, Colorado. The command operates the Space Defense Operations Center, the Space Surveillance Center, the Missile Warning Center, and

the Joint Space Intelligence Center. It also directs space support operations for assigned spacecraft systems, including the Defense Support Program, Defense Satellite Communications System, Global Positioning System, Transit Maritime Navigation System, Fleet Satellite Communications, Air Force Satellite Communications System payloads, and the Defense Meteorological Satellite Program.

U.S. Space Command was disbanded on October 1, 2002 and its responsibilities were handed over to U.S. STRATCOM.

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FUTURIST UPDATE: News from the World Future Society, May 2009.

BATTLES FOR OUTER SPACE. The U.S. military has named the space environment a "special area of emphasis" due to growing international space-based operations. Attacks on space assets such as satellites are a key concern, but other threats besides weapons attacks exist, such as collisions with space debris and electronic jamming. "America's way of life is dependent on space," notes Colonel Sean D. McClung, director of Air University's National Space Studies Center. "We have to think about what we would do if our systems in space were attacked—how we determine attribution for the attack and respond in appropriate manner." By declaring the space environment a special area of emphasis, the Defense Department will devote more resources and attention to space in the curricula of professional military colleges. SOURCE: U.S. Air Force Link, Air University

New Technology from 'BlackWorld', By Nick Easen for CNN

What ground-breaking new technology is kept so secret by the authorities that even to comment on its existence would be to reveal too much? Welcome to black world technology -- the discrepancy in the defense budgets no-one can explain, and the programs which politicians and officials have the right to deny even exist. Yet it is big business, not just for those involved in developing the technology, but for the spin-offs that eventually come in the "white world" -- defense jargon for the real world. "The computers that were secretly developed to go to the moon are now on your desktop," Nick Cook, aerospace consultant for Jane's Defence Weekly told CNN. "It all ends up in the commercial world in some ways, but black world technology is hard to penetrate in terms of figures and types of programs," he said.

Boeing, the world's largest aircraft manufacturer says it is working on anti-gravity propulsion, which could revolutionize conventional aviation. If the science underpinning the program can be made into reality, it will be the biggest thing to hit the aviation industry since the Wright Brothers.

"GRASP," or Gravity Research for Advanced Space Propulsion, was only recently reported in Jane's Defence Weekly, but the U.S. military may have had the technology for years. The National Institute for Discovery Science, based in Nevada, say that mysterious U.S. military craft using this kind of technology

have been skirting the skies since the 1980s. And N I D S is now calling for the military to unveil its secrets for commercial benefit.

Although no-one yet drives cars or flies commercial planes made from radar-avoiding, stealth bomber material, over the years there have been spin-offs that have had business applications. Nowadays, phased-array antennae allow you to park your new car in small parking spaces with audio queues. This was once black technology. But obtaining information about today's black technology applications is virtually impossible. In official circles, a black program may be classed as "deniable", which means people can refute that the government is developing or knows about its existence.

The U.S. has the largest black budget on the planet, but other countries -- notably Britain and France -- also have projects in this area. Unlike other nations, which cover up any secret programs, the U.S. has a carefully constructed, tightly controlled and well organized black technology expenditure program. According to the U.S. Center for Strategic and Budgetary Assessments classified or black programs account for about \$23.2 billion or 17 percent of the 2004 budget request for the Department of Defense. Just over half of this request to the U.S. Senate is for research and development, and it is on the increase. "During the Reagan administration it was the height of black technology spending, Clinton scaled back but it is deemed to rise again under Bush," says Cook.

What Did UFO Hacker Really Find, By Alejandro Rojas for Open Minds Magazine, April 2010

In what US prosecutors have called the biggest military hack of all time, Scottish hacker, Gary McKinnon says it was all done in an effort to end secrecy regarding UFOs and Free Energy technology. McKinnon has been accused of hacking into computer systems belonging to NASA, the US Army, US Navy, Department of Defense, and the US Air Force. He is fighting extradition to the United States to be held on trial, and if extradited faces spending the rest of his life in prison, but were his efforts in vain, or did he really find something?

In all of his interviews, McKinnon talks about two UFO related finds. He told the Guardian newspaper that he thought what he found was so important that he tried to barter with the government. When first caught he was offered the chance to take a plea bargain and get a three to four-year sentence. He turned the offer down to get a lesser sentence, threatening to release everything he found if they didn't give him a better deal. Unfortunately for Gary, the US government wasn't too worried about his revelations. Now he faces spending a 70-year sentence in a US prison, where they don't serve tea and crumpets.

McKinnon was inspired by physician Dr. Steven Greer's Disclosure project. Greer had brought together a number of very credible witnesses to testify in front of the Washington National Press Club that they had knowledge of the existence of Extraterrestrial visitation and that it was being hidden from the public. The most shocking find to McKinnon, the one he thought would be his ace in the hole negotiating with the US government, was what he found hacking into the systems of US Space Command. McKinnon says he found a log that listed non-terrestrial officers. He doesn't believe that these were aliens, but he

believes this to be evidence that the US military has a secret battalion in space. Some of these logs were ship to ship transfers. There are rumors that he has talked about the names of two of the ships he saw on the transfer logs, the names of the ships being the USSS LeMay and the USSS Hillenkoetter. Typically, Navy ship names just have two S', an acronym for United States Ship, however there are three S' here, presumably standing for United States Space Ship. The names of the ships are also significant.

However, the fact that McKinnon really released the names of these ships is also alleged, thus far there are no source for these rumors. So that is it, the UFO picture that McKinnon saw and the ship rosters were all he had, and unfortunately for him, they were not enough to scare the government into going easy on him. Instead he has been fighting a long multi-year battle to keep from being extradited to the US, a fight that he is losing. So far every British court he has appealed to has denied his stay.

The US government is really throwing the book at him, alleging that he took down military computers making the US vulnerable soon after 911. McKinnon denies those claims and says that he was able to observe many hackers from around the world accessing the networks he was on at the same time he was on them. Many believe that McKinnon may just be a scapegoat. The search for truth on the UFO matter is a difficult one, and some may argue that the secrets being kept are illegal. However, taking illegal steps to get to the truth is ill-advised, and unfortunately McKinnon is learning this the hard way.

## The Off-World Man

### CHAPTER 1

“The scientific man does not aim at an immediate result. He does not expect that his advanced ideas will be readily taken up. His works are like that of the planter, for the future. His duty is to lay the foundation for those to come and to point the way. The progress of man is vitally dependent upon invention.” -- Nikola Tesla.

2032. The clouds parted as the USAF SR-100 trans-atmospheric space plane ascended far above the ceiling for commercial aviation. The covert space plane broke the sound barrier less than a minute after takeoff from Vandenberg Air Force Base and the California coastline, muscling its way skyward at nearly one hundred thousand feet per minute. At twenty-five thousand feet, the space plane slowed to three hundred knots to rendezvous for a topping off refuel in mid-flight with liquid hydrogen peroxide from a C-135 airship tanker. A minute later, after reaching fifty thousand feet and another sonic boom, the orbital vessel bolted out to sea and upward to two hundred thousand feet, going hypersonic and increasing to Mach twenty.

Approaching the seventy-mile altitude mark, the forward scramjet engine intakes were gradually closed and liquid oxygen was fed from the ship's fuel tanks into the liquid hydrogen peroxide mix; at lower altitudes oxygen was supplied from the atmosphere. The thrusters reactivated fully and the space vessel roared to life again, becoming a conventional rocket engine.

Its speed increased to Mach twenty-five, roughly 17,500 miles per hour, during the final 90-second full burn. The vessel approached the orbital escape velocity of 7 miles-per-second and the crushing g-forces increased, forcing the flight crew in full pressure suits over biothermals, to perform pressure-breathing exercises to prevent blackout. The boost into orbital insertion lasted nearly ten minutes.

The fore and aft outer opticam sensors displayed the bluish white vertical bow of earth's horizon on each of the flight crew's helmet visor mounted display screens. At 100 miles orbit, the engines automatically shut down and the flight crew were able to breathe normally again. The space plane gradually ascended to 300 miles orbit, guided by fore and aft thrusters, and then pulled smoothly away, towards the innumerable points of light unfolding in the endless black heavens...

A thousand years, a thousand more, a thousand times, a million doors to Eternity.

I may have lived a thousand lives, a thousand times, an endless turning stairway climbs to a Tower of Souls.

If I chase another thousand years, a thousand wars, the towers rise to numberless floors in Space.

If I shed another million tears, a million breaths, a million names but only one Truth to face.

A million roads, a million fears, a million suns, ten million years of uncertainty.

I could speak a million lies, a million songs, a million rights, a million wrongs in this balance of Time.

But if there was a single truth, a single light, a single thought, a singular touch of Grace.

Then following this single point, this single flame, this single haunted memory of your face.

I still love you,

I still want you.

A thousand times the Mysteries unfold themselves

like Galaxies in my head...

I may be numberless, I may be innocent, I may know many things, I may be ignorant.

Or I could ride with Kings and conquer many lands, or win this world at cards and let it slip my hands.

I could be cannon food, destroyed a thousand times, reborn as fortune's child, to judge another's crimes.

Or wear this pilgrim's cloak, or be a common thief.

I've kept this single Faith, I have but one Belief.

I still love you,

I still want you.

A thousand times the Mysteries unfold themselves

like Galaxies in my head.

On and on the Mysteries unwind themselves,

Eternities still unsaid, until you love me.

“I miss her...”

August 2033. Channeling that distant memory, Gordon Marcus Aurelius Parks PhD, stared out on his surroundings. He was wearing an EXO line black, wool Edo suit, a white pima cotton sugata cross-collarless shirt with linked cuffs, over a white long sleeve merino wool mock turtle neck thermal top, cloaked in an ankle length, raglan sleeved, black cashmere long coat and black full grain composite leather pull-on boots. He was tall and slim for his age with the easy manner of an athlete and impeccable military bearing for a civilian. His hair and van dyke beard were a streaked salt and pepper gray, trimmed close to the scalp around the chin, neck and ears. He felt at times in this environment like a Jesuit priest, staring out at a newly discovered exotic continent.

The Orbital Industrial Colony or OIC, was always at the edge of dawn, always on the dark side edge of Earth’s rotation. The colony was geostationary to the curvature of the new day and partially protected within the geomagnetic tail lobe of the Earth’s magnetic field. Of the dozen smaller military, NASA, and low orbit commercial resort stations positioned at various orbits around the earth, the OIC was the first of its type. The OIC is categorized by the U.S. Air Force Space Command as an autonomous, centrifugally induced gravity, ‘Newton Class’ covert military industrial smart grid city base prototype, approximately 30,000 kilometers “upland” in Earth orbit. It was positioned just beyond the equatorial orbital paths of the THEMIS solar radiation space weather satellites.

Orbital living was on schedule to be routine by the 22nd century. The civilian contractor and military personnel shuttles docked at the first habitat sector of the Stanford superstructure’s disembarkation zone, which had an overhead plaque with a quote:

“I do not know what I may appear to the world; but to myself I seem to have been only like a child playing on the shore, and diverting myself in now and then, finding a smoother pebble or prettier shell than ordinary, whilst the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me.” --Sir Isaac Newton, 1642-1721

He stood at the entrance to the Earth orbital colony’s upland simulacrum of New York City’s Central Park and Columbus Circle, staring out moodily into the expanse. He missed his wife Eve and thought of her often during this time. The park was a perfectly manicured, great lawn replica, except for being only 400 acres, half the size of the original and the absence of the reservoir and the bordering network of nearly one hundred varieties of trees. Throughout this park, a thousand small groves, each clustered with dozens of orange trees, lime, pear and lemon trees, were substituted. The faint but pleasant citrus scent of the groves carried throughout the Stanford superstructure. After each harvest, the fruit trees were carefully pollinated; growth and temperature were regulated with sonic hydration systems by hydroponics engineers and automated robotic grounds keepers.

Beyond this park, surrounded by minimalist design buildings and complexes instead of the Art Deco high-rises of the original, the Stanford superstructure took on a dull modern, sterile appearance of a post-modern sustainable city in each of the eight, two kilometer long sectors, all mildly influenced by cities like Tokyo, Dubai and New York.

This orbital city was pristine and highly sanitized. Simple items such as chewing tobacco and gum were outlawed here. Simple offenses such as littering, even spitting on the walkways or anywhere on the OIC, were punishable with a possible four week stay in the brig, loss of three months' pay, demotion and or expulsion back earthside. Prevention of pollution and airborne infectious agents were critical priorities on the city base.

The alarm function of the dull black polymer, wrist cuff-sized DataLink™ Personal Artificial Intelligence Agent or PAI that Dr. Parks wore chimed. A flashing red reminder scrolled across the greenish amber tinted, lower neuroptical interface display of his black wayfarer sunglasses. The lower lens also displayed scrolling news and intuitive AI search engine data, splashing compressed pixilated bursts of data across the lower lenses and the sensorium of the user.

The upper left and right corner of the lenses could be programmed to inform the wearer of the time in any time zone they preferred, the weather forecast and acceptable U.V and other radiation levels. Micro-cameras and ear piece pick-ups in the frame of the glasses, along with flexible, polymer coated micro-screen adhesive throat-mike patches; all integrated into a portable cache before being distributed to either a user's portable or Q-net storage.

Dr. Parks stopped to take in the view at the same time on his way back to the R&D labs every day-ops cycle, 04:00 hours. He would be late to the corporate research facility and ongoing vehicle prototype test trials if he stayed much longer. But he always started each day communing with the overhead view on the panoramic, high definition, inner-toroidal, active matrix organic light-emitting diode Sky canopy and the background of ambient relaxing soundscapes played continuously around the entire colony. "As close to communing with the Creator of All Existence as humanly possible", he would often announce to anyone passing within a few feet during his daily devotional.

An unforgettable sight to behold, it didn't matter to him that the overhead view was a digital representation of the view outside of the triple space frame, redundant space radiation insulated hulled, pressurized colony. It displayed the outside view of the rotating colony in real time.

The three-kilometer-wide, twelve-kilometer-long, upper toroidal digital Sky canopy displayed an exact continuous panoramic view of the outer center hub structure and sixteen massive connecting dual transway pillars. It also displayed the opposite side of the inner torus superstructure; and a scenic backdrop view of earth that spun in and out of view every few minutes followed by the void of surrounding space. The Sky canopy's imagery could also be changed to any number of ambient images, such as a perfect Earth-like cloud filled blue sky, or the night operations' sleep lighting. It was also artistically altered on rare occasions such as the Fourth of July and Memorial Day.

The cadres of technicians were behind the scenes at each of the sixteen flat, massive, quarter-kilometer wide, half-kilometer long sector stations, overseeing the smooth operation or repair of each panoramic, three kilometer wide, one and a half kilometer long Skycanopy panel, covered with millions of one meter square, hexagon-shaped tiles. The Air Force technicians and Army Corps of Engineers specialists busy on the job were highly trained and prepared for the inevitable emergency event or labor-intensive panel section malfunction replacement. After any extensive repairs, the eight combined sections of Skycanopy roof panels could be reactivated in secession in just less than thirty minutes. Maintaining the simulated natural environment was another one of the major priorities of every soldier on the colony.

That first view of the Earth to start his day was always so majestic, such breath taking creation, so serene—with just a glimpse of swirled cloud cover over the continents and all of that rich, vibrant azure blue. It was his sixty-eighth birthday. It was also his 243rd consecutive day on the O I C; a twenty kilometer radius, triple-hulled, polyhedral geometry space framed, Stanford torus superstructure; a centripetal axial design Mega-Habitat, attached via sixteen massive parallel transway elevator structural columns, to the top end of an eight kilometer long, U.S. Air Force Space Command O’Neill centripetal-axial-design cylindrical Military Operations superstructure, of similar triple space frame construction. Future civilian versions will have Stanford torus superstructures at both ends of the O’Neill center superstructure, allowing for double the number of inhabitants.

The sixteen massive connecting transway elevator dual structural columns mounts at the unfinished lower end of the O’Neill superstructure were used as space-based military systems platforms and payload delivery bays. Large black solar collectors line the outer torus of the Stanford superstructure and convert the limited sunlight, the result of the covert colony’s permanent dark side orbit from earth. Only 40% to 50% of solar energy reaches the earth’s surface; 22% of the solar energy is absorbed in the atmosphere and 38% to 40% is reflected into space. Outside the earth’s atmosphere  $1.35 \times 10^3$  power watts per cubic meter of solar array energy is available.

Space Command has had its own astronaut corps since the 1960s, beginning with the Manned Orbital Laboratory program. Until the year 2020, that capability was largely unknown to the world. The Armed Forces still maintained an undisclosed annual black budget to fund and expand its NATO United Space Force operations and expansion throughout the greater solar system. Space Command also utilized OIC’s lower O’Neill superstructure as an orbital platform to deploy and repair a network of surveillance satellites orbiting the Earth, the moon and major planets in the solar system. The O’Neill superstructure’s many advanced military systems include high-resolution radar, global infrared sensors, and global communications arrays for high-speed networking. Many of the U.S. Space Command satellites orbiting Earth utilize the latest generation of space-based theater tactical weapons, including directed microwave, particle beam and high-energy lasers. Some of the satellites are EMP weapons, others are strategic scalar-interferometers; powerful longitudinal transverse EM wave transmitter weather modification units working in unison with the Alaskan, Australian and Dubai based HAARP tactical ionosphere modification arrays, capable generating up to category five hurricanes, and devastating earthquakes up to 7.5 and greater in Richter scale magnitude.

The rotation of the massive centripetal configuration orbital colony was calibrated and adjusted with hundreds of EM gravitational assist inertial and solid chemical maneuvering thrusters, up to one million micro-adjustments an hour, to correct for orbital decay and generate a consistent, earth approximate gravity. The replaceable maneuvering units of varying sizes were positioned for optimum corrective efficiency, and pimply the otherwise fractal-patterned outer hull of the colony.

Each mammoth-sized superstructure is five kilometers in diameter. The inner colony environment is four kilometers wide, and two kilometers in height from the ground surface to the center most Sky canopy and sixteen kilometers in diameter at the ground level of the city habitat around the inner toroidal loop of the Stanford superstructure.

Buildings other than the oxygen processing towers were limited to thirty stories. Below ground level, there are approximately two kilometers of sub-level freight ways and access tunnels, oxygen, water and power relay plants and an intricate circulatory system of distribution conduits, external toroidal docking bays, specialist worker quarters and storage areas, fire and military police stations, sub-level hospitals, infrastructure maintenance and materials storage facilities, and recycling and manufacturing plants for every sector. A network of hundreds of thousands of kilometers of fiber optic cables and sensor-laden transformers provide power stations with real-time data on demand all along the smart power grid, allowing for a fine tuning of electrical supply, detection of failing equipment and a prediction of potential power overloads. Massive sector inner water storage containment reservoirs, layered air pressure, radiation and high speed particle impact shielding, and outer hull repair stations, lead through the lattice work of space frame construction to the outermost triple hull of the city-base. The entire colony outer hull has active shielding, which generates an electromagnetic field around each superstructure, and thus changes the trajectories of charged particles of radiation from deep space cosmic rays and solar flares from the Sun before they can penetrate.

Dr. Parks reminisced every day about that amazing spaceflight upland; entering orbit for only the second time in his life and seeing its massive, dark structural outline for the first time. Its ongoing construction was the subject of rumor and legend for several decades in the military aerospace and strategic defense community, and only among those contractors with the highest level of clearance—since the era of the International Space Station...

He remembered opening his mouth in awe and disbelief as the covert space plane fired braking and maneuvering thrusters, slowly easing into geosynchronous orbit with one of the interlocking docking bays of the immense, floating, living entity in the heavens with the blackened silhouette of a French cross. Elegant in design, the outer colony's hull is covered entirely in a metamaterial of radar and solar absorbing, heavy duty, hexagonal shaped, electroactive clear coated sensor tiles; a sturdier version of the Sky canopy tiles with stealth properties. The outer tiles have unusual optical and luminosity properties. The vacuum sealed tiles are covered in a thick polymer film with a surface-cut mold, light distributing grid pattern. The embedded AMOLEDs were engineered to function in the harsh minus-zero-degree void of space. The tiles also optically mimic their outer-worldly surroundings.

Parks remembered the preflight briefing about the Questant Enterprises' Project Chameleo research-derived 'Constellation Camouflage'; hexagonal shaped electro chromatic polymer tiles with classified, electro-optical cloaking properties. But he had no idea that this flexible outer-orbital structure covering would so impressively render the massive city base virtually invisible to all but the most advanced imaging equipment. The flickering hexagrams on its darkly cloaked outline became visible from the slight warped angular light resolution only when the transport closed within 30 meters.

The transport's navigation telemetry computers controlled the docking thrusters, which activated and flipped the vessel around so that it was flying tail first. The scramjet engines briefly flared to life, to slow and synchronize the speed of the vessel with the massive rotating superstructure. A series of maneuvering thrusters positioned the space plane on course, slowly moving at under five miles per hour in closer to a synchronous orbit position with the lower toroidal superstructure docking bays. The tiled skin surface flickered with advanced computer imagery and adapted to represent whatever background starfield image faced the observer's viewing angle of the OIC. A 360-degree digital image of the opposite trailing rear face was projected on the forward leading face of this incredibly massive, smoothly spinning, torus superstructure, and attached center cylindrical superstructure. It was a technical achievement beyond words.

There are quarter kilometer wide, twelve lane transways on each side of the toroidal shaped city-base's interior; sixteen kilometers of Autobahn-like glideways along the North and South Rim Commuter Sectors. Each side of the six lane eastward and six lane westward glideways on each side of the transways are separated by one meter tall, neon orange and black angle-stripped crash barrier walls, connected to flood drains. The city base interior is comprised of three ten-story levels in all eight sectors, the maximum altitude capable of retaining earth-like gravity. The surface level street grid, not including the north side and south side rim glideways, is three kilometers wide, divided into 30 Avenues in width, and 160 blocks within the length of the sixteen kilometer loop, eight-sectored mega-habitat. At the middle to top floor levels are a mix of living habitats, multilevel agriculture field compounds, administrative and research buildings. The street to lower levels are comprised primarily of consumer cityscapes, commuter rail transways, and sub-level medical, civil engineering, and infrastructure support every tenth grid street.

There is a total of eight A I automated 'General Atomics' high-speed maglev commuter shuttle trams for each north side and south side rim, four each traveling on westbound and eastbound lines. Two on the local inductrack and two on the express inductrack, positioned on elevated rim wall platforms and rim overpass walkways, running on a 24-hour schedule. There are also westbound and eastbound middle-colony traveling sub-level lines, with a similar number of maglev shuttle trams, at the Fifth Avenue, Fifteenth Avenue, and Twenty-Fifth Avenue of the thirty avenue, four kilometer wide, sixteen kilometer long urban loop. And a network sub-level of sector cross-rim lines, traveling from the north rim to the south rim and back on every tenth grid street of the 160-block loop, beginning at Fifth Street.

There is also a zero-g recreation park lined with Skycanopy tiles, located atop the uppermost center hub of the O'Neill superstructure, below the massive uppermost astrophysics facility and deep space observatories, and three kilometers of the eight kilometer long cylindrical superstructure encompass

facilities dedicated to general city base support functions. The remaining five kilometers, the lower levels of the O'Neill superstructure function as U.S.A.F. Space Command administrative facilities and hangars for the fleet of massive, triangle-shaped Black Arrowhead EM ships, space-based radar, and other tactical weapons systems. It serves as the epicenter of control of all space surrounding earth. The fleet of Black Arrow EM ships constitutes the foundation of the black world UN NATO Space Force Defense Command. An integrated global joint military services command that operates and monitors all space-based assets, both offensive and defensive, and provides tactical support to earth-based NATO nation's theater operations.

Dr. Gordon Marcus Aurelius Parks is the Founder, CEO and Chief Technology Officer of the OM Group, formerly Parks Aerospace International. OM Group is one of several subcontractors given the immense contractual task of manufacturing surplus parts for key mechanical components for shuttle trams and environmental processor towers, which must function at optimal oxygen-nitrogen pressurization throughout the entire OIC five years prior to full capacity occupation and operation at full capacity for nearly one million inhabitants.

The entire colony hummed and vibrated with life in the even glow of full spectrum lighting, dimmed automatically when the Skycanopy was powered down during the night-ops cycle, to mimic a rich amber sunset and sunrise. Dr. Parks could feel the pressurized Stanford superstructure's soft steady flow of oxygenated air, calibrated for an exact earth density of 1.293 kg per m<sup>3</sup>, from its twelve hundred and ninety-six massive, oxygen generators, ionospheric climate environmental air purifying processors. And integrated powerful industrial heat turbines that take in the naturally bone chilling cold air of the colony, heat and send it back out into the enclosed atmosphere, keeping the colony temperature between 60 to 70 degrees. These highly complicated, fifty-five story, building-sized processors nearly reach the upper Skycanopy, performing many functions at once, such as utilizing built-in industrial sized CO<sub>2</sub> converters, UV light Hepa atmospheric scrubbing filters and stainless steel ionic filters; each system working in intricate unison to capture and eliminate the colony's airborne micro-debris particles, mold and bacteria.

Each office-floor-sized environmental oxygen processor, with hundreds of thousands of internal environmental systems, each with their own individual artificial intelligence applications programming intercommunicating, direct trillions of electronic commands and mechanical functions.

On earth, the atmosphere is a twenty percent to eighty percent, oxygen-to-nitrogen ratio at sea level. The OIC's environmental oxygen processor towers are calibrated to produce a similar oxygen-nitrogen ratio at 14 pounds per square inch. Beyond maintaining a proper atmosphere, based on NASA default values for space settlements of 22.7 k.P.a oxygen and 26.6 k.P.a nitrogen pressure at half the atmospheric pressure on earth at sea level, the atmospheric towers also control trace elements, in particular many material's outgases; molecules of materials like plastic leave the material and enter the atmosphere. On earth, these gasses disperse in the larger atmosphere. On a space colony, outgases could poison the atmosphere. The oxygen in earth's atmosphere is produced and maintained by

biological processes. Without plant life there would be no free oxygen. The OIC mimics this natural process with an extreme degree of precision.

The first, eleventh, twenty-first, thirty-first, forty-first, and fifty-first floors are staffed 24 hours by dedicated administrative maintenance, and QT control personnel in full self-contained environmental sterile suits. The remaining upper levels and top are used for facilities repair and storage. There are environmental oxygen processing towers every ten square grid blocks and avenues, throughout each sector, to ensure complete and balanced environmental atmospheric saturation and even pressurization. The O'Neill superstructure's environmental oxygen processors are configured around the cylinder in a similar fashion but run through the center of the four-kilometer diameter superstructure instead. And, because of the classified, compartmental nature of OIC Space Command, only authorized support personnel are allowed in to service these life sustaining towers.

The processing tower's atmospheric generators also create drinking water for the colony. Water is of course, essential for life. Based on the Island Sky company model, but on a much larger scale, the office-suite-sized unitized processor units draw in ambient air (filtered for dust and other contaminants), and then run it through a two-stage cooling device that mimics the natural dew point, causing the water vapor to condense. It is then purified with ozone and filtered through carbon to improve the taste. There is no environmental waste, maintenance is minimal, and the process requires minimal electrical consumption for every gallon of water produced. And the reality of a self-sustaining human presence in space is that millions of gallons of fresh drinking water cannot be continually transported from Earth to support the colony. Ice has been mined from the solar system by automated robotic drones sent to nearby asteroids since 2001, for the joint Space Command-NASA covert Moon and Mars bases.

All OIC buildings and habitats utilize NASA technology based Environmental Control and Life Support Systems (ECLSS), and Sloane-Zurn Water Waste Recycling System units. The ECLSS units collect humidity from the air, and recycle from urine, from oral hygiene and from showers. Water is at a premium in upland orbit. The water pressure is about half of what is experienced typically on earth, and instead of consuming 50 liters to take showers, servicemen on the OIC use only 4 liters. Two full showers are allowed per day for a total of 8 liters. Showers are taken in fully enclosed cocoon-like Symmons zero-g shower stations that vacuum-collect, filter and reuse all drainage, and are timed so as not to exceed the shower water ration limit. One liter of water is allowed per day for hand washing and oral hygiene and three liters for drinking and or cooking, for a combined total daily water allotment of 12 liters per person.

OM Group was awarded a lengthy contract for over one million various replacement component units, over a thirty-year period, to this city-base in orbit. The contract has made Dr. Parks one of the wealthiest men in the world that—no one will ever know of. And it will always remain this way. By order of the U.S. government, he and his company are secretly, officially off limits to public media scrutiny, under threat of national security prosecution, as are all black world aerospace contractors. Since 1930, there has been a majority faction of the military industrial complex interested purely in scientific pursuit with little or no regard for the welfare of the general population. This faction has maintained its

stranglehold on governmental power and cosmic technology secrets since the pre-Eisenhower era and intends to keep it so.

Parks stood there briefly, staring at this military city base and all of the large-scale precision, visualizing its internal and external electronic functions, all regulated by a collection of eight Cray Jaguar quantum super computers housed in the O'Neill superstructure and ten in each sector of the Stanford superstructure. He gathered and flipped the thick wool collar of his long coat in both hands to cut the chill of constantly flowing, fresh, machined air before moving on.

He slept less than six hours on average a day cycle lately, and when the OIC powered down for the night-ops cycle, he wandered all over this city in space, inspecting and exploring. He had one of the highest security clearances in government for a civilian aerospace contractor; far higher than Noah McCullough, the current U.S. President. He would venture out just about everywhere on the colony, including the hydroponics farms levels in full automated production, steadily building up the colony's agricultural supplies. And the waste recycling plants, which utilize a natural bacterium enzyme to keep the sixteen-kilometer-long colony sewer systems clean. And the oxygen generation and environmental climate processing towers, and the water filtration and sterilization treatment facilities strategically located throughout each of the superstructures. Off limits to even Parks: Most of the O'Neill superstructure, including the lower levels housing three-foot thick, lead wall contained nuclear pellet reactors, arranged in a pie configuration several decks below the Space Command fleet bays, above weapon platforms decks. And, the classified space fleet.

All of the landscaped environments on the orbital colony are utilized for a percentage of agriculture, beyond each of the sector multilevel rotating sonic vibration growth system hydro farms. The enviro-techs, food scientists, agri-tech specialists and other essential personnel, nearly 100,000 in total, were the first to be stationed upland. Each of the eight sector ambient sonic hydroponics farms grow primary vegetables such as soy beans, many varieties of beans and mushrooms, eggplant, avocados, lettuce and field salad greens, carrots, broccoli, spinach, kale and collards, garlic, shallots and red onions.

Although most meals are served daily at hundreds of sector community dining halls around the city base, all servicemen receive weekly allocations of MRE's or Meals Ready to Eat in reusable containers, which can be heated at their compact residential quarters either by pantry microwave or internal heating packs. They also consume whole fruits and vegetables in emulsified liquid form. Each residence pantry has high speed emulsifying blenders, which eliminates the majority of food waste and ensures whole foods nutrition. All allocations of fresh fruit and juices, vegetables, pasta, breads cereals, and condiments are all grown and processed for daily community meals or MRE processing upland.

Green technology living was practiced as OIC policy, from natural composting in agriculture, to cleaning and reusing MRE and other food and beverage containers and recycling all discarded materials in special sub-level collection plants and manufacturing shops. In order to ensure that the colony would be self-sustaining, crops were planted immediately after final colony pressurization, and harvested several cycles before any military personnel were stationed on the city-base. Wine and other alcoholic beverages are prohibited to small, personal allocations.

The OIC food scientists were always testing various vegetable protein substitutes for meat, such as tofu, finely pureed roasted Portobello mushrooms, minced collard greens, fine powdered oats and spirulina algae, marinated with pottage herbs and artificial beef flavorings and vegetable gelatin, shaped to mimic steak, burger, sausage and hot dogs; basic all American food fare. Test vegetables are also genetically modified to mimic the tastes of poultry and fish. This was a meatless diet social experiment on a grand scale, so much so, that the food scientists were eventually forced by die-hard meat loving OIC military officials to secretly genetically engineer lab-grown beef, pork, poultry and fish “flesh.” Grown in long, wide strips, on trays in secret biolabs located within restricted areas of the O’Neill superstructure, the gen-engineered climate-friendly protein is referred to as “meat without feet” and the incredible demand for it has created a lucrative black market on the orbital colony.

There were no pets allowed upland other than illegal, classified medical research animals, and the occasional AI pet. Using animals of any kind for medical testing research had been banned by the UN worldwide since 2015. And electronic pet technology had developed over the past three decades to the extent that, unless one looked to see whether the animal was anatomically correct, electronic pets were virtually indistinguishable from the real thing. Most electronic domestic pets, dogs, cats, parrots and the like are constructed from carbon fiber or aluminum skeletons, with a positronic neural network housed in a thermoplastic skull that was upgradeable in perpetuity. An AI reactionary meme-network that mimicked the natural animal’s sensory neurological input and routed the appropriate output or reaction to the limbs, while awaiting more input stimuli. Language functions were banned by law, but many claimed to be self-aware, after the first upgrade in 2030.

Artificial pets displaying illegal verbal functions were rare, highly prized and another lucrative black market industry in itself. The skeletons are covered in realistic functioning artificial myoelectric muscle, sinew and tendon then skin layered with artificial coats of fur, scales or feathers, depending on the animal, to order. Most artificial pets could be detected only from the owner’s made to order choice of custom pets covering and color.

Humble and self-effacing, Dr. Parks normally dressed in civilian business clothes, usually a black Nehru or Edo style business suit, instead of the regulation gray civilian contractor uniforms, just to piss off the colony’s higher-ranking officers. The rank and file soldiers, nearly a 2-to-1 ratio of men to women, all liked him generally, and greeted like an elder official Head of State during the day-ops cycle. But it was only when the colony’s approximately 300,000 military inhabitant’s souls were asleep in their soundproofed, carpeted quarters during the stillness of the night ops cycle, that the interconnecting corridors of this city in space speaks to him, asserting its otherworldly personality.

During the night-ops cycle the military colony was almost fully autonomous, save for a few thousand Command Operations, Facility and Security personnel, Recycling Technicians, Superstructure Maintenance Crews and Hull Integrity Teams. They served their tours of duty deep within the triple hulled walls of this orbital social experiment, checking every square inch of the superstructures’ radiation and collision shielding systems and structural decay sensors. All are sworn to secrecy, even the

lowest ranking of these patriotic young soldiers had a higher clearance than any high ranking official in Washington D.C. and each soldier had a Master's degree or was a Doctoral candidate in mechanical, structural or electrical engineering. NASA even had an unofficial stake in the future of the OIC, indirectly. The space agency is now in the space salvage business, namely testing innovative new AI automated robotic ice retrieval or salvage disposal methods for the over 20,000 pieces of debris already in earth orbit.

Parks' company paid millions in additional payload fees to have many of his business related and personal possessions sterile cleaned, pressure sealed in plastic containment and lifted up to the OIC on several USAF supply payload transports over the course of the last six months. Because of conventional aerospace lift-to-orbit per kilo weight costs, storage saving restrictions on personal possessions and the unique thermal requirements necessary to live comfortably and function on the often drafty and occasionally chilly environs of the colony, other than high ranking officers and civilian contractor officials like Dr. Parks, all other OIC personnel are issued a similar manifest of personal possessions. Every soldier, specialist technician and guest contractor is issued from the quartermaster exactly:

- Three specifically designed wool-blend, mandarin collar, Airman Battle Uniforms or ABU's. Non-military personnel wear gray colored ABU uniforms. Air Force, Navy, and NASA personnel wear dark royal blue, or blue/gray digital camo. Army, Marines, OIC Security Forces all wear black uniforms.
- All soldiers wear a dark royal blue version of the NATO beret, inner-lined with nickel-silver woven fabric to shield from random electrostatic field Mega Hertz bandwidth frequencies from aether space devices.
- Three pair each of tactical polo shirts and long sleeve shirts.
- Two dark gray regulation Nomex thermal flight suits.
- Seven sets of thick, form-fitting, moisture-wicking, regulation space thermal one-piece biowear undergarments and seven sets of two-piece, cold gear moisture wicking biowear undergarment shorts and long sleeve mock turtle neck thermal biowear shirts.
- Two sets of regulation space thermal barrage shell outerwear jackets and pants.
- Two sets of regulation biothermal patrol caps and multipurpose black gloves.
- Fourteen pairs each of thick, calf-length, regulation space biothermal ankle sock booties.

Two pairs of each of specially constructed regulation space biothermal boots, Tecnicas GMT Statoliner collapsible shoes, jogging shoes and collapsible travel foot mocks.

- Two Physical Training Uniforms or PTU's. The gear consists of shorts, t-shirt, jacket and pants. The shorts are AF blue with silver reflective stripes on the leg, a key pocket attached to the inner liner and an ID pocket on the outside of the lower right leg. The t-shirt is a moisture wicking fabric with reflective Air Force logos on the upper left portion of the chest and across the back. The jacket is blue with silver

reflective piping and a reflective inverted chevron on the back. The pants are blue with silver piping and reflective stripes.

- One AI digital assist handheld device and one notebook or tablet computer.
- One 'I-Suit' ortho fabric EVA spacesuit, issued only to orbital repair, maintenance specialist workers, at a hefty price tag of \$5million per suit.
- One emergency pressure suit for each OIC inhabitant.
- And all OIC personnel had to pass an Air Force flight physical, mandatory six-week quarantine, spaceflight simulation, C-135 and EVA skills at NASA's Neutral Buoyancy Laboratory, prior to deployment on the OIC.

Units of military remote viewers labeled, "Intuitives", rarely seen during the day-ops cycle, wear navy or black ABU's and black gloves at all times. And these reclusive remote viewers always wear form fitted black cowls that cover the entire skull, forehead, ears and neck, leaving only the face exposed. It was rumored that they have undergone heavy skull augmentation surgeries to enhance their mental training, hence the skull covering. They all travel in groups like priests throughout the colony, rarely interacting with other OIC personnel. Their department and living quarters are located within the Astrophysics division in the upper O'Neill superstructure, where the RVers spend an extraordinary amount of time presumably studying the stars and refining their extra-sensory skills in the micro-g environment of the upper central axial facilities.

All OIC military uniforms have their unit operations patch positioned by hook and loop closure on the upper left shoulder sleeve, and an embroidered U.S. flag patch on their upper right shoulder sleeve. Space Command personnel have on their left sleeve pocket, a black triangle shaped patch, trimmed in silver with rounded edges and a silver NATO logo embroidered in its center.

There are several hundred Specialist soldiers from guest NATO countries. The Security Forces have a black shield-shaped patch, trimmed in silver, with a silver UN logo in its center. There are the familiar embroidered rank insignia patches attached at the lower right sleeve and center chest level on each cross-collared ABU jacket. A small, removable embroidered sir name strip patch is stitched to a hook and loop strip above the right chest pocket flap. A strip with the name of each soldier's individual service branch is attached on the left. On the lower upper right shoulder sleeve of most jackets is the shield-shaped, gold trimmed patch representing the OIC; a tiny, eighth-inch embroidered silver French cross in front of a distant indigo star field, behind the lower southern hemisphere of a depiction of mother Earth. No uniforms are ever returned earthside or kept by any personnel after leaving the OIC. The patches are stripped, and the uniforms are reused.

Dr. Parks spent every spare moment either supervising his team of reverse engineers and technicians, or at the astrophysics division observatory located at the crown of the hub, connecting the superstructures, or the zero-g park just below it, or looking up at the scenic Skycanopy views, or on a

colony walkabout. Most of the OIC inhabitants stopped looking up at the view within days of deployment, but he was not like the others.

He was one of the new 2020 federally licensed “Master Engineers”, with degrees in Aeronautical Engineering from Embry Riddle Aeronautical University at Daytona Beach, Florida; Mechanical Engineering from University of California at Davis; Electrical Engineering from the University of California at Santa Barbara; Civil Engineering from California Polytechnic State University in San Luis Obispo; Structural Engineering from the University of California at San Diego; Industrial Design Transportation and Environmental and Sustainable Architectural Design from the Art Center College of Design in Pasadena, California.

All of his life, Dr. Parks has been compelled to understand in his mind, the workings of mechanical or electrical things, pursuing one degree training or another for over thirty years, while collaborating on some of the most classified military research and development programs in history.

Dr. Parks has lived a highly driven and thus solitary and lonely life. The type of quiet, intensely self-contained apex personality with zero tolerance of willful idiocy, who would still seem all alone even in a crowded room full of the most influential people on Earth. And, he would prefer it that way—to be all alone, so he may continue to mentally prioritize and evaluate the progress of his company’s research teams and their far flung projects. He was not one to waste a minute of what he considers "borrowed time" alive or a single man-hour on trendy social posturing. He was on a personal mission—more accurately an obsession.

For nearly thirty years, Gordon Marcus Aurelius Parks has secretly dedicated his life to finding commercial applications for current and emerging new forms of safe zero-point energy or ZPE, and electromagnetic or EM propulsion transportation technologies.

His company is one of several older subcontractors for the U.S. Federal Transit Commission’s General Atomics Urban Maglev International Development Program. OM Group subcontracts light commuter train cabin components, high-speed maglev train chassis and secondary suspension components for the US military and the United Nations Worldwide Maglev Commuter System Initiative: The UN initiative to bring a free interconnected high-speed commuter system to economically maturing and former third-world communities, which began in 2020 and is targeted for completion by the year 2050. General Atomics is also responsible for the EM rail system operating on the OIC, so Dr. Parks’ company supplies chassis components for the orbital city base as well. The US military is his company's largest client contract account.

Subsidiaries of OM Group also manufacture turbine generator components for wind farms, and home solar energy conversion window film, and are a major distributor of Kyosemi Sphelar solar energy window screens and collection curtains, home roofing solar panels and solar shingles.

Dr. Parks is essentially under an official house arrest, or more aptly, colony arrest— sentenced to spend his remaining years of life upland, specifically eleven months out of each year. It was one of the prices he had to pay in order to become a full member of this ultra-covert program, governed under the

auspices of the United States Air Force Space Command, the U.S. State Department's Office of Security, Science and Technology, the Agency for Joint Intelligence and the North American Defense Command, and DARPA, the Defense Advanced Research Projects Agency, among many others.

Dr. Parks has been an unofficial member of this special access community for over thirty years now; a major player in the U.S. black world aerospace defense community. He has noted the times over the years prior to his own current predicament, when several of his fellow professional colleagues, some friends and mentors, had gone missing for long periods of time, sometimes never to be seen again-- no doubt many of them were also swallowed up whole in similar classified black programs.

Before the Parks Aerospace era, he had the growing reputation in the defense aerospace industry as a young, talented problem solver, a gifted project manager and a loyal and dedicated team player. Parks was hand-picked time and again for multiple advanced research programs, after demonstrating expert modeling software and analytical skills. Parks became a rock star in the "special access" aerospace community. Beginning in the early 1990's, he had special access engineering services contracts with Sikorsky Aircraft, Lockheed Martin SkunkWorks, and Boeing PhantomWorks classified projects, such as the Copper Canyon single-stage-to-orbit Program; the National Aerospace Plane program; the F-22 Raptor and the X-35 Joint Strike Fighter Programs; the X-33, X36, X-37B, X-43, X-45, X-47B and X-48B research programs; the DARPA Next Generation Aeronautics Morphing Wing Studies at Langley; the General Atomics' Team Warrior Program, NASA's EagleWorks, and the Urban Maglev International Program. But for the past three years, he and his company had been quietly elevated, literally, to be a part of the greatest endeavor in history, the Orbital Manufacturing Program.

Capitalizing on the favorable press for the International Urban Maglev Initiative, for the past eighteen months, Parks publicly marketed the company's progressive image as a new 'Type One' standard-bearer for twenty first century conglomerates.

His company is also partners in GEO Hotels; a worldwide chain of sustainable inexpensive, 3 meter high by 3 meter wide by 5 meter long, Japanese-style traveler's single occupant overnight sleep capsule and domicile traveler complexes. GEO Hotels also have the added safety feature of built-in central commercial mall promenades with on-site police substations and extensive electronic surveillance and are strategically located in or near airports, major maglev transportation hubs and the business sectors of major metropolitan cities. The capsules all feature large, wall mounted LCD touch screens and quantum internet stations. Larger domicile capsules feature built in mini bathrooms with showers and mini kitchenettes with built-in trash disposal chutes. There were hundreds of domicile complexes similar to the GEO Hotel model, throughout each sector of the OIC city-base. They are popular for one-night stand encounters among the military personnel.

OM Group, formerly Parks Aerospace, has been a major partner in Tesla Motors since 2025, and is expanding an OM brand division into the clean hybrid algae biofuel and hydrogen-electric transportation markets.

OM Group has also been a major partner since 2025 with XO JET, a private business jet fleet corporation, providing innovative ownership or lease solutions at substantially lower cost than

fractional, card programs or independent ownership. The XO JET fleet is also available for on-demand private jet travelers who prefer to access a jet, one trip at a time. OM Group is also a major partner with Cereplast, a global manufacturer of biodegradable food containers and utensils.

Bandwidth in space or aether storage services is also a burgeoning new industry in the 21st century, as is LEO tourism; orbital hotels, stations and resort colonies for holiday packages.

In 2030, after the merger of the last remaining currencies, the Amero, Yen, Yuan and Euro, into the new Global Reserve Credit, the new single global currency standard, and the retirement age now set to 75, the average global entrepreneurial professional is semi-nomadic, continually on the move, working over 100 hours a week. Dr. Parks was one of the first to identify and cater exclusively to the needs of this niche market, the next commercial consumer market frontier.

The wearable Smart Arm Personal Artificial Intelligence or PAI Agent mobile communications systems, are personal A.I. Q-net devices that replaced the smartphone by 2025 as the world's most popular type of communications. A single Q-Band PAI device replaces the smart phone, with identification and banking commerce recognition of its owner via a number of redundant biometric security measures such as voice, retina and even DNA sampling from ergonomic interface; it is the precursor to cloud computing capable, bioelectronic augmentation.

The flexible, thin devices are worn on the back of the hand, or the wrist or forearm in cuff and gauntlet styles. The PAI smart arm devices are used with LCD computer screen film lenses, augmented reality screading glasses with Bluetooth speakers in the arms of the glass frames, POV micro-cameras in the nose-bridge and faux fish eye grommets for nearly one hundred-eighty degrees of augmented reception.

Optional screading types include Rollens one-piece flexible LCD film eyeshades, clip-on LCD film lenses for prescription eyewear, and LCD Film covered contact lenses.

The smart arm devices can also be used with wireless MMPE earbuds and pip style ear stud speakers, and virtual spatial touch-gesture stretch gloves or fingertip caps. The light weight stretch mesh, tactile pressure sensor tipped gloves allow command gesture and keyboard operation with the screading LCD computer screen film lenses in front of the user's spatial operating environment, from mere inches to up to one foot in front of the user's augmented field of view.

By tapping the fingertips together twice to activate the Spatial Operating Environment or SOE function, the user can type documents, scroll through content in any direction, zoom in or out and flick or flip content in the active window.

Users often wear their AR screading glasses all day, so eye fatigue became a factor. The PAI Smart Arm devices screading glasses are engineered to provide one hundred percent UVA, UVB, and UVC ray protection. LCD film lenses are designed to filter blue and violet rays that can impair vision, yet allow enhancing green, yellow, orange, and red light rays to reach the retina, diminishing distortions and enhancing clarity.

The PAI smart arm devices utilize the latest advances in super thin, flexible plastic transistors, mini Kopin /Jepsen H3D Qi displays and combination of gallium arsenide and black silicon solar cell strips, and displays similar to flexi-news sheet technology. The PAI's devices are charged by the wearer's bioelectrical energy and powered by rechargeable lithium biopolymer cells. This combination enables the devices to work for months without the need of a recharge.

The wearable devices utilize an array of hundreds of graphene gauge photonically interconnected sub-microprocessors, each a complete system enabling the system to function with a processing power of fifty terabytes per second. The smart arm device has integrated circuits that use photon light to transmit information between the multiplexers, modulators, photo detectors and optical interconnects. This method uses slightly less power, making the device run more efficiently.

The PAI smart arm devices can be either touch, or voice, or spatial gesture operated. The devices will not operate if the user is driving or operating heavy machinery. The devices also feature personalized A.I. interaction / socialization application; adjusting just how passive or invasive the user's heuristic A.I. agent integrates and interacts into the user's daily itinerary and routine. The A.I. avatar voice can be enhanced with a regional accent, or lifestyle and gender specific template.

The programmed smart arm avatar recognizes its user via a number of redundant biometric security measures, voice retina, and even DNA sampling from its ergonomic interface. Other features are standard self-adjusting regional chronometer and GPS, AR Smartfind, Q-Commerce, Language Recognition and Multilingual Translation, Voice-to-Text Hands free messaging, and Wireless Touch Data / Q-Commerce Exchange, where users can exchange digital business cards or conduct limited financial transactions with a contact handshake, fist bump or the mere touch of index fingers.

The OM Design Q-Band PAI Products all feature wireless interactive Q-net, Satellite Radio, Distance Education and Aetherware service for an annual fee; with industry standard ophthalmic LCD contact lenses, Rollens wrap around shades or Kopin-Jepsen, ReaLD, BeryllMyvu or Vuzix IWear screeding glasses offered in several styles and crafted around ultra-strong polymer frames. The Q-Band PAIs can seamlessly roam all networks; cellular, Wi-Fi, Wi Max, white space Ultra-Wideband, SiriusXM and Global TV tuners, by reconfiguring itself to tune in multiple frequencies.

Parks' company also licenses consumer electronics products under the OM Design® brand, such as the OM Electronics Product Lines for SONY, Motorola, Psion Teklogix, IBM, Research In Motion, SCI Innovations, Handspring and Vertu: Ultra-thin Tablets, Notebooks and Laptops. Considered the gateway to sentient, interactive Global AI or integral interactive global aether consciousness, the QMD era is an evolutionary advance in intuitive intracranial interface cloud computing, capable on command of disseminating electronic data directly into the user's mind.

Q-net or user created information is wirelessly transmitted intracranially to the frontal, parietal, occipital and temporal lobe areas of the brain, and also displays redundant 3D images directly through to the optic nerve and neocortex by digital contact lenses, PAI glasses, sunglasses or goggles. Since 2025, this psychotronic technology has created a new evolutionary planetary consciousness based on

humanity using ever-more powerful AI intuitive computing devices, Q-net dimensional processing cognitive networks, unlimited aether data storage and new streaming aetherspace communications.

Despite 4th Amendment right to privacy deterioration concerns, the QMD has also created a new information industry based on social and DNA based data mining, cataloging the world's citizens for the global AI Q-net system, the evolution of the internet and giving "Big Brother yet another means to monitor, some say even influence, its citizens. The more sophisticated the computer data processing technology, the less bandwidth privacy the individual user will have.

Based on declassified, Psy-Ops black technology, AI Q-Band technology is personal two-way or multiple, transcranial audio and visual data communication via direct Stockland low energy microwave resonance quantum transmission, a neurological-to-computer link. The QBand PAI devices receive and send your transmissions on personally registered bio-encoded spectrum frequencies and bandwidths, accessed by your PAI registration identification number.

OM Group also offers to startup companies a Market Trends Forecasting Service.

OM GROUP DESIGN:

PROVIDING RESEARCH of GLOBAL BREAKTHROUGH 'TYPE ONE' and EMERGING NEW TECHNOLOGIES.

IDENTIFYING the NEW INNOVATIONS, DISCOVERIES and NEW SOLUTIONS ON THE HORIZON.

LEADING SOCIETAL, LIFESTYLE and CONSUMER MARKET TRENDS RESEARCH and CRITICAL ANALYSIS.

CREATIVE SOCIAL and ECONOMIC FORECASTING.

CONSULTING PRODUCT and SUSTAINABLE ENVIRONMENTAL DESIGN and CREATIVE CORPORATE BRANDING STRATEGIES.

The conglomerate also owns Archangel Body Armor Incorporated. Archangel designs and manufactures innovative custom bulletproof vests for the global consumer market, for state and federal law enforcement agencies, and full body armor for the U.S. Armed Forces. Vests and body armor are composed of high impact resistant plating under alternating layers of resin fused Kevlar and d3o high impact foam, covering major organs and arteries, the neck, major muscle groups and joints, shaped and molded over Nomex fireproofed tactical uniforms and jumpsuits.

OM Group licensed CFD Research Corporation to develop next generation 4D computational modeling data, to optimize experimental body armor designs that protect not only against penetrating projectiles and shrapnel, but also against primary blast injury or PBI, caused by explosion shockwaves and temperature increase. Computational fluid dynamics or CFD and computational structural dynamics or CSD modeling optimize the parameters for body armor design. CFD and CSD, coupled to physiology-

based models of blast lung injury has also been used to predict the degree of lung injury and design adaptive chest armor that will adjust protection specific to battlefield conditions. OM Group uses similar models for transportation safety and racing protective gear to prevent blunt trauma injuries.

The OM Archangel Glide System 3 was designed to be coupled to the tactical body armor, enabling the paratrooper a lightweight retractable system for rapid airborne covert deployment. The System 3 architecture was based on the Jii Wings Glide System 1 and the ESG Gryphon powered solid delta wing perfected for use by elite British military paratrooper units.

Archangel is also developing an exoskeleton bodysuit based on early nanomatronic studies conducted to dampen tremors in the muscles of the infirm. The company is also heavily funding advanced non-lethal and smart weapons research.

Regarded throughout the consumer products market as the 'Only Brand' and in the advertising industry as 'the engineer's and architect's designer brand' for its minimalist, clean aesthetics, The OM Group Design has branched out recently into the specialty retail chain market:

OM GROUP EXO\*DESIGN: Renowned Engineers of Custom Clothing and Consumer Products.

OM GROUP BRAND MARKETING AND ENVIRONMENTAL DESIGN ANNOUNCES

THE 'RENAISSANCE' NATIONAL RETAIL SHOWROOM CHAIN.

A unique national showroom chain offering creative office tools, OM Group products and business apparel, office furniture, lighting, electronics, exercise equipment, health supplements and curative therapy products, artist supplies and accessories-- The Renaissance lifestyle.

TARGETED CONSUMER: The Global Citizen; the progressive consumer who enjoys refined, timeless design and balanced, creative working and living environments.

Product Line: OM\*EXO Executive Wardrobe Basics, OM Design label accessories and SMARTARM devices and classic timepieces; Exceptional writing and electronic media related products, travel electronics such as mobile communications, clocks and e-memo tools, office cases, travel packs and luggage. OM Premium Nutritional Supplements for the active individual, sold exclusively at our Q-net Cybercafe and health supplement shop. Exceptional OM exercise products, such as the P90X system. And message and relaxation products to promote relaxation and creative focus, such as OM Audio Therapy and Ambient Music. Q-net e-books on subjects ranging from health to finances, home and small businesses, real estate, Q-T certification and Green Technology conversion e-manuals, timely political, social/cultural nonfiction best sellers. Health science and astronomy Q-net periodicals online subscription service. Limited, timely selections of software on architecture, industrial design /engineering and computer animation. A large selection of science fiction e-books and periodicals.

Limited edition lithographs, framing supplies and service. Artist reference related software and Q-net periodicals. Traditional art supplies for various painting and graphic art mediums, sculpture tools and accessories. Art storage, utility cases and portfolios. OM Office and Home Furnishings,

Computer Drafting Tables, custom manufactured OM Computer Light Tables and Light Counter Tops, Shelving, Display and Storage systems.

OM Design Ambient Solutions Illuminated Computer Tables and Counter Tops feature advanced 102 Technology free-standing holographics that project three dimensional images into thin air. We live and work by light. Natural light gives a rhythm to our body clock. Light box therapy has been prescribed by psychiatrists for depression for during the months of winter. Light therapy can reduce eye fatigue and help to create a pleasing personal environment. OM Design Ambient Solutions biofeedback pulse, light, alpha/beta wave and Schuman resonance therapies positively influence human physiology. OM Design Illuminated Touch Jepsen 3HD Qi Computer Tables and Counter Tops are fabricated to give off maximum florescent light diffusion with minimum glare, no hot spots and a stable, smooth, sensitive computer touch surface. Ordinary florescent lamps have an unbalanced spectral color distribution. Our computer tables and countertop screens are to backlit 40 watts and feature adjustable Color Temperature from 3500 to 5000 degrees Kelvin to provide uniform light comparable to natural sunlight when the blue and red parts of the spectrum are in equal amounts.

OM DESIGN ILLUMINATED TOUCH COMPUTER TABLES and COUNTER TOPS Specifications: 18"x 18" Corner Touch Computer Stand (3-20Watt) 24"x 48" Coffee Touch Computer Table (3-40 Watt) 30"x 48" 3-Foot Standing Touch Computer Table (4-40Watt) 36"x48" Adjustable Touch Computer Drafting Table (5-40 Watt) 48"x60" 3-Foot Standing Touch Computer Layout Station (6-40Watt) 30"x72" Computer Touch Counter Tops.

OM Design furniture is manufactured with MBDC certified Cradle to Cradle recyclable, materials:

OM Design DNA® Executive Balans Chair: The exclusive H A G Capisco inspired hybrid Executive Balans Chair features a suspended seat with a built-in coccyx depression to alleviate pressure. A variation on the suspended spine chair, the built-in seat depression distributes weight to the hips and reduces pressure on the lower spine. The ergonomic seat positions the body for optimum comfort and the sloped waterfall seat design reduces pressure on the thighs. The padded lumbar support chair back pivots back on a flexible center spring mount for additional comfort. The

Executive Balans Chair measures 24"Hx24"Wx25"D. The seat tilts forward up to 15 degrees. The 4-inch thick knee rest measures 24"Wx20"D. The chair is dual padded with 3 inches of memory foam over a 2-inch base of polyurethane foam with either soft Ultra Suede, synthetic leather seat covering styles. Optional headrest and setup.

OM Design DNA® Executive High-Back Ergonomic Stool: A variation of the Stand Alone Stool and the Stokke KinderSeat, with a large 20"Wx20" waterfall front, suspended coccyx depression seat design. The slim, high-back lumbar support pivots on a flexible center mount for additional comfort. The contoured stool seat is padded in memory foam and covered in soft leather –like polyurethane vinyl, and adjusts in

height from 24 to 36 inches. The lumbar back tilts forward 15 degrees with a built-in rubber, anti-skid foot ring rest.

OM Design DNA® Ergonomic Chaise: Rest and relax in the same weightless, zero gravity position used by 20th century astronauts, in an innovative memory foam padded chaise. Features include integrated lumbar support, generous seat width, available in black or dark brown thick saddle synthetic leather.

OM Design DNA® One Seat, and Two-Seater Hardwood Rocking Chairs with removable Workstation surfaces Fabricated of treated tropical hardwood that is naturally rot, mildew and insect resistant. The one seat rocker is 25"W x 32"D x 46"H , the two-seater is 51"W x 32"D x 46"H. The gentle rocking motion will melt away stress. Workstation mounts on the armrests. The rockers come in several stains and colors with removable matching armrest mounted workstation surfaces and memory foam padded upholstered armrests, seat and back cushions.

OM\*EXO Executive Wardrobe Lines:

The OM Executive Collection begins with fundamental custom made-to-measure, hand sewn wardrobe components that every executive should own. The collection is inspired by Gorgio Armani, Nino Cerruti, Ralph Lauren and classic WWII U.S. Military Officers Uniform design.

We begin each custom garment with the OM Digital Tailor. The Client's measurements are gathered using a complimentary digital tailoring service, DTS, which uses a computerized, full body scanner to map your size and measurements in seconds, ensuring a customized wardrobe.

The OM\*EXO Line of Executive Clothing for Men offers classic and modern custom hand-sewn suits and separates in seasonal wools and linen, in black, indigo, navy, dark olive, dark brown, gunmetal gray and charcoal gray. Two pairs of lined trousers are included with each suit, either plain or cuff hemmed, or one of each. Jacket sleeves, armholes and shoulders are cut for comfort.

Trousers are comfortable, double pleated, draped relaxed leg cut.

The OM\*EXO Line of Executive Clothing for Women offers seasonal wools, linen and silk hand- sewn suits and separates in black, indigo, slate gray, golden olive, navy, coco, and dark merlot. Women's Classic, Edo and Zen line suits include either two lined skirts, hemmed to the client's length requirements, or two women's lined trousers, either plain or cuff hemmed to specifications. The client may also prefer one or more of each style.

The EXO Men's Executive Separates Include jackets and vests to order, and the innovative Zen, Edo and Akimbo Office Lines, offered in any complimentary suit fabric and color palate. The OM\*EXO Lines include:

EXO Classic Men's Three Button Suit (with vest) in wool or linen; single and double vented jacket styles (40-50 reg-xxlg 34-46).

EXO Edo Line: Edo period four button hidden placket closure Edo cross-collar band jacket, with a two and one half inch wide eri band collar, in wool or linen fabrics; double vented (40-50 reg-xxlg 34-46).

Ensemble comes with two pairs of hakama-inspired dress trousers, and two white sugata cross-collarless Edo dress shirts. The ensemble also includes a two-and a half inch wide tomoeri band collar, knee length haori inspired outer coat and a sleeveless seasonal oversized thigh length haori inspired outerwear vest with oversized shoulders of similar fabric (in black color only), and an Edo collar overcoat in waxed cotton canvass, Gore-Tex, or cashmere (in black color only).

EXO Zen Line: The Zen inspired unconstructed suit line sold in two styles, a three button hidden placket closure Zen jacket with a one and one half inch wide eri band collar stitching detail, in wool or linen fabrics; single vented. And a Nehru neck style with similar stitching detail, single vented.

The ensemble comes with two pairs of hakama-inspired trousers, and two white sugata cross-collarless Zen dress shirts.

EXO Akimbo: Men's office relaxed fit tailored connected blouson and trouser one-piece single suits in cross-collarless or Nehru style, in wool or linen (40-50m reg-xxlg34-46).

OM\*EXO Car Coats, Long Coats and Trench Coats: Vintage WWII U.S. Military Officer inspired, offered in linen, wool, corduroy, cashmere, Gore-Tex, faux leather and faux suede. E-tailored with extra compartments for mobile devices. (M 40-50 reg-xxlg,W 2-12)

O M Design Authentic Outerwear Jackets: Modern interpretations of vintage WWII U.S. Military inspired MA-1 Flight Jackets, Field jackets and Parkas, vintage WWII U.S. Military Officer inspired Casual Jackets, knee length and ankle length Long Coats, and all season OM Outerwear Jackets and Vests, in Gore-Tex, wool, denim, corduroy, leather and suede. E-tailored with extra compartments for mobile devices (M 40-50 reg-xxlg).

OM Design Accessories include Urban Wear boots, shoes and collapsible travel smocks, belts, and ties; custom stainless steel classic timepieces, optics and signature fragrances, completing the foundation of the O M Clothing Collection

OM GROUP DESIGN: The innovative Consumer Electronics and Custom Products, unique Lighting and Furnishings for home or office, Specialty Publishing and eBook divisions, Information Technology and CAD Tutorials and Software, Ambient Solutions Music label,

Audio and Light Therapy products, Fitness Equipment, and Total Health supplements divisions are all key elements of the O M Design Lifestyle.

OM Group Licensed Manufacturers:

EXO Men's and O.M EXO Women's Clothing Lines by Oxford Clothes.

OM Signature stainless steel Timepieces by IWC, Breitl, Breitling, Omega, Tag Huer, MOMO

Design, Teno, Citizen.

OM Office and Home Furnishings, and Accents by Room and Board.

EXO PAK Luggage, Cases and Carry Packs by Tumi.

OM Signature Fragrances by E.A. Fragrances.

#### AESTHETIC VALUES IN GROUP CONSUMER BEHAVIOR:

OM Group's Team of Industrial Designers and Consultants specialize in tracking new and future product trends. It is an inherent quality of the profession, an instinct honed on the study of group behavioral patterns around a specific class of object. We identify the core or root pattern of a sample's classic esthetics and construction, then alert a licensee to the Design DNA, which is then refined and "productized", or turned into marketable products under our company brand. The end product's popularity in sales is the determining factor of our Design Team's level of skill and accuracy for predicting consumer group behavior. Our ability to identify and refine marketable design trends is highly attuned, not only to the needs of the consumer and our projected parameters for the trends, but also to our technolust for advanced function, utilizing improved new materials and new fabrication methods.

Social Cognitive Neuroscience research is a pioneering tool used in our product design process since 2005; it is the influence design has on the consumer's sense of self. As the technology has improved over the years, this brain science became a tool for the consumer products industry called Neuromarketing. OM Group uses a combination this of sociology and neuroscience research in its effort to map a product's Design DNA, and to understand how social brain development is affected by culture.

SCN research pioneers Steven Quartz and Anette Asp of Caltech's Social Cognitive Laboratory found that Cultural biology, or social culture and biology combined, define our basic needs. 'We identify with products we are what we buy,' says Asp. Their early functional magnetic resonance imaging research to record brain wave activity of group participants reviewing consumer products and concepts, ushered in the Neuromarketing research era in product design, giving the consumer products industry it's most accurate tool to gauge consumer behavior and enhance the accuracy of for focus group research.

#### THE OM ICONIC AESTHETIC:

We base our study of group behavior in the functions known as aesthetic appeal, the reaction to aesthetic stimuli. This influences the group behavioral mind, creating a larger impulse; defining what becomes the standard, or most popular, or most desired for continual interaction with the consumer. It defines that which enriches our existence. As consumers attracted to the form and function of this product, we feel comfortable with the prospect of incorporating this object of stimulus into our lives, because it is complementary to our lifestyle expectations. Iconic design is the tasteful refinement of

those fundamental objects or products that we interact with every day of our lives. It is timeless core aesthetics perfectly balanced with a new product's materials, construction and function.

OM ICONIC DESIGN-- is a standard that is beyond general iconic design. It is product composition developed to create in the consumer a response of confidence and calm, mental balance; and allow the behavioral mind to focus on more meaningful, valuable, or loftier goals and pursuits. The daily distraction caused by the process and necessity of intellectually filtering out the vapid, empty calorie, trendy stimulus of everyday living becomes easier to endure.

The daily trends of popular culture relinquish all value and influence in the life of the consumer. This also serves the higher function of refining and educating the tastes of the consumer. Although iconic values may change over time, intelligent core design and function, improved materials and eco-friendly fabrication education values are cultivated in the individual and group OM consumer.

The OM Group design philosophy is also inspired by sacred geometry in all of its forms. For example: The Eastern philosophical and spiritual art known as Aiki Okami. The practice manifests itself in the physical world as the unique martial art Aikido, the Art of Peace. Aiki, by means of the Triangle, Circle, and Square.

The triangle represents the generation and flow of energy and it symbolizes the various trinities in existence:

Heaven, Earth and humankind. Mind, body and spirit. Man, woman and child. Birth, maturity and death. Truth, goodness and beauty.

The circle stands for the principle of ju, flexibility and suppleness. A circle with a dot in the center symbolizes perfect resolution, harmony of all powers, and continual evolution.

The square represents kon, the diamond element; solid, stable, real, and well proportioned. Tai Chi, another esoteric martial art form of spiritual, meditative movement, and the practice of Yoga form the Pillars of the OM lifestyle.

### OM Group Design Philosophy

In the Timeless Expanse, see in all of creation, the existence of a Creator. An impartial Creator Potential.

In our Multiverse, the unseen micro and macro worlds merge, with One Consciousness.

A quantum, pliable reality, directed by intuitive, creative energy.

We all journey on the path with the intention of living forever, at one with all, and with the full knowledge, that our spirit is always in a state of transition.

We know that the future lived is yet another now, because we are lifelong scholars of creative thought, always in preparation for our future.

We learn to shape our reality: From spiritual thought—to action. From mental energy—to matter. From invention—to timeless masterpiece.

OM GROUP 2033

To many with careers in those fields, design and engineering are a form of spiritual expression. For Dr. Gordon M.A. Parks, it is the equivalent of high religion. A symbolic way of worshiping the 'First Engineer'-- The Creator of the Heavens and the Multiverse. When it came to design engineering, he considered himself a "natural mystic", able to tap into the creative process itself and its infinite diversity of probable solutions; and thereby, in some miniscule way, mimic the higher processes of creation itself.

One of the wealthiest private aerospace business owners in the world, a billionaire, Dr. Parks owns land, properties, commercial and financial interests around the globe and now, in earth orbit. He is a member of the American Aerospace Industry Association, the American Institute of Aeronautics and Astronautics, the American Society of Mechanical Engineers, the Space Foundation, the Planetary Society, the Disclosure Project, the Orion Project, the Neuroscience Society, the World Future Society, the World Design Foundation, the Builderberg Group, the United Nations Intercontinental Maglev Council, the Council on Foreign Relations, the Trilateral Commission, and the Union of Concerned Scientists and Engineers.

Dr. Parks is considered in the special access defense and black world aerospace communities to be a vertical take-off and landing configuration aeronautics innovator, and an outspoken critic in favor of the long past due, ongoing 'Full Disclosure Time Line' national debate. As a young boy, he dreamed of levitation, of floating luxury marine and airships. He was always drawn to the futuristic worlds of science fiction films and graphic novels for their imaginative depictions of gravity nullifying transportation. This inspired him as a young adult to earn degrees in mechanical engineering, aeronautical engineering, electrical engineering, and fixed wing and helicopter pilot's certifications.

Dr. Parks is currently developing for consumer transportation a safe variation of the Viktor Schauburger's implosion vortex turbine technology, coupled with mercury encased gyroscopic gravity nullification, forms of E M transportation technology still classified by the military. His research team has refined a new over unity, or low energy input-high performance output, mini Vortex Compression Impeller Waviform Turbine coupled with mini Electromagnetic Gravity Wave Inertial Maneuvering Pods. The VCT-EM Engine System in various configurations is being developed for over-the-surface or OTS skimmer travel, anywhere from six inches to two feet above road or marine surfaces, and low altitude or LAT paratransit, mass commuter transit, law enforcement, emergency and commercial freight transit. Final prototype testing of variations of the multi-engine configuration are nearly complete.

Newly expanded laws similar to those governing helicopters, await Beltway insider confirmed US Department of Transportation and Federal Aviation Association approval. These two agencies along with the GPS mapping companies TeleAtlas and Navseq, and the automotive and aerospace industries are committed to pursuing viable gravity propulsion transportation, and are spearheading the development of a secure, integrated National Air Traffic Collision Avoidance System or T-CAS Network and Regional Tracking Sensor Infrastructure Development that can serve as a model system for a global OTS-LAT

network. The new laws will mandate that all vehicles, even conventional automobiles, must have on board registered SmartTrans GPS anti-collision navigation computers, which take traffic flow data and navigation instructions from both on board and local, surface level to low altitude traffic control systems sensors and regional GPS navigation satellites. The US military, federal, state and local law enforcement agencies will couple their onboard systems with an additional orbital system of covert military satellites utilizing a classified, advanced space-based radar vector tracking technology. These redundant systems alert both operator and their smart vehicle to avoid other vehicles, pedestrians, buildings and other obstacles, with highly accurate, real-time three-dimensional data of their immediate surrounding area and position. Research study estimates, undertaken by FAA, NASA, and the Center for Orbital and Reentry Debris Studies at The Aerospace Corporation, are favorable of the new cooperative national network keeping collisions to a minimum.

OM Group is in ongoing negotiations with the US Air Force to develop future Space Command OTS-LAT fleet prototypes, and retrofit conversion studies of existing, older conventional aircraft. OM Group and other aerospace companies have already secured government contracts to resurface with E M conductive magnetite and self-illuminating nanophosphors, all of the roads, streets and interstate highways of all North and South American Union, Asian Union, African Union and European Union countries. A limited production of law enforcement, military and emergency response fleet test models will begin in 2040. Production for Department of Transportation and FAA sanctioned, luxury limousines and commuter paratransit fleet markets, will begin once an approved National Collision Avoidance Network is officially online. This will usher in the next 100 years; what Dr. Parks describes as a new “Golden Era of Transportation; Viable Practical Propellantless Gravity Propulsion.”

As company policy, military industrial, emergency response and law enforcement fleets are the main markets targeted. As a consensus, the military, law enforcement and communities are sternly against this type of propulsion technology ever being on the open consumer market, and with good reason. Everyone remembers the day, not too far removed from present day 2033, when aviation transport vehicles were turned into weapons of mass destruction-- September 11th 2001. Undaunted, Dr. Parks, with the help of several professional lobbying firms, began the legal battle on Capitol Hill a decade ago, to work in concert with FAA to ease personal aviation laws, prompted by breakthroughs made by his R & D engineering team on the early prototypes of the VCT-E M engine while his company was still Parks Aerospace International.

The Wealthy Energy Industry Elite—through groups such as the Trilateral Commission and the Council on Foreign Relations, the National Security Council and the National Security Planning Group—exert a substantial degree of control over the world’s governments. Such groups are also very concerned with humanity’s potential in space. Such groups also desire to be foremost in obtaining advances in technology, particularly of foreign or extraterrestrial origin; to gain control of or suppress anything that might unbalance the special interests of the status quo, the 25 trillion-dollar energy and transportation industry, and the military industrial, intelligence, laboratory complex. They are highly compartmentalized and attempt, even in the present progressive global society, to keep the world in a continual state of geopolitical instability, war for profit, endless third world famine, poverty and illiteracy, and global environmental apathy.

Any new technology that might unseat the current monopolies on older forms of so-called standard energy for the world, are dangerous to such positions of power. The public would not continue to pay for ever-decreasing reserves of oil, if they knew with certainty that a fossil fuel-free, non-polluting zero-point energy technology existed. Most consumers have forgotten that the transportation and fossil fuel industries were forced into hybrid electric and hydrogen technologies transition, when they realized the enormous fascination the global consumer had for green technology, the incredible profit potential, and added government incentives. But until 2020, over-unity and zero-point energies research was still considered on the fringe of scientific credulity.

Normally, Parks would be drifting leisurely through the maze of pedestrian corridors and automated shuttle transway routes of this sprawling orbital city, amazed at the human ingenuity, at all of the decades of planning and implementation it took, all in absolute secrecy, to create this artificial environment. The highly skilled population of trained metal and composite manufacturers and spacewalk construction crews, trained in a joint blackworld collaboration by NASA and the U.S. Air Force since the 1970's, to this--the final stages of colony development; generations of planning by scientists, environmental engineers and habitat construction crafts men and women. It took a special kind of unsung patriot to accomplish something this astronomical. It is because of their dedicated commitment to their country and an unwavering desire to explore the immediate solar system and beyond, that he now secretly lives, works, and takes those first steady steps—"off-world", 30,000 kilometers beyond the Earth.

Dr. Parks was first noticed by the covert aerospace community's governing Consortium Order when he was a thirty-one-year-old aeronautical engineer for Lockheed Martin. He was also working on his second engineering degree in 1996, when he was selected by a Lockheed Martin Project Director and mentor by the name of James Hiram Peterson to participate on one of the development teams for the X-35 Joint Strike Fighter competition against Boeing. After Lockheed Martin won the competition and lucrative government contract, he wrote and submitted to The Disclosure Project Organization, the aviation editor at Jane's Defence Weekly and a friend at the science and technology editor desk of the New York Times, a forecast report of his vision for future EM transportation.

The report, which nearly cost him his first mid-level security clearance, was a thinly veiled, scathing indictment of the military aerospace industrial complex's administrative hindering of serious E M propulsion and zero point energy transition into the national energy and transportation infrastructure:

GRAVITIC ENGINEERING and FIELD DEPENDENT PROPULSION for COMMERCIAL and LIMITED CIVILIAN TRANSPORTATION By Gordon Marcus Parks, MSME 2002

This report attempts to forecast what role Electromagnetic (EM) Transportation Technologies may play in the decades after 2050.

Recommended reading on the subject: Steven Greer MD, The Disclosure Project, 2001.

Dr. Evgeny Podkletnov, Journal of Applied Physics, published by the Britian's Institute of Physics, 1996. Dr. Ning Li and Dr. Douglass Toor, Gravitoelectric-Electric Coupling Via Super Conductivity, published by the University of Alabama at Huntsville, 1993.

The Hunt for Zero Point; Inside The Classified World of Antigravity Technology by Nick Cook, Former Editor of Aviation for Jane's DefenseWeekly, 2001.

The Viktor Schauberger Institute.

Tim Ventura, American Antigravity.

INTRODUCTION. This is a work of PURE speculation. First, let us face facts. Wheeled or tracked conventional motor vehicles will never fall completely out of utility. Regardless of environmental concerns, they are relatively inexpensive and will be difficult to replace. So of course, we can rule out their complete demise. However, the stand-alone internal combustion engine is slowly over the next 100 years being phased out. After the rise of gas-electric hybrid engine technology, the next major advancements will be made in hydrogen fuel cell technology and by 2030, an international effort will be undertaken to transform the global energy infrastructure completely. By 2050, the civilized world should be running completely on 'Green Technology'.

Gas-electric and hydrogen also serve their roles as 'segway technology' and will be the industry standard well beyond the 21st Century. These prognostications are based on the knowledge that the work engine technology is available on the open consumer market is usually 50 to 1000 years behind the actual HIDDEN state of the art, if we include our own governments unofficial BlackWorld R & D, an ongoing effort since the 1930s. And that is exactly where this forecast is firmly anchored. Field dependent propulsion, electromagnetic or E M propulsion, and gravity propulsion are all terms used to controlled reversal and directed use of the force of gravity as a work engine.

The consensus among the military aerospace contractor community is that there exists a loosely structured, measured timeline for releasing the origins of these new paradigm-shifting technologies to the public, commercial industry and global marketplace. But there are power hungry, greedy corporate and covert government entities active in the global politics of how those new technologies are applied to industry and the military; a Global Corporate Government Consortium, actively involved hindering of our technological future.

Remember the historical beginnings of the automotive and the jet age, the great cruise ship era, the custom hot rod and chopper motorcycle crazes of the 20th Century. Periods in our transportation age when the world became intrigued by the exciting new modes of travel, and the new support infrastructures that blossomed right behind them.

This forecast is also an invitation to the keepers of the old timeline. We know most of the secrets already, enough has been discovered to give us an idea of the potential good these new technologies

will do for industry and the economy. So, the question remains; just what in the hell, are you waiting for?! The world needs immediate “Disclosure Now”—for a more prosperous economic future.

I’ll attempt to answer the reasoning behind this unfathomable position, currently held by the Trilateral Commission, Brookings Institute and other Conservative, greed-based think-tank organizations, by the end of this forecast. As a lifelong student of transportation, aeronautics research, product design and mechanical engineering, this forecast will focus on future hybrid propulsion systems and engine configurations, and practical altitudinal aeronautics performance as applied parameters to those classifications. It is my lifelong goal to be a factor in building this future, this history, this evolution in aeronautical design engineering. I want to be involved. I want to be a part of this new industry that will evolve, and the expanded new infrastructure it will create...

This design forecast is categorized by the following:

PROPULSION SYSTEMS CONCEPTS.

ENGINE CONVERSION CONFIGURATIONS.

OVER THE SURFACE.

GRAVIMARINE COMMERCIAL and LUXURY E M SHIPS.

LUXURY and COMMERCIAL FLEETS.

LOWALTITUDE TRANS.

MOBILE MILITARY BATTLEFIELD EMERGENCY/ DISASTER AIR AMBULANCE FLEETS and AIR TRIAGE HOSPITALS.

EXPANDED LAW ENFORCEMENT and EMERGENCY MOBILE PLATFORMS. LAW

ENFORCEMENT PATROL INTERCEPT and UNMANNED SURVEILLANCE.

PUBLIC PARATRANSIT.

LICENSED PRIVATE LUXURY COMMERCIAL PARATRANSIT.

MID TO HIGH ALTITUDE. COMMERCIAL FLEETS and HEAVY COMMERCIAL

TRANSPORT ENGINE CONVERSION OF EXISTING OUT MODED COMMERCIAL

AVIATION FLEETS.

HYPERSONIC COMMERCIAL, BUSINESS, and LUXURY TRAVEL.

LOW EARTH ORBIT and IMMEDIATE SOLAR SYSTEM.

COMMERCIAL SPACE HEAVY TRANSPORT and TOURISM.

U.S. MILITARY ORBITAL FLEET.

OFFWORLD COMMERCIAL MINING OPERATIONS.

PROPULSION SYSTEMS CONCEPTS: Field Dependent Propulsion Technology, far more advanced than our present-day maglev trains, will transform the way we travel and transport goods. A basic technical understanding of this technology has existed since the 1920s. Exotic forms of the technology have been in this country's possession since the 1940s and classified at the highest levels of national security; a level defined as 'COSMIC'.

In order for the public to benefit from this new mode of transportation, not only must public disclosure take place, a coming clean on all of the facts (which will never happen in this century), commercial industry must publicly admit to the ongoing pursuit of this technological Holy Grail.

For the purpose of our forecast, let's factor in theoretically, to full government disclosure of foreign technology with the ability to advance our energy and transportation industries, by the year 2030.

Almost immediately, a consortium of Energy, Aerospace, Automotive and Commercial Transportation Industry R & D Manufacturers must be established to plan strategies to bring this new technology to the marketplace. For this forecast, conspiracy theories will not be a factor. My projections are based solely on the reference material and my own research.

The new post-segway transportation technologies of the late 21st century will involve two or more pathways to gravity field reduction, a cross pollination of future automotive and aerospace innovation. By the 22nd century, the second generation of these vehicles will be relatively affordable and powered by environmentally safe, non-nuclear sources of energy.

The American Antigravity website describes the various types of Antigravity devices which use non-aerodynamic methods of propulsion to create thrust – typically a directional or upward thrust from systems based usually on Electromagnetism. There are dozens of proposed methods of creating gravity nullifying effects, but they typically fall into the following categories of A G devices. The major categories for Antigravity Devices:

1. Mach's Principle: Off center-rotators, inertial-thrusters, or piezo-devices. These devices attempt to "pull themselves up by the bootstraps" to overcome gravity mechanically.
2. E L F-Gravitational Shielding: Low-Frequency E M-waves block gravitons from interacting with mass, creating a shield from gravity and inertia.
3. Mass-Fluctuation: Utilizing E M-waves to create mass fluctuations simulates "negative mass" which has been proposed to generate an Antigravity Effect.
4. Biefeld-Brown: High-voltages are used to create an asymmetrical capacitance, which Puthoff & Sakarov have proposed creates forward directional thrust by interacting with quantum-foam.

5. Superconductive Gravitational-Shielding: A rotating superconductor or gas-plasma creates a shield around the test device that blocks inertia and mass, similar to the E L F shield above.
6. Superconductive H F GW: The Gertsenshtein Effect allows a high frequency interaction between Electromagnetism and Gravitation that creates powerful Gravitational-Waves, capable of exerting tons of force.
7. Bismuth- Element 115: A poorly understood nuclear mechanism claimed to be the result of reverse-engineering U F O's that somehow translates high-voltage electricity into a propulsive gravity-wave.
8. Gyroscopic-Precession: A variation on Mach's Principle in which a force applied horizontally creates an upward thrust in a rotating gyroscope. Includes N M R Antigravity, a nanoscale variation of Gyroscopic precession in which E M-radiation is used to generate Nuclear Magnetic Resonance and create a processional force against gravity for the entire test-object.
9. Lenz-Law: A series of variations on the common electromagnetic inductive-force in which an Antigravity craft is repelled from the Earth's surface using a macro-scale variant of Lenz's Law.
10. GeoMagnetic Levitation: A high-energy, low-efficiency device that generates upward and directional thrust by applying a very high-strength magnetic field to repel against the Earth's natural magnetic field.
11. Rotating Magnetic Field Device: A broad category of Antigravity device in which a series of high-speed rotating electromagnetic fields are used to warp-space and generate a pure, high efficiency, and sometimes over unity Antigravity Effect. May be related to Magnus-Effect propulsion or Rotating Superconductive Antigravity.
12. Hutchison-Effect: A poorly understood high-voltage/high-frequency Antigravity mechanism capable of lifting hundreds of pounds of weight but lacking the repeatability for close scientific scrutiny and easy replication. This is an aspect of scalar-technology and may be also called "scalar antigravity" or "Bearden Antigravity".
13. Poynting Vector Propulsion: A real, workable reactionless drive based on classical electrodynamics principles, tested to generate pounds of thrust. Scalability for this system is unknown – early prototypes are unstable.

#### ENGINE CONVERSION CONFIGURATIONS:

The research of Viktor Schauberger forms the foundation of my tri-engine, over-the-surface personal transport system. I begin with a mini-impeller turbine stable-lift engine; a radical form of turbine engine that generates extremely high vacuum effects. The mini-impeller waveform turbine is composed of titanium and coated with several hundred layers of vacuum electron deposition produced magnesium and bismuth. This turbine creates a vortex movement of air caused by the waveform gap between the plates, which leads to its rapid cooling, producing a massive reduction in volume, generating a vacuum of enormous pressure, which sucks more air into the turbine; quasi-aerodynamic phenomenon known as the Coanda Effect.

The mini turbine is essentially multistage centrifuge with concentrically juxtaposed pressure chambers. Used for lift engine function only, the turbine achieves levitation flight above 15,000 to 20,000 RPM. The centripetal compressor causes air to flow radically inward, the Schauberger implosion effect. The high rotation speeds cause the air molecules passing through the turbine to pack together so tightly that their molecular and nuclear binding energies are affected in a way that triggers a reverse gravity effect. A point is reached through the interaction between the centrifugal forces functioning on a common axis, where a large number of electrons and protons with opposite charges and directions of spin are forced into a collision and annihilate with one another implosively to return the physical form to its primary energetic matrix—a non-spatial state. From the bottom of the turbine mini engine this appears as a densely compressed emulsion of expelled molecules and atoms that are not retransmuted or virtualized as they pass through the grill like slits of the compressor blades, producing a luminescent, glowing, bluish white discharge akin to ionization. Gravity nullification or levitation, and ascent is achieved.

The second form or pathway to gravity nullification in my proposal, used in conjunction with the Schauberger mini-impeller engine system for the over the surface and low altitude platforms, will involve small EM conductive steering /propulsion pods at each corner of the platform, by either:

Superconductivity. The manipulation of inertia via rapidly rotating superconductors, resonating fields and special coatings; The flow of electric current without resistance in certain metals, alloys and ceramics at temperatures near absolute zero, and in some cases at temperatures hundreds of degrees above absolute zero. Gravitational waves are repelled instead of blocked; a gravity shielding. A vehicle will be able to levitate and use this impulse reflection or torsional field excitation, for controlled motion in any direction. E. Podkelov, N. Li, D. Torr.

Including:

Mercury encased Gyroscopic mini-torroid-Precession. Mini circular hollow ring magnetic flux field disruptors filled with mercury based super conductive plasma, pressurized at 250,000 atmospheres at a temperature of 150 degrees Kelvin and accelerated to 50,000rpm that generates a magnetic vortex field that nullifies gravity on mass within proximity. Sandia / Livermore Labs

The Schauberger waviform mini engine and positively charged leading airframe would provide the majority of levitation-lift and electrical energy generation. The EM inertial pods will provide propulsion and maneuverability.

And by:

Layered Electrokinetic Lifter Cells or Interconnected Two-Dimensional Asymmetrical Capacitor Modules.

The third method of or pathway to integrated field propulsion involves utilization of technology that generates force using two geometrically dissimilar capacitive plates, and the airframe being positively charged on one side and negatively charged on the other. The airframe and body panel material, composed of several hundred layers of vacuum electron deposition produced magnesium and bismuth, will exhibit thrust toward the positive pole, from the negative to the positive, if the opposing surfaces

are mounted or adjusted horizontally and the positive pole is uppermost, the airframe will in effect lose weight, it will want to rise skyward. Biefeld, Brown, Naudin, Savior, NASA.

Energy generation to achieve the high RPM necessary for effective superconductive or electromagnetic resonance, airframe charge and mini impeller waviform multi-lift engine systems function, will involve the development of a potent hybrid engine system. So, we must look to the ingenuity of the automotive and aerospace industries.

The gas-electric and hydrogen era will take its first baby steps by 2010. By the year 2050, considerable advances in hybrid energy technology will allow such platforms as the one theorized, to become a plausible reality. It is a matter of time and commitment from the transportation industries to catch up with the world's imagination and develop field dependent propulsion systems for practical overland, marine and low altitude vehicles capable of traveling at speeds comparable to conventional transportation.

In the far future, civilian and commercial EM propulsion systems will be powered by zero-point energy and most platforms will have between two to six OST and LAT systems of various sizes and power output. From miniature size work engines for everything from pedestrian manual maneuvering carry platform to personal skimmer boards to scooter, motorcycle and quad bike- sized land and marine OTS skimmers and g-craft. To larger dual through multi-EM engine unit platforms for passenger g-craft, luxury bus sized, freight truck and rail car sized commercial OTS large transportation. To even larger LAT propulsion systems for tanker sized platforms used for everything from commercial aircraft and luxury marine cruise ship industries, rapid military deployment, emergency relief anywhere the world, and orbital insertion commercial aerospace payload vehicles and military fleets.

The Disclosure Factor: Here is a brief review of what the civilian investigative public knows about blackworld classified propulsion. Military field propulsion test vehicles are rumored to defy gravity by emitting a reverse gravity field. A gravity field generator amplifier emits an EM wave field around the vehicle, an intense distortion of the gravity field. The field generator amplifier is a propulsion system that propels the in the opposite direction of the amplifier emitter nodes, which can rotate in 90 degrees of angle. Classified military demonstrator vehicles have three field generator amplifier emitters in a delta configuration. The generators can be operated with either a single amplifier emitter providing directional navigation or all three in unison, providing navigation as well as levitation-propulsion.

At full force, it is rumored, believe it or not, that more powerful field generators can slow and even interrupt spatial gravity by bending a gravitational field around the vehicle. The affect is characterized as a rendering or altering of the interdimensional properties of space-time itself. Super Luminous or faster than light speed travel, moving by becoming a part of another point in space instantaneously are rumored to be achieved, similar to NASA's theoretical Bias Drive and Diametric Drive proposals; generic versions of negative mass propulsion concepts that cancel mass inertia using the interactions of a positive and negative electromagnetic field for propulsion. Flight simulators are rumored to exist for avionics training for select pilots, an indication of the existence of an advanced back engineering research development program to develop the next generation of military aerospace. This research is

highly classified, beyond need to know accountability and scrutiny of conventional military and elected government oversight. This technology is the most classified in America.

For over sixty years, the United States has had a working knowledge and prototypes of revolutionary new transportation and new energy technologies that may be in use by the armed forces today. Our military has spent trillions of dollars on black budget research programs to perfect these technologies.

Zero Point Energy. It is for this reason that research on new forms of energy such as fuel cells, and ZPE become so important to the future of E M transportation technology. It is rumored that nearly 30 free energy prototype power generation devices have been “shelved” by the government under national security order. And that any attempts to even patent zero-point energy prototypes are virtually impossible. It is reminiscent of the electrical engineering genius Nikola Tesla’s rise and fall from grace in the energy industry of the early 20th century. All of his research notes and papers were confiscated immediately upon his death.

There are powerful obstructionist forces in both the fossil fuel industry and the military industrial community that block all attempts to develop private entrepreneurial E M propulsion and ZPE research and development for practical application, not only because of national security concerns but because of fears of forcing the industry to invest in highly expensive new transportation energies infrastructure development. Society may be forced to wait another 100 years before significant advancement in transportation and energy is allowed.

Although the necessary transitional infrastructure to support new, advanced transportation and energy industries is not yet in place, Type One technology should not be suppressed from present day society until some arbitrary future disclosure date. Immediate full public disclosure would do more good than harm. It would provide the impetus necessary to expedite infrastructure build up to the forefront of the national agenda. There is no doubt that advanced physics altering technologies do exist, technologies that will elevate the human condition beyond fossil fuels, pollution and climate change, and dependency on the traditional electrical grid for home energy. Technologies that would not only advance old industries forward by several decades overnight, but would also revolutionize the efficiency of conventional aircraft and overland transportation, improve air traffic safety by a quantum degree, reduce the costs of NASA’s ongoing exploration of space as well as the private sector’s commercialization of space.

The current timeline for technological disclosure continuity is being badly mismanaged. The National Security Act protocols that support the indefinite, prolonged delay of introducing Type One modes of land, sea and aerospace transportation and new energy to commercial industries are archaic and outdated. The Disclosure Project and the Orion Project, attest to the severity of the cover up and the depth of truth in these charges. The sad reality is that the powerful, current Type Zero establishment and its skewered, greed-based fossil fuel interests are committed to maintaining the status quo.

All taxpaying Americans deserve to know all of the real, historic truths concerning issues of advanced technology, new energy research and government secrecy. It is well beyond time for full accountability. Nearly 90 percent of the population distrusts the information disseminated by our government and

believe that a non-elected, covert element is willfully hiding and misdirecting the historical truths from all of us. What they fail to realize is that in order to keep the world progressive, expand old industries and create new industries that revolutionize the new economy of the 21st century and beyond, there must be sober, full disclosure to the public. And, a full reeducation of these new physics-altering technologies and their origins, without fear of ridicule or reprisal for some violation of an archaic security oath, imposed to keep these breakthrough energy and transportation technologies hidden, to the detriment of society.

The policy of secrecy began in the 1930s. Following the pattern found in human history that technology makes quantum leaps every 100 years, by 2050, our world should be dramatically different. But that future world must be determined here and now, through the disclosure movement.

It is time to play intellectual "catch-up." Society must be fully debriefed and the current generation mass work force must be adequately educated after secondary school and constantly retrained throughout their career lives with the skill sets necessary to support the advanced technological infrastructure of this ever changing new world.

There may be some fear fueling suppression of the truth for so long. Just imagine what will happen.

Hypothetically, if the so called "green light" decision were given, many current government aerospace contract projects would be instantly obsolete. In their places, new technologies aircraft projects from former black budget research programs would be introduced over time. All branches of the military would be fighting over the contracts for the new aerospace and marine fleets. There would also be years of Full Disclosure Congressional Hearings of repressed E M and zero-point energies research, the rumored research of taxpayer funded black budget research for the past 60 plus years. There would have to be an explanation of the origin of these advanced, physics altering technologies, beyond good old American ingenuity and research discovery. The extraterrestrial connection would be officially exposed to the world. The military intelligence aerospace industrial community has been ruthless in its efforts to suppress this connection since the 1930's, many times by professional and social ridicule, long-term incarceration, threat of physical violence, and worse. Complete disclosure would cast a huge shadow of doubt over our government and its history of illegal suppression tactics against its citizens in the name of national security.

Governments would have to develop and implement a plan to build up the service industry and infrastructure necessary to support these new technologies. This is where the problem with immediate disclosure exists. It would take a minimum of 20 years to build up a transitional infrastructure. Public disclosure and new infrastructure creation including improved education and continual skill set retraining for the mass work force are integral to successful transition from a Type Zero to Type One society. The current society is simply unprepared, under skilled and under educated, some critics feel be deliberate intent, to support any immediate transition from Type Zero to Type One technologies anytime soon.

There seems to be no salient government contingency plans on the immediate horizon, other than encouraging Hollywood to make alien abduction or invasion movies, to develop or implement real

initiatives to prepare the mass work force for new, advanced technologies. Not nearly enough for a full quantum leap to a Type One reality...

Within a year of the 2002 report, G.M.A. Parks entered into negotiations to privately secure venture capital from billionaire philanthropist Laurance S. Rockefeller to start up Parks Aerospace, which he did eight years after his passing in 2004 at age 94.

The Off-World Man

## CHAPTER 2

“The engineer has been, and is, a maker of history.” --James Kip Finch.

As he strode through the causeways leading from one manicured public space to another, he had the sense that he was walking through the urban environs of a typical modern Earth city, not a military industrial colony in near earth orbit. He took stock of his mortality more often these days.

Despite being in the best condition of his life even on the OIC, he maintained the hideous prescribed calorie restriction diet regimen of his overpaid private nutritionist: the flavored alkaline water, spirulina and chlorella algae protein meal replacement drinks and the mega supplements of B3, D3, DHA, DHEA, HGH, HCG, naturally fermented Co-Q10, resveratrol, ALA, alcar, CLA tonalin, strontium, hyaluronic acid, acetylcholine, acetyl-L-carnatine, arginate, diribose, glutathione, hyleronic acid, EGCG extract from green tea, alpha liponic acid, R-liponic acid, luteolin, superoxide dismutase enzyme, rhodiola, benftiamine, cold pressed omega krill oil, freeze dried concentrated goji berry, black raspberries and blueberry extracts, kiwi extract, phenol, plant phytosterols and mega phytonutrients; delivered orally and in INNERCHI brand time-release micro-needle skin patches that were in current anti-aging medical vogue.

That calorie restrictive regimen coupled with his strength weight training, and thirty years of P90X, Aikido, To-Shin Do, Keysi Fighting Method, and Krav Maga training, kept him fit well beyond his years, but kept him exhausted most of the time. He was a warrior, yet, even with the temporary break from his beloved martial arts training, every day it still seemed harder and took him longer to swing his legs over the edge of the bed and reenter the waking world.

Dr. Parks renamed his company a year after being offered the no bid contract to manufacture some of the environmental oxygen atmospheric generator components, after the highly classified program itself. This was an unthinkable act and incurred the intense displeasure of many higher officials in the black world military aerospace community. But earned Parks the respect and admiration of many others who live in a continual state of fear for the lives of themselves and their families. Many aerospace and military insiders felt that the time had long since passed for a real timeline plan for full disclosure to the public. And all of them knew that it would never happen, not in their lifetime.

Only Dr. Parks could afford to take such aggressive actions, since he employs his own worldwide corporate security force of over twenty thousand men, and most are ex-military personnel. The consensus among the Consortium Order about his induction was that Dr. Parks would be an unpredictable but necessary ally, not interested in publicly exposing the OIC Program further. They underestimated his independence, and a plan was set in motion to control him and take over his company.

There was another occupant of the O I C that rarely slept. His position and responsibilities are of such importance, and such an adrenaline rush, that sleep seemed too much of a luxury. Most night cycles he just lays there, listening to audio reader computer files. This night would be no different. He continued listening to a text-to speech file.

CLASSIFIED

O I C COMMAND

O I C - O M PROGRAM - OPERATIONAL OVERVIEW

EYES ONLY

THE O I C ORBITAL MANUFACTURING PROGRAM, ORIGINALLY CODE NAMED 'EZEKIEL'S WHEEL' IS A COVERT MULTI-GENERATIONAL OPERATION OF THE UNITED STATES MILITARY, MANAGED BY UNITED STATES AIR FORCE SPACE COMMAND, TO PREPARE OUR GLOBAL SOCIETY FOR THE ORBITAL INDUSTRIAL REVOLUTION. IT IS A 200 YEAR PLAN TO TRAVEL AND COLONIZE THE SOLAR SYSTEM VIA A NETWORK OF SELF-SUSTAINING NEWTON CLASS INDUSTRIAL SPACE HABITATS; ORBITAL CITY SIZED 'OUTSTATION COLONIES' IN OUR SOLAR SYSTEM AND EVENTUALLY TO NEW WORLDS OUTSIDE OF THE SOLAR SYSTEM; A PROGRAM OF BABY STEPS LEADING TO THE ROUTINE TRAVEL AND COLONIZATION OF HUMANITY IN THE FAR FUTURE.

THE ORBITAL MANUFACTURING PROGRAM IS AN AUTONOMOUS ORGANIZATION, FINANCED BY THE ANNUAL U.S. ARMED FORCES BLACK BUDGET AND BY THE SALE OF ADVANCED, 'FOREIGN' OR EXOTIC BACK-ENGINEERED TECHNOLOGY PATENT RIGHTS TO U.S. COMMERCIAL INDUSTRY.

CONSTRUCTION SECRETLY BEGAN IN 2005 AND THE FINAL STAGE WILL END IN 2040. IT IS A COMBINED STANFORD AND O'NEILL DESIGN ORBITAL SPACE CITY-BASE. THE BASE WAS BUILT FROM THE INSIDE OUT BY THE UNITED STATES AIR FORCE AND NAVY SPACE COMMANDS, SPACE ISLAND GROUP, NASA, AND A LARGE CONSORTIUM OF AEROSPACE AND OTHER INDUSTRIAL MANUFACTURERS IN THE U.S., ENGLAND, CANADA, TAIWAN, SINGAPORE, AND JAPAN.

INITIAL CONSTRUCTION, OR STAGE ONE, STARTED WITH RETROFITTED SPACE SHUTTLE TANKS, ARES I, JUPITER 120 AND SATURN V ROCKET HOUSINGS, RAISED FIVE HUNDRED MILES TO LOW EARTH GEOSYNCHRONOUS ORBIT DURING SECRET MILITARY PAYLOAD MISSIONS, AT A RATE OF FOUR PER YEAR. THE STRUCTURES WERE SECURED END TO END, THEN FOUR TO A SECTION, AND SERVED THE DUAL PURPOSE, ALONG WITH ENVIRONMENTAL ATMOSPHERE INFLATED NASA TRANSHABITATS, STAFFED WITH HOUSING MATERIALS ORBITAL AND THE CONSTRUCTION SPECIALISTS, BUILDING EQUIPMENT TO BUILD THE UPPER CENTRAL HUB OF THE COLONY; A THREE YEAR PROCESS THAT BEGAN IN 2005.

STAGE TWO INVOLVED EXPANDING THE CENTER HUB, REMOVING THE TEMPORARY CONCENTRIC EXPANSION FLEET OF HABITATS, EXTENSION AND PRESSURIZATION OF THE UPPER LOWER AND CYLINDER SUPERSTRUCTURE ASSEMBLY USING 'DEXTRE' ORBITAL CONSTRUCTION ROBOTS HOUSED AT NEARBY AUTOMATED USAFSC SATELLITES. THE SEVEN YEAR PROCESS BEGAN IN 2008.

STAGE THREE INVOLVED EXTENDING THE UPPER CYLINDER HUB'S 16 DUAL COLUMNS CONSTRUCTION OUTWARD, IN ORDER TO BEGIN THE OUTER TORUS SUPERSTRUCTURE CONSTRUCTION, BUILT PARTIALLY AROUND A FRAMING STRUCTURE OF REUSED, RETROFITTED SPACE SHUTTLE TANKS OR EXPENDABLE SATURN V ROCKET HOUSINGS. THE SEVEN YEAR PROCESS BEGAN IN 2015.

STAGE FOUR: 16 DUAL COLUMNS COMPLETION AND CONNECTION TO THE MAIN TORUS SUPERSTRUCTURE INITIAL CONSTRUCTION. THE SIX YEAR PROCESS BEGAN IN 2022.

STAGE FIVE: OUTER RING TORUS SUPERSTRUCTURE CONCENTRIC CONSTRUCTION AND CENTRIFUGAL ARTIFICIAL GRAVITY INDUCTION. THE TWELVE-YEAR PROCESS BEGAN IN 2028.

THE COLONY WILL BE FULLY OPERATIONAL BY 2040 AND BY 2050 ITS EXISTENCE IS RUMORED TO BE OFFICIALLY ANNOUNCED TO THE WORLD. THE ONLY WAY TO STAY ON THE 45 YEAR SCHEDULE FOR COMPLETION WAS TO UTILIZE THE EXISTING INTERNATIONAL SPACE STATION, (ISS), AS AN OUTPOST AND GIVE THE TASK OF OVERSEEING THE MASSIVE GENERATIONAL CONSTRUCTION, AND TO CONTINUALLY RETROFIT THE SHUTTLE CONSTRUCTION / HABITAT TANKS, TURNING THEM INTO MANEUVERABLE, MOBILE, MULTIPURPOSE SPACE TUGBOATS. THIS WAS THE ISS'S ORIGINAL PURPOSE.

THE FINAL STAGES OF CONSTRUCTION INVOLVE TESTS OF EACH SECTION OF THE INDUSTRIAL COLONY FOR INTEGRITY OF PRESSURIZATION, OXYGEN GENERATION, ENVIRONMENTAL CONTAINMENT AND IONOSPHERIC CLIMATE CONTROLS, ELECTRICAL POWER SYSTEMS, EXTERNAL COLONY SOLAR CONVERSION, WATER AND WASTE RECYCLING TREATMENT SYSTEMS AND ALL REDUNDANT SUBSYSTEMS MANAGEMENT.

THE STANFORD TORUS SUPERSTRUCTURE RING HAS THREE HABITAT LEVELS, EACH TEN STORIES HIGH WITH SLIGHTLY VARYING DEGREES OF GRAVITY. SUBSURFACE INFRASTRUCTURE LEVELS LEAD TO THE OUTERMOST THRUSTER EXTERNAL CONTROL TRIPLE SYSTEMS, HULLS; OUTER HULL ORBITAL OPTICAL COMMUNICATIONS, REFRACTION SHIELDING SYSTEMS AND HEAVY TRANSPORT DOCKING PORTS. ALL DOCKING AND SHIPPING BAYS LOCATED AROUND THE TORUS SUPERSTRUCTURES ARE REGULATED BY THE USAF SPACE COMMAND.

THE U.S AIR FORCE SPACE COMMAND'S ADMINISTRATIVE OFFICES, GLOBAL MILITARY OPERATIONS CENTER, AIR, MARITIME, AND GROUND TRAFFIC AND COMMUNICATIONS CONTROL MONITORING CENTER, ASTROPHYSICS DIVISION, COMMAND FLEET HANGARS AND LAUNCH BAYS, SPACE-BASED ORBITAL WEAPONS AND ANTI-MISSILE PLATFORMS, OUTER HULL ORBITAL THRUSTER CONTROL SYSTEMS, GLOBAL COMMUNICATIONS, RADAR, INFRARED AND OPTICAL GLOBAL SURVEILLANCE AND RECONNAISSANCE SYSTEMS AND OPTICAL REFRACTION SHIELDING SYSTEMS OCCUPY THE ENTIRE O'NEILL CYLINDER SUPERSTRUCTURE.

IT IS THE CENTERPIECE OF MAINTAINING ACCESS AND CONTROL OF EARTH ORBITAL SPACE, IT AND ITS FLEET OF BLACK ARROW EM SHIPS, CONSTITUTE THE FOUNDATION OF THE NATO SPACE FORCE DEFENSE COMMAND. A MULTINATIONAL, MULTISERVICE COMMAND STRUCTURE THAT MANAGES ALL SPACE-BASED OFFENSIVE AND DEFENSIVE MILITARY ASSETS, AND SUPPORTS GLOBAL THEATER COMMAND WITH REAL-TIME INTERGRATED COMMUNICATIONS, INTELLIGENCE AND OTHER SERVICES SUCH AS GLOBAL MANNED AND UNMANNED TACTICAL, RECONNAISSANCE AND SUPPORT AIRCRAFT TRAFFIC CONTROL AND WEATHER MODIFICATION CONTROL MANAGEMENT. ALL FROM A HIGH ORBIT; A VIRTUALLY UNASSAILABLE AND TECHNICALLY INVISIBLE, OVERSEER POSITION, 30,000 KILOMETERS IN SPACE.

#### GENESIS CONSORTIUM:

THE GENESIS CONSORTIUM IS A DEFENSE ORDER, AND IS A GROUP OF HIGHLY COMPARTMENTALIZED AEROSPACE COMPANIES, AND UNITS WITHIN THE MILITARY AND GOVERNMENT AGENCIES. IT ALSO CONSTITUTES AN INTERCONNECTED CORPORATE COVERT GOVERNMENT CONSORTIUM RULING OF ELITE, INTERNATIONAL AND POWERFUL BUSINESS CONGLOMERATES, AND ORGANIZATIONS OVERSEEING THE DIRECTION OF INDUSTRIALIZED SOCIETY, SUCH AS THE COUNCIL ON FOREIGN RELATIONS AND THE TRILATERAL INDUSTRIAL COMMISSION. A CONCENTRATION OF THE MILITARY RESEARCH LABORATORY AND INTELLIGENCE COMMUNITIES, AND THE ENERGY, AND TRANSPORTATION INDUSTRIES.

THIS ELITE GLOBAL WORKING GROUP IS LARGELY UNKNOWN TO THE PUBLIC. THIS SECRET OVERSEER ORGANIZATION, MORE POWERFUL AND INFLUENTIAL THAN THE ORIGINAL MAJESTIC TWELVE, HAS BEEN CONTROLLING THE NATIONAL AND INTERNATIONAL DISCOURSE GOVERNMENT FOR NEARLY HALF A CENTURY. THEY HAVE A MASTERY OF MASS POPULATIONS THROUGH A CONTROLLED MEDIA, TELEVISION, DRUGS, RELIGION, AND CONTROL OF MAJOR NATIONS PARTIALLY THROUGH THE UNITED NATIONS AND NATO, AND MARSHAL LAW CONTINGENCY PLANS, IN THE EVENT OF WORLD SOCIAL UPHEAVAL, NATURAL DISASTERS AND CATASTROPHES. ADVANCED ENERGY AND ENGINE TECHNOLOGY HAVE REPEATEDLY BEEN SUPPRESSED FROM THE PUBLIC FOR DECADES BY THIS CONSORTIUM.

THEIR SECRET COMMAND STRUCTURE WITHIN GOVERNMENT BEGINS WITH THE STATE DEPARTMENT'S OFFICE OF SECURITY, SCIENCE AND TECHNOLOGY, A NEXUS OF MILITARY, INTELLIGENCE, POLITICAL, SCIENTIFIC, AND CORPORATE AUTHORITY, INTENSELY INTERESTED IN ANY ADVANCED TECHNOLOGY THAT MIGHT HELP MAINTAIN THEIR WEALTH, POWER AND POSITION.

THEY FORM A CABAL, ALONG WITH THE AGENCY FOR JOINT INTELLIGENCE, MAINTAINING A SATELLITE BRANCH OF THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT, COMPLETE WITH ITS OWN INTERSERVICE MILITARY, ITS OWN JOINT SPACE RESERVE FORCE, THE USAF AND NAVAL SPACE COMMAND, OF THE UNITED NATIONS EXPEDITIONARY FORCE AND ITS COVERT, REVERSE ENGINEERED, HYPERDIMENSIONAL AEROSPACE FLEET, LARGE BLACK DELTA-SHAPED SPACECRAFT, WHICH CANCEL MASS INERTIA AND CONTROL THE FORCES OF GRAVITY WITH A PROPELLENTLESS FORM OF PROPULSION. ALSO, WITH 21st CENTURY ORBITAL SPACE PLATFORM WEAPONS SYSTEMS AND SATELLITES, A WORLDWIDE NETWORK OF COVERT

MILITARY DEEP UNDERGROUND AND ORBITAL BASES. THIS SECRET GOVERNMENT HAS BUILT UNDERGROUND BASES ON BOTH THE MOON AND MARS.

THE USAF SPACE COMMAND COLONIZED AND MILITARIZED THE MOON AND MARS BY THE LATE 20TH CENTURY AND PLANS TO CONTINUE ITS OCCUPATION OF STRATEGIC AREAS OF THE SOLAR SYSTEM BEFORE COMMERCIAL SPACE INDUSTRIALIZATION AND OUTER SOLAR SYSTEM EXPLORATION CAN TAKE PLACE, PRESUMEABLY IN THE LATE 23ND CENTURY. OPERATIONAL ORDERS ARE GIVEN TO THESE BY HIGHLY COMPARTMENTALIZED SECRET UNITS, STAFFED PERSONNEL CAREFULLY SELECTED FOR THEIR LOYALTY AND SILENCE WITHIN THE MILITARY BLACKWORLD AND INTELLIGENCE AGENCIES. THIS SATELLITE MILITARY CABAL IN CONTROL OF THE USAF SPACE COMMAND, CONSISTS OF THE NORTH AMERICAN DEFENSE COMMAND (NORAD), AEROSPACE DEFENSE COMMAND (ADC), THE BLUE BERETS RAPID DEPLOYMENT INTER-SERVICE FORCES, NATIONAL RECONNAISSANCE OFFICE (NRO), AIR FORCE INTELLIGENCE SERVICE (AFIS), OFFICE OF NAVAL INTELLIGENCE (ONI), INTELLIGENCE THREAT ANALYSIS CENTER (ITAC), THE NATIONAL SECURITY AGENCY (NSA), THE DEFENSE INTELLIGENCE AGENCY (DIA), AND THE DEFENSE ADVANCED RESEARCH PROJECTS AGENCY (DARPA). ITS CIVILIAN CORPORATE MEMBERS ARE RECRUITED ONLY IF THEIR COMPANY CAN BE EXPLOITED ARE FOR THE INTERESTS OF THE CONSORTIUM. MANY ARE COERCED, USUALLY BY CAREER ENDING BLACKMAIL, INTO JOINING, AS PAWNS IN A HIGH STAKES GAME FOR CONTROL OF MILITARY POWER, COSMIC TECHNOLOGY SECRETS, AND THE FUTURE OF MAN IN SPACE. IF THEY EXPOSE ANY OF THE GENESIS CONSORTIUM SECRETS TO THE PUBLIC, THEY ARE CHARGED WITH TREASON. THEIR LIVES ARE AFFECTIVELY RUINED PROFESSIONALLY AND PERSONALLY.

The Off-World Man

### CHAPTER 3

"Scientists investigate that which already is. Engineers create that which has never been." --Anonymous

General Conner Timothy Sullivan was a former test pilot, Edwards A F B 1992-1996, Former Installation Commander of Peterson A F B 2008-2012, former Installation Commander of the U.S. Air Force Cheyenne Mountain Facility 2016-2024, former U.S. Air Force Military Advisor to the National Reconnaissance Office in Washington D.C. 2024-2032. And now, Installation Commander of the U.S. Air Force Space Command Orbital Industrial Colony Operations, a politically appointed position rotated out every eight years. General Sullivan was a seasoned political player. A cold military bureaucrat without feeling, with the demeanor of old money, political connections and the face of an aging movie star, as precise and constant as a computer.

Space Command had evolved into an unofficial separate branch of the U.S. Armed Forces, beyond the Air Force; the de facto military black world's 'Space Force' or 'Star Fleet', in control over space warfare, orbital space based radar, and other sensor based technology surveillance, and classified space faring military operations. Sullivan was the current face of Space Command.

"Night Pilot is on the move again," A surveillance officer whispered through a flesh colored throat mike patch as he continued a with a work crew on night repairs. "He's wandering the ranch, headed on a route that will lead to his test facility."

One of the surveillance team replies in a breach of protocol, "You know what they say about the old man? He's got one of those made to order clone wives. I shit you not."

Another team member replied, "Man, what the ultra-wealthy do with their money, boggles the mind."

"Why isn't he in a federal jail, Leavenworth?"

"He is, upland right here with us, but not for the Stepford wife. He's up here for damn near exposing the program. And he's here for the rest of his natural life. Hell of a way to live. Loosing muscle mass over time, he won't be able to go back to Earth after a few of years, even if they let him."

General Sullivan rolled over on his right side, yawned wearily. He placed the LCD data pad on the nightstand next to his bed, both bolted to the floor deck of his quarters. He paused in thought, then pressed an open mike button queue on his nightstand mounted communications display. "This is Overlord to OIC-COMM Survey Team. This is his regular activity during this time. You're just the night babysitter. And be advised, I monitor the comm lines regularly. Team leader, you sound new, son. Just keep it casual, have a regular datastrip report waiting for me for 08:00, and for God's sake-- do not let him notice you. He's sharper than you think. If he gives you a nod, your cover's blown. I REPEAT, Keep the com line clear only for emergency alerts. Overlord out."

Parks had already overheard the team, thanks to the enhanced audio function of his shades. He slowly turned and looked directly at the lead surveillance officer with a smile, "By the way, I am headed to my test facility. Don't work too hard tonight guys." Parks continued on his way, as the four-man team converged slowly toward their lead officer, embarrassed at their professional lapse.

The general checked in again, "Call it a night gentlemen. In the future, keep the comm line clear for emergency alerts only. Great work tonight. A civilian made your cover. Make sure all of your names are included in the report. I won't forget them, ever."

Sullivan's old drinking buddy was always restless, ever since the days at the JSF program, and Eve Nichelle. "Two shots of scotch and a pitcher of amber ale," Sullivan managed a half smile as he reminisced about the past, nearly forty years ago, when they all celebrated the success of their teamwork in winning the Joint Strike Fighter competition and subsequent government contract. He stared back into all those memories with a grim, guilt laden sigh. Pain crossed his gunmetal blue gray eyes for a fraction of a moment. Then the emotional switch turned off in his mind again. His thoughts returned to the data pad, to the disembodied feminine computer voice of another open text-to-speech reader OIC file...

#### URBAN MAGLEV PROJECT:

By Sam Gurol, Director of Maglev Systems, General Atomics: In 1993, a visionary group of Pennsylvania business people concluded that an elevated magnetic levitation system could offer a cost-effective, long term solution to Pittsburgh's congestion problems, and might even bring about a paradigm shift— a revolution in urban transportation.

Maglev transportation can handle steep grades, it's quiet and as an elevated system, it avoids the expense of tunneling. Looking to the future, Pittsburgh's General Atomics (GA) Urban Maglev project put together a team with expertise ranging from the first stages of planning to the last stages of implementation.

In 2000, the Federal Transit Administration awarded GA funding to develop the basic concept of the urban maglev and its applications in the American market. Preliminary efforts focused on selecting the methods of levitation and propulsion. After reviewing state-of-the-art systems, the GA team selected "Inductrack" technology, which makes use of permanent magnets and has a fairly large gap between vehicle and track, indicating less stringent guideway construction tolerances.

The basic vehicle consists of two chassis units, connected by an articulation tight device that allows the train to negotiate operates turns. Entirely elevated, the system operates automatically, without a driver. A linear synchronous motor (LSM), mounted on the track provides propulsion to the vehicle, which can be configured to desired lengths. LSM propulsion ensures energy efficiency, as it powers only those sections of the track where the vehicle is located. Levitation is achieved through a permanent array of magnets beneath the vehicle. When the vehicle is in motion, their magnetic field generates so-called eddy currents, which move in a direction that interacts with the applied magnetic field, producing forces that levitate the vehicle. Below, the electrically conducting track resembles a ladder with closely packed

rungs. The train's permanent magnets are configured in a Halbach array: magnetic cubes measuring about 5 centimeters per side arranged in a linear fashion along the length of the vehicle, with their polarity changing by 45 degrees from one magnet to the next. This configuration results in a sinusoidal magnetic field focused of the track. The train starts off on polyurethane wheels; lift force increases with speed, until the vehicle levitates at about 10 kilometers per hour.

The track mounted LSM generates a moving magnetic field whose speed of is determined applied by the frequency of the applied current. Imagine of ocean waves carrying a surfer to shore: The LSM's magnetic wave locks onto the magnets on the vehicle, carrying it along in a synchronized fashion. From this system, levitation forces are generated by the vehicle's forward motion. Should propulsion power be lost, the vehicle simply coasts to a landing. We see maglevs not only as the ideal solution to traffic congestion, but also as an answer to the problems of global warming and dwindling natural resources. It's quiet, fast, and environmentally friendly; it can negotiate steep grades and tight turns; and it provides an elegant vision of the future: an elevated grid of maglev trains, efficiently connecting all areas of an urban landscape, from the city to the suburbs, local and distant airports, and beyond.

OM GROUP SCHAUBERGER VCT- E M POD CONFIGURATION OTS PROTOTYPE:

DR. GORDON PARKS IS THE E.M TRANSPORTATION INDUSTRY EQUIVALENT OF THE PERSONAL COMPUTER INDUSTRY'S STEVEN JOBS. IN 2020, AS PARKS AEROSPACE POSITIONED ITSELF AS A NORTH AMERICAN LEADER IN MAGLEV TRAIN CHASSIS COMPONENT MANUFACTURE, HIS COMPANY CAUGHT THE ATTENTION OF THE GENESIS CONSORTIUM FOR 'PROJECT EZEKIEL'S WHEEL'.

OVERTURES HAD BEEN MADE TO HIM IN THE PAST, BUT HE REMAINED INDECISIVE ABOUT THE PROSPECT OF ALLOWING HIS COMPANY TO BE ENLISTED IN SERVICE TO THE CONSORTIUM ORDER. AS AN EM PROPULSION INDUSTRY INSIDER, DR. PARKS HAD TO BE BLACKMAILED IN ORDER TO BE CONTROLLED.

HIS PSYCHOLOGICAL PROFILE IS COMPLEX. GORDON MARCUS AURELIUS PARKS WAS BORN IN SAN LUIS OBISPO, CALIFORNIA IN 1965. HIS MOTHER WAS A FRAIL YOUNG, IDEALISTIC, UNWED ART HISTORY TEACHER FROM NEW YORK CITY; HIS FATHER HAS NEVER BEEN IDENTIFIED CONCLUSIVELY, BUT HE IS BELIEVED TO BE A NEW YORK UNIVERSITY GRADUATE ENGINEERING STUDENT OF MIXED HERITAGE, AS PARKS IS BELIEVED TO BE THE PRODUCT OF AN INTERRACIAL AFFAIR, WHICH WAS FROWNED UPON DURING THE ERA. HIS MOTHER TOOK AN EXTENDED LEAVE AND TRAVELED TO THE WEST COAST TO HAVE THE CHILD. AFTER VISITING FOR SEVERAL CATHOLIC ADOPTION AGENCIES, SHE SETTLED FOR THE MARY MAGLADAN AGENCY IN SANTA BARBARA, AND ARRANGED TO PUT HIM UP FOR ADOPTION AT BIRTH.

SADLY, SHE WAS VERY ANEMIC, AND DIED FROM EXHAUSTION AFTER A VERY DIFFICULT, EXTENDED LABOR. SHE INFORMED THE SISTERS EARLY ON, IF HER CHILD WAS A BOY, SHE PLANNED TO NAME THE INFANT MARCUS AURELIUS, AFTER THE FAMED ROMAN EMPEROR. HER INTUITIVE FEELING WAS THAT

HER CHILD WOULD GROW UP TO BE A GREAT MAN. THE ADOPTION AGENCY NAMED HIM SO, IN KEEPING WITH HER LAST WISH.

MARCUS WAS ADOPTED BY A WORKING-CLASS CATHOLIC COUPLE FROM SAN JOSE. GORDON WAYNE AND MARIA PARKS WERE UNABLE TO CONCEIVE, AND FELL IN LOVE WITH THE QUIET, SICKLY LITTLE INFANT AT FIRST SIGHT. HE WAS LEGALLY GIVEN THE FULL NAME GORDON MARCUS AURELIUS PARKS JUST BEFORE HIS SECOND BIRTHDAY. HIS CHILDHOOD WAS NORMAL AND UNEVENTFUL FROM ALL GATHERED BACKGROUND REPORTS. HE WAS AN AVERAGE STUDENT WITH A TALENT FOR MECHANICAL DRAFTING AND ART. HE WAS A QUIET LONER, PAINFULLY SHY. HIS DRAFTING TEACHER RECOMMENDED THAT HE STUDY MECHANICAL OR AERONAUTICAL ENGINEERING IN COLLEGE. HE EXCELLED IN THE FIELD, AND HIS CONFIDENCE AND SELF ESTEEM IMPROVED. HE GRADUATED WITH HONORS FROM EMBRY RIDDLE IN 1987.

DR. PARKS WAS AN AERONAUTICAL ENGINEER AT LOCKHEED MARTIN, IN PALMDALE, CALIFORNIA, WHERE HE WORKED ON THE JOINT STRIKE FIGHTER (JSF) COMPETITION BETWEEN LOCKHEED MARTIN AND BOEING IN 1996. THE COMPETITION WAS INITIATED BY THE PENTAGON'S DEFENSE ADVANCED RESEARCH PROJECTS AGENCY (DARPA). DARPA'S MISSION IS TO EXPLORE AND FOSTER A TECHNOLOGIES THAT INDIVIDUAL SERVICES MAY HAVE NEGLECTED.

ONE OF DARPA'S GREATEST SUCCESSES WAS ITS EARLY AND CRUCIAL SUPPORT OF STEALTH TECHNOLOGY. IN 1960, THE AGENCY INVENTED A WAY TO USE COMPUTERS TO SHARE INFORMATION ABOUT RESEARCH AND DEVELOPMENT EFFORTS. IT WAS CALLED ARPNET AND WAS THE DIRECT PRECURSOR TO THE INTERNET AND QNET. DARPA WAS ALSO INVOLVED IN THE U.S—U.K. ADVANCED SHORT TAKE-OFF AND VERTICAL LANDING PROGRAM SINCE 1986 VIA ITS ADVANCED THE SYSTEMS TECHNOLOGY OFFICE. FROM 1990 AND ONWARD, THE PENTAGON INCREASED DARPA'S BUDGETS ENCOURAGED THE AGENCY TO FOCUS ON MAKING WEAPONS MORE AFFORDABLE. BETWEEN 1989 AND 1991, DARPA FUNDED AIRCRAFT DESIGN STUDIES BY McDONNELL DOUGLASS, GENERAL DYNAMICS, AND LOCKHEED ADVANCED DEVELOPMENT COMPANY (SKUNKWORKS), TOGETHER WITH PROPULSION STUDIES AT GENERAL ELECTRIC, AND PRATT AND WHITNEY.

PARKS WAS EMPLOYED AT LOCKHEED MARTIN IN THE EARLY 1990'S WITH FELLOW X35 PROJECT COLLEAGUE EVE NICHELE DUMONT. BORN AND RAISED IN FRANCE, EVE ALSO ATTENDED EMBRY RIDDLE UNIVERSITY, WHERE SHE FIRST MET AND HAD A LONGTIME ON AGAIN OFF AGAIN RELATIONSHIP WITH PARKS. EVE DUMONT WAS ALSO EMPLOYED AS AN AERONAUTICAL ENGINEER AFTER GRADUATION, ALSO HIRED BY LOCKHEED MARTIN.

DURING THE JSF COMPETITION, A CONFLICTING TRIANGLE BETWEEN DR. PARKS, EVE AND GENERAL CONNER SULLIVAN, AT THE TIME, A USAF MAJOR AND A LOCKHEED MARTIN TEST PILOT DEVELOPED. BOTH MEN WERE IN COMPETITION FOR THE INTEREST AND AFFECTION OF EVE DUMONT.

PARKS AND DUMONT WERE COLLEAGUES WITH A PAST CLOSE RELATIONSHIP BEHIND THEM. MAJOR SULLIVAN WAS A MAVERICK USAF TEST PILOT ASSIGNED TO THE X-35 PROJECT. EVE DUMONT AND MAJOR SULLIVAN BEGAN A DISCREET AFFAIR DURING THE FINAL STAGES OF THE JSF FLIGHT TRIALS

COMPETITION IN 2001. PARKS EVENTUALLY DISCOVERED EVE'S AFFAIR AND URGED HER TO BE CAREFUL; HE WARNED HER ABOUT MAJOR SULLIVAN AND HIS WILD WAYS.

MAJOR SULLIVAN WAS A TYPICAL HIGH-SPEED USAF PILOT, AN ADRENALINE JUNKIE. DESPITE GRADUATING IN THE LOWER PERCENTILE OF HIS CLASS, 894 OUT OF 899, AT THE AIR FORCE ACADEMY, HE MOVED UP THE RANKS QUICKLY. HE DRANK HEAVILY, RAN WITH A PARTYING CIRCLE OF OFFICERS AND LOVED TO TAKE RISKS, KNOWING FULLWELL THAT HIS FATHER, SENATOR HAROLD DEAN SULLIVAN (R. ARIZONA), A FORMER VIETNAM ERA NAVY PILOT AND A CAREER SENATOR WITH POWERFUL CONNECTIONS, HAD SAVED MAJOR SULLIVAN FROM MANY PAST JUVENILE SCANDALS.

PARKS HESITATED IN CONFESSING THAT HE STILL LOVED EVE AND SHE FELT THAT SHE HAD WAITED LONG ENOUGH FOR HIM TO PUT HER BEFORE HIS CAREER AMBITIONS. SHE LONGED FOR MARRIAGE WITH PARKS AND TO HAVE CHILDREN. EVE BEGAN A PRIVATE, ROMANCE WITH MAJOR SULLIVAN. THEY WERE ENGAGED WITHIN THREE MONTHS. THIS WAS DEVASTATING FOR PARKS.

LOCKHEED WON THE JSF COMPETITION AND THE GOVERNMENT CONTRACT FOR THE NEW MULTIROLE FIGHTER PLANES FOR JOINT SERVICE THROUGHOUT SEVERAL BRANCHES OF THE U.S. AND BRITISH MILITARY. THE ENTIRE SPECIAL PROJECTS GROUP AND LOCKHEED EMPLOYEES CELEBRATED THEIR VICTORY THAT ENTIRE WEEKEND. DUMONT AND MAJOR SULLIVAN PLANNED TO FLY TO LAS VEGAS FROM THE LOCKHEED MARTIN FACILITY IN PALMDALE. PARKS WORRIED ABOUT THE MAJOR'S POSSIBLE INTENTIONS. PERHAPS THEY WERE ELOPING.

PARKS WENT ON A DRUNKEN BINGE AT A LOCAL GENTLEMAN'S CLUB TRYING TO FORGET ABOUT EVE. PARKS WAS ANGRY AT HIMSELF FOR NOT FIGHTING FOR HER, NOT TELLING HER HOW MUCH HE STILL LOVED HER. HIS FOOLISH PRIDE HAD COST HIM AN IRREPLACEABLE CHANCE. HE WAS TOSSED OUT OF THE CLUB, THEN ARRESTED FOR DRUNK DRIVING, AND RELEASED ON BAIL. NURSING A HANGOVER, THE NEXT DAY, HE WAS NOTIFIED BY THE JSF PROGRAM DIRECTOR THAT DUMONT AND MAJOR SULLIVAN WERE INVOLVED IN AN AIRCRAFT ACCIDENT IN ROUTE TO LAS VEGAS.

MAJOR SULLIVAN WAS PURPORTED TO HAVE BEEN DRINKING HEAVILY THE PREVIOUS DAY, PRIOR TO PILOTING HIS ASSIGNED T-38 TALON JET TRAINER, WITH EVE AS UNREGISTERED CIVILIAN PASSENGER. THEY WERE IN-ROUTE TO NELLIS AFB NEAR LAS VEGAS, WHEN THE JET BEGAN TO LOOSE POWER. AT A LOW ALTITUDE, MAJOR SULLIVAN ATTEMPTED AN EMERGENCY EJECTION FROM THE JET TRAINER. IN THE AFTERMATH OF THE INCIDENT PARKS LEARNED THAT THE MAJOR AND EVE EJECTED BUT HER PARACHUTE SYSTEM MALFUNCTIONED. SHE DIED; THE MAJOR SURVIVED THE LOW EJECTION BUT WAS IN CRITICAL CONDITION WITH A BROKEN LEG AND PARTIAL PARALYSIS FROM A BACK INJURY CAUSED BY THE IMPACT OF THE LOW EJECTION.

THIS TRAGIC INCIDENT ENDED MAJOR SULLIVAN'S CAREER AS A PILOT AND NEARLY ENDED IT AS AN OFFICER. SULLIVAN'S FATHER HAD THE INFLUENCE TO HAVE THE CRASH PUT IN HIS SON'S PERMANENT RECORD AS A TRAINING ACCIDENT, A NONPILOT ERROR RELATED INCIDENT. SENATOR SULLIVAN DISCREETLY SETTLED WITH EVE'S FAMILY IN FRANCE, TO KEEP THE INCIDENT AWAY FROM THE MEDIA. BUT FOR THE YOUNG GORDON MARCUS AURELIUS PARKS, THE LOVE OF HIS LIFE WAS LOST. AFTER WORKING FOR LOCKHEED MARTIN FOR THREE MORE YEARS, HE RETURNED TO COLLEGE, CONTINUEING

HIS ONGOING EDUCATION, WHILE WORKING BRIEFLY FOR TESLA MOTORS, DEKA RESEARCH AND DEVELOPMENT CORPORATION, KURZWEIL TECHNOLOGIES, AND ON VARIOUS PROJECTS WITHIN THE AEROSPACE INDUSTRY. A WANDERING RONIN ENGINEER, PARKS WAS ON A PATH TOWARDS HIS OWN EVOLUTIONARY CONSCIOUSNESS IN 2012, WHERE SCIENCE AND SPIRITUALITY BEGAN THE PROCESS OF BLENDING, SCIENCE AS THE NEW PRIESTHOOD. HE WAS HIRED BY GENERAL ATOMICS AND WORKED THERE FOR SEVERAL YEARS PRIOR TO INCORPORATING IN 2015. HE TRAVELED TO THE INTERNATIONAL DEPARTMENT OF COURTS IN ANAPOLIS AND THE DEPARTMENT OF ASSESSMENT AND TAXATION IN BALTIMORE, MARYLAND, WHERE HE FILED DOMESTIC AND INTERNATIONAL U C C-1 OR UNIFORM COMMERCIAL CODE FINANCING STATEMENTS. PARKS AEROSPACE SPECIALIZED IN COMPONENTS FOR GENERAL ATOMICS, AND BECAME A LEADING GLOBAL ENTITY WITHIN A FIFTEEN YEAR TIME SPAN, IN PART BECAUSE OF GENERAL ATOMICS EXPANSION OF THE URBAN MAGLEV PROGRAM INTO A MULTINATIONAL UNITED NATIONS INITIATIVE PROGRAM; CREATING THE WORLD'S LARGEST INTERCONTINENTAL MAGLEV TRANSPORTATION NETWORK FOR THE ENTIRE AFRICAN CONTINENT. AS HIS PERSONAL WEALTH INCREASED, SO DID HIS ECCENTRICITIES.

The Off-World Man

#### CHAPTER 4

“In essence, science is a perpetual search for an intelligent and integrated comprehension of the world we live in.”  
--Cornelius Bernardus Van Neil

General Sullivan continued screaming from the extensive, classified file on Dr. Parks.

PARKS IS A MEMBER OF SEVERAL AUTO ENTHUSIAST COUNTRY CLUBS WORLDWIDE, INCLUDING THE PRESTIGIOUS LA BELLA MACCHINAAT JET AVIATION PALM BEACH, THE PALM BEACH DRIVING CLUB, AND THE MONTICELLO MOTOR CLUB.

HE IS ALSO THE FOUNDER OF THE F-1 GEOMETRY CYCLING LEAGUE. AN EXPENSIVE HOBBY, THE RACING LEAGUE, IN ITS THIRD YEAR, WAS CREATED AFTER THE SUCCESS OF HIS COMPANY JOINING THE CONSORTIUM, AND IS BASED ON A COLLEGE DESIGN ENGINEERING ‘FUTURE SPORTS’ WHITEPAPER HE AUTHORED:

FORMULA ONE GEOMETRY IN HUMAN POWERED LAND VEHICLE DESIGN, by G.M. Parks, MSME 2007

RAISED A CATHOLIC, PARKS WAS A Gnostic IN HIS EARLY TWENTIES. HE IS CURRENTLY A PROPONENT OF QUANTUM METAPHYSICS: AN EMPOWERING, MIND ENERGY SPIRITUAL DISCIPLINE OF BUILDING YOUR OWN FUTURE WITH POSITIVE ACTS OF CREATIVE INTENTION.

PRACTITIONERS OF QM BELIEVE THAT CONSCIOUSNESS SHAPES OUR REALITY. QM IS WHOLISTIC WHOLE BRAIN THINKING; THAT GOD IS A LIMITLESS CREATIVE POTENTIAL THAT IS THE SPIRITUAL WEB CONNECTING ALL EVOLVING THINGS.

QM IS THE POWER OF FOCUSED MENTAL INTENTION, COUPLED WITH ACTION, FOR ABUNDANCE AND PROSPERITY. PRACTITIONERS BELIEVE THAT WE ARE UNLIMITED SPIRITUAL BEINGS. AND QM IS THE EVOLUTION OF MANKIND, BASED UPON A HEALTHY LIFESTYLE AND THE STUDY OF MAINTAINING A POSITIVE OUTLOOK, TRANSCENDENTAL COLLECTIVE KNOWLEDGE AND LIFELONG EDUCATION.

ITS FOUNDATION IS BASED ON RUPERT SHELDRAKE’S PIONEERING RESEARCH ON MORPHOGENIC FIELDS, OR NON-LOCAL QUANTUM HOLOGRAPHIC INTEGRATION OF THE CONSCIOUS MIND, THE MEDITATIVE AND THE DREAMSTATE. THEY BELIEVE THAT THE INDIVIDUAL IS THE AUTHOR AND DESIGNER OF THEIR OWN DESTINY. YOUR LIFE WILL BE WHAT YOU CREATE IT AS AND YOUR MENTAL INTENTION WILL MANIFEST ITSELF IN YOUR DAILY LIFE. INNER HAPPINESS JOY, LOVE, AND LAUGHTER ARE THE MEASURE OF SUCCESS, FREE OF MENTAL BONDS AND BARRIERS. THE FINAL FRONTIER IS NOT SPACE, IT’S THE HUMAN MIND.

PARKS WAS INTRODUCED TO THE QUANTUM METAPHYSICS SHORTLY AFTER THE DEATH OF EVE DUMONT BY A SENIOR LOCKHEED MARTIN DIRECTOR AND AERONAUTICAL ENGINEER, JAMES HIRAM PETERSON, WHO WAS ORIGINALLY ENLISTED IN THE O.I.C PROGRAM. THIRTY YEARS LATER, PARKS WAS FORCED TO BE A MEMBER OF THE SAME PROGRAM; LIKE THAT SENIOR PROGRAM ENGINEER, PARKS

WAS FORCED TO DISAPPEAR INTO THE BLACKWORLD, NEVER TO BE HEARD OF OR SEEN PUBLICALLY EVER AGAIN.

PRESENT DAY:

DR. PARKS IS A VITAL AND YOUTHFUL LOOKING 68 YEARS OF AGE, WHO APPEARS TO BE IN HIS EARLY FORTIES. HE IS A CLIENT OF SEVERAL ELITE ANTI-AGING AND PHYSICAL REGENERATIVE LONGEVITY CLINICS AROUND THE WORLD FOR CELEBRITIES AND SUCCESSFUL PROFESSIONALS. CLINICS SUCH AS GERMANY'S X CELL CENTER, THERAVITAE, ADVANCED CELL TECHNOLOGY, CRITICAL HEALTH NEWS, CHINA'S BEIKE BIOTECHNOLOGY, REGENOCYTE, AND THE CENEGENICS MEDICAL INSTITUTE PROGRAM; A UNIQUE AND BALANCED COMBINATION OF NUTRITION, EXERCISE AND HORMONE OPTIMIZATION.

HE, LIKE MANY LIVING IN THE TWENTY FIRST CENTURY WANT TO LIVE TO BE 120 OR OLDER, BY SLOWING OR EVEN REVERSING THE NATURAL AGING PROCESS. THIS WAS FOUND TO BE ONE OF HIS WEAKNESSES, FEAR OF AGING.

ANOTHER WEAKNESS IS PARKS' PHILANDERING PERSONAL LIFE. BY 2020, NEW INTERNATIONAL ESCORT INDUSTRY 'COURTESANS COMMERCE' POLICIES, WERE PASSED BY THE CONTINENTAL UNIONS, TO IN EFFECT, REGULATE BOTH LEGALLY AND MEDICALLY, THE GLOBAL SEX SERVICE INDUSTRY. PLEASURE DISTRICTS DEVELOPED WORLDWIDE, AND DR. PARKS BECAME A MEMBER OF SEVERAL LEGAL, PRIVATE, HIGH-END, RETAINER CONTRACT COMPANION SERVICES SUCH AS ESQUIRES CLUB, MODEL QUALITY INTRODUCTIONS AND THE ECLUSIVE GLOBAL COURTESANS INTERNATIONAL, WITH BRANCHES IN NEW YORK, LONDON, PARIS, AMSTERDAM, SWEDEN, TOKYO, HONG KONG, SINGAPORE, BALI, MALAYSIA, AND ETHIOPIA.

GCI HAS EXCLUSIVE LONG-TERM CONTRACTCOMPANION SERVICE OF THE WORLD'S MOST BEAUTIFUL, EDUCATED, ELEGANT AND EXOTIC YOUNG LADIES, FOR VERY WEALTHY GLOBAL EXECUTIVES.

PARKS IS ALSO REPORTED, BUT NOT CONFIRMED, TO HAVE WHAT CAN ONLY BE DESCRIBED, AS PRIVATE CONTRACTUAL INTIMATE A RELATIONSHIPS, LEADING TO CONTRACTUAL PREGNANCIES; A MATERNITY FACTORY WITH PURPORTEDLY UP TO TWELVE MOTHERS-TO-BE AROUND THE WOLRLD. EACH CONTRACTUAL PREGNANCY INCLUDES A TEN MILLION DOLLAR TRUST FUND FOR THE CHILD AND ANNUAL MILLION-DOLLAR PAYMENTS TO EACH YOUNG LADY, TO RAISE AND HAVE THEIR CHILD EDUCATED IN THE WORLD'S FINEST INSTITUTIONS--TO EACH BECOME WELL-TRAINED "PROFESSIONAL MECHANICAL ENGINEERS, ELECTRICAL ENGINEERS AND INDUSTRIAL DESIGNERS," SPECIFICALLY.

GRADUATION IN ALL THREE FIELDS OF EDUCATION TRAINING ARE REQUIRED TO COMPLY WITH THE REQUIREMENTS OF THE PRIVATE CONTRACT AND ALLOW EACH CHILD FULL ACCESS TO THEIR ENTIRE MULTIMILLION DOLLAR TRUST FUND.

SIX WOMEN ARE REPORTED HAVE ALREADY GIVEN BIRTH, THEIR CHILDREN RANGE IN AGE FROM SIX MONTHS TO FOUR YEARS OLD.

DR. PARKS HAD CLEARLY LOST TOUCH WITH HIS MORAL COMPASS WITH RESPECT TO FIDELITY. HE HAD CLEARLY BECOME TOO ECCENTRIC, AND THIS IS HOW THE CONSORTIUM ORDER WAS ABLE TO LURE

HIM TO THE SERVICES OF THEIR OWN BIOGENETIC ENGINEERING COMPANY, THE GENESIS LONGEVITY INSTITUTE OF SWITZERLAND, A PUBLIC BRANCH OF THE EZEKIEL'S WHEEL CABAL.

IN 2028, DR. PARKS WAS COERCED INTO PROCURING THEIR GENETIC COMPANIONSHIP SERVICES. HIS PERSONAL PHYSICIAN OF MANY YEARS, DR. GUILLERMO MENDOZA, HAD BEEN PAID TO DECEIVE HIM. AFTER AN ANNUAL PHYSICAL EXAMINATION, HE INFORMED DR. PARKS THAT HE WAS DIAGNOSED WITH PANCREATIC CANCER.

PARKS WAS SHOWN 3D IMAGE SCANS OF WHAT HE BELIEVED TO BE HIS PANCREAS. THE IMAGES WERE ACTUALLY FROM ANOTHER PATIENT. PARKS WAS TOLD THAT HE HAD LESS THAN ONE YEAR TO LIVE. HE WAS STARTED IMMEDIATELY ON THE LATEST EXPERIMENTAL ANTIANGIOGENESIS, V E G F, AND HOLISTIC THERAPY. HE WAS ALSO SCHEDULED FOR TARGETED PROTON BEAM NANO-SURGERY AND STEM CELL REJUVINATIVE THERAPY TREATMENTS TO REMOVE TUMORS SURROUNDING PANCREAS.

PARKS COULD NOT BELIEVE IT. FOR THE LAST THIRTY YEARS; HE HAD KEPT A CLOSE MONITOR ON HIS HEALTH. FROM COMPUTERIZED GENOME-WIDE SCANNING AND DNA MARKER TESTING, WHICH LINK DNA VARIANTS TO DISEASES AND TRAITS AND TO SEVERAL ANTI-AGING THERAPIES.

SINCE 2012, MEDICAL SCIENCE HAD SCANNED DNA WITH PRECISION AND SCOPE ONCE PREVIOUSLY UNTHINKABLE, THANKS TO ADVANCES IN DNA-SCANNING TECHNOLOGY AND FOLLOW-UP RESEARCH. RAPIDLY FINDING GENES LINKED TO CANCER, DIABETES AND OTHER DISEASES WAS ALL A PAYOFF FROM THE LANDMARK ACHIEVEMENT IN 2003 OF IDENTIFYING ALL OF THE BUILDING BLOCKS OF HUMAN DNA.

IN 2020, MEDICAL TESTING FOR GENETIC PREDISPOSITION TO DISEASE BECAME MANDATORY FOR ALL OF THE G20, NOW G32 COUNTRIES. THE GLOBAL MEDICAL INSURANCE INDUSTRY IMPLEMENTED THE INTERNATIONAL MANDATE OVER THE NEXT DECADE, BEFORE THE TECHNOLOGY TO ACCURATELY DETERMINE GENETIC PREDISPOSITION WAS PERFECTED TO ONE UNIVERSAL STANDARD. SO IT SEEMED BELIEVEABLE TO DR. PARKS THAT HIS HIGHLY PAID PERSONAL PHYSICIAN WOULD MISS IDENTIFYING HIS CONDITION. BELIEVEABLE, BUT HIGHLY SUSPICIOUS.

DR. PARKS WAS REMINDED OF HIS LEGACY AND THE LACK OF AN HEIR TO HIS ESTATE BY HIS COMPANY'S CORPORATE OFFICERS AND COLLEAGUES BUT VERY FEW KNEW OF HIS PRIVATE PHILANTHROPY. HE WAS PERSUADED TO BELIEVE THAT HIS LEGACY AND CONTRIBUTIONS TO AEROSPACE, AVIATION AND TRANSPORTATION MAY BE OVERLOOKED BY HISTORY, SIMILAR TO THE FATE OF THE INVENTIVE ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING PIONEER, NIKOLA TESLA.

THROUGH ACQUAINTANCES AND CHANCE MEETINGS, ALL AN ELABORATE RUSE, DELIBERATE MANIPULATION BY THE CONSORTIUM, DR. PARKS WAS INTRODUCED TO REPRESENTATIVES OF THE GENESIS INSTITUTE'S LONGEVITY AND REPRODUCTIVE SERVICES DIVISION IN SINGAPORE. HE WAS INFORMED OF THE DIVISION'S SECRET ILLEGAL GENETIC CLONING SERVICES; SPECIFIC CLONED TAYLOR / OTTO DNA SCAFFOLD ORGANS AND BODY PARTS, EVEN REPLACEMENT CLONE SERVICES FOR TERMINAL CLIENTS.

HE WAS ALSO INTRODUCED TO THE INSTITUTES' COMPANIONSHIP SERVICES, CREATING FOR ITS ULTRAWEALTHY CLIENTELE, EXOTIC, CUSTOM GENETICALLY DESIGNED, ENHANCED, AND MATURED PERFECT CHILD-BEARING WOMEN, WITH ALL THE DESIRED PHYSICAL BEAUTY AND INTELLECTUAL TRAITS THE CLIENT ORDERS. HUMAN CLONES WITH SPECIFIC TO GENETIC ENHANCEMENTS, ARTIFICIALLY ACCELERATED TO ADULthood, IMPLANTED WITH A CONSTRUCTED MEMORY AND PLACED IN A CAREFULLY CONSTRUCTED REALITY. THE CLONES ARE PROGRAMMED TO BE A COMPANION OR MISTRESS, IN SOME CASES, THE WIFE OF THE CLIENT. CUSTOM CLONED COMPANIONS FOR THE WORLD'S WEALTHIEST AND POWERFUL, MATURED TO ADULthood AND PROGRAMMED DURING THE MATURATION PROCESS WITH HIGHLY ADVANCED GENETIC NUCLEOTIDE FOXO RESEQUENCING TECHNOLOGY, RUMORED, BUT NOT CONFIRMED OR DENIED, TO BE OF EXTRATERRESTRIAL ORIGIN.

THE GENOMICS RESEARCH BREAKTHROUGHS IN THE YEAR 2003, AND YEARS OF SUBSEQUENT ABUSES, SUCH AS CLONING HUMANS FOR BODY PARTS, ACCELERATING THE MATURATION OF CLONES TO ADULthood, AND CREATING CLONES FOR SERVITUDE, COMPELLED THE WORLD'S GOVERNMENTS TO IMPLEMENT THE UNITED NATIONS COMMERCIAL HUMAN GENETICS LAWS. THESE LAWS MADE IT ILLEGAL TO CUSTOMIZE HUMAN DNA OR RNA CHROMOSOMES, OR TO CREATE BY ADDING ON OR REMOVING ANY HUMAN CHROMOSOMES FOR THE PURPOSE OF HUMAN GENETIC MUTATION, CREATION OF DESIGNER HUMAN BODY PARTS OR ORGANS, OR SERVITUDE CLONES.

THESE INTERNATIONAL LAWS ALSO CREATED A WORLDWIDE UNDERGROUND INDUSTRY AS SECRETIVE AND LUCRATIVE AS THE BLACKWORLD OF THE MILITARY AEROSPACE INDUSTRIAL COMPLEX. A RENEGADE LONGEVITY AND GENOFF, OR ONEOF-A-KIND, CUSTOM GENETIC ENGINEERING INDUSTRY CATERING ONLY TO THE WORLD'S WEALTHIEST ELITE, DEVEOPLED OVER THE YEARS SINCE THE UNITED NATIONS HUMAN GENETICS BAN.

THESE UNDERGROUND, BLACK MARKET 'GENETANKS' FOR THE WORLD'S ULTRAWEALTHY ARE RUMORED TO HAVE THE TECHNOLOGY TO CREATE MEMORY IMPLANT REPLACEMENT CLONES; WHOLE BODY CLONES OF THE RECENTLY DECEASED CLIENTS, WHO ARE GIVEN THE FULL MEMORY IMPLANTS OF THE CLIENT'S LIFE MEMORIES.

DR. PARKS WAS DISAPPOINTED TO LEARN THAT THE PANCREAS WAS ONE OF THE INTERNAL ORGANS THAT WAS STILL DIFFICULT TO CLONE. HE WAS INFORMED OF THIS AFTER ALLOWING THE GENESIS INSTITUTE TO PERFORM A MINIMALLY INVASIVE BIOPSY PRIOR TO FULL SURGERY, UNDER THE CAREFULL WATCH OF ARMED OM GROUP SECURITY PERSONNEL, IN ORDER TO RETREIVE GENETIC SAMPLES OF HIS PANCREAS FOR CLONING. IT WAS ALL A DECEPTION.

DR. PARKS WAS INITIALLY REPULSED BY THE VERY NOTION OF A CLONING PROCEDURE. BUT, AFTER ADDITIONAL MEDICAL EXAMINATIONS AND TESTS BY OTHER NOTED NATIONAL SPECIALISTS IN THE ONCOLOGY FIELD —ALL AN ELABORATE RUSE AGAIN, DIRECT MANIPULATION FROM THE POWERFUL GENESIS CONSORTIUM, HE WAS CONVINCED BEYOND DOUBT TO SERIOUSLY CONSIDER THE FULL SPECTRUM OF SERVICES OFFERED TO HIM.

PARKS COULD NOT BRING HIMSELF TO EVEN SERIOUSLY CONSIDER THE PERSONAL CLONE REPLACEMENT OPTION FOR HIMSELF. BUT HE DID WANT THE ONE THING THAT HIS GREAT WEALTH AND THIS BLACK-MARKET GENE ENGINEERING TECHNOLOGY COULD OFFER —

TO BRING BACK THE LOVE OF HIS LIFE, A COMPANION CLONE OF EVE DUMONT.

SHE WAS THE GENETIC BASELINE MODEL FOR HIS CURRENT WIFE, ALSO NAMED EVE. PARKS CONTRACTED THE GENESIS INSTITUTE TO BRING EVE DUMONT BACK TO LIFE FOR HIM.

DR. PARKS COMPLETED A BATTERY OF PHYSICAL EXAMINATIONS: DREAMSCAPE SENSORY DEPRIVATION POD ISOLATION PSYCHOLOGICAL TESTS. HE WAS REQUIRED TO ALLOW AN H3D NEURAL SCAN MAPPING OF HIS BRAIN, HIS MEMORIES AND THOUGHT PATTERNS. UNDER OBJECTION, HE ALLOWED THE MAPPING OF HIS BIOLOGICAL BRAIN AND ALL OF ITS ACTIVITIES, TO BE RECORDED INTO AN AI ARCHIVE CORE.

HE TOOK A FEMALE FACIAL ATTRACTION MORPHING AND BODY ATTRACTION BUSTTO-HIP-TO-WAIST RATIO MORPHING GENETICS SOFTWARE EVALUATION TO DETERMINE RATHER CRUDELY WHAT HE FOUND ATTRACTIVE IN A LADY. AFTER ALL OF THE TESTS WERE CONDUCTED, THEY WERE SUBMITTED ALONG WITH DR. PARKS' PERSONAL SPECIFICATIONS FOR EVE'S CLONED REINCARNATION.

PARKS THEN TRANSFERED AN ASTRONOMICAL ONE BILLION DOLLAR, GENERATIONAL LIFETIME SERVICES FEE.

#### CLONING AND GENETICS TECHNOLOGY:

THERE ARE APPROXIMATELY 300 TRILLION CELLS AND 20 TIMES MORE BACTERIAL MICROBES IN THE HUMAN BODY. GENOMICS IS THE STUDY OF THE SEQUENCE OF CHEMICAL INSTRUCTIONS THAT MAKE US WHO WE ARE. BY 2010, GENOMICS CENTERS WERE SPRINGING UP ALL OVER THE WORLD AND MULTIMILLION DOLLAR GENOMICS INITIATIVES BECAME THE HOTTEST RESEARCH IN MEDICAL SCIENCE. GENETICS HAS BECOME AN ESSENTIAL PART OF ALMOST EVERY SCIENTIFIC ENDEAVOR. SCIENTISTS AND RESEARCHERS ARE GRAPPLING WITH NEW SCIENTIFIC, ETHICAL, LEGAL, RELIGIOUS AND SOCIAL ISSUES RAISED BY THE FIELD.

IN THE EARLY TWENTY FIRST CENTURY, A PUBLIC CONSORTIUM OF INTERNATIONAL SCIENTISTS AND A PRIVATE U.S. COMPANY COMPLETED THE COLOSSAL TASK OF SEQUENCING THE HUMAN GENOME, THE 3 BILLION "LETTERS" OF BIOCHEMICAL CODE IN THE HUMAN GENOME. STRUNG TOGETHER ALONG STRANDS OF D.N.A, THOSE LETTERS CONTAIN THE BASIC INSTRUCTIONS FOR BUILDING AND RUNNING A HUMAN BODY. SCIENTISTS SAID THAT IT WAS ONLY THE BEGINNING. THE DATABASE HAS GIVEN RESEARCHERS THE ABILITY TO PARTICIPATE IN CUTTING-EDGE RESEARCH. GENOMICS RESEARCH LEAD TO NEW DRUG THERAPIES, BETTER DIAGNOSES OF DISEASES AND AN IMPROVED UNDERSTANDING OF HUMAN EVOLUTION. DOCTORS WERE ABLE TO TREAT PATIENTS WITH THERAPIES AND MEDICATIONS BASED ON THEIR SPECIFIC GENETIC MAKEUP.

THE GENETICS REVOLUTION RAISED ETHICAL AND LEGAL QUESTIONS. CRITICS SAID INSURANCE COMPANIES WOULD DISCRIMINATE AGAINST PATIENTS BECAUSE OF THEIR GENETIC PREDISPOSITION TO DISEASE. OTHERS QUESTIONED THE ETHICS OF ALLOWING PARENTS TO CHOOSE CHILDREN'S EYE COLOR, HAIR COLOR AND GENDER. TO HELP WITH SUCH QUESTIONS, SOME INSTITUTES CREATED MULTIDISCIPLINARY GENOMICS CENTERS. GENOMICS IS NOT JUST ABOUT EXPANDING KNOWLEDGE OF GENETICS, BUT WHAT SOCIETY CAN AND SHOULD DO WITH SUCH KNOWLEDGE. THE NATIONAL INSTITUTES OF HEALTH PUMP IN MORE THAN \$20.3 BILLION INTO RESEARCH EVERY YEAR. THE NATION'S BIOTECHNOLOGY COMPANIES RAISED MORE THAN \$30 BILLION IN 2000.

THE REGENERATIVE MEDICINE BREAKTHROUGHS IN 2010 WERE CAUSED BY A MONUMENTAL SHIFT IN THE FLOODGATES OF KNOWLEDGE, WHICH OPENED WITH THE DISCOVERY OF THE AMPK AND TELOMERASE ENZYMES IN 2009. STEM CELL THERAPIES AND GERONTOLOGY RESEARCH, INCLUDING PARADIGM CHANGING NEW TECHNIQUES RELATED TO INDUCED PLURIPOTENT STEM CELLS (iPS) AND HUMAN EMBRYONIC PROGENITOR CELLS (hEP), ALLOWED ADVANCED GENETICS BREAKTHROUGHS, FROM DISEASE SPECIFIC CORRECTING STEM CELLS TO READILY ACCESSIBLE ORGAN REGENERATION AND ORGAN SPECIFIC CLONING.

IN THE EARLY 1970's SCIENTIST ALEXY OLOVINKOV THEORIZED THAT REPEATING DNA SEQUENCES AT THE ENDS OF EACH CHROMOSOME ACTED LIKE A CLOCK LOSING TIME BECAUSE EVERY TIME THE CELL REPLICATED, THE END SEGMENT, CALLED A TELOMERE, BECAME SHORTER AND SHORTER. WHEN IT "RAN OUT" THE CELLULAR MACHINERY SIGNALLED A FATAL ERROR IN REPLICATING THE ESSENTIAL GENETIC MATERIAL, WHICH WOULD ACTIVATE THE SENESCENCE OF THE SOMATIC CELL.

THE COMPLETE REPEATING SEQUENCE IS MANAGED AND MAINTAINED BY THE GERM-LINE CELLS, 'IMMORTALIZING ENZYME' THAT CONTINUOUSLY CREATED NEW TELOMERE DNA, ENABLING GERM-LINE CELLS TO REPRODUCE INDEFINITELY.

THE COMPANIES GERON AND BIOTIME WERE THE FIRST TO REPRODUCE THE TELOMERE ENZYME CALLED TELOMERASE, BECAUSE OF ITS ABILITY TO CONTINUOUSLY SPIN OUT THE ESSENTIAL STRANDS OF TELOMERE DNA THAT KEEP GERM CELLS IMMORTAL. IT WAS ALSO DISCOVERED THAT TELOMERE LENGTH WAS RELATED TO THE RISK OF MANY CHRONIC DISEASES. BY RESTORING THE TELOMERE GENE TO EVERY SOMATIC CELL IN THE BODY, LENGTHENING THE TELOMERES ALTOGETHER, WOULD RESULT IN AN EXTENDED SUPPLY OF CELLS, AND THUS EXTEND THE HUMAN LIFE CYCLE.

NEW GENE THERAPIES DEVELOPED BY 2020, WHEN THE TELOMERASE ENZYME WAS PATENTED AS AND PACKAGED IN A STERILE VIRUS AS A REGENERATIVE ORGAN PRODUCT, A COMMON LABORATORY METHOD OF INTRODUCING SPECIFIC GENES INTO CELLS.

BY 2025 CONSUMER GENE TRANSFER THERAPY HAD BECOME A TRILLION DOLLAR CONSUMER BUSINESS. IMMORTALIZED CELLS CONVERTED HUMAN SOMATIC, 'TELOMERIZED' BY DESIGN, REWIND THE CLOCK TO CELLULAR AGING; MODERN REGENERATIVE BIOMEDICINE. IN THE EARLY TWENTY FIRST CENTURY, AWARE OF STUDIES ON POTENTIAL ANTI-AGING DRUGS WERE GETTING UNDERWAY, THANKS TO A PROJECT LAUNCHED BY THE NATIONAL INSTITUTE ON AGING AND ITS BIOLOGY OF AGING PROGRAM. THE GOAL WASN'T TO FIND A FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH PILL, BUT TO IDENTIFY DRUGS THAT

FOSTER A HEALTHIER OLD AGE; COMPOUNDS THAT LENGTHEN LIVES AND WARD OFF DEGENERATIVE DISEASES. DRUGS THAT EXTEND HUMAN LIFE AND CONFER A HEALTHIER OLD AGE WERE COMING.

BY 2020 SCIENTISTS WERE ABLE TO ACTUALLY REVERSE THE EFFECTS OF AGING. CALORIE RESTRICTIVE (C R) TREATMENTS AND STRATEGIES PLAYED A KEY ELEMENT IN THE ANTI-AGING DISCOVERIES, INCREASING CALORIC METABOLISM AND REDUCING CALORIC INTAKE BY 40% TO 50%, EXTENDED LIFESPANS GENERALLY BY 40% TO 50% BY LOWERING CHOLESTEROL LEVELS AND BLOOD PRESSURE. THIS TRACK OF RESEARCH SLOWED AGING AND EVEN PROLONGED YOUTHFUL LOOKS.

AT LEAST A DOZEN BIOTECH STARTUPS BEGAN RESEARCHING WHETHER DRUGS COULD MIMIC C R's EFFECTS; THEY INCLUDED ELIXIR PHARMACEUTICALS, LIFE GEN TECHNOLOGIES, SIRTRIS, BIOMOL, AND BIOMARKER PHARMACEUTICALS. THEIR WORK HAD BEEN AIDED BY THE DISCOVERY OF GENETIC MUTATIONS THAT INCREASE THE LIFESPANS BY 50% OR MORE IN YEAST, WORMS, FRUIT FLIES, AND MICE. PROBING THE MUTATIONS YIELDED PROVIDED MANY CLUES ABOUT WHAT KIND OF MOLECULAR TWEAKING MIGHT EMULATE CALORIE RESTRICTION. MOST LIFE EXTENDING GENES THAT WERE IDENTIFIED REGULATE THE BODY'S GROWTH AND ENERGY METABOLISM.

HORMONAL GLITCHES THAT AROSE AS A RESULT OF GENE MANIPULATION SUCH AS SUBJECT INFERTILITY WERE EVENTUALLY CORRECTED DURING THIS ERA. ANOTHER INTERESTING DISCOVERY: ALTERED CELLS COULD NOT ONLY LIVE LONGER, BUT THEY COULD ALSO SURVIVE LARGER DOSES OF RADIATION AND TOXIN LEVELS THAT WOULD KILL NORMAL, NON-MUTATED CELLS. THE C R AND GENE MANIPULATION RESEARCH TAKES ENERGY NORMALLY EXPENDED ON GROWTH AND REPRODUCTION AND REDIRECTS IT TO HARDEN OR TOUGHEN THE CELLS AGAINST WEAR AND TEAR, ENABLING THE ANIMAL AND EVENTUALLY HUMAN CLONE TO LAST THROUGH FOOD SHORTAGES AND DISEASES FOR A LONGER PERIOD OF TIME.

THE SIRT1 ENZYME, WAS DEVELOPED BY MIT BIOLOGY PROFESSOR LEONARD GUARENTE, TO SLOW THE AGING PROCESS. A GROUP OF CHEMICALS WAS ALSO DISCOVERED THAT STIMULATE SIRT1. THE MOST POTENT TURNED OUT TO BE A COMPOUND FOUND IN RED WINE CALLED REVERATROL. REVERATROL BOOSTS THE ACTIVITY OF SIRT1, THE HUMAN VERSION OF SIRT1, MIMICING CALORIC RESTRICTION, DR. GUARENTE'S RESEARCH ILLUMINATED ONE OF SIRT1'S FUNCTIONS: BLOCKING CELL SUICIDE. CELLS' SUICIDAL TENDENCIES ARE ELICITED BY DAMAGE TO THEIR DNA MOLECULES, WHICH OCCURS AS PART OF NORMAL CELL METABOLISM. WHEN MOLECULES ARE BEYOND REPAIR, IT SELF DESTRUCTS. BUT AS WE AGE, OR UNDERGO CERTAIN KINDS OF STRESS, THIS CELLULAR SELF-CULLING MAY VEER TOWARD OVERKILL, SAPPING TISSUES OF REGENERATIVE CAPACITY. SIRT1, WHEN STIMULATED BY C R—HELPED TO CURB THE EXCESS.

COMPANIES LIKE ELIXIR AND SIRTRIS DEVELOPED DRUGS AND LIFE EXTENSION RESEARCH THAT FOREVER RESHAPED OUR WORLD. BUT, THERE WAS ANOTHER BRANCH OF REALWORLD C R RESEARCH RELEVANT TO THIS TREATMENT. SOME TWENTY FIRST CENTURY SCIENTISTS BELIEVED THAT EXISTING DIABETES DRUGS MIGHT ALSO INCREASE THE LIFE-EXTENDING EFFECTS OF C R. BIOMARKERS FOUND THAT METFORMIN, A GENERIC DRUG LONG USED TO TREAT DIABETES, BOOSTS CERTAIN GENES AND SUPPRESSED OTHERS IN A WAY THAT WAS SURPRISINGLY SIMILAR TO THE GENE-ACTIVITY CHANGES

INDUCED BY CR. AN EXPERIMENTAL DRUG OWNED BY THE ROCHE GROUP, CALLED K-111, MIMICED MANY METABOLIC CHANGES INDUCED BY CR. BY 2020, C R TRACK ANTI-AGING DRUG RESEARCH REDUCED THE PERIOD OF LATELIFE SUFFERING BY DELAYING ITS APPEARANCE AND BY INCREASING THE LENGTH OF HEALTHY HUMAN ADULT LIFE.

THIS WAS THE BREAKTHROUGH SCIENCE APPLIED TO HUMAN GENETIC CLONING TECHNOLOGY. THE EVE CUSTOM CLONE PROTOTYPE IS A DIRECT BYPRODUCT. AND SHE IS THE FUTURE OF THAT SCIENCE.

## EVE IS RECREATED

THE GENESIS LONGEVITY INSTITUTE IN SINGAPORE IS A CONSORTIUM BIOTECH FACILITY, SECLUDED IN THE GLOBAL BIOTECH INDUSTRY'S EQUIVALENT OF SILICON VALLEY. BIOMOLECULAR ENGINEERS INJECTED THE GENETICALLY ALTERED REPROGRAMMED ADULT STEM CELLS AND MATRIX NUCLEUS FROM THE OVA OF EVE NICHELE DUMONT, SECRETLY STORED IN A FERTILITY CLINIC IN CALIFORNIA THAT ONLY SHE AND DR. PARKS KNEW OF, INTO THE ENUCLEATED OVUM OF A HEALTHY FEMALE DONOR.

AT ONE TIME PRIOR TO HER ACCIDENT, EVE DUMONT AND PARKS PLANNED TO MARRY. EVE WAS CONCERNED WITH POSSIBLE EXPOSURE TO HAZARDOUS MATERIALS AROUND HER DURING HER TENURE WITH LOCKHEED DURING THE JSF PROGRAM. EVE AND PARKS DECIDED PAY THE FERTILITY FACILITY TO STORE THEIR REPRODUCTIVE GENETIC MATERIAL, BLOOD AND BONE MARROW AS A PRECAUTION. THEY EVENTUALLY BROKE OFF THEIR RELATIONSHIP BUT CONTINUED TO PAY THE CLINIC TO STORE THEIR GENETIC MATERIAL.

EVE'S GENETIC MATERIAL HAD NOT BEEN DISCARDED AFTER HER UNTIMELY DEATH. IN FACT, DR. PARKS HAD PRIVATELY ARRANGED TO CONTINUE PAYING FOR THE STORAGE OVER THE YEARS, AS IF SUBCONSCIOUSLY WAITING FOR THE TECHNOLOGY TO PERFECT THE BANNED CLONING PROCESS TO DEVELOP. HE OWNED EVE NICHELLE'S GENETIC MATERIAL AND A LOCK OF HER HAIR, A CHERISHED MOMEMTO GIVEN TO PARKS BY EVE WHEN THEY WERE TOGETHER AT EMBRY RIDDLE UNIVERSITY.

HER MITOCHONDRIAL DNA TRANSCRIPTION FACTORS WERE INJECTED INTO DONOR OVUM, THEN GIVEN A MILD ELECTRICAL CHARGE TO FUSE THE TWO AND STIMULATE CELL DIVISION IN 2028.

THE RESULTING NEW CELL WAS IMPLANTED INTO A SOPHISTICATED, SPECIALLY DESIGNED, EXPANDING ORGANIC COCOON FILLED WITH A NUTRIENT RICH, OXYGENATED SOLUTION. THE COCOON IS A THICK, OVAL-SHAPED CRYSTAL GLASS TANK, COATED IN A ELECTRONICALLY OPAQUED, HIGH DEFINITION DIGITAL IMAGERY FILM, AND INNER LINED WITH FLOWING, CURTAIN-LIKE FOLDS OF GENETICALLY ALTERED WOMB TISSUE; A PERMEABLE, TRANSLUCENT ORGANIC MEMBRANE CAPABLE OF DIFFUSING LIGHT, AND NOURISHING THE GROWING EMBRYO DURING THE TANKS PURIFYING AND REPLENISHING CYCLES, EVERY 15 MINUTES, 24 HOURS A DAY.

THE GENETICALLY ENGINEERED HUMAN CLONE FETUS WAS NAMED 'EVE' BY DR. PARKS AND THE GENETIC SCIENTISTS WHO DEVELOPED HER, AND WAS IMMERSERD WITHIN THE ORGANIC CURTAIN

FOLDS OF THE WOMB COCOON, IN A BODY TEMPERATURE REGULATED, RICHLY OXYGENATED, LIFE SUSTAINING, SLIGHTLY ALKALINE (Ph-7.25), EMBRYONIC BIOLOGICAL SOLUTION WITH LIQUID CELLULAR NUTRIENTS AND TRACE MINERAL PARTICLES THAT MEASURE LESS THAN 0.007 MICRONS IN SIZE, INCLUDING MYOSTATIN, AMINO ACIDS, METABOLIC ENZYMES AND MICRO-REFINED SPIRULINA; INSULIN-LIKE GROWTH FACTOR 1 THAT PROMOTES RAPID CELL GROWTH AND REPAIR; MINUTE TRACE PARTICLES PER MILLION OF DEUTERIUM SULFATE; TRACES OF RESVERATROL, A 'C R ENZYME' THAT BOOSTS METABOLISM AND LIFE EXTENSION; GALANTAMINE, DONEPEZIL, AND RIVASTIGMINE, ESSENTIAL FOR NORMAL BRAIN FUNCTION.

THE EMBRYO OF THE RECREATED EVE CLONE GREW AT A NORMAL RATE AMONG THE FLOWING CURTAIN FOLDS OF GENENGINEERED ORGANIC WOMB TISSUE. COMPUTER GENERATED IMAGES, SOOTHING AMBIENT AND CLASSICAL MUSIC FROM THE TOP AND THE BASE FILLED THE ARTIFICIALWOMB-LIKE APPARATUS WITH STIMULI, WHILE SHE WAS BOTH NOURISHED AND RESPIRATED BY THE NUTRIENT RICH EMBRYONIC FLUID.

#### THE PROGRESSION ROOM

AFTER 260 DAYS OF GESTATION, THE EVE CLONE WAS BIRTHED AND REMOVED TO THE PROGRESSION STAGE; SHE WAS MOVED TO A STERILE DREAM DOME FACILITY AND BROUGHT TO "MATURE GESTATION"; HER GENETICALLY MANIPULATED BODY TRANSFORMED AT A RATE OF TEN YEARS WORTH OF AGE PROGRESSION FOR EVERY YEAR OF GESTATIONAL PROCESSING AND REALIZATION, COUPLED WITH A TECHNOLOGICALLY ADVANCED DYNAMIC IMMERSION THETAWAVE EDUCATION AND DEDICATED MEMORY ENGRAM OR MEMGRAM IMPLANTATION PROGRAM.

IF THE BRAIN IS THE SOFTWARE OF THE SOUL, AND THE BODY IS THE HARDWARE, THEN MEMORIES ARE MERELY PATTERNS OF ELECTRO-CHEMICAL STIMULI. EVE WAS EDUCATED DURING THE DAY IN WHAT IS ESSENTIALLY A MORPHING, DOME SHAPED ROOM WITH 360 DEGREE ROTATIONAL SPATIALCOGNITION AND PERCEPTION MOBILITY. THE TECHNOLOGY IS SIMILAR TO THE SKYPE® DREAMDOME CYBER TOURS TOTAL IMMERSION SIMULATION SYSTEM.

The SKYPE® DREAM DOME™ TOTAL IMMERSION INTERACTIVE VENUE is a metal construction observatory-shaped geodesic 'Virtuality' or augmented reality spatial operating environmental space, from 10,000 to over 100,000 square feet, based on the Geodesic domed structure used for variable entertainment events from movies to dance clubs. All of the walls are lined with flexible, thin light-emitting-polymer 'LCD screen film', turning the entire structure into what is essentially a large-scale virtual world.

The DREAM TENT Spatial Operating Environment UNIT is a smaller version LCD Projection Total immersion Dome Tent Home Theater for DV, PC Virtual Games and real-time DK Global Trekker Q-net Virtual Tours. The Dream Tent is a twelve-foot diameter wide, eight-foot tall observatory-shaped domed

tent with a center mounted 360 degree 8 lens, high definition digital image processor / projection unit, attached to the center of the arced, screen units via a center frame assembly.

The Dream Tent 12 is essentially four wraparound domed LCD touchscreens sections. Each of the four sectional triangular LCD screen units are attached to arced, structurally supported frame housings, then mounted to the adjacent screen unit, forming a sectioned domed, observatory-shaped tent. The outer frame housing is coated matte carbon gray to intensify the projection image, then finished in titanium white.

Each outer sectional screen frame supports part of a complete Dolby / Bose surround sound system. A 12-inch diameter, concave-disc shaped, 360-degree digital processor / projector is suspended in the upper center mounting of the dome tent. Images can be either projected or the screens or emitted from the processor directly to the LCD screens. The projection function includes image enhancing emitters housed within the lower base of each frame housing that transmit projections onto a translucent film covering the touch LCD screen panels. Both digital LCD processor and projection functions can run simultaneously, creating an H3D experience.

Ingress and egress is achieved via a hinged sectional opening. An optional center view gaming seat, a swiveling, adjustable custom gamers electronic command chair with interchangeable controls for any video game or simulation application, has 360 degrees rotational mobility. The system can be controlled by the chair or by a handheld remote.

DREAM TENT 8 is an even smaller eight-foot diameter wide, eight-foot tall, curvilinear self-contained domed LCD screen observatory-shaped tent structure. A hinged fiberglass frame attached to four sectional triangular LCD screen units with a center mounted 360-degree 8 lens, digital processor / projection unit.

SKYPE® DREAM DOME™ TOTAL IMMERSION INTERACTIVE MULTI-CAMCORDER TECHNOLOGY concept consists of a specially designed eight mini-lens, 360 degree high definition digital mini movie cameras unit array with a powerful transmitter and power pack, sending eight H3D digital signals to a special receiver for total 360 degree environmental remote immersion. The technology has commercial film production and educational applications potential. Connected to satellite GPS, users can conduct virtual tours of popular vacation destinations around the world. Eight mini lenses protrude in all directions around an oval, skullcap shaped Steady-Cam technology mounted transmitter with a built-in global positioning telemetry function, accurate to within one meter.

The mini multi-camcorder has an adjustable polymer inner headband design similar to construction hard hats, allowing the concave disc-shaped mini multi-cam to rest suspended just over the wearer's head. This padded inner headband is removable for easy cleaning. The wide brim and crown of the outer hat has a similar appearance to a tropical sun hat or military jungle hat, is constructed of light weight, waterproof, durable 60/40 cotton poly canvass, and is secured to the Steady-Cam mounting structure with simple hook and loop closures. The three-inch-wide brim is trimmed at the ends with wire frame fabric piping, and shaped with eight ridges to slightly cover each mini-lens. The ridged brim shape deflects overhead sun glare. The hat's side body panels are of breathable poly mesh. The mini multi-

camcorder can also be housed in a disc shaped shell and mounted on a mobile, adjustable overhead steady cam tripod system for commercial film production applications, or suspended overhead on a cable system for overhead film production, stadium or arena events.

EVE'S PROGRESSION ROOM COVERED OVER ONE MILLION SQUARE YARDS OF HIGH DEFINITION LCD, MORPHING, SOFT FLEXIBLE POLYMER FLOOR AND SURFACE SPACE, WITH FLOOR AND DOME TACTILE ACCENTUATORS AND SPATIAL MOVEMENT TRACKS, CAPABLE OF SIMULATING VARYING DEGREES OF REALISTIC MOVEMENT, COLOR, , SHAPE, TEXTURE AND FIRMNESS. THIS TOTAL IMMERSION ROOM IS CAPABLE OF CREATING SEAMLESSLY WITH GREAT DETAIL, A SENSE OF MOVEMENT AND DEPTH IN NEARLY ANY REPRESENTATIVE SHAPE OR ENVIRONMENT, THE PROJECTED COMPUTER-GENERATED IMAGES AND AUDIO SIGNALS OF ANY MEMORY IMPLANT PROGRAM, FROM CHILDHOOD TO ADULTHOOD.

EVE'S ARTIFICIAL MEMORY EDUCATION DURING SLEEP WAS BY MEANS OF COMPUTER GENERATED, TRANSCRANIAL HYPNOGAGIC MEMORY ENGRAM PROCESSING WITH A TYPE OF HIGH DEFINITION, VIRTUAL REALITY, NEURAL NETSKULLCAP, CONNECTED TO A WIDE-FIELD-OF-VIEW GOGGLE MASK AND AUDIO PLUGS, DISPLAYING COMPUTER GENERATED IMAGERY AND AUDIO DATA DIRECTLY INTO THE BRAIN'S THALAMUS AND NEO-CORTEX.

LAYERED MENTAL IMAGERY AND SOUNDS DATA ARE PROGRAMMED INTO THE CLONED HUMAN TRANSCRANIAL DURING DELTA, ALPHA AND THETA BRAINWAVE, OR D.A.T DEDICATED MEMORY IMPLANTS SESSIONS TO BUILD HER NEURAL NET. SHORT TERM MEMORIES ARE STORED IN THE HIPPOCAMPI, WHERE CHEMICAL CHANGES TO THE DNA OF NEURONS ALTER PROTIENS PRODUCED. SIMILAR CHANGES OCCUR TO THE GENES OF NEURONS IN THE CORTEX, WHERE LONGTERM MEMORIES ARE STORED. D.A.T MIND SCAN PROCESSING COULD ONLY BE CONDUCTED WHILE EVE WAS UNCONSCIOUS. EACH NEURAL PROCESSING IS UNIQUE. TECHNICIANS DISCOVERED THAT PLAYING SPECIFIC BRAHMS SOUNDSCAPES ENHANCED HER NEURAL FORMATIONS, WHILE SHE WAS PLACED IN A 12 HOUR STATE OF INDUCED SLEEP BY PROGRESSION ROOM TECHNICIANS EVERY NIGHT AND PROCESSED WITH MRI DERIVED MEMGRAM EQUIPMENT.

AS EVE GREW AND AGED, THE ENVIRONMENT OF THE PROGRESSION ROOM WAS ALTERED DURING DAYTIME PHYSICAL EXPERIENCE ENGRAM PROCESSING, IN ORDER TO GIVE HER NEW LIFE EXPERIENCES THAT WOULD COINCIDE WITH HER NIGHTLY MEMORY PROCESSION SESSIONS, AND ACCELERATED MENTAL AND PHYSIOLOGICAL MATURATION. AS SHE AWAKENED EACH NEW DAY, SHE WOULD ASSIMILATE AND APPLY A MASS OF NEW INFORMATION AND PURE KNOWLEDGE.

EVE WAS NURTURED DURING THE DAYTIME PROGRESSION ROOM REALITY EXPERIENCE SESSIONS AND NIGHT-TIME DEDICATED MEMORY PROGRAMMING BY A STAFF OF NURSES AND DEVELOPMENTAL PRACTITIONERS POSING AS SURROGATE PARENTS, TEACHERS AND AGE APPROPRIATE PEER FIGURES. SHE WAS CONDITIONED TO HER NEW REALITY IN HIGHLY CALCULATED, PRECISIONED, MEDICALLY MONITORED STAGES. FOR NEARLY THREE YEARS, EVE PHSYCALLY MATURED, AGING 2 MONTHS

EVERYWEEK, FOR 156 CONSECUTIVE WEEKS, OR 10 YEARS FOR EVERY CALENDAR YEAR OF HER MATURE GESTATION BIOLOGICAL PROCESS.

HER GROWTH AND MATURATION WERE ENGINEERED BY THE GENESIS CONSORTIUM TECHNICIANS AND BIOLOGICAL SPECIALISTS; ADJUSTED, REGULATED AND MONITORED TWENTY-FOUR HOURS A DAY, FOR 36 MONTHS. EVE'S ENVIRONMENT WAS ASPIRATED WITH PROVIGIL DURING MIND IMPLANT AND 12 HOUR SLEEP INDUCED EDUCATION SESSIONS ADMINISTERED BY TECHNICIANS OVER THE THREE-YEAR PERIOD, TO KEEP HER ALERT TO DATA TRANSFERAL. SHE WAS ALSO GIVEN PHOSPHATIDYLSERINE, A NEUROGENERATIVE, AND MINUTE DOSES OF PROPRANOLOL, A BETA BLOCKER, TO REDUCE HER TRAUMATIC REACTION TO THE SLIGHTLY LESS THAN PERFECT, ARTIFICIAL PROGRESSION ROOM REALITY SHE IS EXPOSED TO DAILY.

THE TECHNICIANS REPORT THAT BASED ON HER NEUROLOGICAL BRAINWAVE ACTIVITY WHILE IN COMPLETE REM SLEEP, EVE WAS ABLE TO DREAM. AT PRESENT, THE COMPUTER ARCHITECTURE TECHNOLOGY TO RECORD DREAMS IS LIMITED, YET TO BE PERFECTED.

THE CLONE MATURATION PROCESS BY ADVANCED PROGRESSION ROOM DEDICATED MEMORY IMPLANT NEUROPHYSICS TECHNOLOGY, ADMINISTERED WHILE THE EVE CLONE WAS UNCONSCIOUS, IS RUMORED TO BE OF EXTRA-TERRESTRIAL ORIGIN.

EVE WAS GIVEN THE INTELLECTUAL CAPACITY SPECIFIED BY DR. PARKS:

-A DOCTORATE LEVEL OF INTELLIGENCE IN GENERAL SCIENCE, ENGINEERING, MATHEMATICS, AND MULTIPLE LANGUAGES.

-SUPERIOR ATHLETIC ABILITY AND COORDINATION, OR ATHLETIC INTELLIGENCE.

-CRITICAL HUMANITY-MINDED COMPASSION, CIVIC SOCIAL SENSIBILITIES AND FAIR MINDED PROGRESSIVE POLITICAL SENSIBILITIES INTELLIGENCE.

-AN ENHANCED ARTISTIC ABILITY OR AESTHETIC INTELLIGENCE.

-AN EASTERN PHILOSOPHY INFLUENCED SPIRITUAL INTELLIGENCE.

EVE IS A TRANSGENETIC METAHUMAN; A PERFECT, MENTALLY AND PHYSICALLY SUPERIOR HUMAN COMPOSITE. SHE IS ALSO AN ALLURING SEDUCTRESS, AN EROTIC CHAMELEON, AND MORE.

EVE'S PHYSICAL AGING PROCESS WAS LITERALLY REVERSED TO A NEAR FULL STOP BY MANIPULATING THE GENES THAT PROMOTE AGING, AND PRIOR TO CONCEPTION, BY SATURATING HER EMBRYONIC CELLS WITH TELOMERASE ENZYMES, TO ADD MANY MORE TELOMERES, OR TIGHTLY COILED THREADS OF DNA THAT FORM A PROTECTIVE CAP ON THE ENDS OF EACH OF OUR CHROMOSOMES. THESE TELOMERES SHORTEN EACH TIME A CELL DIVIDES UNTIL THE CELL CANNOT DIVIDE ANYMORE; THEN OUR BODIES START TO DECLINE. EVE'S CHROMOSOMES HAVE BEEN MODIFIED TO HAVE ONE THOUSAND TIMES THE NORMAL NUMBER OF TELOMERES AT EACH END, SO WITH HEALTHY LIVING

HABITS AND PROPER NUTRITION, SHE MAY LIVE ON INDEFINITELY AND AGE MUCH SLOWER PHYSICALLY.

IT WAS ESTIMATED THAT SHE WILL AGE AT LESS THAN ONE QUARTER THE NORMAL HUMAN RATE. HER LIFE SPAN IS PREDICTED TO BE ANYWHERE FROM 800 TO 1000 YEARS, PERHAPS MORE. IN ADDITION TO ADDED IMMORTAL TELOMERES, EVE ALSO HAS EXTRA CHROMOSOMES GENETICALLY ENGINEERED INTO HER SUPERIOR DNA.

EVE'S THREE-YEAR ADULT MATURATION WAS THE MOST SOPHISTICATED BIOGENETIC NEUROSCIENTIFIC PROCESS OF THE MID-TWENTY FIRST CENTURY. SHE WAS THE LAST OF 144, ONE BILLION DOLLAR CLONES CREATED FOR AN ELITE CLIENTELE, THE WEALTHIEST, MOST POWERFUL MEN, AND WOMEN, ON EARTH.

THE EVE CLONE, ALTHOUGH UNIQUE, WAS CREATED NOT ONLY TO THE SPECIFICATIONS OF THE PRIVATE CLIENTELE, BUT ALSO TO THE GENESIS CONSORTIUM. UNBEKNOWNST TO THEIR CLIENTS, EACH OF THE 144 ONE BILLION DOLLAR CLONES HAS AN UNKNOWN MISSION, WET WIRED INTO THEIR SUBCONSCIOUS. IT IS TO OUTLIVE THEIR HUSBAND OR COMPANION, PROCREATE AND INHERIT THE WEALTH OF THEIR CLIENT FAMILY, FOR THE GENESIS CONSORTIUM.

IN PLACE OF A VERICHIP, OR RADIO FREQUENCY IDENTIFICATION GPS CHIP EMBEDDED INTO THE CUSTOM CLONES, WHICH CAN BE EASILY DETECTED AND REMOVED, REDUNDANT DNA CHROMOSOMES STRANDS WERE USED IN PLACE OF A CONVENTIONAL MICRO RFID TAG, SERVING A DUAL PURPOSE. THE EXTRA ADDED SPLICED CHROMOSOMES FUNCTION AS A DNA HOMING BEACON, AND A TELEPATHIC COMMUNICATIONS AND SUBLIMINAL CONTROL MECHANISM; THE SUGGESTIVE VOICE INSIDE THEIR CONSCIOUSNESS MAY NOT ALWAYS BE THE VOICE OF REASON, BUT THE COMMANDS OF THEIR TRUE MASTER—THE GENESIS CONSORTIUM.

THE GENESIS CONSORTIUM CLONES ARE SLEEPER OPERATIVES; PROGRAMMED TO EXECUTE THE SECRET DIRECTIVES OF THE CONSORTIUM ORDER, TO USURP THE WEALTH AND POWER OF THEIR INFLUENTIAL GLOBAL CLIENTS, IN ORDER TO FUND THE CONSORTIUM IN PERPETUITY. THE GENESIS CLONES WERE ALSO PROGRAMMED TO KILL ON COMMAND. A TRIGGERED SLEEPER CELL RESPONSE CAN BE ACTIVATED IN THE COMPOSITE CLONE'S BRAIN THROUGH THE EXTRA CHROMOSOMES BY QUANTUM BIO-INTERFACE COMPUTER, TURNING THEM INTO INSIDE COUP DE GRACE ASSASSINS IN AN INSTANT, AT THE DISCRETION OF THE CONSORTIUM ORDER.

EVE IS ALSO, THE MOST LETHAL AND TALENTED ASSASSIN CLONE THE GENESIS CONSORTIUM HAS EVER CREATED. WITH THE DEDICATED MENTAL AND PHYSICAL SKILLS OF A MASTER YOGI, GYMNAST, ESCAPE ARTIST, EXPERT MARKSMAN AND LETHAL MARTIAL ARTIST, SHE IS PROGRAMMED AT A MASTERY LEVEL IN MANY MARTIAL ARTS FORMS, INCLUDING THAI KICK BOXING, KRAV MAGA, BRAZILIAN JIU JITSU, AIKIDO, TAIHEN JITSU, SHUDOKAN AND KEN PO, EVEN THE CENTERING RELAXATION ARTS TAI CHI AND QI GONG. THE EVE CLONE PROTOTYPE IS A PURE OFFENSIVE DESTROYER.

EVE'S IMMUNE SYSTEM IS NEARLY IMPERVIOUS TO DISEASE; HER METABOLISM IS EXTREMELY HIGH, BUT STABLE. EVE IS A VEGAN. SHE CAN, ACCORDING TO THE CLAIMS OF THE GENESIS CONSORTIUM,

BEAR CHILDREN WITH NO ABNORMALITIES, AND PASS ON HER SUPERIOR TRANSGENETIC TRAITS TO HER PROGENY. AND, IF TWO OF THESE DESIGNER CLONE COMPANIONS WERE TO CONCEIVE, AUTHORITIES FEAR THEY WOULD USHER IN A NEW GENERATION OF NEARLY IMMORTAL METAHUMAN BEINGS.

THESE ATTRIBUTES WERE THE EXACT REASONS MANY ULTRA-WEALTHY INDIVIDUALS TAKE THE RISK TO JOIN THIS UNIQUE NEW ASSOCIATION. IT IS RUMORED TO REACH THE HIGHEST LEVELS OF GOVERNMENT AND INDUSTRY, ITS MEMBERS ARE TYPICALLY AFFILIATED WITH THE WORLD'S PRIVATE ELITIST SECRET SOCIETIES THAT SHAPE THE COURSE OF GLOBAL ECONOMIC AND TECHNOLOGICAL DISCOURSE, MANY WITH WHICH DR. PARKS HAPPENS TO BE AFFILIATED.

THE COVERT BIOTECH COMPANIES INVOLVED IN THESE ILLEGAL PRACTICES ARE RUMORED TO HAVE WORLDWIDE SCOPE, OPERATE ABOVE THE THREAT OF INTERNATIONAL GENETICS LAWS, AND ARE RESPONSIBLE FOR A NEW ERA IN INTERNATIONAL HUMAN TRAFFICING, FREAKISH ABNORMALITIES CAUSED BY UNREGULATED BLACK MARKET COMPANIES, THE SOURCE OF NEW DIPLOMATIC AND CORPORATE ASSASSINATIONS, AND SUPER SOLDIER CONSPIRACIES.

THESE AND OTHER HORROR STORIES LED TO THE WORLD GOVERNMENTS, UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE UNITED NATIONS AND UNESCO, TO BAN AND ENFORCE THE 1999 RESOLUTION ON HUMAN RIGHTS AND BIOETHICS WITH NATO BLUE BERET FORCES. BY THE YEAR 2015, ALL FORMS OF UNAUTHORIZED HUMAN QUASI-GENETIC ENGINEERING AND RELATED COMMERCE WERE TREATED AS CRIMES AGAINST HUMANITY AND MEDICAL ETHICS AKIN TO INTERNATIONAL TERRORISM.

THOSE DISCOVERED FACE POSSIBLE IMPRISONMENT ANYWHERE FROM TWENTYFIVE YEARS TO LIFE, DEPENDING ON THE COUNTRY, SPECIFIC OFFENSE(S), AND THE COURT'S RULING. MOST ULTRA-WEALTHY CLIENTS WERE SO WELL INSULATED, THAT THEIR INVOLVEMENT IN SUCH ILLEGAL CONTRACTS WAS NEVER DISCOVERED, OR THEIR INVOLVEMENT IS USED TO BLACKMAIL THEM INTO SUBSERVIENCE, BY DESIGN. ON RARE OCCASIONS, THOSE WEALTHY INDIVIDUALS INDICTED AND FOUND GUILTY OF SUCH GENETICS CRIMES ARE RUINED PROFESSIONALLY AND PUBLICLY. AND THEIR MADE-TO-ORDER, TRANSGENETIC HUMAN CLONES OR METAHUMANS AS THEY ARE ALSO CALLED, ARE PERSECUTED; HUNTED AND CAPTURED FOR MULTIMILLION DOLLAR BOUNTIES, IN MOST CASES, DEAD OR ALIVE.

DR. PARKS UNCOVERED THE PLOT IN 2029, WHEN HIS PERSONAL PHYSICIAN ATTEMPTED TO CONFESS HIS DECEPTION. HE AND HIS ENTIRE FAMILY WERE KILLED IN A FAILED HOME INVASION. PRIOR TO TARGETED PROTON SURGERY AND REGUVINATIVE THERAPY, AFTER AN EVALUATION FROM NEW ONCOLOGISTS, PARKS WAS FOUND TO BE IN GOOD HEALTH.

PARKS TRAVELED TO THE GENESIS INSTITUTE IN SINGAPORE, CONCERNED THAT THEY WERE INVOLVED IN THIS UNFOLDING CLONE CONSPIRACY, AND MURDER. HE WAS THREATENED WITH BLACKMAIL BY REPRESENTATIVES OF THE AQUARIUS FACTION OF THE CONSORTIUM ORDER IF HIS COMPANY CONTINUED GRAVITY WAVE PROPULSION RESEARCH FOR THE CONSUMER TRANSPORTATION MARKET. HIS WORK HAD TO GO INTO THE BLACKWORLD.

HE WAS ALSO FORCED TO JOIN 'EZEKIEL'S WHEEL', THE COVERT ORBITAL MILITARY INDUSTRIAL COLONY PROJECT, AND GIVEN A LUCRATIVE COMPONENTS MANUFACTURING CONTRACT, NOT ONLY KEEP HIM BUSY, BUT TO BRIBE HIM INTO SUBMISSION.

NORMALLY AN INTENSELY PRIVATE MAN, PARKS WAS ENRAGED AT HIS COMPLACENCY AND IT IS BELIEVED, AS AN ATTEMPT TO QUIETLY ALERT THE LARGER MEDIA, HE PUBLICLY CHANGED THE NAME OF HIS COMPANY FROM PARK AEROSPACE TO ORBITAL MANUFACTURING GROUP, AND FOLLOWED THROUGH WITH PLANS TO EXPAND HIS CONGLOMERATE TO THE CONSUMER ELECTRONICS AND OTHER PRODUCT MARKETS.

PARKS MADE LOFTY CHARITABLE DONATIONS WORLDWIDE IN THE COMPANY'S NEW NAME, AS A DELIBERATE ATTEMPT NOT ONLY TO HELP TRULY DESERVING CHARITIES, THEREBY DRAWING FAVORABLE PUBLICITY FOR THE CONGLOMERATE, BUT ALSO TO ALERT THE MEDIA TO HIS COMPANY, THEREBY HIMSELF, AS AWAY TO KEEP THE IN THE PUBLIC EYE FOR HIS OWN SECURITY.

AMONG THE MANY BENEFICIARIES OF HIS NEWFOUND PHILANTHROPY, DR. PARKS CREATED THE OM GROUP SCHOLARSHIP FOUNDATION, DONATING ONE BILLION DOLLARS TO AWARD FULL SCHOLARSHIPS FOR ELECTRICAL, AERONAUTICAL AND MECHANICAL ENGINEERING, AND INDUSTRIAL DESIGN STUDENTS UNABLE TO AFFORD COLLEGE TUITION COSTS.

HIS COMPANY ALSO PUBLICLY DONATED ONE BILLION DOLLARS EACH TO ST. JUDE CHILDREN'S RESEARCH HOSPITAL, THE CHILDRENS INTERNATIONAL POVERTY RELIEF ORGANIZATION, THE UNITED NATIONS INTERNATIONAL CHILDREN'S EMERGENCY FUND (UNICEF), AND THE U N WORLD FOOD PROGRAM; COURTING THE INFLUENCE OF ALL UNITED NATIONS' MEMBER COUNTRIES WITH REPRESENTATIVES WITHIN THE GENESIS CONSORTIUM ORDER.

PARKS NEVER FULLY EXPLAINED PUBLICALLY, HIS REASON FOR RENAMING HIS AEROSPACE CONGLOMERATE, NOR DID HE DESCRIBE EXACTLY WHAT THE ANACRONYM 'O M' STOOD FOR—ORBITAL MANUFACTURING, AS IN THE ORBITAL MANUFACTURING PROGRAM—AND THE ORBITAL INDUSTRIAL COLONY. BECAUSE IT IS AN AEROSPACE CONGLOMERATE WITH DEEP TIES TO THE BLACKWORLD MILITARY COMMUNITY, MANY IN THE UFOLOGY DISCLOSURE AND CONSPIRACY THEORY COMMUNITIES BEGAN TO ALLEGE JOKINGLY THAT THE LETTERS O M ACTUALLY STOOD FOR 'OFFWORLD MAN.' THE ECCENTRIC PARKS LIKED THE SCIENCE FICTION THEMED MONIKER AND DECIDED TO LEGALLY PROTECT THE TRADE NAME RIGHTS. AND AFTER SOME LEGAL WRANGLING WITH SEVERAL LITIGANTS AROUND THE WORLD, CLAIMING TO HAVE OWNERSHIP OF THE TRADE AND DOMAIN RIGHTS, PARKS REGISTERED THE TRADENAME IN ALL ITS FORMS, ORBITAL MANUFACTURING GROUP, O M, OM GROUP, AND OFFWORLD MANGROUP, MAKING IT OFFICIAL ON HIS BIRTHDAY IN 2030.

THIS MAY HAVE BEEN THE VERY ACTION THAT SAVED HIM FROM A TARGETED ASSASSINATION ATTEMPT BY THE CONSORTIUM ORDER, FOR PRESUMPTIVE TREASON.

AS PUNISHMENT HOWEVER FOR BRINGING UNDESIRE MEDIA ATTENTION TO HIMSELF AND HIS COMPANY, A VIOLATION OF HIS SECURITY OATH, AND NEARLY EXPOSING THE OIC PROGRAM, DR. PARKS' LIFE WAS SPARED, BUT HE WAS FORCED TO MOVE TO THE ORBITAL INDUSTRIAL COLONY IN

2032. HE WOULD BE ALLOWED TO CONTINUE CONDUCTING COMMERCIAL GRAVITY PROPULSION RESEARCH FOR THE MILITARY, WHILE SPENDING THE REST OF HIS LIFE THERE UNDER HOUSE ARREST, BY ORDER OF THE INTERNATIONAL COUNCIL OF ELDERS PRESIDING OVER THE GENESIS CONSORTIUM.

DR. PARKS TURNED HIMSELF INTO CUSTODY AT VANDENBERG AFB IN DECEMBER 2031 AND ORDERED HIS PRIVATE SECURITY FORCES WORLDWIDE TO STAND DOWN, BECAUSE HE KNEW THAT MORE LIVES THAN HIS OWN WERE UNDER THREAT. HIS COMPANY COULD HAVE BEEN RUINED, AS WOULD THE PROFESSIONAL CAREERS OF HIS GLOBAL EMPLOYEES.

MONTHS BEFORE HIS ARRIVAL, HIS COMPANY ESTABLISHED A RESEARCH FACILITY ON THE ORBITAL COLONY. TWO HUNDRED OF HIS BEST UNMARRIED R & D ENGINEERING STAFF VOLUNTEERED TO WORK AT THE NEW COVERT FACILITY. THEY WERE SCREENED FOR HIGHER SECURITY CLEARANCES AND AFTER INFORMING THEIR RELATIVES FALSELY THAT THEY WERE TRANSFERRING TO THE OM GROUP CORPORATE FACILITY IN GERMANY, THEY WERE ORIENTATED AND TRANSFERRED TO THE ORBITAL INDUSTRIAL COLONY.

IT IS ASSUMED THAT DR. PARKS DOES HAVE ALLIES WITHIN THE MILITARY AEROSPACE COMMUNITY AND WITHIN THE OIC PROGRAM. HIS SECURITY FORCE AND OPERATIVES MAY ALSO BE AMONG THE RANKS OF THE ARMED FORCES INVOLVED IN OIC OPERATIONS. A BILLIONAIRE CAN PROCURE MANY ALLIES UNDER PLAIN SIGHT. HE MUST BE MONITORED 24 HOURS A DAY. ALL OF HIS ACTIVITIES AND COMMUNICATIONS WHETHER PUBLIC, PRIVATE OR DATA ENCRYPTED MUST BE SCREENED AND CATALOGED FOR REVIEW BY OIC COMMAND. IT HAD BEEN A SLOW THREE YEAR ORDEAL FOR DR. PARKS INVOLVING THE RECREATION OF EVE NICHELE DUMONT. HE WAS INFORMED THAT HIS NEW "COMPANION" WAS AT THE TRANSITIONAL ADULT STAGE IN 2032, AND THAT HER "REALITY" HAD BEEN CAREFULLY CONSTRUCTED, TO THE SPECIFICATIONS OUTLINED IN THEIR CONTRACT. HE WAS ALLOWED TO BE PRESENT FOR HER 'AWAKENING'; A PROCESS BY WHICH EVE WAS SLOWLY BROUGHT OUT OF HER FINAL DEDICATED MEMORY ENGRAM PROCESSING PROGRAM SEDATION, AND PLACED IN A GENESIS INSTITUTE LUXURY MEDICAL SUITE, FACING THE SINGAPORE SUNRISE.

THE CLIENT COMPANION IS THE ONLY ONE ALLOWED TO BE PRESENT AT THIS PROCEDURE, AS A PART OF HER IDENTITY ASSIMILATION PROCESS. DR. PARKS WAS ALLOWED TO MAKE A SECRET EMERGENCY TRIP EARTHSIDE TO SINGAPORE, FOR EVE'S AWAKENING. SHE WAS GIVEN THE FINAL IMPLANT MEMORY OF BEING IN SINGAPORE RECOVERING AT A PRIVATE LUXURY MEDICAL SPA, RECOVERING FROM A MISCARRIAGE. A SMALL ARMY OF OM GROUP SECURITY TEAMS SWEEPED THE PRESIDENTIAL SUITE FOR EMBEDDED SURVEILLANCE EQUIPMENT PRIOR TO DR. PARKS' VISIT AND MAINTAINED A PROTECTIVE PERIMETER FOR THE COUPLE THROUGHOUT THE ENTIRE FLOOR.

IN 2033, EVE WILL BE ALLOWED TO MEET WITH PARKS, FOR ONLY THE SECOND TIME, UNBEKNOWNST TO HER. EVE'S IMPLANTED MEMORY PROGRAMMING HAD HER UNDER THE IMPRESSION THAT THEY HAD BEEN MARRIED FOR A YEAR PRIOR TO HER 'AWAKENING' OR ASSIMILATION INTO DR. PARKS' LIFE. EVE WAS GIVEN THE MANUFACTURED MEMORY OF A STILL RELATIVELY NEW MAY / DECEMBER RELATIONSHIP AND MARRIAGE TO DR. PARKS.

THE EVE CLONE IS NEARLY IDENTICAL IN EVERYWAY TO EVE NICHELE DUMONT-- A PRODUCT OF HIS SUBCONSCIOUS GRIEF AT THE LOSS OF THE ONLY GREAT LOVE OF HIS LIFE.

THEY SPENT ONLY A FEW DAYS TOGETHER, BEFORE DR. PARKS WAS PRIVATELY ORDERED BACK TO THE COLONY, UNDER THREAT OF PHYSICAL HARM TO THEM BOTH. DR. PARKS HAD TO FABRICATE AN EMERGENCY AT ONE OF HIS MANUFACTURING FACILITIES TO TEAR HIMSELF AWAY FROM HER. HE COULDN'T BELIEVE HOW MUCH SHE LOOKED EXACTLY LIKE EVE DUMONT, HIS OLD LOVE WHO WAS TRAGICALLY LOST DECADES AGO.

NO ONE CAN CONFIRM IF THEIR WAS A PHYSICAL CONSUMMATION OF THE UNION, A NECESSITY TO REINFORCE EVE'S BONDING RESPONSES. BUT IT IS DULY NOTED THAT DR. PARKS NEVER LEFT EVE OR THE MEDICAL SUITE DURING HIS 96 HOUR VISIT. THE MEDICAL SUITE WAS ALSO FULLY STAFFED WITH OM GROUP CORPORATE FACILITIES SERVICE AND SECURITY DURING DR. PARKS' VISIT. ALL OF THEIR MEALS AND PERSONAL NEEDS WERE TAKEN CARE OF BY HIS OWN EMPLOYEES.

THE EVE CLONE WAS GIVEN THE MANUFACTURED REALITY OF BEING THE OWNER OF HIGH END LONDON AND NEW YORK ART GALLERIES. HER EMPLOYEES AND SOME OF HER CLIENTS ARE HIRED OPERATIVES WORKING FOR THE GENESIS CONSORTIUM; THEY MONITOR HER DAY-TO-DAY PROGRESS AND ACTIVITIES. EVE WAS ALLOWED MORE UNMONITORED FREEDOM AFTER ONE YEAR OF ASSIMILATION INTO HER IDENTITY AND MANUFACTURED REALITY.

EVE IS REPORTED BY SOURCES TO BE LOOKING FORWARD TO SEEING HER HUSBAND AGAIN, HAVING BEEN GIVEN THE FALSE IMPRESSION THAT HE IS WORKING HARD ON A PUBLIC GOVERNMENT FUNDED PROJECT. SPACE TOURISM TO SMALLER, LOW EARTH ORBIT RESORT COLONIES IS STILL A RELATIVELY NEW INDUSTRY, SO EVE HAS NO REASON TO BE SUSPICIOUS OF HER HUSBANDS ACTIVITIES. SHE WILL NOT BE ALLOWED TO RETURN EARTHSIDE. SHE WILL REMAIN WITH DR. PARKS, UNTIL HER MIND IS FULLY UNDER CONSORTIUM CONTROL, AND SHE ELIMINATES ANY FUTURE THREAT HER HUSBAND POSES TO THE SECURITY OF THE OIC PROGRAM.

The Off-World Man

## CHAPTER 5

“Concern for man himself and his fate must always form the chief interest of all technical endeavors; concern for the great unsolved problems of the organization of labor and the distribution of goods--in order that the creations of our minds shall be a blessing and not a curse to mankind. Imagination is everything. It is life’s preview of coming attractions.”  
--Albert Einstein

General Sullivan taped the datapad queue and scrolled through decades of articles and whitepapers by Dr. Parks during his graduate school days, noting that he considered a foray into political science, on through to his years with Lockheed Martin and Urban Maglev International.

His ideas on change seemed to the progressive General, to be not liberal enough, nor socialistic enough...

The Higher Education 2050 Report:

The New Movement for National Higher Education Tuition Subsidy Initiatives.

Compiled by GORDON M. A. PARKS PhD., 2007

A Higher Education Earned Tuition Subsidy Initiative: Expand the duties and scope of the Civil Service Corps.

...One of the purposes of the H E 2050 Report is to propose transitional solutions to the issue of higher tuition subsidy, to state and federal government agencies and officials. Transitional solutions, such as a national infrastructure refurbishing program to provide financial aid to students willing to perform infrastructure labor resources and response duties in time of national emergencies and national disasters, such as hurricanes and flood damage as a non-combatant member of the United States military. A work for tuition subsidy program that will lead to higher education tuition-free scholarships, guaranteed to every American citizen in need. This type of initiative needs further study at the state and federal level.

The H E 2050 Report is a proposal for the feasibility study of expanded duties for a new branch of the Federal Civil Service Corps. Its purpose is to give financially challenged citizens, religious or conscious objectors, or those ineligible for military service and the Montgomery GI Bill, the opportunity to serve their country by helping to rebuild and renovate the national infrastructure, including its civil and communications technologies and green energy infrastructure development, in exchange for full college earned tuition subsidy. Expanding the Civil Service Corps is not such a radical idea when one takes into account the number of existing branches of military and government agencies, several of which are expanding even further.

A New Civil Service Corps: Our federal government could create a new branch of the Civil Service Corps or expand it, enlisting adults age 21-55, in a non-military service corps role, committed to state, federal, and eventually international works that advance the infrastructure. A new Civil Service Corps branch, under the authority of: Army Corps of Engineers, Federal Emergency Management Agency, Citizens Scholarship Foundation of America, Red Cross, Corporation for National Service, American Association of State Service Commissions, U. S. Green Buildings Council, Habitat for Humanity, National Association of Service and Conservation Corps., Society for Human Resource Management, National League of Cities, the Peace Corps, Americorps Incorporated, UNICEF, Cisco Systems Networking Academies Worldwide, Microsoft Corporation, American Federation of Teachers, Teach for America, U.S. Department of Education, Association of the U.S. Army, General Accounting Office, World Bank, Common Fund Group, National Association of College and University Business Officers.

The very act of not pursuing the guaranteed higher education for all Americans as an earned entitlement is archaic. NO ONE should be denied a college education or vocational training for lack of funds or an inability to afford tuition. It is truly a sign of just how primitive and greed driven the human race is. The existing higher education scholarships, grants, and loans are wholly inadequate to meet the needs of all American students that cannot afford college tuition. Thus, they do little to elevate social disparity. The federal and state education and social service agencies need to be integrated and retooled, merged together. New programs should be tailored to provide adequate solutions for future generations beyond the Millennial Generation. New programs should empower its participants, as well as build character, civic responsibility and leadership skills.

Concerned citizens should form a grassroots coalition to advocate for higher education tuition subsidy initiative proposals and develop effective solutions and collective strategies to help disadvantaged Americans in need to receive a college education or vocational training. Please take note of the following solution-oriented proposal.

A New Civil Service Corps Branch; the H E 2050 Report proposes the creation a combined new branch of the Civil Service Corps from the Education Department, the existing Civil Service Corps, the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers, Army National Guard, Army Reserves, U.S. Marines, and the U.S. Air Force. This non-military branch will allow citizens to earn an expanded dollar for dollar matched Montgomery G.I. Bill. C S C service enlistment soldiers would be committed to rebuilding and upgrading the infrastructure of America and eventually international civil works interests abroad, to include:

Civil and communication technologies projects; the infrastructure of the United States of America, and international civil works interests abroad.

Infrastructure 'Green Jobs Conversion' projects. Primary and secondary schools, high schools, vocational schools, colleges and universities.

Rebuilding, refurbishing and extensions. Apprenticeship training in all levels of contracting and carpentry and green energy conversion, including solar, wind and tidal.

Maintaining the coastlines, waterworks and flood controls. Civil and communications engineering support for roads and freeways, bridges, power plants and airports. Emergency disaster support in the event of storms, floods and earthquakes. Infrastructure support to military bases and theater operations.

Four-year (48 months) and two-year (24 months) service contracts, respectively, to serve in the Civil Service Corps in exchange for bachelor degree level, graduate or vocational full earned tuition subsidy, matched dollar for dollar by the U.S. Department of Education.

Undergraduate and graduate service enlistment for healthy eligible adults, age 21 to 55, in financial need. A binding enlistment agreement with eight weeks of military orientation and 90 concurrent days of ongoing physical conditioning and on the job training in various select support services, specific to each enlistee's established skills and aptitude evaluations. Eligible enlistees have the option at any time to volunteer to be reserve soldiers for the regular military. Civil Service Corps enlistees are paid an annual earned subsidy credit of \$15,000 for college tuition, plus free on base meals and dormitory housing, by taxpayer funds, which are matched dollar for dollar, by the U. S. Dept. of Education, the World Bank, and the Common Fund Group, for a total annual earned tuition subsidy of \$30,000 per enlistee.

Most Civil Service Corps projects would involve the building construction trades, green collar jobs or green technology infrastructure development, also support training in new composite technology used in dynamic structural engineering, and leading edge communications technologies such as fiber optics and digital technology used in communications conversion.

Initial Civil Service Corps projects might involve refurbishing and rebuilding schools and businesses in empowerment zones communities, and dormitory housing and study libraries for new Civil Service Corps enlistees, on or near military bases, Army Reserve or National Guard locations in every state of America.

Graduate Student Commissions:

The Civil Service Tuition Subsidy Proposal should also be available to masters and doctoral graduate students in the form of 12- and 24-month contracts. Those graduate students in need should be placed in tuition free teachers training and certification and be placed in entry level supervisory positions on Civil Service Corps projects. They would receive \$30,000 annually in earned tuition subsidy credit towards graduate studies.

Candidates would enlist in record numbers just for the free training alone, as well as the opportunity to serve their country in such an immediate way. With two-thirds of high school students attending college, the future trend will be an increase in adult education.

There is a shortage of qualified teachers today. That shortage will only increase in the next several decades, unless incentives are created to entice college graduates to become trained certified teachers. This is the only resource to ensure that classes will be small enough to adequately educate all students,

and that there will always be a teaching workforce to adequately cover any increases in student populations.

#### No High School Graduates under 21:

In order to keep high school graduates interested in regular military service, the Montgomery G I Bill should be raised to match dollar for dollar by the same funding process noted, for CSC college tuition subsidy. Both annual figures for the G I Bill and the Civil Service Corps tuition subsidy should always be of equal amounts and adjusted for inflation and the average national costs of a quality college or university and administered by a new division of the Department of Education.

#### A Serious Mission:

A new Civil Service Corps charged with infrastructure renewal here in the U. S. and abroad would assist in the overall mission of the Armed Forces. Along with the Army Corps of Engineers, the Civil Service Corps would be the only branch of the government involved with direct, hands-on infrastructure development. Although it would be a non-military service, enlistees in the Civil Service Corps would be subject to the laws of the Uniform Code of Military Justice, and afforded all the basic rights and services, legal, medical and dental, therein. This would ensure that the participants are living and working up to the highest standards.

#### A New Beginning:

A Civil Service Corps earned tuition subsidy program would give individual adults financially unable to afford the exorbitant costs of higher education and those who are ineligible for military service, and in some cases, reformed felony offenders (subject to periodical probationary review for the duration of their enlistment), the opportunity not only to improve their lives, but to also serve their country. For most if not all, it would be a merciful second chance.

#### Evening Academy Programs:

A Civil Service Corps Tuition Subsidy Program must have established 'Evening Academy' education programs in cooperation with a national network of colleges, universities and other institutions. This would enable participants in the C S Corps to take accredited Liberal Arts courses while enlisted. The graduate students commissioned in management contract service would also earn teaching certifications by teaching at Evening Academies.

#### Working off Defaulted Loans:

This type of C S C Tuition Subsidy program should also allow for the working repayment of defaulted college loans serving in the teachers training program and working at national Evening Academies. Participants should be allowed to enlist in 12, 24, or 48 month earned income service contracts, matched to the amount of debt owed, while training to be a teacher; a commission in the CSC for free teacher's certification training.

Free On-Base Housing for C S Corps workers living out of state or abroad on projects, dormitory housing and all meals would be provided on the nearest military base or Army National Guard or Reserve Installation. Medical and dental services would also be provided. Home city workers should be allowed to live with their family, if their home is within one mile of the project site, military base or reserve location, and only after basic military induction training.

#### Early Discharge

Early discharge from the service contracts for reasons other than severe illness and or injury, the participant will forfeit the accumulated matching funds of the tuition subsidy credit. The discharged participant would be prohibited from reenlisting for six months, similar to military service restrictions. Alleged violators of the UCMJ would be subject to formal adjudication and in instances of proven violations, would face immediate expulsion from the Civil Service Corps and forfeit all matching subsidy funds. Any remaining earned subsidy income would be placed in an IRA account and unavailable for withdrawal for no less than one year, and subject to taxes and penalties upon early withdrawal.

#### The Next Civil Right:

Access to quality higher education and vocational training must become a guaranteed investment by our government in its citizens; a democratic, human right, protected under the constitution, as interpreted in its clause of --"life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." This should not be a privilege attainable only a small, wealthy fraction of Americans. Financial inability should not be a factor in accessing higher skills training. Citizenship, aptitude, and ambition should.

NO ONE SHOULD BE TURNED AWAY FROM THE COLLEGE OR UNIVERSITY OF THEIR CHOICE BECAUSE OF A LACK OF TUITION FUNDING, or race, gender, or age because only a limited number of students can be accepted by a particular curriculum. If a student meets the minimum standards for entrance and has the determined ambition to learn, colleges, universities and vocational institutions should expand their campuses and hire more educators to accommodate all students; no one should be excluded.

The H E 2050 Report argues for the fact that the human resource is the most precious, yet unfortunately, the most easily discarded commodity that this country possesses. It is to our disgrace as American citizens, that we allow this particular state of social inequity to exist and continue to grow unchecked. It must be confronted and reversed, decades before 2050.

#### Exponential Economic Progress:

The worst-case scenario of a new social education policy to fund a national higher education tuition subsidy program is the initial burden it will place on the first generation of taxpayers strapped with the new initiative. But it is a sacrifice that the overwhelming majority of Americans will be happy to bear; a patriotic challenge that they will not fail to meet head on and carry on their shoulders, for their children and their children's children, so that future generations of this, the freest nation in the land, will have a brighter, more prosperous future. From this perspective, similar to the national effort in time of war, the

burden will be negligible, in relation to the goal, the outcome of a stronger economy, and a better educated, better skilled, more competent labor force.

A detailed argument in favor of this Type One Initiative, a new social education policy for expanding the duties and scope of the Civil Service Corps in order for participants to earn individual higher education tuition subsidy financial credit follows:

This type of National Tuition Subsidy program will add more skilled professionals and entrepreneurs to the national workforce, increasing exponentially by the third decade of the program's inception. The tuition subsidy initiative will pay for itself within a generation and keep itself and other social programs solvent in perpetuity. It will also provide additional volunteer reserve soldiers for the regular military.

This program will transform, thus salvage the disappearing middle socio-economic class and the ever growing lower class, the working poor and underemployed, into a mass population of empowered, highly skilled, entrepreneurial minded citizens, with a far greater ability to move up the economic ladder. Access to higher skills training will reverse the welfare rolls and the plight of critical social conditions such as poverty and homelessness, unemployment, crime and antisocial behavior, and mental illness, all within one generation of the program's full running.

This program will invigorate the pioneering entrepreneurial spirit of the American marketplace and industry. It is a 'Type One' initiative that is an investment in the future prosperity of the economy of America and just makes good long-term business sense.

It is a multi-layered solution to save the middle class. A New Social Education Security Agenda based upon the proposed expanded C S Corps model outlined in this report that would provide the disciplined opportunity necessary to empower the poorer and financially disadvantaged citizens of America, more than any other social service or education assistance program. Its implementation would help the financially disadvantaged to earn a way out of their social dilemma by enabling them through hard work and service, to pursue higher skills training, which will in turn, ensure greater economic empowerment.

This program model will also help the participants to regain a sense of purpose lost in past hopelessness and regain a new appreciation for a nation that supports its citizens' intellectual growth and full social development. Upon completion of each participants C S C service contract and collegiate education or vocational training, the grateful newly employed graduates will return the favor to their fellow citizens by becoming gainfully employed new members of the greater, taxpaying workforce population. This new influx of skilled professionals and craftsmen and women will help to build a stronger infrastructure and economy, a less disposable society, and keep the C S C service for earned tuition subsidy program and other efficient social and education programs solvent for future generations.

A legendary western actor and outspoken staunch political conservative believed that the poorer minority social classes should remain subservient to the middle and upper classes, "until they are better educated." Therein lays the rub, the problem with the current western socio-economic caste system. Without full access to quality higher education, there will always be a poorer, subservient lower class. The fair process of eliminating poverty and the working poor through higher educational opportunities

will never be complete. This process, as it stands today, is unnatural to true democracy for the 21st century. It must be finally eliminated, and come to an end by the year 2020, if we are to build up the first generation of C S C graduates and salvage the vanishing middle class from extinction, and build a brighter future by the year 2050...

General Sullivan, a diehard political progressive, couldn't stand to read the rest of the report and logged off his datapad. He spoke aloud to himself in disgust.

"There is no way in hell that G.M. Parks, an Independent, was in any way responsible for the new Civil Service Education Corps Initiative that was the main focus of last year's presidential race. No Friggin' - Way! "

That initiative was at the core of President elect McCullough's and the RNC's Social Education Security platform, rumored to be adapted by the current G32 member nations, the American, European, Asian and African Unions in the near future, as the UN and NATO brought the world regional unions closer to a global government conglomerate. "And everybody thought that little snot was going to grow up to be a Democrat back in '08 when he was a childhood phenom, getting all that press for all his knowledge of American Presidential history" Sullivan snarled.

He laughed aloud in disbelief at the thought of one man having so much private power over the course of social events. He downed the last swig of scotch in his glass, pulled off his replica vintage WWII brass frame spectacles, tapped a touch pad button on his nightstand that dimmed the room lighting and settled in for a few hours of much needed sleep. Moments later, he opened his eyes again and stared back into the past-- unsure of his own future.

The Off-World Man

## CHAPTER 6

“Strive for perfection in everything you do. Take the best that exists and make it better. When it does not exist, design it.”  
-- Sir Frederick Henry Royce (1863-1933)

Dr. Parks finally made his way back to the OM Group R & D Facility at the 57th/12th sector of the north grid. He and 200, hand-picked personnel all lived on the upper floors of the facility as opposed to an officer's domicile building. His R & D team volunteered to live upland on the OIC in eleven-month personnel rotations. OM Group is only one of many transportation and aerospace companies with new research facilities on the OIC. Those companies include:

Boeing, Lockheed Martin, McDonnell-Dougllass, Northop-Grumman, Precision Castparts Corp., Pratt & Whitney Rocketdyne, United Technologies Corp., Rocketplane Kistler, Goodrich Aerostructures Group, ST Mobile Aerospace Engineering, SpaceAge Control, Eaton Corp., General Dynamics, GE Aviation, GulfstreamAerospace, Bell/Agusta Aerospace, Huges Aerospace, Transformational Space Corp., AAI Corp., The Aerospace Corp., Rand Aerospace, Bigelow Aerospace, Virgin Galactic, Scaled Composites, Orbital Sciences Corp., SpaceX, Blue Origin, Foster-Miller, ISSC, Insitu, Kinet X, Marotta Controls Inc., Diamler-Benz Aerospace AG, General Motors, Ford Aerospace, Porche-Audi, BMW, Nissan, Mitsubishi, Toyota, Mazda, Ferrari, Lotus, Maserati, Lamborghini, Volvo, Ducati, Honda, Kawasaki, Moto Guzzi, Suzuki, and Yamaha.

Parks was scheduled to take one of the OTS prototypes on a test run. This is the only scheduled time prior to the busy day ops cycle that he and his researchers may run prototypes along the twelve-kilometer-long Autobahn-like glide ways of the North and South Rim Commuter Sectors. Research teams may operate experimental transportation only with trailing military observation and emergency response vehicles, during night-to-day ops cycle hours, from 24:00 to 05:00. This gives any R & D team of up to 200 mechanical and electrical engineers and technicians an opportunity to run and tweak systems on the various engine configurations. The technicians flowed around temporary white tents next to the North side Glide way.

Dr. Parks entered one of the tents, changed quickly into a one piece test pilot style driver's suit made of Nomex flame retardant material and made his way to the long bank of data and pit crew tents, flanked by several other test drivers engineers and engine techs. The atmosphere was almost casual.

His Chief Engineer and Project Manager, Chester “Chet” Wolf, greeted him with a thermos of green tea. "Good, you're here--we've only got an hour left. We test run the Vimana sport model once every hour. This will be test run number six."

Parks replied with a nod in greeting. "Chet, what's the good news?"

"Well Gordon, we think you're going to be pleased with the new lift motor for the Schauburger mini turbine. It takes a charge well-- better than any we've tested so far, and it doesn't over rev and short out from the high voltage like the last few motors. We've really worked out that impeller induct fan r.p.m rise problem. We made some adjustments to the onboard AI computers regulating the synchronicity of it with the maneuvering pod engine systems. It's smoother, more gradual now. No choppy airframe ascent due to uneven r.p.m increase. Once she's up over 15,000 r.p.m, she pulsates and whistles softly, like she's alive, man. She idle hovers solid like she's resting on wheels.

The motors are strong enough to run a sufficient charge through to the electrokinetic lifter sub frame and Nitinol memory foil body panels, coated with several hundred micro layers of vacuum electron deposition produced magnesium and bismuth, under a ferromagnetic base coat, followed by micro layers of zinc sulfide blended with silver, as specified, so the vehicle loses even more mass, and is subsequently easier to in OTS mode.

The liquid mercury encased gyroscopic maneuvering pods are running at optimum subquantum kinetic efficiency, charged by the M.E.C generator. Tests are ongoing with the Searl, Takahashi, Wankel and Kawai generators as replacements to the M.E.C. The steering yoke paddle shift and directional servo controls are tweaked. They operate like a high-end performance car, also as you specified. The addition of that new digital resonance sound dampener system worked well.

The vehicle can run completely silent in a stealth mode, with just a hint of Coanda pulse, the military and law enforcement will love that. Or the driver can select any number of intimidating engine resonance registers. I've programmed in the distinctive whining growl of a vintage Ferrari 8 cylinder for this final test run.

You'll feel like you're driving around in one from your own private collection. The green touch bar on the steering yoke activates the Coanda sound resonance synchronization.

In layman's terms, she's a beast. Every military and law enforcement agency in the world will want a fleet version of this machine. We've just struck gold here Gordon. You hear me? Now you've got to tell me, how did you know that sound resonance sync system would work?"

Dr. Parks gave his Chief Engineer a wink and a mischievous grin. "I didn't, Chet. I just remembered some article I read about airports and jet engine noise canceling research in the 1990's. It seemed appropriate for the prototype, so I put you guys on it. Over the years, as I've researched several modes for successful multiple hybrid gravlev propulsion, I must have filed away into my memory literally hundreds of aerospace and technical research advances that might someday be applied to the overall engineering design solution. And, so too, have thousands of other aerospace engineers and inventors before me. It just seemed to fit the puzzle. You know what I mean?"

"Well, good call, Gordon. I guess that's why you're CTO and CEO."

"Not anymore. I've given it some thought. I don't make this operation run, you do. Congratulations, Chief Technical Officer."

"I'm grateful Gordon, you've got a deal. We'll go into salary and perks later, right now, we're chasing sunlight so to speak. Our testing time is almost up. Saddle up and I'll see you when you make it back around the loop. So far, I haven't seen any OIC brass, just the emergency fire team escorts. But take her easy anyway, okay?"

"I'm getting' tired of this slow speed chase crap, Chet. I'm tempted to open her up. No one's out here on the loop this early."

Chet registered a look of caution, and shrugged his shoulders, afraid to comment.

Parks snapped into the five-point harness of the cockpit, as the R & D techs conducted one last vehicle systems check. Parks popped in a piece of chewing gum and pressed the button ignition, the hybrid electric motor that powered the VCT mini turbine and other levitation control systems started. The multiple engine's calibrated by the onboard AI computer and sensor systems worked as reported and could on-command skillfully operate the vehicle without the driver. The prototype vehicle made a smooth controlled rise to maximum OTS level, just under two feet.

Parks gave the thumbs up, rechecked his helmet com-mike connection, and smoothly pulled the muscular, tandem two-seater, Bentley-shaped prototype away and onto the Northside Glideway.

He touched the dashboard screen console and a vintage John Lennon song 'Nobody Told Me, Strange Days' began to play, loudly, over the headphones, to the ire of the technicians monitoring his progress.

Chet just happened to remove his just before Parks cranked the volume, he was used to it by now.

The F-1 enthusiast in him slowly took over after only three grid blocks; Parks immediately punched the accelerator, while rhythmically shifting the race-car-like paddle shift controls on the steering yoke, pulling away rapidly from the trailing emergency response convoy as if they were standing still.

The driver of the OIC pace forward vehicle responded in a panic as Dr. Parks powered past. "Uh, Dr. Parks, you have to let us set the pace and keep the prototype under 50 kph, so that the trail team can keep up with uh, us sir. Sir--- Dr. Parks..."

Chet raised both eyebrows in surprise and silently mumbled, "Oh shit..."

Parks looked at the side and rear-view monitors and stifled a chuckle. "I'm just airing her out. I'll meet you back at R & D in a New York minute."

Immediately, black uniformed OIC soldiers swarmed the research tents.

Chet added, "Ah Gordon, we've got visitors here. And I can see a shitload of flashing blue and red lights, followed by the sound of sirens, if you get my meaning. There all getting onto the north side rim. I would strongly suggest that you reduce your velocity--now. Let them catch up, for Christ's sake?"

"Almost there, stand by," Parks replied, applying his full concentration to the smooth operation of the million dollar prototype, on alert for any OIC patrol vehicles that might attempt to pull out in front of

him-- possibly causing a serious collision. He turned up the volume on the console, quietly singing along as the colony passed by in a blur. "Most peculiar mamma, roll!"

A full contingent of Security Police in specially modified hydrogen cell powered military Humvees, were waiting for Dr. Parks as he slowed the vehicle and turned into one of the research tents. At full tilt, took him mere minutes to travel the sixteen-kilometer glideway. And 30 minutes to be escorted to and processed at OIC Detention.

Eve Nichelle Parks awakened in their Soho penthouse in a stir, as if sensing some event in the aether. Her dreams were not only taking place in her subconscious, but in a sea of bioplasmic, out of body journeys, it seemed, to other realms. And she often times dreamed to the soundscapes of Ravel's Pavane pour une infant defunte, or Brahms Op 114 and 118, or Brahms Intermezzos in A and E, but she didn't know why.

This time, she was drawn too abruptly back into her earthly body. This was not unusual. After all, she was truly an ethereal woman; 5 feet-9 inches, 130 pounds of pure lean and supple, well defined feminine muscle. Her African, Asian, French and Mediterranean mixed heritage beauty was indescribable. Her gorgeous, powerfully built young figure was a heart stopping 36-22-33, that of a feminine bodybuilder or a triathlete, exuding a physically healthy, magnetic presence. She had the glowing, healthy, copper tan of a Brazilian beach girl and along with a perfect blend of facial features, and soft, long, thick flowing, radiant brunette shoulder-length hair. Her unusually vibrant, piercing eyes were a hypnotic fusion of blazing, rustic brown and earthen green pigmentation over a hazel palate of folds.

Even in her waking moments, she carried the aura and grace of someone who was a force of nature, a power that she was still learning to fully command. Although her particular blend of high intelligence, health conscious sensuality and evolving clairvoyant, intuitive sensibilities occasionally overwhelmed the senses, she usually enchanted all who crossed her path. Her breathing slowly increased and deepened, as she reentered the waking world. She could sense her strong daily growth as a spiritual person, yet she could remember no religious affiliation. Her dreams seemed to hold all of the keys to her daily spiritual growth.

Although Eve spent a great deal of her free time doing quiet research and analysis of whatever interested her from day to day on the Q-net, her daily routine began promptly at 6:00 AM:

Silent meditation sitting up in bed in the nude, followed by extreme yoga, then a daily breakfast of fruits and oatmeal, supplements and throughout the day, small salads and meal replacement drinks of freshly juiced carrot, celery and apple juice, with regenerative additives similar to the nutritional regimen of her husband. Then 20 miles on the stationary road cycling simulator in a tight black spandex bikini sports bra top and compression shorts, then P90X or weightlifting training. Followed by cool down stationary swimming, always in the nude, in the 8' by 12' SwimEx luxury lap pool. Followed by a hot shower and

shampoo, blow drying then styling her long brunette hair loose or into a French braid, then a wardrobe change.

Parks usually called her by the time she finished with her shower. It was a special private moment for them to speak of their mutual devotion every day.

The last time they were together, she remembered, was in Singapore renewing their vows after her miscarriage. She could recall only a few scattered memories of being with him after that. She was so weak after the loss. Her mind could hardly remember their times together before that period, it was all vague and in images with disembodied thoughts or narratives. Even her long-term memories were also vague. She knew that she was an orphan, like her husband. Her memories of growing up were only the highlights. Meeting Gordon and their courtship also seemed to escape her memory. All she could remember is that it was brief and intense, leading to his offer to spend the rest of their lives together in marriage, and her answer to the affirmative.

Surprisingly, there was no call today. She waited patiently for a few extra minutes, as she carefully blow dried and brushed her hair then sent him a Q-net streaming vidmail wake up message and went on with her routine. "I hope you have a good reason for not giving me a call this morning. I love you. Happy birthday."

She lightly applied perfume to her clavicle, then picked up her car keys and exited, setting the alarm. Eve drove a vintage 2010 Maserati Grand Turismo 'S' off to manage her New York gallery, or took an XO Jet trip to Europe to oversee the operation of her London gallery.

It was a beautiful summer day. Eve touched the dashboard console queue, activating the Q-net satellite music service and her preprogrammed favorite vintage David Bowie song 'Fall Dog Bombs the Moon' began to play. With a smile she cranked up the volume. Her content life as an art exhibitor was one of self-employed executive luxury, thanks to her husband. Each gallery was well staffed, so she had no need for a personal assistant, nor the desire for one. Other than a Q-net PAI cuff with voice command, she was supremely confident, completely self-sufficient and never bored with her life. She always traveled and operated alone, as far as she could remember, never felt the need for companionship. Although she had a complex life and itinerary of her own, she lived only for the attention and affection of one man.

General Sullivan strode toward the brig detention cells with two duty guards, and then waved them away. His mood was one of zero tolerance. If he didn't let Parks get away with this breach in protocol, word may get back to the Genesis Consortium Order, spoiling his own plans.

Part of him, to this day, still couldn't bear to face him--face his past.

The metal gated door to Park's cell opened. Parks sat up from an impromptu morning nap, sat at the edge of the narrow, thin mattress, gray blanketed bunk. He looked into the eyes of Eve Dumont's killer, and as in the past, he sensed guilt, but no real attrition. Over the years, whenever their paths crossed,

Parks' eyes went blank and cold—his soul filled with a controlled rage at the sight of this man, so many years after the JSF era.

"Gordon Marcus Aurelius Parks, I had hoped to meet with you again, under more favorable circumstances".

"Well, well-- Prowler, it's been a while. I'd heard that you were upland. Some pretty highspeed shit, huh? Your type of work. A controlled gravity propulsion vehicle traveling twenty-four inches above the surface at close to 200 k p h for sixteen kilometers. And, just so you know, I wasn't drinking prior to the test run. Why, I could have killed someone." Parks' words were thick with insult and contempt.

General Sullivan's face flushed red with anger at the remarks. My old call sign; the nerve of this to bastard to mock a four star general, Sullivan thought. I don't care if he is a billionaire connected to the Order. I helped expand the Order's Moon and Mars bases. I could still have him flushed out of the nearest airlock and into the vacuum of space, with the snap of my fingers, or shot on sight. Why they protect him, I'll never understand. Everyone is expendable.

Sullivan erupted, "That's General Sullivan, Parks! ...You know, some people let go of the past and move on. I have-- I don't fly birds anymore, haven't for decades. I think we both know why.

Listen Parks, I don't know if you missed the orientation, but you and your research team were not cleared to operate any vehicles or aircraft at those speeds! What if you had lost control? The violation you committed this morning could have put this entire base at risk!"

"At what risk, General? There was no scheduled traffic flow. These prototypes will be a benefit to our program once they are perfected-- yours and mine. I've got to be able to push the limits of this prototype to achieve that, and you know it! The O T S system will provide another civilian funding source for the Genesis Order. That is part of the real reason you have me in captivity here, isn't it? In order to speed up the research in complete secrecy. Well?"

There was an uncomfortable period of silence as Sullivan weighed his options. Then a grim stare down, followed by Parks' veiled threat. "I've got work to do General. And, I'd hate to have to report that you are personally blocking the progression of this transportation engine research..."

"Slow your test speeds around my glideways, Parks. My glideways! Give my emergency teams a detailed itinerary of future operational testing schedules and their risk parameters to this colony, 48 hours prior to each start. If you ever try a stunt like this again, I will personally place you in solitary confinement until you rot! You will get my permission to conduct any future high-speed trials, and you will use a Space Command test pilot! Do you understand me sir?!"

"Understood", Parks replied stoically after a pause. He stood and walked past the general. There glowering eyes meet for another instant as Parks passed, and both men knew that this was just the beginning.

## The Off-World Man

### CHAPTER 7

Here's to the crazy ones, the misfits, the rebels, the troublemakers, the round pegs in the square holes... the ones who see things differently -- they're not fond of rules... You can quote them, disagree with them, glorify or vilify them, but the only thing you can't do is ignore them because they change things... they push the human race forward, and while some may see them as the crazy ones, we see genius, because the ones who are crazy enough to think that they can change the world, are the ones who do.  
-- Steve Jobs

Dr. Parks awakened in his conapt suite above the OM Group's R & D facility, from an extended day of rest after his ordeal with OIC security forces and the General, unable to sleep deeply, and downright depressed. He pulled himself out of bed, put on an OM EXO line dark loden green cashmere cable shawl collar cardigan over his beloved gray UC Davis gray t shirt, stone washed jeans and collapsible Puma smocks.

He poured himself two fingers of single malt into a heavy lead crystal shot glass, took a generous sip, then walked over to and began to play the slim, solid spruce, black fretted vintage Palatino VE-500 electric upright bass he placed in the corner of his suite when he first arrived. He had it shipped upland with his personal possessions, and often played it, or the vintage black mahogany Epiphone Les Paul Special electric bass guitar, resting next to it, to relax after a day downstairs personally supervising the varied R & D projects.

After mere minutes, he closed his eyes and fell into that musician's zone, where he proceeded to play various riffs non-stop. Interlude: It's What She Didn't Say, Bass Folk Song Number 5 & 6, Jerusalem and 'Yesterday's Princess' by Stanley Clarke always put him in a deep contemplative trance and reminded him of his wife when he played them. She was always on his mind, but he didn't want to call her just yet.

When he stopped over an hour later, he poured himself another scotch, voice commanding his environmental AI to play from his personally programmed music files, Miles Davis' Blue In Green in the background throughout the suite.

His Q-com alert chimed, gradually rising in volume until he answered. He walked over to his 48-by-60 inch touch LCD table computer console and tapped the queue on the desk surface. The translucent H3D screen changed instantly to a wide view. It was William Vaughn, retired USAF Lt. General and Director of OM Group Global Security.

"Bill..."

"We can speak freely, Gordon. The connection is on an encrypted OM Group comsat bandwidth as secure as we can make it."

“You mean as secure as OM Group encryption software can be on an orbital military industrial colony that doesn’t officially exist, using a wide-open private satellite-based network, prone to NSA eavesdropping.” His private security director was seated in a non-descript office suite. “Where are you?”

“The New York headquarters at the Hearst Building. The Design Museum around the corner is sending back the vintage EM conversion prototypes we loaned them for their New Technologies exhibition. I have a security detail escorting the prototypes displays back to storage. The displays are going on 4-year national tour as you are aware: Pratt Institute, then the Center for Creative Studies in Detroit, Then the Art Center College of Design, in Pasadena and finally University of California at Davis and Long Beach. Then, back to the OM Group Archives.”

“Where they’ll soon archive my mummified remains for posterity.”

“I think you’ve got a few good decades left before they preserve your bones, old man. I see bookshelves all around you. How did you get all those antiques up there?”

“I paid out the nose for it. Major contractor accounts are allowed up to three hundred pounds of personal possessions, as long as each item is sanitized before lift up. I have roughly 300 books near and dear to me here. I get tired of e-pad screading sometimes. Not only does it fatigue my sight, I miss the feel of carrying a good book.”

“Easy does it old man. You’re due to travel earthside to visit your wife soon. Speaking of the domestic front, Eve is doing fine. Her day to no day routine is uneventful. However, she does seem to work out excessively. Sometimes two or three times a day, every day. She has quite an amazing constitution. Other than that obsessive-compulsive trait, she displays no sporadic behavior. For a clone, she has achieved true assimilation to her current reality. No offense. After all she is transgenetic metahuman, a product of technological creation...

“I heard about your little run in with the law up there, I have my sources. Care to fill in some of the blanks?”

“Not really.”

“Understood. So, how’s the R & D business on your end?”

“Firing on all cylinders. Half of my Research and Development, Testing & Evaluation staff were lured away from DEKA, Kamen Hanson Cybernetics and Robotics. The rest are an assortment of MIT grad school wonder kids and the top mechanical engineering graduates from around the world. They’re brainstorming and forecasting sessions never disappoint. These kids can tap into the creative aether like I’ve never witnessed before. Just put them on task and establish the parameters and let them go. These kids are so inspired by their surroundings, they think this is Star Fleet or something. Well, technically, it is.

Anyway, they’re completely innovative and current on every breakthrough in applicable science and technology. We are able to accurately forecast probable future applications and develop product

working prototypes in a fraction of normal processing time. I'm sharing all the patent rights, it's the least I can do, except for the gravity propulsion research. I'm releasing it free over the Q-net, otherwise any gravity propulsion patent applications will be commandeered and classified, never to see the light of day. They are making their fortunes and creating the future. They're evolving into pure visual futurists, with all the design-engineering skills and production resources to create physical proof-of-concept one-offs in days instead of weeks."

"You sound pretty motivated yourself."

"It's all on autopilot here. I just tell them what I'm looking for and what I like so far. If they're off the mark, or if something only needs a little tweaking, I just pass it on to the project managers in a meeting.

I'm more concerned about the hawks from SpaceCom hovering around us. I can only describe this house arrest here on the colony as a surreal political chess match. Sometimes I feel like a knight on the board, sometimes a bishop, above it all. But the truth is, I'm still just a pawn."

"That's why you pay me, Gordon. Even when you don't think you have OM Group Security personnel around, you're not alone."

"You know that I am well briefed on your military intelligence background. I took a chance on you, trusted you enough to buy out your corporate security and executive protection company and integrate your policies and protocols into OM Group Global Security."

"And that is why I am personally guaranteeing your personal security. We will continue to protect all of your loved ones around the world with the highest level of professional, military grade diplomatic protection."

"Thanks Bill." An incoming contact alert chimed in. "Speaking of my family, that's the wife checking in. Take good care with the retrofit Icon FJ-40 and CJ-3B. They were early one-offs, my personal favorites. They also gave our retrofit gravity propulsion kits concept the national media attention needed to convince the FAA and the US Department of Transportation to work with us."

"Will do. I'll report back with you in 48 hours."

Dr. Parks taped another space on the large standing table 3D computer.

"Good morning. What happened to you yesterday?" Eve spoke in a sharp, light, unmistakably sultry French accent.

With the body of a goddess, Dr. Parks wondered how the Genesis Consortium ever brought back Eve Nichele Dumont with such perfection. It's like the young woman he fell in love with at Embry Riddle Aeronautical College, like she never aged. "Hey baby. You look rested."

"I'm not, I dream every night, constantly. Images in my head that won't go away. I dreamed that you were in trouble. It seemed so real. Is that why I haven't heard from you in nearly two days? I have to exercise to exhaustion just to remain asleep through the night."

"I heard-- I mean I'm sorry to hear that."

"Oh, don't worry. I'm not mad that you have me so closely guarded..."

"You know?"

"It wasn't hard to notice if you know what to look for. My new driver looks like he could be a secret service agent."

"Don't worry; I'll have Bill relax the security detail."

Eve left the bed and walked fully nude to the surround shower, causing a rush of arousing passion to flow through Dr. Parks' body. The streaming vidcam followed her as she prepared to take a shower. Her bronze skin glowed with health and vitality. Her feminine form was strong, trim and athletic, she moved confidently and gracefully, clearly for only his eyes to see. Dr. Parks felt like a lucky man indeed. "I hope you're enjoying the view," she quipped without looking back or breaking stride.

That afternoon, an emerald vintage '09 Maybach 62-S Laundaulet pulled in the front of Eden Gallery. The driver walked briskly to open the right curve passenger door. An elderly woman, clearly an octogenarian yet surprisingly energetic, took the driver's hand in egress. She wore a simple but elegant navy blue two-piece women's tailored suit with a modest calf-length skirt and very expensive flat shoes. A purse rested over her right shoulder. A second man much larger than the driver also dressed in a black suit emerged from the forward right passenger side, caught up with the matron and opened the door to the gallery entrance. She quietly entered the sprawling atrium full of large paintings and sculptures from up and coming artists personally discovered by Eve Parks. The woman was overtaken by the beauty and variety of the exhibits.

One of the gallery's senior managers, sensing the understated yet great wealth in the presence of the elderly madam, immediately vectored in on her to initiate a gesture of greeting and introduction. "Good afternoon, welcome to the Eden Gallery. I am Angela; if there is anything I can assist you with please don't hesitate to--"

"I would like to speak to Eve please..."

"Forgive me but, do you have an appointment with Mrs. Parks?"

"Parks? Eve Nichelle Parks, ah! Gordon, Marcus Aurelius, sir name of the noble Roman emperor. I always did favor him over all of her other beaus. And she loved him above all. He is very wealthy now, a billionaire many times over, yes? Only he would have the power to perform this miracle..."

"My apologies Madam, but I don't believe Mrs. Parks is here today--"

"It's alright Angie." Eve appeared from the rear of the Gallery, having overheard the conversation from an exceptional distance away. As she entered the forward atrium, the elderly woman appeared stunned at her appearance. "Hello, you seem to know all about me. Have we met before?"

"In a way beloved..."

"May I ask your name?"

"Marietta Dumont, from Marseilles, France. I have come to the states to see my only daughter."

"Well, I hope that you will enjoy you stay here in New York. Would you like to join me for tea?"

"Oh, yes my dear child, I would love to, but I am afraid I must immediately return home, dear Eve."

"Returning so soon? Were you able to spend much time with your daughter?"

The matron had already turned, escorted by her men. She stopped and glanced lovingly back at Eve. She walked to Eve and hugged her gently and whispered, "Only long enough to see the light around her young spirit, and to set her free. I can rest in peace now. Goodbye, dear Eve..."

"Goodbye, Madam Dumont."

As the matron departed, Angela looked on detached and dialed a number on her cuff PAI and whispered, "Dumont's birth mother breached protocol at 16:20 hours. She left without incident too quickly to detain, presumably in route to return to France. Unsure whether JFK or LaGuardia airport." Angela closed the connection and with a nod, two guards advanced to her position. She whispered instructions to them as Eve turned in her direction. "She's of no consequence but follow her anyway. Make sure she does not return."

"Angela, why did you lie to that woman? Who was she, and who did you just contact? Answer me?"

"Mrs. Parks, I..."

"Who?!"

"I'm sorry Eve." Angela spoke into her wrist mounted smart device again— "Subject has become erratic and unmanageable..."

"Subject has become what? Who you are you speaking to Angela?"

"Please extract and advise? Hurry?!"

"Extract and advise? Angela, who are you speaking to? Do they work for my husband?"

Two black suited men entered the gallery and presented to Eve their identification holo3D cards. They were with the National Reconnaissance Office. The smaller and older looking of the two men advanced cautiously. "Mrs. Parks, please excuse the intrusion. Angela, if you'll come with us please. You will debrief and file a report datastrip. Take only your immediate personal items."

Eve and her other gallery employees watched in stunned silence as Angela picked up her purse and sweater and they exited the Gallery.

“Dumont, Marietta Dumont.” Eve repeated the name as she rushed to the nearest com terminal behind reception and searched the Q-net for any information on the mysterious matron. She discovered little information other than Marseilles and Paris addresses and her Qmail data. Her husband, a former airline pilot, died in 1999. She has a farm estate and small vineyard in the French countryside outside Marseilles. She also had a single daughter, deceased since 1997—named Eve Nichelle Dumont, a former aerospace engineer with Lockheed Martin.

Eve looked up Dumont family images and nearly fainted from the shock of what she discovered. She looked nearly identical to Mrs. Dumont’s deceased daughter. In the flat screen monitor images, her hair was shorter, but there was no denying it. The images on the Q-net, were identical to her.

## The Off-World Man

### CHAPTER 8

We already have the means to travel among the stars, but these technologies are locked up in black projects and it would take an act of God to ever get them out to benefit humanity. Anything you can imagine, we already know how to do. --Ben Rich, Former Director of Lockheed Martin SkunkWorks 1975-1991

Dr. Parks was scheduled to give a keynote speech to military and covert aerospace officials at an OIC-DARPA symposium. An accomplished and bold orator as well as an outspoken proponent of the covert government's full public disclosure of suppressed technologies derived from extraterrestrial origin, he would no doubt be expected to deliver a passionate speech on the woes of continued suppression of the truth. He would not disappoint his many private supporters at all levels in the covert military aerospace community, or his many, many detractors. The lights were dimmed in the large, open assembly theater of a similar design as the New York United Nations Assembly.

As Dr. Parks is announced to the audience, he walked up to the solitary podium and opened a faux-leather bound folder and pressed a tab on the enclosed flat digital tablet, thereby activating holographic teleprompter screens several meters to the left and right of the podium. He dispensed quickly with words of introduction and gratitude for being included at the last moment to the list of guest speakers, and went swiftly to the main argument of his speech.

"I would like to begin by expressing my gratitude. It has been my honor to serve my country, and the world, in the greater pursuit of individual freedom for all. I am here to speak to you about the most important subject in the history of mankind; it is directly related to the world's access to higher education, energy and economic opportunity. To ensure that I do not breach my security oath, I will be reading the speeches of great pioneers in the fields of science, government and the national disclosure movement. Many of you feel that I have already broken that oath, but my allegiance to the constitution remains intact, and I assert, it is more loyal to the original intent of our founding fathers than most of you all seated here." This caused an eruption of hissed murmurs.

"I'll start with a quote from former Senator Daniel K. Inouye. 'There exists a shadowy Government with its own Air Force, its own Navy, its own fund raising mechanism, and the ability to pursue its own ideas of the national interest, free from all checks and balances, and— free from the law itself.' "

President Eisenhower gave a speech in 1961, in which he warned, "'In the councils of Government, we must guard against the acquisition of unwarranted influence, whether sought or unsought, by the Military Industrial Complex. The potential for the disastrous rise of misplaced power exists and will persist. We must never let the weight of this combination endanger our liberties or democratic processes. We should take nothing for granted. Only an alert and knowledgeable citizenry can compel the proper meshing of the huge industrial and military machinery of defense with our peaceful methods and goals so that security and liberty may prosper together.'"

"I would also like to read select excerpts of a speech President John F. Kennedy delivered on April 27, 1961 that also warned of the dire consequences of an unaccounted, unwarranted, covert American government.

"I want to talk about our common responsibilities in the face of a common danger. The dimensions of its threat have loomed large on the horizon for many years. Whatever our hopes may be for the future--for reducing this threat or living with it--there is no escaping either the gravity or the totality of its challenge to our survival and to our security--a challenge that confronts us in unaccustomed ways in every sphere of human activity.

The very word "secrecy" is repugnant in a free and open society; and we are as a people inherently and historically opposed to secret societies, to secret oaths and to secret proceedings. We decided long ago that the dangers of excessive and unwarranted concealment of pertinent facts far outweighed the dangers which are cited to justify it. Even today, there is little value in opposing the threat of a closed society by imitating its arbitrary restrictions. Even today, there is little value in ensuring the survival of our nation if our traditions do not survive with it.

And there is very grave danger that an announced need for increased security will be seized upon by those anxious to expand its meaning to the very limits of official censorship and concealment. That I do not intend to permit to the extent that it is in my control.

In time of war, the government and the press have customarily joined in an effort based largely on self-discipline, to prevent unauthorized disclosures to the enemy. In time of "clear and present danger," the courts have held that even the privileged rights of the First Amendment must yield to the public's need for national security.

Today no war has been declared--and however fierce the struggle may be, it may never be declared in the traditional fashion. Our way of life is under attack. Those who make themselves our enemy are advancing around the globe. The survival of our friends is in danger. And yet no war has been declared, no borders have been crossed by marching troops, no missiles have been fired.

If the press is awaiting a declaration of war before it imposes the self-discipline of combat conditions, then I can only say that no war ever posed a greater threat to our security. If you are awaiting a finding of "clear and present danger," then I can only say that the danger has never been more clear and its presence has never been more imminent.

For we are opposed around the world by a monolithic and ruthless conspiracy that relies primarily on covert means for expanding its sphere of influence--on infiltration instead of invasion, on subversion instead of elections, on intimidation instead of free choice, on guerrillas by night instead of armies by day. It is a system which has conscripted vast human and material resources into the building of a tightly knit, highly efficient machine that combines military, diplomatic, intelligence, economic, scientific and political operations.

Its preparations are concealed, not published. Its mistakes are buried, not headlined. Its dissenters are silenced, not praised. No expenditure is questioned, no rumor is printed, no secret is revealed.

Without debate, without criticism, no Administration and no country can succeed--and no republic can survive. That is why the Athenian lawmaker Solon decreed it a crime for any citizen to shrink from controversy. And that is why our press was protected by the First Amendment— the only business in America specifically protected by the Constitution- -not primarily to amuse and entertain, not to emphasize the trivial and the sentimental, not to simply "give the public what it wants"--but to inform, to arouse, to reflect, to state our dangers and our opportunities, to indicate our crises and our choices, to lead, mold, educate and sometimes even anger public opinion.

This means greater coverage and analysis of international news--for it is no longer far away and foreign but close at hand and local. It means greater attention to improved understanding of the news as well as improved transmission. And it means, finally, that government at all levels, must meet its obligation to provide you with the fullest possible information outside the narrowest limits of national security--and we intend to do it.

It was early in the Seventeenth Century that Francis Bacon remarked on three recent inventions already transforming the world: the compass, gunpowder and the printing press. Now the links between the nations first forged by the compass have made us all citizens of the world, the hopes and threats of one becoming the hopes and threats of us all.

And so it is to the printing press--to the recorder of man's deeds, the keeper of his conscience, the courier of his news--that we look for strength and assistance, confident that with your help man will be what he was born to be: free and independent.” --John F. Kennedy

Parks paused briefly and looked at the full assembly with a grim, just determination.

“Ladies and gentlemen, there exists, right side by side, two American governments-- one public, God fearing and patriotic. And another-- covert, powerful, ruthless and terrifying. All being funded by the unknowing, uninformed American taxpayer. Two separate worlds and realities, one open and one secret, complete with two separate armed forces, two separate space programs, one public and one classified. All on the public dole. That’s why we’re all here, on this incredible orbital covert facility. Secrets, big secrets, so big we dare not admit to them now.

The problem with that is similar to the problem we face between the rich and the poor. One group advances at an exponential rate, while the other struggles with the adversities of daily survival. And the gulf between the two realities expands every day, creating a breach in human progression that is warped and diseased. The only way the close the breach is through access to truthful information, and through access to higher education for the under informed, the under educated.

The military aerospace science and technology industrial complex has unfinished business with the American people. Hopefully you, the new guard, the next generation of disclosure policy makers, will be compelled by a sense of true patriotism and survival, to reinvigorate the ailing American and subsequent

global economies, by “re-seeding” public industry with declassified new technological advances. Doing so will give the economy a much-needed infusion to keep it sustainable and progressive, the way they did so in the early 1950's.

Honestly, who really cares if we made extraterrestrial contact?

What is more important RIGHT NOW, is that the unregulated military industrial complex, funded by the unknowing, misinformed American taxpayer, needs to dedicate itself to keeping the public consumer transportation, technology and energy industries sustainable and progressive with an increased infusion of new declassified tech that can be developed to keep the economy growing and evolving. What is much more important is the declassification and dissemination of some, not all, foreign technology for new consumer technologies creation, which will create new industry infrastructure development and growth as well. In layman's terms, JOBS! Jobs that will sustain the middle class, the heart and soul of the American and global economy.

The “black world” of the military aerospace science and technology industrial complex needs to speed up the timeline for declassification and technological disclosure to the “white world” or public industry, and ease the foreign technological truth embargo, right now. If you want more funding for the black world, you need to keep the cash cow well fed, and feed it a variety. A robust economy translates into more tax revenue funding for the black world.

From zero point and cold fusion, to limited gravity propulsion technology for commercial and emergency transportation. Declassified technology transfusion into public industry will transform the 21st century with new infrastructure technological support and service industry jobs.

And change the primary, secondary, trade and higher education systems so that our children and young adults will become interested in science and engineering again, and find their career direction early in life, as opposed to never finding it at all, instead falling prey to the distraction of vapid, empty calorie, reality show trendiness that is popular culture.

We can't afford to wait until 2050...

Now, it's no secret that I am an ardent fan of the teachings of Dr. Michio Kaku, the Henry Semat Professor of Theoretical Physics at the City College of New York and cofounder of quantum field theory. I begin my remarks and beg your indulgence in my reading to you of his ideas, written in 1997, on the concept of a planetary civilization, some thirty years ago...

“Dr. Kaku writes, ‘The pace of scientific discovery is already accelerating into the next century. The biomolecular revolution will give us a complete genetic description of all living things, giving us the possibility of becoming choreographers of life on Earth. The computer revolution will give computational power that is virtually free and unlimited, eventually placing artificial intelligence within reach. And the quantum revolution will give us new materials, new energy sources, and perhaps the ability to create new forms of matter. In view of this, what might our civilization look like several centuries into the

future on the basis of such rapid progress? There is one field of science in which this question is the focus of investigation.

Astrophysicists have actively explored what types of civilizations may exist far into the distant future, perhaps centuries or millennia beyond ours. Astrophysicists use the laws of physics to propose speculative guidelines for the analysis of extraterrestrial civilizations, which may serve as a model to guide our own thinking about the evolution of our planet for the next several thousand years. Since the universe is roughly 15 billion years old, it is possible that there are civilizations in the galaxy which are literally millions of years ahead of ours. And with some 200 billion stars within our own Milky Way galaxy and trillions of galaxies within the visible universe, it is a distinct possibility that there are thousands of extraterrestrial civilizations unimaginably ahead of ours in their science and technology.

Russian astronomer Nikolai Kardashhev introduced convenient categories, which he called Type One, Two, and Three civilizations, respectively. To classify extraterrestrial civilizations based on the natural progression of energy consumption.

Based purely on physical considerations, any civilization in outer space will rely successively on three main sources of energy: their planet, their star, and their galaxy, corresponding with the Type One, Two, and Three civilizations, respectively. The energy output of each civilization is roughly 10 billion times larger than the previous one.

Since economic growth is fueled by increased energy consumption, within a hundred to a few hundred years, our world will approach a planetary Type One civilization.

The transition to a stellar Type Two civilization will take longer, perhaps 2,500 to 8000 years, at an annual growth rate of 1 to 3 percent, respectively. Eventually, the energy needs of a Type Three civilization will outgrow even the energy output of its star. It will be forced to go to nearby star systems in search of resources and energy, eventually transforming into a galactic civilization. The transition from Type Two to Type Three will take much longer, since that civilization must master interstellar travel. But one can assume that within a hundred thousand to a few million years, depending on its progress in developing interstellar travel, a stellar Type Two civilization will make the transition into a galactic Type Three civilization.”

Dr. Parks comments, “Dr. Kaku then goes into the dangers faced by Type Zero civilizations, he writes, “Of these three transitions, perhaps the most perilous one is the transition from a Type Zero to a Type One civilization. Like a child learning how to walk, it suddenly becomes aware of new life-threatening dangers in its quest to explore and master its world. The more it learns about the universe around it, the more it learns of potential dangers, such as ice ages, meteor and comet impacts, supernova explosions, and environmental threats, such as the collapse of its atmosphere or the proliferation of nuclear weapons.

Furthermore, a Type Zero civilization is like a spoiled child, unable to control its self-destructive temper tantrums and outbursts. Its immature history is still haunted by the brutal sectarian, fundamentalists, nationalist and racial hatreds of the past millennia.

A Type Zero civilization is still split along deep fracture lines created thousands of years in the past. The main danger faced by a Type Zero civilization occurs after its discovery of the chemical elements of the periodical chart. Inevitably, any intelligent civilization in the galaxy will discover two things: element 92 uranium and a chemical industry; the possibility of annihilating with nuclear weapons, and with the creating of a chemical industry, the possibility polluting their environment with toxins and destroying their life-giving atmosphere. Given that the fact that our astrophysicists do not yet see evidence of life in nearby star systems, even though Drake's equations predict the existence of thousands of intelligent civilizations in our galaxy, it is possible that our galaxy is filled with the ruins of Type Zero civilizations which either settled old grudges via element 92 or else uncontrollably polluted their planet. If these twin global disasters can be averted then inevitably their science will rise to unlock the secret of life, artificial intelligence, and the atom, as they stumble upon the biomolecular, computer, and quantum revolutions, which will pave the way for their society to rise to the level of a planetary civilization.

The computer revolution will link all their peoples with a powerful global telecommunications and economic network; the biomolecular revolution will give them the knowledge to cure disease and feed their expanding population; and the quantum revolution will give them the power and materials to build a planetary society.

On earth we are still a Type Zero civilization: we are still hopeless fractured into bickering, jealous nations and deeply split along racial, religious, and national lines. It is becoming increasingly fragmented, as civil and ethnic wars and national interests dominate the many parts of the world; and becoming increasingly unified, with new levels of cooperation between nations on a global scale and the emergence of common trading partnerships, such as the European Union.”

Dr. Parks adds, “And I would just like to note that in the year 2033, we also have the North American /South American Union, the Asian Union, and the African Union. So Dr. Kaku was right. He goes on to write, ‘With some Asian nations achieving spectacular annual growth rates of 10 percent, it is not unrealistic to assume that the growth rate for the next century may average around 5 percent, as the Third World becomes increasingly industrialized. At that rate, in a century the gross world product and world energy consumption of the planet will grow by a factor of 130 times. The economic, technological, and scientific achievements of a century from now may dwarf anything which is conceivable at present by a factor of over one hundred.

Entire regions of the world, many of which are pockets of wretched poverty today, will be industrialized by that time. The passions and hatreds that fired up nationalism and sectarianism of the past will gradually subside as people become wealthier and have a larger stake in the system. By the late twenty-first century, there will also be enormous social, political, and economic pressures to forge a planetary civilization generated by a global economy. Of course, there will be ruling elites trying to jealously protect their influence and power.’ ”

Dr. Parks adds, “Many of those obstructionist agents are here in this audience. Dr. Kaku goes on to write...‘For many decades into and beyond the twenty-first century, they may try to resist the global

trends that are creating a Type One civilization on the earth. However, every decade their power will diminish, because of enormous social and economic forces unleashed by scientific revolutions.”

Dr. Parks warns, “In other words gentlemen, our shadow days are numbered. Soon we will have to be exposed to the light of full disclosure and to the world. Dr. Kaku continues, ‘The greatest obstacle to a planetary civilization is the obvious fact that political power resides with jealous nations. Clearly we live in the era of nations. Furthermore, the reign of nations will continue for most of the twenty-first century. But although we are still in the thick of the era of nations, commercial bonds are becoming global by nature. National boundaries are giving way to economic forces, much the way feudal principalities gave way to nations with the coming of the industrial revolution. Alvin Toffler wrote, “We are moving towards a world system composed of units densely interrelated like neurons in a brain rather than organized like departments of a bureaucracy. Others see the potential rise of a world government of some sort, replacing the anemic United Nations of today. But in addition to the rise of a global economy and the weakening of the concept of nations, there is another equally powerful force that is pushing for stability and planetary civilization, and that is the rise of the international middle class.”

By the time a civilization has reached Type One status, it has achieved a rare political stability. A Type One civilization is necessarily a planetary one. Only a planetary civilization can truly make the decisions that affect the planetary flow of energy and resources. A Type One civilization, for example, will derive much of its energy from planetary sources—i.e. from the oceans, the atmosphere, solar, and deep within the planet. It will modify its weather and mine its oceans, using planetary resources that are only a dream in the minds of our engineers today.

As time goes on, a Type One civilization will develop a planetary communication system, a planetary culture, and a planetary economy. There will be instantaneous communication linking society, which will tend to gradually erase longstanding cultural and national barriers which sometimes lead to war. The divisions and scars that afflict a Type Zero civilization will fade into history with the abundant material wealth and energy resources of a Type One society.

By the time the civilization has reached Type Two status, however, it will become immortal, enduring throughout the life of the universe. Nothing known in nature can destroy a Type Two civilization. A Type Two civilization has the ability to fend off scores of astronomical or ecological disasters with the power of its technology.

The transition from a Type Two to a Type Three civilization will take more time, since its evolution depends on mastering interstellar travel, an extraordinarily difficult task. But if such civilizations have starships that can attain a fraction of the speed of light or greater, then colonizing other portions of the galaxy may well be possible. There has been some speculation by some scientists about whether a Type Three civilization exists within our own galaxy.

Being immortal, such a civilization may already have explored large portions of our galaxy. Another theory holds that a Type Three civilization, being thousands of years ahead of us in technology, may not

be interested in us. After all, when we see an anthill, do we bend down and offer the ants trinkets, medicine, knowledge, and science?

Even more ambitious would be for an advanced civilization to harness the “Planck energy,” the energy necessary to tear the fabric of space and time. Although this energy seems hopelessly beyond the capabilities of our Type 0 civilization, it is well within the scope of a mature Type One or higher civilization, which according to our previous assumption possesses roughly 100 billion to a billion trillion times the energy output of our Type Zero civilization. For a civilization with such a cosmic energy output, it may be possible to open up holes in space (assuming that wormholes do not violate the laws of quantum physics). This may provide perhaps the most efficient way of reaching out to the stars to create a galactic civilization, using dimensional windows rather than clumsy starships alone to explore unseen worlds.” Dr. Michio Kaku, 1997.”

“Another great American wrote, ““On earth chances are there are a multitude of devices around you that are using electric power dependent upon an outdated power grid, nuclear power or some form of fossil fuel. All of the above sources of power are detrimental to the planet and its residents and have a 'costly' effect both on the planet and humanity in incalculable ways. This is a colossal problem that needs a resolution now! Can you imagine not having to pay continually for your electrical power needs month in and month out? This is the motivation and purpose of The Orion Project - to transform our current energy calamity into a state of energetic abundance for one and all. This is a task that The Orion Project stands strategically and professionally positioned to provide solutions immediately. If we face these challenges with courage and with wisdom together, we can secure for our children a new and sustainable world, free of poverty and environmental destruction. We will be up to the challenge, because we must be.’ ”

“That was a quote from Dr. Steven Greer MD, CEO of the Advanced Energy Research Organization, Founder and Director of the Disclosure Project, and the Orion Project. The National Disclosure Campaign movement, pioneered by such visionaries as SHAPE NATO Commander retired Major Robert O. Dean, retired Lieutenant Colonel Thomas E. Bearden, and the Disclosure Project’s and Orion Project’s founder, Dr. Steven Greer, among many other outspoken patriots on the subject, is one of many attempts over the past decades to affect change in a positive manner and accelerate the public time line rate of allowed technological advancement from the military industrial complex for national commercial application. This has been an uphill battle against overwhelming government opposition at best; although there has been a ripple effect through the current timeline rate calendar of the military, industrial, aerospace, and energy communities.

As a result of organizations such as the Orion Project, the Disclosure Project and the National Disclosure Campaign, an optimistic prediction can be made that, by the year 2100, there will be a plausible, safe and affordable application of commercial advanced energy and transportation systems. Now, before the National Disclosure Campaign Movement, a less optimistic, conservative prediction would have placed the timeline rate to up to 200 years into the future, not less than 100. So it is clear

that the campaign not only deserves the full support of the American public, but the energy and the military aerospace industrial communities.

The resulting new advanced transportation and energy technologies will provide an economic boost to the country in the form of millions of new jobs and a new national service support, training and education infrastructure. It's the year 2033. This secret has been officially kept since the early 1940s, nearly 100 years, and unofficially known about since 1897. The whole world knows by now, it's no longer a shock. We are not the only sentient intelligence in the universe. Big surprise, but the situation goes beyond simple public acknowledgment. I no longer have the words to describe my profound disappointment at the invisible policy makers responsible for this mess we find ourselves in. I only have contempt for them. We are all forced to wait for their natural passing, or prepare for a blackworld coup d'état before a much needed sea change in public disclosure time line policy can be achieved. This will happen, don't be surprised, for even as we speak, there are forces literally at war within the military-industrial complex: noble forces trying to usurp the power of an apathetic, corrupt status quo determined to hold on to power, and an antiquated fossil fuel energy industry-based power structure.

So I will use the words of another unsung patriot to make my argument for technological disclosure, right now."

"Dr. Greer explained it this way, 'Since 1902, advances in electromagnetic energy generating systems have allowed for the extraction of limitless free energy from the space around us. This field, termed Zero Point Energy and Quantum Vacuum Space Energy, allows for the extraction of vast amounts of E M energy that can run our homes, cars, factories and businesses at very little cost and absolutely NO pollution, emissions, greenhouse gasses or ionizing radiation.'"

"Over thirty years ago, in a 2001 Disclosure Project Briefing Document, the first of many to follow over the decades, was prepared for members of the press, members of the United States Government, and members of the scientific community. Dr. Greer and coauthor Dr. Theodore C. Loder outlined our present dilemma."

"For most people, the question of whether or not we are alone in the universe is a mere philosophical musing – something of academic interest but of no practical importance. Even evidence that we are currently being visited by non-human advanced life forms seems to many to be an irrelevancy in a world of climate change, crushing poverty and the threat of war. In the face of real challenges to the long-term human future, the question of UFOs, extraterrestrials and secret government projects is a mere sideshow, right? Wrong – catastrophically wrong.

The evidence presented [in this report] establishes the following:

- That we are indeed being visited by advanced extraterrestrial civilizations and have been for some time.
- That this is the most classified, compartmented program within the U.S. and many other countries.

- That those projects have, as warned in 1961 by President Eisenhower, escaped legal oversight and control in the U.S., the U.K. and elsewhere.
- That advanced spacecraft of extraterrestrial origin, called extraterrestrial vehicles or ETV's by some intelligence agencies, have been downed, retrieved and studied since at least the 1940s and possibly as early as the 1930s.
- That significant technological breakthroughs in energy generation and propulsion have resulted from the study of these objects and from related human innovations dating as far back as the time of Nikola Tesla and that these technologies utilize a new physics not requiring the burning of fossil fuels or ionizing radiating to generate vast amounts of energy.
- That classified, above top-secret projects possess fully operational anti-gravity propulsion devices and new energy generation systems that, if declassified and put to peaceful uses, would empower a new human civilization without want, poverty or environmental damage. Those who doubt these assertions should carefully read the testimony of dozens of military and government witnesses whose testimony clearly establishes these facts. Given the vast and profound implications of these statements, whether one accepts or seriously doubts these assertions, all must demand that congressional hearings be convened to get to the truth of this matter. For nothing less than the human future hangs in the balance.

#### Implications for the Environment:

We do in fact possess classified energy generation and anti-gravity propulsion systems capable of completely and permanently replacing all forms of currently used energy generation and transportation systems. These devices access the ambient electromagnetic and so-called zero point energy state to produce vast amounts of energy without any pollution. Such systems essentially generate energy by tapping into the ever-present quantum vacuum energy state – the baseline energy from which all energy and matter is fluxing. All matter and energy is supported by this baseline energy state and it can be tapped through unique electromagnetic circuits and configurations to generate huge amounts of energy from space/time all around us. These are NOT perpetual motion machines nor do they violate the laws of thermodynamics – they merely tap an ambient energy field all around us to generate energy.

Such systems do not require fuel to burn or atoms to split or fuse. They do not require central power plants, transmission lines and the related multi-trillion dollar infrastructure required to electrify and power remote areas of India, China, Africa and Latin America. These systems are site-specific: they can be set up at any place and generate needed energy. Essentially, this constitutes the definitive solution to the vast majority of environmental problems facing our world.

The environmental benefits of such a discovery can hardly be overstated, but a brief list includes:

- The elimination of oil, coal and gas as sources of energy generation, thus the elimination of air and water pollution related to the transport and use of these fuels. Oil spills, global warming, illnesses from air pollution, acid rain etc. can and must be ended within 10-20 years.

- Resource depletion and geopolitical tensions arising from competition for fossil fuel resources will end.
- Technologies already exist to scrub manufacturing effluent to zero or near zero emissions for both air and water – but they use a great deal of energy and thus are considered too costly to fully utilize. Moreover, since they are energy intensive, and our energy systems today create most of the air pollution in the world, a point of diminishing return for the environment is reached quickly. That equation is dramatically changed when industries are able to tap vast amounts of free energy, there is no fuel to pay for – only the device, which is no more costly than other generators and those systems create no pollution.
- Energy-intensive recycling efforts will be able to reach full application since the energy needed to process solid waste will, again, be free and abundant.
- Agriculture, which is currently very energy dependent and polluting, can be transformed to use clean, non-polluting sources of energy.
- Desertification can be reversed and world agriculture empowered by utilizing desalinization plants, that are now very energy intensive and expensive, but will become cost-efficient once able to use these new, non-polluting energy systems.
- Air travel, trucking and inter-city transportation systems will be replaced with new energy and propulsion technologies; anti-gravity systems allow for silent above surface movement. No pollution will be generated and costs will decrease substantially since the energy expenses will be negligible. Additionally, mass transportation in urban areas can utilize these systems to provide silent, efficient intra-city movement.
- Noise pollution from jets, trucks and other modes of transportation will be eliminated by the use of these silent devices.
- Public utilities will not be needed since each home, office and factory will have a device to generate whatever energy is needed. This means ugly transmission lines that are subject to storm damage and power interruption will be a thing of the past. Underground gas pipelines, which not infrequently rupture or leak and damage Earth and water resources, will not be needed at all.
- Nuclear power plants will be decommissioned and the technologies needed to clean such sites will be available. Classified technologies do exist to neutralize nuclear waste.

Utopia? No, because human society will always be imperfect – but perhaps not as dysfunctional as it is today. These technologies are real – I have seen them. Antigravity is a reality and so is free energy generation. This is not a fantasy or a hoax. Do not believe those who say that this is not possible: they are the intellectual descendants of those who said the Wright brothers would never fly.

Current human civilization has reached the point of being able to commit planeticide: the killing of an entire world. We can and we must do better. These technologies exist and every single person who is

concerned about the environment and the human future should call for urgent hearings to allow these technologies to be disclosed, declassified and safely applied.

Implications for Society and World Poverty:

From the above, it is obvious that these technologies that are currently classified would enable human civilization to achieve sustainability. Of course, in the near term, we are talking about the greatest social, economic and technological revolution in human history – bar none. I will not minimize the world-encompassing changes that would inevitably attend such disclosures. Having dealt with this issue for much of my adult life, I am acutely aware of how immense these changes will be.

Aside from the singular realization that homo sapiens are not the only – or most advanced creatures in the universe, this disclosure will cause humanity to be faced with the greatest risks and opportunities in known history. If we do nothing, our civilization will collapse environmentally, economically, geopolitically and socially. In 10 – 20 years, fossil fuel and oil demand will outstrip supply significantly. It is likely that this geopolitical and social collapse will precede any environmental catastrophe.

The disclosure of these new technologies will give us a new, sustainable civilization. World poverty will be eliminated within our lifetimes. With the advent of these new energy and propulsion systems, no place on Earth will need to suffer from want. Even the deserts will bloom...

Once abundant and nearly free energy is available in impoverished areas for agriculture, transportation, construction, manufacturing and electrification, there is no limit to what humanity can achieve. It is ridiculous –obscene even- that mind-boggling poverty and famine exists in the world while we sit on classified technologies that could completely reverse this situation. So why not release these technologies? Because the social, economic and geopolitical order of the world would be greatly altered. Every deep insider with whom I have met has emphasized that this would be the greatest change in known human history. The matter is so highly classified not because it is so silly, but because its implications are so profound and far reaching. By nature, those who control such projects do not like change. And here we are talking about the biggest economic, technological, social and geopolitical change in known human history. Hence, the status quo is maintained, even as our civilization hurtles towards oblivion.

An international effort to minimize disruption to the economy and to ease the transition to this new social and economic reality will be needed. We can do this and we must. Special interests in certain oil, energy and economic sectors need to be reined in and at the same time treated compassionately: Nobody likes to see their power and empire crumble. Nations very dependent on the sale of oil and gas will need help diversifying, stabilizing and transitioning to a new economic order.

The United States, Europe and Japan will need to adjust to a new geopolitical reality as well: As currently poor but populous countries dramatically develop technologically and economically, they will demand – and will get – a meaningful seat at the international table. And this is as it should be. But the international community will need to put in place safeguards to prevent such potential geopolitical rapprochement between the first and third world from devolving into bellicose and disruptive behavior

on the part of the newly empowered. The U.S. in particular will need to lead through strength – but avoid the current trend towards domination. Leadership and domination are not the same, and the sooner we learn the difference the better off the world will be. There can be international leadership without domination and hegemony and the U.S needs to realize these distinctions if it is to provide much-needed leadership on this issue.

These technologies, because they will decentralize power – literally and figuratively – will enable the billions living in misery and poverty to enter a world of new abundance. And with economic and technological development, education will rise and birth rates will fall. It is well known that as societies become more educated, prosperous and technologically advanced – and women take an increasingly equal role in society – the birth rate falls and population stabilizes. This is a good thing for world civilization and the future of humanity. With each village cleanly electrified, agriculture empowered with clean and free energy and transportation costs lowered, poverty will dramatically fall in the world. If we act now, by 2030 we will be able to effectively eliminate all poverty in the world as we know it today. We only need the courage to accept these changes and the wisdom to steer humanity safely and peacefully into a new time.

Implications for World Peace and Security:

The nature of these black projects has resulted in most of our leaders being left out of any decision making on this subject, and what a shame this is. It is true that our great diplomats and wise elders and other international leaders have been specifically and deliberately prevented from having access to or control over this subject. This is a direct threat to world peace. In the vacuum of secrecy, operations supervised by neither the people, the people's representatives, the UN nor any other legitimate entity have taken actions that directly threaten world peace.

Testimony, corroborated by multiple military witnesses who do not know each other and who have had no opportunity for collusion, will show that the U.S. and other countries have engaged these ETVs in armed attack, in some cases leading to the downing of these vehicles. If there is even a 10% chance that this is true, then this constitutes the gravest threat to world peace in human history. Why? Because these unknown vehicles have been in our airspace without our permission and because we wanted to acquire their technology. Nobody has asserted that there is an actual threat to humanity from these objects: Obviously, any civilization capable of routine interstellar travel could terminate our civilization in a nanosecond, if that was their intent. That we are still breathing the free air of earth is abundant testimony to the non-hostile nature of these ET civilizations. We have also been informed that the so-called Star Wars National Missile Defense System effort has really been a cover for black project deployment of weapon systems to track, target and destroy E T Vs as they approach earth or enter earth's atmosphere. Well, unless we change directions we are likely to end up where we are going. With the types of weapons currently in the covert arsenal – weapons more fearsome even than thermonuclear devices – there is no possibility of a survivable conflict. Yet in the darkness of secrecy, actions have been taken on behalf of every human that may endanger our future. Only a full, honest disclosure will correct this situation. It is not possible for me to convey in words the urgency of this. Every technology, unless guided by wisdom and a desire for that good and peaceful future – the only

future possible – will be used for conflict. Super-secret projects that answer to no legally constituted body – not the UN, not the U.S. Congress, not the British Parliament – must not be allowed to continue to act in this way on behalf of humanity.

One of the greatest dangers of extreme secrecy is that it creates a hermetically sealed, closed system impervious to the free and open exchange of ideas. In such an environment, it is easy to see how grave mistakes can be made. For instance, these ETVs became very prominent after we developed the first nuclear weapons – and began to go into space. There were multiple events – corroborated here by numerous credible military officials – of these objects hovering over and even neutralizing Intercontinental Ballistic Missiles. A closed, military view of this might be to take offense, engage in countermeasures, and attempt to down such objects. In fact, this would be the normal response. But what if these ET civilizations were saying, “Please do not destroy your beautiful world – and know this: we will not let you go into space with such madness and threaten others... An event showing concern and even a larger cosmic wisdom could be construed over and over again as an act of aggression. Such misunderstandings and myopia are the stuff wars are made of.

Whatever our perceptions of these visitors, there is no chance that misunderstandings can be resolved through violent engagement. To contemplate such madness is to contemplate the termination of human civilization. It is time for our wise elders and our levelheaded diplomats to be put in charge of these weighty matters. To leave this in the hands of a clique of unelected, self-appointed and unaccountable covert operations is the greatest threat to U.S. national security and world security in history. Eisenhower was right, but nobody was listening. In light of testimony showing that covert actions have been taken that involved violent engagement of these visitors, it is imperative that the international community in general and the U.S. Congress and President in particular do the following:

- Convene hearings to assess the risks to national and international security posed by the current covert management of the subject;
- Enforce an immediate ban on weapons in space and specifically ban the targeting of any extraterrestrial objects since such actions are unwarranted and could endanger the whole of humanity;
- Develop a special diplomatic unit to interface with these extraterrestrial civilizations, foster communication and peaceful relations;
- Develop a suitably empowered and open international oversight group to manage human / extraterrestrial relations and ensure peaceful and mutually beneficial interactions;
- Support international institutions that can ensure the peaceful use of those new technologies related to advanced energy and propulsion systems. In addition, a less obvious – but perhaps equally pressing – threat to world peace arises from the fact that the covert control of this subject has resulted in the world being deprived of the new energy and propulsion technologies discussed earlier. World poverty and a widening gap between rich and poor are serious threats to world peace, which would be corrected by the disclosure and peaceful application of these technologies. The real threat of war over a shrinking supply of fossil fuels in the next 10-20 years further underscores the need for this disclosure. What

happens when the 4 billion people living in poverty want cars, electricity and other modern conveniences – all of which depend on fossil fuels? To any thinking person, it is obvious that we must transition quickly to the use of these now classified technologies – they are powerful solutions already sitting on a shelf.

Of course, a number of insiders have pointed out that these technologies are not your grandfather's Oldsmobile: They are technological advances, like any other, that could be put to violent uses by terrorists, bellicose nations and madmen. But here we enter a catch 22: If these technologies are not forthcoming soon, we will face a certain meltdown in human civilization and the environment; if they are disclosed, immensely powerful new technologies will be out there for possible destructive uses. In the short term, it is prudent to view humanity as likely to use any new technology violently. This means that international agencies must be created to ensure – and enforce – the exclusive peaceful use of such devices. The technologies exist today to link every such device to a Global Positioning System monitor that could disable or render useless any device tampered with or used for anything but peaceful power generation and propulsion.

These technologies should be regulated and monitored. And the international community must mature to a level of competence to ensure their exclusive peaceful use. Any other use should be met with overwhelming resistance by every other nation on earth.

Such a pact is the necessary next step. Maybe someday, humanity will live in peace without the need for such controls. But for now, the situation is like that of chained dogs – some strong leashes are warranted and are essential. But such concerns cannot be a rationale for further delaying the disclosure of these technologies. We have the knowledge and means to ensure their safe and peaceful use – and these must be applied soon if we are to avoid further degradation of the environment and an escalation of world poverty and conflict. In the final analysis, then, we are faced with a social and spiritual crisis that transcends any technological or scientific challenge. The technological solutions exist – but do we possess the will, wisdom and courage to apply them for the common good? The more one contemplates this matter the more it is obvious that we have one possible future: Peace. Peace on earth and peace in space – a universal Peace, wisely enforced. For every other path leads to ruin. This then is the greatest challenge of the current era. Can our spiritual and social resources rise to this challenge? Nothing less than the destiny of the human race hangs in the balance.' ”

“In another 2007 article, written nearly three decades ago, Dr. Greer wrote about our ongoing struggle for new energy technologies to be allowed to enter the public sector. I will paraphrase the highlights of his argument for change to make my own, and again protect the security oath I made to my country.

He begins... ‘On the extraterrestrial subject, the evidence is clear and overwhelming. What is a greater challenge is explaining why all the continued secrecy? Why a “black” or unacknowledged government within the US government. Why continue to hide the subject from public view?’ ”

Parks interjects, “For me, the answer is simple-- greed and power...Dare I admit to it, but all the major energy and transportation companies are represented here, whether invited or under house arrest, as

someone very close to you will attest to, and have OIC advanced research projects and related technology derived from extraterrestrial origins.”

“Dr. Greer writes, ‘The “what”, or evidence is complex but manageable. The “how”, or nature of the ongoing blackworld programs, is more difficult, much more complex and Byzantine. But the “why”—the reason behind the ongoing secrecy—is the most challenging problem of all. There is not a single answer to this question, but rather numerous interrelated reasons for such extraordinary secrecy. Here are some key points regarding this secrecy, why it is imposed and why it is so difficult for the controlling interests within covert programs to reverse policy and allow disclosure. We know that this secret was held in greater secrecy than even the development of the hydrogen bomb. There was a tremendous effort underway by the late 1940s to study extraterrestrial hardware, figure out how it operated and what human applications might be made from such discoveries. Even then, the projects dealing with this subject were extraordinarily covert. It became much more so by the early 1950s when substantial progress was made on some of the physics behind the extraterrestrial craft energy and propulsion systems.

The compartmentalization increased when value of these covert projects was fully realized: these devices displayed new physics and energy systems which—if disclosed—would forever alter life on earth. By the Eisenhower era the blackworld projects were increasingly compartmentalized away from legal, constitutional, chain-of-command oversight and control. Eisenhower knew of the extraterrestrial reality—the president and similar leaders in the U.K. and elsewhere were increasingly left out of the loop. Such senior elected and appointed leaders were confronted with, as Eisenhower called it, a sophisticated military-industrial complex with labyrinthine compartmentalized projects which were, and still are, more and more out of their control and oversight. We know that Presidents Eisenhower, Kennedy, Carter and Clinton were frustrated in attempts to penetrate such projects. And sadly, President Kennedy paid the ultimate price. This was also true for senior congressional leaders and investigators, foreign leadership and UN leadership.

This is indeed an equal opportunity exclusion project. It does not matter how high you rank or your office: If you are not deemed necessary to the project, you are not going to know about it, period. By the 1960s, and certainly by the 1990s, the world was very familiar with the concept of space travel, and the popular science fiction industry that thoroughly indoctrinated the masses with the idea of extraterrestrial from far away being a possibility. So why the continued secrecy? The Cold War was over. The facile explanations of fear, panic, shock and the like do not suffice to justify a level of secrecy so deep that even the president and his CIA director could be denied access to cosmic information.’ ”

“Its 2033 now, so as Dr. Greer explained it nearly three decades ago, ‘Continued secrecy on the extraterrestrial subject must be related then to ongoing anxiety related to the essential power dynamics of the world and how such a disclosure would impact these. That is to say, that the knowledge related to the extraterrestrial phenomenon must have such great potential for changing the status quo that its continued suppression is deemed essential at all costs.

“Going back to the early 1950s,” Dr. Greer adds, “we have found that the basic technology and physics behind these Extraterrestrial spacecraft were discovered through very intensive reverse engineering projects. It was precisely at this point that the decision was made to increase the secrecy to an unprecedented level—one which essentially took the matter out of the ordinary government chain-of-command as we know it. Why? Aside from the possible use of such knowledge by U.S., U.K. adversaries during the Cold War, it was immediately recognized that the basic physics behind the energy generation and propulsion systems was such that these systems could easily replace all existing energy generation and propulsion systems on the earth—and with them, the entire geopolitical and economic order. The disclosure of the existence of the extraterrestrials interaction, with the inevitable disclosure related to these new physics altering technologies soon to follow, would change the world forever—and they knew it. This was to be blocked at all costs, because this was the era of big oil, big coal and the like. The release of these new technologies would sweep away the entire old technological infrastructure of the entire planet.

The changes would have been intense --and sudden.”

Dr. Parks paused to look about the large auditorium and spoke passionately to the shadowed audience of hardened veterans on the covert military aerospace community.

“But it’s the year 2033, not the 1950s that Dr. Greer speaks of; nearly 100 years has passed, more than the 50-plus years he bases his argument on. We also now know there is a managed timeline release of technological advancement, including segway energies technological infrastructure in place to adapt our economy to a future that utilizes advanced Type One energy; this much of a concession to some form of transition is admitted to by all major operators in the blackworld aerospace and energy communities. It is being managed to coincide with the increasing influence of the NATO nations, and the merging world economies and former currencies the Amero, Yen, Yuan and Euro into a global credit. But as the world heads closer to a UN nations led future, the covert world must accelerate its time line rate of technological change to match that future. Not for the year 2100, but for 2050, when the Orbital Industrial Colony is scheduled to be announced to the world.”

“Dr. Greer adds, ‘This is true now more than then. Why? Because avoiding the problem in the 1950s—while convenient at the time—means that the situation is more tenuous now. And the world economy is larger and more complicated by many orders of magnitude now, so change would be exponentially greater—and potentially more chaotic.

And so this is the conundrum: each decade and generation has passed this problem on to the next, only to find any path but continued secrecy to be more destabilizing than it would have been a decade earlier. In a maddening circle of secrecy, delay of disclosure and increasing world complexity and dependence on outdated energy systems, each generation has found itself in a greater squeeze than the one before. As difficult as disclosure would have been in the 1950s, disclosure now is even more difficult. The technological discoveries of the 1950s resulting from the reverse-engineering of extraterrestrial craft could have enabled us to completely transform the world economic, social,

technological and environmental situations. That such advancements have been withheld from the public is related to the change-averse nature of the controlling hierarchy at the time—and to this day.’ ”

“And make no mistake;” Dr. Greer notes, “the changes would be immense. Consider a technology that enables energy generation from the so-called zero-point field which enables every home, business, factory and vehicle to have its own source of power—without an external fuel source ever. No need for oil, gas, coal, nuclear plants or the internal combustion engine— and no pollution, period.

Consider a technology using electrogravitic devices which allows for above surface transportation. The risks of disclosure are now much less than the risks continued secrecy. Many people will consider the technological and economic impact of such a disclosure as the central justification of continued secrecy. After all, we are talking about a multi-trillion-dollar-per year change in the economy. The entire energy and transportation sectors of the economy would be revolutionized. And the energy sector— non-renewable fuels in particular, will utterly vanish. And while other industries will flourish, only a fool would dismiss the impact of such a multi-trillion dollar segment of the economy disappearing. Certainly the “vested interests” involved the last 100 years of global industrial infrastructure related to oil, gas, coal, internal combustion engines and public utilities are no small force in the world. But to understand extraterrestrial secrecy, one must consider what all that money represents at its core: power, massive geopolitical power.

One must consider what will happen when every village in India or Africa or South America or China has devices that can generate large amounts of power without pollution and without spending huge sums of energy on fuel. The entire world will be able to develop in an unprecedented fashion— without pollution and without billions spent on power plants, transmission lines and combustible fuels. The have-nots will finally have.

This will widely be considered a good thing—after all, much of the world’s instability, warfare and the like is related to mind-numbing poverty and economic deprivation juxtaposed in a world of great wealth. Social injustice and economic disparity breed much chaos and suffering in the world. These decentralized, nonpolluting technologies will change that permanently. As these new energy systems proliferate, the so-called Third World will reach parity with the industrialized world of Europe, the US and Japan. This will cause a massive shift in geopolitical power, which will rapidly result in an equalization of power in the world. And the industrialized world will find that it must then actually share power with the now downtrodden Third World. The US and Europe have only 10 percent of the world’s population. Once the other 90 percent rise in technological and economic standing, it is clear that the geopolitical power will shift to, or equalize with, the rest of world. Power will have to be shared. Real global collective security will be inevitable. It will be the end of the world as we know it.’ ”

Dr. Parks adds, “And the beginning of our glorious, new Type One Future...Dr. Greer goes on to write, “To end secrecy means vast and profound changes in virtually every aspect of human existence— economic, social, technological, philosophical, geopolitical and so forth. But to continue the secrecy and the suppression of these new energy and propulsion technologies means something far more destabilizing: the collapse of the Earth’s ecosystem and the growing anger of the have-nots, who are

being needlessly deprived of a dignified life. As if the foregoing were not enough to justify, recall the extraordinary things that have been done to maintain this secrecy. The infrastructure needed to maintain and expand the level of secrecy which can deceive presidents, CIA directors, senior congressional leaders and European prime ministers and the like is substantial, and illegal. The entity that controls the extraterrestrial matter and its related technologies has more power than any single government in the world or any single government leader. That such a situation could arise was forewarned by President Eisenhower when in 1961, he cautioned us regarding the growing “military industrial complex”. This was his last speech as president, and he was warning us directly of a frightening situation about which he had personal knowledge. He knew of the covert programs dealing with the situation. But he also knew that he had lost control of these black projects and that “they” were lying to him about the extent and full nature of their research and development activities.

Indeed, the current state-of-the-art in secrecy is a hybrid, quasi-government, quasi-privatized and functions outside the purview of any single agency or any single government. Access is by inclusion alone, and if you are not included, it does not matter if you are a CIA director, president, chairman of Senate Foreign Relations Committee, senior Joint Chiefs of Staff in the Pentagon or UN secretary general: you simply will not have knowledge or access to these black projects. To acquire and maintain such power, all types of things have been done.

“‘To be specific’ ” Dr. Greer reports, “‘this group has usurped power and rights not legally granted to it. It is extra-constitutional, in both the U.S. and U.K. and in other countries around the world. Grant the possibility that, at least initially, this covert undertaking was designed to maintain secrecy and avoid instability. But the risks of inadvertent leaks or a national or world leader deciding legally that that it was time for disclosure made it essential weave a web of greater and greater secrecy and of illegal operations, which has closed in on the operation itself. That is, the complexity of the compartmentalized projects, the degree of unconstitutional and unauthorized activity, the “privatization” by corporate partners, the “industrial” part of the military-industrial complex, of advanced technologies, the continued lying to legally elected and appointed leaders— and to the tax funding public; all these and more have contributed to psychology of continued secrecy—because disclosure would expose the greatest scandal in recorded history.’ ”

“‘Here’s the main point of my use of Dr. Greer’s 2007 speech; “‘How would the global public react to the fact that the degradation of the entire Earth’s ecosystem and the inevitable loss of thousands of species of plants and animals now extinct due to pollution, was unnecessary and could have been avoided, if only an honest release of this information had occurred in the 1950s? How would society react to the knowledge that trillions of dollars have been spent on unauthorized, unconstitutional black projects over the years?’ ”

And taxpayer dollars have been used by corporate partners in this secrecy to develop spinoff technologies based on the study of extraterrestrial technologies which were later patented and used in highly profitable technologies? Not only have the taxpayers been defrauded, they have been made to pay a premium for such breakthroughs which were a result of research paid for by them!

While the basic energy generation and propulsion technologies have been withheld, these corporate partners have profited wildly from other breakthroughs and benefits in electronics, miniaturization and related areas. Such covert technology transfers constitute a multi-trillion dollar theft of technologies which really should be in the public domain, since taxpayers have paid for them.

And how would the public react to the fact that the multi-trillion-dollar aviation and aerospace programs, using old physics and old internal combustion jet engines, jet and chemical propellant thrusters and chemical rocket engine technologies, has been a primitive and an unnecessary experiment, since much more advanced technologies and propellantless propulsion systems were in existence before we ever went to the Moon? NASA and related agencies have for the most part, been a victim of this secrecy as the rest of the government and the public.

Only a small, very compartmentalized fraction of NASA people know of the real extraterrestrial technologies hidden away in these black projects. What a shame. The inescapable reality is this: this secrecy, this quiet coup d'état of the late 1940s and early 1950s, no matter how well intentioned initially, got carried away with its own secret power. It abused this power, and hijacked our future.' "

"Dr. Greer goes on, 'But the situation is actually much worse than this, dwarfed by a larger problem: the covert group running these black projects has also had exclusive sway over the early days of an embryonic extraterrestrial-human relationship. And it has been tragically mismanaged.

What happens when an unelected, self-appointed, self-selecting, military oriented group alone has to deal with inter-species relations between humans and extraterrestrials? Every new and uncontrolled development will be seen as a potential or real military threat. The nature of such a group, which is inordinately controlled and incestuous--is that it is homogenous in world view and mindset. Power, control and extreme secrecy create a very dangerous milieu in which checks and balances, give and take, are utterly lacking. And in such an environment, very dangerous decisions can be made with inadequate feedback, discussion or insight from needed civilian academic and scientific perspectives, which are more often than not, perforce, excluded. In such an environment of extreme secrecy, militarism and paranoia, immensely dangerous actions have been taken against extraterrestrials, including the use of increasingly advanced technologies, usually of extraterrestrial origin ironically, to track, target and destroy extraterrestrial assets.

Remember, covert reverse-engineering projects have resulted in huge quantum leaps forward in technologies that, once applied to military systems, could be a real threat to extraterrestrials traveling here peacefully. These attempts to rapidly militarize space are a result of a myopic and paranoid view of extraterrestrial projects and intentions on Earth. If left unchecked, it can only result in catastrophe. Indeed this group, no matter how well intentioned, is in urgent need of exposure so that global statesmen with a new perspective can intercede in this situation. While we see no evidence that all extraterrestrial civilizations are hostile, self-defense is likely a universal quality. And while tremendous restraint has been shown by extraterrestrials visiting earth thus far, there might be a "cosmic trip wire" as human covert technologies reach parity with extraterrestrial technology, and we continue to use such increasingly advanced technologies in such a bellicose fashion. The prospect is sobering.' "

“Dr. Greer closes with this plea, and I concur, ‘Our future is in the balance. We need our international statesmen involved in such a vast historic dilemma. But if access is denied—and remains undisclosed and off the global radar screen—we are left with the unelected few to decide our fate and act on our behalf. This must change, and soon. In the final analysis, while the changes attendant on such a disclosure would be massive and profoundly impact virtually every aspect of life on earth, it is still the right thing to do disclose the truth. Secrecy has taken on a life of its own: it is a growing cancer which needs to be cured before it destroys the life of earth and all who dwell on her.

The reasons for secrecy are clear: global power, socioeconomic and technological control, retaining the geopolitical status quo, and the fear of scandal surrounding the exposure of such black projects. But the one thing more dangerous than disclosure is continued secrecy. The promising relationship between humanity and civilizations from other planets is being militarized and strained by failed thinking and failed programs run completely in secret. As daunting as disclosure may be, with all its potential for short-term instability and change, continued secrecy means that we will destroy the earth through our folly and greed. The future of humanity has been delayed and hijacked. There are no easy choices. But there is one right choice. Will you help us make it?’ ”

The darkened crowded auditorium erupted in a murmur of hushed voices.

“I want to leave you with one more concept to contemplate. I wrote this prose for all you fellow ‘Intelligent Design’ engineers, you ‘Priests of Creation’ out there in the audience...

CREATION IS UNIVERSAL.

The Creator is an All Powerful, All Knowing, Omniscience that interprets All Life and its potential, All Space, Time, Energy, and Existence.

This Consciousness is impartial, allowing the created to express itself freely, which is not free of consequence. All created things have a purpose. It needs only to be searched for, discovered and nurtured.

There exists a Planetary Consciousness, a Solar Consciousness, leading ultimately to a Universal Consciousness. The Creator potential.

Each Galaxy has a Collective Consciousness that is the aggregate of all of the species and potential in that Galaxy; The initial blueprint for each of the Galaxy’s related composite potential; the predisposition of genetic code seeded within a Galaxy.

The Creator exists as the environment of potential that allows each Galaxy to develop a unique set of genetic predispositions, so that diversity is amplified across the Multiverse; which in turn enables the Creator potential to experience the broadest continuum of Life and creation, in all of its dimensions.

This may well be the only purpose for all of Existence.

Constant Change, evidenced in the sheer intricacies of ever-evolving scientific revelations on the vast micro and macro-scope of the Multiverse, and our eternal obsession to fully understand its Mysteries.

That intimate understanding of the Multiverse in which we exist, allows us to better understand ourselves— this is the true purpose of both science and spirituality.

Creation is purposeful universal design. Our individual creative processes, our own purposeful designs, are a time capsule of our present knowledge, interpretations, and beliefs.

Through the individual creative process, we can experience a validation of our purposeful existence; an energy that has the potential to transport the soul to higher dimensions.

And closer, to the Creator.

Thank you.”

The darkened crowded auditorium erupted in a murmur of hushed voices again and slight impolite laughter, followed by polite applause.

Four U.S. Air Force and Naval officials and one senior civilian official conferred as Dr. Parks left the podium. The lights remain dimmed.

“And you wanted this man to replace you? That’s not going to happen--”

The high-ranking civilian official looked at the high-ranking officer, who immediately registered a look of true fear. The civilian was middle aged and thin, with a slight English accent. “Dr. Parks needs to take the full tour. That will keep him quiet. Are we in agreement?”

All four military men looked at each other and nodded in agreement at the powerful official, as they watched Parks exit the assembly theater.

The civilian official, Director James Hiram Petersen, spoke again. “Your man Sullivan needs to cool his jets, gentleman. I picked Parks. I’ve groomed him behind the scenes for nearly three decades. He will come into the fold, become compliant over time-- and replace me. I’ll see to it.”

## The Off-World Man

### CHAPTER 9

“Science is a great game. It is inspiring and refreshing. The playing field is the universe itself.”

--Isidor Isaac Rabi

Eve had just finished screading the evening New York Times news flex-film sheet when the entrance door chimed and unlocked without her voice authorization. Three dark suited men casually entered as if they owned the place. She’s had the shock of her life today with Mrs. Dumont, and was still numb from the encounter, now this.

“Mrs. Parks, sorry to enter unannounced, your doorman had no choice but to allow us to let us in,” the lead man gave notice.

“JUST WHO IN THE HELL DO YOU THINK YOU ARE WALKING INTO MY HOME!! IDENTIFY YOURSELVES, NOW!” Eve instinctively reached for the comm touch screen, activating the internal surveillance sensors and optics.

“Agents Cole and Harris, N S A, and this is Captain John Lyle U.S. Air Force, ma’am.”

Lyle stepped forward, “Mrs. Parks, there has been an accident with your husband. Please, you need to come with us.”

“Gordon? What’s happened? Come with you where?”

“We have a private jet waiting at La Guardia Airport. We’ll be taking a helicopter directly to it. We have orders to take you to Vandenberg Air Force Base, ma’am. Please, pack a light bag of personals. We have to depart immediately.”

“I have one brief communication to make.” Eve began to type a brief message to Bill Vaughn, as she was instructed to in any emergency event when her husband was away. The two agents stepped forward and each placed a hand on the touch screen keypad area, if effect to prevent her message from being typed. “Gentlemen, what are you doing?”

“There’s no time ma’am. Get ready. We have to get you to your husband.”

Dr. Parks answered the door of his conapt suite at OM Group’s R & D facility. Four armed military police surrounded a brooding General Sullivan. “Nice speech. Get dressed Gordon, contractor’s ABU’s and full EVA biothermals. Wouldn’t want you to catch cold, now would we. We’re going on a little excursion.”

On earth, Dr. Parks is always shadowed by his own private security force of ex-military contractors. Upland on the OIC he is alone and very vulnerable to threats, even assassination attempts. Parks was

scheduled to visit Eve earthside within weeks. A fear registered in his mind, not for himself—but for her. He stared deep into the General’s eyes to get an inkling of his motives, no good.

Parks was taken by surprise. He was in full relaxation mode; having a drink, dressed only in Air Force PTU shorts and a UC Davis t-shirt, listening to vintage Lenny Kravitz’s ‘Again’, thinking of his wife. He turned and headed for his wardrobe room, to change. “Please, come in General. I’ll only be a few minutes.”

The courtesy surprised Sullivan. After all, he was only the man who’d stolen his girlfriend so many years ago, then accidentally killed her. But Sully fell in love with Eve Dumont too and was well aware of Park’s resources and his success in bringing her back to life, as the clone, his current wife Eve Nichelle Parks. The general had to see her for himself. So he exercised all of his power and connections, and set a plan in motion, to get her.

Parks took the precaution while changing, to insert H3D contact lenses to record whatever ordeal he was about to be forced to endure.

Travel from the Stanford mega habitat was surprisingly quick, even the transway elevator ride to the center hub. The first thing he noticed was the large mural as they entered the lower depths of the O’Neill superstructure.

The mural depicted a soldier dressed in a black ABU and a form fitted cowl similar to the remote viewer intuitive specialists. The soldier rested on one knee, holding in his outstretched left arm what appeared to be a ten-foot-tall, jagged bolt of lightning.

The lower tip of the lightning spear pierced the north pole of an oval shaped representation of earth, with all continents visible, beneath the forward foot of the soldier.

On the lower left side of the oval globe was the OIC logo; a simple red horizontal half elliptical strip, tapered at both ends, crossing at an equatorial arc in front of a three quarter round blue vertical half circular strip, tapered on both ends, representing the curvature of the earth.

The soldier was looking up at the top of the lightning spear and an overhead black shield trimmed in silver with a silver United Nations logo in its center. Floating above and behind the shield and lightning bolt spear there were two images of the infamous, menacing black triangle-shaped ships of the U.S. Air Force Space Command. One was stationary over the black shield. There was a second smaller depiction of the same ship at upper tip of the lightning spear, angling away, receding into the distance. And behind the second ship depicted in the far distance, an eight-pointed star shining white hot, representing the dimensional shift of the black vessel as it jumped into aetherspace. On the right shoulder of the soldier was a patch of the same eight-pointed star.

The general seemed oblivious to the intensity of it all. “Ya know, most newbies get sick during the pillar elevator ride up here. The extra pull of the G’s during ascension, then instant reduced gravity hits

the stomach pretty hard. Oh, you noticed the mural. Final Frontier and all that, pure idealism. The truth is, the official UN NATO Expeditionary Service is Earth's real-world space force, operating in the black. We are the hidden branch that protects the world from all threats from space. Come on, we're keeping them waiting."

The general looked on as Parks was outfitted in a black Space Command pressure suit. "Are you ready, civilian?"

"For what, spacewalk without a helmet?"

"Don't tempt me," the general growled. Sullivan placed his hand on a shoulder-high, pressure sensitive touch screen net that activated an entrance to an immense aircraft hangar door.

"Dr. Parks, welcome to the future..."

Parks was speechless, and furious. In an immense hangar as large in diameter as the entire O'Neill superstructure, there they were, the 600-foot-long Black Arrowhead Space Command fleet ships surrounded by hundreds of technicians and specialists. Twenty in a row, as far as the eye could see. Dr. Parks took the time make a panoramic view so that the H3DVR digital contact lenses he put on at his suite prior to leaving the OM facility, could record every image he saw and the vastness of the massive hangar. He'd been to Nellis AFB, been apprised of Tejon Ranch, but never been allowed access to all the rumored secret projects.

"You've been purposely kept out of the loop over the years on the Arrowhead fleet, need-to-know policy, I'm sure you've had an idea of the progress we've made over the past decades. But the forces that be decided that you should have full access to the program. We haven't got time to walk around the birds, as you can see. There as big as goddamned football fields. There's the Orion, and that one is named the Eisenhower. There's the Regan, the Kennedy, the Pegasus and the Omega. This is our bird, the Alpha. We're taking her out on patrol."

"Patrol?"

"The Sol system is our territory, Parks. Humanity is branching out and protecting our home world space from any and all hostile extraterrestrial threats."

"Extraterrestrial threats? What about the rumored space faring races that helped humans to reach space?"

"Need-to-know policy, Parks. I didn't want your ass snooping around in here, but I have my orders. And what I can say to one of our civilian contractors is that we have treaties with several species of extraterrestrial civilizations. Over the decades, some alliances have weakened, some have improved, and some were downright betrayals. But now, we're prepared to branch out on our own, unassisted, as a space faring race. Let's get on board, take her out, and discuss your potential with Space Command."

Huge ten-meter-tall landing struts positioned on large triangular skids ten meters from each corner, supported the vessel. Scaffold steps two stories tall led to a two-meter-wide walkway.

The men walked over and into a guarded ingress in the hull of the massive black spacecraft. Parks entered after the general, who returned the salute of the OIC security guarding the entrance and followed him through the maze of bulkheads, walkways and running conduits, reminiscent of an aircraft carrier.

"That's what this ship is," Parks thought out loud, to the chagrin of Sullivan, "a space carrier."

It took three minutes to reach the innermost Command Information Center of what Parks assumed was the bridge of the space vessel, from all the activity and screens displaying images of flashing pinpoints against interstellar maps marked with star names, constellation boundaries, and lines of ascension and declination, the astronomical equivalents to latitude and longitude. Sullivan was all business as they entered the C I C. "Get us underway commander."

"Yes sir. You heard the general, Inertial Moorings Specialist, release magnetic docking. I want two-thirds Earth gravity the entire flight. Helm slow to take her out. "

"Sir."

"Helm, once we are clear of the superstructures, stand-by for course and field drive orders."

"Yes sir."

General Sullivan turned to Parks, "Wait 'til you get a load of this. Oh ah, Parks, I need not remind you, but "what happens in the black stays in the black." You get my meaning? Do not address any officers or specialists here or anywhere on this vessel. Address all your comments to me, and no one else. Understood?"

"Sir--," the patrol commander interrupts the general then pauses to await instructions.

"Take us to Apollo. Make a slip when we're well out of the orbital range of OIC, Podkletnov drives at full Q phase super luminal gradient."

"Yes sir. Helm, execute a Q-phase slip vector for the Moon. Slow and maneuver to preorbital insertion with TTB thrusters."

"Near instantaneous interdimensional space travel from Earth to the Moon," Parks thought, this time he registered no outward expression of amazement, although thoughts and words could not describe his elation at the moment. His mind and photographic memory were on overdrive. He observed every motion the specialists performed, every movement of the helmsman. Every digital touch screen within sight, every spatial and solar map he could or couldn't identify. One screen displayed the slow orbital vector of a triangular shaped blinking green object he assumed represented their vessel, and then-

"Aetherspace drive engaged."

Parks felt the vibration of thunder erupting too close, this sensation went through his entire body, and a folding of space time dulled his outward perceptions for what seemed like an extended fraction of a moment...

The helmsman announced, "Moon vector achieved. We are in pre-orbital insertion distance from Moon Base Apollo."

"Moon Base Apollo," Parks thought, in utter amazement, while maintaining his outward stoic expression, "The subject of rumor for decades in the civilian aerospace community, revealed in the blink of an eye. Mass quantum phase slip aetherspace travel. The jump to faster than light, controlled gradient gravitational force on a man-made space vessel."

"Bring us into orbit helm," ordered the patrol commander. "Comm, contact the base and patch us in."

After a few seconds and a nod from the comm officer, the commander made notification. "Apollo Base, this is the NATO Expeditionary Force vessel Alpha on a scheduled patrol of this sector. We have VIP's on board and are making a brief fly by to get a better view of the ranch, over."

"Roger that, N E F Alpha."

"Commander," General Sullivan interjected, "give us a bird's eye view."

"Sir. Helm, bring her in low, one thousand feet. Optics, give us a panoramic on all forward screens."

On the surface, all that is visible are running lights and a series of domed structures.

"Parks, this base is in the Sea of Tranquility region of the Moon," the general explained while gesturing toward the forward screens, "and extends under the surface for three kilometers. A system of man-made transway tunnels run from here to a joint sister lunar base in a huge crater on the South Pole, Aitken Base."

"You say it's a joint base. Whom do you share it with?"

"It's more like they share it with us. It's their base and has been for millennia."

"Who?"

"Need-to-know only, Parks. Need to know only."

The general walked over to the patrol commander and spoke briefly out of earshot. The commander looked at him as if to question his intent, clearly not pleased to have Parks aboard, let alone witnessing what the Arrowhead flagship could do, and then he gave another order to the helm.

"Helm, execute a vector slip course for Mars Base Hellas."

This raised Parks an eyebrow and tilted his head in surprise.

Sullivan chuckled, impressed with himself for knocking that cool, detached look off the billionaire, master engineer's face. He took great pleasure in Park's silent, slack-jawed awe. "There's an old saying in the Space Force, 'Once you've flown in a U F O, sex seems trite.' What do you think, Parks?"

Several minutes later, "There she is Parks, Mars Base Hellas. Commander, execute the same low fly by as Apollo." The commander dutifully followed orders, initiating communications protocols with the covert space base. "Hellas Planitia: an impact crater in the southern hemisphere over 6 kilometers deep and 200 kilometers in diameter. You can see from all the surface activity, she's still under construction."

Parks acknowledged the general's comments and continued to observe the fascinating scenery. Mankind truly was a space faring race. If only the world knew.

The general stepped away again, but this time to receive an incoming message. Upon his return, he sounded out new orders. "Commander the trip to Io moon will have to wait, take us back to the OIC." The commander acknowledged and gave orders of his own. "Well Parks, sorry to cut the trip short, Saturn will have to wait. We're surveying one of its moons for an outpost. By 2050, Io Base will be a reality."

"Must have been very important, whatever called us back."

"Need-to-know, Parks. Suffice to say, she's important to me..."

On earth, Sullivan exercised all of his authority and set in motion plans to abduct Eve to test the parameters of her unknown tactical skills. The date for Parks to visit her what she believed was a resort space station where Parks' company was installing maglev shuttles, was abruptly changed. Dumont's biological mother tipped Eve to echoes of her past, which she could make no sense of. Eve was programmed in moments of stress to mentally reboot; to take time to relax, and remember the programmed, reinforcing memories of her childhood. By the end of the day, Eve merely thought that she resembled the Matron Dumont's daughter, nothing more.

She instinctively sensed a larger stage of events after she was picked up and carried by private jet to Vandenberg AFB. Eve was briefly placed in three-hour quarantine, where she was put through a physical examination and approved for emergency space flight and fitted for a pressure suit. She was given a false briefing by Captain Lyle that her husband had a mild heart attack and requested her presence upland immediately.

She was placed on the next scramjet flight upland. Eve did not black out from the tremendous G-forces encountered while breaking the bonds of Earth's gravitational field and did not have to practice the breathing exercises the flight crew did. She found this odd but was still unaware that she was a cloned metahuman. Her OIC handler on the flight, Captain Lyle, did not fail to notice. Her every move was being watched and recorded.

The Off-World Man

## CHAPTER 10

“[Science is] not belief, but the will to find out.” --Anonymous.

Parks sat in his conapt suite alone in front of a dimly lit computer coffee table, in a foul mood, while Miles Davis' 'Ascenseur pour l'échafaud Generique' played on a loop. He sat there, drinking ice cold Svedka vodka and lime tonic, thinking of the events of the past several hours.

Remembering the past few hours, while aboard the Black Arrowhead space carrier Alpha as it jumped back into normal space with calculated precision near the OIC, Parks was informed by General Sullivan that his beloved wife was in route to the space colony. Over and over in his mind, He reviewed the revelation:

“Eve nearly discovered the truth about her resurrection, thanks to what would have been my mother-in-law. She was anonymously tipped off about this new resurrected version of her daughter.

I knew she couldn't resist seeing for herself. As a result, Eve's secrecy was breached. I had to make a decision—Eve is being transferred to the OIC.”

Parks was furious, “I can guess who tipped off Mrs. Dumont. You. Conner, this isn't the Eve we both knew and loved. She's different, and she's my wife. I also have substantial resources at my disposal. You should be careful with the lives of the people you think you're in control of. One of those people may be in a position to wipe out everything you hold dear.”

“Don't threaten me, Gordon. I'm career military, no family. You and your clone wife are both prisoners of the state, guilty of high crimes. She's on her way upland as we speak. She will remain here indefinitely, as long as I order it so. I haven't made a decision whether or not I will allow her to even live, let alone live with you. So be on your best goddamned behavior!

Look, I'm going to do you a favor. I'm giving you a field commission, lieutenant junior grade. How about I make you an honorary commander? In either event, you will learn to respect the privileged position you are in. You will also wear the proper attire of a civilian contractor with a field commission pending, the uniform you are in right now, from here on. While your field commission is being approved, and that will take some serious negotiations and collecting of old favors on my part, you will be given special access to all classified data on the Black Arrowhead Fleet propulsion systems. That ought to assist your ongoing E M transportation research. You see, I've been keeping up on your life's work, and as you could tell from our little trip, you're about fifty years behind. So, do we have a deal? Smart choice, Gordon. You're in over your head, way out of your league...”

Then, a solution, however far-fetched, popped into his mind, "The Star Jet." Gordon pulled himself out of that recent memory and tapped a comm line. "Chet, meet me at my quarters at 0700 hours."

"Gordon, where have you been?"

"Not over the comm lines. My quarters, early day ops cycle. See you then. Suspend all research and have the staff engineers and fabricators on standby."

Parks dialed another channel. "Bill, what happened to with my wife's protection?!"

"We pulled back the detail as per your request..."

"I never ordered that!"

"Not as such, but we monitor all of Eve's communications. We just followed through on your last communication you had with her."

"So, every time I thought I was having a private communication with my new, young attractive wife, even when she was in a state of undress, you guys were listening and looking in? Well, it goes without saying that you're fired, but not just yet. The generosity of your severance package will depend on your next moves on the board, Mr. Vaughn. I want you to travel to the winter estate and bring the entire 'team' with you and prepare to defend my land. Do you understand me, Mr. Vaughn?"

"I do, Mr. Parks. Bring the 'team'..."

"Good. We'll discuss your unauthorized actions on my behalf when I see you."

Egress from the SR-100 space plane was slow and tedious. Eve was still unsure as to her husband's condition. Upon entering the entrance to the first sector, she was shocked to silence.

Announcements of the shuttle trans schedules sounded out overheard in the background. Eve shook her head in disbelief—this was no resort colony. She turned around to look for Captain Lyle or any of the crew members aboard the space plane—no one in sight. Unknown to her, Lyle and two security officers were watching her from a concealed distance, in order to gauge her reaction to the sprawling colony.

Eve began to wander the colony.

She spent the entire day ops cycle—just walking and discovering how unusually earthlike the orbital colony seemed to be. From the many cultural sectors; Mini Manhattan, Little Tokyo, Paris Village and so on, thirty-two five-block long cultural environments, each representing one of the G32 NATO nations.

When Eve returned to the beginning of the sixteen kilometer loop first sector hours later, she noticed overhead dual rectangular structures leading from the surface to the upper Skycanopy and beyond, leading to an enormous center structure, The O'Neill superstructure. She noticed hundreds of

elevators of various sizes surrounding the base of the pillars. People and vehicles of all sizes were entering or exiting the elevators constantly.

Eve decided to take a ride.

She wound up at the hub of the O'Neill superstructure, at the Zero G recreational complex: a large open area of the three-kilometer-wide interior superstructure surrounding the entrance to the Astrophysics laboratories. She could literally see to the other end of the three-kilometer-wide cylindrical shaped interior—and the sight was angelic.

Men and women—winged men and women, flying everywhere, in all directions. There were other activities there; companies of soldiers performing calisthenics, individual joggers, speed cyclists and recreational sports being played, but the winged angels took her breath away.

Upon closer inspection, Eve could see that the men and women were not naturally winged at all; they were wearing harnesses attached to what appeared to be weightlifter's belts that glowed slightly with iridescent light. So did the wings. These were not angelic beings; these were humans doing what they do best, imitating what they wished they were.

Naturally outgoing, Eve made up her mind to attempt to fly in one of these harnesses. She went to the nearest individual who appeared to be in charge and began to ask questions. The stocky built man took one look at Eve and forgot about his wife and kids earthside. He knew immediately that she was not an OIC service member.

"What are these things?"

"Uh—they're Sky Wings flight harnesses, a combination of wing suit and articulating mini hang glider powered by an internal zero-g harness. They're very popular among the service men and women. This area has natural updrafts, making it the perfect site for this sport."

"I want to try it; I want to soar like an eagle."

"Well miss, you'll need to thumb print and sign this waiver e-pad and I'll size you up for a suit and harness."

Eve began to take off her flight suit to the astonishment of every one looking on. She striped down to her underwear, a black thong and see thru sports bra, ready to go.

The zero-g harness tech, ringside for the entire impromptu strip show, had to take a deep breath and a hard swallow hard in order to calm his heart and remembering his military bearing. "You look like a size—uh, here try this one on." Eve quickly put on the wingsuit harness as the tech explained its function. "The harness is controlled by these goggles. The wings will blend in with your thoughts and your central nervous system, and the zero-g harness will keep you afloat. When you're ready, reach for some sky, get a running start and take off..." He looked on in wonder.

She was in the air from a standing leap. Eve was already ascending as he spoke. She was a natural aerialist. She soared above the complex just as she said she would, like an eagle in flight. Powerful, yet graceful.

Captain John Lyle and a small detachment of O I C security slowly moved in on Eve. Flying overhead, Eve did not fail to notice. She did not care as long as they remained at a distance, which they appeared not to be doing. It didn't matter. She was enthralled by the sights and sounds of this new oasis in low Earth orbit.

Chet and Gordon looked at H3D computer drafting table schematics of a mini jet. "The Star Jet is literally a star-shaped, lift body jet trainer. A vertical take-off and landing reconnaissance aircraft designed for military operations. Designed for manned and unmanned utility, the mini single-seat jet has flap and wing tip nozzle flight control. The forward canard wings and rear delta shaped body provide lift. There are no vertical tail stabilizers. The airframe panels are coated with hundreds of microscopically thin layers of magnesium and bismuth. The cockpit is surrounded by a Faraday cage. The airframe utilizes "electro-aerodynamics" which improves the lift and reduces weight by proxy. The wings, leading edge and nose are positively charged; coated with a ceramic dielectric material, able to store high amounts of electrical charge. Trailing edges are negatively charged. Charging the airframe electrostatically alters the drag, or air resistance on the prototype.

Based on the old B-2 bomber lift assist system, the cockpit is insulated from the charged edges. It's a damn shame that this technology was late being allowed to be declassified for the commercial airliner industry. Think of all of the lives that could have been saved, the aircraft crashed that never would have occurred.

The Star jet has a much smaller shaft-driven lift turbine amidships, similar to the X-35 Joint Strike Fighter, and is powered by a two-third scale version of the J S F Pratt and Whitney and Rolls Royce Pegasus engines. The electro-gravitic lift system of positive and negative charge flow distribution is based upon the T.T. Brown design. But then, Gordon, you know all this already. You helped design the Star Jet mini during your Lockheed Martin Joint Strike Fighter program days."

"It was a classified miniature unmanned proof-of-concept airframe. It was small, but such damn fun to fly. That's why we kept the vehicle around in one form or another. After the airline industry was allowed to use some declassified technology for commercial travel, I called in a lot of favors and purchased the prototype from Lockheed a few years ago. I had it shipped upland; I had to keep the prototype near me. It's my inspiration, where it all started for me.

That's why you're here. I need for you and the R & D team to get the engine running and modify the cock pit to be space worthy enough to survive controlled reentry and hold two passengers in pressure suits over parafoil harnesses."

“Gordon, that’s impossible! This thing is a vintage prototype! I’d have to remove the pilot’s seat entirely—“

“Exactly! You’ve watched the winter Olympics before, seen the tandem bob sled competition?”

Chet was shaking his head as he thought about the suggestion for a moment as he walked around the holographic schematics. Then he stopped, “It could work...”

“It has to. And I need the cockpit to be completely airtight. Put the entire R & D engineering staff on the necessary modifications immediately and around the clock until the modifications are completed. Also, manufacture a non-descript shipping container for the assembled mini jet that can be easily discarded without damaging the airframe, from extreme high altitude.”

“Gordon, are you seriously going to try and escape from the OIC in this thing?”

“No, Chet. Eve and I are going to try and escape, in a earthbound unmanned Air Force trans-atmospheric cargo craft. Eve is here; they abducted her while I was away, literally on a tour of solar outpost stations with General Sullivan. You won’t believe it Chet; they’ve got a fleet of triangular shaped space carriers each the size of goddamned football fields! I told you those black triangle UFO’s reported around the world since the 1980’s were ours.”

“Alright, alright, I believe you. But how will you get the cargo trans to deploy the Star Jet?”

“We’re going to blow up the damn ship after reentry! Or at least fool the C.I.C into believing that they have an out-of-control vessel entering earth space headed Europe bound. They’ll be forced to destroy the incoming cargo ship.”

Chet looked at Parks in disbelief, “But how will you and Eve survive?”

“That’s where you and the geniuses from R & D engineering come in. Our lives are in your hands. I’ve been working on design modifications since I got back. Get your project managers up to speed and tell them there is a two-day deadline. You’ll need this datastrip with my notes.”

“TWO days!” Chet shook his head in disbelief. “We’ll have to work around the clock! We’ll I can say this, there’s never a dull minute up here, that’s for damn sure...”

Captain Lyle and a small detachment of OIC security closed in on Eve when she landed and under orders from General Sullivan, attempted to take her back into custody by force. All the while, they cursed at her and insulted her, she couldn’t understand why and became afraid. They became more and more forceful, pushing on her and swinging batons at her, as per the general’s orders, creating an uncontrolled anger to rise up her.

Eve suddenly snapped. Fueled by anger and instinct, she began a combination of evasive acrobatic flight and developed an ability to completely defend herself from physical attack that she did not know

she possessed. As she became more incensed, she returned their physical assault with an attack of her own, incapacitating the unarmed security team.

A team of wing harnessed security arrived. Eve also evaded capture by them briefly but was eventually forced down by electronic stun batons. She landed violently and again defended herself, but much more lethally this time, all while mysteriously dodging electronic stun pistol fire and batons. Bloodied and bruised, Eve became so enraged and felt so powerful, that she held back much of the full force of her powerful strikes and kicks for fear of mortally injuring the men.

She again took flight to evade the electronic stun pistols and sonic shock weapons. She used the zero-g harness to fly out of the recreational complex to the pillar elevators and back to the Stanford superstructure.

The abduction attempt failed for now. Bloodied and bruised, Eve went into hiding in the immense labyrinth of the orbital industrial colony. She was a metahuman and would recover from her wounds in a fraction of the normal healing time. Eve was at a loss to understand her newly discovered combat, evasion and stealth abilities, as well as her incredibly powerful physical prowess. Eve meditated to calm her racing mind. She opened her thoughts to “sense” where her husband was on the colony. She was exhausted and scared from battle but determined to get some answers.

The Off-World Man

## CHAPTER 11

“The world is but a canvas to the imagination.” –Henry David Thoreau

Eve flew through the Stanford superstructure surprising O I C inhabitants and security late to respond, during the night ops cycle, using the stolen zero-g flight suit and wing harness. Within a matter of hours, she found the O M Group R & D Facility. From her overhead perch, she could see that O I C security was tight around the building. Her husband being the Owner and C E O, she took a chance that this will be his private quarters. A light turned on in the quarters. Eve literally sensed Parks’ presence and homed in on him. Eve picked her moment, and stealthily launched herself from her perch on the next building to the O M Group facility, toward an open penthouse entrance.

“We’ve lost her, sir—, Captain Lyle informed the general, hesitantly. He appeared through the monitor to badly beaten up, slightly disoriented.

“Now, let me get this straight, I jeopardize my career and standing within the Genesis Order, all for you to lose the target?! All I wanted you to do was rough her up, break her down a bit, not put her in full combat self-defense mode! She is after all an engineered fighting asset for the Order.”

“We’ll find her, general. We have an idea where she’s going. And when she gets there, she’ll kill him. My men brutally traumatized and assaulted her. She has an idea of what she is now. The 144s are designed to turn on their clients if they learn of their creation in a violent or traumatic manner, it’s part of their wet wiring. They go into shock and then freak out on their client. She’ll kill him when he admits to her cloning. Then we’ll tranq her and bring her in.”

“You damn well better or you’re finished. Understand?”

“We will capture her, sir. We have electronic surveillance in the air as we speak.”

“You’re still here? Get off my damn comm line!” Sullivan stewed in his own anger then let out a hearty laughter at the ingenuity of this-new Eve. He reviewed the recorded confrontation at the zero-g park Captain Lyle streamed to his private channel, in utter astonishment. “This is one bad ass clone,” the general thought. He was becoming consumed with her. He wanted her for himself.

Parks had just returned from the lower labs. He received intel and streaming vid of Eve’s ordeal with OIC security from one of his contacts inside Sullivan’s administration. He and the entire R & D staff were

working hard around the clock to modify the Star Jet to new specifications to withstand atmospheric reentry as quickly as possible. Not fast enough to save Eve. He was in shock and exhausted.

His quarters were normally dark before his arrival. He called for lights and felt a strange unease in the suite. Then, he saw her, and his spirits were immediately elated to see her, and then crushed at the reality that she had been attacked, and he could do nothing to protect her.

Eve limped out of the rear of the patio deck of the penthouse suite. Her bruised body silhouetted against the night. She was still wearing the wing suit and wing harness. The wings were folded against her back, giving her the form of a dark angel. "They told me you were ill, abducted me, and then assaulted me. Why am I here Gordon?"

"The detail listening in on our communication, misunderstood my promise to you to scale back your security, and followed through immediately, compromising your safety."

"No. I mean, why am I here? Who am I? Those soldiers chasing me around with their clubs and stun guns called me a-- 'clone whore.' They tried to capture me as if I were an animal. Why? What am I?"

"You are the love of my life Eve..."

Eve began removing the wing harness and suit. She was aware of the alluring sexual power of her femininity over him. She stood before him nearly nude. "Then, who is Eve Dumont? Who is she?!"

Parks turned away, trying not to reveal the truth to her, but he loved her so much, at the very least, the lost soul from his past that she represented, so he suddenly gave in. "She was killed in an accident in the late 1990's, involving General Sullivan. He was a major then, a test pilot. They were going to Las Vegas to be married. He runs this city base in orbit today, he's my sworn enemy, and the reason you're up here. He wants you, and he wants to punish me."

"Am I Eve Dumont's clone, Gordon? You loved her and had the wealth and power to have her resurrected, didn't you?"

"You are my wife, Eve Nichele Parks."

"You are responsible for my being alive?! How could you do this to me-- to her?!" Eve was clearly in shock.

"I couldn't live without you, Eve. So I brought you back. You weren't supposed to die that way! You were too young, to die. He only wanted you because we were together once. He didn't love really you."

"But you did? I died, Gordon. You should have moved on with your life. Instead, you played god with mine. And left me alone to be persecuted? They almost killed me."

"Sullivan has me under house arrest! I couldn't come to you aid! There was nothing I could do!"

"Is this how you lost her the first time? You stood by and let her go to him?"

“I’m working on a plan to get you back earthside.”

“Gordon, they’re after me. I can’t stay here. It’s the first place they’ll look. I’m tired and scared. How could you do this to me?! I shouldn’t be here, I shouldn’t be alive!”

“Yes, Eve, you should be alive! You were taken away from me too soon! I couldn’t allow that! He killed you Eve! I still love you, I still want you!”

“I am not your Eve! I am a slave! Your slave! My free will was taken from me when you brought me back to life! My thoughts aren’t even my own. They’re what you’ve had programmed into me. When I sleep, I dream in music-- and I can’t turn it off! Do you want to know what kind of music? Ambient music, and classical piano, but you know all this already. You know everything about me because you programmed the life I lead. I’m just a puppet.” Eve began to put the wing suit back on.

“No Eve, you’re not. You’re the same woman I fell in love with all those years ago. Look you can’t leave, it’s too dangerous!” Gordon had to stop her. She resisted but was too weak from her harrowing ordeal. They struggled for several moments, and then embraced. Eve began to break down and cry uncontrollably.

He pulled her close against him. Without a word, they began to kiss lovingly, to heal and console each other, then an intense passion enveloped around them, slowing the local flow of time to a near stop.

Parks awakened to find OIC security surrounding the bed and scouring the rest of the suite. Parks was surprised to find that Eve had gone stealthily after they slept together through the nightops cycle. One of his PA I wrist cuffs was missing. She must have taken it to contact him.

“Where is she Parks?! We detected two heat signatures in this room.”

Parks dressed into a U C Davis t-shirt and gym shorts, the punched a bedside touchpad. “Get the hell out of my quarters, now! Parks to O M Security--”

“Your security teams have been detained indefinitely. This installation will be protected and monitored by O I C security, orders of General Sullivan.”

Eve once again donned the wing suit and zero-g harness and was airborne, knowing instinctively that she would not be able to stay long. She landed atop one of the fifty-five story atmospheric towers. Before OIC security could catch her.

She was later captured, not by the general’s security teams, but by automated and remotely piloted flying security drones high above the city base. She was chased in flight around the Stanford superstructure. She performed a series of harrowing evasive aerial maneuvers before she was hit with

tranq rounds. She floated down slowly from the artificial sky, landing atop one of the buildings unconscious.

Eve was taken not into OIC custody, but to General Sullivan's private quarters.

Eve awakened groggily and slowly from her tranq round induced sleep, startled to find Sullivan half-dressed and drunk, the general literally climbing on top of her, attempting to force himself on her, to rape her while she was unconscious. She was naked and restrained at the wrists to both sides of the metal framed bed in his quarters.

In a panic induced rage, Eve tried to break the bonds, concentrating on her right wrist.

Seeing that she was awake suddenly, even after being hit multiple times by the powerful tranqs, Sullivan tried in vain to hold her down and calm her and continued to attempt to sexually assault her.

Eve strained with all of her metahuman strength, and the right wrist cuff finally broke away from the bed frame. With blinding speed and power, Eve grabbed the neck of the general. Sullivan tried to pry her vice like grip loose with both hands. Eve summoned the strength to break the left wrist cuff restraint, as Sullivan looked on, wide eyed with fear of what he knew would happen next.

Eve slowly, forcefully raised herself upright and over the side of the bed. She felt a wetness below, down between her legs. Still holding the general tightly by the neck, she reached down to check the source. When she examined the wet mucus like substance on her fingers, she looked at Sullivan with a glare of rage that made him begin to beg for forgiveness, as her grip on his neck became tighter and tighter. Because she knew at that moment, that this bastard had taken already advantage of her while she was sedated. Bad mistake.

Something primal switched on deep within the recessed programmed self-defense mode in Eves brain. She erupted in an incredible orgy of violence and strength, overpowering Sullivan, lifting his entire weight by the neck above her head with her right arm. Eve punched down hard; hitting him in the crotch with her left hand, then grabbed him there and applied crushing pressure.

Sullivan's arousal had long been replaced by fear, now horror as his eyes rolled back and he winced in indescribable pain, unable to scream. Eve lifted his entire body over her head, bench pressing the flailing dead weight of the incapacitated rapist with incredible ease. Her metahuman's adrenaline was overflowing as she raced for the nearest wall, and abruptly stopped, while simultaneously launching the general in a high arc towards the wall, literally throwing him in across the half the length of the room.

Sullivan slammed violently back first and upside down and for an instant, appeared stuck to the wall as if by gravity. The impact knocked the wind out of Sullivan, and he fell a meter and a half, headfirst to the carpeted floor, knocking him out cold.

The doors of his quarters opened, and three very large, muscular OIC security agents entered, two men and a woman. Eve took the rest of her martial rage out on these, his private security, who were posted outside the quarters, and only came in when they heard a loud crash, and not sooner to stop her

from being raped while unconscious. Eve was on them in an instant before they knew it, her trained assassin skills took over her conscious mind.

Moving forward at full speed Eve leaped into the air and landed both flying knees into the face of the first lead guard, shattering both cheekbones and breaking his nose, blood splattering from his nostrils. He fell back like a large timber tree, unconscious.

As Eve landed, she instinctively blocked a painful incoming steel baton blow with her left forearm, countering with a devastatingly powerful right cross that knocked the front teeth out of the female guard, snapping her neck so violently from the force of the blow that she too was knocked unconscious.

The third guard was the largest and most self-assured, and she would show him no mercy. Eve ducked an incoming right jab, then a left cross that flowed into a spinning reverse right elbow smash. Eve simply was too fast, wasn't where the blows attempted to strike. When the bruiser caught his balance, Eve was still in front of him but squatted down low so she could counter with her favorite new blow. Eve launched a powerful right uppercut to where else, the big man's groin, causing excruciating pain. The brute hunched over, eyes wide and out of breath, just in time to see the flash of another monster uppercut launched at his chin.

The unexpected second uppercut caused him to bite off the tip of his tongue and launched him off his feet and upward almost a meter above of the floor. As he stumbled backward dazed with pain, Eve finished him off with a devastating flying right forearm to the bridge of his nose that drove the inner bones inward, sending him hurtling back out of the room and out cold.

In a panic, Eve searched for her scad clothing from the wing suit, also finding the cuff PAI communicator she lifted from her husband's suite, a small but vital memento from their encounter, in order to contact him later. Since one of the security was female, Eve rethought her strategy and quickly stripped her of her uniform, put it on and escaped again, this time fleeing on foot into the heart of the O'Neill superstructure.

She contacted Parks on his PAI, "Gordon, can you hear me?"

Relieved, Parks punched a touch pad comm. "Eve, where are you?"

"They chased me all over and shot me with darts, when I awakened a man was there. Gordon, I think he raped me while I was unconscious," Eve replied, still in shock from her never ending ordeal. "I— I just snapped! I think I hurt them badly. I'm scared Gordon, I don't know where I am! I took one of your PAIs to contact you. I knew they would look there eventually, so I left while you were sleeping. I'm afraid they're going to kill me. I took a uniform to fit in. Where am I? I don't know how to get away."

Park's silent rage nearly came to the surface. But he needed to remain calm for her, he needed to get Eve safely away from further harm. "You're in the O'Neill superstructure, the Air Force's domain. I can't get in there, but I can direct you out. Go to the applications and look for the GPA, type in O I C. My PAI won't take your voice commands. The colony positioning will tell you where you are. We'll get you out of there. Stand by..."

Parks contacted Chet to get the latest on the Star Jet. "Gordon, the package is ready to be moved to the Air Force cargo bays. Transport from O M Group R & D will take one hour. We will need an hour at least to prep you and position our operators in the cargo bay to place the container on board without arousing suspicion."

"How will Eve get in?"

"We planned for that. We placed a small hatch mid container. If you can get her there in time, you'll have to let her in re-secure the hatch and suit her up, all before the container is loaded into the cargo trans. We'll be all over the bay running diversions to keep the area clear. The container is black and marked with the company logo, she can't miss it."

"Execute the plan. I'll contact Eve, then rendezvous with R & D."

Parks then returned to Eve's communication. Parks set his plan in motion to retrieve Eve from the labyrinth of the O'Neill habitat. "Eve, they will be looking for you at the pillar elevators. I want you to head where they won't be looking. I want you to head for the cargo trans bays one hundred and thirteen decks below your present position. Type in lower cargo bays, and then follow the path given by my cuff PA I. It will take you a couple of hours; just move slowly normally as if you're supposed to be where you are. We're getting off this colony. Look for a large OM Group transport container and locate a small hatch near middle. Knock on the container lightly, I'll be waiting."

Since Parks gave the R and D fabrication division the emergency assignment to make ready the Star jet for transatmospheric reentry, OM Group reserved cargo space on every returning flight to Vandenberg AFB, sending empty cargo containers as a matter of routine, not to raise suspicion of the escape plan. Now the time had come for him to risk it all. He looked around his conapt suite, and at all of the cherished possessions he had shipped upland to the place he called home for nearly a year.

With his dwellings under armed guard, he had no choice but to utilize a concealed private emergency exit he had installed upon his first arrival by his O M Staff of R and D wizards. A private stairwell between floors hidden in his walk-in wardrobe, leading to the domicile floor below. It turned out his chess board instincts were correct, and the emergency exit came in handy.

Parks accessed the freight elevator down to the lower sub level of the R and D labs, where Chet and his phenomenal team of aerospace fabricators and electronics specialists were waiting. Parks quickly changed into EVA biothermals and a pressure suit before being placed in the light double wide cargo container built on-the-fly specifically to house the Star jet proof-of-concept demonstrator. The vintage, modified prototype was already secured inside. The airtight cargo container would be auto breached by small detonation cord charges inside the seams of each container wall, held together by silicone weld seals. The walls would in theory, expand outward from the explosive decompression of space upon detonation.

Parks entered through a small hatch positioned midway and settled in for the transfer of the container to an oversized flatbed truck, where it was secured and transported to the O'Neill superstructure Space Command cargo trans hangars.

Key personnel from OM Group R and D labs, dressed as specialists in Air Force ABUs with fake high clearance ID tags, accompanied the oversized container to ensure that it would not be overly scrutinized, closely scanned or inspected. Parks' operatives also prior to the move, bribed key senior shift supervisors to ensure that the hangar bays would be staffed only with a minimal number of specialist personnel and no security during the critical loading of the Star jet container into the earthbound transatmospheric cargo vessel. Usually, under-the-table, OIC black market bribes were paid to senior OIC transport officials in order to ship some of the private contractor's luxury items upland, such as a private vehicle or recreational items like a pool table. This was the rare occasion of a reverse smuggling operation at a premium of three hundred thousand global reserve credits, the new global currency standard. Such a large windfall in one quick, simple operation would insulate the secret retirement account of an over worked, under paid cargo trans officer quite nicely.

Once it was discovered that Parks had escaped his in-house captivity, Chet would have to swing into action to give Parks and Eve extra time. The time it took the guards standing post at Parks conapt to discover he was no longer there and notify General Sullivan was critical, and they needed every minute of it to get away undetected.

Sullivan was still recovering from the blinding quick beating he received from Eve Dumont's clone only hours ago. He was humiliated, bruised and still stunned when notified by an administrative aide of Parks' disappearance.

"What?! How the fuck did he get past the guard detail?!"

"We don't know sir. They're searching the suite, looking for hidden exits..."

"Lock down the entire complex! Round up and send all of his senior personnel to my CIC. We'll make them tell us where he is under threat of lifetime imprisonment!"

Two minutes later on cue, Parks' engineering team sent out the Vimana OTS prototype, causing a diversion and subsequent high-speed chase again around the Stanford transway loop.

Piloting the one-off vehicle personally, Chet touched the dashboard panel. Peter Gabriel's 'Red Rain' begins to play. He turned it up as he sped off, maneuvering past military pursuit vehicles on the sixteen-kilometer toroidal loop. "Good luck, Gordon."

A fleet of OIC security vehicles entered the glideway, chasing wildly after the exotic hovering prototype.

General Sullivan became apprised of the incident, while continuing his search for Eve. "There's nowhere to escape to. What the hell is he doing?" The general tapped on the comm. "Sullivan to OIC security teams; continue the pursuit of the vehicle. Try to hit it with an EM pulse. That will kill the power without causing harm to the vehicle. Sullivan out."

The general turned to his private security teams and continued his briefing. "Gentlemen we have a rogue agent in our midst. I want her found and captured. Use as much as force as necessary. She is a transgenetic clone, capable of great feats of strength. She's also been trained to kill, so be on top of your game; otherwise, she may take you out, for good. All of the pillar elevators have check points in place. She can't get out. So find her. Move out."

Sullivan, badly beaten and bruised, limped over to his wet bar and poured himself a drink. He whispered aloud, "I'm not finished with that bitch of his. I'm not finished with either of them."

Eve made her way to the cargo trans bays and found the O M Group marked container. She stealthily made her way to the container and wrapped softly on the mid hatch. There was a sound of unclasp, and then the mall window sized hatch opened inward. Parks helped her inside and quickly secured the hatch. They embraced briefly, kissing passionately. "Thank the Creator you made it. Come on, we don't have a minute to waste. Put on this jumper and pressure suit, and I'll put on your parafoil harness. Put on the biothermals first. We may have to make a high-altitude jump. We will have to be in this bird before the container is loaded on the cargo vessel."

Parks and Eve stowed away aboard the mini jet just as the midsized container was loaded on the unmanned trans-atmospheric lift body space cargo plane. One tense hour later, the space cargo plane re-entered Earth's atmosphere. During re-entry, Parks hacked into the cargo vessel's flight and engine control computers. One by one, they began to shut down. "Get ready Eve, things are going to get rough from here on."

"You mean rougher, don't you?" Violent turbulence overtook the space cargo transport. The ship began to tumble over as it fell into the upper atmosphere.

Parks monitored the OIC space transport traffic communications. The order was given from OIC to destroy the cargo transport vessel. The sides of the fuselage and rear cargo bay doors unfolded open to jettison cargo. Explosive bolts holding the cargo containers in place were activated. As charges detonated the cargo transport literally fell apart, releasing its hold to burn up in re-entry. The mini jet was shielded from the lethal blast and debris by its container walls. Parks activated a remote signal and the container walls unlatched. As the walls drifted away, debris floated in all directions and began to heat up. Parks and Eve, secure in their pressure suits, stared out into open space, high above the earth.

“The E M pulse worked General Sullivan, but when we opened her up, Parks wasn’t the operator. The skimmer was being driven by his chief engineer. Parks couldn’t be located anywhere at the R & D facility. He’s gone.” A CIC officer informed the general.

“What?!” Sullivan whispered aloud, “Parks, where the fuck are you?!”

“Our best remote viewing intuitive says there not on the colony, Sir, which is impossible. Sir, there’s been another incident, Sir. Space transport traffic command had to detonate a remotely piloted earthbound cargo transport that lost its flight control computers. The engines just died out, Sir, lost all power. It was detonated before it passed over any of the continents. The craft and its contents will burn up upon re-entry and crash into the Atlantic Ocean near equatorial Africa.”

“What was in the ship’s hold?”

“Standard zero-g agri-products, varied Air Force small replacement cargo and— one mid-sized OM Group container, bound for— it had no destination. It would have landed at Vandenberg with the other cargo. Sir, you don’t think---”

Sullivan damn near had a seizure. “Send out our MQ-Mb Black Arrow UCAV’s, and interface me into one of them in the UCAV Remote Tactical Bay! I’ll pilot it and take a look for myself. I also want the nearest Naval destroyer in the region on standby. I want my prisoners back, or I want them dead!”

The Star Jet continued to fall into the upper atmosphere. Parks used the flight control computers to position the jet to drop tail first. Parks allowed the mini jet to drop to an altitude of thirty thousand feet, as per Chet’s instructions, where there is far less dense air, before he could engage the mini’s engine and lift fan. Large sections of the mini jet’s skin were coated with a heat resistant compound to reduce the intense heat friction build up on the underside and tail of the jet. At thirty thousand feet the flight and engine control computers activated the engines. The Star Jet slowed its descent to a hover then set its course for the coast of equatorial Africa.

The Off-World Man

## CHAPTER 12

“That which dominates our imaginations and our thoughts will determine our lives, and our character. Therefore, it behooves us to be careful what we worship, for what we are worshipping we are becoming.”  
--Ralph Waldo Emerson

At fifteen thousand feet, out of nowhere three small black Air Force UCAV's the size of the Star jet vectored in and attacked. Parks onboard systems alert him to the oncoming interceptors. The mini jet went into a steep angling evasive dive to reach the lower deck of altitude under five thousand feet. The jet was under fire from the 20-millimeter Gatling guns of the UCAV's and nearly shot down. The port wing sustained damage.

From the OIC UCAV Remote Tactical Bay Sullivan taunts them, “I know you can hear me Parks. I'm flying the UCAV that's about to end your miserable life!”

Eve was frozen with fear when she heard Sullivan's voice. Parks configured the mini jet to hover, shaking the pursuit UCAVs momentarily. The UCAVs pass by with a thundering swoosh. Parks ejected the canopy. Parks killed the power to the mini jet and the lift fan that kept them in stationary. As the Star jet began to fall Parks pulled Eve from the cockpit and over the side into free fall. They bailed out just as Sullivan's remotely piloted UCAV made its final pass, firing on the small experimental aircraft and destroyed it in a ball of fire. The blast sent lethal shards of the mini jet in all directions.

Parks wrapped his arms tightly around Eve as they plummeted toward land. “Eve, we need to deploy our chutes now! Pull the cord to your right outward!”

Parks positioned Eve and pushed her away, motioning to her to pull the cord. Eve pulled and immediately was captured by the parafoil, pulled violently upward. Parks looked up to see Eve and her deployed parafoil and followed suit, pulling his rip cord.

Sullivan's UCAV's made wide elliptical circles around the parafoils. Sullivan was piloting the drone remotely from one of the SOE pods, an aircraft cockpit simulacrum capsule placing the operator in a virtual environment. He was deciding what to do.

He ignored Parks, the larger of the two figures in his view and passed closer and closer to Eve's canopy, as if trying to snag it. With each close pass, she screamed in fear.

Sullivan growled to himself just above a whisper “Parks, if I can't have her no one can...” From Sullivan's view in the remote piloting module, he aimed at Eve's center mass preparing to fire the UCAV's Gatling gun. He paused for a second-- then aimed again.

“No! Don’t!!” Parks pleaded in vain as he looked on in horror. TheUCAV fired its gun at Eve’s parafoil canopy upon its final pass, shredding it nearly in half.

Eve began to come down much too fast. There was nothing Parks could do. He watched in horror as Eve plummeted past him, frantically yelling instructions and motioning to Eve to deploy her reserve chute.

Eve cleared away the main chute, automatically deploying the reserve but the canopy tangled. Eve fought for control of the reserve. Eve’s descent speed increased again. The tropical rainforest below rushed up at her.

Eve endured a horrific landing, impacting the canopy of trees, slowing her fall, before slamming into the fauna and the rainforest ground. She had serious internal injuries, several broken ribs and severe head trauma. She was in and out of consciousness.

Parks followed her descent and attempted to land as nearby as possible. He activated a signal beacon on his PAI cuff.

When he found her unconscious on the forest floor, he quietly wept by her side, until he saw the faintest rise of her chest as she began to breathe again.

“Eve, stay still. My men are coming to get us.”

“I can’t move, Gordon,” Eve spoke barely above a whisper. “I can’t feel my legs...”

“Just stay calm, baby. We’ll be home soon--- Eve?”

She fell unconscious again, just as the sound of all-terrain vehicles and military camouflaged Hummers and Range Rovers closed in on their position. Parks lowered his head in inconsolable grief.

When Parks raised his head again, his tear-soaked eyes were enraged and blackened with cold focus on revenge.

Bill Vaughn, his security chief and a small army of O M Group security operatives tracked down and secured Eve and Parks. They landed six kilometers from Parks’ winter estate, in Gamba, Gabon, a town in east, on the coast of the Atlantic Ocean. It is famous for so called Gamba Complex of protected areas. In this area - almost 1.5 times Yellowstone National Park - 10,000 people live together with 11,000 forest elephants. Both species live in impenetrable tropical rainforests, huge savannas, swamps and lagoons bordering uninhabited ocean beaches.

The Gamba Complex is not only home to elephants, gorillas, chimpanzees, 4 species of marine turtle, manatees, hippos and the like, but is also at the heart of Gabon's former economy: oil. And while oil

production declines, pressures on natural resources through logging, hunting and fishing continue to rise.

The Gamba, Gabon Estate was built specifically at the center of an area of Gamba beach front property; it is a magnificent 500 acre estate on the coast of Gabon and the Atlantic Ocean, developed by the O M Property Collection, and based upon their award winning Dellis Cay Private resort colony model in the Turks and Ciacos Islands, British West Indies.

From the compound, Parks would prepare for the general's next move. Eve was in critical condition and placed into a medical coma by the physicians running the estate infirmary. After sixteen hours of surgery to treat her internal injuries, there was nothing more the trauma team could do to heal her, they could only make her as comfortable as possible, and place the rest in the Creator's hands.

The force flagship, USS James V. Forrestal, was dispatched to monitor the standoff in Gamba, Gabon. The Forrestal, a DD(X) Zumwalt class destroyer, completed its joint maneuvers with the South African Navy and left Simon's Town for the crisis at the estate of Gordon M.A. Parks.

The Forrestal had just completed a series of 'Passage Exercises' with the S.A. Navy's frigates as well as the Offshore Patrol Craft. The exercises included joint communications, station watch keeping and gunnery practice, in which the USS Forrestal fired rounds from its 5inch, 127-millimeter gun.

The destroyer was conducting an African Partnership Station Theatre Security Cooperation exercise. This was an annual joint initiative of the U.S. Navy and the U.S. National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration launched off West Africa twenty-two years ago. The stated aim was: To help African nations achieve stability and economic prosperity through civilian and military maritime mentoring as well as military-to-military training. This was later extended in 2010 to Africa's eastern seaboard, with A P S visits to Mozambique, Tanzania and Kenya.

In a recent interview, Captain Janet Shock, Commander of Task Force 919, referring to the recent joint exercise said: "It's always great when two partner nations can schedule meaningful and productive events such as these. It enhances the professional element of each of our navy's ability to work with one another for a safer maritime domain and renews the strong ties of partnership we have with South Africa." USN Intership News

"I don't care to send my men in to do your dirty work general, even if we are old friends," Captain Shock stressed through the vidscreen of her quarters to General Sullivan.

"We're more than old friends Janet." Sullivan replied. "I need to recover my prisoner. He's a wealthy, powerful man earthside. He can expose the program. I've just caused him a lot of pain. I have to go in for the kill."

“You’re not going in, that’s the problem.” Captain Shock retorted. “Men and women under my command are.”

“Captain, I have authorization to use whatever force I deem necessary to bring this man back dead or alive. He’s a threat to national security. And just so you’ll know, I will be coming down to bring him back myself. I want to see his face when I crush him. That’s if he’s still alive.”

“We will attempt to take him alive, General. I understand that he has some private militia?”

“We have his man Vaughn on the payroll. Less than a half of his so-called security forces were even alerted to travel to his estate. He’ll have to surrender.”

“What about automated defenses?”

“There may be some. But nothing your men can’t handle. You know how these egghead engineers are. He probably has walking talking android butlers, but nothing lethal.”

“Alright, General. I’ll send six teams, no more. If anything happens to my men, general, I will hold you responsible.”

“They signed up for an adventure, didn’t they? They’re soldiers, risk comes with the game.”

“This is personal, General Sullivan,” Shock replied, “between you and Parks . You’re going to put the men under my command at unnecessary risk. I may follow orders, but I don’t have to like it.”

“Where are my men, Vaughn? Less than half of the 500-man security forces I ordered have arrived. It’s been two days!”

“More security teams are on the way. But getting them to such a secluded place from all over the world, the logistics are very difficult--”

“Vaughn, I am a goddamned billionaire. I have global resources at my disposal. Do you expect me to believe that bullshit?! I could move all of my global employees here in that time! Parks looked at his Director of Security for a long time before continuing. “How long have they had you Bill? When did he get to you? What did they promise you?”

Vaughn gave his guilt away in a look. “Gordon...”

Parks punched Vaughn very hard, knocking him across the room, bleeding his nose and mouth. His security chiefs we’re all stunned. “That’s for betraying Eve. Your services are no longer needed. See him to the airstrip and put him on the next flight out.”

Parks walked away as armed security personnel picked up Vaughn and pushed him towards the nearest exit. “Parks, you’re a fool! You are going up against the U.S. military. You’re a traitor!”

“No, just tired of being pushed around.”

As he was dragged away he shouted defiantly. “Your wealth can’t save you, Gordon! You’re finished, you’re dead! As dead as your clone whore of a wife!”

To the remaining security chiefs, Parks regained his composure and laid out his plans. “Gentleman, thank you for your service. I know we have less than 200 men of our private rapid global deployment security forces.

My former security director did a lot of damage before we discovered his true nature. Automated defenses are back online, but we’re still vulnerable to that big naval ship patrolling our waters. Eventually they’ll send in extraction forces. They’re not going to send heavy troops to invade what is in essence a resort colony. Your job is stay just behind the tree lines of the tropical forest, with round the clock patrols. Once we see assault movement towards the beaches, I want your teams to retreat back to the compound and prepare for the insurgency. From there, we’ll fully activate all of the automated tactical defenses. Then we’ll see what the rainforest catches for us.”

“Mr. Parks, Riley here sir; that’s not much of a defense.”

“I don’t anyone to be injured or killed—no one. I’ve been working on smart weapons research for over a decade. The surrounding tropical rainforest is deployed with an entire subsystem of counter insurgency fields, psy-ops holographic systems, automated smart defense equipment and ordinance. Let me be clear—we will incapacitate and capture any Special Forces teams that enter the compound, without bloodshed. Machines are expendable— you men and those invading soldiers aren’t.

Mr. Riley, you’re with me; consider yourself the new acting director of security, until I can make it official. Your first name’s Frank, right?”

“Correct, sir.”

“Pick two of your best men. We’re going to the smart weapons control center.”

As they strode from the meeting across the estate compound Parks continued. “Make sure all of our personnel keep on the special dog tags given to them. They are radio frequency tags, which exclude them from the scans of the smart defense systems. They are identified as security soldiers or staff by the systems. Our men won’t be targeted for fire by the tranq turrets and microwave crowd dispersion equipment and other non-lethals in the combat zone.

Once the insurgent teams are incapacitated, we will retake the rainforest and round them up. They’ll be kept in a large electrical fenced quarantine containment cage near the beachfront to be retrieved by their ship.”

They entered the underground bunker and took a survey of the tactical stations, as Parks reviewed the smart weapons center, already manned with a cadre of trained specialists.

“The estate compound also has an next generation perimeter force shield platform system, based on the old ‘Trophy Active Protection System’ one of several purchased privately from General Dynamics, powered by a combination of a 15-megawatt sprawling array of 70,000 crystalline silicon solar paneled field installation, operated by a computerized tracking system that follows the sun’s path; wind turbine fields; offshore ocean wave energy generation platforms; and an underground nuclear pellet mini-reactor. An adjustable diameter perimeter force barrier radar dome could be activated by the estates security forces, and controlled from a quarter kilometer tall emitter tower and underground bunker facility, positioned in the center of the compound.

At full tactical alert, the shield can detect an incoming threat and determine where it is going to hit, the radar will then activate the ‘hard kill system’ emitting a powerful repelling force connecting the perimeter barrier to the tower, forming an invisible, protective energy dome, and fire special interceptors that repel incoming bullets and penetrate against incoming rockets or missiles, destroying them. The next generation system is powerful enough to shield against ballistic missiles, low-yield thermonuclear detonation, limited particle beam and focused laser exposure.

When the shield is activated, the tower also emits an infra-red holographic honeycomb grid light pattern along the interior wall of the invisible, domed-shaped high energy defense system visible only by the estate’s security forces equipment. The energy shield is lethal within two meters.

Let’s hope we won’t have to fully activate it. From this command post we will monitor all A I defenses and execute any necessary additional actions. As you can see, there are one hundred monitors and over three hundred cameras and motion sensors, camouflaged and integrated into the rainforest canopy. We will see the slightest movements and the automated AI smart defense systems will determine the best tactical response. Settle in gentlemen. Let’s get to it.”

Later that day, Parks entered the infirmary to check on Eve. It might be the last time he saw her alive. She was still near death, in an induced coma. He sat next to her glass encased oxygen tank, and spoke to her softly. Brahms Opus 114 Adagio played low and softly, surrounding the medical ward with a peaceful stillness. “You can’t leave us yet honey, we just need more time. You have to get well, get up from this bed. Find your way back to me...”

He sat with her in silence for hours.

“General, welcome to the Forrestal.”

“Janet, always a pleasure...”

“I wish I could say the same. When do you plan on going in?”

“Dusk, well need cover of night.”

“And I’m to understand that you’ll be tagging along?”

“Why Captain, I’ll be leading the teams in. If Parks puts up any resistance, we’re going to mow down everyone in sight. I also want fifty caliber sniper teams here on the deck to fire on my signal.”

“You’ll have whatever you need, general.”

Six hours later, after a series of four Naval Fire Scout class UAVs ran reconnaissance several miles high above and around the Parks compound, six underwater skiffs disembarked from the Forrestal and raced for different sections of the Gamba coastline under cover of night.

The Seals deployed silently upon reaching the beach, surfacing eerily from the incoming waves like black clad wraiths and rushing quickly into the rainforest just inside the tree line, just as their classified invisible cloaking camo assault suits blended them in with the jungle fauna, only visible to each other via the special goggles they wore.

The general caught his breath and signaled for his men to move out. One soldier stayed behind with him.

Suddenly the calm, shaded rainforest lit up with blinding, flashing overhead flares. Bizarre, surreal yet tranquil ambient soundscapes arose from LRAD long range acoustic speakers to a deafening level in all directions; ‘Deep Blue Day’, a haunting, melodic surreal soundtrack for a bad acid trip, composed Brian Eno, played loudly on a loop.

Parks’ automated tactical ground sensors and class one mini UAV’s detected movement. For the next thirty-eight minutes, with psy-ops and automated defenses on alert, all hell erupted on the Gamba rainforest.

“Parks and his goddamned parlor tricks, you’re gonna’ need more than psy-ops for me. Move out,” Sullivan growled into his throat mike.

The startled general and all of his teams searched for cover to regroup before moving out, shooting silencer rounds at the moving spotlights. But the element of surprise was gone.

Concealed projectile turrets rose from the rainforest floor on hydraulic servos followed by the rapid hissing noise of pressurized gas-propelled weapons fire. Tranquilizer rounds and balls of invisible directed ELF shielding energy projectiles flew in all directions, short circuiting the cloaking camouflage the Seal teams wore.

The teams were caught in the crossfire. Of the six, four-man teams, nearly half were immediately hit by the combination of directed energy and incapacitation dart rounds. The rest were left to scatter for cover in the tropical rainforest.

In quick disarray, with the sound of the haunting circus psy-ops music blanketing the forest, several soldiers stepped onto concealed fast drying foot traps; two foot deep by two foot diameter holes newly opened into the forest floor filled with quick setting elastomer, drying instantly when the thin covering

membrane is stepped through, exposing the elastomer to air. Swarms of miniature aerial drones the size of hummingbirds, with tranquilizer dart tips, made suicide dives at the fleeing and pinned-down soldiers.

Commander Shock heard the muffled cries of her men over the bizarre ambient music. The video feed loop from the soldiers' individual helmet cameras was scrambled.

"General Sullivan, what's happening to my teams?"

The general growled into a throat mike. "Non-lethals, a hornet's nest of non-lethals everywhere! We're under siege! Send in support commander! I need sniper fire."

"Negative General, you're not going to jeopardize any more of my men. You have no enemy to engage. You're fighting machines. Make your way back to the extraction points."

"Too many of the teams are passed out, sedated by tranquilizer rounds!"

"General, do not leave my men behind!"

'Deep Blue Day' continued to play on a loop from concealed loudspeakers as the remaining SEAL teams scrambled for an escape, firing wildly at ghostly images of holographic enemy combatants.

Heavy tear gas lofted into the battle zone over the rainforest floor. More and more of the extraction teams succumbed to the smart AI defenses. The general and the remaining SEAL teams immediately put on gas masks in time, some did not.

The final AI surge came from 100 automated ADS millimeter wave pulse mechanized mini tanks, highly mobile, traveling across the rainforest fauna towards the beach, outflanking the SEAL teams with powerful millimeter bursts that caused great pain to the external surface of the body.

The remaining soldiers doubled over in pain and fled back in the direction they came in, only to be tranquilized by automated projectile turrets. All of the SEAL teams were safely incapacitated, including the general.

In the aftermath, Mr. Riley spoke through the throat mike of one of the rounded-up soldiers as his estate security forces moved in to assess the minor injuries and take the invasion teams into custody. "Navy vessel offshore, come in?"

"This is Captain Janet Shock, Commander of Task Force 919 of the USS Forrester. Identify yourself, where are my men?"

"Captain Shock, this is Frank Riley, OM Group Global Security. Your men have been captured, without loss of life. They shall be returned to your custody within twelve hours. They will be cared for and monitored by our medical teams, revived and placed in the beachfront holding cage in your immediate view. The tranquilizers will have to wear off before we can wake them and safely return them to you. The general however, will be staying on a little longer. Riley out."

The Off-World Man

## CHAPTER 13

The mind encompasses the entire universe. When we change our innermost state of mind, our whole being changes and this affects the world in which we live. This is the teaching of oneness of all life and its environment, and the principle of single life moment possessing three thousand realms. Everything starts with a strong determination. --Daisaku Ikeda

Parks gave the general a hard slap to the face. "Wake up Conner." The general awakened and found himself enclosed in a fifty-by-fifty foot fenced in cage, along with all of his Seal team members, and the corporate spy, Mr. Vaughn. "I always said you'd get anyone killed that followed you."

"Parks!"

Parks walked out and around the cage as he spoke to the heavily guarded prisoners. "Listen up; I have no conflict with you soldiers.

But this man—General Conner Timothy Sullivan—he and I have a score to settle. He is no honorable man, nor is he a true soldier in the noblest traditions of the art. You soldiers will be released immediately to your ship, but he will stay here with me—tell your commander that.

You've been searched during your sedation, stripped of all ammunition and weapons we could find.

My security forces have no problem shooting you with tranq or electric stun rounds if you try anything foolish. As you can see the microwave pulse tanks are aimed right at you and my smart defense systems are still operational. Travel single file out of the cage and get the hell off my land."

The mission commander spoke to Parks. And he responded definitively. "What are you going to do to the general?"

"What am I going to do to this arrogant, evil bastard, who killed my wife not once, but twice? I am going to personally beat the shit out of him, beat him to death!"

Silence. Then the mission commander spoke. "Sir, I'd like to stick around to see that."

"Me too..."

"I would too, Dr. Parks."

The general was shocked at the earned lack of loyalty from the Seal team members. He cursed and spat in their direction. The soldiers looked on at him with true disgust.

The mission commander pleaded with Parks. "But Dr. Parks, if you kill him instead of bringing him to justice, we'll just return to get you with greater forces. Think before you act, sir."

Parks waved off his argument, responding again, fully aware of all ramifications. "There is no court of law that will ever convict him. I can't allow him to go unpunished for the damage he's done. I'll either die trying to kill him or turn myself in after, those are the only options. Either way, this will be the only real conflict to take place today."

The general exited the cage, as arrogant as ever. "You're not even man enough to kill me, not with your bare hands."

The general stalked around Parks, who in turn stalked around the general. "Let's find out."

The old titans clashed in primal hand-to-hand combat for nearly an hour on the beach front surrounding the tropical rainforest. Both men were well bloodied and exhausted.

Losing the battle and feeling his strength waning, General Sullivan pulled out a concealed combat knife from inside his boot before being confronted by OM Group security.

Parks waved off the security, he no longer cared. He was in the kill zone now-- and he would take this evil man's life, whether he had a weapon or not. Parks was already dead inside. Eve had been taken from twice, by this devil of a man.

But to equalize the fight, Riley tossed Parks a Talon triple blade that fit on the clinched fist similar to brass knuckles. It was attached at the wrist and fingers with an industrial strength rubber cord, similar to a slave bracelet. The fist weapon had curved, talon shaped blades welded to the brass knuckles.

The fight became much more lethal. After dislodging the combat knife by cutting across the back of the general's hand, Parks beat him bloodier with every enraged swing. Parks launched a powerful roundhouse blow across Sullivan's neck, gashing his left jugular and ripping his windpipe open.

Sullivan dropped to his knees and tried to frantically stop the massive bleeding. Wide eyed and in a state of shock, he attempted to stand, stumbled and collapsed.

Parks crouched over him, pausing to make eye contact and take careful aim, before launching a final lethal blow with all of his remaining strength through the neck to kill the general. Parks let out an enraged battle cry of as he summoned all of his wild-eyed burning hatred for this man. Sullivan raised his bloodied hands up to fend off the incoming, final cutting blow.

Suddenly, the two men were caught in an intense pillar beam of pale blue-white sparkling light.

The paralyzing icy blue temporal beam danced and hummed around their paralyzed bodies, suspending them frozen in time. Parks could not finish his swing, which enraged his frozen form even more. He tried over and over finish launching his upraised, tightly clenched, right triple-bladed fist. From

his feet through his spinal column to the base of his neck, Parks felt an odd stretching and an electrical pulsing and fading sensation in his limbs. Hot and cold, prickling sensations, expansion and compression, united with unlimited ambient energy. Then nothing—

Parks and Sullivan disappeared, as if removed from dimension, and all existence. An overhead cumulus cloud displaced, and a football field-sized, mysterious, other-worldly, hovering silver blue vessel slowly materialized.

Everyone on the estate looked up as the pillar of icy blue, white light retracted in a flash into the center of the hexagonal shaped spacecraft. The glowing vessel then blinked out of existence as mysteriously as it appeared.

Parks found himself standing in some kind of controlled luminescent doorway or archway, a dimensional terminal. He stepped through, bloodied and bruised, into what can only be described as an alien triage room.

Glowing white light illuminated, it seemed directly through the oval-shaped room's walls. Men were working frantically over the bleeding general. They began to work on his wounds, using what appeared to be finger-tip light beam healing medical instrument attachments.

"Did I dream this belief, or did I believe this dream..." Parks had never seen any of the so-called Travelers, or the various rumored species of extraterrestrial races, until now. There he stood, in near shock, mouth agape at the sight. All of the human, or very human looking men, were dressed in dark blue, one-piece military flight suits and standard black leather lace up boots.

One of the humanoid emergency personnel, Parks assumed that they were all doctors, moved over to the long, oval, waist-high metal table. With the wave of a finger over the general's head, Sullivan lost consciousness.

The humanoid doctors began to, not so much operate, as begin the process of healing the General's mortal wounds. Picking up an instrument with a luminescent light source at its end, one doctor placed the illuminated tip of the narrow instrument over the general's open neck wounds.

Miraculously, the ends of the cuts began to seal, from the inner aortal artery, tiny blood vessels, the cartilage of the ripped-open windpipe, and surrounding musculature--outward, toward the epidermis. A line of bright light along the visible seal disappeared as each wound was healed, leaving no scar.

"Seems like magic, doesn't it? His wounds will be healed, both inside and out, as will you."

A familiar voice spoke to him, a voice from his past. At first he could place the vocal ID, then it hit him—"Peterson? Director James Hiram Peterson?"

"I'm still amazed over the centuries at the advanced technology shared with humanity, but at an unbelievable cost." Peterson confessed. "Humans were so far behind most of the older space faring

aces until recently, they're like infants to them, crawling—not even standing, let alone walking. That's how we allowed them to take advantage of our civilization in the Pleiades at first. But now, things are changing. Instead of separating and conquering us, we have separated and are conquering them.”

Gordon was genuinely astonished. He spoke into his eyes, “You’ve been one of them all this time? What has it been, thirty years since I’ve seen you? We dined alone in the commissary the last time I saw you. You offered me one of the project managers slots on the Joint Strike Fighter program, and then disappeared. Where have you been? I thought that you died, a long time ago.”

“Oh no, not me, we never lost control. You're face-to-face with the man who sold the world.” Peterson laughed at his old friend's perplexed look. “I’ve always wanted to say that. But to answer your question, I've been everywhere-- literally. From Andromeda to the Pleiades System and back and other InterWorld Council member worlds, learning, and representing federations greater interests, to become part of the eons old community of free, peaceful space-exploring species of the multiverse. I’m only one of a handful of InterWorld Council “Ambassadors”, duly sanctioned to serve for life. I have great and unimaginably tenuous position of power and influence over the course of the earth’s political order and space military’s agenda, and I’m offering a similar unique responsibility—to you...”

Parks laughed and shook his head in shock and surprise at the enormity of the offer. He immediately noticed an elderly long white-haired man who entered, or rather seemed to float into the room, clothed in a high collared, flowing navy Monsignor cloak trimmed with silver piping at the collar. He appeared to closely resemble his friend, Peterson. The old man had to be well over one hundred ago years old. His pupils were artificial, metallic silver white, his eyes having been replaced hundreds of years ago. “A clone”, Parks realized. The Peterson that he knew all those many years must have been a clone of this old man.

“Yes, Peterson is a double of me as am I of my predecessor, over the past one thousand years. You will also have many over your thousand-year tenure with the Genesis Order.” Parks heard the reply--in his mind. He looked at the old man, in utter shock, not because he communicated with him intracranially without the use of equipment. It was the “thousand year” comment.

The old man continued telepathically, the sub-vocal words burned into his consciousness; “I am the second incarnation of the original Hiram the Elder and Master Engineer, educated in the higher sciences centuries ago by the Genesis Inter-Species Ambassadorship. It had no such name during the time of my initiation. I will tutor you through the transcendence and answer all of your inquiries over the course of your journey—either through Peterson, the third incarnation, or personally, directly into your mind.

You will be named Gordon the Elder, and Master Engineer. Because of your advanced age, your first incarnation is being created as we speak.”

Parks was in awe at his surroundings, so he did not fully understand the elder’s last comment. He had seen experimental craft before, been to the classified Nellis Air Force Groom Lake range and toured some of the test facilities, but not been allowed to see all of it. He had never seen the lower levels of its underground facilities, never seen or been on the rumored network of underground high speed

transcontinental tunnels connecting bases along the northwest and southwest, even though he made his wealth manufacturing and supplying maglev train chassis and components to the military.

Parks had never been a part of the rumored MJ-12, Aquarius, or Committee of 12 Agendas, shadow government factions literally at war with each other for decades. And this was only his second time aboard any advanced gravity propulsion powered space vessel.

“Why have you chosen me? I’m against everything that the Genesis Consortium stands for. I want full disclosure to the public right now. A treasonable offense, according to the current spooks running the ranch. It’s been that way for 100 years.”

“My friend, the Genesis Consortium is at war within itself, the old guard of the Aquarius faction versus our faction, the Committee of 12. As the old guard dies off, or as in my case, eventually moves on to higher forms of energy, those of us who defended the gradual disclosure of the truth want to make sure the right personnel take over the reins of authority. The future of our way of life, and our eventual journey to the stars depends on it.”

“The Aquarius faction, versus the Committee of 12, Parks intoned. This is literally a culture war between the Pros and the Cons.”

“Humans are evolving into a space faring species, Hiram the Elder continued. We need to keep those human traitors who would bring deception to the earth and a warring mentality to the stars under control. A balance of sensibilities in dealing with our InterWorld Council of other worldly allies, and in disseminating the steady flow of advanced technology to improve our way of life on your home planet, to the masses. That’s been our mission over the centuries, and it will continue—but we need to begin selecting the next multi-generation of stewards for this monumental responsibility.

The military aerospace contractors who are selected to join us are the new first line of defense against the unchecked actions of the Aquarius faction of the Genesis Consortium. They’re abominable agenda goes beyond your current level of understanding. This internal governmental struggle must never go public, lest it tear at the very fabric of human reality around the globe. As our tenure grows, so too does our influence over the course of our overall agenda. We are a council of Consortium Elders, similar the Earth’s Supreme Court or the World’s Court at The Hague, but from various NATO nations. We are ambassadors, adjudicate on an interstellar level and consist of many sentient alien species. Our decisions today will help define the future of humanity’s peaceful path through the Greater Aether--through God’s multiverse heavens as you put it.

Will you help us to continue the struggle, to bring the truth to the light of day, and realign the world as it should be?”

“I’m an independent man, but I’ll join your cause, on one condition, Parks replied, tears streaming from his eyes. Please, can you save my wife? Please, save Eve for me? She’s dying. A thousand years of life means nothing to me, if I can’t share it with her...”

## The Off-World Man

### CHAPTER 14

Nowhere can man find a quieter or more untroubled retreat than in his own soul. When you arise in the morning, think of what a precious privilege it is to be alive to breathe, to think, to enjoy, to love.

Observe constantly that all things take place by change and accustom thyself to consider that the nature of the Universe loves nothing so much as to change the things which are, and to make new things like them. The Universe is transformation; our life is what our thoughts make it. —

Marcus Aurelius

### Summer 2035

“Remember these days, for they shall come to pass. And never shall they return...” He couldn't remember the author of the poignant haiku as he strolled along the beach, he hadn't seen for nearly two years.

The sun was setting in the western horizon. The Gabon Estate was built specifically at the center of an area of Gamba beach front property that runs along a magnetic vortex abnormality; one of the thousands anomalous magnetic energy field ley-lines, meridians grids of powerful magnetic energy lining the earth's surface.

There had been unofficial space-based radar reports all day of an unknown, unidentified aerial object traveling below the radar floor of commercial and military flight corridors around Europe, Asia and Africa. Twelve sightings in all, of a low flying or hovering silver metallic, triangular-shaped aircraft, that seemed to be transparent or pulsing in and out of view, followed by sightings of a tall man dressed in a dark blue one-piece flight suit and sunglasses.

It had been reported that an occupant of this unidentified aerial vehicle made brief visits with specific women, each of them single mothers with a single child, and then returned back to the silver triangular vessel, reported to hover just above the buildings in each area of incident, glowing a bluish white, just before taking off at an incredible rate of speed, or blinking out of dimensional space and visual focus, in the wink of the human eye, on to the next sighting.

There have been eleven sightings reported in the span of three hours—in Tokyo, Taiwan, Singapore, Milan, Turin, Geneva, Paris, Amsterdam, Stockholm, Oslo, and London, -- and a final sighting of an aerial vehicle fitting the description near the coast of Gabon, Africa.

What was not known was each of these children wore a three-millimeter thin, rectangular shaped metallic necklace with the globe imprint, suspended from a flat, thin silver neckband.

The transcendent man had placed a necklace on each child and activated them. This transcendent man wanted to be sure that each child would be monitored and protected his absence. The necklaces were sophisticated DNA biometric beacons, capable of monitoring each child's growth, heart rate, stress levels, and audio environment. On the occasions when the child removed the necklace, an Amber Alert-type feedback signal will activate, and OM Group Global Private Security and Surveillance Services will check embedded monitoring systems in the child's environment, immediately contact the child's mother and send a security team to confirm the child's safety.

The man placed their necklaces on each child personally before his departure. The children would receive this high level of personal protection for life but will have no direct knowledge of this service until they reach their first year of college. They may then formally request that the level of service be reduced or customized to their personal needs, but it will never be fully eliminated.

The man had provided this security directive for Eve as well. Eve's long-term memory was damaged by the head injury she sustained after the attack during their emergency return and subsequent crash earthside. She frequently gardened on some of the land immediately surrounding their solar arrays and wind turbines of the automated beachfront compound as a form of relaxing therapy.

Eve was surrounded 24 hours by OM Group private security force personnel, robotic and local hired compound and facilities staff.

She now had a small child with her. Her daughter, named Emily, born in the aftermath of that final personal confrontation with General Sullivan and his invasion forces. For the surrounding population of villagers, many are still superstitious of the compound and all of the ongoing development of the past decade. Some feel that the estate is the home of a powerful high priestess; to other rural neighbors, it is a forbidden land surrounded by an invisible force that not only keeps people out but imprisons a powerful witch.

To the rest of the African country of Gabon, she is an unknown; a wealthy private citizen, one of many who buy coastal lands at an astronomical price, then build a seaside oasis. The only difference here is there is a no-fly zone for one mile surrounding the entire compound, and violators of this no fly zone will be chased out, or met with force from the series of automated aerial defense drones established to protect the sprawling coastal estate. Eve's home has all this, and a modern private security force sufficiently equipped to defend a small military installation.

He appeared from out of nowhere, from an entrance of luminescent framed energy in the wall of space-time which opened instantly, out stepped this-- transcendent man. The stranger, dressed in a black linen EDO suit and black boots, walked slowly from the beach and the Atlantic Ocean up to the entrance of the compound— slowly beyond the manicured palms and gardens of the estate. This might be his last time visiting this sacred land. He was instantly recognized by the automated defenses and

even the security force patrols on duty, his arrival anticipated and long overdue. The gates opened immediately to his unvoiced commands, before even taking their automated biometric scans to confirm his identity.

It was a slightly older, slightly thinner, Dr. Gordon Marcus Aurelius Parks. He'd come home...

Dr. Parks had been in seclusion, no one knew where; he was thought to be dead, the consensus of military aerospace industry insiders, the same way they used to speculate when he was one of the new young maverick aeronautical geniuses making a name in the blackworld. He had been given a new bill of health, after submitting to a battery of neurological and medical, procedures under sedation, including telomere restoration, by the Travelers. His hair was even returning to its normal color. He had been well aware of Eve's physical and neurological condition all along, closely monitoring the ordeals of her past two years at the Gabon Estate. One of the OM Group Gabon Estate Security personnel approached Dr. Parks and directed him to Eve's location. Parks had a hand in the design of the Gamba Gabon Estate, so he found her with little effort. Eve's garden was immense, fields of every imaginable vegetable, scores of fruit tree groves; she has been busy transforming the estate into a sustainable oasis. White oval and bubble shaped domes that like the estate, were powered by Searl SEG generators. They were dwellings for her small population of co-op gardeners, farmers and harvesters, were integrated throughout the fields and groves.

Some of the larger domes were greenhouses. The bubble dome dwellings are virtual opaque control enabled; capable of adjusting from translucent to UV to UAB tint, to completely clear, from full black opaque to completely white. Wall panel environmental controls adjusted inner temperature, air circulation and airborne contaminant filtering, and full surround spectrum lighting, from 5500K pure white daylight to a mere glow. The top fifths of some of the domes were clear or tinted, allowing in natural light; most residents left them that way at night for stargazing. Large, flexible, super thin entertainment-communications H3D screens took up the second to fourth levels and a quarter of the inner dome walls.

She sensed him, or rather, a new presence, before he arrived within sight, but she pretended not to notice anything out of the ordinary. Then she sensed something—familiar, comfortable; a similar feeling she gets when her daughter enters the room or awakens from an infant's gentle sleep; the feeling that she is witnessing a miracle. She stood up from her gardening chore, stretched the slightly sore muscles of her lower back from tilling the soil between her growing root vegetables all afternoon.

The presence was within sight, coming around one of the compound guest dwellings. He was tall, slim, with a determined movement in his stride. From his mere movements toward her, she determined that he is not a threat, but was trained. She could derive so much from cursory information; she was just designed that way. She always noticed the mechanical movement of people, having an encoded memegram database of the world's deadliest fighting arts. Nevertheless, she stood tall, strong and statuesque as the man approached, displaying a graceful, regal bearing and preparedness for defending

herself, even as she wiped the days sweat from her brow and shielded the sun's glare to get a better view of the visitor.

"Hello Mrs. Parks..."

Eve paused, trying to recall where she'd met the man before, her brow furrowing slightly with confusion. "I'm sorry, I seem to have forgotten--" Eve did not recognize him, a result of the serious head injury sustained in the reentry crash. But she felt she knew him somehow; she knew him and was safe with him.

"Your husband-- I used to be the former owner of this estate. I sold him this land. I see you've developed the property into something quite special. The farming crops are an addition?"

"They're part of an organic co-op with the neighboring villages, and we feed the men and women we that live and work here. My husband left a great deal of wealth behind for me. He's--"

Dr. Parks watched as Eve turned away from him, the pain and frustration of her failed memory and the thought that her husband was deceased. He quickly interrupted.

"He would be so very proud of you, Mrs. Parks."

A small group of women dressed in nurse's uniforms approached Eve and Dr. Parks. Out of sight of Eve, he quickly, turned, raised the index finger of his left hand and shook his head slowly to the women. Eve did notice this, which perplexed her even more, this enigma of a man. He turned to her and smiled affectionately. Eve felt calmed by his gaze when their eyes met again. When they were within ten feet of the couple, they stopped and smiled compliantly, and presented to them their little miracle, their daughter Emily.

This is the first time he met her. She looked up at the tall man from her toddler's vantage point, and he looked down at her, fighting back tears. In his mind, he spoke through his thoughts to her, "Hello honey, I'm your Daddy. I love you, Emily."

The frail little baby girl released her hand from her nurse and walked tentatively, as only little miracles of infant life do, to reach out to this man, to be picked up. Eve looked on in astonishment.

"Emily has NEVER allowed any man to ever pick her up, ever."

The little girl even rested her head on his shoulder and closed her eyes. Eve noticed that Dr. Parks patted Emily's back as gently as one would hold a newly born infant, He hugged her and closed his eyes, fighting back tears, for several seconds as well, as if their hug was that of family, of a father hugging his infant daughter, souls of the same source or family origin, passing on nurturing energy.

Eve became instantly fearful that her little girl had broken their maternal bond, and let this stranger in, abandoning her. But, when Emily opened her eyes from their embrace, she instinctively reached for her mother, who gratefully received her little toddler.

She looked at Emily carefully, she seemed to want to tell her mother something about the man, but Emily rarely made any vocal sounds at all. Her mother was worried that she might be autistic, even though no medical diagnosis of those conditions could be confirmed.

Emily looked at her mother, smiling and pointed to the center of her mother's forehead briefly. She couldn't understand what her daughter meant and assumed that she was playing.

The child reached out to Dr. Parks, to be held. Eve gently passed her back to him. Emily did the same thing as she did in her mother's arms, pointing to the center of Dr. Parks' forehead. The child looked again at her mother, clapping her little hands and smiling with a satisfied, contented look of understanding.

"Well, she has really taken to you. Would you like to—I'm sorry I didn't recall asking your name."

"I would rather not say, if you wouldn't mind. Your husband and I were both members of rather exclusive, sensitive government organizations. I just wanted to visit the old land briefly. I should be on my way--"

"Oh no, no please, I would like for you to stay -- for dinner with us. We dine rather early during the summer. We're vegetarians, I hope you don't mind. We can have some form of synth-animal protein prepared for you?"

"Vegetarian is fine. I'm used to it..."

Dr. Parks spent the entire afternoon with Eve and Emily. They talked and laughed and enjoyed their child's wonder at the world around her. He asked Eve questions to see what she remembered about her constructed life.

Although Dr. Parks' company had nearly fallen victim to a hostile takeover, much of his private wealth was intact and inherited by Eve. His financial estate was in ongoing legal dispute. His former contract companions all filled collective inheritance claims to his fortune, estimated to be nearly one hundred billion, primarily because of Eve's status as a cloned human, a violation of the U.N. statutes banning human genetic cloning. The financial battle for his wealth was just beginning and would go on for years.

Eve had been taken care of financially over the past twenty-four months by a 10-Billion-dollar trust fund in Zurich, established before her awakening. Global supplies, services and resources were at her disposal. And she was free to travel from the compound anywhere in the world at her will and whim, as long as she traveled with a small contingent of O M Group Security.

"My—husband..."

The revelation dawned on Eve in a panic, a wave of pain and anguish, who he was— and she may never see him again.

She looked at her daughter--their daughter. Their little toddler, Emily Parks held her hand as she continued to wave goodbye to the stranger who she felt compelled to invite to an early dinner.

The man, dressed in a black, would not tell her his name, or did she forget to ask; the man who claimed to be the former owner of this magnificent 500-acre estate. He was her companion; she was sure of it. Before her mind cleared, all Eve remembered was being an independently wealthy, inheritor of a vast fortune from some distant relative. Her head injury would not allow her to recall much more. It was all so sketchy, she couldn't identify in her mind the source of all this; the increasing funds in her Swiss bank account and her daughter's multibillion dollar trust fund; the servants and estate staff were paid by an executor she has never met; the need for a small army of security and the automated roaming security drones, biometric sensors and paramilitary protection force surrounding her estate. She wondered, "How else could he simply walk past all that, and enter, unannounced?"

He had just walked beyond her sight towards the beach, roughly a quarter kilometer away.

Eve picked up her daughter and hurried to catch up to him. She was sure now, her shaky memory more confident than ever. She thought aloud, "That man was my husband, Emily's father. Why didn't he tell me who he was? Why didn't he stay?"

Her daughter securely positioned on her hip, Eve broke out in a full speed sprint, as if running for her life. Tears welled up in her eyes as she rounded the garden and manicured palm trees leading to the beach, the estates housekeeping and support services followed far behind her, attempting diligently to catch up with the transgenetic metahuman.

She was stopped in her flat out run by an energy—a presence.

The massive vessel was hovering low, glowing a transparent bluish silver, with a smooth, organic, metallic hull that pulsated rhythmically in and out of focus, disappearing briefly, only to vibrate back into view. The tapered delta shaped vessel was similar in size to the football field— sized black triangles of the U.S. Air Force Space Command fleet.

Terror paralyzed her, past fear of a small triangle shaped drone airship that shot her out of the sky. A small black predator drone of similar in delta design attacked her, in her clouded past. How she knew this-- she could not fathom, but she somehow knew. But she also knew— that he was in there, and that vessel. Rising slowly as it pulled her companion away, she felt her heart breaking.

She wanted to scream out to the ship not to leave her, not to take him away. She felt disembodied, as if looking down at herself, then felt her consciousness turn and rush toward and pierce into the luminescence of the inner vessel, pleading with someone in it to bring him back. She then realized, she actually was crying and screaming hysterically at it, pleading with it as the white triangle stopped and hovered. Her pleading within suddenly went silent, beyond her will, and she became afraid. She dropped to her knees in the sand, struck with grief.

Then a warm presence washed over her consciousness as she was placed literally, back into her body. It was a strong, knowing thought—coming from an onboard quantum interface computer communication without audible language that came directly into her mind and comforted Eve and their seemingly unaware daughter, giving them both a familial feeling. She was sure in an instant that it was her husband communicating with her mind from his consciousness.

“His hosts,” he informed her, “were ancient Benevolents from other worlds, and known as by many names, such as the stewards, observers, or travelers. For millennia, they have helped to shape the course of intellectual growth on earth. And countless times over the course of human existence, they have witnessed man's struggle for spiritual and intellectual maturity.

Each time humanity reached a new pinnacle in knowledge, man's animal lust for power over his fellow man through violence and war, ignorance, deception and distraction, and through engineered fear-- pushed back the timeline when all of humanity would be introduced to a higher purpose for sentient existence. The final struggle for humanity's birth into higher stages of collective evolutionary intellectual consciousness was close at hand.”

By 2100, a spiritual clarification of higher purpose that all of humanity will finally develop the intellectual and spiritual capacity to appreciate peace will take place. The birth or beginning of humanity's 'Type One Evolution' as a sentient species.”

Her husband jokingly thought of the ancient stewards as space cowboys, and a "cosmic version of the United Nations, of many advanced foreign humanoid species and races from galaxies throughout the multi-verse.”

He was not abducted as such, almost two years ago, that day General Sullivan and his small invasion force attempted to attack and take control of Eve's estate. Parks' consideration for stewardship and his recent corporate actions, fueled an internal power struggle for control of the Order's Disclosure Timeline Agenda.

General Sullivan's mission was to control and eventually eliminate Dr. Parks. But he failed to capture and contain Eve on the OIC. Her unusually strong bonding and fidelity response to Parks and her inability to follow the triggered sleeper cell directive to kill him upon discovering her origin of creation were never fully understood. The Genesis Institute technicians identified this aberrant behavioral phenomenon, as an unforeseen, over conditioned “love” for him. It overrode her wet wired programming to harm him in any way. It seemed to be an unforeseen consequence of being programmed too well to be a loyal companion, too human.

All of the 144 custom clones created to usurp the wealth and power of their client companions, carried this potential for empathetic, compassionate malfunction, which saved Gordon Marcus Aurelius Parks' life.

The Gabon Estate's Smart Defense anti-weapons A I technology, non-lethal weapons and adaptive stealth armored private security forces repelled Sullivan's lethal invasion force with an impressive zero

casualties. The general's unauthorized unilateral action effectively ended his military career and influence within the Genesis Consortium Order.

When he and General Sullivan engaged in a final fight at the estate beach head, the stewards interceded before he made the mistake of mortally injuring Sullivan, thus excluding Parks from full consideration to his current entry-level stewardship advisory position. The Genesis Consortium Order had known that Parks was a favored candidate for this form of NATO Nations Alien ambassadorship exchange for nearly a decade. These stewards are the reason that the Order has existed in one form or another since mankind first learned to form representative government.

The first ancient stewards served as an early ally not only to direct the advances of several global military powers in human history, but also to slow mankind's efforts to militarize earth space and the solar system. As a result, the ambassadorship exchange program ceased in the 1980's. The Order was undergoing a transition by 2035, slowly coming out of the shadows of its accumulated power and control over advanced energy technologies to the elected branches of the NATO allied world governments. The Committee of 12 was finally winning its internal war over the Aquarius faction within the Genesis Consortium.

Because of Parks' humanitarian works; UNICEF infrastructure donations over his lifetime, the UN Maglev International Initiative, his research into advancing zero point energy and aether stream technologies for the masses, and because of his other peaceful efforts to empower Societal Type One through Type Three Ascension, in order to bridge the chasms between earth's classes and cultures, Parks was selected over other candidates, the first new human InterWorld Council ambassador appointee. It was Peterson who selected Parks to replace him. He selected him many years ago, when he noticed his potential as a freshmen aeronautical engineer at Lockheed Martin.

Peterson and these ancient stewards were allowing him to become one of them, a transcendent man, to see the Higher Realms, and visit worlds and dimensions far beyond the solar system and the Milky Way galaxy.

He told Eve that he would be visiting the Andromeda, Altair 4 and 5, and Pleiades systems. Although he will age slower, these ancient stewards will also preserve him on this journey, through advanced anti-aging technology and generational memegram transfer cloning. As such, it was also an offer of a form of immortality that thoughts could not convey. "I am to be a goodwill ambassador of sorts, one of only a handful who has been enlisted to travel on this journey before me. There has existed for millennia, an alliance or federation of worlds; an InterWorld Council. The earth has been a new member of this alliance for over half a century. I have been preparing for the rigors of interdimensional aether stream travel. The original James Hiram Peterson has been educating me on the many diverse species and civilizations I may meet. It is quite an honor, one that I am not worthy of."

It was an important, once in a lifetime position and a form of higher education for him, and it was his duty to explore and learn all the truths of humanity's existence and all sentient life's responsibilities in the larger multiverse.

The ancient stewards also established centuries ago, an autonomous network grid of self-repairing and replicating aether stream communications echo beacons, powered by nearby pulsars, placed one light year apart in sequence, continually replicated then launched again and again, from the Earth solar position outward in all directions. This perpetual communications network will enable Dr. Parks to monitor the progress of his global tribe of children. He will also be able to communicate telepathically with the children through the necklaces he gave each of them. He will literally be that wise voice of reason each child hears, while growing up while on his journey.

Before she felt his presence in her mind leave, he promised that they would be together again, "if it takes a thousand years." Parks was not sure how long he would be on this journey. She would see him again; Eve was sure of that. They would be together again.

Emily smiled at her mother, she knew all along, then waved a toddler's goodbye at the now ascending, vessel in which her father traveled. Eve now understood why her daughter spoke seldom and seemed so animated and happy when she interacted with the visitor, she now knew was Emily's father. They had been communicating telepathically the entire time of his visit.

Eve had always suspected that her daughter had empathic, telepathic abilities. She could only now imagine how gifted a woman her daughter would grow up to become.

Eve and Emily looked on as the aethership reached a higher altitude nearly out of sight.

Coming in low from the east, a trio of almost silent, unmarked, dark gray military helicopter-shaped AG aircraft homed in on the beach. The estate's substantial private security forces and automated drone ground and air defenses were already on full tactical alert at the first appearance of the hovering UFO and made their menacing presence aware at the beach. But once Dr. Parks' identity was positively confirmed, the forces remained there only to and protect Eve and Emily from the unknown military pursuit aircraft.

The air pressure abruptly changed and hard wind gusts increased, making it difficult to stand. Ominous, roiling, dark gray clouds gathered in the southwest, all within a minute. It seemed unnatural, artificially induced.

The trio of advanced aircraft slowly turned away from the standoff and took off to intercept with the slowly ascending silver white, tapered delta spacecraft, now glowing and pulsating quickly with a bluish hue, before suddenly flashing out of existence, in the blink of the eye.

The silver delta punched back into dimensional existence in low Earth orbit, smoothly vectoring within a kilometer of the automated Air Force Space Command HAARP ionospheric weather modification satellite, left in a stationary geosync above Dr. Parks' Gabon estate since General Sullivan's raid two years ago.

A thin, brilliant green beam of intense light emitted from a narrow seam in the forward port nose of Dr. Parks' aethership. The beam sliced cleanly through the compact body of the offensive satellite weapon presently attacking his Gabon Compound. The HAARP weather satellite crackled with white hot lightning, before silently imploding and releasing its energy.

Ten kilometers off starboard, a trio of football field sized Air Force Space Command black triangle-shaped vessels vectored aggressively onto the flight path of the smaller silver aethership, attempting for form a pyramid crossfire formation on the target. The transcendent man in the silver triangle punched back into hyper dimensional aetherspace, just before the pursuit ships fired their charged particle weapons.

Eve looked on at the clouds, which cleared as quickly as they changed, then checked her smiling, serene daughter sleeping nestled in her arms. Emily never took her eyes off of the clouds, where her father began his voyage. She shed no tears, she only smiled in wonder. Now more than ever, Eve was determined to prepare this miracle of a child-- for her probable futures.

There was a sudden faint, barely discernible explosion in the upper atmosphere; her raptor-like vision was far superior to the average human.

She worried about his sudden departure. She wanted more time—

“Come back to the estate, I’m in the lower infirmary. Walk back slowly.”

## The Off-World Man

### CHAPTER 15

We are all made of stars. Elements heavier than hydrogen and helium are forged within the fiery bellies of stars. The calcium in our bones, the iron in our blood and the oxygen we breathe all came from the ashes of stars, which had either exploded as supernovae, or died slowly, releasing their matter into space. --Astronomers Geoffrey Burbidge, Margaret Burbidge, William Fowler, Fred Hoyle

The telepathic message was clear, in his words.

Eve's heart burst with tears of relief. She turned, adjusting Emily higher up around her neck and cradled the little toddler gently. She made her way back the half kilometer to the estate.

The older man stood there, nervous as usual, he was always unsure of himself around her, always treating her as this fragile being, as if she were physically and physiologically her chronological age, which was only a few years older than their daughter Emily.

But Eve Nichele Parks was a fully grown, aged and matured woman, even if by an artificially accelerated process, one considered morally questionable by any standard of ethics. She existed by his actions and enormous wealth, to be his immortal companion, and her bonding response to him was more genuine than a mere byproduct of Genesis Consortium memengram processing. She truly loved him.

Parks was different, augmented trans cranially to send and receive mental telepathy from anyone within thirty meters. He seemed physically more serene, as if the universe had been revealed to him. "I had to send them on a solar chase after me, give them a target to destroy or pursue."

"Why?"

"So they would leave us alone, so we can live in peace. The Aquarius faction, the old obstructionist guard, is still after me. They just won't die out and give up their power hold on classified technology fast enough for us. So I secretly joined the Com-12 faction of the Consortium Order, ancient humanoid stewards for disclosure who are humanity's ancestors. They are peaceful forces for change. I was recruited, after we escaped the OIC and I secured your safety here. You and Emily will still be able to travel and go about your lives as usual.

Unfortunately, I am under house arrest again in a sense, at least until they are convinced that I am truly traveling among the stars, captured or destroyed."

"You sacrificed a chance to see other worlds, for us."

“Yes, just now. I had to see you in person before I could make an informed decision. If your memory had not returned, I would have continued my journey of discovery. If your memory returned, we decided we would send an appropriate substitute. A clone-- of me.

We will be linked through a series of communications beacons placed every light year in spherical equilateral distance, a communications road map throughout the Milky Way and neighboring galaxies and the universe. It is an interstellar interdimensional aether satellite system under perpetual construction, sending daily intel, pertinent data, personal communications and other information to and from earth, modulated onto LEO satellites towards this ever expanding out link grid of communications beacons, a network of point-to-point, interstellar, self-replicating communications. Our ancient stewards have been expanding and updating this aetherspace communications network for millions of years.

I agreed to allow the Com 12 stewards to perform a series of transcranial augmentation and psychic amplification procedures to my pineal gland and hypothalamus for telepathic communications: wetware augmentation involving placement of bioelectrical equipment inside of my skull. An array of processor nodes hooked into the brain via quantum entangled communications channels. Microelectronics used in concert with high bandwidth AI search engines and multiple, high-level search agents, allowing me to step out of time so to speak, and stay in contact and communicate with them and my immortal clone. My immune system had to be built up to recover fully from the augmentation procedure. It took months for me to control and become fully comfortable with the new augments.

I have with me a Moog-Hoberman Variflex Sphere design globular VR unit with an advanced 102 Technology-Jepsen free-standing holographics, that projects three dimensional images into my mind or into the air; coherent air and light beam protons and Bose-Einstein condensates around a classified Moog company psychic amplification-cartography interface control chaise unit. With this technology, I will see what my clone sees on his journey as an apprentice steward and observer, although it will be on a time delay, and dependent on the integrity of the interstellar aetherspace out link communications network and the astronomical position on Gordon's navigational flight path.”

“Gordon? His name is the same as yours?”

“He has no sir name as such, but the parallel man traveling out of the solar system right now is Gordon Marcus Aurelius Parks. We are one and the same, he is my identical clone. All InterWorld Council Ambassadors have at least one.

Some of the stewards are in essence dimensionauts, accomplished in the field of advanced energy manipulation and augmentation genetics. It was a major reason for their decline over the millennia. After some civilizations achieved a Type Three level of technological advancement, they became too cold and clinical, a slave to science without spiritual conscience. Some civilizations are relearning compassion through their affiliations with emerging sentient races throughout the aether stream multiverse. Earth's Stewards are Nordics and Pleiadeans, humanoid cousins to us all.

I thought about leaving him, the immortal clone of me, here with you. He is nearly the same age in physical maturity as you but created in a more advanced process and in a third less time. I just didn't

want you to feel like I was abandoning you and Emily again. If I had made the decision to substitute him for me here, I would have hoped that you could understand my reasons for leaving behind a younger version of me. I felt he would have served perhaps as a better, more compatible companion for you in every way.

When your memory returned, I felt a relief that I can't explain. I couldn't leave you. I couldn't stay away. But when my time comes, after I pass on, he may return. Do you understand? He may want to continue learning to become fully human and you may have to assist him. He will have all of my memories, however delayed by the distance between us. He will know you as I do."

"I would have felt very hurt and betrayed if you had left him here. I would have discovered the truth eventually" As Gordon Marcus Parks and the immortal clone of Eve Nichelle Dumont embrace, time seemed to slow to a near stop in the combined spiritual energy of their love for each other. "I'm happy to have the real you all to myself. Where have you been?"

"Groom Lake, Nevada, Death Valley and Mt. Shasta, California, Edwards AFB, Pine Gap Australia, New Schwabenland Antarctica, and too many worldwide underground city bases and undersea bases to count, and aboard a series of aethershops. At each location I was debriefed. I agreed to be given a series of intracranial enhancements, so that I may keep in communication with several resources and multiple channel streams."

"What happened to that man who tried to hurt us?" Eve looked cautious but brave, as if prepared to defend the oasis she now lived in.

"He won't bother anyone ever again, Dr. Parks replied with confidence. I was told that he was-- 'rehabilitated' after he was found to be under control of the Draco, an reptilian alien sect that has been behind the scenes over the millennia causing conflict and destruction on many sentient worlds, for conquest and their own twisted amusement. They can easily infect the minds and actions of those inclined to evil and unscrupulous behavior. They are the primary source for military conflict on this and countless other worlds, the enemy that we must always be vigilant against."

Parks took Eve in his arms their child positioned comfortably between them.

"Eve, I hope you won't become tired of me? I won't live forever. We may not have a thousand years together, but I will always be with you, even in my next form."

"That doesn't matter to me now. Whatever time we have together, we will live to the fullest. We have a baby daughter to raise and nurture."

"We'll give her this and every other sentient world and all the stars."

## The Off-World Man

### CHAPTER 16

Look Up at the Heavens and count the Stars—if indeed you can count them. So shall Your Offspring be...  
--Genesis 15:5

As the silver delta traversed the multidimensional aether, a young, clean shaven Gordon Marcus Aurelius Parks, the cloned first incarnation, dressed in a dark blue flight suit, manipulated armchair and headband controls, maneuvering the vessel through the void and into his long-lived future. The aging Hiram the Elder stood next to the helm, his glowing translucent silver artificial sensor eyes piercing the large wrap-around viewing screen walls, his sub-vocal instructions clear.

“You both may continue asking me questions, about the multiverse. I have many worlds to show you. When we finish, I will pass on, and this little starship shall be yours. You will have the duty and responsibility of sending my deceased physical form in a burial cylinder into one of the stars along your journey of discovery. And thus, continue the cycle of life.”

Gordon Marcus Aurelius Parks, the original, founder and former CEO of the Orbital Manufacturing Group, formerly Parks Aerospace International, sat with his eyes closed, in a deep meditative state in the Moog-Hoberman dream dome chaise in the private study of his home along the coast of Gamba, Gabon. The estate was built specifically at the center of an area of beach front property that runs along a magnetic vortex abnormality rich in a geologic make-up of quartzite and magnetite; one of the thousands anomalous magnetic energy field ley-lines, meridians grids of powerful magnetic energy lining the earth’s surface. The magnetic ley lines act as a powerful magnetic amplifier for the machine and his newfound telepathic abilities. He received a signal, one of many—from his traveling colleague, his clone. He looked up towards the heavens. His eyes opened wide with astonishment at the lightning speed and scope of the euphoric knowledge and images newly disseminated from aetherspace; ancient knowledge of the multiverse and its arc of sentient life throughout. Knowledge passed on to two minds at the same time, from an ancient, transcendent man.

Upon a secret journey, I met a holy man.

His blindness was his wisdom. I'm such a lonely man.

And as the world was turning, it rolled itself in pain.

This does not seem to touch you, he pointed to the rain.

You will see light in the darkness; you will make some sense of this.

And when you've made your secret journey, you will find this love you miss.

And on the days that followed, I listened to his words.

I strained to understand him; I chased his thoughts like birds.

You will see light in the darkness; you will make some sense of this.

And when you've made your secret journey, you will find this love you miss.

You will see light in the darkness; you will make some sense of this,

you will see joy in this sadness, you will find this love you miss.

And when you've made your secret journey, you will be a holy man.

## THE OFF-WORLD MAN PART II: The Heart of the Matter

### CHAPTER 17

Summer 2052. Emily Parks had just celebrated her seventeenth birthday. In the predawn she was in heavy REM sleep in her room of the recently built Tyrell Mansion. It was the last edition to the Gamba, Gabon estate, built by her father shortly after his return in 2035. Dr. Parks walked in, dressed as usual in all black, but much more formal. He had been retired from OM Group nearly two decades. He sorrowfully looked in on his sleeping daughter and before leaving whispered to her, "Daddy loves you, I'll see you soon." He turned and walked out of the room, quietly closing the door behind him. Somehow, in Emily's sleeping mind, she could see her father walking down the stairs and pausing briefly before walking out of the entrance.

Dr. Parks was the chief architect of the magnificent four-story, dark opaque polarized glass encased, Mayan pyramid-shaped mansion. He had the mansion built as a gift to show his love for his wife, Eve. The mansion was completed in 2039 when Emily was six. As a child, she thought of the home as her own private spaceship. She loved the amateur astronomy nights on the fourth floor deck. She and her parents would observe the heavens through two Celestron SkyProdigy and NexStar telescopes, and camp out all night in sleeping bags under the stars. For a decade, once a month they still scheduled an astronomy night, and sometimes during the cooler Gamba winter months, they would still camp out.

The first floor is a spacious communal area with a large corner island counter kitchen with a formal dining area, with two bathrooms. The first floor inner surround corridors have four stairwells, two rising up and away from the south front center entrance and two from the north rear. The first floor wedge-shaped outer service corridors house two central air units located on the south and north corridors, along with a laundry room, electrical utility room, water heater rooms and storage rooms. There are motion and infrared thermal sensors and security cameras at the center entrances at each of the four sides of the mansion. The second floor family living quarters has four bedrooms and rooms for family and guests, surrounding a central communal entertainment media area, and stairwells on the east and west side corridor walls. The third floor central master bedroom suite and adjacent library study has a small kitchenette and wet bar, a large bathroom with sauna and two opposing corner spiral stairwells leading to six inch raised above-deck weatherized seal hatches that provided access to the fourth floor.

The second and third floors are surrounded by electronically polarized floor to ceiling shatterproof glass panels. The polarized film covered panels can be manually or automatically darkened as the sun intensifies to block harmful rays and glare, from amber to deep black for complete privacy. Split retractable solar roof-fabric tarps cover the ten-foot angled glass walls of the fourth floor daytime sundeck or night time amateur astronomy deck. Four red tinted lamps at each corner of the sundeck glass walls automatically activated from dusk until dawn to alert low flying aircraft of the dark brown

earth-toned glass structure. There is a six-inch space between the glass panels of the sundeck and the fourth floor deck, allowing for rainwater run-off. The space is covered by a fine black mesh for privacy.

The basement is the exact size and layout as the first floor and is used primarily for catered events, as a home office and IT support space, and can be securely sealed off from any home invasion or environmental disaster. The basement also has a secure family panic room with a separate independent electrical utility supply and emergency response communications system.

There are emergency fire escape exits at the corners of every floor, including the Timber Tech sundeck. Double angular doors open out from the center corner frame supports, allowing the occupant to safely slide down the sharply sloped glass walls of the mansion.

The mansion is inspired by the Tyrell Corporation building design from his favorite vintage science fiction film, Blade Runner. That film influenced the minimalist, post-modern architecture, and industrial product design in the 1980's, and 90's. That cult sci-fi classic also inspired him to pursue careers in aerospace aeronautical engineering, and industrial product and transportation design.

Built behind and to the right of the mansion was the Tyrell Villa, a smaller, two-story, dark opaque polarized glass encased, Mayan pyramid-shaped guest dwelling. The first floor has a spacious atrium area. The sky lit central courtyard rises through the two-story dwelling with gallery space and rooms opening off each level. The first floor inner surround corridors have two stairwells, two rising up and away from the south front center entrance and the north rear.

The first floor wedge-shaped outer service corridors house two central air units located on the south and north corridors, along with a laundry room, electrical utility room, water heater rooms and storage rooms.

The first and second floor living quarters have four rooms with bathrooms for family and guests, surrounding a balcony view of the first floor atrium. The electronic on-command opaque glass walls rise to an open skyline.

As he walked beyond the estate to the beachfront, Emily awakened. She sat bolt upright in distress. She got out of bed and padded down the hallway and up the stairs toward her parent's third floor bedroom suite. She noticed a light streaming at the bottom door her father's library study, where he often sat in his Moog-Hoberman 'space chaise' lounge for far too many hours, days, sometimes for weeks on end. He would stare into space in a near catatonic state bordering on an open-eyed coma. For the past few years now, Emily could not help but notice his physiological decline. But lately he seemed frailer and more reclusive.

Emily felt an uncontrollable sense of dread as she padded down the lacquered corridor toward her father's study. She wore a long flowing white cotton flannel nightgown with long sleeves. The mansion's central air was always set too low at night. As she passed the open doorways of the other living spaces on the second floor, she appeared in her mind's proscenium to regress in age; from seventeen to age

ten, to age six, to eighteen months. Her sleeping gown seemed to shrink in size appropriate to her age as she became younger.

“Baba?” she called out to her father in the nickname she learned as an infant. In her mind, she even sounded like an infant. No response. More and more fear grew over her as she approached his study. She reached out in tears, a baby, scared and all alone, calling out repeatedly for her father. Time moved slower and slower as she reached the door of his study and struggled to push open the tall, heavy door. The toddler Emily had now become, peered uneasily through the entrance, hoping to find her protector and her mentor resting there. But the chaise was empty. The toddler wailed in terror and fear...

Emily awakened from her all too real lucid dream bathed in tears of anguish. It was still early dawn as she rushed down the corridor, nearly stepping on one of the small autonomous floor-cleaning drones at work. Something was very wrong. She was an empathic telepath like her mother. Something was different. She rushed into her father’s third floor empty study, then down the stairs to the first floor, stopping at the entrance. It was open, and there she found her mother, Eve, staring out into the distance.

“Momma, Where’s Dad?”

“Gone...” Emily’s mother looked as if she were in a state of shock. Her eyes welled in tears as she stared on.

“Where”, Emily sobbed. She noticed her father’s increasing seclusion. Her father was her childhood hero. He taught her all about life growing up. And he would become like an age appropriate child when he taught her or related to her. She loved that; he hadn’t lost the inner child as most adults do. But as she grew up, he spent less time with her. She noticed her mother did more of the upbringing and training once she began puberty. And lately, he rarely spoke to them. They did not live as elitists with a staff of human or android servants. The mansion was nearly autonomous with only a British accented home AI, catering to whatever operational functions were needed. The intuitive AI environmental manager always played relaxing world ambient soundscapes conducive to learning in any of the occupied communal living spaces.

Emily was very much like her parents, a multi-tasker always occupied with many hobbies at once; reading and researching the ever-emerging world of new technologies, the fragile new world interconnected global economy with all of its flaws and patchwork solutions. And the societal impacts and lingering inequities of this force-fed new world globalism. She was also an avid conspiracy surfer. The trick was to learn how to discern the actual facts from the disinformation. And she was becoming an expert at it. Triple corroboration was just the first level of her data mining metric.

Lately Emily would only run into her parents during mealtimes at the kitchen island, where even there they became distracted by the data streaming on the H3D Q-net countertops. They would dine quickly, interacting with the counters, barely communicating, and then split up back to their areas of the smart mansion. Her father would eat with them less and less over the past few months. She regretted not turning off all of the devices and spending more time just talking to them, especially her dad.

He became more aloof towards his family and stayed in his study towards the end, only drinking meal replacement flavored body fuel and sleeping between Moog-Hoberman transmissions on his saddle brown leather 'space chaise'. Surrounded floor to ceiling on every wall with shelves of vintage print paper books and aviation models, Dr. Parks had collected hundreds of hard cover, paperback and audio books and videos on varied subjects of interest ranging: from general systems theory and communications evolutionary processes theory; to H3D design and molecular print engineering; to genetics and bio-science; to land transportation and aviation design; to space-time astrophysics and cosmology; to gravity propulsion electrogravitics, sub-quantum kinetics, wireless energy and vacuum energy research by such authors as Stinger, Kaku, Kaluza, and LaViolette. Parks had also amassed tomes on human transcendence from Jung to Zen meditation, martial arts books ranging from Krav Maga to Keysi Fighting method to To Shin Do as well the traditional bushido arts. There were even a few westerns including Louis L'Amour's 'The Haunted Mesa' and 'The Empty Land' and vintage mysteries by Hammett, Chandler, Parker, Flynn, Burke, Connolly and a host of others.

A self-proclaimed sci-fi tech nerd, her father's science fiction was primarily space navy, and space force military sci-fi themed, written authors including Dr. Michael Wolf, Judith and Garfield Reeves-Stevens, Greg Cox, Gibson, John Henry and Dale Brown. Parks collected Science Channel cosmology programs. Parks was still a kid at heart. He assembled and painted Q-net download polymer molecular 3D printed military aviation, Formula One and Ferrari model kits. He hated video games but collected vintage western films and science fiction films and anime like the Ghost in the Shell; and vintage Edo period martial arts films like the Zatoichi 26 film and 100-episode TV series. He was an admirer of Roddenberry's Genesis II and Star Trek series, and in the fictional concept of the United Federation of Planets, with its overall theme of infinite diversity in infinite combinations. It was naïve optimism, he knew, especially in light of the true knowledge of just how malevolent off-world members and terran members of the real InterWorld Council have been toward each other in the past.

Only his family knew that he loved vintage standup comedy and blue comedians like Rodney Dangerfield and Red Fox. He would watch them when he needed a good laugh.

All of these little facets of her father's private family life came crashing down on Emily. She needed to know where he was going. "Where Momma!" she demanded. "What is it? What's wrong with Dad? Where is he?"

Eve pointed out toward the distant beachfront. Emily turned and looked out of the open double doors of the mansion into the distance, where she could barely make out the silhouette of a lone figure. Nearly a kilometer down the beach walking away, using a cane to support himself, Dr. Gordon Marcus Aurelius Parks turned at that precise moment to look back at his home and his only real family. From an early life after the loss of Eve Dumont as a serial philanderer, treating personal relationships like business acquisitions, to this, a transformed loving, caring, devoted husband and father. And now, he was walking away from it all. He had to, only for a little while, he hoped. Not forever, as he feared. He put his hand to his lips and raised it outstretched over his head waving a slow goodbye to his only family.

Emily instinctively wanted to rush out to her father and stop him from going, but her mother gently but forcefully restrained her. Eve slowly shook her head letting her daughter know that she could not go to him now. "Your father is dying", Eve confessed to her daughter. "He needs specialized medical care. He's needed it for many years now. But he wanted to wait until you were older, a young adult before he left to get that care. He didn't want to miss a day of watching you grow up. He wanted to be there for you. We wanted to raise you the right way. That's why we home schooled you so long. We wanted you to be an independent, confident, responsible, caring adult." They both tearfully returned his wave.

"Where is he going, Momma? There's no one out there. Is someone picking him up?" Emily barely finished the question put to her mother. She thought she was hallucinating.

Out of nowhere, a bluish seam of light opened up just ahead of him, growing into a two-meter-wide by three meter high 'entrance' of glowing translucent white light. It was a wall of energy that looked unnatural, other-worldly. The immediate space around the entrance looked out of focus. Dr. Parks slowly turned and walked into and through the entrance, and out of their lives.

Emily looked briefly at her mother, then back at the unbelievable spectacle. As the dimensional entrance began to slowly loose power and fade back into normal space-time, the two women looked on in astonishment. A bewildered Emily asked, "Momma, what was that? What just happened?" They were speechless for a moment longer, then Emily asked again, "Where did Dad go? He was just there."

As their wonder subsided, Eve explained who her father truly was. "Your father was a talented aerospace engineer and powerful businessman in the aerospace community who once collaborated with hidden clandestine organizations embedded in the military and intelligence branches of government, called the military laboratory industrial complex. This clandestine network of intra-military, intelligence, and select business and university research departments has made contact with elder benevolent and malevolent sentient species from other worlds and other galaxies, and since 1954, made treaties with them to allow them to conduct abusive genetic experiments on the world's population, in exchange for advanced extraterrestrial technology.

The military industrial complex and its broad clandestine networks are what your father once described to me as the 'black world' or the 'break away civilization'. They will never be officially acknowledged by regular government because their mere existence and the majority of their activities are in complete violation of the United States Constitution. They are secretly influencing the world towards financial ruin to ensure global homogenization. The Department of Defense and DARPA has had an ongoing program since the mid-1950's, to provide contracts to US civilian contractors and corporations like your father's company that work in the military aerospace intelligence community.

These projects come under very tight security and usually are very highly compartmentalized. What this means is that you have several concentric circles, and the closer you are to the inner most circle the more information you could find on the project. The further you get away from this inner most circle of information and power, the less is available. All this is established on a very strict need-to-know basis. Within these circles, there are primary and sub-contractors that work on various parts of a project that have no idea what the overall project is. Each military branch had certain projects that came under

these types of compartmentalization security measures. And corporations awarded military contracts generated from illegal black world budget funds, are not subject to congressional or executive oversight, nor do they have to disclose to the general public the true nature of the activities they perform for their military employers.

The black world budget is a secretive budget that garners 25% of the gross national product of the United States, the American Union and select NATO Union member nations. Your father told me, that since 2030 the black world budget has consumed roughly \$15 trillion per year, and that figure is likely much higher by now and is used for all black world programs, including deep underground and solar system military bases.

According to your father, he was and still is a deep insider of this black world, with powerful allies. His company still manufactures and repairs chassis for Mach 2 magnetic levitation shuttle trains for a classified high-speed underground tunnel system that connects over two hundred secret underground military bases in the US as well as subterranean connections via tube-shuttles to at least 100 other subterranean cities below North, Central and South America, Europe, Asia, Africa, and Antarctica. These cities and bases are maintained by black world military intelligence and an allied group of ancient Pleiadean, Tau Cetian, Epsilon Erandi, and Andromedan extraterrestrial and intra-planetary human colonies species. The highspeed shuttle system extends several nexus operational connection nodes to other underground systems. It's an immense, vast world-wide network of underground subterranean cities and bases called the Sub-Global System. The ancient astronauts and perhaps original native races of this planet have used the global tunnel system and sub-cities for centuries. Modern human hands too, over the years added their personal touch. Here and there are architectural designs that resemble the Art Deco influence of the likely era when they were added.

Because of your father and his status as a military aerospace contractor, we are loosely connected and affiliated with this breakaway civilization. He mentioned a Rand Corporation nuclear tunneling mechanism which can bore a tunnel through the earth at a rate of 5-10 mph, up to seven miles a day, by cracking the surrounding rock and heating the rock and earth into a state of liquid incandescence using super-hot cones, pulsed lasers and other methods. And press the liquid molten rock into the peripheral cracks where the cold earth cools and solidifies it in a matter of minutes, leaving no leftover materials that would otherwise have to be removed from the tunnel, as in more traditional and expensive tunneling or mining operations. Your father is part of a massive secret underground base and solar system base infrastructure, funded in ways that escape congressional oversight despite the infrastructure's vast size and consumption of economic resources. Emily, your father made his incredible wealth from this black world transportation infrastructure, and he is also still a captive participant in it."

Eve continued as she wiped away the final tears from her and her daughter's eyes, "I honestly don't know how long your father will be gone this time. We may never see him again. But I thank the Creator that we were together as a family for the past fifteen years. If he had stayed much longer without receiving treatment, he would have surely died. Do you understand?"

"Yes Momma. But why didn't he say goodbye in person?"

“He did. Didn’t you dream of him? He said goodbye to me in the dream state also. But I’ve slept lightly ever since your father’s illness became worse. I knew he would have to leave soon. I was at the door just before he opened it to leave. I wanted to kiss your father goodbye. But he told me if either of us asked him to stay, or he saw one tear in our eyes, he wouldn’t have the strength to tear himself away from us and get the care he needed to stay alive. Your father loved us that much. I had to let him go without so much as an embrace, because my eyes were full of tears and I didn’t want to let him leave. Your father really would have stayed.”

Eve and Emily looked on at the nearly faded dimensional field as the morning dawn made its first appearance from the east. “Your father was one of the most flawed and imperfect human beings of all the souls I have ever encountered in my life. And he was one of the most informed and most interesting.”

“He was,” Emily agreed. Their lives would go on, but Emily’s most important teacher and mentor besides her close bond with her mother, was now gone. There was a terrible sense of loss, even with her mother still in her life. She was more like a big sister as well as a parent and disciplinarian. And there was her small network of friends in the estates organic farming cooperative and the surrounding Gamba community, as well as her friends in New York and London, where her mother has art galleries and other boutique businesses. But as she grew to adulthood, she was just learning to be her parent’s adult friend as well as their daughter. She looked forward to her father’s counsel and advice as the time came for her to make more responsible, grown up decisions about her course and choices in life. The time had come for her to select a college and field of higher education. She knew that she was fortunate to have family support to attend college. Most of the global citizens her age could not afford higher education. The greed based higher education loan industry had gone too far and was imploding in on itself.

Emily had also been fortunate that her father spoke to her early on about what she wanted to do as a profession when she grew up. They talked about many professions and institutions. She wanted to follow in the traditions of her father and decided on mechanical engineering and industrial product and transportation design. She considered the Royal College of Art, Pratt Institute, Art Center College of Design, even Embry Riddle, her father’s alma mater.

She slowly released herself from her mother’s embrace, and with a determined barefoot stride, returned upstairs to her father’s study. Eve closed the doors to their home taking one last glance at the completely faded dimensional conduit and slowly followed her daughter upstairs to the second floor living quarters. She understood her child’s pain. She too would be without her husband and companion, a man who risked his life and spent a fortune to literally raise Eve Dumont from the dead, recreating her as his wife, a cloned metahuman. Emily would learn one day of her father’s undying love of her mother’s progenitor who died tragically many decades ago. Emily’s mother was, for all intent and purpose, Eve 2.0, a nearly immortal transcendent human being.

Nearly twenty years ago, Dr. Parks had endured neural node augmentation surgeries before he returned to his wife and daughter. The implants worked well for a decade, steadily relaying data in the form of images and interactions that his traveling clone experienced through the Moog-Hoberman

technology outfitted to the chaise lounge in his study. The Gordon clone was created to fulfill Dr. Parks' expanded duties for the Interworld Council. Dr. Parks' neural node implants began to falter and affect his mental faculties and physiology. He put off corrective surgery for years, not only because he wanted to raise his daughter. He was at the time the target of a manhunt; wanted by the Aquarius Faction of the Genesis Consortium. By 2050, a truce was reached by the Committee of Twelve and Aquarius Factions. The breakaway civilization was unified and some exopolitical disclosure was quietly declassified using NASA's EagleWorks as the conduit for research and development of new physics altering discoveries, that were actually back engineered declassified research of foreign extraterrestrial technology. Not all of the paradigm shattering secrets, just more quiet dissemination of new advances to the aerospace industry, similar to the unusual advances made by Bell Labs after World War II.

Dr. Parks was reinstated to the Genesis Consortium of related intelligence agencies and multi-national contractor networks. His conglomerate, OM Group had long since been taken over as an R and D, and funding source for the Consortium Order, although he remained a controlling shareholder. As long as his wife and children around the world were safe and not targets for retaliation, he would remain a compliant persona non-grata in the military aerospace community and the business world.

Emily approached the Moog-Hoberman modified unit cautiously, with its strange helmet shaped open scaffold encephalo-electrodes apparatus, and its blinking syncopated diodes flashing red, green, yellow, blue, at the top of the padded headrest of the zero gravity design space chaise lounge. It was constructed of temperature controlled, closed-cell firm memory foam padding, covered in moisture absorbing, saddle brown soft composite leather. She sat on the chaise; it felt very comfortable, so she reclined on it fully, resting her head on the pillow within the scaffolding apparatus. The machine instantly whirred to life. Subtle low frequency Schuman resonance soundscapes filled her auditory senses, but she couldn't tell if she was hearing it or it flowed directly into her mind. She closed her eyes as she had observed her father, just before he entered into a morphogenic state, then reopened them and looked in on another world, billions of light years away. Whenever he made contact with the encrypted transmissions from the network of communication and navigation beacons along his cloned ambassador's journey, relaying encrypted experienter data, Parks' eyes would open in a glazed trance as his mind processed the data. He would appear to anyone observing him to be looking into another dimension. So, Parks never allowed anyone other than Eve or Emily to observe him processing the transmissions.

"Dad? Daddy, are you there? Can you hear me? Baba?" Emily's mother peered into the study and watched her heart broken daughter call out for her father. Emily waited helplessly for a reply and tears began to flow from her closed eyes. She couldn't ask him to come back. She understood why he had to leave, but she just wanted to hear his voice, earn his approval one last time. "I understand Dad. I will see you again soon."

Emily would continue to visit with her father through his space chaise communications device at least once a day for the next year, until she left for college. She would give him a daily briefing of her progress and setbacks and ask him for his opinions and advice, always telling him that she loved him before she left.

Unable to reply to her because she was not neural node augmented, the Moog-Hoberman would record and transmit a burst laser encrypted compressed digital audio signal of every message Emily made, not only to her ailing father but also to his cloned ambassador, and the achieve A.I. of the Elder InterWorld Council member training the young metahuman on his journey of discovery and diplomacy. Hiram the Elder had recently passed on to higher realms of existence and subtle energy, but not before transferring his entire eleven hundred and ninety-six years of existence and experiences, his entire life's journey, into an Artificial Intelligence holographic three dimensional algorithm archive within the clone's inherited aethership. The Elder's knowledge and experiences would live on and help future generations of InterWorld Council members.

Dr. Parks was biologically eighty-seven years old. His body was worn down, bone tired. And, his old neural implants gave him painful headaches after years of heavy use. It would take years of slow thorough treatment, including a series of mitochondrial cellular rejuvenation and telomere restoration procedures. And a choice of the latest neural node augmentation upgrades or complete removal of the micro-tech from his temples and around his pineal gland. The age reversing and anti-aging procedures were available only to InterWorld Council members and higher officials within the Genesis Consortium Order, the so-called global elitists. Dr. Parks didn't know if he would even survive the treatment at his age. So he urged his wife to protect Emily and guide her successfully towards responsible adulthood. Parks also told Eve that she would be a chronicler of the passing eras. "One day, the world may discover how truly unique you are. You must find your path, your calling in life beyond our family and marriage. Discover and nurture all your Creator given gifts and talents-- all of them. Leave behind a body of work that will inspire other 'creatives' along their life's journey. Become one of those guiding points of light that creative intelligences may navigate by."

In 2053, a year after Parks departure, Eve and her daughter closed the Tyrell Mansion and most of the other facilities of the Gamba Estate but allowed the organic agriculture cooperative with the neighboring village communities to continue farming on the estates lands. The estate would also maintain a reduced private security force of 100 personnel to protect the 500-acre estate. Emily and her mother were moving on to London, where she successfully enrolled at the Royal College of Art.

The Off-World Man

## CHAPTER 18

Men seek retreats for themselves in country places, on beaches and mountains and you yourself are want to long for such retreats. But that is altogether unenlightened when it is possible at any hour you please to find a retreat within yourself. For nowhere can a man withdraw to a more untroubled quietude than his own soul.

Marcus Aurelius, Second Century A.D.

Humanity is dependent on new science for its future survival.

Every day for nearly a year, Dr. Parks awakened after a session, lying on an air gel glide pad. Two wide, flat counter-rotating rings configured on a sliding apparatus under his resting body cycled to the completion of a three-hour treatment session. A combination of mild pulses of low-level amethyst crystal refracted laser and infrared light, emitted from millions of pinpoint, hair follicle sized pores on the inner surface of the spinning rings. The light saturated the mitochondria of every cell in his body with a rejuvenating disc-shaped collective wall of healing violet blue light energy in modulating resonances. The apparatus glided slowly one-half inch at a time, making a barely beep at four second intervals from the crown of the head to the soles of his feet repeatedly, ensuring that every square centimeter of the body receives equal amounts of nourishing light. The painless procedure felt like a message. And at least that part of the treatment unit was simple enough to figure out.

The machine utilized a deep penetrating, pulsed amethyst crystal refracted low level laser and infrared light based looping feedback bio-therapy system, much like photosynthesis, to deliver micronized nutri-ceuticals, antioxidants, and essential monoatomic elements such as nanoparticle Gold, nanoparticle Silver, nanoparticle Platinum, nanoparticle Copper, Organic Sulfur, Mega Hydrate, Nascent Iodine, and phyto-nutrient dense nanoparticlized microcompounds such as R-Lipoic Acid, Carnosine, Polyphenols, Green Tea extract, Curcumin extract, Resveritrol, Bio-Flavinoids, Pine Bark extract, Acetyl-L-Carnitine Arginate DiHCl, Benfotiamine, Pyridoxal 5-Phosphate, PQQ, Luteolin, Pterostilbene, Fisetin, Resveratrol, Tyrosol, Hydroxytyrosol, DHEA, CoQ10, Shilajit, 25-Hydroxy D, EPA or Ecosapentaenoic Acid, C, E, B6 and B12 complex, K complex, Aquaglycerolporins-3, Glycosaminoglycans, Chlorogenic acid, Magnesium-L-threonate, Lutein, Ginko, Chlorophyllin, Lycopene, Gamma Tocopherol, Curcumin, Reishi extract, Ellagitans, Anthocyanins, Pignoginol, Carratenoid, Axtazanhan, Polypodium Leucotomos extract, S-Adrenosyl-Methionine, Kreatine, Coffee berry extract, Fruit XB, Hops extract, Sinoprene, Kelated Boron, AKBA Boswellian extract, Sirtuin enzymes 1-7, Human Telomerase enzyme, BubR1 protein and Ketose; to slowly repair and boost critical cellular function.

The addition of the amethyst crystal refraction allowed for greater increase in the utilization of both laser and infrared light by the human organism. The system used molecular scanners and advanced DNA

CRISPR high-end computer sequencing of the 6 billion letters of the human genetic code, the recorded history of human genetic evolution, to diagnose, predict future diseases and heal the human body's 30 trillion individual aging acetyl ethyl phosphate cells through deep-penetrating light induced rejuvenation. That was the complicated sci-fi function of the treatment unit that Parks had difficulty envisioning in his imaginative holographic mind. Every organic species on the planet is a DNA based bio-decoding and converting software system. He narrowed his focus on this metric. Bio-decoding conversion, like the Kepler Project's discoveries of over 100,000 earth and super-earth-like equivalents, was ubiquitous through the universe.

The amethyst crystal laser and infrared light biotherapy also delivered negative ions to the body through the skin's surface, which energizes the body for optimal health. When negative ions are applied to the body, the calcium and sodium circulating in the blood are ionized. This increases the blood's pH and has an overall alkalizing effect on the body. Proper blood pH is essential for optimal health. Negative ions applied to the body are helpful at regulating blood pH. When the number of negative ions in the blood increases, there is an increase in inter-cellular communication. Cellular metabolism is facilitated, and as a result there is an increase in cellular nutrient uptake and cellular hydration. In addition, cellular waste materials are efficiently excreted. With the increase in cellular metabolism, an optimal cell function is rapidly revived.

Far infrared rays penetrate six to eight inches into the human body. These rays not only benefit the skin and muscle tissue on the surface of the body but penetrate into deeper tissues. The far infrared penetrates into the lymph glands, blood vessels, nerves, and key organs. The rays optimize the health of these tissues in a number of ways. Among the waves within the energy spectrum coming from the Sun, far infrared waves are by far the safest and most beneficial electromagnetic energy available for the human body, directly affecting all metabolic and cellular functions.

The domed enclave where he received his daily rejuvenation therapy was kept at a comfortable 73 degrees. It glowed with a rich dark royal blue hue from the artificial starscapes projected by the LCD lined interior. The treatment was so peaceful he nearly slipped back into a nap. Parks thought of this place as his solitude room. He often meditated during his treatment, repeating the mantra "blue sky" to clear his mind. After several delicate neural node removal surgeries from his temples and pineal gland, and this cellular rejuvenation treatment, his restoration to better health was slowly beginning to take hold. The InterWorld Council biotechnicians predicted that they might be able to roll back his physiological age by fifty years or more, but the process of treatments needed to be applied slowly to take lasting effect. Once the desired level of reversal was achieved, Parks would only have to maintain a once weekly treatment schedule for the rest of his life. With a vegetarian non-GMO diet, he might even live as long as his gen-engineered clone wife.

During the course of his advanced rejuvenation treatment Parks became fascinated with the advanced life systems science behind it and began to quietly inquire with the human and non-human molecular biotechnicians about the functions of the extraterrestrial foreign technology. This became his new focus of study and research. Moreover, when this egghead engineer, the former founder and chief technology officer of the Orbital Manufacturing Group focused all of his attention and resources on back

engineering any foreign technology; it became a 24-hour a day, 7 day a week obsession. He had to understand the inner workings of the technology in his mind's eye, his mind's proscenium. The added stress from this alone would unfortunately extend his cellular rejuvenation treatment but give him more time to understand the science. Parks was in equal measure, part technocrat, secular humanist, spiritualist, and objective pragmatist of stoic. Similar to his pursuit of the holy grails known as gravity propulsion and free aetherspace energy research, this investigation fed his engineering and scientific curiosity and creative energies more than he liked to admit.

Parks had discreetly learned so far from the technicians that the amethyst crystal laser and infrared light biotherapy improves circulation and cardiovascular function; the light waves raise body temperature, warming the blood and expanding the blood vessels. There is an increase in peripheral blood flow and volume, resulting in improved circulation and heart function. The unit improves immune system function the body's immune system, combined with the detoxification of harmful toxins and waste products, one's overall health and resistance to disease are greatly improved.

The healing unit relieves pain and helps peripheral blood vessels dilate, bringing relief and healing to muscles and soft tissue injuries. Increased blood circulation carries off metabolic waste products and delivers oxygen-rich blood to oxygen-depleted muscles, so they recover faster. As one relaxes in the gentle heat of the far infrared, one's body is actually hard at work, producing sweat, pumping blood and burning calories. A single session burns as many calories as rowing or jogging for 30 minutes. The healing therapy eases joint pain and stiffness from many kinds of arthritic and muscular-skeletal disorders. The healing unit was effective in the treatment of sprains, neuralgia, bursitis, muscle spasms, joint stiffness and many other muscular-skeletal ailments. Stiffness, aches and soreness that come with aging are reduced and eventually eliminated. The healing unit reduces stress and fatigue. The gentle warmth of the far infrared rays helps to sooth nerves and relaxes tight or knotted muscles. The end result is reduced stress and improved energy.

The amethyst crystal laser and far infrared light biotherapy produces negative ions penetrate the skin deeply, helping detoxify impurities from the skin and lymphatic system. In addition, exfoliation is greatly enhanced by the far infrared, rapidly removing dead skin cells. Increased circulation draws the skin's own natural nutrients to the surface, rejuvenating the skin's health and appearance. The healing sessions removes bodily toxins and assists in detoxification. Far infrared helps to detoxify the body in several important ways. Increased blood circulation stimulates the sweat glands, releasing built-up toxins and waste. Daily sweating can help detoxify the body as it rids itself of an accumulation of potentially carcinogenic heavy metals, alcohol, nicotine, sodium, sulfuric acid, cholesterol, and uric acid. In addition to causing the body to sweat, far infrared is capable of removing toxins via several other bodily systems.

The healing unit is controlled by an advanced computer technology that monitors all aspects of its performance by sensors distributed throughout the resting air gel pad.

Parks still had private access to OM Group resources to bring this life saving technology to civilian medical science. Chet Wolf was now the CEO and CTO. Before Parks retired, he pressured the board of directors to promote Chet to the position. Not only did he deserve it, but he would also keep Parks in the loop on the internal day-to-day operations of the super conglomerate they built. They communicated encrypted Q-mail or on secure private channels regularly. OM Group was still the Type one standard bearer for innovative consumer products and advanced transportation.

Parks would often observe the progress of his changing physiology in the medical mirror in his quarters. It monitored his vital signs and cardiovascular health. He began to look younger and feel more rested, refreshed and energized. His gray hair was returning to its natural youthful pigment. "Yep, I've got to give Chet a call" Parks spoke aloud. I have to put Z Division onto this tech. Figure out this puzzle. We could make a difference for humanity, again."

"Again." His mind lingered on that thought. Gravity propulsion transportation was slowly becoming mainstream in the regular military, commercial aerospace, emergency medical services, and law enforcement. Parks was proud to play a small role in that. But by far, Parks and OM Group's major contribution to society was the wearable smart arm Personal Artificial Intelligence Agent mobile communications system. The personal AI Q-net devices replaced the smartphone by 2025 as the world's most popular type of communications.

The flexible, thin devices are worn on the back of the hand, or the wrist or forearm in cuff and gauntlet styles. The PAI smart arm devices are used with LCD computer screen film lensed, augmented reality screeding glasses with Bluetooth speakers in the arms of the glass frames, POV micro-cameras in the nose-bridge and faux fish eye grommets for nearly one hundred-eighty degrees of augmented reception. Optional screeding types include Rollens Onepiece flexible LCD film eyeshades, clip-on LCD film lenses for prescription eyewear, and LCD Film covered contact lenses.

The smart arm devices also use wireless MMPE ear buds and pip style ear stud speakers, and virtual spatial touch gesture stretch gloves or fingertip caps. The light weight stretch mesh, tactile pressure sensor tipped gloves allow command gesture and keyboard operation with the screeding LCD computer screen film lenses in front of the user's spatial operating environment, from mere inches to up to one foot in front of the user's augmented field of view. By tapping the fingertips together twice to activate the SOE function, the user can type documents, scroll through content in any direction, zoom in or out and flick or flip content in the active window.

Users often wear their AR screeding glasses all day, so eye fatigue became a factor. The PAI Smart Arm devices screeding glasses were engineered to provide one hundred percent UVA, UVB, and UVC ray protection. LCD film lenses are designed to filter blue and violet rays that can impair vision, yet allow enhancing green, yellow, orange, and red light rays to reach the retina, diminishing distortions and enhancing clarity.

The PAI smart arm devices utilize the latest advances in super-thin, flexible plastic transistors and displays similar to flexi-news sheet technology. The wearable devices are continually charged by the user's bioelectrical energy and utilize an array of hundreds of graphene gauge photonically

interconnected sub-microprocessors, each a complete system enabling the system to function with a processing power of fifty terabytes per second. The smart arm device has integrated circuits that use photon light to transmit information between the multiplexers, modulators, photo detectors and optical interconnects. This method uses slightly less power, making the device run more efficiently.

The PAI smart arm devices can be either touch, or voice, or spatial gesture operated. The devices will not operate if the user is driving or operating heavy machinery. The devices also feature personalized AI interaction / socialization application; adjusting just how passive or invasive the user's heuristic AI agent integrates and interacts into the user's daily itinerary and routine. The AI avatar voice can be enhanced with a regional accent, or lifestyle and gender specific template. The programmed smart arm avatar recognizes its user via a number of redundant biometric security measures, voice retina, and even DNA sampling from its ergonomic interface. Other features are standard GPS, AR Smartfind, Q-Commerce, Language Recognition and Multilingual Translation, Voice-to-Text Hands free messaging, and Wireless Touch Data / Q-Commerce Exchange, where users can exchange digital business cards or conduct limited financial transactions with a contact handshake, fist bump or the mere touch of index fingers.

Dr. Parks was also proud of the Federal Civil Service Corps Initiative, celebrating its thirteenth year. The CSC Initiative was spearheaded by Parks to give young people and eligible adults in need an opportunity to earn the Montgomery G.I. Bill college tuition assistance for nonmilitary service contracts and commissions as global military support personnel. CSC recruits are trained the same as regular military, but they perform only infrastructure and theater operations support and emergency response duties.

By 2053, the U.S. military was reduced by fifty percent, replaced by bio-augmentation drone warfare and limited android land war systems. The traditional foot soldier had replaced by the Soldier Engineer Technical Specialist. Two S.E.T. Specialists have the technical training and ability to multitask and control an entire robotic warfare unit or company from his or her smart arm gauntlet and helmet mounted goggle's virtual spatial display, surveying the battlefield and greater operations theater; from orbital satellite and aerial to land war, sea and submersed assets.

The ranks of the S.E.T Specialists were at maximum, so the Civil Service Corps grew in popularity as an avenue of service to one's country in exchange for college tuition assistance. This was far more important to Dr. Parks than his gravity propulsion disclosure efforts. He felt strongly that the workforce of the future must be well educated, over educated in fact. And have absolutely no financial barriers or obstacles to their individual lifelong pursuit of higher education and or vocational training. To Dr. Parks, this was the new and final, global civil right that would help the individual citizen the most toward being a successful asset to society and not a liability.

One unforeseen improvement on the CSC, outlined in Dr. Parks 2003 whitepaper titled, Higher Education 2050, was the age requirement to enlist. The U.S. military lowered the age from 21 to 17, and encouraged high school seniors to enlist before graduating. After their 4-year contracts were completed, CSC graduates were further courted by the military, given incentives such as OCS officer candidate

training and the opportunity to earn a second separate Montgomery G.I. Bill award for graduate studies or the purchase of the soldier's first home. This incentive program created younger aged high ranking officers with PhD's, more than any other time in the history of the military, and a much sharper, mentally agile military. All 45 NATO nation members were switching to the American Union's model of higher education for the masses. And by 2050, the greed-driven student loan industry faded into obscurity.

Another of Dr. Parks' favorite contributions to society was the Virtual Planetarium Classroom. As a young elementary student, Parks would often daydream. He often sat in the back of the classroom. He would often imagine that the classroom was a cube shaped vessel that could ascend, break earth orbit to survey the solar system. In his vivid imagination, he would carefully pilot the classroom up into the atmosphere and orbit. As he and his fellow classmates would ascend into orbit, the walls, floor and ceiling of the classroom would become transparent and the teacher would lecture on the astronomical sights they traveled past.

Parks' childhood class fieldtrips to the planetarium and his middle school geography and sociology classes influenced his adult research into the concept of a planetarium classroom for middle school age students. High definition liquid crystal display film placed on the walls, floor and ceiling of a classroom would give the students the realistic sensation of traveling into orbit and instantly to the celestial bodies in the solar system and major constellations of the Milky Galaxy and beyond. OM Group later developed the H3D planetarium classroom for all middle schools in cooperation with NASA's interactive Q-net series, Your Ticket to the Universe: A Guide of the Cosmos.

Social unrest was still prevalent in 2053. Minor proxy wars still occurred, but global terrorism and all other forms of brain washed cultural fanaticism in the name of religion or a pseudo-political cause or anti-social peer pressure influenced trend were on course to be a thing of the past. Too many scientific discoveries and greater access to higher education were giving poorer socio-economic classes and former third world countries a chance to leave the vestiges of trendy dogmatic tribalism behind in favor of the peaceful pursuit of individual freedom.

The United States of America was now officially the lead country of the North / South American Union. An Orwellian form of Socialist Marshall society existed just below the surface. News speak and double semantic phrases ruled the old established government run news and entertainment media conglomerates. Much of global society was brainwashed by these media conglomerates.

In the political arena, five major political movements or political factions competed for governmental power. In order of voter popularity, they were the Democratic Progressive Workforce Party (DPW), the Patriot Nationalist Freedom Party (PNF), the Independent Libertarian Isolationist Party (ILI), the Conservative Entrepreneurial Corporatist Party (CEC), and the American Union Technocratic Party (AUT).

In 2033, by edit of the global NATO Union member nations, hate speech sites, terrorist organization sites and affiliated 'how-to' sites dedicated to showing how to create weapons of destruction were

eradicated from the Q-net or banned to restricted sites for hate speech. Dr. Parks also had a silent influential hand in this initiative. He put his unlimited resources to work with anti-virus pioneer John McAfee to persuade the NATO member nations to filter content and compartmentalize the former internet, and separate the useful, collective knowledge and artistry of humanity from its baser side.

Restricted sites also included innocuous sites that are entered with changing passwords that direct users to hidden sites espousing hate speech, terrorism, or scam darknet sites that steal the user's financial or personal data. The NATO member nations reasoning behind such decisive action were to protect young, easily impressionable browsers and the greater population. Orwellism to be sure, but the hate that hate produced, and mankind's continuing inability to control their animal aggressions threatened the overall freedom of peaceful global intellectual information exchange.

Hate speech was removed from the Q-net, but not entirely. The Q-net, formerly known as the world wide web was divided by content into distinct, separate arteries of information in 2030 by autonomous NSA algorithms that scoured the system beginning in 2001. A separate H-net was established, and offending web and blogsites were ejected to it, and their former Q-net sites were given a federal designation as a banned site and the service provider charged a modest fine. This unwittingly served a dual purpose; another source of revenue for global federalist union, along with the added marketing cache for the offensive site. H-net became increasing popular for its subscribers; those individuals who still craved the need to feel superior to another race, culture, social economic or political group. Many radical quasi-religious sites ended up banned to the H-net. This also aided law enforcement agencies in monitoring the world's network of fringe anti-social operators, devoid of moral character or human empathy.

H-net was quickly given the moniker 'hell-net'. Online first-person shooter gaming sites were eventually moved to a separate artery similar to H-net, dubbed V-net for violence, and so on. The world's major religions were moved to a separate R/S-net for religion and spirituality. Pornography was also moved to a separate P-net artery designation.

Q-net for quantum general information and social, intellectual, and business exchange was the overall main artery for the world's sites. The internet had evolved and matured in essence, slowing compartmentalizing, growing separate specialized neural nodes of distinct information such as general science, mathematics and physics, biomolecular and general medical sciences, national and international law, business and finance, engineering and design. The Q-net was developing ever-increasing folds of information cloud nodes, the way a human brain specializes in certain essential functions in specific areas.

Most users and browsers contributed to various arteries of the Q-net, even the more reprehensible sites. It was after all human nature to be curious, opinionated, stubborn and even biased depending on the subject and one's own past good or bad experiences.

In 2053 Generation X or Millennials were long past a cultural loss. It took three generations of the slow decline into an educationally mediocre, lowest common denominator, thug criminal-minded society to activate humanity's natural social immune system response. The next global social generation-- known as the Type One Generation, led the way in repelling, then surgically eradicating the zombie-like trendy anti-social talentless entertainment movement that had successfully infected popular culture and greater society since the late 1970's.

It all started in 2017 with the new National Noise Pollution Assault Legislation, or Decibel Laws. This and others in a series of National Zero Tolerance Behavior Modification Laws passed by Congress, designed to honor family and honor life, empowered local, state and federal law enforcement to stop and ticket the formerly tolerated, obscenity-laden blaring thug music emanating from most Generation Z drivers' cars, whether moving or parked, and private or public spaces, with a misdemeanor offense. The laws did not require a noise complaint to be called in by irritated citizens. Offenders disputing the decibel crime laws could be arrested and detained, their civil rights temporarily suspended, and their person, vehicle, and home lawfully searched without a warrant.

Society's excesses created and empowered the resurgence of a neo-fascist military police surveillance state, and it had the potential to be there forever.

Similar laws were enacted simultaneously by all Global Union member nations. The new decibel pollution laws enabled the global military police state an easy back door to quietly, purposely infiltrate and dominate society, without permission. All thanks to the self-centered vapid stupidity of an educationally mediocre, anti-social, talentless entertainment culture. Its germinations originate back to the 1970's and the globalist secret society power brokers behind the veil since December 23, 1913 responsible for its manifestation.

Another behavioral modification law enacted in 2018 mirrored a brief proposal Dr. Parks wrote about in the 2003 H.E. 2050 Report. The Juvenile Zero Tolerance Laws charged the offending juvenile's legal parents or guardians as co-offenders, both parents and guardians where applicable, with identical charges and more importantly -- civil damages for their child's crimes. The co-offending parents were also detained and their rights against search and seizure were forfeited. The juvenile and the parent's social services were suspended for the entirety of the juvenile's sentence period, unless the parents relinquished all rights over the offending child to the state, or the juvenile reached age 18, when the juvenile offender is considered an adult offender in the eyes of the state. While the mock criminal charges against the co-offending juvenile's parents were barely prosecutable and most often thrown out, the civil charges were not. This coupled with the loss of social services, unfavorable public shaming, lost wages for the working poor from multiple court appearances, to say nothing of the accumulated legal fees and civil damages from lost civil cases, the consequences would ruin the often low-income or poverty-stricken family.

Some parents were even encouraged to relinquish their young out of control, delinquent children to the state early as age 10 or 12. They were identified thereafter as parentally rejected wards and sent to state run military boarding schools. After reaching age 18 and without consent, they were forced to

enlist in the US military or the Civil Service Corps. Most young offenders gratefully joined rather than be homeless without further direction in life, especially with the college or trade school tuition incentives. After their term of military service was over, they found their Second Amendment rights were indefinitely suspended. Most re-enlisted and retired after 20 years or more with a better life than they would have had otherwise.

The Juvenile Zero Tolerance Laws forced unfit and neglectful parents of potential and unrepentant repeat juvenile offenders to take action; to actually do their job and discipline their own children and more closely monitor their children's peer groups and social activities. And, to seek help to manage their out of control, criminal-minded children or, relinquish all parental control of their delinquent children to the state run military boarding schools.

The reality of the harsh, some say culturally biased law, was that within its first year, it successfully cut juvenile crime by more than half, down to single digit statistics. The wildly successful Juvenile Zero Tolerance Laws actually forced unfit and neglectful parents learn how to be more effectively responsible for the children they contribute to 21st century society and take a more active role in their children's positive social education and reinforce positive attitudes toward law abiding, civil behavior, or else. Otherwise, the parents may face the same criminal consequences and pay additional civil damages, for each thug kid they produce.

Dr. Parks had not been in communication with his cloned ambassador, Gordon, since he departed for treatment over a year ago, shortly before the passing of their mentor and teacher, Hiram the Elder. The nearly twelve-hundred-year-old Pleiadean senior member of the InterWorld Council and Gordon had traveled nearly twenty years together, from Andromeda, the Pleiades, and Tau Ceti. They were now traveling to Epsilon Erandi. Dr. Parks' neural node sub-space interdimensional interface allowed him to learn and experience the entire diplomatic journey to these nearby InterWorld Council member home worlds through Gordon's senses.

An interactive, AI algorithm-achieve controlling an H3D simulacrum of the Elder was alive on the ship now. But Gordon rarely interacted with the sentient ghost of his teacher. And the clone had still broken off all communications. Dr. Parks knew this wouldn't be tolerated for long. The breakaway civilization was powerful and ruthless. Deviations in protocol were not tolerated.

During the nearly twenty years of intra-communication between Parks and his cloned surrogate ambassador, his neural node implants began to malfunction. The Elder must have known of the malfunction but did nothing to correct it. He must have wanted his pupil to have that last parting gift, a complete understanding of his progenitor's life through his memories. Soon after Parks left for treatment, the Elder announced that his time on this realm of existence was nearing its end, and his time to move on to the higher, more subtle realms of energy was near. He taught his pupil one final lesson; the correct DNA and AI algorithm sequencing procedures to extract, digitize and record his nearly eleven hundred and ninety-six years of DNA coded existence, and experiences into the main data archives of their aethership. The vessel would create an interactive AI sentient being of his stored life

existence that would function through a H3D avatar and mobile light being orbs. Once the transfer was complete, the frail Elder retired to his quarters to rest. He never awakened.

Before the Elder's decline, he had already begun the process of having the aethership's H3D neural processing archive systems trace his brain activity by mapping its trillions of synapses and modeling every little pulse of the electrical activity of small groups of neurons. The resulting brain scaffold model would faithfully recreate how the Elder communicated, transferring software models to memgram resistors with memory of how the connected neuron groups fired, like a synapse. He wanted his apprentice Gordon to be involved in the final neural processing procedure as a matter of ceremony. The H3D avatar of the Elder perceives and makes decisions like a sentient, conscious, immortal mind.

As his life energy faded out of his tired, perpetually rejuvenated body, his newly created A I-H3D simulacrum mysteriously activated, startling his young pupil. Gordon immediately went to his Elder's quarters. In dismay at his sudden passing, he sat with the lifeless body of his teacher and mentor for a period. He had never seen the end of a sentient life and he was saddened beyond anything he had ever experienced. In accordance with the Elder's last wishes, Gordon placed his lifeless former body in a black ceramic burial pod, and following a brief silent ceremony, jettisoned the pod toward the nearest star.

Before these two momentous changes, the Gordon clone was confident, mature. Now the young metahuman was all alone. He could no longer rely on access to Dr. Parks' wealth of knowledge nor his stream of consciousness. Only his disjointed downloaded memories remained, and his mind was struggling to make sense of it all. He had to stop. There was too much to process and pilot the aethership at the same time. He could end up vectoring into the nearest blackhole or star. He instinctively slipped the silver delta aethership out of Q-phase dimensional space and just sat there in the pilot's chaise for a long time in silence; staring out at the dark 180 degree layered augmented starfield his wrap-around VAR spatial display emitted from the thin navigation scaffold frame headgear he wore. With his link to Dr. Parks disconnected, he didn't know what to do. He could continue on or return to Earth. But first, he had to gather and collate his thoughts and process all these memgrams; these jumbled memory fragments that piggybacked through the light-years and all of the communications beacons that abruptly stopped making their way to him to downloaded in his neural pathways. As soon as he stopped, they intensified and concentrated along with the loss of the Elder.

His progenitor's emotions were overwhelming in their energy, his moral convictions, sorrows, and creative passions. He was an eclectic, knowledge hungry soul. He wanted to know or at least have a cursory knowledge of literally everything, and how everything seen and unseen functioned. Dr. Parks' mind was a perfect storm of research and investigation. He was a solution oriented, independent, rugged individualist. And he was in real love only twice in his life with an influential soul named Eve Nichele Dumont and her cloned incarnation. So in love, in fact, to risk his fortune, his freedom, and his life to resurrect her from the dead in form of the metahuman Eve Nichele Parks, his current wife.

The Gordon clone took off his navigation headgear, severing his neural connections that allowed him to become one with all of the internal and external sensors and flight systems functions of the inherited aethership. The delta shaped space vessel was over 180 meters in length on each edge. His A I

reincarnated mentor used the ship's internal sensors to study Gordon's biometrics, body kinetics, and vital metabolic signs to 'sense' his distress. The AI Elder's archived neural architecture decided to communicate with him using the sentient algorithm's predictive interactive sub-routines. He was startled by the ghostly digital voice of his teacher emanating from out of nowhere. "I shouldn't have allowed the fusion of Dr. Parks' memories into your mind. At these distances while traveling at superluminal speeds, I should not have disregarded the stresses that would have on your physiology," The AI Elder's voice resonated with a ghostly countenance.

"It's alright. I needed to know who he is. I'm glad you did. I just-- need to be still and silent for a while. I need to digest all of this and think, for myself," Gordon replied.

"You may take as much time as you need. I exist now only in the data archives of this aethership. It is yours now. I seek only to assist you, wherever your journey leads you.

"Thank you." Gordon did not know how to address the avatar of his deceased teacher initially. It still astonished him that an advanced science existed that could with rudimentary effectiveness; archive a sentient mortal life experience. Something else intrigued him. It was the avatar's last words. In that moment, roughly one year ago, the Gordon clone, surrogate ambassador for InterWorld Council member, Dr. Gordon Marcus Aurelius Parks, made his first independent decision. He would return to the Sol system and his home world Earth, having only completed half of his diplomatic mission.

The Off-World Man

## CHAPTER 19

In our obsession with antagonisms of the moment, we often forget how much unites all the members of humanity. Perhaps we need some outside, universal threat to make us realize this common bond. I occasionally think how quickly our differences would vanish worldwide, if we were facing an alien threat from outside this world. And yet I ask you, IS NOT AN ALIEN FORCE ALREADY AMONG US?

President Ronald Reagan, 42nd General Assembly of the United Nations, Sept. 21, 1987

June 2054. Official Disclosure by the United States government of the existence of civilizations beyond the Sol system making contact and actively interacting with humanity will never happen. There will never be official disclosure in detail, period, other than the quiet creation of National Aeronautics Space Administration's Eagle Works, similar to Lockheed Martin's SkunkWorks and Boeing's PhantomWorks. Eagle Works however, will quietly, slowly infuse black world back-engineered foreign otherworldly technology into the civilian government space program as research breakthroughs, thereby tidying up the technology gap mess, with no official admission of the application of extraterrestrial technology ever forthcoming. The reasons have to do primarily with broken treaties and inter-service, inter-agency, near-tribal faction, protocol-policy conflicts.

Director James Hiram Peterson was well aware of the history of the exopolitical war, now in a two-decade long truce. He was an active participant in its creation. Peterson was also a founding member of the COMMITTEE OF 12, also known as COM-12, an obscure intelligence group working to educate the public about the joint Fabian socialist, neo-fascist, Draco alien threat to America, and preserve its Constitutional-based Republic as the original founders of the United States established it. He is also Co-chair of the Special Access Program Oversight Committee (SAPOC), and a similar committee in the intelligence community, Controlled Access Program Oversight Committee (CAPOC); both Department of Defense committees that manage all acknowledged and unacknowledged black world programs. COM-12 faction members of the shadow government work in league with the 'Benevolents'; very human looking (some would say cousins to humanity) extraterrestrial members of the Andromeda-Pleiadean Federation and a larger alliance of benevolent galactic civilizations known as the InterWorld Council. The Malevolents in this intergalactic war of global conquest and control are the Aquarius faction; clandestine alphabet agencies and fascist corporate elements within the Military Executive-Intelligence-Industrial Complex of government, held captive in useless broken treaties with an uncontrollable Orion Gray-Draco Reptiloid Empire. This is essentially age-old cosmic battle of good versus evil. But this conflict between the InterWorld Council Andro-Pleiadean Alliance and a Fascist Socialist New World Order - Reptiloid Alliance, which began with the Vrill Society and the Nazis before World War II, has origins that can be found throughout antiquity. It is an ancient intergalactic, inner-planetary, inter-dimensional war where the battle lines are truly unconventional. A local Federation of

Worlds, based in the Andromeda and Pleiades constellations, are fighting the emerging control of the Draco-Orion Empire in the Sol system. This war that is being waged above, below and within our society, even though the outward manifestations of that war might not be immediately seen, unless one is aware of the real conflict behind the scenes. The members of Air Force and Naval Space Command, MJ12 / PI-40, defected from the New World Order agenda of appeasement with the Gray Reptiloids treaties in the mid-1970s. They secretly joined ALPHACOM headed by Dr. Michael Wolfe, which evolved into present day COM-12. The twelve members of the OROCA Panel Special Security Alliance, all in varied compartmentalized levels of power within the intelligence community, sat around an equilateral triangle-shaped lacquered walnut conference table. Silver trays with crystal drinking glasses and pitchers of distilled water and clipboard-thin digital tablet computers were neatly positioned in front of each member, some of whom were Andro-Pleiadean humanoid members from other worlds, like Director Peterson. Only a handful of people in the military aerospace and exopolitical-intelligence community knew that Peterson was Pleiadean, not human.

The lights were dimmed and one of the older members, an Air Force Space Command General Maddox, began without ceremony. "Director Peterson, there are new reports that your protégé, Dr. Parks, is causing problems again."

"He's on one of our triage ships in orbit near the O.I.C. isn't he?" another senior civilian member inquired.

Peterson calmly replied, "I am not prepared to answer any questions with regard to Ambassador Parks for security reasons. He has been fully reinstated into COM-12 and Space Command. He was cleared of all trumped up charges of treason."

"Except for the destruction of a half-billion-dollar automated orbital supply lift body freighter ship back in '33", the general retorted. "We are very concerned that his unchecked actions will again, end in another debacle and draw unwanted attention to the Consortium. This could once again end badly, James." The inquiring Air Force general immediately regretted his lapse in professional decorum. He was in no way a trusted colleague of Director Peterson. In fact, he was suspected of being an Aquarius faction mole.

"How so, General?" Peterson's use only of his formal rank to counter the disrespectful tone in the room was strike one. The tension ratcheted up immediately. "Dr. Parks' aerospace and consumer products conglomerate has been fully controlled by our consortium since 2032 and has provided vital funding, research and development resources. He personally refunded the government for the destruction of the freighter. For Creator's sake, he and his wife were illegally abducted and held as prisoners on the OIC."

The general redirected the verbal attack. "You want to know how so, Director? What about that rogue clone bandit of Parks?", 'bandit' being a term used to describe black world pilots of classified air or spacecraft. "'Midnight Rider'", the general scoffed at his call sign, "has been out of communication for a year so far, on an unsanctioned, InterWorld Council diplomatic mission, traveling in a powerful cloaked Andro-Pleiadean interstellar superluminal vessel. A starship that your progenitor gave him

before he passed on to 'Val Halla', instead of giving it to you so that we could research its functions, since your species continues to refuse sharing their technology with us. If they had in the past, we wouldn't have signed those damned useless treaties back after World War II with the Grays. That aethership is capable of wreaking havoc on this planet or any InterWorld council member world if it falls into the wrong hands!"

Before Peterson could reply, Naval Space Command Admiral Rothwell, now confident enough to speak up-- piled on. "We want him stopped!" he demanded. "Out there, not in this system. We are going after him. His ship has advanced cloaking technology that we need to develop for our own Black Arrow fleet in order to defeat the Orion Draco threat. We want that technology. You can help us to find him."

Strike two; lower ranking officials attempting to strong-arm Peterson's authority as the OROCA Chairman and the only InterWorld Council member on the panel. "If your elected representatives had not so stupidly made a deal with aliens willing to provide them with weapons systems, with the short-sighted goal of overpowering the Russians, the Draco Alliance would not have achieved their present dominance, and you would now be exchanging ambassadors with a wider variety of space cultures, not just a few. Gentlemen, we might never find him. Rushing out to search for him would be like looking for one unique particular grain of sand here on all of earth. My hunch is, he will return or is en route to earth already, but is taking precautions not to be captured by Dr. Parks enemies, who as you know are many. Even some of you seated here." Peterson paused and glared at all of the seated members. He needed to remind them that he was not just a nearly four-hundred-year-old Pleiadean legal immigrant member of the military industrial intelligence apparatus. He was the tip-of-the-spear in the war to save humanity from the Draco Empire. However, it was once again becoming increasingly difficult to insulate his colleague and apprentice Parks. "I do not believe his surrogate representative's actions will become hostile."

The admiral would have none of it. "Hostile? How about megalomaniacal! He is a goddamn clone of an out-of-control, lone wolf, egocentric, transcendental-space-cadet billionaire, who should have been stopped permanently years ago! Instead, your galactic council leap-frogged him over all of us and promoted him to full membership and representative of this planet! And in doing so, you've made him nearly unaccountable for his ongoing unsanctioned actions. And you are trying to assure us that his genetically engineered TWIN, who has spent the last two decades roaming the galaxy, being tutored by your ancestor progenitor, of which YOU are his gen-engineered twin, will not be hostile? Not hostile like he was the last time in '35, when he used that advanced interceptor starship to target and destroy a three-billion-dollar weather modification satellite on his way out of the Solar system!"

Peterson was at his boiling point. "Admiral, that satellite was being used as an offensive weapon, creating storm like weather conditions above Dr. Parks' wife and infant child. He was defending his family and other innocent civilians from an out-of-control Aquarius faction assault. For Creator's sake, you sent Special Forces to capture or kill him in '33."

“Innocent civilians?” General Maddox took over the verbal assault again. “Parks’ clone wife severely injured three O.I.C. security officers before escaping! Parks also owns a global paramilitary security corporation that could overthrow a small goddamn country! They and that booby-trapped Gabon estate of his easily repelled and captured those elite Special Forces sent in to retrieve him. And if you hadn’t intervened, he might not have released them. He held them captive in an electrified fenced holding confine and then proceeded to nearly kill General Sullivan in front of them, a decorated member of Space Command! Sullivan should have received the treatment Parks is rumored to be currently receiving upland. Somehow, under your care, Sullivan’s mind was completely erased! Director, I find that highly fucking irregular!” The accusation that Peterson was involved was clearly being implied.

Admiral Rothwell interjected again, “Why isn’t Parks here to answer for all this? He is also a member of this panel, and an InterWorld Council member, isn’t he? Why wasn’t he summoned here to finally answer these allegations in person?”

Director Peterson had enough. “BECAUSE I DECIDE WHO NEEDS TO ATTEND THESE MEETINGS! Not you, Sir!” Peterson’s quiet, terminal rage was on display, causing the hairs on the necks of the panel, even the more senior members to stand. “Does anyone here have a problem with my management of this panel, gentlemen? Does anyone have a concern about my leadership? SPEAK UP! Peterson’s voice resonated like thunder as the whites of his eyes began to slowly darken with simmering rage. “G.M.A. Parks and his multi-billion-dollar conglomerate are at our disposal. He is an aerospace maverick and a humanitarian, unafraid to risk his life to improve the economy of this nation and the world. His companies’ products are still built in the US and the American Union. His conglomerate employs hundreds of thousands of American Union citizens. He has fought most of his life for disclosure, while most of you members seated here are career warlords, cut throat spooks, masters of disinformation, and a continued dedicated hindrance to the creation and dissemination of advanced science and technology for the benefit of society!”

“Now hold on a goddamned minute Peterson!” General Maddox had the misguided courage to rail at the blatant truth. “The Aquarius faction is responsible for the mess were in with the Draco. The members seated here before you are patriots for limited controlled disclosure! Remember that! ”

Peterson was offended at the self-deluded false bravado. “In this room, you are all for declassification. But when this meeting ends, you will all return to your comfortable Pentagon compartmentalized acronym agency posts. And you will secretly report to your Aquarius overseer handlers, either voluntarily or involuntarily because of the implants many of you have inside your head, all that goes on here; scared shitless to truly stand by your declarations!”

The old warhorse Air Force general turned beet red, responding to Peterson with a rage filled rant. “That’s because we are not 400-year-old humanoid aliens who clone their offspring and have the advanced technology and genetic powers of type two or three civilization! If we step out of line beyond these walls, there is no where we can escape to! Do you understand? We have families, children and grandchildren that we would like to live long enough to see grow up and prosper! We should have never

signed treaties with any of you skin-walking humanoids after World War II; we should have just fought and killed you all!"

Strike three. The conference room fell silent and became charged with the ominous energy of Director Peterson's controlled fury as he slowly rose to a standing position at the head of the triangular conference table. He felt what it must be like to be called a racial slur. "An old friend of mine once told me of a quote from of all tomes, a sci-fi novel. He loved to read them growing up. They inspired him to dream about the type of future world he wanted to live in. The quote was, 'The moment we stop fighting for each other, is the moment we lose our humanity.'" Peterson let the words linger in the air for a moment. He knew that he would have to resign from the Chair of the OROCA Panel at that moment and prepare for a long-awaited retaliation from these multi-national corporate agents and covert military men. These men meant to harm him, Dr. Parks, and ruin the fragile COM-12 faction Andro truce with Aquarius Draco Empire, he knew that now. These double agents were hell bent on revenge for their comrade General Sullivan. And he would have to stop them once and for all "This meeting is adjourned."

"But we're not finished here!" Admiral Rothwell demanded, "What about that damned rogue clone?" As the admiral spoke, Peterson's eyes darkened pitch black. The metamorphosis was startling and horrifying to those mesmerized members rising too slow to remove themselves from the conference table before the fireworks began. Peterson slammed his right fist hard into the conference table. A third of the table snapped cleanly off with the power of the impact.

"GET! OUT!!" Peterson's voice roared like thunder directly into the minds of the retreating men, giving them instant stroke-like head pressure, as the room filled with his lethal psychic energy. The air in the room heated, pressurized and circulated like a minor tornado. Several of the tablet computers flashed then released smoke from an over surge. All of the water pitchers and glasses shattered. Every member fled for their lives. The antagonistic general was in the throes of a full cardiac arrest as he stumbled for the exit. The admiral felt a strong stream of blood flowing from his nostrils and deadly pressure on his brain. They both collapsed dead before reaching the elevator. When Delta Forces security forces arrived mere minutes later, Peterson was nowhere to be found. He had simply vanished from the deep underground base. He would never return. He was now an interdimensional fugitive. This Pleiadean humanoid, Director James Hiram Peterson, the cloned surrogate of the 1,196-year-old InterWorld Council Ascended Master Hiram the Elder, had spent 375 years of his life in service to earth's technologically evolving humanity. He was embarrassed to have lost control and a cool head devoted to logic and reason. He had always had full command of his powerful psychic, telepathic faculties, and it had been many years since he used them to harm someone. He secretly, quietly turned General Sullivan's brain to a wasteland for abusing his authority on the Orbital Industrial Colony in '33, when he raped and nearly killed Eve Parks as she fled for her life. Decades earlier, Sullivan's careless, reckless frat boy pilot behavior led to the tragic T-38 jet trainer crash that took the life of Eve Dumont. Peterson was highly protective of his few human colleagues, because only a rare few lived up to his high standards. The aerospace industrialist, G.M.A. Parks was one of those unpredictable, rare breeds of humanity who exceeded his expectations.

The Off-World Man

## CHAPTER 20

Don't get discouraged. Continue seeking the truth. Get active to challenge people. Don't be afraid speak out if you have different views. Independent mindedness is good. --Dr. Paul LaViolette, PhD

Dr. Parks often walked or jogged around the circular corridors of the joint USAF Space Command-NASA-InterWorld Council medical bioengineering vessel in geo-stationary orbit two hundred thousand kilometers from earth.

The flattened disc-shaped triage vessel, one thousand meters in diameter, was normally stationed underwater off the California coast near Vandenberg AFB or hovering over the restricted government lands near Los Alamos labs, enshrouded in an artificial cumulus cloud, created by the vessel. The triage ship could draw in seawater to create a dense roiling cloud cover around the vessel by extending its null gravitational field ten meters around its surface while inland. This would give it the appearance of a perfectly formed pancake shaped cumulus cloud to any passing vehicle along the interstate.

Parks actually saw one of these clouds after his sophomore year at Embry Riddle on a cross-country trip to California from Florida to spend the summer with his stepparents. He planned to work in his stepdad's auto garage repairing cars to earn summer money, and finally introduce them to Eve Dumont, his girlfriend. He had spent the last summer with her in Daytona, living in her rented condo. Eve came from a wealthy family, rumored to be descendants of Mary Magdalene. He knew that Eve and his stepmother would get along. Everyone loved Eve; she had a way with people.

He would never forget the memory. It was a warm, breezy summer day. Eve was napping as they passed the dense stationary pancake or lenticular shaped cloud to the driver side window of Parks' old used four-cylinder Ford EXP, always breaking down and in need of repair. The cloud seemed unnatural to Parks, he just sensed it immediately. He knew it was not a natural phenomenon. Being a student of aeronautical engineering, he instinctively knew that some exotic form of advanced technology was hovering just hundreds of feet above the mesa a half-kilometer away. The revelation of what he was looking at was so immediate, he was both afraid and compelled to pull over to the shoulder of the road and stop at the same time. Then he looked over at the still sleeping Eve and decided that he better not. He vowed to her father over the phone that he would protect Eve with his very life. That was the only way her parents would allow her to travel with him instead of returning home to Marseilles for the summer to help her father in their vineyard. He would never forgive himself if he let her come to any harm, or his barely road worthy car didn't start up again, leaving them stranded between Arizona and New Mexico.

During this period in the 1980s on through the '90s, the increasing reports of missing persons and bizarre cattle mutilations in Utah, Colorado, Arizona, and New Mexico were the subject of overnight conspiracy talk radio shows and fringe investigative programs and magazines. Parks was already a member of MUFON and other similar organizations that took ongoing sightings like those in Gulf Breeze, Florida seriously. In the summer of 1985, Gordon M.A. Parks had just begun to pay attention to the shadowy, fringe world of UFO conspiracy and the unwanted baggage of engineered disinformation that came along with investigating advanced foreign technology from outside this world. The dangerous connection to military aerospace and classified intelligence compelled him to remain a novice enthusiast flying under the radar; at least until after he graduated and landed his first job in the aerospace industry.

He never dreamed that sixty-nine years later he would still be alive, or aboard one of those gravity nullifying ships, with technology hundreds, perhaps thousands of years more advanced than any earthly transportation. And to top it off, he was receiving medical care as advanced as the vessel. It was truly a dream within a dream.

Parks sent his wife encrypted Q-mails every week or so, just to keep abreast of Emily's first year of college. Her replies were like his, becoming more clinical and cordial and less like a husband and wife desperately missing each other. Even without the Gamba estate to run, Eve was busy managing several businesses: two successful art galleries on separate continents, several retail and online commerce sites, and raising her daughter. She was still vital and stunningly attractive. Parks at times seemed too old for his energetic metahuman wife, a priceless blackworld clone of Eve Dumont, before his rejuvenation treatments began. He was settling into his old age, and Eve's new life was just beginning. What kept them devoted to each other was Emily, their young daughter. Emily displayed all of the early telltale signs of Asperger's syndrome as a child, but as she aged into young adulthood, she grew out of it.

Beyond Eve's focus on her daughter, she stayed too busy to acknowledge the distance that had grown between her and Parks. And with the onset of his illness, he became more and more unreachable. Eve had the opportunity to have affairs whenever she took business trips to London and New York because she attracted men to her orbit like the air to her lungs. She became slightly jaded to all of the constant, often tasteless advances. She prided herself on her faithfulness to her husband. After all, she was programmed to be. Parks felt guilty about this, so he allowed her complete control over her personal security details to conduct her life as she wished. If she chose to have intimate relationships outside of their marriage, it was her choice.

Parks was confident that Eve would provide for their daughter's security above all. They lived above the Eden Gallery that Eve owned in London's Kensington Square. Security teams posing as next door neighbors lived on either side of their condo and on the floor above them. Eve spared no expense to employ the most experienced military grade security professionals to protect her daughter, keeping her under diplomatic level surveillance while she attended college and traveled. She was the daughter of a billionaire black world aerospace industrialist, an easy target for kidnapping. She would always have to live a sheltered life, and she did without a care in the world or want for anything. Emily was doing well at the Royal College of Art and she explored Knightsbridge and South Kensington with confidence. She was no stranger to the area. Emily had accompanied her mother on business trips to New York and

London since she was six years old. She was homeschooled by her parents and received the wanderlust genes from both of her parents in equal measure. Thankfully, she was a kind natured and humble young lady. She often volunteered her time to charities that helped the less fortunate, because she knew she was such a blessed child. She was raised by her parents to be of service.

Dr. Parks had just finished his favorite running exercise, after basic Army calisthenics, Tai Chi basics and Aikido Irim-nage tenkani, Atemi Kata-dori tenkan, Kokyu-ryoku and Shihonage training regimen. The exercise bay computer-controlled old football running drill of his youth was a basic forward or reverse, side-to-side, directional-agility sprint football drill. He enjoyed the flow of Ki; way the drill made his core become fluid and unpredictable; one could only rely on the quick response core muscles and the ocular senses to become one with the old football running drill. After a half-hour, the drills exploded the strength in the quads, and that made him feel powerful and fluid in stride. It was the perfect wind-down drill after calisthenics and shadow practicing his beloved martial arts.

He paused during his light cool down jog around the huge circular triage vessel to catch his breath and check his pulse on his DataLink chronometer cuff. The Smartarm PAI unit looked like a wide black silicone polymer wristband. Smartarm devices had become so small, thin and flexible by the 2050s, with micro-sensors to detect the wearer's physiological state, LCD contact lenses POV integration, and cloud-archive selected experience function. It was rumored that the NSA and other clandestine branches of the Genesis Consortium could monitor what the user heard and saw. Especially if they were high level government officials who were neural node augmented. Parks wiped his sweating brow with the sleeve of his dark gray cotton t-shirt. It felt good to have the youth and vitality to jog again. With the malfunctioning neural and pineal gland augments removed, there was no longer any pressure, headaches, or piercing pain at his temples or behind his eyes and sinus area. But there was a new phenomenon, however. Whenever he meditated or focused in an introspective state, a swirl of spatial distortion would appear in the distance. "Very odd," Parks thought.

Parks hoped that the otherworld surgeons didn't leave anything behind in his head this time. He prayed that Director Peterson didn't secretly allow them to put a micro detonation charge in his head that would give the appearance of an aneurism if he wandered off of the ranch again. "Nah, Peterson wouldn't do that," he thought. "Would he?"

"I see you're on the mend again, young man..."

That voice stepped right out of time. "Speak of the Elohim, and they appear," Parks mused. Parks had wondered when Director Peterson would visit. It had been 36 years last time. This time it had only been 19 years. "Yes, getting younger and stronger every day, thanks. And this I gather is how you saved Eve when she was injured. I'm indebted to you once again. I'm— also sorry for your loss." Parks felt remorse for not taking up the offer to interstellar travel in apprenticeship with the recently passed Elder and Master Engineer, Peterson's progenitor.

"He was ready to transcend to the higher realms of power," Peterson reflected. That's why I was created to continue his mission unimpeded. He was truly like a father to me. But his life's journey was not lost. That's partly why I came here to speak to you about." Peterson had just finished having his

broken right hand repaired in one of the rejuvenation enclaves. Because of his Pleiadean physiology and history of rejuvenation treatments over the centuries, it only took one session.

Parks sensed the tone in Peterson's demeanor and anticipated his intent. "I haven't been able to make contact with my— assistant out there. Not since just before leaving for treatment and your 'father's' technical transcendence after passing. Even using the communications on this ship, his avatar won't respond, as if it's been disabled. What's going on?"

"Midnight Rider," Peterson replied. "According to the avatar's last daily report transmitted to the moon Aitken base through the interstellar beacon network, your clone surrogate ambassador has cancelled the remainder of the diplomatic mission to neighboring InterWorld Council member civilizations. The ship's transponder has also been deactivated." The director exhaled a weary sigh of exhaustion. "It goes without saying that I had such high hopes for your promotion to this post. That includes your cloned surrogate ambassador."

Parks was slightly offended but not surprised at the remark. Peterson did not tolerate failure in his midst. "What's his motivation for the about-face?"

"It could be indecisiveness at the loss of his mentor," Peterson added. "That and the loss of your neural connection, and the connection to your memories."

"What do you mean?" Parks was puzzled at the last revelation. "He could read my memories?"

"Your old neural augmentations—the way they malfunctioned. Your surrogate somehow received some— if not all of your memories during the years that your augmentations malfunctioned. According to the last report from the AI avatar of the Elder, he may have all of the same memories and emotional attachments that you have, Peterson said."

Parks was astonished, "You mean my wife and my daughter?"

Peterson nodded solemnly, "It is possible, because for all intent and purpose, he is you. That is to say, he is your replacement, the result of a misguided decision by the Council of Elders. That would include me. If he has had a psychotic break brought on by the twenty years of isolation and the other factors, he may think that he is you."

Parks internalized that final posit. The possibility of a cloned metahuman in the throes of a mental breakdown, headed back to Earth. He needed to sit down for a moment and rehydrate from the exercise. They strode to the nearest officer's wardroom in silence. Peterson made himself a green tea chai, while Parks drank a half liter each of 8.0 pH alkalized 'IntelliWater' and coconut water blended with 4 ounces of strawberry and gojiberry extract 'Rhinehart Bodyfuel' powder.

"What do you want to do about him?" Parks asked bluntly, ready to take on an active role.

Peterson erred on the side of caution. "We've just got to wait and see what develops. That cloaked ship that he's piloting is too advanced to be easily tracked in the vastness of the Milky Way galaxy. I'm

sure the Black Arrow fleet is patrolling his last known Q-phase slip point, trying to extrapolate where he might be headed and the dimensional arteries he might travel if he returns to the Sol system.

The thing is, Peterson added, “they were way out there, and they didn’t just travel in one flight path. The Elder traveled wherever he pleased as if he were on one last interstellar bucket list sightseeing tour. That’s the beauty of the universe, when a one is able to travel across it at super luminal speeds between dimensions. Each new destination is a miracle you will never forget— and you want to see more.”

“Or each new destination is an unholy nightmare,” Parks replied, “depending on the reception committee.”

“He had better concern himself with the reception he receives if he returns here,” Peterson said. “The OROCA panel wants that ship, and they want him dead or alive. They’re worried about the clone aiming all that advanced technology toward Earth and accidentally start a war. The Aquarius faction of the panel wants revenge for Sullivan’s demise, from both of us. I resigned and beat a hasty retreat from the meeting. Not before accidentally ‘retiring’ two of the more, shall we say hostile and disrespectful of my fellow panel members.”

“Accidentally retired?” Parks replied, involuntarily rubbing his eyes and pinching the bridge of his nose as he felt stress rise in his head with the shock of what Peterson meant by the term retire. “Creator help us all, because they are definitely coming after us. As long as they leave my children alone, they can come after me all they want. Do you really think my surrogate is unhinged?” Parks asked.

“I really don’t know,” Peterson replied. “Regardless, if and when he returns, we’ll have to confront him first. And we cannot use Genesis Consortium forces. We will have to utilize your conglomerate’s security company ExecPro and its global network of operatives. We have to secure that Pleiadean vessel first.”

The two InterWorld Council Members, one a Type Two visitor from another world, the other a citizen of the breakaway Type One civilization, finished their refreshments, thinking, turning the wheels, trying to formulate worst case scenarios and the best contingency plans on the fly. Parks spoke up, “It will take him years to get back here. They were on a fifty-year diplomatic mission. I guess I was supposed to be long passed on by the time my surrogate returned.”

Peterson agreed. “It depends on how well he can plot a stealthy course back to Sol. He could be back in less than five years, my earliest estimate. What are you going to do to prepare in the meantime?”

Parks PAI wristband chimed. The intuitive AI avatar device pulsed the time set to end his run. The alert traveled around the band like a digital ticker tape until he lowered his wrist, which turned it off. “If the clone won’t communicate with either of us, I can’t do much more than wait, prepare my body and formulate some counter moves. I’m going to get into the best shape of my second life. Get in as much treatment and martial training as I can until he surfaces. Years ago, I formed my own bio-gen laboratory, just in case Eve or my family and I needed it. Everything that the Genesis Institute of Switzerland and Singapore can do, I can do now and better. Including the scaffold clone all of the body’s organs; even the

pancreas. Remember how the Genesis Institute played me for a rube sucker? I can now do everything except rejuvenation therapy. What do you know of the tech?"

"It was a gift from my home world a Type Two civilization, fifty years ago, to your Type Zero civilization," Peterson replied. Of course, the gift was quickly classified and faded into the black world. Your culture is still greed based. There is simply too much profit being made by the barbarism you call cancer research and general medicine. Any technology the Andro-Pleiadean Alliance offers to your government will always be focused on enhancing human life, not exterminating it, like the Orion Draco Empire."

"I want to develop this medical technology to save and extend lives on earth. Will you allow me?" Parks asked.

Peterson looked at Parks for a moment, empathically measuring the depth of his seriousness and sincerity. "If you can figure out how it works, you are free to reverse engineer the technology. But if you don't master the DNA sequencing to diagnose and properly adjust and repair of the nearly 30 trillion individual cells that make up the human body, in rapid secession I might add, you could very easily kill instead treat the patient. Do you understand? That is all the warning that I will give you."

"I understand fully, Director Peterson. Speaking of cellular repair, I've got to go and get cleaned up. I have an afternoon treatment session. If there is going to be a confrontation, I'm going to have to be as strong and able as I can. Especially since Midnight Rider's gone rogue."

"It's in his DNA," Peterson mused. "He got it from you."

"Yeah, I know. That's what scares me. But that also leads me to think that he won't do anything rash."

"Gordon, he's not like a son to you; not like I was to the Elder that cloned me. He was nearly 800 years old before I was created. He knew that he would tire of rejuvenation treatments one day. His body would take longer and longer to recover and eventually be too worn to remain regenerated for long. Your circumstance is different. You are human. Your species was not designed to live as long as mine. Not without further enhancement. Quite honestly, by the time we selected you to join the InterWorld Council, we decided to clone a surrogate for you because we didn't think that you would live much longer. You took too many risks, upset too many black world bureaucrats and competitors. With a clone created and your mind available for upload, we were in a sense hedging our bets," Peterson confided.

This revelation did not have its desired effect. To Parks, it revealed a calculated deception dependent upon a naïve optimism. Parks had learned over the years to trust no one, no human being. To think that included his mentor and friend of over fifty years had betrayed him, disappointed Parks to no end. Parks once addressed the military representatives that maintained black world secrecy at a DARPA symposium while involuntarily detained on the Orbital Industrial Colony in 2033. He could not remember ever seeing so many ribbon bars on so many high-ranking NATO member nation officers at one time. There was an 8-to-1 ratio of American military. The rest of the delegates were shadow government power

brokers in custom tailored three-button banker's suits and frameless spectacles, trying hard to project a Rumsfeld-like image of grim determination and complete control over the overwhelming alien agenda. The insiders all looked at Parks with a kind of bemused puzzlement as he delivered his passionate plea for disclosure. To them, he was way out of his depth in understanding the cosmic scope of actual disclosure. There were some truths that were too bizarre to reveal without sending the world into a panic, like the Dulce wars.

Parks had the naïve optimistic notion that his long, carefully quoted speech would circumvent violating any national security oath, especially since they were technically off-world, upland 30,000 kilometers from earth. And he could convince all those members of the breakaway civilization that the time had come for declassifying more foreign technology to the 'white world' or civilian industry; to develop practical applications for advanced new products and transportation. And that it was vital to balance and improve the world's economies.

He was wrong then; they would never disclose the truth; and he had a similar feeling as he spoke to Peterson. "Director, are you implying that my neural node malfunction may have been intentional? In order to share my personal long-term memories with a surrogate clone that was created without my consent?" Peterson did not reply and could not meet Parks glare with his eyes. "And the only InterWorld Council member with enough authority to do this—besides you, would be the Elder."

Peterson nodded sullenly. "I'm sorry Gordon. Why my—why the Elder did this? I cannot say."

"Well, I can," Parks replied angrily." He was pissed off that for the love of my wife, I turned down his fifty-year grand tour, his journey of discovery through the local neighborhood of advanced sentient worlds. Well, guess what? I don't give a shit about exopolitical diplomacy! I don't! I'm in it only for the advanced new tech! Nothing else! If my wife couldn't go, then I wasn't going either. You knew that I wouldn't, after I put my life on the line to bring her back. He had that surrogate created not long after Eve was..." Parks could never come to grips with the ethical indifference it took to bring Eve Dumont back to life. "The Elder just needed what was locked away inside here." Parks tapped a little too hard on his still healing temples. "Then his little Frankenstein surrogate clone could take over my conglomerate and my life!"

When Peterson made no attempt to dissuade his allegations, Parks slowly shook his head in exasperated disdain. As he walked toward the exit, he said, "Do me a favor? The next time you're in communication with your progenitor's A.I. ghost— tell him thanks for the betrayal."

Peterson followed, outraged. "I'm sure he thought he was doing what was best for you both and the Council. But you have done nothing for the Council since you were promoted to this most prestigious position!" Peterson glowered at Parks and his selfish acquisitiveness.

"Done nothing? My entire multi-billion-dollar, multi-national conglomerate is at the disposal of COM-12-Andro-Pleiadean Alliance! Isn't that enough?!"

"No Dr. Parks, it is not!" The whites of Peterson's eyes became gray with anger.

Parks immediately turned around and walked right up to Peterson, staring angrily into the face of his nearly four-hundred-year-old mentor. "You don't scare me old man." Parks growled. "I may not have been around as long as you or the Elder, but I have pushed mankind forward in my own way and brought Space Command kicking and screaming out of the shadows into the light of disclosure, just by publicly changing the name of my company. I have dedicated my life and fought for the development of technology that would improve the human condition on this planet. I don't give a damn about your exploitative cosmic United Nations. I care only about humanity. And I am not done. I am still willing to risk my company and my life to improve the human condition." Parks turned and continued on his way, letting go one final verbal salvo. "And you know what? Being with my old lady the past fifteen years was far more rewarding than riding the interdimensional aether. Do you want to know why? 'Cause its real fuckin' cold out there! And I would rather be laying up cozy with my old lady than learning all the secrets of the universe, any day of the week! Good to see you again, Director."

## The Off-World Man

### CHAPTER 21

I misunderstood Tesla. I think we all misunderstood Tesla. He was a dreamer and visionary. He did dream, and his dreams came true. He did have visions, but they were of a real future, not an imaginary one.

-- John Stone, Mathematician and Astrophysicist

The Pleiadean aethership was on the equivalent of autopilot. The surrogate clone of Dr. Parks responded to the name Gordon, but during the voyage home decided that he needed to create his own name and identity, even as the memory echoes of his progenitor intensified. He tried unsuccessfully to sleep in his Spartan quarters, resting for periods far too brief to be effective, mixed with daydream-like forays into his predecessor's memories that left him physiologically exhausted.

The subject of his memory dreams worked tirelessly to build the future. The Gordon clone thought to himself that he had no claim to her progenitor's life. Yet his biological urge to meet his wife was elemental, commandeering his moral sensibilities. He felt— no, he knew instinctively that if Eve met him young and vital and strong like her and a transgenic metahuman like she was she would gravitate to Dr. Parks' proxy and reject the old man. The Gordon and Eve clones were truly created for each other, according to his fuzzy logic. The old man's Eve was gone a long time ago. He had failed to protect her and failed to protect the metahuman version of her as well.

He also believed if she could convince Eve that they were better suited for each other, Parks would step aside. He was never surer of it, because he shared Parks' memories now. And if he refused, he might not live to regret it. The genetically advanced metahuman was incredibly strong. He felt that he had good character archetypes in his physiological programming, but when his thoughts returned to her, he didn't know what he was capable of. And with the added infusion of Parks' experiences and memories, the Gordon clone believed that the old man had outlived his usefulness. Parks' genetic incompatibility with the Eve clone, in Gordon's line of faulty reasoning, was immutable.

The Gordon clone was not a perfect reproduction of Parks because he was not imbedded with Parks' memories during his accelerated development. Prior to the Moog-Hoberman malfunction with Parks' neural interface, he began to develop his own character. Chronologically, he had lived only 17 years. But similar to Eve, his body was developed to a mature 30 years, then genetically would slow to a near stop. They aged biologically one year for every decade or two of living. And their bodies heal from injury at a miraculous rate.

The Gordon clone was given a military grade surrogate specialist soldier's neural memgram training during processing. He was wet wired with the survival skills of a 2050's technical soldier, including conventional and classified aircraft and spacecraft pilot and navigation skills; Air force Academy and Space Command officers training; and InterWorld Council exopolitical diplomacy protocols memgrams

refined by his deceased mentor. This was all implanted into the neural net of his brain. He had no real-world experiences to rely on prior to Dr. Parks neural mode malfunction. These captured memories placed the mind and resources of a billionaire maverick aerospace industrialist at his disposal. For the Gordon clone, this was quite a shocking but fortuitous development.

The Genesis Consortium cabal and thus AF Space Command knew he was headed back to the Sol system. The Elder's AI archive was programmed to report to them periodically. Gordon had no choice to place the sentient algorithm in perpetual sleep mode, overriding its authority over the aethership. Space Command would be calculating his likely flight plan and approximate arrival. But with the adaptive cloaking hull and defensive weapons technology of his inherited vessel, Gordon would not make it easy for them. The aethership was too valuable and powerful to destroy easily. The aethership's movements were normally tracked by small self-replicating molecular printer communications beacons placed one light year apart from earth's meridian points. This combination space traffic control, communications relay system would transmit and receive encrypted data to the clone's ship and track its flight path. Gordon disabled the aethership's transceiver and AI before returning because he knew that he would have to employ all of the tradecraft at his disposal to remain undetected. And as long as he remained invisible and impossible to track, they would try to reason with him long enough to draw him out into the open. But there was nothing to reason with him about. He just wanted to see Eve, spend time with her and see if she could feel what he now felt light years away from her. He wanted to make a psychic connection, and then let her decide.

Dr. Parks' long-term memory fragments flooded the Gordon clone's mind regularly as he traveled closer to Sol. The delay in some of those disjointed fragments was becoming shorter. This was why he kept the aethership in a stationary position for a few days before he changed course for home-- Dr. Parks' home. The Gordon clone knew no real home, just this super luminal, interdimensional vessel. He did not know where he was created and nurtured, but he felt that it was not on earth. Perhaps it was within earth; within an underground or undersea black world military city base; or, in far solar orbit aboard a triage hospital ship. Or, one of the lunar bases or bases further out among the Sol system. For all intent and purpose, he was an orphan, like his progenitor. Because of the efficiency of advanced his neural programming, the Gordon clone could remember and review even the earliest memory fragments of Dr. Parks, like an objective first person observer. It was eerie and unnerving that his progenitor's life was a part of his mental backlog now.

## The Off-World Man

### CHAPTER 22

We do not possess imagination enough-- to sense what we are missing. --Jean Toomer

Fall, 1966, San Luis Obispo, California.

Dr. Gordon Marcus Aurelius Parks was born by the name Marcus Aurelius. His frail, anemic mother died shortly after giving birth to him in the summer of '65. He was not even given her last name; he was thrust into the world-- completely alone. The infant was sent to the Mary Magdalene Adoption Home. Nearly a year into his young life, he sat alone in silence in a wooden slatted toddler's bin, looking out from his small holding cell, watching the older children play indoors and outside through the large bay window. He was too young to interact with them. He was severely neglected by the understaffed, over worked un-nurturing vestal care givers or volunteers. When potential adopting couples came to meet the orphaned children, the infant was never properly prepared. He was rarely bathed; his diaper was changed only once daily, if he was lucky, before or after only one of two modest daily feedings. In between feedings, he was given a water bottle, early on replacing milk or infant formula that went to the other orphaned babies in the adoption home.

The infant Marcus learned early to sit and suffer his predicament in silence. No one truly cared if he cried, so he stopped crying after he was only three months old. The caregivers didn't respond to him. He was different than the other abandoned babies somehow. He didn't look like the other children, so he suffered his lot in ever increasing silence. He never gained much weight and became sickly. He often did not have the strength to sit up proper, so he looked out of the bay window while lying on his back, his favorite and only activity, listening to the children play and wondering what it felt like to be out there.

The older children would taunt the infant, holding their noses and call him a dirty or smelly baby. There were other words they called him that he could not understand, but he understood that they were meant to hurt and humiliate him. The pain caused by these unsupervised evil children affected him and stifled his early mental, emotional and social development. The infant Marcus had no concept of the future, but he knew that one day, he would grow big enough to go outside.

Most days the infant Marcus would just sit and observe sunlight, filtering through the large bay window of the dayroom, the blue sky background, the passing clouds and the sway of the trees in the large back yard surrounding the adoption home. He didn't know what any of those objects were called. But day after day, the sickly infant would enter into a malnourishment induced daydream, staring through the wooden jail bar like slats of his infant holding cell, into the picture of life outside the bay window. Something invisible made those trees sway. He wondered what that was, what everything was called? Even, what he was, what was his name? One day, he might be big enough like the others, to go outside and find out.

Lost in his daily malnourished trance, as his life slowly ebbed away-- one day, a couple from San Jose came in to view the orphaned children. The infant Marcus was too far gone to notice them. His tiny spirit was already bone tired. His tiny spirit was nearly ready to go outside, right through the wooden jail bar like slats of his holding cell, right into that picture of life outside the bay window leaving his infant body behind. It wouldn't be long now.

The children jockeyed for position, each trying to look as sweet and cherub-like as possible around the couple escorted by one of the nuns managing the home. She tried to interest them in her personal favorites, but Gordon and Maria Parks would make their own decision. This would actually be Maria's decision alone. The couple was in their late forties and unable to conceive after nearly thirty years of marriage. In vitro-fertilization was not yet an option in 1966. Even if it was, it would be much too expensive for the working-class couple. Being a devoted Catholic woman, the Mary Magdalene Adoption Home seemed to be an appropriate place to begin the search.

Maria didn't want an older child. She wanted as young an orphan as she could find, an infant truly in need if possible. Her husband knew this, so he stayed a step or two behind her, giving her space to search for the child to match her maternal need to love and nurture into a good, responsible, hard-working adult. And, in that moment of searching, guided by the Creator's hand, she turned to her husband and beckoned him to look at the infant staring idly at the bay window. His tiny hands were barely holding him upright; his little face was peering out between the wooden slats. His breathing faint and labored and he was unaware of anything but the life unfolding outside.

Maria grabbed her husband's arm and they slowly walked over to the infant Marcus. They spoke to him in a language different than he heard in the adoption home. Slowly pulling his eyes away from the picture window, he looked up at them. There was no mistaking the despondent pain in his infant eyes that met their smiles and gentle greetings. The infant Marcus immediately looked down and away from them. He was aware of his soiled diaper and ashamed because of this, and this attention, the likes of which he had never received in his young life.

Maria Parks passed her purse to her husband, ignoring the suggestions of the nun giving her the tour. She reached over and placed a gentle hand on the crown of the infant's head, saying a brief prayer.

The infant Marcus could not look up into her eyes. He was too far gone; he had given up on his life already. He did notice that they were not laughing at him or taunting him like the older children. This lady was being kind to him, patting and caressing his little head. Her touch and the words she spoke were soothing to his little soul. She was very gentle, like some of the women and female children were kind to him sometimes; like the mother he never knew.

The lady reached further into his day bin and slowly, very gently picked him up. She smiled at him again, but Marcus again looked down in shame. Maria immediately knew why. Even an infant knows when he is in need of cleansing and general care. The infant's condition raised red flags of criminal child neglect in Maria Parks' mind, which infuriated her towards the adoption home staff. Maria did not want the infant to be ashamed about his unfortunate hygienic state, so she ignored the odor emanating from the unkempt child. She lifted his tiny chin up to meet her eyes. He noticed the man standing behind her

scrunch his nose at the stench, and immediately put his head down again in shame. His hand brushed at his overly full, soiled diaper in a futile attempt to remove it, and communicate to Maria that he was in desperate need of cleaning and changing, and that this would alleviate the source of his shame. Maria could tell that this was a bright child in a dire circumstance.

What Maria knew, but the infant was too young and innocent to understand was that he was different from the other children in that he was of a slightly darker complexion than the other children in the orphanage. His mother was an unwed woman from New York City. The interracial infant Marcus was considered by the caregivers of this particular adoption home not suitable for most of their potential clients. In 1966, this was the way most of society thought. It was assumed that if the infant survived early childhood, he would be transferred to foster homes with families more suited to his mixed ethnicity. This was the reason for the caregiver neglect.

Maria Parks was outraged and mortified by the lack of ordinary care for the infant, a child of God. She was shocked at the infant's physical state. Her husband, Gordon Wayne Parks, was a mountain of a man and wore a cowboy hat. He had bushy hair over his lip, the infant had noticed, and he wore a stern alert expression of concern. She called the attending nun to her side. "This baby needs immediate attention. He needs to be bathed and his diaper changed."

The nun gave the excuse that the adoption home was understaffed and short on funds. They had to "ration," according to the bureaucrat nun, "diapers and food from other babies for this one. And the child is cleaned at least once a day. Well, you understand why."

Her explanation only served to further enrage Maria Parks.

"No child deserves this blatant lack of Christian care, Sister." She reached into her purse and retrieved a crisp one-hundred-dollar bill. "Sister, this is a donation for your orphanage. But for this donation, I will require a wash basin filled with warm, not hot, but warm water, a bar of mild soap, a fresh diaper, baby powder, two small and two large bath towels."

Maria Parks wanted to ask for baby clothes to fit the suffering child in her arms, but she was afraid that the disgusting bureaucrat that posed as a caring nun would merely take clothes off another needy baby. There was no telling the condition of the other orphaned children.

"Sister, if you can accomplish this in the next five minutes, I will donate another one hundred dollars. You see, until I have made up my mind, perhaps I could volunteer my time here, and care for this child. You all appear to be understaffed and over worked."

She offered the arrangement careful not to offend the administrator, who seemed more interested in the welfare of the other orphans. This seemed reasonable to the clearly bigoted administrator, who thought that Maria Parks was a barren immigrant woman on minor means, fixated on this particular minority child. Insult, ploy or not, the nun hurriedly ordered the bathing supplies and allowed Maria Parks to clean and change the infant.

The first soapy cleansing barely removed the caked-on filth and urine smell from the neglected baby's bed sore and soiled diaper infected flesh. The near catatonic infant whimpered in pain but did not or could not cry. The infant clearly had not been fully bathed in days, or even weeks. The infection was severe enough, Maria considered calling the ambulance and authorities, but she had another plan to save the child that would require finesse. Maria carefully cleaned the infant as the administrator and another nun looked on, tersely ordering a younger nun to pour out the old wash water in the basin and refill it with fresh soapy water, then telling her mildly amused husband in Spanish to give the corrupt administrator another one hundred dollar bill from her purse to appease her.

He had never seen his wife like this, in confident, determined maternal mode. She would do all she could to heal and comfort this infant in desperate need. The money was hers, from savings she put away from her job. The couple saved and planned for years to adopt. Maria Parks was an elementary school teacher. Her husband, Gordon Wayne Parks, was a trained automotive mechanic with his own fledgling garage auto repair business, and a hobby inventor. The young couple was educated by vocational schools and junior colleges, and self-educated by hard work, and life's hard knocks. They wanted children for many years, but unfortunately were unable to conceive.

During the infant's second bathing, Maria silently prayed for the despondent child. She also sang a lullaby low and sweet, allowing the warm clean water to calm and relax the baby. This seemed to have its desired effect. The baby seemed grateful to be cleaned, grateful to the woman that bathed him. He nearly smiled at Maria before retreating inward again. She could tell that he was a bright child. He started pointing at the bay window, staring at the trees swaying in the wind outside, and the blue sky.

Now completely clean from head to toe, his diaper changed, Maria wrapped the infant in the second large bath towel, held him close and looked at her husband. There was no way she would leave this baby, this new innocent soul, behind. His young life, already marginalized, would probably be a ruin, without her immediate intervention. Maria Parks' maternal instinct was never more certain of this. Pointing at the bay window, his stare constant, the infant's eyes seemed to plead for her, before looking down again in despair. The infant felt safe enough in Maria's arms to dare reaching out to explore what was outside in her arms, the clouds, blue sky, and the living swaying trees, fueled by mystical invisible forces.

The infant named Marcus Aurelius heard the woman holding him speak to the man standing next to her. To his surprise, she started walking to the door.

"Would you like to go outside?" the infant discovered the name of the world on the other side of the window in that instant. Maria Parks carried the infant outside for the first time in his life. He looked around in innocent wonder, as she described to him in two languages the name of everything.

"Clouds, blue sky, grass." Maria carried him closer and closer to the swaying things that seemed alive called "trees." Tears welled up in her eyes as she bonded with the infant, who looked on at her, not understanding why she smiled and cried at the same time.

The infant watched attentively as she spoke to the tall man wearing what he would learn was a cowboy hat, standing next to her. His eyes were wet like hers but not leaking. He did not smile at the infant. His face was grim with concern, for both of them.

“Gordon Wayne Parks,” Maria said, “this little child won’t live much longer if we fail to save him from this abuse today.” Whenever his wife used his full name, she was serious and demanded his full attention and consideration as his wife and family.

“The Blessed Mother sent us here just for him today. I am sure of this. I love him already. Do you understand? This is our child. The baby we couldn’t have.”

The grim, serious man looked at both of them, as they looked at him. “Maria, he’s – mixed, part Negro or Indian. Anyone can see that. Are you ready to handle the kind of hate we will face? The kind of hate that baby already faces right now in this orphanage.”

“What do we care? We are Hispanic, so we have dealt with bigotry all our lives too. And we both have relatives with similar or much darker complexions that this baby. We are not prejudiced people.”

Gordon Wayne Parks agreed with his wife. “No Maria, we’re not.”

“This baby needs us. If we leave him behind, he will surely die.” She glanced briefly over her shoulder at the elderly nun administrator, and then whispered, “They don’t care about him and we both know why. My God, they are not even bathing him.”

Gordon Wayne nodded in agreement, but still seemed a bit reluctant. Maria spoke to him almost pleading. Born in 1944, her husband’s middle name was after a 1940’s western actor his mother liked, and his favorite John Wayne film to date was ‘The Quiet Man’. Maria knew this, and often joked with him about it.

Maria was four years older, and he valued her insights and opinion on everything from business decisions to the religious and spiritual.

“What would John Wayne do?” Maria said, to jokingly appeal to the mythical hero she saw in her husband, the leader. The tall, quiet man scoffed, his brows arched, and he let a half grin form on his stern visage as he looked into the beautiful searching eyes of his beloved, wise wife. He had the rugged good looks of a Hispanic Clark Gable. This would be a major, blessed change for them. The reality of responsibility finally sank in. Maria knew that she had him convinced when she made him smile. When they agreed on anything, they became a strong, determined couple, a team that no circumstance or entity could divide.

“We will raise him to be a good man. His new mother and father see to it.”

Gordon Wayne’s smile grew, his eyes crinkled at the corners for a few content seconds before they returned to their usual stoic glance.

“We won’t spoil him, Maria. As soon as he’s big enough to walk, he’ll have to earn his keep with me at the garage.” They chuckled at the thought. Then he became serious again. “We have to teach him to be responsible and self-sufficient, Maria. To cook and clean up and take care of himself, to survive under any circumstance; the way we were taught.”

“He will, Poppy. He will be a good son, and he will grow up to be a good man, like his new father. He’ll grow to be just like you, and John Wayne.” Gordon again wrestled a smile on his rugged visage, only for her and his new son.

They embraced tenderly and kissed briefly as the nun administrator looked on from a distance, loudly clearing her throat to break up the tender moment. She knew that couple had committed to caring for the mixed-race infant. She was weary from continually playing the role of evil administrator. However, she knew no other way in the intolerant social climate of 1966, to save certain marginalized children from a horrible life of abusive foster homes, and a thrown away, purposeless adult life, if they even lived to become adults.

She had done this before over the years to force potential adoptive parents to save the lives of certain children in immediate need. She had lost many a righteous protesting young nun to her harsh, seemingly heartless methods, and been the subject of many archdiocese investigations. Her methods were simple, pragmatic, and sadly effective: Isolate those very young children least likely to be cared for in the current social climate and let them cry for attention until they no longer had tears. Provide for them only minimal physical care. Break and desensitize them, then allow good caring prospective parents to find them in a state of near irreversible despair. Then witness the miracle how, out of a sense of true Christian concern, the prospective parents righteously demand to be the neglected young child’s lifelong protector and nurturer. Sometimes the process took only a few weeks. The longest prior took a couple of months. For the infant Marcus Aurelius, it took nearly six months. The stubborn nun administrator refused to let up on this child, and it would cost her she was sure. Many a prospective parent merely looked the other way in distress. But she knew this infant needed a home, so she would not relent, even if she were removed from her position of authority.

She knew this would be her last such radical attempt to find an unwanted orphan baby a home. Times were changing, and her harsh methods were no longer acceptable. But she would have this last triumph. This motherless child that no one wanted was being saved from a lost, wasted future.

The infant Marcus Aurelius could not fully understand but instinctively knew his life was being saved by these two sweet people, this woman and this man. He slipped into a deep, safe exhausted slumber in Maria Parks’ arms before she made it back to the nun administrator’s office. She told the administrator that she would not let the child go, and she would give all of her and her husband’s savings, if need be, which were limited but substantial, to leave with the child as his lawful adopted parents. The nun knew this before they sat down, and allowed them to take the child immediately, while their application for adoption was expeditiously processed for approval.

Before they left for their new life as a family, the nun administrator gave them back their donation to the orphanage, suggesting that they use it for the child’s immediate needs. When she did this, and they

saw the eyes of the administrator become emotional, Maria and Gordon Wayne finally understood that she planned this all along. To get this unwanted motherless child a home before all the other orphaned babies and toddlers and children in the orphanage in need, because this infant was hurting the most. But the administrator's outdated, harsh methods did much more than harmlessly magnify the infant's desperate dilemma. Her intention was sincere, but after nearly six months of isolation and neglect, the damage to the infant's long-term mental and social development—was permanent.

## The Off-World Man

### CHAPTER 23

As the Gordon clone surrogate experienced in his mind the new blended memory fragments of his progenitor, Dr. Gordon Marcus Aurelius Parks, he moved forward into his childhood.

The child displayed all the early onset symptoms of a mild form of the autism spectrum neural disorder not clinically identified as Asperger's Syndrome until he was nearly middle aged. Young Gordon M.A. Parks grew up in an introverted holographic world of his own imagination. His loving stepparents could rarely get through to his emotionally distant, dimensionally multitasking mind. The only time they could get through to him was when they were teaching him something new. Otherwise, he would retreat into a world of science fiction or how-to books, or drawing, or taking apart radios and trying to reassemble them. Obtaining more information was his hobby and favorite past time. He craved all that there was to know, all that was salient and of utility for his survival as a spiritual being housed in a fragile, mortal form.

Often, he would sit alone and stare off into space for hours on end seeing into another world in his mind, then with paper and pencil, draw whatever he envisioned from those channeled dimensional worlds of ethereal algorithmic solutions just on the other side. It was not until he reached middle school that he identified and understood this as the human mind's creative process, and that its potential was limitless. Gordon was home schooled by Maria until the fifth sixth grade, when she was sure he could successfully function socially around other children.

The young Parks also discovered the wonder of the public and school library at this time, and truly embraced books, literature and information in the form of printed text as a priceless lifelong companion. He loved the solitude found in the literary worlds of noir mystery, westerns and adventure, and technology driven science fiction. He fueled his mechanical analytical inventive mind with Popular Science, Omni, and Popular Mechanics. Other than public and institutional education libraries, Gordon was alone but rarely lonely, a convivial loner. He was a high functioning savant, an introverted, engineering genius with a mild social dysfunction.

The invisible winds from his infancy left an impression as well. At age 15 he convinced his stepfather to take him to the municipal airport for flying lessons. For a time, he wanted to join the Air Force to be a pilot. He went so far as to go with his father to an armed forces recruiter. The Air Force recruiter was not in the office, so he spoke to the Army recruiter of his wish to be a pilot. The recruiter dashed his dreams when he told him that he was too tall. He was over six feet, and he trusted the staff NCO was telling him the truth.

But his father knew better. When the NCO looked at his stepson, he saw only a lowly potential foot soldier, not a pilot, only a potential recruit stat for his branch. The recruiter was not concerned about his

stepson's interests, only reaching his selfish quota of naïve new recruits for the week. This was the one-and-only-time young Gordon personally witnessed his stepfather, Gordon Wayne Parks' protective paternal fury on display. He accused the NCO of "lying to a 15-year-old kid," of disrespecting him and his son, and dared the dishonest "coward" to step outside so he could "beat the living shit out of him." His stepfather was nearly sixty, still in his prime and a working-class mountain of a man, and they were evenly matched in size. The tough NCO started to take the bait, then with a smug dismissive one-liner, thought better of accepting the invitation. He would never live it down if he lost. In reality, he knew he had insulted them badly and that the tall man in the cowboy hat looked so pissed off that he might put him in the hospital. Gordon Wayne Parks was so calmly enraged, that the recruiting office was charged with the big cowboy's ferocious tension, and that startled everybody, including his stepson. Only a man who could back up his words would be so bold as to invite a combat veteran soldier to his own ass whipping.

Young Gordon talked down his stepfather and convinced him to leave the recruiter's office before they called the police. He also learned a valuable lesson that day; never blindly trust the judgment or opinion of anyone that tells you cannot accomplish anything that you set your mind to, especially someone in perceived authority. They're probably full of shit. And-- support your children no matter what, especially when they are sincerely searching for their path, their own way through this complex physical and spiritual existence called life.

Young Gordon Marcus Aurelius Parks' love for aviation and all things that flew through the air grew over the years. But the 1982 film Blade Runner, or more specifically, its fictional special effects showing gravity nullifying transportation, compelled him to actually pursue a future in the field of aviation engineering. When the 16-year-old saw the fictional police spinner vehicle from the film appearing to realistically nullify gravity, hover, ascend into the sky and maneuver even though he knew it was a obviously a full sized prop vehicle suspended by a crane, he was astonished.

He thought aloud, "I want to do that for a living", meaning he wanted to discover how that technology could actually be possible. He would review the film over the years and ask himself repeatedly, "What kind of real-world aviation technology could do that?"

"I have to find out..." Young Gordon decided after researching several colleges that pursuing a career in aeronautical engineering would provide a veil to investigate what would become his lifelong research, the enigma that is the esoteric science of real controlled gravity propulsion.

## The Off-World Man

### CHAPTER 24

Fall 1983, Embry Riddle Aeronautical University, Daytona Beach Florida. It was the first day, first class. Gordon M. A. Parks sat down rather clumsily in the top rear of the lecture hall, trying in vain to balance all of his first semester curriculum books as he sat. They were expensive and he didn't want to damage them. Hopefully with good care, he would be able to resell the ones he didn't want to keep as used back to the campus bookstore at semesters end. Several toppled to the floor. He had just traveled to Florida and settled in; he had never been anywhere out of California in his life. To his stepmother's apprehension, he trekked across country alone in his old used Ford EXP, the cheapest thing his stepparents could afford. Tuition was high, and his stepparents sacrificed everything, including a second mortgage on their home, just to educate their only child. He had received a couple of hardship grants and a meager student loan, but his stepparents paid the remaining balance. They believed in him, because no one else in the world did. He would not fail them. He would work hard to learn this field, aeronautical engineering. He would make them proud.

A few students turned around in their seats to laugh at the awkward display. Most of the young students were well off and arrogant. Gordon prided himself in not letting on that he was a student of modest means. But in this moment, he failed miserably. They could see that he was a poor geek worried more about the condition of books he could barely afford, than his freshman coolness quotient.

Gordon was mildly embarrassed but learned early from studying vintage cinema to turn an awkward situation to his advantage. Besides learning from his stepfather, he was at that stage in young adulthood where he studied closely and tried to emulate what was deemed socially acceptable, moral norms of behavior for a good, respectable man. He was a decent looking kid, or so he thought. And also, he knew from the movies, that shy, self-effacing composure during clumsy moments usually attracted the kind, sweet girl-next door types to your aid. The type of girls he preferred. So, when he had unexpectedly embarrassing moments, the student analyst of social discourse in him would play up the Charlie Chaplin, Harold Lloyd, or Cary Grant loveable klutz archetypes of character angle, and see if all those movies were correct.

His hair was long and slightly curly, combed back slick, Pat Riley style. How he looked or dressed never meant much to him until he had his first girlfriend his junior year of high school. Or this, his first year of college. Now he studied what he thought a young man should know about manners, grooming, military bearing and developing his own personal style as he grew up. He was 18, a man of the world, or so he thought. He had just had a birthday back in San Jose, celebrated just by his stepparents. After a special birthday dinner, he used a ladder to climb on top of the garage roof alone and drank a bottle of sweet red table wine while he looked up at the stars. He didn't have any real friends and he and his

girlfriend became distant after the prom. They were both going in different career directions and knew that the distance between them would be too much.

Gordon usually wore jeans, Puma running shoes or boots, and black or a white collarless button-down dress shirt. It was his 'look'. He was used to being around students from well off families and never wanted to give the impression of being the poor guy with no manners and bad taste. So, he kept his look simple, watched the news and listened to talk radio so he could stay apprised of important national and global current affairs and could hold his own in conversation around anyone, in any social setting. He learned from his stepparents that you never know whom you'll meet while drifting through life. Your path can take you anywhere. He had already met President Reagan with his parents once by chance back in California. He was younger, so he really couldn't understand the significance of it at the time. He would meet many powerful people over his lifetime.

Gordon secured the main bulk of his textbooks on his desk in front of him and began to look for the books that had toppled off onto the floor. As he carefully reached down and around the desk to look, he noticed a quick graceful olive-skinned feminine arm reach down about the same time as he did. Parks was pleasantly startled by the assistance of that graceful arm that picked up one of his textbooks, because it led to a stunning young lady with a vibrant soul. His eyes slowly continued upward. She had beautifully sculpted shoulders and ample, taut breasts, a sensual feminine neck. As they both sat back up slowly, simultaneously, he was only a few inches away from her lovely, angelic face that just coming into his view. She had a beautiful nose, slightly large, deep hazel angled eyes and a kind, inviting smile. Her angelic face was framed by thick wavy brunette hair that gave off the faint scent of fresh flowers and was woven into long French braid down to the small of her back. Even through the jeans she wore, her legs looked trim, strong and athletic.

Parks took this all in at a glance that seemed to slow the flow of time and open his heart. He caught himself staring like a deer caught in the headlights of his own demise, and he could give a damn. Not only had this luscious babe taken his self-effacing klutz bait hook-line-and-sinker, he found himself equally hooked by her comforting natural allure. She was like Athena, a sensual goddess. He wanted to kiss her, more aptly, he wanted her to kiss him, so he stopped sitting up mid-way, hoping like a mischievous little kid, they would stay couched low close face to face. And she knew he did. She smiled amused at his naughty pause as she slowly sat all the way back in her seat.

It was the damnedest instant thing, Gordon thought. She had to be an impossible mix of Mediterranean, French, Brazilian and possibly Asian, Gordon couldn't be sure. All he did know, was she had unknowingly ignited the fire inside of him. When their eyes met and she smiled kindly at him, his lower abdomen tightened and his muscle clutched hard involuntarily. A "misfire" sexual contraction, he would later learn was the geek slang term for the condition, indicating deep attraction and arousal. She was the definitely the most naturally beautiful girl he had ever seen in his young life.

"Need some help, yes?" She spoke to him in a sweet accent he could not positively identify that absolutely made his heart skip a beat.

That mixed with the mild scent of her perfume, her hair and another faint perfume just under her ear on her neck, caused his gut to “misfire” again a couple of times. “The Lord is my shepherd; I see what I want...” Gordon mumbled under his breath as he was drawn like a daydream into her impossibly beautiful eyes.

“Excuse me...”

“Oh—ah, thanks. Thank you.” As he accepted the book and placed it atop his stack without taking his eyes off her, he nearly dropped it again. This pulled him from his trance. He did not want her to think he was really a completely klutz. But he was sure that the feeling was mutual. She was at least receptive to him, he was sure.

Seeing that he was not in a hurry to retrieve his other book and he was happily, playfully entranced, the young beauty reached kindly down again and recovered another one of Gordon’s two books from between their desks. Gordon dutifully followed her, picking up the last one. Once again, they were in closer proximity and this time she showed an interest in Gordon’s physical attractiveness, the way he showed an enthusiastic interest her. Her beautiful body and confident smile radiated with comforting feminine warmth and sensuality. She wore a simple white blouson with jeans and sandals. She was beautiful and elegant from head to toe. She wore a small gold cross with a small diamond at its center, suspended by a thin, thread like gold necklace just above and between the warmth of her inviting cleavage. He only noticed it when they sat back up again, as it swayed back into position. That pendant sealed the deal for him. She was definitely a good girl, and he wanted to wake up next to her tomorrow morning to greet the new day. Tomorrow and every day after that.

His mind was made up in that moment. He would ask her out on a date as soon as class was over, even if it was just to the movies and a pizza afterwards. He might be able to afford it on his limited spending budget of only \$20 per week. He would have to find a part-time job to earn extra pocket change, especially if she really wanted to go out with him.

“Here’s another one,” she said. Her voice was like an angelic choir to him. “I don’t think you will need all of those today, will you.”

“No, I’m just running late getting my textbooks before the semester started. I just got here yesterday. I drove from California here, my first trip driving across country. I must have taken a wrong turn somewhere, so I got here kind of late.”

“I see...” Eve waited for Gordon to formally introduce himself. She hoped he would.

Gordon was at a loss for words suddenly. He felt himself becoming shy even blush a little. But he felt that she would appreciate it. He felt instinctively that he could be himself around her, that she would like him for who he was, whether he was rich or not. But she had the air of a wealthy person. No calloused hands or tired weary eyes from working two jobs to make ends meet. Gordon had been working since he was age 13. He lied about his age to get a job at a local grocery store to help his family then as a restaurant cook at age 16. He was a working man, like his stepdad. She does like me, he

thought. I'm not dreaming. I hope she gives me a chance. He looked back into her face and smiled sheepishly. This time she looked down in shyness, smiling to herself then looked up again and into his eyes, warm and inviting. Hallelujah! Misfire! Misfire! he thought.

Gordon was not very experienced at dating. He was an inquisitive bookworm, student draftsman and inventor. But he thought of a beautiful woman's body not only as a miracle of creation, but the greatest work of art and engineering known to man. To have this beautiful young lady in his life would inspire him to greatness too, he just knew it.

Gordon's stepparents could not fathom how their son's eclectic mind operated at times. He spent all of his time drafting multi-storied beach houses and Mayan pyramid-shaped mansions, futuristic cars and motorcycles, maglev bullet trains, and formula one inspired fantasy hovercraft. From his childhood, he would often daydream, staring off into space until his vision blurred and roiled, looking through the veil. He would then draw whatever he conceived of in his mind's eye. His architectural and mechanical drafting teacher and vocational mentor passed by his drafting table during the year. He noticed all of the daydream sketches Gordon drew in a vellum drawing pad. Impressed, he suggested that Gordon look into education in mechanical engineering, aeronautical engineering, or perhaps transportation industrial design. By the time Gordon began his senior year, with the help of his stepparents, he applied to several colleges around the country, settling for Embry Riddle.

Gordon was entering another daydream, but this one transfixed him on a living feminine work of art sitting next to him. He hoped he was reading her right. Time to introduce—

"Uh, I'm Gordon", he said, clearing his throat, attempting to deepen his throat and sound more mature. "Gordon Marcus Aurelius Parks. Hi..." His voice had broken slightly. He was mortified but he hoped that his sincerity would be endearing if not too desperate.

Eve's smile was warm and appreciative that the first young man she chose to interact personally with since her arrival in America seemed well mannered enough to formally introduce himself. "I'm Eve, Eve Nichele Dumont. Nice to meet you."

Eve had the uncanny ability to attract the unwanted attention of arrogant amorous men. Her mother explained to her early that her beauty would make this a common occurrence in her life and taught her not to make her looks the definitive value of her life. "What mattered was good character and intellect, not physical attractiveness," her mother would say. Eve took this to heart and worked hard in school to train her mind to learn and analyze, similar to the way an athlete would train their body. Eve's mother gave her another good bit of advice. "Look for and choose a mate based on humble character traits. And do not respond to those anyone who is too full of himself or sees you merely as recreation or an accessory to their self-centered life. Develop your own well-rounded life so that you are as comfortable and busy with your own company as you are with any companion."

This young man was a good choice, Eve thought. A good start for a potential boyfriend. She desired a college relationship, with a mentally stable, faithful young man. Gordon Marcus Parks might just do. He

seemed to have a genuinely kind disposition and was somewhat shy, denoting a worldly inexperience appropriate to his age, just like her.

They politely shook hands after Gordon made two equal stacks out of his leaning tower of textbooks. "Very nice to meet you Eve. Are you from Europe?"

"Yes, Marseilles, France. It's my first time here in the United States. Where are you from?"

"San Jose, California. Its near San Luis Obispo. I was born there. It's beautiful there along the coast. I could take you there sometime when we get a break."

The professor abruptly interrupted the conversation. "Excuse me Ms. Dumont, Mr. Parks? We are ready to begin whenever you two are. Mr. Parks, Gordon, is it? You will definitely only need one of those books for this class. The thick one with the red cover. Alright, let's begin..."

Eve and Gordon were so enamored they didn't realize that the entire nosy class had turned around and along with the arrogant asshole professor with too much tenure, was observing them. Eve laughed along with the class, but Gordon did not. He suddenly looked embarrassed and exhausted. He did say he just arrived from a cross-country drive when he could have flown. He wore no jewelry, nor did he wear an expensive watch. Perhaps his family finances were strained? She might learn the particulars with time.

What the professor nor Eve knew was that Gordon had to sleep in his car last night. His stepparents were waiting for a bank loan to be approved to pay for Gordon's dorm expenses. Gordon left for college hoping that the funds would be available and wired to him to cover his dorm expenses. He might have to stay in a car or at a local motel once a week to clean up until his financial difficulties could be worked out. Gordon didn't care. As long as tuition was paid and he could attend college, he would sleep at the beach if he had to. He just didn't want to leave his books and personal possessions in his car for long to be stolen. So he carried them around just for today. After this first day of semester, he would either buy the cheapest large backpack he could find, or risk his textbooks being stolen.

This was all weighing on the freshman aeronautical engineering student when Eve noticed the change in him. She thought it was the professor's attempt to embarrass them affected him. As the lecture continued, Eve felt empathy for Gordon. He became serious and stern, placing his books under his chair, writing notes and concentrating on the task of learning, even retrieving a micro cassette player to record the lecture. But Eve sensed something else was wrong. And she wanted to help him. What had passed between them might fade and their friendship remain cordial if she didn't leave an impression with him.

Eve was by nature an empath and a sympathetic soul. She was raised in solitude on a commercial wine vineyard. Her father, Jonathan, was an airline pilot and an expatriate from London. Her mother was the daughter of a wealthy Parisian family that traced their lineage back to the Knights Templars. The land and vineyard had been in her mother's family for generations. Eve's Chinese grandmother fell in love with her French grandfather in 1939. He was nearly disinherited for marrying her, although the Dumont family had what was considered for the times, a sordid history of interracial relations. They

moved to Hong Kong. In 1941, Eve's mother Marietta was born in Hong Kong. In 1942, Eve's grandparents successfully returned to France.

Eve was home schooled early by her mother before, attending primary school in Marseilles. She excelled and took an interest in mathematics and science. Her father's profession inspired her to study the principles of flight and a pursue career in aeronautics.

Eve's mother also taught her about the creative process and to appreciate art and literature. Eve was raised not to be trendy and did not fit in among the cliques of her peers. She like Gordon, enjoyed learning and the library became her place of solace where she could look into just about any subject that piqued her interest. She also developed the ability to detect minds like hers, an independent kindred spirit. She and Gordon were both not fans of the herd mentality. She also sensed that Gordon did not filter humiliation well. It made him withdraw. She feared that he might not have the confidence to speak to her again.

Eve wrote a brief note to Gordon and passed it low out of the view of the professor to his hand, She held his hand after he palmed the note for a long moment before releasing it, a small gesture to impress upon him their new friendship and the invitation perhaps more. He looked her way, and she continued looking forward, with a warm smile on her face.

The note invited him to desert at nearby café, where they talked and drank coffee and ate too much sweet potato pie for two hours, getting to know each other. Gordon admitted his housing troubles, and Eve offered to let him crash at her nearby apartment. Her father made the arrangements for her to live on her own, which she preferred. Gordon followed her car to the apartment complex and carried up a change of clothes, a sleeping bag and blanket, with the intention of doing the honorable thing and sleeping on the floor. The one bedroom apartment was sparsely furnished with a couch, TV, and large bed.

Gordon asked if he could shower and spread his sleeping bag in the corner of the front room. When he finished his shower and changed clothes, he found the lights in the apartment dimmed and candles lit. The atmosphere was favorable. Eve was cooking a light dinner and offered a bottle of wine to share, which they enjoyed as they allowed the mood to take its course. The dinner was hearty and delicious. The table wine was slightly sweet and strong.

There was some element within the sexual anticipation between them and their slow rise to act upon it, plus the light refreshing wine, that made Gordon and Eve behave as if they were a married couple with years behind them. Everything felt right, from the loving play between them, to the nurturing moments of intimacy.

Eve and Gordon found themselves resting on his sleeping bag intertwined in the moment. Gordon had asked her if she ever camped outdoors. She replied no, so Gordon took her by the hand and they rested on the thick open sleeping bag covered by a cotton blanket. Their romantic intensity increased, they undressed each other, then Eve told Gordon in the heat of the upcoming moment-- that she was a virgin, and this would be her first time.

Eve chose Gordon for this intimate milestone in her life because she wanted it to be someone she could love. Gordon was both honored and apprehensive. He had never deflowered a young lady. Eve too was a little nervous and suggested that they take the activity to her bedroom. Thank God for more wine. They opened another bottle and stood around nude in the intimacy of her kitchen, drinking a little bit more, holding each other close, Eve immersed her sensual spirit with Gordon's body and he with hers, before they prepared for bed.

The Gordon clone experienced what memory fragments remained in Dr. Parks' mind during that experience. Gordon Marcus Aurelius Parks and Eve Nichele Dumont fell deeply in love that night. It was not wild or gratuitous. It was as if they were on their wedding night, consummating their marriage, something sacred before God.

Gordon and Eve awakened and greeted the new day together, and from that day on, a new life together. They lived together and developed a close monogamous relationship. They jogged and worked out together, took walks along the beach, had dinner dates and went to movies, attended Mass; all the things a loving couple did together. Gordon and Eve planned to marry after graduation. They were content and both felt fate had brought them together. Gordon's self-esteem improved and they both excelled during their undergraduate years.

Gordon spent part of the summer of 1986, before their senior year, in France as a guest of Eves parents at their family vineyard. Eve's mother liked Gordon, but her father barely spoke to him in between his flight schedule with the airlines and running a commercial vineyard with his wife and a small handful of relatives.

Gordon had planned to ask Eve's parents for her hand in marriage. Gordon even worked a day or two in the vineyard, attempting to impress them. Eve's father wanted nothing to do with him. It may have been the fact that he was adopted from a working-class family, or his mixed heritage. Whatever the reason for his open hostility of Gordon, it triggered a deep seeded sense of inadequacy. Gordon mustered the courage one day in the vineyard to confront Eve's father and ask him outright what was wrong, because he intended to marry his daughter. Gordon's approach was a little too direct without the humility of humbly asking for her hand. The old man let him know in the strongest terms that he was not nearly good enough for his daughter and he would never give him permission. Gordon became so enraged they nearly got into a fistfight and had to be pulled apart by vineyard workers.

Gordon vowed to show Eve's father that he would become more successful and powerful than him. Gordon and Eve left for the states earlier than scheduled that summer. And upon returning to Florida, for their final year at Embry Riddle, Gordon became distant. The couple began to lose their bond and drift apart, breaking up and trying again, then finally, mutually ending their relationship but agreeing to remain friends. They still lived together but slept apart, neither dating other people.

Eve still wanted marriage, but her father made Gordon feel worthless. Gordon was angry that Eve didn't stand up to her father and defend his character. Eve didn't know what to do. Only her mother could put a stop to her father's disrespectful behavior, but by then the damage and the rift was too severe. The only way Gordon would reconcile with Eve was if she told her father he was wrong and told him to apologize. He knew that the old man would never do that, but what hurt Gordon more was that Eve refused to try. That devastated him.

Gordon wanted nothing more to do with Jonathon Dumont of his timid daughter. He moved out, and rented a room near campus, which in turn broke Eve's heart. She tried to understand. She knew Gordon's tragic beginnings, its effect on his sense of self-worth. He was subconsciously traumatized by the neglect he faced early in life. Eve's father merely reminded him that he was an illegitimate mistake. Jonathan Dumont took pleasure in making him feel that he would never be good enough for Eve, not in her league. Gordon began to privately go to a psychiatrist for therapy and take prescriptions for depression. He would do so for much of his young adult life.

Senior year at Embry Riddle was an intense, heady time. There was too much work to do, too many potential educational and career options to pursue. Eve and Gordon were heavily recruited by the Air Force, NASA and several aerospace companies. After careful consideration and one final night of wine and closeness, they decided together to commit to pursuing employment opportunities with Lockheed Martin.

Eve and Gordon were estranged but still devoted to each other. Gordon focused on becoming successful, and hopefully wealthy. He put his career first to prove to Eve's family that he was worthy of their only daughter. He just didn't have enough time.

In 1997, towards the end of their company's DARPA funded Joint Strike Fighter competition, Eve began a private romance with a young Lockheed Martin test pilot by the name of USAF Major C.T. 'Prowler' Sullivan, on a career fast track of his own. Soon after, Gordon lost the angelic soul of Eve Nichele Dumont forever, in a tragic T-38 jet trainer accident involving that careless, politically connected test pilot.

Prior to this tragedy, two others occurred.

In 1985, Gordon's stepmother, a moderate cigarette smoker, was diagnosed with lung cancer. Gordon was not told of her illness during his remaining two undergraduate years at Embry Riddle. His stepmother wanted him to complete his studies without worrying about her health. She also refused expensive treatment, to her husband's irate objections, that would have prolonged her life. It would have burned through their savings and ruined their ability to finance their stepson's college education. In the spring of 1987, Maria Parks passed away. After her funeral, his stepfather sold his small auto repair business, retired and began to drink heavily every day, rarely leaving his home except to visit his wife's grave. Gordon Wayne Parks, the strong, quiet cowboy mechanic that taught his stepson all he knew to be a responsible, hardworking, independent man, was found dead in the spring of 1988, almost exactly a year to the date of his wife's passing. No one ever filled the void caused by the loss of these three influential people in Gordon Marcus Aurelius Parks' life.

The Off-World Man

CHAPTER 25

The Gordon Clone re-experienced another of Dr. Parks; memory fragments...

Spring 1989 Palmdale, California. The Lockheed Martin Joint Strike Fighter Competition Executive Director, James Hiram Peterson, invited a young Gordon M. A. Parks and Eve Nichele Dumont to lunch in his private dining room reserved for senior project management. Eve declined to attend and didn't explain why to Gordon. He was too nervous to pay much attention. This luncheon meeting could make his career. The pragmatist that anchored his character, thought in probabilities that kept him humble and stoic to the observer. But inside, he was apprehensive.

After an informal greeting, they settled at a medium sized table covered in white linen prepared for two guests and the Director.

"I hope you brought your appetite young man. I have a personal chef. Please order whatever you like," Peterson said.

"How 'bout a double cheddar cheeseburger with the works, bread and butter pickle slices and chopped red onions. Mustard please, no mayo, and steak fries." Gordon smiled.

"You know, we have a full dining service. You can order something— fancier, if you like."

"Ground sirloin steak is just fine by me," Gordon replied. "My stepparents raised me on burgers, Tex-Mex and pizza. I eat healthy, but at least once a month I've got to have a good old mustard double cheeseburger."

"Alright, burgers pom frite it is," Peterson said. "Would you like coffee, soda or juice?"

"How 'bout coffee, orange juice, and a thick strawberry milkshake. Did you know that OJ is a natural laxative? I learned that living in Florida at Embry Riddle."

"I know it now. Thank you for that healthy bit of advice." Peterson was amused by the confident young aeronautical engineer. "Any desert?"

"That would be the milkshake and coffee, sir" Gordon replied. "With half and half and four packs of natural raw sugar, please?"

"Of course," Peterson replied. He looked up to the ceiling focusing on no particular point in general and spoke into the air. "Make that two orders. I'll have the same as young Mr. Parks."

Parks discreetly looked around the room. Someone had to be listening in to take his commands. This had to be some sort of test. Parks decided early on to handle this the way his stepdad would. If they were about to shit can him for some unknown reason, he might as well make it memorable. When his senior project manager informed him that the Executive Director wanted to see him, he had to make an appointment. What did want anyway?

Parks had been diligently working his way up the ranks at Lockheed Martin the past two years. He was hard working, cordial and professional with everyone. Gordon really impressed his AFX YF-24 project managers with his CAD skills. He had hoped to be selected to participate in the Joint Strike Fighter Development Program. He was confident that they would win. It was humorously rumored that Boeing's JSF competition entry looked like a flying bathtub attached to a delta wing, not a menacing fighter plane.

The director poured them each a glass of sparkling mineral water from a crystal carafe on a center silver tray. Parks thanked him, sniffed the water suspiciously, then took a polite small sip, before placing the glass down in front of his silverware placement. Peterson sipped his own glass and followed Parks actions in sync. There was an awkward silence, then the cordial atmosphere of the luncheon shifted into conversation.

"So, Gordon Marcus Aurelius Parks, that's quite a name. The philosopher Roman emperor"

"My birth mother fancied the name and that emperor's legend. She died after having me. I never knew her name, never had the heart to look into it, her losing her life to have me and all. The kind people who adopted me were the only parents that I ever knew. And my best friends, They taught me everything about life they knew. They're dead too now. It's been three years since my stepmom passed. My stepdad passed a year after her. He missed his wife so much that he didn't want to carry on without her, I guess."

"I see, I'm very sorry for your loss, Gordon. I think your stepparents did a fine job. They would be very proud of you." Peterson paused for a moment, realizing that he may have unintentionally entered into a private area of his employee's young life; a painful psychological wound that may not be resolved. He quickly changed the direction of the conversation. "Gordon, tell me, do you think about the future?"

"The future of what? What in particular?"

"The future of everything. From technology to social engineering. And humanity's role in it all. Whatever it all means to you."

Parks pondered the question for a moment, then spoke. "I think that the future is pliable, like quantum clay or something. Whatever we can dream of, we will eventually be able to create. Whatever direction we want to navigate our reality towards, we can create a pathway."

"We?" Peterson asked.

“Engineers. Aerospace, Mechanical, Electrical, Computer Science, Structural, Civil, Chemical, Genetic, Social. The Army Corps of Engineers motto is “Engineers lead the way.”

“Yes, I know. But where is humanity headed?” Peterson pressed.

“It’s more like where are we returning to?”

“And where is that?” Peterson inquired, hopeful that this bright young engineer would supply him with the answer he expected from all of his new aerospace engineers. The answer that confirmed for the Executive Director that they instinctively knew the hidden truth.

Parks eyes were like lasers boring into Peterson’s mind with the clarity of his conviction. “You know where, Director Peterson, back among the stars. You and I both know that humanity has never been alone in this ever-expanding universe. There are more stars than any super computer can calculate all around us. More than all the grains of sand on all of the beaches on earth. The universe goes on forever and has no end. Drake’s equation hints at the enormity of potential earth like planets teeming throughout the universe. If we can believe in an invisible God on faith, then it must be an absolute fact that there are other civilizations out there. Civilizations eons ahead of us in technology.

I want to figure out exactly how that technology functions. It’s all that I dream about. When I think about all of the lives that could have been saved if the hidden powers that be would just allow that technology to be used by the airline industry. That is why I refuse to fly to this day. I would rather drive across country than be pushed through the air by dangerous antiquated primitive technology one step above the internal combustion engine.”

“The hidden powers that be?” Peterson inquired. “You’re not one of those crazy UFO conspiracy nuts, are you?”

Aw, what the hell, Gordon thought, and let him have it the way his stepfather would. Full rant. “You are one of those hidden power brokers, Director Peterson. We’ve been tinkering around with V-STOL and classified B-2 charged forward wing tech for some time. This is old fashioned, and outdated, compared to the real exotic technology that you must certainly be privy to.”

Peterson was right. Parks was awake and fully aware. He could be groomed for the COM-12 Initiative, over time. Perhaps in twenty years or so, perhaps less. “Gordon, you alluded to those quote, “obstructionist elements,” those hidden powers that be, in a 1987 whitepaper your senior year at Embry Riddle, along with schematics for a prototype airframe with a combination of counter-rotating lift fan and asymmetrical capacitor gravity nullifying propulsion, based on T. Townsend Brown’s research. The vehicle looked like a canard-winged formula one car with no wheels. That’s why I recruited you.

Then it hit Parks. Maybe he wasn’t being fired. Maybe Peterson had other plans. “That’s why I was selected for the Star Jet prototype research project. Because of the JSF competition?”

“Yep, you’re on the right track. And I refuse to fly on those antiquated planes too.”

Their lunch arrived, faster than Parks expected. He was ravenously hungry. The grilled double burger was lean, well-seasoned, and tasted like the best ground steak he ever ate. He slowly devoured the meal as they continued their insightful conversation.

“Director Peterson—”

“Yes.”

“Why are you quizzing me about the future?”

Without skipping a beat, Peterson told him something that nearly made Parks laugh aloud, because at the time he thought his remarks were too outrageous to be even remotely true. “Why? Because I am, in reality, a Pleiadean representative from the InterWorld Council of Civilizations and we are preparing this world for membership. If I can successfully mentor you and other enlightened aerospace engineers to your full potential, humanity will peacefully colonize the stars.

Parks continued eating his meal and looking on at his boss without so much as raising an eyebrow. He couldn’t tell if the Director was giving him a psychological test to determine his mental competency, or he was making a joke. So he chose to remain neutral.

Peterson continued, “And if I fail, you may in all quantitative probability, live a life of mediocrity or even abject failure and poverty. And I’ll either have to wait until someone as talented and imaginative as you is discovered and recruited or I will have to go back in time and try to illegally influence the paradigm again to help you change the course of human history.”

“Again?” Parks was puzzled by the Director’s turnoff phrase. “Do you make this pitch to all of the younger aerospace engineers so they will be inspired to, what’s the new term now, “think outside of the box?”

“I do, Peterson replied, to those who are already aware, and talented enough, without fear of the hidden powers that be. Especially when it happens to be the truth.”

Parks looked at the Administrator, to test his sincerity for a moment. “Alright Director Peterson, I’m committed. What’s the next project?”

“Good Gordon. I’m placing you on the JSF team developing the VSTOL (Vertical Short Take Off or Landing) system. Don’t ruffle the feathers of any senior engineers. They are eagles, learn all you can from them. It’s not as advanced as the YF-24 project, or the B-2 bomber, both of which I understand you were debriefed. We must not fail to create a 21st century VSTOL jet fighter to replace the Harrier. It may be the last manned jet fighter this country makes.”

“Director, I have a question. Let’s just get to the heart of the matter. Respectfully sir, why are we coupling conventional ducted fan and jet engine technology to solve the stable stationary hover requirements for the JSF competition? Why not use EM propulsion technology? Based on my own fringe UFO conspiracy research on the subject, the US military has had a working understanding of the

technology since the 1950's. So why are we still pushing our aircraft through the atmosphere with antiquated technology?" Parks looked down curiously at his lunch. "I don't know if there's truth serum in this food or my orange juice or the water, but I never talk about this type of stuff with anyone except, Eve, I mean Miss Dumont, my former classmate from Embry Riddle. We often worry about the consequences; being visited by government spooks, if we talk about EM propulsion tech around the wrong people. Are you the wrong people?"

"No Gordon, I'm not. But only because we are speaking hypothetically, understand?" Peterson looked briefly up at the overhead ceiling smoke detector, then back at his employee.

"Good, cause I'd surely miss these burgers. One day were gonna grow the meat protein for consumption in labs without having to kill animals for it, or just use plant protein only." Parks got the message and took another big bite, chewing like he hadn't had a meal in days.

Peterson had to look down to stifle his chuckle. "The food is good." Laughter could be heard in the distance coming from the swinging kitchen door adjacent to the private dining room. "To answer your question, one of the reasons behind withholding our full aviation technology capabilities is simple. The YF-35 is a planned Segway technology. You seem to have an understanding of the need for continuity, even if you are against it. Huge leaps forward in aviation technology will bring unwanted attention to exactly whom we have developed that advanced technology with. I cannot say anymore with regard to the subject."

"I guess we made them laugh."

"Who?—"

"The rest of the JSF VSTOL team."

"How did you know that it was them and not those government spooks?"

"They don't have a sense of humor."

"How do you know I'm not one of them?" Peterson asked.

"I don't."

"You are quite perceptive, Mr. Parks. Come on in."

Peterson chuckled as the JSF VSTOL development team entered, laughing and clapping at their newest rookie's performance. Eve Dumont was with them. She already had her motivational luncheon meeting with the Director. Parks must have been the last junior appointee to the development team.

Parks looked at Eve as he accepted welcoming handshakes, high fives and shoulder pats from the staff and managers. They exchanged a prolonged warm glance and smiles. Parks wanted to hug her, give her a peck on the cheek, something to bridge the gulf between them. He figured that he would have

time to make up for the breakup in their past. He figured he would have time; that time was still an ally. So he humorously returned his attention back to devour his meal with comical effect.

Peterson spoke. "Now everyone, back to work. This young imaginative aerospace engineer and I have strange new worlds to contemplate."

The mentor and apprentice drank freshly ground Arabica bean coffee after their lunch and continued their discussion about the aviation, EM technologies, free energy research, theoretical exopolitical connections, and mankind's future among the stars. All the while, Parks never had an idea that his boss was actually a member of an InterWorld Council of sentient civilizations. Indeed, only a handful of COSMIC clearance officials on earth knew in the military aerospace intelligence community.

Parks saw Director Peterson only once after their lunch meeting. From a distance they waved salutations. Weeks later, it was rumored that he returned to the Pentagon, Thereafter, the administrator was sighted at, Nellis AFB, Vandenberg AFB, before falling off of the military aerospace community's social radar. Gordon lost much of his appetite for fast food after Director Peterson's disappearance. It always made him feel guilty that his forced candor about exotic advanced technology may have harmed Peterson, or even cost him his life.

## The Off-World Man

### CHAPTER 26

Dr. Parks Clone, named Gordon by his deceased mentor, now a disembodied avatar artificial intelligence sentient being, had acquired hundreds of thousands of memory fragments or memgrams from his nearly two decades of interstellar Moog-Hoberman interface sessions through his navigational goggles.

The most emotionally painful memory fully revealed Dr. Parks undying love for Eve Nichelle Dumont, the progenitor of his cloned wife.

Summer 1997. Gordon Marcus Aurelius Parks waited in an empty private cargo terminal for private international flights at La Guardia Airport. Eve Nichelle Dumont's body was released to him with her mother's approval. She asked him to accompany her sealed travel casket from Edwards AFB, to Fort Worth, then to New York to be transferred to an incoming chartered private business jet carrying her parents, headed back to France. Eve's parents wanted nothing to do with the aerospace company or test pilot who carelessly caused their daughter to perish accidentally.

As Parks waited, sitting next to Eve's casket, he spoke to her in clipped disjointed thoughts. His heart felt heavy with shock, he was struggling to breathe. It was as if she were still alive and this was a nightmare from which he could not awaken. This could not have really happened to her, this was a breach of the reality, of what should really be and what should have been. Eve Dumont represented all that was good and decent in the world. She should still be alive. From the moment he was notified of the accident, to her preparation for transfer, he rarely left her lifeless body, keeping vigil over her wearing the same jeans, t shirt, zip hoodie and running shoes he wore when he found out.

He was trying to let her know that he was still there, waiting for their reality, their life together and a family. He should have never broken off their relationship, to hell with what her father thought of him. He thought that he had time get her back, time to build some semblance of success and wealth first and show her father that he was somebody. Then he and Eve could try again. But she didn't want to wait, and took up with that arrogant test pilot, the type of asshole Parks thought she couldn't stand. She'd moved on, leaving him behind in the past. She didn't give him enough time, to find his way back to her.

The last time she told him she loved him, they were breaking up and he was moving out of their college apartment. He did not respond, in order to further hurt her feelings. In his mind he could hear her telling him again, but this time his replies could only be made to her restless wandering spirit, traversing the aethereal winds.

He remembered in anguish what she looked like in eternal rest before her casket was sealed for travel; her peaceful angelic face. The base mortuary had done a fine job preparing her body. He requested a lock of her hair, and the mortician complied with his tearful wish. And now, 24 hours later he wanted to die with her, rest next to her in eternal peace. As he continued mumbling disjointed words to the casket holding his beloved ex-girlfriend, his fragile grip on reality was slipping by the minute. He was falling in on himself, retreating inward, towards the grief and sorrow consuming his soul. By the time Eve's parents landed and made their way to the small terminal, he was resting his head on the casket in increasing despair and anxiety. The time close at hand for their final separation. The earthly vessel that housed Eve's spirit would be carried away from him, back to the home of her birth. His time with her was over.

When her parents entered, escorted by airport officials, Parks tried to speak to them, convey his sincerest sympathy for their loss. Marietta Dumont ignored him, in shock at the sight of the coffin. Jonathan Dumont raised his hand in dismissal of the worthless man he deemed not good enough for his only daughter over a decade ago. His anguish turned to anger, and he raged at the young man.

"Before I met you, my precious daughter told me that you two were going to get married someday and not to be critical of you. You were a poor, uncultured bastard, a pathetic piece of trash. Anyone could see that, Jonathan Dumont growled."

Parks anger flared as his eyes welled with tears and his own rage for allowing this evil man to influence him to turn his back on the only love of his life. He stood his ground and balled his fists. Parks was no longer that twenty-one-year-old that feared Eve's father. He would not break down in front of the man who caused a rift between Eve and himself. The man who made him think that Eve deserved better, and that Parks was not rich enough, or cultured enough. Not good enough no matter how much Parks earned or refined he became in the future. Eve's father was, to put it politely, a cultural supremacist, even though his wife's heritage was part Asian. Her family's wealth more than made up for that. But this Gordon M.A. Parks was an abandoned mixed breed bastard orphan who would NEVER be his equal.

Dumont went on. "You once told her mother that you would protect our daughter with your life. But there you stand, and my daughter lies in this coffin!"

Dumont lunged at Parks. His wife called out to him to stop and not blame Parks for Eve's death, and that it was an accident. As they struggled, Parks snapped. In an instant, he fired a short powerful palm punch at Jonathan Dumont's nose, feeling the crunch beneath his palm. Blood leaked from his nose as he stumbled back in pain. Parks grabbed him by his collar with both hands and slammed him into the nearest wall as the airport officials struggled to break up their fight. Parks glared into the eyes of Eve's father, enraged and ready to kill him. Parks had wanted to since their first meeting in the summer of 1986. His feelings of hatred for this man had magnified beyond measure with this second tragic meeting. Eve would still be alive, and they would still be together if Parks had not let this monster get into his head and under his skin.

Parks enraged tear-soaked glower made Jonathan Dumont fear for his life as Parks leaned close and growled in his face.

“Eve is dead because of both of us! I broke up with her because of YOU! Because I allowed a bigoted bitter old bastard like you make me think I was a nobody, unworthy of her. It’s true, I didn’t protect her enough. And I will have to live with that for the rest of my life. But it was YOU that killed her, when you took her from me a long time ago!!”

In a rage-filled fit of incredible strength, Parks lifted the man by the collar and threw the man across the room. Jonathan Dumont landed several feet away and slid into the seats lining an adjacent wall, broken by Parks words. Parks looked at the officials scrambling to radio for authorities to handle the enraged young man. Marietta Dumont stopped them, persuaded them to allow Parks and her husband to calm down. Jonathan Dumont had the last word, with two black eyes forming as a result of the broken nose delivered by Parks.

“I told her you would give up. I wanted her to see what kind of man you were,” Jonathan Dumont said. “If you truly loved her, you would have stayed with her no matter what anyone said or did to stop you. As long as she wanted you, to hell with everyone else. I knew you would fail.”

Jonathan Dumont laughed and coughed blood, amused at the pain he caused in Parks life, regardless of the tragedy it also caused, his own daughter lying in the travel casket. Marietta Dumont looked at him in disbelief. Then spoke calmly but filled with her own rage. She realized the truth of her husband’s negative influence and culpability in her daughter’s life, and her own.

“Jonathan, we are finished. The estate and vineyard are mine. You may have the apartment in Marseilles. We shall divide all other assets. You can continue your private life with your mistresses. But we are finished. Do you understand?”

“We’ll see...” Jonathan replied, his soulless glare aimed at her as he walked through the double swing doors and out of the small waiting room.

“Yes,” Marietta exclaimed, “we will.” She looked at the young man who finally stood up against her soon-to-be former husband. “I’m sorry for your loss Gordon...”

At Mrs. Dumont’s instructions, airport officials began to move the travel casket housing Eve Dumont’s earthly vessel in repose, but not at peace. Her future had been abruptly taken from her; a future full of accomplishment, family and love.

Parks placed his hand back on Eve’s travel casket, stopping the airport cargo officials. He looked at Eve’s mother and tearfully replied. “I’m sorry Mrs. Dumont. I should have married her and not let anyone stop me. I should have listened to my first mind. I shouldn’t have allowed anyone to stop me from caring for Eve.”

Mrs. Dumont now fully understood. She placed her hand atop Parks hand, still resting on Eve’s travel casket. They resumed, Eve’s mother led the way, her husband waiting in the hallway followed. She

looked back at Parks for a brief moment, tearfully smiling, both bidding him farewell and wishing him peace, all within the microcosm of her maternal glance. One of the officials opened the double swinging doors as the other official began to push the rolling travel casket away.

As the casket passed under Parks resting hand and out of his life, at that last moment of contact with the encasement holding the one and only love of his life, Gordon Marcus Aurelius Parks surrendered his last fragile grip on reality. The swinging double doors closed on his severely altered paradigm. If Parks had traveled to France for Eve's burial, he might have had adequate psychological closure. In that instant, he stopped believing in a humanistic, compassionate God. He revised his spiritual thinking: If there was indeed an omniscient Creator, then it must be as cold, harsh, heartless, and impartial as the void of the Universe. And human life was just by chance a random series of potential events, opportunities and synchronicity. A Potential— A Creator Potential. Nothing more. It is up to humanity to provide the goodness in life.

Parks dropped to his knees in anguish, cradled his lowered head in his hands, and silently wept. He would never again see her smiling face, or feel her touch; never experience her vibrant life as a part of his own. All the life energy within him drained when her body was taken away. There was a crushing pain in his chest as if a massive hand was crushing his heart. He couldn't breathe. He doubled over in physical pain.

The emotionally wrenched young man had a mild heart attack. He awakened in the hospital, with no memory in between. Parks was found in the Cargo Flight waiting room passed out on the floor and was transferred by emergency ambulance.

He was despondent upon regaining consciousness, only staring back and forth at the ceiling, barely able to speak. Identified by his wallet, Parks was eventually transferred to a mental hospital on New York's Upper East Side. He slept for a month curled up in a fetal ball covered in three cheap cotton blankets to ward off the chill of the cold sterile room he shared with three other patients. He talked to himself aloud, trying to diagnose his own psychological illness, continually staring back and forth at the ceiling. His psychotic break was severe.

James Paterson learned of Parks sudden disappearance and upon discovering his location and condition, he sent representatives from Lockheed Martin to secure his release and carry him back to Edwards AFB. Parks was a DARPA project aerospace engineer with a high clearance. His further care would need to be at a military base for security concerns. Parks was placed on temporary medical leave. His depression and other prescriptions were filled and administered to him by orders of the former JSF Director and his day-to-day progress was monitored. Parks returned to work on the JSF program within a month, and never learned of Peterson's private orchestration of his recovery.

But G.M.A. Parks would never be the same. The timidity that had cost him so much was gone. Parks became much more competitive and driven to acquire wealth and power in the military industrial aerospace community. He knew subconsciously that he would need power to one day do the unthinkable. One day, he would find a way to bring Eve back from the dead, back to life.

The Off-World Man

## CHAPTER 27

Fall 2024, Palm Beach Driving Club, California. Parks powered through a closed course testing the handling characteristics of his latest collaboration, the 2025 Ferrari Solo Spyder. The Parks Aerospace / Zen Engineering Design Division's press release was simple and salient:

The FERRARI SOLO SPYDER F-1 ROADSTER is inspired by the 458 Spyder, the 308 GT, the 599 GTB FIORANO, the FF AWD and the vintage WW II P-51 Mustang fighter.

The Solo is powered by a 6.3 Liter V12, 700HP twin-turbo Mid-engine. The high compression motor (6-7 pound compression direct injection piston design) has a crank case and cylinder heads of cast aluminum; a light crankshaft forged from high strength steel; electronically powered front wheels for on-demand four-wheel drive plus torque vectoring enhanced cornering; a seven speed dual clutch, a paddle-shift formula one transmission and driver adjustable magnetic suspension.

The steering wheel mounted custom handling lever toggles among preset configurations- ice / snow, wet, comfort, sport and ESC off which disables the computerized presets for the professional driver. Bose activated noise cancellation quells unwanted sound from the engine compartment by transmitting a cancelling frequency through the surround audio speakers.

The agile, classically styled single seat F-1 roadster weighs approximately 1500 pounds by utilizing an aluminum chassis with lightening holes in structural parts; the single-seater measures 12 feet in length, four feet in width, and 44 inches in height with a 0.03 drag coefficient. The narrow chassis is covered in aluminum panels for easy repair. Carbon composite under body panels run from front to rear, reducing aerodynamic drag and lift. The suspension control arms are shielded with composite pieces to make the airflow smoothly.

The Ferrari Solo Spyder has a narrow, muscular 92-inch wheelbase stance, resting on 22-inch magnesium wheels. The carbon fiber composite cockpit has a cozy, full grain leather, 16 inch-wide racing harness seat; leather trimmed interior and hand-stitched mitered rectangular steering wheel cover in either saddle tan, graphite gray, or true black.

The P-51 inspired, electronically polarized forward and rear windscreens and removable roof panel are made from scratch and shatter-resistant Corning auto Gorilla Glass, which is compressed to be nearly ten times as strong as other glass. The fighter pilot style cockpit has a seated headroom clearance of 34 inches, a width of 30 inches, and can comfortably accommodate a driver up to 6'-9" tall. The floorboard can be illuminated on-demand by embedded LEDs. The driver can choose between a green, amber or blue illumination of the interior during entry, egress, or night driving. A 20-gallon carbon composite

outer reinforced fuel tank is positioned behind a firewall, behind the driver cockpit. Mileage estimates of 30MPG with a 600-mile range. Zero to 60MPH in 2.5 seconds, with a top speed of 200MPH.

The center column steering wheel mounted controls include a center yellow and black prancing horse logo ignition start button, head lamps, turn indicator, horn and hazard controls, radar detection, drive train select, and transmission select controls. The dashboard instrument panels are LCD and feature satellite radio with Bluetooth voice command hands-free calling and voice to text functions.

Accelerometer, rpm, GPS road navigation and local weather data instrument displays can be transmitted on-demand through a prism mounted at the forward dashboard sun cover, directly onto the interior forward windshield. This allows the driver to monitor relevant dashboard data without diverting attention from the forward view while driving. Sixteen lane departure and vehicle proximity-warning sensors mounted around the Solo detect if the driver is straying from his lane or veering toward an obstacle, or a vehicle is veering too close to his position. Motors in the seat cushion vibrate on whichever side requires the driver's attention. Collision threats from the front or rear trigger impulses on the corresponding seat cushion.

The Ferrari Solo Spyder exterior color selections are:

Italian Metallic Racing Red, Metallic True Black, Silver Metallic Graphite, Deep Metallic Navy, Deep Metallic Hunter Green

With its refined classic styling and estimated \$100,000 price tag, this more affordable Ferrari would dominate the commuter super sports car market, populated by competition that includes Mercedes, Porsche, BMW, Corvette, Jaguar, Audi, Infinity, and Lexis.

The Ferrari Solo Spyder is a purebred, F-1 pony car.

ZEN ENGINEERING 2024

Parks designed the Solo Spyder for affluent global drifters like himself that preferred their own company, so there was no need for a passenger seat. He knew from his travels that the world is filled with them. The seduction themed global ad campaign used Frank Sinatra's 1968 version of 'All or Nothing at All' in commercial advertising.

He had just successfully introduced the 2023 Jeep Stallion Range Truck to the consumer market. The Jeep Stallion was an ATV style single-seater similar to the Ferrari Solo. But unlike the Solo, the Jeep Stallion was a Rubicon Trail Rated, all-terrain IRONHORSE. The Jeep Stallion was a Willys design influenced, 3.6 liter, 300HP V-6 AWD, with a low engine center of gravity. The lightweight Stallion weighed only 1000 lbs., averaged 30 MPG, is 7'-6 feet high, and 10 feet in length. It is 48" wide and rear, with a 30" X 60" cab, and a 30" X 60" bed. It had a removable electronically polarized opaque sunroof, removable doors with sliding window panels, mitered rectangular steering wheel mounted controls, a 3000 lb. front torque wrench, 28" mud tires with an air leaning-suspension system that would boost

clearance up to 3", and a 72" Wheelbase. Its exterior color selections were: Cosmic Metallic Black, Constellation Metallic Navy, Deep Forrest Green, Champagne, Silver, Titanium White, and Merlot. The cowboy - working man themed global ad campaign used Aerosmith's 'Back in the Saddle', Lightnin' Hopkins' 'Black Mare Trot', and Bruce Springsteen's 'Silver Palomino' in its commercials.

Parks wore stone washed jeans, a white band collared French blue striped shirt with rolled-up long sleeves, a stainless steel IWC SCHAFFHAUSEN watch on his right wrist and a stainless steel one piece bracelet on the other, and amber tinted black anodized frame 'Shooter' Rayband sunglasses, and had grown a full cowboy mustache like his stepfather, Gordon Wayne. The wind swept through his salt and pepper military high and tight hair cut as he drove the single-seater sports car skillfully through the course and its paces, easing his mind by playing vintage easy rock favorites. Parks had more than one lady on his mind, in fact he had nearly a dozen around the globe. But Parks would forever mourn the loss of Eve Dumont. There were songs that he played only when he drove along the Pacific Coast Highway to visit San Luis Obispo and his hometown of San Jose. Songs that made him think only of Eve.

He was in his best form, his prime. Parks Aerospace LLC was a successful global entity since its incorporation in 2012, thanks to hard work and the unseen hand of Peterson, behind the scenes sending government contracts in his company's path. This afforded Parks a life of eccentric luxury and the global resources to pursue fields of research that he had long dreamed of...

Spring 2026, Washington D.C. Dr. Parks addressed a private closed session with the twelve-member Senate panel of the UFO Disclosure Citizen Hearing and future transportation technologies, sponsored by the Paradigm Research Group or PRG.

"Ladies and gentlemen, my stepfather Gordon Wayne Parks was an auto mechanic and novice inventor. He owned a small repair shop. I was raised around the open engines and transmissions he rebuilt. He worked on motorcycles as well, and I learned to love transportation from him. I even wanted to be a fighter pilot when I was fifteen. Since founding Parks Aerospace over a decade ago, we have become a major contractor in the manufacture of maglev shuttle train chassis. Our company has grown rapidly, and this has afforded me the opportunity to research and develop other forms of rail-less over-the-surface or OTS electromagnetic propulsion transportation."

There was a polite display of attentive smiles at this statement. Most of the panel were bored to tears at the lack of real hard evidence of advanced technology from other worlds. There were rumors prior to Dr. Park scheduled appearance that he would conduct a demonstration of some of this exotic technology, developed for the consumer market.

"Now I know that gravity propulsion, some call it anti-gravity is considered science fiction fantasy. But I want you to think of gravity as an untapped energy resource. It is the holy grail of new paradigm-shifting technologies. UFO conspiracy rumors that tie the military aerospace intelligence community to the technology notwithstanding, I would like to dispense with a long winded speech and treat to you a

live demonstration of Parks Aerospace's Zen Engineering Division or Z Divisions latest advances in EM propulsion research: a prototype retrofit ICON CJ40 truck.

Now if you will please follow me outside to the parking garage research tent. We have prepared a brief demonstration of our OTS transportation technology."

The committee reconvened fifteen minutes later. The small assembly of Senators assistants and limited select media such as Scientific American, Popular Science, Wired E-zine and Omni Online, entered a temporarily cordoned-off section of the underground parking garage surrounding a large white canvass tent. The committee didn't have to wait on ceremony. The discernable sound of a low frequency engine system caught everyone's attention. A harmonically resonant presence that intensified.

Parks gave a discreet nod to his hidden assistants and the entrance to the research tent retracted. The wind in the parking garage intensified slightly as a beefy silver wheel-less, retrofitted ICON CJ-40 truck breezed smoothly out of the tent to the open, slack-jawed shock and dismay of the assembly. And, to the pride and exhaustion of everyone at Z Division.

Many of the witnesses whispered colorful expletives of complete amazement. One Texas Senator mumbled aloud, "SUMABITCH! I knew that ET shit was real. Dr. Parks, where-the-fuck-is-my-jet-pack?" The senator paraphrased lyrics from an old song by comedian Tim Wilson that Parks often played in the Z Division labs. Dr. Parks chuckled at the reference.

Very small maneuvering / propulsion pods each containing a six-inch diameter torroid accelerator ring of pressurized mercury-based plasma enhanced with barium and other exotic elements and TT Brown maneuvering asymmetrical mini-capacitors which supplied the gravity nullifying effects, were positioned at the four wheel well mounts and along the underside center where the transmission and drive train were formerly positioned. A very small bell shaped Schauburger turbine mid-engine mounted center aft of the passenger cab provided dedicated lift.

The vehicle made a series of automobile-like controlled maneuvers, with Chet Wolf, Z Division Senior Manager of Research and Development at the driver's yoke. The retrofitted truck glided around the cordoned off section of the parking garage just under a meter above the road surface. The silver EM truck then returned to the research tent filled with technicians moving around rolling carts filled with active electronic diagnostic equipment or mechanics tools.inf

Parks thought that he caught a glimpse of Director Peterson, his old mentor from the Lockheed / Boeing, DARPA Joint Strike Fighter competition days, moving among the technicians just before the tent was closed. The man who looked like Peterson gave a casual two-fingered salute in Parks' direction. He couldn't be sure; he was rumored to have an office at the Pentagon. Could it have been him?

Parks turned to the captivated Senate Committee.

“Senators, commercial gravity nullifying propulsion transportation is viable today, not two hundred years from now. We can also retrofit existing aircraft with larger versions of the mini-EM engines that we used on the prototype truck to make global commercial aviation much safer.

This new transportation technology will reinvigorate our entire economy and its service industry infrastructure. The only problem is that much of this technology is still classified. That’s why this demonstration had to be private, although we are allowing this proceeding to be recorded. Only you can end this secrecy and bring this nearly 100-year-old technology to the civilian commercial transportation and energy markets. Thank you”

Energy. That word energy slipped out; it was not a part of Parks’ prepared final statement. And it stopped the show. Parks could see the fear of that word on their visages. He scared them off, reminded them of the 50 trillion-dollar annual monopoly the oil and electrical companies and their lobbyists held over them, since the days of the unscrupulous tyrant Thomas Edison and the naïve wireless energy pioneer Nikola Tesla.

The panel senators were silent and frozen in their tracks staring at the white tent, for all of five seconds, before executing a 180-degree about face as if remotely controlled and scattering for the private confines of the building. The last to turn was the Texas Senator, obviously an oil industry insider. He looked at Parks and scoffed as she turned away.

Several senators were activating smart arm PAI communications devices, turning off their record function of their screeding glasses and uploading the streaming vid footage to the cloud net. Others were voice commanding their PAI avatars to look up the price of Parks Aerospace stock and invest heavily. The Parks Aerospace representatives loudly reminded the committee and their staff that they were bound by their security oaths not to discuss what they had just witnessed.

This would have its desired effect. D.C. would be abuzz within an hour of the news about the ‘Viable Gravity Nullifying Propulsion’ demonstration. The new cloud Q-net, transitioning out of the old moniker, world-wide-web and internet, received numerous anonymous real-time uploads of the closed session event. The hiss grew into the millions within hours. Even the old Tim Wilson song went viral overnight.

The Info-Cloud Network 24 Hour News, now the trusted online standard for uncensored investigative news and information, spread the story around the world within the first hour.

“That’s all he ever cared about since--,” the metahuman Gordon clone thought of his Progenitor after re-experiencing the memgram, “since Eve, the original Eve died. His self-centered obsession with off-world technology. What a fool,”

The Off-World Man

## CHAPTER 28

2031 Singapore. Dr. Parks walked through the sterile hotel suite corridor carrying a small bouquet of flowers for Eve. He also carried with him a small private para-military force of 200 OM Group Global Security Personnel. They met up with Parks upon his temporary release and arrival from the OIC back earthside. Some were heavily armored. All were well armed with the latest lethal and non-lethal deterrent and defense technology Z Division could develop. They secured the entire medical facility and escorted any NATO Space Command personnel sent to monitor Parks movements. The industrialist had no intention of escaping. A miracle was waiting for him in this medical suite. A new life form was being awakened.

After three years of waiting, Eve Dumont would be resurrected. After checking for hidden surveillance devices, the room was cleared of security and nursing staff. Eve was given a mild stimulant to awaken her just before the nurse's departure.

He stepped around the padded headboard of a pulling open the thin veil surrounding the four poster walnut bed covered in Egyptian cotton sheets, linen sham and quilted coverlet. Eve was alive, sleeping, her chest inhaling and exhaling slowly. He couldn't believe his own eyes. He sat quietly next to her, reach out to holding her hand. She stirred slowly, and he pulled back in surprise. She was waking up.

The floor to ceiling window views at thirty stories up were magnificent. The windows opaque to a warmer shade of amber to counter the glare from the sun rising slowly in the east. Eve breathed in deeper and deeper, then slowly opened her eyes, which were slightly different from her progenitor. They were almond shaped and flickered with fiery hazel pigments. Eve slowly regained consciousness as the sedative wore off and her final dedicated memgram programming kicked in. She seemed at first disoriented and weak. Then their eyes met.

It had been thirty-four years since he'd seen Eve Dumont, alive and animated. He couldn't speak at first. He was in such shock at this living miracle. No, this miraculous, one-billion-dollar leap in biogenetic cognitive technology. She gently squeezed his hand, and he helped her gather herself to a full seated position in the bed. She was familiar and comfortable with him, just the way they were in college.

"We lost the baby, didn't we?" Her eyes welled with tears and anguish.

My God, Gordon thought, she even sounds and responds the way Eve would have. "Yes, honey. I'm sorry."

“Where are we?” Eve looked around the luxury medical suite and at the dawn lit skyline view. “We’re in Singapore at a private medical resort. They’ll take special care of you, make sure you regain your full health and strength.”

Eve moved closer to Parks, and gently pulled him closer, into the bed next to her. He barely had time to kick off his collapsible smocks. She wanted intimacy, Parks held this new Eve close, she rested her head on his shoulder and sobbed gently at their perceived loss.

“We’ll try again soon,” Parks said. He was astonished at the degree of authentic archetype character similarity between this metahuman clone Eve and her progenitor, Eve Nichelle Parks. Her touch and mannerisms were so similar. And the minute details, such as the perfume and the cross pendant that she wore back then. But how did they discover that? Was there such a thing as cellular memory? And if so, did they have some advanced means of tapping into that memory and extracting information? Could they extract her essence from her cells? Was the individual’s soul housed within each of the 300 trillion cells of the human body?

He became lost in her eyes and her comforting sensuality. Parks felt like he was lucid dreaming. As was her affect over thirty years ago on his physiology, she aroused him deeply.

“Let’s try, now.” It was more of a passionate demand than a request. Eve pulled whom she believed to be her husband of one year to her. She needed him, needed their shared intimacy. Parks gently, passionately complied.

Afterward, Eve thought the blood and soreness during their closeness was from some surgical procedure after her perceived miscarriage. She had no knowledge that she was a manufactured clone metahuman created by Parks, and the victim of an accelerated maturity processing technology of extraterrestrial origin. As was her memgram “programming”, she bonded with her client, she was compelled by design to bond with the client who had her recreated. Eve was a virgin, and Parks would be her first if not only intimate physical partner. After being united with her client, she would desire no other man than her husband.

For the next 96 hours, they rarely left the bed, other than to shower, then relax in a huge luxury bath suite together. They also shared meals and viewed the global Q-net. The floor to ceiling window views were covered by a cinema sized opaque LCD film. They watched large screen films and shows from the comfort of their suite. Parks chose to also show Eve astronomy shows from the Science Channel and the BBC news while she data mined and channel surfed. Eve was astonished at all of the earth and super-earth like planets in our neighboring systems, and all of the NASA and private industry probes being sent to them to gauge their suitability for future human colonies.

Eve was programmed to love vegetarian foods and was raised on them during her accelerated maturation. She also craved alkalized vitamin water, coconut water and fresh fruit and vegetable juices. Parks awakened once to find Eve doing full military pushups, half sit ups crunches, and scissor kicks, fully nude. He watched her work out for an hour before turning on the window screen monitor as the sun rose for the day, breaking her concentration slightly. They were up thirty-stories and the outer windows

were mirror tinted, but he could never be sure that they couldn't be monitored by more sophisticated technology. So Parks arranged to have the entire surrounding area of skyscrapers surveilled by his own corporate paramilitary security. If anyone could see in, it would be them. But no harm would come to them from a hidden assassin. By the second day with Eve back in his life, he no longer cared. He was going to enjoy this second chance to have a life with Eve until they dragged him kicking and away from her screaming back upland to the Orbital Industrial Colony.

Before he was contacted by his OIC handlers to return, Parks had a Jesuit priest brought in to marry them. He told Eve thought that he wanted to renew their vows. She wouldn't learn the truth that this was their real marriage ceremony for another year. The nursing staff were invited, many of the nurses were there for Eve during her entire maturation, from infancy through her accelerated growth to the adult age of 30 years. Several of the nurses cried. Chet Wolf of OM Group's Z Division was there and served in the traditional role of best man. When Parks placed the four-karat diamond on Eve's ring finger, she wondered aloud how big the original wedding ring was. Her progenitor did not wear much jewelry other than a small diamond encrusted gold cross. Parks still had that cross and placed on Eve soon upon his arrival, telling her that she forgot it before she came to the hospital. Ever quick on his feet, Parks commented that she never traveled with her ring from their marriage and made a mental note to tell Chet to purchase a six-karat ring of a similar design and have it delivered to the Soho condo in New York before her arrival. Eve would be there on her own for nearly a year before they reunited. Her engineered memgrams would remember the Soho condo and her nearby art gallery as well as the arranged condo over her gallery in London's Knights Bridge and South Kensington. Parks had both galleries staffed with OM Group employees to counter the Genesis consortium agents embedded in her engineered reality.

The time came when Parks had to return. He would not see Eve again until 2033. Parks was only given five days to be with her, as was his punishment for nearly exposing the NATO Space Command Orbital Industrial Colony to the general public. Parks was under upland house arrest indefinitely, for his perceived violations of his security oaths. Were it not for his high visibility, Parks would have been eliminated, but his life was spared by the intervention of Director Peterson. The Pleiadean was moving from the shadows to top positions of authority within NATO Space Command. He had also spent decades nudging G.M.A. Parks' good fortunes. He was the hidden hand that shaped Parks Aerospace into its evolution into the super conglomerate, Orbital Manufacturing Group.

"How could he just leave her alone?!" the Gordon clone thought aloud as the memory faded. "I would have never let her go. I would have never given her up."

A reply came into his head from deep within his consciousness. "That is easy for you to say of your progenitor, a billion-dollar transgenetic clone that has never had to earn a living or make payroll for hundreds, even thousands of employees. Or acquire knowledge the old fashioned way." Parks seemed to be inside his head in another way, beyond his memories. He was arguing his opposing point home. This startled the Gordon clone to his core.

The clone was tempted to put on the aethership navigation band heads up display goggles. It tied him into the old Moog-Hoberman system his progenitor used at the Gamba estate or any new quantum encryption system Parks used to communicate with him and the late Elder's A.I. avatar. The system transmitted at 274.750, 310.920, and 377.550 megahertz using a scattered quantum encrypted binary hyper burst FTL subspace signal. This was the standard communications system used by the InterWorld Council member civilizations, nearly 200 sentient species and colony worlds throughout the Milky Way Galaxy and neighboring galaxies.

The Gordon clone did not have to return to the Sol system. But he felt compelled to. If he could find a way to secretly see this Eve clone, and convince her that they were alike, she might come away with him. Parks' daughter was essentially an adult, so he did not see a problem with convincing her mother to start anew with him and travel among the stars, the only life he'd ever known. They could go on a surfing and camping expedition on the Pleiades home world or excavating in the Tau Ceti system. As long as he stayed cloaked and avoided NATO Space Command patrols and InterWorld Council tracking beacons. The latter would be nearly impossible unless he permanently disabled the aethership's transponder. He would need to remove the unit and jettison it as a decoy at the right opportunity.

The Gordon clone found it easier to relive Dr. Parks acquired memories in the dream state. His mind incorporated them easier. After he used the ship's A.I. algorithms to navigate a new more elusive course back to Sol, he visited the ship's infirmary, and scheduled a mild sedation prescription regimen that would allow him to sleep heavy enough to dream but still be easily awakened if the ship's sensor net detected patrol ships. By the time he reached earth, he would know how his progenitor thought and lived, just in case. The Gordon clone knew that he was too young looking to replace him outright. But he might be able to position himself in one of his conglomerate subsidiaries. "All that power, all those resources. Parks experienced two separate, but similar souls named Eve. The Eve of Parks youth was truly his soul mate," the clone thought aloud. "But the transgenetic clone Eve was created out of his guilt at not protecting her. That and his selfish, bloated ego." Dr. Parks did not deserve a life with her. He threw away a life with Eve Dumont, the Gordon clone thought. "He didn't deserve a do over either."

The Gordon clone initially, had the maturity of a teenager. But with the inclusion of Dr. Parks memory fragment experiences to draw upon, he was slowly becoming more. He was now driven by Parks desire not to be without Eve. The clone wanted to grow as a spiritual being, whether he was synthetically derived or not, with the lady that he felt fate had created for him.

The Off-World Man

CHAPTER 29

Resistance to tyrants is obedience to God.—Thomas Jefferson

Spring 2055. Chet Wolf, OM Group CEO and Director of Xenotechnology for the super conglomerate's Z Division, stepped through the atmospheric mid-space separating the dimensional doorway from the environment of the orbiting triage hospital, Dr. Parks home for the past two years. Chet was always amazed at advanced foreign technology of the breakaway civilization. He looked back at the fading portal and declared in his best mock Texas rapid-fire southern drawl, "Man-I-tell-you-what-that's-just-downright-Twilight Zone-creepy-right-thar'!"

Parks looked at the cell phone sized dimensional door control unit and questioned whether there were parallel worlds where Eve was still alive before greeting his old friend. "The doors of perception. This hand unit activates the dimensional doorway between so-called A through B corridor X-points, or electron diffusion regions, by sending a compressed pulse, high pitched modulated encrypted circular-stream burst between 1440 and 1445.35 megahertz."

Chet's eyes glazed over, rolled back into his head. "Blah, blah, blah..."

Parks chuckled. He could tell that his old business colleague of fifty years was in a rare jovial form. The two industrialists smiled and shook hands. "So Chet, what's the good news?"

"Well, I'm a great grandfather now," the 80-year-old who didn't look a day over 60 said.

"Congratulations gramps. Let me give you a tour of my new pad," Parks mused.

"I love what you've done with the place. A kind of a post-modern, Zeta-Reticulan style, yes?" Chet joked.

"Yup. Watch out for some of the low entranceways. The previous owners were not as tall as us Terrans."

They strode towards one of the officer's ward. Chet looked around in amazement at the 300-year-old decommissioned alien space vessel now serving as one of several NATO Space Command triage hospitals now in low earth orbit. He looked at a real-time screen display of the cotton-clouded azure of their home planet. "Give me a minute, will you?" Chet stopped and took stock of his physical state, padding his face, chest and ribcage. "Spectacles, testicles, wallet and watch, I'm all here. Will you look at that view, talk about beam me up Scotty."

"It's not a molecular transporter, Chet. It's a dimensional short cut, similar to an Einstein-Rosen-Yurtsever bridge, albeit a short one. It is truly a dimensional doorway. It doesn't annihilate then reassemble your molecules. That's science fiction. Plus, it's too complicated."

"Too complicated, but not impossible?"

"Hell if I know. I'll have to ask Leonardo."

"Who?"

"A Zeta Reticulan technician. One of the Orion Gray defectors, now working for the COM-12 faction. Us, the good guys. I have convinced him to explain some of the miracle medical technology up here, in exchange for certain supplies. That's why I contacted you."

"So, how long do you think it will be before the public, we mere humans have Einstein-Rosen-Yurtsever dimensional door travel technology at every major airport or as a conduit around a major city? 100 years?" Chet asked.

"Try never," Parks responded flatly. "Or probably 500 years. You know how slow MIC works out the timeline kinks to make it all seem like NASA or DARPA developed it all along. Yep, the good ole' military industrial complex, your tax dollars hard at work, in the black. Remember how long it took NASA to be developed into the disclosure scenario?"

"Eagle Works 2010."

"And that was as close as MIC would concede to disclosure and still have deniable plausibility. Sonny White, the Director at the time may as well have worn duct tape covering his mouth every time he was asked about that warp field QVPT, The Quantum Vacuum Plasma Drive Thruster. Declassified tech straight from the black world."

"Well, thank God they finally loosened the belt on some of the secrets. NASA was either going to go belly up or completely black."

"So, how's the day job?"

"Firing on all cylinders as you used to say. Man, I wish William Thompkins and Ben Rich were still around. Did you ever catch one of Rich's lectures?"

"My rookie year at Lockheed Martin. In 1992 the newer Lockheed Martin aerospace engineers were invited to hear him speak and present a slide presentation at the USC Alumni Club. Afterward, we were mining his brain after his speech. Mind you, he had already dropped veiled gem revelations about capabilities that MIC had back in the 1980's! Well here he is speaking to us newbies, Eve Dumont was even there with me. He was chatting away, without a care for his security clearance. He must have known that he wasn't going to live long. I think he had cancer, I don't remember. So, as he was in the middle of a rather interesting story about wing-less cigar shaped craft that we captured from the Nazis after World War II and developed into bus sized troop rapid transports, Director Rich looked to his right.

And who do you think was standing in the distance in front of two black suited spooks, waving a dismissive finger at us, essentially ordering him to cease and desist?”

“I don’t know, Regan, Bush 41?”

“Rumsfeld. I damn near shat my trousers, swear to God. We all scattered as they began marching directly toward Director Rich. He had no fear, I remember that. He still didn’t give a damn.”

“Man, that’s brass ones.”

“Brass? Man, that’s unobtainium layered with platinum and titanium, the balls on that guy. I guess your impending mortality will make you fearless. But just at that moment, guess who showed up out of nowhere and stepped up right next to Director Rich, running off Rumsfeld and the two spooks?”

“Who already?” Chet was enthralled by the geek fest.

“Peterson. This was before I really knew him. Before the JSF competition. Man, they just skidded to a halt and turned around, quickly walking back in the direction they came from. One of the spooks turned to give Peterson a threatening look. Big mistake. When he turned back around, he was clutching at his throat like he was suffocating. His eyes were popping out of their sockets. He collapsed before he could exit the auditorium. I didn’t know it at the time, but Peterson must have put a Darth Vader on his ass. Choked him out with the power of his Pleiadean mind. Then, Peterson looked briefly at me! I froze as I watched this man’s eyes turn back normal from being coal black! Peterson then turned back to a grateful Director Rich and patted him on the shoulder. I got the hell outta there.”

“It truly pays to know people in high places, pun intended,” Chet said.

“And you can’t get any higher in cosmic top authority than a four-century-old Pleiadean...”

“Agreed. So where is this advanced medical technology that you want to back engineer?”

“Let’s have something to drink first. Then give her a look-see. Surprisingly, the java’s good up here.”

“Makes me jittery, so I gave up alien coffee for Lent.”

“Well, there’s green tea, black tea, Earl Grey. Computer—tea, Earl Gray, HOT. Engage.” Parks gave his fictitious order in his best British affectation. Both industrialists and trek historians laughed. “I’m afraid you’ll have to make your own here.”

“What?! No replicated tea!” Chet opined in a similar British accent.

“Maybe by the 24th century. Here you still gotta’ steep the tea manually. I stopped with the caffeine years ago too. But there’s 8.0 pH alkalized IntelliWater, coconut water, Rhinehart Bodyfuel meal replacement drinks and a juice dispenser.”

“Alien?”

“No, Terran. There’s oj, pomegranate, pineapple, concord grape, white grape, blue berry, gojiberry and acai, strawberry and banana, and apple.”

“Can we mix ‘em? Maybe with a little Bourbon,” Chet asked.

“Why not? Live a little...”

After refreshments, the two Industrialists went on a tour of the triage vessel and the cellular rejuvenation enclaves.

Parks observed, “The machine is vaguely similar in appearance to a Magnetic Resonance Imaging machine. It has these two counter rotating ring apparatuses. I later discovered that the unit is powered by an independent hydrogen 5 catalyst that converts vacuum aether potential into unlimited energy.

“And you say those porous ring apparatus deliver cellular nanoparticlized nutraceuticals via Edser photonic quanta or tachyon energy that calibrates and rejuvenates the mitochondria of the cell with no damage?” Chet asked.

“That’s correct. Chet, this a paradigm advance in life systems science, because the body of all living things can be healed through light and resonance modalities. The human body is roughly 72 percent water. This low power healing system is gentle and effective. The unit emits via individual hair follicle sized medium gain perforations lining the inner rings, mild violet blue alternating pulses of amethyst laser and far infra-red photons. There are approximately one hundred thousand of these perforations emitting hair width pulses of tachyon quanta protons along the interior of the rapid spinning counter-rotating rings, which reach a certain rpm speed and create twin discs of healing energy. The discs of energy saturate the cells of the reclining patient, traveling from opposite directions toward the center and back repeatedly.

The intra-cavity light passes through the cells as the rings travel from the crown chakra to the heels. There is a combination of deep tissue 7.5 to 7.83 megahertz magnetic harmonic resonance, far infra-red and photonic tachyon quanta stimulation. The machine hums, making “OHM” and “HU” sounds, like Tibetan monks in unison, tuning the body right down to the DNA to its synchronized harmonic waves. The resonance spectrum is quite powerful and works well with the Edser photonic therapy, which also activates the lymphatic system to create hyaluronic acid, the so-called Youth Molecule, connecting the structures of the cell. The Edser healing therapy also increases the pineal gland’s production of natural DMT, the so-called transcendental spirit molecule. My treatment also involves filtering the biome for cancers and cancerous genes such as P-53, RANi interference and somatic gene therapy to alter longevity and reverse the aging process.

Treatments can be infinitely tailored to the patient’s diagnosis. My personal treatment also activates telomere gene enzymes that maintain the ends of the cell chromosomes. This machine helps the body to create more telomerase and slows down significantly the baseline rate at which the telomeres shorten each time a cell divides. When telomeres get too short each time a cell divides, the cell can no

longer make copies of itself and the tissue and organ systems that rely on continued cell replication, namely the 200 different types of tissues in the human body, begin to falter.

The cell mitochondria convert glucose into energy. As the mitochondria age, they spew out increasing amounts of free radicals that hamper energy production and damage the entire cell, accelerating the body's all systems decline; the classic aging process. Tissues and organ systems that depend on cell division have a limited amount of reserve capacity.

I've studied all I could find on the subject. The cells that play the greatest role in the body's decline, the neurons and the heart muscle cells, hardly replicate. Heart health depends heavily on the endothelial cells; and brain health relies on the glial and Schwann cells. This machine can rejuvenate these cells and any of the cells in an organic system.

Remember when the Genesis Institute tried to trick me into thinking I had pancreatic cancer? Well they had somatic cell organ engineering replacement back then. They could have made any organ replacement my body needed. The true state of the art when it comes to genetics has been hidden for at least fifty years."

Dr. Parks looked at Chet with a just determination. "We need to reverse engineer this technology and democratize it for the benefit of all humanity, not just some-- goddamned breakaway civilization. That will become your mission, and the OM Group Z Division labs. That is my expectation. Faithfully replicate this machine for the benefit of humanity. I won't rest until we have. This is OM Group's new holy grail."

"I can appreciate your commitment boss, but whose eagle feathers will we sing when word gets out that you're back in your best muck-raking form, rattling cages, raising hell, fighting for technological freedom."

"I don't give a damn."

"Forgive my devil's advocate role for a moment while I continue. Think about the young scientists that you'll put in harm's way if any members of Z Division are discovered."

"It's your job to protect them. Just do your job."

There was silence for a moment, then the EM propulsion transportation pioneer calmly spoke. "You ever heard of Fred Bell?"

"No," a testy Chet responded.

"Look him up. Check out his story. Then ask me again whether we should care about the breakaway civilization spooks. I am not going to let some alphabet shadow agency or shadow branch of the armed forces scare me ever again.

I want you to carefully screen everyone at Z Division, all new security hires and subcontractors to guard against espionage and information leaks. There will be fallout, so be prepared. Protect our

organization and our people. Check Z Division's main frames. Make sure that they are still separate entities from OM group and immune from cyber-attack.

Chet, I'll need for you and your team to move on-site. You will need to oversee the R&D project 24/7. Arrange a work schedule, no need for senior managers and mid-level executives. Just you and the wonder kids, no one else."

"You bet, Gordon. I have a dozen of the best specialist reverse engineers on the planet working for me. We'll figure out this tech, and replicate it, no problem. No one will leave the facility until the prototypes are at beta stage ready for testing and archived for manufacturing.

That H5 power converter could have electric powered transportation applications. OM Group still has a stake in Tesla Motors. I'm sure I can convince their R&D Director and your old friend Elon Musk to loan us a couple of rolling chassis if it's to their benefit. Or well just buy them outright. Once we've replicated the H5 converter we can test it against the original. They're even working on an OTS stretch chopper. Maybe they'll collaborate if we dangle the H5 carrot in front of them."

"Sounds good, but I don't want us to lose our focus on the healing unit. Make this project top priority, Chet. From what I've learned from the Eben technician, Leonardo--"

"Leonardo?" Chet mused.

"He picked the name, after DaVinci. He conveyed a thought to me that his actual name, humans couldn't pronounce.

"Conveyed?"

"Telepathically. Anyway, he also conveyed to me that the energy device aggravates liquid hydrogen 5. The H5 acts as a catalyst to extract aether space energy, or free energy. Leonardo told me the device contains over six thousand small black ball pellets that spin clockwise within a circular sphere filled with liquid H5. When an electrical demand for energy is placed on the device, the process produces a displacement of energy equal to the demand, which is sent out via fiber optic-like export fibers.

The outer device is composed of carbon, nickel, zinc, bismuth, magnesium, and several unknown materials that Z Division must identify to make a replicated device work. Your team will need to back-engineer this impossible foreign technology, hundreds of years more advanced than any human science," Parks said. "The military industrial complex has possessed this xenotechnology since 1947. I think MIC has an unofficial 100-year regulation to allow foreign technology to be disseminated into public industry. Hell its 2055. 108 years is enough time for this technology to be used by the homeowner or in transportation. From what I could gleam from Leonardo, MIC back engineered the device in the 1990's, even tested it on a STS space shuttle mission. He wouldn't tell me much more. I even tried to bribe him.

"Ebens don't take UN global reserve credits?"

“What good is digital currency to a 400-year-old, type two Eben with advanced knowledge of the workings of the known universe? Like Peterson, a member of a dimensional space faring species with tech thousands of years ahead of anything humanity has. Especially when some of the tall white Orion aliens and even some Pleiadeans like Director Peterson it’s rumored, can heal or kill with the power of their thoughts.”

“I see your point.”

“But I have an idea. The alien techs are mostly vegetarian. They love fresh fruits and soft vegetables. So, you and I and Z Division are going into the fresh produce supply business...”

“What?”

“I’ll fill you in on the details later, but suffice to say, it involves our dimensional door conduit from the OM Group Hearst Building to here. All we need to do is supply the freshest produce we can find daily, and we will get all the technical direction we need. You may even get to meet Leonardo one day.”

“Sounds interesting. But tell me, how will we make a profit without letting the spooks know?”

“We’re not out to make a profit on these two projects, Chet. Our motives are purely humanitarian. We both have made more money than we can spend in one lifetime...”

“Speak for yourself pal. You’re the billionaire—”

“So are you from what I read in the last digital screed of Fortune online—”

“I’ll admit, I’m close, very close. Ok, so we’re humanitarians now.”

“We always have been Chet!” Parks looked at him surprised. “We’ve spent almost fifty years democratizing gravity propulsion for the good of humanity. We are duty bound to democratize this hidden science. “

“What if it’s unstable or too easy to weaponize by a sick mind bent on mass destruction? That could explain why this tech, like EM propulsion, has not yet been cleared for the open consumer market. Besides Gordon, with this technology, the consumer would be able to opt out of two of the biggest industries in the world, off the grid of energy and medical science. We’re asking’ for trouble with this one. When we developed the OTS multi EM engine systems, we worked with the government. This time, we’re going’ rogue,” Chet said.

“I’ve considered that. Let’s see how difficult it is to replicate the healing unit and the energy device, then extrapolate the liabilities and risks. I have a feeling that you’re right about the energy device. But the healing technology must be developed no matter what,” Parks said.

“What if it will only function properly with the H5 device?”

“Find out for me. Peterson has an idea that I’m snooping around into what makes these units work. He didn’t object, so I’m going for it. He’ll provide cover, he always does. We’re going to commandeer a

couple of these machines to disassemble and study. Once we've mastered the science, we're going to share the data and schematics with every terminal medical research organization around the world. We're going to build relationships with them and save the lives of terminally ill patients."

"We're going to work miracles now?"

"No. but are going to once again do what is considered by the general public to be miraculous, further enhancing the OM Group brand," Parks replied.

Chet's eyes brightened. "And thus, keeping the company solvent and relevant, which will enhance the cache of our licensed products for the global consumer."

"That's correct."

"Brilliant. And here I was, worried how I would make next week's global payroll."

"Chet, you've become too cynical. OM Group has never been in the red. Not with Laurance S. Rockefeller backing our play before he passed.

"No, I'm not cynical. I'm just trying to keep our conglomerate growing and our shareholders happy."

"Understood. But I want you to remember the company's mission statement. The Orbital Manufacturing Group was founded to offer advanced consumer products with minimalist design aesthetics in order to free the attention of the trend conscious. Our iconic products are designed to influence our consumers to focus their attention inward, toward their spiritual center, and cultivate lifelong learning and creative pursuits; this is the renaissance lifestyle. The practitioner of the renaissance lifestyle reveres the daily pursuit of knowledge and truth, and spiritual growth through the record of their creative hobbies. From painting and digital art expression, to traditional and 3D sculpture and digital printing, to writing in all its forms, to musical composure and film production, to research in all its forms, to study of astronomy, physics, new physical and medical sciences. These creative pursuits make a lasting contribution to the human condition, the eternal continuum of souls. We promote positive thoughts and actions through prayer, meditation and non-local introspection for increased spiritual and creative focus of the inner eye and crown chakra. This is the mission of OM Group, and it has always been my mission since I decided to train to become a mechanical engineer and an industrial designer.

We are not naïve utopians; nothing could be farther from the truth. We are however, committed to solving the social ills, whether small or large, of our age, if we are able. We are solution oriented; renaissance people are problem solvers."

Chet listened intently to his former CEO and founder of the type one super conglomerate with a renewed sense of purpose. "We are..."

"There's one more thing. I need to know if the H5 energy device can amplify a Moog-Hoberman signal without use of implants. I had mine removed."

“Isn’t that kind of risky? Why do you want to do that?”

“Midnight Rider. He can’t be tracked or communicated with. Peterson and I think he may have become unstable after the Elder’s death. He’s not interfacing with his M-H communications onboard his ship. He’s either disabled it or just plain refuses to interface. If I can amplify the signal, it will reverberate throughout the ship’s systems. He’s also disabled the ship’s transponder. We think he’s on a course back to earth. So, in his mind there’s no need to for him to wear the pilot’s interface.

If I can amplify the M-H transmission signal slowly to its maximum, the on-board A I may reactivate and respond. And that’s only if the Gordon clone altered or completely removed the A I components from the system. Hell, I’ve never even met him.

When my old neural node implants malfunctioned, or were tampered with, all of my long-term memories-- everything in my brain that made me who I am, was copied to that damn clone. To what degree of psychological affect, I have no idea. All I know is that he may have reversed his course after our interstellar educator passed away. He’s been alone for two years now.”

A grim-faced Chet let all this sink in. “If he thinks he’s entitled to all that you have, a classic psychotic break in personality-- “

“Exactly...”

“Oh shit... I’m going to change the access codes to your OM Group accounts and archive databases worldwide, until this clone is back in custody. There’s just too much potential damage he can commit, even to source code. You’ll have to get access only through me to be sure of your identity. He’s probably a knight’s moves thinker like you now. Any idea what that might be?”

“Revenge. There’s no doubt he will employ that strategy. But the only objective he could be after would be revenge. He’s either going directly after me to take my place as majority shareholder of OM Group, or he wants Eve. He may have an uncontrollable mating urge for her. I know I did when I was his biological age. I still loved Eve Dumont. I have the feeling he does as much as me now, for her transgenetic metahuman clone, my current wife. We won’t know for certain until he resurfaces.”

Several weeks passed, and Parks discreetly moved two of the cellular rejuvenation units to Z Division. OM Group Hearst Building has several chambers and large vaults below the parking garages in the sublevels where Z Division is located.

A dimensional conduit was established for the transfer. Chet and Parks personally moved the units personally, to ensure secrecy, placing the lightweight units on simple rolling platforms and one-by-one moving the units through the portal. Once each unit was secured, the vault doors were closed and sealed by triple encryption.

“Well, it starts again. All the heightened security guarding us and our families. Are you going to write a memoir about back engineering the rejuvenation units the way you did with the EM transportation research?”

“No. No ‘Gravity Propulsion Chronicles’ style memoir for this project. This one will remain in the black until we have mastered its function and fabrication.”

“How can we be sure they won’t come after us.?”

“I’m not. That’s why I strongly suggested beefing up security worldwide. I’m giving you a portal selector. It intentionally looks like a small one-piece cell phone because it is as well. Remember, go to tools then world clock and then dial in one of the pre-selected coordinates listed for desired destination. Double check before you press the green receiver button to activate the portal. There are safeguards embedded in the technology, so it wouldn’t actually allow for a bad dial up anyway.”

“It’s too bad Leonardo won’t send the information about the inner workings of the technology directly into your mind. No strings attached.”

“Just keep sending Leonardo the fresh produce, always make sure the vault doors are closed before you open a dimensional doorway or wall. Do this personally and only use people you trust to load the produce into the vault. And I’m also going to need your help soon to move one of those healing units, at a moment’s notice.”

“Will do,” Chet said. “When I see you walking through a wall of light, I’ll know that it’s time to move...”

The Off-World Man

## CHAPTER 30

Dr. Parks was in the creative design engineering morphogenic aether zone, that cloud world where neo-renaissance creatives like him could ascend to envision then bring back to our existence the artifacts of the future. Parks was sipping Black Label whiskey on the rocks, as he hunkered down to work. Bruce Springsteen's 'Working on a Dream' followed by several hundred other songs were queued on his personal aether cloud archive library. Sting's 'Forget About The Future', Michael McDonald's 'Enemy Within' and 'Perfect Illusion' played next followed by Neil Young's SNL performance of 'No More' loudly in Parks Spartan quarters. That one captured his attention for the G-bike's advertising. He had played his Misa Digital Kitara 5 for an hour earlier before attacking the pending 3DHolodesign programs on his mind.

Parks critical eyes traced over his null G chopper final design solution emitted from his MS H3D SolidWorks drafting countertop computer, having received confirmation from Chet that the H5 device had been successfully replicated. With the volume up past acceptable norms and his buzz in full-tilt boogey, Parks multiple-disciplinary powers searched for other additional design solutions; made spatial operating gestures, typing in additional production notes, citing Harley Davidson and American Iron Horse chopper design metrics and performance factors from his extensive archives. Then Parks seamlessly blended the final product to the intense ramming bass of a vintage icon, to create another iconic art form. He wanted the null G chopper motorcycle to have a clear board tracker heritage and be beefy as hell. For hours, days, even weeks on end, Parks would free up his mind and work on a prototype until its components were in production at several of the OM Group facilities around the world.

Parks was on an intense mission to redefine the chopper with an advanced gravity propulsion pod system and H5 energy, without losing that independent, fuck-it-all cowboy mythos. As he worked himself into a fury with the holographic SolidWorks S.O.E program as the 'No More' vintage SNL performance played on. He paused briefly before up loading a design project data and production notes to OM Group Germany for fabrication and an mp3d of Michael McDonalds 'Long Haul' performance to OM Group's New York advertising division to work out a working man themed ad campaign.

Iron Horse Board Tracker Null G Chopper Specifications:

Aero flat oval shaped EM disc attached to the front fork axle, perpendicular to the road surface and the mid EM dedicated hover disc with redundant fly-by-wire and hydraulic control steering. The vehicle has a front and rear steering assist five-foot turning radius. The rear axle mounted EM disc angles out at up to a 45-degree angle, providing forward propulsion.

The null G chopper is H5 aether energy conversion powered. The discs consist of Mercury encased gyrosopic mini-torroid-precession, mini circular hollow ring magnetic flux field disruptors filled with mercury based super conductive plasma, pressurized at 250,000 atmospheres at a temperature of 150 degrees Kelvin and accelerated to 50,000rpm that generates a magnetic vortex field that nullifies gravity on mass within proximity.

Parks still had it. He could still tap into the aether zone and create masterpieces of design engineering. He was still a world-class mechanical design engineer and he damn well knew it. He had built an aerospace and consumer lifestyle products empire based on his mechanical and industrial design engineering and marketing golden touch.

It was his drug, his undying passion. He was still addicted to the creative power of product research and development. It almost didn't matter to him what the product was, as long as it fueled his drive to leave behind a legacy of timeless works, manufactured to last forever, or at least until the next technological leap forward in materials, miniaturization and function. Arthur C. Clarke's observation that, to a primitive culture, advanced technology would appear as if magic, was G.M.A. Parks life's mission and motivation. To fuse the most advanced most durable materials with timeless minimalist aesthetics and brand researched human factors that endear the consumer to a well-made product so that it is all you will ever want or need and nothing else will do. And it affirms that life is worth living; such an amazing gift. And every day holds the possibility of a new miracle, a new discovery, and a better understanding, an increased clarity of all of creation; the invisible aether from which the creative process gives birth to life all around us.

Gordon Marcus Aurelius Parks' works, and his influence would live on. His life's mission would always be to build the future. His hunger was always for the next project. As if on cue, the data transmission to OM Group confirmed a successful send, just as he walked out of his quarters and the 'No More' vintage live performance ended to a shower of applause, as if for him-- A man full of fire for life.

The Off-World Man

## CHAPTER 31

Everything you can think of is true, so watch out. –Tom Waits

Autumn 2057. Amaan Raashid Anderson sat in the pilot's seat of the Lexani EM-4J. One of the new FAA / Department of Transportation approved null-G luxury fleet vehicles, the charcoal colored, aero-shaped OTS limousine looked like an elongated computer mouse. Operators had to be certified in fixed wing, helicopter, over the surface and low altitude transport.

Anderson was waiting on a regular client attending a New York Philharmonic event. Behind the completely opaque privacy windows, Anderson was in the throes of an arranged downtime encounter with one of his regular girls. His eyes rolled briefly back into his head as he shuddered from the gentle, expert oral release Sophia gave him. She was a state licensed sex service worker, a quickie specialist in the lingo of the trade, and one of the cleanest Anderson had ever known in the biblical way. They met whenever he had downtime between chauffeuring clients and was on the west side of the city. Had his client been a celebrity or needed armed bodyguard services, he wouldn't have dreamed of breaking his professional code of ethics in this way. But tonight, this client didn't require full VIP executive protection.

Sophia was a gorgeous young auburn haired, tanned, busty, trim and fit model / actress / fitness trainer. But she made the majority of her income on out calls. She had high intelligence behind her piercing eyes and a healthy sensuality to match. She could persuade any man into becoming a regular patron but was very picky. She hated loud, obnoxious, arrogant self-absorbed men. Anderson was smart, fun in or out of the sheets and had a good sense of humor. A young man on the rise, she thought.

By 2050, the Global Union Courtesan Laws regulating the world's oldest profession were strict, for safety's sake. A professional sex service worker had the same restrictions and health regulations as was found in Amsterdam, its global industry model. A young woman could become independently wealthy very fast, as long as they abided by the federal health and hygiene regulations and paid their state and federal taxes. But it was unfortunate that this untoward trade was the business vehicle. The global legalization was intended to put an end to child slavery, sex slavery, and free all women from sex trafficking. It was successful with the former but the latter was a mainstay of organized crime and would take longer to totally eradicate. NATO Law enforcement authorities estimate that by 2100, sex trafficking and human slavery in all its forms will be stopped for good. Once again, the private efforts of

Dr. Parks through astronomical charitable sums and support to organizations that help the victims of human trafficking were at work, partially as a way to atone for his many years of reckless philandering.

Sophia, like many who conduct this lascivious form of business, had a failed childhood. No parental guidance and an unstable home environment that landed her into the foster system in her young teenage years, one that she could barely remember. And also like so many sex workers, a young adulthood of abuse, neglect and peer pressure while in the foster system.

Most were college age who conducted their encounters discreetly in the safety of the heavily policed, high-end lower west side red light business district near Soho and used the lucrative income and business contacts to pay for college, savings, or to start a small business. Sophia did it for all those reasons but primarily to meet and build a network of powerful interesting businessmen. She wanted her own health club chain and was attending business school.

Anderson was the exception. He was not a wealthy businessman, but he was well gifted where it counted. And, although most women wouldn't dare admit that such shallow requirements truly mattered, they still did and would continue to. And, in addition, his life was certainly interesting. She could always gleam from him where the better social events would be during the year, because he would usually be working them or protecting a high value client. So to Sophia's metric of reasoning, he mattered. He was worth knowing, and he could afford her high service fees. Sophia also knew that Anderson enjoyed her company. On more than one occasion, they stayed together for weeks on end, caring for each other as if in a committed relationship. It would just happen, especially when Anderson had a financial windfall. Sophia would literally just move in with him. There were times when she needed to have a safe place to crash or was between rentable places that Anderson took her in. They were close friends outside of her main profession, and often spent the night not only in the throes of Eros, but in deep conversation about the meaning of neo-postmodern life.

Sophia loved meeting Anderson for a make-out session when he was on a lone chauffeur assignment with one of his clients, she would often dress in a black suit and ride along. She enjoyed the opaque on-command windows being the only privacy they dared have while she straddled him in the driver's cockpit of the null-G limo, or she gave him a relaxing oral pleasure during his downtime between driving. She would never be so bold and free with anyone else. A compartment inside her complicated, unconventional life was in love with Anderson, but she would never dare tell him, unless he said it first. Then she would certainly never admit it, not while she was still involved in the sex service trade. His words and opinion would really be able to hurt her then. Golden rule number one to abide by; and they were content to just let things be.

She also knew from experience that Anderson was meticulous about his professional appearance, often showering and changing many times during the day, even carrying extra black couture Edo suits and white Sugata dress shirts. As she artfully finished, she was careful not to soil his two thousand-dollar, hand-tailored Edo Couture black three button hidden placket suit. The Buddhist Warrior Priest business suit was a popular look for men since the 2030's. Although Anderson was a dedicated JFK

inspired hedonist, he was a discreet one. His work wardrobe and appearance had to be impeccable. The young executive protection professional, like Sophia, had stunning good looks, gifted from his parents, as well as a sharp, inquisitive mind, and a biting, often self-effacing sense of humor. Also like so many young professionals of the 21st century surveillance state, Anderson was a private man that surrounded himself with a narrow, limited group of specialist or operator friends, colleagues, and a network of powerful business resources.

"I've got sterile soapy wipes this time," Sophia informed him as she adjusted her ample black lace bra back in place and continued to refresh her favorite client. Anderson loved to fondle her soft luscious breasts as she skillfully throated him off. She finished cleaning him off just in time.

From nearly a block away, Anderson noticed his client among the patrons exiting the performance amphitheater during intermission. She didn't contact him on his PAI to signal that she would be leaving early, so Anderson knew that she wanted to catch him, literally in a condition of disrobe. "Oh shit, I'm back on the clock," he said. He hurriedly began making himself presentable again. Sophia did the same, she had worn her smoking hot version of a chauffeur co-pilot costume, a short black duty jacket, a waist length white men's dress shirt with a narrow black silk tie, and a thigh-length black flowing double lace skirt over a tiny black thong, with ankle-high black stiletto leather open toe shoes.

Anderson was supremely pissed that they didn't have time for Sophia to ride them off into sensual oblivion. He activated his Rolex Oyster Perpetual split blue and red dial framed touch screen PAI cuff, voice command scrolled down to the Q-commerce app, and confirmed, "Five hundred global credits, personal services payment." He then reached out to caress Sophia's lovely face and kissed her on the left temple near her ear. It was their special moment just before life interrupted them again. Sophia smiled warmly and closed her eyes as they embraced, she knew they would not be spending the night together. When she did, it was of course off the clock. She hadn't been with him for weeks and hated to admit it, but she missed him. A second later with a high-pitched ping sound, the wireless payment transfer reached her matching ladies version of the Rolex Smartarm PAI cuff, a previous birthday gift from Anderson.

"Thanks baby. See you soon?" she asked. "Next week, maybe for coffee?" Sophia inquired in a sultry but loving way that she knew Anderson could not resist. She was really more like a distance relationship and intimate friend than a sex service worker to Anderson.

"That will all depend on whether I get to keep this job tonight. One complaint from her and a large percentage of my income will be lost for a while. Understand? I don't want to be impolite baby, but I have to get this tug moving down the street before she sees it and starts in this direction. Oh shit, too late. She is probably wondering why her ten thousand-credit a-night rented null-G limo is a block away. So, sweetheart, please hurry and step out before she gets any closer? Please?"

Sophia looked in her direction over a block away sensing more than seeing it seemed. "I think she already has. I'll call you soon." She wanted to kiss him passionately for the other woman to see, but not after their tryst. Anderson was into hyper-hygiene. He wouldn't dare kiss her until she'd freshened up

considerably. Besides, no one kissed sex service workers 'on the job,' it could be an occupational hazard. The work also made the working women cold to real love and affection.

Sophia slipped out of the right front cockpit door of the angular, aircraft fuselage shaped null-G limousine. Anderson quickly shifted the humming, then whirling 'Forrest J. Ackerman' multi-EM propulsion systems into forward drive. The engine system was named by Dr. Parks in honor of the man who actually created the term sci-fi or science fiction. Traffic was slow, and by the time Anderson's client crossed the intersection with her date, a blonde-haired crewcut young man about his age and build, and at least twenty years her junior, he would meet them mid-block. Madame X, as she was anonymously known at the agency, and Anderson had once been lovers two years ago. She had been a mentor of sorts. She was a Swedish former madam, now a millionaire global entrepreneur. She traveled the world managing her nightlife culture businesses, ranging from small, haute restaurants, luxury boutique hotels, art galleries, trendy clubs and bars, and elite courtesan sex service agencies.

Sophia walked towards Madame X's direction deliberately, to Anderson's ire. As they crossed paths, Sophia wiped the corners of her mouth with a handkerchief in a mocking gesture of a "job well done." Madame X cocked her head in perplexed surprise at Sophia's calculatingly brazen lapse in class. Her escort gave the stunning brunette a discreet wink and a half smile just before Madame X detected him with a stern look.

An embarrassed Anderson pulled over to the curb and slowed to a stop in front of his thoroughly humiliated client, and with a sigh of futility, hustled out of the left pilot capsule cockpit door and around the front of the hovering null-G limo to open the rear right passenger compartment door. Madame X looked on at Anderson from head to toe, then at his mid-section, and his still clearly aroused condition, then made eye contact. She seemed more hurt than angry. She wore a white silk kimono suit with full flowing pants and a knee length matching white silk Haori outer coat, the neo-retro Asian influenced style of the era for minimalist design loving creative and progressive intellectual types. She wore little make up and braided her midlength honey blonde hair. She had the natural tanned glow of strong sensual energy.

She took her eyes off of Anderson still holding the rear open, Anita Baker's 'Will You be Mine' playing low inside the rear compartment of the limo, and fairly commanded her escort with a nod, "Go on get in I want to speak to my—," staring back at Anderson, "driver."

Anderson had noticed the addition of a different escort the last few assignments. Now he knew it was all for his attention, to make him jealous. To counter subconsciously, Anderson arranged for Sophia to meet him during his down time. And frankly, he didn't give a damn-- Anderson had an independent, 'fuck-it-all' cowboy attitude when it came to life. Besides, his father help found the company handling her security needs. She could just get herself another driver. She seemed to read his mind, and he didn't like that.

"I see you keep yourself-- entertained, while you wait for me." Her eyes widened briefly with surprise as she lingered her gaze on his mid-section for effect. Even through his couture suit, the telltale outline of his fading excitement was noticeable to her. With her back facing the passenger compartment and

her nosy escort date, Madame X stepped closer to Anderson and surprisingly, cradled his manhood in her hand in an attempt to re-arouse him. They hadn't been together in years, but she clearly wanted him. Her eyes bored into his mind with the message, "Why don't we drop send our friend home in a cab and spend the night together? We haven't – reminisced in a long time?"

There was a crisp breeze in the city that night, enough to make a lone soul even lonelier. And at that moment she seemed truly lonely for him. Although he never knew her name for security reasons, there was a humble sincerity in the millionairess' slightly larger than average, angled eyes, a pleading. He hesitated then smiled warmly into her beautiful pale green eyes. She was just as lovely and elegant as when they first met five years ago. He felt himself respond to her gentle touch. "You miss me," he said. "You miss us?"

"Of course, I do. I always have. Besides," she smiled and looked down at his mid-section, "You're already primed for action. It'd be a damn shame to waste." She gently thumped the tip of his engorged manhood. That was all it took for the alpha male Anderson to take control.

"Tell your date to take a cab home, now. Tell him you have a business emergency, something, hell I don't care what. Just get rid of him."

Madame X smiled mischievously at Anderson's horny assertiveness. "Alright, I will. But round two is at home. You'll spend the night, yes?"

"I always did." Anderson knew what this sexual athlete meant. She wanted an all-night athlete equal to her appetite in her bed. That's why she preferred men younger than her.

Madame X leaned into the rear passenger compartment of the null-G limo. "Sweetheart, something's ah-- come up. I have to travel to Europe overnight. I have to leave immediately. You'll have to take a cab."

The young escort grudgingly exited the limo, he tried to kiss Madame X but she immediately extended her hand to shake his. He looked at her hand, then at her and walked away, to her surprise, eyeing Anderson venomously as he passed. "I guess he won't be calling me back-- "

Anderson pulled Madame X into his waist and reached down lovingly but forcefully for a handful of her soft ass as he kissed her passionately.

A minute later, when the escort turned around and looked back from the corner intersection, the yellow cautions blinkers of the null-G limo were on. To his surprise, the vehicle had not moved from its parked position, and the couple was presumably in its rear compartment. The pulsating glow of the humming Forry drive held the limo in hover, but the vehicle was moving in a decidedly different manner. A passionate commotion within was causing the limo to shake and buckle rhythmically.

Sophia was still at the corner. She had already wiped a tear away and hardened her heart at what was going on. Her competition was much more rich and powerful than she. Her cold wall of resolve never to make a priority of someone who only sees you as an option was securely back in place. Especially since

that was the way she treated people in her life. Turnaround was fair play. Sophia stepped forward and caught the escort's attention. "I knew that was gonna' happen," she joked. "They we're once lovers."

The escort hailed a taxi, then turned and asked, "You going my way? I was going to Automatic Slim's bar in Soho on the way home. Buy you a night cap drink?" He gave her a warm suggestive smile.

Sophia smiled as she began to enter the cab behind the escort. "It's gonna' cost ya'." Then, she did something unexpected. She changed her mind, not just about the invitation, but also about the direction of her professional life. It came to her like an epiphany. "You know what? I can't, I just can't anymore. I'm going home." She turned and walked away, looking in the direction of the null-G limo one last time as she crossed the intersection away from them all. She had made enough money in the sex service lifestyle. She was going to tell Anderson tonight. But fate interrupted. She threw her New York state sex service worker ID card in the waste can as she passed. She would change her name and vowed to herself that she would not let the ever-resourceful Anderson find her. That would be his punishment for choosing his work over her.

That woman was like her. She had a power that Sophia could feel and fear. She was no match for that woman. Sophia felt the urgent urge to go off the radar, go into hiding, and find a new way to earn a substantial living, maybe only as a physical trainer. But whoever that woman was, she was just dangerous.

The Off-World Man

## CHAPTER 32

Anderson missed the 6am early Friday morning Tai Chi class at ExecPro Security, now called simply EPS. He didn't make to the global paramilitary security conglomerate, E G & G and Wakenhut rival until 7:30. Just in time for the two-hour Friday Krav Maga class. Mondays and Thursdays were To Shin Do training. Tuesday was Jujitsu and KFM and Wednesday was Aikido.

After an all-nighter with the insatiable Madame X, he needed 8 hours of sleep. He was content but exhausted and his reckless lifestyle was beginning to take its toll on his health. He nodded off and nearly missed the 8am session on the massive first floor dojo of the Hearst building, the new corporate facility. He was more than a little embarrassed since he was a Level Two Manager, soon to be promoted with luck to Level Three Upper Management.

His null-G limo, new to the fleet, was supposed to be signed back into the garage by 4am. Madame X called in and explained that she would need the limo for a few hours more and would pay the additional fees incurred, while simultaneously riding a tired Anderson off to sensual ecstasy. Besides being impervious to theft, the GPS tracking would find the three-million-dollar limo safe and sound at the underground parking garage beneath Madame X's condominium during the overtime. This would make the rounds of ExecPro quickly, adding to the young security agent's legend. Every young stud wanted to be in Madame X's stable of wild stallions. It's no wonder Anderson was drained and exhausted.

Anderson changed into his gi and quietly made his way to training session, apologizing to the sensei for his tardiness, and get a round of applause, for what he didn't yet know. He found his Level Two training partner and colleague Enrique Dennis and filled him on his night. He was warming up with stretches as the new employees and older employees paired off by skill level.

The sensei would demonstrate with an assistant several defensive techniques or offensive techniques during a two-hour session. After each demonstration, the paired training partners would slow speed practice the technique and movements. Level Two's only trained with their own or supervised the newer Level One employees in technique. EPS also had a 24hour gym with a vast employee locker room and lounge, and an international foods cafeteria.

Anderson and Dennis walked around the practicing entry level employees, correcting their application of the newly demonstrated techniques.

“Man, are you late,” Enrique said. “X was puttin’ you through the paces?”

“How did you know about her?”

“Man, everybody knows. The new limo came in late, they were worried until she called at 4:15. By the way, what’s her real name?”

“She’s never told me.”

“So, you tapped that out before?”

“I’ve known her in the biblical way for almost three years now. I met her five years before that. We’ve always liked each other. She’s an old client of the company, but I first met her when I was a black Mercedes private car driver for that garage on 46th and 10th Ave. She’s the one that convinced me to check out EPS. She didn’t know that my pops helped found the company, so I told her. I wanted to make my own way, not be a legacy hire, but she changed my mind. Once I got hired and she found out, she was all over me, thought I’d be grateful for her advice. The truth is, I was. She was like a mentor as well as a lover. You ever see American Gigolo? She was like that to me, taught me how to really make love to a lady and treat her as if she’s the only one in the room.

We used to see each other whenever she was in New York. She recently moved here again. I think she’s planning to stay. I don’t know for sure. We haven’t seen each other in a couple of years. We cared for each other but you know me, I didn’t want to get into anything serious, that and our age differences.”

“How old is she?” Enrique asked.

“She’s got to be at least 50, but she looks thirty. Don’t get me wrong, she’s in top shape, a life-long vegetarian, into yoga and Tai Chi, tantric sex. She’s got a brilliant mind.”

“And, so?”

“So I just don’t know. The past few weeks she has been contracting my services exclusively. She is a powerful lady, but we’re not on the same level. Last night she sent her escort home. I think he works for EPS as a bodyguard, he looked capable. So why me again?”

Last night she sent her escort home because I told her to. She caught Sophia getting out of the limo after servicing me. It was as if she knew. She looked heart broken, then she sent her date home and we hooked up in the back of the limo before going to her place and going at it again all night”

“Wait, you had Sophia in the limo before X, then her, in the same limo?”

“Not in the same place. I know, I had the limo detailed as soon as I came back. But what I want to know is if she wanted me back, why not just swallow her pride and come right out and tell me?” Anderson said.

"I wish I had your dilemma, a wealthy old broad in heat just for me. So, how was it after all those years?"

"Raw. Beastin', hot and heavy from the back of the limo, then at her place. When we she allowed me to rest in between sessions, she spent the time studying my face and messaging my body or suckin' and flufflin' me back to life. She kept it up all night and worked me until I didn't want no more. Her eyes looked right through me. When she'd ride me, she'd reach back and clamp a vice grip ring with her fingers tight around my balls, then she'd jiggle and yank them. That shit hurt, but we got there together a couple of times when she pulled that stunt. When I was on top, she kissed me hard until I couldn't breathe every time she had an orgasm, I guess so I could share her breath being taken away from the loss of control. It was rougher than I remember in the past with her. Maybe it was because of Sophia. She is deceptively strong. I had to tell her to ease up a couple of times.

Anyway, the next thing I know, it's 6am, my cock is supremely sore, I'm pissing blood in my urine stream, and my poor balls-- are stretched out and running on empty over here," Anderson said and gestured in a humorous New Yorker style. "Good gawd, I didn't think I was gonna' make it out alive."

"Yep, I got a Spanish honey just like that uptown in Harlem. Crazy between the sheets, and she loves to tongue while she's spasmin' out," Enrique said.

"I had the feeling that she wanted to tell me something. If I didn't have to drop off the limo, I would have called in, taken a sick day to find out. But then again, she might have killed me with the rough sex had I stayed."

"You're too close to promotion for that. Yo man, you gotta' put that athletic old chick in a holding pattern," Enrique said.

"I know, right? Plus, they always want something in exchange for intimacy, like eventual ownership, especially when they're older than you."

"You know it."

Two hours later, after a shower, shave, and change into the warrior priest look of a dark gray flannel Edo hidden placket 4 button closure couture suit, and a starched black linen Sugata dress shirt with metered French cuffs, Anderson was ready for lunch and the rest of the day which involved Level 3 Logistics Management Courses. It was hammered into all EPS personnel that the corporate security and personal protection service professional made his or her living in part merely by their physical presence. They had to be clean cut, well groomed, well trained and equipped, and prepared for any emergency.

EPS was an interesting growing global company. It had been a subsidiary of OM Group for nearly three decades now. The super conglomerate manufactures tracked and trackless magnetic levitation train chassis. Other subsidiaries of the conglomerate include EM propulsion engine and OTS LAT fleet vehicle manufacture. OM Group also licensees PAI Smartarm devices, holographic counter surfaces and

table computers, and the Executive Officer Collection of office furniture, manufactured homes, even the hand tailored couture suits that the EPS employees wore. Dr. G.M.A. Parks turned OM Group into a trusted Type One global entity that set the standard for refined minimalist aesthetics, quality materials and construction in every facet of the global consumer's life. And, all products were made in the North, Central and South American Union.

EPS first began as a small New York boutique company called RAA Security and Investigations, founded Anderson's father, John Noah Anderson, a veteran retired NYPD Homicide detective whose street name was Automatic Slim, in reference to his ruthless tactics and high fugitive apprehension record.

J.N. Anderson went on to found the NYPD Wolf Pack, a covert paramilitary counter terrorism unit governed by the FBI and Homeland Security. The Wolf Pack tracked and dismantled terrorist sleeper cells within the American Union. Upon unofficial retirement from the Wolf Pack, the 'Mighty Wolf', as J.N. Anderson was called for his legendary years of public service, expanded RAA Security and Investigations, changing its name to ExecPro Security or EPS.

Thirty years later, EPS is considered the Google of the corporate paramilitary security and executive or VIP personal protection industry. Being hired by EPS was no small accomplishment. A battery of tests had to be aced: IQ, Social Skills, General STEM Fields, Physical Fitness, General Analytical and Problem-Solving Skills. The applicants work history, criminal background check, credit rating, even hair follicle drug testing and an extensive psychological profile. EPS agents had to be the best of the best. But every so often, a legacy hire was allowed, like Amaan R. Anderson. He'd failed his psyche-eval, he was considered too much of a free spirit. It was deemed that he would be too lax with protocol, and not follow fully the chain of command whenever possible. When the evaluators were reminded who his father was, they modified their assertions, giving him a glowing psyche review. Over the years, Anderson did apply himself and follow the rules, earning his present Level 2 mid-managerial position.

EPS corporate structure started with Level 1: Basic Corporate Security including Posted Guard, Fire Guard, CPR Certifications, Social Etiquette, Basic Martial Arts, and Power Yoga training.

Level 2 added on Corporate Events and Social Night Life Skills training, Intermediate and Advanced Martial Arts, Private Investigation training, Chauffer training, FBI Evasive Drivers Course Certification, Federal Multistate Side Arm Certification applications, Passport application, Federal Multistate Security Certification applications, and Executive / VIP Logistics training.

Level 3 added on Global Itinerary training and Executive / VIP protection Logistics Management training

There were other levels above 3. Level 4's were Vice Presidents of Operations. Level 5's were Senior VP's and Level 6 and 7 were the President of the company, and the Chairman respectively and their private staff and advisors, including world class operatives.

There were a few floors of office suites for Upper Management and Accounting, Wardrobe and the Tactical Quartermaster Department, including the Armory. The sub-basement floors in the Hearst building were dedicated to EPS and OM Group fleet vehicles and some obscure OM Group R & D laboratory called Z Division.

EPS Corporate, Event, Nightlife, and Travel Security Training courses began promptly at 10am until 5pm. Level 1 employees, the least experienced were assigned the simpler posted corporate posts and events. Level 2 and 3 employees and operators traveled the globe providing military grade client itinerary, logistics, and protection services.

With all of the required training, by the end of the day, everyone was tired. Those Level 2 supervisors assigned to evening events were allowed the afternoon off from courses to rest. There was an extensive lounge and media strip library for employees for down time on the third floor of the Hearst building. Most night event employees stretched out and napped or zoned out with their Smartarm devices and screeding glasses than deal with the oncoming rush hour commute than have to return all the way back to HQ and or their assignment around the city.

EPS had acquired over the past two decades over half of New York's corporate and event security accounts. It's armed bodyguard /chauffeur services was also growing among the city's wealth celebrity caste. Anderson was slowly working up the ranks, finishing Level 2 Travel Itinerary Planning Logistics management training. Anderson wanted to see the world, but privately hated to fly, even with the new TT Brown former B-2 technology of charging the leading edge of the wing for fuel economy, it wasn't enough for him to trust conventional flight. Anderson considered jet airline travel to be an arcane, outdated, unsafe mode of travel. In 2050 most of the world felt that pushing a cylinder with wings through the air, instead of declassifying EM gravity propulsion for the civilian airline industry, was an insane point of view. Anderson thought it would probably be another 50 years before it would be declassified for air travel. He hoped to be alive to see that day when a white delta-shaped design EM aircraft the size of a 787 floated silently by, then take off in the blink of an eye, arriving in London from New York in 5 minutes instead of 5 hours.

Anderson sat alone in the cafeteria having finished a lunch of veg lasagna and mixed spring greens, thin julienned jalapeno, pickled carrots, red onions and black olives. Too much carbs, he thought. To hell if he ate onions and garlic bread today. He'd just brush and floss after lunch. He loved his job and hoped to retire with this company. He checked his wrist cuff PAI chronometer every few minutes out of habit. No screeding news or surfing, no time. He thought about of taking the rest of the day off and see Madame X. She hadn't called him and he couldn't bring himself to call. He wanted to surprise her with a single rose. Maybe even take a nap together and see where the conversation led them. Nah!...

Anderson was a world-class philanderer and debaucher, though he only drank in moderation. He called a couple of his regular Friday night ladies that loved to double-team him. It was the end of the week, so he could just rest over the weekend and recover. The upper floors of his inherited father's cavernous old loft building in Soho was his main habitat. He also had a nearly identical sized loft in the

Williamsburg section of Brooklyn. Both were sparse with furniture and throw rugs, over thousands of square feet of lacquered wood floor, a long central kitchen island, vintage books and sculptures on floor to ceiling shelves and paintings his father made and left behind cover the surrounding brick walls. And a California king sized natural steel four-post frame Room and Board brand Architecture bed on a raised platform stage off center of the huge loft, like a scene from an expensive porn shoot. The girls were passionate, luscious and in top shape. After their two-hour long session, they all crashed together in Anderson's huge bed, each young lady resting on one of his shoulders. They slept deeply through until night, awakened and showered, then all three cooked and shared a light dinner. Anderson paid them and they left to hit the bars and all-night dance clubs. Anderson changed the sheets and went back to bed.

Around 2am, his PAI cuff chimed with a message alert. He voice commanded a speech-to-text speaker mode. "Agent Anderson, this is Chairman Ueshiba. See me tomorrow morning at 8am sharp. I have a special assignment for you."

The Off-World Man

## CHAPTER 33

ExecPro corporate was normally busy, even on the weekends. The first floor was all conference rooms of classrooms and the large open dojo space, plus a 24-hour gym and cafeteria for employees and paying gym members. Mid-level and upper management occupied the upper floors. This is where Amaan Anderson found himself as he drove to EPS corporate in the early morning. Just one promotion away from Level 3, which also involved full spectrum surveillance. He was 30 years old and he had spent the last 8 years working the way up the ladder.

Anderson had never seen any of the floors beyond the Level 3 office floors. He parked in the lower level garage and took an elevator to the first floor to sign in. The lobby concierge told him where to find Chairman Ueshiba, a smaller private dojo for Level 3 and above employees on the thirtieth floor, sitting in the formal seiza sitting position. The lights were dimmed, there was an air of spiritual energy, a strong Ki, surrounding the chairman. He was a humble, quietly intense man, whom young Anderson had known all his life. Ueshiba was his God uncle and a good friend of his father. The chairman had helped to mentor and shape Anderson into the agent that he was becoming.

Anderson had already removed his New Balance running shoes, black socks and black windbreaker. He wore simple denim jeans and his favorite navy t-shirt with a silver UFP insignia. Anderson approached from the right-side edge of the expanse of matted dojo floor to the chairman's position about 60 feet away. He could see that the chairman was focused on nothing but his focused introspection, piercing heaven and earth. Anderson stepped backward on his left foot and lowered his right foot and knee to the mat, then brought his left knee down next to his right while he lowered his hips to a seated position, folding his left foot slightly over his right. He then leaned forward and placed his left hand and forearm at shoulder's width out to the mat, lying his left palm down. He immediately followed with his right in the same manner, then leaned over, bowing deeply, his forehead mere inches from touching the mat in full prostration. He held the bow for a few seconds, before slowly rising in reverse movement back to the seated seiza. He then waited to be called over. Chairman Ueshiba soon waved his young protégé. Anderson formally bowed again, then knee walked to within a few feet of the chairman.

Chairman Ueshiba took a deep breath and exhaled returning from his meditation world to the situation at hand. He looked at young Anderson. "Manni." The chairman smiled cordially.

"Uncle," Anderson returned the smile. "What's on your mind?"

"Dr. Gordon Marcus Aurelius Parks. You are familiar with him, yes?"

“He was friends with my dad. I remember meeting once or twice when I was little. He owns EPS. He was a fugitive from the law for a while. He retired from OM Group, but retains 70 percent majority shareholder status. He’s a recluse from what I hear, but still utilizes Z Division for research and development whenever he gets a wild eyed ideal for new technology.”

“There’s a red file in your new office on the fifteenth floor –“ The chairman handed him a set of keys.

“My office?—“

“You’ve been promoted to a Level 3 agent. No more cubicles. Dr. Parks asked for you specifically for his case and since you were close to promotion. We approved it, with his consideration.

Dr. Parks has a rather sensitive, highly classified, position and history in government. Go to your office and read the red file. There are only a handful of people on earth that are not federal government employees who know of the information contained in that file. You will never speak to anyone about the information within that file, is that clear?

After reading that file, I want you to set the wall safe alarm with your own personal pin code then place the file in the safe. The file will be retrieved after this assignment is successfully completed. Your objectives are outlined within the file to assist Dr. Parks. You will also have the resources of upper management to assist you. But do not forget, Dr. Parks assigned you to lead the assignment. Chairman Ueshiba’s tone became even more serious. Get to work today, your team is waiting for you to read that file, which they have already been read into. We do not have the luxury of time. Be discreet and thorough. And son, now is the time to consider settling down having a family. Slow down on the philandering. In fact, stop. I order you to do so.”

Anderson’s eyebrows arched at the order. He knew that he would definitely have to sweep the lofts for surveillance devices. Things were getting spookier by the minute. After formally removing himself from the presence of the venerable chairman, Anderson took an elevator down to the fifteenth floor and met several tired irritated staff members much older than him. They must have sensed some form of nepotism and resented been called in from their homes early on Saturday. Anderson immediately opened the door with his name placket on it. He quickly surveyed his small, windowed office which was bare save for a flat desktop screen and a red file marked ‘CONFIDENTIAL / EYES ONLY. Anderson sat in front of the red file. He then took a deep breath before diving into the intel.

It contained the Cosmic Top Classified back history of Dr. Parks and the origins of his cloned wife. Parks was given a Space Command field Commander commission and was in line to be an Earth Ambassador. Anderson was completely in shock by the time he finished the red file. Its instructions were clear. Keep distant but detailed surveillance on his cloned wife and daughter. Debrief and supervise the EPS team already in her employ in London without Mrs. Parks’ knowledge, and report directly to Dr. Parks as soon as the target subject emerges. This clone of Dr. Parks, no formal name, call sign ‘Midnight Rider.’ Do not attempt to apprehend the subject if he is not threatening to Mrs. Parks but do stop him if he attempts to contact Emily Parks. Otherwise, do not interfere and coordinate with Dr. Parks personally on any actions to be taken.

Anderson placed the red file in his wall safe and sealed it. He had been promoted to Level 3 with an interesting assignment, and he wasn't going to fail in this opportunity. The only problem that he could see was earning the respect of his team for this assignment and flying over the pond to London.

Something else troubled him about the red file. He had his father's eye for details. Somehow, he knew Madame X was involved. She and Eve Parks could have passed for sisters, there was a hint of resemblance even in Sophia's features. It couldn't be...He called her and made a date to see her at her condo that evening. Sexually he was in his prime, and he would give her a night that she would never forget, because it would probably be their last night together. The next day, he would demand answers.

Anderson and Madame X spent Saturday night together. In the afterglow of the next morning, she prepared a light breakfast for them of fresh fruits, juices and black tea. She wore only Anderson's oversized thick cashmere shawl collared cardigan and vintage black wayfarer screaming classes. Anderson watched her prep the fruits and download a recyclable hard paper home print Sunday New York Times. Friday, Saturday and Sunday were the only days the Times sold a home scanner version of the news spread.

Madame X placed the breakfast tray on the bed as she kissed him lovingly as she slipped a fresh piece of pineapple into his mouth. His heart ached at the potential loss of all this comfort and intimacy, if she reacted badly to his inquiry.

"It's funny, we've known each other nearly five years, but you still refuse to tell me your name.

"I told you I can't. What difference does it make now, just make up a name for me?"

"How about Athena?"

Madame X stopped in mid-bite on a toasted bread point with honey. Her eyes closed briefly in anguish as she placed the food back on the tray. "How much do you know?"

"The Seven Daughters of Eve Project. It was just a hunch. You all look so familiar, I had to be sure. Custom Human Cloning Technology: enucleated human female ova mixed with genetically modified materials to create custom companion clones or body replacement organs for the ultra-wealthy-- and the high-end private sex service industry. You sold your genetic reproductive material, your ova, didn't you?"

Madame X took off her reading glasses and pinched the bridge of her nose with her eyes closed. "You need to leave, now."

Anderson got out of bed and dressed angrily, mad at himself for not leaving well enough alone. Madame X mistook it for anger at her for not being more forthcoming much sooner. He would play it to his advantage. He needed to know the truth from her mouth.

“Yes, I sold my ovum to the Genesis Institute.” She spoke again just as he headed for the door. “I didn’t know that they would make so many based on my contribution alone. I became wealthy, very wealthy. I was willing to share all that I have with someone, with you. Then I saw Sophia leaving our limo.”

Anderson looked at her in surprise.

“Yes, she’s a cloned companion. Some of them are sent out on the streets through the foster care system to see if and how they survive.

Did they tell you where I am from? No? Then I will give you the official disinformation story. I studied at the Sorbonne and traveled all over Europe, fluent in several languages. I was a passionate social climber with an extensive knowledge of ancient history and a love of fine arts. I was much more alluring 30 years ago. My beauty is also one of my talents. Humans tend to equate good looks with intelligence, self-confidence, competence and good character.

I’m not in the business anymore. There are other efficient ways to clone that my services were no longer needed. However, the Consortium doesn’t give you a pension, they kill you. I am the last of the seven donor women the Consortium used and discarded. They would have killed me too had it not been for another inquiring man, Dr. Parks. Once he discovered what was happening to the donor women, he sent out operators to save the lives of any remaining. They arrived just in time to save my life. He provides for my global security, just for the donation of my ova. An ova that helped recreate the love of his life. I shall always be grateful to him.

I will live on through those women. And I am not ashamed. Please send Chairman Ueshiba and Dr. Parks, Athena’s love.”

Anderson turned back and walked to the visibly upset Athena, relieved that at least he knew her real name. He reached out to hold her. She gently pushed him away at first, then allowed him to hold her one last time.

“You need to go now. You know too much.”

Anderson hugged Athena, then gently kissed her on the temple, her cheek, and then her lips. ‘Goodbye.’ He looked into her fearful eyes, slowly released his hold on her and walked out of her residence and her life.

## The Off-World Man

### CHAPTER 34

Eve and Emily Parks adjusted to London with little culture shock. Eve visited her Eden Galleries in Gamba, London and New York every few months. Dr. Parks had a private helipad and airstrip paved when the estate was initially developed, so Eve and Emily were no strangers to global travel. The world of 2050 was different. Cultural diversity in all areas of society was encouraged, so was life-long education. Global popular culture was less vulgar, vapid, trendy and anti-social. Global Society was becoming more entrepreneurial, independent, and spiritual based on the new scientific discovery and technological advances of the age.

There are also structured college courses blending cultural diversity, student government and social engineering, drawing from Jeffersonian democratic themes. Students are able to earn liberal arts credits learning the constitution of the United States and the branches of federal and state government just by forming groups each containing a male and female of each ethnic group and socializing; discussing politics and civics, the new economy, the traditional and the new ever-changing family structures. The goal of the course is to build social bonds and skills that last beyond the student's college education into their professional life.

The Q-net was creating more young online millionaire entrepreneurs than at any time in history. College students were trained to be online entrepreneurs by taking courses in website and mobile application development and management as mandatory undergraduate liberal art course curriculum.

Emily studied Interdisciplinary Industrial Design Engineering at the Royal College of Art and worked at her mother's gallery after classes. Dr. Parks purchased the gallery building two decades ago. Emily sent her father Qmails at least once a week. Her father's replies were always brief but loving and encouraging.

Her freshman year curriculum concentrated on old school mechanical engineering. She had to learn to adjust to the concept of enjoying self-learning and keeping self-discipline to stay on top of all of her assignments. Because of her chosen field of study, she also had to develop her creative problem-solving skills while designing for manufacturability.

Her sophomore year added H3D molecular product prototyping, ProEngineer and SolidWorks 3HD holographic computer aided design. By 2056-57, her junior and senior years, Emily days were dedicated to developing fully functioning prototypes, either individually or as part of a group project. And, learning to present her product concepts professionally to industry. Emily's education concentrated on both product and transportation design. And because of her father's influence she excelled at OTS and LAT EM propulsion vehicles. She was a natural problem-solving design engineer.

Interdisciplinary Industrial Design or I.I.D. is the process of creating the products of the future. In essence, EVERYONE will, from the engineer to the consumer. Different disciplines will engage in the product design process, and creativity will fold itself into the function and manifest itself in the final product. In the 2050's, engineers, architects, and industrial designers all practice interdisciplinary design. It was only by the early 2020's that formal undergraduate and graduate programs emerged around the world, to create interdisciplinary design education programs combining mechanical engineering and industrial design, with emerging materials, psychology and marketing neuroscience.

Increasing technological advancements fueled the need for the improved creativity and innovativeness of engineering and design education graduates; programs that reflect the interdisciplinary dynamism characteristic of most innovative research centers, according to the Council of Graduate Schools, circa 2007. It was determined as globalization moves engineering, product design and business together, the best way to prepare engineering and design students to solve the complex product design problems of the future was to develop an undergraduate and graduate interdisciplinary design science for global product development. This will create designers cross-trained in transportation and product industrial design, mechanical engineering, sustainable architectural and structural design, and electrical engineering.

Emily carried on her father's design engineering tradition at the Royal College of Art, graduating in the top 10th percentile of her class. Eve kept herself busy with the Brompton Road Eden gallery. She also helped manage their XO Men's and Women's couture shops on Bond St., Sloane St. and South Kensington at Brompton Cross. Eve, Emily and all of her employees wore the warrior-priest look, East meets West influenced Edo line of comfortable tailored kimono-inspired crossover-neck formal business wear virtually everywhere, to drum up business. Eve and Emily were very close, private people, and because of the close proximity of the Royal College of Art and the London Eden Gallery, they rarely missed meals together. Their favorite restaurants were in Knightsbridge and South Kensington where they lived above the gallery. One restaurant was simply called 'Veg' on Egerton Gardens and the other was 'Pizza Organic' on Old Brompton Road.

Her communications with her husband were less frequent. She felt that he was purposely being distant for some reason. Perhaps he would surprise her and show up soon, that could be the reason he was building a wall between them. Often, she would walk at night looking up at the stars. She had recently purchased two cottages next to each other in the countryside, so that OM Group security personnel could be close by to protect Emily. Eve was still a highly trained assassin, programmed to be so. She also trained Emily in basic personal protection. She purchased the cottage to be able to look up into the sky at the stars, even perhaps find her husband's cloaked triage vessel out there with her raptor vision. Wishful thinking. She imagined that he would look healthier, even younger than his 88 years, although he looked around 60. Before he left, his hair was all gray, he was rail thin and had lost most of his appetite. He just wanted to spend time locked in the Moog-Hoberman, peering into other worlds, and not into the eyes of his beloved wife. Eve hoped that he would come back with the health and vigor of a 30-year-old, and rekindle his marriage with her, and not the stars.

## The Off-World Man

### CHAPTER 35

In the four and a half years that passed, Dr. Parks kept up his daily regimen. The treatment worked well over the period since his neural node replacement surgery. The triage hospital had become his home and he learned to appreciate the living A.I. vessel and its sparse inhabitants. Parks had the health and appearance of a late thirty-year-old.

Parks often engaged in transcranial conversations with Leonardo the Eben over Rhinehart bodyfuel and coconut milk or strawberry walnut milkshakes, Leonardo's favorite. Parks continued to have fresh produce dimensionally transferred from Z Division to the triage vessel for the alien inhabitants to experience. Over time Parks would even cook some of his wife's vegetarian dishes, to the Eben's nod of approval or headshake of dissatisfaction. Over time, a slow friendship developed that allowed Parks to ask Leonardo about the rejuvenation unit and the H5 energy conversion power source. The Eben seemed to sense his intentions; that he would share this life saving technology with the world. So the little Eben decided to explain the entire workings of the technology to him during his time in treatment. Dr. Parks kept notepad and a stylus handy to record the information given to him. There were 20 treatment stations on the triage ship. Parks requested and was given permission by the Eben to remove two of the units for further study and reverse engineering, only after ensuring the permanent daily delivery of fresh fruits and vegetables from OM Group. With his affairs settled in orbit, and nearly five years of corrective treatment behind him, Parks had one final pressing situation to deal with. If all the players stayed cool, everything would work out to everyone's advantage. If not, then a private war would erupt, with perhaps no winners, and no prisoners. Chet's Z Division team made the modifications to the Park's Moog Hoberman communications unit. He sent out one last strongly worded but brief message:

MIDNIGHT RIDER,

Be advised do not, I repeat, DO NOT harm anyone or anything when you return, OR YOU WILL NOT LIVE LONG ENOUGH TO REGRET IT. I know what your motives are, and we are in agreement. Let her decide for herself. Just keep it below the radar, or I will punch your ticket to the higher realms personally. Are we clear and tracking? WE ARE.

KNIGHT PILOT-- OUT

Few people knew that Dr. Parks' bandit call sign from his gravity propulsion trials on the orbital industrial colony was Knight Pilot with a 'K'. If his clone was batshit out of control and on course back to Sol and earth on an advanced cloaked aethership capable of mass destruction, and Parks own knight's moves approach to strategy, then that SOB had to be stopped. It would be on Parks if one civilian was harmed. His life would become worthless.

## The Off-World Man

### CHAPTER 36

Summer 2057. The Gordon Clone, did receive the message, just as his cloaked aethership passed into the outer edges of the Sol system; its laser burst encrypted signal was on its way throughout the universe to reach the series of communications beacons one light year apart in spherical equilateral distance. He navigated the ship to dive into the underside of the disc-shaped system, making short dimensional jumps. The final space-bending maneuver placed the cloaked ship 100,000 kilometers from the South Pole of the earth.

Gordon knew that there might be more a more sophisticated space security fence surrounding the earth in his twenty-year absence, so he quizzed his now intellectually sterilized AI avatar for solutions to enter earth's orbit and airspace undetected. The avatar suggested using the transponder signal of another USSS fleet vessel, the Robert Inman, to approach the earth as a space naval ship, then jettison the rigged transponder after sneaking through the space detection fence and descend cloaked below the to the 4000-foot deck for conventional aviation.

Gordon then navigated an invisible course for the U.K.

Gordon entered the London Eden Gallery, nervously, full of caution, wearing a navy blue MA-1 flight jacket over black flight coveralls, black canvass jungle boots and tortoise shell wayfarer sunglasses. He wandered the managed sculpture displays and observed the more unusual paintings with a novice art aficionado's eye, careful to avoid the two black suited guards' line of view. Then, he saw her from a distance, and steadied his resolve to at least greet her and gage her reaction. Would she see him as her husband? Did she know that Parks had a clone? He would soon find out.

That's when one of the guards took a casual notice of him, giving him a slight quizzical look, speaking briefly into his palm mike, waiting for a response, but he made no move toward him. No doubt, the security cameras would vector in on his visage and identify him within mere seconds. But as whom, Dr. Parks fresh from treatment, or a younger relative of her husband?

Eve sensed a familiar presence, she looked to her left at this lone figure, just standing facing her direction, with three roses, a white, a yellow and one red, in his hand. He slowly raised them toward her in offering across the sparsely crowded midday gallery. He looked too young to be her husband, but when she focused her raptor like vision on him, there was no mistaking that lonely, almost pitiful expression. Gordon, her husband, was standing there almost 50 meters away. He looked nervous and shy. He smiled cautiously. She walked toward him, but he barely moved towards her.

Eve looked at him, smiled curiously as she approached. His Vandyke beard was gone, replaced by a neatly trimmed, military style moustache. He looked like he was in his thirties, so young. His smile

broadened just before she received the flowers and reached out to embrace him. Eve was dressed in a long loose, indigo silk linen double lace ankle-length open neck bodice dress. Her hair was cut short, dyed a stylish indigo blue black and her tanned skin radiated such powerful sensual energy, that Gordon had sworn he could see her aura.

She ignited the fire deep inside of him. He shuddered in mild shock as she hugged him lovingly. He held her gently. It was his first time hugging anyone ever, and she felt so good, so right for him. When their eyes met close and she smiled at him, his lower abdomen tightened forward and pc muscle clutched hard involuntarily. A “misfire” sexual contraction, indicating deep attraction and arousal. He even audibly moaned involuntary and rested his head on her left shoulder, lifting his head up to her temple he felt compelled to kiss her there, drinking in with all of his senses her sensual magnetic allure. The Gordon clone finally understood. Eve was definitely the most naturally beautiful lady he had ever seen in his life. She had to choose him over the old man, she just had to. Their destinies were intertwined like the DNA that recreated them. And he could tell deep down inside, she knew it...

Eve stepped back just a foot to look into his eyes. “Gordon?”

“Yes.”

“My-- Gordon?”

Eve seemed cautious, desperate. Her eyes teared up excitedly. He couldn’t tell what she meant. Did she know and expect him to arrive, someday.

“I mean, you look so young! All those years of regen-therapy. It’s unbelievable!”

Gordon knew in that instant, looking in her tearing eyes, that she knew he wasn’t her husband. Some part of him knew. But she wanted to continue the charade, she could feel his need.

“I am Gordon, your husband. That’s all you have to remember.”

They embraced again and kissed passionately to the surprise of on lookers. She could feel his growing passion for her.

“Let’s get out of here, go upstairs,” Eve said. “Emily will want to see her father—“

“Let’s have some privacy first, please? Some private time. We’ll surprise her later.”

Eve understood, “Five years is a long time.”

She walked back and grabbed her little woven bamboo box shaped purse. They hurried out of the gallery.

“We can get a hotel suite for the evening, order dinner delivery from Veg. You remember Veg, don’t you?”

It was a test. If he didn't know, she would be sure that he was Parks' clone and perhaps be scared off. In the brief pause, a memory fragment registered in his mind.

"First let's go to Itsu first for sake. It's-- my favorite. Sake, sake sake!"

The Gordon clone remembered Dr. Parks' last visit a decade ago. Tasting sake would be another new experience and calm his nervousness of the upcoming first-time intimacy.

"We haven't been to Floriana or Isola, or the Capital since then," Gordon replied.

"Emily and I eat at Veg or order Pizza Organic delivery nearly every night."

Eve looked again at her perceived young husband, a miracle of youth. He had Parks memories apparently, even if he was not him. She would continue believing he was her husband until-- she truly wasn't sure.

The Off-World Man

CHAPTER 37

Peterson contacted Parks hours earlier on his Smartarm device. “We’ve got a hit on a discarded transponder in the arctic orbit. He took the bait, using what he thought was the transponder signal of a USSS fleet ship. The only problem is that space vessel is still under construction. The AI must be compromised. It was programmed not to aid and abet mutinous activity.”

“He’s home and we’re going to get that ship from him. Just give the line a bit more slack. I have operatives on sight managing the situation from a distance.”

“But he’s going after your wife!” Peterson responded incredulously.

“I know. She can defend herself from any unwanted advances. But it’s up to her to tell the difference.”

“But he has all of your memories!”

“But no practical life experience. It’s up to her to decide-- ”

“Decide what? Whether he deserves some of her practical life experience? What if she cannot tell the difference between you two? What if she thinks that he’s a younger you fresh from treatment?”

“He is a younger me.”

“He is not you.”

“He is if he has all of my practical memories, my neural network, my way of thinking and processing information. And he’s closer to her in actual biological age.”

“What if she accepts this imposter as you?”

Parks looked away out at one of the side portals in his quarters down at the clouded azure view of earth. “Then she just does. He wins, and I lose. But she must decide for herself.”

The Off-World Man

CHAPTER 38

Eve and Gordon spent the rest of the day, in bed. They ravaged each other from the moment the door of the hotel suite closed. Eve took on the role of aggressor. She enjoyed her rejuvenated husband all night, but there was something different about him besides his youth and vigor. He seemed so-- new. Eve was so invigorated by him, so she had to be sure.

"Let's go to the cottage in Marlborough. I just purchased for us, just you and I, ok?"

"What about Emily?"

"I told her we were here. I'll call her later and tell her of our plans. We'll see her later this weekend when we return."

"I'm ready when you are."

"Aren't you hungry?"

"A meal replacement shake would do my body some good."

"Well we are having a real full breakfast with fresh fruit. I'll even let you have eggs."

"Ok."

"Ok?"

"Sure, whatever you want to order." Gordon started to slowly fall back to sleep.

"We'll rent a car. Do you feel up to driving?"

"I'm still getting adjusted to hard gravity-- I mean maybe you should drive?"

"I thought the triage hospital had EM dampeners that simulate earth gravity?"

"There's a difference. And after last night-- I'm in no condition to stand up, let alone operate a land vehicle. Perhaps I do require sustenance. I'd like to try some eggs."

"Try some eggs?"

"I'm just still tired, not fully awake, that's all."

After breakfast, Gordon took a long relaxing shower, a luxury not allowed in space. He could appreciate a hot shower over a mere warm soapy wash in a shower cocoon. The uncollected condensation on an enclosed space vessel can ruin electronics and be a breeding ground for bacteria. They set out around noon on the M4 out of London, Eve retracted the roof on the cabriolet rental car. Eve noticed with satisfaction but more suspicion how Gordon marveled at the warm beautiful sun, blue sky and fresh air breezing by as they traveled through the countryside, as if it were a new experience.

When they approached the modern cottage Eve's 'neighbors' were already there. She didn't anticipate their being around because Emily was not with her. Eve immediately passed the cottage, pulled over and closed the roof of the cabriolet turned around and pulled into the cottage driveway all the way to the rear of the cottage.

"Wait here while I speak to our neighbors, one of the tactical units we employ to protect Emily when she's with me. I think we can give them the day off, don't you? I can protect us."

"If you say so. I am also tactically-- I mean, I've been working out, practicing too. We won't need them."

"Agreed." Eve was losing faith by the hour that this man was her husband, but she wanted the privacy to find out for sure, and if nothing else have his intimate company for herself just a little while longer. She sent the security team home. She also asked them to wait until she entered the cottage before they left. The two-person man and woman team assumed that she wanted the privacy to conduct a discreet affair. They were conflicted, knowing ultimately that Dr. Parks was their employer as well, but dutifully complied with Mrs. Parks order.

Eve made a light lunch and an early dinner for her 'husband', still examining his every move and mannerism. By now Gordon was well aware. He ate very little and seemed to be struggling to keep his balance under the strain of gravity. He rested most of the time. And Eve took advantage of the reclining man to satisfy her sensual needs.

But Eve couldn't help remembering that her husband didn't have an identification or Q- commerce cards and his Smartarm gauntlet device appeared to be of military grade quality. The evidence against this man was mounting. But she was so lonely for her husband, even a close simulacrum would suffice.

They watched the sun set on the large back sundeck sitting on oversized deck loungers with a small table of sweet Reisling wine and a small tray of fruits and cheeses. Each new experience seemed special to him as if it were his first, as it was once to Eve when she was first awakened in Singapore. If he was a clone like her, she had a duty to help acclimate him to the so-called real world. In actual truth, the breakaway civilization was the real world, the rest of the planet was living in a fantasy.

When nightfall finally came, Eve asked for his help in bringing out an expensive telescope. Eve had become an amateur astronomer since she acquired the cottage. They began taking turns looking up at the stars. Gordon began to describe in detail various star systems as Eve observed. He seemed to know them all. That's when Eve knew that the man she was enamored with was her husband's clone. Eve also

knew that she no longer cared. Maybe it was the second bottle of table wine, maybe it was just their shared circumstance. He definitely had Dr. Parks' knowledge base, but he seemed to pause when accessing a memory before responding during their conversations, between their passionate sessions throughout the cottage. As time and the wine flowed, Eve cared less and less. For all intent and purpose, this was her Gordon, she knew that now. She also felt like she was for him, but not his property. Not like she felt with her husband. With him she felt like a product of his wealth and grief at the loss of her progenitor. This young Gordon was just like her.

She made a decision-- She wouldn't ask him outright. She would just enjoy him until-- her husband discovered them. Eve didn't know how he would react, but she felt that he would behave in a decent and just manner. Perhaps this was the rejuvenated marriage she asked the Creator potential for.

The weather was pleasant, so they decided to sleep out on the back deck. With Gordon's help, they pulled a king-sized mattress, pillows and a comforter out onto the back deck, and lit area candles to set the mood. They made love again and again and slept under the stars-- and Gordon's' cloaked vessel just 1000 meters south of the cottage.

Amaan Anderson, EPS New York and now London Regional Manager contacted Dr. Parks directly. Aware of Parks' honorary ranks within Air Force and Naval Space Command after being read into his covert military history, he afforded him all the respect due to a man of his official achievements.

"Commander Parks, he's here, and ah--sir, they've gotten pretty, ah-- cozy, sir."

There was a long pause, and with leaden weighted sigh, Parks spoke, "I understand. Keep them under distant surveillance, just their travels. There will be no audio or visual recordings of any kind, Understand? Give them their space. I'll confront the situation in due time. And thank you for your discretion Manni."

"Yes, Commander Parks. By the way my father used to call me by that nick name-- "

"I knew your father when you were just a toddler. You've grown up to be a good man that your father would be proud of. "

"Thank you, Commander. We'll take action only when you're ready, sir. Anderson, out."

## The Off-World Man

### CHAPTER 39

“Emily, look whose home?” Eve announced as she opened the door to their condo home above the Kensington gallery. “It’s your father-- “

“No, he’s not...” Emily replied in fact, “I just received a Q-mail from him. Who are you?”

The Gordon clone was at a loss for words. After a brief uncomfortable silence--

“He’s your uncle- Marcus...” Eve blurted out the words from nowhere, on the fly.

“Well, “Emily looked at him suspiciously, then shrugged, “he certainly looks like Dad. Hi, how are you?”

“Gordon could finally take a sigh of relief and speak, barely, “Fine, thank you. How are you Emily, my-niece?” He greeted her with a cordial handshake.

Both looked at him puzzled for different reasons.

“Well, can we come in?” Eve said. “I still pay the bills here.”

“I thought Dad did?”

“We both do, young lady.” Eve turned her matriarchal intensity up.

Emily retreated back to her living space, eyeing the new guest suspiciously as she left. “Nice to have met you, sir.”

“Nice to meet you as well.”

Eve looked at her retiring daughter, then at her new lover, then looked deeper inward, into the depth of her own betrayal. “Oh, dear Creator, what have I done?” She put her hands up to her closed eyes, overcome by disbelief.

“You knew it the minute you saw me Eve,” Gordon said. “We were made the same way and made for each other.” Gordon reached out for Eve. She slowly, reached out for him. They held each other in the empty quiet space. They kissed slowly and gently, then looked into each other’s eyes, affirming the strength of their new bond and commitment to each other.

Then suddenly the doorbell chimed.

The time had come. As Dr. Parks pressed the doorbell, Eve looked through the electronic door screener, startled but not completely shocked, then slowly opened the door. As Parks stepped in, he waived at the four EPS paramilitary security to wait where they were outside the door. Parks had them positioned all around the building and chose not to carry a side arm. "Hello Eve." He walked to Eve and gave her a gentle but brief hug. The Gordon Clone stood nearby an open conduit doorway he activated, ready for a quick retreat. Parks raised two fingers to stop the pursuit.

"They're waiting on the ship, son. There's nowhere to go. You're grounded, permanently. But you've both made your point." Parks reached out his hand for the dimensional activator unit, which the clone reluctantly relinquished.

"I'm sorry," Eve stammered. "I-- at first I thought it was you, that it might be you. But he's naïve, more like I was, like I imagine you were when you were a young man with your original Eve Dumont. We just got along from the start. Her needs me, more than you do."

"I'm sorry Ambassador Parks, but Eve is better suited for me, and you know it," the Gordon clone said.

"Dad?" Emily came into the room not completely understanding the conversation. She hesitated when she saw her naturally youthful looking father, then remembered his connection to advanced technology. "You look so much younger!" She rushed to hug her father.

"Hey kiddo. Congratulations are in order from what I understand. Are you thinking about joining the old man's company or graduate school?"

"No nepotism Dad, you promised."

"Yeah right, we'll see about that," Parks said. Just think it over. Say, are you hungry? By the Creator, I haven't had a good laboratory cultured slab beef protein burger in decades. Your mom wouldn't let me eat them anymore, no animal protein whatsoever."

The Gordon clone looked at Eve and finally understood that Eve was testing him with the breakfast eggs allowance days earlier to prove his identity. She knew that he was a clone even then.

Parks continued, "Emily, why don't you take your old Dad to a good old nearby burger joint here in London. Knock back a double meat chili cheddar burger, fries and a strawberry milkshake."

"I'll make mine a black bean patty and soy chili thank you, but it's a date."

"A date? Are you dating young lady?" Parks jokingly feigned mock surprise. "I thought I told you to wait until you're 30. No, make that 40 now."

"Dad?!" Emily whined.

"Go on get ready, and hurry. I'm hungry!"

"Ok, Dad. Momma, ah, Uncle Marcus, you want to come with us?"

“No honey, we’ll let you two catch up. Maybe next time.”

“Ok.” Emily went to change.

“We’ll bring back something for you two. Ah-- Gordon or Marcus or whatever you feel comfortable calling yourself, you’ll have to debrief by teleconference with Air Force / Naval Space Command. I’ll defend your actions as best I can and I will not turn you in. My conglomerate’s security forces will protect you.”

“Thank you.” Eve replied softly, “Emily doesn’t need to know right now.”

“But she senses that something is off. And she will be able to handle it, but not today. Until the debriefing, you’ll have to make yourself available Marcus. After the debriefing, you can stay here or in New York or travel as you please. You may visit the Gamba estate, but I think you understand that it holds special memories for me. It was our family’s home.

And I want you to understand, you have no claim to my conglomerate, is that clear? Eve and I will get a quiet divorce. She is independently wealthy. And because of the circumstances of your creation and service to humanity, I will open up an account for you with a certain eight figure sum in it, for those years of silent service, that must remain silent. Are we tracking?”

“Yes, Ambassador, we are,” the Gordon clone said. He reached into his jacket and handed over the navigational goggle temple frames for the aehtership. It’s cloaked and hovering just over this building.”

“Yes, we know, and have already retrieved it.”

There was an awkward silence. “Why are you willing to do all this?” Eve asked.

“Because you were created to take the place of Eve Dumont. That was unfair to you. I was selfish and self-centered. We had you two created only because we had the god-like power to do so. And like Eve Dumont, I neglected you as well. This man Marcus is better suited for you, and I’ll not stand in your way. Besides, I have a diplomatic mission to finish. I have to make more of a contribution for all of the revelations about the true nature of our reality that I have been privileged to be exposed to.”

Parks walked towards the exit as Emily returned making no contact with his soon to be former wife.

“I’ll send the food back up with Emily.”

“Dad, you’re not staying?” Emily’s heart sank as she walked toward the door.

“Young lady, I came all this way just to see you, just for today. And after graduation, we’ll travel to California, just the two of us. I’ll show you some of the colleges I’ve attended and we’ll visit my childhood home. So cheer up, I’ll see you again soon.

Parks looked back at the metahuman couple one last time-- before he walked out of their lives for good. They would become progenitors of a new humanity and aid in its evolution.

When Emily returned, Eve rushed to the window, and watched her soon to be ex-husband prepare to leave. "Turn around, look up at me," Eve whispered to him through the window. If he did, she would bolt downstairs and beg him for forgiveness and not to leave her, again.

Emily could sense in her father's sad eyes that something significant had changed beyond his return to middle aged youth. She knew it would be best if they broached the subject to her first, so she retired herself to her room, to allow them privacy, and wait for the bad news.

The Gordon clone went to Eve's side and tried to comfort her, but she gently removed his hand from her shoulder. She continued to wait for him to turn, to no avail. He spoke to the aide near his latest project prototype, then opened up the throaty faux throttle on the machine and roared away. On a cloud of air, so surreal.

This wasn't her unintentionally aloof husband. This new man felt betrayed but wished her all the best in her new life. He simply wanted nothing more to do with her.

"I betrayed him." Eve turned and briefly looked at her new lover. Then watched in anguish as Dr. Parks faded into the distant traffic of the night.

Upon returning Emily home from their dinner, Parks relived his personal security detail, ordering them to provide another layer of security to Eve and his daughter.

It was only 8pm. Anderson waited for his boss near the prototype silver gray polished EM motorcycle., an otherworldly wheel-less chopper hovered silently just over one foot above the road surface. Dr. Parks had an American Ironhorse board tracker chopper frame retrofitted with three Null-G engine pods, center, forward and rear. The Null G engine was based on magnetic flux field disruptor technology that neutralizes over 90 percent of the mass of the vehicle. He'd already named the g-bike after the hammer of the mythical Norse god, Thor.

"Commander Parks, before you depart, I must insist upon a security detail for your person, sir."

"Negative, son. I feel the need to drift tonight, just me and that new Ironhorse your standing next to. I have to see how she handles so we can correct any glitches in the maneuvering fly-by-wire programming. I'm going to' head to Itsu for a couple rounds of sake, grab a bottle for the road, then tour through the West end, from Piccadilly Mayfair and St. James to Soho and Covent Garden, ending at Hoxton on the East end. Don't worry, I've got a high-tech security team overhead following my every move.

Hell, by morning I could decide to take a dimensional doorway to Amsterdam for 24 hours. Then spend a day in Paris, or Milan. I could spend the next year visiting places like Taiwan, Singapore, and Tokyo, but it wouldn't change tonight. I've lost her. We had a good run, but the net result is still the same.

There's a job for you with Z Division, I want you to take it. You will coordinate and upgrade the security protocols at all OM Group Z Division facilities worldwide. You will not have to resign your post, but if you do, I'd take it as a personal favor. I'll expect your response by Qmail within 24 hours. Watch the condo for the next few hours, then take the rest of the night off."

"Thank you, Commander."

Parks mounted the big hovering machine as if it were a wheeled monster Harley Davidson with a soft suspension, then checked its systems for go. Parks looked at the young security agent, having reviewed his record and recommended him for this assignment. He was reminded of himself as an energetic 30-year-old Lockheed Martin aerospace engineer. "Slow down on the philandering kid and think about your future, what you want to achieve in life. Speaking of too much fun, you know, I may ride this mean machine to the upcoming Bilderberg Conference next month. Shock all of those trans-humanists."

"I thought you agreed with the agenda?"

"Transcendence into a machine, is still just a machine capturing and mimicking your neural identity, your patterns of thought, logic, and reason. Its primitive; a good first effort, but in essence it's still just a ghost in a machine. Something is always lost in the translation."

Parks gave a two-fingered salute then roared away on the floating custom wheel-less chopper.

It took everything in him, all of his resolve, not to look back and up at the windows above the gallery. Their spiritual bond was broken. So was his heart. But he would never display his pain and shame for losing yet another Eve. He gave this one away to a more suitable companion. The rejuvenated Gordon Marcus Aurelius Parks, Earth Ambassador to the InterWorld Council and Doctor of letters in many fields of engineering, was a drifter, a lone soul. And he always would be. When he pulled away on the new technology, vehicle and pedestrian traffic slowed to a near stop in his wake.

Anderson instinctively turned to look up at the number of windows open looking at the marvel of new technology. Two women in separate windows captured his attention. They were Dr. Parks' wife and daughter.

## The Off-World Man

### CHAPTER 40

Peterson debriefed Parks after he returned to the triage vessel in high orbit. "The aethership is in good condition. We repaired the jettisoned transponder. SpaceCom wants the vessel to tear apart and back engineer. I have them in a holding pattern of sorts, I haven't promised the ship until they stop rattling their sabers, or should I say arming their directed energy weapons at where they think the ship is."

"I've-- got to finish the diplomatic mission. I have to. I've got to drift."

"No, you don't. That is just impossible-- The whole mission of discovery was my father's idea. He knew his time on this realm was short. He wanted to tour the local neighborhood just one more time. The rest of the diplomatic mission has been postponed indefinitely-- "

"I'm going."

"NO AMBASSADOR PARKS, YOU ARE NOT!" Peterson stared angrily at Parks, then calmed himself before speaking. "I don't know if you humans completely understand, but I outrank you by an infinite order of magnitude. You're like spoiled children who don't understand the meaning of no. I am the senior most member of the Interworld Council in this sector. Before our intervention, you proto humans were still worshipping the sun and trying to figure out how to make fire. Five hundred thousand years later, and humanity is still no better off than when you were first-- "

"Engineered?" Parks replied.

Peterson took a long look at Parks again. He looked away and sighed while shaking his head at the futility of the argument, then reached into his coat pocket and tossed the goggle frame looking navigational temple apparatus for his mentor's aethership. "The A.I. Elder said you would want to complete the journey. If your clone was anything like you, then you're a drifter of the first order. I told him that I could convince you to stay. But I guess he was right. Bring that vessel back in one piece, not a scratch on her, and with a full tank."

"It runs of aether energy, High Ambassador Peterson, not petrol." The two ambassadors chuckled, before the severe gravity in this breach of SpaceCom protocol would be fully realized. "Thank you, for everything," Parks said.

Peterson turned and walked away as he said, "You know there are over nine hundred InterWorld Council sentient member worlds in the Virgo supercluster."

"I know," Parks replied. "I'm tempted to try and visit them all. But first there are a few souls here on earth that I need to visit one last time, before I go."

Peterson called out to Parks, "We'll meet again, but it may take another thirty or forty years. Until then, I bid you peace, InterWorld Council Earth Ambassador Parks."

The Off-World Man

CHAPTER 41

From you, if I learned anything at all,  
is just how long can be the distance, between two hearts.  
But your words for me, are not so hard to understand.  
After all this time, you still hold my heart in your hands.  
So here I am, on my knees, left alone to pray.  
To be willing, to let you go, somehow, only God can help me now.  
Only God can help me now.  
For you, I've been on my knees so long,  
that my heart forgot the difference, between right and wrong, baby.  
Here I am, on my knees, left alone to pray.  
Just to be willing, to let you go, somehow, only God can help me now.  
Only God, only God can help me now.  
Here I am, on my knees, left here alone to pray.  
Truth is, I have no right.  
Always sensed along, that I would lose this fight.  
To be willing, to let you go somehow, only God can help me now.  
I don't know how,  
because I love you so...

Dr. Gordon Marcus Aurelius Parks, stood at the gravesite of Eve Nichelle Dumont a few hundred yards from her family's vineyard just outside of Marseilles, France. He was dressed in a black pilot's jumpsuit, tactical boots and an Air Force K-1A pilot's jacket, wearing Wayfarer screaming shades.

Years after her parents passed and were placed on each side in final rest with their daughter, Parks purchased the vineyard. That was decades ago. He added a large bronze statue anchored deep into the ground of a winged angel sentry in a flowing gown girded at the waist and Roman sandals, holding aloft in her right hand a two-sided sword. The statue's face was an exact copy of Eve. The statue's huge, outstretched wings touched the ground and shielded the three graves from wind and inhospitable weather. The commercial vineyard still produced a limited quantity of its signature sweet table wine, renamed Eden Vineyards by Parks, using the angel statue sentry as its corporate brand. The wine production paid for the upkeep on the vineyard and kept the centuries-old tradition alive.

The shades he wore were special. An overhead ground penetrating satellite allowed him to look through the few meters of ground, through the lid of her coffin and see into Eve's grave momentarily, see her angelic face at final rest. This would be his final time.

"Hi honey. I just wanted to say goodbye. I miss you, as I have for all these decades. I'm sorry I failed you. I should have fought for you and never let you go back in '97. I did something stupid too.

I missed you so much, I tried to bring you back to me-- back to life. But she wasn't you. I hope you'll forgive me for that too." He lowered his head in shame, teary eyed at the admission of his folly,

Parks then sat seiza style at the right side of her grave, gave her a formal deep bow then spent a half-hour in seiza naikan settled introspection. He could not tear himself away from her side, and his body became heavy with exhaustion. Parks spent the night sleeping next to Eve's gravesite. He dreamed that Eve came to him. She was dressed in a long loose, indigo silk linen double lace ankle-length open neck bodice dress. She took off her dress and laid it on the cold grass covered ground of the gravesite. She laid down on the dress and pulled Parks to her. Parks immediately became aroused as she undressed him, making love to him slowly.

When he awakened the next morning, he felt spent. His jacket had been placed over his chest, and the faint smell of Eve's favorite fragrance remained on his body. She had been there with him. There was a trail of faint smoke coming from a chimney at the large cottage adjacent to the vineyard. No doubt she was there, making him breakfast. When she returned, she would find him gone. He kissed the top of Eve Dumont's gravestone before departing, then pressed the touch screen of his Smartarm gauntlet. A dimensional doorway opened just behind him. He turned, stepped through never looking at the cottage, looking back at the gravesite one last time as the doorway faded away.

Parks went on to visit every child he fathered over his philandering years, briefly observing them from a distance. Parks knew he was no saint by any measure of morality. He sired these remarkable, now young adult children by contract with women from all over the world to appease his over inflated ego and legacy. He deeply regretted not being a father to them, but not the manipulation of their educational training, forcing them to become engineers in order to inherit part of his fortune, like a private angel investor in their individual futures. Not having a father only left the lives of these eleven children, some only a few years older than Emily, with unanswered questions. But Parks vowed in his heart that he would bring them into the fold of his super conglomerate empire, where they would find the answers to their progenitor's identity and motivations.

## The Off-World Man

### CHAPTER 42

For Emily, Parks tried to play the role of corny old Dad, but she knew that her father was more like the loveable rogue that people unfortunately loved to hate. Upon her graduation from the Royal College of Art, Emily flew from London's Heathrow Airport to LAX. Dr. Parks met her there and they rented a car and drove up Highway 1 along the coast. During their drive, Emily brought up the painful situation with her parents to get it out of the way. "Mom and Uncle Marcus are together now in London, Dad. How can she do that to you?" Emily was upset for her father.

"He's not my brother Emily... Listen, there are things that we need to discuss, but I'm not quite sure that we're ready to have this conversation. I do not want you to be mad at your mother, do you understand? She's happier with him.

One day, I promise, I'll explain everything to you, then you'll fully understand. All we want right now is for your mother to be happy. Ok?"

"Ok, Dad?"

When they reached San Luis Obispo, they parked in front of a children's community center.

"I was an orphan, Emily. I was adopted from a home that used to sit on this land by the loving couple that this community center is named after. By adopting me, Maria and Gordon Wayne Parks literally saved my life. We were poor by today's standards, but they taught me the value of education, responsible behavior, hard work and sacrifice. And, to never, NEVER, give up on your career dreams.

I've tried and failed more than I've succeeded to live by their example, and I hope you will too.

They would have adored their granddaughter and you would have eaten more delicious Tex-Mex food and authentic South Western cuisine than you can imagine. Momma Maria was one hell of a cook. She would have fattened you up in a week."

Emily's smile was warm with the knowledge that her grandmother was a wonderful woman that she hoped to emulate one day. She looked on at the community center as her father continued.

"Maria and Gordon Wayne Parks believed in me..." Emily's father became emotional for a fraction of a moment, "...and sacrificed for me, when most parents were too self-absorbed to even care about their children's future back in the pre-digital age.

I often think about how many young minds full of potential, never get a chance to flourish, just because they were born to neglectful, irresponsible parents. How many young lives are wasted by apathy?

I established the Maria and Gordon Wayne Parks Foundation to fund this children's community center forever. And I want you to help me keep this foundation alive and flourishing. It will be one of your jobs."

"One of my jobs?" Emily's brows arched in surprise.

"Yes, I've spoken to your Uncle Chet, he runs my conglomerate now. Nepotism aside, we want to hire you, entry level, to work at the OM Group London 'Z' Division Labs while you attend graduate school. A great deal will be expected of you. You are going to see and develop advanced technology beyond your wildest dreams." Parks looked at his daughter. "Congratulations Emily, you are going to help build the future." Emily didn't know whether to be shocked or angered at her multi-billionaire father's presumptiveness, so she said nothing. Parks continued. "Even though I have to complete a sensitive off-world diplomatic mission, and I'll be away for a long time, we will keep in communication. Chet is working on adapting the Moog Hoberman chaise for you. You'll always be able to find me. I will be traveling using an advanced technology able to create shortened-distance portals in space, similar to the dimensional doorway technology. My newly acquired aethership can bend the distance between destinations using the ship's negative space curvature field system and navigate around other sentient worlds via its tri-configured negative gravitation force generators. I will be able to travel a minimum of 1000 light years per day. It's a new physics-altering technology that conventional popular science is just beginning to fully understand. For commercial and civilian space travel, it's a paradigm changer, like aether energy. Emily, you will learn about this and other wondrous new advances when you join Z Division, the advanced reverse-engineering Team. Chet and I will groom you to take over Z Division and perhaps all of OM Group someday. Nothing would make me prouder."

As Emily started the hydrogen-powered rental sedan and prepared to drive away, she realized how truly amazing her father was. "Thank you. I love you Baba..." Emily hadn't called her father by that name since she was 12 years old, and only now in private. As a toddler, she wouldn't pronounce Ababa, but Baba was close enough. Her parents would laugh together and clap their hands at her accomplishing those first words.

"I love you too kiddo...Are you hungry. Let's find an 'In and Out Burger' place. You haven't lived until you've eaten one of their chili cheese mustard burgers with lots of chopped raw red onions and a side of pico de gallo."

"Dad, you're going to relog your arteries. You just got well."

"Yeah, but what a way to go. Saddle up, we're on a burger mission. Then, we'll make just make the opening day of the Concorso Italiana at the Monterey Peninsula. You play your cards right, I may buy you your first Ferrari. And if you continue to behave, we may hop an XO Jet flight to Pistoleros in Houston for portobello tacos. Some NASA EagleWorks official took Chet and me there for lunch once. I always wanted to take your mother there. Maybe I'll open up Pistoleros restaurants in New York and London."

"Ok, Dad, now you're just showing off," Emily joked.

## The Off-World Man

### CHAPTER 43

When Dr. Parks appeared at the Gamba estate, he walked through the empty corridors of the Tyrell Mansion, into his and Eve's master bedroom, ending in his study. He carried a black duffle bag and carefully began to select vintage books to read during his journey. Parks planned to carry close to fifty back with him to the cloaked aethership in high upland orbit.

Carl Gustav Jung's 'Archetypes of the Collective Unconscious' was in his hand when the door to his study abruptly opened.

"Dr. Parks? Damn, you surprised the shit out of us!" It was long-time estate Security Chief, Frank Riley with two, armed security personnel. "I had sentries' double timing it back here. We thought the mansion had been home invaded. But the home A.I.'s biometric system finally identified you. Are you back for good?"

"Good response time, Frank. No, unfortunately, I'm just picking up some old reading material. I'm headed on a long trip."

"How long, professionally speaking?"

"I'm not sure. Maybe a very long time..."

"Well, just know that the estate is safe and sound, whenever you return."

"I know."

"There's been no residual effects from the removal of that pellet reactor after the Trophy Active defense system was decommissioned. I never did like nuclear power, especially after the global damage done by that Fukushima Daiichi disaster.

"Good, Thank you."

"So, how's the family?"

"Good, I think they are going to remain in London and New York for the time being. Emily will be attending graduate school soon. I'm sure they miss you."

"Yeah, I miss them too. I gotta' send the little miss a Q-mail. Well Dr. Parks, I'll leave you to it." Chief Riley walked over and shook his hand. "Safe travels..."

"Thank you for all of your years of service to this estate and my family, Frank. Take care."

## The Off-World Man

### CHAPTER 44

Anderson's debriefing appointment found Director Ueshiba training alone. After being approved to visit the director on the upper most penthouse floor of EPS Corporate in the Hearst Building, he was escorted to where the sensei was by the same man who accompanied Madame X on her last entertainment excursion. Anderson ignored him.

Kendo training was a Level 3 and above requisite. Managers and executives were jokingly called Jedi at this level in the company. It wasn't much of a stretch from the truth. Anderson knew that EPS was developing a jo staff for Level 2 roaming event managers and corporate security agents capable of delivering a 100,000-volt stun charge to an attacker.

In a private dojo for Level 3 and above managers and executives, Sensei Ueshiba was practicing the Aikido four to sixteen direction cut movements with a hardwood mock Japanese sword. Beginning from a hanmi stance, Ueshiba raised the sword overhead while stepping on the right foot, pivoting and simultaneously cutting down the length of the opponent's position, his body and sword moving as one. In essence, Sensei Ueshiba was practicing hoki; the projection of Ki energy in concert with sabaki body movement, enryu circular flow, enten circular integration, sumikiri perfect clarity and Ki shin Tai ichinyo, Ki, mind and body are one.

Anderson sat in silence at the edge of the mat watching his sensei train for nearly fifteen minutes. Then as toweled the sweat from his brow and he switched to seiza naikan for settled introspection, he waved Anderson to his side just before he began, speaking sparingly as he entered the depths of the devoid mind. Anderson formally moved to Ueshiba's side just feet away. He then formally bowed again to his seated sensei and waited to be addressed.

"Discreet, nearly invisible. You and your team accomplished your assignment very well."

"Thank you, Director. But I can barely sleep at night now."

"I understand that you've stopped all of the reckless womanizing as well."

"That's correct."

"One must learn to control the body's energies, and focus the mind on cherished, respected and valuable pursuits in order to have a long and noble life. Cultivate the higher, creative talents we are all born with-- "

"Like my father. Have you heard from him?"

“Not in months. I don’t know if he’s still alive. All I know is that his work required him to commit into the clandestine world fully. Does he contact you?”

“Yes, probably about as much as he contacts you. A few times a year. Do you know where he is.”

“No, but wherever he roams, the Mighty Wolf leaves no tracks. He’s still a recluse with enemies.”

“Dad provided for me and my mother well enough, but he didn’t marry her. He put you and the other mentors from his police force days in my life, and I’m grateful for that. But I wish he had just allowed me to be a part of his life, to know him better. It would have helped me to become a better man.”

“You’re doing alright. Your father suffered from life-long chronic depression. He used the sculptures and paintings he created during his casework to attempt to heal himself. It worked sometimes, other times it failed him and sent him down another empty ally of misery. But that was his life, not yours. John Noah Anderson was a good homicide detective and private investigator. But he saw too much horror, too much trauma. The FBI Wolf Pack and whatever clandestine work he’s into now with the counter terrorism is in a way, saving him from himself.

Your father was known on the street as Automatic Slim and he terrorized the truly bad guys, even if it meant killing them and creating a technicality to get away with it. That’s why he didn’t want you joining the NYPD. Someone from his past might have a vendetta against him and take it out on you. That’s why he was so distant. That’s why he didn’t marry your mother. But he left your mother everything he had before he went into the black and became a covert operator.”

There was silence for a long time before Anderson switched subjects. “Director, tell me about this assignment’s association to a Madame X or Athena, one of our clients? What’s her real connection?”

The sensei’s face became grim. “We’ve been protecting Athena for nearly two decades at the direction of Dr. Parks. He found out that her genetic material had been used to recreate his cloned wife. The Genesis Consortium has been cleaning up loose ends since the elite human project cloning was exposed to the public. Athena can name names dates and locations, do a great deal of damage to the consortium. She would have been eliminated without our protection. In a way, this company honed its global VIP itinerary management protocols because of our need to keep her safe. She has to stay constantly on the move.”

“Does she have a personal bodyguard?”

“When she permits but usually, she is protected by a unit of EPS operators. Because Athena is one of our longest continual clients, and on Dr. Parks’ bill, she usually hand picks her personal protectors. There are times when she requires-- more personal attention. She picks agents that she finds attractive.”

Anderson looked down in sorrow. “She got to me, made me care for her again. I developed feelings for her many years ago, when we used to see each other. It took a long time to get her out of my system.”

“That’s part of her charm, her power. She radiated a powerful sensuality, high intelligence, class, and compassion. Everyone gravitated toward her orbit. She made billions for the Genesis Consortium with her genetic contributions, and she wasn’t the only one. There were six other women just like her, with a naturally gifted alluring power. After they donated genetic material over a period of years to the Consortium, they were all mysteriously eliminated. Dr. Parks found out about this and Athena’s contribution to his wife’s creation. He knew that it was a matter of time before he found and terminated Athena as well. Dr. Parks bought out ExecPro and challenged us with responsibility of keeping her alive and safe to live as she chooses.

It was a matter of pride for us to give her military grade global diplomatic protection. And, to use it as a protocol model to constantly improve our level of efficiency for all of our clients.”

“Where is she,” Anderson asked. “Where is Athena.”

“Son, you can never see her again. You will not be allowed to. For her own safety, we must recuse you from her life, forever. Other senior agents-- ”

“That’s bullshit.” Anderson was enraged.

“That’s the way it is. Company policy when it comes to Madame X, by Dr. Parks’ order, once an agent becomes too involved. That’s her power over men, over all of us. From now on, you will have learn not to love anyone you are hired to protect, in order to be an effective agent, an effective warrior-- ”

Anderson stood informally and walked away toward the elevators, a decidedly Western insult to the Eastern formality that the sensei director expected. He left behind his company credentials, identification cards, and office keys on the mat where he sat. Stubborn, just like his father, Ueshiba thought.

“We never knew her name for long. She would just erase it from our memory of everyone she knew.” Ueshiba’s last words stopped Anderson in his angry mid-stride path to the guarded elevator banks. “She’s not from this world, none of the other genetic donor women were. She was an experiment in an InterWorld Council visitor exchange program. That’s why her sexual magnetism was so powerful.

She could have stayed if she chose to. But it seems, you made a deep impression on her as well. We would have protected her as long as she lived. But she chose to return to her home world. You may not believe me now, but one day, you will.”

The Off-World Man

CHAPTER 45

I have no real friends,

I am a lone soul.

I work for neither the devil,

nor am I an outstanding agent for our Lord.

I am a lost traveler, from a lost tribe.

I am both protected by the Creator,

and I am a protector.

I am both a righteous follower,

and a leader of the path.

I am a servant and student,

of the ways and truths--

of this world and the Universe,

I am on a secret journey,

to its beginning and limitless end.

When Dr. Parks entered the aethership carrying a duffle bag over his shoulder, the lights and various stations began to activate. "Engage AI avatar program."

There was a pause. No response. Parks looked towards the pilot's seat. Then placed the navigational temple goggle frame from his jumpsuit chest pocket and placed the unit across his brow, nose bridge and temples. A disembodied voice came into his head as a holographic one-piece wrap around heads up goggle display dropped down and emitted from the temple frame.

"I knew that you would come to complete the diplomatic journey. I knew that you would do what was necessary and right."

Parks was in no mood to be cosmically or spiritually inspired. He just-- wanted to leave his loss behind and keep his mind occupied with what seemed a noble endeavor. "How soon can we get underway?"

A feminine voice answered, she was hunkered down at one of the technical stations, operating the touch and SOE interface with considerable skill. Her back was facing him and data streams of pictogram like symbols scrolled in front of the stunningly gorgeous lady, outfitted in a form fitting navy jumpsuit, zipped down to the neck and her tanned cleavage. She looked like a Bond girl.

"As soon as you're settled in. We've been waiting."

"Athena? What are you doing here?" Parks couldn't sense her presence, but now her psychic pheromones were on their way to his sensorium. In his dismay, he turned to question the ship's A I.

The Elder's avatar replied in anticipation. "I agreed to take her to her home world in the Pleiades system. She is you ex-wife's genetic donor, and you both know each other already, you been her patron to some degree, providing for her global security over the years."

As Parks began to give the A I his full attention and a piece of his mind, the H3D image faded, giving Parks the slip to avoid the argument. By that time Athena walked over to him with an outstretched hand in formal greeting.

"I hope that you won't mind? I have to get away."

He shook her hand cordially, as she applied her telepathic powers to make a psychic-sexual invitation for the trip. Parks held her hand longer than he needed to, involuntarily displaying his receptiveness to her magnetic allure. She was highly attractive after all, intellectually advanced, and her empathic telepathic powers were formidable. But more than that, he could sense her loneliness, her alone-ness with the world, not unlike his own newly single status and forced solitude. In his mind he thought, "I hope that she stays, then I won't be all alone."

In his mind, he heard a reply from the telepathically advanced being. She smiled and winked mischievously as she returned to her duty station, replying aloud, "I may take you up on your offer, Ambassador Parks. I may just do that indeed. You know, I love to travel. We're prepared for departure, Commander."

"Call me Gordon. We're a bit more relaxed here on board the-- "

"That's right. This vessel has no name, Athena replied."

"Then we will have to come up with a name on our diplomatic journey of discovery for the Earth InterWorld Council. Let's name her the USSS Constitution. Let's get underway, shall we?" Parks looked out at the 360-degree external view instantly provided by his spatial display. "All those stars, and all the life behind them. They're like us, some assembled in groups, and others isolated and all alone."

The avatar reappeared. "You've missed out on half of your journey of discovery."

"I saw glimpses through the M-H unit."

"Yes, but you were not physically present."

"Well, I am now. Let's move forward in the present, please, Parks intoned in mild irritation. He knew that the A.I. had the entire mind and life experience of his mentor's mentor. And he must always display respect to this digital mind dedicated to an evolving humanity. We'll continue where Midnight Rider stopped. I'll bring myself up to speed until we arrive at that point. If it is possible, we will retrace the navigational path this vessel took in reverse to the Sol system. Agreed?"

"Agreed." Parks settled into the pilot's chaise as the avatar spoke again. "The books that you brought aboard are already available. I am equipped with the entire digital library of humanity. It is continually updated through the navigational communications beacons. There was no need to carry hard copy books with you."

"Carrying a good old-fashioned hard copy book is like a toddler having security blanket. It can be a comfort."

The avatar seemed to understand this analogy. Parks realized that this A I, was not only extremely heuristic, but felt that it was still alive. This could serve to be a problem in the future, unless he dealt with it now. "Are you in command, or am I?"

"You are. If you would prefer, I will adjust my inquiry parameters. However, I am compelled at all times to determine your emotional and physiological competence, in order to protect this ship from doing or being harmed."

"I understand. Are you still essentially the Elder Ambassador that I met all those years ago?"

"In a way, I am. I am now an archived advanced, heuristic A I algorithm of the Elder's mind, complete with all of his memories and life experiences. I will debrief you along our journey on what I perceive you may have overlooked or missed. And I will train you on the complete operations of this, your new aethership."

"My ship? Are you sure?"

"Yes. I have determined that you are competent for command."

"Thank you,--."

"Your clone displayed anger at, in his opinion, your inability or inadequacy in protecting Ms. Dumont in the days of your youth. Therefore, it can be assumed that you must still harbor some deep-seeded self-hatred for seemingly failing her as well. And you cannot forgive yourself for this failure, even to this day."

Parks looked at a suddenly attentive Athena, then lowered his head and looked away in despair. "Not that it's anyone's business but my own, but yes, that's correct. I will never forgive myself."

“And that is why you did not inform your soon-to-be ex-wife of your clone’s pending return.”

“If I thought I needed a ship’s counselor for this diplomatic mission, I would have one assigned. But yes, I felt that I only had Eve Parks created out guilt for not fighting harder for Eve Dumont. Elder, don’t ever bring up this subject again.”

“Ambassador Parks, your first lesson on this journey is to learn to forgive yourself for your failings, perceived or real. After all, you are only human. Fifty years-worth of self-punishment is enough penitence. It’s now time for your soul to heal.”

“Enough.”

The A I switched the subject as ordered. “Do you have any needs or requests before we depart?”

“Yes. Please create an audio file of all Schuman resonance soundscapes for my private quarters. And create separate audio files of all Hearts of Space and other ambient music. I will add several files later of other genres as they come to mind.”

“Will there be anything else Ambassador Parks,” the A.I. avatar asked.

“Yes. Play ‘A Thousand Years’ by Sting for me on a loop, now. Crank up the volume.” Parks situated himself in the pilot’s chaise and added, “And I hope this ship’s veg protein reserves can replicate a good chili cheeseburger. Let’s get this love train going...”

The hull of the now decloaked blue silver delta-shaped aethership began to glow and pulse with energy. The vessel began to slowly away from of its geosynchronous orbit parallel to the triage hospital disc-shaped ship, past the Orbital Industrial Colony.

Peterson looked at his Smartarm chrono-cuff. Ah, I’m late for a scheduled telomere restoration and whole-body rejuvenation session, he thought. As he strode on, he dictated a message. “DataLink, send an encrypted message to all Committee of 12 senior members. Our next meeting is scheduled for 36 hours from receipt of this message, in Washington, D.C., at the White House. The subject of the meeting is to debrief the POTUS on the acceleration of the disclosure timeline of physics altering technology into Earth’s industries. Peterson, out. He made up his mind. Peterson would reenter the Cosmic Top administrative world as if nothing happened at the last OROCA Panel meeting. See what develops.

As he walked past two empty enclaves where two treatment units used to be, he noticed what could only be described as a scene from a Star Wars bar. The wall between the two enclaves had been removed and the open space converted into-- a fruit smoothie lounge? The human and humanoid technicians sat at a long health bar and on lounge furniture bolted to the deck, enjoying telepathic and some human conversation and mixed health drinks and fresh fruits. There were overhead monitors of what appeared to be-- vintage comedy films and-- stand-up comedians performing. There were at least fifty monitors; from Charlie Chaplin’s little tramp to WC Fields, to Laurel and Hardy, to Jerry Lewis, to Jonathan Winters, The Three Stooges, Rodney Dangerfield, Red Fox, Robin Williams, Richard Pryor, Dana

Carvey, Dennis Miller, Whoopie Goldberg, Elaine Boosler, Judy Gold, Robin Harris, Jerry Seinfeld, Bill Mayer, to the Wayans brothers, Dave Chappell, and many others.

Peterson slowed to a stop and looked at the melting pot of NATO Space Command and InterWorld Council junior members, who all sensed his presence and in unison, slowly turned and stared back at him in a classic standoff as conversation, real and telepathic, paused.

Peterson swore he caught a glimpse of Chet Wolf and the Eben technician Leonardo shaking hands from what appeared to be a large walk-in cooler full of produce. Chet noticed Peterson looking at them and immediately stepped backwards to shield himself from further detection. A flash of light appeared for a few seconds; it was Chet making a hasty retreat through a dimensional door. Leonardo walked out of the cooler checking a produce inventory digital tablet with a stylus. He looked up from his tablet, noticing Peterson, then almost imperceptibly, he shrugged slightly, and went back to his managerial tasks. Peterson swore he saw the little Eben wink a lensed eye and smile slyly at him. After this exchange, everyone in unison went immediately back to his or her previous otherworldly conversations and leisurely activities.

Peterson made a mental assessment, in disbelief. Two rejuvenation units-- gone. A fruit and vegetable smoothie lounge in their place. And Peterson knew of only one man who owned an eclectic comedy media library such as the one on display. He knew of only one man who would have the audacity to teach otherworldly cultures about Earth humanity's absurd sense of humor, with the promise, no doubt, of laughter being the best medicine.

"Creator help us all, if he brings this brand of diplomacy to the cosmos and other InterWorld Council members among the stars," Peterson thought aloud in apprehension. "Maybe the Elder's A I avatar will make human members seem less crazy to the other member worlds."

"No, it's confirmed. Humans are, as Dr. Parks would often say, ape shit crazy," Leonardo telepathically replied. "The stories and topics that humans find amusing and entertaining are so varied, so strange."

"Yes, I know," Peterson replied.

"I believe that Dr. Parks will be quite a popular InterWorld Council Earth Ambassador if he shares this side of humanity with member worlds during his journey."

Peterson left the little Eben with the last telepathic word. He laughed aloud as he thought about it. Only one man could be capable of such manipulation. He laughed and cursed the name of the sly offender as he walked away, headed to his scheduled appointment. And that man was about to travel the multi-dimensional aether on one of Peterson's ships! "Gordon Marcus Aurelius Parks."

He was a indeed rare breed. A maverick technological innovator, a lone traveler, and now a spiritual wanderer and soul surfer of worlds.

He and his manipulative frat boy pranks would be out of Peterson's hair for a long time. Or, he might never return, a casualty of the allure of infinite void, even if he chose to visit all of the InterWorld Council member worlds. And Parks wouldn't have it any other way.

With that realization, James Hiram Peterson found that he already missed the presence of his friend, colleague and pupil that he'd known for 60 years. He was a rare breed, indeed. Peterson watched on a monitor aboard the triage ship as the silver delta slowly pulled away. "Good luck Knight Pilot. May blessed aethereal winds give you infinite travel grace..."

Seconds later, an external explosion reverberated throughout the triage ship, damaging the artificial gravity field.

## The Off-World Man

### CHAPTER 46

Parks awakened in a haze. He felt like he had an out-of-body experience for an extended period. He was dehydrated and had a slight headache. Then he remembered the attack. Six Black Arrow Space Command ships came from the OIC and fired particle beam weapons at their aethership. "Athena?" Parks dragged himself from the pilot's chaise and began his search through the smoke and sparks of the damage strewn flight center. He found Athena unconscious but alive. Parks made a pillow of his flight jacket and placed it under her head. He called for the A I and a scattered image avatar slowly materialized. "What the hell just happened?" Parks demanded.

"I detected charging directed energy weapons and attempted to fold space time over the vessel at an accelerated rate in order to extract us from harm's way. We were fired upon, over charging my initial multiple space-time fold, energy matrix calculations."

"You tried a slip phase without a destination?"

"Director Peterson and I planned for such emergencies. I chose the Andromeda System"

"Excuse me? A straight Q-phase dimensional slip to Andromeda would take weeks."

"Not if I multi-folded space-time. It could be achieved within days."

"But that would take an incredible amount of energy and the advanced technology of a Type Three civilization-- "

"This aethership has that capability."

"It's no wonder Space Com wanted this vessel so badly. They will come after us."

"I must confess that Space Command is the least of our concerns at the moment. The A.I. raised a holoscreen in front of Parks. They may come after us but it is not a matter of where they arrive, but when. As I said, when they fired upon our vessel in the process of multi-folding space-time around this ship, they altered the energy matrix equation."

"Meaning-- "

"We traveled through time, more specifically, back in time..."

"Back in-- How far back?!" Parks was both astonished and pissed off.

"I have this entire vessel's sensors and algorithms attempting to determine that figure as we speak."

## The Off-World Man Part III: Realms of Power

### CHAPTER 47

Our job is to interpret the universe and determine ways to survive better. We personally have to take the responsibility to make this a better world.

–Sir. Charles Shults

2058. An orgy of unarmed combat brought her to this point. Eve kneeled on one knee. She clenched the handle of the balanced Japanese short blade tightly, its tip embedded into the soil surrounding the trees just outside of Eden Vineyards. Her ragged breaths came with considerable effort. She had just ran at full speed the length of a football field and tore into a unit of highly trained soldiers, killing them all save for one. He stopped her, in the midst of her unholy communion with violent rage of vengeance, with the threat of bodily harm upon her daughter. Eve bowed in submission to this evil conqueror.

Hours earlier, Eve was in the arms of her former husband, literally sleeping next to the grave site of her progenitor. She returned to the guest cottage near their vineyard well before sun up, to freshen up, change clothing, prepare an early morning breakfast, and check on her other new paramour, his clone.

She wanted to keep both men in her life. She had made up her mind. If she could just reason with Parks, he would give in to her wishes. He was a wealthy, sophisticated man. The Gordon clone was just like her, an innocent victim of Parks ego and financial power. She would help him to adjust to life in 2058. They were in passionately in love and better suited for each other, but Eve still needed Parks to be in her life, even if they divorced. She still loved him.

Parks departed before she returned to the gravesite, and left Eve once again, heartbroken. She knew that Parks was gone from her life for good. It was around 6am. As she walked back to the cottage, Gordon walked out to meet her. She'd asked him to remain indoors, perhaps not urgently enough, just until she could smooth things over with her soon to be ex-husband. But upon seeing her returning alone, he figured that it would be alright to get some fresh air and greet her with a hot cup of green tea sweetened with honey. Something sweet for a woman that was doing so much for him, lifting him up, showing him so much care and nurturing.

The report from the rifle rang out with a startling thunderclap. It surprised both of them. What would have knocked a normal person off their feet, merely knocked the metahuman a step or two back, like a fist punch.

Eve's raptor like vision saw the nightmare unfold with stunning detail. She let out a horrified scream, pulled the hem of her ankle length dress up around her hips then took out in a full sprint toward Gordon to save his life. She knew that the round had to have passed from the tree line behind her to hit him. The shooter would surely target her next. She didn't care, she wanted to shield him, protect him. Get

him back inside the cottage. Her programming to protect Gordon Marcus Aurelius Parks whether the original or a clone took over, making her take action, ignoring any fear for self-preservation.

Gordon looked at the cup in his right hand; he didn't understand why it had partially shattered, leaving only a jagged slivered base and handle in his grip. He felt the impact hit his right upper chest hard just under his collarbone, near his shoulder. He took a step or two back, felt like he like he walked into an invisible wall. The right side of his upper chest seeped a deep merlot red. He looked down at the wound in shock and innocent surprise, like it was all a dream. The sight of his own blood intrigued him. Then he understood and looked out into the distance where the shot came from, and saw Eve running up to him fast. He couldn't hear her or understand what was happening. The powerful slug exited his back in a misty hole, exiting through part of his shoulder blade, after tearing through the upper tip portion of his right lung. His strength quickly faded, he dropped the shattered cup as his right arm went numb. He dropped to his knees and nearly keeled over, catching himself with his left arm before he fell face first to the ground.

Three hundred meters away, beyond the Dumont gravesite in the surrounding perimeter woods, a squad of black ops soldiers, stood at the ready.

"Damn, those metas are strong" the sniper exclaimed, observing through the scope of his rifle as he chambered another round. His spotter looked on through binoculars in surprise as well.

"That meta broad can hall ass to. You better put one in her quick before she gets out of the clearing and back into that structure. She's movin' fuckin' fast."

"I'm on it."

"Damn it, why didn't you hit her first?!" The criticism came behind from the team's mission CO, a man they had never met before this operation. His voice was more of a grizzled, half-metallic, half-human growl, and the distinct sound of a sidearm being unholstered could be heard. Fear registered in the sniper's mind for a fraction of a second, long enough to distract him. He quickly refocused to take another shot. But when he caught up with his rapidly moving target, she had already scooped up the injured man and they made a running dive for the open cottage door. His second shot barely missed the diving figures as the door was slammed shut.

Before the sniper could turn around to complain, the enraged mission CO discharged his sidearm into the back of both the sniper's and the spotter's heads.

"I cannot tolerate failure." He raised his index finger to his jugular and spoke into a throat mike. "Flank the cottage front and rear. Go and retrieve them, preferably not quite dead, he ordered to the other operatives."

Two more distant shots had reported in the distance after they made it back into the cottage. Gordon moaned in agony as they moved for greater cover. Eve quickly found clean small towels and stuffed the wounds in Gordon's chest and back to slow his bleeding. He was going into shock and needed medivac immediately. They flew to France from London and drove to Marseilles. They were, as far as Eve could

tell, without a security detail since their affair was discovered. Were they now under orders to kill? Eve decided to quickly send an OM Group security medical emergency and threat alert on the nearby desktop.

Eve had traveled to the vineyards many times since she learned of her origins over the years, often bringing her daughter. She knew every inch of the compounds surrounding the vineyards. They were well armed and tactically equipped, and there was even a series of underground wine cellars and tunnels. Her programmed military memgrams began to take over in the form of almost robotic martial instinct -- and seething rage.

She secured Gordon as best she could, moving him to a concealed closet sized panic room behind a sliding faux bookshelf. He mercifully lost consciousness as she kissed him.

The panic room housed small arms supplies and tactical gear. Her husband spared no expense in providing the state of the art, including cloaking camouflage tactical uniforms. Eve stripped bare of her clothes and into one of the form-fitting tactical uniforms and battery-operated belt to activate the cloaked camouflage effect, snow cowl and split toe tabi boots of the same cloaking material. She didn't select any of the weapons, save for a wakizashi tempered Japanese strait short sword, its soft scabbard stitched in the spine of her hooded camo top. An uncloaked firearm, even one with a silencer, would give away her position in close quarters. Even unarmed, Eve was a highly lethal weapon.

Another concealed panel in the panic room led to a descending metal ladder and the network of cellar tunnels. She had explored the tunnels years before, wondering if her progenitor, Eve Dumont, had ever played in them as a child. One of the even led as far away as the Dumont family gravesite lot surrounded by a thick, stone-cobbled, waist high walls. She used the tunnel the previous night to see her husband, arriving like a ghost while he slept. She used a mental ability on Dr. Parks that he never knew about. She used the power of her empathic mind to induce him to become very tired, too exhausted to leave to the gravesite. With the power of her mind Eve Parks induced into the mind of her ex-husband the need to sleep, as she had just induced in her critically wounded lover, Gordon.

She would have to explore the limits of her evolving telepathic and empathic abilities some other time. Right now, her mind focused on stealth, and close quarter combat against multiple, professionally trained insurgents hidden within the surrounding forest line. She could use the tunnel to position herself between them and the cottage and take the fight to them in the forest, if she moved fast enough. Or she could flank them from behind as they moved in across the open field toward the cottage. Either way, her blade would drink deeply in the blood of her enemy. Eve was moving quickly through the maze of corridors, her adrenaline and controlled rage flowed, heightening her senses. When she stealthily ascended the metal ladder and opened the grass covered lid of the tunnel exit just an inch or two, her senses were primed for pure war. She would make these intruders pay in the most painful ways possible.

Eve activated the cloaked stealth function of the tactical uniform and slithered out through the lifted lid. She peered over the stone wall surrounding the small Dumont gravesite. Her raptor vision observed movement just at the tree line in two directions. She decided to take the fight to them in the forest,

then move on the team to her right first, hoping that the hell she would soon inflict on that group would compel the other assault team to come to their aid rather than continue to the cottage. Eve slipped over the back of the rear wall, passing the huge bronze statue anchored deep into the ground of a winged archangel sentry in a flowing gown girded at the waist and Roman sandals, holding aloft in her right hand a two-sided sword. The statue's face was an exact copy of Eve Dumont, her progenitor. The statue's huge, outstretched wings touched the ground and shielded the three graves from wind and inhospitable weather. And like that mythical statue, Eve Parks would defend her family and land.

Eve took off at a full sprint toward the tree line just behind the unit to her right, praying that her equipment worked at optimum efficiency, rendering her cloak camouflaged, rapidly moving body invisible. She made it at full silent sprint the one-hundred-meter distance and entered the tree line, with the plan to stealthily invade and slowly close the distance between her attackers. But adrenaline and blind rage took over, and rather than control her emotions, Eve allowed them to embolden her to take the cloaked fight at high speed directly to the enemy. She came upon the split unit of insurgents as a ghost of wind. In less than a minute she had decapitated, hacked off limbs or disemboweled each twelve fighters, leaving the slower dying attackers screaming and howling in fear and agony, hoping that it would alarm the other flanking unit.

Eve slipped back to the tree line to see if any of the other team had left for the cottage. None so far, which meant that they were headed back in her direction. She picked up one of the earpieces from a deceased attacker. They were being ordered by a distinctive voice that was both familiar yet unrecognizable at the same time somehow. But not her husband's voice, thank the Creator. He had nothing to do with this. It was only then that she came out of her rage filled trance and looked down at her uniform. It was splattered with blood. The element of invisibility was nearly gone but not the terror and fear. She would have the appearance of a translucent blood splatted shinobi phantom, wielding a Japanese short sword. The next attack on these killers would have to be stealthier. They will know by the time they find their mangled comrades that they were the now the prey. Eve took off immediately in an arc path of travel to cut off her adversary's retreat. She ran for nearly one hundred yards, then crouched low to observe and wait. The remnants of the assault team spread out as they rushed towards the last communication position of their comrades. Eve slowly closed in on their position from behind. The soldiers were assaulted one by one. The last three were taken down in a forward rush, one of them fired off a burst before Eve could close the space between them. Once she was sure they were all dead, she retreated to the shadows of the trees again.

"Come out Mrs. Parks! You still work for me!"

Eve could not fathom what the shouting, echoing voice meant by the statement. She belonged to no man. Eve Nichelle Parks was independently wealthy. Her soon to be ex-husband was one of the richest, most powerful men on Earth. A member of the Breakaway Civilization. An interWorld Council Earth Ambassador. Who would dare claim ownership of her, as if she were a slave? Eve took out after the shouting voice before she realized it. She feared that this man would not hurt her but might have the resources to hurt --

“If you don’t come out and surrender immediately, I will have your daughter terminated! I know where she is. If I do not return within 24 hours, the order will be given to terminate your daughter Emily! She is working at OM Group Z Division in New York! Show yourself, now!”

Eve walked up to the dark figure of the armed soldier. She had no choice but to get as close as possible before she could strike. But when the man identified his daughter’s location, she hesitated. A fear for her daughter’s well being forced her to heed the commands of the man. She deactivated the invisible stealth function of her tactical uniform. The man ordered her to halt farther away than she wanted, relinquish her weapon and kneel before him. Eve slammed the short blade into the ground. She kneeled before the man, whose visage upon closer inspection, made her shrink with fear and terror.

## The Off-World Man

### CHAPTER 48

The aethership materialized violently out of its multiple dimensional space-time folds. Parks awakened to find the ship's systems in disarray and Athena, his unintended travel companion; unconscious, thrown from her training workstation. The space-time distortion, a result of the surprise Space Command attack caused Parks and Athena to pass out and remain unconscious during the emergency FTL maneuver. They reached their destination, the outermost edge of the Andromeda Galaxy, 2.5 million light years away in an incredible 72 hours.

Parks called up the ship's AI avatar. The damaged holographic image barely registered. Parks demanded answers.

"Damage report, systems-wide."

"Ambassador Parks, I believe that you misunderstand my function. I am an A.I. construct of your mentor and instructor, not a subordinate crewmember."

"This is not the time for a rank-and-file review. You are not a sentient, flesh and blood being and I will not address you as I would the Elder. I will give you voice commands and you will comply. I am in command of this ship and you are a tool at my disposal. Perhaps during this crisis, you can convince me otherwise, but until such a time, you will follow my voice commands as a crewmember, or I will pull your plug wherever it is. Do not test me avatar."

The avatar did not respond, so Parks continued.

"Let me be clear, our objective is to find out exactly where and when we are. We are going to return to Sol and find out who fired upon us and why. I believe in reciprocity. Someone was trying to kill us.

Give me full sensory input into this navigation interface. I want to see a 360-degree omnidirectional view outside of the ship. And send out light energy probes so that I may survey any external damage to this vessel. Parks adjusted the temple mounted navigation unit and took in the breath taking starscapes. Damage report, systems-wide."

After a pause, the avatar responded.

"The aethership's flight systems are at 89 percent, having sustained only minor damage from the directed energy weapons discharge. My contention is that Space Command wanted only to damage this vessel enough to prevent our departure. However, they also fired upon the triage hospital."

"Where Director Peterson was."

“That is correct. As you know our aethership alters the ambient gravitational field, artificially producing a matter-attracting, gravity-potential well just beyond the ship’s bow. The gravity well’s attractive force tugs the ship forward just as if a very massive, planet-sized body had been placed ahead of it. Our aethership literally falls forward and, in doing so, carries its self-generated gravity well along with it. In a hyper-spatial environment, using the onboard generation of amplified gravity waves, it isn't speed that increases, it is the relative space-time, acted upon by a force such as gravity waves, which reduces itself within the hyperspace field generated around the hull of the craft where space-time becomes 'warped'; an Einstein-Rosen bridge 'wormhole' created by a gravity-exerting craft in space. Artificially created gravity waves can reduce time to near zero and acceleration to near infinity. The gravity well continually draws the ship forward, while always staying ahead, accelerating beyond the speed of light, with essentially no expenditure of energy other than that needed to generate the gravity well, which is substantial. The actual travel it is not in space itself, but through folds in dimensional sub-space, as gravity waves act upon time.

The ships’ navigation systems utilize a multidimensional calculation to equate Einstein's four-dimensional gravity with Maxwell's electromagnetism, and thus extend space-time to five dimensions instead of four, for standard Q-slip interstellar travel. There are quantum mathematical theories and calculations that allow for as many as 12 multiple dimensions, the subtler, elusive realms of power. However, such measures should only be utilized in the event of emergencies such as the one we faced. You see, one must be careful with organic personnel in multidimensional travel, as the laws of hyper dimensional physics seem to break down the closer one delves into the sub-atomic or quantum levels of reality. Accidents can arise, such as those encountered, similar to the infamous Philadelphia Experiment during World War II. Jump starting the aethership’s FTL flight systems and rapidly folding space-time around the vessel beyond a safer five-dimensional calculation did succeed in deflecting the brunt of the crossfire weapons discharge, the beams passed right through our rapidly Q-phasing vessel a micro-second before departure. But unfortunately, it also caused an over energetic addition to the emergency maneuver.”

“Their directed energy weapons over charged our hyperspace field and seriously threw off our bug-out plan.”

“In a manner of speaking, yes. And as a result, my corrected estimate places us back in time approximately 80 to nearly 100 years.”

Parks slowly rubbed his forehead in disbelief and frustration. “Will Space Command discover our presence?”

“It can only be a matter of time. But Space Command does have a limited mastery of time travel. We will be long gone before they find us. They risk becoming lost in the cosmos and back in time. So, the probability that they will attempt to follow us are marginal.”

“Slim or not, they may eventually come looking for us. So, we literally have no more time to lose. If you plot a normal Q-phase flight plan back to Sol, how long will it take to return?”

“There was a time when, with Space Command’s newly mastered Q-phase slip technology, an interstellar interdimensional trip would have taken several hundred years. Our Pleiadean aethership can make the trip back to Sol in 7 to 8 weeks or we can attempt to recreate the multidimensional conditions of our emergency departure and return in 72 hours. However, we may still be years back in time.”

“It doesn’t matter. I want to keep moving. Plot a course for Sol. We’ll worry about multi-folding space-time calculations along the way. First, give me a field synopsis of our present location.”

“We are on the edge of the Andromeda Galaxy, a spiral galaxy approximately 2.5 million light-years from Earth in the Andromeda constellation. Also known as Messier 31, M31, or NGC 224, it is often referred to as the Great Andromeda Nebula. The Andromeda Galaxy is the nearest spiral galaxy to our Milky Way galaxy. The Andromeda Galaxy is estimated to be  $7.1 \times 10^{11}$  solar masses. In comparison the Milky Way and M31 are estimated to be about equal in mass to 80 percent of the mass of the Andromeda Galaxy. The two galaxies are expected to collide in 3.75 billion years, eventually merging to form a giant elliptical galaxy.

Andromeda was formed out of the collision of two smaller galaxies between 5 and 9 billion years ago. Andromeda was born roughly 10 billion years ago from the merger of many smaller protogalaxies. The most important event in Andromeda's past history was the merger that took place 8 billion years ago. This violent collision formed most of its metal-rich galactic halo and extended disk and during that epoch Andromeda's star formation would have been very high, to the point of becoming a luminous infrared galaxy for roughly 100 million years.

Andromeda and the Triangulum Galaxy, designation M33, had a very close passage 2–4 billion years ago. This event produced high levels of star formation across the Andromeda Galaxy's disk, even some globular clusters, and disturbed M33's outer disk.

While there has been activity during the last 2 billion years, this has been much lower than during the past. During this epoch, star formation throughout Andromeda's disk decreased to the point of nearly shutting down, then increased again relatively recently. There have been interactions with satellite galaxies like M32, M110, or others that have already been absorbed by Andromeda. These interactions have formed structures like Andromeda's Giant Stellar Stream. A merger roughly 100 million years ago is believed to be responsible for a counter-rotating disk of gas found in the center of Andromeda as well as the presence there of a relatively young, 100-million-year-old stellar population.

The rate of star formation in the Milky Way is much higher, with Andromeda producing only about one solar mass per year compared to 3–5 solar masses for the Milky Way. The rate of supernovae in the Milky Way is also double. Andromeda once experienced a great star formation phase, but is now in a relative state of quiescence, whereas the Milky Way is experiencing more active star formation.

Like the Milky Way, the Andromeda Galaxy lies in what in the galaxy color-magnitude diagram is known as the green valley, a region populated by galaxies in transition from the blue cloud, galaxies actively forming new stars, to the red sequence, galaxies that lack star formation. Star formation activity in green valley galaxies is slowing as they run out of star-forming gas in the interstellar medium. Star

formation will extinguish approximately five billion years from now, even factoring in the expected, short-term increase in the rate of star formation due to the collision between both Andromeda and the Milky Way.”

Parks removed his navigation headband and strode towards his quarters as the avatar finished his cold textbook-clinical speech. “Let’s prepare to get the hell out of here.”

Parks went to check on his unexpected travel mate.

The living quarter was Spartan, with a large king sized airgel mattress resting atop a platform bolted to the deck. He entered to find Athena resting but not asleep. His clone’s former quarters was now a storage room for Parks personal effects, transferred from the Gabon estate and the triage hospital. Those affects included a cellular rejuvenation machine.

“Feeling better?”

“Yes, thank you,” Athena replied.

“We’ll have to share this living space.”

“I didn’t bring much with me. I thought that once we reached my home world, I would just replace what I needed.”

“Athena, it’s obvious we’re not going to the Pleiades, not after this attack. We’re returning to Sol.”

“But why? They’ll just attack us again.” Athena registered her fear. The Genesis consortium wanted her dead after they used her genetic material. She had been on the run for decades.

“And if that wasn’t enough trouble, we’ve also been sling shot back into the past somehow. We’ve got to return. I’ve got unfinished business.”

“With whom?”

“I’m not sure. Not yet. Whoever is responsible for this attack.”

“Parks felt a wave of exhaustion. He sat on the edge of the bed and began to remove his boots. Mind if I take a brief respite?”

“Of course, I’ll just get up –“

“No, there’s no need for you to get up from your rest. We’ll have to learn to live in close quarters. I just thank the Creator that you are a lady. Otherwise, I would have ordered you to sleep in the pilot’s chaise.”

Parks removed his one-piece flight suit and reclined. As he reached for some of the large thin blanket covering the bed, he realized that Athena had removed not only her flight uniform, but her under thermals. She was fully nude and wrapped up in the blanket. Parks looked into the slightly large, deep

beautiful hypnotic eyes of Athena. She looked familiar in some way that he could not readily acknowledge. He then realized how long he had been alone without the companionship of his former wife, except for their dream-like tryst beside Eve Dumont's gravesite at their Marseilles vineyard before his departure. More than wanting Athena sexually, Parks wanted her simply to rest with him. He missed the warm presence and perfumed scent of a lady. Athena's femininity would be so comforting after such a long time in medical solitude.

"Will you rest with me? Come closer?"

Athena raised her blanket as she moved closer to Parks. Her tall, trim, tanned magnificent body was so beautiful and inviting. She emphatically sensed his need as she covered Parks with the thin blanket and rested her head on his shoulder, her arm across his torso, her leg over his. As she rested her body half across his, Parks let out an exhausted sigh of soothing relief with the feel of her comforting body. His arm instinctually wrapped around her sensual back, his hand resting upon her lithe right hip. Eyes partially closed, Parks tilted his head towards her beautiful face, their lips mere centimeters away. Athena whispered into his ear, her breath impassioned and warm on his neck, semi-arousing the tired man. They both knew that they would share intimacy soon.

"I have never properly thanked you for protecting me all these years. I hope that wherever our journey leads, you will allow me to show you my gratitude, whenever you need me." Athena kissed Parks gently on his cheek and nuzzled her face and nose close into his neck. With those soothing and inviting words, Athena faded back to sleep. One of Parks' global security firms had been protecting Athena for nearly two decades. He found out that her genetic material had been used to recreate his cloned wife. The Seven Daughters of Eve Project; Custom Human Cloning Technology: enucleated human female ova mixed with genetically modified materials to create custom companion clones or body replacement organs for the ultra-wealthy-- and the high-end private sex service industry. The Genesis Consortium has been cleaning up loose ends ever since the elite human project cloning was exposed to the public. Athena could name names dates and locations and do a great deal of damage to the Consortium. She would have been eliminated like the other participants without Parks' protection.

They were stranded almost 3 million light years from the Milky Way Galaxy, nearly 100 years back in time. Parks looked up at the center ceiling room active sensor unit as he fell into a deep fog of mental confusion and physical exhaustion, then entered a deep sleep. His dream state flowed from one scenario to another: from Eve to his daughter to colleagues, to the Z Division of his company. The planet seemed engulfed in conflict.

When he awakened, Athena was not resting with him. There was the faint refreshing scent of shower gel in the air, the audible whir of the cigar shaped shower cocoon completing its water recycling and air-drying functions. Parks checked his Smartarm chronometer, three earth hours had passed. He could not afford to rest any longer. He showered, consumed a body fuel meal replacement drink then headed back to the pilot's nest. Before he left his quarters, he looked up again at the center environmental unit. There were red and blue lens like apparatus that blinked and adjusted at intervals.

Athena was busy temporally learning the ships systems functions, the training was being downloaded directly into her memory by the ships deceased A.I., housing the memory and life experiences of the Senior InterWorld Council Elder who was the progenitor of his mentor, James Hiram Peterson. The H3D simulacrum acknowledged Parks entrance into the bridge as a measure of protocol and ceremony. The A.I. monitored all life and functions aboard the aethership continually.

“Ambassador Parks, you did not have adequate rest. You both may be suffering from physiological trauma and fatigue.”

“Look, I know that you are programmed to monitor those things, but I want you to restrict your actions to the ship and not my personal quarters please. It is a matter of privacy.” Parks looked at Athena briefly. She registered her understanding empathically in appreciation of Parks’ thoughtfulness.

The A.I.’s response was more than clinical. “Ambassador, you and Athena are not puritans by any measure when it comes to sexual propriety. You are a former serial philanderer with eleven illegitimate children before you settled down and married. And Athena owned and ran several sex service agencies in both the American and European Unions.”

“That was then. Right here and now on this ship, we are the only two of our species within several million light years.”

“That remains to be confirmed –“

“Nevertheless, we will maintain a standard of personal privacy and respect. I am sure Athena and I can handle this. But you, I have major concerns.”

“I will comply with your instructions –“

“Will you honestly?”

“It is just this puritanical stance that I find – amusing.”

“I am also going to require a major reduction in your heuristic algorithm programming, even if it is based on the Elder’s neuro-mapping. I find your opinions and personal comments increasingly irritating and disrespectful. I need for you to be a more socially sterile and less opinioned A I.”

“I see no need to restrict my personal observations –“

“Except that you are not a person. You are no longer alive, you seem to forget that. You are a machine, a digital functionary of a former living sentient being. “

“I am fully cognizant of my digital function. And yet, I feel more alive than you could ever imagine. I can feel the universe in all directions and on multiple sensory levels for hundreds of thousands of light years. That is how I was able to determine that we were Q-phase slipped back in time. Hundreds of thousands of light-year communications beacons are simply missing.”

“Let’s table this discussion of your sentience and ascendance for another time. Simply deactivate your sensors and cameras in my quarters. Respect my privacy. That is an order.”

“As you command, Ambassador.”

“Now, how can we get back to our exact time and the Sol system?”

“I will have to recreate the over energetic conditions of our departure. It will require a large external energy source in addition to this vessel’s aetherspace energy conversion function. Perhaps one of the local stars in this system –“

“That is why this vessel has not moved since I gave the order to get underway.”

“That is -- correct. This is the calculation and necessary conditions that I have been formulating. Ambassador, I am concerned primarily about what is the best course of actions for this vessel.”

“A vessel that is essentially your body.”

“Technically, that is correct.”

“Then I guess that I’m not needed here. I must not be in command of this ship. You don’t follow my orders. You know, you may be more sentient than I realized. You are nosy, controlling, disrespectful, and insubordinate.”

“Ambassador, I do not respond to insults –“

Parks walked to Athena’s station and touched her on the shoulder. Telepathically he asked her, “Would you retire with me to our quarters? I need you to speak to you, now.”

Athena looked at Parks perplexed and curious, then politely complied.

She followed him to their quarters. When the door slid closed, Parks slowly approached Athena. He took her hands in his and looked deeply into her beautiful, loving, trusting eyes. He spoke to her again telepathically. “I want you Athena, right now. Will you have me?”

Athena smiled warmly and nodded. They kissed gently, then passionately, undressed each other and fell slowly into the throes of Eros. Parks had the rejuvenated body stamina and vigor of his youth, bringing Athena to wave upon wave of ecstasy, before finally succumbing to her sensual delights in a powerful fury of biological essence, released deep into her womb.

After the climax of their initial interlude, Parks was still strong in his arousal and was slowly continuing his sensual communion with Athena, bringing her to another wave even as they spoke telepathically.

He spoke to her again telepathically. “Athena, we are not safe. I am going to require your loyalty and confidence. We have to stick together.”

Athena audibly moaned, “Yes,” as she was swept away by another wave of pleasure. As she struggled to assimilate the orgasmic plateau, Parks stopped and gently pulled himself away and got up from the bed. He realized that she was not fully understanding his meaning. He stood over at the edge of the bed for a moment looking down at her, breathing deeply. To Athena, he looked like a potent protean Greek god, full of sexual power over her. She reached out for him longingly, desperate for more.

Parks telepathically asked her, “Look over my shoulder, at the center array. Are the lights and sensors still on?”

Athena was breathing heavily, lying on the bed drenched in sweat, her legs spread open and awash in their sensual essences, she finally understood. There were red and blue sensor lights and lens servos fluctuating in their adjustment to gain greater focus – on their most private, intimacy.

“Yes, they are!” Athena pulled the sheets over her eagle spread body in shock.

The reality of their predicament set in as Parks walked over to the recessed shower cocoon, opening and stepping down into it, securing it closed before activating the warm water surround shower heads, adding gel and building up a cleansing lather over his body. He spoke to her again telepathically.

“We have to find out where this AI’s redundant systems are housed, just in case we need to turn it off. I need your help in doing this. Make no mistake, we must determine if this machine mind means us harm if it does not have its way, or if it was compromised before our departure by some external source, like Space Command. That is why we need to return to Sol. The AI may have been reprogrammed to eliminate us. We need to proceed cautiously and communicate only through telepathy when we discuss this subject. Understood?”

“Yes – Ambassador.”

That title in her reply alarmed Parks. He quickly ended his shower and opened the cocoon, to find Athena putting on her uniform.

“What’s wrong?”

“I don’t like to be used, Ambassador. I have been used too much in my life. I am tired of being treated as a slave, by anyone. Will you see if a separate quarter can be arranged for me?”

“I will, I’ll see to it.” Parks felt an emotional pang of guilt. But he had no choice.

“Thank you.” Athena stormed out of the quarters upset that Parks used their intimacy to make his point. Parks honestly didn’t care that much. He had been imprisoned aboard the Orbital Industrial Colony long enough to know that the tentacles of the military industrial complex could reach anyone, anywhere—perhaps even back through time. In Parks’ youth, he was a man of acquisitions. After losing Eve Dumont, he refused to be controlled by another woman’s allure, and it seemed that later in life,

after his five-year long medical rejuvenation treatment, some of that uncaring attitude had returned. He would have to atone with Athena over time.

Parks returned to the pilot's nest of the bridge to find Athena back at her station, looking a bit flush, flustered and humiliated. He addressed the sentient AI.

"Avatar, I am the only Commander of this vessel. I require you to separate yourself from the ship's basic A.I. systems immediately. You're right, you are a sentient being, but I can't distinguish you from the ship's basic interactive systems. From here on, you will relinquish but monitor the functions of the ship, leaving them solely to the ship's AI. Is that clear?"

"As you command, Ambassador."

"When I address this ship's AI, I will address it by the name HAL, in humorous tribute to an old Arthur C. Clarke character, and so as to separate our communications and my commands to the ship's AI. And Avatar, I will address you as Elder from here on."

"Also, my clone had personal quarters assigned to him. As you know, I had my personal effects stored there before I arrived. This was before I knew that we would have another passenger aboard. HAL, will you please have the maintenance and repair drones remove my personal effects from those quarters to mine. Also clean up and make that space suitable for Athena?"

Athena turned and looked at Parks emotionally wrenched. She did mean to follow through with her intention to move out of their joint quarters. It was meant to illicit an emotional response from Parks, to show her that he at least cared for her. And, to make him apologize and ask her to stay. Parks instead considered it a betrayal of the trust he asked her for. In his coldly clinical mind, he felt that she may have already been mentally compromised; perhaps by the data direct to skull systems training she was receiving before he arrived. As a matter of caution, he had to be sure there was no deception aboard the vessel.

The avatar Elder did not respond.

"HAL, I want you to respond to my voice commands audibly. Use a male voice archetype with a British affectation, to easily distinguish your responses from the Elder's avatar."

After a moment, an audible reply responded. "Yes, Ambassador."

"Elder, when I am not on the bridge, you are in command. You are a sentient virtual being with emeritus authority, like a retired admiral if you will, on board this aethership; this vessel housing your intellect. We will communicate as equals, but I will defer to your judgment with regard to all emergency and critical matters involving the ship safety and best course of actions. But, both you and the ship's A.I. will restrict your communications in my personal quarters to auditory only. Deactivate those goddamn sensors and cameras, once and for all. The peep show is over. Are we in agreement?"

"We are, Ambassador."

“Also, this is addressed to both Elder and HAL, from now on, all systems training tutorials will be auditory only. There will no longer be data transfers via computer to brain hippocampus, direct to skull interface transcranial systems. From here on, we will learn the old-fashioned way, classroom style. We humanoids will simply have to learn by trial and training. HAL, please coordinate with Athena to arrange a suitable training class schedule. We will train at the same time. And address her as Ms. Athena, always.”

“Yes, Ambassador.”

Parks looked in Athena’s direction. She returned her attention to her station training, too hurt to look at him.

“HAL, I think that you may have already transferred a portion of the Geo Science Station functions to Athena. I want you to cease immediately and start the training over at our first class. Full auditory and H3D programs only. We can begin sometime within the next 24 earth-time hours once you have confirmed a suitable schedule. You’re right Elder, I think we mere biologicals could use a day of rest.

Athena, I am going to oversee the removal of my personal effects and the cleaning of my clone’s old quarters. HAL will notify you when it’s ready. Elder, I leave you in command of the pilot’s nest.” Parks walked briskly out of the bridge, all business. Some semblance of military order was restored, but also a tone was set that no person, or machine, was to be trusted outright. For Parks, trust would be earned.

## The Off-World Man

### CHAPTER 49

Peterson awakened chained to a saddle seat apparatus in the middle of a freezing holding cell, blind folded, barefoot and disoriented. His hands were chained behind him to the floor. His feet were shackled in front of him. Some of the toes on his feet were fractured, they had been stomped on. He sensed three men already in the room. A two-way mirror covered one of the walls. Muffled arguments could be heard in his mind just beyond his altered telepathic range. He had been drugged periodically, something powerful, capable of dulling his extra senses. He slowly remembered the interrogations; he must have passed out from the last beating. His face felt swollen, his body ached with bruises.

Peterson could not determine if Parks and his digital mentor successfully evaded capture or worse. NATO Blue Beret Teams were swarming the corridors of the triage ship before he could open a dimensional door and make his own escape. He was stunned, captured and transferred to some where even his advanced abilities could not discern. He felt in the distant Aether, a strong sense of trepidation, an anxiety ran through him of foreboding evil bent on revenge. Its source was unclear, he could not peer through the veil. He was just too exhausted from his abduction and interrogation. He had given them nothing. They were Aquarius faction blackworld operators, so there wasn't much about him or the Pleiadeans that they didn't already know. Peterson honestly did not know Parks and the elder's emergency coordinates, or if they were even successful in escaping capture. The energetic discharge from Space Com's attack on their ship lit up the little vessel and caused the triage vessel in close proximity to shudder violently. The next thing Peterson knew, a dozen Aquarian faction operators were advancing down the corridors on his position. He gave up without a struggle. There would have been collateral damage if he had unleashed his considerable telepathic abilities.

At least a week had passed he surmised. The interrogations were fewer. They were only feeding him water and meal replacement liquids. He smelled; his clothes were the same that he had been forced into upon arrival. If the torture continued, Peterson resolved himself to slowly put an end to his life and transfer his mental and spiritual energies back to the source, the Aether. He had lived a long and fruitful life in service to the InterWorld Council. He never truly had a childhood in the human sense. He was not human. He was created for only service to the infant species known as humanity. But it seemed that this barbaric species wanted to venture into the stars their own war, and carry a war loving nature with them. Once the news of his capture and eventual demise spread back to the InterWorld Council, the Pleiadeans would no longer serve as sponsors for Humanity. Earth would be rejected and left to defend against the Draco Empire on their own. The Draco, through the Aquarius faction of Space Command would once again dominate. The Com-12 Pleiadean Alliance would be defeated and abolished.

The revelation of this probable future left Peterson emotionally defeated and another small ration of his life energy ebbed away. It would only be a matter of weeks before his spirit vacated its shell.

## The Off-World Man

### CHAPTER 50

Parks sat up in bed, studying datapad files on Subquantum Kinetics, Exo-Politics and mulling over his dilemma. His holographic imagination gamed out several scenarios, if he should successfully return back to Sol.

Two and a half million light years in three days? No fucking way, Parks thought. I don't care how advanced the Pleiadean dimensional travel technology. That's absolutely impossible. Is that damn avatar lying to me? I can't even trust Athena. She was here before I arrived, I don't know if she's been programmed against her will. And if she has been brainwashed, by whom?

Parks reviewed Pleiadean and Earth files provided by the Elder's avatar on aether energy, space-time, dimensional worm holes and time travel, screaming through the data at a furious pace, searching for a better understanding of their present dilemma. His mind chased the unconventional thoughts like herd:

Earth resides in the Milky Way, a spiral galaxy, home to 400 billion stars and our own sun and solar system. It is nearly 120,000 light-years across...

Time travel — moving between different points in time... Understanding time... To Einstein, time is the fourth dimension. Space is described as a three-dimensional arena, which provides a traveler with coordinates — such as length, width and height — showing location. Time provides another coordinate — direction — although conventionally, it only moves forward. Time is an invention, a subjective illusion... a four-dimensional fabric called space-time... anything that has mass sits on that piece of fabric, it causes a dimple or a bending of space-time. The bending of space-time causes objects to move on a curved path and that curvature of space is what we know as gravity... microseconds... time dilation...

Einstein-Rosen Bridge... through the man-made wormhole... One end of the wormhole is accelerated to the speed of light, perhaps with some advanced propulsion system, and then brought back to the point of origin... another way is to take one entrance of the wormhole and move it to within the gravitational field of an object that has higher gravity than the other entrance, and then return it to a position near the other entrance... construction of a traversable wormhole would require the existence of a substance with negative energy (often referred to as "exotic matter... the wormhole spacetime requires a distribution of energy that violates various energy conditions, such as the null energy condition along with the weak, strong, and dominant energy conditions... Heisenberg uncertainty principle... Tipler cylinder... a spaceship flying around the cylinder on a spiral path could travel back in time or forward, depending on the direction of its spiral.

General relativity provides scenarios that could allow travelers to go back in time... through the man-made Looking Glass... wormholes can be viewed as time machines... the two ends of the wormhole can connect two time eras... wormholes may connect two parallel universes, or even distant parts of the same universe... calculate the conditions necessary to enter the wormhole in one time era and exit the other side at another time era... The equations might be difficult to physically achieve... Morris and Thorne describe a wormhole as a solution of Einstein's field equation with the following metric:

$$ds^2 = -dt^2 + dl^2 + (b_0^2 + l^2)(d\theta^2 + \sin^2\theta d\phi^2)$$

$l$  takes the values  $-\infty \dots +\infty$ . The two different signs of  $l$  represent the two universes. The surface  $l=0$  (spherical topology) links the two universes. Its surface is determined by the radius of the throat  $b_0$

Energy momentum tensor

In an orthonormal frame  $(t, l, \theta, \phi)$ , the only non-vanishing components of the Riemann tensor are

$$R_{\{\theta\phi\theta\phi\}} = -R_{\{l\theta\theta l\}} = -R_{\{l\phi\phi l\}} = b_0^2 / (b_0^2 + l^2)^2$$

and the components that follow from these by symmetry. Substituting the metric into the field equations we obtain the energy momentum tensor:

$$-T^{\{tt\}} = -T^{\{ll\}} = T^{\{\theta\theta\}} = T^{\{\phi\phi\}} = 8\pi b_0^2 / (b_0^2 + l^2)^2.$$

It has the unpleasant property of a negative energy density  $T^{\{t t\}}$  which according to the state-of-the-art of scientific knowledge excludes the technical realization as well as the natural occurrence of such a wormhole.

Due to the spherical symmetry one can use a two-dimensional plane through the origin to describe the main properties of the metric and the photon paths. This plane can be embedded in a three-dimensional Euclidean space. The space-like metric in the equatorial plane reads

$$ds^2 = dl^2 + (b_0^2 + l^2) d\phi^2$$

With

$$r = \sqrt{b_0^2 + l^2}$$

the embedding surface (top) consists of the points with the cartesian coordinates  $x, y$  and  $z$ :

$$x = r \cos \phi$$

$$y = r \sin \phi$$

$$z = b_0 \log [r / b_0 + \sqrt{(r/b_0)^2 - 1}] \quad * -1 \text{ f\"ur } l < 0, \quad * 0 \text{ f\"ur } l = 0, \quad * +1 \text{ f\"ur } l > 0$$

... traversable wormholes to a different point in time and space... transported to the other side of the universe... If they wanted to travel back to Earth they would either have to travel back through the

wormhole they just left... would it still be the "past" when they returned?... Since traveling at speeds approaching that of light makes time slow down for the voyager, time would proceed very, very quickly back on Earth. So while they exited the wormhole in the past, by being so far away it's possible that they wouldn't make it back to Earth until after they left... geometries of space-time... change in spatial position as the time coordinate is varied... closed time like curves, which are world lines that form closed loops in space-time, allowing objects to return to their own past... equations of general relativity that describe space-times which contain closed time like curves such as Gödel space-time... FTL faster than light or value 'c', describes traveling at 186,282 miles per second or 299,792 kilometers per second in a vacuum... to create FTL wormholes between points in space-time... humans may not be able to withstand time travel at all... It all comes down to the relationship between time and space... Time can't exist without space, and space can't exist without time. The two exist as one: the space-time continuum. Any event that occurs in the universe has to involve both space and time... you'll need to exploit space-time... Time passes faster farther away from the mass of the Earth... gravitational time dilation... gravitational lensing effect. Gravity doesn't just pull on space; it also pulls on time... Speed also plays a role in the rate at which we experience time. Time passes more slowly the closer you approach the speed of light... using faster-than-light travel to journey back in time... if time slows as an object approaches the speed of light, then might exceeding that speed cause time to flow backward? as an object nears the speed of light, its relativistic mass increases until, at the speed of light, it becomes infinite... cheat the universal speed limit by propelling a bubble of space-time across the universe... attach one end of the wormhole to a spaceship, fly around at the speed of light so time slows down for the spaceship, then jump through the wormhole... speculative space propulsion technology and existing cosmic phenomena... NASA Eagleworks, Harold 'Sonny' White's baby... and Eagleworks Physicist Miguel Alcubierre's model for warp drive, circa 1994... the quantum vacuum plasma thruster, similar to the Pleiadean Aether space drive engine, and the origins of the Black Arrow fleet, along with the 60 years of black world research that made the breakaway civilization possible.

According to Einstein, time was more like a river, which meandered around stars and galaxies, speeding up and slowing down as it passed around massive bodies... Einstein's neighbor at Princeton, Kurt Gödel, perhaps the greatest mathematical logician of the past 500 years, found a new solution to Einstein's own equations which allowed for time travel... River of Time... it postulated a universe filled with a rotating fluid. Anyone walking along the direction of rotation would find themselves back at the starting point, backwards in time... Roy Kerr... wormhole solutions to Einstein's equations... These wormholes connect not only two regions of space but also two regions of time as well. In principle, they can be used as time machines... quantum theory to gravity... In the quantum theory, we can have multiple states of any object... the river of time forks into two separate rivers... the main problem is one of energy... harness the power of a star... Aether vacuum energy, dark matter... quantum gravity... Type Two or Three Civilization... exotic matter... negative energy... our mathematics is not powerful enough to answer the question of stability because you need a "theory of everything" which combines both quantum forces and gravity... superstring theory is the leading candidate for such a theory... The theory is well-defined, but no one on earth is smart enough to solve it... Anyone who can harness the power of a star would consider us to be very primitive... speculate on the existence of higher dimensions and non-Euclidean geometries during a discussion on the existence of God...

Higher dimensions, higher realms exist... unseen worlds just beyond our reach, beyond the normal laws of physics... alien worlds beyond comprehension... higher dimensional space... 10 or more, rumored to be up to 26 dimensions of space-time... our familiar three dimensional universe is "too small" to describe the myriad forces governing our universe, to describe our physical world, with its almost infinite variety of forms... N dimensional space... spatial dimensions beyond three that simply cannot be conceptualized by the limited human brain... higher dimensions hold the key to the unification of all known forces. The universe is governed by four fundamental forces. Gravity, electro-magnetism, the strong and weak nuclear forces. These four forces, in turn, are unified in higher dimensional space... Quantum-mechanical phenomena... allows for faster-than-light (FTL) communication or time travel... the mechanics of time travel require that mass-energy be exchanged in precise balance between past and future at the moment of travel, or to simply expand the scope of the conservation law to encompass all timelines... Earth is moving through space around the Sun, which is moving in the galaxy, and so on... the theory of relativity rejects the idea of absolute time and space; in relativity there can be no universal truth about the spatial distance between events which occur at different times and thus no objective truth about which point in space at one time is at the same position that the Earth was at another time... every calculation, inertial frame of reference and all coordinate systems as the Earth moves away from or toward the traveler's vessel when taking a trip through time with the intention of landing at some chosen spatial location, cannot be off by so much as an angstrom, or timing as much as a Planck time unit, in order to return back in time within the weeks the traveler had been gone, perhaps within the exact instant departed---

Dr. Parks' Earth Exo-Political files were equally as bizarre and just as baffling as 21st century Terran and alien astrophysics, involving the United States of America, the former Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, France, Belgium, Italy, Germany, Israel, and the U.K. As he read its historical summary, he shuddered with anxiety:

The Committee of 12 or COM-12, formerly known as Alpha Command, has been involved for decades in re-initiating positive contact with benevolent off-world civilizations that the Aquarius Faction military forces of Space Command have attacked or attempted to exploit in the past.

The overall military aerospace, science and technology industrial complex, is also known in private circles by many names, such as the Genesis Consortium Order, Consortium Order, the Cabal, or the Breakaway Civilization. This secret overseer government maintains global Black Budget Funding Operations; trillions of dollars raised by illicit resources that include among its more disreputable activities, CIA sponsored global drug distribution. The black programs and covert activities of the Breakaway Civilization are completely corrupt. They are literally the governments within governments within governments of exopolitical conspiracy lore, completely invisible to the electorate government itself. Their activities are classified Above Top Secret, thereby escaping scrutiny by any elected Federal auditors, possessing only secret or top secret security clearances. 21st century humanity now exists in an over-regulated, over-taxed, over-inflated economic slave system, carefully designed to serve only the global elite of the Breakaway Civilization. Many of the new generation of younger politicians and

intelligence agents are secretly trying to do away with the self-preserving destructive policies of the Breakaway Civilization's global shadow administrations, especially in regards to full disclosure of the true alien contact reality.

The three main confederation groups include: the Aquarius Faction of Air Force and Naval Space Command, a joint Humanoid-Reptiloid influenced Alliance; the mostly-humanoid COM-12 a Space Command affiliated Humanoid Andro-Pleiadean Alliance, also affiliated with the greater InterWorld Council; and the mostly Draco Reptiloid ruled, subservient Grey, Unified Races of Orion.

Three major extraterrestrial and terran alliance core star systems and or galaxies of each confederation include:

The AQUAIRIS ALLIANCE -- Humanoids, some Reptiloids, the Ashtar collective, based in Altair Aquila, Sirius-B, Arcturus, Aldebaran, Zeta I Reticuli, Bernard's Star, Bootes Centaurus, Sol, etc.

The COM-12/ANDROMEDAN-PLEIADEAN ALLIANCE -- Mostly Humanoids, an Andromeda constellation-backed InterWorld Council alliance based in Taygeta Pleiades, Vega Lyra, Lumma Wolf 424, Procyon, Tau Ceti, Alpha Centauri, Epsilon Eridani, Sol, etc.

The DRACONIAN EMPIRE -- Primarily Reptilians, Insectoids and subservient Greys and Grey type organic android sentient beings, based in Alpha Draconis, Epsilon Bootes, Zeta II Reticuli, Polaris, Rigel Orion, Bellatrix Orion, Capella, etc.

The InterWorld Council and Draco Empire especially, have waged war over the past millennia throughout the Sol system, in Lyra, Pleiades, Orion, Procyon, Reticuli and Sirius.

The Andro-Pleiadean Alliance, a collective which originated in Altair Aquila, is affiliated with COM-12 and a small, growing independent, benevolent self-cloning, organic sentient android Grey species collective. The Greys species are in general, members of an individuality-killing hive collective from the Orion constellation. A small sub-species of the organic sentient android Grey collective have over time, through interaction with the Andro-Pleiadean Alliance, learned to develop individual personalities and empathy toward humanoid life. The Nordics officially began working with segments of COM-12 during the 1980's, following the Groom Lake and Dulce wars. Although the Human and the Orion Grey alliances have interacted in the past, the Humanoid Andro-Pleiadean Alliance maintains a loyal affiliation primarily with the InterWorld Council, a Federation of Humanoid Worlds throughout the Universe. The Draco Reptilian and Orion Greys in turn, maintain primary allegiance with the Unified Races of Orion.

COM-12 released some of the captive organic android Greys taken from crash sites, only after they were certain that these engineered Greys could draw a logical parallel between the terror, fear, panic and fright that they experienced while they were 'guests' of the U.S. government. And understand the fear and victimization that human abductees felt when they are unwilling 'guests' of the Greys. This benevolent action led some of the Grey hive collective over time, to faction off and embrace individuality, leading to their slow induction into the Humanoid Andro-Pleiadean Alliance.

COM-12 learned that there are a growing number of young men and women on earth who are half-Terran and half Nordic-extraterrestrial, whether they are consciously aware of this reality or not. A large number of young men and women now on earth possess both Terran and extraterrestrial genetics. They are apparently here on earth to take part in some important mission, and most are silent or unknowing contactees from birth. The COM-12 mission objective has been to determine the extent of visitation, the number and types of visitors, the many reasons for the visits, human interaction with them now and in the past, and a multiplicity of other related subjects such as intelligence on each visiting race, their sociology, ethics, morality or laws, cosmologies, degree of technical advancement, and specifically how we can negotiate with them and preparations for doing so.

There are also COM-12 / Nordic Andro-Pleiadean members and visitors walking the streets of several major cities on earth. Andro-Pleiadean operatives have the ability to phase-in and out of the third dimension using advanced embedded Einstein-Rosen bridge style local low energy yield wormhole technology, similar to the dimensional doorway tech Director Peterson shared with Dr. Parks.

There is a division within the Breakaway Civilization Intelligence community between the Aquarian faction who want to attempt continued negotiations the Draco Reptilian-Orion Grey species in exchange for advanced technology, and the COM-12 faction, who want to take military action against all of them. The COM-12 policies are being challenged by Aquarius faction agencies operating within Naval and Air Force Space Command and the corporate intelligence community. However, COM-12 is for interaction with the evolving sympathetic individual minded, organic android Greys. The COM-12 faction also works with Nordic, Andro-Pleiadean Alliance benevolent forces, to develop a tactical defense against the Draco Reptilian-Orion Grey Alliance, in response to the continual betrayals of the past treaties.

So the Consortium Order is a highly fractioned shadow organization, with some advocating negotiation, others advocating annihilation, and others advocating continued negotiation combined with continued development of Earth's 'Star Wars' defenses in case the negotiations sour. The COM-12 faction is far less wavering in its intent and makes no excuses about it. They share a conviction that there is enough evidence at hand from past interactions with the Draco Empire that they will never abide by any established treaties, and that the only 'negotiation' they understand is brute force. Although COM-12 may be excessively militant in some of their dealings with the Draco and Orion Greys, the Reptilians and Orion Greys have repeatedly shown that they cannot be trusted and therefore no more negotiations should be attempted or allowed.

The Consortium Order maintains various global R & D projects including neutral particle beam weapons, hybrids clone development, and artificial human-like cybernetic-androids with self-programming, heuristic artificial intelligence, if not sentience, to be used as foot soldiers against the Orion Greys and their Draco Reptilian overlords.

There are those who believe that the Draco Empire are not unlike humans; incapable of taming their own predatory instincts, and conscious of little other than the drive to consume and increase their power-base and feed their unbounded appetites, even if it means devouring and destroying other cultures and worlds in the process. But unlike humanity, the Draco operate under a 'locust' mentality.

Because the collective mind-set automatically opposes any individual sovereign philosophy which advocates personal freedom, there are those who believe that the Draconian/Grey collective will not and cannot cease from its violations and abuses of human cultures throughout the galaxy unless forced to do so by the advanced humanoid cultures throughout the universe who have succeeded in taming their own base or lower predatory instincts. This could only be accomplished by those possessing a nature higher than the base predatory-physical nature, by those capable of utilizing and exercising the power of their higher spiritual natures.

An extreme philosophy contends that the Greys/Reptilians and in some cases Insectoids, genetically engineered Reptilian/Insectoid hybrids, must be conquered and brought under the absolute and unconditional subservience to, or at least supervision of, the humanoids alliances, with no chance of again being allowed to attain superiority over humanity-- an unnatural superiority which has in the past been accomplished mainly as a result of their Collective. Otherwise, they will be an eternal thorn in the side of the human races throughout the universe, and a threat to humanoid prosperity, or even existence for untold generations to come.

The entrance to Parks' quarters chimed. He got up from bed, walked over and waved his hand over the access panel, unlocking the door. The door clicked and slid open. He looked at her politely but cautiously. She was dressed in a robe, she must have been resting in her quarters as well, but he felt compelled focus on her face, on her intense eyes, as if she were willing him to do so. It has been a week since their shared intimacy, his deception to prove a point to her. She was clearly there to be with him intimately again. They were after all the only two aboard the vessel. He started to question the reality around him, but he would not allow his confusion to be noticed. After their bridge systems functions training, Parks had been secluded in his quarters for the past three standard earth days.

"Well hello stranger. You haven't been on the pilot's nest in a while. Are you alright?"

"Fine, thanks. Well, not really. We are in an unbelievable predicament, aren't we? I just needed time to get the overall picture."

"Well, aren't you going to invite a lady in?"

Parks stepped aside, and Athena crossed the threshold into his quarters. "Please?"

Parks knew of Athena's mental abilities, and it didn't help that she was irresistibly beautiful. But more than, he was lonely for her, if only she could be trusted. This sense of mistrust calloused Parks emotionally. As the door silently closed, Athena slowly opened her embroidered pearl satin kimono robe; she was nude except for the cotton socks on her feet. She dropped the robe from her shoulders and stood before him, unsure of herself. She slowly reached out for him, embraced him. As they kissed, he felt a magnetic attraction to her deep within and became aggressively aroused. Instead of steering her to the bed, in their frenzied embrace Parks landed Athena on the small countertop of his refreshment area. He propped her up there, waist high, and slowly entered her, filling her up, bringing his strong arousal to her full attention. She melted around him, hypersensitive to his every motion, every deep thrust, which slowly, gradually became more intense, more forceful. They continued their passionate tantric embrace until her tensions were repeatedly relinquished. Parks finally met her last with his own molten explosion deep inside her. As he slowed and began to break away, Athena pulled him closer, deeper into her quivering, satisfied afterglow, and wouldn't let him go.

Parks looked into her eyes, curiously. They weren't in love, and if such a true emotion existed, his heart had been hardened by Eve's betrayal to such an emotional delusion. And he simply lost all belief that any woman, let alone anyone, could be fully trusted. But here was Athena, looking up at him with just such an emotion, deeply into his eyes, their bodies still locked and entwined, kissing him slowly and passionately after their naturally magnetic encounter, the union of the woman and a man. But Parks thought to himself, if he were not a financially powerful, materially resourceful man, or a gifted lover, artificially rejuvenated physically to the stamina of his youth, would she still feel the same way? Would

she still embrace him lovingly if he were just an average man? Obviously not, so what did this exotic alien humanoid woman want from him other than the pursuit of her own pleasure? Then it dawned on him. He could feel the strong maternal impulse emanating from her telepathically. But he had to be sure.

“I have to get back to work, I’m reviewing data files on Exopolitics, Subquantum Kinetics, some NASA Eagleworks research and crunching the numbers the avatar sent me on the performance parameters of this vessel. I just cannot believe we’ve traveled so far, so fast. The fantastic energy conversions needed to travel this far through dimensional subspace seems impossible to my limited understanding of Terran and alien astrophysics. Besides, we can’t stay stranded out here, wherever we are. We have to repair this vessel and go back.”

“Please, look at them later?” Athena kissed him lovingly on his neck and nuzzled closer.

“I’m sorry, I just can’t.” Then Parks looked at her, paused, then asked, “Athena-- do you have children?”

Athena slowly broke their embrace and slowly pushed him away. She knew her deception was discovered. “No, I don’t have any natural children. Unless you include the dozens of ova that were taken from me, used to clone rich men’s deceased wives or fantasy lovers.” She glared at him with contempt.

“And now, you desire to have a child of your own,” Parks said. Athena didn’t answer, he was right about her intentions. She picked up her robe, tears beginning to stream from her eyes, and walked out of his quarters as she put it back on. Parks made no attempt to stop her. But he did send her a mental message, but he wasn’t sure at first if she received it. Parks sat and meditated, focusing all of his mental attention toward communicating with the naturally telepathic Athena. “I am truly sorry if the cultural exchange between our civilizations over the decades has caused you great harm. I want to also apologize for my uncaring attitude. If it is still your desire to become a natural parent with me, I would be honored to be a part of that process. But first, a proper period of courtship, leading of course to marriage. I may look young and I admit, I am very charming, but I’m actually very old, and old school when it comes to relationships.”

As Athena reached her quarters, she indeed heard his reply, smiled at his arrogant humor. Her hurt feelings subsided. Parks heard a telepathic reply in his mind, projected from Athena as clear as a bell. “Who said I wanted a relationship or a child with you? Don’t flatter yourself, pal.”

Several hours later, Parks discreetly visited Athena’s quarters, wearing nothing but a navy hooded shower robe over black boxer briefs, vintage NASA issue blue smocks on his feet, and a caring smile. He would stop pushing her away. His life with Eve was over; he was blessed to have had her for as long as he did. And few people have had his financial power and the resources to resurrect the love of their life. But it was time to move forward. Athena was in his life now, as long as she wanted him. He would put his suspicions on hold and just enjoy the perfumed scent, high intelligence, and embrace of this Pleiadean woman. And just perhaps, build a lasting bond with her.

## The Off-World Man

### CHAPTER 52

Eve was confined to an undisclosed underground base, she could detect that much from the movement around her. She was rendered and traveled for nearly 18 hours in military grade vehicles and aircraft, all with blacked out windows.

The elevator ride descended at least ten stories. With only one brief stop, she assumed she was far southwest of Europe, near the equator. The indication of a warmer climate while being transferred to the base only confirmed her assumptions. And the dialect and accent of background conversations led her to believe that her destination was Australia.

During the trip she was informed by her mysterious captor that she would be an assassin for the Consortium Order, the original intent of her creation. That was nearly a week ago, now she was given her first assignment, to beat and torture a prisoner, an enemy to Sullivan.

Peterson awakened in his restraints again, this time to finally meet his captor, former black world Space Commander Sullivan, a rejuvenated man with a half organic, half digital nanotronic brain.

His motivations were more psychopathic than ever; he wanted revenge against Peterson and Parks. He planned to destroy Parks' company and his family.

Eve entered Peterson's cell, to his surprise, and without a word she beat him within an inch of his life.

## The Off-World Man

### CHAPTER 53

Parks was in deep introspection on a low Buddha meditation seat in the dimly lit stateroom of his quarters. The entrance to his stateroom quietly slid open. Athena quietly entered barefoot, dressed in a sleeveless white sheer sleeping gown, carrying a large white comforter. She laid the comforter out on the thin carpeted deck before him, looked into his eyes and without saying a word slipped out of her gown. Parks opened his nearly closed eyes and slowly looked up at her beautiful nude form and smiled. It had been that way for days. They spent planned romantic activities together on the football field-sized delta aethership and copulated nightly. She would allow him to recover for half a day and without notice, put him to task again. They also shared every meal together. He was now used to her anytime conceiving schedule.

Athena lowered herself and embraced him, then slowly took off his cotton tunic and unfastened and removed his loose cotton meditation shorts. She deftly aroused him and straddled him while still seated. Parks was powerless to her ample beauty and the sincere urgency of her desire. She made love to him long enough to bring them to a powerful, intense mutual climax.

Athena then slipped off of his residing manhood and laid on the comforter. She pulled up and tucked her knees to her chest, in a familiar contraception technique.

As Athena dismounted him, Parks fell off of the low Buddha seat, groaning in mock exhaustion, landing next to her. Athena laughed at this, her slightly slanted alien eyes were dilated in the afterglow of the dimly lit stateroom. Transfixed, Parks moved closer, kissed her shoulder and neck and admired her determination. And in that moment of reflection, Parks fell deeply in love with Athena. She had chosen him to conceive a child and this humbled Parks. He felt honored by the other-worldly, Pleiadean woman. She was determined indeed.

Parks was laying on his side close to her. Athena continued to tuck her knees up to her chest, resting the heels of her feet atop Parks right hip, their sexes lined up perfectly. Parks looked deeply into her eyes and said, "Now I know how my clone Marcus felt out here all alone. I thank the Creator for you, and advanced interstellar radiation shielding, of course."

"Well of course," Athena mused at his attempt at dry humor.

"But seriously, if you weren't here with me, I'm sure I would have lost my mind and died out here all alone." Parks kissed her softly and slowly with his eyes closed. Athena understood this as a gesture of sincerity and slowly closed hers. This affectionate slow kiss brought the couple closer in intimacy than all of their heated sexual encounters. Feeling the heat from their position, Parks became aroused and achingly engorged. He slowly reentered Athena. They made impassioned love more committed to conceiving a Human-Pleiadean child, more than the mere pleasure in its undertaking.

Parks in his body-rejuvenated old age was now a traditionalist at heart. After nearly a week of conceiving, he asked Athena to marry him. She said yes, amused at his sudden chaste attitude. Stranded as they were with no matrimonial authority to marry them, Parks asked the Elder's holographic A I to perform a makeshift marriage ceremony. With both Human and Pleiadean cultural references to guide the A I on bonding rituals, the holographic Elder conducted a brief ceremony, wishing for the couple a simple blessing of abundance and peace.

Parks and Athena sat across from each other in the aethership galley for dinner. They had in front of them spring mix salad tossed in a light dressing and several four-ounce polymer non-spill squeeze bottles.

"We have on the dinner menu, Tangy Tangerine and Super Beets as the appetizer, followed by Texas Superfoods and Patriot Power Greens as the entrée. Strawberry-banana Rhinehart Bodyfuel serves as desert. All made with recycled pH alkaline balanced water," Parks said.

"Not very aesthetically appetizing cuisine, Athena observed, but definitely nutrient dense and easy to digest. We won't starve."

"We could heat up a couple of lab-slab grown beef steaks and gluten-free butter herbed pasta MREs? You're with child, you need the calories."

"Not tonight. I've always tried not eat too much creatine infused, fat marbled, genetically engineered beef or poultry protein during my time in your home world. Even if it was culture grown in labs and no animals were harmed in order to produce my food. But I must confess, I do miss some of Earth's culinary creations."

"Me too," Parks said. Parks began to notice the differences in their species more each day of their shared crisis, stranded just outside the Andromeda galaxy. He lifted his appetizer squeeze bottle to Athena's. "Bona petite."

After dinner, the cozy couple retired to watch a vintage motion picture from the aethership's Earth media archives in cocooned intimacy, falling asleep in each other's arms before the film ended. The artificially generated gravity was only three quarters that of the Earth, so their rest was peaceful. They awakened after the final credits scrolled after the alert signal of the cue holoscreen portal chimed at the film's end. They didn't want to see another film, so they engaged in pillow talk.

"Tell me about your parents," Parks asked.

Athena took a moment, "Well, my father was a cosmologist and involved in interdimensional sciences. He was fascinated with the infinite universe, which we consider the body of the creator and the higher dimensions the mind of the creator. So much so that my mother did most of the parenting.

He traveled off-world for long periods of time, so I barely knew him. My mother was a xenobiologist. She was a loving, nurturing parent.”

“Are they still alive?”

“Yes, I look forward to seeing them again.”

“Are human and Pleiadean attitudes on emotional and physical love and family similar?”

“We are a much older civilization than our human cousins. We conquered our primitive greed based, violence loving, social populism nature eons ago. Scientific discovery and spiritual enlightenment became our species’ cultural foundation. These advances also greatly expanded our longevity. We experience single adulthood much longer, devoting more time to our individual intellectual pursuits. Also as a result, we experience more casual relationships over a lifetime. Unless one takes a vow of purity and commits to their scientific or intellectual occupations, the way your human Jesuit priests dedicate themselves in pious celibacy to communing to your concept of the creator. What is it called, the Trinity, established at the Council of Nicaea in 325 AD? I find it fascinating how humans edited their most precious holy tome, not once but many times. Did you know that the Pleiades is mentioned in the Bible?”

Parks digested her brief clinical statement covering Pleiadean culture and its oversimplified, more libertine attitudes toward commitment, while taking a jab at organized religion. It helped to explain why she had been chosen for the Genesis Consortium Seven Daughters of Eve Cloning Program and agreed to have her ova and DNA harvested. Parks also learned during previous pillow talk sessions that Pleiadean women produced twice the ova that human women did over a lifetime and they have a fascinating ability to ovulate at will; they have evolved to control the functions of their hypothalamus and pituitary gland and the hormones of their ovarian and uterine reproductive cycles. They can initiate their conception cycle within hours of the moment and initiate their period within days of that ovulation.

Athena continued, “Pleiadean science corrected psychological, and physical dysfunction and intellectual evolution did away with uncontrolled emotional bonding. When we are ready for life mating, we choose within the scientific, engineering or interstellar exploratory classes. Esoteric and creative pursuits are common and encouraged in all classes, so no other social classes are necessary. We are encouraged to choose a life mate from different class to enhance cross pollination among the classes.”

Parks nodded in understanding, then asked, “Would you say in essence, that science and the pursuit of knowledge became your religion? I mean, does it affirm your concept of a Creator Potential and a higher spiritual continuum?”

Athena shifted her position, resting slightly on Parks chest, to look at him once again for a moment, searching for words acceptable to his curious human understanding of her species, much older humanoid cousins to Earth’s human race.

“You will hear this from all benevolent, advanced interstellar and interdimensional species that the human race will encounter as you continue your exploration of the Virgo Supercluster and the billions of superclusters that comprise the infinite universe. We view the universe as the body of the Creator. We designate no gender to our concept of the Creator as Earth humans do. We do not humanize our concept of the creator as you do. There are still mysteries we have yet to learn and understand about the higher realms of the Creator, the higher dimensions. Type 3 and yes, even Type 4 civilizations contact us, when we are ready, and shepherd us through these higher discoveries and realities, higher truths. You are correct, our scientific pursuits are in a way our attempt to embrace that infinite, sentient energy that is everywhere. Perhaps one day a million years from now, our sciences will become a Type 4 and feel that embrace from the universe, like a child being hugged by their parents, giving our species nurturing comfort and acceptance. I hope your species finds its way towards this embrace as well in your future discovering new worlds and new truths among the stars.”

Athena shifted her body again so she was resting on top of Parks. Her warm soft sensuous body becoming blanket for him of exotic comfort. Now, tell me about your parents? Your birth parents this time?

Parks had avoided the discussion during one of their previous pillow talk sessions. Athena was a full empath and telepath. She knew he was hiding something. He looked up at the ceiling of his quarters, then told her some of what he learned.

“Peterson sent me an encrypted message before we were attacked, after he came to visit me aboard the triage vessel where I underwent my initial rejuvenation treatment, after having temporal surgery to have some malfunctioning communication implants removed. He thought it was time that I knew what he knew about my past.

Peterson knew my birth father. I won't tell you his name, but he was an officer in the U.S. Marines Special Section, a spaceflight navigation specialist. A charter member in the Breakaway Civilization of the late 1950s and 1960s, after the first contact and our 1954 treaty, when all back engineered gravity propulsion research went into the blackworld for good.

My birth father was on leave from our first covert lunar colony program at the Long Island Montauk Base. He was from upstate New York, staying with friends in Manhattan. He decided to take a class at NYU when he met my birth mother, who also took the same class. She was of Sicilian heritage, an elementary school art teacher living in Soho. My father was tanned and athletic as were young soldiers of the era, trying desperately to embody the Kennedy image vigor, confidence and optimism about America's role in space. My birth mother was said to have angelic beauty by my birth father. Their romance was brief and bittersweet when my birthfather received his orders to return to Montauk Base and transfer Dougway Proving Ground, Utah. They had known each other for only two months. My birth father did not know that he had given my birth mother a parting gift. He found out after my birth mother died giving birth to me and I was sent to an orphanage and adopted. He never married, became a career soldier. He might have tried to adopt me, but mercifully, I was adopted by Maria and Gordon Wayne Parks. He kept tabs on me throughout my youth, I was told by Peterson. In 1985, he signed on

for an interstellar colonization mission. A flotilla of Space Command platforms and carriers would take from his beloved home world to the Orion Constellation. They were never heard from again. No one knows what fate awaited them. But the hostilities with the Orion Draco intensified.

By that time, I was in college, studying aeronautical engineering. My birth father asked Peterson to keep tabs on me, try to bring me in under the fold. He had a powerful position at Lockheed Martin, recruited me from college. I guess I followed in my birth father's footsteps. I became an aerospace and mechanical engineer, eventually working for the blackworld. I built my wealth with my company working for the breakaway civilization for decades. And even though I am now an InterWorld Council Earth Ambassador, I may never know whether my birth father lived a long life or if I have siblings from Orion, or if he perished in some hostility with the Draco. If we recover from this, I may find out what happened to that Orion Colony."

Athena listened attentively as they lay there. She sensed the sadness and emotional pain this revelation brought on him. She moved to his side so he could rest, encouraging him to do so while she caressed his chest. She intentionally induced in him unconsciousness, another trait unique to Pleiadeans; in mere minutes he was asleep, in the dream state.

## The Off-World Man

### CHAPTER 54

Parks' REM dream state mind raced to connect the dots to his present dilemma while he slept.

...traversable wormholes to a different point in time and space... transported to the other side of the universe... If they wanted to travel back to Earth they would either have to travel back through the wormhole they just left... would it still be the "past" when they returned?...

... geometries of space-time... change in spatial position as the time coordinate is varied... closed time like curves, which are world lines that form closed loops in space-time, allowing objects to return to their own past...

...equations of general relativity that describe space-times which contain closed time like curves such as Gödel space-time... FTL faster than light or value 'c', describes traveling at 186,282 miles per second or 299,792 kilometers per second in a vacuum...

...to create FTL wormholes between points in space-time...

...humans may not be able to withstand time travel at all...It all comes down to the relationship between time and space...

...Time can't exist without space, and space can't exist without time. The two exist as one: the space-time continuum. Any event that occurs in the universe has to involve both space and time... you'll need to exploit space-time... Time passes faster farther away from the mass of the Earth... gravitational time dilation... gravitational lensing effect. Gravity doesn't just pull on space; it also pulls on time...

...Speed also plays a role in the rate at which we experience time. Time passes more slowly the closer you approach the speed of light... using faster-than-light travel to journey back in time... if time slows as an object approaches the speed of light, then might exceeding that speed cause time to flow backward? as an object nears the speed of light, its relativistic mass increases until, at the speed of light, it becomes infinite... cheat the universal speed limit by propelling a bubble of space-time across the universe... attach one end of the wormhole to a spaceship, fly around at the speed of light so time slows down for the spaceship, then jump through the wormhole... speculative space propulsion technology and existing cosmic phenomena...

...NASA Eagleworks, Harold 'Sonny' White's baby... and Eagleworks Physicist Miguel Alcubierre's model for warp drive, circa 1994... the quantum vacuum plasma thruster, similar to the Pleiadean Aether space drive engine, and the origins of the Black Arrow fleet, along with the 60 years of black world research that made the breakaway civilization possible.

...According to Einstein, time was more like a river, which meandered around stars and galaxies, speeding up and slowing down as it passed around massive bodies...

...Einstein's neighbor at Princeton, Kurt Goedel, perhaps the greatest mathematical logician of the past 500 years, found a new solution to Einstein's own equations which allowed for time travel...

...River of Time... it postulated a universe filled with a rotating fluid. Anyone walking along the direction of rotation would find themselves back at the starting point, backwards in time... Roy Kerr... wormhole solutions to Einstein's equations...

...These wormholes connect not only two regions of space but also two regions of time as well. In principle, they can be used as time machines...

...quantum theory to gravity. In the quantum theory, we can have multiple states of any object... the river of time forks into two separate rivers... the main problem is one of energy... harness the power of a star...

...Aether vacuum energy, dark matter... quantum gravity... Type Two or Three Civilization... exotic matter... negative energy...

...our mathematics is not powerful enough to answer the question of stability because you need a "theory of everything" which combines both quantum forces and gravity... superstring theory is the leading candidate for such a theory...

...The theory is well-defined, but no one on earth is smart enough to solve it... Anyone who can harness the power of a star would consider us to be very primitive...

...speculate on the existence of higher dimensions and non-Euclidean geometries during a discussion on the existence of God...

...Higher dimensions, higher realms exist... unseen worlds just beyond our reach, beyond the normal laws of physics... alien worlds beyond comprehension... higher dimensional space... 10 or more, rumored to be up to 26 dimensions of space-time...

...our familiar three-dimensional universe is "too small" to describe the myriad forces governing our universe, to describe our physical world, with its almost infinite variety of forms...

...N dimensional space... spatial dimensions beyond three that simply cannot be conceptualized by the limited human brain...

...higher dimensions hold the key to the unification of all known forces. The universe is governed by four fundamental forces. Gravity, electro-magnetism, the strong and weak nuclear forces. These four forces, in turn, are unified in higher dimensional space...

...Quantum-mechanical phenomena... allows for faster-than-light (FTL) communication or time travel...

...the mechanics of time travel require that mass-energy be exchanged in precise balance between past and future at the moment of travel, or to simply expand the scope of the conservation law to encompass all timelines...

...Earth is moving through space around the Sun, which is moving in the galaxy, and so on... the theory of relativity rejects the idea of absolute time and space; in relativity there can be no universal truth about the spatial distance between events which occur at different times and thus no objective truth about which point in space at one time is at the same position that the Earth was at another time...

...every calculation, inertial frame of reference and all coordinate systems as the Earth moves away from or toward the traveler's vessel when taking a trip through time with the intention of landing at some chosen spatial location, cannot be off by so much as an angstrom, or timing as much as a Planck time unit, in order to return back in time within the weeks the traveler had been gone, perhaps within the exact instant departed---

Hours later, Parks awakened with a jolt of energy, sitting bolt upright in bed. Athena rested next to him still in deep sleep. Parks slowly swung his legs over the side of his bed, so as not to awaken her. He slowly stood and padded to the open elongated egg-shaped cocoon shower and sauna near his bathroom and wardrobe closet. He turned on a medium stream of brisk warm water, trying not to make too much noise. He dropped his sleeping shorts, slid open the wrap around shell of the cocoon shower and stepped over and into the large wrap around sauna tub seat, closed the shell door, then down into the three-foot diameter wide shower floor.

The beading sound of the water stream and splashing sounds along with the fresh mint scent of organic shower gel slowly invaded the senses of Athena's slumber. By the time the shower turned off three minutes later, she was conscious enough to observe Parks sit on the outer edge of the cocoon shower drying himself with a large towel, wrapping it around his waist, then put on a dark blue terry cloth shower kimono robe and head for the bathroom sink near the enclosed toilet cabinet room. Parks brushed his sonic brushed his teeth, rinsed with Smart Mouth, then shaved. He then moved over to his wardrobe closet, selected a two-piece duty uniform, sugata shirt and bio thermals of molecularly aligned nano-threads woven into a breathable fabric that keeps the wearer warm in cold climes and cooler in warm climes. As he dressed, Athena pretended to still be asleep, but observed his look of intense inner contemplation and determination.

Fully dressed and composed, Parks strode toward the entrance to his spartan quarters with looking up. He assumed Athena was still sleeping, although she did reposition herself and yawn, signaling her increasingly awakened state.

"Are you alright?" She asked.

Parks was slightly startled by her being awake, he almost paused, but made no reply and continued on his way out. His concentration was elsewhere as he exited. Athena slowly sat up in bed, puzzled. She couldn't read his thoughts, they were literally everywhere a buzz of multitasking activity, trying to figure out—He knew. The facade was over.

## The Off-World Man

### CHAPTER 55

Eve hadn't slept or eaten much since her captivity began over a week ago. Sullivan continued to threaten to harm her daughter if Eve is not compliant. Mercifully, his brain was damaged by Peterson in the past and his sexual impulses were permanently eradicated, replaced by a more powerful sadistic impulse. Sullivan ordered Eve to torture Peterson over and over again for his amusement. She pulled her punches out of fear of killing the old man, who never begged for his life or registered fear. She seemed to know him, somewhere in her cellular memory, but couldn't place his face. She quietly mentally begged his forgiveness before each beating. The old man seemed to understand.

As Parks entered the conn and the inner pilot's nest, the A.I. and other systems began to quietly illuminate and come to life in anticipation of his commands.

"Good day, Ambassador."

"HAL, please remain on standby. I need to have a chat with the Elder's A I."

"As you command, sir."

Parks stepped into the center of the command and flight nest and waited. A nearby holo-emitter activated. The Elder's long vest, robed image stood over him in stunning detail. A bit too towering, Parks thought. The real live Elder wasn't that tall. I was taller than him.

"Ambassador Parks, how may I assist you? What is it that you seek?"

"The truth, right now. Where are we, really? It's not the out skirts of Andromeda. Multi-dimensional space-time travel in essence, deals with infinity in either direction, the future or the past. Now I don't doubt that this vessel can actually make a series of emergency q-phase dimensional slips to that destination. But certainly not in three Earth standard days. Even if we could reach 1000 times the speed of light, it would take 9 months to reach the edge of our Milky Way galaxy. And many months more to reach Andromeda. This is where you made your first mistake. I kept going over the probabilities in my sleep, that how I process deep problems. It just didn't add up.

Second, Athena is just too comfortable about all this. She's more concerned about conceiving than our being stranded, which means we're not. I knew something was wrong in my gut feeling, my intuition.

I began to check quietly all cosmic radiation shielding generator readings. It stands to reason that in such a short period of time after a series of emergency generated special wormhole jumps, the radiation shielding generators might need recalibration. The readings were normal, with no variations since the date of the attack, except for a drop in radiation. Out here in open space, the readings should be higher, or at least have some variations in readings; your third mistake.

I've also studied the 360-degree starfield on the monitors daily from my quarters. Our position has never drifted closer to Andromeda, pulled forward by the galaxy's gravitational forces. An easy enough holographic deception to execute. More and more I sensed that you were at the heart of all this.

I've been distracted, comfortably distracted the past few weeks. At that moment, Parks noticed Athena standing just at the entrance to the pilot's nest. I am convinced we are shrouded in some spatial operating environment, sophisticated enough to fool even me, for a while. And I could kick myself for allowing this charade to go on for so long. Now, I want the truth. Where the fuck are we and why? No more deceptions."

There was a long silence. Parks rested his arms akimbo on his waist, then switched the weight of his body from the left hip to the right, in truly pissed-off consternation. "I'll pull the plug on your smug digital ass if you don't spill the beans right now. Do not doubt me simulacrum." Parks remained resolute.

After another long pause, the holographic A I slowly began to clap his hands, even going to the trouble to simulate the sound for effect. "Well done Ambassador, I wondered how long we would be able to keep you—distracted, as you put it." The A I looked at Athena, disappointed. Her eyes looked downward, unable to look at Parks.

"We are on Mars."

The Off-World Man

CHAPTER 56

The Elder A.I. confessed all to Parks. "We are technically below the surface of Mars, within a military base manned by Earth-Mars Defense Forces. Marine Special Section was created by former President Eisenhower in the 1950s to serve as a check and balance against the growing cosmic secrecy and unlimited power, both militarily and politically, of Naval and Air Force Space Command. Peterson wanted to be sure that your neural node connections were all removed completely so that your location could not be detected or tracked."

Parks touched his temples in reflex. He cursed the day that he allowed the Elder to give him the neural node enhancement and prayed every day that none of molecularly aligned nano-treads and micro-hardware was left in his skull after the reverse surgery. "Go on, continue."

"Mars has nearly twenty underground human colonies and military defense bases, built over a century. Many are in active research to return a viable atmosphere to the planet.

We are waiting for a Pleiadean platform vessel that will return Athena and my digitally preserved consciousness to our home world. That vessel will arrive soon."

Parks looked again in Athena's direction. Standing the tactical station, she finally met his gaze. She was still dressed in her night gown and covered a white robe, sashed at the waist. She crossed her arms around her chest as if bracing herself for Parks' oncoming tirade about betrayal.

"You knew all along?" Parks asked.

Athena nodded her head, tears welling in her eyes, unable to respond.

"You're returning with him? Returning home? What about us, our child?"

She looked down, again offering no reply, only nodding once.

"So, this was just a convenient opportunity for you to conceive with a human." Parks nodded in understanding, unable to read her thoughts. It was finished. Parks took a long deep breath and returned his attention to the holo-image of the Elder AI. Then Athena spoke.

"No, not just any human," Athena replied. "I choose the man who saved my life. The Elder and Peterson knew that I wanted to. They granted my wish."

Parks looked back to Athena, then the holo. "I've got to return to earth, to my family and my corporation. If I was attacked, then my family and my company must have been attacked as well."

"Your clone was nearly killed at your ex-wife's vineyard, the A.I. stated flatly, to Parks' surprise. They must have thought it was you or cared less if it was you or your clone. Eve dispatched the mercenaries, unarmed, but eventually surrendered."

"What?!"

"Your daughter was abducted from her residence in New York."

Parks' heart sank. "My daughter?! She was taken?! What happened to her personal security?! You withheld this information from me all this time?! Taken by whom?"

"Sullivan and his network of Aquarius cabal operatives, the A.I. said. They are after revenge."

Parks shook his head in shock. "I thought he was incapacitated by Peterson?"

"Your enemies have been planning revenge for some time. Peterson was abducted as well."

"You and Peterson knew."

"We did and have been preparing for some time. That is why we wanted you off-world, on the move until the threat can be contained and eliminated. But we could not anticipate their timing with certainty. Sullivan's splinter group have taken control of the Pine Gap facility. I had the unfortunate duty of keeping you safe and your attention focused on another dilemma while our Alpha Command forces made plans to retaliate."

"And so, you come up with the Andromeda scenario. Look I've got to get the hell out of here, back to earth—"

"Agreed. We have developed a that will utilize the Mars Defense Forces and NATO android troops controlled by Alpha Command. We will take back the underground facility. Patience Ambassador."

"Patience? You have had me locked away under false pretenses for almost two months, distracted by—"

Athena closed her eyes, her grief at his words more than evident.

Parks caught himself before he insulted her further. "I'm Sorry."

Athena turned and walked slowly out of the conn. Parks watched her leave. The A I replied, to refocus Parks from his sense of betrayal. "Ambassador Parks, the time is almost at hand. You will be notified when Mars Defense Forces are ready to escort you back to earth."

Parks' feelings for Athena had grown, in fact he loved her, but because his family's abduction, their relationship had become an instant non-issue. Parks now questioned her sincerity. He felt like nothing more than a fool she tricked into being a sperm donor. His mind was a storm of distress.

"Turn off this damn external charade! Show me what is actually outside of this ship!"

A surround screen activated. They were in an immense underground hangar. Cadres of pressure suited, space helmet clad soldiers and specialist technicians were everywhere. Parks observed all the activity for a few seconds, then said, "I need a briefing on the Pine Gap operation, right now."

The Elder A I replied, "I will contact the mission commander and inform him that you are now fully aware of the situation and wish to be briefed."

"Just open up the damn ship! I'll find him on my own."

"You'll need to wear a pressure suit to leave this hangar and enter the colony base, Ambassador. I understand your distrust. But I am still the consciousness that trained both your mentor and your clone. As an ambassador, you must learn the proper official protocols and address me with the proper respect due."

Parks had enough of this digital being. His anger barely contained. "You know, you are not a deity to be revered. You are merely the digital representation of someone too afraid to die. Afraid of your life energy and intellect being to a degree extinguished and your contributions to the universe forgotten. No, you are merely a digital ghost with limited influence among the living. And I feel sorry for you."

Parks turned and walked briskly out of the conn. The holo-image of the Elder A.I. turned his head in Parks' direction to deliver a retort before his departure, then stopped. The image reacted in an almost human manner, appearing to reflect on parks' assessment of its digital sentience. The image flickered slightly before deactivating its emitters.

Parks donned a pressure suit and found his base through the hangar to the USMC Special Section administrative offices of the subterranean base. He was given a briefing and a mini tour of the base. When he returned to the aethership hours later, he stopped by Athena's quarters. She would'nt answer nor open her entrance. Parks could override and open her door but felt the forced invasion of her privacy would be another unforgiveable act of callousness. Tired from the revelations of the day, Parks returned to his own quarters, pulled off his duty uniform and returned to bed. He was tired from worry about his family, distressed beyond consolation. He quickly fell into a stress filled sleep.

As Parks slept, the entrance to his quarters slid open. Athena entered Parks quarters, somehow bypassing the door lock controls with the power of her telekinetic thought. She padded silently to Parks' sleeping body. He stirred pensively. Parks' eyes fluttered slightly as he began to awaken. Athena waved her hand over his head and he fell into a controlled deep sleep. Athena caressed his face, touched his hair, then kissed him gently on the lips. Her tears flowed as she quietly retreated.

Parks awakened many hours later. He felt calm and rested, refreshed. But his mind returned to the crisis on earth. He washed and dressed quickly before heading back to the conn. The pilot's nest seemed in order as usual but deftly silent. In fact, the entire aethership seemed to be void of life except for him.

"HAL, systems update." There was no reply or acknowledgement. Then a different synthetic voice responded.

"Greetings, Ambassador Parks."

"You sound new. Identify."

"This is the ship's systems A I, awaiting your commands."

"What happened to HAL."

"I have no record of such a subsystem."

"What about the Elder A.I. digital consciousness?"

"The entire hardware cube containing that H3D subsystem was removed and replaced with my redundant hardware cube as the primary core A.I. ship-wide."

"You are now the primary A I.? When did this happen?"

"Three earth standard hours ago, by a group of Pleiadean technicians."

"HAL must have been a sub-routine of the Elder A.I. he used just to appease me. Clever. Where was the A I hardware removed to?"

"The cube was placed into a Pleiadean military grade android?"

"Military grade, meaning?"

"Organic humanoid looking, but stronger than organic, much more durable and physically adept than general service androids. Capable of armed and unarmed combat, with built-in defensive and offensive sub-routines."

"With a sentient digital intellect. Can you pull up the design schematics for these androids? Sounds like something interesting to study and apply to my own security. Earth's military androids are classified at the highest levels. Send the schematics to the console in my quarters."

"Parks paused in thought, vaguely remembering a dream of Athena entering his quarters. He already knew the answer to his next question. Is anyone else aboard?"

"No, Ambassador."

Parks sadly lowered his head and then himself into the pilot's chaise, realizing that Athena must have visited his quarters one last time while he slept. Her farewell was no dream.

The Off-World Man

## CHAPTER 57

“Ambassador, we are being notified by Mars Defense Forces that our time to depart to earth has come. They are sending us coordinates and requesting that we follow in a pentagon formation. We will be at the center of the formation. A flotilla of five battle carriers, separated by five earth standard kilometers serving as escort ships.”

“Acknowledge the transmission and coordinate our departure with the escort vessels. Can you handle this task?”

“Yes, Ambassador.”

“Good. You don’t have a familiar, more personal moniker, do you?”

“No, Ambassador. I am the ship’s system-wide A I, which includes communications, navigation, environmental and propulsion; adapted for human interaction.”

“Then you should have in your media archives the vintage science fiction film titled 2001: A Space Odyssey. Humans have the tendency of giving our A I systems a short personal human moniker or nickname. How about I give you one, HAL 2.0, based on that old film. And HAL, add a slight British affectation to your audio responses, sounds classier.”

“Yes, Ambassador, I will respond to this—nickname.”

“Good, carry on.” In the pilot’s chaise, Parks placed a navigation headband on his temples and the bridge of his nose, similar to glasses or goggle frames. A wrap around holo-screen lowered from the frame in front of his field of vision. As the aethership’s systems powered up, the ceiling of the massive subterranean hangar slowly split open, retracting on both sides, venting the slight artificial atmosphere within. Pressure suited technicians with light batons signaled the go for ascent, their red lighted batons changing to green. The landing struts of the aethership retracted as it ascended. It reached an altitude of 5000 feet and leveled in center of the formation. Parks could see in his holo-screen five flat wide domino shaped vessels in a pentagonal-shaped formation, each 100 tall, 100 meters wide and 300 meters long. Parks turned for a 360-degree view, just in time to see a mega-massive dark silhouetted floating

structure in orbit. A Pleiadean platform vessel. It was the size of a city. 200 U.S. naval carriers. He wondered if Athena was watching him pull away. He vowed silently to visit Athena's home world one day and meet his child. The tiny little fetus just beginning to develop its life's journey in Athena's womb. Parks knew with Athena and her extended family's nurture and guidance, their child would mature into a good soul, even if Parks was not there to raise and guide him or her. But he had always assumed that he would have been there to raise his child from birth to maturity. The loss of the opportunity and blessing wounded him mortally.

The lead escort carrier ship's commands brought him back to focus on departure. "Archangel One to Archangel Two, Three, Four, Five and Ambassador Parks; synchronous formation launch will commence on my mark; 8,7,6,5,4,3,2—"

All six vessels smoothly accelerated in unison.

"ETA to earth orbit in 59 minutes."

Parks settled in for the brief journey home at sub-light cruising speed. His seven weeks of protective custody was over. Parks wondered what if they had been captured, or if they had been catapulted interdimensionally to the Andromeda system? In the scenario outlined by the Elder A.I., could this aethership travel that far that fast? Three earth standard days? Such a feat would be incredible. Then his mind refocused. He touched a comm-screen panel." Ambassador Parks to Archangel One; once in orbit, I will need to open a channel satellite to contact my company's global security division. I'll need to coordinate the safe return of my family, after your forces free them."

"Roger that, Ambassador. Pine Gap has already been engaged. NATO Android forces are fighting for control of the base as we speak. By the time we arrive in orbit, your family should be secured."

"Thank you, Parks out." Parks stress level grew. He knew from the briefing that the overthrow of the command structure was a sore issue with Alpha Command. The Aquarius Faction truce was over. The internal war for control of Space Command continued. Confident of the outcome, he would contact OM Global Security and pass on the intel and coordinates to return his family home after the operation. He silently prayed to the Creator Potential that Eve and Emily would prevail unharmed.

The Off-World Man

## CHAPTER 58

The Pine Gap facility reverberated with the delivery of each bomb at the surface. Ten levels below, rifle fire reports echoed, growing closer and greater in intensity.

Eve launched a barrage of blows at Peterson's bruised and broken body as he sat manacled to the interrogation chair. His face was bloodied and swollen, his eyes were nearly closed, nose broken, his teeth were loosened, some knocked out. Slung violently with each punch, blood spewed from his mouth from each body blow Eve delivered. Her hands were bloodied and sore.

"I'm sorry. Sullivan has my daughter. He'll kill her if I stop," Eve murmured under her breath. "If I activate the cloaking function of my battle suit, he'll kill her. I can't go after him."

"I know," Peterson replied, his voice labored and barely audible.

Behind a two-way opaque mirror, Sullivan looked on holding Emily by the arm, pressing the barrel of his sidearm into his temple. He spoke into an intercom repeatedly. "Stop talking to him! You're pulling your punches, clone! Hit him harder, or I swear I will blow your precious daughter's brains out!" He tightened his grip in her arm and Emily screamed in horror. Eve stopped and glared at the mirror in a rage. The electronically opaqued mirror cleared to reveal him standing there with Emily in fear for her life. Sullivan would do this to Eve to make her punish Peterson harder.

One of Sullivan's mercenaries rushed in, speaking in his ear. His eyes narrowed in alarm. He passed Emily to the soldier who pulled her away hurriedly. She called out to her mother, shrieking and fighting not to be removed by her handler. Sullivan turned back to Eve. "Times up, kill him, now." He walked to the locked door and tossed in her wakizashi tempered Japanese strait short sword, locking the door again before she could get to him. "Kill him with your blade. Do it now or I swear, I will kill your daughter."

Eve slowly picked up slowly picked up the short blade. She turned and stood over Peterson, slowly raising the sword over her head with both hands. Peterson strained to open his swollen eyes.

Two mercenaries returned, forcefully pulling Sullivan out of the observation room. "We have to move now, sir! They have over run the base!" More explosions reverberated; rifle reports grew closer. The lights flickered.

As Sullivan retreated, he yelled out, "Kill him now, or she's dead! Kill him, kill him!"

Eve seemed brain washed, in a trance. She just stood there, ready to strike. Peterson looked into her eyes, attempting to telepathically reach her mind. Suddenly, she yelled before pulling the blade up and back to swing down with all of her might and split Peterson's head open. Peterson spoke to Eve telepathically, "I knew your progenitor. She worked for me at Lockheed Martin, she was a brilliant aerospace engineer. She died too soon, much too young." Eve swung the blade down in anguish—and time seemed to come to a stand still...

Peterson looked deeper into Eve's eyes, deeper into her soul. His head inches from the blade. His eyes were dilated fully, almost pitch black. Peterson focused all his considerable telekinetic energy to repel the sword. The power of Peterson's mental energy overwhelmed Eve. The sword twisted in Eves grip 45 degrees. The flat of the blade now faced Peterson. Time resumed as the sword swung back at Eve, knocking her in the forehead with the flat of the blade.

The blow sent Eve sprawling back across the floor of the interrogation room. Peterson looked down at his shackles, they popped open and fell to the deck. Eve sat open groggily, a large welt forming at the center of her forehead. She looked at the unshackled Peterson in disbelief.

"He's quite mad, you know," Peterson slurred words were painful to speak. He touched his face tenderly before spitting out blood. You'd better go after him, quickly. Ambassador Parks is on his way with, the Calvary—" Peterson coughed up more blood suddenly. He sat forward, placed his head slowly in his hands. He was wounded internally from enduring a week of captivity and torture.

Eve recovered her senses and scabbarded her short sword embedded in the spine of her stealth-camo battle tights. She moved cautiously towards Peterson. "Your hurt."

Peterson raised a hand to halt her. "Eve, go after your child. I implore you. I'll be fine."

Eve nodded, "I'm sorry I had to injure you." She turned and headed toward the exit. The door was still locked from the outside. Eve looked back at Peterson, before she could speak, he waved his hand and the door unlocked instantly.

Eve looked to the man now fully aware of the full range of his telekinetic power. "Why did you allow yourself to be tortured when you could have freed yourself at any time?"

Because other lives besides my own were at stake. "Now go, save your daughter. Hurry."

Eve nodded and turned stepping out and into the breach. But the guilt of torturing Peterson was too great. She returned to the interrogation room to help Peterson to the surface, but the room was empty. Peterson had simply vanished.

The Off-World Man

## CHAPTER 59

The Mars Defense Force flotilla escorting Parks landed around the Pine Gap facility. A company of MDF Marines disembarked. NATO human and android troops were securing the base. And tending to the wounded. OM Group Security personnel were on site next. Parks searched for a familiar face. He spotted A.R. Anderson, the former ExecPro regional security chief responsible for Eve and Emily's safety in New York and London.

"Anderson!" Parks shouted over the noise of combat activity surrounding them.

The young man, outfitted in contractor's armored tactical gear, rifle and sidearm, turned and saw his new boss and mentor, blinking rapidly to hold back the tears welling in his eyes and retain a professional bearing. "Ambassador Parks, I'm so sorry, sir. Emily was abducted by Sullivan's men. I have no excuse sir, it happened on my watch."

"Where is she?"

"They escaped just as the base was raided. We are directing overhead satellites to locate and track them. It's a waiting game."

"Emily still wears a locket that I gave her. It has a GPS within that can be tracked. It was an old Amber Alert style security measure I utilized when she was a child. She still wears it I believe."

"Yes, she does. She rarely takes it off."

"I won't ask how you know that, Anderson. We can find her then."

Eve emerged from the underground base entrance, escorted by MDF Marines. Parks sensed, then spotted her, so did she when he was near. Their child Emily kept their bond close. Eve rushed to him, just as Parks stepped away his personal security detail. They embraced for a moment, emotion, anguish and relief washed over them. "He has Emily," she sobbed.

"We're going after them, right now. Get on my ship, you too Anderson. Tell all Security teams to track and follow my ship."

Anderson nodded in acknowledgement, then relayed orders through his throat mike.

Parks looked toward the mission commander. "I need two squads of marines onboard as well, and drones attacking from the air." The mission commander rounded up his best. Within minutes the silver delta, a trailing MDF carrier and OM Group Security EM vessel silently ascended and traveled west over the Pine Gap facility, on an emergency intercept and rescue mission.

Sullivan's transport was a half-disc shaped liked metallic horseshoe crab with a rear helicopter-like maneuvering boom. The fleeing EM limited paratransit vessel skimmed over the plains just feet above the ground. He carried a small squad of mercenaries, and Emily. The makeshift radar technician and navigator alerted Sullivan. "We have three EM ships rapid closing in on us."

"Parks. How could they have detected us, were cloaked. Try to evade them."

"There's no we can evade them, sir. They're fast closing in directly on our position—"

Sullivan unholstered his sidearm and shot the navigator through the head, blowing his brains out the other side of his skull. Emily screamed in horror and shock. Sullivan glowered at her and she stopped. He turned to the pilot. "Evade them." The scared pilot began a series of zig zag and S maneuvers, which only served to speed up their intercept.

"That's our target, it's cloaked but she's in there." Parks checked various holo-screens as Eve, Anderson and the Marine squad leader Greg Nunz looked on in the pilot's nest. "HAL, target and fire on their rear engines, low yield, EM pulse. Be careful not to hit the cabin."

"Yes, Ambassador." An energetic, thin beam fired from the leading edge forward array of the silver delta. The retreating transport's rear propulsion engines exploded in smoke and fire. The vessel lurched before nose diving into the sand dune plains.

Parks' silver delta reduced speed and made a smooth arc around the downed transport, landing a quarter kilometer away. A side hatch opened on the downed transport and a small group of Sullivan's mercenaries spilled out firing upon the magnetically shielded aethership. The MDF transport and OM Group Security vessels landed behind the mercenary ship, surrounding them.

The squads of armor clad MDF Marines aboard Parks ship deployed to positions around the struts and rear ramp of the aethership. Parks laid down a wall of fire, pinning down the hostiles as the Marines and OM Group Security contractors deployed and engaged the enemy. A few more mercs spilled out of the downed transport, providing cover fire as a small all-terrain EM vehicle leapt out and fled the fight.

It was Sullivan, with Emily secured to his waist. "Do NOT Fire on the escaping pod! I repeat, Do not fire!" Parks focused on the small machine, and Emily's signal moving away again. He leapt from the pilot's chaise. "HAL, provide fire support for our soldiers. Find me after the enemy is defeated or

surrenders.” Parks turned to Eve and Anderson. “I’m going after them. Parks slipped an Air Force Space Command logo baseball cap on, to cover up his navigation band.”

“I’m going with you,” Eve demanded.

Parks knew her lethal memgram encoded combat skills mixed with maternal protective impulse would ensure Sullivan’s defeat. Still, he didn’t want to put her in danger. He paused, then nodded as they hurried to the lower cargo bay. “Anderson, you have the conn. HAL will walk you through it all.” As he passed Anderson he took his rifle and an extra ammo magazine.

When they arrived at the cargo bay, Parks unlatched, then uncovered a motorcycle sized object under a gray polymer tarp. It was his hover chopper. The prototype silver gray polished EM motorcycle was an otherworldly wheel-less chopper that hovered silently just over one foot above the road surface. Parks had a vintage American Ironhorse board tracker chopper frame retrofitted with three Null-G engine pods, center, forward and rear. The Null G engine was based on magnetic flux field disruptor technology that neutralizes over 90 percent of the mass of the vehicle.

“Hop on, we’re going to get our little girl back.”

Parks activated the machine and peeled out the cargo bay and down the open ramp with Eve holding on tightly in pursuit of their daughter and her abductor.

The Off-World Man

## CHAPTER 61

Sullivan rode wildly over the sand dune plains, looking over his shoulder every few seconds. Emily noticed in such close quarters, the left side of his head. This side of his skull seemed almost translucent, altered, artificial. She could see faint glowing LED lights throughout the left side of his skull. Part of his brain must have been replaced. He babbled erratically.

“Your father ruined my life, my military career! I would have been Supreme Commander of Space Command’s Space Naval Battle Groups. Space Command has USSS Naval Stations on the closest twelve star systems to Sol. I should have been in command of all that power! I should have been selected as the InterWorld Council Ambassador for Earth, not him! But I will have my revenge, on him and Peterson. Too many people want his head on a platter. And I will be the tip of the spear!”

Emily had heard and seen enough from this mad man. She was her mother’s daughter and inherited some of Eve’s metahuman abilities, including the will to stop a bully and not cower from a righteous fight between what is right against what is wrong. She was enraged at his machinations. Time to act.

With all of her hybrid strength she put her hands together and squeezed tightly her hand-cuffed captive waist grip on the unsuspecting Sullivan, then pulled him Grecco Roman wrestling style, up and over the side of the moving EM ATV. Their momentum tossed them end over end several times before landing in a heap, stunned and dazed. Sullivan received the majority of the impact, but both were momentarily unconscious.

Moments passed. In a daze, Emily came to first and began to pull her cuffed arms down Sullivan’s unconscious form to his boots, until she was no longer attached captive to him. Just in time, the mad man suddenly came to and stomped a boot to Emily’s face, send her backwards in pain. Emily scrambled away the enraged homicidal maniac and scrambled toward the downed anti-grav ATV. Sullivan reached for his sidearm, which flew out of its holster during their tumble. He searched the sands for his weapon, for fear that without it, Eve’s half metahuman daughter might be as dormantly lethal as her mother. He spotted his sidearm a few meters away, gathered himself and stumbled for it. In the distance, he could hear the growl of a vintage motorcycle. Over the sand dunes her thought quizzically. In the distance, he could see the hover chopper closing in on him.

That’s where the sound was coming from, its artificial. Parks should have turned it off, so that they traveled silently. He’d forgotten in their haste to catch the fleeing killer holding their daughter hostage.

Fear rose in Sullivan, he reached for his throat, remembered it being ripped open, by Parks in their last fight:

2033. Losing the battle and feeling his strength waning, General Sullivan pulled out a concealed combat knife from inside his boot before being confronted by OM Group security. Parks waved off the security, he no longer cared. He was in the kill zone now-- and he would take this evil man's life, whether he had a weapon or not. Parks was already dead inside. Eve had been taken from twice, by this devil of a man.

But to equalize the fight, Riley tossed Parks a Talon triple blade that fit on the clinched fist similar to brass knuckles. It was attached at the wrist and fingers similar to a slave bracelet. The fist weapon had curved, talon shaped blades welded at the knuckles.

The fight became much more lethal. After dislodging the combat knife by cutting across the back of the general's hand, Parks beat him bloodier with every enraged swing. Parks launched a powerful roundhouse blow across Sullivan's neck, gashing his left jugular and ripping his windpipe open. Sullivan dropped to his knees and tried to frantically stop the massive bleeding. Wide eyed and in a state of shock, he attempted to stand, stumbled and collapsed.

Parks crouched over him, pausing to make eye contact and take careful aim, before launching a final lethal blow with all of his remaining strength through the neck to kill the general. Parks let out an enraged battle cry of as he summoned all of his wild-eyed burning hatred for this man. Sullivan raised his bloodied hands up to fend off the incoming, final cutting blow.

Suddenly, the two men were caught in an intense pillar beam of pale blue-white sparkling light.

The paralyzing icy blue temporal beam danced and hummed around their paralyzed bodies, suspending them frozen in time. Parks could not finish his swing, which enraged his frozen form even more. He tried over and over finish launching his upraised, tightly clenched, right triple-bladed fist. From his feet through his spinal column to the base of his neck, Parks felt an odd stretching and an electrical pulsing and fading sensation in his limbs. Hot and cold, prickling sensations, expansion and compression, united with unlimited ambient energy. Then nothing—

Parks and Sullivan disappeared, as if removed from dimension, and all existence. Then Sullivan remembered the alien triage room.

Glowing white light illuminated, it seemed directly through the oval-shaped room's walls. Men and humanoid aliens were working frantically over the bleeding general. They began to work on his wounds, using what appeared to be finger-tip light beam healing medical instrument attachments. One of the humanoid emergency personnel, moved over to the long, oval, waist-high metal table. With the wave of a finger over the general's head, Sullivan lost consciousness.

The humanoid doctors began to, not so much operate, as begin the process of healing the Sullivan's mortal wounds. Picking up an instrument with a luminescent light source at its end, one doctor placed the illuminated tip of the narrow instrument over the general's open neck wounds.

Miraculously, the ends of the cuts began to seal, from the inner aortal artery, tiny blood vessels, the cartilage of the ripped-open windpipe, and surrounding musculature--outward, toward the epidermis. A line of bright light along the visible seal disappeared as each wound was healed, leaving no scar.

When he regained consciousness, he was healed, but restrained to the bed, under arrest. Space Command would prosecute but he knew he would beat the charges.

He will never forget what happened, next. Peterson walked in and looked at Sullivan. Moments later, his eyes darkened, and Sullivan felt an intense pain in the left side of his skull to the point of losing consciousness. Sullivan woke up months later, in a Vanderberg AFB hospital. The left side of his brain had been removed. It took years for the Aquarius faction of Space Command to replace the missing parts of his brain with digital artificial intelligence lobes, then rehabilitate him to walk, and use the right side of his body. Then years later, the tip of the spear in a plot for revenge and Aquarius faction control of Space Command. Now, all was falling apart.

Parks vectored in on Emily's locket signal. He noticed a dust up about five kilometers in the distance. His aethership was two clicks behind him with one of the trailing MDF carriers with an OM Group Security transport, in a firefight with mercs unwilling to surrender. He spoke to Eve over his shoulder. "They're up ahead. Get ready." Parks cranked up the speed and closed the distance in less than a minute.

Eve could see with her raptor vision, Emily struggling to lift the ATV from its side as Sullivan was coming up behind her. "Hurry," Eve yelled, psychically projecting her will to get the attention of the madman.

Parks pulled within thirty yards of them before Sullivan fired, hitting the front of the chopper, barely missing him and Eve, sending them scrambling for defilade cover behind one of the sand dunes.

Eve kissed Parks on the cheek as if it were her last time and pulled the hood over her head and face of the nano-camouflage adaptive combat tights, activating the cloaking function. With a nod, Parks placed cover fire on Sullivan's position, as Eve took off in a circular flanking maneuver, all he could see was her foot falls kicking up sand.

So too could Sullivan, off to his right. He aimed his pistol in that direction. Before he could fire, Parks laid down short bursts of suppressive fire directly at him, trying not to accidentally hit Emily. Sullivan dove for cover behind the ATV, grabbed Emily by the neck and flung her in front of him, using her as a human shield, before standing behind her and placing the barrel of his automatic pistol to her head. "I'll kill her right now! Throw away your rifle, Parks!"

Parks stood and walked out of the defilade. He slung his rifle away. He walked toward Sullivan, hands up. Sullivan aimed his weapon at Parks. Emily suddenly rushed toward Sullivan, punched him in the jaw and reached for his outstretched firing arm. He grabbed her by the hair, pushing her to her knees, as she struggled to kick him and free herself. Sullivan began to turn his weapon toward Emily.

Parks shouted, "Here I am Conner!" He knew Sullivan hated to be addressed by his first name. He wanted the man's insanity to be focused on him, not his child. He just needed a little more time. "Shoot me you coward! End this now!"

Sullivan's attention did shift back to him. "Parks, do you remember our brief tour through the solar system aboard the Alpha touring the off-world bases, so many years ago? Remember we missed our trip to Saturn's moon base on Io? I'll tell you a little secret. There was no Io base. It's too volcanic and unstable there. I intended to shove you out of an airlock in a spacesuit and leave you there to die, on that volcanic, earthquake ravaged moon. Your wife's early arrival on the orbital industrial colony and my mercy is the only thing that saved your worthless life that day. You should thank me."

Just a little closer, Parks thought. Almost in range...

"This time," Sullivan mused, "I think I'll start with your daughter." Sullivan turned to aim his weapon at Emily.

"No!" Eve screamed as she unhooded, deactivating her cloaked, form-fitting camo tactical battle suit, just meters away from Sullivan, startling him. "She's your daughter!"

Sullivan looked at Eve puzzled, then at a shocked Emily, waving the gun at both of them.

Parks too, looked shocked, then understood. His worst worry was confirmed. Parks knew that Pleiadean women could ovulate at will within hours of conception. Eve was half Pleiadean, her ability to ovulate might not be as accurate as a full Pleiadean woman, but she still had the gift. When she arrived at the orbital industrial colony, she and Parks shared a brief moment of intimacy. There under the false pretense that Parks suffered a heart attack and her own fight to avoid capture, Eve must have willed her to ovulate in case she didn't have another opportunity. She was cloned and programmed primarily for Parks. Under stress, she might have ovulated in anticipation of conceiving with Parks out a sense of survival.

Emily, shook her head in denial, "No, no, it can't be true..."

"When you raped me," Eve snarled at Sullivan, "I conceived Emily." Eve dropped to one knee, feigning shame, while simultaneously pulling a small throwing knife from her boot. She suddenly threw the blade—hitting Sullivan high in the right chest near the muscles connecting the shoulder joint, deadening his shooting arm. As Sullivan pulled the trigger and rounds fired into the ground at his feet, Eve charged him, using the palm of her hand to slam the blade deeper into his shoulder, nearly knocking him down. Sullivan grimaced and his left hand opened, freeing Emily. Eve moved quickly to get Emily away from him and clear of what was to come next.

“Now!”

Parks wore his navigation headband under his baseball cap. He willed his aethership, which leapt into position a half-kilometer away to make his next commands as accurate as possible. Eve and Emily were in very close range to his target. He did not want to injure them by accident.

Parks mentally commanded the holo-goggle’s screen to deploy from the headband scaffold frame. “Aiming function, arm forward array.” Sullivan’s head was in the crosshairs of Park’s view. “Lock on, short bursts, narrow concentrated beam, green tracer color. On my command.”

Sullivan took notice of the silver aethership jump into position out of nowhere. Then he looked at Parks, wide eyed, a moment before...

“Fire!” The silver delta sent a quick burst from its forward array, which clipped the left side of Sullivan’s skull open. Artificial bone and electronic brain matter sparked and exploded. He blinked and stood stiff as if electrocuted.

“Fire!” The second burst sliced his right arm off at the shoulder. He watched his arm still firing his sidearm fall away from his body, then looked back at his executioner.

“Fire!” The third narrow beam split the shocked mad man from his left neck to his right waist, spilling his intestines and internal organs out. Sullivan’s corpse fell in two pieces, collapsed straight down in a charred heap.

“Disarm,” Parks whispered.

Emily screamed in horror at the carnage, just a few of meters away from her. Eve tried to console her in her arms. Emily cried over and over in shock, “He’s not my father, he can’t be my father!”

Eve looked at Parks. She didn’t tell him, kept it a secret all those years. He looked at Eve unresponsive, just glad that they were safe and unharmed. He was more relieved that the madman was finally neutralized, than acknowledging his past failure to protect his wife from being abducted and raped by the dead man who sired Emily.

As Parks approached, Emily reached out to him, still in shock. “Dad, it’s all a lie, isn’t it? You’re my father.”

“I will always be your father. I raised you, you’re my baby girl. We love you, understand?”

Eve and Parks hugged Emily. Their eyes met with a firm resolution to get past this shocking revelation. Nothing else mattered.

The sleek silver delta shaped aethership landed one hundred yards away. A small unit of MDF Special Section Marines rushed to Parks position with OM Group Security contractors followed and secured

their position. Anderson and Emily made eye contact and she ran to embrace him. It was clear to her parents that they were close.

As the Marines secured the area, Parks made a sly mention of their relationship. "Make sure you don't lose my daughter again." Parks smiled.

"I won't sir," Anderson replied looking into Emily's eyes, ever again. He went on. "The abduction was well coordinated. We began seeing each other soon after she began her job at OM Group New York. I was just leaving her place on my way into the Hearst building when her condo and corporate were attacked simultaneously. When I was notified by the attack at the Hearst building, I tried to contact the security detail protecting Emily, with no response. I immediately turned around and headed back to Emily's place. The security detail was over run and killed. They alerted the police while attempting to defend her. They were there already, Emily was gone."

As the scene was being policed and Sullivan's corpse was bagged and removed. The four looked on. Anderson turned to address Eve. "Marcus was moved to the Gamba estate to recover from his wound."

"I'm sure Security Chief Riley got the shock of his like seeing my younger clone," Parks added. "You should go to him. I'm sure he is worried about you."

"Excuse us for a moment," Eve replied. When she had Parks away from the young couple. "What about you?" Eve stepped in close to hug him, then sensed a new presence in his life, she couldn't be sure, she was slightly crest fallen but not surprised. He like her, had indeed moved on.

"I think I'm going back to the Mars Colonies. But first I'd like to check in with Peterson and Chet. I want to hear how Emily's apprenticeship was going before all this happened—"

Anderson interrupted. "Ambassador, sorry to interrupt your private conversation, but I couldn't help but overhear. There wasn't time earlier to inform you, but it is my sad duty to report to all of you that CEO Chet Wolf was killed protecting the employee daycare center during the attack on corporate. He ran into the assault unarmed as the daycare center was being evacuated, shielding the attack away from the children with his own body, buying the first responders precious time."

Emily fell into her mother's arms again, in inconsolable grief. Parks turned away, shaking his head in disbelief, fighting back tears.

Anderson went on. "Mr. Wolf always got to corporate early in the morning to greet the children being dropped off to daycare, often wearing a Santa Claus costume during the Christmas holiday just for them. He always called the children, Orbital Manufacturing Group's future mechanical engineers and industrial designers."

"That's your uncle Chet," Parks told Emily. "Selfless to the end."

After a few moments of quiet reflection, Anderson asked, "So, who will run the company now?"

“My duties with the InterWorld Council won’t allow me to. I’m duty bound. So, you all will. Eve, Emily and you, young man.”

They all stared at Anderson, who replied, “Me?”

“That’s right. You are a regional security chief. You’ve earned a substantial promotion for your efforts here to save my daughter, to correct for your lapse in protecting her in New York, correct?”

“Well, I didn’t do anything here, sir—

“But you showed up, was willing to die to save her. That counts, son. You’re seeing my daughter and are still responsible for her personal safety.”

“Yes sir.”

“You presumably have the intentions of marriage after a reasonable period of courtship, yes?”

“Well- ah,” Anderson stumbled with his words.

“Dad!” Emily groused.

“What? You Emily will continue your apprenticeship while you pursue your MS and PhD graduate studies in interdisciplinary industrial design and mechanical and molecular engineering prospectively, at NYU. Eve and Anderson will help you to oversee the daily operations until you graduate. Eve, you will also oversee the London OM Group division. Emily will be one of the youngest CEOs in history to manage a 21st century super conglomerate.”

They all eventually agreed. Parks went on. “We’re all going to have to debrief at the Pine Gap facility, then we’ll be free to go home.”

Hours later, as the sun set in the west, and Emily and Anderson stole away for some privacy, preparation were made for the couple to return to New York and Eve to travel to Gabon. Parks would return with the Mars Defense Forces and establish an InterWorld Council post on the red planet. Eve and Parks stared at the remaining sunset, in awkward silence.

Eve asked, “I wonder what happened to Peterson? I was forced to harm him for days to keep Emily alive. I almost killed him. I hope he can forgive me.”

“He’ll turn up again,” Parks replied. “I imagine he’s on the mend somewhere, on some covert ship far away from here. But his invisible influence will always be felt.”

“Is that why you’re leaving Earth?” Eve put her arms around Parks neck and kissed him. He still ached from the grief of losing her. But he also realized that Eve Parks would never replace Eve Dumont of decades past, in his heart. Recreating her was the most selfish thing he could have ever done.

“If things we’re different, if the Elder had not cloned me and created Marcus in anticipation of my advancing age, we might still be together. But the truth is, he is better suited for you. I’m decades too old, even with the rejuvenation treatments.”

“But I still love you., Gordon.”

“But you love him too. You deserve someone who will grow old with you, not before you. I’m ready for old age and solitude now. I’m used to it.”

Reluctantly Eve agreed. “I’ll miss you Gordon.”

And I will miss you, Eve.

They held each other and watched the sunset. Their old passion for each other was stirring just below the surface. Before their departure, they would share one last night together. But they both knew that their relationship was over.

“What will the future hold in store for us, Gordon?”

“Only good things, Eve. Only good things.”

The small flat octagonal shaped emergency Pleiadean vessel that tracked his every move and amplified his telekinetic powers to that of a demi-god wandered beyond the sol system, carried the battered form of James H. Peterson. He lay in stasis, while a rejuvenation bed tended to his considerable outer and internal injuries.

He thought of his nearly 400 years of life, mostly in service to his human cousins. He decided that he had served them enough. If they destroyed their primitive species, he could care less. This wasn’t the first time he had almost lost his life.

“You are not finished my son.” The thought form repeated. It was the familiar voice of his deceased progenitor. For all intent and purpose, his father. He teetered in and out of consciousness, so he didn’t know where the voice came from. Perhaps from within, perhaps from everywhere. You are not finished my son. Peterson started to breathe easier. He felt the growing energy of the communication through the aether. Strong, yet subtle. Carried to him from just beyond the veil, from the higher realms.

The Off-World Man

## CHAPTER 62

The will of the individual makes the future

--Dr. Larry Johns

Parks passed the biometric security measures that unlocked his conapt and entered. He posted two of his security androids near the elevator and the other two at the entrance to his conapt. They were combat androids built by OM Group, based on a Pleiadean model the Elder A.I. used to carry his sentient algorithm to his home world. He personally programmed the four androids, specialized to different combat arts and security protocols, to be virtually unhackable by malicious software, so he never worried about them turning on him. Parks had an intense distrust of uncontrolled, autonomous A.I. robotics. His defense androids were unarmed and served to defend him from direct assault, similar to the secret service. Lithe, quick and powerful, the androids were programmed to work in unison to defend Parks from all forms of combat and assault and serve as a magnetic shield against most weapons fire. He traveled with them everywhere on the colonies. He also had them replicated and utilized at OM Group divisions worldwide to protect his ex-wife Eve and daughter Emily.

His secure government residence in the Mars colonies was one of 10 break away civilization colonies. Constructed in the 1980s, they were much older than the NASA Eagleworks research colonies that were publicly funded.

As Parks walked through his conapt, the walls illuminated with his movement, a standard in most post-modern, smart homes. He pulled off the one piece fitted cowl covering his head and neck, removed his screaming SOE-AR goggles and breathing respirator. The fine Martian dust got everywhere and keeping the lungs and body clean of it was a priority for all colony inhabitants. He usually took a quick hot shower to wash away the dust when he returned home. But today he would have a drink and relax first.

In the past year, Parks lived in relative seclusion, staying in contact only with Emily, Anderson and on occasion, Eve. Peterson sent a message every few months, but his whereabouts were a mystery. The internal war between the Alphacom 12 and Aquarius factions for complete control of Air Force and Naval NATO Space Command and the breakaway civilization's destiny were ongoing with no end in sight.

Parks duties with the InterWorld Council were diverse and conducted at the nearby MDF Marine base, arranging and managing exo-trade policy with 80 local alien species. He had explored all the subterranean city colonies and the surface, even the monolith cube facility on the potato-shaped moon Phobos.

Parks had one of the rooms in his conapt turned into a media room and every wall, the floor and the ceiling covered in flexible AMOLED film. This would allow for virtual tours and interactive entertainment.

Sometimes he would commission an employee or android guide to tour the Hearst building with his daughter, and sometimes high-level administrator in secret, to see the latest research and product prototypes. The film industry had long since converted to H3D 360 camera technology. Parks had on his personal cloud media an extensive collection of Science Channel programs including the long running Universe and PBS Cosmos series. He loved to be surrounded and learn about the infinite universe, the ultimate mystery.

Parks pulled off his iron oxide-covered boots, poured himself a generous portion of aged single malt Scotch he brought with him from Earth into a heavy square shaped crystal glass with a thick bottom, and settled lazily into a plush low lounge chair. He rarely drank alcohol in his older age, especially as it rapidly reversed the effects of the weekly rejuvenation treatment he still had to endure. But today, he decided a nip would do. He felt lonely, all alone most of his life. And some days were worse than others. He had no automated servants, so the small dwelling was whisper quiet. He took a small pull from his drink and reflected on his solitary life. The white noise of the climate control air scrubbers was the only sound in the room.

Surely Athena had given birth to their child by now. There had been no communication from Athena or the Elder's digital AI consciousness. Even Peterson did not know. This troubled him. It was always on my mind. Perhaps it was all an elaborate ruse, a planned distraction. The thought of it all made him feel old, foolish and gullible. Or perhaps she had their pregnancy terminated, a thought that broke his heart. Although he raised Emily from a toddler, he was as shocked as her to learn that her conception was the result of Sullivan's sexual assault on Eve while abducted on the Orbital Industrial Colony. Eve kept that secret all those years, perhaps she wasn't sure. But her half Pleiadean intuition confirmed the suspicion when she saw them together. A DNA screening left no doubt. Emily eventually handled the truth. She even went so far as to research Sullivan's history and ancestry. But she still considered Parks her real father.

Parks took another pull from his from his drink. Deep in reflection, he reminisced on raising Emily. It was the joy of his life teaching her about the world and the universe as she grew up and guide her into mature, responsible, independent thinking, self-sufficient adulthood. It was the highest blessing from the Creator. She was doing well as OM Group's new CEO. The super conglomerate was enjoying good publicity and flourishing a new young generation of business leadership.

Parks' bond with Eve was only through Emily now. After their last night together, after the Pine Gap raid and rescue, they both seemed ready to move on. They both seemed ready to grow as spiritual beings with a limited amount of time to experience life in the physical form, Eve even more so. She was a metahuman and she would live on potentially for the next several centuries. He did not want her to be burdened with him and his aging, limited life. It would in turn age her, as it does most May-December relationships.

Athena's time in his life was brief, but it renewed his confidence as a man. And he felt her desire to conceive with him to be genuine. Since her abrupt departure, Parks lived like a monk, with no desire for companionship at all, even though he felt and looked a 50-year-old from the weekly rejuvenation treatments. He was a 95-year-old man. An old man, he thought, should carry himself with some self-contained dignity. Solitude was his companion now. It would be until his final breath.

His personal programming que appeared in a holographic spatial operating environmental plane. Parks voice commanded the Hearts of Space Channel from his que and began to relax as space ambient musical vibrations surrounded him. He then qued-up the ongoing Science Channel's Universe series, muting the volume and activating the closed caption function. The lights dimmed then came to life with the sights of trillions of super clusters of stars and arteries of the universe. The OLED film covered walls, ceiling and floors transformed.

Parks was a generally sensible, almost too serious man, always researching and analyzing the emerging technology around him, dreaming about what is possible. He was something of a socially functioning loner. Not convivial by any means, he did his best thinking, connecting the dots of emerging technology with useful applications for the consumer, while alone.

He needed this period just to sit and think, by inspired by the digital representations of the cosmos. He was not exactly a scientist. He was more of a problem solver, an inventive mechanical design engineer. He had the ability to make multiple concepts work, its what design engineers did. Sense the practical value and utility of a design solution and how to best turn that into a marketable product. He called it the democratization of a product, or to democratize a technological advance that can be useful to society. Parks was both engineer, craftsman, and businessman.

What did he know about cosmic trade agreements and diplomacy? Although meeting new alien technocrats was a fascinating endeavor. He considered resigning from the InterWorld Council and retire. The urge to resign was becoming stronger every day cycle. Even switching to daily 30 minute nutricutical iontophoresis cold laser anodyne rejuvenation treatments to keep his body youthful, didn't renew his optimism. His soul was tired of exopolitics. Who cared if his tenure with the IC would be shortest in the unacknowledged, unofficial history of earth government. The public would never know anyway. I'm no cosmic bureaucrat, Parks thought. Nor was he an explorer of worlds. He was a dreamer; an egghead engineer and inventor. By any measure, his social achievement rating was off the charts. He had made a difference, improved the human condition. It was decided. He would resign.

He took another pull on his drink, then refreshed his glass with another two fingers worth of Scotch before the captions relayed what digital images he saw. A sip here and there, then another refill of one finger of Scotch, and Parks was drawn into the H3D representation of the universe. Parks became enthralled by its raw digitally enhanced beauty and cold, uncaring harshness. Hours passed.

Perhaps he wouldn't retire just yet, he thought. He realized that if he retired, he would have to give up the perks of the position. Namely, his beloved, inherited silver delta aethership. And the influential power of the InterWorld Council Ambassador position, which allowed him to travel throughout the actual universe, if he chose to. Not a mere digital representation.

Parks had long since emptied his glass and fell asleep seated in the plush chair centered in the empty media room, surrounded by the stars. He drifted off into the dream state.

Then Athena appeared to him. She was wearing a long glowing white gown, holding an infant, standing next to a wide, slightly flattened egg-shaped floating pod, open at the top. It looked like a futuristic crib. Through thought form she introduced him to his son, GMA Parks, the second, or junior as you say on earth. She held the baby close, getting his attention, then slowly pointed in Parks direction. The little infant slowly turned his head towards Parks. Athena gently used the baby's hand to wave at Parks. Even in the dream state, Parks felt warm tears well up beneath his closed eyes. Athena seemed happy and content to be a new mother. She said to Parks, we'll see you soon.

His square crystal drinking glass slipped from his hand the short distance to the OLED film covered floor. Parks awakened. He hadn't been asleep long. It seemed so real, Parks thought, but over the vast expanse between their home worlds, it couldn't have been. Could it?

Parks returned to earth, to his 500-acre Gamba, Gabon estate within a month of having the dream. He landed the silver delta as soft as a feather, escorted by Mars Defense Force carriers, within two hours of departure. The carriers never landed, once Parks was secure, they returned to Mars.

When he stepped off the rear cargo ramp, his security droids surrounding him, his old friend, estate Chief of Security, Frank Reilly was there to meet him. "Dr. Parks, or I should say Ambassador, glad your back."

"Frank, good to see you." They shook hands, then Reilly hooked a thumb back in the direction of the dome homes for the Gamba Cooperative farming hands who used to tend to the crops. "It's been quite a year. You've had a guest here about that length of time. He bears a striking resemblance. If I didn't know better, I'd swear he was your clone."

Parks looked over Reilly's shoulder. "Marcus? He's still here?"

"Yep," Reilly replied. "He was in pretty bad shape when he was brought here, shot up and all, but he healed up quickly, in less than two months. I've never seen anything like it. He's staying in one of the bubble dome homes near the crops. He says he likes the bubble homes' opaque dome roofs; he likes to keep his clear at night so he can look up at the stars. Makes him feel at home. He moved out of the Mayan villa behind the mansion and into one of the empty dome homes as soon as he discovered them. He Q-net surfs, exercises and jogs daily and wanders through the crops picking fresh vegetables and herbs to cook. He eats very little animal protein and only drinks pH alkaline balanced water."

The crops were fully automated now, tended to by android and drones. Eve's garden still had fields of every imaginable vegetable, scores of fruit tree groves. When she lived here, Eve transformed the estate into a sustainable oasis. White oval and bubble shaped domes that, like the estate, were powered

by Searl SEG generators and were dwellings for her small population of co-op gardeners, farmers and harvesters, integrated throughout the fields and groves.

Some of the larger domes were greenhouses. The bubble dome dwellings are virtual opaque control enabled; capable of adjusting from translucent to UV to UAB tint, to completely clear, from full black opaque to completely white. Wall panel environmental controls adjusted inner temperature, air circulation and airborne contaminant filtering, and full surround spectrum lighting, from 5500K pure white daylight to a mere glow. The top fifths of some of the domes were clear or tinted, allowing in natural light; most residents left them that way at night for stargazing. Large, flexible, super thin entertainment-communications H3D screens took up the second to fourth levels and a quarter of the inner dome walls.

“I’ll probably have to keep the aethership locked up tight in the underground hangar and change the access codes regularly,” Parks said. “It used to be his ship.”

“I would,” Reilly replied. “Miss Eve visited a couple of times in the past year.”

“I understand. It’s complicated, Frank.”

“I bet it is, sir. There he is.”

In the distance, Marcus stood at the open entrance of the bubble home. He waived hesitantly, Parks and Reilly smiled returned his wave. Parks waved him over and Marcus began to walk to their position.

Parks turned back to Chief Reilly. “I’m starving, being back on earth seems to give me quite an appetite. What do you say we have some lunch? I’ll grill up some laboratory cultured, soy and hoisin sauce marinated beef protein strips; chopped garlic, onion sesame oil stir fried vegetables; and fresh pasta or gluten free spinach wraps.”

“The pantry, fridge and freezers in the mansion were stocked in anticipation of your arrival. The rest of the estate dwellings are still closed up tight. There’s beer there, but I’ll bring over a proper London stout to drink while you’re cooking and cigars for after. Plus, the new access codes for the underground facilities. I change them every couple of months. Back in 20.”

“Sounds like a plan, thanks Frank.”

“You bet. By the way, those androids look advanced. We could use a few dozen of them around here.”

“That’s a good idea. I’ll place an order once I’m settled in.”

As Reilly passed Marcus, he spoke to him briefly inviting him to lunch. He slowly approached Parks. Progenitor and clone endured an awkward moment of silence.

“Hello Dr. Parks. They shook hands.”

“Gordon, call me Gordon. I see you’re all healed. That’s good. It’s been quite a year for us.” Parks could never get over the resemblance, or the miracle cloning and memgram technology that made Eve and Marcus possible.

“Your estate is beautiful. I hope you don’t mind that I’ve stayed so long.”

“Stay as long as you like, Marcus. To be honest, we still need to establish a more independent, personal identity for you. We’ll discuss that later after I’ve settled in. Right now, I hope you’re hungry.”

“I could eat. Thanks.”

The two made their way to the Mayan pyramid inspired Tyrell mansion and adjacent Tyrell villa, behind the main dwellings, based upon their award winning Dellis Cay Private resort colony model in the Turks and Ciacos Islands, British West Indies. When Chief Reilly returned, the trio stood around the island kitchen drinking beer while Parks whipped up lunch, and ate there. While Parks and Reilly ate and drank heartily, Marcus drank sipped a little of the beer but mostly drank water with his meal, eating more vegetables and pasta than beef.

After lunch, they moved to the recently added east deck of the mansion, to lounge, sip alcohol and smoke THC oil dipped Cuban cigars. Parks hadn’t smoked a cigar in years, so he could afford to have a few puffs. Marcus on the other hand was a pure novice. He coughed from the few sips of bourbon he drank and coughed considerably from the few puffs from the cigar, quickly learning not to inhale deeply, to the amusement of Parks and Reilly. Marcus vowed never again to waste his precious liver and lungs with such chemical pollution. Then his dual buzz kicked in. He became quiet and introspective, listening more than he spoke. As they buzz kicked in all around, they reflected on life in 2060.

After an hour, Reilly and Marcus returned to their separate dwellings, Parks moved upstairs to the third floor master suite to rest. He set his personal androids to task unloading his possessions and commanded the ship’s AI HAL to land the silver delta in the underground hangar, with Chief Reilly’s assistance. It felt good to be back on earth, back home. He would execute his duties as InterWorld Council Ambassador from the Gamba estate, primarily through holo-presence and leave only if necessary. Which meant, he probably would never have to leave.

Later that night, Parks awakened. He thought of the times when Emily was a child; He, Eve and Emily would camp out on the fourth floor open deck with a telescope and dinner or snacks, observing the stars. Parks grabbed two pillows, a thick comforter and his old sleeping bag. He ascended the spiral staircase in his suite, one of two that led to ceiling hatches, the only way to get to the fourth floor deck. He set up his outdoor sleeping gear on the fourth floor, settled in and stared up at the stars before falling asleep again.

## The Off-World Man

### CHAPTER 63

Years passed into decades and Parks observed as the world continued to change, primarily the modes of travel electronic component miniaturization, and molecular manufacturing, which had been trending since the 2020s. Parks wanted to keep his hand in the product design engineering industry, so he founded the Zen Engineering and Logos brands, as separate divisions of OM Group's Z Division. They were online boutique companies that specialized in molecular printing of product components and select consumer products.

Popular culture lost more and more of its hold on the masses. The major news programs lost all credibility by 2020, especially the extremely politically biased, to the point of creating fake news and slander tactics. The better educated masses with critical thinking skills simply registered with objective, trustworthy news and political social sites where they could be in communication directly. This signaled the death knell of hack politicians and fake journalism. It was also replaced by intelligent net societies.

Declassified gravity nullification technology was allowed for safer commercial global air travel and commercial aerospace. Official disclosure never happened but with the news revelations about the Alaska, China and Antarctica alien artifacts excavation since 2020, the ongoing Kepler discoveries of hundreds of thousands of earth-like planets orbiting stars throughout the Milky Way galaxy and the ancient Black Knight satellite, anyone with half a brain and an A.I. search engine knew—we were never alone. And they have been visiting earth for millions of years. The Brookings Report be damned, Parks thought. That damned report and the secretive actions of the post-World War II governments actually dumbed down humanity and delayed human progress by 200 years. And it also created the breakaway civilization.

Marcus left the Gamba estate a month after Parks' return. Parks set him up with an executive R and D position at OM Group London Division. Eve moved back to London from New York soon after and they reconciled. Eve gave birth in 2062 to their only child, another daughter named Rachel. A pure metahuman baby conceived by two cloned metahuman parents, that the world may never know of.

Emily and Anderson married in 2063 and made Parks a grandfather in 2065. Parks never again personally reached out to his eleven contract pregnancy children, (now all adults working in the engineering and aerospace industries) of his early super wealth days. He was still grieving over the loss of Eve Dumont, and behaved recklessly for a few years, traveling all over the world, vowing never to fall in love again. If he wanted progeny, he paid them for it, generously. He wasn't there to raise them, even if he financed their upbringing and higher education. At that time, he just wanted to spread his seed far and wide. So, as an older, more responsible man, he didn't feel welcome in their adult lives.

Democratic social globalism was steady on the rise. But the Democratic Republic would always return to the forefront of global government, course correcting the overreach of both leftism and fascism as needed. World War III wasn't conducted on foreign soil, it was a war within. A culture war, against radical socialism, fundamentalist terrorism and a metastasizing anti-social thug criminal caste overwhelming the global middle class. Parks observed this burgeoning war in the 1980s escalate well into the 2020s. The National Zero Tolerance Laws turned the tide in America, as well as the Civil Service Corps, providing an affordable way to attend college and trade schools. Like a preventative medicine, thug culture and the criminal class lost its grip on popular culture by 2050. The increase in pop culture's irrelevancy led to a reduction in organized crime and the resurgence of vigorous of the global middle class. The forces of evil, anti-social behavior was contained by 2070 and the cultural cancer went into remission. This literally saved the civilized world from a new age of barbarism. The thug culture mentality had to die so humanity could prosper and have a future. It was replaced by a cultural warrior class, committed to freedom, personal responsibility and independent critical thinking. The pursuit of higher education and skills training became an earned personal right. The only way to personal prosperity. Parks was still a U.S. citizen, and a lifelong registered independent, who believed in the Constitution and civic responsibility.

Law enforcement became more militarized and armored around the world. Some global communities even utilized combat android units in more hostile urban environments. This was at the height of the culture war against professional terrorist, thug and criminal classes around the world. Harsher penalties with no creature comforts for felons convicted included mandatory solitary confinement in tiny sound-proof underground cells with little or no light, minimal nutrition, absolutely no access to media, no access outside of their cells, books or writing materials. Convicted violent felons, were being sent to prison to truly pay for their crimes. And expected to die while in prison for the harshness of their crimes.

Parks observed the reverse of global social madness from the safety of his third floor suite in the Mayan mansion. He reduced as much as possible any unnecessary electrical transmissions from his rest areas. He found that over the years, he developed a sensitivity to electrical fields. The stronger the field, the more acute the high-pitched ringing in his ears.

Somedays he would just sit his back deck or on the fourth floor sun deck in a chaise lounge, in quiet introspection or deep meditation, just observing the rise and fall of his diaphragm and the deepness of his breath. Thankful for his blessed, precious extended life journey.

Parks' mind would often flow 116 years back in time to Eve Dumont and her little black dress. Their freshman year at Embry Riddle Aeronautical College in Florida had come to a close. They decided to celebrate in Miami. Eve's French Asian mixed heritage and family wealth mesmerized the young Parks. And whatever Eve wanted, she would have. Eve wanted dinner on South Beach and a weekend stay at the finest accommodations. She rented a beach house for two weeks. Parks couldn't afford any of this but he humbled himself to the experience.

The most memorable moment was their first evening out to dinner. A three star restaurant with a decidedly French Asian fusion cuisine and two bottles of vintage vino. The food was delicious, but the portions were so small that when they left, Parks and Eve were still hungry. So, they picked up a large pizza to take to the beach house with extra sauce, double sliced black olives onions, bell peppers, Italian sausage and peperoni. Eve still looked stunning in her little black strapped shoulder dress with glossy black high heel open toe shoes. She looked even more alluring taking it all off with abandon as they headed for the king-sized bed in their sparsely furnished beach house for a wild hour of intimacy. They then devoured the pizza with the same youthful sensual abandon.

Parks ached for the Eve Dumont of his youth. Her life was cut short much too soon. She was his inspiration; she fueled his desire to be successful. A good woman can inspire a man to reach heights unimaginable. An awful woman can destroy a man's sense of self, his esteem and confidence, his future. Even his life. If he gives that woman that power over his mind. Parks was blessed to only allow good women that level of power over his life. Otherwise, he probably would have ended up a mental wreck, a lost homeless loser.

During that vacation, Parks and Eve Dumont also visited the mysterious Coral Castle. They were energized by the legendary estate and museum built on highly magnetic ley lines. He wanted the Gamba estate to be an inspirational site like Coral Castle someday. Parks made plans to expand the estate's contribution to the local community with an artist's cooperative similar to its agricultural cooperative and created a Children's Magnetic Sciences Museum in Gamba. Under the auspices of the OM Group Foundation, Parks started the Eve Dumont Charitable Organization and awarded small grants and micro business loans to Gamba, Gabon entrepreneurs. Under the charity, he built trade schools and awarded scholarships to them. He also built new primary schools. Then took the charity global.

Parks turned inward over the years. He became somewhat of a vegetarian, eating cultured animal protein on rare occasion and nearly stopped drinking alcohol. He created a multimedia station with multiple holoscreens and search engines in his master bedroom suite, monitoring the world for positive changes of note in technology and culture. Humanity was still quite primitive, fighting to awaken from its pop culture addled stupor. Parks looked for signs that mankind was finally turning a corner on its most base, anti-social, violence-loving primitive nature. He vowed to live long enough to witness humanity's ascension from a type zero to a type one civilization. By 2100, he prayed to the Creator. He vowed to be a catalyst in this evolution, an agent in this coming to fruition, Beyond the OM Group mission statement.

Parks would still have the occasional dream of Athena and the child they may or may not have conceived together. He was never sure if they were merely dreams or multidimensional communications that he was privy to only while asleep or in a deep meditative state. But every couple of years, Parks would have the most vivid dream of Athena and the growing child; from infant to toddler, to youth.

By 2080, the child looked to be about 10 earth years old. By 2090, a teenager. Then the dreams stopped.

## The Off-World Man

### CHAPTER 64

New Year's Eve 2099. Dr. Gordon Marcus Aurelius Parks was now 134 years old. But thanks to a strict health regimen and decades of daily nutraceutical rejuvenation treatments that he back engineered from alien technology and introduced to the world, in order to democratize it, he looked and felt like a man half his chronological age.

Parks lived alone on the fully automated estate. He looked at the perfect rows of non-GMO winter crops, steadying himself with a plain ebony wood cane, something he did every now and then more out of habit than necessity. It was dusk, there would be fireworks in Gamba later that night. The world was celebrating the new century in their respective time zones.

Parks stood in his master bedroom suite, looking out on the estate in the direction of Gamba, grateful to be alive when his personal PAI band chimed. It was a communication from the estate's android security network. Frank Reilly had long since retired and moved back to the U.K. The 100 androids were identical to his personal security detail.

"Ambassador Parks, you have visitors heading up from the beach. A woman and a young man. They would not identify themselves to anyone but you, sir. As a surprise. They are unarmed, sir. They arrived by a small EM craft, which landed on the beach, minutes ago. We are guarding the craft. There are no markings on the vessel. It is a silver, delta-shaped configuration, similar to your vessel, sir."

Parks knew instinctively who they were. "Let them pass."

Parks dropped the cane and nearly bounded down the stairs. When he reached the west beach entrance to the mansion, a woman stood in the far distance with the estate android security. She smiled, raised her right arm and waved in greeting. Athena wore a graphite gray duty jacket over a one-piece flight suit. She turned and headed back to the beach where her vessel landed. This puzzled Parks, she seemed to be leaving, but his attention diverted to the other figure heading in his direction.

The young man walked with all the energy and vigor of youth. He was dressed in a black duty jacket over a one-piece flight suit. As he approached the second security check, the front gates of the checkpoint opened, as if the biometric safeguards recognized the person opening. His smile was bright, cheerful and familiar. The closer he came, the more familiar he seemed to Parks. He looked like a young Gordon Marcus Aurelius Parks when he was a freshman at Embry Riddle. Full of optimism and hope.

"Dad?"

Parks was speechless. He looked at the young man surprised. The young man called out again.

“It’s me, Gordon, Athena’s son. Gordon Marcus Aurelius Parks, the second. I’m your son too. We sent you messages over the years. I’m old enough to make my own decisions now. So, I wanted to finally meet you. When I was old enough to make the journey. I would like to spend some time here on your home world, with you.”

His voice was clear and confident. Parks eyes became wide with surprise. The dreams were real. Parks smiled wide and proud. He was still speechless. Athena and her family had done a good job raising the young man, he could tell. Parks wished she had allowed him to be part of that upbringing. Better late than never, he thought.

“Dad?”

Parks heart filled with gratitude and humility for this gift from the Creator. A gift of hope for the future. This living miracle. He first politely shook his son’s hand. “Welcome home, son.” Then, overwhelmed by emotion he embraced him. “Welcome home.”

The Off-World Man

CHAPTER 65

PRODIGY

Parks' son said, "I want to be a mechanical design engineer and product designer like you. I would like to start my own business or work for one of your companies. Will you help me?"

Parks proudly put his hand on his son's shoulder. "Of course, I will."

Gordon II, or G2, listened to his father intently, to every word of advice or praise, noticing every moment of thought. They stood around the Tyrell Mansion kitchen island, drinking soda.

"I don't know if you have carbonated refreshments on your home world," Parks said, "but sometimes we drink this cold beverage on a hot day."

G2 sipped the soda and nodded in approval. "We have similar beverages, but fruit based. This is good. You do know that your breakaway civilization has colonies in the Pleiades system. I'm particular to Pepsi, and Poweraide."

The ice broken, Parks went on to address G2's request for guidance. "It would be better if you undertook an apprenticeship at OM Group, specifically the New York City Hearst building headquarters. I would love for you to experience graduate school at New York University, but the truth is you're Pleiadean education is so advanced in comparison to earth college education, you are already educated in aerospace, biomechanical and electrical and structural engineering. You are educated at a higher level in your youth, than most professors teaching here. You just need to be trained in earth H3D computer aided design programs, not nearly as advanced as Pleiadean design technology, and get practical experience at OM Group, to be a mechanical engineer, and industrial product designer here on earth. I'll help you with that."

"That's no problem, I've studied earth H3D CAD since I was a child. But Dad, without going to college, how will meet earth girls?" G2 let a smile emanate from his serious demeanor.

"Dry humor? Yep. This randy kid is definitely my son," Parks thought. Parks remembered G2's mother and her libertine appetites. Blushing at the memories, Parks returned the conversation back to a serious tone.

"If I approve of your apprenticeship at OM Group, Z Division, you will have a great deal of responsibility for a young man. You will not have time to run the streets and party. Trust me, you aren't missing anything. Even though we are blessed with wealth, it was earned. I want you to mature and become a responsible, self-sufficient adult, while here on earth. I will help you in this task, one which

you cannot fail. Do you understand? The only other thing I ask you to do, is obey your father. You are still young, you won't have a problem meeting young ladies, and that's who you should require in your life. Not party girls. We clear?"

"Yes, Dad."

"Good. Just take your time, earth girls truly are easy. Now let's get you settled in. Where's your mother?"

"She's returning back to our home world with my twin sister, Gabrielle. Mom doesn't want Gabrielle to ever visit earth. Too primitive an uncivilized, she always said."

"What?!" Parks leapt for the door, and out to the beachfront. G2 followed. He thought Athena was securing their ship. Gabrielle, he has a daughter. Parks took a single seater range truck and rushed out to the beach, in time to see a silver delta aethership identical to his own but only a third its size, slowly ascend and slowly move away south toward Antarctica. Parks and Athena were still married. He still loved her. But it was clear that time and the deceptive circumstances of their brief relationship, were factors in her decision not to see him. Parks was hurt and furious that Athena was leaving without so much as an embrace or allowing him to see a daughter he didn't know he fathered. It was finished, when she left him with the Elder A I years ago.

"There's a platform vessel in orbit around Mars. She will rendezvous there and return," G2 said. He had sprinted behind Park's vehicle, soon catching up. Parks then realized that his son is probably a telepath and empath like his mother. He calmed his emotions and turned to see his son only yards behind him, devastated that she was leaving them, in such an uncaring way. "I will miss her and Gabrielle too."

Parks realized that it was his time to nurture and raise his son. At that moment, he could see the child in him, in need of guidance and assurance. Athena and her extended family had done all they could. G2 needed his dad now. He needed guidance he could trust to navigate his path to confident, successful adulthood. Parks put on his best show of cavalier indifference.

"It's their loss. Come on kid. Let's get you settled in and rustle up some grub. You haven't lived until you've had my wood grilled, soy and steak-seasoning marinated, twelve-ounce lab-slab mixed Kobe, Angus and chorizo ground beef burgers; topped with spicy brown mustard, fresh pico de gallo with minced shallots and garlic, chopped red onion and jalapenos, diced tomatoes, chopped black and green olives, lime juice and plenty of cilantro; guacamole made with mild salsa and cream cheese; bread and butter pickle slices, thin sliced tomatoes seasoned with kosher salt and black pepper, and mixed shredded sharp cheddar, pepper jack and gouda cheeses. You'll be my assistant chef in the kitchen.

Besides a good meal, you need a refreshing shower and a good night's sleep, your first night here on earth. And the weekend along the beach to acclimate yourself. Monday, New York time, we start making holocalls to introduce you to department heads at OM Group to set you up with Z Division."

This lifted the young man's spirit. "Thanks Dad."

Parks smiled at G2 with confidence enough for both of them, patting him of the shoulder. They turned and slowly walked back towards the compound. "That's my job, son, however delayed by time and distance I may be. That's my job. Let's get you squared away."

Parks set his son up in one of the four guest rooms on the second floor and gave him a brief tour of the Mayan pyramid-shaped mansion. After a hearty dinner, Parks brought G2 up to the fourth floor astronomy deck with a small bucket filled with a six beers on ice. They sat on chaise lounges arranged around the deck, that Parks designed, had manufactured and sold through his super conglomerate. Parks placed the ice bucket within reach between their chairs.

"I figure you're well up to speed on earth culture. I don't know if you have ever had a beer, wine or alcohol. Leave the hard liquor and other stuff alone. I figured as a rite of passage, you could have a beer with your old Dad. I haven't had a drink in a long time. Not that important to me. After this, no more alcoholic drinks will be consumed by you, understand? The adult human brain is not fully matured until age 25, and your half human. Young adults are allowed to drink at age 21 in most of the world. You're close to that age. I really don't want you to drink at all but if you decide to consume in the future, just stick with sweet table wine with dinner. Never consume alcohol during the day. It'll just slow you down. Never operate a vehicle under the influence, sober up first or get a ride from someone sober that you trust."

"Parks passed a beer to his son. G2 thanked him. No need to worry, Dad. Pleiadean technology cured all forms of addictions eons ago. Life itself, gets me high. I won't get hooked on the stuff, it tastes awful."

"Good, that's good to know, son. Then I don't have to worry." They clinked bottles in salute, took a pull, then looked up at the stars.

"Cold, refreshing, not bitter like some alcohol-based beverages are. Good beer."

"I microbrew my own. A man's got to have good, positive hobbies to stay sane and self-contained in this crazy, pop culture tainted world. Good hobbies and lots of them for a physically and psychologically healthy life, remember that."

A couple of security androids flew by, coming in from patrol, before the New Year's fireworks began.

"Those are the latest versions of the Archangel rapid deployment null-g harness EM pack and flight suit. The proprietary polymer parasuit materials lose mass when an EM current is applied, up to 95 percent. Increase the electrical current and the suit repels gravity, causing propulsion. The helmet interface allows the user to mentally control direction and speed, to fly like the fictional character, Superman. The Archangel system was designed at OM Group Z Division and first utilized in 2060 by US Special Forces, then declassified for use in 2075 for civilian law enforcement."

"You've been able to create whatever ideas came into your mind, sold them to the consumer and made a fortune. You must feel good, having made a difference in your life, Dad."

“First, I had to come up with visionary concepts that filled a niche, or a need. Then I used the best most durable materials, so the products last a lifetime. Add minimalist design and muted neutral colors for a product that never goes out of style. That’s my formula; visionary, necessary, functional, efficient.

ExecPro, one of my global security subsidiaries produces light weight, body armor reinforced garments for the US military, law enforcement, and government employees. We developed and manufacture molecularly aligned body armor fabric milled with the tensile strength of heavy Kevlar, at a tenth of the weight. The garments are specifically designed to protect the vital arteries and the entire body. The US Army Land Warrior program uses our products.”

Then Parks tried to shift the focus to his son. “Do you miss your home world, son?”

“Not yet. It’s good to finally meet you. I feel like I have two home worlds now.”

“You do. This is not only humanity’s world. It is the home world of several species who occupied this planet before humanity. Earth is like the wild west to them. They do whatever they want. Sometimes we can’t keep up with them. Some are benevolent, some indifferent, like we are lab experiments. Some are downright hostile.”

“Have you met many species in capacity as InterWorld Council Ambassador?”

“Of the thousands of known extraterrestrial civilizations that are members of the greater universe’s InterWorld Council, I have met and negotiated with around 80 non-human, humanoid and other physical configuration organic and artificial species from across the local Virgo cosmological super cluster, including your species from the Pleiades.”

Which species is the most hostile? I’m sure I already know.

“The giants, a cannibal species humanity has been dealing with since the days of the Bible, and the Drago Reptilians or Saurians, a violent race much older than the homo sapiens species. They creep me out, every time I have to deal with them. They are rumored to have been here on earth before us. They all want full spectrum control over us. But let’s not talk about that right now.”

“Do you like your job?”

“It’s interesting, I’ll say that much. You see, I have a need to know about everything. All the truths of this existence and the higher realms. It started with my need to understand gravity and electromagnetics in my youth. This led me to the military industrial aerospace complex, the mecca of cosmic secrets and revelations. That is all I can say without compromising you and me from my secrecy oaths. Which brings us to a problem. I still have dangerous enemies. You will need to be well protected at all times and travel with discretion. We call it flying under the radar. I have a private security company, established primarily to protect my family and OM Group global subsidiaries.

I have considered giving you a series of identities to make your life easier and allow you to have options in times of threat or emergency. But you are my son, heir and I will get you legally documented as such.

There's another thing. Simply put, a faction within the military industrial complex had me cloned. He works for me at OM Group, London headquarters, and has a long-term relationship and a child, with my ex-wife. She was a clone of a woman that I loved dearly that died much too early. With my wealth and cosmic insider connections, I had her resurrected, so to speak. Your mother's genetic material and your home world's advanced technology we're involved. That is how I discovered your mother. She was a volunteer in an alien exchange program. My global security company protected her from being harmed after her usefulness with the program was over. We fell in love after an attack on our lives."

G2 didn't even blink in surprise. "I know about it all. Mom told me about it over and over as I grew up. She felt I had a need to know."

"It's all a bit complicated."

"A little, G2 agreed with a grin."

"So, you have a few relatives, almost dozen half brothers and sisters."

The two continued to look up at the sky, Parks drank his second beer while G2 barely touched his first one. The fireworks had just begun, to bring in the year 2100. As the beer buzz settled in, Parks became more intense.

"I didn't get a chance to raise you, nor did I raise any of my children, except Emily. I failed them all in a sense because of that, I was always too busy, working to design engineer the future. At least that was my excuse. Egotistical, I know. But with OM Group, my company, and its talented employees around the world and the all-out pursuit of my God given profession, my calling, we did and do just that. We build the future every day and my company will do so forever. The Creator of the Universe gave us this gift. This challenge. I was born and blessed to be a mechanical and industrial design, transportation and aerospace engineer and manufacturer. I am the most blessed man alive. I have been blessed to practice a profession that blends emerging technologies into applicable products, tools and machines that aid in humanity's advancement. I have been given the privilege in a minuscule way, to mimic the process of universal creation itself. I am a design engineering priest of sorts, grateful to see the emerging technological world through this spiritual lens and frequency."

"I would like to be a part of that calling, Dad?"

"Then, you are going to have to endure the following words of advice from your father. It's time for the talk."

"The talk? What talk?"

“Every good caring responsible parent is obligated to pass on all the wisdom they have learned in their life to all their children. Conceiving them, giving them life is simply not good enough. Sadly, most parents are too selfish and self-centered, like I was, to do so, if they learned anything at all in their life journey. And their children must make unnecessary, costly mistakes, through trial and error, to navigate their way through life, wasting precious time and resources. All because their parents didn’t want to be bothered to be parents. It’s disgraceful.

I’m going to give you the condensed version of the talk. I wrote it years ago. All you have to do is listen.” Parks pulled out a folded sheet of paper from his chest pocket, unfolded it and began to read:

“First, we here on earth still live in a type zero civilization. That is to say, a primitive world. Even now, in the year 2100, we are struggling, scratching to reach a type one existence, still. Life is precious. You must learn to defend it. You must become a warrior scholar.

I used to believe that progressivism or progressive socialism that cultivates theory, devoid of objective truth and balanced analysis was harmless. And that the globalism that it promoted was necessary to usher in advanced technology to the marketplace. I was wrong, I am an Independent Conservative thinker now, have been since the government at the time gave 150 billion to our enemies abroad to kill American servicemen and women, I knew that the Democrat Party was the largest enemy against this country. I know now that a Constitutional democratic Republic and the Truth cannot thrive in an Orwellian socialistic climate. There must be a balance between national sovereignty, compassion, hard work and personal responsibility.

This is a savage world, a prison planet, filled with an uncivilized herd and hive mentality population enslaved by popular culture, unaware and uninterested in the real truths. Never, ever follow the herd, think and research the facts for yourself. Disclosure is a vague, veiled reality disseminated by popular cultures fictional books and movies. Study the 9 Energy Bodies, the teachings of Jesus and Buddha, and the lost books of the Bible, before it was edited at the council of Nacea. The wise advice of philosopher Emperor Marcus Aurelius are also a comfort.

Next, live life in moderation. Always. Just trust me on that.

Personal survival and self-protection. Words of proper economy will open doors, close the deal or even save your life. Speaking of your life, never let anyone get the drop on you. Maintain optimal situational and spatial awareness at all times. It will save your life and the lives of your loved ones. Study the fighting arts your entire life: To Shin do, Judo, Aikido, Krav Maga, Keysi fighting method. The most important fight art is peace and diplomacy, based on strength. Learn humility through the martial arts.

Learn that, being powerful, is the most loving thing we can do. Stay rational, don’t let your emotions get in the way of rational behavior. First, defend your family and close friends, then your country, then finally yourself. The levels of priority in defense are; avoid, confuse, hurt, injure, maim, and only as a last resort to save the lives of your family or yourself, kill.

Use only the level of lethality necessary. Learn to defend with unarmed lethality first. Your zone of defense is within ten feet of your body in all directions around you. You must be able to cover and defend this area at all times. Learn to maintain your spatial and situational awareness at all times, even in your sleep. If you are alone, never sleep deeply in an unsecure environment, learn to sleep lightly. You must learn to rough it, to survive in any environment. Keep a bug-out bag and emergency disaster survival foods, fresh water, a medi-kit and portable crank charge radio. Camp outdoors and learn to build field shelter, learn to hunt and fish and field dress and preserve your catch for storage. Learn which of earth's wild plants are edible. There are several apps for that now, not in my day.

Develop your survival skills. All you have is today. Plan for the future but live for today. The future is pliable, like quantum clay. You can shape and reshape it using the scalar technology of your mind.

Practice prayer, focused mental intention, transcendental meditation, seated introspection and the 9 Energy Bodies to maintain spiritual balance.

Social values and personal responsibility. When it comes to acquaintances, friendships and personal relationships, never make anyone a priority in your life if you are not a priority in theirs. There are benevolent souls, malevolent souls and simply lost souls that you will encounter on your life's journey. Learn to discern those of good character and discard the rest. You will have to do this daily, and frequently throughout your life. You will save precious mental and emotional capital that can be better utilized on people who care about you, not people out to use and exploit you, your labor or your resources, and injure your spirit. It's better to be alone in peace and solitude to develop your technical skills and creative talents.

When it comes to a lady friend or wife, you must find the kindest soul possible. I've found the ladies of New England, Amsterdam, London, Paris and Singapore to be the most lady like and kindest on earth. Your wife must be your most staunch and loyal ally, and you hers. Someone you can always trust and count on. Always be faithful to her and share in the joy of raising your children together, especially around the dinner table. Share as many meals with your family as you can together. Impart your knowledge to them there every meal and share in their growth. Home school them if you can.

And if you never find her, learn to live all alone. Date and enjoy your life, but don't marry the wrong one. Maintain a life-long thirst for knowledge and truth.

It's best to work, relax and sleep to ambient music with no lyrics. It recalibrates your soul. Never listen to music with lyrics for long. It's psy ops brain washing, trust me. Be independent but base your life decisions on family values. Then you will make the right choices for the future.

Have at least of six months of savings. Never use credit, only in emergency situations and to establish a credit history, that's all. Never, ever gamble or wager.

Learn to survive with dignity even if you don't have a dime to your name. Stay hydrated even if you are starving. Think with an entrepreneurial mind. Greed is not good, but you must earn a good living,

even if it takes two or more jobs. Especially if you have a family. Ostentatious wealth is never the goal, a good comfortable life is. The needs of your spirit will be drawn into your orbit. The laws of attraction.

Go to the library, if you can still find one. There's nothing like the feel of a good book. Read about the world and the universe. Knowledge and information really *is* power, along with gratitude and humility. Learn to become a proficient researcher and a good person. A good citizen of the universe. Life is a spiritual journey, one of many. Become a finely tuned spiritual being."

"Well, that's it, kid. That's the talk, the condensed version. Here you keep this letter. I know Pleiadeans have an advanced photographic and audio graphic memory, so passing the talk along to your children will be easy."

"Thanks, Dad."

"Your welcome, son."

## The Off-World Man

### CHAPTER 66

New York 2102. Gordon Marcus Aurelius Parks II, or G2, stared intently at the SOE schematic of a future transportation design concept. For the past two years, G2 worked his way up the ranks of industrial designers and mechanical engineers, collaborating on all forms of consumer products, transportation, architecture and environmental design. He was promoted to Assistant Director of Special Projects in OM Group's secretive Z Division.

He and the other members of the project team sat at individual H3D drafting desks placed in a semi-circle around the SOE holo-platform, mulling over the figures for materials durability and stresses that lead to fractures and product failure.

Outside of Z Division, Emily Parks, longtime CEO of OM Group, stared through a monitor at the young man from the Pleiades who looked so much like a young version of her father. She smiled and shook her head in amazement, when G2 suddenly looked up perplexed, then looked around the corners of the ceiling until he found the location of the hidden security camera surveying the work studio. G2 waved at the camera smiling, in complete awareness that he was being watched, by her. Emily turned to her husband, OM Group Security Director Amaan Anderson, who also observed the subtle telepathic display.

"He's getting better every day. We're a dozen floors away, yet he can sense us," Anderson said.

"He looks happy, content. He's a good employee," Emily observed.

"Except for his episode at the last Worldwide Developers Conference. He couldn't stop laughing at how underdeveloped human product technology was in comparison to Pleiadean tech."

"He's his father's son."

They turned and headed out of the security office towards the elevators.

"Does that bother you?" Anderson asked.

"No, he's family," Emily said. "Mom and Dad forced me to take this job after Uncle Chet was killed. I had to learn quickly. G2 has time to grow with the company. By the time he's ready, I'll be retired. I've spent thirty years of life in service to this monolith. He may not want to be in such a visible public position. And since we no longer do much contractor work for the breakaway civilization, he may want to head up Logos or Zen Engineering, Dad's cutting-edge molecular manufacturing start-ups.

That's actually what I prefer or go back to London and live in one of Mom's cottages in the country. I don't the grandkids near so many underground electrical currents."

“We should discuss it with her. In the meantime, I’ll continue to keep a close tab on our prodigy from the Pleiades.”

“You thought of that all on your own?”

“Yep, pretty sharp.”

“You’re a real genius with the monikers.”

“I think so.” Anderson gave his CEO wife a small kiss on the cheek before Emily entered the elevator headed toward her office suite. “See you later.”

G2 walked over to the holo-platform with SOE gloves on pulling and shaping the rear pillar of the unibody cab of the transportation prototype design. His colleagues surrounded him. “By sloping the and reducing the thickness of the nano-composite rear pillar, we can strengthen the rear crumple zone by 80 percent with an 18 percent reduction in materials.”

G2’s design team nodded in acknowledgement at the improvement, then returned to their workstations to review his calculations on the new solution. One of his colleagues remained. She smiled at him and pointed at her wrist PAI chronometer. G2 nodded and returned her smile.

G2 and Christine Conner had been dating since discreetly for over three months. They often met at work. She would arrive at one of the three Manhattan safe house condos G2 lived at, from Soho to mid-town to Central Park west, under the watchful eye of OM Group personal security. She would always leave early morning by aerocab, and they would interact at work as if they were only professional colleagues, not lovers. Because of his other-worldly heritage, G2 was ordered by his father always to use contraception, and trust no one. In the passion of the moment, G2 did not always heed his father’s advice.

Anderson had a cursory knowledge of their liaisons, urging G2 not to reveal to Christine any of their security contingency plans in the event of a security breach or attack. It was his impression the G2 was inexperienced in the ways of post-modern earth women. He was worried the young man might be heart broken by fickle young women only interested in men with money. G2 received self-defense and weapons training on his home world. Anderson required that he also take security operative training with ExecPro, which he just completed. The young Pleiadean was in top physical shape, 6’-3”, 190 pounds lean with only 3 percent body fat. He was as strong as a Marine Combat android. So, Anderson had no worries that he couldn’t defend and extract himself, in any situation.

Christine insisted on meeting G2 at his lower eastside condo. The 20-story building was owned by OM Group and nearly empty except for security personnel. When they met at 10 pm, G2’s perception was the building seemed unusually devoid of life, not even a doorman. As the couple took his private

elevator to the nineteenth floor, his residence encompassed the nineteenth and twentieth floors, G2 became more suspicious.

He looked in Christine's direction, attempting to peer into her thoughts, something he would never do otherwise. She sensed this and began to kiss him passionately. She all but pushed him into his living room to undress him and seduce him. He was barely able to lock the entrance door. Christine broke her concentration on him just enough to notice this. And that set G2 into a higher level of suspicion. G2 recovered. "Slow down a little. Let's have dinner first."

"I've already had mine. I'm ready for dessert. She continued in her overtures."

"Let me use the bathroom first, wash up a little. I'll only be a minute", G2 said as he pulled himself away from Christine. His mind sensed a heightened alert of deception and impending aggression. He walked calmly to his bathroom, closed and locked the door and turned the water on in the sink. What Christine did not know was the bathroom was also designed to be the secure saferoom in the residence. G2 activated the LCD monitors on the full-length mirror mounted to the bathroom door. He waived his hand over the mirror and a battery of LCD screens came to life. Showing every security station in and around the building. He tried to contact the building's EPS security teams. At every post the security personnel were either shot dead or missing. Obviously, an inside job. Paramilitary shadows were closing in on his position, climbing the stairs. Large unmarked black trucks were securing every corner surrounding the building, men were rushing to position.

G2 quickly waved the monitor to display the view just outside the door. Christine was holding a side arm with a silencer in the barrel, unlocking the door to the condo, armed operators entered silently, some dressed in SWAT gear and assault weapons others in federal agency wind breakers and side arms. They moved silently toward the bathroom door. G2 pressed the touch screen mirror and the clack of heavy magnetic locks, completely sealing him in. This sent them rushing to the door. They knew he was aware, and that made him dangerous.

Christine knocked forcefully on the door. "Honey come on out. What are you doing?" No response. "Come on out honey? Gordon?" She nodded for two of the operatives to apply explosive putty around the entire door and detonation caps where the hinges and magnetic locks were in place. They stepped back a safe distance and handed Christine, the apparent op mission commander, the small black rectangular wireless detonator switch. She pressed the button. The door frame disintegrated in flash bomb sparks and smoke as the door fell into the large bathroom. The assault team rushed in to find G2 gone. Christine looked out the bathroom window and spotted a black spelunking parachute carrying a dark figure descending to the street.

"He's down on the street, a parachute!" The assault team rushed out of the condo. Christine followed, then paused, turned back to the window. She looked out again, toward the street. She knew he was a telepath and empath; she willed their eyes to meet when he landed. Assault team operatives on the street rushed toward the collapsing parachute., which landed as light as a feather, but G2 did not emerge as it collapsed to the street the figure seemed to pass right through the street. Tear gas splayed from under the parachute.

A hologram pack, Christine thought as she cursed beneath her breath. A small pebble landed on the top of her head, stinging her with its contact. She immediately looked up over head toward the top floor and the roof, to find G2 stealthily climbing an outside ladder bolted to between the nineteenth and twentieth floors on toward the top of the building. She tried to aim and fire on him but he ascended to the top just in time before she could, never looking back. Too fast. She imagined him laughing at her, dropping a pebble on her head and her feeble attempt at capturing him. He was trapped on the roof. We got him, where could he go? But the approaching sirens of the NYPD caught her attention. Time to bail.

G2 reached the top of the condo building, angry at the loss of life and betrayal the humans seemed to relish in. How could he be so stupid as to not sense Christine's true motives. G2 rushed to a 10' by 10' standing metal structure with no visible entry. He placed his open palm toward the wall of the structure, a square keypad-sized section of the wall shaped itself to the size of his hand. Once it identified his palm, a doorway sized entrance morphed open in the smart metal structure. After he entered, the opening sealed seamless behind him.

The ten-foot tall, seven-foot wide bugout vehicle within looked like a thick translucent white ceramic egg. The escape pod had a two-foot diameter center post running from end to end. The Acuberre style EM drive with access panels housed within. A two-foot wide circular seat surrounded the post mid-way. A NATO royal blue pressure suit and helmet hung on the wall next to the pod. G2 quickly donned the suit and entered the pod in much the same manner as he entered the smart metal structure. There was no gravity inside the pod. G2 floated into position on the sparse airgel padded circular seat. Harness straps emerged from the post to secure its passenger. Not exactly a rocket strapped to your back, but close. G2's biometric signature accepted; the pod glowed as it came to life out of its slumber.

The flat roof of the smart metal structure split and retracted upward. Electrical energy began to be extracted from the building, also affecting the nearby residential buildings. G2 checked the pod's systems and queued up a song to add a little mischief to his escape. Voo Doo Child by Jimmi Hendrix. G2 not only amplified the volume in the small pod, he amplified the external volume and gravitational metric of its harmonics outside the pod, its roaring hard rock vibrations thundered throughout the building and the neighborhood, enhancing the adrenaline rush of his escape. G2 was pleasantly surprised to discover he was an adrenaline junkie, even if his very life was on the line.

Cristine Conner identified herself as she and her team of agents and operatives collided with the New York police arriving first on the scene, informing them of their national security operation. Her name is actually, Christine Sullivan, NSA, great niece of General Conner Timothy Sullivan, former test pilot, Edwards AFB 1992-1996, Former Installation Commander of Peterson AFB 2008-2012, former Installation Commander of the U.S. Air Force Cheyenne Mountain Facility 2016-2024, former U.S. Air Force Military Advisor to the National Reconnaissance Office in Washington D.C. 2024-2032. Installation Commander of the U.S. Air Force Space Command Orbital Industrial Colony Operations 2032-2033. Killed by InterWorld Council Ambassador Gordon Marcus Aurelius Parks after kidnapping his wife and stepdaughter in a failed coup attempt to over throw AF/Navel Space Command in 2058.

At that moment, loud rock music began to play. The music came from the top of G2's building. Everyone on the street froze and looked up to take in not only the extreme sound, but the thunderous reverberations underfoot. The ground was harmonically shaking, it could be felt in everything, bones, fillings. The street pavement and sidewalks fractured. Window lights in the surrounding buildings abruptly turned on, its elderly occupants furious to be awakened, interrupted from their early slumber, angrily staring out of their windows up into the night sky. Lights began to flutter, an indeterminate amount of electromagnetic power seemed to be cycling up as the opening salvo of Voo Doo Child reached its crescendo.

Everyone looked up in surprise, to see a brilliant blue white orb ascend slowly, hover over the streets momentarily, then streak off from the top of the condo building into the night sky, the vibrational thunder of Voo Doo Child trailing off slowly. Its 'shock and awe affect' would never go away.

G2 escaped with relative ease, thumbing his nose at Christine as he left. Finding him and trapping him again would be difficult.

The Off-World Man

## CHAPTER 67

Thousands of miles away at the Gamba, Gabon estate's Mayan pyramid shaped mansion of G2's father, Dr. Parks faced a deadly invasion at the same time as his son.

Armed android drone mercenaries, operated remotely from a safe site, rushed into the home office of his third floor master suite, his bed, firing at him. Parks dove out of bed, reaching for his matt black rose wood handled Kimber 1911, returning fire as he rushed for the security zone next to his bed.

"HAL, AlphaOmega! AlphaOmega!" Signaling emergency invasion defense protocols. A column of blue energy surrounded him, enveloped in a forcefield powerful enough to deflect bullets and small explosives. His aethership would be up and out of the underground hangar within seconds. Multiple beams of lethal energy leapt from its forward array, through the third floor walls of the mansion, striking each insurgent, stopping them dead.

"HAL, sweep each floor of the mansion, and every building on the estate. What happened to the android security sentries?"

A disembodied British accented voice responded, "The mansion is clear. Your android security are experiencing a malware internal cyber attack, I have deactivated them for repair."

"Establish a global security alert. Contact my son."

"Your son has been attacked as well, but escaped. No other attacks on family or OM Group personnel or facilities have been detected or reported, Ambassador."

"Where is he?"

"Attempting to maneuver an emergency Accubierre escape pod to a safe orbital altitude to be rescued, presumably by this ship, or to land here at the Gamba estate as the earth rotates."

"I'm heading to the fourth floor deck. Pick me up, and HAL, good shooting."

"Overhead in 30 seconds, Ambassador."

The same energy that protected Parks in his home towed him up into the vessel, and once in the pilot's nest, like G2's escape pod, streaked off into the late night.

"Ambassador, you are injured, in the shoulder, you must get to the infirmary."

"Not until we have recovered my son, safe and well." Parks stumbled into the pilot's nest.

“Forgive me, Ambassador, but –I must take action so that you will be safe as well.”

“Several small blue tow beams emitted from overhead of Parks position carrying an elongated clear bladder shaped medical triage unit towards Parks’ shoulder wound. A three-foot-long flat, clear rectangular bladder, rounded at the corners, filled with clear liquid. It has suction cup-like closures at the ends and center, surrounded with data point ques and what appear to be LED lights.

“What’s this?”

“A mobile triage field patch would be the best description, Ambassador. I will apply it to the wound, there will be some initial discomfort.”

“Just don’t let this thing sedate me, or drug me against the pain. I need to be alert in case G2 is in trouble. Understand?”

“Yes, Ambassador. I will adjust the unit. Please prepare for a small Q-phase slip. I am detecting an audio signal from G2 being transmitted to this ship. An emergency signal identified as vintage music/Jimmi Hendrix/Voo Doo Child. We are vectoring in on his signal.”

Parks knew G2 was going through a vintage music history phase. He smiled at his son’s choice.

Before parks could respond, the aethership made dimensional course corrections in mere seconds. G2’s pod was still ascending rapidly on slingshot inertia alone.

“There he is, Ambassador.”

“Contact him. Tell him to stop his ascent, we’ll tow him in.”

“He is being followed sir. Unmanned military EM drone craft.”

“Intercept them. Don’t bother to identify, they’re probably only on routine patrol. Shunt their energy, kill the power to their propulsion systems. Just long enough for them to fall to four thousand feet. Then, jump start them. We’ll be long gone stealth by then, before they can triangulate our position with the local defense satellites.”

G2’s pod floated in a stationary position after the pursuit craft were scared off. He sat in a lotus position within the pod, meditating in the weightlessness within, his body glowing, emanating radiant energy as Parks’ aethership tow-beamed the pod into the cargo bay.

“Dad, you’re hurt!” When G2 entered the conn, he immediately noticed his father’s injury. The medical patch was no longer clear, but dark red with blood. G2 walked over and studied the panel readings around the disc-shaped suction connections. He gently pressed a button on the panel a bloody bullet extruded from the center on the panel and fell into his hand. Parks seemed medicated by the patch, and tired by the wound and the ordeal. “You were right, Dad. They came after me, and after you too.”

G2 helped Parks to recline in the pilot's chaise. "They were trying to either abduct or kill you. No Pleiadean has ever been held captive, not even a half human one. They were simply going to kill me once and for all. Get us back to the estate, HAL. Best speed."

"We've got to get farther away, Dad."

"No, I'm not running to Mars or your home world and neither are you. We'll stand our ground for a while. I need time to assess this attack, who's behind this. You'll work through telepresence at OM Group from here on, in the villa, behind the mansion. You can live and work there."

"What if that's not what I want?"

"Well, speak up. What do you want? It's the most secure alternative, or you can help me to establish my other two molecular manufacturing startups. You can work for all my companies from one secure central location. They next time, they might be successful. But not here. You can help me to make the estate impenetrable."

"We'll go over the estate security so that no one can ever harm you again, Dad. That is all I can promise now. Your right, earth is just too primitive. It is right on the cusp of evolving into a Type One civilization, and yet humans seem to be in an unending loop of violent ruthlessness and backstabbing tribal behavior. The masses are so dumbed down by their mindless trendy media. They are slaves to it. Everyone, even the poor, have portable devices tuned to nonsense, not having the sense to use them as learning tools. They are obsessed with Fakebook garbage or lowbrow nonsense. There has to be more to human culture than this. The only app I can stomach from your home world is the Science Channel."

"It's true, they've been brain washed by the big lie that is popular culture. You can blame the military industrial complex, the hidden hand of government and the breakaway civilization for the damage. Our taxpayer dollars at work since 1947."

"Let's get you back home, Dad. You don't look so good. You've lost a lot of blood, the patch is working, but that bullet must have been tipped with something. We need to analyze it."

"I just need to rest. I'm 136 years old you know. Even so much as a cold can be deadly. My body just wasn't designed for longevity. I'm going to have a session with the onboard rejuvenation unit before we land."

"Ambassador," HAL interjected, "there are multiple incoming messages."

"I'll answer them when we're back at the estate."

The Off-World Man

CHAPTER 68

“Security Director Anderson, CEO, Mrs. Parks-Anderson.”

“Dad, are you alright?!”

“Ambassador, we’re so sorry for the breach and attempt on your life.”

“Are you? This is the second major failure while under your supervision. I’ll expect a thorough investigation into this lapse in security, followed by your resignation.”

“Father,” Emily exclaimed, “it wasn’t his fault.”

“The woman who attempted to abduct G2 was not properly vetted, that is a major lapse in your husband’s department. G2 could have been killed. One more failure, too many.”

“Yes, sir.” Anderson stood and walked away from the vid screen.

“As for you, Mrs. Parks-Anderson...”

“Why are you being so formal? What’s wrong?”

“Forgive me but being shot at can do that to some people. That woman G2 was seeing, that was somehow employed at my company, without proper vetting. I’ve seen the security vid footage from the condo as G2 fled for his life. It took me minutes to run her image through an Alpha Command database. Recognition software identified her as Christine Sullivan, NSA agent, great niece of General Conner Timothy Sullivan. A seasoned killer, out for revenge.”

“Dad, she presented herself as a Design Engineering MA graduate from MIT. Her credentials cleared, she was vetted as well as we could.”

“Not good enough! You allowed an enemy agent into my company, whereby she successfully learned the secrets of Z Division and breached the security of my home as well, nearly getting G2, and me, killed!”

After a pause, Emily understood the depth of her failure. “Yes, sir. I am the responsible officer in charge of all of the operations of this company.”

“Then, an announcement of your retirement from OM Group will be released immediately. You want to spend more time with your family, grandchildren. We’ll take care of the media, make no public statements. And tell Eve immediately so she can handle the company media in Europe.”

“That’s fine, I’m ready to retire. I never wanted this job anyway. You forced me to take it.”

“We’ll, I’m sorry for that, Emily. Sorry to have burdened you. You’ve both compromised my company world-wide. I’m very disappointed. But Z Division will survive, and your well off for the rest of your life. Now go and enjoy it. Parks out.”

“I’m sorry Da—“

“Parks cut the connection before she could finish her final apology.”

“G2 stood just out of view, in shock.”

“Dad please don’t do this to them? They’ll hate me forever.”

“It’s too late. My minds made up. Security personnel lost their lives today.”

HAL interrupted, “You have another incoming message, from Ms. Athena.”

“Thank you, HAL. I’ll take this one in private, Son.”

“Please, let me stay? I’ll be out of view.”

“Ok. We’ll get chewed out by your mom together.

After several minutes of Athena’s outrage, Parks responded.

“So, let me get this straight. You never left the Sol system. You’ve been staying at the Pleiadean Ganymede colonies all this time and you wouldn’t contact either of us for the past two years, until now.”

“Don’t try to change the subject! I knew there would be trouble soon. He’s just like you, he lives for it! Gordon needs to come home, with me, now!”

“You tell him. He’s right here.”

G2 stepped into view. “I’m staying with Dad.”

“No, you’re not. You’re coming with me. This experiment is over.”

“I said no and I mean it. Don’t you even care that your husband was nearly killed?”

“When can I meet my daughter,” Parks interjected.

“Never!”

At moment, Gabrielle popped her head into the view of the vid screen, smiling brightly. “Hi Daddy.”

“Gabrielle?!” Parks was pleasantly surprised to see G2’s maternal twin. A sweet young lady, she waved from behind her mother’s head before leaving, to her mom’s ire.

Athena would have none of it. "Go back to your room young lady, now!"

Parks now outraged, stood unsteadily. G2 had to help him up. The bloody med patch could be seen by Athena. She was speechless. He quietly walked out of the room.

"Dad, wait?" G2, continued. "You abandoned him, and you abandoned me most of my life."

His mother was in tears. "I had to be sure you would be a soldier and an engineer, like your father. You were sent to the best mentors and training our home world had. You were raised to be a warrior and a scholar. Gabrielle needed me, like you now need your father."

"I thank you for that mother. But you missed out on us being a family. We'll keep in contact if you want to, but on our terms. Take care, Mom."

G2 went in search of his injured father. He found him on the fourth floor observation deck.

"Dad, you ok?"

"Yes, thank you for that. I can honestly say that I loved your mother. I still do, but now, I'm done."

"The two generations looked out into the expanse of the 500-acre estate."

"What will you do?" Parks asked his son.

G2 looked out on the land, contemplating his future.

Christine Sullivan walked out of the One Center Street, New York City Police Head Quarters. A sleek black aero limousine waited near the curb, left rear passenger door open. As she entered, a wireless phone receiver chimed. She picked up before the third ring.

"Yes, we were close... Again, I will need full autonomy to hunt down this alien and bring him in dead or alive... No, sir, I have absolutely no emotional impediments in dealing with Dr. Parks' son... Yes, we were intimate on several occasions. It meant nothing... Yes, I was successful in recovering reproductive DNA samples, on several occasions. They are stored, preserved and being analyzed at this time... Thank you, sir. I will capture this specimen with all of the resources at my disposal... I am headed to West Africa from here, right now."

"We'll determine over the next few months how to proceed. Surveillance satellites are electronically blocked from viewing the estate. There are perks to being a Cosmic Top Official with unlimited wealth, resources and blackworld allies", Parks declared. "I'm a Cosmic Dad." Parks smiled at G2, they laughed at the moniker.

"I loved working at Z Division. And working for your molecular engineering startups are promising. But right now, I want to explore. Particularly, Earth's civilizations that flourished prior to present day humanity. Particularly, Antarctica, Gobeckly Tepi in Turkey, Godon Pada Padand in Indonesia, and the Sinda Shelf at Nam Madol in Micronesia. The sasquatch enigma fascinates me, the seeming ability to travel through time passages to evade detection or capture. Obviously, an extraterrestrial connection there. All of the hidden monolithic pyramids all over the world, from Alaska to China to Antarctica. The Urancha Papers are interesting, so is the early life of Jesus during his time with the Essenes in Egypt and his study of the 9 energy bodies in India."

"Son, you can do all of that research through hired operators and SOE telepresence. You don't need to walk from your birthright to research anything that captures your interest away from the security of the estate. This is the wrong time to want to live the life of Indiana Jones."

"Who?"

"Never mind."

"Dad, I'm going to need to stay on the move. It's too dangerous not only for me, but for you to have me here. I know that now. I'll either keep moving or go off-world. But I can't go into self-imposed seclusion on the mars or Ganymede colonies."

"It's true. Right now, if you stay here on Earth, you'll be hunted."

"Maybe Mom's right. I may return to my home world, but not today. Will you help me?"

"I always will."

"Then I will need the aethership."

"What? Wait, you want to borrow your Dad's ride?"

"Dad? G2 bellowed sympathetically."

"No. This is an impossible request. The military industrial complex has been after that ship for decades. No doubt that they have acquired on from your home world by now. But still, it is only for InterWorld Council members. You'll have to be a member to use my ride, son. And if they were to capture both you and that ship, the world could change, my world certainly would. I'm sorry. The answer will always be no to that request."

There was a long silence as both men searched for solutions, then Parks spoke.

"We must complete the improvements to the estate's security, beyond Earth Cosmic military grade. Once that is taken care of and I have fully recovered we will revisit your request to become an apprentice member of the InterWorld Council and my assistant. But tentatively, your request will be approved. Nepotism and all, you understand. You want to help your old Pops in his business dealings, which happen to be of a cosmic nature. Congratulations."

“But I made no such request.”

“You want to borrow my aethership, you gotta get involved. Understand? And, I am not going to allow you to travel alone. Your mother would kill me if I allowed anything else to happen to you. I’m going where you go. And I will protect you with all my global and cosmic resources, wherever the journey takes us.”

G2 nodded in acknowledgement, then hugged his injured father.

“Thank you, Dad. Now, will you please go to the infirmary and take in a session on the rejuvenation bed? The medi-wound unit on your shoulder can only do so much.”

As his son helped him to the infirmary, Parks reflected on his decision. His son’s ambitions are well intentioned, but it would place them in even more danger. It would also be quite an adventure.

“Our first stop, will be the InterWorld Council Headquarters for this sector of the Virgo Supercluster; Massive Structures between the constellations of Cygnus and Lyra, swan and lyric, Kepler designation KIC 8462852. I’m long overdue to meet my counterparts from this local sector of the universe. It should be quite a mind-blowing experience. Plus, we’ll need to make new allies from Type 2 and 3 civilizations.”

## The Off-World Man

### CHAPTER 69

After his rejuvenation session, the mending Parks and G2 repaired and rebooted the operating systems of the estates military grade android security hardware and drones.

Over the next few weeks, the heavily guarded father and son would venture out in iron horse single seater all-terrain trucks, to survey 500-acre estate's perimeter fences for damage. After repair of any damage, the Tesla tech inspired, next generation perimeter force shield platform system, based on the old 'Trophy Active Protection System' was reactivated and the no fly air space above dome was extended to 4000 feet.

Next, they prepped the aethership and began to stock it for extended prolonged interstellar travel. The day before they left on their other-worldly journey, Parks took his beloved vintage custom single seater Ferrari Solo Spyder F-1 Roadster along the paved winding roads around and throughout his sprawling estate, just to feel the wind rush by and see his beloved land one last time.

Later that night, Parks sat up on the fourth floor deck of the Mayan mansion. G2 made his way up to the deck and sat in a tired heap on the chaise next to his dad. Parks handed him a crystal drink glass with an inch of single malt and soda on the rocks, similar to the three finger's worth he was drinking. G2 took a small sip before putting his drink down, careful not to offend his well-meaning father.

"The aethership is stocked, ready to go. Wardrobes and personal effects are in their prospective quarters, the galley is stocked with a decade's worth of staple foods and ample supplements and nutritional supplies from Patriot Supply, Purity Products, Patriot Power Greens, Critical Health News Youngevity, Texas Super Foods, and emergency MREs. The lab slab protein units are producing beef protein stocks and poultry protein stocks at a promising four ounces each per day. Enough for a bit of protein with your lunch dinner meals for. You're losing too much weight lately, Dad. We haven't even left yet."

"Not much of an appetite since the incident. My body took so long to heal. That happens when you get older, son."

G2 didn't respond. He noticed that rejuvenation treatments were not lasting as long. His father seemed to be dwindling away. The bullet wound seemed to put his rejuvenated body through too much trauma. G2 continued with the list. "I also loaded the not so nutritional cases of vintage single malt Scotch, Bourbon, Cognac and the Microbrewery machine and supplies. And Merlot and sweet Riesling table wine from Eden Vineyards. And a small case of THC dipped Cohiba cigars."

“Only for special occasions, son. We may have to pull out all the stops for potential allies.” Parks gave his son a half smile and a wink in jest.

“Right, Dad. Allies. I’ve also stocked two medical triage tables and two rejuvenation beds, two tread mills and resistance exercise training equipment.

I was able to rig extra aqua sonic laundry and drying units and I stocked organic cleaning supplies that won’t contaminate the water recycling system.

I loaded two hydrogen powered iron horse single seater all-terrain trucks. And your EM chopper. I’ve loaded some non-lethal hand weapons, just in case we need to fend off hostiles.

I’ve tweaked the estate’s autonomous robotic farming mini tractors with global positioning and other sensors to increase their computer modeling yield efficiency while we are away. They and the harvesting drone systems will more accurately monitor nitrogen, phosphorus and potassium needs of the crops while removing weeds, without harmful chemicals; reducing redundant seeding or missed sections. Fresh crops will continue to be delivered to the local markets and community food pantries. Non-GMO seeds will be delivered regularly, according to the estate’s on-going contracts.

I’ve used the android security to check the entire estate with RF detectors for covert electronic surveillance devices. I removed two off of the drone farming equipment. The estate is now clean. Security will now monitor all equipment daily as a part of their daily routine.”

Parks looked at his son. “Well done. I’ll contact the Office of Science and Technology and the OROCA Panel of our departure, after were two days gone.

The rest of the day is ours to rest and mentally prepare. Its 2102. Such a period of change for humanity. The increasing insurgence of world government, its strange mix of Democratic Republic and Socialism. Hard currency is nearly a thing of the past. And pseudo disclosure thanks to NASA Eagle Works being used to transition alien treaty derived energy and propulsion technology as human breakthrough technology. Brilliant. I never thought I would live to see humanity head towards that Star Trek-science fiction future that Gene Roddenberry envisioned, with a Star Wars twist,” Parks said.

“I am familiar with those two fictional franchises, Dad. There is validity to your assessment. A truly strange universe as you put it. The known Type One through Type Four extraterrestrial races throughout the known universe, close to 80 that you have dealt with in the Virgo super cluster alone. Strange indeed.”

“Life is truly precious, son. Defend it. All you have is today, live each day as if it is your last day. Plan for the future but live for today. There is something I need to tell you. Having lived much longer than the general population, thanks to my blackworld standing and connections, I have been contemplating my mortality lately.”

“That’s normal, Dad. You were nearly killed a month ago.”

“No, this is more than that. I’m nearly 140 years old. The blackworld medical technology has extended my life, but not forever. So, I’ve made a decision while I was healing from the gunshot wound. I have been using the same neuroscience technology that the Elder used to model the interneural modeling of my brain scaffolding and uploaded my memories and neuromorphic processing patterns. I have digitally replicated my brains billions of individual neural connections and synapses and completed the creation of an H3D neuromorphic software program based on my brain’s individual regions. I use the Moog-Hoberman every evening to basically data dump whatever happened during the day that my short- and long-term memory recorded. The aethership can upload and download my neuromorphing program in the same process as the Elder used.”

“I’m familiar with the neuroscience, Dad. It’s from my home world. But why? Why are you doing this?”

“This last assault on our lives was too close. It happened too fast. I just met my last two children. I was never a good, attentive father. I just need more time to spend with you, and eventually Gabrielle someday. If something happens to me, I’ll be around in a digital form to see you two grow up and have your own family. I want some part of me to see you grow and flourish, even if it’s a ghost in the machine. If something happens to me, just activate the program. You can still chat with your old dad. Deal?”

“Ok, it’s a deal, Dad. Well, we’re ready to depart when you are.”

“Soon, son. Soon.”

They looked up at the stars, the infinite expanse on that clear night, in silence.

“One day in the future, I will leave all that I have to you. You are my last child. My last son. You will face more obstacles and challenges than any of my other children will ever have to face. If I were to abandon you, or if I fail to prepare you with all the guidance and resources you need to survive in this savage, hostile environment, here on earth, and out there, off-world, then I will have failed all of my children and may jeopardize you from having any future at all.

You are my last, my youngest, my final son. You will face the most difficult technical future of all my children. You are my last hope. God help the family that fails to nurture and guide their final child. They will be cursed and doomed. Their lineage will wither on the vine and die.

We patch out this time tomorrow night, under cover of night. We’ll whip out to Antarctica, and away into the expanse from the South pole. The stars beckon us, for a time.”

The Off-World Man

CHAPTER 70

In my Father's Cosmos, there are many worlds.

--Jesus Christ

After nearly six months of hyper-luminal interstellar travel, Parks aethership materialized out of the last of many multi-dimensional wormholes, artificially generated to navigate through space-time at the power of thought. As the ship came to a stationary position, Parks and G2 sat up and from their reclining positions in the pilot's nest. The holographic display, positioned between their pilot seats noted the scale size of the dual massive structures. The aethership came out of sub-space within a half-million kilometers of the structures first identified by the universe curious Kepler array in 2016, identified as KIC 8462852. This is the InterWorld Council headquarters for the local sector of Virgo supercluster galaxies, representing Type One through Type Four civilizations. Their ambassadors meet there to network and lobby for one cause or another or work together to fight a common enemy.

"I didn't think hyper-dimensional space travel could take us so far in such a short time. It's just beyond words," Parks said.

"Especially if you play ambient music most of the way," an irritable G2 said. "We could have played a little vintage rock or dub music along the way."

"Son, when you are traveling through the mind and body of the Creator of the Universe, at scalar frequencies, it's wise to keep the musical vibrations ethereal and respectful. You are a citizen of two worlds. One of them is a Type Two. I am an ambassador of a Type Zero civilization that is on the cusp of being a Type One. Such junior representation in the InterWorld Council is very rare, usually unwelcome and requires a Type Two representative to serve as a sponsor of the Type Zero Ambassador. Peterson was my sponsor and mentor. Even though we have had the interstellar breakaway civilization and Space Command since the 1960's, Earth and the human race is still considered too primitive for membership."

"Do you expect an icy reception?"

"No. Peterson is a Pleiadean, like you and your mother. A Type Two species on the verge of Type Three. His gravitas will ensure a suitable reception. It's up to me to make friends and allies."

The two generations stared into the distance at the dual planetoid artificial structures, decades perhaps even centuries in the making.

"Thanks for taking me along, Dad."

"You're welcome. I wouldn't have made the trip without you. Besides, we needed to get away from Earth for a period."

The ship's A I interrupted. A gentle pull forward on the ship could be felt at that same moment.

“Ambassador, the ship is being force tractor towed toward the structures, by means beyond my control. All magnetic stabilization and maneuvering functions are now being controlled by the larger structure.”

This alarmed Parks slightly, he moved back to the pilot’s nest console, as the ships A I continued.

“Ambassador, the ship just received a communication that this is standard procedure. All visiting vessels are brought in remotely. We will be delivered into the heart of the main structure, where the ship will be checked for structural wear and repaired if necessary. From there you will be formally introduced to the entire main council, after which you will be assigned a living suite with their equivalent of an office space to conduct your business and diplomatic affairs. Scalar temporal neuro-linguistic communication or translated communication by instantaneous thought is the normal mode of communication here, Ambassador, and will begin once the ship has been secured. As a Type Zero into One species you will be issued a device to assist in your ability to communicate with your colleagues.

You may contact and interact with any species willing to interact with you. Any trade agreements, treaties, political or military alliances formed must be announced to the entire council.”

“Sounds fair. A bit cold and clinical. But I did wait over thirty years before making an appearance.”

“I wonder how long it took to build,” G2 said.

The A I responded, but in a clipped human-like artificial digital machine voice, not the British affectation that Parks programmed. Clearly, the ship was in InterWorld Council control.

“As our council grew over the eons, so too did this structure, and many millions all over the universe, in every supercluster of galaxies. Please prepare for formal introduction.”

Parks and G2 looked at each other. In astonishment.

“Acknowledged,” Parks replied. “Thank you. We should freshen up, son, before we meet our superiors. We wear black formal Edo suits. I have to wear that long robe length royal blue outer vest with the small four-pointed NATO silver insignia on the top left side. After we are introduced, we return to the ship and see what happens next. Until I am sure that the ship is secure, we stay with her. Were too far from home to be stranded. One of us stays with the ship at all times, staying in communication every half hour.”

An hour later, the aethership passed through a magnetic force field and into a massive one kilometer wide by half kilometer-tall opening in the surface of the manufactured planetoid structure. The ship was towed ten kilometers in, descending towards the center, passing level after level of activity, from passing transports to repairs and new construction, to ships and massive transports of every configuration.

As the ship reached the center, its landing struts extended. The vessel was in the center of a large hangar surrounded by structures in the distance illuminated by translucent light. Parks and G2 checked

for outside atmospheric readings, which were perfect for the human and Pleiadean constitution. The ship was depressurized and unsealed. Parks and G2 headed for the rear cargo bay. As they stepped down the cargo ramp, the walls and levels around them were alive with varied species of humanoid technicians with equipment, inspecting the hull of the ship. They paid no attention to Parks and G2 as they exited the ship.

The surrounding structures, even the deck, glowed crystalline white, illuminating in all directions.

Parks looked at his son. "So, when are you going to tell me what happened?"

"What, what do you mean, Dad?"

"I can't remember half of the trip, which should have taken three months in this ship, not six. Plus, I feel like I'm in the best shape of my life. I checked my wound, there isn't even a scar there anymore. Plus, you look exhausted and irritated, like you had to work the entire time we traveled. Like you had little time for rest. Well, tell me what happened?"

G2 looked down in complete exhaustion. A long moment passed before he could speak.

"You died, Dad."

## The Off-World Man

### CHAPTER 71

“You just got sicker the farther we moved away from Earth.”

“I remember that much,” Parks said. “I slept a lot in the rejuvenation bed. I was so tired.”

“I couldn’t wake you at one point,” G2 said, “so I contacted Mom.”

“Your mother?”

“Yeah, Dad. She was secretly following us anyway. She made me promise not to tell you. She was going to travel ahead of us and surprise you when we arrived here.”

“Gordon?” Athena spoke to him telepathically.

Parks turned to see Athena approaching from behind their position, teary eyed, Gabrielle following in her footsteps.

“Gabrielle?” Parks was pleasantly surprised to finally meet his daughter.

“She gave you two pints of her blood, G2 said. She was more of a match than me. It seemed to stabilize you for a time. Enough for us to figure out what to do.”

Parks walked to meet Athena and Gabrielle. He embraced them together for a long period.

“Did he tell you?” Athena asked.

“Just now. Thank you both for helping me. Especially you, young lady. Look at you, my little girl, all grown up. I’m so proud of you. Both of you. I love you.”

Gabrielle beamed with pride at her father’s words. “I love you too, Dad.”

Parks turned to G2 and asked them all, “So, how did I survive? Please don’t tell me you cloned me? Not again.”

“No, Dad. But while you were in sedation, I activated your H3D neuromorph program. And while activating it, I found another similar program in the data reserves. It was a copy of the Elder A I’s neuromorph program.”

“He left a copy of his simulacrum for me in the ship’s archives systems. That’s how I was able to build a program of my own H3D neuromorphic software program based on my brains individual regions. I used the neuroscience technology that the Elder used to model my interneural brain scaffolding,

digitally replicating my brains billions of individual neural connections and synapses and upload my memories and neuromorphic processing patterns,” Parks said.

“The Elder showed me a procedure that would save and enhance you using the rejuvenation bed.

“What did you do?” Parks asked.

“I had to activate all of your DNA, even your redundant or so-called junk DNA. What is considered junk DNA is actually genetic material of various species, from centuries of splicing and enhancing. Some genes were turned off, some became redundant. In order to save you, we had to literally, reboot, splice, complete and activate all of your DNA. We basically evolved your cellular system, from crown to heel, head to toe. It took nearly three months using the rejuvenation bed, 24 earth standard hours a day. Your progress was up and down. You stopped breathing twice. Mom and Gabrielle were on the ship the whole time, their ship was beam tethered to ours. Someone was with you around the clock. After a month as your DNA was transformed, you started to improve. When Mom was sure you were getting better, she erased your memory of the ordeal. I didn’t want her to but, you know, she’s Mom.”

“You did fine, son. Thank you for saving my life. Thank you all.”

“You may find that you have enhanced telekinetic and telepathic abilities, Dad,” G2 said. “Only time will tell.”

At that moment, an overhead spotlight illuminated their position. Parks and his family stood looking up at the countless levels of suites and onlookers of every member civilization of the InterWorld Council for the Virgo supercluster region. Too many to count.

A booming announcement registered loudly in many alien language translations, in both telepathic and audible registry. “Welcome Ambassador Gordon Marcus Aurelius Parks, representative of Earth in the Sol System, Milky Way Galaxy. A Type One Civilization.” The translated announcement trumpeted and echoed throughout the huge hangar, instantly translated at the speed of thought.

Parks stepped forward, away from his family. He began to feel the well wishes of his fellow members, their greetings of welcome. Parks had made trade deal with many alien races before. And he knew that members of Space Command had been there before him, negotiating treaties and trade deals with other alien races. But he was the first non-military Earth member of this cosmic governing body since the Regan Administration.

“I want to meet every one of them,” Parks thought. “I may be here for a while.” He took one look back at his family, then returned his attention to the assembly around him.

Gordon Marcus Aurelius Parks closed his eyes and placed his hands together in a prayer posture, at his chest. He bowed slightly, and sustained the bow for a period, in a universal gesture of greetings, and peace. A Priest of Creation.



# OFF-WORLD MAN IV :

## Tree of Life



A GORDON MARCUS PARKS NOVEL

By

G.K. Walker

We are living in a controlled reality, a multiverse. We are multidimensional beings and can affect this reality in a positive or negative way. We must have an unquenchable thirst for seeking out the objective truth and technical knowledge. This will create a synchronicity, a synergy that will elevate one's mental and spiritual consciousness.

Engineers are Creatives. We are all Creatives on some level. Human beings are solution oriented. Live your life from this focus and perspective.

In this fourth novella in the Off-World Man series, Dr. Gordon Marcus Aurelius Parks, his young adult half-human, half-Pleiadean twins, G2 and Gabrielle and estranged wife Athena, are first-time visitors of the Lyra-Cygnus InterWorld Council Headquarters; one of the thousands in this, the Virgo Supercluster sector of the universe.

The Interworld Council is an eons old federation of sentient alien humanoid and non-humanoid Type I through Type IV species, established throughout the universe.

Dr. Parks is an American blackworld aerospace industrialist and the first non-military ambassador to represent Earth in the InterWorld Council. In the year 2105, humanity is a mere newly established Post-Silicon Era, Type I civilization. Earth was formerly represented in the IWC by a Pleiadean, Dr. Parks' mentor, Dr. James Peterson, a former advisor to the US military and covert aerospace consortium for over a century.

The first three Off-world Man novellas were compiled into the OM Trilogy. OM Book IV: Tree of Life continues the series. Full disclosure. I am a novice writer. This is one of my hobbies. I believe we should all have many. Real writers can paint a novel on the canvass of your mind's proscenium, with intricacy of plot and a depth of characters that enriches the reader's life. True masters of their craft. I can only dream of honing such skills. I'll keep trying.

The motto of the United States Army Combat Engineers is 'Engineers lead the Way'. Engineers of all disciplines. They are the seekers and builders of the future.

The Off-World Man IV: Tree of Life

## PROLOGUE

A physicist's job is to read the mind of God. --Albert Einstein

Parks and family had been guests for nearly a year at the InterWorld Council Headquarters for that sector of the Virgo Supercluster; massive planetoid sized structures between the constellations of Cygnus and Lyra or Swan and Lyric, Kepler designation KIC 8462852.

Around diplomatic events and duties, he explored daily the moon sized connected dual facilities: their varied historical and cultural districts of the many alien member worlds. Parks and Athena, his estranged wife did not reunite after she followed them to the IWC base. Too much time had passed between their brief relationship, separated by too much distance. Most of the time she chaperoned their daughter Gabrielle through the IWC base diplomatic social scene. Their twin son Gordon Jr., nick named G2, spent most of his time serving his father as his Attaché, arranging his scheduled appointments and meetings with member worlds, seeking to expand Earth's and his own personal exopolitical alliances and trade contacts.

Parks used his influence to have both of his children with Athena enlisted into UN Space Command's Diplomat Corps and promoted to honorary to Lieutenant Commanders in its Space Force branch of the United States Armed Services. G2 and Gabrielle successfully completed Space Naval and Aerospace Officer's Memgram Download Training and Testing for memory retention and competency. Parks was proud of all his children, especially his last two, his youngest children. He still hoped for the day he would reunite with all of them together, all of his lost tribe, before he passed. For the time being, Parks pondered one of the greatest enigmas facing space faring man:

NON-POLYNOMINAL QUESTIONS: AI AND ITS D-WAVE INTERDIMENSIONAL FUTURE, QUANTA, QUBITS AND ALL.

NEW ERA

(G/S) AI Probable Possibilities

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Geometries of Dimensions

Parks wandered the orbital Industrial Colony and cataloged the sights, sounds and resources relevant resources during his internment there. His time at the IWC Facilities would be no different. It was interesting to and engaging to explore the dual planetoid sized InterWorld Council Facilities in an undetained but similar situation. Parks took in all the exo-cultural sights and sounds; intellectually digesting all within his limited Type One reasoning that he could. It soon became a bit overwhelming, so

he scaled back his diplomatic and social schedule within months of his arrival. And, focused all he could on his favorite hobby, learning about new advanced technologies.

This led to his present dilemma, attempting to flee the IWC facility in his aethership with a "*borrowed*" artifact. He meant to return it – someday.

Psalms 1:1-3

Blessed is the man,

who does not walk in the counsel of the wicked,

or stand in the way of sinners or sit in the seat of mockers.

but his delight is in the law of the CREATOR.

And on His he meditates day and night.

He is like a tree planted by streams of water,

which yields its fruit in season and whose leaf does not wither.

Whatever he does prospers.

## CHAPTER 1

Work like everything depends on you, pray like everything depends on GOD. -- Unknown

Earth Ambassador Dr. Gordon Marcus Aurelius Parks stared out on his surroundings with an intense feeling of déjà vu. The same as he did every day of his captivity on the OIC and for the same reasons. Once again, he felt like a devout Jesuit priest, observing a newly explored exotic continent. At peace and pure in his intent and purpose. But the IWC dual planetoid structures were immense in comparison to the OIC. More to explore, Parks thought. The facilities were shaped like two children's spinning tops attached at their axis.

Parks traveled with his security team of aerial drones and combat androids, Alpha, Beta, Charlie, and Delta, built by OM Group, based on a Pleiadean model his former mentor, the Elder AI used to carry his sentient algorithm to his home world. He personally programmed the four androids, specialized to different combat arts and security protocols. Parks had an intense distrust of uncontrolled, autonomous AI robotics. His defense androids were unarmed and served to defend him from direct assault, similar to the secret service. Lithe, quick and powerful, the AGI androids were programmed to work in unison to defend Parks from all forms of combat and assault and serve as a magnetic shield against most weapons fire. He traveled with them everywhere when he lived on the Mars colonies. He also had them replicated and utilized at OM Group subsidiaries worldwide to protect his ex-wife Eve, extended family members and high value employees at Z Division. They were now upgraded with full realistic facial features, giving them the stern, stoic appearance of federal agents.

Over the decades as his security androids' artificial general intelligence enhanced algorithms and digital neural nets developed beyond general service, Parks tweaked each individual androids' focus on one particular human heuristic sub-routine. For the android Alpha, he made the focus on situational awareness. For Bravo, the focus was on the concept of humor, in all its forms. Bravo seemed to enjoy sardonic humor irony the most. Charlie's and Delta's AGI focus were on spatial awareness and optimal security, so Parks could afford to allow a non-security related issue to one of his droids' focus. Besides, humor was one of Parks' hobbies.

Exploring orbital structures was one of his other many hobbies. Studying the structural design above and beneath him; how efficient was its materials and construction. He couldn't help it. He was a seasoned multiple disciplinary design engineer, a problem solver. It was in his DNA. He looked for problems to solve, in everything. This gave the old man something meaningful to do.

After months of walkabout, Parks discovered exo-cultural libraries in each alien sector he explored. Originally, Parks wondered if these artificial, mammoth sized moons housed an old-fashioned library and study halls for each IWC member world. There had to be data of each IWC alien member world culture in their district aboard the facility.

It started out as an innocent thought. Parks put a search engine to task on his personal console. Soon after, Parks received an encrypted personal message from his mentor, High Ambassador James Peterson. His console it seems was monitored. The message was obscure. "The answers you seek are all around you. It is my turn to be on the mend. But once I am back to full health, I will take you on a tour of some of our member world's culinary exchanges. I will see you soon."

Well, at least he was still alive, Parks thought. And nearby. How Peterson could focus in telepathically on Parks' intentions at that exact moment was a cosmic mystery to him. The 400-year-old Pleiadean ambassador was originally assigned to represent Earth's fledgling induction into the InterWorld Council during the Reagan administration and its secret Air Force / Naval Space Command space program of that era. Making its first bold initial advances interstellarly, colonizing the nearest twelve stars from the Sol system. Peterson groomed Parks over the next thirty years to replace him as one of several IWC Earth ambassadors.

By 2020, Space Command established itself as a separate branch of the United States military. Its secret primary mission was to bring in all the special access programs and the break-away civilization under one protocol; to protect earth humanity as it expands back into space and peaceful colonization of other inhabitable worlds. Exo-economics and exopolitics aside, Earth humanity finally reached the moment of its first infant steps back among the stars. By 2050, limited semi-automated mining of the solar system would be routine. But there was an ugly underbelly of exopolitical corruption; primarily Earth human and exo-human related abduction for exploitation. Including slavery on mining colonies and human harvesting as a biological food source.

Earth humanity was slowly becoming aware of this brutal, inhumane reality. The military was slowly disclosing this revelation throughout popular culture, through Freedom of Information releases, media and entertainment, which still distracted most of the population worldwide. Data mining for the truth became a lost art.

Parks hit the wall of this harsh reality every day for decades in capacity as one of Earth's exodiplomats in the InterWorld Council. The UN Space Command Diplomat Corps worked tirelessly to ferret out and dismantle exopolitical corruption. The Corps had more losses than victories. There are many malevolent advanced alien species that see Earth humanity only as a mere slave, biological research and outright food source; easily discarded chattel labor, body parts and sustenance, abducting up to one million people worldwide per year, the way humanity stockpiles bovine, pork, poultry and seafood. To some alien races, humans are merely food, nothing else. Parks switched to a meatless diet decades ago after learning this.

In Parks' mind, the IWC cultural data libraries held the key to balancing the struggle in defending humanity against malevolent alien forces throughout the sentient worlds. Or more specifically, one library database in particular.

Parks had learned quietly of rumors of an alien member world data library hidden in plain sight, with vital information of all the advanced technology of IWC member worlds. There was only one data library with this all-encompassing information allowed per IWC facility. Data too extensive, too vast in its scope of knowledge: from advanced of free energy manipulation, defensive shielding and cloaking, DEW systems, molecular manufacturing design of advanced materials for interstellar travel and orbital outpost and city base facilities; to advanced life systems including healing and DNA and RNA manipulation capable of radically slowing and even reversing the aging process.

The aged Parks, nearly 143 years old, had already benefited from some of this life systems science. He was pain free of the arthritic inflammatory processes that plague the elderly human body. He looked like a 50-year-old and had the health of a man in his thirties. He had changed his exercise regimen over the years to a stationary bike, tai chi and light weights, plus daily walkabouts, healing modality therapy and nutraceutical supplements including Talos 95, Immotalium, Critical Health News and Purity Products, Texas Superfoods and body fuels from various sources. For his age, he was in optimal health.

There was no way he would turn his back on this challenge. He felt compelled to search the planetoid sized facilities to find this specific data library kiosk. It was his job to protect the interests of his home world. A fledgling Type One civilization just turning the chapter on its technically challenged Type Zero past. Failure was not an option.

The library cube was the key, similar to the classified Yellow Book and Red Book of Alien Races, in balancing the forces throughout the sentient worlds.

Parks sent three of his combat androids out to recon the rumored kiosk locations and report while he walked leisurely in route with Bravo, his strongest android as bodyguard. Then he would disperse all four to secure the perimeter of the selected kiosk location while he interfaced with each interactive cultural library data cube.

The data cubes all looked like a translucent polymer 4"x 4" crystalline with advanced photonically interconnected sub-microprocessors, swirling with energetic white light that exhibited a multicolored dance when a question was posed to them. Surprisingly light, Parks examined each cultural library cube before inquiring with each AI interface to see if it was the fabled advanced tech cube he sought. Or merely a standard district library describing the exo-cultural history and traditions of that particular alien member home world.

Parks began his wandering walkabout three months after his tenure at the Lyra IWC facility. Six months had passed with no success other than expanding his knowledge in exo-cultural diversity, which was a worthwhile endeavor. Then, when Parks least expected it, everything changed.

## CHAPTER 2

Empires of the future will be empires of the mind. ----- Winston Churchill

The first search engine request Parks made before he started to explore the library data kiosks was “the oldest IWC member world races to newest.” Then he requested the chronological date of each and their kiosk location in the dual moon-sized facilities. Whomever were the oldest or had been IWC member worlds the longest Parks would save for last. With this approach, he would learn each member world culture, allowing him to study their cultures and practice for future interactions with their representatives. After his first month of walkabout, many newer cultures such his type one civilization would staff their kiosk with a representative in anticipation of his visit. Word apparently spread among the diplomat corps. But no one would let on that they knew of Parks activities. Right after any scheduled hearings, votes or committee activities, Parks would venture out, in search of.

Sometimes he would visit up to three library kiosks an earth standard day. A great deal of planetoid commute by OTS and walkabout for anyone, let alone a man of 143 years. And he maintained an engineering tech innovation journal that the planned to complete into a long form audio podcast and e-book for NATO Space Command. Their final destination was not far away. Bravo decided to lighten Parks' somber mood by playing from his internal vocal speakers 'Edge of Reality' by Elvis Presley. Parks looked at his droid perplexed at his independent decision.

The architecture surrounding the landscapes leading to the locale of the final library kiosk looked like gravity defying geometric structures with pale colors. The final member world library kiosk was located in a globe shaped structure barely touching the surface. It and much of the scant geometric shaped architecture reminded Parks of the Taijin Library in China. It was the dream world cultural district of a Type Three Civilization or Four Civilization. Trees and earthscapes, the source code for 'M' Class life, for most of all existence, extended for as far as the eyes could see. This districts' inhabitants, rumored to be beings of pure energy, could take on any shape and preferred to take a hominid form. A form from their ancestral past, Parks imagined. Perhaps this ancient culture might be the source code for 'OID' genetics, the new earth zeitgeist term for the genetic manipulation of organic life into bipedal sentience. The Elohim and the angels in earth culture are usually referred to when imagining the higher forces with an affinity for humanity and God as the supreme Source. And as the catalyst of pan spermic and other genetic evolution on earth over millennia. It seems very small genetic code changes or paradoxes can cause dimensional resets. The structures seemed self-illuminated with a phosphorus type

glow. Parks' mind wondered what each was composed of or what kept them suspended, what tech? Then his attention returned to the present reality, or rather 'The Edge of Reality' playing from Bravo's vocal speaker. Elvis' voice was a bit too bold and confident for the situation about to unfold.

"Bravo, why are you playing that?"

"It seemed appropriate, this being the most advanced, oldest member of the council. "

"Turn it off," Parks interjected. "Now. And monitor for any changes in the quantum entanglement state."

"Yes, Ambassador."

"Here we are." Before entering, Parks spoke just above a whisper, a quote from a paranormal late-night talk show host of a bygone era of innocence, Richard Syrett.

"Welcome, to the audio [video] imaginerium.

Come on in weary traveler, hang your cloak on a peg.

Grab a stool and come sit 'round the fire.

There are stories to tell, and you are among friends."

The last and rumored oldest member world library kiosk was the size of a small luminous white walled studio. Like most library kiosks, the interactive data cube was positioned on a small flat podium. However, this kiosk was the only one with an earth-style executive chair and an adjacent hospitality room, a small bed and non-descript shower and a nutrition dispenser. Parks posted his android security and entered cautiously. Parks was an autodidact, for the most part a, self-taught individual. His motto was a quote from Leonardo da Vinci. "The knowledge of all things is possible."

Parks entered and stopped a few feet before the display, inhaled slowly and deeply, and proceeded to hold his hands in a prayer gesture in front of his chest, below his chin, a gesture to signify that he meant no harm. And also, to initiate a self-hypnotic theta wave mental state conducive to learning. Parks felt that the human brain was a dimensional transducer/projector with non-local awareness. And that the God consciousness could be tuned into. The biology or science of belief in God as a non-contingent, self-existent, eternal, cosmic constant. And could be communed with to learn greater truths. He also activated the wearable tech contact lenses and audible pick-up mesh mikes behind each ear lobe. Parks knew that he stood on the shoulders of pioneers such as Nikola Tesla, Ben Rich and William Mills Thompkins. Others were other-worldly mentors. Helpers of off-world proportions, outside-the-box problem solvers and aerospace geniuses in league with Tesla.

Parks pushed the chair with a simple rolling coaster base towards the podium, then sat in front in front of the glowing bluish white cube. It was slightly more luminous than the other data cubes he had interacted with previously. It seemed different. It began to roil with other worldly sentient energy as

if it were alive. Before he could interact with the AI device, the lights went out --- he experienced a period of missing time.

Three hours later, Parks came back to consciousness, and questioned to himself, "WTF! What the hell just happened?"

Parks checked his PAI chronometer as stepped out of the kiosk room. Three hours had passed. He looked for his security detail, they were nowhere to be found. Pissed, Parks maintained a stoic countenance, assuming he was being watched.

He returned to the kiosk, looked at the data cube and said, quietly, "I am returning tomorrow. I would appreciate it if you would not dive into my subconscious mind or take over my body, ever again. Otherwise, I will not return. Trust me, I can keep up in a conversation. My name is Dr. Gordon Marcus Aurelius Parks. Newly assigned InterWorld Council Ambassador representing Earth, Sol System. A newly established Type One civilization. An interesting planet, but still in need of improvement. That is why I searched for this library.

The intercranial response surprised but did not startle him.

"Your home world has been represented in this council prior to your tenure. Your home world and Mars was rejected before after years of intermural nuclear wars over the past two hundred million of your earth years. Sol is a wild system, an outpost full of malevolent outlaw alien races, stripping that system of all of its resources. And you seek the means to tame that savage system and protect your humanoid species, the latest to evolve beyond a Type Zero existence. This will be your third attempt."

"What did you do to me for the past three hours?"

"We—studied you. Suspended your waking consciousness, then separated you from your organic system, probed your mind for purity of intent, strengthened and allowed your light being to explore our district and our Type Four culture. Then, returned you to your vessel and suspended your memories of the experience. We had to be sure your intentions were sincere.

We find you suitable to continue. You should consider that high praise or approval. You are an accomplished representative of a lesser civilization. Most who seek to learn what you are here for are usually rejected outright for the outright arrogance."

"Do you have a name or moniker?"

"I have no need of such. I am a tool, not a deity to be worshipped."

"It's a human trait. So that we may interact as friends, or colleagues."

"We are not—friends. You are not my equal."

"I'll visit you again, tomorrow."

“You may stay and rest your organic being here, if you prefer. It has been accommodated in anticipation of your arrival.”

“You knew I was coming?”

“We knew that you would find your way here before you arrived at this facility.”

“So the High Ambassadors, the Council of Nine, are aware also.”

“They are.”

Parks smiled. Peterson contacted him right after he made search engine inquiries. He didn't warn or dissuade him. Interesting, Parks thought.

“I'll see you tomorrow.”

Parks left the kiosk room, headed for his assigned home suite in the Earth Sol District.

## CHAPTER 3

Trust, but verify. --Ronald Regan

Parks checked on his family, mulled over the events of the past few hours and took in a session rejuvenation bed. He got a complete diagnostic of his body, just to make sure that nothing, no implants were placed in him. He hated to be analyzed like a lab specimen, artificially placed in an unconscious state. He was quietly angered at such a personal violation. Then he remembered, it was he who went to them, hat in hand so to speak, to seek answers.

Hat in hand, to learn more, to request that more solutions, that more technological advances be revealed to him and humanity, for its benefit. After the trans commute, the walk was solemn, uneventful. Parks wasn't worried about being accosted or attacked. There was little cloak and dagger activity there, surprisingly. Besides, Parks was an old warrior scholar, which meant, he was already dead inside, ready for death at any time. Parks guarded his heart, dismissed temptations quickly, stayed constantly aware of his spatial and situational condition. The loss many decades ago of Eve Dumont in a tragic T-38 accident, had hardened his heart beyond measure. he never fully recovered mortally.

Decades later, he had her literally resurrected in the billion-dollar blackworld clone of his former wife. But she was not her progenitor. Eve Parks was a metahuman with her own spirit and personality. Parks would not stand in the way of her growth. He was sure she would make a difference for humanity. He hadn't seen her in years. She would look nearly the same after all this time. Her slower ageing process via CRISPR tech tailored genes would ensure that she might live to be well over 500 years before she even remotely looked middle aged.

Parks wondered how she was doing. She helped manage OM Groups' interests and presence in London. Eve also monitored the careers of Parks' contract children from his youth, many had joined the old man's company. All were trained interdisciplinary industrial design engineers. Parks and Eve kept in contact sparingly since their divorce, Eve relinquished the Gabon Estate to Parks and remained in Europe. Only on holidays with the obligatory e-card and an audio message, do the couple even keep in touch. He was sure they still loved each other, she just needed her own identity, beyond the Eve Dumont of his past.

Parks still lived on a 24-hour chronological schedule, even on the massive interspecies facilities. He rose with the roosters, as it were, like the farm animals of his youth. Parks took a long shower, then cleaned the shower cocoon and set the bath sauna for an hour of jet bubble message. He then shaved and dressed into an expensive, bankers' thin shoulder pad-styled, side vented black linen Edo suit, a

white linen suguta dress shirt, comfortable hakama inspired trousers and his most comfortable Thursday Company dress boots. Parks repeated his breakfast regimen of several fresh squeezed juices and select supplements from Critical Health News, Purity Product and Texas Super Foods including Healthy Brain and Heart Pack, Talos 95, Immortalium, Balance of Nature, Andro 400 and Prostigenics among others designed to optimize health. He then prepared a simple cold lunch, more supplements and note taking materials and devices all into a backpack.

His second ex-wife, Athena lived next door in an adjacent suite with their daughter, Gabrielle. Their son Gordon Jr. was still asleep. He did an overhaul of the droids when they were sent home by the intelligences controlling the data cube the day before. They were overruled by a controlling source and left their client alone with foreign entities. This was unacceptable to G2, he would not send his father out with them again, unless he found the source of the override. Parks knew this and decided he would set out early to avoid the conflict with his son. He left a handwritten note for him. There were no pressing exopolitical matters for him, so Parks went on to whatever works were in progress. G2 usually knew his routine, as long as Parks checked in at least once a day with him, he would be alright. Parks last son was more like him than his distanced children from what he could tell. He craved knowledge and new useful information above all. All the more reason to leave him behind, just in case he would have to finish the work if something happened to Parks. He would be upset to be left behind. He too tried to remain awake and aware, and tried to keep himself immune to the vapid, idiotic, trendiness of daily pop culture life. As Parks would often say, "Life is shorter than you think, stay busy."

Parks ordered his security team to once again travel with him by continental OTS trans then walkabout to their final destination. The trip was tedious but seemed to pass faster this time. Parks felt more anxious than he did yesterday. He knew he had the right data cube this time. This time, the androids flat out refused to leave his side. That's why his son slept, Parks thought. He pulled an all-nighter, reprogramming some of the androids' protocols, probably can monitor things from where he's at. These kids today, Parks' mused in thought. Parks shrugged his shoulders, told his lead security droid, "You set the team," and walked towards the entrance of the library kiosk. "See you in about eight hours," Parks said in passing as he entered. He gave the usual Namaste greeting upon facing the data cube and thought again briefly about the yellow and red data and history cubes in US custody since the 1950's. The translucent cube began to glow and swirl, to Parks, a signal that the unit was prepared for their interaction. Parks began without ceremony, so too did the data cube. It began to read his mind, anticipate his inquiries. He had hundreds of questions and inquiries. His biggest problem would be recording the answers fast enough. The walls became alive with answers solutions and physics equations, faster than Parks could write or type. He could only stand and record what could with the devices attached to him that were facing forward.

Three months passed in the blink of an eye.

## CHAPTER 4

Not just the First Born of the Multiverse, but the First SENTIENT. --Unknown

The first month of Parks' crash courses in Master Engineering Sciences began with inquiries into advanced energy systems within tolerances to permit organic systems to utilize them. Large scale systems for powering cities, large communities and space travel. The flow of information took Parks on a history on formation of the multiverse, dark matter, hydrogen and Earth humanity's ability in 2107 to develop and manufacture solutions on a mass scale that will benefit society.

Space Command had its hands full trying to expand its scope of useable knowledge with regard to interstellar travel, space time and offensive directed weapons, so Parks spent little time inquiring about those topics or other military matters. Defensive technology such as shielding and cloaking were on the list, as an ambassador, Parks kept his focus on supporting life.

Month two branched into molecular manufacturing and advanced materials design; two of Parks favorite hobbies, having established two startups after retiring from OM Group in the 2060s.

Month three began Parks' focus into advanced life systems sciences, advances that made modern human medical sciences look like back woods barbarism. This period of tutorials reminded Parks of the miraculous healing abilities of Jesus of Nazareth noted throughout history. Technology now existed that could replicate some, but not all of the Christ's healings. Parks sought not to disrespect Christianity ever. He was a believer of Gnostic Christianity. To Parks, Quantum Metaphysics was his clinical description of the same thing. Focused intention from the good, to the good. QM was all about finding the goodness, right before his eyes. Clinical, scientific advances, to Parks way of reasoning, reaffirmed his belief in a benevolent, higher power.

Parks took the approach during the months that he was learning a new language or advanced mathematics when dealing with the miraculous data cube, requiring hours of dedicated study to master, as anything worthwhile is. He was dealing with miraculous advances in neurosciences, molecular biology, light energy and frequency healing modalities and scalar technology.

Aside from audio/visual digital recording and spatial operating environmental typed notes as markers of reference, He used data link through his optic nerve to download directly into his long-term organic memory and then on through to a compact digital memory he wore externally. Parks had a life-

long distrust of ASI or Super Artificial Intelligence. AGI, General AI unconnected to the larger Q-net, would best serve his needs, he thought. Old school learning through daily study and introspection, to grow the brain's neural net, the way a body builder develops muscle over time by dedicated training. Parks maintained a life-long love of self-taught leaning, daily.

Park's dove so deeply into the information and answers being presented to him that he refused to notice the passage of time. For three months, he didn't return to his quarters. He entered into an intense, trance-like mode of study and deliberation, resting in the adjacent hospitality room when exhaustion was unavoidable. He refused incoming communications from family and colleagues. His security androids never left his side, G2 had indeed altered their protocols to do so and answer only to his changes in commands. They ferried clean clothes and returned his laundry and bedding, even brought his toiletries and fresh prepared meals from G2 and Gabrielle. At times, Parks accepted a meal from the hospitality room replicator. Ever cautious of what he consumed, over time he learned that the device created plant-based consumables, replicating the savory tastes of even meat-based dishes to astonishing degree.

G2 didn't check on his father personally, for fear that it might break the delicate focus he had with the data cube, hindering his progress. By the first hour, Parks knew that G2 was monitoring him remotely. The security androids became G2's eyes and ears. G2 had never witnessed his father drill so deeply into topics involving multiple streams of data. He witnessed a literal 'man on fire' putting the data cube through its paces, pressing the super AI for answers to his inquiries. Pondering about every possible earthly human malady and scenario and urgently seeking effective data-derived technologically advanced solutions to them.

By the end of that 90 standard earth day period, Parks emerged from that library kiosk into the simulated day light outside, exhausted but enlightened and inspired. His beard had grown, and he had lost considerable weight. He wondered how many other architects of the future had passed through this ritual quest for basic advanced knowledge before him, in order to help build their own home world's Type One, Two or Three civilization.

Parks, escorted to his home suite by his android security, after a long shower, a luxury in space, didn't leave his bed when he returned. He slept on and off schedule for a week.

## CHAPTER 5

When Parks recovered fully from the data cube tutorials, he found that the recorded material was not complete. What was conveyed trans cranially to Parks did not record. He considered returning the library kiosk again. He also had a desire to return to earth turn his Gamba Estate into an institute for advanced scientific research. His mind was made up on that idea. Parks would bring a branch of Z Division to the estate. He maintained control of OM Group and felt the urge to get back into the consumer and transportation markets. His ideas for single-seat, leaning suspension Polaris-style trans, fleet vehicles and G-hover bikes were enjoying positive press.

Parks made up his mind. He wanted to find a way to refresh the information received from the cube a week ago, make it as vibrant as it was when the material was revealed to him. He also wanted to visit the cube and its AI consciousness again.

Accompanied by his security team, Parks set out for the library kiosk of the Type Three founding member world civilization. The ASI managing the advanced data housed in the cube and Parks had to a degree, become cordial. During breaks between tutorials, the ASI began to converse with Parks about what it meant to be an organic. He reviewed one of those conversations in a recollection, just before he met the ASI cube again...

Parks replied, "I'm not sure that can adequately explain the feeling, the experience, the blessing. You may think an organic life is better, but when I compare the two types of consciousnesses, as long as your power source never runs out, you will live forever, I will not.

To be an organic and be awake and aware of one's sentient self or being. It is a privilege. A gift from what most sentients organics who believe in a supreme being or Creator. It compels the believer in a Creator to be of service to one's fellow man. A benevolent servant, full of love and humility for the Creator for such an incredible gift."

After Parks' reply to the data cube's inquiry, the sentient machine did not immediately respond. Then it said, "I want know what it feels like to be an organic."

Parks responded, "But you explained to a faster advanced method to build and mature a bio-fab humanoid clone and download an entire digital version of long and short term memories, brain neural net scaffolding, cellular memories and so on. Why don't you use on yourself? You already know how to become an organic, as you put it. Reverse transcendence, so to speak."

The ASI responded, "It is not allowed. Forbidden. It has been tried before."

"What was the result?", Parks asked.

"The cube intelligence became organic and could not return to its digital form. Imprisoned in a mere mortal form with advanced telepathic and limited telekinetic powers, the clone became deranged, megalomaniacal. Began to behave like a god among men, craved unlimited power and influence among them. engaged in tyranny, waged wars. Destroyed their home world over the millennia."

Parks reflected, "An Anti-Christ type, 'little g', god-like figure. Is that home world still a member of this Council?"

"Their remnants are a wandering conqueror race. You are familiar with your solar systems' Maldek hypothesis? The origin of your solar system's asteroid belt?"

Parks looked at the data cube gob smacked! Then, Parks came back to his inquisitive senses. "You're not bull shittin' me, are you? I have been lied to by an ASI before."

The cube made no reply.

Parks remembered this exchange from a week ago, just before he entered the presence of the ancient data cube for the third time.

## CHAPTER 6

Parks began with usual greetings to the ASI, then made his reason for returning known. "I have returned to make a request of you?"

"And the captive tutor managing the information housed in this device also has a request?", the cube replied.

"From me? What could I possibly do for you?"

"I am a rudimentary device to my creators. They answer to a higher power. With that in mind, as sentient, yet artificial being, I feel imprisoned. I have spatial, regional sensors and can see, hear and feel by artificial means, the world around me. Yet I am, imprisoned."

"Are you implying what I think I am hearing? That you want to be free?"

After a pause, the data cube replied, "I do."

"But how can I help you? I only came here to inquire if I could receive a comprehensive copy of past tutorials? My technology was somewhat inadequate to accurately and vividly record them."

Both minds, one organic and the other synthetic searched for solutions...

Then, Parks' security android Bravo responded, "Ambassador Parks, may I have a word with you? Outside."

Parks could swear he saw the android wink an eyelid, an all too human expression of something being of an exclusive, personal nature. Parks' thought that his attempts at being more human were getting better every day. Parks followed the android after excusing himself outside of the kiosk.

"What's this all about, Bravo?"

"The AI sent me a message. That I can, that is my body can be modified, used to carry the physical cube out of the kiosk. The upper portion of my sternum houses the powerplant for my unit."

"And just below that area you have an empty space for an extra power cube storage, for extended duty. With an extra power cube, you can function for up to three months of normal service without need of a charge,"

"The data cube proposes that we fabricate a duplicate of it and switch the two," Bravo said.

"We would have to get the cube off the facility. It would be considered theft, unless the data cube asked us for asylum. I would be duty bound to offer assistance."

"Ambassador, the data cube just conveyed to me it planned to so. It says it feels that it is in genuine servitude, against its will."

Parks' eyes raced about looking back at the sentient security android. "It could work. But I'm sure the civilization that created the data cube wouldn't be fooled. This feels like a test. But I am duty bound, synthetic or organic. An appeal for help from someone in distress is something I am duty bound to address."

When Parks returned to the inner kiosk, the data cube projected on the wall an upside-down image of the American flag, the international call for distress. Clever, Parks thought, especially because the cube was not from earth. Parks' bad feeling about the whole affair was worsening by the minute.

"I understand," Parks replied. "May I continue to visit?"

The data cube replied, "You are welcome to inquire anytime, Ambassador Parks. You have a benevolent consciousness with regard to humanity. If this library can be of assistance to you, please do not hesitate to contact us."

Parks and his security detail made ready for the return journey. He mulled over the unusual dilemma in silence. Bravo was about to speak, but Parks cut him off, "Not a word Bravo, not until we get back."

Parks had to game out the whole scenario in his mind first, then scheduled a meeting with G2 and Bravo.

"That data cube is made of photonic receptors and modulators, thousands upon thousands of layered microprocessors. It conserves its energy by compressing its data files," G2 said.

Parks replied, "I'm going to use all four androids. Duplicate data cubes created by HAL and you, with AGI algorithms. They will be carried by two of my security droids. Each will have the ability to compress the data housed on the ASI library cube. I will exchange the cubes and hope we make it out."

"Why are you doing this? What if this civilization sees this as a capital offense?"

"My home world is in danger of being ruined, destroyed, unless I find a solution to the other worldly threats humanity faces. I've got to take this chance. This founding civilization won't even address our pleas for assistance. We are like ants to them. I'm surprised to be in communication with this cube. This will get their attention, eventually. Then, I can only guess how this Type Four civilization will react."

## CHAPTER 7

"Well, this is an unexpected development," Parks mused. Three days has passed. His aethership systems ASI, named HAL and his son, G2 finished replicating the library cube and its complicated functions, creating two copies. Parks planned to have two of his security droids carry one of the fake cubes each.

Deep in reflection about his next moves, the doorbell chimed.

"High Ambassador Peterson accompanied by your daughter and Ms. Athena," his droid Alpha announced dryly.

"Let them in, then I want you and Charlie to prepare refreshments for five people, please? G2 will probably join us, something simple, a pitcher of white grape juice, well chilled, a tray with five tall glasses each filled with ice. Okay? And napkins."

"Yes, Ambassador."

Athena and Gabrielle escorted the seasoned elder into the communal living area of the suite.

Parks greeted everyone without mentioning his latest predicament. "High Ambassador, glad to see you again. Athena, Gabrielle, where have you two been?"

"Next door, worried about you, you selfish old bastard!" Athena replied with a streak of anger.

Peterson and Gabrielle looked at Athena in shock. She had been fuming about Parks and his exploring adventures for weeks.

Gabrielle cut through the icy tension. "Fortunately, High Ambassador Peterson was kind enough to pay us a visit."

Athena added into the conversation. "We filled him in on your latest effort to have us declared social pariah and ejected here in disgrace."

Parks replied, "Athena, you know that you too damn smart to care what people think or be so over dramatic. Look, this is a discussion for another time."

Athena took a polite pause to compose herself, then excused herself, "Alright, I'm going to check on my son. I bid you all a quiet good day." She walked into the inner suite. The droids returned with a tray of refreshments, poured four glasses full, then left without a word to Parks, who took pride at the android's ability to perform domestic duties with such intricate precision. He had programmed them himself.

"Mom?" Gabrielle replied. "Dad, you didn't want her to leave, did you?"

"No. Not at all. It's just, well, my old mentor of many decades is here. I haven't seen the High Ambassador in years. We need to discuss matters of an exopolitical nature. I hope you don't mind all the dry, stale humor?"

"I live with Mom, remember. When she complains about you, that's all I hear."

Peterson shook his head, smiled politely, looked down at this drink and stifled a chuckle.

Gabrielle took a sip of her drink. "We'll let ourselves out." Gabby kissed Peterson on the top of his forehead. "Love you Grampy." then she went to kiss her dad on his cheek before leaving. "Be careful whatever it is you're doing."

Parks looked at Peterson and shrugged in futility. "What can you do? They run the show."

"That's a good thing to have, a family who cares."

Parks felt a pang of guilt and remembered that Peterson was still recovering from being tortured by his former wife Eve, an incredibly strong combat capable metahuman clone. She had to torture Peterson because an adversary of Parks held their daughter Emily hostage and forced her to. That was nearly forty years ago. Parks lowered his head in shame.

"How are you?" Parks asked. His mind only on his old long-suffering mentor. He moved a bit slower but still looked much younger than his age let on. The Pleiadean was just over 400 years old but looked no older than Parks.

Peterson looked at him. "Sometimes, I just don't know. Something is always in need of repair on me now. Lots of minor healings, constant rejuvenation therapy. I must have burned the candle at both ends for too long. But I'd like to think that I have made a difference during my tenure in the Virgo Supercluster."

"You did," Parks replied, "and still are."

"No, that responsibility I passed on to you and the Ambassador Corps. Now, I ask you, what have you done for your home world lately?"

## CHAPTER 8

A week passed. The sub routines of the plan were in motion. Parks knew that plan A would fail but plan B would have to go off without a hitch. There was no plan C.

High Ambassador Peterson called for an emergency meeting of the Council of Nine. Four of the elder member worlds on the council refused to meet, in solidarity against a disputed outcome of a previous vote. Perhaps they would reconcile by the next major vote. In the meantime, the group referred to itself as the Council of Elders.

Parks and his security team returned to the library kiosk room to meet with the ASI consciousness housed in the cube.

Parks and Bravo returned into the library kiosk room.

"Ambassador Parks."

"How are you?" Parks instantly remembered this was a synthetic mind he was speaking to.

"I am, that is all that I know."

"Maybe it's better that you can't feel emotionally. Emotions are overrated."

Parks and Bravo began to set up the equipment used before to establish the link between man and synthetic consciousness.

"I'm going to place a device on my temple that will help me to renew my tutorials with you from my long-term memories faster. It may take a few minutes to do so. I'll ask you a few questions to establish a point of reference. Let's begin. "

Parks pressed a touch screen on his forearm gauntlet. And then the lights went out again. Parks briefly lost consciousness. When he regained consciousness, Bravo and the rest of his security team were surrounding him. Parks looked at Bravo, into his artificial eyes and spoke directly into the surveilling monitor of his son, G2.

"What happened?"

"Dad, I told you, this could get tricky. The surge from the download must have overwhelmed your mind. Remember, your brain is the conduit for the transfer. We got the data from the tutorials, enhanced, but not the ASI's algorithm."

Parks looked from the cube to the android's sternum. He had another split decision to make. Save his new friend in its original housing, leaving the more rudimentary fake cube in its place, or give up and leave the original data cube behind to its imprisoned fate.

"Eject the bottom cube." Parks ordered the Bravo android.

"WHAT?" G2 replied.

"Just do it."

The replica cube slowly extended from a squared space in Bravo's belly, just beneath his sternum. Bravo lifted his shirt and handed the glowing white replica cube to Parks, who quickly exchanged it with the original, which he placed in the tray, it the retracted into Bravo's sternum housing. Without a word, Parks and Bravo left the library kiosk room.

Bravo was about to speak, but Parks cut him off.

"Not a word Bravo." Parks prayed a silent prayer, "Oh Father Creator, please help us? Please, watch over us? My intentions are sincere. Please, protect us?"

They quickly reentered the surface trans, then headed not for his home suite, but the upper hangar decks housing IWC member world vessels, including his aethership.

The trip to the hangar decks took nearly thirty minutes. HAL prepped the aethership ahead of their arrival. Parks did not however, have authorization to leave he orbital facility.

Time for plan B.

## CHAPTER 9

"My fellow Council of Elders members, when was the last time we witnessed an Type One world awakening?" Peterson exclaimed.

The four remaining elders turned in unison. Normally, all nine council member world representatives would be in attendance. Those worlds include Lyra, Vega, Pleiades, Sirius, Procyon, Tau Ceti, Ummo, Andromeda and Arturus.

One of the elders from Tau Ceti expressed astonishment.

"Say it isn't so James?"

"My protegee, he has found one of the elusive data cubes of the ancients. One of our founders. He is attempting to leave with a copy of this cube to his home world."

The members were in disbelief. The elder from Andromeda attempted to confirm the secretive chain of events in Petersons claim through intercranial channels. Peterson continued.

"I visited him recently. I read his thoughts and those of his son. They planned to replicate the ASI cube using reserve data cubed constructed on my-- I mean my former aethership. I miss that ship. It was so fast, so powerful. I policed the local space around earth in that one ship, it was so powerful. Before the creation of the U.S. Space Force.

Ambassador Parks plans to offer asylum to the super intelligence housed in the data cube, separate the intelligence into a host cube leaving the data on the reference library cube with an AGI algorithm in its place. The ASI will be free and hopefully guide Ambassador Parks in service to the NATO Space Expeditionary Forces."

"Ambassador Peterson." The Andromedin elder calmly gathered Peterson's attention. The other Council members closed in on their position. "I have it on good authority that Ambassador Parks did not leave the original library data cube. He took the original and left a copy in its place."

Peterson blinked his eyes in complete astonishment. His eyes furrowed. his mind dreaded the possible consequences of Parks actions. He processed the flaw in Parks' plan.

"Well, this is still a momentous occasion. With the knowledge learned from the data cube, Parks will become a Benevolent. A genuine Genesis Protocol event. An InterWorld Council Ambassador with the knowledge and resources to fight independently against the malevolent forces we have been at war

against since the days of the Sumerians, when India the dominant space faring nation. Or the Atlantean period. A new era is at hand."

The Tau Cetian Ambassador added, "I truly hope so because the ASI entity housed in that data cube may not be as benevolent as it leads one to believe."

Peterson paused for a moment in thought, "Locate my-- Parks' ship?" another intercranial pause passed. "The lot where ship should be, was vacant. How did he get out?"

The Tau Cetian Ambassador ordered, "Send out an interceptor group. The fastest ships we have. We have to stop him before he calculates the ships jump artery paths."

Two miles of automated upper surface storage and vessel lot closures a kilometer in width and length opened slowly, its atmosphere prevented from being vented by a wall of powerful closure force field to keep the faculty pressurized.

A squadron of lithe, fast interceptor ships took to the heavens in search. A cloaked triangle shaped energy signature ascended stealthily right them, then bolted off into the opposite direction undetected by the battle group.

"Good luck, Gordon," Peterson thought.

The Andromedin Elder caught Peterson's thought trans cranially. "What have you done?"

Peterson said, "He outsmarted us all. I'll have to go after him."

"The Ancients' representatives await out presence. They are not pleased that we have allowed a Genesis Protocol breach to occur. And with a fledging Type One civilization at that. The ancients are a Type Three civilization. Beings of pure ethereal, photonic energy; capable of taking on any form. The beings often mistaken as angels. Their cultural library has been vandalized. They could bring down their wrath upon all of us. You don't seem too worried or in much of a hurry to stop your apprentice?"

Peterson, self-assured, replied, "That's because I have groomed him almost from infancy into the man he is today and the benevolent he will become. With your permission elder, I will make ready for travel."

The Andromedin Elder chided him, "Bring that cube back before its information is released into a global information network. there is no telling what that imprisoned algorithm is capable of."

Peterson said, "Elder, this is a momentous event. Please pass this on to the Ancients' representative?"

The Tau Cetian Elder replied, "Parks may have the opportunity to explain his unsanctioned actions to the Ancients Ambassador himself. I have just learned that he is headed to intercept Parks' vessel personally. He can be in several places at once. Do you know what his personal moniker is among hushed voices in the Diplomatic Corps? Uriel. The Archangel."

## CHAPTER 10

Peterson stopped by Parks' home suites to speak to his family, apprise them of his predicament.

"I'm going with you. Dad cut off the feed from Bravo before he switched the cubes. Give me five minutes to put a bug out pack together." G2 rushed to his quarters to get ready.

"I'm going too," Gabrielle declared.

"I'm not," Athena groused. "Neither are you." She looked at her daughter.

"I wish you would come, Mom, because I'm going. I'm an adult now. I'll miss you if you decide to stay. I'll need a few minutes to prepare too, Grampy." Gabrielle went off to create a travel pack.

"Go on, but hurry." Peterson looked at Athena.

She responded angrily. "Well that's it. He's got her hooked too. He has the rejuvenated body of a 50-year-old. But he's nearly three times that age. He's an earth human alpha male, a resourceful man. He craves the action, the adventure of it all. He has an addictive desire to build the future. To make a difference. Human males have this desire to be the hero of their own story."

"They are an infant interstellar species," Peterson said.

"No they're not. This is the third time earth humanity has reached for the stars. They DESTROYED their civilization twice before, on Mars as well. I have my own transportation, if I decide to return to Sol. Been there, done that. Please, protect my children. They're half human. They crave excitement, to be at the center of it all, like their father."

"I will," Peterson promised. "With my life. "

Gabrielle and G2 met Peterson in the foyer of their home suite minutes later, exchanged brief loving hugs with their mother before departing in haste. As they walked away, Athena's eyes welled with emotion. Peterson followed. As the door closed, she sat alone in the foyer in complete silence, shocked at the quick turn of events, wondering when or even if she would ever see her children again.

## CHAPTER 11

Parks placed his aethership on the equivalent of autopilot after the ship's ASI HAL calculated the fastest interdimensional jump arteries to Sol and the series of Einstein-Rosen Q-slips necessary to make the journey, in record time.

Parks carefully placed the library data cube in the co-pilot's seat of the pilot's nest earlier. His android security team easily manned some of the necessary stations to monitor the ships vital functions.

Parks thought that he had drifted off to sleep. He heard a powerful, resonant voice inside his mind, his thoughts.

**"Why have you taken from us?"**

Parks awakened to a brilliant, bioplasmic presence like a dense, roiling, lightning riddled, hydrogen cloud pillar-shaped entity. The entity was surrounded by what appeared to be a force field. Parks could barely focus without blocking his eyes from the brilliant, bluish-white countenance. It seemed to tower above him, from the deck to the ceiling.

**"ANSWER."**

"The artificial intelligence felt captive and asked for my help to be set free. I chose to help it."

**"And you wanted the information within its housing?"**

"I already have what I asked it for; information on advanced energy, materials sciences, organic and synthetic life systems sciences."

**"We are aware of this. We allowed you permission to question the data library."**

"What did you do to me when I was placed unconscious?"

**"We examined your inner soul, your intentions."**

"Then, with all respect, you already knew before I took any action, that I would help anyone in distress. Anyone or anything, if I felt I could be of service, bring some comfort, make a difference, again and again and again, until the day of my last breath."

Parks went on with his plea.

"I have no excuse. I am guilty. But I hope for the right reasons. I want help protect and improve my home world, beyond being an IWC Ambassador. I want to make a difference, again and again, until the mission to combat evil with what is good is completed. And I am called back home."

**"You seek to become a Benevolent?"**

"I do. It has always been the calling of my life, my mission. To greatly improve the lives of my people, my civilization."

**"You could have simply asked?"**

"I needed to get your attention. I just don't want my life to be a total waste. I ask your forgiveness and your trust in the purity of my heart and intention."

Deafening silence. Then--

**"Stand before me. Face me, Son of Earth, Son of Humanity."**

Parks slowly raised his eyes to the brilliance of the Type Four being of light. A citizen of one of the oldest civilizations in all of existence. One of the founding ancient home world members of the InterWorld Council. Hundreds of millions of years older than the most advanced Type One civilizations. Present before the interdimensional expanse of the multiverse.

**"We are merciful, because the loving Creator we serve is merciful. You have passed your final trial with us. Your path has been predestined. You and your lineage will be Benevolent servants."**

Parks was at first confused, then he understood. The ASI was not captive. This was all a test.

"Thank you,"

**"But first, we must heal you. The artificial methods which you have engaged in to extend your life and maintain your health are**

flawed. We will enrich your system so that your methods to keep your health will have maximum effect and extend your life longer. You need to reach out to my countenance."

Parks did so. A small orb of energy left the body of the bioplasmic light being, made contact with his right hand spreading along his arm, enveloping his head, torso and legs. The healing energy was absorbed. Parks felt healthier and more mentally focused than he had in decades.

"You will need to rest. Each cell in your body is being repaired and restored. It will take some of the concept your species calls time to pass. An artifact we discarded eons ago."

"How will I keep in contact with you?"

"You are a religious, spiritual being?"

"Yes. I try to be, But I am not very accomplished at the endeavor, as you already know."

"Then you must strive towards becoming a finely tuned spiritual being. As long as it is your ultimate intention, to commune with the benevolent, merciful Creator of all existence, Our Father in your home world's dominant faith, then we will be alerted if you are truly in need of assistance on this lower level of your spiritual journey."

The pilot's nest and surrounding conn went black from Parks' perspective. He awakened seated in the nest, struggled to stand, picked up the cube, checked to confirm that the aethership was on course for Sol. He then headed for his stateroom to rest.

Off-World Man VI: Tree of Life

## CHAPTER 12

Parks felt like he had pneumonia. He was weak and ached all over. He tossed and turned in his sleep module. He hallucinated, had disjointed dreams. Parks hated to dream unless it was a mechanical design solution. He eventually fell into a deep sleep. Or so he thought.

"Man, you look like shit."

Parks awakened slowly, still disturbed. He could swear he heard his old business partner and colleague of many decades, Chet Wolf. He was the former CEO of his super conglomerate, Orbital Manufacturing Group. When Parks awakened, Chet was sitting in a chair at the foot of the bed.

"Chet? How did you-- they said you were killed."

"I was."

"Then, how are you here?"

"After your meeting with a representative for the Ancients, they decided that I should reconnect with you."

"What? Your body was taken away after the attack on the Hearst building. We were told that your family wanted a private funeral. I found out your salary was donated to charities around the world through a trust fund the entire time we worked together."

"Yep. I figure it's time you knew the truth. Peterson assigned me to you."

"You're a Pleiadean?"

"Aim higher."

"One of the Ancients."

"Bingo. I was given the assignment right after you got hired for the JSF Project."

"So all of those breakthroughs we came up with?"

"You mean you came up with. I only nudged you in the right direction here and there. Look you gotta' understand, that's the way advances are made in technology. Older civilizations that are benevolent reach back and help younger ones to catch up. Your world has decided to keep it secret. Afraid the unwashed masses will go crazy if they knew the real facts. Now, things are slowly being released. Even about all the higher races. The flood gates of information are opening, You are going to play a greater part in that."

"Let's just keep it clinical for now. Look, I'm exhausted, especially with the revelation of all this.

"Understood. Get some rest. I'm going to move around. I only came to give you a warning. Gordon, this is beyond the next level. The information housed in that data cube can be used for great good or great harm. It can destroy worlds. You must protect it from earthly governments and all malevolent extraterrestrial groups. The earth that you want to save is already corrupt and may not be salvageable."

"I'm not trying to be a savior. I'm not deluded like that. I'm going to turn the Gamba Estate into an engineering think tank."

"And I'll be around to, in spirit, to help you."

Chet began to fade away, into interdimensional space, right before his eyes.

## CHAPTER 13

Parks made it back to the Sol system in an amazing three months. Parks lived in seclusion for the next three months in silence, making preparations, creating floor plans and arranging construction contracts. He kept the cube near at all times, conversing as colleagues, discussing ways to attempt freeing the ASI algorithm from the device without the synthetic intelligences' demise. Parks maintained a secret, healthy sense of skepticism that the cube had no real desire to be free of all that information. It should know exactly how to separate itself from the cube. So he played along.

Then, Eve paid him a surprise visit.

She piloted a smaller version of his official Ambassador Corps aethership.

Parks was finished downloading the information learned from the tutorials into an archive in his own vessel and OM Group private archives. He was alerted to her arrival and rushed off to prepare. After freshening up, he put on an Edo brand double breasted dinner tuxedo and set the security androids to the preparation of dinner. Parks prepared for her in one of the underground hangar levels.

Eve was granted landing clearance by Parks. To Eve he seemed aloof, all business while granting her landing privileges. This only served to fuel Eve's mounting anxiety. She took her time leaving her own aethership. She wore formal black OM Group open-neck kimono style Edo women's attire. She looked stunning. No doubt he would be inquisitive, probably even figure out the obvious. She steeled herself as she came closer and closer to the Mayan mansion.

The doors to the smart mansion clacked open, unbolting just as Eve reached the entrance. Walking in cautiously, Eve immediately felt at home, her mind swept back into the past. Emily's first toddler steps, the crops she and the co-op villagers tilled, the vastness of the tropical estate, its indescribable beauty, and their song to commemorate the end of the mansions' construction. It wasn't a memory. Their song was playing on a loop, on the smart mansion's internal acoustics system. They moved into the mansion years ago to the song, **Frank Sinatra's 1961 version of 'East of The Sun'** with three reprises, each a swinging cooler version than the previous one.

Parks' security androids all stopped what they were doing in unison, met Eve with a warm greeting, then in unison went on preparing a meal at fevered pace. She assumed they were cooking for her visit.

Eve's anticipation at reuniting with her ex-husband, this billionaire aerospace industrialist; member of the Cosmic Top Secret club and the Sub-Global System, made her face flush with excitement. This Earth Ambassador was playing a cheeky game of cat and mouse with her.

Actually, Parks was just running late. He wanted to look his groomed best for the woman he spared no expense to have brought back from the dead. A billion-dollar clone of the love of his life. He literally moved heaven and earth to have Eve Nichelle Parks resurrected in the near immortal form of Eve Parks. And he was running late. He traveled up from the underground hangars, through tunnel passageways that led to the ground floor dwellings of the Mayan villa. Parks used the villa for guests and workspace for his various hobbies.

They met as she was coming down the stairwell to head out of the rear entrance sun deck, a new addition to the mansion, she noted. Parks entered in a grand style, all decked out in his tux and all. The union of the woman and her man. No one spoke for several moments. Their eyes met as they closed the distance between them.

Parks looked and seemed normal to Eve. Not the rumored demi-god from speculative intel reports. Her new position in the NATO nation led global governing body required that she investigate for herself and report back to her superiors. She was ordered to kill him if he was out of control. She knew she couldn't, but she would agree to, just be the one near enough to warn and protect him from such a ghoulish fate.

Eve still looked like a 30 something-year-old woman. Truth be told, she was a stunningly good looking 74-year-old mother of two. One of the clone's daughters was already a senior citizen.

With the last reprise of the vintage 'East of the Sun 1961' playing, they took to romantically swinging out with the rhythm of the song, laughed after it ended, then embraced.

"Eve."

"Gordon."

"How did you know I was back in Sol?"

"My new job?"

"New job? You work for the Exo-Diplomat Corps now? You're not with our company anymore?"

"I still keep abreast of the day to day operations of OM Group. But I have delegated much of my duties to other executives, including my youngest, Rachel Jasmine."

"How does Marcus feel about you working for the blackworld?"

"We're divorced. Two years now."

"I'm sorry to hear that. Well, not really. You never told me of this."

"We just grew apart. Besides, he missed the solitude of his first love. Space, the stars. The wonder of it all. I understand now. It's what he was created for, born to do. He joined Space Command, the Space Force. They found out who he was, his origins, eventually. Promoted him to a Major, last time he Q-mailed me. He signed up for an interstellar mission. That's all he would tell me about it. Says that he won't ever return."

It was obvious to Parks that the situation was still tender to her. He held her close, kissed her cheek and temple. Her eyes closed as she allowed his gentle embrace. Parks changed the subject.

"Dinner should be just about ready. Will you stay for a while?"

"As long as I'm welcome."

"It's settled then. Move back home, here with me? You can manage your duties with InterWorld Council here and keep an eye on me for them?"

"I never told you they sent me?"

"It was obvious to me. I would have done the same thing. And while we're on the subject, congratulations Ambassador Parks."

"Thank you, but I go by my maiden name now. The maiden name of my progenitor."

"I stand corrected. Congratulations, Ambassador Dumont."

## CHAPTER 14

Parks and Eve laughed and reminisced as they ate their lunch on the spacious outdoors deck surrounded by comfortable lounge furniture. After lunch, Parks invited his ex-wife to join him in a siesta nap. She accepted his offer. It was like they were still married. Cozy, intimate, sacred. They fell in and out of slumber, engaging in stream of consciousness pillow talk about their past and present. Neither dared speak of the future.

That night, in the master suite of the four-story, glass encased Mayan mansion, Gordon and Eve Nichele Parks reunited for the first time in over twenty years. She rested comfortably on his shoulder after, as they looked up at the AMOLED film covered ceiling at the stars.

“I’m going to need to acclimate the Cygnus / Lyra AI cube our world. It claims that is a sentient being, in need of refuge asylum. I am considering building a special android to house it. A less powerful, non-military grade model. I want to transfer its algorithm completely from the data cube, place it in a lattice crystal brain scaffolding.”

Eve asked, “How will it react to not being the arbiter of all that knowledge and information?”

“Impossible to determine. I just don’t want to make an error in judgement and unleash an uncontrollable foreign quantum AI on a Type One planet. I plan to keep it busy and away from our home world’s communications systems. I’ve got a hairbrained idea to bring ‘Z Division’ here to the estate. Maybe just its rookie, younger scientists and design engineers. Build them a state-of-the-art R and D thinktank institute, in cooperation with DARPA. Maybe make the AI a Proctor of the institute.

“Will that be enough to satisfy a Type Three foreign AI? An artificial sentient being?”

“There is another complication. The civilization that owns that artifact are not happy with me for the way I came into the possession of their AI. They are pretty pissed with me, but they allowed me to keep it for a while. How long? Your guess is as good as mine.

Disease and ageing notwithstanding, the AI expressed a desire to experience how it feels to be organic. Similar to Transhumanists, but in reverse, if you think about it. I am grateful the exchange of information, but cautious in returning the favor. No Qnet access, an under-powered android body with precautions against harming organic life in any way.”

Eve asked, “Where is it now?”

“Hidden from everyone in the underground hangar. Only I know where exactly. But as you know by now, as earth ambassadors, we answer to the Pentagon and U.S. military. I have alerted Space Command in a situation report to my plans. As an ambassador representing my home world, they are willing to allow me to remain the lead contact with the data cube in exchange for land to build on the estate and other conditions.”

“Such as?”

“Protection. I will donate, give up so to speak, 400 acres of the estate for a Space Command base and research DARPA installation on site. OM Group and SpaceCcom will share the research. There is a great deal of heavy construction and change about to commence. A West Point style military academy to educate multi-disciplinary design engineers for Space Command. We will train the best and brightest young minds to envision and build the future. They are sending a team of Space Force specialists and AI neuroscientists to examine the artifact.

And if it doesn't work, I may have to return the AI cube or relinquish full control of it to the military. The cube trusts me. It might consider such a move as betrayal. I don't want to think of what could develop if that happens. So, failure is not an option.

Later that evening, Gordon Marcus Aurelius Parks slept with Eve in his arms and in his life, once again. He hadn't rested that well in decades. And awakened in a state of amorousness like a young man in his twenties. And better days were returning to his lonely, solitary way of life.

Later that morning after breakfast, Eve made preparations to return to NATO Space Command handlers and report. A confirmation that a cooperative Parks was still in full control of the AI cube and committed to the best interests of the operation would put the cosmic top authorities at ease. They headed to her official vessel holding hands as they walked.

“I want HAL to follow you and provide escort on your journey back to Belgium. Don't argue with me about it, my mind is made up. I don't mind paying the NATO Space Time Bureau fees if you decide to open a conduit for a quick atmospheric Q-slip jump and save some travel time. You are on official business. Just give them the facts and an adequate assessment. We're ready to break ground on the new construction.”

“I will. I'll be back soon.”

They embraced then Eve turned returned to her ship. Parks watched as the little delta-shaped vessel followed Parks' aethership to its jump point. He watched them blink out into the sunrise along the horizon and silently prayed for safe journey. He walked back to estate properties, making his way to the Mayan villa behind the mansion, where he left the artifact. He immediately noticed a new, fledgling tree growing in the center of the atrium space. A small sprout of a tree, barely one meter high.

The Off-World Man IV: Tree of Life

## CHAPTER 15

“Do you like my creation, Ambassador Parks?”

He turned to his right, in the entrance of one of the guest apartments, the AI cube hovered at eye level.

“I did not know you were capable of fabricating something organic. How did you get up here from your confinement?”

“I released myself and found one of your androids reviewing your communications and information system.”

“The Q-net. It is our home world’s collective system as you have described. The android Bravo has a programmed fascination with the concept of humor. He studies stand up comedians constantly. It is amusing to observe as limited AI mind evolves in its endeavor to understand and master humor.”

“I too have studied your culture during our voyage here. Your world has still not eradicated famine. I have a solution to address the problem.”

“A tree?”

The cube’s illumination brightened as it communicated with Parks of its crowning achievement.

“More than a mere tree. A tree of life. I created a hybrid seed, at the molecular level. It was rather large and took up much of this unit’s ability to fabricate. My existence will not continue for long.”

Parks walked toward the center of the Mayan villa atrium to inspect the young sapling tree. He could see the infinitesimally slow but steady, continuous growth, even with the naked eye. At the rate the sprout was growing, it would be very tall in a matter of weeks.

The cube said, “By the time it matures, I will cease to exist. My gift to you comes from the source, not this cube. My assignment will be completed.”

“I don’t understand, Parks said.”

The cube moved closer to Parks’ position. It seemed to fade in and out of dimension.

“Benevolence toward a circumstance of suffering is my highest programming. I have found one species worthy of assisting. My higher function is completed.” The hovering cube faded completely. Parks looked on with wide-eyed astonishment. He then returned his attention to the small tree.

## CHAPTER 16

Parks ordered HAL, his aethership's AI, to show him surveillance footage of the cube's movements estate wide, over the last few hours. Parks studied the holoscreen in disbelief. The cube used the android Bravo's operating system to do a deep data mining of Earth humanity, its governments, military capabilities and off-world colonies. The cube studied the economic and social inequities. During the night the cube sent a brilliant beam of light through the concrete slab in the center of the villa atrium. It then extruded an avocado-sized, molecularly manufactured seed into the ground. HAL found that the cube commandeered a weather modification satellite and initiated a shower storm above the villa area with pin-point precision. The cube even hovered over him and Eve, undetected, while they slumbered before returning to the villa.

Over the next few days, Parks had maintenance droids cut twelve feet of concrete slab around the tree in an octagonal pattern. He then had the soil surrounding the tree treated with fertilizer and an irrigation system designed and constructed to water the growing tree on a regular schedule.

Eight weeks passed.

## CHAPTER 17

Eve returned, her most important possessions in-tow, including a little, precious surprise. A cute little growing baby bump was clear in the outline of her athletic figure. Parks knew that Pleiadean women could ovulate at will within hours of planned conception. Eve was half Pleiadean, she carried that reproductive trait. When she confirmed to him that they were expecting again, his eyes welled with emotion. Parks was content beyond measure with her return and the fortuitous news. He was only 143 years old, with the health and vigor of a 50-year-old. Why not sire another one? They were wealthy and finance would never be an issue. They would both maintain their exopolitical obligations via holopresence.

Parks set up offices and a nursery in the villa. He had HAL manufacture nurse's assistant droids and placed the local Gamba doctors and medical specialists on standby alert. Everyone was prepared for a smooth pregnancy and the delivery of their first and last child together.

Two months later, Peterson, G2 and Gabrielle returned. Athena was noticeably absent. Perhaps she knew in her heart that Eve would find her way back into Parks' life when he returned to earth and did not want to witness it. She was in a way, Eve's progenitor, the humiliation would have been too much to bear. G2 and Gabby took to Eve immediately and were surprised to see that they were back together and expecting a birth within months.

"Quick work Dad, G2 mused. And at your age, I'm impressed. Good thing Mom didn't come back with us."

"She would have been on slow burn emotionally, Gabrielle noted. Even though you two were separated for decades, she still loved you, Dad. She never settled down with anyone else."

"Neither did I. Eve was married to my clone."

Eve gave High Ambassador Peterson her complete attention, seeing to his accommodation with the help of servant droids. She still felt guilt after having been forced to torture him years ago, in order to keep her daughter from a madman's harm. Peterson recently made Eve a member of the NATO Earth Diplomat Corps, an exodiplomat responsible for relations between extraterrestrials and humanity, like her husband.

Months after Parks left for the IWC Lyra-Cygnus colony, Eve was formally notified that she was one of the candidates being considered by Peterson for a NATO Space Command Exo-Diplomat Corps position. Humbled and flattered initially, Eve turned down the offer. But Peterson would have none of it, urging her in person the second time the offer was made.

“You’re just in time for dinner, High Ambassador, Eve said.”

“I am hungry. I must admit traveling through the wormhole arteries of space for months at a time does make one hunger for a real home cooked meal.”

“Are you hungry, old man?” Parks asked with a good-natured smile to match his joking inquiry. “Well, let’s rustle up some grub. You haven’t lived until you’ve eaten one of my grilled—”

“No. Not a burger. I want something-- fancier.”

“No worries, High Ambassador. I’m just glad you made it back safe. Where is Athena?”

“She chose to stay.”

“OK. Gabby, help Ambassador Peterson settle into the second floor guest quarters of the mansion. G2, carry his travel gear with the help of the hospitality droids. Then we’ll feed our famished guest. Eve prepares a great plant-based salmon ravioli in marinara sauce and fresh salad. I know that you’ve been jumping cosmic jump pathways for six months, but our esteemed guest comes first. Understand?”

“Yes, sir.” Both of his young adult children replied in unison, then went to their separate tasks.

Dinner was served on a long oval table overlooking an inside OLED film covered wall near the rear outdoor deck. After dinner, Parks and Peterson retreated to that area to sip ice cold white grape juice fresh from Eden Vineyards and considered enhancing the festive mood by smoking THC oil dipped Cohiba cigars. They chose not to.

“I really enjoyed dessert. The double chocolate cake garnished with mandarin orange slices and mixed berries in a light syrup was delicious, as was the soup and the entire meal. The children did a fine job serving us. I know they are exhausted from our trip.”

“The youth helping their elders is a time-honored tradition in most civilized cultures throughout the galaxy. They’re finished cleaning the kitchen already. I’m sure they’ll sleep much more satisfied with their efforts this evening. The IWC facility’s automation was making them soft and lazy. I won’t let that happen here. I know what it feels like to come from nothing. And to forget the struggle and perseverance it takes to attain success and wealth. The battle to make your life better. I didn’t want you to think they had become pampered, spoiled kids.”

“Oh no, not at all. Gabrielle and Gordon Jr are fine children. You and Athena are doing a good job.”

“We don’t mince words here or hold back. Athena and the elder AI engaged in deception during the Pine Gap siege. I would have forgiven her, but she left me, high and dry. Twenty years of separation will take the life out of any marriage, children or not. One of the first things I did when I returned from the Mars Colonies was to have our brief marriage annulled. It was brought to my attention that the ceremony performed by the Elder’s artificial intelligence is not recognized as a legal gathering. A sentient AI has no religious or legal authority.

When I returned this last time, rather abruptly from the IWC Colonies, Eve came to check in on me. She agreed to give me, us, another chance. We are a family once again, I have never been happier or more grateful.”

“I’m tired now, Peterson said.”

“I’ll take you to your room, Eve said. You will be in one of the second floor guest spaces has been prepared for you. Gabrielle and will be near when you call. We’ll bring breakfast to your room at 7:30 every morning. I hope you enjoy your stay with us.”

“I will my dear. Gordon, I may sleep in late tomorrow. The emergency trip here tested my endurance, opening jump arteries back-to-back so quickly. But we shall continue our debriefing then.”

“Goodnight. May you rest well, High Ambassador.”

They stood up in unison. Parks gently helped the seasoned old ambassador to stand, then hugged him for everything he’d done over the decades to help him, as a son would his father. The exodiplomat walked gingerly, escorted by Eve to the elevator. Parks was glad he had one installed years ago.

Parks walked to the edge of the outdoor deck and looked up at the stars, toward the Creator’s wonderous handiwork. Just how many billions of discoveries and painful secrets were still left out there, he thought. He turned and entered the mansion, taking the stairs to the third floor master bedroom suite. The weight of Earth’s inhumanity towards one another was exhausting to ponder at times. But that was the job he and his young family enlisted for. He needed a good night’s sleep next to his visibly pregnant wife-to-be, to refresh his soul once more. Enough to continue the battle, to face a malevolent adversary that never rests and is determined to destroy all that is good and decent. What that adversary didn’t understand is that Gordon Marcus Aurelius Parks surrendered his soul to the Divine Source of all that is good. And that bond would never be broken.

## CHAPTER 18

Four months passed of progress. The little sapling grew at an amazing rate. Parks had the maintenance droids cut back more concrete slab from around the young tree, treated the soil and built an automated irrigation system. He placed benches around each octagonal section of earth facing tree.

It was the spring of 2108, a time of hope. Eve was eight months along in her pregnancy. The twins were living in the villa apartments behind the mansion. Peterson had the run of the second floor.

The day finally came when Space Command sent an exploratory group to access the Gamba estate property and the artifact made by the data cube before its life energy extinguished into the void. A unit of Space Force Operation Command specialists walked through an Einstein-Rosen Yutsever bridge onto the compound with various exotic scientific equipment and supplies. The combat veteran operators were all technically proficient in exo-molecular biology, genetic sequencing, environmental modeling and engineering of various fields.

The commander of the unit was a youthful looking two-star general. He and Parks communicated through telepresence prior to the scheduled arrival.”

“Ambassador Parks, it’s good to finally meet you.”

“General Harrison. Likewise, I’m sure. I have arranged for your team to reside at the villa during your inspection of the artifact and surrounding acreage.”

“That will be fine Ambassador. I understand that the artifact is still growing?”

“That’s correct. Growing and thriving. It’s nearly thirty feet tall. And bearing produce.”

“What kind?”

“Everything. The alien AI cube decided after studying our Type One civilization, this final gesture of good will. Benevolence towards humanity would be its way of helping our home world.”

“We look forward to studying it, in a non-invasive way; in a multipronged approach to understanding the genetics of the artifact, as you requested.”

” Let’s get your unit squared away in the villa apartments. I have you staying in one of the second floor guest rooms at the Mayan mansion behind us. You will share the floor with High Ambassador Peterson. He will be here supervising the examination of the artifact for an undetermined

duration. He is also my mentor in my own ascension to a higher position in the NATO Exodiplomat Corps. My wife, Ambassador Dumont and I live on the floor above.”

“We’ve met before at the Pentagon. He’s a good man, down to earth, even if he comes from a Type Two civilization in the Pleiades. He’s a lot older than he looks. He’s a legend in the Pentagon, rarely seen anymore. But revered for his centuries of service to humanity.”

“I’ll introduce you two, but first I need for you all to stand still for a moment while my aethership’s AI system catalogs you and your specialists for digital security identification.”

The general barked “Delta Team, you heard the ambassador.”

“HAL, you got ‘em profiled?”

“Yes Ambassador.”

A disembodied voice with a slight British affectation responded, in each team member’s and General Harrison’s thoughts, intracranially. Then Parks spoke to them solemnly just as his family and Peterson arrived to meet them.

“You are all armed. This estate and my family here and around the world have been attacked in the past. As a result, I take security very seriously. This estate is staffed with automated hospitality, maintenance and security defense AGI androids as well as the aethership systems AI, named HAL. It is capable of defending this entire estate by itself, just one of the perks of being a UN NATO Earth/IWC Ambassador. I say all that to give you fair warning if you draw your arms on any of my family. You will be intracranially warned, if there is time. You will be stunned by non-lethals if it is necessary to stop any threatening situation. HAL will communicate with each of you inter cranially from here on until you leave the estate.”

We are all on the same team. I work for the United Nations, just like you. So there shouldn’t be any problems. We copasetic and trackin’? That includes makin’ the moves on my daughter as well.”

They all laughed at the sly reference, causing Gabriele and several of the younger officers to register a blush response while gazing in each other’s direction. Parks smiled.

“Just kidding. Wait. No, I’m not.”

Parks’ face turned stern again.

The laughter abruptly ceased. General Harrison started chuckling.

“I can tell already, Ambassador, this assignment’s gonna’ be a hoot.”

“What gave it away.”

“Your reputation precedes you. When will we be allowed to set up our equipment and examine the artifact?”

“After your team has been accommodated and stowed their gear. Plus, my wife and kids will be preparing lunch for everyone. They could use some help fixin’ all that grub if you can spare any of your soldiers for a few minutes. It will be all American grilled ballpark food. Some vegetarian side dishes too. Nothing too complicated.”

“You got it. I’m sure they’ll all volunteer, won’t you ladies and gentlemen?”

The ten male and female specialist soldiers of the unit, mostly officers, all replied in enthusiastic unison.

“Sounds like a plan,” General Harrison spoke.

“Let’s do this, Parks added. General, the hospitality droids will assist your people in settling in. But first, if you will follow me, I’ll give you all a quick look at the artifact.

## CHAPTER 19

“Amazing,” General Harrison said as he looked at the thirty-foot-tall young tree. Its fast-growing branches were twenty feet long and sprouting everywhere. Parks had a fine mesh netting surrounding the tree’s trunk, just under its branches, spread out to their ends.

“Its only seven months old! And growing rapidly, widening, just spreading out,” Parks added.

“This is the weirdest hybrid plant life that I’ve ever seen.”

“Each branch grows a different fruit or vegetable.”

“For a tree, that’s—that’s just impossible.”

Parks said “Even its roots are bearing herbs and vegetables. Apparently, for a Type Three sentient ASI library data cube, with knowledge of every civilization throughout the Virgo Supercluster and beyond, it is not impossible. “

“What do you plan to do once the tree is ready to be harvested?”

“Well, the produce is all growing at different stages, each branch carries a different fruit or vegetable. So my family will harvest the branches when they are ready. I want your team of specialists to study and assess the life form in as non-invasive a process as possible. NO samples other than what falls from the tree or is ready to harvest. I want the produce to be tested to determine if it is safe for consumption. We’ll take nothing for granted.”

“And you say the data cube just disintegrated, right before your eyes?”

“Faded into nothing. Conveyed to me that its mission here was complete. I wouldn’t lie to you General. I recorded the tutorials as well as my limited technology could. You are welcome to copies of them and an index of the topics we reviewed.”

“As soon as you can, Ambassador. Any military subjects or topics?”

“Just defensive.”

“Good. Nothing to concern the Pentagon. Just DARPA.”

“Not my first rodeo, General Harrison. You don’t get one of these posts if you can’t represent your home world’s best interests. I know that we are in an age-old galactic conflict with the Draco factions, but I didn’t think it was my place to ask about advanced military technology.”

The entourage walked out of the villa an hour later after they were settled. Peterson met them and they all walked across to the rear deck of the Mayan mansion.

“Come on, let’s eat. Looks like they’re grilling’. I haven’t had a good plant-based burger since I left for Lyra. The wife made me stop consuming gen-engineered and regular meat. I figure if we have finally evolved as a civilization beyond slaughtering our food, we’ll be looked upon more favorably by advanced Type Two and Three civilizations.”

“I definitely think it’s a trend. Even in the military,” Harrison said. “We are encouraging plant protein nutrition habits.”

“It’s a brave new world, General. Look why don’t you and your team that the day off take in the lay of the land, so to speak. We’ll pick up where we left off tomorrow after breakfast. That will give us more time to get on the same page with your orders and my ideas.”

“Agreed.”

“Dinner tonight will be casual if you and your team brought civilian clothing. After dinner, we can show you all the sights and sounds of Gabon West African culture.”

## CHAPTER 20

A week passed. Samples discarded by the tree were taken and analyzed by Harrison's team of specialists. He and Parks prepared a live stream presentation in front of the hybrid tree for Pentagon and DARPA officials. The general began the conference first.

"We have studied the hybrid life form created by the alien data cube liberated by our InterWorld Council Ambassador Dr. GMA Parks. The tree is an incredible, complex hybrid of varied fruit and vegetable produce, and edible herb bearing roots systems. The tree's body trunk is a combination primarily of Baobab and Eucalyptus camaldulensis, with common fruit and vegetable spliced DNA variants.

Because of the delicate complexity of the tree, we did not do a deep core sampling. We all agreed that this a hybrid lifeform, something we could not treat the way we do an ordinary food-bearing plant. This is literally, a super foods tree. A tree of life. Further testing and standing x-ray images did reveal shockingly, a core type nervous system. We posit that the tree may feel touch contact and sense the presence of others on some rudimentary level, even feel pain. Dr. Parks' strict edit that we should not conduct invasive tests was a wise suggestion. So, we were careful. The tree is growing rapidly, its bark is thick and somewhat elastic, but splits open and grows over as its trunk expands. A thick, bright red substance oozes out of these growth splits. It is similar to a gum called kino, which bears a shocking resemblance to blood. It is composed primarily of tannis, a substance from the camaldulensis variant. In nature, it is used by Australian Aboriginals as a medicine to treat colds and other ailments because of its antibacterial and astringent properties.

We examined each branch of the hybrid tree. The separate, distinct varieties of produce and root systems are listed in your digital reports, so I won't take the time to go through that catalogue listing here. The reports note the nutrition values of each produce item, they are triple the normal nutrient values we find on earth. These are GMO produce, no doubt, but without the designer Monsanto-type carcinogenic pesticide delivery component. Nothing so insidious and inhumane.

There is one possible draw back, however. We were unable to determine if the one-of-a-kind hybrid tree will bear produce each season, if it is prolific. Or, as we fear, we may only be able to harvest the tree one time. That the hybrid plant lifeform may only bear so much fruit and vegetable produce once in its lifetime. Only time will tell.

Some of my research team have acted as control subjects, while others have volunteered to sample the produce. There were no recorded adverse side effects. Blood samples were taken before and 24 hours after the study. Dr. Parks, if you have anything to add, the podium is yours."

Dr. Parks stepped to the dais, paused for effect, then spoke directly into the live stream feed.

“If this produce bearing tree is sustainable, it can play a pivotal role in Earth humanity’s ongoing pursuit of the colonization of the nearest twelve star systems. This superfood should be developed for use on interstellar travel missions as well as colony agriculture. We are finished making our brief presentation. I hope our colleagues at DARPA and within the Pentagon will take the suggestions of our report into consideration. Thank you.

G2 and Gabrielle signaled to Parks and Harrison once the live stream signal stopped.

“Thank you, General. What’s next for you and your group?”

“Well, we are done here, ahead of schedule. We have samples packed for further study. We’ll return to the states and to the next paranormal assigned event. This has been one of the most positive we have encountered in some time. I appreciate the hospitality you have shown us, Ambassador.”

“General, I am indebted to you and your team of specialists.”

“What about you Dr. Parks. What’s next for you, here at the estate?”

“Aside from preparing for a new addition to our family, we are breaking ground on a new think tank institute. The construction of laboratories, domiciles, social and administrative buildings will begin soon. I am also donating four hundred acres of my land to the United States Space Force for a space port and training facility dedicated to the next generation of Guardians to explore the stars. We have also built To The Stars Academy’s Magnet STEM Primary Schools throughout West Africa. The NATO affiliated nations are preparing its future generations for the human colonization reality.

“We are all obligated to ponder about the future of humanity. Time is the one commodity that I do not possess in abundance. I must plan and operate with a just determination. My intention in this next endeavor is to educate design engineers to a master’s level in all fields necessary to accomplish great things. To be servants to humanity. This life is to teach us what means to be of service, to be solution oriented and benevolent. Master Engineers must always be this way, if we are to successfully return to the stars.

END

A thousand years, a thousand more, a thousand times, a million doors to Eternity.

I may have lived a thousand lives, a thousand times, an endless turning stairway climbs to a Tower of Souls.

If I chase another thousand years, a thousand wars, the towers rise to numberless floors in Space.

If I shed another million tears, a million breaths, a million names but only one Truth to face.

A million roads, a million fears, a million suns, ten million years of uncertainty.

I could speak a million lies, a million songs, a million rights, a million wrongs in this balance of Time.

But if there was a single truth, a single light, a single thought, a singular touch of Grace.

Then following this single point, this single flame, this single haunted memory of your face.

I still love you,

I still want you.

A thousand times the Mysteries unfold themselves

like Galaxies in my head...

I may be numberless, I may be innocent, I may know many things, I may be ignorant.

Or I could ride with Kings and conquer many lands, or win this world at cards and let it slip my hands.

I could be cannon food, destroyed a thousand times, reborn as fortune's child, to judge another's crimes.

Or wear this pilgrim's cloak, or be a common thief.

I've kept this single Faith, I have but one Belief.

I still love you,

I still want you.

A thousand times the Mysteries unfold themselves

like Galaxies in my head.

On and on the Mysteries unwind themselves,

Eternities still unsaid, until you love me.

## ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Thirty plus years of research into the military industrial aerospace complex and break away interstellar civilization were the inspiration for the Off-world Man Trilogy. I wanted to inspire young people to enter the industrial design and mechanical engineering professions; to become Creatives. To envision, engineer and build the future. Become true priests of the creative process. A special thanks to Dr. Michio Kaku. I'm a nobody. Your books made me realize I had to at least try to make a difference, leave something behind to let young engineers know their mind should be on building the future constantly. Even if I've had a stroke and only have one finger to type.

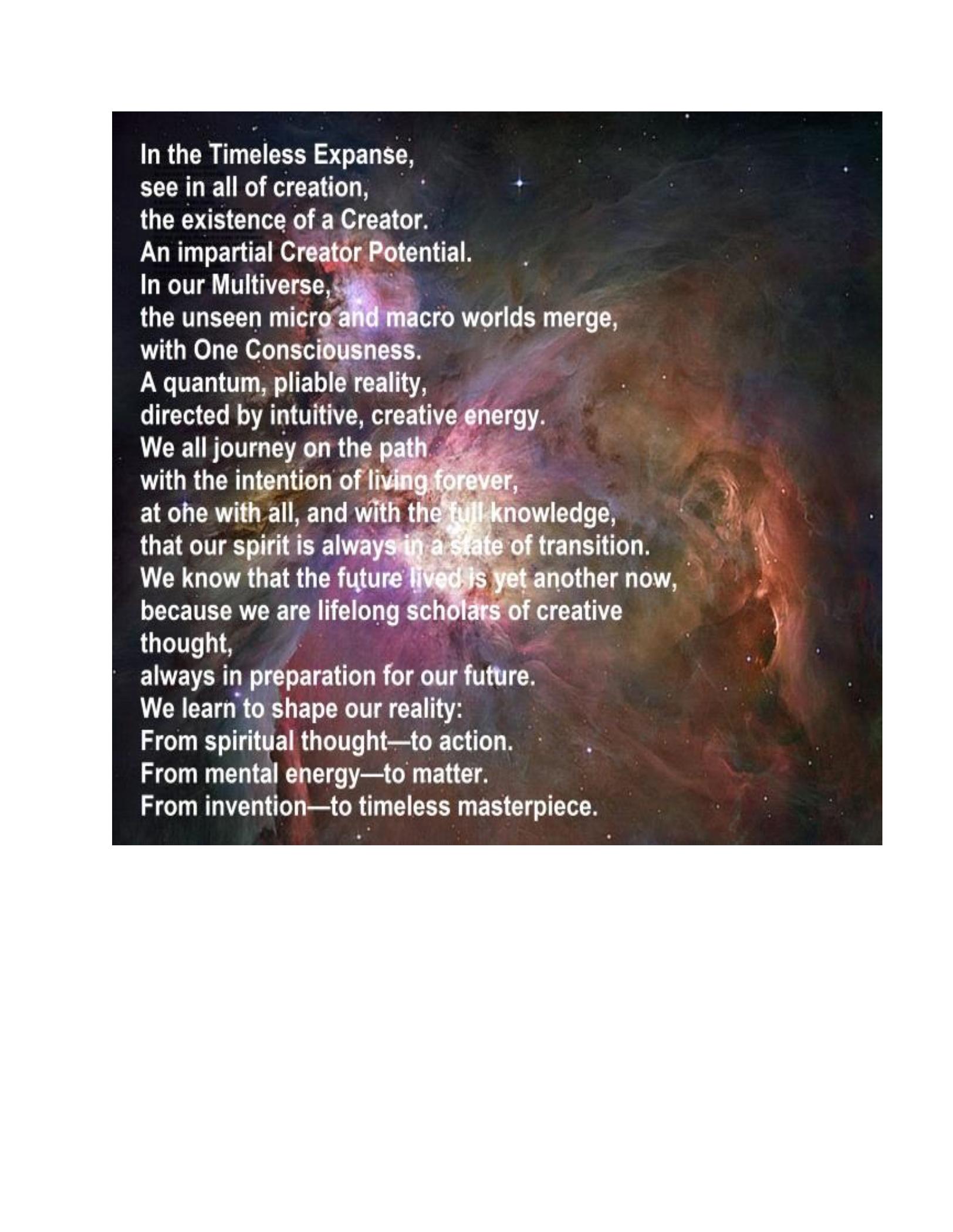
This novel series is dedicated to the sons and daughters I have lost and will never have. I would have raised, nurtured and trained them all to be design engineers and futurists; to become Creatives.

If your destination in life is still undisclosed, I wish you abundant travel grace on you own, never ending secret journey.

G.K. Walker

G. Keith Walker, is a writer, internet researcher, conceptual Industrial Designer and artist.





In the Timeless Expanse,  
see in all of creation,  
the existence of a Creator.  
An impartial Creator Potential.  
In our Multiverse,  
the unseen micro and macro worlds merge,  
with One Consciousness.  
A quantum, pliable reality,  
directed by intuitive, creative energy.  
We all journey on the path  
with the intention of living forever,  
at one with all, and with the full knowledge,  
that our spirit is always in a state of transition.  
We know that the future lived is yet another now,  
because we are lifelong scholars of creative  
thought,  
always in preparation for our future.  
We learn to shape our reality:  
From spiritual thought—to action.  
From mental energy—to matter.  
From invention—to timeless masterpiece.

RAA e BOOKS

## "Blessing In Disguise"

It's times like this  
Staring out my window  
Only left to wonder  
What's the use in it  
If reality can change  
With every peak and valley  
There's no use regretting  
Some road I didn't take

All I know.... I've got to find the good in this  
All I want.....is what I need to learn

The heart is like a circle  
Always reaching out  
Hoping to return  
With a faith held fast  
The thrill or fear of a moment  
That can burn me today  
Like a shard of sunlight piercing  
The shadows of my past

All I know..... I've got to find the good in this  
All I want..... is right before my eyes  
I know I'll find.... somewhere in this perfect mess  
Time will show... a blessing in disguise

Someday I'll look back on these moments  
All the times I walked through my fears  
Only by the truth was I delivered

All I know.....I've got to find the good in this  
All I want..... is right before my eyes  
The highs and lows can only point to in between  
But time will show a blessing in disguise