

SUFFER THE LITTLE CHILDREN

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Preface

The title of this book “Suffer the Little Children” can be taken two ways. We have seen in this world that mankind has indeed implemented both meanings with full force.

Words over time can often change their definitions. This is what we find with the word ‘suffer’. Today we think of the negative definition of enduring pain, stress or death. However the original meaning was more positive as the verses in Mark 10:14, Matthew 19:14 and Luke 18:16 where this saying comes from. It means to allow, permit, leave alone-undisturbed.

The Scriptures are very protective of children as we should be, but mankind has abused them from the beginning of time as sacrifices to the gods, slavery for cheap labor, sexual gratification and just plain evil.

We would be well advised to heed the warning of Yahusha in Matthew 18:16 that “whoever shall offend one of these little ones which believe in me, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depth of the sea.”

Perhaps looking for a loophole, Satanic Ritual Abuse makes sure the little ones they are abusing don’t know about Yahusha and the promise of the Covenant.

Somehow, I don’t think this technicality will help them on Judgement day.

D’Lorah Genders

Chap.1

Gabriel Andrew Thomas, Jr, 5th generation Welshman known as Andy, stood 6 ft. tall with Sam Elliot and Tom Selleck good looks and a moustache that he wore just as well. He had been born in Grass Valley, California and was in his early 30's. Grass Valley is north of Sacramento and dates back to the California gold rush, when it was known as the Boston Ravine. In Andy's year of birth, it was considered very small, but by California standards with only a population of 12,934 people, today still ranks as a small city. Downtown Grass Valley sports the historic Holbrooke Hotel which was built in 1862 and is still in use today. Grass Valley is part of Nevada County which has a diverse economy; agriculture due to the fertile soil is very important to the area with a burgeoning wine industry as well as all types of manufacturing, including a significant number of high-tech industries.

Andy loved photography, martial arts, technology and women, though not necessarily in that order. Today he was playing with photography and his new drone. He was just making some last minute changes to the drone with the hope of getting some incredible photos tonight as the crisp fall air was starting to creep in and this might be the last night he could take the jeep out without the doors and the back open. He loved being able to smell the air as he drove. Finishing up, he loaded the last bit of gear and headed out, "Going to be a great night" he thought, which made him smile as he pulled into traffic.

Andy's dad had been a General in the army, having risen through the ranks because he was a genius with technology, specializing in infrared. He took Sir William Herschel's discovery and research of infrared radiation and adapted it so the military would have the ability to "see" at night. The General as Andy always called him had disappeared years ago, so he didn't know if he was dead or not, but dad had left him a gift. Andy had his dad's natural ability to understand technology and to adapt it; the General had also left him his designs for building a noiseless drone that was smaller than anything the military had as well as being undetectable by anything they had. In addition the General had left the specs to weaponize it. His dad never gave that to the military. Andy had used that technology to build his drone, one that looked like a hobbyist's drone but with a military aspect minus the weaponized capability. This drone could fly 30,000 ft. high, though legally hobbyist could only fly a drone at a max of 500 ft.

Andy liked to use his drone to shoot pictures, especially at night, which made the infrared handy and allowed him to get interesting shots. He also liked the quiet of the night and when it was clear he could see the stars which put off infrared light and helped make those one of a kind shots. Tonight's destination was the Redwoods in Santa Rosa. How he loved those magnificent trees, they have the ability to reach 350' in height and 24' around and can live 2,000 years. Imagine the tales they could tell, especially from ancient times as well as the horror they have seen from modern times.

Andy set up camp, prepared his drone, got his viewer ready and sat comfortably in a chair he had adapted with all the controls and tools at his fingertips. He powered up the drone and sent it on its way. He watched as it climbed higher and then turned to his viewing screen to control and watch the progress of the drone.

He loved watching everything that happened at night, what a different world. He could see the stars tonight, no smog, no lights to obscure the brilliance of the night sky. As he watched the drone, he caught sight of a spotted owl which is on the endangered species list, so this was a rare sight indeed. Andy followed the bird's movement, always breathless at the expanse of the wings, which are 3 ½ feet.

The view was incredible, the redwoods even more incredible from the height he was flying his drone, about 1000 feet so that he was sure he wouldn't clip one of the redwoods. The pictures that were being recorded made this night even better.

He was thinking about bringing the drone back when something on the screen caught his attention. He was seeing sparks and thinking that perhaps there was a fire about to start, so he turned the drone towards the sparks. The drone flew past the trees to an open area; he brought it down to get a better look at what was going on.

As the drone closed into the area, he saw there were people gathered around what looked like some sort of rock table and the sparks he had seen were coming from a bonfire that was burning nearby. He switched the camera from infrared to

regular since the bonfire put off enough light to capture the faces of the people, though Andy knew there was now a tiny blinking light emitting from the camera. He caught the glint of something shiny in the hand of one of the people standing around the table, whoever it was, was raising it up and as the drone flew closer he could see that it was some sort of ceremonial knife. Suddenly the hand plunged down onto whatever was on the rock. Andy sent the drone a little closer and allowed it to hover about 100 ft. above the group and finally saw what the hand had plunged into.

On the rock lay a small baby, who was now bleeding profusely while the people around the table were licking up the blood seeping from where the baby had been stabbed. Andy was so shaken up that he almost lost control of the drone, and for that moment he let the drone fall so close that the dogs that had been stationed around picked up the inaudible to human sound of the drone and started barking. The light from the camera was now apparent to everyone on the ground. They were yelling and pointing at it as some men with guns came running over while others quickly secured the perimeter. Andy finally shook off his fear of what he had seen and pulled the drone up just as the guns were being fired and the dogs were being let go.

He pushed the drone up to about 5,000 ft. and brought it back to him. He knew he had to get out of there as quickly as possible. He didn't have time to reflect on what he had seen, nor was he foolish enough to think that someone wouldn't be coming after whoever had been flying the drone.

Thankfully his jeep wasn't that far away. He quickly broke down all his equipment, threw his gear into the back and tried his best to make it look like he hadn't been there by covering up his footprints and anything else that might lead them to him. He jumped into the jeep and with his heart in his throat and hands shaking; he started the engine to get the hell out of there. He had to get to the road as fast as possible and once there decided to go in the opposite direction from the way he had come in. There was only one road in and out of the area and those with the guns wouldn't be that far behind. Andy could hear the dogs barking and they were getting closer; his mind was racing and a mixture of fear and revulsion was flooding his body. He had witnessed the murder of a baby, he had it on film, and he knew he wouldn't be left alone. His only advantage is that at this moment they had no idea who he was. What the hell had he just stumbled on to?

Chap. 2

California Senator Jason Struck was pissed, this was supposed to have been secret, with elite guards, state of the art technology and satellites watching, nothing should have interfered with this ceremony. Someone had seen him kill a baby!!!! Everyone there was in a state of panic, thinking at any moment they would be surrounded by the police. Finally, the Senator couldn't take it anymore: "Calm down people!! Nothing is going to happen since all of you here control what could possibly harm us; police, the media, the military! This is nothing more than an anomaly that I intend to take care of, so get in your cars and go home. I will let you know what I find out but you need to make sure you are not assuming there is a problem and do something stupid!"

The head of security approached the senator: "Whatever it was is gone. We believe it was some sort of drone and appeared to have a camera on it. My men are now searching the roads to see if they can find whoever was in control of the damn thing."

"I don't care what you have to do, get hold of your contacts in the military and get the satellite footage as well and I want it done ASAP, this must be contained at all cost," screamed the senator.

Jason Struck, senator from California made his fortune with insider trading, land grabs and of course selling his soul. The senator was average height and balding and liked to think of himself as powerful. He wore tailored Armani suits and thousand dollar shoes with lifts in them, just to

make himself taller. He remembered what he had to do to get this far up the ladder of power and for a moment a contorted look of fear mixed with rage crossed his face as he remembered what would happen to him if anything leaked out to the world. He reminded himself that there was someone else, much more powerful than he who would have the last word!!

There had been a time when Jason had been a man of conscience, who while in college thought he could right the world of its wrongs and then he found his true mentor. A man, who has since long passed, told him that the world could never get better unless the population was controlled and that those with his kind of foresight could help redesign the world. He told Jason he had all the makings of a true leader and could show the people how to make the planet a better place to live.

Jason was thinking back to the meeting that changed his life; talk about being blinded by flattery, promises, and his weaknesses! He remembered the first party he had been invited to, it sounded great! An opportunity to meet those who would help get him started on this path as a leader, not to mention rubbing elbows with celebrities. It was being held at one of those incredible mansions in Bel Air, he could just smell the money and the opportunities!!

It certainly helped being surrounded by all those beautiful women who seemed to dote on him, though he certainly wasn't a looker, he couldn't help but immerse himself into everything that was being offered.

It was almost midnight; no-one seemed to be leaving, it felt that the party was finally getting started. He could almost feel something electric was happening and as he looked around, he could tell everyone else was feeling the same, in anticipation of something. It was like going to a concert and waiting for the headlining act to finally show up!!

Suddenly the lights dimmed in the big ballroom, everyone stopped talking and as if on cue everyone took a giant breath of air and holding it at the same time, waited for the door to open. In walks this extraordinary looking man, about 6'5" wearing exquisite clothes and the brightest smile anyone has ever seen.

Struck felt this man's eyes on him and couldn't help but be drawn into him and all he could think about was touching him, the sexual thought about a man startled him to his senses. He felt his hands trembling and sweat rolling down his face, and yet he couldn't look away from him.

This mystery man began to speak: "Good evening, I would like to welcome everyone here tonight and what an honor it is that you have graced me with your presence in my home. I know many of you know who I am, but for those who don't, my name is Lucien Straw. I know, odd name, odd parents as it were", he smiled and you could hear some laughter in the group.

He continued, "I want you to think of me as your answer no matter the question; someone who can make your wildest dreams come true if you so choose. Each one of you were chosen by

someone else to be here and that makes you even more special, so welcome, enjoy the party as I will be talking to everyone here individually. I would like Jason Struck to come up, please.”

Jason was taken aback as he heard his name and as the crowd began to clap, he felt himself being pushed up to Lucien. Once there he shook his hand, it was that touch that suddenly made him feel like he was on fire and he knew then he was in this man’s power and would do anything he asked him to do.

“Jason, it’s a pleasure to meet you, I’ve heard a lot about you and that you are going to be a shining star, so let’s go into my office where we can talk and see what I can do to help you accomplish all your dreams and even some you didn’t know you had”, said Lucien.

Jason felt he was floating as he followed Lucien into this lush room, not really an office, more like a living room with a contemporary sofa made of the softest and most beautiful leather he had ever seen; the coffee table sat on a mirrored stainless steel base with a Carrara marble top; the book shelves were built into the walls that touched the ceiling and were made of mahogany and filled with what appeared to be old books. Jason was becoming intoxicated by this rich display of power and money.

Lucien poured some drinks and handed Jason a glass, taking a small sip he felt his body grow warm. Jason closed his eyes as if to drink the sensation into his mind. What seemed like moments he suddenly became aware that he was

in bed with a very young girl. She could not have been more than 9 years old and she was crying, it was then he realized he was having sex with her. He almost felt bad about it, but then almost instantaneously the influence of whatever he had drunk emboldened his debauchery and he embraced what he was doing, never realizing that he was being recorded or that he had just sold his soul.

After he was finished, he got up to go to the bathroom, the little girl whimpered with her tear-stained face buried into the pillows. When Jason returned the little girl was gone, but Lucien walked in with an odd smile that was now not as inviting but more commanding. He spoke almost in a soft hiss that made the Senator's hair stand on end as he began to realize the consequences of what had just happened; "I see that you enjoyed yourself last night. That is good! This was just the beginning for you and you passed your first test. Your fate is now sealed with me and you will go on to accomplish many great things! Only remember this, you are required to come to all my meetings or if you prefer parties. You will need to recruit someone to join this little club once a year that will be of use to me and as time goes on, you will be required to do other things. However, I can provide you with all you have wished for and more. Jason, you will do very well in my organization as I can see you have what it takes. I'm very proud of you", said Lucien as he stretched out his hand to Jason.

Jason responded to the silkiness of Lucien's words, though some tiny voice in the back of his mind kept saying to get out, Jason ignored that

**last bit of moral flame before snuffing it out
forever and taking Lucien's hand.**

Chap. 3

Commissioner Tom Chronicle was a stout man, but in good physical condition with black hair cut short and piercing green eyes. He was standing next to Senator Struck who by this time had moved back to the table where the baby lay bleeding. "What a mess," said Struck who was now focused on the bleeding baby and the ramifications; "I've sent security back to get hold of someone at the NSA and get a satellite to see what happened here, but it's still a hell of a mess! We have to be really careful with this now, especially with the others who may or may not be able to keep their mouths shut and even though they are part of this, they may suddenly get a conscience and turn themselves in."

Chronicle was looking around making sure that everything that they had brought with them was gone and the only thing left behind was the baby still bleeding on the stone table. He looked longingly at the blood that was spilling off the rock, but knew better than to go over and start licking it up. He knew there would be another baby at another time but now he had to figure out what they were going to do about this.

"Jason, I know how we're going to handle this. Everything is cleaned up and it's as if we were never here. Security said they saw tire tracks which appear to be from a jeep. Once we get the satellite feed, we'll be able to get a better look at it, then to get ahead of what this person thinks they saw, we'll get a couple of hikers up here to find the baby, call us and we'll come out and

pretend we are looking for a madman, someone who kills babies.”

Struck thought about it and the more he did, the better he liked it, “Good idea Tom and unless he’s got this on film, shit, I forgot, he was recording this! How in the hell are we going to handle that if all of a sudden a recording ends up on the air?”

“One thing at a time, if we get out ahead of this thing using the media, then whatever he has, we can make him look like some sort of conspiracy nut who can manipulate pictures, it will be easy to crush this and remember if need be, we can always turn to Lucien for help”, said Tom.

Struck blanched at the thought of asking Lucien for any kind of help, he had tried that one time and had one less toe to prove it. He was told in no uncertain terms that there would be no help again, and that it was very easy to get rid of him without anyone caring. Lucien held all the cards, there was no going back and no going to him for help unless it was advantageous to Lucien or the blow back would involve Lucien, anything else was a death sentence or something worse.

Struck said perhaps a little too loudly, “No, we’ll take care of it ourselves, we have enough resources to get it done and I can’t imagine this little pissant getting away with whatever he thinks he has. As soon as I can get the satellite photos we’ll decide what to do next.”

“Ok Jason, it’s your call”, said Tom.

Struck turned to leave but caught a glint of something on the stone table and walked over to

it. It was the knife he had used to kill the baby with; he picked it up, wiped off the blood with his handkerchief and as the fire was still blazing tossed the cloth into the fire. The knife was a one of a kind gift that Lucien had given him long ago; it would not go well for him if he lost it.

Jason headed to his car and left, traveling the backroads since he knew them well. He did not go out the same way he came in and once he got on the 101 he hit the gas back to San Francisco, going as fast as he could, hoping to outrun the devil.

As he drove he flashed back to the night of his indoctrination into Lucien's club, after his rape of the 9 year old girl the night of the party, Lucien had him rape a young boy the next morning forever sealing his soul to Lucien. He knew he no longer had his moral compass, if he ever had one, but he had gotten caught up in something that he was now powerless to leave. He had lost more than his way; he was now incapable of refusing anything that Lucien wanted him to do. Then again, Lucien had held up his end of the bargain and opened every door. Jason was doing and had everything he ever wanted. Being a Senator in California was only a stepping stone to being president. He had to take care of this situation not only to save his possible presidency, but he knew what Lucien would do to him.

Mumbling he said; "I hope like hell that the satellite images show something that we can use to end this before it turns into a cluster that forces me to tell Lucien about it. Though I already know he's aware of what has happened.

Chap. 4

Andy had been burning up the dirt road and kept looking back to see if he was being followed, so far no-one was behind him, but he didn't really want to take that chance, so he kept the pedal to the metal until he could get to the freeway. Once he made it to the on-ramp, he pulled into the moving traffic, and again looked in the rear-view mirror to make sure he wasn't being followed. Seeing that he wasn't, he allowed himself to relax a little though he noticed his hands were still trembling. He was trying to think of what to do, but his first thought was to get home and see what he had recorded.

It was a little over an hour from the redwoods, so it was early morning when he finally arrived home, well actually his parent's home. Andy's mom had declared his dad dead after seven years and receiving no word from him to the contrary. When she passed, he inherited the house. Still being his father's son who had taught him to always be aware of his surroundings, he was careful to make sure that no-one suspicious was around his house. Rather than just pulling into the driveway; he drove around the block, just to make sure. Satisfied that everything looked normal he drove back, pulled into the driveway, opened the garage door and pulled in, closing the door behind him.

The house was a ranch style home, built in the 70's but with some remodeling work, still looked current. Andy remembered helping his dad plant some oak trees back in the early 80's and they had grown to be 30' or taller. The General had loved to garden, but he also used his plants as an

early warning system. Instead of a white picket fence surrounding the front yard, he used a ranch style type of fence painted a rustic red. It gave the feeling of being a ranch, while in the back he had put in a privacy fence. There was a large circular flower bed that he had planted a Japanese maple tree, which was surrounded by Manzanita bushes. Andy had no idea what the shrubs were the General had planted against the house, other than some sort of Jasmine plant that smelled incredible when it bloomed and some thorny bushes near the windows that hurt when you fell into them. As the house had grown into itself with its lush trees and plants, Andy had always felt more protected, making it harder for people to play hide and “peep”.

Andy worked for a small IT firm in Grass Valley. His specialty was viruses, keeping the company safe from hackers as well as developing unbreakable firewalls and defenses against viruses. He always thought of himself as the CDC of computers. He kept every virus that he had come into contact with as well as the antidote against it. Unlike the CDC, Andy never allowed anyone access to any of these viruses, nor his employers. All they knew is that Andy kept their proprietary information safe.

The company paid Andy handsomely for this ability, but Andy wasn't a big spender. When he inherited the house, it had already been paid off. His mom had gotten the General's military pension which she lived on quite comfortably, but once she had declared him dead, his pension stopped but they discovered that the General had left a million dollar life insurance policy. Andy's

mom had always been frugal, so after paying off the house, she invested it. At the time of her death, she had left Andy something in the neighborhood of ten million dollars. As high as the taxes are in California, even after Andy had paid all the estate taxes and whatever else the state could throw at him, he was left with a hefty inheritance of half.

The house had three bedrooms, living room and kitchen area. After both his parents were gone, he took two of the adjoining bedrooms, knocked out the wall and made one big area that he could use as office space as well as room for all his recording equipment, cameras and projects his father had left behind undone, that Andy would work on at times.

He had unloaded his drone, took off the video camera, plugged the camera into his computer and sat down to wait for the recording to come up, which seemed to take forever. Once it did, he could see the eeriness of what the infrared camera shot as it swept above the trees and saw the clearing. Andy's heart began to race as it got closer to the bonfire. Seeing the faces coming into a clear view once he had switched off the infrared, he braced himself. The people were gathered around the stone table, seeing that arm up in the air and plunging the knife down, then seeing that it was a baby. Andy had hoped he had been wrong and felt sick to his stomach after watching it again. The camera had captured many of the people there and he let out a gasp when he saw who they were.

Senator Jason Struck was the one who had killed the baby, while Tom Chronicle, the SF police commissioner, Tiffany Hedron film star, Jacob Morrison music star along with some others he didn't quite recognize were trying to lick up the baby's blood as it was spilling out of its tiny body.

The scene was so ghastly that all Andy could do was break down and weep! He wept for the baby and wept for himself as his rage was so intense that all he could think about was getting some sort of justice for the baby against these people!! He didn't pay that much attention to politics and entertainment but his whole paradigm of the America he thought he knew was falling apart. How many other politicians and well known figures were involved in this sick stuff? Was this just a small crazed group or a microcosm of something much deeper and darker? His mind was spinning with possibilities. How he wished he could talk to his dad.

When he had gotten into his office, he had turned on the TV to a news channel and as he turned around he saw reporters at the site where the baby had been killed. The police were there with police tape marking off the crime scene and thinking perhaps they had gotten there and found the killers, he turned up the sound.

“Police are looking for help from anyone who might have seen someone up in this area...” Andy had caught the tail end of that broadcast, so he flipped to another channel to see if he could get the newscast from the beginning, just as he hit another channel, there came a breaking news alert.

“This is Sandra Newman reporting live from the scene of a grisly murder of an infant, found this morning by some hikers. As you can see the police are here looking for clues and there has been a tip that someone saw a jeep leaving this area last night though we are still waiting to confirm the color. So if anyone knows anything, please call the Santa Rosa police at...” Andy turned down the sound and realized that they were talking about his jeep and that somehow this was going to be blamed on him. Andy realized that the only thing that could prove his innocence is his recording of this murder.

Andy did some digging and realized the problem was the power behind Senator Struck and police commissioner Chronicle. Senator Stuck was head of the Intelligence Committee, so he had many powerful friends everywhere, not to mention the commissioner was one of the most powerful law enforcement officers in the state. Andy laid out his choices. He could anonymously send the recording to a newspaper and hope they would do something with it, though being up against this much power, Andy knew it would just get quashed.

His father had told him to never trust “big” power or “big” government, he had seen too many things that were never made right, all because someone was greedy and loved the power over others. He told him to always be prepared to leave if something happened and if it got to that point he needed help, he was to look up an old friend of his by the name of Teddy Anderson who lived out in BF Egypt. He had said she knows more about conspiracies than anyone and will be

able to help you navigate your way through any swamp you may find yourself in as well as a safe place to go. She knows you through me, but you will still need to take the silver 1956 Franklin 50 cent piece, with YHUH etched into it.

Andy remembered all of this, so he pulled out the safe that he had put all his dad's designs and other valuables, and found the Franklin, as he looked at it, he found that YHUH was etched into Franklin's face, but it was small and at first glance if you didn't know it was there, you wouldn't have noticed it. The General had always said to have cash on hand, so Andy would stash cash in the safe at least once a month. He wouldn't be using any of his credit cards so he pulled out the cash which came to \$20,000. He knew it wouldn't be long before the full power of the Senator found out about him.

The jeep Andy was driving was a black 2016 model, but he also had an older 1970 red jeep that he had rebuilt and kept in top working condition. Andy had always been good at repairing cars and trucks and knew that all new models could now be shut down with a flick of a switch so to speak. He also knew he wouldn't be taking the new jeep and thankfully his jeeps looked nothing like each other. What the police would be looking for is the new one.

Andy didn't want to raise suspicion in his neighborhood, so he wouldn't over pack, but he knew he had to get moving before the neighbors got up and really had time to comprehend and think about what had happened. People become more focused and intense at the death of a baby,

especially one this horrific. He decided to take his drone, packed a bag, grabbed the safe and his computer and together with Teddy's address he put everything in the old jeep. Once he made sure that everything was situated so that it didn't look like he was running off, he opened the garage door and backed out. He pulled into the street and thankfully none of his neighbors were out. Andy drove slowly, maintaining the posted speed limit and headed to the freeway.

He decided to go to a couple Walmart's, since they sell Visa or Mastercard debit cards. It would give him the ability to pay with a debit card and not be tracked. He would stop at the two here in the city, putting \$500 on each one and then in the next state do the same thing. He would also purchase a couple burner phones, just in case, not like he had anyone he would call, but it was better to get one now in California rather than in another state, as it would make it harder for anyone tracking him to realize he had left the state.

He was careful not to speed and draw any attention to himself, but as soon as he got on highway 20 he pushed the jeep to the speed limit and headed to highway 80. Once he hit Nevada he would be able to relax just a little, but he had decided he was going to take the long way to Teddy Anderson's place. She lived in Jasper, Missouri, 1811 miles away and Andy had decided he didn't want to lead anyone to her doorstep.

Chap. 5

Andy made good time and got into Reno around 9 AM. Not much traffic on the street since Reno is a gambling town and either the gamblers were still at the tables or about to go to bed. Most of the traffic was due to the locals going or coming from their shifts at the casinos or going to work. Andy found a drive-thru got some breakfast and pulled into a parking spot to eat.

Since he'd planned a circuitous route to Teddy's house, he opened his map and as he looked he found area 51, he traced the lines on the map until he spotted a town called Rachel, considered to be the UFO capital of the world. All he needed to do was get on highway 375 or as he read, it was known as "The Extraterrestrial Highway". It was a little over five hours to get down to the highway and find the town of Rachel. "I can spend the night there and firm up the rest of this trip to Ms. Anderson's house," Andy thought.

He finished up his breakfast, dumped the trash and headed back out onto the street. Again, being careful to not bring any attention to himself, he stayed closed to the speed limit in town and once on the highway, pushed to the speed limit. Thankfully it was fall and the temperature was a cool 50 degrees. Driving in the desert during the heat on a hot day could cause a vehicle to overheat. Andy didn't want to cause any unnecessary attention if he could help it. He would be driving closer to Las Vegas where temperatures were always hotter but still mild in the fall.

As Andy drove, he had a hard time concentrating on the scenery; he kept going back to what he had seen, the knife going into the baby. Tears rolled down his face without realizing it and all he could think was how much he wished he had been able to save it. He realized he didn't know if the baby was a boy or a girl, as if that really mattered. Suddenly he came alert and saw that he was about to go off the road into the shoulder; pulled himself back onto the road and tried to put the events out of this mind.

Back on the road, he looked into the rearview mirror and saw a vehicle coming up on his tail rather fast. Andy felt his heart race as he thought it could be the highway patrol but when it reached him, he saw it was a white SUV and when it passed him, he felt his heart rate slow back down. If his research was correct, it would not be hard for the senator or commissioner to trace his jeep back to him. Spy satellites could identify a wart on a frog's butt from 84 to 127 miles above the earth. Communication satellites on the other hand orbited anywhere from 12,000 to 24,000 miles above the earth. Andy knew that the only odd vehicle would have been his so he felt the pressure. What would be their next step? Would it be an all-out man-hunt, maybe his face on every TV channel or perhaps suicide by car accident? Andy knew he couldn't let his guard down. He had stepped into a hornets nest with only a few ways this playing out and none seemed good for his health.

Andy got to his turn-off onto highway 375 at about 3PM, he saw the white SUV again making the same turn, again his heart started to race.

Chastising himself, he said, “seriously, get a grip, I’m getting onto The Extraterrestrial Highway, do I really think that there aren’t UFO hunters out here?”

For a moment he thought about not going that way, but he didn’t want to start second guessing himself, this was the plan, he was going to stick to it. As far as he was concerned, it was still too early for them to have found out who he was. Just to be on the safe side, he turned on the radio, to see if perhaps the news of the baby killing had made the news in Nevada yet.

Andy had made the turn onto 375 and the SUV had long since gone, so he finally relaxed. Posted speed limit is 70, so Andy pushed the pedal and headed down the straight highway, knowing that he would soon be near Area 51. There are lots of conspiracies and conspiracy theories about that place that “they” officially recognized publicly in 2013 though it had been built back in the 1950’s. It’s the “holy” grail for UFO hunters and a remote detachment of Edwards Air Force Base in Lancaster, CA. Rumor has it that there are underground tunnels from Area 51 that will reach most “deep underground military bases” also known as DUMBS, wonder who comes up with these acronyms?

Andy’s dad had worked at Edwards Air Force Base doing who knows what. The General didn’t talk much about what he really did for the military, but one day he had told Andy, “People think Area 51 is where all the aliens are supposed to be. Well son, I can tell you that there are many more interesting things that go on at Dulce base in New

Mexico and Wright Patterson AFB in Ohio. Who knows, maybe one day I can fill you in, as it's a doozy of a story!" That was pretty much all that Andy ever heard from his father about his time with the military and this was just prior to him disappearing.

The General never told Andy's mom what was going on either, so when he disappeared they weren't sure what had happened. It wasn't really like the General to just leave and not say anything and Andy's mom didn't take it well. There was the cursory search by the military to try and find him. The brass swore they hadn't sent him anywhere; that he wasn't doing anything for them, but both Andy and his mom knew they were not being told everything.

Prior to him disappearing the General said something cryptic; "if anything happens to me and I turn up missing, know that there is more to it, not like you can do anything about it, just know I love you and I would just never leave you."

They mentioned that to his bosses, who just marked it down as the ramblings of an old man, saying there wasn't anything he was working on that was classified. Andy knew that was a lie, but decided to keep it to himself.

Eventually Andy's mom passed away from cancer, but he knew she had died of a broken heart. She had always held out hope that the General would come back to them one day, but that had been 14 years ago.

Andy pulled into Rachel, the UFO capital of the world in the early evening and looked for the Little Aleinn Restaurant, Bar and Motel. Not really much to this town, but he guessed that what it lacked in accommodations more than made up for with UFO sightings. There weren't a lot of people in the parking lot, so he didn't think there would be an issue getting a room.

After he came back out, he noticed the white SUV, the same one that had passed him, the same one that had gotten onto 375. Although he didn't see anyone in the vehicle, he noted the California license plate – UFO4U2. He had to laugh at himself, again. He maneuvered his jeep over to the parking lot in front of his unit, pulled out his duffle bag and computer, and went into the room. Nothing to write home about, but it was clean and this one had its own bathroom. This town had Wi-Fi, which would make sense since UFO hunters need and want all the technology they can get. Andy had to find out what was going on since he had left, so he flipped on his computer, applied his security so that he couldn't be tracked and looked for some San Francisco news.

Andy found the KGO Bay area and SF news on line – they were live-streaming the breaking news. He saw Commissioner Chronicle speaking to reporters, he turned up the sounds just as he's saying; "We think we may have caught a break in the case and are just waiting to confirm a tip from someone who may know something about this mystery jeep seen leaving the scene of the crime. As soon as we have anything more concrete we will let you know."

Andy shuts down the computer and started to panic. “Damn it,” he grimaced, “They would have had to be able to see me from a satellite...” He didn’t finish the sentence, of course, that would have been possible because the Senator is on the intelligence committee, and he would have access. At least they weren’t releasing his name or a picture. Andy’s good fortune, but he still wondered why not.

Andy had the urge to jump in his jeep and just take off, to get to Teddy’s house as quick as possible until he remembered where he was. Talk about acting suspicious, fleeing in the middle of the night would make him look like a criminal. He had to stay calm and work logically, he would just shorten up his route, but he would leave at first light in the morning.

Chap. 6

Senator Struck has just finished watching Chronicle at his press conference, he knew there hadn't been a tip, but at this point, Tom thought it would be a good idea to just put that out there, thinking that perhaps whoever had been at the controls of the drone would turn their self in or perhaps keep whoever it was from turning whatever they had caught on film over to the press. According to Tom this was another way to get ahead of whatever this person thought he could do with a recording. His phone rang.

Jason answered it and said, "Send him in". It was an Air Force Colonel who came in with satellite pictures. "Sir, this is what we found at the coordinates and time that your security gave us. As you can see, we've got a good shot of the jeep pulling out of the area where it had been, stopping just before getting on the dirt road and turning left. Now we were able to pick up a partial plate, California 6SPC but then the satellite went out of range."

"Thank you Colonel, just leave these with me," said Struck. The Colonel left and Struck picked up the phone to call Chronicle. "Tom, here is what the satellite got, California 6SPC and confirmed the jeep is black. Let me know what you find out and the sooner the better."

Just as he hung up, the door opened and in walked Lucien. Struck was hoping that he didn't look as scared as he felt on the inside, but knew that it didn't matter, Lucien already knew.

“Good afternoon Jason, it’s been a while since we’ve seen each other so I thought I’d check in to see how things were going,” said the smiling Lucien, “Is everything going okay for you? Anything I need to know about?”

Struck knew that Lucien never just dropped by nor checked up on you, he was very aware of what had happened, so he figured it best to just come clean and not make it harder than this was going to be.

“Lucien, it’s always wonderful to see you, but you know you could have just called as I know how busy you are”, replied Struck.

“Jason, you are my personal favorite and I just felt that you may need me, that something might have happened, so here I am, at your disposal”, said Lucien.

Struck was looking out his office window and knew better than to keep Lucien waiting and certainly didn’t want him to think he was hesitating. “Well Lucien, we were having our Halloween ceremony and thinking that we had taken every precaution necessary, missed the drone that flew into our circle and got me on film killing the infant. Whatever this drone recorded also included all the faces of the people that were there. So far this film has not been released to anyone that we are aware of and I just got the partial plate of the jeep that we saw leaving the area.”

Lucien looked at Struck, holding his eyes; had Jason wanted to turn away from his gaze he

would not have been able to, and it struck him that he was looking at the devil, when Lucien released him from his gaze and said: “Do you need my help as we don’t want this to turn into anything that might create an issue for you and the others?”

Jason said, “No, so far we’ve taken care to ensure that we are ahead of everything. We’ve initiated a first response already putting the blame on whoever was driving the jeep and having just gotten a partial plate on the jeep, I passed that on to the commissioner so I don’t think it will take much time to get an address on it and soon.”

“Well as long as you have everything under control, I’ll let you’ll get back to it, but just let me know if you need my help, you know I’m always here for you Jason”, Lucien said with an icy smile that conveyed exactly the opposite of the warm words.

The two shook hands, and Jason was never happier when he saw the door close and Lucien out of his office. He realized how much he had been sweating as well as just how afraid he was of Lucien. For a moment, Jason realized with sadness how much he had lost when he hooked up with Lucien and he was very thankful that his parents weren’t here to see what their son had turned into, but here he was, no point in trying to turn back the time to something else, that was never going to happen.

Chap. 7

Andy woke up around 04:30, he had been having nightmares, so it was pointless to try and go back to sleep. He might as well get up and figure out which way he was going to go today. He still wanted to try and do the hardest to track route possible, so he pulled out his map.

Andy decided he would head to Cedar City, Utah, then head down into Arizona and rest in Kayenta, Arizona which is part of the Navajo Nation and near Monument Valley. He was trying to make it seem like he was a tourist.

He took another look on his computer to see if there had been any new updates from San Francisco but there wasn't anything, though it was still a headline and the police were still asking for people to come forward if they had any new information. Jason knew that wouldn't happen unless there was something else that Struck had made up to further incriminate him. He had to keep moving.

It was still dark when Jason went to his jeep, opened the back-passenger door and was just about to put in his luggage when he saw an Arizona license plate lying on the seat. That scared him and he backed out with a jolt and looked around. He thought of the white SUV so he searched the parking lot to see if it was still there, it wasn't.

“Why on earth would someone put a license plate in my car; even more disturbing is the fact that I had locked the jeep”, thought Jason. “It’s

impossible that they are already onto me, so what am I missing?”

Then it hit him, like some sort of guardian angel telling me to change my license plates. Currently Jason’s plates were California plates, which required two plates, but Arizona only required one on the back. Arizona, always a rebel state also gives its residents a driver’s license lasting 50 years!

“What am I thinking, what if there is some sort of tracker on this plate which would just lead whoever left this to my final destination”, thought Jason. He went back into his room and looked the plate over very carefully, feeling in all the crevices and if there was a tracker on this plate, he could not find it. If there was an RFID chip on it, then it certainly was well hidden, but he decided he would chance it.

He went back to the jeep and checked to make sure he was still alone; then not seeing anyone watching him from motel windows, he pulled the California plates and put the Arizona plate on, putting his original plates in his duffel bag.

Andy was ready to leave, but he made a check around the jeep, just to be sure there was nothing wrong, no flat tires or anything else out of place. Got into the jeep and headed out for Cedar Park, UT.

Going against every flight instinct, Andy made sure that he didn’t speed; as a matter of fact he stayed around 65 as opposed to the posted 70 MPH speed limit. The road was clear but he knew

he might hit some snow in Utah even though it was fall. Andy was always prepared with his vehicles, had chains if need be, had an emergency kit as well as a first aid kit, so the only thing that was a worry now is who this guardian angel was or if they were really angels.

It was only about a three-hour drive to Cedar City, so he got there just around 9AM Monday and had missed both the school and work traffic. There was a dusting of snow but the roads were clear and as he drove through town he ran across another Walmart. He decided to stop, get a couple more debit cards and this time it would be Visa. He also picked up some drinks and a few snacks, paid for his purchases. He refueled there as well and was getting ready to head back out when he thought he saw that white SUV again. Sitting for just a few minutes next to the pump, he looked carefully around, but whatever he thought he had seen, didn't appear again. He pulled into traffic and headed toward Kayenta, AZ. He had about a 4 ½ hour drive which would put him into Kayenta around 3PM. This gave Andy a lot of time to mull over what had happened and plan out his next moves.

Andy made Kayenta very close to his projected time. Kayenta is 25 miles south of Monument Valley. He had always loved the desert, one could always feel the peace and quiet of it, but knew he had to get as far away from California as he could. He found the Hampton Inn and decided to stay there for the night. Once he had gotten his room, unloaded his baggage and checked out his room, he decided to head to the Walmart he had seen when he got to town. No matter where you go

these days and no matter how small, seems you will always find a Walmart Super Center.

Pulling into a Walmart, though not overly crowded, Andy parked out of the way from the front entrance. He sat in the jeep and looked around, just to make sure and saw a white SUV. He got out and made his way to the entrance by way of the SUV, he was going to check the plates since he remembered the last one UFO4U2. Once there he saw that it was an Arizona plate though he took the time to notice if there was anything else on the SUV, like a bumper sticker or a ding that he could use as a reference for the next one he saw. There was nothing, so he headed on into the store.

Once Andy got into the store, he suddenly felt so alone and afraid. This mess, the death of an innocent baby and his fast get away from all that he had known finally hit him like a lead weight. He wanted to just sit down and cry; how he wished his dad was here to tell him what to do and help him, when someone touched him on his shoulder and startled him.

“Sir, are you okay?” Andy became fully aware and realized it was a Walmart employee asking him this, “Sorry, I’ve been nursing a headache all day and was just taking a moment for the pain to somewhat ease,” Andy said with a smile. “Sorry to hear that, I can show you where we keep the aspirin if that will help,” replied the employee.

Andy followed him and noticed that he looked to be about the same age as his dad which as odd as it sounded made him feel better. Once Andy got

to the medicine aisle he walked down it, found the aspirin and moved to some other aisles. It suddenly occurred to him that he needed to change his appearance when he came upon the hair dyes. Andy realized that rather than just dying his hair, the biggest change to his appearance would be to get rid of his moustache. He had not been without it since he was able to grow one and that had been years. Far less suspicious to get a razor and shaving cream as opposed to hair dye, so he picked up those as well. He also realized that once his moustache was off, his upper lip had not seen sunlight in those same years, so he looked around trying to think what he might be able to use to somewhat color in his lip. He wasn't quite sure what he was looking for, but make-up was not going to work, then he saw a bottle of Sunless Mousse, this looked like it would do the trick, so he threw it in the cart, added some snacks along with a couple more Mastercard debit cards and made his way to the checkout counter.

Once he got in the check-out line, he tried to find the gentleman who had helped him, wanting to thank him again and not seeing him once he reached the clerk he asked her if she knew where the "greeter" was. She told him, they don't really use greeters anymore, and a flicker of fear hit Andy again, first the SUV, then the plates and now this?

Chap. 8

Commissioner Chronicle called the Senator and after being connected to him said, “Jason, we’ve got him, well not in custody but we know who he is!”

Struck was beside himself with relief, it meant that this was going to end soon. “Okay Tom, who is this prick and how soon can you haul his ass in?”

“Gabriel Andrew Thomas is his name, he’s from Grass Valley and we’ve got his home address, so I’ve got my men headed to his house to bring him in, as soon as he gets here I’ll call you to come down,” said Chronicle.

“Make it soon and don’t do anything to him as I want to know what he got and who he talked too before we get rid of him,” said the Senator who was now feeling back in control, “we’ve got to make up for what we lost back at the altar. Lucien will not be happy if we don’t complete that ceremony, so while you get this guy, I’ll get that set up again.”

Chronicle hung up and Jason called Lucien to tell him the good news and that they would be concluding what they had started. Though this Thomas person had interrupted their Oct 31st ceremony or All Hallows Eve, he knew that they could complete the ritual. This was the big night, when they called in the demons with the blood sacrifice, and then it was completed with a sexual orgy.

He called his group and told them that everything was back on, he was getting the preparations

completed and that they would meet back at the same place. It had not been compromised, since they had used all their people, which included the police and the news reporters.

Jason thought to himself, he should be used to this by now, as leader of this group he was in charge of the sacrifice, getting it as well as killing it. He had started out with animals; the first time he did it he was squeamish since it had been a lamb. His brief fling with Christianity made him feel a little guilty, but as time moved on it became easier for him to kill, at least animals.

Jason was told that it's the blood that you need to bring in the demons and that they can take possession of you through your mouth, ears, nose, anus, all of your orifices, which is why the blood would be smeared in those places. He certainly had no trouble getting into the sexual orgy that culminated these rituals. It did take him a little longer to get used to killing babies, but eventually that too passed, because he knew how he felt afterwards. He felt the power once the ritual had been completed and why now he felt frustrated, it was like a perpetual ache of blue balls, waiting for the ejaculation.

Jason always had the TV on, tuned to a news channel with the sound down. Just as he looked up he saw a house on fire and turned up the sound. A news reporter was talking about a house having blown up just as his phone rang; he grabbed the phone and turned the sound back down. It was the commissioner calling.

**“Jason, you watching the news,” asked Tom?
“Yes, I had just turned it on when you called,”
replied Jason.**

**“Well then you should know Jason that is
Thomas’ house. It blew up as my men were going
into the house, the minute they opened the door
the whole place blew! The firefighters are there
trying to put it out, but I lost a couple of men,”
said Tom.**

**“What in the hell happened? I thought this was
going to be easy, picking up this guy, bringing
him in and now this? Who is this Gabriel Thomas
anyway? This is beginning to turn into something
even bigger than the cluster I thought it was going
to be,” shouted the Senator, “what are we going
to do now?”**

**Tom spoke again saying, “Let me get back to you,
I need some time to find out who this guy is or
was, who knows maybe he went up with the
house.”**

**Jason spoke, “We could be so lucky, but judging
by what has been going on, I seriously doubt that.
Find out as quickly as you can and let me know if
I can do anything to expedite whatever you need
to finish this damn mess. As it is, I know I’m
going to get a call from Lucien, so do this
quickly!”**

**No sooner had Jason slammed down the phone
when it rang again and he knew exactly who it
was, so with trembling hands he picked up the
phone and heard Lucien’s soft voice.**

“Jason, when last we talked you said everything was under control. Next thing I’m seeing are houses blowing up, policemen getting killed and you still don’t have your intruder,” Lucien said softly but clearly.

With a mouth so dry it felt like he had eaten the Sahara, Jason was finally able to squeak out, “Lucien, I’m sorry, we had no idea about this guy. Frankly we still have no idea who this guy is other than his name is Gabriel Thomas. Tom is working on getting information so that we can find out what we are really up against.”

Lucien laughed and said with menace in his voice, “Well in my world Gabriel is known as an Archangel, but then again, I know this one is merely a human, but I’m telling you now, get it cleaned up or I will take care of it! Once you know something, I want you to call me and tell me what you have found out, no more room for error. You got that?”

Lucien just hung up without giving Jason the opportunity to reply, which was a good thing, since Jason didn’t know what he would have said, but he knew he had to get this done and over with, no matter the cost.

Chap. 9

Once Andy was back out in the Walmart parking lot, he looked for the SUV, but it was no longer there, so he headed over to his jeep with his purchases and got in, still looking around to see if there was anything he could tell that looked out of the ordinary.

Everything appeared to be normal until he saw an envelope on his dashboard. Nothing was written on the outside, so he took it and opened it up, there was note inside it. He was not familiar with the handwriting and again he looked up from the note, out the window to see if there was anyone watching him.

The note said: It's good that you are going to change your appearance, but you are going to have to get rid of this jeep soon. There are things that have happened which you will see when you get back to your room and though you have some breathing space, don't waste it. Don't waste your time trying to figure out who I am, but stick to your plan.

That's how it ended, stick to your plan! Andy thought it odd that he didn't really feel any fear, this note for some strange reason almost made him feel safe and it certainly cleared up the mystery of the license plate. He did know that he needed to get going like the note said and not waste precious time. He may not know who all his enemies were, but he knew he had to get as far away as possible.

Andy got back to his motel, took his purchases into his room, flipped on the TV and found a news channel to see what was going on back home. Another breaking news alert came on showing his house or where his house used to be. The news reporter was talking: “The police were trying to enter this house here in Grass Valley, CA when it exploded. Two policemen are dead and the San Francisco and Sacramento police are asking for any help. They have identified the person living here as Gabriel Thomas. Now that the fire is out, the police with the help of fire fighters are looking for any other bodies that may have been in the house. We will let you know further details once we have them.”

Andy was speechless, how on earth did my house blow up, he wondered. He did realize now what the note meant and knew he had to get moving. First things first, he went into the bathroom, pulled out the razor and shaving cream and removed his moustache. Once that was done, looking into the mirror he didn't recognize himself, which made him feel better. As he suspected his upper lip was far whiter than the rest of his skin. He pulled out the sunless mousse he had bought and decided to apply it to all of his face. The directions said it would take 3-12 hours to take effect and since he would be driving into the sun once he was on the road that may make it work a little faster.

He had prepaid his room for the night, so he didn't have to go back into the lobby and raise any suspicion with his new look. He had planned to leave around midnight, but thought that as small as Kayenta was, 6 AM would be a better

time when there were cars on the road as well as about the time tourists went to Monument Valley.

It was still early evening so he pulled out his computer and began pulling up all the news he could find on what had happened at his house. He got on a San Francisco station and saw one of the reporters talking to one of his neighbors. It looked like John Taylor who lived next door.

“Mr. Taylor, you say you knew the owner of this house,” asked the reporter. “Yes, I’ve known Andy for a long time. I’m just hoping that he wasn’t in this explosion, though I don’t know how anyone, if he was could have lived through it,” said John.

“Mr. Taylor, would you know why the police were at his house? Any reason that you know of that they would want to talk to him, especially now that there are two dead policemen,” continued the reporter.

“I’m sorry I don’t, Andy was a photographer, and he hated guns so the last thing he would be aware of is explosives. He was good with computers and could fix just about any mechanical thing with a motor,” answered John.

“Well thank you Mr. Taylor,” said the reporter who turned back to the camera and said, “We will let you know of any further updates once we hear something. In the meantime, the police have asked for your help if anyone has seen Mr. Thomas. They are hoping that he is not one of the victims, but they have told us that he is a person of interest in the recent baby killing that happened

up in Santa Rosa. If you have heard or seen him, please call them at the following numbers.”

Andy could not figure out how his house blew up, it was all-electric, so if there had been a problem it would have just caught fire, not blown up. The news had said when the officers turned the door knob it just blew and they were instantly killed.

Andy was no fool, this baby killing he had recorded was turning into something much bigger and now that two policemen were dead; he would be blamed for them as well. He knew he had to get to Ms. Anderson’s house; perhaps he needed to plan a shorter route and get there a lot quicker.

Chap. 10

The Senator was pacing back and forth in his office hoping that the commissioner would call with something, preferably good news. This Gabriel Andrew Thomas being one of the victims, that would be the best news, along with everything he had recorded going up in smoke as well. He had seen the news but was waiting for the information that the reporters didn't know!!

His phone rang and he snatched it up, "It's about time you called," yelled Jason into the phone.

Tom spoke, "Sorry it took longer than I expected and I didn't want to go around police procedure and appear overly anxious about finding another body in the house. Unfortunately there was no one else in the house and not much left of anything in there as well. The Fire Captain thinks it was C4 used to create the bomb and a damn fine job it did."

"Damn it Tom, are we ever going to get a break in this? Who is this Gabriel Thomas any way, from what I saw of him he didn't appear to be that old. Was he in the military," asked Jason.

"We're running background on him now, he doesn't appear to have been, but his father was and I figured you could get with one of your buddies at the Pentagon to find out who the hell he was. We do know from DMV records that Thomas had two jeeps. The 2016 model that matched the plate numbers we got from the satellite photos and a 1970 model. We've got those plate numbers, so we've put out a BOLO for

him and this vehicle,” said Tom. “His dad is or was a General, not real clear on that and he is Gabriel Andrew Thomas the senior, so anything you can find out for us on him will be a great help.”

“Okay, I’m on the phone to the Pentagon as soon as we hang up and I’ll call you back as soon as I get something. In the meantime if you catch this Thomas, let me know immediately,” said Jason.

The Senator racked his brain for this General Thomas since he thought he knew them all. Being on the intelligence committee gave him access to the highest levels at the Pentagon so he called his old friend and group member three-star General Stanley Smith.

Once he got the General on the line he filled him in on all that had happened and what Jason needed from him.

“Stan, you ever know a General Gabriel Thomas? I don’t have too many details, but we’re tracking his son and know that it was him that recorded me killing the baby, so if we can find the father, maybe we can find the son,” asked Jason.

“You know, I do remember a General Thomas and we may have crossed paths, but as I understood it, this guy was an invention wizard. He took a lot of Tesla’s patents and made them workable for DARPA as well as technology that could be adapted for military use. What was floating around about him was that he might have gone off the reservation and last I heard he had disappeared, which usually means that he was

“suicided”, but I’ll see what I can find out and get back to you. Don’t worry Jason, with our capabilities, we’ll find this guy, there is no way Gabriel Thomas Jr. or Sr. will not be found,” said Stan.

The senator felt a small amount of hope creep back in that maybe this would be resolved soon and things could get back to normal, well as normal is it can get with Lucien. Jason promised himself, that he would never get into another mess like this again.

The phone rang again, it was the commissioner: “Jason, we may have caught a break! Seems one of the neighbors saw Jason leaving early in the morning on Monday in his 70’s jeep, so we’re pulling traffic cams to see if we can track him. We have the plates so it won’t be that big of a deal, plus it’s old. I’ll let you know as soon as I hear anything further.”

Jason kept hoping that each time he heard something that gave him a glimmer of hope that it would be true, but he resigned himself to the fact until Thomas was in custody not to get his hopes up. He swore to himself that this Gabriel Thomas would never see the light of day again!

Chap. 11

Andy looked at the map to see what he should do next; he had decided that he wanted to get to Ms. Anderson's place soon, so the best route was to get to I40, about 2 ½ hours from Kayenta and it would take him through Albuquerque. He would be on the 40 until he hit Oklahoma City to I44 which basically would take him directly to Jasper.

Having planned his route, he cleaned up. He always had garbage bags with him, so he cleaned the bathroom, leaving nothing of his moustache behind for the maid to find or clean up, but also wouldn't arouse suspicion. He would drop the garbage bag off at the first rest stop he hit once he had left.

Andy now thought about what the note had said, getting rid of the jeep. He had restored the jeep, so he knew he would feel a little sad about giving it up, but he knew it would lead those looking for him, directly to him. Not that many of these jeeps were still running, so he needed to figure out how to get rid of it. It suddenly occurred to him that if he tried to trade it in somewhere, he would have to give them the title to the jeep which would tell anyone all they needed to know about him. Andy decided he would get rid of it in Albuquerque and along the way he would come up with a plan.

Andy was up early and got all of his things ready so that he could leave at 6AM. He checked the bathroom once more to make sure he hadn't left anything behind and caught himself in the mirror. He didn't recognize himself, which was a good thing, but he could also see in his eyes how all of

this had taken a toll on him. He could now understand what people felt like when they lost all hope in mankind.

He got on the road right at 0600 and headed off to Albuquerque, at about an hour out of Kayenta he ran into a rest stop that seemed deserted. He pulled in and parked next to the garbage can, took out his garbage bag, dumped it and got back on the freeway. Now what to do about his jeep? He knew he was going to dump it in Albuquerque and he only had about 3 ½ hours to come up with a plan.

When he got to Gallup, NM, he went through a drive-thru and got something to eat. Andy didn't have much of an appetite since all of this had happened, but today he needed to eat something more than a snack. He didn't really want to go into a restaurant, so he stopped at the first drive-thru he could find. Again, he ate his meal parked while watching the traffic, wishing that he had never seen what he had. He had eaten the last of his hamburger and watched as a white SUV drove by. Andy tried to see who was driving, but he had past him too quickly, seeing that SUV made him feel safe and gave him a second wind to get back on the road.

Two hours later Andy was in Albuquerque and he still hadn't come up with any ideas as to what he would do about getting rid of the jeep without raising suspicions. He decided to turn on the radio and find a news station to take his mind off the problem.

When they mentioned his name as the person of interest for the killing of a baby and blowing up his house, he turned it up. They gave his description and of course it was with the moustache, the vehicle he was driving, which had California plates so at this moment they didn't know he was in New Mexico but with today's technology he knew it wouldn't be long before they did, he now realized it was imperative that he get rid of his jeep.

Andy spotted another Walmart supercenter and pulled into it, hoping this would be the last one before he got to Teddy's place. Odd, he thought, it's as if I know her, here I am using her name like we were old friends. Her presence in my mind has certainly made it easier for me to get through this mess! He realized how much he missed his dad; the General would have known what to do. Perhaps that is why he was putting so much onto Teddy Anderson, she had known his dad and that comforted him.

Andy walked into the supercenter and decided to get a thumb-drive. Then he headed to the checkout, picked up some more Visa debit cards, paid and left the store. Once he got back to his jeep, he found another envelope on his seat. Truth be told, he was happy to see it; he didn't know who this guardian angel was, but he was certainly glad to have one.

The note said: Once you get out of Albuquerque you are going to pick-up route 66 off I40 going into Clines Corner. When you get there, find the big travel center and truck stop. Depending on when you get there, you need to wait until dark

and park next to the Subway, go into the bathroom and use the first stall. There will be a key taped at the bottom of the toilet towards the wall. That key is for your new vehicle, which will be a blue Subaru Forrester. It will be locked, but don't worry, all your things will be inside. Look in the glovebox, there will be a title for the car, just put your name in it. There will also be an insurance card which will already have your name written in, but don't worry that it has your real name, just drive the speed limit. There is a caution however, Albuquerque is notorious for its speed traps, stay under the speed limit.

Chap. 12

Commissioner Chronicle was on the phone when Senator Struck walked in, Tom had called him to come to his office as he had news and he didn't want to leave the office in case something else came in from his contacts. Jason took a seat and waited for Tom to get off the phone. The Senator was hoping that this was good news, though he certainly couldn't tell by Tom's face!

Finally, Tom hung up, "Okay, we've caught a break, looks like one of the freeway cameras caught Thomas' jeep leaving Grass Valley. They are looking to see if they can find which way he was headed. My guess would be towards Nevada, either Reno or straight down to Vegas. At least we've got the jeep so we should be able to track it," said Tom.

Jason had no intention of getting his hopes up, but with all the resources they had at their disposal, he could only hope that this would be finished by the end of the day and he was certainly going to try to move it along to hit that deadline.

"Okay Tom, let me know as soon as you hear or get anything, I'm still waiting on the Pentagon to get back with me about Thomas' father," said Jason, "And when I do, I'll let you know."

The Senator had just arrived back to his office when his aide told him General Smith was on the phone, he quickly went into his office and anxiously picked up the phone.

“Stan, thank you for getting back to me and hopefully you’ve got something I can use,” said Jason.

“Not really anything to report, like I had remembered, General Thomas had either left or retired, that I’m not really clear on, but from what I found out, seems like he just got tired of the military. They did mention that his wife had called here wondering about him, seems he just up and disappeared without a word to either her or his son. It’s a damn shame though, Thomas was extraordinary when it came to technology and had been a help to the DOD for many years. Probably just burned out or perhaps he just decided to ride off into the sunset with a new girlfriend.” laughed Stan.

“What about you thinking perhaps he had been suicided,” asked Jason?

“Well I pulled up all the records on General Thomas and there wasn’t anything in them to make it seem that he had turned into a whistleblower or held some sort of grudge against the Army, so there would have been no reason to have done anything like that. It seems that he left on good terms,” replied Stan, “But I’ll keep checking to see if anything else may be out there, however at this moment, nothing really that I see that can help.”

Jason said, “I appreciate it Stan, but keep looking, I want to make sure we’re covering all the bases. The commissioner has told me they found the jeep so with any luck, this should all be over with

soon. I'll call you with new details for the next date at the altar."

Jason had been unable to concentrate on his job and his desk was now piled high with matters that he really needed to attend to, plus he was going to have to get back to DC soon. While he was feeling calmer he decided to go through some of the paperwork, at least it would take his mind off Thomas. Not like anything could really help until he had this guy in his hands, literally!!!

The Senator already knew what he planned to do with Gabriel Thomas, the man who had drawn Lucien's attention to him and Jason knew that Lucien would not forget this. He thought he might make Thomas a gift to Lucien once they had him. There would be no trial in this case; Thomas would become a sacrifice, maybe for the winter solstice!

Chap. 13

Andy had taken it slow out of Gallup, driving carefully in and through Albuquerque and had found a rest stop outside of Albuquerque. He was only an hour from Clines Corner and the note had said wait until it was dark. He had some time to take a cat nap, and perhaps nurse this headache he had. He took a couple of aspirins and closed his eyes, but any time a car pulled in, he would look to see who it was. This feeling of paranoia just wouldn't go away and he wasn't counting on his guardian angel. He knew he would feel better once this beacon of a jeep was gone.

He decided to open up his computer, he knew there wasn't any Wi-Fi out here, phone cell towers didn't really dot the landscape, but he thought he would take a look at the recording now that he was so far away. He knew he couldn't watch the baby get killed again, but he could fast forward through it and see who else was at the horrible scene.

Once it started to play and Andy saw the drone coming in just prior to being able to see the knife, he turned it off. Andy knew there was no way he could watch this again, no matter whom else was there. He knew the senator, commissioner, movie star and musician; that was enough. It was like some sort of nightmarish plot for a movie or TV show, he would just wait until he could do something with the recording. Andy pulled out the thumb-drive he had purchased and copied the recording onto it. If something happened that he couldn't get back onto his computer or it became too dangerous to be on-line with it, he would still

have the recording. Andy knew once they had figured out who he was, it would be easy for them to track him even with all the precautions he knew to take.

Andy decided to leave and by his calculations he figured he'd get to Clines Corner just at dark. He pulled out of the rest stop, checking his rearview mirror and made sure there was nothing suspicious behind him. He got onto the onramp to I40 and headed to Clines Corner.

It was a non-eventful drive and he found the travel center easily. There was a lot of activity at this place with trucks and cars pulling in for gas and food, it would be easy to look like a typical tourist. He saw the Subway and found a parking spot in front of it as directed. He went in as the note said, found the bathroom, but saw that the first stall was occupied. Andy became apprehensive that maybe he had misread the note, so he pulled it out and re-read it. It was the first stall, so he went into the next one and sat down on the toilet seat to wait.

After what seemed like an eternity, the toilet finally flushed and he heard whoever had been in there walk out. He wondered why the guy didn't wash his hands, but then wondered why he even cared. Andy hadn't heard anyone else come in, so he flushed his toilet just to be safe. Opened the stall door and looked around. No-one was in there, so he went into the first stall, closed the door and looked at the bottom of the toilet seat. The key was there, just like the note said; Andy breathed a sigh of relief, left the stall, washed his hands and walked out of the bathroom.

Andy walked up to the counter and ordered a sandwich. After walking down the line waiting on his sandwich to be made, he reached the cashier, paid and left.

When he got outside and went to his jeep, he saw it was gone. For a moment, he panicked and thought it had been stolen; then he remembered, he was looking for a blue Subaru Forrester. Andy clearly knew he was not cut out for a life of subterfuge, he was too easily rattled, but then he told himself, anyone would be if they had seen what he had.

Andy found the car and since it was a new model, he just clicked the key fob, the lights blinked and it was unlocked. Before he got in, he looked around to see if anyone else was looking at him, not seeing anything he got into the car.

He looked in the glovebox and as the note said, found the paperwork with his name on both the title and the insurance card; he signed the title and put them both back in the glovebox.

There was another note in the glovebox, so he pulled it out and read it. It said that he was about 8 hours from Tulsa; he was told to stay at the Hard Rock Hotel and Casino in Tulsa. A room key with the room number was in the envelope. It didn't matter what time he got there as the room had been, as far as the hotel knew occupied for the last couple of days. The note further stated that he was not to bring up any baggage or suitcases or charge anything to the room. The room had been paid up until Friday when he would be leaving. The note also stated that he

was to leave at 1PM on Friday which would put him into Jasper around 3PM.

Andy left the travel center and headed east to Tulsa, getting closer to Teddy Anderson's place made his breathing a little easier with an end in sight.

Chap. 14

Commissioner Chronicle was sitting at his desk writing in a report, when Lucien walked in. “Good afternoon Tom,” said Lucien, “I hope you don’t mind that I just dropped in?”

Tom replied, “Not at all, Lucien, what can I do for you?”

“I just wanted to come by and see how things were progressing with this little problem of the Senators’? He told me he’d keep me abreast of what was going on and yet, all I know is what I hear on the news. Maybe he thinks that’s all I need to hear, since it did seem like you were getting close to finding this Mr. Thomas,” said Lucien.

“Lucien, I’m happy to tell you everything we have so far. I was getting ready to call Jason with what I just found out, but that can wait. The freeway cameras caught Thomas’ jeep when he got on the freeway in Sacramento, and we were also able to track him heading into Reno. I’ve got some of my own contacts at the NSA who are pulling some stuff for me to see where he may have gone after Reno. I can’t really imagine that Thomas would have gone there to hide, but you never know. We’re coordinating with the police in Reno to see if we can find out anything else that will help us locate him,” explained Tom.

“That’s good Tom, I’m glad to see that something is happening on this, because I want this ended before the winter solstice, there has to be a completion of Hallows eve before the solstice can

be done. I am a little disappointed that this isn't going quicker, but I guess it's something. Is there any information on Thomas' father, who I understand was a general in the army," asked Lucien.

"I'm sorry for the delay Lucien; I'm trying to stay within police protocol, though the killing of a baby does make it a high priority. We're using those contacts we have that will work and are part of us, but it's still taking some time. Last I heard from Jason about the father, is that Jason's contact didn't really think he was an issue, but is supposed to be digging further," answered Tom, "For me though, there has to be more to Gabriel Thomas, since his house was wired to explode and it was done with such expertise that there was nothing left for us to sift through."

"Do you think he's showed someone what he recorded and they are helping him," asked Lucien?

"I don't honestly know, from what we've found out about Gabriel Thomas Jr, he was a photography nut and liked to use his drone for taking pictures. He worked for a small company as their IT guy, but there didn't seem to be anything outstanding about him. All of this seems out of character for him even if his father was in the military, and being a general who would have had classified clearance, he would have known better than to share anything with his family," said Tom, "His mother died of cancer and he appears to be an only child, so not sure where or from whom, he would be getting any help."

Lucien thought about what Tom said and then spoke carefully; “I can only hope this doesn’t take a turn for the worse. Tell Jason what you found out, but do not tell him that I was here. I want to see if he will keep his promise and tell me what he finds out.”

Lucien left and Tom knew that this needed to be finished and soon or there would be hell to pay, for someone or for all of them. Tom immediately got back on the phone.

Lucien had just walked outside the building when he saw the Senator parking his car. He didn’t want to be seen so walked back into the precinct and headed for the men’s room. Lucien didn’t go in, but from the vantage point he had, he could see Jason come in and head for the elevators. Jason had hit the elevator button and while waiting for it to come he looked up into the direction of where Lucien was standing. Lucien knew he couldn’t be seen, but when Jason turned pale, Lucien knew he could feel him. “Good”, thought Lucien, “You need to be worried and very afraid if this doesn’t end soon.”

Chap. 15

Andy had stayed at a rest stop outside Amarillo for several hours. He didn't want to get to Tulsa too early even if the Hard Rock Café was a Casino; he doubted it was like being in Vegas where the gambling never stopped, though he wasn't sure. He still wanted to play it safe. He got to Tulsa around 7AM and found it was just as congested as California, with people going to work and freeway construction.

He pulled into the Hard Rock and saw that the parking lot was full. He didn't realize how big this place was, but knew he wouldn't seem out of place no matter what time he had shown up. He parked, pulled out his computer bag and headed into the hotel. He walked by the slot machines in the lobby where people were playing and headed over to the elevator, got in and took it to the fourth floor. He got off and headed for room 402.

Once Andy got inside the room, he put his computer on the table, found there was Wi-Fi, so he opened the computer and started building some firewalls so that he couldn't be tracked. Once that was accomplished he felt safe enough to tune it to the San Francisco news station he had been listening too when he could find Wi-Fi. The regular radio stations just kept saying the same thing, looking for tips about him, so he wanted to see if there was anything new since he had been traveling.

Andy found the station and waited for the news to hit; a reporter came on and said: "Police have confirmed that they are close to finding Gabriel

Andrew Thomas, Jr. and have assured us they will let us know once that happens.”

The brief respite of safety Andy had felt dissolved into sheer terror. It was the first time since he began this race that he felt more than afraid. Not only did he feel horrible about what had happened to the baby, this just confirmed his name would be linked to this heinous crime and he would be paying for it without bringing the real criminals to justice.

He walked into the bathroom again and looked in the mirror. Who was this man with his moustache gone and a half-assed suntan along with the bags under his eyes due to lack of sleep? The picture the news had of him didn't look like him at all. That was a good thing, but he knew he wouldn't feel a moment's peace until he got to Ms. Anderson's place. He also knew he was putting a lot of hope into that, but at this moment it was all he had.

Andy woke with a start; he didn't realize he had fallen asleep in the chair. He noted that it was about 9AM, he still had some time to kill before he could leave at 1PM. He went ahead and called room service, ordered breakfast then hopped into the shower. He wasn't sure what to expect next so he decided to take this time to just relax if that was even possible.

He had just put on fresh clothes when there was a knock at the door. Andy had forgotten about his breakfast order, so he rushed to the door and looking through the peep hole, saw it was the waiter. He opened the door to let him in and

waited for him to put the tray on the table. Andy paid him, gave him a tip and sat down to eat. While he was eating, he brought up his computer and again turned to the SF news station to see if there were any further updates, there wasn't, which he was glad about.

He looked at the time; it was 12:30, so he gathered up his things, walked through the bathroom to make sure he didn't leave anything behind. He thought about wiping down his prints, but what would be the point, he'd been all over the room and he didn't really think they would be able to track him to this place. If it was required of him, the note would have told him, so he let that go.

The room had been paid for, so he didn't need to drop off the key card, which he left on the table with a tip for the maid and left. He felt a small sigh of relief that he was finally going to be leaving this place and only two more hours to what he was counting on as safety.

He took the elevator down, got out on the first floor and took a moment to look around. The lobby was full of people, there were those checking in, those leaving, and many just walking around headed for the casino. Lots of laughter hit Andy's ears and he wished he could be one of them. He felt as if he would never be able to laugh again!

Andy headed to his car, climbed in and headed out of the parking lot. California had nothing on Tulsa when it came to traffic, but without too many hits and misses, he found his on-ramp,

eased his way into the merge lane and finally found I44 taking him to Jasper, Missouri.

Chap. 16

The Senator walked into Tom's office somewhat shakily and Tom noticed. "Jason, you okay?" asked Tom.

"Not really, here it is Friday and we're still trying to find one single guy and while I was waiting for the elevator I could swear Lucien was standing next to me," said Jason, "He hasn't been here has he?"

"Jason, your timing is perfect, I was going to call you, but since you're here; here's what I know so far," Tom says, sidestepping Jason's question about Lucien, "We know for sure that Thomas headed to Reno and I should hear something shortly from the police in Reno if he was spotted by anyone. I've also advised our news reporter to go ahead and put out that we are close to finding Thomas. If he thinks we're close he may slip up when he tries to get out of Reno."

Struck paced the floor in Tom's office, and Tom noticed that he looked like hell. "Jason have you been sleeping at all?"

Jason snapped, "Surely you jest Tom, this Thomas person who apparently is blessed with the knowledge of a Jason Bourne has somehow eluded capture and oh, I don't know, who has a recording of an infant sacrifice with me holding the knife. Oh, and don't forget Lucien is up my ass about this and I've already gotten the threat, so no to answer your question, but if this isn't fixed soon, I'm sure Lucien will give me all the sleep I could possibly want!"

“I’m sorry Jason, but all of us that were there have just as much at stake as you to ensure that Thomas is captured and dealt with. None of us want this to get out;” replied Tom, “So losing your mind at this point will not help the situation, especially with Lucien.”

“I know, I’m sorry Tom,” said Jason, “I just don’t understand how this person has been able to elude us for this long, it’s been a week and with all the resources we have at our disposal he should be in our hands by now.”

“I agree”, answered Tom, “Frankly I’m beginning to think he’s got someone helping him. So far, we’ve been going on the assumption that he’s this lone wolf; mom dead, dad disappeared all those years ago and no friends to speak of. We need to dig deeper and if you want my honest opinion your Stan needs to look further on the father. If he’s saying they didn’t kill him then he’s still alive somewhere, maybe that’s who’s helping the young Thomas.”

“Whoever said having power made you powerful”, said Jason, “I’m a senator from one of the most powerful states in the country and yet I’m impotent...I need this fixed Tom, this cannot go on much longer, if I expect Lucien not to carry out his threat against me. I’ll get hold of Stan and tell him to dig deeper; do we need anything else from the NSA as well?”

“Jason, I’ve got all my contacts at various places, the NSA and other police departments looking for Thomas”, said Tom, “But we need to pull out all the stops as we can’t afford to overlook even the

smallest detail. I'm going to send some investigators back to the house and see if there's anything at all that we may have missed and can use to track Thomas. You get back to your office and call Stanley, expressing the urgency that this has become. After all this will affect him as well, so no excuses."

"Thanks Tom, just the kick in the ass I needed. Lucien has a way of freezing you, especially when he's pissed at you", said Jason, "If need be, I'll fly to the Pentagon and get Stanley off his perch. Keep in touch Tom and I'll do the same."

As Jason left, Tom smiled to himself and said: "Ah Jason, you have no idea just how pissed Lucien is with you, but then again your bad luck could be my good fortune, though I know that Lucien wouldn't like it if I didn't work hard to get this situation resolved. Of course that doesn't mean I can't resolve it to my benefit."

Just then Tom's phone rang, he answered it and as he listened, he smiled.

Chap. 17

Andy had just passed Joplin; he remembered hearing about the devastation caused by the EF5 tornado that had hit the city back in 2011, Andy more used to earthquakes was quite shaken at the destruction caused by such a powerful force he had seen on the news. He wouldn't have known anything had happen here, though he was driving past the outskirts of the city, it showed none of the signs of the devastation he had seen on TV. His map indicated that he was about 27 miles from Jasper, and it looked like he would be good for hitting the 3PM time frame the note had given him.

He remembered when Grass Valley looked like the little towns he passed through and he felt comfortable and safe. What an odd feeling since he had never been in Missouri before. At last he saw the sign for Jasper and pulled out his directions from the note to Teddy's house. He kind of tingled with excitement, which again he thought odd. Perhaps that is what happens after riding an adrenaline high of fear, you begin to put everything into this guardian angel that seemed to have been helping him the entire time.

It took a bit to find Teddy's house since it was in a rural area and the GPS app didn't have every street in it. He didn't want to really stop and ask for directions, but those on the note worked perfectly. The name of the road was Harmony, which he found, but he hadn't realized it would be a dirt road. Though it was a dirt road, frankly there were fewer potholes on it than anywhere in California! He turned onto it; the directions said

Teddy's house was at the end of the road, about a mile away.

Andy drove and was in awe of all the trees. There were oaks, maples and cedar trees on each side of the road. Fall in this part of Missouri was beautiful; the trees were glorious in their full majesty and array of autumn colors. Andy couldn't help but feel so protected, that's why he loved the redwoods or any tree for that matter, he always felt safe and insulated when he was around them.

When he came to the end of the road, Andy stopped the car and just looked. The note hadn't said what to expect, but he knew he had reached Teddy Anderson's house. The road actually led into a large circular drive-way and on either side of the entrance to the driveway were two large boulders, each with YHUH painted on them.

Andy pulled into the driveway and parked facing what appeared to be the house. It seemed to be encased in a rock hill and the front of the house was a wall of windows in various sizes similar to window boxes sticking out in different ways. There were trees on top of this rock house while trees and other plants led up to the front of the house. It finally struck him that this was a cave house; since he was in the Ozarks, he knew there were caves in this area.

Andy found the walking path up to the door and as he reached it, the door flew open and out walked who he knew had to be Teddy Anderson. She had long brown hair with the kindest eyes and sweetest smile he had ever seen. He couldn't

keep from smiling back and hurried up to greet her.

“Andy, it’s been a very long time”, said Teddy, “I knew both your mother and father and you for that matter. I can’t tell you how happy I am to see you.”

Andy looked confused because he didn’t recognize her at all. Teddy was about 5’7” and stood ramrod straight, when she spoke she had a soft southern drawl, but he couldn’t place her. Still he walked to her open arms and she pulled him close with a warm hug. He could have cried in her arms, but instead he pulled back and spoke. “Would you like to see the coin my father told me to give you when I reached you?”

“How about I tell you what makes that coin so special, just so you know that I’m the real deal. These days you can never tell, but before we get to that, come in. We don’t need to be standing out here when we can be sitting inside,” said Teddy.

He followed her inside and saw just how incredible her cave house was. Andy had thought that it would be dark and dreary, and yet the big room with all the glass in the front made it light and inviting. He put down his baggage and followed Teddy over to the breakfast bar and sat down. Teddy asked if he’d like some coffee and he said yes. After she had poured them both cups, he reached into his pocket and pulled out the coin and just held it.

“It’s a 1956 Franklin 50 cent piece with the same letters as those on the boulders outside this

house”, said Teddy, “Your dad and I were very good friends. We worked together for the military, but I left first. When I did, I gave him that to use if he ever needed me. But we will have time for all of that later. First things first, I want you to know that I’m a Sabbath keeper and no I’m not Jewish nor am I a 7th Day Adventist, but all will become clear once you are rested. Sabbath for me starts at sundown today and ends sundown tomorrow. I know you have to be exhausted and the best thing you can do now is rest, so let me take you to your room.”

Teddy got up and Andy followed her down the hall to some stairs, all the while looking at how the walls of the cave were incorporated into this incredible house. Once up the stairs she opened the door to a bedroom.

Teddy said, “The bathroom is just down this hall to the left and you’ll find everything you need. I know you’ve had a hard journey but know that you are now safe and can finally get some sleep. Sleep as long as you like so that you are rested, there will be lots to do and talk about once the Sabbath is over.” She leaned over and gave him another hug and left.

Frankly Andy didn’t know what to make of all that Teddy had said, but he didn’t care at the moment. He felt safe and he felt tired, so he fell on the bed and was asleep before his head touched his pillow.

Chap. 18

Jason was pacing the floor in his office, barely able to contain his anger which was evident every time his assistant sent him a phone call and it wasn't who he was hoping it would be; he would slam the phone down, get back up and pace some more. What the hell was going on, it was Saturday and it had been a week now, with everything at his disposal he still couldn't find one boy; what was so special about this Gabriel Thomas that he is leading such a charmed existence, he wondered.

Struck had been called to Lucien's house; he knew he was in deep shit when that happened, and he had never seen Lucien so pissed. Struck tried to explain that it wasn't his fault, he had been doing everything in his power and that it was really Chronicle's fault. He was the damn commissioner of police, this is his area of expertise, he was the one who was responsible for the security on Halloween; how this pissant managed to record something was beyond him.

Lucien didn't take it well though, Jason blaming everyone else but himself. Jason could still hear the words ringing in his ears; "Jason, you are head of this group, in the end, the result whether it be successful or a failure will always come back on you. Remember some of these individuals are the people you brought to the table, if you didn't pick them carefully then that is your problem. However, this is your biggest problem, you have compromised me, and that will not be tolerated, so you have two days to get this mess resolved or you will suffer the consequences", Lucien hissed

softly, “And I take it, you do remember what that will be?”

Jason remembered all too well what that had meant so after he had gotten home he tried to call Tom and Stanley to see if they had any news for him. Tom said that they had found Thomas’ jeep in some hick town in Arizona called Kayenta. No Thomas, no nothing, it was found sitting in a Mickey Dee’s parking lot. Since the town didn’t really have any cameras to speak of there wasn’t any way they could track the movements of the jeep, the update was totally useless and got him no further along in catching Thomas or anywhere else to look.

Now that he had this time deadline of two days, Jason wasn’t sure where else he could look. Satellites had limited use as they would have to pass over the area when the jeep was there, and he doubted this hick town was even on their radar. Too bad it hadn’t been in Nevada, there was coverage up the ass due to Area 51, people didn’t realize just how many ways one could be tracked in that area.

He wracked his brain to see who else he could get to help; he was running out of time and knew he had to get this resolved.

Struck tried calling Chronicle again, but just got a busy signal. He had decided to call Tom’s cellphone; he slammed the phone down, grabbed it back up and called Stanley, who did answer.

“Stan, its Jason, tell me you’ve heard something, something that I can use to find this Thomas guy!”

Stan responded, “Hi Jason, take a breath and let me put you on hold for a moment, I was on the other line.”

Stan put him on hold and Jason could only hope that he would tell him something useful, maybe save this mess at the last minute. It certainly seemed like Stan was taking a long time, but maybe that was a good thing. Jason could feel the panic rising in him because he knew the outcome if he failed. Finally, he heard Stan click back on the line.

“Sorry Jason, I’ve been trying to dig up more on General Thomas but for some reason there aren’t any digital files on him. As you can imagine it’s caused quite the stir around here, everything is supposed to be digitized, but it’s almost as if this guy had never been here and the few of us that knew his name is all there is”, said Stan, “However, we do have paper archives and considering how long Thomas was in the military we should be able to find something. I’ve sent someone over there to see if they can locate the paperwork and will let you know as soon as possible.”

Jason could have screamed hearing this, not in relief but in frustration, though he did find his voice and said, “Thanks Stan, please let me know as soon as you can and the sooner the better. Call me no matter what time it is.” They hung up and Jason just sat there, he didn’t really know

what else to do or who else to call, he sat back and closed his eyes, hoping something would miraculously come to mind.

Chap. 19

Andy woke up with a start and in a cold sweat; he had been having a nightmare. He didn't think he would ever be able to get rid of the sight of that knife plunging into the baby's tiny chest. He didn't remember where he was, so when he saw the rock wall next to the bed he thought something had happened; then remembered, he was at Teddy's place. He looked over at the clock and saw that it was 2:30 PM. He knew it was the next day, but didn't realize he had slept for so long and decided to get up. He went down to the bathroom, took a long shower and finally began to feel more human.

When he looked in the mirror he saw his five o'clock shadow and decided he would grow a beard with a moustache. All Andy ever had was the moustache, so this would be something different and yet still make him feel a bit like his old self.

Andy headed down the hall, hit the stairs and walked into the living room. He saw Teddy sitting at the computer with a microphone in front of her. As he got closer he could hear that she was talking to someone. When he got even closer, she turned to him and waved him over.

Teddy smiled and said, "Everyone, I want to introduce you to a new friend. He goes by JR, not to be confused with the Dallas JR. JR this is everyone", she laughed as she saw Andy's confusion and then proceeded to explain. "JR these are my web buddies, on the Sabbath we get together and study Scriptures in depth. Some of

us try to translate the Scriptures by actually looking at the Hebrew words. Once we do that, we discuss what we've discovered. I assure you it's been an enlightening and incredible journey, but I don't want to make your eyes glaze over. There's coffee and some food warming in the oven. Today, as it is the Sabbath, the only thing I require of you is that you rest and eat. No work of any kind. Later you and I will talk."

Teddy turned back to her microphone and Andy saw that she had a power-point and was reading from it. He didn't want to intrude, so he went over to the kitchen counter, found the coffee and he poured a cup; he wasn't that hungry, so he skipped the food. Andy had seen a couch that was placed in front of one of the big windows, so he went over to it and sat down. The view was incredible and he just sat looking and absorbing it, then before he knew it, he had fallen asleep again.

Andy awoke and noticed that it was now dark outside. He got up and found Teddy in the kitchen cooking. The smells made him realize just how hungry he was. He walked over to the kitchen bar and sat down while she continued to cook.

"How are you feeling Andy", asked Teddy.

"So much better, thank you, I didn't realize how tired I was so I apologize for just falling asleep on your couch, but the view was so beautiful and I felt so peaceful I just couldn't help myself", responded Andy.

“That my friend is what the Sabbath is all about. Not only is it a day to be with our Creator, who by the way has a name, but to rest”, said Teddy. “You know the letters on my rocks as well as on your Franklin half-dollar make up the Creator’s name. This is very important because I want you to know it and you will come to understand the importance of knowing it, especially with this fight that you now find yourself in. His name is Yahuah and I promise you He will become your greatest treasure.”

Teddy handed Andy a rubber bracelet that had the same letters on it: “I want you to put this on and wear it, you don’t have to know everything now, but it will help you to become familiar with His name and so much more”, said Teddy.

Andy took the bracelet and looked at it. He felt the letters and then put it on his wrist. He couldn’t explain it, but the combination of being here; listening to Teddy and putting this on made him feel unafraid for the first time in days.

Teddy scooped up some stew into bowls, handed one to him and sat down across from him. “Andy, I knew when I heard the news about you supposedly killing a baby that you would be coming here. As I said, your father and I used to work together in the military. Well actually I just assisted him, he was so brilliant, a man certainly ahead of his time, but someone who could be so gullible. He always called me his conspiracy theorist, even though time and time again, I proved many of them to be fact. Eventually the military became too much for me and I left, but you’re father and I always stayed in touch. Guess

he finally found out that I was right about more than what he gave me credit for back when he called me a theorist,” she laughed.

“The General was never much on talking, but he sure could come up with ideas”, said Andy, “He could never tell us anything about what he was doing with his work, but he came up with unusual things around the house to make life easier. When I was small he made me a kite that I swear was more like what a drone is today.”

Teddy laughed, “Your dad was the Tesla of the 21st century. Actually, he took a lot of Tesla’s things and perfected them. He sure loved you and would always brag on you. He once told me you would outshine him one of these days with your talent for picking up the mechanics of things. He told me how you rebuilt this old jeep when you were 12?”

Andy laughed, “That was the first time and it didn’t work, but eventually I got it right and got it to work. I love figuring out how to make things run. If I could come up with perpetual energy I would.”

“Careful Andy, there are those out there who never want that kind of technology unleashed on the world. No money to be made, kind of like a car that runs on water, which by the way is not a conspiracy theory, but then again the oil companies bought that up, or stole it,” said Teddy.

Teddy got serious and said; “Andy it’s time we talk about what happened, what you saw and what we can do about.”

Chap. 20

Tom Chronicle had been upset when Jason Struck had been put in the power position by Lucien; he thought he should have been the leader of the group. He had been with Lucien longer, but Lucien told him to just bide his time and now he was glad. This debacle at Halloween was all on Struck. Tom knew he was responsible for security, but he couldn't be responsible for drones, Struck was the big-time Senator on the intelligence committee, he should have made sure nothing would have affected the ritual.

Tom had been with Lucien for many years now, but he remembered vividly when Lucien had come to him. Tom had been a San Francisco cop who had been suspended for nearly beating a suspect to death who turned out to be innocent. He was about to be fired and charges brought against him for the assault. Tom knew he couldn't go to jail, and as he was walking on the San Francisco pier he thought about killing himself, but knew he could never go through with it. He stood looking out at the ocean when someone tapped him on the shoulder. He turned around and found himself looking into the eyes of the most beautiful man he had ever seen. Tom didn't think of himself as gay, but he thought he could probably switch sides for this guy.

“Tom, allow me to introduce myself, my name is Lucien and I think I can help you with the trouble you now find yourself in as well as an opportunity to make your dreams come true.”

Tom could only sputter; “How do you know my name? Do I know you? Seriously, I would have remembered you.”

Lucien smiled and said; “No Tom, but I know you and frankly that is all that matters. I’ve followed your career for many years. What would you say if I told you that I can make all these troubles go away and that you could become the police commissioner of San Francisco?”

“I’d say that was wishful thinking on both of our parts”, replied Tom.

“Well my friend it’s not, of course if you decide you want my help to attain all that I have said I would do, you have to commit to me. Your loyalty to me can never waiver, so know that if I make your problem go away, it can just as quickly come back. So, it is up to you”, said Lucien.

It didn’t take Tom very long to answer, after all what options did he have, it was jail or becoming a commissioner. He’d have to be an idiot to not take this opportunity. Tom said, “I’m in, whatever it takes, whatever you need me to do, I’m in.” Tom almost hugged Lucien he was so ecstatic that he had dodged this bullet, but he kept his distance. There was something about Lucien that told him best not to do that.

Somehow the case against him turned; the victim became the perpetrator and he was turned into a serial killer with more dead victims coming to light. Tom almost felt sorry for the guy, but he had been heralded as a hero and now they wished Tom had killed him. It was due to this case that

he became the commissioner of San Francisco with all the benefits that came with the position.

Tom didn't give a rat's ass what happened to Struck now, but he had to pretend to help Jason, so he just dropped little bits of information. When he told him he had found the jeep in Kayenta but nothing else, Tom had to smile because he could tell that Jason was at his wits end. He also knew that Lucien had a deadline for Jason; Tom knew that Jason was not going to meet that deadline, unless some incredible news happened leading them straight to Gabriel Thomas. So far that had not occurred, the police had found nothing to indicate Thomas' whereabouts, as far as Chronicle knew, Thomas was wandering in the desert lost or dead. Either way he didn't care.

So far nothing had been released to the media as to what had happened and frankly for all intents and purposes this case was done, just needed to get Senator Jason Struck out of the way. Tom knew that Lucien would take care of that personally and Tom was going to do everything he could to help Lucien do just that.

Chap. 21

Andy came back with this computer, set it up and put in the recording, but he started sweating, he didn't really want to watch this again, but knew he had to. It starts off with the drone flying above the trees and he can see it flying into where the stone table was and says; "You can see a group of people standing around something. The stone table doesn't really come into view until about the time I see the knife. It comes up at about here."

Teddy and Andy both watch as the knife plunged into the baby until finally the drone left the area.

With a deep breath, Teddy says quietly; "What you saw was a ritual sacrifice and that is an altar they have the baby on. This must have been on Halloween, that's one of the most sacred of all days to these Satan worshippers. You interrupted their sacrifice and the completion of the ritual as well. It is in their best interest to find you and resolve the problem you've become and then complete this before the winter solstice which is another big day for them."

"I didn't even put two and two together and realize that is what that was", said Andy, "not being a very religious person I thought all of this was just made up stuff. I don't know how people can do this, especially to a baby!"

"The struggle of good against evil has been going on since the beginning, with technology and now the ability to influence people with a broader reach across the world has given the adversary more people to help stray from a moral path. What

do you think the Garden of Eden was all about? It was and has always been control; temptation is control, finding your weakness and exploiting it; MK Ultra, CIA started this one, says they have stopped it, they haven't and there is now more technology and pills to brain-wash with, more control. Religions are about control; the Catholic Church, Judaism, Mormonism, Islam and to some extent Christianity would be quite happy if no-one ever learned to read, that way they can interpret Scripture for you. Tempting and exploiting your weaknesses becomes the issue when you allow evil to tempt you and once that happens, it becomes easy to be possessed by demons; though that will be for another discussion. The author Dan Brown talks about a bible code; the only code there is in the bible is what Francis Bacon put in it. So don't feel bad about not being religious, frankly that's the best thing that could have happened to you."

As the drone showed the faces of the people Teddy asked, "Do you know who those people are Andy?"

"I know Senator Jason Struck of California, Tom Chronicle who is the police commissioner of San Francisco, there's a movie star and music star that I recognize, but the others, I don't have a clue, of course you can't see everyone, but I was certainly shocked at who I could identify", said Andy.

"Northern California is quite a hot bed of Satan worship, but it's all over the country. I can tell you the one who's standing next to Struck on the right side is General Stanley Smith. Your father

and I knew him quite well, though I doubt he'll remember us, considering he was nothing more than a schmoozer. This certainly explains how he rose in the ranks of the military so quickly. That guy on Struck's left side is CIA and certainly not anyone to mess with. It's kind of interesting that with this group they didn't catch you before you left the house, but I have a feeling you do have a guardian angel" explained Teddy.

"You know, it's odd that you would say that, because I started feeling that, especially with some of the things that occurred while I was getting here. When I was in Nevada there was an SUV that started popping up, just out of the blue. Every time I would think someone was following me, then I'd got close enough to it, there was always something that said it wasn't the same SUV. I started getting notes about things and when the car that I'm currently driving showed up where the note said it would be, I finally gave into the guardian angel theory", Andy kind of laughed, "But I must confess it helped me greatly when I found out that they knew my name and what I had been driving. So, tell me, was that you, are you my guardian angel?"

Teddy said; "No, I'm sorry to say, but knowing your father, I also knew what his clearance was in the military. He and I had a pact that we would watch out for each other and our families. You never knew when something we dealt with in the past would come back to haunt us or our families. Your dad made sure to protect you in whatever way he needed too, which is why we set up the Franklin half-dollar with Yahuah's name on the face. Even the NSA couldn't crack this code, but

it was meant to be a signal for help. Of course, when I saw the news, I didn't really need the coin to know that you needed help, especially since your house blew up. I can tell you this much, that was your father's handy work and don't ask me how he did it. How he set it up so that an intruder would blow up the house if they tried to breach it is something he'd know how to do. I think it has something to do with taking the coin out of the house. Like I said your dad was a genius!!”

“Wow, then I'm at a loss as to who would help me get to you”, said Andy.

“You father had many friends, many that would give their lives for him and him for them, so we would all have known about you and kept watch over you. I know you must have wondered what happened to your father, as we all do, but he was never one to jeopardize either his family or his friends and before you ask, I have no idea what happened to him. For all I know, he could be living here in Jasper or he could be dead. One day I do hope to find out but in the meantime we need to make you safe and see what we can do about this evil mess,” said Teddy. “I for one am tired of the abuse of children, be it a sacrifice like what you caught on this recording, child abductions, pedophilia, Satanic ritual abuse, child sex trafficking, child cannibalism and it just goes on. It's these powerful people that are behind it, oops, there I go sounding like a conspiracy theorist, but then again, you have this conspiracy on tape.”

“I wish he was still here”, Andy said with great sadness, “But It has always felt like he was still

watching over me. I've never said that out loud before!"

"Well my sweet boy, you have more than one Father watching over you", said Teddy with a smile.

Chap. 22

General Stanley Smith was sitting in his spacious office in the Pentagon looking extremely upset. He loved the three stars sitting on each side of his shoulders, and couldn't wait to get a fourth one. He knew that he wasn't as good as most of the generals here, but he was a good salesman and could schmooze with the best of them. His luck with his military career had changed when he met Lucien through Senator Struck.

He remembered the meeting; it was at one of Lucien's parties, it was like stepping into another world of opulence that he knew he could get used to and felt he deserved. Stanley thought he should have been born rich, but this would work as well.

He remembered when he first saw Lucien, he couldn't help but be drawn to the man, there was almost a sexual aspect to it and he felt himself become embarrassed by that but quickly pushed the thought aside. However, when Lucien called him to meet with him, he felt like a schoolboy who had just been praised by his favorite teacher being called to the front of the class to get his gold star.

When Stanley saw Lucien's office, he knew he had come home, this is the kind of rich lifestyle he deserved and wanted, he was breathless with anticipation as to what he could do to get it.

Lucien spoke; "Welcome Stanley, Senator Struck speaks highly of you and thinks that you would be a great asset to my organization. I know that I can

make all your dreams come true and help you achieve whatever you wish. But as in any venture you must commit to it, and once you do there is no turning back, no matter the consequence or what you may have to do or see. Does that sound acceptable to you?”

Stanley was not the kind of man to let mere warnings like these rain on his goal to becoming rich and powerful. He had one thing in mind and nothing would get in the way no matter if he had to sell his soul. “Yes Lucien, I am committed and promise to do whatever it takes and whatever you need me to do”, answered Stanley.

“I’m glad to hear that Stanley and welcome aboard. If you need anything, please don’t hesitate to ask, but let me caution you Stanley, I am aware of the money you embezzled from the army. What was it, about two million; I also know that it’s all been spent. But no worries, you will have nothing to worry about if your commitment to me stands”, said Lucien.

Stanley swallowed hard, he had no idea that Lucien knew about the money, but after he thought about it, he realized that at last he could stop worrying about being found out; as of late he had been playing with the army budget accounts to keep his embezzlement hidden. It really didn’t matter what he had just committed to with Lucien, for him it was all about the money and the power. He reached for Lucien’s hand and said; “I’m all in Lucien; whatever you need from me just ask.”

Stanley’s climb up the ranks had been nothing short of meteoric and he knew there were a lot of

sour grapes, but he didn't give a shit! Stanley had never married because he just couldn't share anything with anyone else, but he loved to womanize. Not much of a looker, it was the money that gave him the opportunity to date above his girlfriend paygrade as it were. He especially enjoyed the porn stars and how he was always the envy at any of the military events.

Stanley had just gotten off the phone with Lucien who had told him he was not happy with how things were progressing in finding this Gabriel Thomas, Jr. and Lucien wanted him to look deeper into Thomas' father. Lucien was convinced that somehow this guy was helping his son and frankly he was fast losing confidence in Jason Struck.

Stanley smiled at that thought, he would love to take Struck's place as the head of the group, hell, he would make a good Senator, so he decided that he would find out all that he could and would only tell Lucien. Jason had been calling him to see if there was anything new, but he planned on telling him the bare minimum. Stanley's only loyalty was to himself and of course Lucien.

Chap. 23

“How can a person just kill a baby this way”, asked Andy, “This is so beyond evil that someone could so happily take the life of an innocent baby in such a manner!”

“Evil is what the adversary is and does; many call him Satan, Lucifer, the devil, Baphomet and other things. I myself, refuse to give him a name, so I just use the term adversary, because that is what he is”, replied Teddy, “You’re too young to know that there was a time when this kind of evil was more hidden, not so easy to find or accessible, but look at the world today. This world has taken hold of vampires and zombies, making them heroes, especially the children who want to be one. The reality is that there is someone out there that is a blood sucker and part of the walking dead. The adversary wants your soul and he will pretend that it is your freewill you are using as opposed to temptation. He knows how to exploit weaknesses. When that happens you become like a vampire, part of the requirement to join his club is to bring others into the fold, and once you give him your soul, you do become part of the walking dead! Did you know the Creator or Yahuah, now that you know his name, gives us free will? The difference with Yahuah is He gave you your soul and His true freewill is that you can choose to follow His instructions, which everyone calls the 10 Commandments or not. Yahuah explains in detail what he wants in Scripture but He never asks for you to go out and drag more people in without their consent and he certainly doesn’t prey on them with temptation or ask for sacrifices, especially in regards to children. Yahuah doesn’t

feel the need to bribe you, that's one of the many differences between Him and the adversary."

"What I don't understand is why a baby? For that matter where do they get these babies", asked Andy?

"It's the innocence of the baby, and these rituals with blood are used to call demons, which contrary to popular belief are not something from a horror film but are real. The double coupon for this kind of practice is that now the adversary has something on you, the horror of this keeps you in his hold and bondage. Well unless of course you decide to take responsibility for your actions and confess the crime, which you know these kinds of people won't do. Since Yahuah gave us freewill, we can choose either Him or evil. The difference between the Father and the adversary is that you can change your mind even if the adversary tells you that you can't, but you will suffer the consequences of your action. These people don't know that, so they stay with the adversary, who rewards them with anything they want, but that too comes with a consequence if you don't keep your end of the bargain. It is a bargain with evil", answered Teddy. "As for where they get the babies they use in these ritual killings; abductions, they have female members that will get pregnant for this purpose, or you have to make a sacrifice to stay in this so called club or cabal for a better word. Did you ever see Rosemary's Baby, her husband got her pregnant because he wanted to gain something, of course in the movie, it was the devil that impregnated her, but the goal for the husband was to give up

his soul for the sole purpose of gaining fortune or fame.”

“I’ve never been one for horror movies, so I never saw the movie, but I understand the concept of what you are saying. It’s like any secret society that demands something to be in their club”, said Andy.

“That is correct Andy”, answered Teddy, “Let me tell you what I know about these people that you have caught on this recording. The Senator is a pedophile, but he is protected by the police and others because he has many of those people on tape doing the same things he does to children. The General, well, he’s an embezzler, but again he’s protected because things just disappear and like the Senator he’s protected. The Commissioner, that’s an interesting case. He had beaten a suspect, almost to death, then found out the suspect was innocent, so this commissioner was fired as a cop and charges were about to be brought against him. Then as if by magic, the perception changed to the point that evidence was then found confirming the original suspect did commit the murder and then adding on more unsolved crimes, this innocent became a serial killer. Chronicle became a hero and next thing you know, he’s the commissioner of San Francisco. Interesting how that works when you sign your soul away. The CIA guy, I don’t know much about him, not even his name, but I can tell you he did something that attracted the adversary, so this guy had to give up something to be standing with the rest.”

Chap. 24

Jim Chapman worked for the CIA and had worked with them for as long as he could remember. The CIA had recruited him right out of high school. Jim was about 6'6" with blonde hair that was closely cropped on his head. Jim was a hulk of a man who was very athletic, he had loved sports along with a very high IQ but no social skills, he loved weapons and most of all he loved killing things.

Jim remembered when his dad first took him hunting; he must have been around six years old. He had a BB gun and would shoot at the birds, but his dad used him mostly to pick up the dead birds his dad had shot. When he turned eight, his dad gave him his own shotgun, it was a 12 gauge. Boy he loved that gun and remembered the first time he shot a dove and watched it fall to the ground. Not only was he exhilarated with the kill but the feeling it gave him to watch it die.

Jim's dad was an abusive asshole, especially after he got drunk, that's usually when he would grab Jim and go hunting. There were a couple of times when his dad was so drunk that he almost shot Jim. His dad would usually pass out and Jim would head out on his own to kill birds. As Jim grew older he would shoot a bird just so it fell out of the sky, and when he got to the creature, he would take the time to torture it until it died, and then he would drench himself in the birds' blood.

One such time was when his dad had awoken from his drunken state, started looking for his son and walked up on Jim. He found Jim dunking his

hands in the bird's blood then smearing it on his face. Dad proceeded to beat the shit out of him and from then on Jim made sure that if he were to continue this practice he would go hunting on his own without his father knowing. Jim also vowed that he would one day kill his father.

As time passed, Jim collected more guns and started hunting bigger game; rabbits, deer, whatever, he would still engage in the same ritual of bringing the game down without killing it and then slowly torture it. If it was large game, he'd string it up in a tree, slit its throat and as the blood drained out, catch it in a bucket; he would then pour it all over, sometimes even drinking it as he flowed down from his head.

As he grew older, his mother finally left his father because she couldn't stand his abuse and drinking. Jim soon surpassed his father in height and the last time his father tried to hit him, Jim beat him unconscious. It was at that moment that Jim crossed into such a dark place that he knew he wasn't going to come back.

He dragged his father into the kitchen; Jim took off all his clothes and then slit his father's throat. He watched the blood spurt and caught the blood and started rubbing himself with it. The excitement he felt in killing a human had given him an erection. He couldn't help it as he masturbated over his father! Eventually Jim fell asleep next to his dead father lying in his blood.

Jim awoke and for a moment didn't realize where he was and what had happened. He was 18 and as he finally realized what he had done, he

panicked. He was alone, he had killed his father, his mother was gone and he didn't know what he would do or could do for that matter. It was at that moment he put his head in his hands and wept realizing that he had killed his father.

Jim felt a hand touch his shoulder and looked up with a start. He found himself looking into the most beautiful eyes he had ever seen and stood up to greet this man.

“Jim, my name is Lucien and I'm here to help you. I know you may not understand this, but I know that you need someone who will be a real father to you. Someone who understands the things that drive you and I will always be here to watch over you.” Lucien smiled at Jim and helped him into the bathroom. “Clean yourself up and put on some clothes and we'll talk about your future.”

Jim remembered that as if he had happened yesterday and today, he had been with Lucien for 50 years. Lucien had arranged for him to work for the CIA and it was amazing just how many people that worked there owed their allegiance to Lucien, so it had been easy for him to get into the organization. Jim was big enough, strong enough and smart enough that he did all the wet work ever needed and nothing ever blew back on him or the CIA.

Lucien had called him and told him what he wanted done if Senator Struck did not resolve the issue with Gabriel Thomas. Lucien had already tasked Jim to finding Thomas, but so far Jim had not been successful, though one thing he was sure of; he would not stop until he had.

Chap. 25

“Andy, let me show you the rest of what I like to call Harmony House”, Teddy said as she smiled, “It was love at first sight when I found this place. I had always wanted to live in a cave, but if you’ve ever done any caving or spelunking, much too dark and confining for me. This place though is perfect; the house is built into the cave with the front being all windows so that sunlight comes in. As you can tell it was built towards the west, so I can watch the sunsets.”

“It was the first thing I noticed when I arrived”, said Andy, “I know as a kid it always sounded great to have a cave where you could go to escape and no one would find you. Not many caves in California, but on trips to Carlsbad Caverns in NM I got a taste. Like you, nice place to visit but not going to live there. This place though, it certainly lives up to the name of Harmony and I’ve never felt so safe.”

Teddy led him to the back of the house where there was a door. She opened the door and they walked into a cavernous (no pun intended) room. All the sides were of rock making the room beautiful with uneven shapes that nature made sculpted out of this limestone cave. In the room, Andy could see bookshelves with all kinds of books, a long table that had computers along with a ham radio. “I call this conspiracy central,” laughed Teddy, “This is where I research and compile all of the governmental projects, past and new, keep up with the pedophiles and anything else that crosses my path. That ham radio over there is how I keep in contact with old friends

from my military days and new friends so to speak, plus it's impossible to trace using this old form of technology.”

Andy walked over to one of the walls and noticed there was metal mesh on it. As he looked up and around the room, he noticed that this metal was all over the ceiling and the walls. Teddy saw him looking and said, “Yes, you are inside my Faraday cage. These days there are so many ways to soak us with electro-magnetic waves to shut down not only our bodies but all electronics. This was the first thing I put in, call me a tin-foil hat wearing conspiracy theorist, but I've seen what EMP can do. The computer is hard-wired; I use a cable company since Wi-Fi doesn't really work in a cave.”

“Before we get down to the business of figuring out what to do with this recording, we need to get your vehicle out of the drive way. I don't want to take any chances,” said Teddy.

Teddy led Andy to the door at the back of the room, opened it and he saw a long tunnel, more than big enough to drive a car in. He saw closed metal shelves, bottles of water lined up against the cave walls, bags of rice and containers of coconut oil. Lighting had been put up so everything was visible as they walked down the tunnel. Towards the end on the left was a turn and another room even larger than the tunnel they had just come from, there he saw Teddy's vehicles. She had an old Hummer and pick-up truck parked, but there was still more than enough room for more. He saw what looked like a garage door. Teddy held a remote and opened

what Andy thought was the garage door. As it opened, he realized it opened onto the front of the property and saw his car.

“Wow, I had no idea this led back to the front of the house”, said Andy.

“That’s the beauty of this place, it’s like an illusion going around in a circle”, replied Teddy, “Go get your car and pull it in here. We may be out in the middle of nowhere, but most of the people out here like to get into your business, so let’s not give them anything to talk about.”

Andy pulled the car in, parked it and grabbed the rest of his stuff. “I didn’t notice the garage door when I pulled in”, said Andy, “How did you do that?”

“The door is painted as if it’s part of the rock of the cave and with the trees in the yard, unless you know it’s there, you don’t really see it”, answered Teddy.

Once they got back into Teddy’s research room, Teddy led him to one of the computers and they sat down. She pulled up a file labeled pedophiles and clicked it open for Andy to see.

“This is an all-encompassing file that I throw anything in that has to do with the abuse of children in it. One of the webinars that I gave to the Sabbath group was about current events and human trafficking was one of them. It is staggering what we as humans do to other humans and our children. Sacrificing a baby in a satanic ritual is just the tip of the iceberg,” said Teddy, “Then you bring in the different religious

aspects and not only do the kids have to deal with pedophiles but that as well. In Islam for example, not only can they take young children as wives, some as young as six years old, they are allowed to take infidel women and lawfully use them for any sexual purpose. Did you know in the Jewish Talmud that it permits girls three years or younger to be used sexually by an adult. They say having intercourse with a girl younger than three is like putting a finger in the eye. Just as tears come to the eye again and again, so will a little girl's virginity under the age of three. This is in their Mishnah of Kethuboth 11a, but to them sex with younger children is less significant than it is with older children. I guess we can be happy about that!"

Andy gasped, "Seriously, why would that be? Doesn't anyone in the world want their children to actually be children? As it is, the kids are getting into sex much too quickly!"

"Indeed, but then again, not sure why people think it's ok to have sex with a child and have no repercussion. Not only is it painful, as most of us gals know the day we first had sex, but the psychological effect is there for girls as well as boys", said Teddy, "Let's not forget what has happened with those altar boys who were sexually abused by priests. There have been many cases of priests abusing young boys and getting away with it for years. I just read about one in Idaho they are throwing in jail because of all the images of children subjected to sexual acts they found at his home. Other priests get protected by the pope and go to some

rehabilitation place. Not good enough as far as I'm concerned."

"I had absolutely no idea that this was going on", said Andy, "I know that I've spent most of my life trying to stay out of things, guess you could say I'm good at burying my head in the sand. I guess I thought if I didn't know about it, it couldn't possibly be happening."

"Andy, you are not alone in those thoughts", replied Teddy, "Unless it directly affects you, it doesn't seem possible, though these days with the internet it's impossible not to come across the things that are happening. Of course you have those that refuse to believe it and those that will cover it up by saying it doesn't happen. Do you realize in 2015, 63% of underage sex trafficking victims said they have been advertised or sold online? The average age of getting into the sex trade here in America is 14-16 years!!! The money in this is staggering; a pimp can make \$150,000 to \$200,000 per year with each girl."

Wow, I'm just stunned and feel so ashamed that I was not aware of what has been going on", said Andy, "We need to do something; we need to change this!"

"Becoming aware is the first step, but don't be fooled, those that control this kind of evil have more power than you could possibly know. It will be a hard climb up this dung heap to get to the top. The top has no qualms about giving up the bottom rungs if they need too, and believe me they do that when the heat gets turned up", said Teddy, "The money is the motivating factor for

many, but again, this evil has two temptations, those pedophiles who either want to have sex with underage children or look at underage porn. There was a survey done that said 19% of pedophiles had images of children under 3; 39% under 6 and 83% younger than 12. Let that sink in, and even worse you now have politicians as well as a Supreme Court justice who are working hard to either reduce the age of consent or make pedophilia more mainstream. Here's another interesting item that I learned; when it comes to sexual abuse, the younger the victim the more horrific the abuse and here's something else no-one talks about; three-quarters of the victims are white, 10% Hispanic or Latino, 10% Asian and a very small percentage black. It can't be racist since the victims are abused by relatives or parents, but this study isn't talking about the abductions of children into sex trafficking, though there is a big price for children, especially little girls that are white."

Andy was speechless as he looked at Teddy's research and he knew he had to do something, if only to help get the image of the baby killing out of his mind by helping to stop this madness.

Teddy spoke again and said, "Pedophilia is one of my personal crusades. My father sexually abused me and for many years I blocked that out, but when I finally realized it, it came back with a fury. The anger I felt was incredible, but it wasn't until I found Yahuah that I finally forgave him. Thankfully my father wasn't like many of the cases I have read about, so it was easier to come back, but using a child who should be enjoying a brief childhood existence before they have to

actually go out into the world and make their way as a sexual object is unacceptable! In addition to all this I just read about a Cannibal Club out in Los Angeles that began back in 2007. It's a very exclusive club that talks about the refined palates of the cultural elites. Filmmakers, intellectuals and celebrities are the clientele and the meat they serve is from the young and healthy. I find that interesting considering LA is not the healthiest place to live, so where do they find that young meat? Think pedovore or a child cannibal, our children are not only being used for sex but as food for the elite. ”

“Seriously I don't know what to say other than I'm getting my head out of the sand. Heinous doesn't even begin to describe all this horror and I'm truly sorry Teddy, I can't imagine what you went through and felt to have had your childhood taken away so early, but you certainly wouldn't know anything had happened by how you are now”, said Andy.

“I owe all of my peace to Yahuah and I made a covenant with Him to be one of His children, He saved me from myself,” answered Teddy, “But enough of my history, let's get down to business and see what we can do to stop some of this evil. There are a lot of people that are hooked into the Illuminati, another one of those cabals that people are now paying attention to, who are defecting and one such defector said they sacrifice children in rituals eight times a year. Let's not forget though, there's enough power in there to make those defectors seem like they are crazy, though after a while, when you keep hearing the same story from different people, at some point you

must believe what they are saying. So I think we need to start with the Senator. If he's doing the killing, he's the head of this group, and though cutting off the head of these groups have other snakes waiting to slither in, for a moment they have to go back and recoup or regroup. The thing is for us to keep this out in the public and start waking up other folks."

"What about the others on the recording", asked Andy, "Won't they be after me as well?"

"Andy, there's someone even higher up that's really running this, it's the adversary I was telling you about earlier; the same adversary that was in the Garden of Eden, who's had all this time to perfect his skills, so to speak", replied Teddy, "He's the one that we are the most concerned with, he's got the army that he'll throw at you and anyone helping you. Problem for him is the fact that we have a much higher power who watches over us. This adversary is currently trying to find out whom that is; though I believe he knows exactly who he has to deal with and it's not you and me that I'm talking about!"

Chap. 26

The Senator owned many properties in Northern California, currently he was using the house in San Francisco, located in Pacific Heights, one of the richest areas, but like everything else that was happening here, it was turning into one giant shithole. He had to laugh, since the current President had been ripped a new asshole for using that expression, but it was true. He looked out the window and saw one of the many homeless pissing on a light pole. He told himself that once this mess was over he'd take care of it, move the homeless somewhere else, perhaps send them to Mexico, wouldn't that be a change.

Jason turned away from the window and paced; he kept hoping the phone was going to ring with good news as he knew his time was running out with Lucien. He sighed heavily and realized that his last chance was to call his wife, not anything he really wanted to do.

Jason had met Marissa through Lucien; call it an arranged marriage, though Jason hadn't realized it at the time. He was smitten, she had incredible beauty and money beyond belief, hers' was old money. Theirs' had been a whirlwind courtship and marriage; with that came the true changes to Jason's rank within the elites. It wasn't long after that he ran for Senator in California and won, holding the post for the last 16 years, working his way to becoming President.

Interestingly though, they didn't have any children, which was fine with him. He knew his darker side had been turned on to having sex with

children, didn't matter which sex. Somewhere deep down inside he knew if he had children he would have abused them as well.

Finding out after they got married that Marissa was really a cold bitch and did everything to keep him away from her, he could blame her for increasing his pedophilia, though he hated that word. This too he was going to fix once he got this mess cleared up, cultures all over the world thought it was okay to have sex with children. Look at the so called Islamic prophet Mohammad who had married a six-year-old. Of course, it was Mohammad's first wife that pushed him to the fame he now enjoys as well as his marrying the young girl, but it was acceptable in that culture.

When he found out that Marissa was the head of something called the Mothers of Darkness, he understood why Lucien had paired them up. With her old money and her satanic proclivities, it started making sense as to how Lucien knew everything that he did. Well, Lucien knew everything about everyone under his auspices without people like Marissa telling him things.

Jason wasn't fooling himself, though he kept trying. He knew that if he didn't find Gabriel Thomas before he released his recording he was dead. Plain and simple, there would be nothing that would save him from the wrath of Lucien and at this point he almost wished Lucien would just go ahead and end it for him.

He poured himself a drink and went back over to the window. His house overlooked the bay and as he watched the ocean he thought back to when he

was still in school before he had started up with Lucien. He had wanted to be a doctor, then had decided on being a lawyer, thinking about it now, he should have just dropped out of school and stuck with what he knew best, fixing up cars and racing them. How he loved doing that, but his parents had wanted him to go higher up in the world, they didn't want him to work in a blue-collar position as they termed mechanics, though some of them made excellent money and had a skill. What did he have? The ability to lie, cheat and steal. He couldn't really fault his parents though, they just wanted him to do well, and Jason hadn't realized how much he loved power and money. What he had come to understand now and much too late is that it will make no difference how much he has; it won't buy his life back.

Well, no point in crying about it, Jason thought, I must find this bastard and make him pay dearly for what he has done to me.

He heard the phone ringing and quickly answered since he thought it might be some good news, until he heard the voice.

Sweat broke out as Jason listened and then tried to interrupt. Finally, when he could speak he said; "Yes dear, I had hoped not to bother you with this problem and am working every angle to ensure I get it resolved." He listened for several more minutes and went white as a sheet, finally saying, "I was hoping that Lucien wouldn't have told you about this darling. You know I can handle it, I have another day and I have every intention of taking care of this." After several

more minutes of listening he gently hung up the phone. This phone, he loved the feel of it, from the old days, it was a landline. He had kept it because it was harder to hack into plus it had been hard-wired like the phones at the Pentagon, and this number only a special few had. Lucien, Marissa and his group members, he certainly wished that the call had been anyone else but Marissa.

If he thought Lucien was scary, he was even more afraid of Marissa. At the drop of a hat she could fly off into such a rage that nothing could withstand the fury of her attack. He had to clean up quite a few of her messes when she tore her ritual victims apart and cannibalized them, in addition she now required young blood for transfusions, which had become all the rage, parabiosis is what they called it, it was supposed to keep you young; seems lots of tech CEO's and celebrities were partaking of it, though they say they are buying the blood from young people. Maybe they thought if they didn't just kill them and paid them a stipend they could use them again when they had replenished their blood supply, you know like giving blood to the blood bank. For all Jason knew Marissa could be a 1000 year's old, but the blood had become something that she required once a week and when she didn't get it, she was unstoppable. There had been times when she had snatched a child at a mall without thinking and they had to clean it up so that no one would find out.

Jason came back to his problem and realized he had to stop blaming everyone else, heavens know Lucien had told him as much, his only recourse

was to find Gabriel Thomas because wishful thinking was not going to take him back in time, nor save his life.

Chap. 27

Teddy and Andy had been sitting around her ham radio and had just gotten off with an over and out.

“Well the word is out to the people I trust the most and they will let us know anything that the news may not be putting out”, said Teddy, “So let’s get started with a plan of action, but before we do, I want to ask our Father for protection. Andy, I want you to get to know Him at your own pace and I will not be forcing anything on you. After all, the Father gave us freewill and it’s a priceless gift that I cannot take from you, everything will have to be your choice. If you don’t feel comfortable with me praying to Him in front of you, please feel free to go back into the living room.”

“Teddy, I may not be religious or really have a belief in some higher power, but I can tell you this much, this experience has shaken me, with both good and bad. The bad obviously is this heinous murder, the good is how I arrived here and in once piece. I would have to be a fool to not realize that there is more than just man running the show. Funny how we all believe in evil, the devil or whatever you want to call it, but we forget about the offset, the good. So what I’m saying is I would be honored to hear your prayers and frankly I look forward to getting to know Him”, said Andy.

Teddy smiled, reached over and hugged Andy, there were tears of joy in both of their eyes; “You will find that when praying to Yahuah, we don’t put ourselves into closets or get down on our knees with our heads bowed to the floor. We

stand up with our hands raised to the heavens, because the Father reaches down to us, as a father reaching for their small child's hand", said Teddy, "So stand up with me as we raise our hands to Him."

"Oh Yahuah, our Eternal Father, we ask for your blessing and protection as we go into this nest of vipers who covet the evil ways of the adversary. We ask that you rebuke this evil and perhaps change a heart of those that walk in it. Thank you for your endless bounty and that you have brought Andy to me, I know his heart is open to finding all that You have to offer and will come to love you as much as I do. HalelluYAHUAH!!"

After Teddy had said the last words, Andy again felt such warmth of love and a peace came over him. He felt a resolve within him, he knew that he had found a true calling, that he would become a warrior for good and wanted to learn everything he could about the Father, but now he knew they had to resolve this issue with the Senator.

Teddy and Andy went back to table and Teddy pulled up the recording again. "Let's look at this again", said Teddy, "I want to make sure we get all the people we can see in it down on paper. We need to know who are in this cabal and their backgrounds. For instance, Senator Jason Struck is married to Marissa, who comes from very old money and her heritage is one of the 13 families. These are the so-called elites who have been around forever, like the Rockefellers, the Rothschild's and others. They have the money and the power, but there has been so much inbreeding amongst these 13 families, it's hard to

know exactly which old world money she came from. This much for sure she would have been a victim of monarch programming, which is mind control and involves a lot of satanic ritual abuse. Keeps everyone in line and crazy because with this kind of abuse your mind is split into many personalities, which is where we get multiple personality disorders.”

“Wow, this is like some kind of sci-fi or horror movie. Surely it can’t just be about power and money, can it”, asked Andy?

“Here’s my theory on all of this”, answered Teddy, “Just so you are aware, demons are very real, they are the adversary’s minions and would like nothing better than to just flood the world with evil. These satanic ritual abuses do just that, start them when they are children, flood them with these horrors and it’s a long haul to try and get rid of them. This is also generational within these families. These days though, you have celebrities from TV, movies and music who attain their fame and money by joining the club. It doesn’t mean they’ll ever be part of the 13 as it were, but they are certainly part of the adversary’s plan to influence the world.”

“Back to Marissa”, said Teddy, “Though I don’t know which of the 13 she came out of I do know that she is a high priestess of what is known as the Mothers of Darkness. There is a castle in Belgium known as Chateaux des Amerois; Mothers of Darkness Castle, which is rumored to be in a satanic triangle, but is supposed to be where Monarch programming on kids is performed.”

Teddy showed Andy some of the pictures of the castle and said; “In 1999 in Detroux, Belgium a massive pedophile network came to light and then was hushed up as 20 key witnesses committed suicide. Now tell me, what are the odds of that happening to all 20 witnesses? This cover-up was so bad that 300,000 Belgians took to the streets to protest this, but it didn’t get them anywhere. As most things, like our recent pizzagate, soon these things just go back underground.”

Andy was looking at more of Teddy’s research on this and spotted that this castle was owned by the Solvays. “Why do I know this name”, asked Andy?

Teddy looks at what he’s reading and says; “Ah yes, the Solvay company formerly active in pharmaceuticals, who gave us Prozac and Paroxetine, both anti-depressants and very helpful in monarch programming. They also own the castle. Now George W. Bush had mentioned a 1000 points of light in one of his speeches and people thought it was something positive in the context he used it in, it wasn’t it was a code. He was referring to the Mothers of Darkness Castle as this is also a place of initiation for the highest initiates of the satanic pyramid. It’s in this place that sits the throne of the high priestess known as the Queen Mother. Now, I don’t know if Marissa is the Queen Mother, but you can be sure that she is an initiate. It is also said that a child is sacrificed every day in the basement, innocent blood that is written in a high book. This would be the record of how Satan is bringing his plans to fruition. “

Teddy continues; “There are those that are saying that the castle was sold and that nothing goes on there, never did, but that’s always what they say. There are just too many roads that lead from one place to another, meaning, there was a scandal here back in the 80’s, called the Franklin Scandal, which happened in boy’s town up in Nebraska. That implicated politicians and even the president, but whenever there was about to be evidence brought forward, the witnesses somehow died. In the 80’s there was the McMartin school case where the parents of children that were being sexually abused in underground areas came out, but that too went by the wayside because somehow the monsters doing this proved it didn’t happen by collapsing the tunnels and making the children all seem like they were crazy. Turns out the psychologists they used to talk to these children were all complicit in making it seem that the children had just made it up. After all the years, incidents start to all connect themselves. So, this is why we start with Senator Struck, he is a pedophile and a murderer, let’s shine the light here first and see what other roaches slither out.”

Chap. 28

Stanley had just walked back into his office at the Pentagon, just in time to hear his private phone ringing, he picked up; "This is Stan." He listened for a few minutes, mumbled in between the conversation and then hung up. He picked up the phone again and called Lucien.

"Lucien, this is Stan, I wanted to let you know we may have found out something on Thomas' father, some aides are bringing over hard copy and I'll be going through it shortly, but it seems that someone digitally erased all the evidence that General Thomas had ever been at the Pentagon, judging by a cursory look in the files by my aide. There was certainly more to Thomas for as long as he was here and what he did so we're wondering why all his digital files went missing, but just as soon as I know something I'll call you." Stan listened for a few minutes and then replied; "No, I won't tell the Senator about any of this, thanks Lucien."

Stan tried to remember what General Thomas looked like, he knew he had met him, but he couldn't remember what for, more than likely it was at some Pentagon function where all the generals were required to be in attendance. Perhaps when he saw the files it would become clearer and he would remember.

Lucien had told him not to call Jason about this, which even if he hadn't, Stan knew he wasn't going too. It was too far into the game for the Senator now, he had his time to find and fix the problem, now with his time running out, and

Stanley had no intention of giving anything away. He knew that if Jason called him, he would just stonewall him as he had been doing and just let the chips fall!

There was a knock at his door and he yelled for them to come in, it was his aide who had a box. "Put it on the table please", said Stan, the aide did as instructed, saluted the general and walked out.

Stanley was thinking this would be his pot of gold with Lucien, if he found the son, he knew Lucien would make him the group's new head, so he walked over to the box with great anticipation.

In the box was a single file, which he opened, there were perhaps 10 pages to it. The first page just had information on Thomas, his statistics, some things about his family, but nothing other than the address of the house that had blown up, which wasn't any help and that he had left the military in 2004. He did make note that the General was an explosives expert, something he didn't realize, and maybe he had passed that expertise onto his son. That would explain why the house was rigged to blow up.

Stanley went to the next page and was shocked to find that everything on the page had been blacked out, so he turned to the next page, same thing! He flipped through the rest of the pages and it was the same, not a single word was readable other than "Classified" at the top of each page and a case number. He was certainly at a loss as to what the hell was going on and he reached for the phone, he was going to yell at someone for

bringing him this kind of rubbish. He yelled for his aide, who quickly came into his office.

“Sir”, he saluted. “Private, what the hell is this crap that you brought me? Did you look in this box”, asked Stanley?

“No sir”, the private responded, “The box was dropped off and I brought it straight to you. The gentlemen who dropped it off said it was for your eyes only and I was to get it to you ASAP.”

“Did you recognize this guy, did he tell you his name, did you have to sign for something”, asked Stanley?

“Yes sir, I had to sign for the box and all he said was that he was from the archive warehouse, no name, but that he had been requested to bring this to you and I myself have never seen him before. He was an older gentleman, if that helps”, answered the private.

“Okay, thank you private, you’re dismissed”, said Stanley.

How strange thought Stanley, this doesn’t make any sense that there is no digital footprint of a General that had served and worked in the Pentagon, much less the paper files all being redacted and since Stanley thought his clearance should have afforded him access to Thomas’ file, he should have been able to read whatever was in there.

Stanley had only ever been a paper pusher and a schmoozer, so he wasn’t all that familiar with the ins and outs of where he should go to find

anything else about Thomas or why the paperwork had all been redacted. He didn't really want to bring attention to the fact that he was checking up on Thomas since that wasn't really in his purview. Unfortunately, Stanley hadn't really found out anything that was helpful to anyone.

He called Lucien back and told him all that happened; about the fact that Thomas was a bomb expert and had left the military in 2004, but certainly nothing there that would lead them to his son. Stanley couldn't tell if Lucien was upset, but then again, Lucien always sounded the same, he never raised his voice but you could get the feel of the wind just by how he hissed his syllables. Stanley knew he didn't want to be in Jason's shoes.

Chap. 29

Commissioner Chronicle had been running down some leads from a friend in the police department in Albuquerque. There are not a lot of cameras on I40 but driving through there, the police department uses it as a cash machine with all the out-of-towners flying through going to other destinations. Most of the speeders will pay on the spot so they don't have to come back to dispute the ticket. They also use planes with radar to check speeders and radio ahead to the police cars. One cop out on I40 remembers seeing Thomas' jeep just before it hit Albuquerque, but didn't think anything about it since it had an Arizona plate and the driver wasn't speeding. The cop did catch him as they record all the vehicles, so they had sent it to Chronicle who was looking at it now.

Thomas' jeep had been brought to the San Francisco impound and they had gone over it very carefully looking for any evidence, nothing was in it; it had been wiped down completely which was odd and Tom knew this was the jeep. Nothing is that clean, but they had found the California plates which also had been wiped clean, and it further confirmed this was Thomas' jeep. It also confirmed that Gabriel Thomas hadn't just switched out in Arizona doing a runner into the desert. He made it to New Mexico and somehow got the jeep back to Kayenta, Arizona. Tom knew Thomas had to have had some help to do that.

Chronicle filled in Lucien with what he had learned and Tom knew that every little bit helped. The Senator was no longer relevant to this matter,

his time was expiring, but it was still important that they find Gabriel Thomas and the recording. Once they had that, they would throw the Senator to the wolves, clean up his mess and get back to business.

Chronicle was hoping part of that business was to make him the new head of the group. He knew Jason was going to call shortly, but he had no intention of telling him any of this, not like it would really help his situation.

Tom's phone rang, he picked it up and as expected it was Jason. "Jason, how are you", asked Tom?

"To be expected", Jason responded, "I don't suppose you've heard anything that will help me, have you?" Before Tom could respond though, Jason continued; "Not that it would really matter, it's as if this Gabriel Thomas vanished, maybe he took the recording with him. I heard from my lovely wife Marissa today, I must say, she's not very happy with me, not one bit", Jason kind of just stopped speaking.

"Jason, I know you're been drinking and I can't say that I blame you, but it's a good thing that the recording hasn't surfaced, it's not like it wouldn't implicate all of us, so we are all still doing everything we can and you know I'll call you if I hear anything, anything at all", said Tom.

Tom hung up with Jason and realized that it was true, if that recording ever surfaced they would all be in deep shit, so Tom was on the hunt, he was not about to give up. The only difference between

him and Jason with Lucien is the fact that he had more time to get this resolved. Lucien would take over as head to finish off what they had started on Halloween through the winter's solstice, but it must be resolved by the next event.

Tom's phone rang again, he picked it up and listened as someone on the other end was yelling into the phone, he could barely hear him; "What did you say, I can't hear you," said Tom.

"Tom, its Joe down here at impound, I'm outside and this racket is the fire engines, Tom, impound has blown up," said Joe.

"What the hell are you talking about the impound has blown up", said Tom, he couldn't believe he was hearing that, "I'm on my way down." Tom slammed the phone down and hurried out the door.

Chap. 30

It suddenly occurred to Jason he was now on the outside looking in, no one was really helping him from what he could tell, they certainly weren't giving him any information. He knew that had to be from Lucien; judging by how Tom and Stan treated him these days, they couldn't wait to get off the phone. Jason knew his time had grown short, too short to really make any headway in finding Gabriel Thomas, the man with the charmed life, thought Jason blackly, if it weren't for him, I wouldn't be in the mess!

He thought about blackmailing them all, with the "I go down we all go down play", but knew with Lucien in control that would never happen and then there was Marissa, she had always been Lucien's wildcard, too bad he hadn't realized that before he married her, but then too bad he hadn't realized all of this before he decided to get into bed with Lucien. Perhaps that was the wrong metaphor to use since his bed was now primarily laced with children!

He had the TV on, so he caught a bulletin flying across the screen and turned up the sound. At that moment, he heard the reporter say; "There has been an explosion at the police impound, fire trucks and medical personnel were at the scene and we're hoping to get more information shortly. It appears that only the impound building was affected and no other surrounding property is in jeopardy now."

Jason couldn't possibly think what would have caused that other than it must have been this

Gabriel Thomas. He had to laugh to himself, “I’ll bet Tom is shitting bricks over this, maybe I’ll have company when Lucien has his final visit with me.”

Chap. 31

Tom got to the impound just as the EMT's were bringing out people, there didn't appear to be any fatalities and the building which was more of a garage didn't appear to really have any damage. There was smoke pouring out of the big doors which the fire department had opened up, but there didn't seem to be any flames. The smoke was probably just the residual from putting out any fires going on inside. He walked over to the fire chief who he knew and asked about it.

"Jeff, any casualties that you know of", asked Tom?

"Hi Tom, no, this is the weirdest damn fire I've ever seen. The officer that was standing outside just about to go in said he had been knocked on his ass from the concussion of what he thought was a bomb blast and when we got here, we didn't see much in the way of flames or building debris so we went in to check," replied Jeff, "When we got in there, we saw a single vehicle damaged, I think it was a jeep, at least that's what one of your officers said, since it was in the space where they had last seen it. Not a hell of a lot left of it though. There was nothing much in the way of damage to anything else in there and minor cuts to anyone that was standing too close to it. Certainly, not like anything that I've ever seen. We're taking some samples to see if we can see what caused the explosion and I suggest you get your forensics team to do the same."

Tom was speechless, "what the hell happened here", he mumbled to himself. He walked into the

big impound warehouse and it was like something out of a Twilight Zone, in the spot where Tom assumed the jeep had been, was nothing left but some of the frame from the vehicle. Nothing else had been touched, jiggled or broken. The cuts on an officer had been caused by standing too close to the jeep and some shrapnel hit him in the arm, but otherwise from what they had said the explosive sounded like, he would have expected this place to have been levelled.

He walked over to the steaming hulk of a wreck and looked around it carefully, bending down when he saw something shiny next to a piece of the burnt metal. He reached down to pick it up, but it burned his fingers so he dropped it. It rolled a bit, then fell on its side and Tom realized it was a coin. It looked like a silver coin but he couldn't be sure until he picked it up.

He called one of the firemen over to dump a little water on it, to cool it off and then Tom bent down to pick it up. Again, it burnt his fingers, so he dropped it and it rolled further away. "Son of a bitch," he cried in pain; "Come over here", he yelled at one of the officers standing around. When he came over Tom told him; "Pick that coin up and hand it to me."

The officer did as he was told and dropped it into Tom's open hand and once again it burned like hell so he dropped it. Finally, he told the same officer to pick it up, bag it and put it on the table the police had set up with the other evidence they had found. He was so upset that he didn't realize or feel the burns on his fingers and the palm of his hand, so he continued to look around the

wreckage to see if there was anything else that could explain what had happened here.

After spending some more time looking around the debris, Tom didn't find anything else of interest so he walked back to the table where the officer had put the coin. He scoured the table but couldn't find it, so he yelled for the officer that had taken it to come over.

Tom said to him, "I thought I told you to bag the coin and put it on the table, where is it?"

The officer replied, "I did sir, I placed it right there", his words tapered off because he no longer saw the bag with the coin he knew he had put on the table. "Sir, I did exactly as you told me, put the coin in the bag and placed it on the table with all the other evidence! I don't understand."

"Are you sure, perhaps you put it somewhere else", said Tom.

"I'm positive, I picked up the coin, put it in the bag and walked directly over here and put it on the table", answered the officer.

They started looking around the table, on the floor, retraced their steps back to the wreckage and then searched the warehouse. The coin was gone, and now Tom was beginning to wonder if he had imagined it, but then realized the officer had seen it as well.

"Do you remember what the coin looked like officer", asked Tom.

“I remember that it was a silver Franklin coin”, answered the officer, “that by itself is odd these days since you don’t see many silver coins especially 50 cent pieces. I didn’t really inspect it any closer other than that sir.”

“Thank you, officer, if you happen to find it, call me directly”, Tom said; then Tom walked away wondering what just happened. Finally, he realized his fingers and hand were bothering him, particularly the forefinger and thumb on his right hand and the palm on his left hand. He looked down to see what it was, but saw nothing, though when he touched his forefinger and thumb together he had to clench his teeth to keep from screaming, it hurt that bad. Then he looked at his palm and again there was nothing, but when he balled his hand into a fist and felt the pain, this time he let out a yell. At that point others came over to him.

“Sir, are you okay”, one of the officers asked?

“Sorry,” Tom replied in embarrassment, “Seems I may have caught a splinter or something in my hand. I just happened to hit the right spot and ouch!” Tom tried to cover up the pain he was feeling, since he had nothing to show for what could be causing the pain.

“Officer, I’m going back to the office, but if you find anything at all, call me”, said Tom.

Tom walked back to his car, tried to open the door without hurting his left hand and got into it. He sat for a moment and grimaced as the pain of the burning was getting more intense, it felt like the

burning was moving up his arms until he was unable to move them and the pain had become unbearable. His eyes were dripping with tears of pain and though he tried to close them, he looked and saw standing before the car what looked like an angel. He thought, that had to be an angel, it had wings, he couldn't really see it's face because there were flames surrounding it though the flames never appeared to touch it. He did see that the angel was holding a flaming sword, which it had pointed right at him as if to stab him with it. Tom thought just before he closed his eyes and succumbed to the searing pain that now enveloped his body; he had made a huge mistake and had picked the wrong side.

Tom's body slumped forward onto the horn of his car and the noise brought out the others from inside the building who ran over to his car. Someone opened the door and pulled him back onto the seat; they felt his pulse and knew he was dead.

Chap. 32

Teddy had been showing Andy some more research about the people that he had captured in the recording when the ham radio came to life, calling with some letters and numbers and Teddy got up; “That’s one of our friends Andy on the west coast, he’s a club owner in Los Angeles, but has many contacts within the police force.” She made her way to her radio and responded with her call sign and said; “Hi Tony, you’ve got Andy and I listening. I’m going to guess you’ve heard something.”

“Teddy and Andy, I’ve just heard about an explosion in San Francisco along with the death of their Commissioner Tom Chronicle, so thought I’d give you a shout considering this is the guy that was chasing Andy”, said Tony.

“Really, do you know how the explosion happened Tony or how the commissioner died”, asked Teddy?

“This is pretty strange, but who I heard it from is a very reliable source that works at impound where this all happened”, replied Tony, “He told me that they had brought in a jeep that was supposed to have been the baby killer’s vehicle. They were looking it over and he had just taken something that he had found over to their evidence table when the jeep just blew up. The odd thing about the explosion is that nothing caught fire anywhere else in the building, some minor cuts on some of the people who had been near the jeep, but no fatalities or anything. Now he also told me that when the commissioner had come down to check

it out, he was over there looking around the rubble and found a coin. He told me it was a silver Franklin and that the commissioner had been unable to pick it up, so my contact did it for him. He put that coin into another evidence bag, dropped it on the table and when they went back to take another look at it, it was gone. Kind of freaked out my friend, but even more so, he was one of the guys that had found the commissioner slumped over in his car. He told me that when they pulled him back to feel his pulse, a tear was rolling down his cheek, but he was dead.”

“Well Tony, I didn’t think Yah had already heard me, but He does work in his own time, so I say all praise goes to Him my friend, and many thanks for letting us know”, said Teddy.

“I have to tell you Teddy, I was thinking the same thing, Yahuah always has a plan, we just need to trust and let Him do it,” replied Tony, “Reminds me of something from the Wisdom of Sirach: Woe unto him that is fainthearted! For he believes not; therefore, he shall not be defended! This certainly should give one pause, but I’ll let you know if I hear anything else and you know me Teddy, what I always like to say” and at this point Teddy joins in as they both chorus; “Baruch hata HaShem Yahuah!”

Teddy and Tony sign off leaving Andy wondering what had just happened, especially the last part.

Teddy saw his confusion and responded; “Tony is an old friend and a Yahuahn, we come from different walks in life but he is a radio whiz who hooked me and some others of like mind into

becoming ham operators. Don't confuse the ham radio with CB's, a whole different world between those two. As for our goodbye, that was Hebrew for, blessed is he who comes in the name of Yahuah."

"So you speak Hebrew as well Teddy", asked Andy?

"Just bits and pieces, just bits and pieces", replied Teddy, "But let's look at what just happened. From what is on your recording, Tom Chronicle would have been one of the people next in line to take over for the Senator if he didn't find you in time to fix this mess. But the most interesting thing about this whole thing is that Franklin coin. Did that ring any bells?"

"It did", replied Andy, "But I still have my coin." He pulls it from his pocket and holds it up for Teddy to see. "So I have no idea where that Franklin came from, of course the link would be that it's in my jeep. Do you think dad put it in the jeep for a reason?"

"Anything's possible Andy", answered Teddy, "But to be able to control an explosion the way this happened, there had to be some sort of divine intervention. You said your dad had left you some of his inventions or the schematics to them, have you looked at them to see what they are?"

"No, I never had the inclination before all of this began, but I did bring them with me. I'll get them out and we can look at the plans to see if there's any connection with the explosion", said Andy.

“Good, but before we do that, play your recording again and see if there’s anything else we can gain information wise”, said Teddy.

Andy plays it again and they both watch as the drone comes in, then he pauses it when they see the close up of the four men Teddy had identified.

“Ok, Chronicle is no longer an issue; bad news for this group since he was their police contact. Don’t get me wrong, there are others, but not this high up who would have unlimited power and resources to do things his way and for who it is he serves or served. The only other contender to replace the Senator is General Smith. The CIA guy doesn’t count so to speak, it’s obvious that his use is for something else that even these people wouldn’t know about”, said Teddy.

“This would seem to make it easier for us now, only having to go after two as opposed to all three of those powerful men”, Andy said.

“What you have forgotten Andy, is that we have someone far more powerful than any of these people on our side. What happened to Chronicle has all the signs of Yahuah intervening on your behalf, but you don’t have to believe me, just be aware of the miracle that just happened. Not only has the adversary lost an ally, but you have found a real and powerful one in the Father”, responded Teddy.

Chap. 33

The Senator was back in his office and he looked tired, pale and scared. He had watched the news and knew that Commissioner Chronicle was dead. The news had said it was a heart attack, but how was that even possible. The man was the picture of health, he barely drank other than on very special occasions and now he was dead. Stranger still was the fact that it happened after he had gone to check on the explosion at police impound, where the only thing that was destroyed was Gabriel Thomas' jeep.

Jason had left Lucien a voicemail and was waiting for him to either call back or show up. You never really knew what Lucien would do.

Jason had all but stopped doing anything with his job as Senator and he really didn't care, however, with this new dilemma of Chronicle's death, he thought maybe there might be a reprieve for him with Lucien. Of course, this did nothing to solve the issue with Thomas being out there somewhere, but one thing was sure, Gabriel Thomas certainly leads a charmed existence!

Jason decided to call Stanley and see if there was any news on his side and to see if he had heard about the Commissioner.

He heard Stanley pick up the phone and said; "Stan, did you hear about Tom?" Jason nodded as Stan was speaking and then he spoke again; "It was the damndest thing, Tom was over checking on an explosion that had happened at police impound, when he got there, the only thing

that had exploded was Thomas' jeep that they had brought back from Arizona. The police are still looking at what that was all about, but to top it off, we're being told that Tom died of a heart attack."

Jason was listening again and then spoke some more; "I know, Tom was a health freak and in better shape than all of us, so this makes absolutely no sense that he would just die like that. Frankly, this is too much of an uncomfortable coincidence with Tom looking at Thomas' jeep and the next thing you know he's dead!"

Jason was shaking his head as if in agreement with Stanley, and then spoke; "I'm waiting on Lucien, he may have a better idea of what the hell is going on, but I was also checking in to see if you had any new information on this kid's father."

Jason listened for a few more minutes and finally said; "I appreciate it Stanley, I'll do the same", and Jason hung up the phone.

He thought about what Stanley had told him, the paper files on General Thomas being totally blacked out and that so far, he had been unable to find out anything else about him. Jason knew that there was more at play here than they had all originally thought. Jason wondered if this was a set-up, to catch them his group and destroy them. Perhaps this Gabriel Thomas had been sent that night to catch them in the act.

Jason was lost in thought when Lucien opened his door, walked in and sat down. Jason gaped at him, Lucien never came into a room and sat

down; he always stood to hold the power position. All Jason could think of was this can't be good.

"Jason", Lucien said softly, "Tom's death is very disconcerting and doesn't make any sense at all. He had called me to tell me that they were looking at the jeep they had found in Arizona as well as new evidence that had shown up indicating the jeep had been in New Mexico, though it had apparently been driven back to Arizona. Tom had been waiting for the forensic people to give him further information."

Jason didn't know any of this, so he just waited for Lucien to continue and see if maybe there were some other things he could learn.

"I must apologize to you Jason for being so hard on you", said Lucien, "I've just been so upset by all that has happened and trying to get this debacle resolved; I under-estimated this Gabriel Thomas and tried to put all the blame on you and for that I am sorry."

Jason was certainly taken aback by this unexpected turn of events and had to really force himself from smiling, but he did feel a sigh of relief that perhaps his death was no longer that imminent, so he said; "Lucien, thank you for that, but we need to get back to the business of finding Gabriel Thomas, who appears to have had or does have help. Perhaps this incident was a set-up to try and destroy us."

"Perhaps Jason", replied Lucien, "I have another man on the police force who was telling me that a silver coin; I believe it was a Franklin half-dollar,

was found in the burnt-out wreckage, but so far it hasn't shown back up. Not sure what the significance is to it, but I believe that there has to be something that connects it to the death of our dear friend."

Lucien got up to leave and said; "Here's the name of your new contact at the police, he's expecting your call and will do whatever you need him to do. He should have all the information Tom received, so see what you can do with it. Just let me know when you hear anything."

Jason said that he would and watched as Lucien left. He couldn't believe his luck, coming back into Lucien's good graces was a reprieve indeed; then he thought about Marissa. After the scathing threats he took from her, he wondered if Lucien had told her to back off. Jason smiled for the first time in what seemed like months, but he knew he had no intentions of screwing this second chance up with Lucien.

Chap. 34

Stanley hung up the phone with Jason. When Jason told him what had happened to Chronicle, he felt afraid, he wasn't sure why, but he did. He pulled out a pad of paper and started writing down all that he knew about this. Barring the fact that this all started when the drone had picked up Jason killing the baby, he listed out what has happened since that day.

First Thomas' house had exploded once they found out who had taken the recording; he had found out there was no digital footprint for General Thomas, then when he got the hard copy it was totally redacted, well actually it was as if someone had taken a sharpie and just colored in every page; the jeep explodes, and finally Chronicle dies of a heart attack. Stanley wasn't all that sharp when it came to coincidences, but even he knew there was something not right. He too, assumed that Thomas had someone or others helping him as well as thinking that all of this had been a set-up to destroy them.

Stanley wasn't about to let that happen, not at all. He would not let go of the money and power he so tightly held in his hands no matter what, nothing would stand in his way.

He decided he was going out to the archive warehouse and see what he could find, there had to be something that had been overlooked and he was tired of depending on others to find it, so he would do it himself.

His aide rang his intercom and said his car had arrived, so Stanley quickly got up and left, he wanted to get to the warehouse and back as soon as possible. He hoped to find something on General Thomas, something that he could share with Lucien, something that would prove this guy wasn't a ghost!

Once the driver pulled up in front of the big warehouse, Stanley was taken aback, he hadn't realized just how big this place was. He walked in and approached the man sitting at the desk, who upon seeing him snapped to attention and saluted him saying; "General, what can I do for you today?"

Stanley loved it when people snapped to attention and hung on to his every word. "Soldier, I need to see all the files that you have on General Gabriel Thomas. I know there was someone from here who dropped off a box at my office earlier in the week, but I think there must be more information on this General. Can you help me?"

The soldier was more than happy to help and said; "I remember, I believe it was your aide. He left with one box, but I told him that there was another one; perhaps he didn't hear me since he just kept on walking. As a matter of fact, I kept that box aside in case he decided to come back for it. Let me go get it."

That's odd Stanley thought, someone had brought the box to them, wonder why they didn't bring everything to him, but he was happy to hear that there was something other than a box with a single file of basically blacked out papers.

The soldier came back with a small box, about the size of a recipe box and he handed it to the General. “This is the box; they use these for smaller items such as dog tags if the soldier leaves them behind or perhaps their medals. Some will forget to clean out their desks and if there are small things we just put them in these and hold them. Either they remember them and ask for them back, or it just stays here in storage.”

“Thank you soldier, I appreciate your help”, said Stanley, “Who was the person that came by and picked up the box, can you describe him.”

“He was older, maybe a little older than you, you knew he was military just by the way he walked and talked. He didn’t say much, just that he had come to get the box you had requested”, answered the soldier.

“Ok, again, thanks for your help, however if you could, please just double check to see if there’s anything else on General Gabriel Thomas and call me directly”, said Stan, and he gave the private his personal cell number.

Stanley walked out of the building, box in hand and got back in his car. He made the driver sit while he opened the box, he didn’t want to wait until he got back to the office. Inside he found a silver Franklin half-dollar, so he picked it up to get a closer look because of some strange etching on the Franklin face. As he brought it closer, his car exploded.

Chap. 35

Jason had just gotten off the phone with the Pentagon, since he was on the intelligence committee they would of course let him know of incidents that looked like acts of terrorism. They told him that General Stanley Smith had been killed. His car had exploded in front of the Pentagon's archive warehouse, only Smith and his driver had been killed. There had been no collateral damage whatsoever and they were sending the FBI in to investigate what had happened.

"I've got to call Lucien, we could all be in danger, first Tom, now Stanley, which one of us is next", Jason said to himself.

Lucien walked in, Jason had never seen him quite this way, he was somewhere between furious and scared; this was new, and frankly Jason didn't think Lucien was capable of these kinds of emotions.

"Jason, we are now in crisis mode", said Lucien, "Two deaths on each coast and they were part of your group. I can only think that there is some sort of vendetta going on against you and the group, which will also blow back on me. The only connection I see is what happened back at the altar on Halloween and what Gabriel Thomas caught filming you. Not only are you in danger but so is the rest of the group. We need to head this off and we need to do this quickly. I want you to call everyone left and get them to my place in Bel Air, I expect them all to be there tomorrow

night, no exceptions and make sure Marissa is with you, she will be able to help us.”

As quickly as Lucien had come in, he left and Jason was quite shaken. Getting called to Lucien’s house in Bel Air meant a war was coming, and Jason was very glad he was on Lucien’s side.

Jason got on the phone and called the remaining members, telling them all what had happened and about the meeting. He then called Marissa.

Though Jason was apprehensive about talking to Marissa, after he told her about Stanley and that Lucien expected them at his Bel Air home, she was very subdued, which was unlike her.

It had been a while since Jason had been to the Bel Air home; that place was used mainly for large gatherings as there were tunnels under the house that led to various points so members could park elsewhere and walk to Lucien’s place without being seen. There was also a large basement that had been outfitted for ritual purposes and could hold a gathering of 300 people. Pentagrams were on the floor and there was a dais that had an altar on it. Jason had only been to one event in the basement and he didn’t want to ever go back because it had scared him. This was the place where human sacrifices were made to call various demons and once they had been called up, would infest into the humans in attendance. Jason had remembered his demon infestation ceremony as he liked to call it, probably one of the more painful things he had endured, but he had learned to live comfortably with his demons. He knew the times

when he felt pangs of regret, his head would instantly ache and he would forget all about what he had been thinking.

After everyone had been called, Jason called Lucien back and told him everything was set for tomorrow night.

Chap. 36

Andy and Teddy were still researching to see who they could trust in the media, main and alternative, to send the recording too, when Teddy got another call on the ham radio, the caller said his call sign and Teddy got up and went over to the radio.

“Jerry, how good it is to hear from you”, said Teddy, “How are things on the east coast these days?”

“Teddy, I know that you had sent out word to call you if anything unusual happened, and boy I’ve got one for you”, said Jerry “Seems one General Stanley Smith has died under mysterious circumstances and now the FBI is investigating. Now that’s not the weird part; seems the general had gone to the Pentagon’s archive warehouse and what I’m told is that he went there to find out if there was any hard copy paperwork on General Gabe. I guess what was left was contained in the small boxes they use to store the small items left behind by soldiers, like dog tags, medals and the like if the military can’t find them. Kind of like a big lost and found as well holding all the paper files from the old days at the Pentagon. It seems the private took a peek in the box before he gave it to Smith; it was a Franklin 50 cent piece. Again that’s not the odd part; you remember how Gabe always had one of those with him. He said he loved the feel of a big silver coin”, Jerry laughed, “The odd part is that when Smith’s car exploded, it only; how can I explain this, there was no collateral damage, other than to the car and the

passengers inside. That type of explosion should have set the building on fire, but it didn't."

"Jerry, Gabe's son is here with me. I know you've been following what has been going on with Andy, but he got here safe and sound. He's got his Franklin, I've got mine and I'm guessing you have yours as well as Tony. Tony had called earlier to say that the police commissioner of San Francisco, you know the guy who was tracking Andy, also died, same set of odd circumstances. Only Andy's old jeep went up and that was inside a building and they too found a Franklin which then disappeared. The commissioner didn't die in such an explosive way, but a heart attack that most of them didn't think was possible", said Teddy, "So the connection to both of these incidents is the Franklin. Is it possible that Gabe has finally returned?"

"Gosh Teddy, wouldn't that be wonderful. After all he is the only guy I knew that one could associate with these Franklins and I know if he was dead, somehow we would know. Andy", Jerry changed the subject and said, "We are so glad you are safe. I just want you to know that your dad was the finest man I ever met. One day when we meet in person, I'll regale you with his stories and you'll have to forgive this old man's ramblings."

Andy responded with a smile, "Jerry if I may call you that, I would love to meet you and hear all about my dad. Like you, I wish he was here, but I never knew anyone called him Gabe. My mother and I always called him the General, so it will be

great to hear about him from another perspective.”

Teddy spoke saying, “Jerry, let us know if anything else pops and we’ll do the same from here.”

Teddy and Jerry said their goodbyes and Teddy turned to Andy to say; “This keeps up, we won’t have to worry about these people”, laughed Teddy, “I feel bad for the people that died though. I know that they were infested with demons, but at any point they could have left them behind. Problem is, they had to take responsibility for their actions and come to the Father seeking his forgiveness. Now, it’s too late. We still have to deal with Senator Struck and I’m going to try and find out about the CIA guy that was standing next to Stanley Smith.”

“I’m thinking that we should go ahead and send the recording to some news outlets. My name hasn’t been cleared, which I would like to happen, but we need to get Struck put in jail”, said Andy.

“I totally agree Andy”, responded Teddy, “What we need to do is find the media that isn’t in the pocket of this group. I’m thinking more with the independents on the internet which would then force the main stream to pick up the news. Of course, it’s not a guarantee but we can do this anonymously. Once it’s out there, it will become obvious that you are not the baby killer but Struck is which will force an investigation. I can tell you this much, the adversary behind this will easily give up Struck. The good news though, is there will be three gone from this particular group.”

Chap. 37

Jim had just hung up with Lucien who had told him about the two bombings and that both Tom and Stanley were dead. There was a big meeting in Bel Air tomorrow night, but Lucien wanted him to see what he could find out about Gabriel Thomas and his father. The CIA must know something and he had been tasked to find out what it was.

Jim knew he would not let Lucien down; he owed him everything; his life and his well-being. Jim's high IQ helped with his understanding of difficult codes and numbers like no-one else. Though the CIA used him for all their wet-work (which is a euphemism for the spilling of blood), they used him to decrypt codes that seemed impossible to others.

Lucien wanted to see if he could find out the connection with the two deaths that were so similar yet on both coasts. Lucien mentioned that at each of the deaths there was a Franklin half-dollar; Jim thought that could be the connection.

Jim had the highest secret clearance working for the CIA, though many things for most agents were on a need to know basis. Jim was a wizard when it came to hacking computers, and he could hack into any computer without detection. No one wanted to know how he did it which gave them all "plausible deniability", but they certainly used him for jobs when they didn't want any of the other agencies to know what the CIA was doing. This time though, Jim was using his skills for Lucien.

The DOD and the Pentagon had state of the art computer systems, constantly being updated so there was no chance of any hacking and this included the NSA. Jim already knew there wasn't anything else he could get from the DOD and Pentagon. Lucien had told him what Stanley had said about Thomas' time at the Pentagon; that everything had been digitally erased and there was nothing further to be had paper-wise from the archives. He knew Stanley hadn't asked or received anything from the NSA.

Jim had kept the family home which was very rural. There had never been any neighbors close by, which kept everything he did secluded. Even the CIA had no idea where he lived. He had spent time himself enlarging the basement under the house; putting in concrete walls and he was very careful to disguise the door to the basement. He had incorporated the old basement door into part of the wall of the house. It was undetectable to the human eye, so unless you suspected there was something there, you couldn't tell where the door began and the wall ended. There was a wall outlet at the bottom of the door; when you tapped it with your foot, the door would slip back an inch and slide open into the wall to reveal the stairs going down into the basement.

The basement was about 3000 square feet and he had it separated into two large rooms; one side was where he enjoyed the horrific fruits of his kills. As he had gotten older and more experienced with killing, he had designed the area to encompass a play area for him to revel in his victim's blood as well as the equipment to dispose of human remains without so much as a

mote of dust to prove they had ever been there. Yet another reason the CIA loved him so much, his targets were never found, so nothing could ever prove they had been murdered.

The other room was filled with all the equipment he needed for his hacking skills; the computers he had weren't even bested by what the NSA had, plus no-one at the NSA had his clearance within the CIA. Whatever Jim wanted or needed equipment wise to add to what he did, his bosses were only too happy to comply.

He was in the room working on hacking the NSA. He knew that their "spying" had been going on far longer than what people think, and since he knew that Thomas had left the military in 2004, he figured there had to be something on Thomas somewhere in someone's files.

Jim also knew that the CIA used spy planes; people think it's just satellites, but there's always something moving in the skies that can be used for spying. There are also the planes that spray chemtrails. As much as people try to say this isn't real, he knew better, but he also knew that there were surveillance cameras on the planes. Many of the US air force bases around the world use this type of "people watching".

The military had also invented materials that can almost render a plane invisible, and people thought Star Trek was just sci-fi. It's a metamaterial that can bend infrared radiation, such as visible light creating a cloak of invisibility. The B2 Stealth bomber was a plane that frankly looked like a UFO and was around in

1947, or when they first started making them. Not only is the engine eerily quiet but the technology makes it hard to track with radar and its infrared heat signature is greatly reduced. As Jim well knew, if the public knew about this plane, the military had far surpassed that.

The CIA had access to all that was new and improved and as well as hacking the NSA database, he was also in contact with other people about the “silent” planes and what they may have captured.

Jim was in the NSA’s data bank and looking for Thomas, anything on him at all. So far, he hadn’t seen anything, but he let his program run as he had gotten a phone call from someone and was writing down notes as he was listening. Then he hung up. He went to another computer that was used only for satellite and radar tracking, and put in the co-ordinates that he had gotten from the phone call along with the date range.

Dulce base is a very secret Air Force Base in New Mexico, so there are planes all over the area, the pilots just turn on their cameras and let them go as they fly their missions, depending on where they were headed would give them a wide berth to be able to see much of what goes on in the area. One such plane was headed to Tinker AFB in Oklahoma City during that date range. On this day, the pilot was following I40, having come down from Dulce, flew over Albuquerque and then started following the highway, just for fun. He was shooting, with his camera the cars. Jim was looking at the footage when he spotted what he thought was Thomas’ jeep going along I40 after

leaving Albuquerque, he followed the jeep until it got off I40, as well as pulling into the truck stop. Since it was a big sign Jim saw that Thomas was in Clines Corner, NM and saw the jeep park in front of a subway. As the plane had gone on to its destination, he came to the end of the recording. Jim did know that the jeep made its way back to AZ, but he knew that the jeep had stopped in Clines Corner. Jim decided to make a visit to NM.

Chap. 38

“Come on Andy, I have to go do some shopping and it will give you an opportunity to see the area as well as stretch your legs out of this house”, said Teddy.

Andy was a little apprehensive since he hadn't been out since he had arrived; “Ah, I don't know Teddy, I don't think I'm ready yet,” he responded.

“I understand Andy, but I need for you to see the area and become familiar with it. Yahuah will protect us, but we must also be “watchmen” and this little outing will allow us to see if anything has changed in the area since you got here. I can see you have your bracelet on, so when you start to feel afraid, just rub it or touch it. You will find it will help a great deal”, Teddy said kindly.

Andy realized she was right and if he hadn't been caught by now he could feel somewhat confident that they hadn't found his place of refuge. He also knew if he was going to be the warrior that he had professed to Teddy he would be, then he needed to get through the fear he felt and concentrate on the fact that he wanted to bring these criminals to justice.

Teddy and Andy got into Teddy's pick-up truck, she opened up the garage door and they headed out. Teddy didn't go the same way he had been instructed to come in; when she pulled out of the driveway she turned right instead of left which would have taken them back to the road he had come in on and they traveled about 100 feet when she came to a gate. Funny, Andy didn't remember

seeing that gate when he got here, but as he looked he realized that unless you were right on top of it, you would never know it was there. Due to all the trees and the way the cave house stood, any visitor coming in the normal way would never notice the gate.

Teddy remotely opened the gate, they passed through it, and Andy saw they were on another dirt road. For a dirt road it was well kept, but then again, he doubted there was much traffic. They traveled about a mile and came to yet another gate; now this gate looked more like a livestock gate. Once again she remotely opened it, pulled through it, closed it and then turned left onto a paved road. Andy realized this was the main road he had come in when he was looking for Harmony road.

“Wow”, said Andy, “I had no idea there was another way into your place and frankly if you hadn’t shown me, I would never had known this was here.”

Teddy laughed and said, “Call me paranoid, but I’ve been on this earth too long to not take all the precautions that I can. I don’t know if you noticed the cows, I’ve got three or four, just to make it seem more like a cattle gate and I don’t often use this way, but knowing how apprehensive you were feeling, I wanted you to see everything.”

“Sorry I missed the cows”, Andy also laughed, “But what a great idea and thank you, it does make me feel a whole lot better.”

They were headed back to Joplin and this time Andy was able to really concentrate on the area. It was quite beautiful up here. Teddy didn't use the freeway; instead she took route 66 which hit some of the smaller towns on the way to Joplin. She stopped in a town called Carthage at a feed store. She pulled into the parking lot, parked, and Andy looked around, perhaps he was looking for the white SUV. Teddy was already out of the truck and waiting for him, so he finally opened his door and got out.

Once in, his senses were regaled with the smell of what he could only think of as what you would find on a farm. He inhaled deeply and smiled, "It smells like nature!"

Teddy laughed, "Part of nature for sure, it will get even more nature smelly as we head to the back. "

Once back to where all the livestock feed was kept, Teddy walked up to a salesman she apparently knew and gave him her order. While she was doing that, Andy walked around the area looking at all the products. There was feed for just about everything, including deer. "Must be a lot of pet deer around this area", he thought to himself.

Teddy walked back over to Andy and said, "All we need to do is pay for the stuff, get in the truck and go round back for them to load it up."

He followed her to the check-out counter and once it was their turn to pay, the clerk looked at him. He started to feel afraid, before he realized she was a young woman, quite cute and was

smiling at him. Teddy said, “Cynthia, this is my nephew Andy; Andy this is Cynthia.”

Shyly Andy put out his hand to shake hers as she smiled again and asked; “Andy, nice to meet you. Nice that you are here visiting your aunt, did you come far?”

Andy was too flustered to say anything so Teddy stepped in; “Now Cynthia see what you’ve gone and done, you’ve tied up Andy’s tongue.” Cynthia laughed and Andy had to smile. “Andy is here for a visit from Florida. I’m trying to convince him to move here, what do you think Cynthia”, asked Teddy?

Cynthia laughed one of those slightly embarrassed laughs but responded saying; “I think that’s a great idea. Andy, we may be a small place but we’re a friendly bunch and your Aunt Teddy is quite the fixture around here, so you’ll have a lot of friends to welcome you.”

Andy finally found his voice and said; “Well from what I’ve seen so far, this is certainly a beautiful area and each day I’m becoming more and more convinced. Nice to meet you Cynthia and I’m sure we’ll see each other again.”

Andy and Cynthia shook hands again and they were both sporting red faces and big smiles. Once outside Teddy said; “See anything you like in the feed store?”

They both laughed as they got into the truck and Teddy took it around to the back. Once they loaded it with Teddy’s purchases they got back on the road and headed on into Joplin. Arriving in

Joplin, Teddy found Natural Grocers and they both got out.

“Who knew you had health food grocery stores out here, especially this place, we have one of these back home”, said Andy.

“Don’t be fooled at the size of our towns, we’re on the cutting edge of more things than people give us credit for. Besides half of California has moved to Missouri and Arkansas, and with that comes the progress as well as the crime. But still I’m all for organic and non-GMO products”, answered Teddy.

It didn’t take them long to get what was on Teddy’s shopping list; they checked out and got back into the truck. As they were buckling up, Andy looked over and saw a white SUV, for a moment he was caught off guard, so he unbuckled and got back out, with Teddy yelling at him.

He walked over to the vehicle, went to the back to see the tags and saw that it was an Arizona plate. Andy felt his heart quicken so he walked back over to the truck and got back in; “Teddy, that looks like the same SUV that followed me through most of my trek. Can we wait to see who comes out?”

“Certainly Andy”, said Teddy. As they waited she said; “What do you think of Joplin?”

Without taking his eyes off the SUV Andy answered; “I am amazed at how fast this place rebuilt itself after that tornado. Watching the

news it was horrific the devastation that it caused and frankly I thought it would take a lot longer.”

“We are a resilient people as I am sure most are after something so devastating. Take hurricane Katrina for example, there are still areas that need repair but for the most part we as humans hate to be reminded of disasters, so we like to clean them up as quickly as possible”, said Teddy.

Andy was about to speak again when the door opened and out walked a couple who were headed to the SUV. “Do they look familiar Andy”, asked Teddy?

“No”, said Andy, “The only time I actually encountered someone was this elderly guy at a Walmart who I thought was a greeter and helped me find some stuff I needed, I found out he didn’t actually work there as they didn’t hire greeters anymore. Of course I couldn’t find him, and this guy is not him.”

Teddy turned on the engine then said; “Sounds like the old guy was a guardian angel, maybe you have more than one.”

She backed out of the parking space but had already resolved that she would watch the rear-view mirror, just to make sure.

The couple that got into the SUV was a man and a woman, probably in their 40’s and Teddy made sure to remember their faces just in case. As far as she was concerned, you can never be too careful. There were rules according to one General Gabriel Thomas that he lived by and this

was one of them; he always said be careful and be prepared, and Teddy had taken them to heart!

Chap. 39

Everyone had arrived at Lucien's house in Bel Air as instructed. None dared to miss a gathering when it came from him, or more importantly you did that at your own peril. They had all gathered into one of the big ballrooms in the house and were just waiting for him to arrive. It was only a very few, since this group was now missing two people.

Senator Struck had arrived with his wife Marissa and the only one that appeared to be missing was Jim. Jason knew that he did other things for Lucien, things he really didn't care to know about and since he didn't have his contact information he always left that to Lucien. Apparently Jim wasn't needed at this gathering.

Everyone was very subdued, having quiet conversations with each other sporadically. The servants passed around finger food and drinks, but most were just drinking. None of them knew what to expect and with past events they all knew that none of them had been down this road before with Lucien. In all their time with him, there had never been deaths so similar to what had happened to Tom and Stanley.

At midnight exactly Lucien appeared and walked over to a table and asked for everyone's attention.

"Good evening ladies and gentlemen", Lucien said softly, but no one missed his words as he continued; "I know all of you are aware of the recent events and deaths that have happened to our dear friends Tom and Stanley. I can imagine

that each of you are wondering if you are going to be the next victim, though I can't imagine that would happen since both of those men were in the process of trying to find Gabriel Andrew Thomas. However, that doesn't leave Senator Struck off the list, since he too is looking for Thomas."

Lucien had the staff set up a slide projector and a screen so he asked them to turn down the lights and he picked up the controls and turned on the projector. Everyone turned to the screen and watched.

Lucien continued as he put up the first slide; "This is a picture of Gabriel Andrew Thomas. If he's a smart man, I'm sure by now he has shaved off that moustache and done something else to disguise what he looks like now. We have had massive coverage making him the killer of the baby sacrifice across the entire country, so if he didn't, then by now someone would have seen him. Both Tom and Stanley were working on trying to find any information of his whereabouts. Tom was trying to find the Jr, since his father had the same name; Stanley was trying to get information on him that could help us find the son. Obviously there is a connection between the two otherwise Tom and Stanley would still be alive."

Lucien turned to the next slide; "This is the jeep that Tom had brought back from Arizona, also the same jeep that blew up at police impound before anyone could get anything of forensic value, though Tom told me that it had been wiped clean,

it still seemed strange that it would just blow up, out of the blue.”

The next slide came on; “This is Stanley’s car that he and his driver were both blown up in. What is odd about both of these explosions and yet connects them is the fact that there was no collateral damage at all. Most explosions blow out and anything that is near the explosion is affected. At police impound, there was one officer who caught a bit of shrapnel. It was as if these two explosions imploded inward”, said Lucien.

Lucien continued; “The last slide is a picture of young Thomas’ house, because it killed two of the swat team that was breaching the house and the first explosion, it was also odd that it did no collateral damage to either the trees that were around the house or the neighbors. So all three of these explosions are connected and the major connection to them is the Thomas’s, junior and senior.”

“I know you all have noticed that Jim is not here for this meeting; that is because I have him looking for both of these men. We all know that he has the contacts and the means that far surpass what the Senator has the ability to get in regards to information,” said Lucien, “He has already told me that he found out Thomas stopped in Clines Corner, NM, not Arizona as Tom had once thought, so Jim is in New Mexico following up on that lead.”

Jason and the rest started talking at once, trying to ask Lucien more questions, but Lucien started speaking again; “This is the new plan, one that

should bring young Thomas out of hiding and perhaps even the elder Thomas. Robert, since you run the entertainment media, you will interview both Tiffany who has a large fan base because of her movies and you will also interview Jacob and his group, who have a large following in the music world; Tiffany and Jacob, in these interviews you will express your horror at the baby killer not being found and that you call on all your fans to be watchful and look for this criminal, that we need to bring him to justice for the baby. After that, since you both are adept at all the social media, you will start a campaign, using Thomas' picture and implore the public to help you catch him. If you get any tips, send them to the Senator who will then pass them on to his new contact at the police. Paul, I want you to put out the news a story about how the police have connected all three of these explosions to Gabriel Thomas, also tell them, that he will no longer have this moustache and could possibly have grown a beard. Feel free to add anything else you need, I want the country whipped up into a frenzy so that Thomas has nowhere to go; any questions?"

Jason spoke; "This is excellent Lucien, I think I can safely say with this kind of hard hitting blitzkrieg there will be no way that Gabriel Andrew Thomas will be able to escape this net."

"Indeed Jason, okay everyone, you can go home and get started on this, but Jason, I need a few more minutes of your time", said Lucien.

Jason watched as everyone else left by the secret entrance to the tunnels and back to their cars. He wondered what Lucien wanted to tell him. Once

everyone had left, Lucien called both Jason and Marissa into his office.

“Jason, Marissa; May I offer you a drink”, Lucien asked. Marissa declined but Jason accepted a glass. Jason felt he could do with a drink to calm his nerves. He still didn’t think he was out of the woods with Lucien, he knew this was just a reprieve.

“Jason, I need for you to be diligent and use your office to also help. Tiffany and Jacob will get the younger people, but you’re the Senator, so you need to use that power that you wield to get everyone looking for this guy. The FBI is already looking into Stanley’s death, get hold of the director and give him this other information so that they can help to make a connection, and that they are to report to you. If they give you anything you are to call Paul and leak it. I want Thomas to become the only headline out there as nothing else matters, especially for you. Marissa, you know what you need to do, fly to the castle and get the rest of them to work on their incantations. We can no longer afford to just hope Thomas will be caught, we have to ensure that he will.”

Chap. 40

Teddy and Andy had just pulled into the garage and were unloading the truck. Once they finished with putting away the supplies, as they were walking into the research room, Teddy heard Tony calling on the ham radio, there was a sense of urgency in his voice, so she quickly went over and picked up the mic.

“Tony, sorry for the delay, we just walked in, what’s up”, asked Teddy?

“Then you haven’t had time to see the news and what’s happening. Everything has been ratcheted up to the point that they are tying Andy to the killings of both the swat team when his house blew up on the west coast, the Commissioner of San Francisco, and the General on the east coast. In addition to that, some movie star and musician have been interviewed and it appears that they are making the baby killing their personal cause, so in addition to the TV, they are taking to social media to get all their fans on board and Andy’s picture is now everywhere. They are also saying that he would have shaved his moustache from the original photograph and may even be sporting a full beard. And you know with today’s technology, they can enhance and photo-shop a picture”, said Tony.

Andy had been listening as Tony was talking so he went to the computers to bring up the national news, since it seemed to have gone national. The news had this new picture showing him with a full beard, which unfortunately he was now wearing and it certainly looked a lot like him. Suddenly he

felt terrified, he had been out, people had seen him, and with this much coverage it certainly wouldn't take much time for those people he had seen to identify him as well as putting Teddy in jeopardy.

Teddy looked over and saw Andy's anguish, she said goodbye to Tony and that she'd get back with him in about an hour, then she went over to Andy.

"Andy, do not be afraid, you and I both know that this is all lies", said Teddy.

"I know Teddy, but I had no idea how terrifying this would become and I never intended to bring this to your doorstep. I have brought evil to your sanctuary and I don't know how to stop it", said Andy sadly.

Teddy gently smiled at Andy and pointed to a chair, where he sat down and she sat opposite of him. She took his hands into hers and said; "I wasn't kidding you about Yahuah, nor about the fact that to trust in him will bring you great peace. You have done nothing that will hurt me and when it comes to evil, I will fight against it in the name of Yahuah. That is what I've been hoping to show you, this is a test, a test for me as well as you. I know you've been dragged into this because of the evil, but now it's even more important to let your fears go, which I know won't be easy, but I am here to guide you every step of the way and help you to come to know the Father and show you what He can do."

Andy tried to understand what she was saying, but between the sheer terror he felt for her as well as himself, he was struggling to comprehend it. He knew he wanted to believe and understand this with all his heart, so he said; “What do I need to do?”

Still holding Andy’s hands, Teddy said; “We’re going to talk to the Father. Our Father who is in heaven, esteemed and splendid is Your name. Your kingdom come, Your will be done on earth as it is in your heavens. Give us this day our daily bread and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us, and lead us away from the adversary and temptation for Yours is the power and the kingdom forever and ever. Also, Abba, I ask that You do battle with the evil that surrounds us and I know that You not fail us; we are here to do your will and trust whatever the outcome, it is righteous. We commit our lives into Your hands. All praise to you Yahuah – HalleluYAHUAH.”

As Teddy, had been praying and holding his hands, Andy felt a warmth of power come over him, and tears rolled down his face as she spoke. It was the most intense and powerful feeling he had ever felt, and he couldn’t help but feel the fear leave and a resolve come over him that whatever he needed to do to get to know Yahuah better he would and whatever he needed to do to become a good servant for Him, he would do that as well.

When Teddy finished her prayer to Yahuah, she saw the tears in Andy’s eyes and couldn’t help but well up herself, then she said; “Ok, now we can sit here and cry the rest of the day about how

wonderful the Father is, which I'm sure He'll appreciate, but we need to finish this, time to root out this nest of vipers and put this heinous crime on the real perpetrators!"

Chap. 41

The media blitz was working well, thought Jason and he couldn't be happier. He could feel this debacle concluding, and he was looking forward to getting back to normal. The tips they were getting were coming from all over the country. Many of them were from crackpots seeking attention, but he took everyone down and turned them over to the police. Lucien had wanted him to be hands on with this part and he wasn't going to let him down.

He had gotten an interesting tip from a girl in Carthage, Missouri, she had said Thomas looked exactly like the picture they had put out with him wearing a full beard and that he had been with a woman that she knew. She had given him the name of that woman, all she had was her first name, Teddy, but that was more than they had gotten so far and this one he didn't give to the police as Lucien had also told him the ones he thought most credible to call him with; Jason suspected that he would pass that on to Jim.

Jason had his suspicions about Jim and what he did, but he didn't really need to know all the details of what it was he did for Lucien, though he did know he worked for the CIA. Spies are often call "spooks", which fit Jim perfectly, he personified all that described.

Jason hadn't done all that much in attending to the business of California for the people, but then, he knew he really didn't do anything unless it benefitted him. Of late, he had been working hard to stay alive, and now he may still have the

chance to become president. Wouldn't that be something, he thought, "The most powerful man in the free world, well second to Lucien, who in all reality was the most powerful in the world."

Marissa had left soon after the meeting with Lucien, so she should be in Belgium. Her and her buddies, whom Jason couldn't stand, should be working on whatever it was they did for Lucien. He knew that these Mothers of Darkness were awfully powerful and could call demons that no-one would want around them. Again, he was glad that they weren't working against him. He had never been invited to the castle and frankly was glad, he had heard rumors, and as evil as he was, they more than doubled what he had done in his life.

Jason's phone rang and he picked it up, it was Jim. He damn near dropped the phone from shock; Jim had never called him, so with his heart in his throat, he quickly said; "Hi Jim, I didn't expect to hear from you." Jason listened, shaking his head like the caller could see him doing that, and finally said; "Well it was a girl by the name of Cynthia, let me get my notes." Jason puts down the phone, finds his notes and picks the phone back up. "Ok, here's what I've got, Cynthia is her name for sure, she works at a feed store in Carthage, Missouri and here is the phone number to call. She didn't give her last name, but she did ask if there was a reward for her information. I told her there was, that is if it turned out to be credible."

Jason listened again for a few more minutes and then said; "Sure Jim, if she calls again, I'll let you

know immediately and so far that's been the only really good lead that I've gotten on Thomas' whereabouts." Finally, Jason hung up.

Jason thought to himself, it's not like Jim wasn't pleasant enough, but there was an edge in his voice, Jason had never heard Jim speak all that often, but when he did, it always made chills run up his spine. Jason did know for sure, he would hate to be in Thomas' shoes, or for that matter Cynthia's, in case she doesn't give Jim all the information he really needed.

Chap. 42

“Ok Andy, we’ve got to send out your recording to as many places as possible, so that it hits everywhere all at once”, said Teddy, “Time to just pull out all the stops and play them at their own game. Apparently, they thought with your delay in putting it out that they could stop the world from finding out who the real evil is. There will be people who will try to say this was edited, but it’s a little difficult to do that with the entire recording, because we’re going to let them see it all.”

“I’ve got a list of all the independent news sites, but we’ll need to make sure we do this anonymously so that it doesn’t come back to us”, replied Andy, “I can take care of that, but I’d also like to get it to the mainstream media if possible, though I know they won’t air it.”

“Well, I know that who’s really running this show will have that locked up, but it’s impossible for them to lock every avenue on the internet, and there are many videos out there that have had more views than TV shows, so let’s get it released and let the ground swell take it”, answered Teddy, “I don’t know if you remember or heard about Pizzagate, it was a name given to a pizza place in Washington, DC that really caters to pedophiles. The stuff that you saw about this, pretty much proved what was really going on, so the mainstream worked hard to get it out of the public view, but it hasn’t gone away. Frankly it opened a lot of eyes, however, there wasn’t any hard evidence like this tape, though there have been pedophile ring busts.”

“Then we need to send this up to as many places all at once, and we can do that with emails to each of these places, attach the video, put the email on a time delay, and they all go out at the same time”, said Andy, “I think 4 PM is a good time, this will give the sites we send the recording to time to get it ready, so they can send it out to their subscriber base as late breaking news or that they can do a live-stream show. With the video already done, all they would have to add is a voice-over to explain to the audience what is happening or on the live stream explaining the video and run it. I can see this starting to roll and be across the nation by midnight.”

“Ok, it’s Thursday noon, do you think we can get this done today”, asked Teddy?

“I don’t see why not, we’ve got all the sites, it’s just getting all their email addresses and with your help, we’ll have that done quickly, then I can set up the emails to each place. The emails will be untraceable back to us and as a matter fact I’m setting it up that the email trace will go back to Commissioner Tom Chronicle. We’ll make it like a deathbed confession, what do you think”, asked Andy?

“That is perfect, that not only gives the video credibility, but will also force the main stream media to have to pick-up this news, after all, it is the Commissioner telling them, so this will be from the grave”, smiled Teddy.

Both Andy and Teddy got to work; Andy worked quickly on his computer getting links to the sites and sent them to Teddy who pulled up the links,

looked for the contact info and email and made a list for Andy. It took about an hour to get them all, with the big and small alternative news sites, they had about 100. Finished with that, they wrote up Chronicles' deathbed confession email.

To whom it may concern: This is Tom Chronicle, in case of my death, which I'm sure won't be of natural causes, this is my insurance against who may have decided to kill me. If something happens to me it will happen to all that are in this very exclusive group that I was involved with. I don't need to explain anything as the actions captured on this video will be enough for everyone to know exactly what it is and who is involved. There will be many that won't believe it, but sad to say it's all true. I have realized that I picked the wrong side.

Teddy said; "Perfect, that along with the video should certainly make it very hot for all the players in the video. With the celebrity and musician being in that line-up, it will be interesting to see how fast their fans leave them, and for justice to finally catch up with them all. All praise to Yahuah though."

"I couldn't agree more", said Andy, "Let's do this thing!"

All the emails with the video attachment had been put on time delay for 4 PM today, which was in about an hour.

Andy and Teddy walked into the main room of the office, they grabbed some coffee and went over to the window to just take a moment and look

outside. It wouldn't be long before the start of something that they both hoped would see some justice done.

“Let's take a moment to thank Yahuah again. Tomorrow at sundown starts Sabbath, when the sun goes down until sundown on Saturday this will be out of our minds. I want you to join our study group. We're going to be doing a special Psalm 23 that a dear friend amplified, I assure you it won't be that, though I walk through the valley of death thing that most know, it will be something that not only can you delight in but will be able to take comfort in and find great strength”, said Teddy, “Yahuah, we thank you for your merciful bounty and ask that you help strengthen us for the test that we are about to go through. We will not falter in what we know is just and ask that you continue to rebuke this evil. All praise goes to you Yahuah and we look forward to this upcoming Sabbath”, said Teddy.

Andy said; “Time for the emails to go out.”

Teddy and Andy watched as each one was sent and went out into the ether now known as the internet; “Now it's in Yah's hand”, said Teddy.

Chap. 43

Jim had taken all the information that the Senator had given him and he was in Carthage, Missouri, waiting for this Cynthia to show up. She had asked him to meet her at a local restaurant when she was on her lunch break, so he arrived an hour early and parked across the street just watching the people.

Jim didn't feel out of place here, he had grown up in a small town. He was neatly dressed and looked very official; he always carried a police badge and had his gun in his shoulder holster under his suit jacket. The car he was driving had government plates on it, though anyone taking them down would never know exactly where he had come from. They had DC on the plates, but the car was from the government motor pool, he hadn't signed it out, so they would never be able to trace the vehicle back to him.

He saw an older car pull up in front of the restaurant. He thought that had to be her, so he got out of the car and walked across the street to meet her. She caught sight of him as he walked towards her; he smiled, walked up and introduced himself to her.

"Cynthia Waters", he asked? When she shook her head yes, he continued; "I'm Jackson Jones, we spoke on the phone about the man you think may be Gabriel Thomas."

"Yes, Mr. Jones, nice to meet you", Cynthia smiled at him. She felt important, since people were walking by, some she knew and they were

looking at her. Nothing much ever happened here in Carthage, and she had already called the local newspaper to tell them about her impending meeting with the DC police. They had asked to interview her after she was done with her meeting, to which she agreed. Secretly she was also hoping that the reward would be enough for her to leave the feed store.

“Let’s go in and sit down, then you can tell me all that you know about this man”, said Jim. He held the door open as they walked in, with Cynthia ahead of him, smiling at all the other patrons, as she led him to a booth where they both sat down.

Cynthia had already alerted the staff to this meeting, again, not much happened in the town and she wanted everyone to be aware of what was going on with her, she had told them to wait until they had a chance to talk before sending a waitress over. She wanted to savor this moment of importance for as long as possible.

Jim pulled out his official police notebook and asked her to tell him whatever she could about her encounter with Thomas.

“Well, he was quite handsome, even with a full beard, but he certainly matched the picture on the TV. He was awfully shy as well, but he had come in with Teddy”, said Cynthia.

Jim stopped her; “Who’s Teddy, I don’t think you mentioned him when I talked to you?”

“Oh, Teddy is a girl”, laughed Cynthia, “She’s an old timer that has lived up here in Missouri for years. She introduced him as her nephew Andy

and that he had come up from Florida. Still, he looks a lot like that picture. What's interesting though, is that in all the years I've kind of known Teddy because she comes into the feed store at least once a week, not once has she ever brought any family in, so never knew she had a nephew."

"Would you happen to have her last name", asked Jim, "I'd like to get in touch with her and see if she can help?"

"I don't think I've ever known her last name, but she's got an account at the feed store and they would have all her information", responded Cynthia.

"I wonder if you would mind taking me there, I don't have a lot of time since this case is so hot and I've got other leads I need to follow up quickly. If this is the guy and he's here, we don't want a baby killer to get away. So, if it's not too much of an inconvenience, we could get that taken care of and then I can get you, your reward", said Jim.

Those were the magic words that Cynthia had been waiting to hear. She no longer cared about lunch and could only think of how she was going to spend it. "Of course, let's go now, I'm sure the owner will be happy to meet you and give you all the information you'd need", responded Cynthia.

Jim said; "Let's take my car and once we're done I'll bring you back here and give you the check. This reward wasn't contingent on catching the guy; it had to do with getting a credible tip and this certainly sounds like one."

Cynthia was positively giddy with delight and happily got into his car. Once in she gave him directions to the feed store. She had buckled in and turned to look out her window to wave to someone she knew; Jim had pulled a syringe from his pocket and took that moment to inject her in her arm. It took her several minutes to realize what had happened, but Jim had already pulled out onto the street.

When Jim had arrived in Carthage the day before, he found a cabin out in the woods that was isolated. He knew where the feed store was, so he would dump Cynthia off at the cabin and then go there in his official capacity. What he had injected her with wouldn't wear off for several hours. Lucien had told him that there were to be no witnesses left behind, and Jim had no qualms about taking care of that part of business.

Chap. 44

Andy and Teddy were in the research room; Teddy's computer had a major news network pulled up, so if anything popped, they would see that immediately. Andy had his computer on the biggest alternative news site and knew that they would be the first to really break the story.

Teddy was on the ham radio talking to Tony on the west coast; "Jerry, its 9 PM hours here, that makes it 7 PM your time. Andy and I have sent out the recording, so we're just waiting to see what happens, thought I'd see if there was anything breaking your way."

"I'm glad you called Teddy", responded Tony, "I've got a contact over at one of the major networks who I just got off the phone with; he's telling me that something is happening and that the head honcho is positively purple about whatever it is. I guess they got a phone call from one of the alternative news sites asking about a video recording, that apparently he is one of the people on it."

"Hey Andy, did you hear what Tony said", Teddy yelled over, "You may be right about that midnight thing, but it certainly sounds like things are starting to heat up out west."

Andy was about to get up and go over to Teddy, when the news site he was watching came on, saying, "Stay tuned folks, we think you'll want to see this. Today we got a video recording from what appears to be the now dead police commissioner of San Francisco, Tom Chronicle.

We're just checking with our legal department, but in about 30 minutes, we're going to show this video. I've seen the video and I have to tell you, this is going to be monumental, with lots of people in it that you would never have thought would have been caught on film. I'll give you this much, who they've been saying is the baby killer, this video will prove his innocence. Once again, in about 30 minutes we'll be showing it in its entirety."

Andy got up to go over to Teddy who still had Tony on the radio. "We both heard that Andy", said Teddy, "This couldn't be better news since it will clear you of any wrong doing."

"Wow", responded Andy, "I was hoping for fast, but didn't really think it would be today."

"Now Andy, what did I tell you about trust", asked Teddy, "We asked the Father for help, we have to trust that is what He would do, never doubted Him for one second. Tony, we're going to let you go, but if you hear anything else, radio back as we'll be in here until we don't need to be in here."

"I'm going to go grab us some coffee, then we can get comfortable before the big reveal", laughed Teddy.

Teddy went into the house and Andy sat next to his computer. It struck him to talk to Yahuah; "Dear Mr. Yahuah, I apologize for not really knowing the protocol of how to address you, seems a little forward of me to call you Father. I know that with Teddy's help, because she told me, she would teach me what I needed to know

about you. Until then and I promise I will be a good student, I just wanted to thank you deeply and from the bottom of my heart that you saved me and that you will bring Senator Jason Struck to justice for his crime against that small baby. I will say like Teddy did, all praise to you Yahuah.”

Teddy had just walked back in with their coffee and she had heard his prayer. As she sat the cup in front of him, she said; “Just so you know, I think those are Yahuah’s favorite kinds of prayers.”

Chap. 45

Robert was on his cellphone with Lucien pacing back and forth in his office; “Lucien, I’ve got a really bad feeling about this, if the alternative media has this recording like they said, they are going to release it tonight.” He was listening to Lucien speak and then answered. “All they said was that they had a video showing me and others on it doing unspeakable things. They didn’t mention it was Jason killing the baby, maybe this is just some sex tape they got and not really what I’m thinking it is. What they did tell me was that it came from Tom Chronicle, how can that be? Did his death somehow trigger a release of a recording?” Robert listened some more to Lucien and then disconnected. He immediately dialed another number.

“Jason, it’s Robert, Lucien told me to call you and tell you an alternative news site called me about a recording they received from Tom Chronicle.” Robert listened as Jason spoke and then said; “I have no idea, that’s why I’m calling you. Lucien thought perhaps Tom might have told you if he was keeping recordings on the group.” Robert shook his head as he listened to Struck; “I’m in total agreement, that wouldn’t make any sense, since we all have the same things on each other. I did tell Lucien that maybe it’s a sex tape they dug up, which would certainly be easy enough to discount.” Jason said a few more words; “Okay Jason, I’ll email you the link to the website that is supposed to be showing this recording.” Robert hung up the phone.

Robert had always wanted to be a writer, especially for the movies, but when he went to college he found that he had a knack for news, so he switched his major to journalism. He used his flair for dramatic writing in his news pieces. He gained quite the reputation as someone with a nose for news and broke a lot of stories. He was a handsome man, so he found his way to being an anchor on one of the big three networks. He liked to keep his hand in finding breaking news, but he was now so busy that he just couldn't keep up. He had found a young kid on the internet, who was a whiz at sniffing out the next big story, so Robert starting paying him a stipend to send him the next big thing and Robert would pretend it was his story.

The arrangement seemed to work well until the young man decided he wanted some credit for what he was finding and more money. Robert didn't like being pushed up against the wall, so he told him, he would give him more money, but no credit. Robert said maybe one day he'd help him get a job at his network, but the kid had said no to that and that he was going to tell his bosses who was responsible for all the great stories Robert had brought to the station.

Robert had laughed at the kid until the kid told him that he had kept all their correspondence and could prove that all the news leads Robert had gotten from him were plagiarized. That's the kind of thing that causes you to fall from grace and he knew he would lose his job and his fame.

Robert had lured the kid to his house with a promise that they would settle this and Robert

would hire him on as his assistant with more money. Once the kid arrived at his house, Robert offered him a drink to celebrate the deal; little did the kid know that Robert had poisoned his drink, and once the poison took hold, Robert gloated that he should never have threatened him.

Though the kid knew he was dying, he had been smart enough to keep something back and told Robert, that despite what Robert had done to him, he too had set a trap; if anything happened to him, documents would be triggered to various news networks as well as the police. The kid had to smile when he saw the look of terror on Robert's face, then he died.

Robert was panicked, but he knew he had to kill him; he certainly didn't want his secret to get out. He sat down in a chair and looked at the kid's dead body and wondered how he would get rid of it. There was a knock at his door, and then he got scared. He thought; "No way had someone already called this in."

Robert tried to remember, had he made any loud noises, had they argued. Again, another knock, this time a little louder, so with shaky steps he walked over to the door and looked through the peephole.

There were eyes staring right back at him, mesmerizing eyes at that. He felt his hand open the door and saw a stranger, who certainly didn't look like the law, so he let him in.

“Robert, my name is Lucien and I’m here to help you with your trouble”, said Lucien as he pointed to the dead kid.

Robert was speechless because he couldn’t understand how this man knew what he had done and here he was telling him that he could help him. “How do you propose to do that”, he asked?

“Nothing you’ll have to worry about, but you will have to commit to me. Of course, that doesn’t mean I won’t commit to you. You will have everything you could possibly desire and probably more than you could imagine”, said Lucien.

Robert shook himself back to the current time and what he was going to do about this recording. He couldn’t imagine what was on this recording, and then he remembered; that damn recording that Struck should have taken care of by now. Robert had no idea how this was going to be fixed, he could only control the mainstream media, the alternative media was the wild card and he couldn’t think of how he could stop this rollercoaster to hell he now found himself on!

Chap. 46

Cynthia woke up slowly, she had a headache and was disoriented; she wasn't sure what had happened, when she suddenly realized that she was chained to a wall. She tried to scream but realized that she had tape over her mouth and nothing would come out. She felt sheer terror and couldn't understand how she had gotten here. She tried to think back, but her fear kept her from remembering. She told herself to calm down, so she could think.

It was hard to breathe with the tape over her mouth, but she knew enough that to struggle would just make it harder, so she tried to calm her breathing through her nose. After a few minutes, she stopped struggling with herself and realized he hadn't tied her hands, so she ripped the tape off her mouth. Cynthia had no intention of screaming to alert him to her being awake. She finally remembered the last thing that happened was she had gotten into the car with Mr. Jones and passed out just as she had smiled at Nick Sawyer, a friend of hers from town.

Cynthia finally realized that she had been kidnapped by the man who claimed he was looking for Andy, the same man who was going to give her a reward. As the tears rolled down her face she realized how stupid she had been and greedy to have so quickly gotten into a car with someone she didn't know. He had said he was with the government, how could he betray her like that. You're supposed to be able to trust your government.

Cynthia became very quiet, trying to think of a way out, when she could hear humming coming from another room. As she really took the time to look at her surroundings, she saw a bathtub and a table that were set up with different kinds of knives on it. There was also an electric saw. It became crystal clear the trouble she was in and that she was not going to get out of it, she decided to pray.

Cynthia had never been a believer in anything, she thought there had to be something, but she just never took the time to search it out, and now it was too late. She had no idea how to pray, but as tears rolled down her face, she just said words hoping that a higher power would hear her. When she had finished what she thought might pass as a prayer, she opened her eyes and looked down on the floor and saw a coin. “How odd”, she thought, “Wonder if he dropped that?”

Jones had only chained her to a wall by her ankles, so Cynthia was able to pick up the coin and look at it. It was a 50-cent coin, she was too young to have seen one much less use it back in the 60’s but she liked the feel of it, and for some reason the touch of it made her feel calm and peaceful. She could still hear him humming from the other room, so she took the time to inspect the coin. On the face of whoever the person was she saw the letters YHUH etched in it. She wondered if that’s what they did with coins back in those days, as she noticed it was dated 1956.

She heard the humming stop and his footsteps, she started to feel the panic rise in her throat, but with the coin still in her hand, she rubbed her

thumb over the face of the coin and felt the panic subside. When he came into the room he was smiling at her. She felt nothing but revulsion; she knew what he planned on doing to her.

“Cynthia, I know you were expecting a reward, in a way this is it. Didn’t your parents teach you better than to get in a car with strangers”, Jim had to laugh, “Well, I know, they probably told you to trust the police and government. Maybe there was a time when that was true, though I doubt it. I know you must be afraid, but I will tell you this much, your death will be quick, frankly I’m only in this for the blood.”

Cynthia watched as he took off his clothes, for a moment she thought he was going to rape her before he killed her, but then he walked over to the table and picked up a knife. He started walking towards her, and again she felt the panic rise, then a thought occurred to her, “throw the coin”, her mind said. She wondered why, and then her mind said it again, “throw the coin”. She obeyed.

Jim walked toward Cynthia, relishing the first cut on her throat; he was about a foot from her when she threw a coin at him. He laughed at this feeble attempt of hers to defeat him; he caught the coin without effort and just as suddenly stopped in his tracks because he felt a scalding in his hand. He was unable to move any further and he couldn’t drop the coin.

Cynthia watched as he stopped; she saw him start to sweat and watched in astonishment as his arm caught on fire. She became afraid since he was

so close to her and still being chained to the wall thought the fire might hit her as well. She pulled on the chain and it came loose. She wasted no time in getting up and moving as far away from Jim as possible. She stopped though and stood watching; by now the flames had encompassed his entire body. It was eerily quiet; there had been no screaming from him only flaming terror in his eyes.

Jim watched as the flames crept up his arm, though he could feel the pain, he was powerless to scream. He was watching his life pass in front of his eyes. He saw how he had killed his father and all the killings after that; he could no longer feel the flames at all, the screaming he was feeling was in his mind. He saw every one of his victims, and felt the pain of each one just as they had felt it. He never realized how excruciating a slit throat was. Even his falling tears made his pain worse and just before he drew his last breath, he saw how wrong he had been and now it was too late. The last thing Cynthia saw was Jim, whose arms were now raised up and his mouth opened, as if screaming NO. She got out of there as quickly as she could.

Chap. 47

Teddy heard the phone ring, and went over to answer it. She listened for a few minutes said goodbye and hung up.

“Andy that was John Spencer from the feed store, he just told me the oddest story”, said Teddy, “You remember Cynthia, she was kidnapped yesterday but managed to get away. She told John that some government guy who had promised her a reward about the baby killer had come to town. She had gotten into his car, thinking they were going to the feed store to get my address, but the guy injected her and took her to some isolated cabin.”

Teddy went on; **“She found herself chained to a wall and as far as John could make out, since she was in such a state, she said something about a coin saving her life. She told him it was a 50-cent piece, certainly nothing she had ever seen before, but it had a funny etching on the face of someone she didn’t know either.”**

Andy had to smile; **“Let me guess did she say YHUH?”**

Teddy replied with a twinkle; **“How did you guess, but don’t misunderstand this. This has nothing to do with a “magic” coin or talisman. It is the name of the Father and Creator of the universe that proclaims His majesty. This is not like a religion that would make this an idol to bow down to. We have a relationship with our Father YHUH and so as promised, when we are in distress, He hears our cries and if it is His will, He alone, in His own**

way will provide the protection. Either we live to fight another day or we find our ultimate rest in Him. ”

“I’m just glad she’s alright, but now I’m wondering who this was and what happened to him”, asked Andy, “This certainly confirms for me the power of Yahuah and I will never take Him lightly again.”

“Cynthia said, after she ran out the door, last thing she saw was the cabin on fire”, answered Teddy, “Wild guess is that who this was, is dead and since she said this person was a government official, I’m going to say it was the CIA guy in your recording. That would be the only thing that would make sense. We know he was part of the cabal. So, they’ve lost the commissioner, the general and now the CIA guy by my calculations. At this point the only real power, other than the adversary is the Senator. I know there’s the network news guy and a few others, but they don’t have the power that these people had or the contacts. Andy by now, there should be something going on with the places we sent the recording, can you check on them?”

Andy went to the computer and pulled up the biggest alternative news site. Teddy had walked over and sat next to him, when the host started talking, Andy turned up the sound.

“Talk about breaking news, we are going to be showing you a recording that was sent to us and though it’s anonymous, it came with a letter from Commissioner Tom Chronicle from San Francisco who is dead, we know it to be true. Hard to photo-shop this”, said the host, “But I must caution you,

the images are disturbing and definitely not for viewing by children, so please just be aware that we are showing this in its entirety.”

There is about a two-minute lag and since this site is also live streaming, subscribers to the channel can also chat.

Suddenly the video starts. Andy and Teddy watch as the drone makes its descent to the altar and they can see the glint of the knife as the drone gets closer because of the bonfire. Suddenly, all the faces become clear, and as the knife plunges into the baby, the video shows clearly the face of Senator Jason Struck. Both Andy and Teddy are looking at the chat side, which has gone quiet. Just before the descent, the chatter was either people just goofing on others, calling someone they knew names, or just general stupid stuff. Once the knife plunged into the baby, it all stopped. It was as if there was a giant collective gasp by everyone watching this on line. You could tell how many people were watching, and the number at this point was 300,000 people.

As if by some sign, everyone started chatting again. Most were chatting about the horror of what they had just seen.

The host came back on, and with a solemn expression, started talking about what had just been shown. The host, normally someone that talks fast, interrupts guests, was talking slowly as if trying to keep from crying.

“Ok folks”, said the host, “This has not been edited and we decided to play this because frankly we are tired of this kind of crime going unpunished particularly by powerful people, who for so long have controlled us with their rules and regulations. Here’s a clear example of a Senator, a very powerful one at that, who killed a baby and tried to blame another for his crime. I frankly have had enough and it’s time to stop this kind of evil.”

Andy and Teddy watched as the chat box showed all the people were in agreement; it was time for justice to be served and from what was being written, Andy and Teddy surmised that this time Senator Jason Struck was not going to walk away from his evil.

Teddy said, “All praise to Yahuah. You have blessed us greatly and kept Andy safe from this evil. You have rebuked it and for that we are truly thankful and humbled.”

Chap. 48

Jason had gotten the link from Robert and had clicked on it, just in time to hear the host saying; “Be aware that we are showing this in its entirety.” Jason watched as the drone made the descent and watched himself plunge the knife into the baby. He thought, “How surreal, it’s as if I’m looking at myself, but not really believing it’s me.”

Jason thought how clear this recording was. You could see Chronicle and Smith as well as the rest of them. Jason had to laugh only because he was not the only one who would be dragged down and arrested for this murder.

“I was so close to getting past all this; so close to becoming the President of the United States”, he thought, and it’s all gone.

Suddenly Jason burst out into laughter, laughter so loud and hearty and long that he could hardly catch his breath. Finally he was able to catch his breath and stop; he walked over to pour himself a drink, then raised his glass and said; “Here’s to you Lucien, I guess you aren’t near as powerful as you think you are.” He laughed some more, sat back down in the chair and waited for the police to knock on his door.

It wasn’t very long before there was a knock, but then the door was thrown open; it was so hard that the door came off its hinges. It was Lucien! Jason thought, Lucien looks bigger than he thought he was, and not quite as handsome as he had been. Lucien was wearing gloves and it struck Jason that the hands in those gloves

looked more like claws; he didn't remember Lucien having claws.

Jason didn't think he was drunk, but he was having quite the time focusing on Lucien who seemed to be changing before his very eyes, but then Lucien began to speak.

"Jason, I told you to never make me angry", said Lucien softly but with words that bit into Jason with each syllable.

Jason looked at his arms and saw bite marks and his blood starting to pour out; it didn't hurt or at least he didn't think they did. Jason was so mesmerized by what he now saw as the real Lucien, who was somewhere between being a man and a dragon. It wouldn't surprise Jason one bit if fire came out of Lucien's mouth.

"You have compromised me, yourself and this group. Too bad for you, in the long run it won't affect me because your group has never been the only group that I control", said Lucien, "I've had thousands of years to put together many groups, though I have to say yours' did have the most promise. That is why I'm so angry, but it's time to clean up your mess."

Lucien handed Struck a gun and said, "You know what you're going to do now and that's not a question."

Jason took the gun and looked at it; he thought perhaps he would just shoot Lucien and be done with all of this. What could Lucien do if he decided not to do it, not to kill himself?

Then Lucien smiled and said; “Seriously, after all this time, you don’t have a clue as to who I really am? Jason, I own your soul and nothing in your mind belongs to you anymore.”

At last Jason woke up and realized what he had done and as he was pulling the gun to his temple, he saw the true horror of what Lucien really was and the abomination that he, Jason had become. Jason closed his eyes and without any hesitation pulled the trigger.

Lucien had found his control again and watched as Jason’s body slumped into his chair. Lucien waved a hand over Jason and the bite marks all disappeared. As Lucien left he waved his hand over the door and it righted itself back up on the hinges. Lucien quietly closed the door and left.

Chap. 49

It was Friday morning, Teddy and Andy were down in the research room watching the news. They wanted to see what had happened from the viewing of the recording. Andy had the alternative website on one computer and the San Francisco news station on the other.

The alternative news site's live stream, now a YouTube was showing over 100 million hits, and didn't show any signs of stopping.

Andy said, "Imagine 100 million people have seen this video; that's a lot of people!"

"Indeed, and let's hope it wakes up people to what is going on in the world today. Too many heinous crimes like pedophilia, baby sacrifices, sex trafficking and I could go on, continue to happen every day without stopping. If nothing else, your recording will wake up people who for too long thought baby sacrifices were just conspiracy theories", said Teddy.

There came a breaking news alert on the San Francisco station, they both watched as the reporter started speaking; "Last night the world saw a recording that showed the killing of a baby. This is the same baby that was killed on Halloween and the recording actually showed who the real culprits were in this heinous crime. Senator Jason Struck, the powerful Senator from California was the one who killed the child. Today when police went to his house to arrest him, they found him dead. He had committed suicide. Commissioner Tom Chronicle is also dead, but it

has been reported that he was the one that sent the recording. Apparently it was a deathbed confession. The others are either being arrested or they are in the process of being arrested. In other news, there was a house fire in Bel Air down in southern California. Reports indicate that the fire department suspects arson as well as finding tunnels under the house. Someone said it reminded them of the McMartin School case from the 80's"

Teddy got up and said; "From Yah's lips to your ears, that house in Bel Air, the one who owned that is the real leader, but there's someone else who'll come for him, since he's the adversary. We can take blessings in what Yahuah did to help us rid the world of this bit of evil. Now let's go get some breakfast."

Both got up and went into the kitchen where Teddy started to make some breakfast. There was a knock at the door, when Teddy said; "How odd, I don't get many casual knocks on my door, usually I always know ahead of time when someone is coming for a visit. Come on Andy; let's go see who's at the door."

Both walked over to the front door and Teddy opened up the door. There stood a tall man, who stood ram-rod straight and looked a lot like Andy. He was smiling at them when he said; "Got a cup of coffee for an old friend?"

For a moment Teddy was transfixed and then finally found her voice; "Gabe, I'm stunned!!! Where on earth have you been; I didn't think you

had really died, but couldn't be sure, okay, let me shut up. Please come in."

Andy just stood there, looking at his older self, it was his dad, he knew that, but he was still stunned. After all these years, the General was here, standing in the doorway and he couldn't decide if he wanted to take a punch at him or hug him.

"Son, I know you have a lot of questions and I promise you they will be answered", said Gabe, "We could flip a 50-cent piece as to whether you hit me or hug me."

For a moment Andy, couldn't decide, but then he smiled, especially when he talked about the coin. "Speaking about the coin dad, did you have anything to do with the miracles of the coins with YHUUH etched on them?"

"No son", replied Gabe with a warm smile, "Those coins were not of human origin but the supernatural nature of Yahuah. I think it not only reminded us that He alone keeps us safe, but in this particular adventure, He wanted a calling card to make sure the adversary knew beyond a shadow of a doubt who was cleaning his clock and that there was more where that came from. There is power in the Father's name to be sure, but the real power is the relationship between Father and child. I am proud to say, I am a child of Yahuah. I don't need any more magic than that."

Teddy had been working with Andy on Yahuah's 10 Words or Instructions, and one had said Honor

your father and mother. Andy walked toward his dad and they both hugged each other.

Teddy watched the two and smiled, Yahuah was great indeed!

REFERENCES AND RESOURCES:

Satanic Ritual Abuse (SRA), Monarch Programming, MK Ultra Mind Control and Chemtrails are all real things. The elite want you to believe that this is all Conspiracy Theories. Conspiracies they are, since these things are done in secret, away from the world, but these types of secrets will ultimately get out.

Child sex used to be something that we didn't hear about and if we did, we didn't really want to know that it happened. It was impossible to actually believe that there are those who would take the child out of the child and make them a sex object. Modern days have seen that taboo displaced to the point that now our children have to take sex education as early as kindergarten. What is the point of that? Even more so, what is the point of teaching children about gay sex?

This world has become a very dark place especially for a child. Parents have to be concerned that their children aren't abducted or seduced by drugs.

I know many will not believe that these things go on, but even in the mainstream news, pedophilia is making it into the news. There was a recent article that due to millions of protestors in India, they are now making sex with children under 12 punishable by death, over 12, jail is now 20 years, up from 10. The people have had enough, I wonder if we can do that here in America.

Though this is a novel, all the information used about pedophilia is true and at this time, it's still

possible to find the information on the internet. Do you wonder why some are so keen to get rid of the alternative websites? To take this out of the public eye and hopefully put it back into the dark. Too late, once the light has been shined, there's no going back.

There have been victims of SRA who have gotten away from that evil who have written books. Many would have you believe these stories are faked and that if you look on SNOPEs surely they will tell you the truth. SNOPEs is nothing more than a shill for the elite. Then there is Wikipedia, which is another source that will lead you away from the truth.

Scripture tells us that you have to have more than one witness, two is good but three is even better. If you find multiple witnesses it becomes our duty to give them the benefit of the doubt.

Cathy O'Brien – MK Ultra mind victim and whistleblower wrote Access Denied as well as Trance-Formation of America: <http://trance-formation.com/>

Sue Ford wrote her book as Bryce Taylor, it's her memoirs of being a mind controlled slave to name a few, Bob Hope and Henry Kissinger. <https://www.amazon.com/Thanks-Memories-Memoirs-Kissingers-Mind-Controlled/dp/0966891627>

Judy Byington wrote Twenty-two Faces – it's about the satanic ritual abuse of Jenny Hill <https://survivorship.org/twenty-two-faces-inside->

[the-extraordinary-life-of-jenny-hill-and-her-twenty-two-multiple-personalities/](#)

Russ Dizdar wrote *The Black Awakening* – he also works with survivors of satanic ritual abuse.

<http://www.russdizdar.com/>

There is an organization out there that works to save and help the children: Veterans for Children Rescue: <https://vets4childrescue.org/>

In closing we need to all do our part, become aware of what is going on with our children. Look for the signs, Pizzagate was a real thing and though it's out of the limelight, the players are still doing obscene things to children.

I'd like to leave you with this prayer, that so loses its beauty in the King James Bible, it's called the Aaronic Blessing – this translation is done by Jeff Benner who has a wonderful site where he translates the Hebrew:

http://www.ancient-hebrew.org/language_aaronic.html

From Numbers 6:26

YHUH will kneel before you presenting gifts and will guard you with a hedge of protection.

YHUH will illuminate the wholeness of his being toward you bringing order and he will give you comfort and sustenance.

YHUH will lift up his wholeness of being and look

upon you and he will set in place all you need to be whole and complete.

How wonderful it is to know that our Father in Heaven loves us so much!

I would love your feedback or any comments you may have on this book – email me:

wraoththefather@runbox.com

If you would like to find out about Yahuah, you can go to this website:

<https://www.yahuwahsoasis.com/>

