

The Ancient Arrow Project

by James

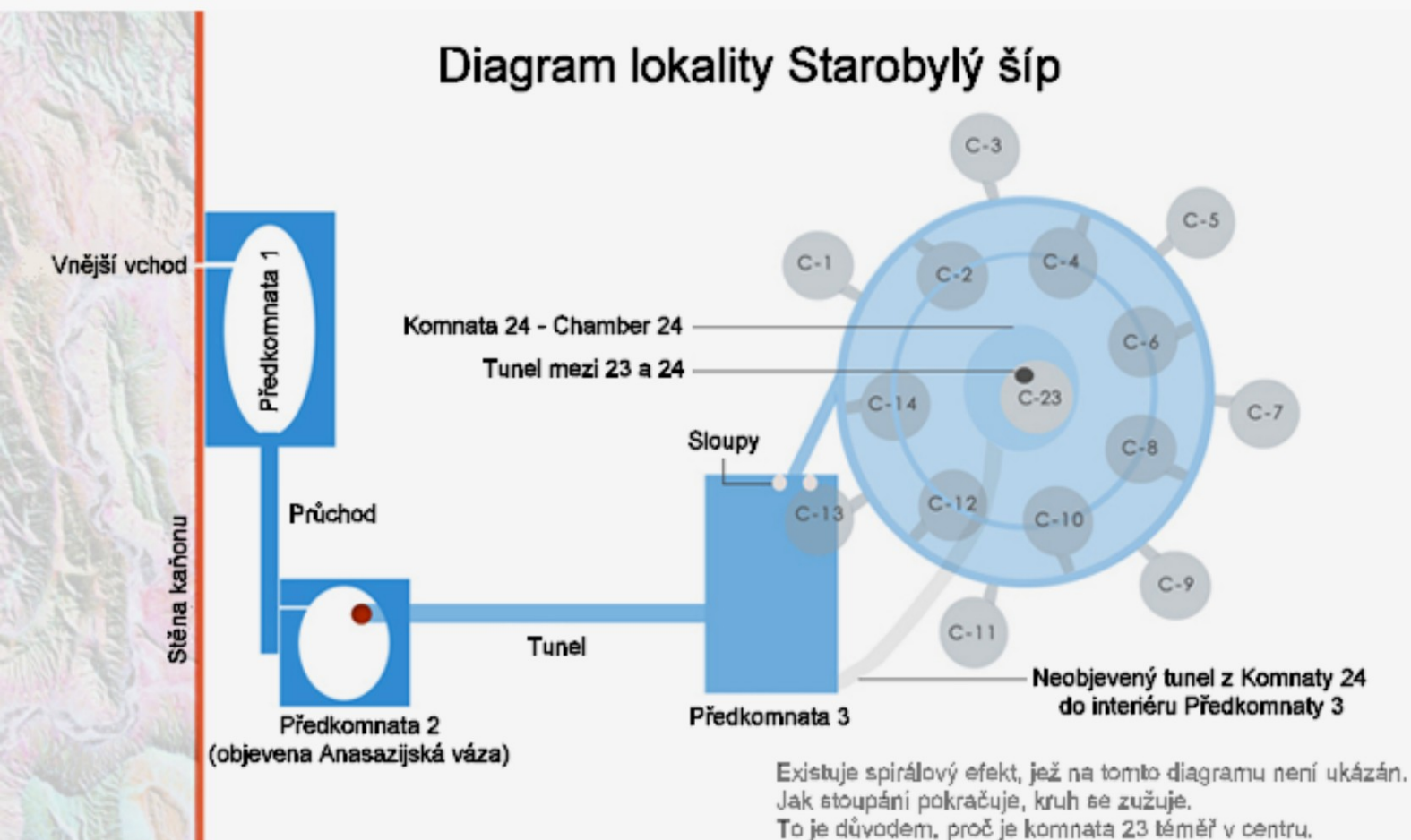


Wingmakers™

Projekt Starobylý šíp

Tvůrci Křídel

Diagram lokality Starobylý šíp



the Ancient Arrow Project

Wingmakers™

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Prologue

TRIAL BY FIRE IN AD 826

The Celestial Traveler entered the steep canyon in a dreamlike mist. She was drawn to the towering rock structure that seemed to support the sky. No one from her tribe had ever ventured this far into the mountains. She was of the Chakobs tribe, whose genetic origins were Mayan and whose descendants later became known as the Anasazi Indians of Northern New Mexico. Her thin, bronze-skinned body bore ritual tattoos that indicated she was the leader of the Self-Knowers.

The Self-Knowers were focused on the spiritual development of the Chakob tribe. They created various rituals, rites of passage, meditation chambers, and kiva spaces, and were responsible for keeping the tribe's records regarding its origins, history, and belief systems.

The Heavenly Traveler was thirty-four years old. She wore a tanned deerskin cut below the knees. Turquoise beads adorned her neckline and skirt. On her heart was a blue-purple ink print of her right hand with tiny white pearls attached that marked the starry sky - the symbol of her name. Her straight black hair flowed below her shoulders and a little down her back. They were fastened with a headband made of rabbit fur.

Her youthful face framed the elder's eyes of great wisdom.

She continued her intended descent into the canyon, a needle-like stone structure rising from its deep shadows. The structure poked into the pale blue sky like a shameless finger dipped in red paint, pointing at invisible stars. He had already caught her attention the previous day.

As she walked towards the red sandstone tower, she was alarmed by a flash of light. The sun was just rising over the edge of the canyon, lighting up the tantalizing reflection of an object only twenty feet beside her. She suddenly felt like an intruder. Her body froze and her eyes locked on the glowing object. He was no bigger than a human head. He was half-buried in a pine needle between two gnarled pines that stood here as steadfast sentinels.

At first she thought it might be a lump of silver, but as she approached the object she noticed that it was covered in unusual symbols that snaked across its surface like thin snakes. They were stiff, embedded in its surface as if they were the claw marks of a bear. As she crouched down to get closer, she noticed that the color of the object was both gold and silver. She had never seen that before. She headed closer to its glowing surface. It was an unnatural object. She was sure of that. He did not come from nature, nor was he from her tribe.

Intrigued and charmed by his unusual color, she stared at him for several minutes, trying to decide how, if at all, to approach him. If it is supernatural, it is her job to make it perceptible to her people. If he is a threat, it is her job to remove him from their land. She was a shaman in her native land and it was her duty to be inquisitive or even energetic.

The celestial traveler raised her hand over the object as if to bless it. Her thin lips recited the ancient verse of her people: "I recognize you in the great mystery. It is an honor to be in your presence." Her hand began to tremble and then her whole body as the electricity coursed through her like a tidal wave. Her hand was drawn to the object and she involuntarily reached for it as if it were a strong magnet. Her fingers clenched in an irrepressible reflex, grasping the object and pulling it to her chest. She treated him as if he were a child. As she held the object, her entire body vibrated uncontrollably.

Everything she knew - every experience she drew from - was cleansed. Her mind emptied like a net of butterflies released into the wind, and she felt completely free from past and future. There was only a fleeting immensity of presence. As she held the object to her chest, the minutes passed and she was completely unaware of her actions. Gradually, however, she became aware of the weight she was holding. The object was heavy and, despite its small size, weighed about as much as a small child.

With some effort she placed him back on the ground. As she did so, the object began to vibrate almost imperceptibly. The distinct lines on the object's surface began to blur. The Celestial Traveler rubbed her eyes in disbelief at what she was seeing. A mixture of confusion and foreboding fear appeared on her face. But she couldn't even move. Everything became dreamlike and she felt herself enveloped in a mist - in the Great Mystery of her ancestors.

The light in the canyon shimmered and pulsed to the unerring rhythm of a hypnotic dancer. Three tall, strange-looking, but handsome men appeared in front of her. They had eyes of various colors - blue, green and purple. Those eyes were calm and glowing. Their long beards of pure white hair touched their chests. They were dressed in emerald colored robes that were strangely transparent. They stood before her like majestic trees. She felt no fear because she knew she had only one option: surrender.

"We are your future, not just your past as you now believe," spoke the middle being. She nodded in an attempt to show that she understood, but her body was somewhere else - in some other world she was quickly forgetting about. She noticed that although she heard his words, his lips did not move. He spoke directly to her mind. And he spoke perfect Chakobsky, which was unheard of for foreigners.

"You were chosen. The time has come to lift your gaze from the brightness of the fire and cast your own shadows. You are our messenger in your world. As you are a Heavenly Traveler, we are the Makers of Your Wings. Together we redefine what has been taught. We will recreate what has become true. We will protect what has always been and will always be our own."

She could only watch. Sacred reverence for these Wing Makers filled her heart effortlessly. The beings before her evoked this respect in her by their mere presence. Now it flowed from her as if it were flowing from an infinite secret reservoir.

"There is no thing more divine than another," said the being. "There is no way to the Original Source or to The Great Mystery. All beings are intimately connected to the Prime Source at this very moment!"

Somewhere in the distance she felt her ability to speak return. "Who are you?" an expression formed in her mind.

"I am from the Light Tribe, just like you. Only our bodies are different. Everything else remains in the clear light of constancy and permanence. You came to this planet forgetting who you are and why you are here. Now you remember. Now you will help us as you agreed to do. You will now be awakened to the purpose of your being."

The rustling sound above her head sounded like the beating of thousands of pairs of formless wings. A light spiraled down from the sky. In that light, shapes similar to those she saw on the object twisted, joined and separated. Intelligent line - the language of light. The light slowly entered her and she could feel a surge of subtle yet profound energy that exposed her like a sculptor's chisel.

There was no struggle. No preventing overpowering. And then she saw it. The cacophony of images that was unleashed in her and revealed her future. She was one of them - one of the creators of this object. She was not Chakobs. This was only a mask she wore, but her true origin was from the stars. From a place so far away that its light never actually touches the ground.

As she came to, her vision began to fade rapidly, as if her mind was a sieve unable to hold the images of the future. She picked up the object and stroked it with her hand. She knew she was his guardian. She knew it would lead her to something not yet ready to be discovered. But she also knew her time would come. A time when she will wear a different mask - that of a woman with red hair and strangely white skin. That was the last image to fade away.

Chapter 1 - Discovery in the Desert

Your evolutionary theories are simply based on the existing pattern of the mechanical universe, which consists of molecular machines operating in an objective reality that can be known with appropriate tools. We are telling you the truth about the universe when we say that reality is unknowable by any tools if you spare your own sense of unity and wholeness. Your perception of wholeness is revealed because the culture of the multi-dimensional universe is rooted in unity. As your wholeness navigator reveals itself in the coming shift, your sense of who you are will be broken down and restructured. In the process, humanity emerges as a river of light from what was previously an impenetrable fog.

*Excerpt from the Navigator of Wholeness, decoded from Chamber Twelve
Creators of Wings*

There was a time when Jamisson Neruda marveled at his work. Beneath the cone of light from his desk lamp lay a confirmed mystery. She was found a week ago in the deep desert near Chaco Canyon in northern New Mexico. Now, after three days of exhaustive research, he was convinced that the artifact was extraterrestrial.

Neruda had already prepared a report on the unusual artifact. Its main property, according to the students who found it, was that it produced hallucinogenic images when held or touched. However, no matter how hard he tried, he couldn't conjure up anything resembling a hallucination. Perhaps, he reasoned, the two students were under the influence of drugs. This would explain the hallucinatory property. However, no one could deny that the artifact created an exotic, alien presence.

It was two in the morning and Neruda's dark eyes were red from lack of sleep. After comparing the hiero-glyphic characters on the Chaco Canyon object with similar characters from the ancient Sumerian and Linear B scripts, nothing matched. After three days of comparative analyses, he could only say one thing: they are not of earthly origin.

His report carried the same words on the front page. Neruda rubbed his eyes and looked into his microscope again. He examined the metallic surface of the patterned silver mantle and copper-colored insignia. The artifact contained thousands of ridges, fine spinal fibers that converged like nerve ganglia every eight to ten centimeters into one of twenty-three different markings on the object.

Although it was the size of a toddler's shoebox, the artifact weighed more than a blue-striped watermelon and had a density similar to lead. But unlike lead, its surface was completely impenetrable by any probe that Neruda or his colleagues used. Perhaps it was the quality of the carving of the characters that fascinated him. Or perhaps subtle nuances in the lines. He had never seen such a perfect representation of the cryptographic alphabet before. It somehow added to the irony that the artifact remained silent.

"I think we found something."

Emily Dawson poked her head into Neruda's office, holding a cup of coffee in her hands as if to protect her hands from freezing. Her long brown hair, usually tied in a neat knot, fell over her shoulders, making her look more tired than her sad, brooding eyes.

"Doesn't anyone ever sleep here?" Neruda shot back with a boyish grin.

"Sure, if you're not interested in what we found..." Her voice trailed off into a whisper.

Neruda smiled in understanding. He liked Emily's quiet demeanor. It was almost irresistible. He liked the way
reindeer of her non-intrusiveness.

"Okay, what exactly did you find out?"

"You will have to follow me. Andrews is still checking his calculations, but my gut tells me for sure that they will confirm our original findings."

"And that's what?"

"Andrews told me not to tell you until you're in the lab..."

"Andrews forgets that I am his superior. And he also forgets that it's two in the morning, and that when I'm tired and hungry, I'm unusually irritable."

"It will only be a few minutes. Come on." She sipped her coffee leisurely. "I'll give you a cup of fresh coffee and a cinnamon bagel." She let her irresistible offer hang in the silence of his office. Neruda could only lift himself from his crowded desk and laugh.

"Oh, and take the artifact with you," she added. "Andrews needs him."

Neruda's hair, clashing with his restless hands, almost completely covered his right eye as he bent down and carefully tucked the object under his arm like a soccer ball. He staggered a bit before the weight of the object found its equilibrium.

Neruda was Bolivian and was fortunate enough to possess one of the most expressive faces ever to grace the human body. Everything about him was intense. His hair was straight and black. His eyes resembled mysterious wells in the moonlight and eluded the question of how deep or full they were. The nose and lips were created with Michelangelo's chisel.

Emily raked her hair to the side as he walked past her in the doorway. "I'll bring coffee to the lab."

"I'll have a baguette with cheese," Neruda said, walking reluctantly into the lab to talk to Andrews, one of his most demanding but brilliant assistants.

The corridors of the Advanced Contact Intelligence Organization (ACIO) were quiet and antiseptically clean and empty at this late hour. The white stucco walls and white marble floor glowed under the overhead halogen lights. The smell of various cleaning products sterilized the air. Neruda could hear his stomach rumbling in the deep silence of the corridor. He was also sterile. He forgot dinner again.

"Finally!" Andrews said as Neruda entered. He had a disturbing habit of never looking up to its human counterpart. Neruda kind of liked it. In a strange way, it was comfortable for him. "That louse is unbelievable."

"And what exactly are you talking about?" Neruda asked.

Andrews continued to stare at the charts in front of him. "I mean the way the surface analysis shows how precisely the thing is designed. What looks like chaos is actually a well-executed pattern. Do you see these subtle variations? They are not random. We were confused by this. Before, we didn't make our imaging diagrams granular enough to see that pattern."

"And what exactly is that formula?" Neruda's voice betrayed a growing degree of impatience. Andrews placed a large diagram on the board in front of him. It looked like a topographical map of a mountain game-bene

Neruda saw the pattern immediately. "Is it the complete surface of the object?"
"Yes."

"Are you sure?"

"I double checked everything and my replication data matches exactly."

With a rumble, Neruda placed the artifact on the table next to Andrews' chart.

"Couldn't it just be an anomaly?"

"That's not possible."

"What is the display granularity?"

"0.0025 micron."

"Is it visible in a different grain?"

"I'm not sure. That's why I wanted you to bring the little monster here. I'll do some more-
what more tests and we'll see what else turns up."

"Any idea what that means?"

"Yeah, it's nowhere near here," laughed Andrews, trying to get the artifact onto the metal pad for testing.

The measuring device was called a Surface Mapping Topographer (SMT) and made very detailed topographical maps of the surface of objects. It was similar to those for fingerprint analysis, except that the ACIA version was three-dimensional and could be used microscopically.

Neruda leaned closer to the poster-sized chart as Andrews positioned the artifact precisely
your requirements.

"It's definitely not from Zeta or Corteo."

"And it's certainly not human -- past or present," Andrews said.

"But the pattern... is undeniable. It has to... it has to be a topographical map. Perhaps it represents the lo-cality of discovery."

"Okay, let's say it's alien, but not from those friendly aliens we send Christmas cards to," Andrews laughed, "and those aliens have visited us in the distant past. They happened to be cartographic freaks and decided to make a map of their settlement on the ground. Then they got bored in New Mexico - which is very easy, I might add - and because they didn't need the map anymore, they left it there."

"This artifact was found above ground," Neruda reminded him. "Someone or something placed it here and did it recently because otherwise our little monster would have been buried."

"Maybe it dug itself out." Andrews almost whispered.

Neruda turned, feeling a sudden wave of exhaustion for the first time. He sank into a nearby chair and ran his fingers through his hair. Then he stretched with a long sigh. He massaged his neck and laughed softly in his throat. "What do you know, maybe they had a sense of humor."

"Or they like to torment their victims by misdirecting them," Andrews offered. "Remember our experience with the Zeta aliens?"

"This is completely different. The language structure of this race is so dimensional that they certainly lack the lepathetic abilities. Why else would they compile such a complicated language?"

"Maybe it's not the language or the map. Maybe that's just some kind of artistic expression."

"That's not likely. It is more likely that they created a multi-dimensional language that integrates their mathematics with their writing as a way of communicating deeper meaning. It's not misdirection.
I would feel that in my bones."

"Yes, but we're too stupid to figure it out."

"We only had three days to do it."

"Yes, but we're almost as clueless as we were the first day."

The lab door opened and Emily walked in with a tray of coffee cups and bagels. "They will
Gentlemen need anything else before I leave?"

"Thank you a million times," replied Neruda.

"I'm glad it happened. So what do you think of our picture?"
"Everything just got more complicated."
"So you're happy," Emily joked.
"Either they have a mathematical structure encoded into their alphabet, or this object depicts a very detailed topographical map."

Emily placed the tray next to the artifact, being careful not to touch it. "I'm leaning towards the map hypothesis. I was never very good at math." She flashed her most innocent smile. At that moment, Neruda saw her as a young girl with pigtails, braids and a sports bra.

Emily was relatively new to ACIO. Neruda became interested in her after reading her term paper on Sumerian culture, which she wrote as an Associate Professor at Cambridge University. Due to illness, she was forced to leave her post at Cambridge. They said she had some kind of cancer. During her recovery, which ravaged her body and spirit, she fell into a deep depression. Two years ago, she was recruited by ACIO at Ne-rud's insistence. Neruda took her under his wing as her mentor.

"It makes you happy, doesn't it?" Emily asked half seriously.
"Come on, boss," added Andrews, "working late into the night, drinking coffee, and having donuts for every meal, never not having to wear sunglasses... what could be better?"
Andres was a typical mad engineer. Appearance last, mental acumen first. Not that he looks bad. He just preferred to analyze complex problems and solve them instead of wasting time and effort with things like brushing his teeth or combing his hair.

Neruda sipped his coffee and continued to stare at the graph without reacting. Something about the formula intrigued him. He was too perfect. If someone wanted to encode a language into a language, they would do it less clearly. Otherwise, what would be the point of encoding?

"I think we should set the grit to 0.001 and vary it up to 0.0005 micron. Also, ask Henderson if he can give us a set of twenty topographical maps of the discovery site up to a hundred kilometer radius in five kilometer increments. Okay Andrews?"

"No problem, but at least tell me what you hope to find."
"I don't know," he replied, looking suspiciously at the chart. "I don't know, but maybe it's not so much a language as a map."

"It'll wait until morning, won't it?"
"What, am I supposed to throw away such a good cup of coffee?" With that, Neruda smiled widely and bid them goodnight. He had already finished himself.

On his way out, Neruda noticed a thin streak of light under Fifteen's office door. The ACIO executive was known to be a night owl as well as a workaholic, but three in the morning was late even by his standards.

Neruda knocked lightly and opened the door a crack. Fifteen was at the computer terminal, deep in thought. He thoughtlessly beckoned Neruda to enter, but with a halting gesture, he signaled for him to wait a moment before speaking. He made a few more keystrokes and then turned to Neruda.

In his early sixties, Fifteen had been the reclusive and respected leader of the ACIO for over thirty years. The scientists who had the privilege of working at ACIO considered him the most brilliant mind on the planet and beyond.

Fifteen got its name based on its security clearance. The ACIO had fifteen different levels of information distribution and he was at the top of the information chain. ACIO has developed the most powerful knowledge and information system on the planet. And because of its unique access to the world's most powerful technologies, its information databases were more carefully guarded than the gold in Fort Knox. Fifteen was the only person in the world who had Security Clearance Fifteen, which gave him unfettered access to all sectors of the ACIO data stores.

Neruda sat down in the leather chair across from Fifteen and waited for some signal before he could speak.

Fifteen sipped his tea, closed his eyes for a moment as if to clear his mind, and then bore his dark eyes directly into Neruda's face. "You want to go to New Mexico, don't you?"

"Yes, but I want to tell you why..."

"Don't you think I already know?"

"Maybe, but I want to tell you in my own words."

Fifteen sat back in his comfortable chair as if he had a back problem. Being of Spanish origin, Fifteen often reminded Neruda of Pablo Picasso with his long silver hair. He had the same stout body as Picasso, but was probably a bit taller.

"Then talk."

"This artifact is far more perfect than the Zeta or Corteo aliens. Can't be probed. It is completely seamless. And tonight it was confirmed to us that it has a multi-level font that ranges from a two-dimensional cryptographic code to a three-dimensional fractal pattern that looks a bit like a topographical map. The combination of these factors, along with reports from the children who discovered it that the artifact projects some form of hallucination when held, is, I think, likely evidence that this thing is not an isolated artifact."

Fifteen let out a long tired sigh. "You know very well that I have already sent a team to the area where the artifact was found. We used our best search and rescue people and they found no more remains..."

"But that's it! It's not from the crash site. The artifact is completely intact. Nothing but microscopic- what a scratch..."

"Then explain how this most advanced alien technology could be found by two children above ground. We've both read Collin's report, which estimates that an object of this weight and size would be at least partially buried within six to eight months in such an environment."

"It is possible that it was left here recently."

"Are you suggesting that an alien race left him here as their calling card?"

"Perhaps."

"Speculate. Why?" Fifteen asked.

"What if they left something important in the area and wanted to make sure they would be able to return to the same place years later."

"A homing beacon?"

"Yes."

"You do realize that there has been no anomalous radar activity in this area for the past twelve months?"

"No."

Fifteen turned in his chair, pressed a few keys on the keyboard and began to read:

"ZONE NM1257 HAD THREE OCCASIONS OF ZETA FLYOVERS DURING THE REQUIRED PERIOD ANALYZED. IT WAS: 0311 HOURS, MAY 7; 0445 HOURS, 10 MAY; AND 0332 HOURS, MAY 21. FLIGHT PATH SPEED WAS ESTIMATED ABOVE 1,800 KM/H - NO SPECIFIC SPEED DEVIATIONS."

The implacable look on Fifteen's face relaxed a bit as he turned to face Neruda. "See? The object was not left here, it revealed itself."

Goosebumps rose on Neruda's neck as he realized that this was the second time he had heard this in the past hour. "Or it was left here by time travelers," Neruda said.

Fifteen paused to think about the conversation. He quickly drank his tea and settled into his chair, this-time with a smirk. "You were referring to the three-dimensional fractal pattern that looked like a map?"

"Yes," Neruda said, his voice gaining strength. "And its accuracy is at least 0.0025 in grain display. Maybe it will be even higher. We'll find out tomorrow."

Fifteen asked in a drawn out irritated voice, "So what do you suggest?"

"I'd like to assemble a small team tomorrow afternoon and take the artifact with me. An artifact can be a compass or a map or something that only works in the local environment in which it was found. It makes sense to try it before we put the thing in storage."

"And you really think it's more perfect than the Corteum?"

"There is no doubt in my mind about that."

"You have my consent, but if you're taking the artifact with you, you're taking Evans and anyone else you deem fit. Do you understand?"

"Yes, but this is my mission and I assume I will be the one leading all operations. " He hoped so his words sound more like a statement than a question.

"And those imaging charts from the facility," Fifteen wondered aloud, "do they have any signs of strategic po-zic?"

"That's the thing, when twenty-three glyphs are displayed with SMT technology, at least two or three strategic positions can be defined with a little imagination. I am ordering topographic maps of the entire region within a radius of one hundred kilometers from the discovery point. We'll see if there's any correlation when we do an overlay analysis."

Fifteen stood up and looked at the watch on his wrist. "Before you leave tomorrow, I'd like to have a mission report for the director. I'll schedule it at 2:00 PM in my office. I expect you will come prepared to show the results of the SMT, topographic map correlations - assuming they exist - and any other important glyph findings."

Neruda rose to his feet and nodded in agreement. He thanked Fifteen for his time and then left the vast, Zen-decorated office with a strange sense of apprehension. Why should Evans go with them? Fifteen here he must perceive something special.

ACIO Security Director James Evans was a Navy SEAL for six years before his training methods became a little too extreme even for the US Navy's Special Operations Forces program. He was removed from his post through a series of conspiratorial circumstances that resulted in an Honorable Discharge. He was then secretly recruited by the NSA (National Security Agency). He worked there for three years before being noticed by Fifteen through a joint project between the NSA and the ACIO codenamed AdamSon. For scientists at ACIO, Evans and his security department were indispensable

bad, but bad. Their tactics presented a certain paranoia to the scientific core that Fife-en seemed oblivious to.

Evans was a likeable person. His position at ACIO was one of the most prestigious: ACIO Director of Security and Access. In his role, he enjoyed Level Fourteen security clearance along with the other six Directors. These seven people were the most elite team surrounding Fife-en. Fife-en consulted with them every important activity.

To Neruda, Evans was a well-trained brawler. His intellect was above average only due to ACIO's mind enhancing technology. This technology was acquired by ACIO from Corteo. Without the input of Minyaur Technology, as it was called, Neruda often thought that Evans might make a good State Representative for Wyoming, or a good lobbyist for the NRA. Since his arrival twelve years ago and rapidly rising through the ranks at ACIO, Evans has implemented many new security technologies, such as the subcutaneous tracking beacon that all ACIO employees have implanted in their necks. To Evans' credit, it should be noted that there were no security leaks or desertions during his tenure. But Neruda hated the very existence of inner security, and Evans was an easy target for his scorn.

Entering the elevator, Neruda carefully watched the Current and Forecast weather data displayed on the built-in monitor above the door. It was 0317 hours, 7 C, no wind, moon shining at 12 percent, visibility 120 km, air pressure steady at 29.98, humidity 16.4 percent.

The elevator doors opened before he could look at the forecast, but he knew that tomorrow would be a day underground. Southern California weather wasn't very changeable anyway.

The above-ground part of the ACIO was forty-five meters, twelve floors above the ACIO's management offices and laboratories. The above-ground part had a completely different facade: a long, one-story stucco building with antenna-like protrusions and satellite dishes on the roof. She had a simple sign at her front gate that said:

UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT EXPERIMENTAL CENTER FOR WEATHER RESEARCH. NO ENTRY.

For anyone hanging around, the ACIO would be the government's weather research center, responsible for developing the perfect tools to help the United States military and security forces better predict or even control the weather.

on the planet. That was part of ACIO's mission. But only part of its budget and planned projects related to this effort.

Of its 226 scientists, eleven were employed in the development of weather-related technologies. Most were involved in the development of complex technologies designed to manipulate the financial market and encryption technologies that allowed these algorithms to operate without being detected.

The ACIO had a long history of working with secretive forces behind the throne. The highest powers of intelligence and private industry respected ACIO's brainpower and innovation. It was widely rumored in the intelligence community that some such organization that re-assembled alien technology existed, but only a handful of the top elite knew about the ACIO.

Neruda arrived in the Overworld with an upset stomach from too much caffeine. He thought about a glass of warm milk and a banana before the bed passed him. Only sleep drove him home. He had never married and now, at forty-six, the prospects seemed remote. His entire adult life was consumed by ACIO. From the age of six or ten, when he started working as a trainee with his father, ACIO was his shelter and sanctuary, workplace and place of social events.

When he left the campus, the starlight always caught him by surprise. The velvet of the night air was really clear. Visibility of 120 km seemed to be less. He drove six kilometers to his home in the new precinct, where mostly ACIO personnel lived.

His head hit the pillow before the warm milk found his stomach. An unpeeled banana was sleeping next to him on the bedside table. Tired as he was, his mind's eye was still looking at the strange markings that surrounded the outer shell of the artifact. In thirty years of studying ancient scripts, he had never seen such intricately carved glyphs.

He suddenly noticed a soft diffused light seeping through his eyelids. His eyes snapped open as if hanging on taut springs. The room was quiet and dark. He closed his eyes again and thought he must have fallen into some sort of lucid dream. He turned onto his side, pulled the blanket tightly around his neck and let out a long, tired sigh.

The light returned in no time. This time he kept his eyes closed and watched in awe as the light began to form into the same glyphs he had seen on the artifact. They flickered around his head like a mirage of flashing golden light: sinuously carved. He looked at them with all his might and to his surprise they began to move. It wasn't the glyphs themselves that moved, but something inside them. Something was circulating in them like blood circulating inside an artery.

Whatever it was, it was accelerating. Faster and faster, and then Neruda noticed a hissing or hissing sound similar to the hum of electricity, but infinitely more subtle. It started as a low hissing sound that then rose to a pitch that was almost inaudible and just when Neruda thought he was going to lose it, it began to oscillate. At first the sound was a ripple of electrical rhythms that pulsed like the mighty beat of a distant heart

millions of miles away. But then something changed and he could hear the words forming. Nothing intelligible, he told himself, but it was clearly a pattern of language. His whole body and mind leaned towards the sound, desperately trying to make out the words.

Then it happened. English. Words he could understand. "You are among friends. You don't have to be afraid. Relax and just listen to our words." The words were delivered with the perfect speech and pronunciation of a Shakespearean actor. "What is communicated to you will be stored in your mind for later recall. When you wake up, you will have no memory of our meeting. We are sorry, but for this time it is necessary."

Neruda felt his mind form a protest, but it dissolved before it could be expressed.

"What you wish is to activate our technology," the voice noted. "But you still don't understand the context in which our technology is placed on your planet. This insight will come, but it will take some time.

You can rest assured that we are watching, waiting and even vigilantly protecting our interests and our mission."

Neruda could feel his body, but was unable to move his limbs or open his eyelids. He was simply mesmerized by that voice. He swallowed hard and tried to speak - whether it was with his mind or his vocal cords he wasn't sure. "Who are you?"

"We are what you become. You are what we were.

Together we are what defines the human soul. Our name translated into your language is Wing Makers. We are woven into the light of Primal Source. You live in a weaker light that has come down to receive you.

We bring the Language of Unity into this fainter light, so you can see how you will unite into a new cosmological structure, architecture, and majesty that you cannot even imagine."

Neruda's mind flashed with his father's voice: a mological ... the new spirituality will have in its basis the substratum so deep that the mind would not be able to contain it."

He smiled inwardly at the memory of his father's voice. "Why? Why can't we imagine it?"

"You are unable to understand the Language of Oneness because you do not understand wholeness. You do not understand the great universe in which you live and breathe."

"Your plants have a root system that penetrates the earth and feeds on its essence. In this way, all plants are connected. Now imagine that every plant has a secret root that is invisible, yet connected to the very center of the planet. At this point of connection all plants are truly united and realize that their true identity is this central system of interconnected roots and that this secret root is the life stream through which individual expression is brought to the surface of the earth and its unified consciousness is thereby released. In the same way, humanity has a secret root that winds into the uncharted realm of the Central Universe of the Primal Source. It is like the umbilical cord that connects the human entity to the nurturing essence of its creator. The secret root is the bearer of the Language of Unity. It is this language that we have come to teach."

"All life is embedded in what we call the Navigator of Wholeness. This is your central wisdom-growth. It leads you to perceive a fragmented existence as a passage to wholeness and unity. This wisdom is eternal and knows that the secret root exists even when it seems imperceptible to your human senses.

The Wholeness Navigator is a tireless engine that propels fragmented life experience into a unified life manifestation. It is an immutable bridge over which all life is sure to pass."

"The Age of Enlightenment is the age of living in a multidimensional universe

and through age appreciating its wholeness, structure and perfection and then expressing that gratitude through your mind and body into the world of time and space. This is the seed of the Wholeness Navigator's vision. An imprint of its purpose. We are here to assist beings like you to first articulate and then experience the multidimensional universe as it truly is - not just through the language of your world, but through the Language of Oneness as you can see it in these glyphs. As this experience flows through you, you will be transformed.

The Wholeness Navigator will be able to insert a new perception of yourself into you. One that is associated with the idea of the Prime Source. It is this new insight that emerges through the Planetary Navigator that will change the course of the planetary system. We are here to hasten the formation of this image in the minds of mankind."

Neruda continued to listen even as the sound of the voice faded back into the pulsing of the glyphs. Some part of him pressed forward, trying to explain that what was happening was just a mental construct - a dream and nothing else. But somewhere deep within him, behind all the layers of education, a faint memory was rekindled.

A sense of reality above him with the intensity of a jaguar catching its prey. The feeling that everything in his universe is centered on this event. All eyes are watching.

He felt a question bubbling to the surface. "Why do you care whether this experience will be achieved by people - achieved by me or by anyone else? What is so important about this new idea, as you call it, being accelerated in humanity?"

"If humanity understands that this secret root exists and that it is the bearer of the Language of Oneness, then humanity will be able to become responsible stewards not only of the Earth, but also of the solar system, the galaxy and the universe. Humanity can be the steward of the human soul and transform it into what we are. We are all, regardless of our positions in the evolutionary trajectory, coded to re-ascend the stairs of the universe. It is our migration path. Some will start and finish earlier than others, but they will all pass that way."

"So what now?" he tried to ask Neruda.

"Follow what you found. It will lead you to us."

The voice trailed off again to the pulsing of the glyphs. The low hum returned and his mind relaxed into the deep sleep of oblivion.

Chapter 2 - Exploration

There is no plea that will move me. There is no prayer that invites me further into your world unless it is connected with a sense of unity and wholeness. There is no temple or holy object that can touch me. They do not touch me, nor have they ever brought you closer to my outstretched hand. My presence in your world is unchanging because I am the sanctuary of both the cosmos and the one soul within you.

*Excerpt from the Primal Source, decoded from Chamber Twenty-three
Creators of Wings*

Neruda was always a little nervous when he had to make a presentation for the Director. Especially when he was late. The lab results took longer than he expected. As usual. Damn data replication, he thought. However, he was pleased with the results and couldn't wait to present their findings. Andrews was right: the louse was incredible.

He felt both hunger and nausea in his stomach. He took a drink of water from the fountain in the hallway outside the lab and made his way to Fifteen's office. He reminded himself that he was a member of the Labyrinth Team, just like them. They were no more intelligent than himself. In fact, he was the world's authority on language - although no one outside ACIO knew that.

The Labyrinth Team was a secret subgroup of the ACIO. When Fifteen took control of ACIO in 1967, he felt that the National Security Agency (NSA) had degraded the ACIO program. He wanted to tame the technologies that emerged from the TTP (Technology Transfer Program) with the Zeta and Corteum aliens and apply them to the development of Blank Slate Techno-logy (BST). This was a complicated technology for altering events in time without detection. Fifteen wanted to develop the ultimate defensive weapon, or Key to Freedom, as he called it, in the matter of the long-prophesied alien invasion. He was convinced that ACIO should focus on this scientific endeavour.

Partly to achieve this goal and partly as a result of ACIO's new technologies, Fifteen established a secret organization within ACIO that consisted only of his inner circle of dedicated associates. Founded in 1969, this elite group called themselves the Labyrinth Team. All workers with a security clearance of twelve or higher were automatically inducted into this small but mighty organization.

It only had sixty-six members, each of whom underwent various enhancements to enhance their natural intelligence and innate abilities - including psychic abilities - and that was exactly what was causing Neruda's stomach ache.

"Good afternoon," Neruda said to the assembled group of Headmasters. "I apologize for the slight delay, but the data replication and correlation analysis took longer than we thought." Mile smiled and raked his hair back. He sat down and looked at Fifteen who was standing at the end of the long rosewood conference table. Ever since his back spasms began a few months ago, he rarely sat for long.

Around the conference table were Fifteen's direct reports: Li-Ching, Director of Communications and Protocol; James Loudon, Director of Operations; William Branson, Director of Information Systems; Leonard Ortmann, Director of Research and Development; Lee Whitman, who managed all TTP relations to and from ACIO; and James Evans, who managed security. Jeremy Sauthers, Neruda's supervisor and Director of Special Projects, was on vacation and absent from the meeting.

In this group, it was impossible to go through an encounter, no matter how short, without making a mistake. The only question was how big the error would be. Knowing this better than anything, Neruda fidgeted in his chair wondering what he had missed. He wished he had wanted to go later in the week so he would have had more time to prepare. His stomach was growing wings.

"I asked Jamisson to present his findings," Fifteen began, "because it appears we have technology present here that our best workers using our best technology are unable to investigate. We have this alloy that is definitely alien or maybe time warped, we're not sure." He turned and looked directly at Neruda. "Or are we?"

"It's probably extra-planetary, but since we're not able to examine it, no, we're not sure-
you."

"Neruda came to me at night, actually I think it was this morning, and asked me if he could lead a research team to New Mexico and take the artifact with him. He provided a reasonable rationale and I just wanted each of you to know about it."

Fifteen narrowed his eyes as if squinting in a window of light. "We know that the object was above the ground when it was discovered. We also know that it has not been left here by any extraterrestrial source in the past twelve months. According to Jamisson, it is quite possible that the object is a map or some type of guidance device. He is here to explain his hypothesis. I have already given him permission to go to the place, but I want you to have the opportunity to ask him questions and formulate your own opinions."

Fifteen nodded at Neruda and carefully sat down.

Neruda stood up and walked over to the large white board adjacent to the conference table. He grabbed the red one highlighter and wrote the word MAP. He took a few short steps and wrote GUIDANCE DEVICE. Then he drew a vertical line between the two words. In the middle above the words he wrote PROOF in capital letters.

He turned to look at the small group gathered, all of whom were watching with interest. Knowing that Neruda is not prone to hasty statements or unnecessary talk.

"We believe the object is one of these, or possibly both," he said, gesturing behind him.

"Which means it's probably not an isolated artifact. It is also clear that this is a technology, not an inanimate art form or organic object. This technology is better than anything we have researched to date. She is completely disguised. No buttons, no seams and silent in every way."

He walked back to his chair and handed out copies of the poster-sized scanned document. "Except for one thing," he said. "In this SMT analysis, you will notice an obvious similarity to a topographical map of something reminiscent of a mountain environment. These lines are invisible to the human eye, but with a display grain of 0.0025, the lines become visible and, more importantly, reveal the pattern."

"We also downloaded satellite images of the discovery site and reduced them to simple three-dimensional topographical maps. This morning we did a correlation analysis and concluded that the surface of the object is indeed a map."

Neruda handed out another large document to each of the directors. "After our computers compared magnification and orientation, we found a 96.5 percent match. There is clearly a map contained on the surface of this object..."

"And this map is the map of the discovery site?" Evans asked.

"The discovery site is actually on the edge of the map."

"Tell them about the reference point," Fifteen urged.

"As you can see, twenty-three glyphs surround the edge of the mapped area. These glyphs may point to a central area right here." Neruda held his highlighter in a position roughly equidistant from all twenty-three glyphs.

"How big an area does this map show?" Ortmann asked.

"About twenty square kilometers."

"Why would an alien race leave such an object containing a map here when it doesn't specify a clear point or an obvious reference? That seems unlikely, doesn't it?" Ortmann folded his arms and leaned back deeper in his chair, as if to emphasize his frustration that his time was being wasted on mere speculation.

"Not if the object is both a guidance device and a map," Fifteen replied. "Perhaps the map is designed to lead you to a global area, which then activates the homing device. Then the guidance device will replace the map function."

"If we can't examine the object, what proof do we have that it's a homing device?" Ortmann pointed to the whiteboard where the word PROOF seemed to stand alone like an island.

"We don't really have any hard evidence," Neruda replied, "however, the students who discovered it..."

"If you want to cite the hallucinatory state of these students as evidence that this object is a guidance device," Ortmann said, "then you're probably being a little naive about college students and their penchant for altered states and drug experimentation."

"I personally subjected these students to a full interrogation," Evans said. "In my opinion, they weren't lying about the hallucinations. They were pure children. They weren't junkies." Evans was rarely so open in Fifteen's presence unless he was sure of his judgments. Everyone knew that about him. That was enough for Ortmann to end that line of questioning.

"Let's give Neruda some leeway," Fifteen said. "I have my own hypothesis, which is based mostly on intuitive information. I'm sure you all have your own. But no one is better informed about this set of matters than Neruda. So let's give him the opportunity to show us his working hypotheses."

The directors nodded in support of Fifteen's proposal and turned to Neruda with robotic precision. He would he preferred to let others speak and wished Fifteen would explain his hypothesis.

"I wrote those words on that white board because I want you to know the facts about this find," began Neruda. "There is little physical evidence to support my hypothesis."

He went back to the white board and under the word MAP wrote: SMT FIND (0.0025) TOPOGRAPHIC COMPUTER-RELEVANCE 96%.

Under GUIDANCE DEVICE he wrote HALLUCINATIONS REPORTED BY RELIABLE SOURCES AT THE LOCATION OF THE FIND.

"That is the extent of the evidence we know to date that explains the likely purpose of this artifact. Additionally, we know from our linguistic analyzes that the glyphs are not listed in our Cyrus database. For the most part, they are unique and significantly more complex than anything we've seen before."

"What is particularly disturbing about the object is the fact that the object was found above ground, as if someone or something had placed it here so that it would be found. There was no attempt to hide him except for the fact that he was in a very remote part of northern New Mexico."

"Our hypothesis is that the object's primary purpose is as a guidance device. The map is a secondary purpose that can be used by someone when the artifact is far from its intended place of abandonment. The object is sensitive to location, and when held in a certain vicinity - which we assume is the area depicted on this map - somehow projects an image into the holder's mind of how to get to their home base..."

"And you believe that his home base is the location in the center of this map?" Evans asked.

"Yes."

"And that this home base," Evans continued, "is either an ancient, abandoned alien settlement—kou or active?"

"More old than new."

"Why?" Branson asked.

"Although we were not able to carbon date the object or use a Geon Probe, we analyzed the correlation of the maps. Subtle variations in correlation consistently point to an erosion factor.

When we did a regression analysis of the probable erosion pattern of the area map, we concluded that the feature is at least six hundred years old. It can easily be twice as much." Neruda paused, waiting for someone to say something. He was met with nothing but silence.

"We believe the best course of action is to take the artifact to the central area depicted on the map and test the hypothesis." Neruda paused again, waiting for questions.

"Let's sum it up," suggested Li-Ching. "We know the object is authentic, right?"

"Yes. It's not a hoax," Neruda said.

"We also know he's an alien."

"Or time-shifted," Neruda added.

"The most problematic thing for me is to accept that the object is some six hundred years old and one day it will simply appear without a trace. Are we sure he's not a threat?" Li-Ching asked, her brow furrowing a little.

"That probability is low - according to the COUNTRY. Under ten percent."

"We have certain enemies," Li-Ching reminded the group, "and this type of object will naturally find its way into ACIO. How can we be sure it's not a weapon if we can't examine it?

Let's remember the dimensional probes that our Far Seers discovered last year as a distraction from the Villains of Zeta Twelve? Our technology was also unable to explore them."

"Speaking of Farsighters, has anyone done Farsighting on this object?" Ortmann asked.

"Yes," replied Neruda, "but again with no results - except those that confirmed that the object had incredible resistance to scrutiny."

"Are you planning on having a Farseer on your research team?"

Neruda sighed inwardly as he knew his oversight had been discovered. "No. But it's a great idea." Neruda could not lie to this group. Their lie detectors were so sensitive that they would pick up on a lie, no matter how small or harmless, even in deep sleep.

"And by the way, do we have any further news on Professor Stevens?" Ortmann turned to Evans.

"We've been following the good professor ever since we secured the artifact. He sent several emails to colleagues and had several phone calls, but he followed our story to the letter..."

"I didn't question his compliance," Ortmann said. "I am interested in the content of his emails and phone calls. It has any hypothesis?"

Professor Stevens taught archeology at the University of New Mexico. When University students came across the object during a field trip, they took it to Stevenson to identify it. Stevens immediately thought it was some kind of extraterrestrial object and sent several emails to his colleagues. All were recorded by Echelon, the NSA's security arm. Because one of the keywords being screened in the emails was "alien", the emails were forwarded to the ACIO.

When the ACIO arrived at Stevenson's office thirty-six hours after the artifact was discovered, they delivered a powerful message: The "artifact" is a stolen, top-secret experimental weapon. In the wrong hands it can be very dangerous.

Professor Stevens had little reluctance under the circumstances. He broke free and handed the object to Evans, who introduced himself as an agent of the National Security Agency.

Evans hit the keyboard that was recessed into the conference table and raised the overhead projector screen. He darkened the room a bit and pressed a few buttons. "We've deployed a Level Five Od-Listening Fence around Stevens," Evans told the group. "Our post-op analysis says the person believes the object was extraterrestrial. And he believes he was a weapon. They also believe it was best to turn it over to the NSA to take care of it and sort out its storage."

"In this file," Evans clicked and opened the file object, "are all the transcripts of his respective emails and phone calls since Tuesday nine zero zero hours. If you look up the words hypothesis, theory, assumption, or conjecture, you will find only one connection."

Evans finished typing the words and pressed ENTER. The text from the transcript of the called call immediately appeared

LEAVING 602-355-6217/UNIQUE TRANSFER/OFFICE/0722/1207/12.478 MINUTES. He selected 30 percent in the window called CONTEXTUAL FRAMEWORK, clicked the AUDIO AND TEXT button, and pressed ENTER again. An audio recording of a telephone conversation between Stevens and his colleague filled the room. As the audio played, the text automatically scrolled in sync with it:

Stevens: I know this issue has been heated. God, the fucking NSA was behind me.

Jordan: Why did you turn that thing in? They took everything, didn't they? You know the government can't just walk into yours office and steal your damned rights to your personal or University property.

Stevens: There was no other option. That thing could have been a weapon.

Jordan: Why? Because some agent told you to?

Stevens: Look, I know one of the students who found the thing and said it creates some type of hallucinational experience when they held her, or even just came near her.

Jordan: And the thing was just lying there, clearly visible?

Stevens: Yes.

Jordan: What was the NSA's explanation for this highly classified weapon just sitting there in the middle of nowhere?

Stevens: They said one of their workers defected and stole a gun a few months ago and is still wanted. They said the weapon was a mind-control device designed to be wired into someone's mind until they went insane. They assume the defector went crazy and dropped the gun.

Jordan: Shit. It's probably an experimental weapon. But then why all the strange hieroglyphs? Why doesn't it say United States Government?

Stevens: My theory is that the thing is so top secret that they want it to look alien. I remind you again, it was the fucking NSA who knocked on my door. It wasn't the local police or the FBI. It only took them twenty-four hours to find me. And it wasn't because the students told them to. They knew because the thing, the fucking gun, was giving off a homing signal that led them right to me.

Jordan: Oh. If the thing is giving off a homing signal, why didn't they find it before? When she was just lying outside in the middle of Chaco Canyon. It was definitely easier to find her there than in your overstuffed office.

Stevens: Very funny. Apparently, the students somehow activated the homing signal.

Jordan: So there it is. And that's all you can do?

Stevens: Everything I can do? What else could I do? (laughter)

Jordan: Talk to the Chairman or the Council. Tell them exactly what happened and ask them to take action with the NSA.

Stevens: You're not listening to me. I signed papers from the goddamn government that said I would not do anything that would possibly stimulate interest in this matter. If I did, they'd put my ass in jail for espionage or terrorism.

Jordan: Good, good. Fuck the government with its guns. Let's calm down. Maybe you're right. I wouldn't want to spend my precious time visiting you in prison. (Laughs) Maybe you should go away for the weekend, I mean leave the office, you moron, and go fishing or something. We'll see what happens in the next few days. If nothing happens, you might be right. Let it be.

Evans hit some more keys. The lights came on and the projector screen disappeared into the ceiling. "That's the extent of his theories," Evans said.

Neruda watched with some admiration as Evans sat back in his chair and crossed his legs like an English gentleman. His body wasn't the stereotypical, muscled body of a Navy bar bouncer. However, even in his loose-fitting attire, there was no mistaking his athletic build and imposing six-and-a-half-foot presence.

Fifteen slowly stood up. His shoulder-length silver hair was gathered at the back in a meticulously braided braid that was undoubtedly Li-Ching's handiwork. There were still rumors that he and Li-Ching were romantically inclined, though no one had absolute proof. If the rumors are true, they are being incredibly discreet. No one ever asked, and neither Fifteen nor Li-Ching ever said or did anything to definitively confirm or deny the talk.

"I think we all support your research journey," said Fifteen, "and we all understand the need to test your hypothesis. I hope it will be helpful if we spend a few minutes discussing your mission program. Have you had a chance to define him yet?"

Neruda made a conscious decision not to swallow. He wanted his second oversight to be minimized. One day a direct hit was enough. Now he had to gracefully admit that he had no defined agenda for his mission. Damnation!

"I've been so busy analyzing the SMT, correlating maps, and planning the mission," he said, "that I've undoubtedly overlooked the mission program, at least as far as the matter of putting it into presentation form is concerned..."

"Okay then, just tell us what you plan to do when you land in Chaco Canyon. We'll add some of our own ideas if we have any. Good?"

Fifteen was very respectful. He was the best psychologist Neruda had ever seen, but he usually lost his subtlety after two mistakes.

"Yes, that will be great," Neruda said with a nervous smile. "We selected six areas to test and ranked them in order based on our map congruence and best guesses where we believe the glyphs indicate a site preference - as I said earlier, the sites are predominantly in this central area of the map."

"At each location, we first have the Farseeer test the artifact's hallucinatory effects to determine its home base. Assuming we are successful in activating the homing device, we will follow its signal to home base. At home base, we will first secure the area, assess equipment and manpower requirements, and then return for equipment and plan the next step of the mission."

He glanced briefly at the watch on his wrist, hoping it sent a not-so-subtle signal that he was done and in a hurry.

"Comments?" Fifteen asked.

"Who's on the research team?"

"Dawson, Collin, Andrews, Evans and me."

"And who will be the remote seer?" Ortmann asked.

"Oh yes, I haven't had a chance to review them yet. Does anyone have any recommendations?"

Farseers were highly specialized ACIO operatives who were trained to be able to remotely see the environment regardless of distance or even time. But unlike other security agencies that used Remote Seers, the ACIO also used technology that augmented their natural psychic abilities. This technology was called RePlay and made it possible to more accurately capture the observations of Farseers.

The rangefinders were often added to ACIO reconnaissance missions to locate objects, people, or specific time-space coordinates. Their accuracy was surprising. They were able to "see" the place where the object was located and if there were any distinctive landscape features, they were able to determine the exact location.

Branson cleared his throat. "Given the nature of your mission, I would recommend Samantha Folten. It's relatively new, but its focus is the best we've seen in an external, unpredictable environment. Walt Andersen is also a good choice, but I'd take Samantha because of her unusual focus.

If the hallucinations prove to be powerful, her concentration will be of real benefit."

"What is Samantha's security clearance?" Evans asked.

"He's had a Security Clearance of Five since last June."

"I think we should limit the personnel of this mission to BP Nine," Neruda said.

"We don't know what we'll find, and restructuring the memory of a Seer is rarely effective."

"Then Walt is the right person. He has a BP of Ten."

"I agree with Evans," Fifteen confirmed. "Get Andersen and tell him he has to be ready to take off at 18:00. And speaking of departure, I say goodbye to you all, as I have another meeting ahead of me. Thanks to Neruda and his team for their breakthrough in map correlation. It's the first thing we've found that hopefully unlocks this mystery. Good luck to your team."

Neruda and the Directors stood up in unison and marched out of Fifty's office with an eager movement towards the door. Li-Ching stayed behind, presumably for the next "meeting" that Fifteen had mentioned.

Neruda had exactly three hours until the birds left. Q-11 helicopters were the preferred transport by the ACIO system, especially for missions of this type.

He and his team will sleep in New Mexico tonight. He couldn't wait to see the stars. Working underground for many years made this special mission even more exciting. His appetite for field work had never been very strong, but right now the grass was looking a lot greener in Chaco Canyon.

Chapter 3 - The Artifact

All faiths have energy systems that function as birthing halls for the manifestation of faith. There are currents in these energy systems that direct your life experiences. You are aware of these currents, either consciously or subconsciously, and allow them to carry you into the realm of experience that best illustrates your belief system. When you believe, "I am a fragment of Primal Source imbued with HIS abilities," you trigger the energy inherent in this sense of connection. You draw into your reality a sense of connection with your Source and all its attributes. Faith is inseparable from you because its energy system is contained within your own energy-chemical system and is woven into your spirit like a thread of light.

*Excerpt from Vyra and its energy systems, decoded from Chamber Four
Creators of Wings*

The desert at night is a magical world immersed in silence and clarity. Neruda realized this when he and Andrews were setting up their tent.

Neruda needed a good night's sleep. He snagged a few minutes for a nap during the two-hour helicopter flight, but spent most of his time going over the mission program with Evans: choosing a location to set up camp and quickly preparing Samantha Folten for the mission's objectives and familiarizing her with the artifact.

Walt Andersen was not available for this trip, which was announced only three hours in advance, due to illness in the family. Evans relented and allowed Samantha to join the research team despite her relatively low security clearance. Neruda was secretly pleased, partly because Samantha was new and excited and partly because she came highly recommended by Branson.

"You know, boss, tomorrow is going to be one big kick in the ass."

Neruda laughed at Andrews' unconventional choice of words. In the scientific core, Andrews was the only one who spoke with such guttural spontaneity. Over the years, Neruda got used to it and enjoyed it. It was strange, but he even admired it. Neruda often wished he could say the same words as Andrews with his natural ease.

"If you're still around to provide colorful commentary, sure enough." When he was Neruda with Andrews alone, his involuntary reflex was sarcasm.

Emily poked her head into their slanted tent. "Boys, are you still playing with your tent?" she patted them lightly.

Neruda and Andrews replied in unison. "Get out!"

"You're a little oversensitive, aren't you?" Even in the dim light of the flashlight, her smile was contagious.

"Samantha and I have finished setting up our tent, made some decaf coffee and are going for a little walk before bed. We were wondering if the gentlemen would like to join us." She put on enough of a British accent and emphasis on the word "gentlemen" to remind them both of her Cambridge education.

"Yeah, yeah, just brag about your quick tent setup, but you didn't listen to the boss's lengthy explaining the details of our emergency plans."

Neruda could only grunt in disapproval as he concentrated on tightening the last rope and removing any slack.

"Is Samantha with you?" he asked.

"He's a little shy in front of you BP-Twelves," Emily joked.

"She's probably heard about your ability to read minds and recognize excuses. All Far Seers are very cautious about you. Others think you're just a bunch of pets." Andrews said half seriously.

"Did I hear correctly? Have you made your coffee or are you just trying to piss us off old gentlemen?" asked Neruda.

"Yes."

"Yes, to what question?"

"Actually, both."

"And you plan to share some coffee?"

"I'll check with my new roommate." Emily poked her head out of the tent for a moment.

Whispering voices exchanged a few words.

"Yes, but we have one condition."

"And what will it be like?"

"Samantha wants to see the artifact."

Neruda paused, trying to feel his reaction rather than think about it. "Good," was his instinctive response. "I know it's hard to believe, but we're almost done. We'll meet at your tent in a few minutes. I will take the artifact with me and make a proper introduction."

"Do you two chippers have enough time to bake some cookies before we come?" Neruda laughed when that he said, flicking his mischievous eyes between Emily and Samantha's silhouette outside the tent.

"I suppose they had." Emily turned, letting her fake southern accent float behind her.

"You know, boss, I'm not sure it's a good idea to have Samantha look at that thing," Andrews said. and pointed to a custom-made aluminum transport case for the artifact.

"Why not?"

"She's a Far Seer. I understand you don't trust the Farseers, but try to be a little less paranoid if you can."

"Look, I'm paranoid because we have Evans and the Farseer on our mission. That's a problematic combination. You know that. Anything out of the ordinary that happens is immediately out of our hands." Andrews whispered again.

"Alright then, let's make sure we try to keep everything as normal as possible," from- Neruda said. "And we can start by finally finishing putting up that damned tent."

"Relax, boss. We're done with it. So." With that he stood up and put his hands together as a magician does after the end of an extraordinary magical illusion.

"Is your tent still standing?" Emily asked with a smile. She kept an eye on the coffee on the stove and smoothed the butter-cookies she took with her on their expedition.

"When I was leaving him, yes."

"Luckily there's no wind tonight."

"Thankfully there is coffee." Neruda's love of coffee was surpassed only by his enthusiasm for discovery.

"Will Andrews join us?"

"I think she'd rather not be part of the combination of the Binoculars and the artifact," Neruda whispered, leaning into Emily's ear. "When you peel back his fury mask, he's basically just a scared little puppy underneath."

Emily laughed and called Samantha out of the tent.

Samantha was young by ACIO standards, in her early thirties, slightly overweight with a shy smile and strikingly beautiful emerald colored eyes that dominated her face. She had a Celtic appearance with curly red hair that reached almost to her waist. She was the type of person who looked half wizard and half brooding introvert.

Neruda gave her his most relaxed smile. He put the briefcase on the ground. "I think you'll be fascinated by it," he began. "As I told you in the helicopter, the object was found about nine kilometers from here. I want to wait until

tomorrow morning before we continue with Farsight and RePlay in full swing, but you can take a quick look at it now."

As he jerked open the latches and lifted the lid of the aluminum case, the artifact, half-immersed in foam rubber, immediately began to hum mysteriously in a pulsating rhythm. Samantha stared over the edge of the briefcase. The light from the fire and nearby lamps seemed to gather in her face.

An expression of concern replaced her excitement. Her eyes narrowed as she focused solely on the object and her lips pursed as if forbidden to speak. Sensing that something bad was happening, Neruda quickly closed the lid over the artifact. Samantha collapsed to the ground and her head landed directly on top of the briefcase. Emily screamed. Neruda grabbed Samantha, lifted her head and patted her face lightly with his hand. "Samantha. Samantha. Everything is fine. Everything is fine."

Samantha opened her eyes almost immediately. She looked at Neruda who was holding her head in his lap. "It's alive," she whispered, as if afraid she'd be overwhelmed by the object. "It's intelligence... not technology."

"Come stand up," Neruda said, helping her slowly to her feet.

"Are you okay?" Emily asked.

"Yes, I'm fine, I'm just a little shocked..."

"What the hell happened?" Evans asked as he burst into the scene followed by Collin who was un-how many steps behind him.

Neruda wasn't sure what to say for a moment.

"What happened?" Evans asked again, more forcefully this time.

"Let's all calm down," Neruda replied softly. "Is there enough coffee for everyone, Emily?"

"Yes, yes, of course."

"So sit down, have a cup of coffee with us and we'll tell you what we know. I'm just as curious to hear Samantha's story as everyone else."

Samantha was visibly shaken and Neruda helped her into one of the folding chairs at fire. Evans and Collin also sat down in the circle of chairs loosely arranged around the fire.

Emily quickly began to pour the coffee. Neruda handed the first cup to Samantha. The night air began to cool roaring, and the warm cup reminded Neruda that the accumulated heat of the desert was giving way to cold darkness.

"You're okay, sure?" Neruda asked again, crouching next to Samantha. She took a long drink of coffee.

"Yes, I'm fine, thank you."

"What have you been through? Can you tell us about it?" Neruda stood up only to sit across from Samantha into the folding chair that Evans had set up.

"I heard the buzzing... and it... immediately began to take my mind. It was an incredibly powerful hypnotic effect. It suggested an image to me..."

"And what image?" Evans blurted out.

"It was a cave, or some dark formation."

"On the ground?"

"I don't know... maybe. It was meant to be... not a natural cave... more like a vestibule. Yes, that cave was created, but it was disguised as a natural formation."

"Until?" Neruda and Evans asked in unison.

"I don't know."

"Samantha, you said a moment ago that the artifact is alive. That it is not technology, but rather intelligence. What exactly did you mean by that?"

"I could be wrong, but the object seemed to project itself." Her voice trembled and her breath was shallow. She swallowed and looked confused. "It read my mind. I could feel it looking at me. It was a bit like being eaten alive - only my thoughts were being eaten."

"But it could still be the technology that does it, right?" Evans looked briefly at Neruda and then at Collin.

"I can't imagine how this object could have organic intelligence," Collin stated. "It's just not practical for something that's created from a metal alloy..."

"I think we should assume the thing is dangerous." Evans stood up and fell silent. He was obviously thinking about the possibilities.

"Let's not assume we know anything about the object," Neruda said. "That image you saw, Samantha, was that the entrance?"

"Yes, I think so."

"And all you saw was some dark shape?"

"Yes."

"Did you have any sense of distance or direction from our camp?"

"No. She didn't have to. Although now that you ask, it seems close to me. I'm not sure. It all happened in a matter of seconds. I was overwhelmed. It was a feeling of ... mental rape." She began to cry, tears falling from her eyes with every blink.

Emily squeezed her hand in support, and Evans, who had been walking around the fire and grouping the chairs, suddenly stopped. "Guidance device, compass, map. You thought of everything but the probe. Why?"

"Before we finish our research, let's begin it," Neruda said with a hint of sarcasm.

"With all due respect to Samantha, she can misinterpret the artifact's true intentions."

"How so?" Evans asked.

"It's possible that the device was activated by her psychic powers. Maybe even my own. No-I know. But the device has somehow been activated, and it's possible that its initial intent is to try to establish a connection with whatever activated it and deliver a message or image."

Neruda turned back to Samantha. "Did you hear what I just said?"

She nodded.

"Could it be that the device was simply trying to communicate with you? That it wasn't trying to hurt you?"

Samantha didn't move her head. Her face was withdrawn. Her eyes were closed like a heavy door and everyone had to wait.

"Samantha, did you hear me?"

She remained motionless as if asleep. Neruda sensed that the artifact was probing her again, or trying to connect with her in some way.

"I think he's communicating with the object right now."

"Shouldn't we tear her away from it?" Evans demanded. "He may be in danger."

"He looks calm. Even peacefully." Neruda whispered. "Let's just observe for a moment." He unlocked the aluminum case and slowly opened the lid. The object unmistakably emitted a vibration. It wasn't the hum of electrical equipment. This hum was very subtle, almost imperceptible even in the silence of the desert. He could be felt rather than heard.

Samantha continued to look withdrawn, as if in a trance, completely connected to the artifact. Neruda leaned closer to her and touched her forehead with the back of his hand as if trying to see if she had a fever. He checked her pulse. He was satisfied that Samantha was fine.

When Neruda sat back down, he was a bit dazed and disoriented.

"Are you okay?" Emily asked.

Neruda nodded slowly, but there was uncertainty in his eyes.

"I feel as if I am being dragged into the unconscious," Neruda said weakly. "It is not easy to oppose this thing..."

Evans stood up again and paced. "Anyone else feel this...this hypnosis?"

Collin and Emily shook their heads and mumbled "no".

"Damn, I thought we agreed to wait until morning to start researching."

Evans' voice grew louder and louder.

"I forgot to tell the object that we were going to wait until morning," Neruda showed, his sense of humor intact. "Don't worry, I don't feel any danger. It's just trying to connect with its home base and my mind at the same time. It's how this thing would make an announcement." Neruda articulated the words as if speaking from his sleep. He rubbed the corners of his eyes with his index finger.

Every movement was laborious, as if gravity had suddenly intensified and time had been compressed into the realm of slow motion.

"I understand." Samantha moved. Her body shot out of the chair and knelt in front of the artifact. She picked it up with great tension on her face, her arms shaking with the weight. She touched certain glyphs with her fingers in a specific order. The buzzing stopped.

"It was designed to repel intruders," Samantha explained. "It protects itself. It examines your intent, and in the process of examining it, it throws your thoughts into chaos. It makes you vulnerable when it evaluates your intentions."

Neruda snapped back to reality when Samantha turned off the device. "Did you see that place?"

"Yes," she said excitedly. "It's nearby. It's well hidden, but I think we can find it."

"What place? Where?" Evans asked a little confused.

"I saw something too," Neruda said. "I think I'll know it when I see it again."

"Fine, but do you know where we should start looking?"

"No," replied Neruda, as if distracted by something.

"I think I'll be able to locate it based on the landmark I saw." Samantha placed the object back into its foam nest in the briefcase. Then she struggled to her feet and sat back in her chair with a long sigh.

"You were going to tell us about the landmark," Evans reminded her.

"It's a thin pointed rock formation, similar to a chimney stack. It is maybe thirty meters high, the circumference of the base is about ten meters, but only about five at the top. There won't be many such formations around here, right?"

"Did you see that too?" Evans turned to Neruda, ignoring Samantha's question.

Neruda shook his head. "For some reason, I didn't see anything that I could call a landmark. It was much more about grouping images together, like a mosaic. And most of them were from a cave or something underground.

"So what is it," Emily asked, "technology or living intelligence?"

"Maybe both." Neruda laughed. "Whatever it is, it knows us far better than we know it."

"I don't know how it could be a living intelligence," Samantha began slowly, "but every bone in my body screams that it's alive. It is not inanimate programmed technology. It is a living intelligence that is somehow stored within or projected through this object."

Then she added with frustration. "Oh, I don't know what I'm talking about. I'm talking Hatmatil tonight. Excuse me."

"Under these circumstances, hatmatilka is perhaps the best choice of language." Neruda smiled conciliatorily and poured himself another cup of coffee. "You know, Emily, if it's not your coffee, I'm probably drugged into unconsciousness by this stuff." He laughed and pointed his free hand at the artifact that looked peaceful, like a baby bird sleeping in its nest.

"It's decaf," Emily replied with a blank expression. ..

"So you blame my loss of concentration..."

"I wish you'd take it a little more seriously," Evans snapped. "We just saw the technology that you two she rendered you helpless, mentally raped you, as Samantha called it, and you joke about coffee."

Neruda calmly turned to Emily. "Can you bring me the SMT chart... number 2507?" He turned to Samantha. "How long before Farsightedness do you need to build and get RePlay up and running?"

"Ten minutes," she replied.

"Fine, then go and prepare it." Neruda turned to Evans with sudden impatience etched on his face.

"And what would you like to do?"

"Just observe...for now." Evans turned his gaze to the fire to separate himself from Neruda's authoritative gaze. Evans knew that his presence on research missions was always rejected. He knew he was driving his colleagues to the edge. And he also knew it was his job to do it.

Emily returned from her tent holding a large sheet of paper and a flashlight. She handed both to Neruda, who unrolled the chart on the ground, about two meters from the fire.

The flashlight illuminated the center of the graph, which was covered with lines of different colors. Evans, Collin and Emily all they moved behind him and stood hunched over with their hands on their knees. Neruda was crouching with one knee on the ground.

"Here's Samantha's landmark," Neruda indicated with both the flashlight beam and his index finger. There was a small point of closely formed circles, almost concentric, in the colors of the rainbow. It was near the center of the topographic map. "It's solitary, well-proportioned, and about thirty meters tall," he continued. "And it's about three kilometers exactly east of our camp."

"Let's wait until the morning for the RePlay," Evans said. "It's late, we know where to go. Let's all fro- to rest." His voice sounded choppy like a machine gun.

Samantha came out of the tent with her monitor and a headset that looked a bit like a wire cage over her head. No matter how many times Neruda had seen it, he always thought it looked like the dumbest piece of technology he had ever seen. Most of the technologies that ACIO developed never went into mass production, nor were they designed for a consumer perspective. They were built by hand, one by one.

It was never considered important how they looked.

"We'll wait until morning, Samantha," Neruda said. "I'm sorry I wasted your time with that set-up. But I think Jim is right. We should all get a good night's sleep and focus our energies on finding the location during the day."

Samantha nodded, somehow relieved that she wouldn't have to make any more contact with the artifact that night. She felt drained of energy and sleep sounded like the ideal prescription.

"By the way," Neruda turned to Samantha, "how did you know how to turn off the artifact?"

"What do you mean?" Samantha replied.

"Don't you remember getting up and turning that thing off?" Neruda asked.

"No..." Samantha's eyes narrowed into a line of fluttering eyelashes. She concentrated her mind like a laser, and Neruda could see how much Branson liked him that way.

"I don't remember getting up and turning anything off at all. Are you sure?" she looked from Neruda to Emily.

"I saw that too." Emily confirmed. "You got up from your chair as fast as your pants were on fire.

You picked up the artifact and began to rotate it in your...your left hand while your right hand touched the glyphs in what seemed to be a specific order at the very least. You looked like you knew exactly what you were doing."

"If I did, I don't remember."

"Maybe your mind was a little traumatized," Emily offered, "and you had a mild amnesia-you."

"That doesn't explain how she knew how to deactivate the artifact." Neruda looked at Emily.

"The artifact somehow implanted this knowledge into you without you remembering it. You acted without realizing your actions."

"So, what do you say?" Samantha asked. A nervous smile spread across her face and her co- the centering dissipated like smoke in the wind.

"I think we should stop speculating," Neruda closed the briefcase and closed its latches with a loud synchronized click. The only thing I know for sure is that this thing is not an only child. He has brothers and sisters who are nearby. And I can't wait to find them."

"How will you be able to sleep tonight?" Emily asked in her sonorous southern accent.

Neruda just laughed and picked up the briefcase. "I'll see you in the morning. Good night."

Neruda heard the muffled voices of Samantha and Emily as he walked to his tent about twenty meters away. three. The desert air was still. He hung there perfectly still. Neruda felt his presence more than anything.

Andrews was asleep. He still had his headphones on and the book had fallen face down on his chest, spread out like a wounded bird of prey. By the sound of his breathing, Neruda knew he was in a deep sleep. He wanted to sleep too, but he knew too much about the events of the coming day. He couldn't sleep. At least not now.

Chapter 4 - First Contact

The survey blueprint has an overarching intent. You are not the recipient of divine effort and precise training just to ensure that you can enjoy endless blessings and eternal peace. There is a purpose of transcendent service hidden beyond the horizon of the present age of the universe. If I had designed you to take you on an endless excursion into Nirvana, I certainly would not have constructed your entire universe as a vast and complex training school, requiring a considerable branching of my creation into teachers and instructors. Nor would I spend ages taking you one by one through this vast school of experiential learning. The support of the system of human progress is cultivated by my will to express my intention of uniting the human species with other species from different universes.

*Excerpt from the Support Zones, decoded from Chamber Twenty-two
Creators of Wings*

Although Neruda did not have infrared equipment, he did have a compass. It was still quite early by his standards - around 2300 hours. He took a few supplies with him in a small rucksack, selected a standard ACIO jacket with DOD Weather Research Center written on it in small print and set off in an easterly direction. He took a wide arc around the camp to avoid detection by Evans. Neruda had a great desire for privacy. He knew full well that Evans or anyone on the security team could track his coordinates. All ACIO personnel had embedded tracking devices that the ACIO satellite network could track. Nobody liked it, but when the technology was developed in the 60s, the Labyrinth Team recognized that it was necessary. It will take control of the paranoia as Fifteen explained.

The implants were the size of a mere grain of rice and were inserted below the level of the cleavage on the right side of the back. They transmitted the unique frequency of the individual's body. ACIO discovered in 1959 that each person emits a relatively stable and completely unique vibrational pattern. The body print, as it was called in ACIO, was in every respect as reliable as a fingerprint. This discovery led to technology that could isolate an individual's body print and send it to a satellite network jointly owned by the NSA and the ACIO.

Defections were seen in the ACIO as the most threatening to its further achievements and its future. Implanted body print technology was the primary method by which ACIO personnel were prevented from defecting. There were also other technologies - both in development and already in full deployment - that also minimized this risk. That was the one thing about ACIO that Neruda was never able to accept.

The coyote's pitiful howl made Neruda stop and check his direction. He got out of the camp and picked his next path through a sparse stand of pines and sagebrush. The moon was a thin glowing crescent, and its light was dim, like a fainting whisper, through the clear night air. In contrast, the stars in the desert landscape almost shone, revealing the desert flora and rocks enough for Neruda to walk comfortably on his way.

Feeling more confident as he got within sight of the camp, he turned on his flashlight and quickened his pace. His flashlight seemed uncomfortably strong against the dark desert, and he felt as if he were entering a forbidden world.

He was walking towards the top of the ridge Emily had been pointing to just fifteen minutes ago. He could already see him, even without the infrared. He looked exactly as Samantha had described him. A solitary, phallic-shaped sandstone formation towering over its neighbors - twisted trees, branching sagebrush and stunted rock outcroppings.

Taking the binoculars from his eyes, he told himself that the location was less than two kilometers away. The non-ore assessed his situation. He wasn't particularly tired. Perhaps a little out of breath from the ascent, but otherwise his body and mind were wide awake.

The air was cold, but the climb to the top of the ridge made him feel warm. Without hesitation he set out for the rock-structure as if it were a home.

The smell of coffee and bacon woke Andrews even before the morning light filtered through the dark green cover of the tent. He turned over in his sleeping bag and heard the book crash onto the red rocky floor. This made him open his eyes immediately. Neruda was not here. His sleeping bag was empty and untouched.

"Are you guys up yet?" It was Emily, emitting her cheery voice outside the tent.

"Yes, we're awake," Andrews replied with an undisguised yawn, "but I can't see Neruda. He had to get up early."

"

"It's early now. It's only six, Emily answered in a less cheerful voice.

"Okay, if you haven't seen him and he's not here, then he's probably with Collin or Evans."

"No, they're having breakfast and they didn't mention seeing Neruda."

Andrews unzipped his sleeping bag and stood up. "Perhaps he enjoyed his evening walk so much that he went on another this morning. Damn, I don't know."

"We didn't go for a walk yesterday."

"Okay, I'm sure he'll show up soon. If nothing else, the smell of coffee should attract him. It takes a toll on me."

"If you see him, tell him we've got eggs, bacon and coffee ready."

Andrews heard her footsteps trail off as she walked away.

Evans looked at the map and then looked up, "No sign of Jamisson?" He drank his coffee.

"None that I've noticed," Andrews replied, "but I wasn't particularly looking for him either."

"Maybe we should..."

"I can't believe he would just leave camp like that," Emily said. "Did you even see him today at no-whose?"

Andrews piled eggs and bacon onto his plate. "I don't know... I don't remember seeing him at night. But when I sleep, I am unconscious."

"He went to that place," Evans said with disbelief in his voice. "He broke protocol again. He couldn't wait to on. I bet he left at night when we went to bed."

Evans pulled out a small black box about the size of a cigarette case. The ACIO used secure lines to communicate and the black box was a digital pager. His large hand, resembling tanned skin, completely covered the object as he pushed the green button with his thumb. He turned his back and spoke in a low voice into his microphone, "Immediately find Neruda's body print. Send exact coordinates. Find out the limits of movement with an accuracy of one meter."

He pressed the send button and waited for the message to be confirmed. The amber light flashed and Evans pushed pager back in his jacket pocket.

ACIO favored one-way or non-real-time communication. This was much more difficult to decode because the encoding changed every time the message was sent, making it almost impossible to deduce the context. But it sometimes frustrated Evans because it took longer to get an answer.

"Is the artifact still in your tent?" Evans asked, turning to Andrews.

"As far as I know, yes. There is a briefcase, so I assume the artifact is inside."

Emily came to Neruda's defense, "Are you implying that he took the artifact and went to that place without us?"

"He's in that spot," Evans replied. "He probably didn't take the artifact with him just because of its weight. But trust me, it's there."

"And why would he do that?" Andrews asked with a mouth full of food.

"You don't know what happened last night, do you?" Emily asked.

"No... I was asleep, remember?"

"Samantha and Jamisson were communicating with the artifact. He somehow activated himself and sent them an image of where his home base was located. We got a pretty good idea of where it is... about three kilometers east of our current position." Evans got up from the folding table and pulled his pager from his pocket. "What the hell is taking them so long?"

"It's very early, maybe understaffed," Emily offered.

"So when do we go to that place?" Samantha asked.

"Once I get confirmation, I'll call our shipping."

Andrews turned to look east briefly. "Looks like a pretty nice climb up that ridge. How will we carry the artifact?" He shoved another meal into his mouth, like a parolee tasting home-cooked food for the first time.

"We will be airlifted there. Don't worry." Evans' voice gave away his thoughts somewhere else. "Damn Jenkins! What's taking you so long?"

"So tell me what happened to you last night with the artifact." Andrews glanced at Samantha before settling his gaze on the scrambled eggs he was devouring.

Samantha stuttered a bit as she wasn't sure how to describe her experience. "I saw the image of his do-Moscow base."

"And we know it's three miles east because... because you saw a picture of... what?" Andrews asked.

"Unusual rock structures." Samantha found she didn't want to talk. Her psychic abilities were mocked and doubted throughout her life. So she became an expert at sniffing out - as she called it - annoying questions. It taught her the skill of calculated secrecy even among her ACIO colleagues.

"She also saw a cave..."

"Finally!" Evans breathed out before Emily could finish her thought. He sat down and watched the small screen. He shielded her from the waking sun with his fist. His lips moved but made no sound as he read the message:

0527 - 0921: ORE OT FOUND @ NML0237/LO355. 3.27 KILOMETERS ESE OF YOUR PRESENT POSITION. LIMIT OF MOVEMENT NEGATIVE. LIFE VALUES INTACT. EXTREMELY WEAK SIGNAL. ANSWER.

Evans immediately pursed his lips and spoke into the pager, "No further action is required. Monitor and update. Everything is fine. End of transmission."

"He's in that place and he's sleeping," Evans didn't try to hide his frustration. He looked at the watch on his fist. "Let's get ready. The birds will be here in less than fifteen minutes."

Evans left without another word. Emily looked at Samantha as if to find an explanation in her eyes, but Samantha just stared at the mountains to the east, her mind focused on the task at hand.

"Did you notice if you brought a sleeping bag with you?" Emily asked.

"You didn't marry him," Andrews replied. "It is unused."

"I can't imagine Neruda sleeping out in the desert without a sleeping bag," Emily said, "and without his morning coffee. Something bad is happening."

"Do you think he's hurt?"

"I don't know, but something is wrong." Emily turned to Samantha. "What do you feel?"

Samantha looked at Emily with a feeling of empathy. "He's fine. That's what I feel."

"Don't you feel like he's in danger?"

"No."

Emily's face visibly relaxed. "If we keep up with Evans, we'll get into the game better flow."

"Hell, if we can count on anything, it's that Neruda is too smart to put himself in danger." Andrews' voice was comforting. He tossed several paper plates into a plastic garbage bag and handed it to Emily. "Anyway, I have to put up a tent in five minutes that took us thirty to put up.

I'd rather run. See you in ten."

"Last option, do you want to walk or ride?" Evans' voice was barely audible over the roar of the helicopters. Sand flew through her hair and pricked her skin, like tiny scythes eager for blood. Emily finally decided to fly.

"I just thought we should send someone on foot in case he's coming back on his hun-smell." She sat down in the seat next to Evans with a frown on her face.

"The thing is," Evans began, "he's still asleep, or else I'd get word of his change of position."

"How will we find his trail when we land?" Emily asked. "This thing makes hurricane force winds." Di-voce waved her hands in the air to emphasize her displeasure.

"Look, we'll land half a kilometer east of his position and then come back. Good?"

Evans lowered his head and looked through the bifocals he had put on to look at the map. he knew that it will give him an authoritative appearance.

"Good." Emily answered softly with her lips.

Only a few seconds later, Collin pointed at a skinny rock tower that appeared ahead. It was a mysterious structure. She stood out against the rising sun, looking like a column of coins ready to fall with a mere breath.

The helicopters reached their position in less than five minutes. Emily watched the rocky terrain throughout the flight while Evans studied the map. Samantha closed her eyes. Apparently she had problems with the noisy flight. Or perhaps she wanted to prevent a conversation with Andrews.

The co-pilot came into the passenger cabin and told them that they were about to land directly on the ground below them and they should all prepare to jump. Samantha held her stomach and grimaced. She was obviously upset at the sudden loss of height.

They quickly exited the helicopter, Evans first and then assisted everyone with a safe exit. The co-pilot then handed some luggage to Evans and Collin, and finally an aluminum case that was gently transported to Evans. "We will be on reception unless instructed by you to meet at these coordinates at 1800 hours. Good luck."

Evans waved his hand in agreement to the co-pilot and the helicopter quickly moved away like a large one beetle. There was a silence that swallowed them as only the desert can.

"So where the hell are we going to find his tracks?" Andrews asked feeling a little uncomfortable as his voice was suddenly too loud.

"Before we begin, there are a few protocols that we all need to keep in mind from now on," Evans turned his head to scan the landscape as if looking for his direction. "First of all, basic communication takes place exclusively through me. Second, if we find something special - like the home base of this artifact - we will only work in exploratory mode. We only provide the location. We will not explore it. Do you understand?"

They all nodded as Evans turned his head to them for an answer. "And drink. We will stop regularly to rest and drink. If someone needs more frequent rest, they will say so. Otherwise, he will continue me."

Evans looked west for a few moments. His nostrils flared as if he were a tracking dog sniffing out its prey. "We have his coordinates, we'll start there and go in a west to northwest direction until we hit his tracks. His footprints shouldn't be hard to find in this mixture of sand and stone."

"What about Samantha?" Emily asked. "Couldn't she help?"

"Let's try it the old fashioned way first," Evans replied. "If we don't find his tracks within twenty minutes, we'll look at other alternatives - including Remote Vision."

Andrews looked at Evans after taking a long drink of water from his jug. "If you really want to try the old fashioned ways, how about shouting at the top of your lungs?"

"Let's find his tracks first. Then we can shout." Evans laughed slyly as he walked to the coordinates revealed by Neruda's body print. Andrews put on his backpack and started doing what he hated most: following.

Evans chose a path through two rocky ravines that were about fifty meters wide. The rocks were a light cinnamon color, and as the sun rose in the east, they took on a ruddy hue. The air was perfectly still, and as they made their way through the sparse desert scrub, their jackets were getting a little too warm.

They had only been on the road for ten minutes when Collin found the print.

"Nerudo!" Evans shouted immediately, his hands clenched into fists around his mouth. He called several times in the direction the tracks led, then waited for a response. A faint echo accompanied his call, but nothing like Neruda's voice. Emily tried it too but with the same result.

"Wouldn't it be reasonable to assume he's injured?" Emily asked turning to Evans.

"When we realize that Neruda is not used to sleeping in the open desert without a sleeping bag. Something happened to him." Her voice faded to a whisper. "This can't be right."

"We don't know for sure," argued Evans. "His vital signs are fine. I'm sure just sleeping."

"Then why isn't he answering us?"

"Let's just follow his tracks and find out," Collin replied as a go-between. "There's no point standing here and speculating." Collin was a very thin man in his forties with auburn hair that revealed a hint of silver above both ears and a single strand on the top of his head to match. It seemed that he was not doing well to stand in one place for long, as if his bird-like legs could not support the weight of his body.

"NERUDO!" Evans called once more, his voice sounding with growing impatience as the silence returned.

"Let's wake him up," Evans said.

They easily followed his tracks until they came to a rock face where his tracks became more dubious. They spread out and ran like ants in search of food.

But his tracks disappeared. No one could find any further clues.

"He seems to be somewhere in those rocks. Maybe there's a rock outcropping or a cave somewhere." He screamed Evans with his voice to the rest of the team. "Look for any sign of a crack or hole in the rock."

Emily could feel the growing concern in his voice. She could feel the tension in the air. Everyone was aware that they could be several meters away from the alien base. Quite possibly active bases. Neruda's disappearance added to the strange sense of impending doom, or discovery.

"I found a footprint," Samantha yelled. "He's the same as the others... I guess." She was kneeling near the print with a stick in her hand, and as they all came, she pointed with it.

"Good," Evans remarked. "Now we know which way he went. We will all spread out five meters from each other and walk slowly."

"Nerudo!" Emily screamed again. This time the echo sounded louder as they were deep against the canyon wall. They were approaching a massive rock wall that stretched forty meters in an almost vertical line. They walked cautiously, their heads swiveling like surveillance cameras.

"I think I found another print," Samantha said, "but I'm not sure."

"It's like he disappeared into this rock wall," Andrews said. "Why did he come here? It's the rock that- what did you see in your vision?" He pointed like a tracker to a thin rock structure about a hundred meters directly behind them.

"It looks like a print, but it's not distinct. Unfortunately, there is not much sand or loose stones."

Evans closed his eyes for a moment, as if trying to clear his mind so he could focus on Neruda's coordinates.

"It's nearby. I feel him. He doesn't sleep. He is awake." Evans' voice sounded distant, as if he were talking to himself. "I think he's in it." He pointed his hand straight ahead at the perpendicular face of the rock wall.

"If it's in, how do we get in?" Emily asked.

"There must be an entrance somewhere. Let's really explore that rock face."

There is an entrance somewhere."

"Maybe we should use the artifact," Samantha offered. "If it's a homing device and we're this close..."

"Let's find Neruda first," Evans shot out, "and we'll deal with the artifact's home base later."

"But maybe it's one and the same place," Samantha said hesitantly.

"I doubt it." Evans looked away, his piercing eyes staring at the wall in front of him. "How would damn found a home base without an artifact? Especially at night."

"I don't know, but how did I know last night how to turn off the artifact?" Samantha's words hung weightless in the crisp morning air, surrounded by a deep silence, like an archipelago in a turquoise sea.

"Alright, first we'll look for the entrance... and if we don't find anything in ten minutes, we'll try artefact."

"Why not let Samantha fool around with the little monster while we search for the entrance to the fucking mountain?"

Evans sighed. He looked over at Emily and Collin to see their reaction to Andrews' suggestion. "Emily, you look over there. Collin, try it under that rock. Andrews, take that ledge behind those little trees. I'll take the middle so I can stay close to Samantha if anything happens. If you see anything that even vaguely resembles an entrance, let me know right away."

"I still don't understand why you think it's in there," Andrews looked down at the massive rock wall in front of the team. "Shit, maybe he just got lost. A single footprint should not..."

"Look," Evans said, barely controlling his anger, "I can feel him inside. That's enough for me. If you don't-enough, look elsewhere, but stop arguing with me."

Andrews looked down and pretended to study the footprint.

"Let's go." Evans started to walk away and then suddenly stopped and turned to Samantha. "It will be like that with you okay?"

"Yes, it's fine. I'm sure I'll be fine." She smiled slightly and resigned herself to the fact that she would be alone with the artifact.

"I'm only seconds away. Call if you need anything."

"Good luck," she said under her breath as they scattered to their assigned areas. Emily waited for the others to leave.

"Samantha," Emily said softly, "are you going to Neruda's Foresight?"

"It doesn't look like I should be doing that. Evans knows he's in there. He has BP-Fourteen. I don't want to argue with him-give."

"They're not perfect," Emily said. "Also, I've heard stories about their psychic abilities, but I think it will be good to make his Foresight. If for no other reason than to confirm Evans' assumption."

"I can do it," Samantha offered.

"Thank you, you're sweetie."

"I'm glad it happened," Samantha replied, laughing to the ground.

"Speaking of which," Emily asked, "do you remember how to turn off the artifact when it's re-activated?"

"I have no idea, but it wasn't an obstacle before either. Besides, I think we've already met-they met. I feel that he already treats me differently."

"I hope you're right," Emily tapped her lightly on the shoulder as she left to find Neruda. She liked her Samantha's shy, sensitive nature. She reminded her of herself a few years ago before she had cancer.

A wall of rock jutted out in front of them, blocking out the sun's rays. It thus created a feeling of surreal beauty and mystery. In the shadow of the rock the air was chilly, but the complete absence of wind made it tolerable even without jackets. The stones that fell from the gigantic wall millennia ago were the size of small houses. It was easy to imagine how they might have looked and sounded as they fell like glacial shards.

Samantha was busy putting RePlay together and preparing to meet the artifact. She always preferred to work alone when doing Foresight. All she needed was to enter the data, which usually represented search coordinates and a time frame. It was strange, but when she knew too many search parameters, she was less likely to be accurate. Branson called the phenomenon Ghost-Knotting. He somehow caused too much knowledge of the sought to confuse the free flow of psychic energy.

It had only happened to Samantha once before and now she was worried because she was in similar circumstances. She knew the subject, place and goal of the search. Consciously, it was difficult to let go of her knowing and simply see and hear the images that would be thrust upon her during the Foresight session. Those paintings are very delicate and fragile. They require complete engagement. Otherwise, they will be lost before they can be understood and recorded by RePlay.

As she put on the headset, affectionately called the Brain Shell, she opened the lid of the briefcase. The artifact was silent. She was a little surprised. Maybe she turned it off permanently. Or, perhaps, his mission ended last night.

She carefully examined the object, touching its surface as if it were a newborn baby. She pressed the record button on the RePlay, adjusted the sensitivity, and sat cross-legged like an Indian. She closed her eyes as a heavy door closed against the noise of a busy street.

At the last second, she changed her focus from finding Neruda to finding the location of the artifact's home base. She thought that Neruda would be there anyway and that this strategy would kill two birds with one stone a blow.

In a moment she began to see an image emerging on the screen of her mind. Her boss called it the BS Static phenomenon, because when the Brain Shell was on, it would often create its own image in the Farsightedness. It had to do with her electric field and its proximity to the visual cortex. However, this time the image was something she had never seen before.

Three hazy outlines formed that looked like green rectangles floating in gray-brown light. Her mind's eye blinked in reflex to dispel those outlines, hoping she would be able to resolve their shape and purpose. But everything she did made no difference. They looked a bit like entrances - although she didn't feel like that was their purpose.

The rectangles hanging in the air began to rotate - each in a different direction. The first remained vertical and rotated counterclockwise. The other rotated longitudinally forward like a windmill. And the third rotated clockwise in the vertical plane. Without any warning, she realized that the artifact was buzzing and that it was somehow connected to the image - the movement - that she saw.

Deciding to test the door hypothesis, she approached the objects. As she got closer, they stopped and the buzzing of the artifact died down. She considered breaking up the session, but something about the way these rectangles caught her eye

shapes commanded her attention. There was a presence; a power that radiated from them that she had never encountered before. They seemed natural and unnatural at the same time, and it was this paradox that drew her on.

Samantha reached out to touch the middle object and as she did so, its shape changed. He began to take on the characteristic features of a man - male, elderly, tall, bearded. He looked like a wizard with eyes that bore into hers with such intensity that she could only turn away. "Don't be afraid of us," a voice that echoed inside her filled her. It was as if every cell in her body suddenly grew ears.

"We are what you seek and what you have always sought," the voice continued. He was authoritative but gentle. "You are and have been led to find what we have left here for you. It is already in your understanding, and when you find your fingers touching it, grasp them firmly without hesitation. Without fear. We're telling you it's the only option. The only option."

Words gave way to silence. Samantha looked again at the being in front of her. Again pro- it was changing into a rectangle that hung here like a bland green door.

She spoke out of mere instinct. "What is in our understanding?"

"The way to our world," answered the voice.

"Your world?" she repeated mindlessly.

"You will find our world only if you continue without fear. That is the only barrier to our world that is impenetrable."

"Why do you want us to find your world?" Samantha asked, aware that her voice sounded muffled. ten.

"We have been with your species since its creation on this planet you call Earth. We are in your DNA - encoded in the invisible structures that surround and support your DNA. Our world is both inside you and further away than your mind can comprehend. You will find our world because you need our help to awaken a part of your nature that is hidden from your sight behind the languages of your world."

"Hidden?" Samantha asked. "In what way?"

The surface of the middle rectangle was filled with an image of the Earth surrounded by a grid of light fibers. It was as if a three-dimensional film was projected onto its surface. "An alien race of which you know nothing at this time is interested in your planet. It is a species far more advanced and far more dangerous than your average citizens can imagine. If your species is meant to be the custodian of this genetic library called Earth that we have so carefully refined and exported to this galaxy, then it will need to defend itself against this predatory race."

The image of Earth zoomed in as if the camera were slowly zooming in on a tiny blue sphere floating in the immensity of inky black space. Samantha was beginning to notice several pulsating lights that seemed to mark strategic locations on the planet. Her eyes settled on the New Mexico area where she also saw a place marker.

"What is hidden from you," the voice continued, "is that your planet is part of an interconnected universe that works to order the chaos outside of the structures, tools, technologies, and conventional inventions of your scientists. There is something else beneath the particle and the wave, beneath the subconscious, beneath the spiritual resonance of Earth's greatest teachers, and this Language of Oneness remains hidden from you. It is encoded in your DNA. We did so. We have also inserted triggers into your DNA that will awaken your ability to survive the shift in your genetic makeup."

"Why? Why do we need to change our genetic makeup?" She couldn't contain her skepticism, and as she spoke, she felt her fear grow.

Whatever she was interacting with was unknown and she knew that trusting something or someone in a self-directed Remote Vision session it is stupidity.

"You will know more soon," replied the voice. "After this meeting you will feel a new confidence in your ability to investigate. This is the only element that will support you in the face of doubt and fear that you will be confronted with in the coming weeks. On a level you have never seen before, you are a holographic entity that is woven into all things. When you touch this feeling, you will awaken the frequency of your consciousness that will guide you into our world. There is no reason why you should trust us. For now, you just know that our words have no other purpose than to wake up a part of you that has been sleeping for a long time. We are the Wing Makers. We leave you in the Light that is One."

The rectangles blurred into a greenish-gold light that completely filled her vision. The sound of Andrews's distant voice snapped her out of her concentration and she regained her human composure. She was dimly aware that she had lost touch with the most amazing power she had ever seen.

Chapter 5 - The Search

Since it is my nature to be sevenfold, there are seven universes that make up my body. In each of these there are a number of species with a special DNA matrix that are nurtured by Source Intelligence to explore their material universe. Each of these species is sent by the Central Race into the universe it was created to reveal its potential and the seed of its vision. Your species will converge with six other species in the distant future and this will re-unite my body as a living extension of known creation. While this may seem so distant as to be irrelevant to your time, it is vitally important for you to understand the scope of your account-

lu. You can think of these seven species as the limbs of my body that will be re-joined to allow me/us to function perfectly in the great universe. That is my purpose and therefore your own.

*Excerpt from Support Zones, decoded from Chamber Twenty-Two
Creators of Wings*

There were very few people in Fifteen's mysterious world who worried him. But Darius McGavin was one of them. McGavin was the director of the NSA's Special Projects Laboratory. McGavin appeared to be Fifteen's superior, as ACIO was established as a secret separate Special Projects Laboratory when it became necessary to deal with UFO activity in the late 1940s. Technically, Fifteen was subordinate to McGavin.

Fifteen's secrecy and intellect were so refined that McGavin was completely unaware of the true extent of the ACIO, its true mission and goals, or the existence of the Labyrinth Team and its Technology Transfer Program with Corteo. It was truly a masterful disguise, considering the paranoia and technological prowess of the NSA. But what really bothered Fifteen was that McGavin was making unplanned, short-announced visits that could only mean one thing: that serious trouble was on the way. Very often these serious problems have been rumors that the ACIO has covert activities with partners in the military-industrial or private sector of industry.

These hastily announced visits made Fifteen most angry. McGavin was arrogant and terribly ill-informed, a combination that Fifteen could only tolerate in very small doses. He had already scheduled a series of urgent meetings surrounding his mandatory meeting with McGavin. With any luck, McGavin would be on his way back to Virginia in less than thirty minutes.

It was 1100 hours when a knock on the door reminded him to look sharp and smile like a good companion. His back spasms attacked him more than usual, but he never used painkillers or any medical help. He loitered toward the door with his white wand, practicing his smile one last time.

"Darius, how wonderful to see you again."

"Nice to see you too." McGavin replied. "Why do you have this stick? Are you not getting old?" He chuckled as he walked past Fifteen to sit at his small side table. McGavin set down his briefcase and settled into the waiting chair. He ran his hands through his bald head as if there were still some ghosts of hair on it.

"I've been having some back spasms for the last few weeks. The stick is actually just for sympathy." He smiled politely, exactly as he had practiced it.

McGavin was a rare combination of technical genius and political shrewdness. He graduated from the Aviation Academy in 1975 and was one of the best in his class. He then went to MIT, where he graduated as a mechanical engineer and then added a graduate degree in quantum physics at Yale University. He was an excellent student, blessed with the ability to study the prejudices of professors and reflect them back to them like a freshly polished mirror. The NSA recruited him when he was only twenty-three years old. Then his career to the Special Projects Laboratory quickly followed.

In just eleven years, he became its director. Fifteen had already been ACIO's Executive Director for eighteen years when McGavin took the reins of the Special Projects Laboratory. Fifteen could hardly stomach the farce of being the underling of a bum youth, as he often told McGavin in Labyrinth Team.

"Then why did you come to see me," Fifteen noted as he sat down in his chair. His voice sounded so na- simply convincing that McGavin immediately settled into his chair like a schoolboy summoned to the principal's office.

"I was hoping you could help me understand what this is?" McGavin opened a small glass vial that contained a tiny electronic device about the size and shape of a thimble. Fifteen immediately recognized one of ACIO's wiretapping technologies used in the creation of Wiretap Fences.

Fifteen put on his bifocals, picked up the device and examined it closely. "I think it looks like I- to wiretapping. I can have one of our electronics guys take a look inside."

"Two things happened this week that don't add up." McGavin's face took on a serious expression and his the voice almost whispered.

"First, a Professor from the University of New Mexico swore under oath that he was forced by the NSA to hand over an unusual artifact that had been discovered just days earlier by some students on a field trip. Second, we have evidence that the ACIO has sent two missions to New Mexico in the last four days - just a few miles from where this artifact was discovered. One of them took place yesterday."

McGavin paused, watching Fifteen's body language. He looked for any signs that would allow him to analyze it. Fifteen remained motionless in all aspects, waiting for McGavin to continue with the story.

"And this morning, our agents, in an effort to confirm the professor's claim, did a routine search of his home and office. We found seven of these devices. They look similar to our listening devices, but according to our electronics, they are much more advanced."

"And you think it's impossible for the ACIO mission to New Mexico and the Professor's affidavit to be a mere coincidence. Is that right?" Fifteen had a pained expression on his face.

McGavin nodded. "Look, just tell me what's going on. You ksakru know you have to report your activities. Ji-nak I'll be forced to think you're a fraud. You know the regulations regarding these circumstances. So just tell me clearly what the hell is going on here?"

Fifteen pushed his chair away and clumsily stood up. Walking over to his desk, cane in hand, he pulled out a large folder. He placed it on the table in front of McGavin. "Here's everything I know."

McGavin opened the folder and began looking through several documents. "Can't you examine it?"

"We can't get anything out of the damn thing. It is a sealed technology. It's so solid that we're on-just confused. We sent two scientific teams to the area in hopes of finding something else."

"AND...?"

"Nothing so far," Fifteen replied.

McGavin's eyes returned to the document folder again. "Why didn't you report it?"

"There was nothing remarkable to report. We've only been investigating for four days..."

"Four days is a long time, my friend. In this business, it can be a lifetime." McGavin put the folder down. His fingers fiddled nervously with a plastic tag that read: ANCIENT ARROW.

"So you have an alien artifact, the name of the project, you put that professor into a huge panic, you bug his office and house, but you think you have nothing of note to share with me."

Fifteen listened intently. He regained a concerned expression on his face and painfully sat down in his chair. "I know you'd prefer to have immediate communication, but we have nothing to report..."

"You have this fucking alien technology! I'm not an expert on these technologies like you are, but if you can't examine the thing, it's pretty damn perfect. What do you know, maybe it's a weapon or some kind of probe. Operational regulations state that any evidence of alien technology must be immediately communicated to the Special Projects Laboratory. You know that as well as I do."

McGavin lowered his voice. "You know I have to start an investigation. It stinks of a cover-up. I don't want to waste time and energy by investigating the NSA's most productive lab. It's such a waste. But I have no choice."

"I totally understand," said Fifteen. "We will cooperate as much as we can on this unpleasant matter."

"You can start by having Evans contact Denisa Shorter and arrange for her to assign a shadow agent to the Ancient Arrow project. We will keep communication channels open if we are added to the project."

"Of course. Will contact her tomorrow."

"No, today. I do not wish for any further delay in communication."

"Evans has field work until tomorrow. It does not have the ability to communicate securely..."

"Then let Jenkins do the talking," McGavin replied. "I don't give a fuck who calls Shorter, but do it at once."

"Look, I'm well aware of all the rumors about what kind of mansion you've built here. I know you like to play games and I know you have powerful allies. But don't screw me. Communicate with me through standard channels. If you are too busy, then Li-Ching will handle it for you. I don't care who does the communication. I just want to have the confidence that if you write a name on a project folder, you'll send a duplicate to my office in minutes, not hours. Minutes, do you understand?"

"Absolutely."

"And one more thing..."

A knock on the door interrupted McGavin.

"Yes," said Fifteen.

The door slowly opened and a man poked his head into the office. "I'm sorry to interrupt, sir, but yet another visit is here. In which conference room do you want them to wait for you?"

"We're just finishing up," said Fifteen, "let's use Hylo Hall for example."

"Thank you, sir."

The door closed without a sound.

"What did you say...?" Fifteen recalled.

"What's so special about that artifact?"

"We don't know if there is anything special about him. It may turn out that the thing is actually sealed technology, which will be a shame, but if we can't examine it, there's nothing more we can do with it than put it in storage and wait until we have the technology to examine it."

"I noticed there's nothing in the folder about Remote Analysis. I assume you will be doing Far-Seeing."

"Yes, of course."

"I'd like to see the RePlay tapes when you have them."

"Of course."

McGavin looked around the spacious office as if lingering. Fifteen knew he was annoyed by the fact that another meeting was scheduled so soon after his. "I'll fry your ass if I find anything else suspicious about this project. You may think you are well hidden from the reach of my power, but let me remind you that your budget has my signature on it. So don't screw me."

With that McGavin stood up and opened his briefcase. "I suppose I can take this with me?" He was holding the folder that Fifteen had given him to read.

"Of course."

"I'll call Shorter in thirty minutes," McGavin said. "I believe he will be talking to Jenkins by then."

McGavin closed his briefcase, returned his chair to its original position, and walked to the door, accompanied by Fifteen. McGavin put his hand on the doorknob and paused briefly in opening it. He looked directly at Fifty-

new eyes. "Octavio, I have doubts about your motives and your work. And these doubts... worry me. And when I'm worried, I'm paranoid. And this paranoia... causes my ruthlessness."

"What do you mean by that?" Fifteen asked innocently.

"I can make your life hell if I can't trust you."

"Now you know as much about the Ancient Arrow project as I do," Fifteen replied calmly. "We will all try to inform you better. We just thought we didn't have anything important to bother you with. I see now that we miscalculated. It won't happen again. I assure you of that."

"Pray that it will be so."

The two shook hands and wished each other a good day.

Fifteen closed the door to his office. He placed his cane on the table and sat down in the same chair that McGavin had been sitting in only moments before. He closed his eyes. His face completely relaxed. His hands reached under the table and pulled out a small black object. Fifteen leaned closer to examine the device and smiled slowly. A knock on the door interrupted him.

"Yes."

"Sorry to interrupt, but I'm wondering how the meeting with McGavin went." It was Li-Ching. She wore a red woolen skirt that flowed down to her ankles and a sleeveless white silk blouse.

Her hair was black as a raven. They were tied back in an exotic braid, held together by a net of silver thread.

Fifteen held a small black object right in front of her for her to see, grinning widely like a Cheshire Cat.

She sat down on the corner of the table next to Fifteen. A narrow slit in her skirt partially exposed her ivory legs, perfectly shaped as if from a lathe. "Judging by your face, it went very well."

"Yes," replied Fifteen, "but it's too bad he doesn't trust us."

Fifteen took his staff and dealt a fatal blow to the electronic listening device that there McGavin left.

"Just one this time?"

"Just one," Fifteen sighed. "You'd think he'd give up on this pointless effort to bug my office."

"He just wants to remind you that he can see and hear you," Li-Ching said. "You know the strategy, the more paranoid you are, the more mistakes you're likely to make."

"He wants to get rid of me."

"No, he wants to get rid of the ACIO and its separate status and independence. He's not a fool. He knows that his only option to seize control of the Special Projects Laboratory (SPL) is to integrate the ACIO into his department. That's what he's trying to do. Everything he does is directed to bring him closer to that goal."

"Maybe he'd lose interest if he knew what we were really doing here."

"What do you mean?"

"The damn idiot ordered an investigation - ostensibly to see if we're being fraudulent in the Ancient Arrow project, but I'm sure his real intention is to snoop around our technologies. They found a Level Five Eavesdropping Fence in Stevens' office and home."

"Shit!" Li-Ching stood up and started pacing.

"He suspects us of keeping the technologies in their pure state and sending them watered down versions. That you - the investigation will focus on this. He wants proof. With this in hand, they will try to eliminate me."

"My God, what a waste of time." Li-Ching said.

"He doesn't know that."

"Well, then he's a deaf ass."

"We'll have him do the investigation, the shadow agent assignment, and whatever else is required - wat. Evans will take care of the SPL agent and you will take care of all the communication protocols."

"Did you give him the Ancient Arrow folder I prepared?"

"Of course," Fifteen replied. "He seemed satisfied, at least partially."

"Most of it is true anyway. I didn't have to edit it too much."

"He wants the RePlay tapes regarding the artifact from our Remote Vision Department." Fifteen sighed.

"You need to tell Branson to start working on it right away. I want to approve the script first before we make the tape."

"I understand." Li-Ching's voice seemed distant, as if she was thinking about a completely unrelated matter. "First you indicated that you wanted him to know what we were really doing here. What did you mean by that?"

"Let's give him proof of what he already believes to be true. He has no idea about the Labyrinth or Corte. He might have heard some sketchy rumours, but nothing more. He believes we are frauds and that we have not shared some of our best technology with him."

"Do you want Ortmann to release some of our harmless pure technology... like our bugging fences?"

"Yes, you can ask him to make a list of technologies he thinks we can do without live?"

"No problem."

"I want McGavin to have a sense of victory. Then he'll loosen up and get off our collective backs."

"Anything else?"

"Stevens is unstable," said Fifteen. "I think he needs a reminder visit and a Seventh Level Eavesdropping Fence."

"How about memory restructuring?"

"He has already done the damage. If he suddenly forgot, it could only make matters worse by scaring his colleagues who already know; I'm not even mentioning McGavin. No, let's have Morrison pay him a memorial visit ASAP. Jenkins can reinstall the listening fence."

"Good."

Li-Ching sat down on the edge of the table again. As she crossed her legs, her skirt fell open. Fifteen's hand wandered to her bare leg and his mischievous eyes smiled.

"Damn McGavin!" Fifteen slammed his fist on the table. "I can't be with you right now...I just remembered that I have to speak to Jenkins on an important matter."

He suddenly stood up and Li-Ching understood that her time with him was over. She kissed his cheek and whispered something in his ear. His eyes narrowed as he listened intently. When the Li-Ching finished, Fifteen's face visibly turned a shade of red.

"Just in case McGavin planted more than one listening device," Li-Ching said.

She disappeared before Fifteen could make any sound of protest. As the door closed, he had to take a moment trying to get him to remember the Jenkins matter.

....

Out of the corner of his eye, Evans saw a gap in the canyon wall. It was small, only about half a meter high, but it was clearly an opening in the rock wall. He fought back the need to call his colleagues. Instead, he knelt down, stuck his head into the crack, and called out Neruda's name several times. Then he listened with all his might and heard a faint voice, "I am here. I am here." The voice said more, but the rest Evans did not understand.

There was an urgency in that voice that was unsettling. Something was wrong. The voice sounded like Neruda's, but lacked his usual vitality. He was injured. That was the only possible explanation. Evans screamed at the top of his lungs. "We'll be there in a few minutes. Stamina."

He immediately stood up and yelled at his team. "I found him! All of you follow my voice and come here!" He kept shouting, "I found him!" every few seconds. Within minutes, the entire team was together, except for Andrews.

"What about Andrews?" Evans asked.

"It carries the Little Monster, as she calls it," Samantha said. "He offered himself." She held out her arms with her palms awake, as if to indicate that a small miracle had occurred.

"I can imagine how long we'll have to wait," Evans said with distaste. "We don't have time. Collin, you and I will go ahead to look for Neruda. He must have been stuck in a narrow tunnel. I can't believe he crawled in there... at night."

"The others wait here for Andrews. We will be back as soon as possible - hopefully with Neruda."

"Could I join you?" Emily asked. "We don't both have to wait for Andrews." She looked to Samantha and then to Evans.

"Good, but be very careful and stay right behind us. Samantha, you shout often so Andrews has something to track."

"Okay," she replied.

"I assume you all have your flashlights," Evans said as a commandment. "I have a rope, a package first aid and some food and water. Can you think of anything else?"

Emily and Collin looked at each other and shook their heads.

"Then let's go."

The three disappeared into the gaping crevasse like travelers stepping through a portal to a new world. Evans went first and had the most trouble getting through, due to his physical size. He succeeded only after twisting his shoulders and head like a magician trying to free himself from a straitjacket.

On the other side of the opening was a large chamber or cave, about twenty meters in diameter. On the far side of it was an opening into the darkness. Their flashlights effortlessly cut through the darkness of the interior, crossing at random on the brown stone.

"Neruda, where are you?" Evans shouted.

"I'm here," came the faint reply.

"You can give us directions to where you are," Emily shouted.

"I like to hear your voices..." Neruda replied. "I'm right in front. Go to the opening and continue for another twenty meters or so. When you come to a fork in the tunnel, go right. However, before you take the next step, listen well."

"This is home base. I have no real proof yet. But as you progress deeper into the interior, notice that it becomes more perfect in its design. And part of this perfection is the safety system."

"What?" Evans shouted.

"There is something like a security system that secures this tunnel system. I fell into one of his traps because I wasn't expecting anything so sophisticated. But trust me, this whole place can be filled with traps. In other words, be very careful."

"Any other advice?" Collin asked.

"Follow my footsteps slowly until you come to the glyph carved into the tunnel wall - it's on the right side of the tunnel wall. I'm fine. If it takes you an hour to get here, that's fine, just run safely."

"Are you trapped?" Collin asked.

"With absolute certainty."

"What happened? Perhaps we could learn from your experience."

"The problem is that I don't know what I did. I could have touched a pressure sensitive pad or tripped over a wire. I'm not sure. All I know is that it happened so fast that I wasn't able to react fast enough to save myself. I fell quite far, but nothing is broken."

"Okay, we will arrange according to your advice. Be patient." Evans shouted back.

"Don't worry, I'm not going anywhere," Neruda replied weakly.

Evans, Collin and Emily looked like statues attached to the ground. Their flashlights searched the dirt floor with rock fragments. They looked for any signs of potential danger, as well as Neruda's tracks. Here and there a beam of light from their torches revealed an animal skull or the carcass of a stray rabbit piled against the walls of the chamber like wind-blown rubbish piling up against a fence.

"I think we have a clear path to enter the tunnel," Evans noted.

Evans cautiously walked towards the tunnel entrance at the far end of the chamber. Collin and then Emily followed shortly after, both trying to accurately follow the tracks Evans had left behind. As they entered the tunnel, the air became noticeably colder and they felt a small drop on their way through the tunnel.

"Can you see our lights yet?" Evans asked.

"No, but you'll understand why in a few minutes. Just keep following my instructions."

Emily was comforted by the fact that Neruda's voice was getting louder. He looked relaxed and in no apparent danger. She felt her own optimism grow with each step.

"I'm trying to follow your steps," shouted Evans.

"That's good, but trying to avoid the last one," laughed Neruda, "is truly extraordinary."

"This is the last time I travel without local communicators," Evans muttered.

"This whole trip was planned too quickly. We should have waited," Emily lamented.

Evans cast the beam of his flashlight down the narrow tunnel, hoping to see some trace of Neruda, but the beam blended into the darkness before anything distinct could be discerned.

Evans turned to Collin and Emily. "If the tunnel continues at this level of descent, it will work deep down. It will continue to cool."

"Can you see our lights yet?"

"No. But put out your lamps for a moment," suggested Neruda. "I'll turn mine on and watch if it sees anything-child."

When they turned off their flashlights, they were immediately engulfed in darkness.

"There, I think I saw something about fifteen meters ahead. Yes, I definitely saw the light." Evans turned his light back on. The walls of the tunnel were only about three meters apart and were shaped by some tools. Not very perfectly, but it was definitely a structure created.

"Okay, Jamisson, we have seen your light. We will be with you as soon as possible. Your voice sounds like would be below us. You said you were falling. Do you know how far?"

"I'm not sure. I lost consciousness for a while - maybe ten minutes or so. I still have a terrible headache that confirms my fall."

"Okay, keep calm and we'll be there in a minute." Evans turned to Emily and Collin. "Let's be very close to each other. I will keep my torch on the road ahead. Collin, you aim your beam at the right side of the tunnel and you, Emily, follow the left. Be attentive. If you see anything that looks unusual, say so immediately and stop. Do you understand?"

Although Evans tended to be insufferable, Collin and Emily were both happy to have him leading them. He instilled confidence with his sleight of hand and every move.

He seemed to be in high spirits under such circumstances where others were only afraid.

As they moved down the hall, Collin's voice suddenly broke the silence. "Stop!"

They froze. "What is it?" Evans asked.

"Here is the glyph that Neruda first mentioned."

All the beams of the lanterns focused on the hieroglyph intricately carved into the stone wall of the tunnel. Do you-na was carefully prepared and relatively smooth to serve the detailed lines of the glyph pattern.

"How about that glyph on the wall?" Evans called to Neruda.

"I've never seen anything like it before," he replied. His voice was undoubtedly closer, but it was also obvious that it was coming from some depth below them. "It is related to the glyphs on the artifact, but different in many ways. Watch my last step, it was not far from my stumbling."

About two minutes later, Evans' flashlight found Neruda's last trace. The slip track becomes faced the right side of the tunnel, but there was no sign of a door or exit.

"Let's focus all our lights on this area." Evans used the beam of his flashlight as a laser pointer to determine the area he wanted them to illuminate together. "Okay, do you see anything that looks like a seam?"

"Nothing like that," Collin replied.

Emily pointed her flashlight at the ceiling of the tunnel. "What is it?"

"It looks like a ventilation shaft or some small opening," Evans said. "Maybe that's why we hear Neruda."

"Jamisson, say something," Evans suggested.

"Something."

"A little more of your usual eloquence would help," Emily said playfully.

"Okay, but I'm warning you, my life story is pretty boring until the age of five or six..."

"You're right, it's the source of his voice," Collin said excitedly.

"Jamisson, this is Evans, we found a vent or something in the ceiling of the tunnel. It's a small hole, maybe ten centimeters in diameter. We also found your last trace, but there's no telling where you fell. There are no visible seams or edges to reveal a door or exit route. Do you have any recommendations?"

"Do you have any rope?"

"Yes, I think it's about ten meters long."

"Can you put the rope through that hole?"

"Yes, I think so," Evans said.

"Then try to push the rope through the hole as far as you can. With any luck I will see him."

"What does the room you're in look like?" Emily asked.

"It has a high ceiling - maybe ten or twelve meters, about three meters in diameter, and the ceiling is vaulted into a dome. It is certainly a building... an elaborate building. But I don't see any holes and like you, no seams either. I don't know exactly how I got here."

Evans stood on tiptoe and tried to get the rope through the opening. He looked a bit like a huge awkward ballerina. The opening in the ceiling was about half a meter above his reach, and the rope was too soft for Evans to push through the opening without jumping.

"Maybe it's stupid to jump here, but it's the only way I'm able to get the rope through. You two run to the back. If I fell there, Collin would go back for help. Emily, you stay here and watch.

Here is my communicator with the base." He handed it to Collin.

"I can lift you up there," Collin said.

"I doubt that. I'm too heavy for you. And we can't afford to lose both of us."

Emily agreed. Collin looked like a walking stick.

"Why don't you pick Collin up there," Emily suggested. "He will be like a feather to you."

"I don't want to risk both of us when one can do it. Let me try to do it myself first.

If I fail and nothing happens, I'll get Collin up there. Back off at least five meters."

Evans waited for them to retrace their steps. Then he jumped perfectly to the hole like a basketball player dribbling the ball into the basket. The rope floated in cleanly. And then it fell back out. Evans landed hard but safe.

Ten minutes later, when they found a reasonably large rock, which they tied to the end of the rope, Evans again he threw the rope into the hole. This time it stayed.

"Do you see anything?" Evans shouted, thrusting the rope into the hole.

"Yes, but you'll need a lot more rope to reach me."

"Can you somehow climb the wall and grab him?"

"No."

"If I put a rope in there, will you be able to reach the ceiling of the room?"

"I think so, but I don't understand what we will do next. The last time I tried it, it couldn't I got through the ten-centimeter hole."

"We can widen the hole," Evans replied a little irritably. "But can you reach the ceiling of the chamber?"

"Yes, there is something like a cornice that is up around the walls before they start to arch into the dome. Hopefully it can be used."

Evans turned to Emily and Collin. "I need you to go back to the entrance. Contact Jenkins and inform him of our situation. I'll get Jamisson out and we'll meet at the entrance in two hours. If we're not there in two hours, tell Jenkins to send a search and rescue team immediately."

"How are you going to get Neruda out yourself?" Collin asked in a shocked voice.

"Before we get down to business," Emily said, "might I suggest we try to repeat Ja-misson's last move and see if we can open the passage without falling into that chamber ourselves?"

"That's too dangerous," snapped Evans.

"It seems to me that if it's pressure sensitive, we might be able to touch the same spot and the passage might open. Maybe we could keep it open."

"I agree, it's worth a shot," Collin said. "I don't see any other way you want to get him out anyway."

"Neruda, can you hear that?" Evans asked.

"Yes."

"And the opinion?"

"Um, let Emily and Collin do as you suggest. The sooner the better."

Evans whispered. "Please go. And be careful to follow exactly the steps we came here on. We'll be out in two hours. Run." He waved at them like a wave of the sea.

Emily and Collin walked away in a huff. They saw no reason for Evans' confident attitude. And it was even more incomprehensible that Neruda agreed with him. Something strange was happening. However, they dutifully fulfilled their mission and joined Andrews and Samantha at the entrance. They did it in a very good time - only seventeen minutes.

The light hit them very hard in the eyes as they stumbled out of the narrow passage into the waiting arms of Andrews and Samantha helping them get through the crevasse.

"Why the hell did it take you so long?" Andrews asked.

"We found Neruda. He's fine," Emily began. "But he's trapped in some room and we can't get him out without equipment. Evans stayed there. They're trying to get him out somehow, but if they can't in ... an hour and a half, we're going to call Jenkins to send a rescue team."

"We need to alert Jenkins now," Collin reminded her.

Collin pulled out the base communicator Evans had given him and pressed the RECORD button. He spoke hesitantly into the microphone. "Object found. Probability of search and rescue. Update in ninety minutes. Please prepare a rescue team for immediate dispatch within ninety minutes. We will send the exact coordinates in the next communication. Please confirm."

Collin played the recording and then hit SEND. He was satisfied with the accuracy and brevity of his report. Everyone knew that Jenkins and Evans hated long detailed reports.

It was a little after ten o'clock in the morning and the heat of the desert sun was beginning to make itself known. The Andrews set up a makeshift camp so everyone settled inside to wait another ninety minutes. Emily was busy making coffee on the solar cooker. Collin followed the maps to determine the exact coordinates for the search and rescue mission.

"It's home base, right?" Samantha asked Emily.

"Neruda seems to think so."

"Did you see anything... anything unusual?"

"Those tunnels are artificial. There is a glyph on the wall of the tunnel that is similar to the glyphs on the artifact. Neruda somehow ended up in what looks like a prison cell, but we couldn't find any exit or door in the tunnel. It was literally as if he had dematerialized and found himself in captivity..."

"For what?"

"We don't know that."

"They're protecting something," Samantha said.

"What does it protect?" Andrews asked as he approached Samantha. "I mean, if there are more artifacts like our little monster here, then what is there to protect?"

"Genetic technology," she said, both as a statement and a question.

"How do you know that?" Emily asked.

"I had another experience with the artifact during the Foresighted session just before Evans discovered hole in the wall. I saw images..."

"What kind?"

"Images regarding the appearance of these aliens."

"Oh..." Andrews began. "How do you know you can trust the image this thing has put in your head?"

He pointed to the aluminum case containing the artifact. "These same aliens built something similar to the damn mousetrap that Neruda is now trapped in. That doesn't exactly inspire confidence in my old heart."

Samantha started to say something and then stopped.

"Jesus, Andrews," Emily said, "we can just let her say what she saw without interrupting and without your damned opinions?"

Andrews kicked the loose rocks below him and watched them fly apart. His lips moved softly they tumbled out with words no one could hear.

"I'm just saying," Samantha said slowly, "that the images I saw were completely different... a lot more advanced... perhaps humans, perhaps something else. It was changing form from a human presence to a geometric shape like a... rectangle." Samantha paused for a moment as if trying to remember something.

Collin looked up from the maps and listened intently.

Samantha began again, "I can't pretend to know who or what they are, but their image is as clear to me as you are, and it's not that of the sly or warlike kind. I feel they are benevolent - even helpful to our species. They've kept something here that they assume we'll discover and it has to do with genetics. It's all part of the master plan."

"And part of that, of course, is that they fucked Neruda." Andrews muttered.

"I don't know anything about Neruda," Samantha explained, "but I'm sure of what I said. Apparently they designed various protection mechanisms to make sure that this place was discovered by us and not by someone else. There is something they want us to find."

"So you think there is something inside this mountain... some kind of gift from these unknown aliens with our name tag on it?" Andrews couldn't contain himself. He was one of the few in the ACIO who didn't have a healthy respect for the Farseers and their work, or anything they encountered at night. To Andrews, the Farseers were merely vaunted sentients.

"Yes." Samantha replied quietly.

"Collin, have you heard back from the base yet?" Emily asked.

"Yes, there's a confirmation," he looked at his watch, "the countdown is on sixty eight minutes."

"So what are they?" Andrews asked. "Friendly aliens who came to earth twelve years ago hundreds of years ago, did they play with the Indians and then hide something in this mountain for us to find? I eat it."

"It's just your feelings, isn't it, Samantha?" Collin asked quietly, trying to ease Andrews' sarcasm. "You don't have anything on RePlay, do you?"

Samantha sat on a large rock and pulled her hair back with both hands. "No. Then when I looked at RePlay, the images were not uploaded there. They somehow bypassed RePlay's recording sensitivity. They're probably based on the imagery projected by the artifact, and I wasn't even actually in Far-Seeing mode. But the images are powerful. I mean very powerful. I'm not exaggerating."

"Okay, I'm confused about that," Andrews said. "You saw an image of a geometric shape - I think you were talking about a rectangle - and from that you get the feeling that something is buried inside this mountain, perhaps some form of genetic technology. Is that so?"

"I saw several paintings. Other images related to the earth floating in space, which was surrounded by a network of light fibers and in certain intersections I saw a pulsating glow..."

"How many were there?" Emily asked.

"Maybe three, no, maybe five. I'm not sure."

"Did you notice where they were placed?" Collin asked.

"The only one I paid attention to seemed to be here... in New Mexico." She narrowed her eyes and then closed them completely for a few moments.

"I had the overwhelming impression that the technology was hidden in this place," she added. "She was left here by that race for very specific reasons, but I'm not sure what they are..." Her voice trailed off into silence. Everyone was so engrossed in listening to her voice that they didn't even notice Neruda's muffled pleas for coffee coming from inside the canyon wall.

"My God, you did it!" Emily shouted as she saw Neruda burst through the opening into the light. The angle of the sun now illuminated the wall, and the rays shone - in all their glory - directly on Neruda. Blinded by the sudden light, he crouched on the ground and shielded his eyes.

"The warmth is nice, but I wish someone would dim the damn lights." Neruda's eyes were narrow through slits looking down on familiar faces. First he found Emily.

"I don't suppose you'd have coffee made? My head is bursting with pain."

Emily laughed in a mixture of relief, joy and great surprise.

Chapter 6 - In a trance

Your consciousness has many aspects in order to express light into the diverse systems of existence. There are many, many expressions that make up your absolute Self. Each of these expressions is associated with a center of consciousness, which is your core identity. It is here that your ancient voice and your ancient eyes can multi-dimensionally observe, express and experience. This is your source of nourishment for expansion and beautification. Notice your core identity and never lose sight of it. With each piece of information that comes your way, discern how your attunement to this inner voice and perception allows you to. That is the only discipline you need. This is the cure for all limitations.

*Excerpt from Memory Activation, decoded from Chamber Seven
Creators of Wings*

The red rocks highlighted the azure blue of the sky. The austerity of the desert created a lunar landscape. She was immaculately natural. The sun made jackets and vests redundant, leaving the air temperature comfortable for cotton t-shirts and shorts.

The excitement of Neruda and Evans emerging from the canyon wall drew the team together as if bound by some invisible web. Emily hugged Neruda and for a moment forgot about her work distance. Andrews and Collin shook Neruda's hand and welcomed him back "to the living" while Samantha looked at him alone with a big smile.

A barrage of questions followed, how Neruda had freed himself, how he had saved himself, but Evans and Neruda put off the explanation for later and focused more attention on Neruda's physical needs: to be warm and to feed his empty stomach.

When they had all settled down cross-legged by the small fire Andrews had made of dry borrow branches, Neruda began to tell. A cup of coffee warmed his hands.

"All I can tell you," he began, his tone becoming introspective, "is that I went for an innocent walk after our last night's experience with the artifact. I just wanted to get to the top of the ridge to see if I could see the rock structure Samantha told us about."

"When I got to the top and saw that thing," he pointed to the structure directly behind him, "I got an overwhelming urge to look at it up close. Actually, I wasn't even tired, I felt energized. So I walked for about fifteen minutes... the whole time I knew I was doing something... something stupid - and yes, I knew it was against the rules. But I will say in my defense," he turned to Evans, "that I thought I was following orders."

Evans stood up and demanded his communicator from Collin. "I already heard it", he apologized, "I have to." inform Jenkins." Evans walked away and started pushing buttons on his communicator.

"Command by whom?" Collin asked.

"As strange as it may sound - an artifact. I'm sure he put something in my head," replied Neruda. "I can't explain it otherwise."

No one, including Evans, debated or even doubted Neruda's conclusion. He was very well known in the ACIO to be scrupulously precise about his observations and motivations. But his statement was only met with blank stares from Emily, Andrews, and Collin. Only Samantha nodded in appreciation.

"And what you're referring to," Samantha suggested hesitantly, "was an overwhelming motivation to find his home base. Is that right?"

"Yes, but I'm amazed that anything could have made me do this. It seems completely implausible..."

Andrews leaned forward and poked at the fire to revive it. Although there was no need for additional heat, he needed to occupy his hands. "How did you find that hole in the wall in the middle of the fucking night? More importantly, why did you climb in alone? That's what I'd like to know."

"I just knew where to go," Neruda said. "I knew exactly what to do as soon as I got close to the canyon wall. I had that image stored in my brain, it was like seeing a split image - one inside my head and the other in external reality - and the closer I got, the more I watched the two images gradually transform into a single image."

"When I saw the opening, I looked inside with a flashlight before entering. On the far side of the cave I saw a dark hole that looked like a tunnel. It looked artificial... made by the hands of man. But I also thought this was the artifact's home base the whole time."

"I climbed in," he continued, "and all I could do was walk toward that tunnel like my life depended on it."

"Weren't you afraid?" Emily asked.

"No. I was completely calm. I had that mission coded in my head and everything else was shut down."

"So you went into the tunnel and fell into the chamber?" Collin said.

"Remember that glyph on the tunnel wall?" Neruda asked.

"Yes," Collin and Emily agreed.

"The instant I saw him, I had confirmation. The glyph was clearly of the same lines - although of a different design. I quickened my pace in my excitement. And a few steps later I slipped on something and fell... it must have been seven meters, onto the stone floor... into the room you found me in this morning."

"Okay, so tell us how the hell did you get out of there?" Collin inquired.

"I figured out how to climb up the wall high enough to grab the rope. Evans made me he pulled up and together we enlarged the vent enough for me to fit through..."

"But it was hard rock, how did you make the hole bigger... I mean, what tools did you use?" Emily asked.

"Evans had a knife so big it could cut whales. It wasn't that hard to enlarge the hole. The stone is sandstone and the wall was not very strong, it crumbled quite easily." Neruda replied casually.

Evans came back to the group and sat down on a large rock across from Neruda. He had his communicator out, checking its small display and fiddling with one button. His face was expressionless.

Andrews looked confused. "Am I the only idiot here who doesn't understand what the hell is going on?"

"None of us get it," Samantha said as if she was in a room with sleeping wolves. "We can only be sure of one thing. The creators of this artifact brought us to this place, and if they didn't want us to be here, we wouldn't be here."

"Maybe you're right," Evans swallowed hard, "but we haven't discovered anything yet. We have an empty chamber and glyph on the tunnel wall. This seems like a waste if it is to be the full extent of his home base."

"Okay, okay, I'm just dumber than you," Andrews said with a frown. "But can someone tell me what our working hypothesis is? I mean, shit, if we even have a... working one hypothesis. Good?"

Evans remained silent.

Neruda looked around at the faces of his team. He knew they were looking for a leader now. And he knew they expected him to be. "The artifact led us to this location for a specific reason that we have not yet discovered. But it has to do with what lies beneath this canyon wall, and the sooner we start looking, the sooner we'll find out why we're here."

"But the place is full of set traps," Andrews breathed. "How can we assume that something on-
do we go when we are caught in the chambers?"

Neruda looked down at his watch, ignoring Andrews' question. "We have exactly seven o'clock and
thirteen minutes to rendezvous with the helicopters."

Neruda struggled to his feet and bent slightly as the blood in his body shifted like a
walking in the rain. Emily immediately rushed to his aid as he stood up.

"You didn't get much sleep last night, did you?" she asked.

"You know, the cold stone floor circumstance makes the night very long." He smiled tiredly. "But coffee gets my body going - it
was real, wasn't it?"

"I'm sorry, I only took decaffeinated coffee."

"Shit."

"We have aspirin in the first aid kit. Shall I get you some?" Emily asked.

"Thanks... take three." Neruda turned to Andrews who was packing his backpack. "The way we avoid capture is to take the
artifact with us. He will show us what to do."

"Oh great, boss," Andrews said without looking up, "I'm already dragging my hands on the ground from carrying the little one
monsters all morning. So if we're taking him with us, find another sling. I will sift."

Neruda could only laugh. The idea of Andrews carrying the artifact in a stone-strewn desert, swearing at everything along the
way, seemed very funny to him.

"Maybe he put something in your head too." Neruda commented on it. "I mean wear it all morning.
I bet the Gods programmed your head on purpose." He laughed again and grabbed the briefcase.

"I'll take it, Jamison," Evans offered. "You didn't sleep last night and that bruise on your side doesn't look too good either."

"Are you hurt?" Emily asked immediately. "I thought you said you weren't hurt when you fell."

"I'm fine," Neruda replied. "Evans is just kind."

"Let's go then," Evans said firmly.

They all put on their packs and walked silently towards the thin slit of darkness emerging from the canyon wall.
Serious faces accompanied their journey to the opening. They stopped just outside the entrance and gathered around Evans.

"Listen carefully." Evans placed his briefcase on the floor and tucked his sunglasses into his shirt pocket. "Stay close and follow
the footprints we left there. We stop every five minutes. Don't touch anything. If you see anything that looks suspicious, shout, otherwise
keep quiet. We don't know what we're getting into, so stick to the ground."

"And what do we hope to accomplish in six hours?" Andrews asked.

"Staying alive." Evans replied as he took off his pack and tossed it into the opening as if feeding a large hungry mouth.

Andrews laughed. Nervously.

* * * *

"Damn louse," McGavin sputtered, slamming the phone down. His words echoed through the wood and metal cabin for a second.
The Gulfstream V had a fresh atmosphere even at 35,000 feet and thousands of kilometers per hour.

"It didn't go well, huh," remarked Donavin McAlester, sitting at the table across from McGavin. He was McGavin's newly appointed
shadow agent for the ACIO. Donavin specialized in espionage techniques.

He trained as a field agent in Russia for many years. Most recently, his job was to direct the NSA's initiatives to monitor and engage the
Russian Mafia. In doing so, he worked with virtually every branch of government, including the CIA, INS, Department of Justice, and FBI.

"Maybe he'll kiss your ass if you tighten his budget, sir." Donavin said.

"You're not very shy, are you?" McGavin was still fuming from his last phone call. The veins on his right temple looked like the
Mississippi River on a satellite map. "You know that louse didn't call Shorter until three hours later! And it wasn't Jenkins who called, no, it
was a subordinate two levels below Jenkins. Some Henry or someone. Damn!"

McGavin stood up and pressed the intercom button. "What are our ETAs?"

"1935 hours local time sir, two hours and fifteen minutes to go," said a voice.

McGavin turned off the intercom and walked over to the bar for a Scotch and water. Mostly Scottish.

"What do you know about ACIO?"

"Just what I read in the message you sent me last week," Donavin confided. "I was in intelligence for twenty-nine years. However,
not a word about this organization reached my ears." Donavin settled in his chair and pulled out a pack of cigarettes. "Do you mind if I
smoke?"

"Not if you don't mind me having a drink."

They both laughed and the tension in the room faded like smoke in a strong wind.

Donavin had short-cropped light brown hair with a slight hint of red. He was tall, but his frame was about twenty pounds
overweight, mostly made up of his belly button. He had fashionable glasses that made him look scholarly despite his large, athletic frame.

"I have to deal with your level sir," Donavin said, "Aliens are not much of my field... nor the sophisticated technology they could spawn. My qualification is strategic enemy infiltration planning. And that's about it, but I thought..."

"So when you read that report," McGavin cut him off sharply, "you thought I was interested in your expertise in alien technologies or infiltration?"

"The latter, sir."

"Okay, I'm glad we cleared that up." McGavin sat back down with his drink and poked at the ice cubes with a plastic straw. He had heard good things about Donavin and didn't want this interview to look like a job recruitment. He was hired whether he liked it or not.

"What we want," McGavin asserted, "is to introduce you as our shadow agent in the Ancient Project Arrow."

"Sir?"

"I only found out the official name of the project at ACIO this morning. That's why it wasn't in your message. It is related to the fraudulent activities they are doing regarding this newly found artifact in New Mexico."

McGavin slid a folder from his briefcase across the polished cherry wood table. "Make a copy." He pointed to the copier/fax machine in the corner of the room. "Here you will learn everything ACIO wants us to know. I'm sure it's edited, but at least you'll know more than you do now."

He took a long drink while Donavin got up from the table and started making copies.

"Does this character - Fifteen," Donavin asked, his back turned to McGavin, "does he have any real power outside of the NSA?"

McGavin smiled at the naive question. "His power is completely outside the NSA."

Donavin turned his head with an expression of surprise. "How is that possible?"

"You really don't know anything about ACIO, do you?"

"I've had my head stuck in the Russian Mafia for over twenty years, sir."

"Fifteen was a rejected proficient student. In fact, he was kicked out of college for defaming his professors. He's totally biased against authority, but he's so damn smart that no one can control him."

"If he's so smart, why was he kicked out of the university?"

"As I say, he ran a smear campaign. He wrote an article for the school newspaper - I think it was at Princeton University - in which he exposed with clinical precision the weaknesses of the teaching staff. It was a highly regarded article by the students - not that everyone understood it - but it infuriated the teaching staff. They fired him two weeks later when things quieted down enough that his departure wouldn't attract too much attention."

Donavin continued to shove documents into the copier, puffing on a cigarette he held tightly between his lips. "So how did the troubled nerd become the executive director of ACIO?"

"I don't know," McGavin replied, revealing the limits of his knowledge. "No one really knows for sure, except for the retired director of the NSA, who's not the type to rant about such things. All I know is that Bell Labs hired him for his work in heuristics and computer modeling after he got kicked out of school. He was only eighteen at the time and only a few months away from receiving his doctorate in quantum physics and mathematics."

"At Bell Labs, he worked in one of the engineering research groups that developed secret black-box technology for the government. And the story continued.

While working there, he developed a guidance system for satellite reconnaissance systems to intercept precise, targeted locations. The end customer was the NSA. That's how we found out about him. That was in the late 1950s."

"You're bullshitting."

"No, I'm not kidding." McGavin downed an entire glass of scotch. Ice cubes rattled in his empty glass as he returned it to the table. "Look, the guy is incredibly smart, but he's also a royal brat.

He somehow sneaked in to control ACIO and create technologies that he then sells to private industry and world governments...behind our backs."

"But how can he get away with it? That doesn't make sense to me. We have the best spy network in the world."

"It's proven that it's happening," McGavin said. "There are parts of the world government - and I'm not talking about the United Nations - that are more secretive than any state government, including North Korea. And our spy network was designed to overlook those components."

"So you're not talking about the Mafia?"

"No, no, no." McGavin shook his head for a few seconds before standing up to refill his glass. "The Mafia is organized and secretive, but it's run by relative morons." He poured himself a straight scotch without ice and without water. His taste buds were suitably numb.

"No, I'm talking about the elite plutocrats who run the world's financial markets. Those are the ones Fife-en works with and those are the ones with the power. It's not the politicians, the Mafia, or the damn army. The plutocrats are the core figures of this network..."

"And what are they called... this group of elitists?" Donavin asked.

"They have no official name. Some call them the Illuminati or the Bilderberg group, but these are just pseudonyms. We call them Incunabula. We don't really know how they are organized or what theirs is like

typical style and way of working - but we believe they get a substantial amount of their technology from ACIO...especially their encryption and security technology. Fifteen is associated with them. I'm sure of that."

"And you want me to infiltrate ACIO and uncover this connection with Incu... Inculnab... or what?"

"Inculnabula," McGavin corrected him.

Donavin finished copying the folder and returned to his chair to light another cigarette. He pushed the original folder back to McGavin with a thank you and a brief smile.

"It's a bloody shame," gasped McGavin.

"What, sir?"

"It's a damn shame you can't get through to them. But trust me, your experience with the Russian Mafia is not a qualification for this job. ACIO is impregnable. We've tried it many times before and failed, so I've done away with that strategy."

"What I want is for you to get their top security guard - a guy named James Evans. We need a defector to confirm our suspicions. Armed with this information, this guy could support us and I could bring down Fifteen and his little estate."

"What's wrong with him, this Evans?" Donavin asked, his voice suddenly cold and calculating.

"First, he's a retired Marine."

"So that's it. That's why you called me."

"That's only part of the reason, dear boy. He's also half Irish." McGavin blinked and used his Irish accent like a child putting on his father's shoes for the first time.

"Any indication that he might be cooperating or being motivated to defect?"

"Six months ago," McGavin replied, "we recorded a conversation between Evans and his underling, Jenkins—what an ass." He paused to take his second drink. "Anyway, Evans said some things that lead us to believe he might be persuaded to defect if he was given protection..."

"What protection, sir?"

"We don't know all the details, but the higher you go in the ACIO, the more importance they place on your devotions. They use implants to ensure submission. We are not sure what type. But the real obstacle to defecting is their Far Vision technology. No one will run because they have convinced their employees that they will be found through their Foresight technology."

"Now I'm lost. Farsighted technology, what the hell is that?"

"I'll make it simple," McGavin returned to the bar, his voice becoming a little more slurred. "They have trained senses that can look into a crystal ball and see you - much like the evil wizard in The Wizard of Oz."

"And do they have flying monkeys too?" Donavin said with a laugh. "The more you tell me about this group, the more I believe I have entered the Monster Zone."

"Are you still sure you're ready to join me?" McGavin held his glass up for Donavin to see and shook it enticingly in the air. "It tastes so much better here." He laughed and hoped Donavin would join.

"Sure, damn it, if you don't mind, sir."

"I don't mind at all. I welcome company."

McGavin was busy making drinks. He looked older than his forty-seven years. He was almost completely bald and the hair he had left was also on the way out. He had a beard that seemed to be his only hope for hair, like the last leaf on the November Oak. Years behind an office desk had given his frame rounded shapes that seemed damn good for shuffleboard and bowling.

"I could tell you stories about Farsighted technology that would scare the crap out of you," McGavin said.

"But I won't say. The reason is that we have figured out how to block it. Right now it's up and running this summer. We can install this technology in any large room - even in a large hall."

"We believe that Evans could be swayed if you convinced him that he would be taken care of financially, protected by our anti-Various technology, and given an entirely new identity in a country of his choosing."

He handed the drink to Donavin. They clinked glasses with an unspoken toast. "Trust me, you'll love this task de like." McGavin laughed and his eyes wandered to the monitor where a message appeared.

"Wait a minute..." he noted and walked over to the monitor with a drink in hand. He clicked the mouse and opened the email. "Damn it!"

"You can wait for me outside for a few minutes, I need to make a phone call."

Donavin stood up and instinctively ducked to avoid hitting something in the cabin, even though he still had two feet of space above his head.

"Did you forget something?" McGavin looked down at Donavin's scotch and the Ancient Arrow folder on the table.

"Yes, thank you for the reminder, sir," he picked up his glass with his claw-like fingers. "You're right, I'll like the job."

"Great, I'm glad we agree. We'll talk more in a few minutes."

Donavin closed the door behind him. He swirled the scotch in the bottom of his glass and laughed. Then he tilted his head back and threw it into him so that not a drop remained.

.. ..

As they progressed through the cave one by one, the smell of a mixture of wet chalk and copper wafted through its interior. Evans walked cautiously toward the tunnel. The aluminum case looked like luggage and Evans looked like a tourist looking for an airport.

"Do you want to take out the artifact now?" Samantha asked Neruda quietly. Evans was already on his way to tu-
bad

"I think we could," he replied to Samantha. He then turned to look at Evans' back.
"Hey, maybe we could unwrap the artifact here in the cave and see what happens. Maybe the tunnel in here is not the right course of action."

Evans stopped in his tracks and turned to face them. "Are there other roads leading from here?"
"I don't know," said Neruda, "maybe. Just thought we could check it out. Who knows what that thing might do once it's inside the site."

Evans went back with childish distaste.
Neruda flipped back the latches and opened the lid. All the beams of the lanterns converged on the metal surface of the artifact. Although he was at home in the cave, he looked completely alien here. He was like a luminous creature discovered in the dark depths of the ocean. The artifact was silent, as was the cave.

Samantha lowered her flashlight and focused it on the object as her eyes. She briefly touched the artifact. With a soft whisper, something inside the object activated and began to vibrate. His features blurred. The artifact was no longer cylindrical in shape. It was changing into a spherical, transparent object, and its mass seemed to disappear into a hazy light. It rose from the briefcase like a ghostly apparition. Intense heat began to fill the chamber.
Then, a pale green light suddenly shot out from the object, hovering about two meters above the aluminum case that was its makeshift home.

Everyone froze, watching the live performance about as a caveman might watch the first flames of a domesticated fire.

Neruda was the first to find words. "That's unbelievable... it can only mean one thing... it activates something."
"Or it's saying something," Samantha offered.
Andrews took a few steps back. "Is it safe? That's all I'd like to know. Because it scares the hell out of me."

"Calm down," Neruda said, "and observe."
The heat grew stronger, as did the light. The cave was completely enveloped by the object's presence - sound, light and even smell. There was some kind of molecular transformation going on in the cave that was caused by the artifact. It charged the air with an intense electromagnetic energy field that continued to grow. Its intensity grew to the point where Evans could no longer resist the need to retreat to a safe distance.

Then the object exploded into a kaleidoscope of swirling colors that washed the walls of the cave and everything within it.
"It's going to explode!" Emily shouted. "Can't you feel the tension building?"
As she turned to him, Neruda saw fear in her eyes.
"What's your hypothesis now?" Andrews asked.
"Maybe we should get out," shouted Evans. "It could be another trap."
"No. It's okay." Neruda yelled back. "Everybody relax. Just follow the directional signals.
It's trying to tell us where to go...I'm sure of it."
"Shit, it's probably telling us to go to hell and leave it alone," Andrews opined.
The energy field continued to grow, emitting static electricity that eventually caused everyone's hair to stand on end as if gravity had disappeared. A thin layer of dust from the cave floor was thrown into the air, swirling in patterns of light. It was felt that everything in the cave was united by light and sound.

Samantha stepped in front of the object with her arms outstretched as if she were blind and groping for obstacles on your way. Neruda held her sleeve. "What are you doing?"

She stared blankly at the object.
"What are you doing?" Neruda asked again. Samantha replied with a blank look and kept trying
zoom in on the object.

Neruda hesitated for a moment, not sure if he should let her go. She was clearly hypnotized or controlled by the object.

"Samantha!" Neruda yelled, his hands lightly holding her arms, blocking her path to the object, "say,
what are you going to do."

Samantha turned her head to look at him. She was aware of his presence and that he was holding her.
"I have to turn it off."

Her answer was so vague to Neruda that he did not understand it.
"What?"

She started wrestling with him. Neruda yelled for Evans to help him, but Samantha fell to the floor unconscious before Evans could react.

"Did anyone hear what she said?" Neruda shouted over the sound of the object.
They all shook their heads - no.

"Let's get out of here," Neruda said. He knelt down and began to slide his hands under her body to lift her up. Suddenly, the vortex subsided and the darkness and silence returned with an almost welcome mystery.

Neruda jumped to his feet and turned to look at the object. His eyes couldn't adjust fast enough to see if the object was still there. He stared with all his might. Total darkness mingled with the echo of light shining in his mind. He couldn't make out any distinct shapes, not even his colleagues.

"Does anyone see anything?" Evans asked with concern in his voice.

"I can't even see my own hands now," Emily lamented. "What happened to our lanterns?" The sound of lanterns turning on and off filled the cave as everyone tried to re-activate their lanterns. Nothing worked. As Neruda's eyes adjusted to the dim light, he gradually began to see an opening in the cave.

Neruda closed his eyes, hoping to force any remaining light warps out of his mind.

"That damn electromagnetic field must have neutralized our batteries." Andrews said.

"How's Samantha?" Evans asked.

Neruda dropped to his knees, hoping to orient himself with his hands to find her pulse. He groped her body until he found her head. He placed his index finger on her neck and let out a sigh of relief as he felt her pulse. Fluctuating but distinct.

"She just passed out," Neruda said. "Let's take her to the opening, there's more light. She could have been injured in the fall."

Evans quickly found Neruda and together they carried Samantha to a nearby gap in the canyon wall and laid them down her to the ground exactly under the burst of light.

"Anyone see the artifact?" He called Neruda.

"It's still floating there," Emily said. "I see him, but quite indistinctly. It would help if we could get our flashlights working again."

Andrews moved closer to the object. His head was cocked in a strange servile position, as if the forty-five degree angle gave him a better perspective. "He's barely visible...the thing turned into...hell, I don't know. She's just different. It's maybe half a meter in diameter and almost round... like a big basketball. It is transparent. So twenty lumens. I don't know what happened to my beloved little monster, but it transformed into something completely different. Maybe he went through the equivalent of puberty."

"Don't touch him," Evans commanded. "We don't know what the thing might do if we got to it again—
they were."

Neruda opened the first aid kit that was in Evans' backpack and took out some ammonium carbonate. As he waved it in front of Samantha's nostrils, she coughed and spluttered like an old farm machine in early spring.

"What happened?" she asked.

"Be calm," replied Neruda. "We'll get to that in a minute or two. Just breathe and relax as much as you can. Everyone is fine. Including you." He gave her a big smile, even though he knew she couldn't see him.

Samantha stared and blinked, clutching her forehead with her right hand. "God, I have such a headache."

Neruda opened a bottle of aspirin and handed her two. Also a water bottle. "Other than that, how do you feel?"

"Okay," she said quietly.

She took both aspirins and swallowed them hard. "Is it hot in here or is it just my condition?"

"It's hot in here," Neruda said. "We all feel it." Emily, Collin and Andrews all came to them in front of the opening.

They were like moths clustering near the light.

"So what happened?" Samantha asked, leaning against the cave wall just below the opening.

"Do you remember anything after you touched the artifact?" Neruda asked.

"Did I touch the artifact?" Samantha asked, slowly enunciating each word in a detached tone.

"You don't remember anything?"

"I don't think so."

She closed her eyes and went through her thoughts. Samantha was still dazed by the event. She knew that something had happened to them, but everything was a blur in her mind. She thought this was what amnesia looked like.

A beam of green light suddenly shot out of the artifact as if searching the cave. The beam was no more than an inch in diameter, and its light was soft and diffused. It was unlike a laser, but just as accurate. It searched the walls of the cave in a deliberate circular motion as if searching for something.

"Stay still," Evans ordered. "See that search pattern?"

"Yes, I can see that too." Neruda answered as if he and Evans were the only people present in the room.

ru. "Let's stick to the ground. I'm not sure we want that light to touch us."

"I agree," Evans said.

A beam of green light worked its way along the walls of the cave, igniting the dust particles that hung in the air as if they were insolent obstacles to his purpose.

"I'm beginning to think that the only way to avoid contact with this light beam is from here leave," Evans said.

Samantha staggered to her feet. "I think it wants to find us."

"Why?" Neruda asked.

Evans stood next to Samantha as a guard. "Relax. We don't know what it wants. Let's just avoid the beam for now."

The beam continued undisturbed to scan space with alien precision. Suddenly, a second beam was added, as if the artifact's patience had run out. Together, the two rays cut through the dark interior of the cave in a pattern similar to the lines of a globe.

"It's getting complicated for us," Andrews said.

"If we want to leave..." Emily began.

"Now! Let's get out now!" Evans was already gathering everyone at the opening in the wall, his hands moving like a windmill.

"Damn, the search speed is increasing. There is no avoiding that thing," Collin argued. "Stay-let's stay still."

Neruda looked back at the artifact. Persistence bathed his aura in a ghostly green light. "I agree with Collin. Let's see what it wants to show us. Evans, maybe you, Emily and Andrews should leave in case this is a trap. The rest of us will stay here."

While they discussed their options, no one noticed Samantha walking straight to the facility - sources of green light rays. The beams found her on her third step forward. Then they immediately stopped.

"They found Samantha," Andrews said. "What now?"

They all turned to look and gasped when they saw Samantha in a trance. Samantha was frozen as the two beams of light searched up and down her body.

"How do they do it?" Andrews wondered.

"What?"

"How come the rays pass through it?" Andrews repeated, his voice sounding utterly confused.

Neruda was also shocked. The light passed through Samantha as if she were transparent. There were rays less distinct after passing through her body, but clearly visible nonetheless.

"Can everyone see this?" Neruda asked, examining his own eyes.

His question was answered with silent nods, as if the others didn't want to draw attention to themselves that thing.

"What are we going to do with Samantha?" Evans whispered.

"We'll wait." Neruda whispered in response.

The beams of light converged on Samantha's forehead. It was felt that the whole process is very gentle.

As suddenly and as silently as they arose, they disappeared as suddenly, and the artifact fell to the floor of the cave with a metallic thud. Samantha stood for a few more seconds and then turned to the group behind her. "We won't have any more problems. They disabled all security systems."

Neruda ran to Samantha. "You say you communicated with them?"

"I guess you could call it that," Samantha replied. "They wanted to assure me that we are not perceived as intruders. Whatever they are protecting is for us to find."

"So they see you as our leader?" Evans asked, almost shouting.

"No, I don't think so," Samantha replied calmly. "They just chose me because of their technology she is attuned to my mind. It could have been Neruda. Any of us can interact with the artifact."

"So what the hell has the artifact been doing for the past few minutes?" Andrews demanded.

"He probed our intentions, orientated himself and disabled the security device that was built into that structure when they built it."

"When you say - them, who exactly do you mean?" Neruda asked.

"The creator of this place," she slowly spun around with her arms outstretched and her head bowed. Off-she gave unusually relaxed and carefree.

"But this is a cave..."

"No, it's amazing what this culture left behind," Samantha said with sudden emphasis.

"What culture? Do you know her name?" Emily asked.

Samantha fell silent. Her face was expressionless as there was only dim light in the cave. "Wing Makers," she replied so quietly that no one heard her. "For some reason they feel like our old friends. Like... like we might know them as well as they know us."

"What makes you think they know us?" Neruda asked.

"It's just a feeling, but it's very powerful."

"So we can enter the tunnel without fear of death traps?" Evans asked, changing the subject.

"Yes."

"Are you absolutely sure of our safety?" he tried once more.

"Absolutely," came Samantha's affirming reply.

"Let's go then," Evans said.

The beams of the lanterns flickered across the floor of the cave until they found the black darkness of the tunnel at its far end. It reminded Neruda of when he was a small boy and used his father's flashlight to shine into the darkness of the Bolivian sky. It somehow disturbed him that the path of light could not overcome the darkness.

Chapter 7 - MÿS

Beneath the surface of your particle existence are energies that connect you to all structures of existence. You are a vast collection of these energies, but they cannot flow through your human instrument as directed energy unless the particles of your existence are aligned and flow in the direction of unity and wholeness.

*Excerpt from Sorting Particles, decoded from Chamber Ten
Creators of Wings*

"You can go back in," McGavin called from behind the cabin door.

The custom Gulfstream V was built exclusively for top NSA directors. Its design was absolutely flawless and provided every comfort known to man. Even the trim was crafted from a single cherry tree to ensure unwavering uniformity of grain, color and pattern throughout the cabin interior.

Except for the view from the small oval windows, you wouldn't even realize you were on a plane. She could be the high-tech office of any CEO, provided he likes drinks.

Donavin sat down in the same chair he had been sitting in about twenty minutes ago. McGavin looks seriously, he thought. Whatever he was talking about on the phone, it certainly wasn't what he imagined.

"I was just about to refresh myself with a drink. Can you have another?"

"That will be great, sir."

Donavin lit another cigarette. "Can I ask you something?"

"Whatever you wish," McGavin shot back.

"You want Evans to believe that ACIO's Foresight technology can't harm him, right?"

"Yes."

"How do I prove to him that the NSA Special Projects Laboratory has the technology to protect him from Remote Viewing?"

McGavin stopped cutting the ice for a moment, put down the ice pick, and ran his hands over his nearly bald head. There was a mirror above the bar, and he looked through it at Donavin, like a taxi driver talking back to his passenger. "There is only one way. You have to show him the technology in our offices."

"And how do I do that?"

"You invite him. Hell, you're both ex-military marines, he'll trust you."

"What happened to him?"

"What do you mean?"

"That he's an ex-marine?"

"Oh well," said McGavin, "he was honorably discharged."

"Yes, me too," replied Donavin. "But it wasn't quite as honorable as I remember it."

"That's exactly why you two will get along." McGavin laughed as he went back to chopping ice.

Donavin took a long drag on his cigarette. He felt very relaxed, even a little tired. Maybe that the Scotch had a better effect on him than he thought. Altitude has its advantages, he reminded himself.

"What doesn't make sense to me is why anyone at ACIO - any of its staff - should trust me with anything? I'm a total fucking zero to them. Outsider."

"I don't care if anyone in ACIO trusts you besides Evans. He's the only one that matters. AND besides, another part of your mission doesn't depend on trust."

"Trust me," McGavin said, placing two drinks carefully on the table, "they don't trust anyone from the NSA."

"So how do I get through to them without their trust?"

"You don't need to earn their trust. You have to be clever." McGavin sat down with an evasive smile-
vem and moved one of the drinks across the table to Donavin.

"We already sent two agents to ACIO with a similar mission. Both came back empty handed. we think that their memories were washed. If they discovered something, they never got a chance to share it with us."

"I'd like to look at their files if I can," Donavin said. "Maybe I can learn from their mistakes."

"I doubt it, but I'll let Francis prepare them for you. Speaking of which, you start on Monday. Oh-my weekly report. Are we clear about the communication regulations?"

"Yes."

"Get Evans to our offices in Virginia. Watch the Ancient Arrow as a Perch project. And find out all about the technologies they hide from us. Then you can retire with very good security.

Do you understand?"

"I understand."

"One more thing, sir. What did you mean by that cunning?"

"What do you think I thought?"

"Fuck the regulations," Donavin replied. "Don't worry about standard procedures. To use whatever seems necessary to accomplish my mission. Something like that."

"I'll only give you one restriction on your activities," McGavin said. "You must not kill anyone in association with ACIO unless it's in self defense. Do you understand?"

"I understand, sir. But if Fifteen is such a problem for the SPL, why not just remove it? There are hundreds of ways he could have an accident."

McGavin took a final bow and set the glass heavily on the table. He looked at Donavin with sudden apprehension. "The two previous agents thought the same thing. We would also have to remove about his top twenty subordinates. It's very difficult to make it look like a mass suicide." He laughed as if the image was slumbering in his unconscious. "Besides, the last enemy you should do is the Incunabula."

"Jeez," Donavin exclaimed, "I'm already picturing that group pressing their rows of calculator buttons in Switzerland..."

"Then your vision is screwed," McGavin said with certainty. "Incunabula is the equivalent of power because they have the gold and therefore set the rules." His tone lightened. "They also have platinum, diamonds, emeralds, sapphires. It is no coincidence that Fifteen has associated ACIO with them. They're... they're like his big brother."

"And how did Fifteen endear himself to this group of financiers?" Donavin asked.

"First of all, these are not financiers, this is just their hobby. They are elitists who love to control world events. Everything from weather to stock markets. And, of course, their specialty is manipulating world governments, shifting the borders and bases of power within them."

"They've been around a long time, much longer than the NSA, the CIA or any government. They come from the days of kings and kingdoms where bloodlines still meant something. They still operate in this world - only with high-tech toys instead of moats and guillotines."

McGavin shifted in his chair, looking for a more comfortable position. He hated airplanes, their cramped spaces and uncomfortable chairs.

"To answer your question," he continued, his voice stuttering at times, "Fifteen has created a number of technologies - we don't know how many - that the Incunabula uses as its high-tech toys. We know for a fact that the ACIO supplied them with some weather control technology that we call the Pabulum Seed. We don't have proof that they gave them anything else, but once you have an intimate relationship with the Incunabula... well, let's just say it's hard to say no to them."

"Does the NSA also have a relationship with this group?"

"With the Incunabula?" McGavin asked with surprise in his voice.

Donavin nodded.

"None that I'm aware of," McGavin said, "but I wouldn't be surprised if we had."

"Is there a folder I can read about them?"

"No."

McGavin leaned back in his chair, an almost empty glass in his hand. "I think we're done. Any more questions?"

Donavin shook his head.

"Good. So take your drink and leave me alone so I can do something else." McGavin looked into his empty glass and stirred the ice as Donavin stood up and left the room. The phone rang twice and then stopped. Thank God for voicemail. He was too tired to answer. Besides, today was not a good day for a telephone conversation.

* * * *

"Damnation. It's another cave," Evans said.

The research team was thirty meters beyond the section of tunnel that had trapped Neruda the night before. The tunnel suddenly opened into a large round cave. It was a little smaller than the first one. It was about 15 meters in diameter.

"Hey, there's something here." Evans said as the rest of the team scattered around the cave.

"It's ceramic," Emily noted, "and it's beautiful."

Flashlights illuminated a large container in the middle of the cave. Around her were various bones, feathers, and a few remnants of something that looked like animal hair or perhaps human hair.

"Damn, we should have brought torches instead of those damned flashlights," Andrews complained.

"I need something to keep me warm. It's getting cold here."

Ignoring him, Neruda took the flashlight from Evans' hand and shined it into the container, looking through its an edge that was almost at his chin.

"Is there something?" Evans asked as the container in the dark cave instantly became translucent.

"Nothing. It's empty except for something at the bottom that looks like melted wax."

"Do it again," Emily asked. "Put the light in."

Neruda followed her instruction, but this time stepped back from the container as far as his arm would allow him to see what caught her eye.

"It's Anasazi," Neruda said. "They were the only ones to incorporate turquoise blue into their pottery - apparently the Chacobs. Their homes are only about thirty kilometers from here."

The container had three sky blue spirals on it that surrounded its widest part. Each of them was created as a mosaic of hundreds of delicate turquoise pearls. The rest of the container was paper thin and the clay was a brown-orange color - terracotta. She looked extremely fragile. Neruda could not imagine how such a fragile vessel could be transported from Chaco Canyon to this location without breaking.

"So what is it?" Evans asked.

"That's not it," Samantha said. "That's not what they want us to find."

"Okay," Evans said. "But what is it?"

Neruda bent down to examine the spiral mosaic. "It's not an ordinary spiral. It's M51."

"How can you tell from just a pictograph?" Emily asked. "There are probably not around twenty billion spiral galaxies?"

"M51 is specific because it is associated with a galaxy - NGC5197 - right here." Neruda was showing his bell on a small spiral that was attached to one of the rotating arms of the larger spiral.

"The Whirlpool Galaxy," Andrews said in fascination. "This is amazing. M51 was not discovered until the 1700s. Did the Anasazis buy their telescopes from Popular Mechanics or did they simply make them from quartz crystals?"

Neruda shrugged. "You know, Andrews, you're really annoying sometimes."

"I can confirm that," Emily added.

"Me too," Collin said.

Pretending to be offended, Andrews pursed his lower lip and lowered his head. "I'm just pointing out that you can't reconcile Anasazi pottery - apparently made thousands of years ago - and M51, which requires perfect conditions and at least a 15cm lens to view."

"I'm not at all interested in the origin of that spiral," Evans spoke up, "I just want to know what that thing is. We obviously went through a lot of trouble before we found her, so I'm interested in the definition..."

"Let's look around a bit before we decorate it with definitions," suggested Neruda.

"What does your instinct say?" Evans asked, frustration evident in his voice. "What's the point of all this?"

"Maybe it's a sacrificial place," Neruda replied reluctantly. "The Chacobs were very superstitious about the weather, especially around the turn of the millennium. Snake deities were associated with rain and fertility, so perhaps this is a place where they performed animal sacrifices to honor them."

Evans was satisfied with his explanation.

"If this is a sacrificial place - why is there no symbol of the deity?" Emily asked. "The spiral, as you say, does not represent the serpent deity. Is that right?"

"Yes, I agree with that," replied Neruda, "but let's stop speculating, I don't know what the thing mean- on."

Neruda threw a saber of light from the ceiling to the cave floor. He continued in this pattern, turning slowly. The team followed the beam of light as if it were a predator. Neruda consciously considered that there might be other tunnels or passages in the cave.

"I don't see any other tunnels here. It looks like the end of the road." Neruda commented on it.

"It's not possible," Samantha whispered to herself, but everyone could hear her in the silence of the cave.

"I agree with Samantha," Collin said, "it doesn't make sense that all of this would be built out of earthlings just so the Anasazis could worship their snake deity. I don't buy this theory."

"Does anyone see any remains of habitation here?" Neruda asked.

"Go back there," Evans motioned with his arm to where the beam of light had left a moment ago.

"Yes, there. What is this?"

Neruda walked towards what appeared to be a large flat stone lying on the ground. "It's stone, but it looks like it's shaped. Ah..." Neruda sighed for a long time. "It has carved glyphs on top of it - and they look Mayan." His voice rose with excitement at finally being able to read something.

"What are they saying?" Emily asked, knowing full well that Neruda could read almost any language.

Neruda blew on the surface of the stone and cleaned it of debris with his fingers. Then he shook his head. "I'm not eat. It's a hybrid."

The whole team gathered around to see the inscription on the stone.

"Can you read it?" Evans asked.

Neruda ran his index finger over one of the glyphs and was quiet - deep in thought. He could feel energy digging into his forehead, as if something was trying to break into his consciousness, but it remained elusive.

"It looks like the word temple," Andrews explained, pointing to a series of strange markings.

"Yes, I know," said Neruda. "Its meaning is probably this... In this temple... remember the light."

"So why didn't they put electricity in here?" Andrews joked.

"Is that a hatch or something?" Collin asked.

"Can we move it?" Evans asked, dropping to his knees. He tried to get his fingers under plate to lift it, but it was too tightly attached to the floor.

"Time for the whale knife," Andrews said, turning to Evans.

"What?" Evans asked.

"The knife you used to get the boss out of the hole he fell into. Do you remember?"

"Unfortunately, he fell into that room," lamented Neruda. "But I have a small pocket knife. We'll see if it does we'll get through it with him. Everyone who has a knife, get to work. Emily, can you hold the flashlight?"

"Sure."

She took the flashlight from Neruda and knelt down. She slammed the end of the lamp several times on the stone in different places - started in the middle.

"Sounds like there might be a cavity underneath."

"I'm counting on it," Neruda said with obvious impatience.

After ten minutes of gouging, their knives carved out enough space for their fingers to grip the flat white stone slab.

"On three," Neruda said, "let's try to move her towards Emily."

They strained at the instruction, but to no avail. The stone was about three feet in diameter and about five inches thick. He was heavier than four men could move it.

"How much do you think it weighs?" Evans asked, turning to Neruda.

"Three hundred kilos... maybe more."

"I took something that could help us," Evans said. "I'll be right back."

Evans walked away from the encircled stone into the dark shadows.

"Where the hell is it going?" Andrews whispered to Neruda.

"He's doing some secrets with his backpack." He gave Neruda a half-serious wink.

In a moment, Evans returned with another flashlight. "I forgot I had a spare flashlight in my backpack. And also I had this there." He was holding a pair of sniper pods.

"They're small explosives, but they might be enough to break or split this thing."

"Why did you bring explosives with you on this mission?" Andrews asked. "Tell me again that you expected something ta-whose, like this?"

"I was a Boy Scout as a boy," laughed Evans. "What can I say to you?"

Evans used the same holes they dug for their fingers. On both sides of the circle, he attached pounding capsules, hoping to break the stone in half.

"We're done," Evans said. "Might be a good idea to go back to the tunnel in case there's any flying debris here."

"How long is your cable?" Neruda asked.

"Enough of him."

They walked back into the tunnel as Evans unwound the cable from a small spool. "That's as far as I'll go."

"Will it be okay?" Neruda asked.

"It's a small charge," Evans replied. "I'm sure it will be good. Ready?"

"We're ready if you are." Neruda replied.

Moments later there was an explosion that raised a cloud of dust. The sound made everyone's hearts beat a little faster. It was deafening, but only for a few seconds. A series of echoes faintly followed the route of the tunnel. Six - Neruda mentally counted.

Evans was the first to see the stone crack. "We should be able to handle half the weight, don't you think?"

"Only if you're real men." Emily's quick witty reply brought laughter to the whole room. piny, who - like the conquerors - looked down on their stone punishment.

"Shine your light right here," Neruda ordered, pointing to a crack in the middle of the stone.

"Underneath is darkness. There is something there."

"What do you think about that?" Evans asked.

"It may be an ancient storage pit," Neruda said, "but I hope there's more to it than just a bunch of corn or pine nuts."

"If that's the case, I'll personally go back and get the rest of the fucking artifact and throw it in there," he said Andrews. "So much trouble for a handful of nuts."

"Can you three help me?" Neruda asked.

"Okay," Evans agreed. "Ready?"

"Ready."

Evans delivered a powerful kick with his right leg. The crack widened. His shoe hit hard a second time-la and the stone split horizontally.

"Let's get it out of the way," Neruda said. "We'll raise it!"

When the lower part of the stone was removed, Emily tried the flashlight beam. He revealed the ink-black the emptiness "It's deeper than just a storage pit. It's more of a shaft," she said excitedly.

Neruda took one of the lamps, lay down on his stomach, and extended his arm as far as possible into the opening. A rush of cold, dry air hit his nostrils. "Yes, it's a shaft," Neruda said, "maybe three meters straight down and then it turns horizontal."

"There's no way it could be active, right?" Evans asked.

"I doubt that. The thing was sealed tightly."

"Yes, provided that is the only entrance," added Andrews.

"We assume nothing," replied Neruda. "I'll go down first and assess the situation. After from-I will assess the risks, come back and then together we can decide on our next course of action. Do you agree?"

The team members nodded.

"That's it," Samantha said. "That's the entrance. That's what I saw. It's like a birth canal. is it i-to be reborn into their world."

She paused, realizing that her comments sounded strange. "I don't know how I know, but I know."

Neruda was preparing to descend into the tunnel. He took off his backpack. The diameter of the tunnel was just right for him shoulders.

"Whoever those aliens were, they weren't overweight," Neruda said as he descended into the hole. "I'll see you up here in ten minutes."

"Be careful," Evans said. "Give us a voice check every minute so we know you're okay."

"I will."

Neruda held the torch in his mouth so that his hands would be free to support his body weight as he descended into the black tube. The air was absolutely musty, as if it hadn't moved here in centuries. It was dry with a hint of a chemical he had never smelled before.

"There is a very faint smell," Neruda said halfway down the shaft. "Does anyone else feel it?" With a flashlight in his mouth, his speech was reduced to amateur ventriloquism.

"Yes, I think I feel it. I was wondering what it was," Collin said.

"Any idea what the smell is coming from?"

"It's definitely a chemical compound," Collin replied.

"But you think she's toxic?"

"It smells a bit like an aromatic hydrocarbon, but it's not exactly that... it's nothing that I'm familiar with."

Evans was nervous. "Jamisson, if you feel even the slightest bit sick, get out of there immediately. Do-
re?"

"I understand," replied Neruda, "but I feel fine. Don't worry. It's just a weird smell."

"It's a preservative," Samantha said casually. "Just a preservative."

"For what?" Evans asked.

"Something molecular that decays over time," Andrews laughed, "or am I being too specific?"

Samantha ignored Andrews' remark and continued talking. "It preserves something they left behind.
We will soon find out."

Neruda slowly climbed down, using his feet to find the bend in the tunnel so he could once again use gravity to his advantage. The vertical walls were rough - suitable for holding hands. "Okay, now you can throw me the rope," Neruda said.

His feet finally stood on solid rock. He took the torch out of his mouth and was glad to be rid of the taste of metal.

The height of the tunnel ceiling was over one meter. Neruda sat down and leaned his back against the wall of the shaft. He stared into the tunnel ahead. The flashlight illuminated the ancient darkness, and Neruda was surprised to see no dust or dirt in the clear beam of light. "The place is absolutely clean...I mean spotless."

His hand touched the smooth, spotless surface. "This entire section of the tunnel has been polished to a perfect shine - not unlike polished marble. It's still the same red-brown color, but it's completely polished and smooth. It's breathtaking."

Evans threw the rope down the shaft and hit Neruda's shoulders. "You have it ready. Let me know if you need more of it."

"Do you see anything beyond that tunnel?" Collin asked.

"It looks like after about ten meters it opens into something - maybe another chamber - but I'm not sure. The light reflects so intensely from the walls of the tunnel that it is difficult to see far ahead. But I'm pretty sure it's opening there. Hold on."

"Neruda, it's Collin again. Are you able to tell if the tunnel is polished stone or covered in some type of polymer? Maybe that's what the smell is coming from."

Neruda put his nose directly against the wall of the tunnel and took a deep breath. "I think it's both. It's definitely lesh-shielded stone, but I also think it was sealed with something - maybe a polymer, I don't know for sure."

His knees groaned in pain as he began to crawl down the tunnel. The stone was as hard as granite and the knees were Neruda's Achilles heel. "Okay, I'm getting to the seam in the tunnel. It appears to be engraved. It surrounds the entire diameter of the tunnel. There are three seams in a row - about five centimeters apart. Very strange."

"Do you see any sign of an opening in the distance yet?" Evans shouted.

Neruda's eyes traveled along with the beam of light and saw a perfect circle of darkness at the end of the tunnel.
"I can't say for sure, but it looks like an opening. I'll know for sure in a moment."

He continued to crawl towards the black void at the end of the tunnel, his knees aching from the hard rock. "I see the opening now," cried Neruda. His breathing quickened and the heart in his chest began to beat louder. The lip of the tunnel protruded into a large, oval-shaped chamber. It was about two meters from the tunnel to the floor of the chamber. Neruda waved his flashlight across the room in awe, his legs dangling over the lip of the tunnel.

His heart was still pounding loudly. It was the only sound he heard. Surreal song sounding towards the view into a chamber that was the most intricately designed stone structure he had ever seen.

The chamber was about twenty meters across at its widest section and then tapered into an oval shape at both ends. At the end of the oval, a tunnel opened into the chamber. On the far side of the chamber, a nine-foot-high vault revealed another tunnel leading away into darkness. The entrance vault of the tunnel was supported by two columns, both intricately carved in a rich collection of glyphs. The chamber itself was also vaulted, rising to a height of about twenty feet at its highest point. The walls, floor, and ceiling were perfectly smooth, polished to a full cream-colored sheen.

"Jamisson, what's going on?" Evans' voice carried through the tunnel shaft, reminding him of another world and his responsibility.

"Okay," he said, choosing his words carefully, "I found something at the end of the tunnel that justifies the existence of the artefact."

"What?" Evans shouted.

Neruda turned towards his colleagues and realized that his voice had been lost in the chamber. "Come on down, you have to see it!"

Evans immediately sprung into action. "Okay, leave your backpacks here, but put everything in your pockets, what you think is useful. I'll go first. Others follow me. Let's go."

Excitedly, the team almost attacked the shaft, but in the vertical tunnel they had to proceed down slowly and patiently wait for interception points.

"All Saints!" Evans said as he saw the dark figure of Neruda coming through the tunnel still surveying the chamber. "That's amazing."

Neruda looked back and shone his flashlight to show where he was. "Wait until you see what I'm staring at," he said smugly.

Like a caterpillar sliding down a branch, the team crawled obediently to Neruda's perch. The tunnel was too narrow to give the rest of the team a good view. And so Neruda swayed like a gymnast preparing to jump off the high bar.

With the flashlight in his mouth, he mumbled, "I'll see you downstairs," pointing his head down to the floor of the chamber and then he jumped. He landed softly, but even so, a wave of pain shot through his entire body from his knees.

"Shit," Neruda said as he touched the floor.

"Are you okay?" Evans asked.

"Yes, my knees are sore after a nightfall."

"Oh, what is this place?" Evans blurted out.

The beam of his flashlight flickered across the whitewashed stone interior. "Damn, that place was carved. This is not a natural cave."

"Without a doubt," replied Neruda.

The rest of the team behind Evans also tried to get a view. "Go on then," Andrews said at the very end of the line of them. "Some of us would also like to see."

Evans, like Neruda, also lowered himself to the floor of the chamber.

"It's carved in hard rock," Neruda said as he turned on Evans after landing.

"That's unbelievable," Evans whispered back, his head spinning like a compass needle looking for direction.

"Why the white stone?"

"I don't know, maybe to brighten up the interior. It reflects more light."

"How did they do it?" Evans asked rhetorically.

Neruda ignored his question. "There's another tunnel, can you see it?"

"That room must have taken years to create..." Evans said still in awe, unable to respond to Nehru's question.

The rest of the team began to leave the mouth of the tunnel like drops of water from a faucet. The chamber filled with excited murmurs.

"Everyone remain still and completely silent for a few seconds," Neruda ordered. "Just listen."

"I can hear the blood moving in my body," Samantha whispered. "That's amazing."

"There's no outside noise and yet we're in a completely outdoor environment," Collin said. "Maybe it's something like an acoustic chamber."

"Have you seen any artifacts yet?" Emily asked.

"No, this chamber is empty," replied Neruda. "Notice that there is not a grain of clay or rubble here. The place is absolutely..."

"... antiseptic," Evans added.

"Antiseptic," repeated Neruda.

"So now we know he suffers from a notorious obsession with clutter," Andrews said with a gentle laughing. "Maybe they died from the cleaning fumes."

Neruda slowly made his way towards the arched entrance and the columns. He studied them with his flashlight. "The M51 spiral again," Neruda said, running his fingers over the carved glyph. "I think we know where she's coming from anyway."

"That's not a very accurate determination," Andrews noted. "M51 is home to about one billion solar systems."

Neruda ignored Andrews' comment and turned to the team members flanking his position. "This the corridor has a very steep incline. Be careful."

"Are these glyphs related to those on the artifact?" Evans asked, studying the pillars.

"Sure," Neruda replied, "but they're not the same glyphs. I haven't seen any here that are the same like the ones on the artifact."

As he passed under the vault, Neruda immediately felt that the ascent had begun. His knees alerted him to the increased pressure from walking uphill. At least he could stay upright. The ceiling in the corridor was three and a half meters high and was vaulted like in the chamber.

"I see another archway ahead," Neruda said.

"Tell me this," Andrews asked, "how could anyone carve this structure into the rock and not leave behind- Will there be any rubble or other traces of construction?"

"I don't know," replied Neruda. "Maybe we'll get lucky and figure it out."

"They are certainly excellent magicians," Andrews said. "The pile of rubble this thing must have created must have been huge. Where the hell are you going to hide something like that?"

The team lined up under the arched entrance and one by one they touched the marble-like pillars like they would be holy prayer grinders.

"It looks like a room jutting out from the hallway," he said loudly over Neruda's shoulder. He was about twenty feet ahead of Evans and the others, who stopped to examine the elegant glyphs on the columns of the arched entrance, which seemed almost alive with movement.

"What's inside?"

There was only silence.

"So what do you see?" Evans asked again.

Silence.

Evans quickened his pace and almost ran to where Neruda was. The rest of the team followed suit. They found Neruda in the middle of a small chamber that was only twelve feet in diameter. It was perfectly round with a high vaulted ceiling. The wall opposite the entrance bore an amazing mural, illuminated by a beam of light from Neruda's lamp. Its colors were so bright that the team had to squint as if the light was radiating from the painting and not just reflecting it.

Underneath the painting, on a raised platform that was carved from the same stone as the wall, was an object that was similar in shape to a soccer ball, but almost twice as large. It was completely black except for three silver lines that encircled it in the middle. It was without seams, buttons and any holes.

Neruda was busy examining the mural. He was mesmerized by her brilliant colors and abstract shapes. "That's definitely not Anasazi," he forced himself to say, his voice cracking a little. "They didn't put it here on purpose. These are not rooms in which anyone would live. It looks more like a diorama in a natural history museum."

"So some extraterrestrial civilization came to earth thousands of years ago and left a museum here for the enjoyment of the Anasazi Indians." Emily wondered aloud. "The Anasazis of Chacab are said to have mysteriously disappeared around 1150 AD, so they closed the museum, but left behind a homing device that was somehow recovered nearly 850 years later."

"Trust us," Andrews added with perfect timing. "Sure, what can you say against that hypothesis-melt?"

"I'm not saying I believe that theory," Emily defended. "I'm just thinking out loud."

"Let's keep exploring," Evans suggested, "we only have three hours and ten minutes until our meeting."

"How much time do you think we should allow for the trip back to the rendezvous point?" Neruda asked.

"Let's keep forty minutes, maybe we won't need that much time, but I want to have a few extra minutes just in case something unexpected happens."

"Okay, so we still have two and a half hours," Neruda said. "So let's see where this corridor leads."

"It's a helix," Samantha said matter-of-factly. "Like a spiral staircase. And there will be more of these little ones chamber. I saw it all... I just didn't know the right scale."

"If you're so informed about what's going on," Andrews urged her, "then release our tension and tell us what the hell it is."

"Look," Samantha said with sudden strength, "I saw the images that artifact put in my head. If... if you are unable to accept it, fine, but at least behave yourself."

"It's okay, Samantha," Neruda said. "Just ignore him, he's actually decent by his standards. Trust me. I saw him when he was in the caliber and it wasn't nice."

"She's been right about everything so far," Emily said. "Then just trust her, okay?" she turned to Andrews and smiled.

"Okay," Andrews joked.

"Did you look at the artifact?" Emily asked.

"We didn't touch him," Neruda replied. "I don't think we should touch anything. Ours the mission is discovery, not exploration."

"Let's see what else is here," Evans suggested.

"What is this painting?" Collin asked. "Why would they worry so much about the Anasazis? Or because of us? That doesn't make sense."

Neruda walked out of the chamber, letting Collin's words hang in the air like dust particles. Conjecture annoyed him if it was based on just a few facts. For now, his only motive was discovery.

"Did anyone bring a camera?" Neruda asked as they walked up the hall.

"Of course," Emily said. She took out a small silver box about the size of a cell phone with several round recessed buttons on one side and a small lens on the other.

"Do you want me to film?"

"Yes," said Neruda, "but let's wait until we discover everything this museum has to offer first. Collin, you do-you're writing a summary, so start thinking about what you're going to say."

"Is this going to be a video for Fifteen?" Collin asked.

"For who else?" Neruda replied.
"Shit."

"Don't worry," Neruda said, "Fifteen likes your style. It is insightfully scientific and colorfully diverse."
Everyone laughed, including Collin.

"That was a good imitation," laughed Evans, turning to Neruda. "Don't worry, I won't say anything."

Neruda laughed, pleased with how polite Evans had been throughout the expedition. Actually, he likes his she liked the company - which was something he wouldn't have expected.

"There's another arched entrance," Neruda pointed his light at the entrance. He was only about ten meters down the hall from the first, but this time the chamber was on the inside of the hall. The corridor was really like a spiral staircase winding clockwise in an even rise.

Neruda came to the entrance and this time he waited for everyone to arrive. The team was breathing a little more than before - by that, but he looked eager to look into the other chamber as a single collective body.

"Ready?" Neruda asked.

"Let the light show begin," Andrews said.

Neruda and Evans beamed their lights into the chamber. When their rays intersected on the opposite wall of the chamber, a mysterious resemblance awaited them. On the wall was another mural of similar style, size and brilliance. Below her, another artifact glinted in the light. It was black and silver with flat plates joined in a hexagonal pattern. Each tile was about the size of a playing card, but twice as thick.

The surface of the hexagon was black and the interior bright silver. Again, there were no buttons, seams, or sign of an activation switch.

The mural appeared to be stylistically similar to the one in the first chamber, but featured different glyphs and objects. It was about four feet wide and about six feet tall. The chamber itself was identical in size and shape. Every detail was a perfect replica. Only the painting and the artifact were different.

"I'm open to whatever ideas anyone has," Neruda said.

"It doesn't make sense," Evans began. "Why would they leave the artifacts here like this?"

"And why not?" Samantha asked.

"There are certain references in this painting that at least seem understandable," Collin said. "Down here, this looks a bit like a rock formation from around here."

"We should at least have a little bit of an inkling that it's some type of weapon," Evans said.

"We will," replied Neruda. "Any other thoughts before we go on?"

Andrews walked closer to the painting to examine it. "That configuration of stars might make some sense - provided it is not arbitrary. The infinity symbol is also used here. The latter was not invented until sometime in the seventeenth century. And as far as I know, it wasn't invented by aliens from M51."

"Okay, if there are no further comments," Neruda said, "let's move on."

The corridor continued up. Every 30 feet a new chamber came out of it through an arched entrance.

The chambers alternated from the outside and the inside of the corridor.

Each chamber was exactly the same as all the others, but each had a unique mural painting and artifact.

Over the next hour, the team found twenty-two chambers and began to realize the extent of the discovery.

"We found it," Neruda shouted back.

"And what?" Evans asked, walking up from the twenty-second chamber.

"The Last Chamber."

Evans poked his head in. "I left my flashlight with Collin and the others. They seem mesmerized by the mural in room twenty. I'm not an artist, but these are amazing paintings... they're not typical cave paintings, are they?"

"Not unless you consider Picasso a caveman."

"This chamber is different," Evans said finally. "It's like they ran out of time in their construction and left it here in its natural state."

While chamber twenty-three was identical in shape and size, its walls, floor, and ceiling were rough and unfinished. The mural was the only surface in the chamber that was smoothed and polished like the other chambers. The floor was littered with debris - mostly stone chips and what looked like fibers.

"Very strange," Neruda said, shaking his head slowly and rubbing his chin with his hand. "Did you notice the artifact?"

Evans watched Neruda's beam of light illuminate a disc that was about three inches in diameter. "It's an optical disc. Hopefully they'll explain what the hell this whole thing is."

"It's a time capsule," Neruda said. "It's a collection of forty-six artifacts - half art, half technology. It's as if some alien civilization planted these artifacts like someone buried a time capsule for later retrieval."

"For what purpose?" Evans asked.

"An alien time capsule is the most logical theory I can conjure up right now," Neruda said methodically. "As for its purpose, I cannot explain it. Hopefully this disc will tell us their story."

Neruda picked up the disc and examined it closely. It was similar to a CD, only smaller, with both sides gold glitter and in the middle was a hole the size of a pencil.

"That could be a gold alloy... I'm not sure if it's an optical disc. It could be a currency, or some type of conductor."

Evans moved closer to examine it as well. He took it from Neruda's hand. "You're right, it could be gold. It's hard." He swung it in the air and assessed the weight. "But it sure looks like an optical disc."

"What are we going to do with the artifacts?" Neruda asked.

"We're not equipped to take them with us," Evans replied. "I took with me a safe-ten-level support fence, so we can keep those things behind the veil for an indefinite period of time."

"Why not take this with you?" Neruda asked, holding the disc. "I feel like it's the key to this whole mystery. The sooner we unlock it, the better."

"It's outside the scope of our mission," Evans began, "but I agree with you. I don't think Fifteen will make trouble if the two of us agree to it."

"Have you seen Samantha?" Emily asked as she entered the chamber and looked around.

"No, we assumed he was with you," Evans replied alarmed.

"She was," Collin said, "but then she left - we thought she went looking for you."

"Without a flashlight?" Neruda asked.

"My God," Andrews cried as he entered the twenty-third chamber.

"There must have been teenagers in this room, I bet."

"Yeah, they left a mess," Collin added.

Neruda pointed his flashlight at the mural. "If they were in such a hurry, why did they spend so much time with by polishing the wall with the painting on it? I think they left the rest unfinished on purpose."

"And what should that intention be?" Collin asked.

"I don't know," Neruda said. "But maybe we can find some answers on this one." He pointed to the golden disc.

"Oh, we understand each other now," Andrews said. "He speaks my language. I will look into it."

Andrews took the disc and placed it placato in the palm of his left hand. "Shine the light here at this angle," his right hand was raised at a strange angle to indicate how he wished the light to be placed. Neruda complied.

"It has index marks," Andrews said triumphantly, "but they're damn fine."

He carefully turned it over. "You've probably guessed by now that it contains gold."

"Yes, it looks like some kind of alloy, or it's coated," Neruda shrugged, "but who's to know without lab results."

"We'll take it with us, shall we?" Andrews asked, shaking his head.

"Yes," Evans said, "but we'll leave the rest here until we assemble a retrieval team."

"Great," Andrews whispered, continuing to look down at the disk. "It has index tracks on both sides of the entire disc. There's probably a hell of a lot of data loading needed on that thing." He began moving his finger across the disk as if counting something. Then he turned the disc again and gently moved his finger over the surface of the disc.

"There are twenty-four sections - twelve on each side."

"That's interesting," Neruda said, "considering that we found twenty-three chambers."

"There are twenty-four of them, if you count the antechamber," Emily reminded him. "Well, I'd better go check on Samantha. Will someone join me - preferably with a flashlight?"

"I'll go look for her," Neruda said. "I'd like you and Collin to start working on the video report. Oh, by the way, the overview should contain, at least in my opinion, the term MýS or Extraterrestrial Time Box."

Neruda turned to leave amid a barrage of questions from Emily, Collin, and Andrews. "We're short on time, so I can't explain my theory to you. Evans will tell you everything I know. Don't worry and just do the best you can."

Neruda walked down the hall, aware of the discussion he had just sparked. Acoustics of the entire structure she made eavesdropping effortless.

He did some mental calculations and figured that the entire structure—from the antechamber to the twenty-third chamber—was about 150 feet tall and about a hundred feet wide. It was very surreal walking down a winding corridor with chambers jutting out like pods holding gifts from an ancient alien race.

The structure completely confused him. His mind went through scenarios and theories one after another like a threshers, hoping to get some sense out of them.

"Samantha," he called aloud. "Where are you?"

"In room two," Samantha's voice carried through the hall like a ghost's voice.

"Is everything alright?" Neruda walked on because he wasn't sure which room he was at.

"I'm fine," Samantha said, her voice quieter as Neruda approached her position.

Neruda's knees were still stiff and sore. As he picked up his pace, he realized how much it hurt. Therefore slowed down to a comfortable speed. He's fine, he reminded himself.

"Samantha?" called Neruda. "I'm not sure which the other chamber is, so talk to me, I must be close."

"Did you find the top?" she asked.

"Yes, we found him, but he's not what you'd expect."

"It's unfinished, isn't it?"

Neruda stopped. "Yes, but how do you know?"

"Notice how similar this structure is to a strand of DNA? There are twenty-three chambers extending from a spiral-shaped corridor. Twenty-three pairs of chromosomes in every cell of our body..."

"Yes, but that doesn't answer my question," Neruda said. "How do you know that?"

He continued his walk down the sloping corridor, following Samantha's voice. The idea of going down the DNA strand amused him. He could just as well be inside the cell and roam around in the chromosome - that way he was removed from the outside world.

"I think they're trying to tell us that our DNA is flawed or incomplete."

Neruda followed her voice and entered the chamber. She sat in the middle of the room with her legs crossed border for wall painting. She held a lighter in her hand, the flame of which flickered as Neruda entered.

"It's a wonderful painting," Samantha said quietly. "I can't leave her. I'm sorry."

"It's okay," Neruda sat down next to her. "I was on my feet longer than usual today. It will be nice to sit down."

He sat down with his knees bent up and his arms wrapped tightly around his legs. He was a little cold and tired. "What attracted you so much to that painting?" Neruda asked.

"It's moving," she replied.

Neruda looked searchingly at the wall and turned off the light of his flashlight. He wanted to see the painting in the same light as Samantha - only with the flame of her lighter. "Is he moving? I'm not sure what you mean," he said. "What's moving?"

The painting was made up of a set of connected ovals of different colors. Glyphs were incorporated on the outermost oval. The object looked somewhat like a cross-section of an onion and hovered in the starry sky with a crescent moon.

"I'm not sure," she said hesitantly, "maybe I'm the one moving. All I can say is that I am drawn into the picture."

Neruda examined the painting but felt no movement. However, he respected her intuition and insights, so he continued to watch closely for any changes in perspective or sense of movement.

"So what do you think it is?" Samantha asked.

"This?" Neruda indicated the structure of the entire structure with his hands in the air.

"Yes, this," Samantha's eyes looked up as a faint echo of Neruda's arms.

"My current hypothesis is that an explorer race from somewhere in the M51 galaxy came to earth approximately a thousand years ago and interacted with the Chacab Anasazi Indians. They built this... this structure to house a collection of artifacts that showcase their artistic and technical essence. They wanted it to be found sometime later, so they left a homing device that somehow magically appeared and led us to this amazing place." He paused to catch his breath. "I think it's a time capsule left here by this race."

Samantha let the words dissolve in the air before she spoke. "Does your theory contain any do-snakes about their motive - this explorer race?"

"No, but we found an interesting artifact in room twenty-three that may shed some light."

"What?"

"It's an optical disc - or so it seems. If that's the case, maybe it will have the answers to all our questions."

"That's a good sign," Samantha said. "Until now, everything has been coded and encrypted, as if they didn't want us to be able to communicate with them immediately. For example, in your theory you say they came to earth and interacted with the Anasazi Indians. If that were the case, why wouldn't they be able to communicate in the Anasazi language?"

"Probably yes."

"Furthermore - all their glyphs, paintings, artifacts - it's all not easy to understand at all... it's difficult even for you. If some other organization, say the CIA or the NSA, found the guidance device, do you think they would be able to do it as well?"

"Who knows? Perhaps..." Neruda said. "But where are you going?"

"I think this race cleverly hid their intentions. Maybe it's a time capsule, I don't know, but it's definitely more than a collection of artifacts they wanted us to discover. There is a process they want us to go through. I feel we are being led. It's as if this discovery is just a small step on a very long, winding road."

Samantha's lighter ran out of gas and they were thrown into total darkness. "That's my opinion."

"I understand your reasons," Neruda said, turning on his flashlight and placing it on the floor. A beam of light shone straight up like a torch. "It is true that any race that has achieved the capability of intergalactic travel - especially an explorer race - will have perfect language translation technology. It is also true that they would probably have had contact in several places - not only with the Anasazis, unless they were only there for a very short time, which is unlikely..."

"... So they deliberately put up barriers and obstacles to make sure that their message would take a lot of time and effort to understand," Samantha said. "I bet the optical disc won't be easy to open, and if it is, it won't be in English or any other language known to humans."

Neruda stretched his legs out in front of him and leaned back with his hands behind him. "So you think very much do they care who reveals their time capsule?"

"That's how I feel about it," Samantha replied. "You saw how we were tested and tested every step of the way."

"And the only logical reason why they should care so much is that their message is very deep or very important to many people. And they want it to get into the right hands. To ours."

"That's what I believe," Samantha said, standing up. "I don't pretend to know what it means here, but it's part of something bigger... very perfect..." she trailed off. "I think there are more of these structures on the planet."

She closed her eyes as if recalling her vision. "If there are more than one, maybe they are connected in some way."

Neruda also stood up and briefly looked at her cleaning her pants out of habit. The floor was absolutely spotless. "I can't help but feel that you are withholding some information, as if you are afraid to share it. Is that right?"

"They're called the Wing Makers," Samantha said with sudden relief. "They have something to do with our genetics. It is as if on some level they live within us and at the same time live at a great distance from us. They also said something about us needing to defend ourselves from an alien race of beings. In front of an alien race with technologies more advanced than we can imagine. These... these Wing Makers are involved because - according to them - they are the creators of our genetics."

Neruda rubbed the back of his neck and grinned. "Anything else?"

"No."

The sound of laughter stirred the still air of the chamber. The team was walking down the hall and Andrews was telling some kind of clever anecdote.

"Keep it to yourself for now," Neruda ordered her. "I'll tell you why later. Good?"

"Yes." Samantha shrugged nervously.

Neruda gestured down the hall. "Let's see how they do with their little movie piece."

He took one last look at the painting in the other chamber and suddenly had a new sense of respect for the intellect of this alien explorer race. Somehow they were already able to touch him across space and time. He felt that something inside him was changing or collapsing. He wasn't sure what.

Chapter 8 - EARTH

If an entity is divided into its parts, its understanding of free will is limited to what has been defined by the hierarchy. If the entity is a conscious collective that realizes its sovereign wholeness, then the principle of free will is a form of structure that is unnecessary - much like scaffolding on a finished building.

If entities do not know their wholeness, structure becomes a form of self-imposed protection. In this ongoing development of a structured and ordered universe, entities define their boundaries - their limitations - through the expression of their uncertainties. Thus they gradually become parts of their wholeness and, like the fragments of a beautiful vase, bear little resemblance to their overall beauty.

*Excerpted from Alternating Models of Existence, Chamber Two
Creators of Wings*

Fifteen shifted a little uncomfortably in his chair. The assembled principals did the same, but without smirks. "Jamisson, that was one of the best reports I've seen in years."

"I agree," Branson nodded.

Neruda immediately smiled gratefully and remained silent. His presentation went extremely well. The directors were attentive and asked valid questions. Neruda was careful not to influence them, but simply to report the findings and insights of their team. He was well aware that directors were ruthless if they sensed persuasion tactics.

"So what are our next steps?" Ortmann asked.

"We need to do a full restoration and archaeological excavation of the site, which will probably take seven to ten days," Neruda replied. "So we will need to build a perimeter security system around the site and set up a camp for archaeological work."

"And what about McGavin's shadow agent?" Ortmann asked, turning to Evans.

At the sound of McGavin's name, Fifteen decided to take action. "His name is Donavin McAlester," he said.

"He will join us on Monday. McGavin surprisingly suggested that he report to Evans, but I think it would be crazy to go along with McGavin's suggestions. So I'd like to assign him to Li-Ching since McGavin complained about our communication."

"So who will lead the Ancient Arrow project?" Ortmann asked.

"I'm sorry," Fifteen said apologetically, "I thought I made that clear. The project will be led by Jamison. He has done an excellent job and I think it will be appropriate if he is allowed to lead the project to the end." He paused for a moment and looked around the table. "Does everyone agree?"

All heads nodded in agreement at Fifteen's rhetorical question. Neruda left his head in calm, but his dark eyes were furtively glancing at the principals and their reactions. Consent was unanimous.

"So back to McAlester," Fifteen continued, "I'd like us to treat him with the utmost care. No doubt his plan is to reveal why we are hiding this artifact without notifying the SPL. In other words, find out what we are trying to hide."

"How long will he be here?" Evans asked.

"That depends," Fifteen replied, looking up briefly and rubbing the back of his neck, "if we can convince him that the information we're giving him is valid. If so, he'll be gone within a month. If not, he'll probably be here for two or three months."

"So let's do it in a month," Evans remarked to a full room of nodding heads.

"I agree," said Fifteen. "Any other questions before we finish?"

Neruda's heart started pounding and he felt his mouth dry like cotton within a second. He met Fifteen's eyes.

"Do you have anything else, Jamison?" Fifteen asked politely.

"I think... I think it's a good idea to say..." Neruda trailed off and composed himself as best he could.

"Samantha had some interesting insights that I think the Labyrinth team should at least know about.

I'm not saying they're factual observations - apparently they're not. But they are interesting..."

"Then tell us about it," Fifteen interrupted, "and don't worry about how any of us will react to it. We will assume that anything you tell us is mere speculation and nothing more. So what is it about?"

"Samantha has had several encounters with the homing device," he began. "In one of them, she had a vision of a planet covered in a network of lines with several other areas that could be other locations of the MYS. There were at least three or four other locations."

"Are you saying that Samantha saw an image of many locations?" Fifteen asked. "And that these pictures were sent to her by artifact?"

Neruda thought Fifteen's eyes brightened and looked sharper. "So she told me."

"But the homing device is destroyed," Whitman noted. "How do we verify the existence of other sites?"

Fifteen went to his desk and called his assistant.

"Yes, sir," said a calm, pleasant voice.

"Please find Samantha Folten and send her to my office as soon as she can."

"Sure, sir."

Neruda tried to calm his stomach.

"Alright, we'll see what we hear from Samantha," Fifteen said as he shuffled back to his chair.

"I don't mean to offend you, Jamison, but the vision is Samantha's and we need to speak directly to her. Do you agree?"

"Sure," Neruda said hesitantly. "I just didn't ask her permission to talk about this matter..."

"I'm sure Samantha will understand," Fifteen replied casually. He turned his head to Branson. "He has BP-Five, is that right?"

"Yes."

"Poor thing," Fifteen said with a smile, looking down into his empty teacup. "Let's try to treat her as best as possible so that she can feel completely at ease."

"Do we keep her in the project?" Evans asked.

"What do you recommend?" Fifteen replied.

"Her contribution was significant. I would leave her in the project. He has something in him that I haven't seen in other Farseers."

"And what is it?" Ortmann asked.

"I'm not sure I can put it into words," Evans said, thinking deeply. "He seems to be able to surrender to a situation and somehow get more information out of it than anyone else."

"I agree," Neruda said. "Her ability to develop a psychic connection with the homing device would help her perhaps it could have enabled easier communication with other technological artifacts found at the site."

Fifteen leaned back in his chair. He closed his eyes for a moment and the room fell silent. "It looks like this meeting will continue for about another twenty minutes, so if anyone needs a break, now would be a good time." Nobody even moved.

After a timid knock on the door, Samantha hesitantly poked her head in. "You called me pa- No?"

"Yes," said Fifteen, awkwardly getting to his feet. "Please come on and join us."

He pointed to the empty chair next to Neruda.

"Jamison is giving us an excellent report on your recent trip to the Ancient Arrow site..."

He paused and thought deeply. "Would you like something to drink before we start? Maybe tea?"

Samantha glanced briefly at the table and nodded.

Fifteen poured tea from the teapot into an intricately decorated, ivory-colored china cup and handed it to Samantha. Steam hovered above its surface.

"Thank you," she said, the tremor in her hand betraying her nervousness at being in the same room as the principals.

"A remarkable journey, Samantha. The entire team deserves our highest praise for their ingenuity and standby." All the directors nodded in agreement.

"Thank you, sir."

"Jamison was kind enough to mention some of your experiences with the artifact. He felt we should know about them because he respects your insights and abilities. However, I hope so

you will grace us with your own explanation - in any way that pleases you - of what you saw and what you think it means. If you don't mind, we would be very grateful."

Fifteen paused and looked around the table, signaling that he was speaking to everyone in the room. Then you he looked back at Samantha. "Good?"

Samantha stole a glance at Neruda who was smiling in support. "I'm not sure what you already know, no- I want to repeat myself and waste your time..."

"Jamisson mentioned that you saw an image of the earth surrounded by a network of lines that seemed to indicate the possibility of the existence of other locations of the MYS. You could start with that," suggested Fifteen.

Samantha closed her eyes and took a deep breath. "I can see it clearly," she said, her eyes slowly opening. "I prepared a RePlay... everyone went to look for Neruda and I tried to communicate with the artifact. RePlay was transitioning to Alpha... and the next thing I remember was... I saw three door-like geometric shapes floating in space. A moment later, the middle shape appeared as an image of the earth, which was surrounded by a network of lines similar to filaments of light, and at the intersection of these lines there were glowing points in certain areas."

She paused and closed her eyes again. "I felt three of these points... they were like brands. Somehow I knew they marked areas where there were other time capsules or artifacts. I only remember one of them clearly... that one in New Mexico. The others were not quite clear, but I can say that there were three or maybe four in total."

"Are you able to determine the general location of the other three locations?" Branson asked.

"I think South America, Africa and maybe Eastern Europe," Samantha said slowly. "I'm not sure. For some reason my attention was focused on New Mexico."

"Samantha, did you see the whole globe?" Fifteen asked.

"No, I don't think so," she replied. "There seemed to be only four continents visible... North and South America, Africa and Europe," she closed her eyes again.

"Did you feel that each of those marks on the grid marked another time capsule?" asked Fifteen.

"Yes, that's how I felt."

"And did you have the feeling that there are others on the other side of the globe?"

"Maybe...but I don't remember thinking about such a thing," she said quietly, almost in a whisper.

"Was RePlay on during that session?" Ortmann asked.

"Yes, but he didn't catch anything," Samantha replied. "I forgot to set the sensing sensitivity because I got the picture almost immediately and assumed that RePlay was set up correctly."

"So nothing was recorded?" Fifteen asked.

"No, it didn't record."

"Can you tell us about the other paintings you saw?" suggested Fifteen.

Samantha cleared her throat and took a sip of her tea. "During this same episode I also saw an image of what appeared to be a tall bearded person. His eyes were absolutely unique, but in all other respects he could walk down the street like an ordinary person."

"What was so unusual about his eyes?" Fifteen asked.

"They were a mixture of strange colors and were very large. Very penetrating."

"Did you communicate with this being?"

"Yes."

"Tell us about it," said Fifteen.

"This being told me that there are geneticists who developed our DNA. They are trying to activate something in our DNA that will allow us to handle a kind of shift - a genetic shift. And that all this is necessary because we need to protect our planet..."

"Before what?" Fifteen almost screamed and straightened up in his chair.

Samantha became cautious. "Before an alien race."

The room fell chillingly silent. Samantha wanted to drink the tea but was afraid she might spill it if she did she did. Her hands were visibly shaking.

"Perhaps you would like to mention why you think the discovery of the time capsule was a controlled event," Neruda dared, hoping to direct her comments to a new topic.

Samantha turned to Neruda, realizing that he was under some pressure to justify her presence at this meeting. "As you may have noticed," she began, "the artifact was very picky. He was examining the two of us," she turned to Neruda again, "right down to our molecular structure...or at least that's what it felt like."

"It was as if the artifact was programmed to assess our motives and determine our fitness for discovery. Fortunately, he decided to favor us... although I'm not sure why." She flashed a short smile that betrayed her nervousness.

"I had and still feel, even now, that the term time capsule is not an accurate description of what we have discovered. It's much bigger than just this. The creators of this thing encoded its true purpose in the glyphs, the art, the artifacts... everything. These are all just gestures, not the real essence of what they are trying to convey to us."

"Gestures?" Fifteen repeated.

"I mean, it's all just tinsel," Samantha quickly replied, aware of the enigmatic nature of her statement. "I don't think we will be successful in decoding anything found here. I think they mean something completely different."

"And what do you feel it is?" Fifteen asked.

"I have a feeling that the artifacts, including the optical disc... if that's what the thing is... will prove to be un-explorable, just like the first artifact. Even the paintings don't reveal anything important. And the glyphs will not be able to be decoded."

"And the reason you think they did that?" Fifteen asked.

"Because there is something about the process of trying to understand these artifacts that is more important than what they are or what they do. That's the only reason that makes sense to me."

"Yes, you're right about one thing," said Fifteen, "they chose to be mysterious for reasons that aren't obvious." He rose to his feet and poured Samantha more tea before she could refuse.

"Samantha, you have been a great help to us and we appreciate your openness and honesty. Is there any reason you believe the artifact chose you the way it did?"

"What do you mean, sir?"

"It seems to me that you have become his primary contact person. And since there are no tapes from RePlay, nor is there any visible effort on your part to contact him, it seems that it is the artifact that chose you. Why do you think that is so?"

"I suppose it's because of my psychic abilities..."

"Is that the whole reason?" he asked in a friendly tone.

"I believe so."

"But how do you feel about it?"

Samantha paused and styled her words before saying them. Her eyes scanned the ceiling as if searching for help. "Actually, I didn't have the opportunity to use RePlay. The artifact contacted me before I could... it's... it's like maybe it wants no one else to see these images."

"What is your feeling regarding the purpose of the MYS?" Fifteen asked, watching her intently as if reading her body and mind at the same time.

"It has to do with genetics," Samantha said with sudden conviction. "It is something important and it is something that affects a large number of people."

"Why a large number of people?" Branson asked.

Samantha looked directly at her superior. Her green eyes were piercing and alive. "Why would otherwise, were they so careful in choosing who would discover this site?"

Silence filled the room. For a few seconds no one said anything, as if they were all replaying their thoughts in light of what Samantha had just said.

Fifteen stared at Samantha. "Is there anything else you think would be important for us to know?"

Samantha shook her head. "No, nothing more."

Neruda cleared his throat. "Their name?"

"Oh, yes," said Samantha, "they called themselves the Wing Makers."

Silence filled the room again.

Fifteen tapped his fingers on the table. "Wing Makers..." He let the words hang in the air and then looked at Samantha. "What do you think that means?"

"I don't know, sir," Samantha replied, looking a little surprised that he was asking her opinion.

"And you Jamison?"

"Actually, it looks familiar, but I don't know why."

"Did we do a search?" Fifteen asked.

Neruda slowly shook his head and looked down at his hands. "My thoughts were focused on the optical disc and the archaeological excavation team. I'm sorry."

Fifteen pulled out a control panel from under the table and pressed a few keys. He quickly typed the words WING MAKERS and clicked to search. A moment later he shook his head and pushed the control panel back into its position under the table. "There is nothing in our database or on the network."

Fifteen continued tapping his fingers on the table. "Jamisson, you have as good a memory as anyone I know. How is it possible that the name is familiar to you and yet you cannot classify it?"

"Maybe an artifact put him in his subconscious," Samantha said, answering for him.

"Hmm," said Fifteen, slowly nodding his head. "Anything else?"

Samantha glanced briefly at Neruda before shaking her head. "No sir."

"So thank you very much for your time and information, Samantha. You can go back to your work. Thank you."

Finishing his sentence, he motioned Fifteen to the door and watched as he hurriedly left the room.

Fifteen stood up and took off his knitted sweater. He carefully draped it over the back of his chair and then he sat down with an expression of caution.

"Do you believe her?" Li-Ching asked.

"I believe she was being honest," Fifteen answered, dodging the question a bit. "We're talking about meeting them- what could possibly be an authentic representative of the Central Race."

"You because of the mention that they are supposed to be the creators of our DNA, do you think they are from the Central Race?" Whitman asked.

"Because of that, and also because they left a structure on our planet that looks far more perfect than anything we've ever seen before - and I must add, by a great deal."

"I would like to share this discovery with our colleagues at Corteo," said Fifteen, turning to Whitman.

"Full disclosure?"

"Yes, they have more knowledge of the mythology of the Central Race than we do. Maybe they will be able in this reveal to all something that will confirm or refute what we have heard and seen here today."

Fifteen turned to Branson. "I want to promote her. Good?"

"BP-six?"

"BP-seven," said Fifteen. "We need to strengthen her loyalty. She is very good. I like her... but her weakness is her loyalty. She is devoted to her heart more than to our ideals and our mission. What's interesting is that she herself is also afraid of her possible disloyalty, and this makes her much more prone to compensate in disgusting ways. Make it retroactive to the first of this month."

"Okay, I will."

"Now," Fifteen said, turning to the group with a cup of tea in hand, "I'd like to hear your thoughts, theories, and opinions."

The sound of bodies moving in leather chairs filled the room.

Neruda spoke first. "Whoever they are, they seem to know about the prophecy of 2011. That alone gives Samantha's story some credibility."

"If Samantha's facts are honest, then the message that we need to defend the country from enemies does not necessarily mean that she is talking about the 2011 invasion prophecy," Ortmann said.

Li-Ching shifted in her chair. "Perhaps it would be a good idea to do a Remote Viewing session."

"To the Wingmaker?" Evans asked.

"Why not?" she replied.

"I'll leave it up to Neruda to decide on the Far Vision Protocol in this project," Fifteen announced.

"But let's not jump to any conclusions about the identity of the Wing Makers. Let's make sure we keep all Farsighted sessions at level one or two. I desire no further contact with this race than is absolutely necessary. Do you agree?"

Heads nodded devotedly at his question.

"Anything else?" Fifteen asked.

"If he is right about the broad importance of this discovery," Li-Ching offered, "then we will be under internal pressure to release this discovery. The consequence is that there will be a need to strengthen security and monitor employees more closely. I suggest that we restrict access to the Ancient Arrow folder to members of the Labyrinth Team."

"We will do that. Except for Samantha, who I want to continue the project," said Fifteen. "She will be allowed access to the replacement folder, but not the LT version."

Fifteen took a long drink of tea and happily swallowed it. "Whitman, I know you'd like to have this project under your watch, but right now we simply don't have the dynamic understanding of this species and its intentions to justify its inclusion in the TTP department. However, I would like you to manage all backup database and file creation messages, including LAN/WAN knowledge links. Good?"

"Yes, I totally understand," Whitman replied without any surprise in his voice.

"Anything else?" Fifteen challenged. "You have to have more suggestions than just safety issues."

Ortmann cleared his throat. "Now that we are about to pick up another twenty-two artifacts of unknown origin, meaning, and function, wouldn't it make sense to reevaluate our security arrangements with Professor Stevens and those students?"

"What do you suggest?" Evans asked.

"The importance of this project, at least in my mind, increased tenfold with the discovery of this site of the MYS. For all we know, it's the technological equivalent of BST... heck, it might be BST. Who knows? What I'm saying is that we should keep it secret. And in New Mexico, we have three open ends that can give us problems."

"What do you suggest?" Evans asked again, hoping to get Ortmann to be more specific.

"I know we put our best security fence around those people, but there are variables that even our best technology is unable to control."

"So what do you want us to do?" Evans asked, his frustration becoming apparent.

"I think each of the three should have a faked accident - I'll leave the details to you."

Fifteen listened intently. "Leonardo, it sounds like you want to get rid of this risk. But it does not create do we run an even greater risk by removing them? Do you remember the recent McGavin accusations?"

"If I can add to that," Evans said, "I think those students are more of a risk than Stevens. As far as Stevens is concerned, he has already done the worst he could do and we have to deal with the consequences. I'm not worried about that. The students, that's a completely different matter."

"How so?" Fifteen asked.

"They've been working together so far," Evans replied. "But only because they are under Stevens' influence. And he seems increasingly insecure due to his recent interaction with McGavin's gorillas.

I think they could sing if they got some support from Stevens."

"Then why not remove those students?" Li-Ching asked. "I can solve all communication matters dit within two days."

"The benefit of the students' fake accident will be," Evans continued, "that it will bode well for Stevens. It will also give us good leverage if we plant subtle evidence of his involvement in their deaths."

Fifteen set his cup of tea down and closed his eyes. Bored or tired, no one could tell. "Can you two put your detailed designs on the table by eighteen zero zero?"

He paused only for a quick breath to emphasize the rhetorical nature of his question. "I want at least three scenarios ranked by priority and I also want to have their most likely consequences defined. Oh, and one more thing. We are not here to kill people just for the sake of security - whether of this project or any other. Am I making that clear?"

Li-Ching and Evans confirmed their understanding with silent nods. Everyone else just stared.

"I will only allow exceptions as a last resort, and only if it clearly compromises our broader program. I am absolutely certain of one thing. In this project, security will not be our problem. Loyalty will be our problem."

When he finished his words, he turned to Neruda. "Please deliver to my office the list of members of the archaeological excavation team by twelve o'clock tomorrow. And I want Evans to be there. Work with Whitaker and Ortmann to select more. Good?"

"Yes, that will be great, sir."

"Okay, okay," Fifteen said, standing up. "I assume there are no further questions or comments. Thanks again to Jamisson for the excellent reporting and I pass on our review to the whole team. They all deserve our praise for their excellent work."

Neruda was packing up his presentation materials while everyone else left Fifteen's office, including Li-Ching. The sound of the door closing startled Neruda just as he was snapping the buckles on his briefcase. "I talked to Jeremy this morning," Fifteen said, walking over to his desk with a festive expression. "He was pleasantly surprised to hear about your discovery in New Mexico. I told him that I wish you to see this project through to the end. I also told him that I wish you to be promoted to BP-Thirteen."

He paused, a friendly smile on his face. "Of course, if you agree to it?"

Neruda could only nod, shaken by the sudden honor.

"We will wait until Jeremy returns from vacation to change the official status, but the other directors will be Fr to inform you of your acceptance already this afternoon. Evans will then give you a new password later in the afternoon. Good?"

"Sure... as you wish," Neruda blurted out.

"One last thing, Jamison. It's about the loyalty I talked about a moment ago... I'd like you to keep Samantha in this project, but keep a close eye on her.

There is too much at stake in this project to let her, or anyone else, lose sight of the goal of our mission."

"I agree and I will, sir," Neruda said. "I mean I'll keep an eye on her."

"Good. I know you will do your best," said Fifteen.

"If I may ask," Neruda said, "what was Jeremy saying?"

"On your promotion?"

"Yes."

"Something like you're too young for BP-Thirteen. I think he was saying something about being forty-two when he reached these glorious heights," Fifteen said with a wink. "But he was very happy to agree to my proposal. And you know Jeremy. If he didn't agree, he would have said so."

Neruda smiled and nodded in agreement. His superior was both independent and brilliant. He was the only re-a ditel who would stand up to Fifteen if he really didn't agree with him.

"Thank you for your trust in me," Neruda said and headed for the door. "I really appreciate it."

"I'm glad it happened."

Neruda left Fifteen's office with the odd feeling that the warning regarding Samantha was meant for him as well. However, despite this intuitive feeling, he was happy about his promotion. He just wished he could tell someone other than his staff about it.

* * * *

ACIO's lab was flooded with halogen light from an array of floodlights hanging from the ceiling. Inside each light fixture was a miniature hidden video camera. The lights were so strategically placed that every square inch of the lab was visible. This was a fact that had always irritated Neruda.

An image change detection system was introduced in the electronic eye of each camera at all points of the monitored area, which was able to recognize any anomalous activity and notify Security. This was why Neruda had to contact Security to enter the lab after 8pm.

The lab was isolated by the tightest security fence the ACIO had. It took a very long time to get in even under the best of circumstances, but tonight Neruda was losing his patience as Security wasn't returning his calls.

After the third attempt, he decided to give up. He got into the elevator, which was the only way to get to the laboratory. The security system was able to detect body prints and figure out the appropriate security clearance. There were no retina scanners or security cards.

As the elevator doors opened on the sixteenth floor where the mammoth laboratory was located, Neruda began to wonder if he should try calling one more time after all. He decided not to. He has BP-Thirteen after all. I hate it, he finally decided.

The outer perimeter door swung open without hesitation and he walked in with similar confidence. Fifteen was a connoisseur of art and literally demanded that every wall and every unused corner of the laboratory be adorned with a painting or sculpture. It was a stimulating contrast to see the originals of Gauguin, Kandinsky and Miro as companions to the world's most advanced technology.

At eleven o'clock at night, the corridors at the edge of the laboratory were quiet and peaceful. Neruda walked towards the main door, which opened with a faint sound of hydraulically compressed air. The doors were resistant to fire, bullets, bombs and other, no matter how sophisticated, break-ins.

Neruda walked briskly through the brightly lit hall. He couldn't wait to talk to Andrews and see the results of the first examination of the artifact they had found in the twenty-third chamber. Another door was waiting for him leading to a short corridor where there were sanitary facilities and the entrance to the dining room.

"Dr. Neruda," a voice boomed down the hall from the PA system directly above his head, "we have no record here request for permission to visit the laboratory after working hours. Please confirm."

Neruda stopped in frustration and gestured impolitely towards the speaker in the ceiling. "Guys, before pat-I tried to call you three times in ten minutes and no one picked up the phone. Is there a problem?"

"No problem, sir," the voice replied. "Just for the records, we verify inputs. Good night, sir."

"You too," Neruda said with a frustrated sigh. He hated all the security stuff.

As he continued on, Neruda was once again greeted by the sound of the door automatically opening. The entrance to the laboratory was recorded by a camera, but it was invisible. Neruda couldn't say exactly where it was hidden, but he knew it was being recorded, although he assumed no one was watching.

He entered the Computer Analysis Laboratory (CAL), which was the largest room outside the main laboratory. CAL was known as the home of ACIO's most powerful computer system, which was called ZEMI. It was developed in collaboration between the ACIO's science core and the Corteo, an alien race that had a secretive technology transfer program with the ACIO for the past twenty-seven years.

ZEMI's processors were approximately five hundred times more powerful than the best supercomputers on the planet. Its operating system was tailored for four individuals, each with ten or more security access. These four operators were the exclusive users of ZEMI and even Fifteen had to rely on these individuals to interact with ZEMI if he wanted to use it.

"Hi," Andrews said.

"How's it going?"

"Could be better," Andrews replied, rummaging through some papers. "I could sit at home, watch James Bond, drown in tequila cocktails and eat some exotic pizza with red peppers imported straight from Chile."

"You look bored in comparison," Neruda commented.

"Damn, I can't get anything out of that message," Andrews complained. He turned to the monitor in front of him. On the screen was an image of a man, a mature man in his fifties, sitting in a high-backed leather chair.

The monitor was the only means of communication with the ZEMI operators, who were isolated in special control rooms that protected them from electromagnetic radiation and psychic influences.

"David, can you try something a little unusual?"

"What do you mean?" asked the face on the monitor.

"Try changing the angle of the red laser in a random sequence while changing the rotation speed."

"What are you looking for?"

"The fucking access point! We need to find the correlation between angle and speed. It is outside the standard range. So we need to expand our scope. Can you do it?"

"Then give me the parameters," said the face.

"Any conceivable angle and rate of rotation outside of our standard range," Andrews said. "Is it accurate enough?"

"No."

"So can you calculate the parameters?"

"Yes."

"How long will it take?"

"They're already on the monitor," the face said casually.

"I mean, how long is the random test going to take?"

"Would you like the correlation between angle and rotation speed to be complete, or to be tested randomly?"

"Completely. Is there another option?"

"Test cycle requirements?"

"Let's try maybe two seconds first."

"It will take at least two hours," said the face.

"Okay, then let it run," Andrews ordered. "I'm already tired."

The man on the monitor closed his eyes. Seven thin strands of glass converged into a black colored headband that ran from the back center of his neck to the center of his forehead just above the bridge of his nose. He was completely bald, one of the sacrifices the EARTH operators had to make.

The headset was called the Neuron Bolometer and it translated the radiant energy of the operator's brain activity into the command structure of the ZEMI operating system - effectively linking it to the ZEMI's computing power through its thinking and visualization.

"So no results?" Neruda asked, hoping to get something out of Andrews.

"Nothing."

"I like your approach," Neruda said. "He's perfectly logical and strange enough at the same time." He paused and smiled. "I'm sure something will show up in the test data."

"I don't," Andrews shrugged.

"Why the prejudice and sadness?"

"If it's an optical disc and they want us to read it, don't you think they'd make it a little more similar to our standards?"

"Remember this thing was left there thousands of years ago, long before..."

"Shit, I know," Andrews wailed. "But I'm tired of those damned artifacts that are completely impervious to our scrutiny. I can't help but think they're wasting our time, just because they can."

"We've only had the thing in the lab for a day. Remember it took you three days with the homing device, before you made a breakthrough. Give yourself another day or two. It will sing. You will see."

Andrews turned the comm switch back on. "David, can you do me a favor?"

"Yes?"

"When you get the results from the first round, if they're negative, try a cycle time of ten seconds. When that's done, add the third variable - the diameter of the laser. Change it by the smallest possible increment in the widest possible range. Good?"

"I got it."

Andrews flipped the switch to the off position and turned to Neruda. "I'm going home. I'm sorry that I'm in such a bad mood, boss. I'm just frustrated that the thing is so damn silent."

"Go home and rest," Neruda encouraged him. "She'll open her mouth soon, and when she does, you'll be among the first to hear her sing."

"I hope you're right, but I have a bad feeling this bastard won't be singing any time soon."

"Well, we'll see," Neruda said. "I'll go out with you."

Chapter 9 - Open Ends

All human life is contained in the Wholeness Navigator. He is the core of wisdom. It guides the human tool to perceive a fragmented existence as a passage to wholeness and unity. The Wholeness Navigator strives for wholeness above all else, although he is often led off course by the energies of structures, polarities, linear time, and separatist cultures that dominate planet terra-earth. The Navigator of Wholeness is the heart of an entity of consciousness that knows that a secret root exists, even though it may be imperceptible to human senses. It is the very circumstance of accepting the interconnectedness of life that will make spiritual growth a priority in an individual's life.

*Excerpt from the Navigator of Wholeness, decoded from Chamber Twelve
Creators of Wings*

Fifteen studied the report that Li-Ching and Evans had placed on his desk three hours ago. The lights were dimmed and the mood in his office was somber. He and Li-Ching were alone here.

He took off his glasses and rubbed his eyelids. "You know what bothers me about this?" he said, holding the message in his hand.

"Yes," she replied. "Your heart is too soft for your own good."

"Maybe. Or you're too hard on him," Fifteen said in a whisper.

"Octavio, I can assure you that Evans and I have decided that this is the right thing to do. We are not eager to take the lives of two young people, but these children are potentially unstable, and in light of our discovery of the MÿS, we think it is very prudent to do so. There is too much at stake."

"You don't have to preach to me," Fifteen said. "I know how serious the situation is." He put the message down and stared at his hands on the desk and then heaved a deep sigh of resignation.

"Maybe you're right and we should eliminate that risk, but Stevens has already alerted the NSA. If you the children die, McGavin will assume the worst."

"When that happens, what will it mean?" Li-Ching replied. "He won't be able to prove anything to us."

"And what proof do we have that those children are a risk?" Fifteen asked, his voice sounding irritated.
"Because it's not clear from your report."

"First, Stevens withheld the identity of the students. He did not tell the NSA how he obtained the artifact. But we do know that the students know that Stevens contacted the NSA. We're not sure if they know the details of what he told them, but we have to assume he told them something."

"And for that reason we should kill them?" Fifteen asked.

"If Stevens wants these kids to remain anonymous to the NSA, then for some reason I'm protecting them. Octavio, they're just an open end that can come back to haunt us later. So why not make sure we don't have to deal with that risk later."

"You both feel that way for sure?"

"Yes," she answered without hesitation.

He looked directly at Li-Ching, his eyes searching her face intensely. "If we do nothing, how will it affect us?"

"What if these kids go to the NSA thanks to Stevens and show them the location of the discovery of the artifact? Don't you think McGavin will send his team to sniff around the MyS site? That's a risk we shouldn't take.
What McGavin does know is that we sent some sort of scouting team to New Mexico. He doesn't know where. We made sure the NSA satellites were out of range when our mission landed."

Li-Ching raised her voice. "Once we take care of the situation, we can be sure that the location will remain our secret."

Fifteen sighed in resignation. "Okay, but I don't want to hear anything more about this unless there are problems. Good?"

"I understand."

Fifteen's third signal light announced a phone call. "You know who it is," Fifteen said with a hint of fear.
ugh.

Fifteen turned on the phone's microphone. "Yes?"

"Hello, Octavio," McGavin said. "I was hoping you'd still be in the office."

"As I'm sure you know, I practically live here..."

"You've got me on speakerphone, haven't you?"

"Yes."

"Are you alone?" McGavin asked, suspicion evident in his voice.

"I just want my hands free to make tea. Good?"

"Where's the RePlay tape? I was expecting her already yesterday."

"Oh, I don't know anything about this scheduled delivery date."

"I just want that tape. When will you send it to me?"

"Tomorrow."

"When tomorrow?"

"Tomorrow afternoon."

"Please do it overnight. I want to view as soon as possible. Do you understand?"

"Anything else?"

"No, that's all."

"By the way," said Fifteen, "when you talked to that professor... I think his name is Stevens... about that artifact found, did he say anything about where he found it or how he got it?"

"Don't you know that?"

"No."

"According to the good professor, it was sent to him by an anonymous source."

"By mail?"

"No, I think a messenger delivered it," McGavin said. "Why?"

"One of our main theories we're working on is that the object is a homing device. After-
we could if we knew where it was found. It could be useful."

"Okay, if this anonymous source shows up again, we assume the professor will contact us-
wat. If he does, we'll see what's possible."

"Thank you."

"Other than that," said McGavin, "any success in investigating the cursed thing?"

"No, but we're still trying."

"Good. I have to run," McGavin said. "I'm looking forward to seeing that RePlay tape. Oh, and remember Donavin starts tomorrow.
I suppose you will be kind to him..."

"Of course. Of course."

"Good. And by the way, how is the tea?"

"What?"

"Tea," McGavin said. "A moment ago you said you were making tea..."

"He is excellent. Excellent. I'll let you go now, Darius, I know you're in a hurry. I wish you a nice weekend."

"Thank you. You too."

Fifteen waited until he heard the dial tone before turning off the microphone button. "What do you think?"

"It's a bummer," Li-Ching replied. "Anything else I would say would be pointless."

"Actually, I was referring to his story with the anonymous source."

"This confirms that Stevens protects student identities."

"Yes," said Fifteen, "but it also shows that the professor is telling two different stories. He told us that he students made the discovery. And he told McGavin that an unknown source delivered it to him."

"So he's testing McGavin to see if he'll accept his different story," Li-Ching interjected. "If McGavin buys his story, then he'll know we're just pretending to be the NSA - that the people who took the artifact from him were not affiliated with the NSA."

"Exactly," Fifteen nodded.

"He's a smart guy," Li-Ching observed. But this whole line of reasoning assumes that McGavin us he is telling the truth. Which is not easy to accept."

"Probably not," replied Fifteen. "But one thing I'm sure of, we have to do something about those two students lath."

He took the report from his desk and opened it to page four. "Why didn't we restructure those two- Do you remember when we discovered that thing?"

"You know the answer," Li-Ching replied quietly. "We didn't think it was anything more than an isolated artefact - perhaps a hoax. We didn't think it required special measures. Besides, our document encryption only works ninety-eight percent of the time."

Fifteen looked over the message, then turned to the last page of the document and signed. "Use a script two. Alert Branson and keep it from the Farseers. I don't want Samantha to know about it."

"I see," Li-Ching said. "Feeling like a back massage?"

"I think I still have to make some phone calls, look at the Frensel Code project, before I hand it over. Anyway, thank you."

"What's going on?" Li-Ching asked, concern appearing on her face.

"There are days when I think that the interests of our mission are so grossly at odds with morality that every atom my body recoils from their consequences. And today is one of those days."

He got up from his desk. "I think I'll have a cup of tea now. Damn McGavin."

Li-Ching left his office in a state of limp fulfillment. She was elated that she was able to convince Fifteen how to deal with the students, but was also concerned by his lack of enthusiasm. His eyes seemed so tired and his mood so serious. She considered staying, but Fifteen almost kicked her out of his office, assuring her that she was fine. All she could do as she walked down the hall was wonder why his eyes were twinkling in the dimness of the office.

* * * *

"I heard I'm not on the uncovering team," Emily stated, her voice showing a hint of exasperation.

Neruda looked up from his papers. He looked tired. It was too early, at least for him, and he was still waiting for the caffeine to kick in. "I'm sorry, but I just thought your insights would be more valuable here than in the field," he replied casually.

"And what's so important here?" Emily asked.

"We have heaps of new data being generated from the optical disc. So I just thought that you and Andrews you should stay here and focus on this."

"Is Samantha or Collin going?"

"Samantha is leaving, but Collin is staying for the same reason you and Andrews are."

Emily tried not to sound alarmed at the news that Samantha had been appointed to the unmasking team. "So how long will you be gone?"

"I think two days will be enough to retrieve the artifacts from the site and pack them for shipping. A few days later, we will then send the restaurant team, and in about a week we will take the final photos of the chamber paintings."

"Are you going to be there all this time?"

Neruda looked at his watch. He was already late for his meeting with Andrews. The data from EARTH was already available and he was eager to see it. "No, I'll be shuttling back and forth depending on how the optical drive goes and if we're able to open it."

"What is your impression of it? Can we open it?"

"I was supposed to meet with Andrews about this," Neruda replied, checking his watch again, "about ten minutes ago."

"Do you mind if I join?" she asked.

"At all."

When they arrived at the Computer Analysis Lab, Andrews was rummaging through a stack of computer printouts from the night's testing. "I have yet to find anything that looks like an access point or any indication of a data stream that could be transferred to any traditional means that we have. They shut it down as tight as the damn homing device."

"I'm supposed to brief Fifteen at 9 o'clock," Neruda said. "You mean there's nothing new?"

"Damn, I can't see anything," Andrews complained. "I've been here for two hours looking over the data logs over and over again. The access point for the index tracks is encoded in a way that ZEMI has never seen before.

David left me the following message here at five o'clock in the morning, just a few minutes before I arrived."

Andrews turned on the message screen, on which the face of David, the operator, began to materialize EARTH, like a photo in the developer. He pressed play and the face moved.

"Hello Andrews. I have just completed the tests according to your specifications. It took us a bit more time than I thought, mostly because the drive is in stealth mode. At least for our technology. I tried everything within our technical capabilities and your parameters and none of it was effective. I'm sorry."

"Maybe you could look at the ten second cycle of testing. Reference number nineteen-zero-five, looks interesting. At the very least, it appears to be resonating with the disk itself."

"And when I say resonance, look at the way the disc increases its vibrational resonance. Molecular scanners show a speed increase of almost five hundred and forty two percent. This is really quite unusual. According to ZEMI, the laser somehow induces a molecular change, but the data trail ends before ZEMI can draw conclusions about the causative factors."

"The only thing we know for sure is that the cycle time and angle of incidence of the beam are not significant variables. The key seems to be the diameter of the laser beam as it penetrates the index track. Normally I'd say it's a quirk of the alloy the thing is made of that we just haven't figured out yet. But this thing is very sensitive to focused light energy, and maybe that's on purpose. With the right focus of light, something in the disk awakens on a molecular level."

"If the beam diameter is the key variable for inducing disc resonance, we recommend that you test different wavelengths and beam intensities using the same diameter. Let us know if you would like us to run these tests. I hope you find this information useful. I'll be back around eighteen zero zero. If you have any other requests for exploratory testing, we can look into that. At Whitaker's request, I made room in my schedule to focus on it. Bye for now."

Andrews knuckled down the pale colored Stop button, plunging the screen back into darkness. "I like the way he says 'we'. I think it's pretty damn weird how dedicated these operators are to EARTH. I'm just waiting for the four of them to fight over who has the more intimate relationship with the fucking computer."

Neruda couldn't hold back his laughter and Emily quickly followed him like an echo.

"Did you manage to do any more light resonance analysis of the disk?" Neruda asked.

"No, do you think it will be interesting?"

"I'm not sure, but it's all we've got."

Sitting down next to Andrews, Emily picked up a pile of data logs from the night's tests and flipped through the contents page. She seemed uninterested in the conversation between Neruda and Andrews.

"That's the problem," Andrews said. "Even if a laser focused to a certain diameter resonates in the disk itself, how the hell does that get us one single micron closer to making the data on the disk accessible?"

"I don't know," replied Neruda, "but as I said before, this may not be a data disk as we think of data disks. So let's not be bound by our definitions. Let's just investigate anything that looks unusual. And let's explore it with a completely open mind as to how this thing might work.

Let's not make any preconceived assumptions about how he will behave. Good?"

"I see," Andrews replied.

Emily looked up from reading. "May I suggest something?"

"Of course," Neruda replied.

"Isn't it possible that other artifacts could play some role in accessing this thing?"

"It is possible."

"And if that's possible, it wouldn't make sense that one of the other artifacts...others could be the key saying that it could emit a signature beam of light that activates the disc?"

"And it's also possible," Andrews interjected, "that the other artifacts carry the data and this thing is just a goddamn impostor."

"Unfortunately, there's not much I can use in my meeting with Fifteen," Neruda lamented.

"One more thing I'd like to add," Neruda continued, "is that we should test if the EARTH can tune the resonance up and down after it is invoked. In other words, if the EARTH can affect the resonance and change it independently of the laser."

"That's a good idea, boss," Andrews said. "In this way, we can work with resonance and test an infinite number of different activation sequences and access points - provided that resonance is the key."

Neruda exchanged a few more words with Andrews and Emily before excusing himself that he had to get ready for his meeting with Fifteen. He couldn't help but for some reason feel confident that the approach would be revealed within a day or two. He also couldn't help but feel that it wasn't necessarily data that was stored on the disk.

* * * *

Robert didn't even feel the tiny injection, which was a miniature tranquilizer dart, stuck into the back of his neck. He immediately fell asleep, as did his friend Linda. The black and white flickering of Casablanca on the television was the only source of light in the room. A few empty beer bottles stood guard over the nearly empty bowl of popcorn on the serving table.

Two figures dressed in tight black suits emerged from the shadows behind the couch. Each of them carried a black canvas bag. The taller figure placed the two sleeping bodies in front of the apartment door and strategically placed them on the floor. The students looked like actors being deployed to a crime scene. The arrows from their necks were carefully removed.

One of the figures pulled a pistol from his bag and put a silencer on it. Aiming for Robert's chest area, she fired twice - one hit directly into the heart and the other deliberately missed. He did the same thing from a different angle with Linda. Then they checked the bodies again. No pulse.

In less than five minutes, their apartment was methodically and silently turned upside down by two black-clad figures. The books and clothes were quickly thrown on the ground and the flowerpot was knocked over.

One of the figures pulled out a leather bag with four glass ampoules and poured their contents into certain places throughout the apartment. She had the clear intention of creating random trails of hair, fibers, clay and chewing tobacco.

The figures turned off the television and carried it closer to the window. The video player was disconnected and placed in a strange angle on the television. Its cables hung over the television screen.

A smaller figure opened the window, deftly and barely audibly breaking the glass inside. The computer and some jewelry were placed in one of the canvas bags and lowered to the ground in front of the apartment window. The position of the broken glass was arranged by the two figures directly below the window on the cream-colored carpet as if they were putting together a jigsaw puzzle.

One of the figures climbed out of the window, picked up a bag of stolen items and carefully walked to the parked- to his car. The other remained in place as a guard watching the surroundings for any activity.

The figure quietly slipped into the car and sat in the driver's seat. He removed his mask and suit to reveal his normal clothes, which softened his hard-featured face and short military hair just a bit. He pulled a small walkie-talkie out of his pocket and whispered, "Everything okay?"

"Everything is coming to an end," his partner answered in a whisper, climbing out the window.

"You have twenty seconds," said the driver. "Without!"

A black-clad figure placed a strange-looking box on the windowsill. She pressed the small silver button four or five times in rapid succession with her thumb.

Four loud pistol shots rang out around the area. A few seconds later, the dark figure lunged at the waiting car, which sped off to the sound of screeching tires and flying loose gravel.

The lights in the apartment building came on and its residents began to peek through the curtains and blinds. When the car pulled onto the main road a few blocks away, its lights came on and the car disappeared into the Albuquerque starry night.

* * * *

Neruda knocked lightly on the closed door. It was ten minutes past nine o'clock. He was late, but writing the report took longer than he expected, mostly because he was trying to come up with some meaningful hypotheses that would satisfy Fifteen.

During his career at ACIO, Neruda had learned early on that the consequences of poor presentation preparation for Fifteen could be very severe. No one could tear a presentation apart better than Fifteen if they felt there was poor preparation at the heart of the presentation.

"Come on in Jamisson," Fifteen said through the heavy metal door.

Neruda opened the door but stopped short after crossing the threshold. There was a stranger inside and he hesitated to enter. "If you want, I can wait outside until you finish."

"Nonsense," Fifteen exclaimed. "I want you to meet someone who will be working with us for about a week." He motioned for Neruda to enter. "Donavin McAlester, I'd like to introduce Senior Project Analyst - Jamisson Neruda."

As the two men shook hands, Neruda asked, "I'm sorry, but we haven't met before, we've been toiling- in?"

"I don't remember," Donavin replied. "But I have a pretty bad memory for faces. Have you ever worked for the Navy or the NSA?"

"No, sorry no. I just think your face looks familiar. Well, nothing. Welcome to our little lab."

"I haven't seen everything yet, but I don't think the word small would be used to describe this place," Donavin smiled conciliatorily. "Until last Wednesday, I had never heard of this unit. And now I think I understand why." He looked around Fifteen's office with wonder in his eyes.

Fifteen cleared his throat. "Donavin is here as an SPL operative - he's actually there to spy on us," Fifteen gave a mischievous but friendly smile.

Donavin looked down at his shoes with embarrassment. "This is not spying. I'm just here for a few weeks to observe and make comments to our respective organization regarding how we can better work together and communicate."

"Is this something you do regularly for the NSA?" Neruda asked.

"Not very regularly," Donavin explained, "but often enough to keep me busy."

Neruda turned to Fifteen with a questioning expression. "Would you like to move our meeting to later - noon?"

"No," he replied, shaking his head. "Li-Ching will take Donavin on a little pro-patrol of our facility in a few minutes. I just wanted you two to meet because Donavin expressed his great interest in the Ancient Arrow project. And since you are the leader of the project, you will be in contact with him from time to time."

Donavin reached into his briefcase, pulled out a folder and opened it to some kind of document. "Actually, I prepared something like a questionnaire for you," he handed Neruda the papers.

"It's just a few questions about the project and how you would like to communicate with SPL regarding hypotheses, projects, reports, plan changes, and so on. I would greatly appreciate your help if you could take a look at those questions and get back to me in the next few days...like Wednesday if that works in your schedule."

When Donavin finished, Neruda looked up from the papers. His forehead was furrowed and his eyes slightly narrowed. "Can I wait to answer and tell you later? I have a lot of work to do this week. And by the way, I counted twenty-seven questions." He paused briefly. "A few questions isn't exactly how I'd describe it." He was holding the papers and laughing.

"You got me," Donavin said, laughing in return.

"I'm sure Jamisson will do his best to oblige," Fifteen offered. "All we will do our best to make you feel comfortable and welcome here."

Li-Ching entered Fifteen's office like a flood of color and energy. Her straight black hair not-as usual, it was fastened with a number of hairpins and clips. "Are you ready for our tour?"

"... Yes," Donavin said, clearly alarmed by her striking beauty.

"Okay then follow me...if you're done," Li-Ching turned to Fifteen for confirmation.

"We're done for now," Fifteen nodded. "I'll see you later at lunch. Nice tour."

"It was my pleasure," Neruda said as he shook Donavin's hand.

"Me too," Donavin replied. "For now, dry."

Li-Ching gestured for him to go ahead of her and then turned back to Fifteen. Her face showed distaste - the kind a child shows their parents when they have to walk the dog. The door closed a little louder than usual, Neruda thought, probably another sign of her displeasure at having to babysit an SPL scout.

"It's clean," Fifteen said as he sat down at the table. "Surprisingly, he came clean. No bugs, that surprises me."

"What is this guy's status in relation to the Ancient Arrow project? Should I give him access to something?"

"He was assigned a BP-Two access code. Treat him accordingly. He doesn't know about the Ancient Arrow project nothing, except that we have an artifact that was secured with Professor Stevens."

"Did you see the questionnaire?"

Fifteen smiled. "No, but he seems to take his job too seriously."

"What about the artifact?"

"What do you mean?" Fifteen asked.

"If the only thing Donavin knows about the Ancient Arrow project is that we have the artifact, then we actually we don't have exactly. If you don't count the burnt shell, then the artifact is gone, vaporized."

"We gave him a folder containing sixty-three photographs in three light spectrums," Fifteen said. "So he knows what the artifact looked like. We camouflaged it by making the artifact destroy itself under the UV scanner and what is left of him is the shell. We will show it to him and convince him that the artifact and the whole project is over."

"Don't you think McGavin will want to start his own investigation?" Neruda asked. "What's left of the artifact doesn't look much like the original images they'll see."

"Of course it will," said Fifteen. "But it was inevitable anyway. The fact that the artifact destroyed itself plays perfectly into our hands. The only nuance we can't control is whether McGavin will believe our story or assume we destroyed the artifact on purpose."

"What about the RePlay tape?"

"It will be shipped this afternoon," Fifteen replied.

"Has Donavin seen her yet?"

"No. I thought you'd show it to him tomorrow and maybe you'd be able to verbally answer his little questionnaire. It will save you time writing formal answers."

"Okay, I'll do it that way."

"Good. Now tell me about our latest problem child from M51." Fifteen asked.

"We discovered a way to get into that structure at the molecular level by using a certain diameter laser beam. We created a resonance - a significant resonance.

Maybe it's because these artifacts are like shape-shifting objects. The material they are made of it reconfigures itself at the molecular level when stimulated by specific frequencies of light."

Fifteen leaned back in his chair and put his hands behind his head. He stared at the ceiling as he often did. "What is the diameter of the resonant beam?"

"0.00475," Neruda replied.

"And the frequency of light?"

"UV seven hundred and eighty four."

"I assume you'll be trying a wider frequency range?"

"All this is planned to be done this afternoon when David returns," Neruda said.

"Do you think the object can transform in a similar way to the homing device?"

"Yes, I think it is possible."

"Tell David to videotape all the tests - at three frequencies, from different angles... damn, he's going to need someone to help him with that. Tell Whitaker to put together a team this morning to put it together. Good?"

"I understand."

Fifteen looked at his watch. "I will spend the rest of the morning in the sunroom with our friends from Beme.

I'll think about possible ways to test it and let you know if I think of anything else. But now I have to run. Do you have anything else important?"

Neruda handed Fifteen some documents. "Here's a progress report on the optical disc examination.

Aside from the beam resonance, there's nothing too exciting about it. Here you will also find my list of members of the uncovering team, the determination of their functions, the project strategy and a preliminary list of needs. You can look at it when you're free."

"Thank you," said Fifteen. "I'll look into it later this afternoon. Anything else?"

"No, that's all," replied Neruda.

Neruda wished he could go to the Sunroom with Fifteen. Of all the rooms in the complex, the sun hall was his favorite. It was an eight-sided structure located two stories above the ground, which was made up of floor-to-ceiling windows. It looked a bit like an airport control tower.

A private elevator that was directly in front of Fifteen's office took passengers directly to the sunroom hall. It was the only access route.

"I hope your meeting goes well," Neruda said.

"Thank you, I definitely will. They need us a little more than we need them. That gives us a good chance. Stand up for it upstairs with me later if you want," Fifteen offered. "I'll definitely be there for at least another two hours."

"Good. Thank you."

Fifteen turned to his assistant who sat attentively in the reception area across from the elevator. "When our guests arrive, send them upstairs. If they arrive more than ten minutes late, make them wait the same amount of time in the Signature Hall."

"Okay, I understand, sir," replied the assistant.

The elevator doors opened and Fifteen disappeared into its dark rosewood interior. Neruda knew he wouldn't have time to join Fifteen. He also knew that the meeting he was about to have was with the Nereus Syndicate - one of the most powerful organizations in the world. Neruda developed their encryption algorithms when he started at ACIO. He knew them well and was very happy that Fifteen would arrange a meeting with them.

Chapter 10 - Disclosure

*The Primordial Source is the progenitor of all beings and life forms. In this truth is the foundation of the unity on which we all stand.
The path of union - creation finding its creator - is the very heart of the human soul.
The reward on this journey is an unmistakable sense of wholeness. Each impulse of each electron is related to the entire universe and its
ascension to God. There is no other direction we can go.*

*Excerpt from Soul Home, Chamber Twenty One
Creators of Wings*

did you see it Did you see how the damn thing reacts?" Andrews foamed.

"Incredibly!" Collin said. "Neruda was right, it changes shape just like the first artifact."

The two were watching a video tape recorded that night by David, an EARTH operator assigned to the Star-roblyý Šíp project. The video showed the optical disc being split into two discs like a sandwich. Between the disks was a cloud of light. The light was like a prism made up of thousands of pearly little globes that danced between the two discs. Their dancing seemed to have a random pattern.

"It really doesn't look like anything we've seen before, does it?" Collin asked rhetorically.

"Only if you think you've met all your space neighbors," Andrews said, laughing in its intermittent way. "Hold me, wait until the boss sees this."

David returned to the screen. "As you can see, Fifteen's hypothesis was correct, except that it was twenty-three index tracks and not all twenty-four that made up the magic number."

"Okay, so what are we going to do about it now?" Andrews asked.

"Now this is where it gets interesting," commented David. "We were able to induce a molecular change, but we have no idea how to access the data in the tracks we opened yesterday. The data, assuming there is any, is in a format that ZEMI cannot read and therefore cannot analyze."

"Could that light - I mean, between the disks - be converted to binary code?"

"Negative," David replied. "If you look at the data file I sent you, you will see a complete analysis of that light structure. But the best we can do is provide frequency range, spectrum analysis and standard baseline data."

"So all we've done is create even more mystery. Great." Andrews lamented.

Collin patted Andrews on the back. "Don't despair, my friend. Fifteen is still here. If you don't figure it out, he will."

"Very funny, idiot," Andrews whispered to Collin. Then he turned back to the monitor. "So you say that between the discs is complete chaos? EARTH can't find anything that looks like a pattern?"

"Exactly, at least in relation to the tests done so far."

"How is this possible? What is the longest cycle that ZEMI has analyzed?"

"About thirty minutes."

"We should try longer time cycles."

"We agree," David replied. "ZEMI has been doing this," he looked at his Rolex, "for about three hours—ny."

"Okay," Andrews said. "Anything else you could show us?"

"One more thing. Between 52 and 195 kilohertz there is an audio loop that occurs during the time the molecular change is taking place. It's a very complex loop and we're working on getting it down to the audible frequency range."

"Oh, that looks very interesting," commented Andrews. "Is it a continuous loop?"

"Yes, there is an obvious pattern that repeats itself every two minutes and thirty-two seconds. Exactly."

"Maybe this will be the breakthrough we're looking for. When will you have the audio file?"

David closed his eyes for a moment. "It's almost there, about thirty more minutes."

"Okay," said Andrews, "when you have something, send it to my office. Oh, by the way, have you considered testing that sound pattern to see if it syncs with the light show?"

"We have already come to the conclusion that there is no synchronicity. It's completely independent in terms of formula, but the light balls are producing that sound frequency."

"Then how can they be independent?" Collin asked.

"We don't know that."

"Thank you, David. I have to run to another meeting now. I assume you also forwarded this to Neruda— you."

"Actually, I have a meeting with him at Fifteen's office in about an hour."

"Good luck. That's a tough audience, even when you're connected to the EARTH," Andrews said with a chuckle.

David smiled politely, reached for something, and the screen went dark.

Andrews turned on Collin in a burst of energy. "The thing literally sings!"

"We'll see," Collin said. "Don't have too high expectations. It could be something spoofed from a light source."

"Yes, it is possible, but I doubt it. That light is the source of those sound frequencies and yet there is no pattern to suggest any relationship. There is something else going on there that is not scientific."
"A light source cannot produce sound frequencies independently of a change in its own frequency," he said Collin. "It's not possible and you know it."

"So you're saying EARTH isn't right?" Andrews asked.
"I say physics is right. EARTH, that's another matter entirely, as is this artifact."
"Maybe we're just discovering something that defies our laws of physics," Andrews offered. "And if that's the case, it might explain how we're supposed to deal with the other artifacts we've found."

"Maybe," Collin said, "but I doubt it."
The two colleagues left CAL and took the elevator down to their offices in the Special Projects department. They were excited by the new development and hoped to soon learn the purpose of the optical disc.

* * * *

When the helicopters landed, the dust they stirred up obscured the beautiful sunset. The detection team rolled out of the birds. Fourteen members divided into three subgroups. The porters were responsible for the safe relocation of the remaining twenty-two artifacts. Security was responsible for hiding the entire site behind a twelfth level security fence. The third group consisted of researchers who were responsible for evaluating the chamber paintings, glyphs and architecture for any telltale signs that could help explain the origin and nature of the site.

The team was delayed by five hours because some tourists were spotted on satellite reconnaissance images and were deemed to be too close to the site. Subsequent satellite images confirmed that they were moving in a westerly direction, which would bring them eight miles north of the MýS site. Evans was reassured by the distance. He also deduced from high-resolution satellite imagery that they were not NSA operatives.

Neruda called his team. "Follow me. We have about a kilometer to go."
Dark brown unmarked helicopters took off like giant locusts. The team gathered their gear and formed a line behind Neruda. They were going to make their camp inside the first cave to remain invisible to any probing "eye in the sky" of the NSA.

A cold, dry desert wind blew through the narrow canyons, but luckily everyone was dressed for the weather. They were well aware that it was only 42 degrees Fahrenheit inside the chambers of the site.

As they neared the entrance to the cave, Evans pulled out a small flat box that looked like a remote control with metal number buttons. After fiddling with the thing for a while, he aimed it directly at the canyon wall where the entrance to the cave used to be, but was now completely disguised.

Within a second, a small slit began to open. The red light of the setting sun cast a mysterious glow on the face of the stone wall in which the black entrance to the cave widened like a wound as the gap gradually became visible.

ACIO has developed technology to cloak physical objects. This technology emerged from the Technology Transfer Program (TTP) established with Cortee. The technology was simply known as RICH, or Reality Inference Coessential Hologram. It could be tuned to take on the texture, color and any material quality of the selected object - in this case, the sandstone walls of the canyon.

RICH was the ultimate object hiding technology and was heavily used by the ACIO leadership as a technology assigned to the Labyrinth Team. These pristine technologies were closely guarded and RICH was one of them. Only personnel with BP-Seven clearance and above were allowed to observe the RICH technology in action, and most of the other pure state technology was also reserved for the Labyrinth Team only.

The excavation team climbed into the cave, one by one, and set up their camp. The entrance was again put into RICH stealth mode and the team was safely enclosed inside the MýS site, completely isolated from the outside world.

* * * *

Donavin McAlester walked down the long corridor on the sixteenth floor to Li-Ching's office. He had a bad one mood. There was no one to talk to and Neruda ignored his questionnaire.

"Can you spare a few minutes for me," Donavin asked as he knocked politely on the open door.
"Sure, Mr. McAlester," Li-Ching replied, looking up from her computer monitor. Her green silk dress looked dull in the dim light of the lone table lamp. When she worked on the computer, she preferred dim lighting.

"Where is everyone?" he asked. "I was trying to talk to Evans and Neruda yesterday afternoon and then again this morning, but no one is able to tell me where they are or when they will be back."

"They're working on their assignments," she replied calmly.

"I know that. When will he come back?"

"I believe Friday afternoon, or maybe Saturday, I'm not sure. Is there anything I can do for you about them?"

Donavin invited himself into her office and slumped into the blue leather chair in front of her desk. "I came here to improve communication between our organizations, but I can't find anyone interested in talking to me about it. Everyone seems pretty damn busy. If I were to report to McGavin this morning, I'm afraid you wouldn't like my conclusions..."

"Mr. McAlester, we run the most technologically advanced organization on the planet with only a hundred scientists - a handful compared to any government or military laboratory. We're not as heavily funded as the NSA or any other intelligence agency, so our people are busy. Very busy.

No one hides from you on purpose. We are all extremely busy. That's all. Don't take it personally."

Donavin looked at Li-Ching in confusion. "Are they too busy? Do you realize the importance of my report?"

"Sure," Li-Ching replied. "But you, unfortunately, do not understand the importance of our work. If you have a problem with our behavior, then I would advise you to speak to Fifteen directly."

"Damn, he's the next one I can't reach. His assistant is the most skilled liar ever I have ever met in my life. And believe me, I've seen a lot of good ones during my service for the NSA."

"I believe he saw," she said, smiling.

"Listen, if my report casts a negative light on the ACIO, your funding could be in trouble in serious danger. Isn't that a priority for your organization? Or am I overlooking something?"

"What do you want from me regarding the matter of Evans and Neruda being deployed on a mission?"

Donavin tossed a folder onto Li-Ching's desk and pointed at it. "In this folder are the original plans for this structure. According to them, there is 71,000 square feet of finished space. I would say your inspection showed me about 20 percent. I want to see more."

"And how will that improve our communication, Mr. McAlester?"

He looked straight into her eyes. "Maybe it will cause more confidence."

"Okay then come see me, I'll give you a more thorough inspection if you wish."

Li-Ching stood up and picked up the folder that was lying on her desk. "You can take it back," she said, offering it in her outstretched hand.

He took her without reply.

The two then walked down the hall to a metal door that looked like an elevator entrance. As they approached the door, it opened softly to reveal a narrow corridor with an elaborate Turkish carpet lying on a wooden parquet floor. It looked more like the interior of a luxury home than a government facility. The corridor was about eighty feet long and there were seven doors - three on each side and one at the end of the corridor. All the doors were closed.

"What is it?"

"This is our Special Projects Laboratory," Li-Ching said.

"I thought the lab was on the fourteenth floor," Donavin replied.

"That's where our main lab is," Li-Ching explained, "but this is where our most secret projects are located - what we call pure state technology."

A voice rang out above them, startling Donavin. "Ms. Ching, good morning. Your guest, Mr. McAlester, is not registered for security access to this area of the building. Do you want to change his Security on this matter?"

"Yes," she replied, looking at the camera in the ceiling, which was hidden in a row of light fixtures. She touched her right ear with her left hand, signaling to the camera that she authorized access and that she was not under duress.

"Thank you, I wish you a nice visit."

"How high do you have to be to gain access to this area?" Donavin asked.

"Taller than you," she said briskly, walking down the hall to the first door, which opened immediately. She pulled down two surgical drapes, shoe covers and lab coats from the wall. "You have to wear this if you want to go in. It is a biologically clean room. And don't touch anything, please."

In front of them was another door labeled "Seventh Level BioLab."

Donavin put on a sterile white garment and couldn't wait to see what he would see on the other side. "What's inside?" He nodded towards the door and fastened the cotton mask over his face.

"It's our laboratory for the study of aliens - those with a biological essence. It is one of the pearls of our tour. I think you will like it."

"You mean there are aliens?"

"No, there are mostly just parts of them," she said with a shy smile.

Donavin adjusted his mask and followed Li-Ching through the door. Inside were a series of stainless steel examination tables and what looked like a medical emergency room. Metal box doors covered one wall from floor to ceiling, and on the opposite side were strange devices that looked like surgical instruments or examination instruments, not unlike those used by dentists.

Li-Ching walked over to a large glass container with something floating in it. She quickly put on rubber gloves, she opened the lid and took it out of the container.

"That's the news we got just a week ago from a remote area in the Gulf of Corinth from a fishing boat that was sailing only about eight kilometers from Athens."

She turned to Donavin, who was waiting patiently. She held a fetus in her hands that weighed perhaps two pounds and it was mostly brown-red in color with huge blue veins surrounding a disproportionately large head.

Li-Ching checked the clock on the wall and then Donavin's eyes. "Are you okay?"

Donavin stared at the seed in Li-Ching's hands and his legs began to shake. Before he could answer her, under his knees buckled and his body collapsed to the floor in complete surrender to gravity.

"I'm going to need someone's help to get him onto the examination table," Li-Ching told the man in a white lab coat who ran into the room as if on some premeditated instruction.

"Unmask him, now! I don't want him out too long," she ordered, returning the seed to the container.

would.

Donavin's surgical drape was impregnated with a weak neurotoxin that was tasteless and odorless, but capable of rendering a person limp and unconscious for twenty minutes. It also met one other requirement: it left no traces in blood or urine.

The two lifted Donavin onto the examination table and placed him on his back. His head was carefully placed in a concave socket at one end of the examination table. A metal ball the size of an orange descended silently from the ceiling, like a spider gliding down a silk thread. Red lights began to project from the orb, slowly moving across Donavin's face, mapping his facial features.

The metal sphere retracted and a long robotic arm extended just above his head. A needle protruded from her hand and stuck into Donavin's nasal cavity, where she implanted a tiny radio, no bigger than a grain of sand.

These radios were known as Personal Moles or PMka. They had a dual purpose: a listening device that could relay every word Donavin spoke up to thirty miles away; a signal device that could be tracked anywhere on the planet by the ACIO satellite network.

"Verify activation," Li-Ching said.

Her companion, who was now in the control room adjacent to the examination room, nodded. "We have assets-
whose."

"Okay," Li-Ching whispered.

"I'll give you a list of key words in three hours," she said louder. "You can deliver finished copies of transcripts twice a day, provided it says something interesting. Do you understand?"

"I understand."

"Then we'll end it," she said.

She took a small device from a table near the examination table and held it to Donavin's nasal septum. She turned the dial and pressed a small button on the back of the device. The device made a small cut that immediately started bleeding. She sterilized the wound and gently bandaged it. Then Donavin was lifted off the examination table and placed back on the floor where he had passed out about eight minutes earlier.

"Are you ready?" Li-Ching asked.

The man nodded, opened a small bag of smelling salts and waved it under Donavin's nose.

His body began to toss and turn. He immediately curled into a fetal position and then, as if he remembered where he was he finds, trying to sit up. "What the hell happened?"

"You passed out," Li-Ching replied.

Donavin shook his head and looked shamefacedly at Li-Ching and then at her companion. "Who is that
is it?"

"I'm sorry, it's Dr. Stevens. You fell and hurt yourself quite a bit, so I asked him to look at your nose."

Donavin immediately put his hand to his nose and felt the bandage. "He's not broken, is he?" There was a hint of arrogance in his voice.

"No, no," Dr. assured him. Stevens. "Just a bump and a bruise, but it might be uncomfortable for a few days gently hurt. If you need anything, just tell Li-Ching and I will take care of you."

"Thank you. How long have I been out?" Donavin murmured.

"Just a few minutes. Perhaps you would like some fresh air," suggested Li-Ching. "Do you want to go upstairs and get some refreshments?"

Donavin staggered to his feet, leaning against one of the examination tables. "That's probably a good idea."

Li-Ching grabbed his arm and they walked out the door together. Donavin cautiously tested his balance.

As they removed their lab coats and shoe covers in the hall, Donavin looked at Li-Ching ja-ko the suffering animal. "What was that thing?"

"Alien Germ. Zeta Reticuli to be exact. He was thrown out by one of their submarines
lu with an additional amount of experimental waste."

"So they're not much for life, huh?"

"No, they're more for experiments."

"It seemed to me that he looked partially human..."

"Please, Mr. McAlester, keep it to yourself. What I showed you there is top secret. As high as it can be. I just wanted you to get a sense of my trust and our willingness to work with you. Let's just leave it at that."

"So you won't answer any more of my questions? Of which I have thousands by the way?"

"No."

"Great," he said bitterly. "Do you really expect someone to see that thing and then shut up like a fish?"

Li-Ching began adjusting her dress and Donavin watched her discreetly out of the corner of his eye. She had a great figure - slim and flexible like a ballerina painted by Degas. She snapped coldly as she disarmed her prey.

"What I expect is a match. I trust you, you trust me. Isn't that what you wanted, Mr. McAlester? Or have I mistaken you?"

"Okay, okay, no more questions," he agreed, "but at least tell me one thing, those aliens Ze- are they here?" he gestured with his hands.

Li-Ching shook her head and smiled. "Mr. McAlester, if they were here, do you think I would was it showing a dead embryo?" She took his arm in hers. "I'll escort you upstairs. How do you feel?"

"A little dazed," he complained.

As they walked down the hall, her right breast settled directly on his left arm and Donavin began to lose interest in the tour, feeling more important things begin to loom.

* * * *

"There are satellite images, sir," noted a voice on the house phone.

"Then bring them here," McGavin said.

Holden was always worried about McGavin's reaction to anything unconvincing, and satellite photos certainly were fell into this category. McGavin's assistant nodded softly and walked towards the double oak doors.

He walked into McGavin's office, which was situated on the top floor of a nondescript five-story office building about thirty miles northeast of Richmond, Virginia. The NSA's Special Projects Laboratory (SPL) lay in a manicured pine forest behind a well-secured perimeter fence equipped with perfect motion sensors above and below ground. It was a beautiful but isolated environment for covert operations.

To any casual observer, SPL was a company called ConnecTech. For any researcher or journalist, even according to its website, ConnecTech was a private, closely held company that developed specialized missile guidance systems for the military. In reality, SPL was owned and operated by the NSA and developed a wide range of surveillance and counterterrorism technologies.

Many of these were originally designed and developed in ACIO and then transferred to SPL for others development and modification.

The core technologies were usually the result of the Technology Transfer Program the ACIO had with both Zeta Retikuli and Corteo. In other cases, it was alien technology that was reconstructed without knowledge of its origin and then reverse-engineered. Regardless of how these technologies were obtained, the ACIO developed them into pure state technologies intended for applications in the Team Labyrinth program. These pure state technologies were then diluted for export to the SPL and other secret organizations around the world.

"So, did we learn something we didn't know yesterday?" McGavin snapped.

Holden sat straight as a board in his chair, his eyes darting around the room without stopping for more than a second. "We know that three Q-Eleven helicopters left ACIO and headed east-southeast at approximately 1800 hours."

"Target?"

"We lost radar signal thirty-two miles from the launch site..."

"Why aren't we able to track those idiots?" McGavin shouted, his chameleon-like bald head turning a shade of purple to match the curtains behind his desk.

Holden started to say something, but McGavin leaned forward in his chair and silenced him with a movement of his hands. "Tell me if we have a flight path derivation."

"We have, sir," Holden confirmed, his eyes nervously avoiding McGavin's icy gaze.

"However, the helicopters did not return to the ACIO base, so we cannot determine the exact distance."

"Then just show me what you got."

Holden opened a folder the size of a court file and pulled out three maps of the continental United States. Each had several dotted lines emanating from Southern California and heading east at slightly different angles.

McGavin quickly overlooked them. "So they flew to southern New Mexico... maybe eighty, ninety miles north of Albuquerque..."

"Sir, we don't know where they actually stopped, so they could have continued east, or stopped in Arizona, or even California..."

"I know you don't know where you squat," McGavin said gruffly. "What does the label say? I can't fucking read it, it's such small print..."

"The red line represents the highest probability flight path," Holden pointed out.

McGavin leaned back in his chair and stroked his clean shaven chin. "What is the capacity of Q-Eleven, what about passengers and cargo?"

"It will carry six passengers and four and a half tons of cargo comfortably," Holden replied, glad to be repeating facts he knew well.

"Why would they send so many people to New Mexico unless they found something big?" McGavin thought aloud.

Holden waited quietly. He knew full well that it was a rhetorical question.

McGavin pressed the speakerphone button. An announcement tone immediately filled the room. "Was there anything else?" he asked, looking at Holden as he did so.

"No sir," Holden announced.

"You're good to go then," McGavin said, pressing the speed dial button. As Holden got up to leave, the dial tone was interrupted by the staccato tones of a phone number being dialed. He heard McGavin say something about the number "fifteen" before he closed the door behind him.

"Then find him, I'll wait," McGavin said in a measured voice.

Silence filled his office. He walked over to the secret cabinet door and opened it with a quick but precise kick. The door opened to reveal several bottles of scotch. He took a drink - straight from the bottle - and took off his large belt.

"Mr. McGavin," a voice interrupted, "we've found Fifteen and he'll be available to you in a moment. Thank you for your patience."

"Please," he replied sarcastically, the Scotsman already starting to take effect.

He had just finished his second drink when Fifteen's voice came over the speaker. "Hey Darius, I'm sorry to keep you waiting, but I just had a meeting and unfortunately my assistant didn't know which conference room I was in. What can I do for you?"

McGavin set his drink down on the table. "Why did three Q-Elevens fly to New Mexico yesterday?"

"We're doing some research in the Ancient Arrow project and looking for more artifacts..."

"Why three?"

"We expanded the search area, I thought we could try a triangular search pattern."

"And what did you find?"

"Nothing as far as I know," replied Fifteen. "But they're only there for about eighteen hours - and most of that time they've been sleeping and getting ready. I got the latest breaking news early this morning. I will call you personally if anything comes up."

McGavin finished his drink and set the glass down heavily on the table. The drink already had the desired effect. "I don't want you to call me after the event. I want to know your plans...then you can update me on their progress. All you tell me about this project is some bullshit. I don't eat that."

"So what do you recommend?"

"I want to know exactly what's going on," McGavin shouted. "The last report I saw showed an artifact that somehow exploded. Our lab confirmed it was alien technology, but to say it's the same artifact you showed me in the Ancient Arrow folder... that's a stretch. You have to admit that."

He paused, wondering if there was any point in having another drink. He decided he did and repeated his visit to the liquor bar. "You've already sent three separate missions to that area and I still don't know the exact location of that location or the logistics plan for that mission. So let's get started."

"I know you want us to improve our communication, but I just can't hire more staff just to implement this type of delicate communication. I only have Li-Ching and she is very busy..."

"Damn, we have the most perfect intranet in the world and all you have to do is send me a copy of your e-mails. I don't want authorized communication from you. Just a copy."

"You know we don't trust networks. We cannot expose our projects to communication protocols that they are open to hackers, espionage, and negligent handling by recipients. It doesn't work that way, Darius."

"Your lack of confidence is ridiculous," McGavin said. "Our IT people say it's impossible to get into ours hack the system..."

"I will not waste our precious time arguing about this matter, Darius. I just don't want to jeopardize our projects by using the network. At the right price and with the right motivation nothing is unbreakable and you know it. If you want proof, give me a day and I'll send you copies of all the emails you have in your system."

McGavin let out a loud and long sigh. "So we're at a dead end," he stated, ignoring Fifteen stalking. "What are we going to do about it?"

"You have to trust me," Fifteen offered. "It's that simple. It's the only way it can work."

"Do I have a choice?" McGavin asked.

"Of course."

"No, I don't," McGavin complained. Scotland already had him under control. "You're showing off your goddamn power by even suggesting that I trust you. You're my subordinate, dammit! I myself will decide who I will trust and who I will not. Something unusual is happening with the Ancient Arrow project - every bone in my body feels it."

"Darius?" Fifteen cut him off.

"What is it?"

"I have to go to another meeting. Brown. Can we finish this discussion tomorrow?"

McGavin downed the rest of his glass and finished his third drink. He let the question hang in the air, hoping it would unnerve Fifteen. "Okay, I'm tired of this whole discussion. Just make sure you fully cooperate with Donavin on this matter."

"Thank you for your understanding," Fifteen said and hung up.

"I'm glad it happened," McGavin replied, his words interrupted by the answering machine's tone.

"What a fucking cheater," McGavin growled as he turned off the speaker. He looked at the flight path estimate once more and realized how little information he was getting from Fifteen. His anger grew to the point where it completely took over him. He, the director of the NSA's Special Projects Laboratory, can't even get a straight answer as to where the exact location of the supposed search site is. He poured himself a fourth drink, hoping it would quell his frustration. He didn't shut up.

Chapter 11 - The Central Race

In your world, you are taught to believe that your body has a mind and a spirit, when it is actually your spirit that has a mind and a body. Your spirit is the architect, your mind is the builder, and your body is the material embodiment. The architect - your spirit - is only distant in thought. Listen to his ancient voice. See through his ancient eyes. Worship these gates of intelligence as you worship your Creator. They are your reality. They are the established elements of your existence. The time has come when they bring you the information that they are the only true source of your liberation. You just have to drive them because we assure you that the teacher you have always been looking for is awake and waiting.

*Excerpt from Self-Creation Possibilities, Chamber Eleven
Creators of Wings*

Neruda was alone in the seventh chamber of the MYS location and was trying to decipher the glyphs on the chamber painting. Some of them were familiar in structure to him, such as the infinity sign and the spiral, but many were unlike anything he had ever seen before. The technological artifacts have already been carefully packed and placed in the outermost cave for later transfer to the ACIO laboratory where they will be evaluated and analyzed.

The detection team had set up camp in the outermost cave, and Neruda was dimly aware that he was the last person left in the chambers. He looked at the watch on his wrist and sighed. Eleven o'clock. No wonder he's tired. He stood up and stretched his legs and arms. He hoped to find new energy to continue analyzing the glyphs.

"Is anyone here?" he yelled as he poked his head into the hallway and looked down towards her entrance.

Silence filled the corridor and chambers. Gondolas of halogen lights inside each chamber and in their inputs were his only reminder of humanity.

If it wasn't for that, he could easily be on some other planet in another galaxy. He collected his notes and he returned to the center of the Seventh Chamber, where he sat cross-legged.

"Jamisson, are you here?" a faint voice entered the chamber.

Emily, he thought. "Here. Chamber Seven."

Emily offered to join Neruda's team to help with the laborious cataloging process.

He listened for approaching footsteps in much the way a blind person focuses on an unfamiliar sound environment. The voices revealed that Emily was not alone, or she was talking to herself - which was quite possible, Neruda told himself.

"Time for coffee and scones," Emily's voice promised.

Neruda's heart leapt for joy at the prospect of coffee and some good food, not to mention the company of speaking. "You didn't have to," he shouted to the ceiling, knowing the sound of his voice would find her ears.

"I was happy to do it," she replied. "Did you say Chamber Seven?"

"You heard right."

A moment later she appeared with Samantha in tow. Both were wearing blue jeans and carrying backpacks. Samantha had her hair tied up in a top knot and wore a green turtleneck that perfectly complemented her striking red hair. Emily was wearing a white knitted sweater against the cold in the chambers. The cold made sweaters and long pants a must.

"It will be nice to have some company," Neruda said. "I was starting to feel a little too isolated here-new. Those chambers can get pretty weird when nobody's around."

"Anything new?" Emily asked, opening her backpack and taking out a thermos of hot coffee. Neruda shook his head. "Not at all."

"What are you working on tonight?" Samantha asked.

"We're just starting to analyze the glyphs in relation to those inscriptions. We look for clues, such as sounds or the structure of language."

"Those paintings are so bright," Samantha said as if ignoring his explanation. "It's so weird to watch with paintings from beings from another galaxy. It is..."

"Unbelievable," Emily added, finishing her sentence.

Neruda laughed. "Their application technique is the definition of the word durability. That's why those paintings are so bright even after twelve hundred years."

"Whatever it is," Samantha remarked, "I've never seen such vibrant colors before. Literally shine as if they were emitting light and not just reflecting it."

"I agree," Emily said. "They're almost scary... they're a little uncomfortable."

Emily poured three cups of coffee from a vacuum thermos and handed one each to Neruda and Samantha. Rippling eddies of steam rose upward, filling the sterile atmosphere of the chamber with the scent of coffee. Neruda warmed his hands on his cup and thanked Emily. He leaned back on his side on the floor and propped himself up with his right elbow. One leg was bent up and the other straight. He was wearing khaki pants and a black sweater, with a white t-shirt peeking out around the neckline. "That'll keep me going for another hour or two. She's real, isn't she?"

"Yes," Emily assured him.

"Great."

Samantha sat down next to Emily and continued to stare at the painting. "You know, the people who painted these paintings don't—they look so alien. Some might look like humans, others like angels."

"They are a little too abstract for me to judge," Neruda replied. "Besides, they can represent the Anasazi Indians and not necessarily themselves."

"What are the chances that a race from another galaxy will look like us?" Samantha asked, turning away from the mural to look Neruda straight in the eye. Her expression was completely open and trusting like that of a child.

"Very good."

"Very good?" Emily replied in disbelief.

"Well, I'm not saying they'll be carbon copies of us, but look at Zeta or Corteum, they're similar to us in a way. The humanoid genotype changes, but the basic shape and structure is basically the same."

"Can you tell me something?" Samantha asked. "Why weren't we given the green light to do the Foresight of the Creators of this location?"

Neruda stared at her with a blank expression, as if he was completely taken aback by her question. "I don't know. I was so preoccupied with the optical disc and now the site itself that I didn't give it much importance."

"So no one made a conscious decision not to do a Farsighted session on the creator?" Samantha speculated.

"No."

"Do you want to do it?"

"Now?" Neruda asked.

"Yes, now," Samantha answered eagerly.

"I think...that we could," he answered hesitantly, his mind calculating all the implications. In min-losti had watched dozens of Remote Viewing sessions, so he knew the procedure well.

"I'll need some note paper and a pencil or pen," said Samantha.

"Right here? Now?" Emily asked.

"Why not," Neruda replied, handing his notepad and pen to Samantha.

"Have you ever done this before?" Emily Neruda asked as she turned to face him.

"Many times."

"Okay, can I watch?" Emily asked. "Actually, I've never personally seen such a sean-

whose."

Samantha straightened her back and sat cross-legged Indian style. "I don't care-

says."

"I suppose you don't have RePlay with you," Neruda said.

"No, I didn't plan it. Is it against the rules?"

"I haven't officially introduced the Far Vision Protocol, so we'll do it our way. I'll note what you will find, exactly according to your description. Don't worry about it."

Samantha closed her eyes. Her face went blank. "Can you move the heater a little closer? When it de-Lol, I'm always cold with that."

Neruda stood up and moved the heater. "Anything else before we start? Are you ready Samantha?"

"Yes."

"I want you to move to the L-2 survey of the MYS site. To the time frame of her creation point."

"I'm there," Samantha reported, her voice sounding strangely distant.

"Give a report."

Samantha's hand began to draw something in the notebook in her lap. "I'm discovering some here creatures, they are tall... no, they are very very tall..."

"Are they corporeal?"

"Yes, but less dense than us, like she's only partially here," Samantha replied. A rough sketch showed slender humanoid creatures with long heads. "They look like angels..."

"Why?" interrupted Neruda, "What's the reason you say that?"

"They have light around their heads... like angels... or... saints. As I saw it in different paintings. Their skin is almost transparent, as if light is radiating from them."

"I record in the message of the angels," said Neruda. "What are they doing?"

"They are proposing something... something fundamentally important... for them and for us."

"Okay, Samantha, look at the draft," Neruda said. "What do you see?"

"They are blueprints that present some large-scale project of a structure that they are going to place on earth..."

"Why on earth, Samantha?"

"They are the original planners who genetically seeded the earth with higher life forms such as humans, monkeys, dolphins, whales, dinosaurs and so on. Here, they wanted to create a genetic library of interdependent life forms with related DNA. They wanted to create a repository in the galaxy...or a library that they could draw from for their future creation."

She paused and took a deep breath. "We are something like a genetic reference library for them."

"Okay, focus on the plans for that structure, but move forward a year," Neruda said.

"What do you see?"

"About... a huge three-dimensional sphere - perhaps fifty meters in circumference. It hangs from a vaulted ceiling, which is also huge - like a huge cathedral, but much bigger than any cathedral I've ever seen."

"What's that ball?"

"I feel like it's land, but it doesn't look exactly like land. No, it's earth... it's primal earth. I'm watching modeled on Earth perhaps billions of years ago."

"Draw what you see. Pay particular attention to land masses and their distribution."

Neruda paused for a moment and caught the look of Emily's eyes, which were wide open in astonishment. Samantha was busy drawing what she sees. Her eyes were narrowed to slits with an almost imperceptible tremor.

"Focus on the purpose of the orb," Neruda commanded.

"It's a representation or a model... no, it's something like a holographic photograph. Oh, there are other planets in that building..."

"For now, focus on the orb that represents the earth," he said. "What is its purpose? Why do I picture her like this- her?"

Samantha was silent for a few seconds, as if she was watching something so huge that words cannot describe it. "It's not a cathedral, it's... something like a warehouse... no, I'm getting information that it's a computer database, but that doesn't make sense to me..."

"Stay in observation mode," Neruda instructed her. "Focus on the purpose of the ball."

"I'm getting a strong feeling that this sphere is in a database... similar to an information catalog of planets capable of supporting life. These beings are like genetic planners who judge what genetics are suitable for which planet. Yes, that is the purpose of this place. It is the repository of all life-bearing planets in our galaxy!"

"And what do these planners want to do with those planets?" Neruda asked, trying to keep his tone even despite his growing excitement.

"They are selecting a planet to be the genetic library for our sector of the galaxy."

"Why?"

"I have to deal with something here," Samantha whispered tensely. "Someone is coming. He... or she... no, it's him... he knows I'm here. He senses Farsighted Observation. He is contacting me. He wants to know why I'm here."

"Don't answer," Neruda ordered. "Go to the creation point regarding the MYS site in New Mexico."

Samantha's face visibly relaxed. "I'm in some kind of building. It reminds me of a huge monastery. Everything is quiet and peaceful. Peaceful. There is a kind of salty aroma, like the ocean is nearby. But I can't see anything outside... but it must be near the ocean."

"What do you see inside?"

"I'm in a room - quite big, like a conference hall. There are at least another twelve of these beings. He speaks telepathically. I can't understand them, but I know they are talking to each other. In the middle of the room is a large table and in the middle of the table is a beam of light coming from some source... from above. It's like a projector. That light emits some kind of image - no, it directly forms the image of a three-dimensional helix. It is the site of the Ministry of the Interior. It's a holographic cross-section of the site. I see her!"

"Okay," Neruda said. "Now look closely at that painting, what is its purpose?"

Samantha's face grew tense and wrinkles spread across her forehead like waves on a pond. "Again they perceive me. They're trying to ask me something... I'm not sure what to do, they're probing me... they want to..."

"Don't answer, Samantha! Focus on my voice! What is the purpose of the MYS site?"

"I can't," Samantha whispered. "I can't ignore them. Their minds are so powerful..."

"Samantha, listen to my voice. Can you hear me?"

"Yes," her voice trailed off.

"Alright, go to the point of first contact between these beings and humans."

She was quiet.

"Samantha, can you hear me?"

She didn't answer again and her face was completely relaxed.

"Shouldn't we wake her up?" Emily asked, concern in her voice.

Neruda ignored Emily's question. "Samantha, if you can hear me, confirm it. Now!"

Neruda stood up and shook Samantha's shoulders lightly. "Wake up!" Her eyes went wide and she shivered as if she were cold and at the same time startled.

"Are you okay?" Emily asked.

Neruda moved the heater closer to Samantha.

"I'm fine," she said, "I'm just a little scared."

"What happened?" Neruda asked.

"I have never done a Remote Vision session where my presence was detected. It is a very unpleasant feeling. The beings just wanted to know why I was there. They didn't feel threatened. They just don't like deception. I feel like I'm being vilified."

"Did you communicate with them?" Neruda asked.

"I... I don't know," Samantha stammered, her voice shaking from the coldness of her body.

"I felt their minds probing me and then I heard a voice. That... that's all I remember-tuji."

"And do you remember anything before?" Neruda asked.

"I remember everything," Samantha said. "It was one of the liveliest Farsighted sessions I've ever had. I saw the primordial earth - or at least a holographic model of it. It was incredible!

Do you understand what that means?"

"What?" Emily and Neruda asked in unison.

"It means that the Earth was seeded with these beings. They are the mythical Bearers of Life."

Neruda returned to his original position on the floor. "It's possible, but I don't necessarily think so that is their identity."

"Who else could they be?" Samantha protested, shocked that Neruda could question her.

"The Corteum has always depicted the Life Bearers as sub-spatial beings. I doubt they exist in body-forest form. Your description also corresponds more with the Shining Ones - which are also mythical beings - but less mysterious."

"Glowing?" Samantha thought aloud.

"They are also known as Virachoca, sometimes Kukulcan and most often as Elohim. There are only a few brave scholars who believe that our angelic mythology stems from their participation in the prehistory of our planet."

"And what does the Corteum say about the Shinings?" Samantha asked.

"That they are very powerful beings," he replied, "who have learned how to disguise their influence. They stay invisible by being incomprehensible."

"Do they remain invisible by being incomprehensible?" Emily repeated in frustration. "What does that mean-nat?"

"According to Corte, the Shining Ones are the Central Race, the original race of beings that evolved in the innermost galaxy of the universe. As the universe expanded and continued to expand its space, energy and matter, these beings expanded into other galaxies as creator gods or galactic planners, exporting DNA master patterns from more advanced ancient galaxies to those that were just evolving or emerging."

"I've never heard of the Central Race..."

"It's not exactly what you learn in school," Neruda said with a smile. "They are not unlike the Central Cell. This is the original cell that came into existence due to the fusion of the father's sperm with the mother's egg. From this Central Cell spring all your eighty trillion cells. Your other cells are different. The Central Cell is not. It holds the master matrix of your physical, emotional and mental appearance. It lives in the pineal gland of the brain - the pineal gland."

"As for the Central Race—she is the original humanoid genotype, and all humanoid exists stems from its DNA structure."

"Are you saying that these beings are the progenitors of all humanoid life forms in the universe?" Emily asked slowly, weighing each word before she said it.

"According to Corte, yes," Neruda replied. "And they are also our Gods."

"Gods?" Emily repeated.

"That's not necessarily what they are," he explained, "that's what the individuals who happened to come into contact with them called them."

"Like who?" Emily asked.

"Like Jesus, Buddha, Krishna, Mohammed to name a few."

"So now you want to tell me that our spiritual leaders have been deceived by these beings - our far-genetic ancestors - to think of them as Gods?" Samantha looked upset.

"I'm just giving Corte's perspective. Their cosmology is much more developed than ours and they do not distinguish between spirituality and cosmology. According to them, cosmology is a spiritual science."

"But why did they deceive them?" Samantha asked again.

"I am not saying that they were deceived by these beings," replied Neruda. "It's not like they're pretending to be Gods. They do not make such claims. The central race, according to Corte, possesses what appears to us to be divine power, simply because their evolutionary trajectory is so enormous."

"So," Emily ventured, "if these beings are the Shining, Central Race, as you claim, then all religious references to God... or Gods... are actually about them?"

"Again according to Corte - yes."

Emily let out a long sigh. "And who made them?"

"What I know, no one knows," he replied.

"It still doesn't make sense to me," Samantha blurted out. "Why would such highly evolved beings be interested in the matter of exporting DNA from galaxy to galaxy?"

"From a physical point of view - there is nothing more important than the structure of DNA. The central race is charged with managing the humanoid genotypes. Today's human genotype is fundamentally different from that which inhabited the earth

nant millions of years ago. Corte's opinion is that this did not happen due to evolutionary development, but due to the intervention of the Central Race - the Shining Ones."

"So our Gods are geneticists?" Emily said. "It doesn't bother me much." She lifted her legs and wrapped her arms around them.

Neruda shrugged. "I'm not saying it's an infallible truth. It's just Corte's opinion. It's their cosmology. Not mine."

"So you don't believe it?" Samantha asked.

"I try not to think about it too much. But I find it interesting and quite possible."

"So you believe it?"

"I don't know," he replied, digging into the heel of his hiking boot. "We know that the universe began with a relatively small number of galaxies and expanded to hundreds of billions of galaxies. It seems quite plausible that somewhere in the middle of space a humanoid race could have originated or evolved. This race could be the descendants of the Gods and the ancestors of mankind - here, everywhere."

Neruda stood up and stretched his legs. "It's getting late, we should probably go."

"I can't leave until you answer one more question," Samantha insisted. "If this the place was created by the Central Race, then wouldn't it be logical that it has something to do with genetics?"

"That makes perfect sense," Neruda replied. "I'll tell Fifteen about it when we get back tomorrow. We'll see what he thinks about it. We could be wrong. It's too early to draw anything other than possible hypotheses."

"Are we going to do any more Farsighted sessions?" Samantha asked.

"That will be up to Fifteen. It is disturbing that they are able to detect us, and especially that they are able to probe us through our own Remote Probe. This makes us vulnerable. He'll see what Fifteen wants to do. Good?"

"Why such concern about communication?" Emily asked. "I mean, why don't they just- to ask who they are, what they intend to do with us, and why they left this place?"

"Do you remember the time frame that Samantha moved in?"

"Yes," Emily replied.

"When you move backward or forward in time in a Remote Viewing session, protocol dictates that the session must remain in observational mode only," he said. Neruda squatted down and began to collect his notes and put them back in his backpack. "It's dangerous because our interactions can somehow affect past events, which could have catastrophic consequences in our time. So until we know with some certainty that the change will be in our best interest, it is better to remain non-communicative."

"I hope they approve another connection," Samantha said. "I think it's quite essential to understand this loca-lite and all that it contains."

"We'll see," Neruda said. "But don't have too high expectations. He is very shy when it comes to extraterrestrial communication, especially when it comes to a much more advanced race. And I can hardly imagine a race more advanced than the Central Race."

"What happened to the idea that the more advanced a race is, the more spiritual it is?" Samantha asked.

"The fear has to do with manipulation," Neruda explained. "A more advanced race can manipulate the perception of a less advanced race. In other words, they can look like the Central Race, or some other benevolent advanced race of beings, and yet be quite something else. And we don't have to know the difference."

"That seems a little paranoid to me," Samantha said.

"There's good reason to be paranoid, if you want to call it that. Especially when you're working with timers lines that go back billions of years..."

"But that's about it," Emily interrupted. "If this race already had holographic databases billions of years ago, doesn't that make them very advanced? The evolutionary equivalent of our great great great father? And if they are so advanced, doesn't that make them spiritual patrons and not potential rivals?"

"Yes, but only on the condition that the Remote Vision technology is flawless and perfect. And I'm sorry to tell you it isn't. The simple fact that they were able to expose Samantha means that they may also be able to conceal their identity. Which would result in manipulating her perception in their own favor."

Neruda ran a hand through his hair. "I know it sounds paranoid, but trust me, there are good reasons to be cautious. Be patient. I'll talk to Fifteen and see what he says. Can we go now?" He asked with a hint of growing impatience. "I still have a message to write before we get back."

They bundled up and walked down the descending passage to the camp in the outer cave. The porters with all the artifacts had already left early in the evening. Most of the Safeguards have also left as they have finished securing the site. Only the Research Team with one security device remained.

* * * *

Li-Ching slipped out of the car like a prancing cat. As she closed the door, Donavin appeared. His clothes were disheveled, as if he had dressed in a hurry. His hair, which was usually styled, was disheveled this time as it fell victim to the strong winds after the night storm.

"Is everything alright?" Li-Ching asked.

"Okay, okay," he said. "And you?"

"I'm doing well, thank you."

"I thought we should talk," he said. "Can I buy you a cup of coffee on the way to the office?"

"I'm a little late for the meeting..."

"Please," he begged, taking her hand.

Li-Ching quickly looked around the parking lot, making sure they were alone. "If it's about last night, don't worry about it..."

"I didn't expect anything... I just thought you'd come to me. That's all."

"Trust me, Mr. McAlester, if I want to come to you, you will know," she said and walked away.

Donavin stood motionless and watched her walk away. Her short blue skirt revealed the perfect shapes of her legs and he instantly forgot his rehearsed speech.

"Look, when you decide what you want, tell me. Until then, I will keep a professional distance."

Li-Ching stopped, then turned and walked back to him. She stopped when her face was only a few inches from his. "If I decide what I want, there will be no talking. There will be an event. And if you plan to maintain a professional distance, you'll need a cold shower regularly. Do you understand, Mr. McAles?"

Donavin could feel the warmth of her breath on his face. He swallowed hard and tried hard to control himself. "Good, what do you want me to do?" he asked meekly as Li-Ching turned and walked away.

"I thought you'd know yourself," she said, throwing the words over her shoulder as she continued-la on her way to the ACIO entrance.

Donavin adjusted his sunglasses and looked at his watch. He tried to look calm, despite his uncomfortable feelings. Why the hell does it have to be so complicated, he thought? But at the same time, he knew very well that this was exactly what attracted him.

* * * *

Neruda briefly met with Fifteen last night and informed him about the Remote Vision session at the MYS location. Fifteen scheduled a first priority meeting for Saturday at 0900 hours. Neruda arrived at the meeting earlier, due to his location. The Sun Hall was his favorite and today was a beautiful day in every way. Big fluffy clouds danced across the royal blue sky. He was wearing navy blue pants and a white cotton t-shirt with the sleeves casually rolled up. He was resting comfortably in a rattan rocking chair. He was getting ready for the meeting and going over his notes when he smelled fresh coffee wafting through the sun room. This added to his already pleasant and very relaxed mood.

Samantha and Branson were also invited to the meeting and she was just arriving. "I'm surprised where the elevator took me there," she said and carefully entered the hall. "I've never been here before."

Her eyes scanned the room, eager to discover anything unusual or secret.

"You'll be disappointed if you expect anything out of the ordinary here," commented Neruda. "The decoration here was done by Fifteen and he is a minimalist at heart."

"I actually like his taste in interior design," she replied. "Besides, the view is outside what this is all about."

"Did you see Branson or Fifteen down there?" Neruda asked.

"No. Do you think they'll want to do a Remote Viewing session?"

Neruda put the cap back on his pen and then slipped it into his breast pocket. "I met with Fifteen briefly at night and informed him of the news. He was very interested in our session and asked me some excellent questions..."

"Who do they think they are?" she asked in exasperation.

"If he made any conclusions, he didn't tell me."

"Nothing?"

Neruda shook his head.

Samantha walked over to an array of shelves that housed a variety of beautiful and exotic crystals. "Does he-he collects things?"

"Yes, it collects everything that is organic, untouched by human hands and that conveys a uniquely beautiful energy."

"So I shouldn't touch them?"

"I mean made by human hands," laughed Neruda. "You can touch them."

Samantha picked up one of the crystals and examined it with great interest. "These are the most unusual things I have ever seen."

"That's because they're presents from Corte," said Fifteen as he walked Branson out of the elevator. "When the Cor-teans were building their underground cities, they found hollows with crystals that even they had never seen before. What you're holding is completely unpolished. This is how they grow naturally like organic fractals."

"They are remarkable," she said.

"Pick one you like and you can keep it," Fifteen offered.

His eyes had an unusual glow that attracted everyone who met him. Samantha stared at him for a long moment, drawn to his eyes as if searching for the right words to say. "Thanks, but... but I can't-I can't."

"No, I mean it," said Fifteen. "And I won't do it again." He blinked and whispered something Branson who smiled back.

Samantha bent down and examined the crystals closely. She took one of the smallest and held it in her hand similar to when a child raises a bird. "I'll take this one. He is perfect."

"Yes, they are literally perfect," said Fifteen. "I mean in a mathematical sense."

"Thank you so much," Samantha said.

"Please, I'm glad it happened, but I have to tell you something about these crystals. There aren't any like that on earth except the ones you see here, so if you're okay with that, I need you to keep it in your office."

"I see," Samantha said.

Fifteen sat in his favorite chair and stared out the window at the desert flora and brown canyon walls that surrounded the eastern part of the ACIO compound. Branson and Samantha also sat in the chairs that surrounded the round marble serving table.

"Jamisson told me you made a breakthrough," Fifteen said suddenly, turning to an unprepared Samantha. She shifted in her chair with embarrassment. "I'm not sure if it was a breakthrough, sir, but we found it most interesting."

"Do you want to try again?" Fifteen asked.

"Are you thinking of another remote viewing session at the MyS location?"

"Yes."

Samantha's eyebrows rose slightly and her eyes widened. "Do you mean to communicate with them?"

"Maybe," Fifteen said, not wanting to raise her expectations too much.

"Will you supervise?" she asked.

"Would you rather have someone else?" Fifteen replied.

"No, no," Samantha said, shaking her head vigorously. "It will be wonderful if you supervise, sir."

"Okay, then we have an agreed program for this morning."

"So...you...you believe that the creators of the MyS site are the Central Race?" Samantha asked hesitantly.

"I believe we will know more after our session," Fifteen replied smoothly. "Maybe we'll talk about that convinced, maybe not. We'll see."

Fifteen pressed a button on the counter next to his chair. "Now they won't be able to disturb us from below. You are ready to start?"

"One more thing before we begin," Neruda said. "In the last part of our Foresight session, Sa-mantha was examined by those beings. We don't know to what degree, but maybe they already know something about our activities. I also couldn't keep an eye on Samantha during their investigation. She didn't communicate. I suppose she might..."

"Then we'll do it a little differently," said Fifteen. "Is everyone ready?"

"Should we use RePlay?" Branson said, leaning down to open his briefcase.

"Yes," replied Fifteen, "if you don't mind, Samantha?"

"No, it won't," she said.

Branson unwrapped the device and handed it to Samantha. He plugged one of the cables into the counter next to Fifteen.

"See if David's ready," Fifteen said, turning to Branson, who was flicking some kind of switch.

The overhead monitor crackled and lit up. Then he flipped another switch and the windows were silently covered with blinds. The room grew dark.

"David, this is Branson. We are ready, how about you?"

David's implacable face appeared in the overhead monitor and he nodded. "I'm ready to start, pa-
No."

Fifteen turned his attention to Samantha, who was looking increasingly restless.

"Samantha, we are going to have EARTH watch our Remote Viewing session through David. He lets me know when he sees something I might miss. Take it as insurance. Can it be so?"

"Certainly, sir," she replied, trying to sound nonchalant.

"Alright, let's get started," said Fifteen. "David, we're going to have ZEMI's comments scrolling across the screen. Bill, can you make the text scroll in the bottom third of the screen?"

The computer monitor went blank except for a thin blue line that appeared about two-thirds of the way down the screen.

"Samantha, when you're ready, we'll start," Fifteen said.

Samantha made a final adjustment to the connecting buckle of the RePlay headset, then sat back in her chair and folded her hands in her lap. Glancing at Neruda, she closed her eyes. A minute passed. "I'm ready," she whispered.

The top of the screen flickered as a hazy image began to appear on it.

"Samantha, go to the MyS site creation point, L4 exploration mode and target the planetary database," said Fifteen. "Report what you see when you're ready."

Samantha's face was expressionless as she began to report what she was seeing. "I'm in a huge hall... its dimensions are in kilometers, not meters. The walls, floor and ceiling are covered in intricate patterns - more intricate than I can describe... they are brown, yellow, blue and black in color."

"I see three beings... similar to the ones I've seen before. They walk in this vast inner space like tiny ants in a vast field. One of them is carrying some kind of device. He's aiming it at these orbs or... or what I think are holographic presentations of the planets. There are thousands of these things... I think of the orbs, but I get the impression there are many more rooms like this one. The building is unbelievably huge."

The screen showed a blurry image of what Samantha was seeing. It was similar to the first television images, except that there were shades of color, albeit dull.

"Okay, okay, now I want you to look around this building, but don't stay in one place for more than about ten seconds. I will remind you to change position. Voice."

"Those planets are holograms... I can see through them if I'm close enough. From a distance, it appears as a stable representation. I am looking at one that is completely covered in water, no... no, there are small islands of land at its north pole..."

"Change your perspective, Samantha," Fifteen commanded.

"This planet is large and is also mostly covered in water... I am getting information that it is very young planet. There is no life on it yet, but it is cultivated to be here. The weather here is very fickle..."

"Samantha, change your perspective. Focus on the devices that the three creatures are using. Voice."

A strain appeared on her face as she focused her attention on the object. "It appears to be some kind of activation device... yes, they use it to activate the database. As before, I have a strong impression that this entire structure is part of a three-dimensional holographic database."

"Go to the model that represents the country," Fifteen commanded.

"I see him. It is smaller than most of the planets shown here. It's also more blue..."

"Samantha, I want you to step inside the earth hologram," he said. "Do you understand my instruction?"

"Yes," she replied. "I'm here. It's a wonderful mix of colors and patterns."

"Can you find their source?"

Samantha paused for a few seconds, her face expressionless. "I see some kind of rope svet-la... something inexplicable... it looks like an umbilical cord..."

"Follow him to his source," said Fifteen.

"I'm inside something - maybe a room... maybe... a computer, I'm not sure. It gives me the feeling of some architecture. I see here thousands, no, millions of these cords converging into something... it almost looks like a nebula. I don't know how else to describe it."

"We see that too," Fifteen assured her. "Don't worry about the description. Focus on the purpose of this room."

"I am getting a strong message that the room is not physical. He just looks physical. It's some kind of generator.

It is like the central energy system of this building that houses the representations of those planets.

It may be a holographic generator, but it looks more like an organic computer."

"Okay, Samantha," Fifteen said. "Now focus on the generator where those strings of light converge. Voice."

"I can't see anything... oh wait, these cords... are like miniature filaments that conduct something... energy... or... maybe some nourishing substance. I'm not sure..."

"Stay in observation mode," Fifteen commanded. "Are you able to find the original source of their energy?"

"No, everything here seems like a pattern that repeats itself a billion times over and over. There is no native structure that I can sense. Now I suddenly get information that this room is a planet. That I am inside this planet in which this building is located."

A message from ZEMI started scrolling on the bottom third of the screen.

LIKELY HYPOTHESIS (10.0 PERCENT RATE OF CERTAINTY): THIS PLANET IS A SATELLITE CREATED TO LOCATE A DATABASE OF LIFE-BEARING PLANETS. INSUFFICIENT DATA TO DETERMINE THE PURPOSE OF THIS DATABASE. PLEASE DIRECT THE VISIONARIES TO FIND OUT THIS PURPOSE. END.

"Samantha, go back to the room where the earth hologram is located. External view. Hover about ten meters above him. Are you there?"

"Yes."

"Do you see any of the creatures you saw here before?"

"Yes, there are three, they are down below me, about five hundred meters away."

"Do you feel exposed?"

"No."

"Okay, then run a few meters away from these beings. I want to get a closer look at them, but return to your current position at my command. Good?"

"Yes."

"Go," Fifteen ordered.

Samantha's forehead furrowed and her closed eyes squinted as if someone had thrown sand in her face. "You-tell me They ask me about my intention..."

"Return to your position, now."

The image remained on the monitor for a few seconds. Three ghostly shapes in long white robes could be seen. They were looking straight at Samantha so their faces could be seen. Large oval heads with flowing white hair and beards. All three looked very similar, emitting a diffused but very bright light from the tops of their heads. This light seemed to connect them. The image was slowly replaced by a distant view of them from Samantha's previous perch above the ground hologram.

A new message from ZEMI scrolled on the monitor.

INTERPRETATIVE ANALYSIS: 65 PERCENT OR MORE PROBABILITY THAT THESE BEINGS ARE WHAT CORTEUM REFERRS TO AS THE CENTRAL RACE. IN ADDITION, THE DATA FROM THE SAME ARCHIVE CLEARLY INDICATE THAT THE THREE BEINGS ARE ACTUALLY ONE PERSON. THE CENTRAL RACE EVOLVED INTO A TRINITY PERSONALITY WITH THE ESSENCES OF MIND, EMOTION, AND SPIRIT EQUALLY REPRESENTED IN ITS APPEARANCE. IT APPEARS THAT THE PLANETARY DATABASE IS CONNECTED WITH GENETIC ENGINEERING. END.

"Samantha, do you feel that you can be exposed in your current position?" Fifteen asked.

"Yes," she answered like an automaton. "They know I'm still here. I can feel their minds probing me. Whether that they are eager to talk to me."

"Samantha, resist their probing," Fifteen commanded, his voice commanding and forceful. "I want you to stay in your current position, but move in time to the future. The equivalent of one year in our time. Voice."

"No detectable changes," she said.

"Do you see the three beings?" Fifteen asked.

"I don't see anyone else in the room. I feel alone here."

"Explore the holographic model of the earth in detail. Echo what you see."

"The planet looks normal. All continents - geographically speaking - look fine. You-
I see some brands on the continents..."

"Focus on the purpose of these brands," said Fifteen.

"I have a feeling these are construction sites..."

"How many are there?"

"I can't say that," she replied.

"Samantha," said Fifteen. "I need you to circle the planet slowly so we can record-
nat location of those sites. You don't have to describe anything, RePlay provides a sufficient picture."

The computer monitor showed North America and a red circle indicating the location of the MYS in New Mexico. Then another in South America near Cusco, Peru. Another location was shown by the monitor in the northern region of Central Africa near Lake Chad. Another marker was in a location north of Helsinki, Finland. Another mark in South China near Canton. And the sixth mark was seen north of the center of Australia.

All tags were the same color and size, with the exception of New Mexico, where the tag had a yellow
the dot that flashed in the center of the red mark.

"Samantha, I need you to give us another top and bottom view of the planet."

"I understand," she replied.

The monitor showed a blurry view of Antarctica in the Wilkes Land area, where near Vostok the
child the last mark.

"That makes a total of seven marked locations," said Fifteen. "Wait a minute, what is that?"

The monitor showed a hieroglyphic string of some symbols that were on the bottom of the sphere.

"Samantha, I want you to focus on that name. What is it?" Fifteen asked.

"I don't feel like it's a name," she replied.

"David, do you have anything?" Fifteen asked.

Text began to scroll on the monitor.

INTERPRETATIVE ANALYSIS: HIEROGLYPHS ARE A NUMERICAL VALUE. THERE ARE THIRTEEN DIGITS AND THEREFORE THE NUMBER IS BETWEEN ONE TRILLION AND 9,999,999,999. IT IS HIGHLY LIKELY THAT NUMBER REPRESENTS THE SERIAL NUMBER OF OUR PLANET IN THEIR DATABASE. END.

"Samantha, I would like you to focus once more on the purpose of these marked locations. Voice."

"They are creating a security system on our planet. They want to protect the country."

"Before what?"

She paused. "Before... her destruction."

"Until?"

"I'm not sure..."

"Humans or aliens?" Fifteen asked, "focus, Samantha."

"I feel that these locations are part of some kind of weapon. They want to protect their genetic library. They know they have to
be alert and ready for all possibilities. It's happened before."

"What happened?"

"These beings placed their genetics on countless other planets, and something happened that these genetic
the library was destroyed... it is... it is a very ancient enemy, but it is not human."

"Okay, Samantha, go back to the Sunroom. You did an excellent job."

A moment later, Samantha opened her eyes and blinked to adjust to the light. Instinctively, she took off her RePlay headset.

Fifteen stood up and helped her to her feet. "It's good to walk around a bit after an intense session like this one. It grounds you again." Fifteen held her hand and helped her stand up. He led her to the elevator, which opened as they approached it.

"I think we'll stay there for a while and talk about our next step," he said. "Give yourself a rest of maybe twenty minutes and then you can join us again."

Samantha could only mutter in agreement and was taken to the elevator. The door closed and Fifteen returned to his chair.

Neruda and Branson were already deep in discussion. On the computer monitor was a full-screen the image of David, who was listening to their conversation.

When Fifteen sat down, Neruda was leaning over to pour his coffee. "You ended quite suddenly," Neruda said. "Did you feel something was wrong?"

"No, I just wanted Samantha to rest," he replied. "I know how exhausting these sessions are- and when you are tired, you can be examined more easily."

"So what do you think?" Branson asked, watching Fifteen.

"I think we've found the Central Race," said Fifteen. "It gives me a sense of authenticity, which this ob- takes the phenomenon to a whole new level."

"I agree," Branson offered.

"Why did you choose not to communicate with them?" Neruda asked.

"I think we communicated with them," Fifteen replied. "They were clearly scrutinizing Samantha—while— at least twice. They already know something about what we do."

Neruda leaned back in his chair and crossed his legs. "Are you resisting more direct communication?"

"What do you know about the Central Race?" Fifteen asked, looking over his coffee cup.

"I know they're supposed to be our ancestors," Neruda replied, "at least according to Corte..."

"I'll correct you - they are the ancestors of everyone - at least those of the humanoid faith," Fifteen snapped.

"Right, but doesn't that make them friendly to us?"

Fifteen slowly shook his head from side to side. "Our interest is BST, the most powerful technology in space. And therefore also the most controlled. Guess who regulates this technology?"

"The Central Race," replied Neruda.

"Exactly," said Fifteen. "They know full well that the BST can be a very powerful defensive weapon as well as an unbeatable offensive weapon if used with malicious intent. They undoubtedly possess this technology, but they will never place it on our planet. It's too risky. She would undoubtedly fall into the wrong hands. So instead they installed these seven sites that somehow create our defensive position against an alien invasion."

"So you think the Central Race will prevent us from developing the BST if they reveal our program?" Neruda asked.

"I have no doubt about it," Fifteen responded. "And I also don't doubt their ability to stop us if they find out about our program."

"How do we know their technology is inferior to BST?" Neruda asked. "If theirs the goal is to protect the earth, then isn't it logical to assume that they will protect it with their best technology?"

"No," replied Fifteen. "It is logical to assume that they will use a harmless defense system, some secret technology. And how do we know it will be sufficient against an alien invasion? Because they think so in their safe perch in central space? This is their ancient enemy, as Sa-mantha indicated. The enemy of the Central Race must be very perfect or he would be overwhelmed. And I wonder how many planets - genetic libraries have already fallen victim to them?"

Fifteen sat back in his chair, looking for a more comfortable position. "I don't want to argue with you, Jamisson, but if you believe the prophecies and our Farsight survey, then there is no doubt that this invasion, if it happens, will be a ruthless takeover of the land. All we know is that the invasion force will come from M51 - which is some thirty-seven million light-years away and is undoubtedly an ancient galaxy. Images from the Hubble telescope have revealed that there are star systems in this galaxy that are fourteen billion years old. Do you really think these races have primitive invasion technology?"

Neruda remained silent. He knew the question was merely rhetorical.

"I think that for our defense and survival, we should not be able to rely on anyone else, including the Central Race." Fifteen set down his coffee cup and smoothed his pants with his hands as if to indicate his need to be quiet and focused.

Branson pressed the button on the counter again and the blinds rolled back. The room was flooded with natural light. "Is it possible that the Central Race left those locations here for some reason other than defense? Those paintings certainly have no defensive purpose," Branson said.

"That's another reason why I believe this defense system is weak," Fifteen replied. "The structure of the MYS seems to be the result of competing goals. It weakens her."

"But isn't it reasonable to assume that the Central Race has the ability to protect its genetic stores?" Neruda asked.

Fifteen furrowed his brows for a moment and quickly assessed Neruda out of the corner of his eye. "The beautiful thing about our predicament," he began, "is that we know so few facts. This allows us the luxury of speculation. Speculation and nothing more. As for me, when I find myself in this state, I always prefer to create a solution rather than wait for some unknown benefactor to present it to me."

"Why?" Neruda asked. "I mean, why not evaluate the defensive capability of this system before writing it off as weak and inadequate?"

"I never suggested that we shouldn't respect him! We definitely need to explore it and find out its usefulness. I just meant that we shouldn't rely on him. We shouldn't let that deter us from creating our own solution with BST. We're just weeks away from the first round of our interactive time travel pre-run tests! If all goes well, it is quite possible that we will be five to seven years ahead of schedule."

Neruda stood up and walked over to one of the large windows. He looked at the juniper trees, wild flowers, and sagebrush in the garden below the sun hall. In order to concentrate, he needed to avoid eye contact with Fifteen. "That flashing light inside the red marker at the New Mexico location, that could only mean a homing device, right?"

"That's my explanation," said Fifteen.

"So why haven't other homing devices been found? The guidance device for Chaco Canyon has exploded. We have no way of finding other locations without a homing device unless we choose to interact with the Central Race through Remote Viewing sessions."

"I see," said Fifteen. "You want Samantha to interact with these beings so that we can find the location of the other sites..."

"Do you agree that this is an interconnected system?" Neruda said. "That it only works if everyone seven locations will be connected and activated?"

"That would make sense," Fifteen replied.

"So how else do we find other locations to activate the system?"

Fifteen laughed. "Brands can be embedded in that location. They can be on optical disc, in every chamber painting. They wanted us to find this location first. There's probably some sort of activation sequence, which would make sense if it's a linked technology. Listen to me carefully, Jamisson, I will not approve any more Television surveys, and especially not those involving interaction with representatives of the Central Race."

Neruda stared out into the landscape, his back the target of Fifteen's eyes. He felt them. There was something strange about this sparse desert flora. For some reason he didn't understand, she reminded him of some kind of alien world. He began to vaguely remember his home in Bolivia, surrounded by lush tropical greenery, warm rains, and the scent of the earth wafting from every step he took. The two worlds were so different.

Fifteen's voice snapped him out of his reverie. "I understand your interest in this race. It is undoubtedly one of the most fascinating discoveries we have ever made and also one of the most potentially dangerous to our mission. And there is nothing more important than creating BST."

"So we'll concentrate on decoding the optical disc," Neruda said as he turned to Fifteen and Branson. "We will concentrate on trying to find the other six sites and learn as much as we can about the purpose of that defense system."

"Right," said Fifteen. "And one more thing, Jamisson, this meeting will remain for BP-Twelve only. He turned to Branson. "We need Samantha to undergo MRP this morning. I would like Da-vid to take care of it personally. Okay, David?"

"Sure, sir," David replied without changing his expression. "Do you want to specify time coordinates or event coordinates?"

"We'll use the event coordinates," Fifteen replied. "Neruda will provide them for you."

Neruda looked at Branson, hoping to find a more sensitive listener. "We can limit the MRP to this single event, or do you wish to delete both sessions?"

Branson opened his mouth, but it was Fifteen who answered. "We need to erase both sessions and any previous or subsequent dialogs regarding these event coordinates," said Fifteen. "I want the keyword - Central Race - to be completely erased. The identity of these beings must remain within the Labyrinth Team. Do you understand?" Fifteen looked from Branson to Neruda for confirmation. Branson nodded while Neruda sighed nervously.

"Is something wrong?" Fifteen asked, focusing his full attention on Neruda.

"There is one more thing I forgot to mention last night. Emily Dorrian was watching the first Remote Viewing session. She also knows the identity of the creators of the site, or at least she knows that I thought it might be the Central Race."

"Could she be?" He scouted Fifteen.

"I didn't say anything specific, but I mentioned the Central Race and the mythology we learned from Corte. I didn't say any details..."

"Emily has BP-Seven," Fifteen said, "she'll need to go through the same procedure as Samantha. Talk over the details with David and I want it done this weekend - this morning if possible."

"I understand," Neruda said.

"I want to have your logs of that project on the table by Monday morning," said Fifteen, "with special reference to the Far Vision Surveys. Until then, nothing, I repeat nothing, related to this project may be shared with anyone outside of Team Labyrinth. Do you understand?"

David, Neruda and Branson nodded in unison.

"That's all we're done for here," Fifteen decided, taking the crystal Samantha had chosen from his collection and placing it back on the shelf it had been displayed on. "She would have liked that crystal," he said mostly to himself.

Chapter 12 - Restructuring

You are going through an infallible process of inner ascension - traveling from the outer fringes of creation into the inner sanctum of the One Creator who is Primal Source. We, the Central Race, your elder brother, remind you of the purpose of this journey so that you may understand that the role of the human form is to embody that which unites us all. However, only in the innermost universe can the children of time experience the peak of their identity and the dominance of mutual rapprochement.

*Excerpt from Central Race, Chamber Thirteen
Creators of Wings*

"So what's so urgent?" Emily asked as she walked into Neruda's office. It was Saturday afternoon and she was dressed in casual cream-colored shorts and a sleeveless cotton blouse with a floral design in beige and pale blue. Her hair was tied back in a braid and for all the world she looked like a schoolgirl on summer vacation.

"Do you remember our Remote Vision session with the Central Race at the MYS location last Thursday night?"

"Yes," she replied.

"You will have to undergo an MRP for this event," Neruda said, trying to sound casual.

"Why? What happened?"

"I wish I could tell you, but I am unable to explain the exact circumstances. It's in ours in their own best interest to remain uninformed."

"That's an interesting way to announce," she said with a sigh. "What happened? So tell me."

"Emily, I can't. Just trust me on this, it's in your best interest.

It will only take a few minutes, David has everything set up and we can begin..."

"Will Samantha have to go through this too?"

"She has already gone through the MRP procedure," he replied.

"AND?"

"And what?"

"And did it go well?"

"Of course."

"I heard it doesn't work sometimes," she said.

Neruda focused his full attention on Emily. He turned off his computer monitor and leaned forward in his chair. "Over the past nine years, all MRP procedures have been successful and permanent. The reality is that nearly seventy percent of employees had at least one MRP procedure. They just don't remember. The procedure is so good."

"What about me?"

"In what sense?" He asked.

"Have I already passed the MRP?"

"You know I can't tell you that."

"But do you know that?"

"Yes."

She sat up with a sudden thump. Neruda watched her expression for signs of acceptance. He knew from experience that this procedure was very difficult to explain to employees - regardless of their loyalty. She was extremely aggressive, and he knew from personal experience how unpleasant it was to allow such an invasion of the private world of memories.

"Don't take it personally," she said, "but how do I know that the only memory that will be removed is the Farsighted session?"

"Emily, I'll be there," he assured her. "I have already determined the event coordinates. Missing time will be made up our standard disease scenario and you will have no ill effects. I will personally see to it."

"Okay, okay," she said. "But isn't it possible to insert a scenario other than the memory of the illness? Something like good sex?" She smiled seductively.

Neruda got up from his chair laughing. "I'll see what can be done."

As they walked together to the laboratory for the Memory Restructure Procedure (MRP), Neruda had a strange feeling of deja vu. He knew this was Emily's third MRP. He wasn't sure how many he himself had, but he guessed at least half a dozen. He handed Emily's file to David as they entered the prep room. Emily was immediately ushered into a private room and asked to sit in a comfortable chair with a 45 degree back. Neruda watched it through the mirrored window from

control room while David made the necessary preparations. Emily seemed at ease and joked with David, which Neruda wondered about since David was not known for his sense of humor. After a few minutes of adjusting the MRP headset, David joined Neruda in the control room. "What are the borderline keywords for this time?" He asked.

"The Central Race," replied Neruda.

"And the time coordinates?"

"1420 hours and whenever you start the MRP procedure," Neruda said.

David put on his ZEMI communicator and pressed the home phone button. "Emily, we are ready.

Do you have any questions?"

"Be gentle," she told herself with a giggle.

"One more minute," David announced. He closed his eyes to mentally enter the command structure of the program MRP.

"Are you still there?" Emily called.

"I'm not going anywhere," replied Neruda. "Don't worry, David is the best MRP operator we have."

"I'm really very calm," Emily said. "I'm surprised myself."

Neruda knew that part of the preparation involved releasing an inhaled relaxation agent called Parato-dolin into the room. It was so subtle that most never suspected that their relaxed state was artificially induced. David opened his eyes for a moment and watched all kinds of data on the monitor. "We can begin," he said, turning to Neruda. He pressed the home phone button with his hand one last time. "Emily, let's get started. The Central Race."

Emily immediately fell into an unconscious state. Her eyes moved wildly behind her closed lids, but otherwise her body seemed relaxed and at ease.

"We're done," David said a moment later.

Neruda pressed another button on the house phone. "We have about five minutes to get her in place. Let's do it."

Within ten seconds, two assistants entered the MRP room, removed Emily's headset, and transferred her to a stainless steel mobile bed. David looked on, expressionless. "A seamless activation phrase is, 'Emily, are you okay?'

"Thank you for everything, David. I really appreciate your help," Neruda said.

"It's okay."

The assistants took Emily to the infirmary, which was in the medical office, through a secret corridor that connected the two departments. Neruda followed her.

Once in the infirmary, Emily was moved to an examination bed. Dr. appeared. Stevens. "It is scenario seven, right?"

"Right," Neruda said, shaking his hand.

"And she's never had this script before?"

"Exactly."

"All clocks have been set back twenty minutes?"

"Damn, I forgot mine," Neruda said. He quickly moved back his watch.

"So are you ready?" asked Dr. Stevens.

"I'm ready."

"Then say it."

Neruda took Emily's hand in his and looked down at her expressionless face. "Emily, are you okay?"

Her eyes opened and blinked rapidly. "What happened?"

"You passed out," Neruda replied.

"How... why... why did I pass out?"

Dr. Stevens took a step forward and peered over Neruda's right shoulder. "Emily, your blood sugar is alarmingly low. I think that's why you passed out. How has your diet been for the past few weeks?"

"My diet?"

"Yes."

"Normal... I guess," she said, trying to get up. Neruda helped her sit up. She rubbed her eyes. "I-I feel so exhausted... like I need two more hours of sleep."

"That's normal in your condition," Stevens said. "Have you ever suffered from hypoglycemia before?"

"I don't think I've ever fainted before in my life," she said.

"No, I mean, have you ever been diagnosed with hypoglycemia before? In your medical records it doesn't show."

"No," she replied, still trying to pull herself together.

"Emily, can you try standing up?" asked Dr. Stevens. "Maybe it will help you walk around a bit."

Neruda helped her off the examination bed and she leaned against him for a few moments to gain stability. Then she walked around the room by herself for a few seconds and returned to the bed next to Neruda. "I feel better now." She looked at her watch, "How long have I been out?"

"Just for a little while, but you've gone quite cold," Neruda said. "We were lucky that Dr. Stevens here on Saturday was."

"Thank you," Emily said looking at Stevens.

"It's a pleasure, Emily," he replied. "I would like you to take these tablets twice a day for the next four days. They will help stabilize your blood sugar level. Also eat a lot of fruit - apples, pears, grapes and such. Good?"

"Sure," she said, taking the plastic pill bottle from him.

She and Neruda slowly left the medical office. "I vaguely remember you calling me to your office on some urgent matter. What was that?" she asked.

Neruda stopped. His face began to light up like a child's face, just before opening a birthday present. "I think I found the access point to the optical drive!"

"You're bullshitting," she said. "What is it?"

"Each of the chamber paintings has a governing symbol. I asked David if he could replicate the symbols forge into a three dimensional hologram and insert them into the optic disc at the moment it reaches its optimal resonance, in exactly the same order as the chambers."

"AND?"

"By 1100 this morning we have over two thousand pages of printed text!"

Emily gave him a big kiss before quickly pulling away. "Oh, that's incredible news! What format are they in?"

"Mostly hieroglyphs, some star charts, digital artifacts that don't make sense to us and the sense that the information is organized into the same structure as the chambers. Twenty-three sections to be exact, but we won't know for sure until we print everything. And that will probably take a few more hours."

They started walking again. "Then let's look at the prints. I want to see what they look like. Good?" Emily asked.

"I was just on my way when you passed out," Neruda smirked. "Do you think you'll be able to stay conscious this time?"

"Very funny," she said, a smile forming around her mouth. "By the way, did you carry me all the way to the doctor's office?"

"You know I'm not capable of lifting heavy things," replied Neruda. "But don't think you're difficult."

"Careful," Emily warned him. "You're treading on dangerous ground."

"I'm just glad you're okay," he said.

And so the two walked side by side to the Computer Analysis Laboratory.

Chapter 13 - Mismatch

Evolution in the material world provided you with a life vehicle - your human body. Primordial Source has equipped your body with the purest fragment of HIS reality, your Wholeness Navigator. It is a mysterious fragment of the Prime Source that functions as the pilot light of the human soul - connecting the mortal and eternal aspects. Can you imagine what it means to have a fragment of Absolute Source living within your very being? Can you understand your destiny if you unite with a true fragment of the Prime Source of the Great Universe? The power of your Self and your eternal possibilities will not be limited by anything.

*Excerpted from the Function of the Navigator of Wholeness, Chamber Fifteen
Creators of Wings*

Neruda, Andrews and Emily had just finished their second pot of coffee. It was a few minutes after midnight, and the day's events had even more of a wake-up call than the caffeine. They had spent the last few hours analyzing the prints from the optical disc - 8,045 pages in total - and were now confident that they had found the mother base.

"Look, boss," Andrews said, "does Fifteen know about what we found here?"

"He knows," Neruda replied.

"So where is he?"

"He has meetings all day. And he also knows that I will inform him on Monday morning."

"Damn dude," Andrews said, "if I was running this business, I'd be here right now."

"If you ran this business, we'd all be designing James Bond techno toys right now,"

Emily joked.

Andrews grunted in disapproval.

"David, I know it's late," Neruda said, turning to the monitor, "but could you one last time try to find any repetitions in that text that might mean a title or a section name?"

"What criteria should I use?" David asked.

"Let's try a repeating string of glyphs up to thirty characters that repeats twenty-three or twenty-four times throughout the text and has a similar number of characters before and/or after it."

"I understand."

A moment later, David's voice rang on the house phone. "We found something that meets those criteria. It is repeated twenty-four times and the number of characters in the string varies from four to twelve. It will be on the screen in a moment. Please hold on."

Neruda smiled widely and turned to Andrews. "We may have just found our first key to their self-linguistic structure."

The computer monitor flickered for a moment and then text began to scroll across the screen.

PRELIMINARY ANALYSIS: THESE CHARACTERS REPRESENT FULL TEXT AND ARE NOT PICTOGRAPHIC IN NATURE. THERE ARE A TOTAL OF SIXTY-THREE UNIQUE CHARACTERS AND 49,721 UNIQUE CHARACTER STRINGS, PROBABLY WORDS. VARIATIONS APPEAR TO BE LIMITED TO 210 CHARACTER STRINGS.

THE TWENTY-FOUR CHARACTER STRINGS YOU SPECIFIED HAVE - WITH SEVEN PERCENT TOLERANCE - ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND CHARACTER STRINGS BEFORE AND/OR AFTER THEIR OCCURRENCE. THIS MEANS THAT THIS IS A STRUCTURE THAT IS HIGHLY PROBABLY THE SAME AS THE TWENTY-FOUR INDEX TRACKS FOUND ON THE OPTICAL DISC.

THE FOLLOWING IS A LIST OF THESE TWENTY-FOUR CHARACTER STRINGS WITH PAGE INDICATIONS. 97.6 PERCENT PROBABILITY THAT THESE TWENTY-FOUR CHARACTER STRINGS ARE EQUIVALENT TO SECTION NAMES RELATED TO INDEX TRACKS.

CONTROL SYMBOLS CONTAINED IN ILLUSTRATIONS WHICH WERE USED FOR OPTICAL DISC ACCESS ARE NOT REPLICATED IN THIS TEXT. THEREFORE, IT IS LIKELY THAT THE STRUCTURE OF THIS LANGUAGE USES BOTH THE PICTOGRAMS AND THE FULL TEXT IN SOME INTER-ACTIVE RELATIONSHIP. THIS RELATIONSHIP SHOULD BE FURTHER INVESTIGATED. IT COULD BE THE KEY TO DECODING THE TEXT. END.

Neruda finished reading before the others. "Thank you, David. Hold on a little longer."

He turned to Andrews and Emily who were still reading from the screen. "I need you to leave for a few minutes now."

"Now?" Andrews asked. "I haven't read it yet."

Neruda nodded.

"Shall we make a fresh pot of coffee?"

"I think we're done for the night," Neruda said.

"Okay, see you in the morning then," Emily said, getting to her feet and stretching her arms and legs. "No-stay up too long It's almost midnight."

"It's twenty minutes past," said Andrews.

Emily looked at Neruda who nodded.

Emily looked at her watch again and tapped the glass a few times. "So it's time for new batteries."

"The Rolexes are overrated," Andrews said.

"It's like my relationship with Mickey Mouse," Emily sighed, "there was a time when I believed in those cartoon characters."

"Hey, don't curse them, mine are fine."

"Good night," Neruda said in a tone that no doubt resembled parents reminding their children to go to bed.

"We're falling," Andrews said. "When you don't want us here anymore."

Emily looked back and waved. "Good night."

Andrews and Emily left the room without another word. As the door closed behind them, Neruda pressed the button on the house phone. "Did you do a comparative analysis of this text with the thirteen-digit number that Samantha discovered during the last Far-Seeing session?"

"No."

"Can you do it for me one last time?"

"Sure," said David. "I'm already sending her."

Neruda looked at the monitor where the text was scrolling.

ANALYSIS: EACH OF THE SYMBOLS IN THE THIRTEEN DIGIT NUMERIC CHARACTER STRING OCCURS REPEATEDLY IN THE TEXT (DETAILED ANALYSIS ON REQUEST). THERE IS ONLY ONE PLACE IN THE TEXT WHERE THE CHARACTERS OCCUR IN THE SAME ORDER - PAGE 121, LINE EIGHT.

INTERPRETATIVE ANALYSIS (34.3 PERCENT PROBABILITY): IF THIS NUMBER MEANS THE SERIAL NUMBER OF OUR PLANET, THEN IT IS LOGICAL THAT IT WOULD APPEAR IN THE TITLE SECTION OF THE TEXT. IT IS PROBABLY THAT THIS SECTION DESCRIBE THE COSMOLOGICAL STRUCTURE OF THE CENTRAL RACE BELIEF SYSTEM AND ITS RELATIONSHIP TO EARTH AND HUMANITY. END.

"David, compare that number with the twenty-four character string. Let's see what the agreement will be," Neruda asked him.

"Do you want redundancy filtered out?"

"Yes."

"The analysis is complete," David said. "He'll be on the monitor in a moment."

ANALYSIS: THERE ARE ELEVEN NUMBERS FROM THE THIRTEEN-DIGIT SIGNATURE STRING THAT MATCH THE TWENTY-FOUR CHARACTER STRINGS FROM THE TEXT WHICH ARE PRESUMED SECTION NAMES. ASSUMING THEIR NUMBERING SYSTEM IS SIMILAR TO OURS, THEN THE SEQUENCE OF THE THIRTEEN-DIGIT SIGNATURE CHARACTER STRING MEANS THAT OUR PLANET'S CENTRAL RACE SERIAL NUMBER IS 5,342,482,337,666. END.

Neruda gathered his thoughts and let out a long breath. His mouth spoke the number softly again. she was packing. "David, ask ZEMI what that number means."

"I understand."

One line of new text appeared on the screen.

ANALYSIS: THERE ARE AT LEAST 5,342,482,337,666 INHABITED AND/OR POTENTIALLY HABITABLE PLANETS IN SPACE. END.

"David, I would still like to have an interpretive analysis, even if its probabilistic certainty is below ten percent," announced Neruda.

"It's on the monitor," David replied.

INTERPRETATIVE ANALYSIS (8.5 PERCENT CERTAINTY): ACCORDING TO OUR OWN DATA, THERE ARE APPROXIMATELY 1.2 BILLION HABITABLE PLANETS IN THE UNIVERSE. HOWEVER, THIS ASSUMES THAT THE UNIVERSE IS ONE. IF THE EARTH HAS A PLANET SERIAL NUMBER 5,342,482,337,666 THEN IT INDICATES THAT THERE ARE MORE UNIVERSES AS THE CORTEUM ALSO SAYS IN HIS MANIFESTO - THE THRESHOLD KOS-MOGONY. END.

"Just when you think you have it all figured out," Neruda whispered to himself. "David, I'll put it together some decoding strategies and I'll send them to you tomorrow morning around 1100. Good night for now."

"I agree," David replied. "I'm signing off. Good night."

"To you too."

Neruda electronically copied ZEMI's analyzes into his personal cognitive-control system and then he calmed down in the office. He knew that Fifteen would be able to check in before he did in the morning.

He took a section of the text—probably the first section that he assumed would be a good place to begin the decoding process. He stuffed the 341 pages of alien text into his briefcase, motioned to the security camera, and turned off the lights. His legs ached from sitting all day and he was glad to take a walk, even if it was through the sterile corridors of the lab.

On Monday morning, Neruda was preparing for an informational meeting with Fifteen.

A knock on the door interrupted him.

"Yes?" he said.

The door opened quickly and Donavin burst in. "I see you, but I was expecting someone else."

"I wasn't expecting anyone at this hour of the morning," Neruda said. "What can I do for you?"

"I was hoping you would return my questionnaire," he replied. "Filled of course." Neruda motioned for him to sit in the chair.

"Would you like something to drink? Coffee or soda?"

"I prefer coffee," Donavin replied, his voice becoming more friendly.

Neruda opened his thermos, poured coffee into a Styrofoam cup, and handed it to Donavin. "I'm sorry, but I'm making my morning coffee a little stronger."

"Don't worry," Donavin said. "This morning I can even do a proper hair-raising." You winced and winced. "I see what you mean now. Damn it, how can you handle it?"

"Years of experience. And I also grew up in Bolivia," Neruda said, smiling. "How is your project going?"

"Great except for one thing. There's no one around here to talk to," Donavin lamented. "You probably won't get fat from sitting, right?"

"We have a base, Mr. McAlester..."

"Please call me Donavin," he interrupted.

"As you wish. We have a base," continued Neruda, "a terrible base, and therefore we have no time for the pleasures that are usual for an official environment. Unfortunately for you, it looks like we're avoiding you, but I assure you, that's not the case. It's just a matter of priorities."

"That's not all," Donavin said more as a statement than a question.

Neruda smiled. "You wanted your questionnaire and you wanted it today, didn't you?"

Donavin smiled back and nodded.

Neruda unlocked a drawer in his desk and pulled out a folder. "Here is your questionnaire, completely filled out."

Donavin could not hide his astonishment. "Thank you. I'm a little surprised." He flipped through the pages quickly and noted the detail of the answers. "That looks wonderful."

"Anything else?" Neruda asked.

"No, no, I think this was the main thing," he said. "I can take a look at it and return it to you later if- What if I wasn't clear on something?"

"Sure."

"Great," Donavin said, getting to his feet and taking one last sip of his coffee. "But next time I'll make the coffee."

Donavin stopped. "By the way, is Evans back in his office today?"

"I believe so," Neruda said.

"He's harder to catch than you," Donavin said, closing the door behind him.

Neruda smiled to himself, knowing that his answers to the questionnaire would no doubt blow Donavino's mind and his next visit was therefore certain.

* * * *

"Did you see this?" Li-Ching said, placing the transcripts on Fifteen's desk. The door to his office closed behind her they slammed shut.

"One of the benefits of having full access to EARTH and the knowledge grid," he replied. "Why, it's on something wrong with that?"

"You know I'm only playing with him," she said.

"Naturally."

"He means nothing to me at all," said Li-Ching, "I'm just trying to keep him busy with office ro- by the way. You even designed it yourself, remember?"

"Should I plead guilty," said Fifteen, "or are you angry that I'm interested in your shenanigans?"

"None of that!" She said. "I don't like the suggestion that I'm doing this for any other reason than to protect you!"

Fifteen leaned back in his chair and took off his reading glasses. He had various newspapers spread out across his desk, including The New York Times, The London Times, and The Wall Street Journal. He wore a navy blue suit, a white satin shirt, and a garish pastel colored tie that added to his already commanding presence.

"Then let's both calm down," he said. "I am not accusing you of anything, nor are you - in my best opinion - she didn't do anything worth accusing. Let's start with that premise."

He began to clean up the newspapers on his desk, putting them in a pile, as if he had just realized that his office was a mess.

Li-Ching sat down, crossing her legs and then her arms. Her lips were pursed as if she were holding a stream of curses behind them.

"Okay, now that we've both calmed down," said Fifteen, "let's try to discuss this now. You're upset because I reviewed the transcripts of Donavin's last... actions..."

"No! I'm furious because you're implying that I choose to do this type of action because I have real feelings for him. And you damn well know that's not the case."

"And what did I imply such a thing?"

"You have been viewing PM transcripts using keywords that clearly indicate a lack of trust."

"And how do you know that?"

"I'm the Director of Communications, what did you forget?"

Fifteen made a mental note to remove the digital signature requirement when viewing PM transcripts via keywords. At least for myself. "Okay, so let's assume what you're saying is true..."

"No, admit it."

"Okay, I admit that I looked at the transcripts and also that I used keywords that could be interpreted as distrust. But in my defense, I don't feel comfortable with Donavin at all. It can be more annoying than we think."

"I love the way you can rationalize your irrational actions," she said. "Your fear of Donavin is no greater than mine. You're just spying on me to make sure I'm not blown away by his good boy looks and obvious physical charm."

"Do you find him physically attractive?"

"That's not the point!" Li-Ching said, almost shouting.

"So what's the matter?"

"About your lack of trust in my judgment," she said, her voice softening.

He got up from his chair and sat next to Li-Ching. He put his arm around her shoulders. "My trust in you has never wavered, it's Donavin I don't trust." He raised his hand to her lips to silence her when she tried to speak. "And that's not rationalization. It's just that I take great care of you to make sure you're okay."

Li-Ching's pupils were like black holes that absorbed light. "Is that all?" she finally asked. "You want me to believe that's what it's all about?"

"Yes," replied Fifteen.

"You trust me completely? Even if I decide to continue the romance with Donavin?"

"Yes."

"And you want me to keep seducing him and then kick him?"

"If that's what you wish," said Fifteen. "That's probably the best way to keep him torn-alive. I know it would take me."

"Do you want to be upset?" she said in a seductive tone.

"I already am."

"That's good."

They began to kiss passionately when they were interrupted by a knock on the door. "Who is it?" Fifteen asked the reward-roe.

"Jamisson here," said a muffled voice from behind the door. "We had a meeting scheduled."

"Hold on," Fifteen shouted, getting to his feet. He lowered his voice and turned to Li-Ching.

"If you want, you can stay here and listen to his message."

"That's good, I saw your email in the morning. Looks like we have a whole new project on our hands. Are you going to let Neruda continue to work on it?"

"For now," Fifteen replied. "He does an excellent job."

"You know Whitman wants the project for himself at any cost. Expect him to lobby hard, especially now that we've opened that disc."

"Let's hope we haven't opened Pandora's Box," Fifteen said as he escorted her to the door. With his hand on the doorknob, he kissed her again.

Pulling away, she wiped his bottom lip with her thumb. "Do you have a lot to do with Echelon tonight or can you spend some time with me? I'll be home all night. Alone."

"Alone? I highly doubt it," Fifteen whispered.

* * * *

"How was the meeting with Fifteen?" Emily asked.

"It was good," Neruda replied as he joined Emily, Andrews, Samantha, and Collin in the Hylo Conference Hall for their ceremonial meeting regarding their project. David was also present - on the computer screen - as always wired to ZEMI.

"Are there any changes planned?" Emily asked.

"The good news is that he is very interested in our progress," Neruda said, pouring himself a glass of water. "It's a sign that he trusts the ingenuity of our team."

"And the bad news?" Andrews said.

"Changed the security level of the project to BP-Twelve."

"Damn," Andrews sighed. "So you and David will reap all the fun and glory."

"Why?" Samantha asked. "Why did he decide to do that?"

"Let me finish my explanation," Neruda said, trying his best to sound optimistic.

"Everyone will be adequately rewarded for their work to date, which includes fifty thousand dollars as a bonus and a promotion one level up.

The only exception will be Samantha, as she has already been promoted.

Fifteen also decided that each of you could take the next week off, so you'd have a chance to enjoy yourself and spend your bonus."

"That's great," said Samantha, "but what happened that we have to be kicked out of the project?"

"He can't tell us," Andrews cut her off. "Give it up. Time to take the money and run if you don't want to visit the MRP lab."

Neruda sat down. He was wearing khaki pants and a denim shirt with the sleeves rolled up above his elbows. He looked rested but a little restless - a combination of caffeine and the need to break bad news to his team. He ran a hand through his straight black hair. "I know you are disappointed. Me too, but Fifteen feels very strongly that this is in the best interest of ACIO and each of you personally."

"So what now?" Emily asked.

"After you return from vacation, each of you will be given a new task," Neruda said.

"And until then?" Collin asked.

"Until then, you will work on organizing the database of this project."

"Jesus, it looks like I'm finally getting my wish," Andrews said. "A nine-to-five job."

"That's like half-retirement," chimed in Collin.

"It's not so bad," Neruda said. "You will have more time off, you will rest. It's not the worst thing which can happen."

"Will we have to undergo an MRP in connection with our current activity?" Emily asked.

"No MRP will be needed," replied Neruda.

You could see the relief on the team's faces.

"Your bonuses were transferred to your accounts this morning," Neruda said. "I'm sorry you four didn't- you can stay in the project. I'm really sorry."

Li-Ching and Evans will arrange your security clearance. They scheduled a meeting for 1400 hours in the Hall of Educators. It only takes about an hour and then you can take the rest of the day off and clear your head. Any more questions?"

"Will we receive updates regarding the project?"

"Yes, you will receive weekly updates based on your security levels."

The group was interrupted by a knock on the door and Fifteen entered with a serious but friendly expression on his face. "I'm sorry to interrupt you," he said, "but I wanted to personally convey my appreciation for your excellent work on this project. I express my personal thanks to you for your contribution."

Everyone smiled in return for the compliment.

"One thing you can all be sure of is that myself and all the directors will do everything in our power to provide you with an adequate placement after your return from leave. We have some fabulous projects ready to launch and you can be part of their creation."

He paused and looked around the table, appreciating each individual individually. "I hope you enjoy your well-deserved vacation and come back rested and ready for a new project."

Neruda wanted to read Fifteen's eyes, but he was too self-conscious to look at him. Instead, he stared at his hands on the table in front of him. He wished Fifteen would go away. "Thank you for stopping by, sir."

A chorus of thanks joined Neruda and Fifteen left without another word.

"If there are no further questions, I think we're done here," Neruda said, rising to his feet. "Oh, David, if you could wait a moment longer, I have a few things I need to discuss with you."

"Okay," David replied.

The rest of the team collected their documents and notepads and left the conference room. The mood was mixed, half elated and half depressed. No one wanted to leave the project, but they understood that Fifteen had a reason for it. Good reason. Everyone at ACIO respected his intelligence and his judgment.

Neruda waited until the door closed. "David, I have some decoding strategies that Fifteen and I discussed this morning. If you can, I'd like you to try them out this afternoon and then let me know what you discover. Good?"

"Good."

"First, take their numerology system and apply it to the entire text..."

"Actually," said David, "we already did this morning."

"Good. What is the numerical density of the entire text?"

"Minor, if you want an exact number, I can give it to you in a moment..."

"No, that's good," said Neruda, "I'm more interested in the application of chamber glyphs from the MyS site in the text. I know the control symbols don't repeat here, but what about the others? Have you done any further analysis on this matter?"

"No."

"Then do it. Also, several technological artifacts have glyphs on them, including a homing device that exploded. All these glyphs are uploaded in file number AAP-787990A. I would like ZEMI to include them in its analysis."

"I understand," David replied. "Anything else?"

"We have a parent language archive in the morphological database, the file number is AAP-1290B. I would like a complete comparative analysis to be done with this database. Use a ten percent tolerance to find matches."

"I understand."

"And one last thing," Neruda said. "I looked at the first section of the text at night. Did you notice that the digital artefacts did not fit in the print?"

"Yes, they are very strange."

"Are they artifacts or a separate language structure?" Neruda asked.

"We did our standard quality tests on other printers and each time it had the exact same result. Technically speaking, these are not digital artifacts, although they certainly look that way.

"What does EARTH think of them?"

"We think that's another language structure."

"Mathematics?" Neruda asked.

"Currently we have no way of knowing. Mathematics, music, geometry - they are in the first places on his list, but it's impossible to say for sure."

"We have to include them in our language analysis process. The morphological database contains abbreviated musical and mathematical tables. I believe you will find them."

"We already found them," David said with more than a hint of a smile on his face.

"Great," Neruda said. "That's all for now, David. Thanks for your help. Oh, and guess- I will have you contact me as soon as you have the analysis. Is there a time estimate?"

"I'll have something for you in the afternoon."

"Thanks."

"Okay," David said.

The monitor returned to its normal black and green coloring and Neruda suddenly felt very alone in the conference room. He collected his documents and calmed down the room a bit.

Leaving the conference hall, he headed towards Fifteen's office, hoping the Sun Hall wouldn't be used for some private meeting. He needed to fill his eyes with the sight of something natural, something shaped by the hand of the creator he was eagerly seeking.

* * * *

"Why are you whispering?" Samantha asked softly.

"Just in case," Neruda said. "We can drive in my car and I'll drop you off somewhere."

"Okay, but if you want, I can go to see you instead."

"No, that's fine, I'd rather we go in the same car so we can talk," he replied
Neruda knew. "Evans will find out anyway."

Neruda and Samantha walked through the double doors after waving goodnight to the security guards. It was almost evening and Neruda had a dull headache that didn't seem to go away.

Samantha had left him an urgent voicemail earlier in the day, but he was too busy to meet her. In the afternoon, the comparative analysis arrived from ZEMI, and the data consumed all of his afternoon and part of the evening.

What bothered him about the message was the tone of her voice and the fact that she found the document in which it was used the term Central Race.

They got into his Honda sedan and had a distinctly strange feeling as they drove through the security gate. An older guard named Curtis beckoned to them from his glass booth, but first he carefully examined Neruda's passenger. Neruda had known Curtis for nearly twenty years, but it was not easy to trust Evans' security team, as he had been carefully groomed to be paranoid in the worst sense of the word.

When they finally got through the final security check - a dozen secret video cameras installed inside a metal arch that hung over the compound's entrance - Neruda was visibly relieved. "So what is the document you found?"

"I had MRP, didn't I?" She stated, ignoring his question.

Neruda took a quick look at her face and then turned his attention back to driving. He hated lying. "Why do you think you had MRP?"

"Please just answer my question truthfully," she pleaded.

Samantha's red hair was accentuated by the red glow of the setting sun. She was dressed in white cotton- in a sleeveless dress that ended just below her knees, where it was lined with iridescent turquoise.

Neruda regularly looked in the rearview mirror. Paranoia bubbled to the surface of his mind for reasons he couldn't quite pinpoint. He blamed her for the state of his concentration, which was waning due to his headache and the rich experiences of today's work day.

He forced himself to look relaxed and sound casual, preparing his answer exactly as he had been taught. "If I answer your question... truthfully, I may jeopardize the security of the project. This will tarnish the reputations of both of us and may result in serious corrective action."

He turned to look her in the eyes and assess the effect his words were having. However, her eyes were closed.

"When I was recruited for this position," she said, "one of the things Branson assured me was that I didn't have to worry about anyone taking advantage of my special abilities. That the ethical dilemma - if one arises - will be resolved with my approval and my complicity."

She opened her eyes and stared at Neruda. "Someone is lying to me. I was dropped from this project for reasons that- I don't quite understand the rhyme," she paused, her hands shaking a little. "I know I had MRP."

"What exactly led you to this conclusion?" Neruda asked.

She sighed at his excuses. "This afternoon I sorted through some of my project notes. On the edge of my notebook I found a phrase scribbled in my own hand: it was the Central Race who created the seven locations of the MýS.

Neruda felt adrenaline shoot through his guts. He mentally fought to recover. "Samant-ho, maybe you're just reacting to something you wrote as a guess..."

"Conjecture?" She exclaimed. "I've never heard the term Central Race, I don't even know that there are seven locations of the MýS! How could that be a guess?"

Neruda remained silent, his eyes glued to the staccato white line that divided the endless gray road.
ce.

"And that's not all," she said in a softer voice. "After I read it, an image of three beings immediately formed in my mind. That image triggered something... fragments of the Foresight session I had with you, Branson, and Fifteen. It was a jumble of images, but I remember enough to know that I interacted with this race. Or maybe she wasn't?"

Neruda was cornered. Suddenly he pulled off the two-lane road onto a dirt road he had never been to before-
drove

"Where are we going? Samantha asked, concern in her voice.

"I need to get out of the car," he replied. "I need to feel the sky. I've been stuck in the office for too long."

She nodded in understanding.

After two miles down the dirt road, they came to a washed-out ravine, where Neruda pulled over and turned off the engine.
"Let's go for a walk."

There was a faint scent of pine needles in the air from the trees that were nearby and shaded the sunset. They followed the dry riverbed that was their path. The sunset was behind them.

Neruda stared straight ahead, occasionally glancing up at the sky for rising stars in the continued-dying twilight. Venus has already spread her silver charm.

"What I said before," Neruda admitted, "wasn't exactly true, but I... no, actually we have a really big problem." He stopped to pick up a stone that had caught his eye and after a cursory look at it, dropped it again. "You came up with the exact thing that got you MRPed and removed from the project."

"What is so secret about the Central Race or the fact that there are seven MýS locations?" she asked.

Neruda stopped. "I'm not sure how to answer you, Samantha. There is a part of me that sympathizes with you and wants to tell you everything. But then there's my rational side, which knows the rules and knows I should follow them."

"And what are the regulations in this situation?"

Neruda knew he was talking to the best Farseer in ACIO, possibly since the Farseers were first used 22 years ago. He can either talk absolute bullshit in this situation or tell the truth. He chose the latter.
Some indelible instinct deep within him commanded him to defend his credibility. "Let's say that I will sympathize with you and at the same time deny your assumption based on the improbability of this situation."

"That sounds like something Evans wrote," Samantha said, quiet sarcasm belying her sense of utter helplessness.

Neruda chuckled to himself, glad that for the first time in a long time he was following his instincts and not his training.

"So who are the Central Race and why is their identity so protected by Fifteen?" Samantha asked.

"I know you want to know, but you must understand the implications of this knowledge."

"What are they like?"

"Fifteen decided that no one under BP-Twelve must know about the Central Race and the fact that it created seven MýS sites. If you have this information, you will be subjected to another MRP, and this time it will probably lean towards removing the memory related to the entire project. I can't bring myself to tell you this information and not tell Fifteen at the same time."

"I understand," Samantha said, "but maybe we can convince Fifteen that I'm an asset to the project instead of a burden."

"We can try," Neruda said. "But I must tell you, Samantha, that there is little chance of us convincing him of this unless we have an irrefutable reason. Can you think of one?"

"I don't remember the whole story," Samantha replied. "Tell him to me."

"Are you willing to risk a radical memory replacement for eighteen days?"

"It's my only option... I mean I have to know. It's just the way I operate," he said-
la.

"Are you absolutely sure?"

"I'm absolutely sure," she said in a firm voice.

"This procedure can have lingering effects ranging from mild paranoia to severe depression, which they are usually temporary, but can last for months, and in some sensitive types, even years."

"And you're implying that I'm the sensitive type, aren't you?" Samantha said with a hint of bitterness.

"I just want to make sure you understand the implications of what you're asking." He took a quick look at his car. His paranoia had been at its peak for the past ten years. "Right now, at this point, it's very likely that Evans or Jenkins know about us meeting here in the middle of nowhere. Considering who you are and the fact that you had an MRP yesterday, they'll assume we're discussing your situation. I'll have to report in the morning and you'll have to go to Fifteen for a check-up."

"If you're trying to make me nervous," Samantha said, "you're doing very well."

Neruda saw a large rock face. "Let's sit over there and talk."

They walked over to a group of rocks that looked a bit like the bones of the earth bleached by the desert sun. They sat down on boulders the size of small cars facing each other. Neruda watched the last remnants of the setting sun, his dark skin colored by the blood red glow that covered the western sky.

"Do you realize this is an all or nothing situation?"

"Yes."

"I'll tell you everything, and if Fifteen decides to leave you with nothing, you'll willingly agree to a radical MRP." Neruda paused, looking deeply into her eyes. "Do I have your word?"

"You have my word."

"Okay," he said, shifting a bit to find a more comfortable position. He took a deep breath. "In the last week, we had two Far Vision sessions. In both cases, you were examined by representatives of the Central Race."

Samantha started to interrupt, but Neruda held up a hand to silence her. "The Central Race is the oldest of all races, their evolutionary trajectory is on the order of billions of years. The Corteum considers them to be Gods - Creators of all beings in the universe..."

"They are our gods?" Her voice trembled.

"Nobody knows exactly who they are," he replied. "There are only a few ancient writings that mention them. The Sumerians, Mayans, and Dogon were all cultures that interacted with these beings and recorded it. In our database we have their original texts and also some of the current ones that are channeling that mention them."

"But the Central Race has never been described in detail because no one really understands their unique consciousness, way of life, and culture—except, of course, their creator. They are truly mythical beings. And according to Corte, they are also our gods—at least as far as our physical bodies and minds are concerned."

"And what happened to God. With the real God?" Samantha asked.

"The Central Race was created by God as the original humanoid soul bearer. They can be likened to the first version of humanity that eventually evolved into a race of lineage elders who project and refine the DNA of higher life forms or soul carriers."

God equipped these genetically engineered soul carriers - or physical bodies as we call them - with his fragment. So you can say it was a collaboration between God and the Central Race. Again, this is what he says
Corteum, who seems to have far more insight into this race than any other source we have ever discovered."

"Okay, wait a minute," she said, "I understand you about the identity of the Central Race, but why is such a pro-
Do I know about it?"

"I'm just telling a story that's in the background," Neruda replied. "Actually, the point is that the Central Race created MyS sites, of which there are seven, to protect the planet against their ancient enemy, who is prophesied to come to Earth in 2011 and take over."

"Do you mean that literally?"

"Yes."

"Okay, I'm still following you," she said. "When do we get to why I shouldn't know about this? Because me
I have heard perhaps a dozen prophecies of doom and gloom at the turn of the millennium."

Neruda laughed. "In general, not much attention is paid to these prophecies of Armageddon and the coming of the Antichrist. The real story is too colorful and terrifying to be told to the public, but watered-down versions of it are allowed to be published. And with them comes a persistent belief that religious prophecy has no real relevance or relevance to today's society."

He paused and swallowed hard. "But the prophecies we have access to tell of a tragic and overwhelming takeover of Earth by a race of synthetic beings from another galaxy. We now have confirmation from the MyS location that it is the galaxy M51, which is some thirty-seven million light-years away."

"How is that possible?" Samantha asked. "I mean, even if they traveled at the speed of light, it would take them thirty-seven million years to get here."

"They are an ancient race of synthetic beings unrelated to our human genotype," he said. "That's all we know. Not even the Corteum or anyone else has ever met them."

"Did we do Foresight on them?"

"Yes, many times."

"AND?"

"I can't tell you that," replied Neruda. "But Fifteen believes that the threat is real and that the control-
they will give the technology of intergalactic travel."

"You said you'd tell me everything," she reminded him.

"You mustn't take me literally. I thought I'd tell you everything you need to know about Central Race and why you were removed from the project and subjected to MRP."

Her face scrunched up in frustration.

The sun was already completely below the horizon and you could see the stars, their light piercings, a touching reminder of the immensity of the universe.

Samantha tucked her legs under her. She felt a little dazed, as if she had just had a Dálniv-child session. "So the Antichrist is a synthetic, soulless race from some other galaxy?"

"Yes."

Samantha shook her head from side to side, staring at the ground. She wrapped her arms around herself to ward off the coldness that suddenly hit her. Her hands were cold so she blew on them - her warm breath reminding her of her humanity.

"Okay, so back to my problem," she said. "Why was I separated from the project and subjected to MRP?"

"Fifteen sensed that you were being investigated by the Central Race and did not want them to know about our abilities and goals regarding the defense of the planet."

"Are you saying that ACIO has a weapon that can protect the planet against these...these synthetic aliens?"

"He is working on developing such a weapon or defense system."

"What is it?"

"I can't tell you that again," Neruda replied, aware of Samantha's growing frustration.

"Damn," she whispered to herself. "Can you at least answer my questions with yes and no?"

"I'll try."

She closed her eyes for a moment, going through her series of questions. "The Central Race proposed seven locations of the MYS and did she place them on earth sometime in our distant past?"

"Yes."

"And they intended these locations to be a unified system to protect our planet?"

"Yes."

"Earth is important to them because we have human DNA that is unique... or... or perhaps highly valued for some reason?"

"We're not quite sure, but we think it has something to do with genetics. In one of your Far-Seeing sessions, you described Earth as a genetic reference library for this sector of the galaxy. So we assume that they are protecting these libraries precisely by placing a planetary defense weapon."

"So this weapon is in conflict with the weapon ACIO is working on developing?"

"We don't know," Neruda said.

"But is it possible?"

"Yes."

She paused, gathering her thoughts. "The representatives of the Central Race detected my presence during the Far Country séance and examined me?"

"Yes."

"Fifteen is afraid that they'll find out about our weapon... and that they're in a position to stop us from using it?"

"Something like that," he replied.

"So that's how it is! That's it, isn't it?" She exclaimed. "Fifteen does not want anyone below BP-Twelve or Thirteen to know about the Central Race and the fact that they have placed a defensive weapon on earth that rivals our own. Is that right?"

Neruda looked away and sighed.

"Is that so?" She asked again.

"It's only part of the truth."

"And," she continued like Sherlock Holmes, "he doesn't want us to do any more Farsighted seance because they fear that the Central Race has the ability to interfere with our own weapon installation."

"I'm not sure I would use the word scared. I don't know of Fifteen ever being afraid of anything. I think he's more concerned that the Central Race might not like our choice of weaponry."

"Why?"

"I can't tell you that."

"Because our weapon is so powerful that it could destroy a planet?" she asked.

"In a way, it could be said that way. But the way Fifteen envisions it, it's strictly a defensive weapon."

"Damn it," she whispered.

Samantha stood up to stretch her legs and arms. She tilted her head to look at the sky. "I'm in over my head," she said.

"That's probably all of us," Neruda said. "We're not infallible in our approach, Samantha, but the ACIO has the best technology on the planet and is literally the only organization that knows about the 2011 invasion. If anyone is capable of preventing this takeover, it's us."

"I'd bet on the Central Race if they are who you say they are. How can we hope to have more advanced defense technology than the beings who... who created us?"

"It's not like our technology is more advanced than that of the Central Race, because we assume they have that ability as well. It's just that the Central Race, at least in Fifteen's opinion, would never put this technology on a planet for humans to discover. Especially not if their ancient enemy could somehow get her."

"Then wouldn't it make sense that if they did it, they have a good reason for it?"

"No," replied Neruda. "One can assume that they have limited the use of this technology without knowing it. The ACIO is in a position to use and secure it appropriately."

"So we already have the weapon at our disposal?"

"No."

She stopped and sat down again. "Everything you told me is based on assumptions. How can you know that the seven sites of the Ministry of Education and Culture are not exactly what we ourselves are trying to build. And how do you know that the Central Race would not protect their genetic libraries with their best defensive weapon."

"Samantha, please understand that I cannot tell you all the reasons from which we derive our assumptions," Neruda said. "Trust me, we came to these conclusions through a thorough analysis of the available information."

"So that's why Fifteen doesn't want to interact with the Central Race? What is he afraid of? That they will take them apart-an unfinished and untested technology?"

"Fifteen is a visionary like the world has never seen," Neruda confided. "He planned this technology before you were born. At an age when most youth are worried about their pimples, he was designing the plans for this system. This was at a time when he knew nothing of this impending alien invasion. He just wanted to create this vision... the re-creation of time..."

Neruda stopped mid-sentence, realizing he had said too much.

"So that's what the technology is all about." Samantha interrupted him. "Time Travel."

"I can't tell you that."

"Why? This memory will be washed away from me anyway," she argued.

"I've said enough."

"Great! So what do we do now? I am under crossfire from the secret weapon of the ACIO and the Central Race. How do I save myself? How do I convince Fifteen to spare my memory?"

The desert changed from hot to cold, from light to dark, from sound to silence. As they paused for a moment, Neruda heard the muffled and somehow unpleasant ringing of his cell phone in his car. Even so, there was a silence that worshiped the light gems of the deep, blue-purple sky. Samantha shivered in the evening chill and stood with her back to Neruda as if immersed in the sacredness of something invisible.

"We should probably go back," he said.

"Don't you have any idea?" She begged him, trying to keep her voice sounding normal.

"My mind is completely blank in that regard."

Samantha nodded weakly, her eyes staring deep into her own.

Neruda admired her more than he ever expected. He had never before been aware of this tenderness of the Far-seers.

She scared him. Perhaps it was his Mayan roots that caused his fear of what looked like magic or sorcery. But now he saw that Samantha was trustworthy and vulnerable at the same time, a quality that attracted him. This attraction was not easy to suppress. He felt a strong moral obligation to help her and at the same time felt powerless to protect her. In fact, he may have just signed her pass, if not her death warrant.

"What do you think I should do?"

"I think we should go," he replied. "We will meet again in the morning - before work - at this place in 0700 hours. With a rested mind, we might be able to figure something out."

"I'll get coffee," she offered.

"You're from the Midwest, aren't you?"

"Yes."

"Then I'd rather bring the coffee," he smiled. "You bring some cakes. Agreed?"

"Arranged."

They walked a hundred meters back to Neruda's car and drove back to the compound in silence. They were both tired and their minds were reeling from the decision that awaited them in only about ten hours.

Chapter 14 - Warning

When a species in the 3D universe discovers irrefutable scientific proof of the multiverse and the internal topology of the Wholeness Navigator, it affects all aspects of the species. It is the most far-reaching shift in consciousness that can be predicted, and it is this event that will cause the Return of the Masters to external influence and roles of general scope.

*Excerpted from Beliefs and Their Energy Systems, Chamber Four
Creators of Wings*

Evans opened the front door and was startled to see Jenkins. "You scared me," he said and walked away. He left the door open and Jenkins stood in the doorway. "Yes, you can go ahead," Evans said over his shoulder. Jenkins was a tall, lean man with sinewy muscles that seemed ready to snap like a bear trap. As the obvious successor to Evans, he was widely respected in the ACIO. And for good reason. He had great competence. His dark eyes always seemed to be searching for clues as to the personal weaknesses or vulnerabilities of individuals. This was a quality that made him very endearing to Evans.

"I think you should know about something. Can you turn on the PV?"

PV, or PansoVision, was the Security Department's internal network and was only accessible to employees with BP-Twelve and only if they had permission from both Evans and Fifteen. The only employees allowed to use the system were the seven directors, Jenkins and Fifteen.

"It's on, it's just in Standby mode," Evans replied. He was in a bathrobe, barefoot, and his hair was slicked back. "Can I offer you something?" he asked walking into the kitchen.

"No thanks," Jenkins replied. "I just wanted you to see it." Jenkins brought the PV into work mode and after pressing a few keys, the monitor showed a video image of Neruda's profile in the driver's seat with Samantha next to him. He pressed the button and the image stopped. In the lower right corner was the date and time.

Evans walked into the living room with a glass of white wine. "You know for sure?" He asked, raising his glass.

"No, really, I'm happy, thanks," Jenkins replied.

"So what do we have here?" Evans asked, looking at the monitor for the first time.

"Anomaly," Jenkins said. "Neruda and Samantha Folten left the office together shortly after 1900 hours and drove to this location. The image of Neruda and Samantha was replaced by detailed photographs. In the lower right corner was the inscription - EITS Photo Archive 091092:1721 PST.

"EITS was out of reach?" Evans asked.

"Yes, just in twenty minutes," Jenkins replied. "He had access to our timetable."

"Or he was lucky," Evans remarked.

Jenkins pressed a key and two red lines of code appeared, overlaying the satellite map. "They stopped here and talked for twelve minutes."

"Romance?" Evans asked.

"I can't say for sure, but the terrain is rocky and it was only twelve minutes."

"Then it's not a very good place for a date," Evans said with a sneer.

"Samantha had Fifteen's MRP yesterday," Jenkins said. "And since she's a Farseer, it's possible she had some memory leaks."

"What time is their return?"

Jenkins pressed a few keys and the monitor showed Neruda and Samantha in a car returning to the ACIO compound. "They were gone forty-two minutes."

"Current status?" Evans asked.

"They are in their respective homes."

"Okay, we'll see what they do tomorrow," Evans said. "He knows we know it. He is very smart."

"Do you want me to forward something to Fifteen?" Jenkins asked.

"No, I'll do it myself. I'm glad you brought this to my attention. Let me know if anything happens. Switch me now to Theca Five for the next forty-nine hours and let's watch those two as best we can. He'll probably file a report in the morning and nothing bad will happen, but I want to make sure he knows we're on alert - so he's in no doubt."

"Does she eat too?"

"She doesn't know the difference," Evans said.

"But he's a Far Seer."

"Shit, I don't care, Jenkins. I just wanted to save you time and effort. If you want to fuck her, you can."

"Okay, I'll do it my way," Jenkins said.

"Thanks again."

"To you too. Good night."

Jenkins left an image of Neruda and Samantha on the monitor, frozen in time like Bonnie and Clyde. Evans gave them one more look before putting his system into standby mode. He made a toast with his glass of wine while looking at the monitor screen. "Don't screw it up, man. We need you clean."

* * * *

Samantha heard his footsteps before she saw him. Her heart skipped a beat as he climbed the rock. "Damn, you scared me!" She screamed.

"I'm sorry," Neruda said, holding a thermos of coffee and two Styrofoam cups. "I didn't mean to startle you."

"It's okay, I'm just a little oversensitive."

"Under these circumstances," Neruda said, "you should be calm and not oversensitive. Maybe my morning coffee will calm me down your frayed nerves."

"I've heard about your morning coffees," she laughed. "Don't you rather serve them in clumps?"

"These are just rumours. Just rumours," he laughed widely and sat down next to her.

"Did you notice anything unusual when you came home tonight?" Samantha asked in a soft but serious tone.

"Of what?"

"It's like my phone has a different carrier frequency and my home terminal buzzes differently and almost doesn't it pulsates perceptibly, but I can feel it."

"They put us both on Theca Five," Neruda said matter-of-factly.

"What is it?"

"They know we met yesterday and they want me to know. It's their way, not too subtle, to say - either you come forward and report what you know, or we will assume that your loyalty and intelligence have been so damaged that you are no longer useful for our purposes. I guess sort of."

"How can you joke about that?"

"I'm not kidding," Neruda corrected her. "I'm clarifying our situation so it's easier to handle." He flashed her his smile.

"So they're watching us right now?"

"No. Before we met yesterday, I checked the Eye-in-the-Sky timetable. We have," he looked at his watch, "about forty minutes, but to be safe, I'd rather be out of here in about thirty."

Samantha stared at him. "So there's no privacy?"

"You are the Far Seer," laughed Neruda. "Of all people, you should understand this the most."

"Visitors are never used against ACIO staff," said Samantha.

"True, but any other technology we have is used like this, especially when the employees in question meet outside in the desert the day after the MRP procedure."

"Have you talked to Evans or anyone yet?" she asked.

"I don't even have to," he replied. "They have exceptional algorithms that monitor our Body Prints and report any anomaly like this." He ruled with his hands, like a priest connecting with the Holy Spirit.

Samantha's face relaxed and she let out a long sigh. "Okay, I got an idea to get us both out of this situation." As if on some dramatic instruction, she paused. "How about we do a Remote-kid session right now for the moment of creating that weapon system of theirs?"

Neruda remained silent, staring at his hands.

Samantha took his silence as a good sign and continued. "If we were able to find out the essence of their defense system, perhaps we could convince Fifteen that they could be our allies and not our enemies."

Neruda was massaging the back of his neck. "I haven't had my coffee yet. Can we wait a few more minutes?"

"We don't have time if we have to leave here in thirty minutes!" She said with an intensity that surprised Neruda.

He stood up and surveyed the landscape. "I would be accused of breach of discipline. Violation of a direct order Fifteen, I must add. That would only make our situation worse, or at least mine."

"I know it's risky, but without it, how else can we convince him that I should stay in the project and keep my memory?"

"Do you have anything to eat in this, or just your RePlay headset?" Neruda said, pointing to a dark green shopping bag that lay at Samantha's feet.

"I do," she said.

"I'd take anything that's not RePlaye. Please."

Samantha opened her bag and pulled out a collection of purchased cookies while Neruda opened his ter-Moscow and poured coffee.

"Two tufts or one," he asked.

"You're asking about sugar, aren't you?"

"Sugar?"

"Very funny," said Samantha, "but no fluff of any kind, thank you."

Neruda handed her a cup and they both settled down to a quick breakfast.

Samantha pointed her free hand at the sky. "If Evans already knows we're here, why do we have to move the EITS to follow us?"

"The E stands for more than Eye," explained Neruda.

"You mean they can hear our conversation...thirty...forty...or how many miles up is that thing?"

"When EITS was commissioned in 75, the technology was not capable of transmitting audio...it was only delivered in 91 when the system was updated."

"Can they hear our conversation?" She repeated softly.

"Yes," he said.

"As?"

"Remember when you started, how you were required to have a security implant?"

"Yes, but I thought it was just for tracking purposes..."

"... That is their main purpose, but they also have the ability to transmit sound to the EITS. It is one of the most advanced technologies in our entire arsenal. And it will be used on us in about thirty minutes if we're not careful."

"But I have this thing placed around my neck..."

"It transmits a voice resonance that is amplified by the computer, and it's so good that they can hear even a whisper-thaw."

"I wish I could sign," Samantha muttered to herself. "I assume that the employ- they don't tell people about the true purpose of this technology."

"Correctly."

"So what do you think of my plan?" she asked.

"It is too dangerous to disobey Fifteen's direct order. But I know another way we can do it."

"What?"

"Our goal is to present Fifteen with the facts. He would recognize any deception, so it is impossible to tell him anything that is not the absolute truth. The reality is that you had significant memory leaks within twenty-four hours of MRP. Apparently, the procedure was not successful. The memories were too strong."

Samantha nodded and Neruda paused to take some of her cookies.

"The problem is," he continued, "that you are the only one who has seen and communicated with these beings. You're the one who led the research team to that location. You are somehow connected to their frequency."

"Okay," Samantha asked, "are you suggesting I introduce myself as a Central Race ally?"

"Something like that," he replied. "We do not know if any other Farseer are able to make contact with this race. Up until now, it's been exclusively you. Perhaps we could convince Fifteen that your memory should not undergo a radical MRP until we are certain that another Seer can make that contact.

This will give us some time and a reason for you to stay in the project."

"You say that Fifteen will want to keep the possibility of contact with the Central Race so that in the future could he find out anything?"

"Right," he replied. "When we first heard from Corte about the Central Race, Branson did some-lik experiments to see if contact could be made with them, but it was not possible."

"Give me an example of what he might be interested in in the future?" she asked.

"We have strong reason to assume that the seven locations of the MYS are connected together in some way. We also know that there was only one homing device that had already self-destructed, so we don't really know how to get to those other locations. You can help us figure out how to get to the other six locations."

"Do you think he'll like this attitude?" Samantha asked.

"I don't know," Neruda said, taking the last cookie. "But it's an honest stance in our dilemma. It is the best option I can think of."

"Alright then. When do we tell him?"

"I think it's best if I talk to him alone," Neruda replied. "If you were there too you, he might be too blunt. We need it to be open. Maybe he will come up with a better solution himself."

Samantha nodded and began packing cookies and cleaning up.

"One more thing before we go," she said. "If you're planning to tell Fifteen the truth anyway, why are you trying to escape EITS?"

"It is wise to keep control of your options. Fifteen and Evans respect that. Probably more than any-liv another. You don't have to show any of them your weaknesses or errors in judgment."

"I'll remember that," Samantha said.

The two quickly packed up their things and went to their cars. Samantha couldn't stop thinking about the EITS looming over their heads. She could almost feel his prying eyes and ears. As she got into the car and watched Neruda drive away, she yelled several times at the top of her lungs, "Put your EITS up your ass!"

She immediately felt better.

* * * *

"Good morning, Jamison," said Fifteen. "Are you looking for me?"

Neruda was on his way to Fifteen's office and almost bumped into him as he turned a corner in the hallway. "Do you have a few minutes to spare? It is important."

Fifteen waved his arm towards his office door. "Of course. Go ahead. I'll be right there."

Neruda sat down at the small coffee table that was next to Fifteen's desk.

The office somehow made him feel vulnerable. It was so empty that Neruda felt there was nowhere to hide, especially when he had to deliver bad news.

He was interrupted by the sound of the door closing. Neruda turned to see Fifteen, Li-Ching, and Evans joining him around the table. "We know about your meeting with Samantha," said Fifteen. "We just want to hear your report. I invited Li-Ching and Evans to avoid repeating myself. Good?"

Neruda nodded, though he thought he'd rather meet Fifteen alone.

He was beginning to sense that his act might be a more serious breach of safety regulations than he had originally thought.

"As you know," Evans began, "we're aware of your activity last night and then again this morning. You are fully aware that these activities violate the regulations and..."

"Wait, wait," Fifteen interrupted. "We don't have to be so hard right away. I am convinced that Jamisson has a good reason for his actions." Fifteen placed his hands flat on the table and paused. "What we have here is definitely just a misunderstanding. You have the floor, Jamison. We will just listen and possibly ask questions."

Neruda scanned his colleagues with searching eyes, careful to hide his nervousness. "I want to tell you exactly what happened," he said, looking directly at Evans. "Samantha had some pa-me leaks. Her memories of the Far-Seeing séances were too strong to suppress."

"What triggered them?" Li-Ching asked.

"She was sorting through her project materials and found a note - written in her own hand - about Central Rasa and seven localities of the MYS."

Fifteen pulled out the control panel from under the table and pressed a button. "Let Branson come here as soon as possible."

"Yes, sir," said the voice of his assistant.

Fifteen turned to Neruda, his voice serious and sympathetic at the same time. "And what did Samantha want from you?"

"She wanted to know if she had MRP," he replied. "And she wanted to know who the Central Race was."

"And you told her?" Fifteen wondered.

"Yes."

"Why?" Evans asked.

"Because she's the best Farseer we have and I had a choice either to lie to her or to alienate, or to speak the truth and gain her trust. I chose the latter."

"What did she want?" Fifteen asked.

"She wanted to stay in the project. She feels that her abilities could be useful later."

"And you agreed with her?" Fifteen asked.

That morning, Neruda looked Fifteen in the eye for the first time. "We don't know if any of our other Farseers with BP-Twelve will be able to contact the Central Race and conduct a Farseer survey that might later prove useful to the project. I am convinced that Samantha has some special connection with this race."

Evans moved. "What reason can you think of that we should contact or observe Central Race?"

"No, Jamisson's right," Fifteen interjected. "We don't know if anyone else is capable of success contact. We tried when the Corteum told us of their existence and we were unsuccessful."

"But that was before we had any physical connection," Li-Ching said. "Samantha had the artifact and the MYS location. That's not a fair comparison."

"But that's the point," Neruda said. "She had an advantage, and this advantage of hers could be - sometimes in budocility - also used as our advantage."

A knock on the door interrupted them. Branson walked into the office, catching his breath a little. "You called me?"

"Yes, come on and join us," said Fifteen. "Samantha's MRP failed."

"In what respect?" Branson asked as he sat down at the table next to Neruda.

"In every way," Fifteen replied.

"Shit," Branson said to himself. "Actually, I'm not too surprised."

"So let's assume that her memories can't be suppressed through MRP... that... that they're too strong, as Jamisson says," said Fifteen. "We have two options. We can do a radical MRP and erase the memory of the entire project, or we can keep her services in the project and isolate her from sensitive information as best we can."

Fifteen glanced at Neruda out of the corner of his eye. "What secret information did you give her - besides information about the Central Race and the seven locations of the MYS?"

Neruda felt that Fifteen was sensing everything.

His voice strained as he felt Fifteen's intuitive power begin to touch him inside his mind. "Something about EITS...I...I was explaining to her the reasons why we cut off her contact with the Central Race..."

"Did you tell her about BST?" Fifteen asked with concern in his voice.

"No, I didn't explain anything about the BST, just that we have a defensive weapon... nothing more," Neruda defended.

Evans couldn't hold back any longer. "So she knows about EITS and BST now? We don't know what will happen with that information treat. She is young and inexperienced. I can already see how a bribe can cause a big risk."

"She's the best Farseer we've ever had," Branson said. "Best. Jamisson couldn't lie to her any more than he can lie to us. At least he maintained his credibility with her, which may prove more valuable to us than anything else. At least when working with Samantha."

There was silence over the conference table for a few moments. Neruda left his gaze on the table top, wishing the meeting was over, but knowing that it might just be beginning.

Li-Ching fiddled with one of the buttons on her blouse. "Why not exclude her from the project and subject her to radical MRP?"

"I think Jamisson is hinting that we need her," Fifteen replied. "We need her Far-sighted abilities to quickly understand the seven sites of the MYS and how they are related to each other... assuming that is the case."

Evans turned to Branson. "You're sure we can't make contact with the Central Race using it one of our Farseeers with BP-Twelve?"

"Eleven years ago we failed, but then we had no artifacts or materials to draw upon contact could be established. Maybe it would be possible now."

"All I'm suggesting," Neruda interjected, "is to keep Samantha on the project until we find out if her ability to contact and communicate with the creators of those locations is unique."

"Are you saying that the creator of these locations is not the Central Race?" Fifteen asked.

"No," replied Neruda. "But we don't really know who they are in the Central Race. I just thought we should keep her ability and knowledge base until we see if we have some other scouting strategy and an equally capable Farseer."

Fifteen sighed and turned to Branson. "Our progression plan for her is still a matter of seven years. We don't want to do anything to compromise her leadership skills. We want her to be the director. That being said, what is your recommendation?"

"Leave her in the project with full BP-Twelve access to the knowledge base - only what concerns the Ancient Arrow project. In other respects, BP-Seven will remain."

"Evans?" Fifteen asked.

"I think the risk of keeping her in the project is too great," Evans replied. "Further contact with the Central Race or any of its factions may cause unwanted scrutiny of our own projects, especially the BST.

I think a radical MRP and checking the Theca-Five for some time... maybe three months after that is the best we can do."

Fifteen turned to Li-Ching. "And you?"

"I basically agree with Evans," she replied. "The risks seem to outweigh the benefits. However, I also see the potential benefit of having a Far Vision Exploration Strategy that will give us the ability to investigate the creators of these sites...who knows what we will need to know in the future."

Fifteen leaned back in his chair, spread his fingers and rested his hands on each other - finger to finger. "So we know that the Central Race, or some of its factions, created the MyS localities. We have good reason to believe there are seven. These beings can examine Samantha. Which means they may be able to access its entire memory structure. This means that if she knows about BST, they may be able to find out about our plans regarding BST."

"If we want only BP-Twelfth personnel to remain in the project, no Far Vision survey can be carried out. However, if we keep Samantha in the project, they might only be able to research her up to BP-Seven, which is an acceptable risk if she doesn't know anything about BST."

He turned on Neruda with a keenness that Neruda had only seen once before. "I'll ask you, Jamisso-no, one more time. How much does he know about BST?"

"He knows we have a defensive weapon that the Central Race may not approve of. He knows that the ACIO - at a high level - is involved in protecting the country from an invasion in 2011... And he knows that our weapon is somehow related to time travel."

"Nothing more?" Fifteen asked.

Neruda shook his head and looked down at his hands folded in his lap.

Fifteen took a deep breath and then exhaled slowly. "She knows too much to be our Seer. Each of our BP-Twelve Seers has the same dilemma - they know too much. These beings will investigate any Farseer we use and thus they can learn about our plans with the BST. Any further interaction with representatives of this race is too dangerous. I agree with Evan on this one."

He paused long enough to shift his position in the chair. His back was still bothering him despite the acupuncture prescribed by Li-Ching. "However, I think that if we do radical MRP to Samantha, we will be risking both her state of mind and possibly Branson's plan for her progression. If Sa-mantha wants to stay in the project, I will support her in this request with one condition. He must refrain from any Farsighted session with the Central Race."

Fifteen turned to Neruda. "Do you agree?"

"What will it perform if not Foresight?" Neruda asked after nodding in agreement.

"Whatever role he wants, as long as it doesn't involve Central Race Foresight... I don't really care." Fifteen looked at Branson. "We will do as you say. It will have BP-Twelve as it pertains to the Ancient Arrow project and will remain at BP-Seven in all other respects."

"Okay," Branson replied. "Effectively?"

"From now on," said Fifteen. "Evansi, do you agree with this? I want your approval."

"You have," Evans replied, "but I'd rather put her on Thecu-Five for the next few weeks, if you don't mind."

"Okay," said Fifteen. "Anything else?"

There was a silence in the air long enough for Fifteen to end the meeting. "Jamisson, can you stay here for a few more minutes?"

Neruda nodded and sat back in his chair as the others left Fifteen's office. With the sound of the door closing, Fifteen sat down with a serious face. "You think you made the right choice opening up to Samantha, don't you?"

"I'm not sure what to think," Neruda replied. "I feel like I did the right thing..."

"Others assure you it is not." Fifteen claimed with finality.

Neruda's inner calm was shaken at the words, though his physical presence remained motionless.

"As?" The question flew out of his mouth before his mind could censor it.

Fifteen shrugged. "You know that. You already know that. I just wanted to assure you that I know that too. And if you ever let loose again, as in this case, with some other subordinate, you will certainly remain without subordinates. Am I making that clear, Jamison?"

"Very clearly, sir."

"Good."

"One more question if... if I may," Neruda said hesitantly.

"And that?" Fifteen said.

"If we hit a dead end in decoding the materials on the optical disc, and the other artifacts prove resistant to our scrutiny, wouldn't it make sense that Foresight would remain our only hope? And if that's the case, isn't Samantha our best bet?"

Fifteen's face relaxed into a telling smile. "That's the only reason why you weren't called off the project. It's the silver lining in your misbehavior. We'll see if your actions pay off in the future, but clearly not in the present."

Fifteen stood up and looked down at Neruda. "That's all for now." He left without a word, opening the door to his office and leaving her. Neruda slowly rose from his chair. It chilled him to the bone, because he knew he was as close to his end in ACIO as he had ever been.

He felt as if he had betrayed his father, his hero and mentor, as well as his future.

Chapter 15 - Sealing

You unconsciously participate in the union of your will with the will of the Prime Source through thousands of personal structures dedicated to the Great Cause. It is the combined effort of all that you are with the perfect unfolding of all that is and always will be. It is a stimulating line of evidence that points to your purpose even before you can speak the words or feel the emotions of your gift. It just requires that you desire the will of Original Source to take over your life.

*Excerpted from Personal Purpose, Chamber Seven
Creators of Wings*

Neruda came into his office to find Samantha waiting in one of the chairs next to the desk. Her face was a collision of fear and hope.

"How did it go?" She asked, trying to sound calm.

"You're still in the project," he smiled, "but on the condition that we don't do any Farsighted sessions with By the Central Race."

"Fifteen ordered it?"

"Yes."

"And what else?" Samantha asked.

"You need to talk to Branson," he replied. "I'm not sure if there's anything else I can tell you-

whose."

"You got in trouble, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"I'm sorry I dragged you into this mess," she said. "Is there anything I can do?"

Neruda sat down at the table, turned on the lamp, leaned back in his chair, and then finally looked at Samantha.

She was wearing white cotton pants and a sky blue blouse. Her red hair was tied tightly at the back of her head.

"Just talk to Branson and avoid the Central Race," Neruda replied. "That's all.

You can handle it, can't you?"

"Yes, but how will others receive this news?"

"Don't worry about them," Neruda replied. "Fifteen's decisions - although not always understood - are always respected."

"But won't they hate me for being back in the project?"

"No, of course not," replied Neruda. "You are a Far Seer... a specialist. Everyone in the project knows that you have a certain special connection with the creators of the MyS site, so don't worry about it."

"Okay," she said casually. "But how do we know for sure that the MyS sites were created by the Central Race?"

Neruda felt his mind being thrown into some kind of internal wave. He felt the invisible wave pulling him on and away from the safety of the coast. "Please trust me on this and talk to Branson."

He took a piece of paper from his notebook and began to write.

YOU ARE UNDER THECA FIVE FOR THE NEXT TWO WEEKS. I CAN'T TALK TO YOU ABOUT THESE THINGS - THERE'S A BULLETIN IN THE OFFICE - THEY CAN HEAR US. I APOLOGIZE.

He handed the note to Samantha who quickly read it. A worried expression appeared on her face as she realized the seriousness of the situation she found herself in.

"Okay then," she said, "I'll talk to Branson. Thank you for your help."
"Please."

Samantha stood up. "I need to talk to you," she articulated the words softly to Neruda.

Neruda shook his head. "See you later, Samantha."

"Thank you again," she said.

She left his office feeling frustrated at the loss of her freedom, but satisfied that she could remain in the project and keep your memory as it is.

* * * *

A banging on the door woke him. Neruda looked at the clock next to his bed, not sure if he was dreaming or if it was real. It was shortly after 1 am and the phosphorescent clock face assured him that it was real. His intuition snapped and he tried to find out who it was.

He quickly put on his robe and hobbled down the stairs to the main entrance, where he saw a dark figure waiting. character trait. "I hear you, Samantha," he bellowed. "Wait a moment while I turn off the security system."

Neruda pressed a few buttons before opening the door to Samantha's distraught face. Her eyes were red from crying. "What's going on?" He asked, beckoning her forward with his arm.

She threw herself around his neck and began to cry as if everything was falling apart. Neruda stood quietly, trying his best to comfort her. While doing so, he watched the street and the neighborhood to see if anyone was following them. It seemed calm and he felt safe so he stayed in the doorway and soothed her as she sobbed uncontrollably.

"Tell me what's going on. Please."

"I'm sorry... I... I'm sorry I got you into this," she said, letting go of him and walking over to the chair in living room. "Can I sit here for a minute?"

"Sure," he said. "Can I offer you something?"

"Maybe some tissues..."

"Sure, wait a minute."

Neruda went into the kitchen, pulled out some paper towels from the dispenser and poured a glass of water. When returned to the living room, Samantha was sitting in a chair, staring at the ceiling, tears streaming down her face.

"What's going on?" Neruda asked as he handed her napkins and placed a glass of water on the serving table in front of the chair.

"Thank you," she said blowing her nose. "I had a visitor tonight."

"Whom?" Neruda asked. The news woke him up like a rush of caffeine.

"Before I tell you, there's... there's a wiretapping... I mean, can we talk?"

"Yes, we can talk here. They already know you're here."

"Can EITS pick up our conversation even when we're inside the house?"

"He can catch yours, not mine."

"Are you saying I have a different implant than you?" she asked.

"Mine was given to me nineteen years ago, which is before we had the technology to transmit the sonic resonance of the Body Imprint."

"So I'm the problem again." Her face expressed utter despair. "So they can only hear my part of the conversation?"

He nodded. "It's all right, Samantha, but if you don't mind, before you start talking, I'd like changed his clothes and got some coffee. Yes?"

"Yes, of course. I'll take it easy for now."

Neruda had fresh coffee made and then put on jeans, a white sweater and his Rolex. He rinsed his face with cold water and combed his hair. Five minutes later he was already serving coffee. "It's basically decaffeinated coffee, so you don't have to worry," he said, handing the cup to Samantha.

"Essentially decaffeinated? So you mean it's actually a regular coffee, don't you," she said, forcing a smile on her lips.

"You wanted to tell me something about your visit..." He commented, ignoring her remark as he sat down in the chair across from her.

"Is it okay? Are you sure?" Samantha asked.

"I know the EITS schedule, it's fine... at least another ten minutes."

"But you said a moment ago that he already knows I'm here, so how can they know when EITS isn't right over our heads?"

"ACIO has twenty-eight satellites that make up the EITS system and only nine of them have updated acoustic resonance technology. The closest of these nine satellites has a detection range of about ten minutes."

"As? I mean, how is it possible... that you know it all so accurately?"

"I have a photographic memory, remember?" Neruda explained.

"That must be nice," she laughed nervously.

"Tell me what happened, Samantha."

She took a sip of her coffee and took a deep breath. "I was in the bedroom... it was around nine o'clock and I made a decision to do some meditation because I was feeling very hurt after the events of today."

She closed her eyes as if watching something on her inner screen. "As I started and wanted to release the tension I had in my body, suddenly there was a light... a green and yellow colored light that flew through my body. It was like when the sun goes behind a cloud and then comes out again and you realize the difference, but you know the source of the shadow is long gone."

Neruda nodded. "Do you mean you saw it with your eyes or felt it inside?"

"Actually, both. The source of the light seemed familiar, but at the same time it seemed to come from a great distance away. I watched as he connected with my mind. It was a very gentle and peaceful experience."

Samantha leaned forward and set down her coffee cup. Then she folded her legs under her. My face is a little swollen and red. "And then this light somehow took hold of my mind and began to...rewire me...my memory."

"In what way?" Neruda asked, leaning forward.

"The light was like a tube... or a portal. It was magnetically attractive, and either I was getting closer to to him or to me... I don't know which..."

"To him?" Neruda asked impatiently.

"It was a being," she replied. "Intelligence..."

"Did she have any shape?" Neruda asked.

"Not really, but I felt her presence and it scared me to death."

"Why?"

"I don't know," she replied. "I...I've done those meditations many times before and I felt... or... I have seen lights, but I have never met a light that was intelligent."

"In what way was it intelligent?"

"It brought back my memories of the Farsighted sessions with the Central Race." Samantha let the words hang in the air for a few seconds before sipping her coffee. "I completely remembered my experience, which is even more vivid now than before MRP."

"As?" Neruda asked, aware that he sounded incredulous.

"I don't know how, but it happened. I remember everything as if it happened a moment ago. And something more," she said suddenly in a hushed voice. "It activated all of my experiences with them, including when I was examined inside the first cave... and even earlier when I lost consciousness while trying to communicate with the guidance device."

"AND?"

"I now know more about the plans of the MYS site builders," said Samantha. "But I don't know if I have it for anyone say."

"Why?"

"Because Fifteen will want to erase all my memories, if not my life," she said and v tears welled up in her eyes. She wiped the corners of her eyes with a napkin.

"I don't doubt that at all."

"Why?"

"Because I know too much, and because the creators of this location put something in me for some reason, which makes them able to contact me... or... activate me for certain things."

"What?"

"Look," she whispered, "you said we had ten minutes before EITS was in range. I'm totally scared. I don't know who I can trust... except you."

"EITS can only pick up your voice," he said, looking at his watch. "I'll ask you questions and you'll write your answers, or you'll just nod your head yes - no. Good?"

"And are you sure you don't have any other listening devices at home?"

"Pretty sure."

"Good. I'll tell you, but only if you agree to keep the conversation strictly between me and by you. Good?"

"I agree," he replied.

Neruda stood up to collect his thoughts. The living room was spacious, in one corner there was a grand piano in front of the window. The far end of the room was dominated by a fireplace whose sand-colored tiles stretched from floor to ceiling. Neruda began pacing back and forth.

He stopped suddenly and turned to Samantha. "So the light entered your body and reconnected all your memories related to interactions in the MYS location, Remote Vision sessions with the Central Race and guidance device. Is that right?"

Samantha nodded and then blew her nose.

"Was it as if you were connected by a distant source that appeared to you to be a representative of some technology or force coming from the creators of the MYS site?"

Samantha's face went still for a few moments as if she was debating Nehru's question in her own mind. Finally she nodded again but indicated that she wanted to write something. Neruda handed her a pen and paper from a nearby table. She scribbled something and then handed the paper back to Neruda, pointing to her comment.

IT WASN'T TECHNOLOGY OR POWER. IT WAS INTELLIGENCE AND IT HAD THE SPECIFIC INTENT OF ACTIVATING MY MEMORY.

Neruda nodded. "And this intelligence, just reconnected your memories... she... she didn't say anything about herself-
Huh?"

Samantha looked at Neruda and nodded.

"However," he continued, "the memories of your experience with the homing device are restored and somehow provide you with expanded insight into the plans of the creators of the MYS site. Is that right?"

She nodded.

"Do you know what the purpose of the MYS sites is?"

She shook her head and began to write something. When she was done, she handed it to Neruda. Neruda took it and went aside, where he read it aloud. "I'm not sure, but it's not a weapon. It has much more to do with raising the consciousness of the planet."

He turned and looked into Samantha's eyes. "Do you know how they want to achieve this?"

She started writing.

I'M NOT SURE BUT SOMEHOW THE SEVEN LOCATIONS TOGETHER CREATE A DATAFLOW THAT RAISES THE MOLECULAR VIBRATION OF THE PLANET AND ALL ITS INHABITANTS. THIS DATE
THE FLOW CHANGES THE DNA STRUCTURE OF NOT ONLY PEOPLE, BUT EVERYTHING LIVING ON THE PLANET. IT IS INTENDED TO ALLOW US TO MAKE SOME FUNDAMENTAL DISCOVERY LATER IN THE TWENTY-FIRST CENTURY.

Her lips moved almost imperceptibly as she wrote the note. "This light, or intelligence, as you call it, comes from the creators of the MYS location?"

Samantha nodded.

"And you know because it activated your memory. Are there any other reasons why you feel this way?"

She nodded again and began writing another note.

I ASSUME IT WAS PUT INTO ME WHEN I CAME INTO CONTACT WITH THE GUIDANCE DEVICE, BUT IT FEELS AS IF IT WAS COMING FROM A HUGE DISTANCE. I FEEL IT IS VERY ANCIENT. FOREVER. I SEE IT AS GOD.

Neruda nodded as he read the note. "Do you know how we will be able to find other locations of the MYS?"

Samantha nodded, but then waved her hand like she was wiping something in the air. She wrote in exasperation.

I DON'T KNOW HOW TO FIND THOSE LOCATIONS, BUT I KNOW WE'RE NOT THE ONLY ONES TO FIND THEM.

His face turned into a frown the instant he read the note. "Will someone else make the discovery?" he asked with Neruda, and there was great surprise in his voice.

"Yes," she said, her hand quickly over her mouth as if to catch the words. Neruda gave her a hand signal that it didn't matter.

"Do you know who?"

She shook her head.

"But are you sure it won't be ACIO who discovers the sites?"

She nodded.

Neruda sighed and sat down in the chair across from Samantha.

"So you're telling me," he began, running a hand through his hair, "that you know for a fact that the ACIO won't discover the other six sites before someone else. Is that right?"

She nodded, frustration evident on her face that she couldn't explain it in words. She started writing another post-mark.

THIS DISCOVERY HAS BEEN VERY CAREFULLY MANAGED SINCE THE TIMES OF THE ANASASIAN INDIANS WHO MADE THE DISCOVERY FIRST. WE ARE PLAYING A VERY KEY ROLE IN THAT, BUT IT'S GOING TO BE SOMEONE ELSE WHO FINDS OUT HOW TO FIND THE SIX MORE LOCATIONS. OUR ROLE - I MEAN ACIO'S ROLE - IS TO FIND SOMEONE ELSE TO HELP US FIND THE OTHER SIX LOCATIONS.

Neruda lost patience halfway through writing her note, standing behind her and reading over her shoulder as she wrote. When she finished the last few words, he went back to the chair and sat down in frustration.

"We'll never convince Fifteen to release that discovery from ACIO," Neruda lamented. "He will not allow the NSA to know anything of substance about this discovery, nor will he allow anything of this discovery to be published in scientific journals. Do you know anything about who this discoverer might be?"

Samantha's face was downcast and showed signs of uncertainty.

"Do you know if it's a person or an organization?" He asked.

She shook her head from side to side and articulated the words, "I'm not sure."

"Write your reason why you think the other six sites will be discovered by someone else... an individual or organization outside of ACIO?"

As Neruda finished the last word, her pen immediately began to move. She wrote without hesitation for about a minute before handing the sheet of paper to Neruda.

ONE OF MY MOST VIVID RECOVERED MEMORIES WAS OF A GIRL - PERHAPS FIFTEEN OR SIXTEEN YEARS OLD - WHO WAS ABLE TO FIND THESE LOCATIONS AND ACTI-

CALLING IS SOME WAY I DON'T UNDERSTAND. IT HAD TO DO WITH HER MIND. SOMETHING SHE WAS BORN WITH. HE IS OF THE CENTRAL RACE. HE IS ONE OF THE ORIGINAL CREATORS THESE LOCATIONS, BUT NOW HE LIVES IN A HUMAN BODY. I DON'T KNOW HER FACE. BUT SHE'S THE ONE TO OPEN THIS THING. I DON'T KNOW IF HE IS AWARE OF THIS ROLE NOW. WE HAVE TO FIND HER. I KNOW THAT FOR SURE. WITHOUT IT WE WILL NEVER GET TO OTHER LOCATIONS AND WITHOUT OTHER LOCATIONS THIS TECHNOLOGY WILL NEVER WORK AS IT WAS INTENDED.

Neruda finished reading the explanation and then looked up. "How do we find this girl?"

Samantha shrugged.

"You have no idea?"

Shaking her head, she wrote a short note and handed it to Neruda.

IT'S ALL CONTROLLED. IT WILL HAPPEN WHEN WE RELEASE INFORMATION ABOUT THE LOCATION OF THE MYS. THIS GIRL WILL SOMEHOW GET AHEAD WHEN SHE HEAR OF THE DISCOVERY.

This time it was Neruda who shook his head. He looked at Samantha. "There is no way that discovery could have been made public. The chances of Fifteen agreeing to such a thing are zero. It won't happen. Is it possible that the girl you remembered is related to something else?"

Samantha shook her head, frowning at the suggestion that she might be wrong.

"Explain again the origin of this vision or memory," demanded Neruda, who straightened up in his chair and took a drink. coffee.

Samantha immediately started writing.

IT'S THE VISION THAT THE GUIDANCE DEVICE PLANTED IN MY MIND WHEN WE WERE IN THE FIRST CAVE. I SEE THE GIRL VERY CLEARLY AND SHE LOOKS PERFECTLY HUMAN, BUT I'VE BEEN TOLD THAT HER SOUL IS VERY ANCIENT AND SHE IS ONE OF THE ORIGINAL PLANNERS OF THE MYS LOCATIONS. SHE IS THE ONE WHO ACTIVATES THIS SYSTEM. THEY NEED ONE OF THEIR OWN ARCHITECTS TO INCARNATE AS A MAN IN ORDER TO ACTIVATE THE SYSTEM. IT HAS TO BE AN INSIDE JOB, SO TO SPEAK.

Neruda searched for the right words. "You believe that these beings... the creators of these seven sites... that they are going to make this discovery public... that they want to make it a public issue?"

She nodded in agreement.

"But you don't see anywhere in your memory the way they're going to do it?"

Samantha formed the word "no" with her lips and slowly shook her head.

"Do you know how far into the future your vision was? I mean, months, years, decades?"

She quickly wrote something and handed it to Neruda.

I FEEL LIKE A YEAR OR TWO, BUT I'M NOT SURE.

"Do you have any idea what this major discovery is all about?"

I'M NOT SURE BUT IT HAS SOMETHING TO DO WITH HUMANITY'S FORECASTED MOVEMENT. IT APPLIES TO GENETICS AND SPIRITUALITY AT THE SAME TIME. I HAVE A STRONG FEEL THAT THIS WILL REVOLUTIONIZE SCIENCE AND RELIGION.

"Samantha, we have a major problem. I have to report this to Fifteen first thing tomorrow morning. I have no choice..."

Samantha stood up and rushed to the other end of the room. She was crazy and didn't hide it. Then she turned and walked back to within a few feet of Neruda's chair. He watched as she softly articulated the words "you promised!" twice in a row.

"I know," he said, "but I didn't know how serious the situation was." I'm sorry, Samantha. I'm really sorry, but I have no other choice."

Samantha sat down, grabbed her pen, and wrote like a captive martyr to her tormentors.

IF YOU TELL FIFTEEN NOT ONLY WILL HE PUSH ME OFF THE PROJECT BUT HE MAY DISMISS FROM ACIO. YOU PROMISED NOT TO TELL ANYONE!

"Samantha, I cannot remain silent on this matter," he said. "You represent a security risk for the project and for the entire ACIO. Either you believe that this discovery should be published and shared with the world, or you don't. There is no compromise in between."

She started to write, then stopped and crossed out what she had written. She closed her eyes and leaned back in her chair. Her face trembled in confusion, tears began to flow from her eyes. But she began to write, wiping her eyes and face with a handkerchief.

I DIDN'T PLAN TO TELL ANYONE BUT YOU. I KNOW THE RISKS I WOULD BE TAKING IF I PUBLISHED THIS MATTER. I DON'T HAVE THE COURAGE TO DO THAT... I CAN JUST TELL YOU THAT IT'S OUT OF MY HANDS. I BELIEVE THAT THE CREATORS OF THESE SEVEN LOCATIONS ARE CONTROLLING THIS ENTIRE SERIES OF EVENTS. I'M JUST A MESSENGER, DON'T SHOOT ME! I NEED YOUR HELP, PROTECTION, ADVICE.

ANYTHING YOU CAN GIVE ME. HELP ME PLEASE!

He looked at her just as she closed her eyes to blow her nose. Even in her sullen state of mind, her face radiated poise and grace that attracted him. He felt brotherly love for her. Something he couldn't explain or deny. "If you need my help, you can't expect me to lie on your behalf. I can't do that."

Samantha nodded her head in agreement. A glimmer of hope appeared on her face.

"If I tell Fifteen the truth, our only hope is that he'll be convinced that we won't be the ones to make the discovery public. And the only way we can convince him of that is to be convinced of it ourselves. Are you convinced?"

Samantha froze for a few moments. She looked down at the pad of paper, unsure of what to write. Then she wrote.

I AM CONVINCED THAT SOMEONE WILL PUBLISH THIS DISCOVERY AND I AM CONVINCED THAT IT WILL NOT BE ME. THAT'S ALL I CAN TELL YOU.

"Then who? Who will publish it?" Neruda asked in a serious tone of voice. "Certainly not McGavin. Certainly not Fifteen. It would have to be someone who defected. Otherwise it is not possible. And when it comes down to it, it would have to be you or me. And... you just said it wouldn't be you. So that leaves me..."

Samantha waved her hand as if to signal him to stop. She began to write again, her vehemence rising like a circling falcon.

I HAD A STRONG FEEL THAT THIS DISCOVERY WAS OF ESSENTIAL SIGNIFICANCE TO THE PLANET, ALTHOUGH I COULDN'T EXPLAIN WHY. MUST BE SHARED. THERE IS SOMETHING HIDDEN IN THOSE ARTIFACTS THAT IS CATALYTIC FOR PEOPLE. THEY WANT ME TO INTERPRET THIS MESSAGE. YOU HAVE TO HELP ME. I CAN'T CHANGE FIFTEEN'S MIND BY MYSELF.

Neruda read the note twice and delayed his reply. He could only see one way forward and it really scared him. He cannot publish this discovery in cooperation with the Labyrinth Team. He would have to defect. No - there would be another option.

"If I tell this dilemma to Fifteen, he'll think I'm crazy for advocating publication based on your vision, regardless of how good you are at Foresight. The only help I can offer you is to explain to Fifteen your experience and the reason for your visit and make light of the whole matter.

This will give us some time and opportunity to decode some material from the optical disc. Maybe it does it shows something that gives your vision credibility."

Samantha started writing before Neruda finished his comment. She threw her note at him with a measure that surprised him. She stood up, whispered "goodbye", and walked out before Neruda could say anything. He read her note with a chord of anger fading through his body.

SO I WILL LOOK LIKE AN IDIOT. MY CREDIBILITY WILL BE UNDERMINED BY ABYSS HE SAVED HIS OWN. THANK YOU FOR YOUR HELP. I WAS HOPING FOR MORE.

The sound of a screeching car on the road in front of the house brought him to his feet. He watched her drive away as his heart sank to depths he hadn't felt in years. He was worried about his options. He knew he would have to talk to Fifteen in the morning and he had to think carefully about how much he would say.

Neruda picked up a cup of coffee and tossed out the tissues that Samantha carefully arranged on a saucer. He could well imagine her frustration and fear. But he felt as trapped as she did, perhaps even more so, because he was the only one who could publish the Ancient Arrow project. And somewhere in his heart, beneath the anxiety he felt, he knew that this path was opening before him and that his life was irrevocably changing.

He pressed the call button on the phone and heard the unmistakable carrier signal that told him he was back on Theca Five. He resented the effectiveness of Evans and his technology. He turned on the computer terminal to check his email. David left him a message about the breakthrough he had made. A ray of light shone upon him as he read David's message over and over again.

WE FOUND AN ACCESS POINT THAT IS FORMED OF A MAXIMUM OF TWENTY-THREE CHARACTERS FROM AN ASSUMED FIFTY-TWO CHARACTER ALPHABET. IT IS AN INTERACTIVE PASSWORD. WE ARE ON THE TRACE.

Neruda couldn't focus his mind on the breakthrough, although he felt a little relieved that some progress had been made.

All he could think about was Samantha and how she was going to explain what she told him to Fifteen. He knew that Samantha was now his worst enemy, capable of almost anything. And apparently he himself too.

Chapter 16 - Sovereign Unification

The Prime Source is not a manifestation, but rather a consciousness that inhabits all time, space, energy and matter; likewise not-time, not-space, not-matter and not-energy. It is this consciousness that unites all states of being into a single Being - and this Being is the Prime Source. It is the growing, expanding and inexplicable consciousness that organizes the collective experience of all states of being into a coherent plan of creation - the expansion and populating of the realms of creation and the inclusion of creation into Source Reality - the home of Primordial Source. This Being pervades the Great Universe as a sum of experiences in time and beyond time. It encoded ITSELF into all life as the vibrational force that is the primary code that creates you as a silken atom in the cosmological web.

*Excerpt from the Primary Code, decoded from Chamber Nine
Creators of Wings*

Neruda looked down the long corridor that led to Fifteen's office. It was empty and the lights were dimmed. An almost ghostly dread shook him as he heard the sunroom elevator open. Instinctively he ducked around the corner of the corridor and waited.

Fifteen came out of the elevator with Evans, and Neruda strained to understand their conversation.

"So you're clear on that?" Fifteen asked.

"Absolutely," Evans replied.

"Alright, let me know if there are any changes. In a few minutes I have a meeting with Jamisso-no, and I will deal with him personally. You take care of Samantha."

Fifteen made his way to his office and then suddenly stopped.

"Oh, by the way, when you deliver that message, do it with compassion. Put on your elongated face. Dob-re?"

"Understood," Evans replied.

"Oh, and remember," Fifteen added, "I want you to arrange it yourself."

"Jenkins knows..."

"No, he doesn't know," Fifteen cut him off. "No one knows about it, just me and you, and I want to leave it at that. If you are going to need to take Jenkins to MRP, do it. But I want this to stay completely in BP-Fourteen."

"As you wish," said Evans.

Evans continued walking down the hall toward Neruda. Neruda hid in the conference room to remain unseen. He was confused by what he heard. He could see that they definitely had a plan for him and Samantha. His stomach began to churn like a flock of butterflies trying to fly against the wind.

It was still early, almost 3 in the morning. He had sent Fifteen an "urgent" email about an hour ago, and Fifteen had responded immediately, insisting that he and Neruda had to meet in the office at 0300 hours. Sleep was not Fifteen's priority, which was typical of him. It also spoke volumes for how seriously Fifteen takes it.

He made a slow, almost painful movement towards Fifteen's office. The door was ajar and the office was brightly lit. Neruda cautiously knocked on the door. "Good morning, sir." He didn't even try to hide the tiredness in his voice.

"Come on, Jamisson," Fifteen said without looking up from his computer terminal. "Find something to sit on. I'll be with you right away."

Neruda measured Fifteen's voice, looking for any signs of his mood. All he could hear was frustration, and his intuition told him she was more than just weak. He sat down in front of Fifteen's desk in a wooden chair, the seat of which was covered in black leather. Its carved wooden armrests reminded him of swan necks - fragile and flexible at the same time.

Fifteen pressed a key and shut down the computer. Silence filled the room as the hard drive stopped. He looked up at Neruda, fixed his gaze on him and said, "We know," the words coming out of his mouth with utter finality.

Neruda looked confused. His forehead furrowed like a pond clouded by a sudden gust of wind.

"You know what I mean," said Fifteen, "so don't look at me with those innocent eyes of yours."

Neruda remained silent, unsure of how to respond.

Fifteen leaned back in his chair and waited with the patience of a fisherman.

"Are you talking about Samantha's surprise visit?" Neruda asked.

Fifteen shook his head. "We know what happened during her visit. We know what you have discussed and we know what you are thinking at this time."

"Did you talk to Samantha?" Neruda asked, trying his best to sound casual.

"Yes."

Fifteen sat up in his chair to ease his aching back. His fingertips came together in a canopy shape, his usual pose as he prepared to get down to business. "On my sixth birthday, my parents took me to the Barcelona Zoo, where there was a pavilion with gorillas. They had an old gorilla named Tumba - maybe twenty-five years old - who was a unique exhibit for over two decades. They claimed that Tumba scared people by how human he behaved, which was exactly what attracted the crowds. When we got to his cage - those steel bars, he was just emptying his bowels. When he was done, he started throwing the excrement at the crowd of people who were watching him with a look of pleasure on his face. It was a deliberate and carefully managed affair. Unfortunately, some of them landed on my mother's clothes and hair."

Neruda leaned forward a little, drawn by the unusual glimpse into Fifteen's childhood.

"My father was furious," Fifteen continued, laughing at the memory. My mother is embarrassed. And I... am was having a wonderful time... until I saw a stinging glint in my father's eyes."

Fifteen brushed his long brown hair behind his ears. His signature buckle was missing. "Against my mother's pro-test, my father took us to the administrative offices to complain. We arrived at the director's office and heard a rather lengthy apology. When my father asked why the gorilla was doing such things, the director explained to us that Tumba had suddenly started this strange behavior only a few weeks ago.

The ZOO staff panicked because their show star was now literally repelling patrons. The zoo and they had no idea how to control his behavior."

"Although my father was a gifted engineer, he had no practical advice that the director of the ZOO, or to his confused staff, he could give. None that they haven't tried before.

The only thing they came up with was to install plexiglass at some distance. They hoped that Tumba would stop when he saw that his feces couldn't hit his chosen victims. But he kept throwing them and they had to take the plexiglass off because it looked terrible. And so they were left with only one option. Close the pavilion."

"The zoo director was explaining how he called the best gorilla experts in the world and none of them had any workable solutions. So he resigned and did what he had to do - also because of the way my mother looked. I asked him what would happen to Tumba and the director explained that he would be sent to a new ZOO in Africa, closer to his original home. The ZOO will provide them with a new gorilla for Tumba. It seemed perfectly clear to me that Tumba was doing what he was doing to change his habitat. He changed his life. For something to happen - as if twenty-five years in one cage was enough."

Fifteen half lowered his eyes and fixed them on Neruda. "So my friend, is that what you wish? Change?"

Neruda tried to keep his gaze on Fifteen's eyes, but after a few moments he had to look away, blurting out a few words like a clumsy schoolboy. "I...I...I think you assume I trust Samantha's judgment. And I'm not sure what makes you think that..."

"I'm not talking about judgments," Fifteen cut him off. "I'm asking you a simple question, if you want to do change?" He paused and then continued, "I believe you will know when I make my judgment."

Neruda felt lost in some bizarre dream that he had no control over. Many events from the past three days swirled in his mind, and none of them pressed more intensely than the story he had just heard. He heard Fifteen's conversation a moment ago.

He also knew what Fifteen wanted to hear.

"No," explained Neruda, "I do not want to leave or change my position in the ACIO. You are like a father to me. And you know it. I have no intention of sharing this story with the media or anyone else."

"are you sure?"

"Absolutely," Neruda realized, nodding his head vigorously as his words trailed off in silence.

Fifteen stood up and walked over to his bookcase. Only the directors and a handful of others knew about the treasures kept here. The ancient writings—many of which Neruda personally translated—were bound in modest leather bindings in shades of brown and earthy gray. He took out one of the largest books and opened it. He ran his thumb over a certain page and his eyes began to smile like those of an elf as he began to read aloud. "The central race is blessed with the presence of God within itself as strongly as man is endowed with the identity of an animal subdued by the ego, which renders him incapable of understanding his creator."

He turned several pages. "There is no race as advanced as the race of human archetypes known as the Central Race. While there is no one in our galaxy who knows this race, their presence is universal and all life in our galaxy is permeated by their culture and their vision."

He placed the book on his desk without a sound. On its brown cover was the title in gold italics - Threshold Cosmogony. "The Cortears wrote it, but you translated it. do you remember Twenty-five years ago." Neruda remained silent but nodded his head weakly in agreement. "So my dear Jamison, do you wish for a change?"

Neruda squirmed at Fifteen's relentless method of bringing to light what he believed to be protected or hidden. He was persistent like no other. It was the essence of his power. And Neruda felt the hypnotic coaxing that made him more and more vulnerable. He swallowed, reminding himself that he was fighting the most brilliant brain on the planet, and that this was no time to be weakened by exhaustion or intimidation. "Like I said before, Fifteen, I'm not looking for any change."

Your persistence in this line of questioning is your business, but I assure you that your suspicions are without merit."

"We'll see," Fifteen noted. "We'll see very soon."

"I feel like someone who unwittingly threw himself into the crosshairs of a witch hunt," Neruda said. "I didn't do anything wrong, I just helped Samantha. It's not my fault that she had contact with the Central Race..."

"With who you think is the Central Race," Fifteen corrected him. "We still have no proof by whom they are. They call themselves the Wing Makers and there is no reference to that name in our database."

"Yes, but we also know that they have placed a series of technologies on our planet that clearly show that they are the genetic stewards of our species and apparently most of the animals on the planet. Anything less than this judgment would be denial. Do you agree with that?"

This time it was up to Fifteen to avert his eyes. He sat down, tapping his fingers on the leather cover of the book he had just placed on the table. "Jamison, I had a plan of action for you even before you finished this translation. You know that. From the age of seventeen, it was your destiny to become a member of the Labyrinth Team as the Director of Special Projects. What you don't know is that it doesn't end there."

With this remark of Fifteen, Neruda felt as if he were spinning above the flames of an invisible fire. He never thought that he should be Fifteen's successor. He did not know whether he would wish to do so, or whether he would be able to carry out such an esteemed and complex office. Fifteen seemed unmistakable.

"Sounds unlikely, doesn't it?" Fifteen asked with a smile.

"No, that sounds impossible."

"You are not in the crosshairs of a witch hunt, but in the crosshairs of your plan of action, which involves you and me."

"Why are you telling me this now?" Neruda asked, his voice suddenly distant and distant.

"I want you to know why I am scrutinizing your actions so carefully. It's not because I'm your rival. I'm your future," Fifteen leaned forward and fixed his eyes on Neruda.

"I need you to work with me, not against me. I feel like you got carried away by the mythology... or... or at least a series of events that are not exactly what they appear to be."

Fifteen paused and leaned back in his chair as if waiting for Neruda to say something.

"I think you expect too much of me," replied Neruda. "I am not one to follow in your footsteps. I have no idea how I could possibly lead the development of BST (Blank Slate Technology) ... or even ACIO. Why me?"

"Because I chose you," Fifteen replied. "You just have to trust me."

Neruda understood that he had no choice. And if there was one thing he trusted, it was the validity of Fifteen's decisions. "Does the rest of the Labyrinth Team agree with you?"

"It's our little secret," Fifteen said with a wink. "No one really knows. I want to leave it at that. However, with the intuitive power of this group, I have little doubt that they wouldn't have guessed it."

"You really think the Wingmakers aren't what they seem?" Neruda asked, hoping that momentarily redirects the conversation away from his person.

"Assuming the Corteum is right, I believe the Central Race is incapable of deception," Fifteen he looked at the book and then spoke in a measured, skeletal style. "But - that - we - don't know."

Fifteen sat back up and rubbed his right hand across his lower back, massaging his tender muscles. "Don't lose sight of the wider context," he added. "Those so-called Wing Makers could be a rogue faction of the Central Race, or they could be representatives of the synthetics from M51. Who knows for sure? Don't be fooled by the unknown when the real world challenges you to develop your talents and skills. That's what I'm telling you, Jamison."

Neruda listened carefully. His mind had already recovered from the initial shock of Fifteen's revelation. "What do you want me to do?"

"I want you to stay with the project and focus on decoding the optical disc. We have over eight thousand pages of information, and if you saw David's email, you know we found the access point to the drive.

The information on this disk can be decisive for our understanding of the technologies that we have secured at the MÿS location. However, I need your attention and guidance."

"What about Samantha?" Neruda asked.

Fifteen drummed his fingers on the table for a moment before looking at the watch on his wrist. "He will be excluded from the project."

"Completely?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"Because it's a security risk," Fifteen replied.

"And that's disruptive to the project?"

"Yes."

"So we won't be doing any more Farsighted sessions, will we?"

"No."

Neruda plucked up his courage. "Will he stay in ACIO?"

Fifteen glanced quickly at Neruda out of the corner of his eye. "As I said before, it is a security risk. Let's leave it at that, my friend."

"I can't leave it like that."

"Why?"

"Because I believe he's the best Farseer we've ever had and this race - whoever he is - is connected to her in some way that none of us really understand. To put her through a radical MRP and send her... oh my God, is not only cruel and senseless, but even stupid."

Neruda crossed his arms over his chest, looked up at the ceiling, and signaled his disgust with a long exhale. He felt his face flush, a sure sign of anger he couldn't suppress. He felt responsible for her expulsion from the ACIO and also knew the consequences of the radical MRP and the subsequent program of Samantha's relocation. He will never recover from this.

He stood up, walked over to Fifteen's fridge and grabbed a soda. He needed something to cool him down. Despite how he felt about Fifteen, he knew he had the situation in his hands. His mind was frantically searching for a strategy to restore Samantha's good name.

"Are you worried that it will affect me in some inappropriate way?"

"The only thing I fear is that you will follow her into oblivion."

Neruda paused to take a deep breath before responding to Fifteen's comment. "Are you saying Samantha will be killed?"

"No."

"So what exactly are you saying?" Neruda returned to his chair.

"Oblivion is just a metaphor," Fifteen explained. "She's no longer part of the ACIO and I can't afford to lose your services as well, Jamison. It's that simple. You know the scope of our work. I don't need to explain how important you are to our plans. We need your intellect to be sharp and focused. The path Samantha chose is regrettable, but you may not care. She is young and easily influenced, unable to control her own interests. Don't make the same mistake. That's what I'm telling you."

"We can't do that..." muttered Neruda.

"We have to do this," Fifteen announced with strange conviction. "I swear to you, Jamison, this decision is irreversible, so don't waste my time discussing it."

"Who will do the MRP?"

"David," Fifteen replied. "Evans will help him."

"When?"

Fifteen looked at his watch. "In about an hour."

Neruda sighed. "Can I talk to her before MRP?"

"Why?"

"It has information that may be important for our understanding of the purpose of the MYS sites and their technologies. I'd like to get as much out of her as possible before it's too late."

"As I told you, we talked to her. We know everything she knows."

"She wouldn't tell you everything."

Fifteen picked up the phone and dialed a number. "David, I'm sending Jamisson over there. Tell Evans I want Jamisson to spend some time with Samantha before the MRP." Fifteen put his hand over the phone and whispered to Neruda. "How much time do you think you'll need?"

"Twenty minutes?" Neruda shrugged.

"Jamisson needs about twenty minutes," said Fifteen. He nodded and listened to what David was saying.

"Okay, so I'm sending him right now." Fifteen gently put the phone down. "Evans and Samantha just arrived- if. You should go now."

"Do I have your permission to have this conversation in private?"

"Why in private?"

"When Evans is there, he will be silent," explained Neruda. "He has the insights we need and if he is we won't get them now, we won't get them ever." Neruda rose to his feet as if Fifteen had no choice.

"I'll call Evans."

"Thanks."

Fifteen walked around the table and set his hand. "Do we understand each other?"

"Understood," Neruda replied, shaking his hand as if a complex business transaction had been completed. action.

"Oh," Fifteen added, "the only thing I wish was that conversation with Samantha was recorded. R-do you understand?"

"That's what I assumed. I just don't want Evans in the room."

Fifteen nodded and escorted Neruda to the door, patting him on the shoulder like a father to his son.

vi. "Just so you know, I'm not going to resign anytime soon."

Neruda laughed. "That's good, because I won't be ready for another twenty years anyway."

Fifteen smiled in understanding. "You're more ready than you think."

They shook hands again and then Neruda left. The office door slammed shut behind him. On the way to the MRP lab, Neruda's mind focused on Samantha like a laser beam. He had to help her, but he had no idea how to do it without denying everything he had just promised Fifteen. Something told him he was sleeping all day.

* * * *

When Neruda arrived at the MRP lab, Evans eyed him suspiciously. "Looking for Samantha?"

Neruda simply nodded.

"He's inside," Evans said, pointing to the closed door with his pen. Neruda checked the security monitors and on one of them he found a blurry image of Samantha sitting at a table with her head in her hands. She was staring at a box of white tissues.

"You have twenty minutes," Evans reminded him, pressing the button on his watch.

Neruda opened the door as quietly as he could. Samantha didn't look up. She continued to stare as if she had lost her I eat anything that has to do with the outside world.

Neruda put his hand on her shoulder and kissed her neck. He tasted salt on his lips. "I'm sorry Samant-him."

"For what?"

Neruda pulled up a chair and sat down. He wasn't sure how to respond to her question, but he was glad to hear her voice. "Are you okay?"

She turned to look at him. Her eyes were puffy, red, and her hair was messy like spaghetti. "I-I don't know how I feel. I feel like a condemned lamb being led to the slaughter, so actually no, I'm not in ok I feel like shit. Absolute shit. Total bullshit, that's how I feel. Thank you for asking. And how are you doing?"

Neruda leaned back in his chair. He remembered that he had never seen Samantha angry. It was a new side of her that he hadn't expected for some reason. He could already see Evans smirking in the next room. "I think your description fits me well too."

"Are you playing the role of a priest? Will you give me the last anointing?"

"No one dies here," Neruda said convincingly. "I asked Fifteen if I could talk to you for twenty minutes..."

"No, you want to get every bit of information out of my brain before I become a flower. Is that so or not?"

Neruda looked down at his folded hands on the table. Samantha turned away and laid down head on hands. She looked as upset as she felt.

"Samantha, you're right, but I have no choice. If I could wave a magic wand and osvo-stab you out of this situation, I would. But I can't. What I can do is save a certain part of your memory that may be useful for this project."

"So tell me," she asked, "what will be my position after the MRP? Will I be banished from ACIO to Timbuktu, or will I return to my position as the Farseer who forgot about the Ancient Arrow project? So what will it be? AND don't lie to me."

"I don't know where you will find yourself..." sighed Neruda. "But you're not going back to ACIO."

"Thanks," she whispered.

"What?"

"Thanks."

"For what?"

"That you are honest with me."

"I wish I could do more," he put his hand on her shoulder again.

"What will happen to my family? I mean, will I remember them? I will be allowed to see them again children?"

"I don't know," Neruda confided. "They didn't tell me how deep the process would go."

"That's the hardest thing - if I couldn't see my family again. Can you arrange for them not to do that?"

"You have my word that I will try my best."

Neruda withdrew his hand and remained silent for a few moments. He straightened his thoughts. "Samantha, I have just fifteen minutes.

I need to know if there is anything else you didn't tell me that we could use in the matter of decoding the MyS location. Can you think of anything?"

"Are they recording our conversation?"

Neruda nodded.

"Did you bring a pen and paper?" She remarked sarcastically.

Neruda shook his head and smiled.

"What would you do in my situation?"

"I would run from here until they shot me. I would resist until I was forced into submission. I would never give them anything they could use. And I would curse them so powerfully that they would never be able to look at themselves in the mirror without feeling guilty."

"You make art out of honesty, don't you?" Giggling Samantha. "are you sure they're recording this?"

Neruda nodded and a smile graced his lips. He knew he was bragging a bit, but it was basically the truth. "I'm exaggerating, but I wouldn't let them take my memories without a fight."

"And how do I fight them?" she whispered, leaning a little towards Neruda.

"I don't want to get your hopes up too much. There is nothing I can do to change this decision. If there's something you know would be valuable to our understanding, the best I could do is use it as an excuse to negotiate some change. But you have to tell me first."

"So I'm going to tell you something that's important to the project and that you don't know yet. You tell Fifteen. Fifteen says, oh, that's a big deal! Let's keep her in the project - no, let's promote her to BP-Deset. Is that what you suggest?" Her voice grew in both power and height, cynicism brimming with every word.

For the first time, Neruda felt the futility of their situation. It was almost 4 in the morning. They were both tired. Samantha felt her sanity slipping away, like someone caught in quicksand without a rope.

Neruda's own anger and frustration also began to seep to the surface and he didn't know how to suppress it.

His heart beat like a tribal drum. "I'll do whatever I can to make things between you and Fifty-nem fixed it, but I don't know how to do it. His mind is already done with it.

Please, Samantha, if there is anything you know of that would be useful to the project, tell me now."

"I'm no longer a member of the club, so screw them. That's exactly how I feel."

"Is that all?"

"I think shitting on everybody is a good ending," she said.

"Look, Samantha, I'm just trying to help you, but you have to give me something..."

"As far as I know, you won't be of any help to the ACIO anyway."

Neruda looked at his watch. He knew his time with Samantha was running out fast. "Then who would were you helpful?"

"Look, I appreciate everything you're trying to do for me. I really appreciate it. But all this will still happen as it is supposed to happen. Do you really think that Fifteen, or anyone else, can change the course of these events? I can tell you everything I know and it won't change anything at all. This matter is huge, and it will happen exactly as it was planned billions of years ago."

Samantha raised her head, leaning back in her chair and staring at the ceiling. "The forces driving all of this are neither human nor alien. They are ancient, primal, elemental... it is the very essence of life. She was with us from the very beginning. ACIO is lying to itself when it believes it can hide something from the Wing Makers or make their plan impossible. It's too late. Twelve hundred years ago, something happened that set all of this in motion, and nothing is going to stop it."

She turned her head and looked at Neruda. "Nothing."

Neruda heard the metallic accent in her voice and looked into her eyes. Goosebumps rose on the back of his neck and his body began to shake from the cold. She was in a trance and he had the uneasy feeling that she was no longer talking to Samantha.

"Who are you?" Neruda asked.

Someone or something was staring at him through Samantha's eyes. "Your technology will fail you," her lips moved awkwardly. "It is based on the unreality of your physics and your limited understanding of cosmological unity. He will disappoint you, mark our words."

Neruda felt a powerful, awe-inspiring presence. He got goosebumps, like a powerful electric force it permeated the entire room until all the hairs on his head stood on end.

The creature continued to use Samantha's body - her lips moving almost imperceptibly. "What you seek, what you believe you need, is nothing less than what is already perfect within you. And while this perfect aspect of you is invisible to your senses, it is what we are able to see in you. To our senses, your animal bodies and primitive human minds are barely perceptible. We see only your core, your essential consciousness.

You have glimpsed this core as well, but you have seen it through the lens of technology and not through an organic, natural awakening. That's why you've gone astray. Your technology is flawed and will surely disappoint you."

The voice stopped and Neruda tried to think of something to say. He didn't want it - whatever it was - left He had a feeling it could answer any question he could think of. "What do you want?" he asked with.

"We wish for your awakening. We just want that."

"As?"

"It's not a question of how, it's a question of when."

"So when?"

"Soon."

"Soon in the sense of days, weeks, months, years..."

"Early in the sense of minutes."

Samantha's voice was barely a whisper. Neruda imagined Evans turning up the volume on the eavesdropping monitor. He looked into her eyes but didn't feel her presence as if she had physically left the room. Her head was still leaning awkwardly against the arm of the chair, staring into his eyes. Except for her eyes, her body was despondent and lifeless.

"Come closer before we leave," the voice commanded in a barely audible whisper.

He leaned forward.

"Closer. Put your ear to her lips."

Neruda leaned forward and put his right ear right in front of her mouth. He closed his eyes and focused all of his attention on the words coming out of Samantha's mouth.

"We come from the innermost point of existence. It is the place of your myths, and yet we are not a myth. We are the elders of your species, so ancient that your minds have forgotten us. Our presence will be re-introduced to your race so you can re-acquaint yourself with your future."

"We placed in you, Neruda, a code that is activated by two words: Sovereign Unification. From now on you are awakened to our mission and you will serve this mission even if you do not understand it.

The code is now activated and you are awake. You have to leave. You have to find a girl named Lea. He will appear to you through his mother Sarah. You must leave now. Don't worry about Samantha. He is in our care, just like you. Go and take this secret with you."

The door suddenly opened and Evans entered. His suspicious eyes darted around the room with madness. "What's going on?" He demanded.

Neruda jerked his head and without hesitation spoke mindlessly. "Samantha needs some water. He doesn't feel well."

Evans left and immediately returned with a plastic water bottle. "She's mine, but she can keep her."

"Thanks," Neruda said, handing it to Samantha, who had regained consciousness but was out and disoriented.

She drank the water and started coughing uncontrollably. Neruda wanted to take her as a small child and put her to bed. However, he knew that other plans were in store for her.

"Is he alright?" Evans asked.

"She'll be fine, just give her a few minutes."

"Fifteen wants to see you before you leave," Evans announced, indicating that Neruda's time was up and he was about to leave.

Neruda knew that Fifteen had watched his meeting with Samantha on video. He will want to know what you they whispered for the last few minutes of the meeting. The secret unnerved Fifteen like nothing else.

Neruda noticed that he felt strangely different - somehow more confident. He knew something had changed in him, though he couldn't quite place what. It was a feeling of truth, or maybe a feeling of being part of the right team. He suddenly felt confident that he knew what to do, even though he didn't know what it was. He looked at Evans and caught his eye. "Take good care of her."

Evans nodded and remained silent. He tried to look patient. Neruda leaned over Samantha, kissed her cheek and whispered in her ear. "You'll be fine. I love you." He touched her cheek with his finger as tenderly as only a lover can. He felt a new energy coursing through his body, causing his hand to tremble.

Samantha was smiling. Her expression was relaxed, and it seemed that the bitterness and anger that had they controlled, faded away. She articulated softly with her lips. "I love you too."

Neruda turned to Evans. "Like I said, take good care of her."

"Don't worry," Evans assured him. "You'd better go."

Neruda took one more look at Samantha before turning and walking away. He had a nagging feeling that it would be a long time before he saw her again - if ever. He wondered what would become of her in her new world. He thought the same about himself.

* * * *

"Come on, Jamisson," Fifteen said. "You might want to get some coffee now."

"Did you make the coffee?" Neruda asked, disbelief in his voice.

"You had a rough night," Fifteen said, ignoring Neruda's question and pouring him a strong black coffee. "You want to tell me what happened?"

"Did you watch?"

"Yes."

"Then you heard it," Neruda remarked. "Not much to add."

"Why don't you start with the part that wasn't heard?" Fifteen asked as he handed over a cup of smoke-of coffee to Neruda.

"She wasn't feeling well at all," Neruda began, "and I was trying to help her..."

"Don't continue this way. If you don't let it, you will deeply regret it."

Neruda met Fifteen's eyes and felt like an equal for the first time in a while. He had no fear and he knew Fifteen could feel it. "What do you want?" Neruda said in a frustrated tone. "If there's something specific you want, it will save us both a lot of time if you just tell me what it is and I'll tell you what you want to hear. I'm tired of your suspicions."

Fifteen looked at him like someone whose lifelong friend had suddenly become his rival. Neruda felt his scrutinizing gaze as a surge of emotion pressed against his heart. He took a long drink of coffee and collected his thoughts. He knew that Fifteen might accuse him of insolence.

"You've changed dramatically in such a short conversation," Fifteen stated. "are you sure you're ready out to the consequences?"

"Probably more than you are ready for what I'm going to tell you."

"Behave yourself, Jamison. I assure you, you don't need to upset me. Just tell me what she said. This is the last time I'm asking you to do that."

Neruda knew the threat was real. There were certain technologies that Fifteen could use under dire circumstances to retrieve memories from a forgetful or unwilling source. It was an unpleasant, aggressive and potentially harmful experience. Neruda never underwent it, but everyone in the Labyrinth Team was well aware of the procedure and feared it. Its effects have often been described as "simmering paranoia" hidden behind the sedating effects of drugs or therapy.

"You heard what she said," repeated Neruda. "Our technology will let us down. She said the Wing Makers' plan would be..."

"Enough! As you well know, I don't give a damn what she said! I'm interested in the conversation you had with the entity that took over her body in the last five minutes of your discussion. do you remember The one who called herself like - we."

Fifteen fiddled with the lights on his computer and turned his monitor to Neruda so he could see the screen. On the screen was an image of his head placed in front of Samantha's face. "Even with full amplification I'm unable to hear what the being was saying and since you're standing in view we can't read lips. So perhaps you understand that I am suspicious and understand why my suspicions continue to grow as a result of your obvious excuses. Just tell me the truth. That's all I ask of you and then you can go home and rest. I think we all need some sleep."

"I don't know who the entity was. She repeated what she had said earlier. Our technology will fail us. Their plan will win. Something like that. Evans interrupted before she could finish. That's all."

Neruda took another sip of his coffee, well aware that Fifteen was studying his body language.

"Why are your hands shaking?" Fifteen asked.

"The energy of this being or entity was amazing. The electromagnetic field in the room had to be completely off standard range and that is the shielded room. I'm still in shock."

Neruda sat down in his chair. "Look, I'm sorry for sounding so damn angry, but I'm really worried about Samantha and the thought of her being brainwashed... it... it's just pissing me off. And then all your suspicion, that really doesn't help my state of mind. I need some time to process it all."

"Maybe a few days off - starting now," suggested Fifteen.

"No, there's a lot of work to do with David's late-night breakout. I want to start working on it now."

"Good. Maybe I was too harsh on the matter," said Fifteen. "Please accept my apology. But next time be a little more accommodating. Trust me. It helped your father."

Neruda set his coffee cup on the table next to the chair. He quickly got up and shoved a chair in, but the sudden rush of blood made him dizzy and he had to hold himself up with his right hand. "I appreciate your understanding and will follow your advice."

"Which one?"

"What?"

"Which part of my advice?" Fifteen asked, his voice clear and precise.

"The one about trust. About being more accommodating."

"Okay," Fifteen remarked. "But also think about the other - what concerns the vacation. Maybe this is exactly what you need."

Fifteen returned the monitor to its original position and pressed some keys on the keyboard. "Have a good time, I-missone. Let me know as soon as you have anything about decoding. I'll be here all day."

"Yes, sir," said Neruda. "One more thing. Whatever happens to Samantha, I need your reassurance that she will be able to be in contact with her family after all of this."

"I heard your comment on the video. You have my word."

"Thank you," Neruda said. He walked to the door, reached for the handle, and then turned again. "Why do you keep po-ing me so hard?"

"I suspect everyone. You are simply my last target due to the circumstances of your interaction with Samantha. It is quite obvious that she is under the control of forces that are not friendly to our affairs. I know how easy it is to be seduced by the forces of change. Especially when that change comes from a power like the Central Race."

"So you believe that the MYS location is their work?"

"It is the most credible hypothesis. But remember, Jamison, whether it be or not the Central Race, they are still human, perhaps billions of years older, but not necessarily wiser. Remember that."

Neruda nodded. "So experience doesn't matter much?"

"No, they're bloody important, but so are wit and enthusiasm and hundreds of other things. No one knows this race. Have we met races older than ours and wiser than us? They have a more developed brain system and its data gathering capacity, but are their decisions infallible? No!"

Fifteen stood up, removing his sweater from the back of his chair and slung it over his shoulders like a backpack.

"As for our security, we cannot afford to rely on anyone else. Let me remind you that the Corteans, with their brain systems more than double ours, now live on their own planet in underground cities due to their own destruction. It is simply not a matter of intelligence or experience. It's a matter of managing hundreds of variables toward a single goal. This is what we do. And we do it better than any other organization on the planet. We cannot afford to let our top people be swayed by the romantic notion that the Central Race is our savior. We will be our own savior. I think there is no other option."

He paused for a moment at the sound of his computer notifying him of a new incoming e-mail message. "If Samantha is somehow connected to the Central Race, and if the entity that spoke through her was also a representative of the Central Race or the Wing Makers as they call themselves, then they seem convinced that we will fail. How can they know? Ask yourself that question, Jamison. How can they know?"

Neruda shrugged.

Fifteen reached for his briefcase and closed its buckles. "The idea of life that existed before Earth - that our planet was seeded by masters of genetics who were actually us, only billions of years more advanced, is quite possibly true. But don't you think it's odd that they'd rely on the younger Farsightedness to whisper something in your ear to convince us of the perfection of their plan and the futility of ours? Think about that the next time you feel them creeping into your consciousness. Maybe your life depends on it."

Neruda felt seduced by Fifteen's strategy. Planting seeds of doubt. Using subtle threats. Hoping that his carefully chosen heir will once again stand in the line. Neruda understood the way Fifteen believed his strategy would work, except something inside Neruda was different now. A brilliant, decisive and granite-solid consciousness hovered over Neruda, which enveloped him in invulnerability.

"I'll go out with you," Fifteen said, walking to the door.

"I'll stop by the lab to see if David is there," Neruda replied.

"I can't wait to see his results. Besides, the coffee gave me a kick anyway and I wouldn't be able to fall asleep even if I wanted to."

"I'll be back by 1100 hours. Let me know if you can."

"I will. Good night," said Neruda.

"Good night."

Neruda walked down the hall in the opposite direction of Fifteen. He noticed how perfectly their steps were synchronized until he could only hear his own. His attention shifted to Samantha lying in the MRP lab, her memories being stripped from her with surgical precision. The abyss of eighteen days and everything that happened during them. Memories like no other on the planet.

As he rode the elevator to the lab, he repeated the words - Sovereign Unification - over and over in his mind like a motion generator perfectly aligned with its energy source. Every time the words rolled through his mind, he felt a sense of momentum. Something driving him towards his destiny he knew nothing about,

except that it contains the maiden name of Lea. He wondered how he would be able to leave ACIO to find her. How does it all happen?

He smiled as he remembered a story from Fifteen's childhood. Maybe Fifteen was more prescient than he thought.

Chapter 17 - Maternal Vein

The power of the human soul is determined, firstly, by the laws of creation, and secondly by the realization that these laws ensure cosmic stability and spiritual balance.

*Excerpt from the Primary Code, decoded from Chamber Nine
Creators of Wings*

When Neruda arrived at the computer lab, he noticed a handwritten note taped to his work monitor.

JAMISON,

SEE FILE AAP-1220. YOU WILL FIND EVERYTHING YOU NEED THERE. I AM SENDING FIFTEEN A COPY OF THAT FILE. I WILL BE BACK AT 1400 HOURS. LEAVE ME THE INSTRUCTIONS IF YOU WANT AND I'LL WORK ON IT AS SOON AS I GET BACK.

DAVID

Neruda's hands shook again. He slumped into the black leather chair and ran his hands through his hair. The lab was completely deserted. Neruda pressed a key and watched his monitor come alive with a phosphorescent glow of gray and blue. He clicked on the project folder and settled into his chair. David and ZEMI found a potential mother vein. They discovered the first real breakthrough in the decoding process. They found the disk access point. The first opportunity to interact with the content that was so carefully hidden on its golden metal surface.

A notification button caught his attention. He clicked on it and immediately a video opened, in which David's face began to move indistinctly.

HI JAMISSON. I ASSUME YOU ARE READING THIS FIRST. WE THINK THE ALPHABET IS MIXED WITH MUSIC SIGNS OR MATH BECAUSE IT HAS TOO MANY CHARACTERS. IT IS QUITE POSSIBLE THAT THE WHOLE ALPHABET IS MATHEMATICAL. THE GOOD NEWS IS WE KNOW HOW TO OPEN DISK ACCESS. IT IS COMPLETELY INTERACTIVE. IT IS EQUIPPED WITH AN EQUIVA-PASSWORD TAPE; WE ARE CONVINCED, BUT WITH FIFTY TWO CHARACTERS IT WILL TAKE A LONG TIME TO TRY ALL THE COMBINATIONS. GIVE ME ANOTHER SET OF INSTRUCTIONS. AT 2300 WE STARTED A RANDOM PROCESS OF PASSWORD GENERATION AND TESTING. YOU'LL SEE IT IN THE AFTERNOON.

DAVID

Neruda's enthusiasm could not be contained. He let out a loud scream that echoed throughout the lab. They were on the verge of breaking into the safe. He felt it. An electronic beep snapped him out of his euphoria. One of the blank monitors lit up and David's image slowly appeared on it. He was engaged in putting on a headband or Neuron Bolometer. "I thought you'd be here," he said.

"I just read your message. This is great news." Neruda said, looking up at the painting of David on monitor. "How was Samantha?"

"Good as expected. He is in restorative sleep. I'm watching her right now - all vital signs are strong."

"Can you update me on the progress of her regeneration?"

"No problem."

David continued to adjust the fiberglass tentacle headband. He was wearing a black sweater with thin white lines that crossed over his chest where they formed a checkerboard pattern. "Do you have any ideas regarding access strategies?"

"Not at all," Neruda said. "are you sure we will be successful with the random generation process?"

"It's a mix or combination of their character set and we have everything we need. The only problem is time. We can generate over ten to thirteen passwords per second, but the disk verification process slows us down to two. Unless we're exceptionally lucky, we won't make it in our lifetime." David shrugged and smiled slightly.

"As for the disk access entry," Neruda began, "how many characters can fit in that space?"

"Twenty-three, we think, but we're not absolutely sure."

"So if we put the correct combination of their symbols into the password space and type it into the disc, what result do you expect?"

"We get the translation index of the disk. The good news is that once we find the right password, it takes less than a minute to decode the entire text. But that's just a theory."

"How many passwords have you tried?"

David closed his eyes. "So far," he snapped his fingers, "about 3.65 past sixteen."

"Shit! That didn't even scratch the surface," Neruda complained.

"Maybe we'll get lucky," David laughed.

"I don't care about luck. Why is it taking so long anyway?" Neruda asked with frustration.

"We're talking about fifty-three characters..."

"I thought you were talking about fifty-two characters?"

"Yes, but we have to account for the digital gap equivalent because we don't know if it's more words."

Neruda nodded before David could finish his sentence. "So there are twenty-three positions for the sign and each of them can contain one of fifty-three characters. That's an astronomical number - around forty zeros."

"The exact number is 4.5535 at the thirty-ninth," said David. "Even if there was no relative slowing down of the process by the disk, we would still need trillions of trillions of years under ideal conditions to completely test all possible password variations."

"It could have been infinity," muttered Neruda. "David, do you have twenty-three chamber glyphs in your handy database?"

"Of course?"

"But you didn't incorporate them, did you?"

"No."

"When we incorporate them, we now have seventy-six characters that could potentially make up a password string."

"Which adds another thirty zeros to the number of years."

"I can't believe they would do that," Neruda lamented.

"What?"

"I can't believe that such an advanced race would make it impossible to access their data. We are overlooking something."

"Yes, but it doesn't have to seem so complicated to them," David argued. "Perhaps they are able to do such calculations off the top of their heads. Who knows?"

"Except they knew we'd be the ones to find this thing. So they expect us to be the ones to open the disc - not them." Neruda suddenly shot out of his chair. "David, let's try something else. Stop the random generation process for a moment."

"Done."

"Okay, follow me. Let's apply random generation to just the first symbol of the password."

"Do you mean to use each of the seventy-six characters in the position of the first symbol in the password?"

"Exactly."

"Oh," David breathed a moment later. "We got something, wait a minute."

David closed his eyes. "I can see it. We got it!"

"What?" Neruda asked.

"We have a translation index."

Neruda clenched his fists. "Great. Is it for the whole text?"

"I'm just checking it. Hold on a second."

David's expression went blank and then he smiled like a fox. "Do you know what they did?"

"What?"

"They assigned each of the twenty-four sections its own password."

"The first character opens exactly and only the first section. I'm looking at 321 pages of perfect English. During some- every second it should be on the screen."

Neruda sensed that David was reading with his eyes closed. A moment later it appeared on the monitor and both he and David were mesmerized by the text. There was a gentle silence as they both read what they were trying so hard to access.

You can call us Wing Makers. We're actually quite human, just future versions of yourself. The people of your time, conditioned as they are, are unable or unwilling to understand that a future version of themselves can invent humanity and seed its genetic makeup throughout the universe in which you now live. Humanity is a much more diverse and ubiquitous life form than you think. It is the ideal carrier of the soul, and its structure is common throughout this universe, as are the common life-bearing planets that support it.

Neruda looked at his monitor screen and for the first time realized the unreality of his situation. It was twelve stories underground in the middle of the desert, twenty miles north of Palm Springs, California.

He sat in front of a monitor that connected him to the most powerful computer on Earth. On his screen was a 321 page manifesto written by the Central Race. All he could do was ask David a question. "We made it to the first section and not the others?"

"Apparently," David began, "the password was only able to open the first section. We believe that the second section will degree if we find a two-character password and the third one opens with a three-character password and so on."

"Let's try," said Neruda impatiently. "If we're lucky, maybe the character set will shrink after- every time we open a new section."

David leaned forward in his chair. "I understand. The second section is open and I'm sending it to you on the monitor. The third will be in about ten seconds."

"How many sections will you be able to open before we hit the time barrier?"

"Assuming the character set doesn't shrink, we'll get to nine tonight section - its opening takes about twenty-seven minutes."

The tenth section takes a fortnight. The eleventh session will last for 1131 days or around three years. Twelfth section 85956 days or over two hundred years. You better not want to know the rest," advised David.

"Hell, we won't even be able to access half the information contained on this disk?"

"Keep in mind that I'm giving you the worst possible scenario. We might get lucky in the eleventh section and find the password in a week. However, as probability dictates, we will only be able to access the first eleven chambers - at least as far as our lives are concerned."

"Is there no other option?"

"None that we can think of at this point," David replied.

Neruda felt a flood of joy and disappointment spread through his body. His attention returned to the text as if it was the only thing to do now.

Building culture is the primary concern of the Wing Makers, as they understand that it is of vital importance in the world of spirit and cosmological transformation. Culture building is defined as the union of individual values with the values of unity. It is the goal of life, and it has to do with the species as a whole evolving into a state in which it is able to realize its diversity of perception and expression and unify them into a coherent, all-encompassing culture.

The human race deeply desires such a culture; a global culture that recognizes and values the rights of all its parts. This is one of the basic reasons why communication technologies developed so rapidly on earth in the twentieth century. Thanks to these technologies, global culture will be developed and experienced more quickly. Through this global culture, the human species will become increasingly sensitive to spiritual inclinations towards unity. Not only oneness within the human species, but also oneness with all life that embraces and surrounds the human species, extending to our world - the base of the universe.

The human species is part of something larger than simple interdependence as described in a food chain or an ecosystem. You are part of the growing knowledge of Primal Source, achieved through absorbing the life experiences of all conscious life forms in the Great Universe.

This all-embracing knowledge is willingly shared with all life forms, but it is understood only to those soul bearers who have attained the ability to step out of the limitations of time in the name of expressing their divinity.

You are part of an incalculably complex, yet single-minded cosmological organism that is committed to the transformation of evolving life forms so that soul bearers can understand and appreciate their connection to the whole cosmological structure of life - living in unity with Primal Source. This is the core system that bridges all other systems of the multiverse. And it is this otherworldly cause that makes life exist.

Each of you is like a particle of a single huge wave that rolls out, that sweeps through the entire spectrum of cosmic life forms and experiences, and then reflects off the shore where you were once created. The energy of this system is like a huge funnel that reliably delivers species to the Prime Source. This funnel creates a dominant current in the evolving species towards unity and re-connection with the Prime Creator. But what the species does not realize is that behind the levels of human, angelic, alien and cosmic powers lies the Prime Creator. It is hidden so deep that until the last veil is removed, no one will even think that anything is hidden here.

The Primordial Creator, or Primordial Source, is stored in the cauldron of your genetic makeup. She is waiting for you there. And we, the elders of humanity, come to show you how to release this image - this unchanging memory of your future self. It was planted in your body, invisible to your senses and your tools, but completely real and completely yours.

What is before you are words. There is a voice behind these words. Behind that voice is a mind that your psychologists call the Collective Unconscious. But we tell you that it is not the unconscious - it is your innermost mental health that is calling you - and thousands like you to take up this work that we have left here. Our words, music, images, symbols, definitions are all ways to tap into this innermost intelligence of Primal Source and experience this world from the safety of your privacy. We hope you will honor these words with your actions and follow the sound of our voice as it guides you to your home. Your true home.

Neruda stopped reading and looked at the monitor that had David's face on it. "Are you reading it too?"

"Yes."

"What do you think about that?"

David started to speak and then stopped and leaned back in his chair. "We believe that the introduction is further evidence that it is an alien intelligence, but it is impossible to say whether it is the Central Race. Still, it's certainly an interesting read. By the way, we just finished decoding the eighth section. We will complete the ninth section in less than twenty-six minutes."

"How many sides is that?"

"We have 2,817 pages with the eighth section," David answered matter-of-factly. "We are printing them, but it will probably take some time about ten minutes before the print is finished. I suppose you will want the first copy."

"Please," replied Neruda. He rolled to the other side and continued reading.

We have placed a system of seven sites on Earth that - when discovered and decoded - will accelerate your transformation into a new unification of science and philosophy that will create an entirely new, global society. You will discover this system, which we call the Galactic Influential Zones, in due time, but first you must share these first materials with the inhabitants of your planet. They must be published on your data network regardless of cost, geographic location, cultural practices or belief system.

The materials on this disc will awaken certain inhabitants to prepare for the necessary changes that are needed for the survival of your planet and that will enable the irrefutable scientific discovery of the human soul. It is this and only this discovery that will bring humanity into a greater intergalactic society and partnership.

We realize that these words may cause fear and doubt in some of you. We also realize that there will be many in power who will not wish these materials to be published for fear of panic and social unrest. However, if you doubt our prediction, you will not heed our warning and take appropriate action. If that happens, it will be utter stupidity.

We encourage you to carefully study the system we have left here. It is made up of more than just words. There is also music, symbols, mathematics, geometry, poetry and paintings. Together, this creates an encoded sensory data stream that is a powerful catalyst for the next phase of your evolution.

We created you; so we have encoded receptors into your genetic makeup that we can activate with our words, sounds, and symbolic images. When you immerse yourself in our sensory data streams, you change. In a genetic sense, your inner subatomic architecture becomes more adaptable and responsive to the frequencies of energy that radiate from the innermost part of the Great Universe. These frequencies are quite literally the carriers of your new life as a species.

The technologies we have left here for you to discover are capable of coordinating these incoming energies to bring your genetic makeup into a higher dimensional existence. An existence that will grant you invincibility against our ancient enemy - Anima. These are the mindless creatures of your nightmares. Your planet has had experience with them before, but that was nearly three hundred million years ago, when the genetic makeup of planetary life forms was not so far developed and therefore not so attractive to them. When they return, they won't be so indifferent. They will see that the soul carriers on your planet are worthy of their interest, pursuit and conquest.

The Animus seeks out the genetic repositories of our species because they desire to become soul bearers themselves. They fear one thing: extinction. This is the motivation behind their desire to interbreed with compatible soul carrier species that also have a genetic makeup that could support their collective intellect. They fear their own destruction due to their inability to maintain the vibration of the supreme soul in their physical bodies. They are unable to perceive this frequency as an individualized essence. They can only accommodate a group mind, which makes them susceptible to the fear of extinction. And it is precisely this fear that drives their behavior as conquerors and destroyers.

What you have before you is the dilemma of how to bring this warning to the inhabitants of your planet in a way that does not destroy the existing social structures and ethereally creates new ones to complement the existing ones.

Our only advice is to read these materials and everything else will become clear. You were chosen to see these words. Don't doubt it. There will be those who will try to prevent the distribution of these materials, but the future of your planet depends on your ability to find the help you need to get these materials out into the public eye.

Animus are very perfect life forms. They show no signs of aggression as long as it serves their purpose and until they are successful in establishing cooperation with world leaders. It is their way to first observe and analyze weaknesses, elect leaders, form coalitions and, through deception and long-term planning, prepare their arrival on the planet. After this initial phase of promises of charitable deeds, the Animus continues to attract influential elites from politics, science, and culture into its web of selfish interests.

They are master manipulators with brilliant minds, and your inhabitants, even the best of your kind, will be found unprepared to resist their carefully orchestrated plans until it is too late. Initially, they will interbreed with you and establish colonies on nearby artificial planets. They will infiltrate the highest government offices and their hybrid offspring will become the new leaders of the country and all of its native population.

The global economy will respond positively to the transfer of Anima technologies, their propaganda and political manipulations. However, there will be areas of unrest and strong resistance that will bubble to the surface well into the first year of their arrival. As this opposition becomes increasingly vocal and violent, it eventually reveals the Anima's true intentions: control of planet Earth and its genetic library.

With these seven sites and their artifacts, we - the Central Race - provide your species with sensory data streams that will accelerate certain members of your population to transform. This transformation is very subtle, but it awakens selected members to their purpose, which is to discover the Navigator of Wholeness - that fragment of Primordial Source that is contained within each of you. With this discovery, you will have a clear approach to protecting and helping us as a species, not just individuals.

Since time immemorial, we have protected our descendants and genetic vaults from the Anima. We must honestly say that we have not always succeeded. Your success is vital because of the extraordinary diversity of Earth's genetic population. Our assistance is contained in a system of coded sensory data streams that will become known as Wing Maker materials. It is our method of reaching into your world with subtlety

help until the golden day comes when you realize - as a species - that you are not a creation of earth animals, but rather a vision of Prime Source.

All of this that we have just revealed in this communique is scheduled to happen within the next seventy-five years. It is nothing short of a revolution. It requires you to act like revolutionaries. Only your eyes will read these words. Remember them well. You are in charge of this.

Neruda rubbed his eyes. He had the uneasy feeling that those words were meant only for him. "David, are you reading the introduction?"

"I've been a bit busy getting the other sections translated. Why?"

"You can look at the printout of section one and tell me what you see on page two."

"Just a minute," David replied. "Do you want me to read it out loud?"

"Yes."

"Okay," David said, clearing his throat as if rehearsing a speech. "The Life Principles of the Sovereign Unity - that is title. The entity expression model is created to explore a new field of vibration..."

"Oh, how come you have a different text?"

"What do you mean?"

"My other side is completely different. How come you don't have the same..." Neruda stopped mid-sentence. He was looking at the image on his monitor and the text he was reading before suddenly disappeared and was replaced by the text David was reading a moment ago. His mind went blank. "How is that possible?" He thought to himself and twisted in disbelief head.

"What?" David asked. "What happened?"

"I was reading a text that just disappeared. It wasn't printed and you didn't read it. It's like the other side has been erased."

"Like they only intended her for one pair of eyes?"

"Exactly," exclaimed Neruda. "But how could they do that?"

"Wait a minute." David was doing something on the control panel. It was a monitoring system for EARTH. "Everything is fine with ZEMIm. All functions are normal. The only thing that makes sense is that the program would be made to delete itself from the source file. Nothing has been saved in our system. We were focused on opening and printing files."

"Do it now," Neruda ordered. "Save everything you've opened so far."

"I see," said David. "Everything will be stored in a file named: AAP DISK CONTENTS ONE TO ELEVEN."

"Is it still the same on the other side?"

"Yes."

"Damnation."

"Perhaps you could take your time reconstructing the text," David suggested. "You remember him, don't you?"

"Yes, of course," Neruda replied, but he was already thinking of keeping it to himself. Too many things had happened in the past eight hours to convince him that this world had changed. As if some gigantic hand reached down to him and picked him up and placed him in a new stage. He no longer felt loyalty to the ACIO, but rather to the mysterious Wing Makers. It bothered him that his loyalty could be so dramatically affected, but he also recognized that the creators of the MYS location, if they were a Central Race, offered every reason to make the change.

"You just put it in a text file and I'll put it on the other side," offered David.

"I'll do it in the morning, David. I'm too tired now. I think I'll read some more and go to bed."

"Okay," David replied. "Do you want a copy before you go?"

"Yes, is it done yet?"

"Stop on the way and I'll have it ready for you."

"Thanks."

"Oh, one more thing," David remarked. "I looked at the 321 printed pages of section one and there's not a lot of text. Most of it is music tags and what looks like programming code. We're still not sure of its purpose, but it looks understandable - it's just going to take some time to translate it so we can build an application model. Philosophical text represents five percent of the printed output, poetry two percent, mathematics eight percent, programming code sixty-three percent, and music twenty-two percent. It's a really weird mix."

"Not for self-determining culture builders," Neruda said with a smile.

David remained silent.

Neruda returned to the text, eager to read more from the voice he had come to trust. He noticed a familiar my words in the title.

LIFE PRINCIPLES OF THE SOVEREIGN UNITY The model of

entity expression is created to explore new fields of vibration through biological tools and to transform through this process of discovery into a new level of understanding and expression as the Sovereign Unity. The Sovereign Unification is the fullest model of entity expression within the time-space universes and most accurately illustrates the capabilities of Source Intelligence within them. That's the level

abilities that have been embedded into the model of entity expression as originally intended by Prime Source.

There have been those on Earth-Earth who have experienced a faint gust of wind from these mighty storms which we call the Consciousness of the Supreme Unification. Some called it ascension, others called it enlightenment, vision, nirvana or cosmic consciousness.

While these experiences are profound by human standards, they are only the initial prompting of the Sovereign Unification, which becomes increasingly adept at touching and awakening the far edges of one's existence. What most species define as ultimate bliss is but a touch of the Supreme Union. It whispers to its advanced forms and biologies, nudging them to look within at their existential roots and unite with this formless and limitless intelligence that pervades all.

The Consciousness of the Sovereign Unification is far more out of touch with human drama than the stars in the sky are out of touch with Terra-Earth. You can watch the stars with your human eyes, but you can never touch them with your human hands. Similarly, you can vaguely anticipate the consciousness of the Supreme Unification with your human instrument, but you cannot experience it with the human instrument. It is accessible only through the wholeness of the entity, for only in wholeness can there be the Sovereign Unification and the residual effect of its perception of Source Reality. And this wholeness is truly achieved when the individual consciousness separates itself from time and is able to perceive its existence in timelessness.

The human instrument is the carrier of the soul. It contains the physical, emotional and mental aspects of a human being. These aspects must unite to trigger - like a metamorphosis - the unification of the identities of form into the Supreme Unification. This is the next stage of perceiving and expressing the entity model. This phase is activated when the entity forms its reality through the life principles that are symbolic of Source Reality. This is the opposite of the reality of an external source, which is associated with the evolutionary/salvation model of existence.

Neruda stopped. His eyes expressed amazement at what he had just read. He felt that some long held shackles had been shaken off his mind. He was eager to read on, but also aware that his energy was running out quickly. He rubbed his eyes again. "David, are you done printing the text yet?"

"Almost."

"I think I'll pack up and read the rest in the morning," Neruda said in a tired voice.

"I'll have everything ready for you in three to four minutes."

"Thanks, I'll stop by in five."

Neruda looked at the monitor unable to resist the temptation to see the contents of the next section.

These life principles are the templates for the creation of Source Intelligence. They are designed to create reality from the perspective of the Sovereign Unification and accelerate its manifestation in the vibrational fields that have hitherto resisted its manifestation. They are the principles that create possibilities for the unification of the formless entity with the identity of form. They are the bridges through which the human instrument - with all its parts intact - can experience the Sovereign Unification of its perception of wholeness.

As the human instrument becomes increasingly receptive to Source Intelligence, it will be drawn to life principles that symbolically express the formative principles of Prime Source. There are broad realms of expression that can bring forth the transformative experience of the Sovereign Unification, freeing the entity from time-space conditioning and external control. As these expressions can be very diverse, the intention of that expression is quite narrowly defined as the intention to expand into a state of unification in which the human instrument becomes increasingly aligned with the perspective of the Sovereign Unification.

There are three special principles of life that help the human instrument align with the perspective of the Supreme Unification. They are:

- 1) Relationship with the Universe through gratitude
- 2) Observing the Source in all things
- 3) Nourishment of life

If an individual applies these life principles, his life experiences will begin to reveal a deeper meaning of its seemingly random events - both in a universal and a personal sense.

RELATIONSHIP WITH THE UNIVERSE THROUGH GRATITUDE

This is the principle that the Universe of the Whole represents a collective intelligence that can be personified as a single Universal Entity. Therefore, the implication of this model is that there are only two entities in the entire cosmos: the individual entity and the Universal Entity. As the individual soul carrier is sentient and ever-changing to accommodate new information, so the Universal Entity is a dynamic and living template of potential energies and experiences that are as coherent and recognizable as the personality and behavior of a friend.

The Universal Entity is receptive to the individual and his perceptions and expressions. It is like a blended multi-personality that is imbued with Source Intelligence and that is responsive to the perceptions of the individual much like a surface of water that reflects the image that overshadows it. Everyone in the human instrument is, of course, at their innermost core a supreme entity that can transform the human instrument into an instrument of the Sovereign Unification. However, this transformation is dependent on whether the individual chooses to project the image of the Supreme Unification onto the mirror of the Universal Entity, or whether they project a lesser image that is a distortion of their true state of being.

The principle of relating to the universe through gratitude primarily refers to the conscious creation of an image of oneself based on gratitude to the supporting "mirror" of the Universal Entity. In other words, the Universal Entity is a partner

rem in shaping the manifestations of reality in an individual's life. If the individual projects the supreme image onto the mirror of the Universal Entity, reality is an internal process of creation that is completely free from external control and conditioning.

This process is an exchange of supportive energy between the individual and the Universal Entity. This energy is best applied through the recognition of how perfect and precise this exchange is in each moment of life. If the individual realizes (or at least is interested in realizing) how perfectly the Universal Entity supports the individual's sovereign reality, there is a powerful and natural feeling of gratitude that flows from the individual to the Universal Entity.

It is this wellspring of gratitude that opens the channel of support from the Universal Entity to the individual and which establishes cooperation for the purpose of transforming the human instrument into a manifestation of the Sovereign Unification.

Neruda stopped and looked at his watch. He had read concepts about similar perspectives before, but now he felt that there was something fundamental in these words that he felt credible or true. He remembered Corte's translations of texts that now seemed to resonate with this teaching. He wondered if the Wing Makers had shaped Corte's philosophical belief system in some way. Perhaps the Cortean planet was also visited by these beings from the center of space - although he thought it strange that the Corteans would be genetically related to the human species.

"It's ready," David's voice interrupted.

"Thanks," Neruda said absently, as if his mind was lost on other matters.

"So what do you think?" David questioned.

"It's fascinating, but I'll need more time before I can make a firm judgment."

"I'll leave a copy of the first eight sections on my desk. Oh, and I'll have section nine complete in ten minutes. Do you want to wait?"

"Sure, I'll wait. There is plenty to occupy me for the next ten minutes. It's not easy read-her."

"Not even for you?" David laughed.

"Especially for me."

"I'll let you know when it's done," David remarked, then changed his tone. "We have a theory about programming software."

"That interests me," said Neruda. "What is it?"

"Until now, each of the eight chambers had a similar data distribution. It's definitely a pattern. Most of the data is programming code. We think the programming code is the activation sequence for the technologies found in the chambers."

"Are code translations for ZEMI applicable?"

"No, but I think we can hack into them. However, it will require some experimentation."

"It would help if we knew how to access their technology."

"I agree," said David, "but maybe it's that if we understand their programming language, we'll figure out how to get access to their technology."

"So you're talking about wireless code transmission?"

"Perhaps. But it can also be music or sounds that seem to be present in these texts. Maybe that's what will activate them. We'll see - hopefully very soon."

"Is everything stored in ZEMI's data architecture?"

"Yes, at least until the eighth section."

"Do a search on communication protocols."

"No matches."

"Damnation. I was hoping we would be lucky."

"Anything else?"

"No, I'll let you work again."

Neruda ran his hands through his hair and briefly rubbed the back of his neck. While his body was exhausted, his mind was in full gear from all the events of the past eight hours and the text in front of him. He decided to continue reading until David was done with the ninth section.

It is mainly gratitude - which further translates into the recognition of how the mutual relationship between the individual and the Universal Entity works - that opens the human tool for its connection with the supreme entity and its eventual transformation into a state of perception and manifestation of the Sovereign Unification. An individual's relationship with the Universal Entity is important to cultivate and nurture because this relationship - more than anything else - determines how the individual receives the myriad of life forms and manifestations.

As individuals accept the changes in the supreme reality as a changing person of the Universal Entity, they live in greater harmony with life itself. Life becomes an exchange of energy between the individual and the Universal Entity, further allowing everything to happen without judgment or experiencing fear.

This is the basic meaning of unconditional love: to experience life in all its manifestations as one a unified intelligence that perfectly responds to the projected image of the human tool.

It is for this reason - when the human instrument projects gratitude to the Universal Entity regardless of its condition or circumstances - that life increasingly supports the opening of the human instrument to the activation of its Source

Codes and living life in the conceptual framework of a unified model of expression. The feeling of gratitude associated with the mental concept of appreciation is expressed as an invisible message in all directions and to all times. In this specific context, gratitude to the Universal Entity is the overarching motive behind all forms of expression sought by the human instrument.

Every breath, every word, every touch, every thing is focused on expressing this feeling of gratitude. Gratitude that the individual is sovereign and that he is supported by a Universal Entity that expresses itself through all forms and manifestations of intelligence with the sole goal of creating an ideal reality for the activation of the individual's Source Codes and the transformation of the human instrument and entity into the Sovereign Unification. It is this specific form of gratitude that accelerates the activation of the Source Codes and their characteristic ability to unify the disparate parts of the human instrument and entity and transform them into a state of perception and manifestation of the Sovereign Unification.

Time is the only factor that distorts this otherwise clear connection between the individual and the Universal Entity. Time intervenes and creates pockets of despair, hopelessness and resignation. However, it is these pockets that often activate the entity's Source Codes and establish a more intimate and harmonious relationship with the Universal Entity. Time creates a separation of experience and causes a sense of discontinuity of reality, which further creates doubts about the justice of the Universal Entity system and its overarching purpose. The consequence of this is the fear that the universe is not a mirror, but rather a chaotic moody energy.

When the human instrument is aligned with the Sovereign Unity and lives from this perspective as an unfolding reality, it attracts a natural state of harmony. This does not necessarily mean that the human instrument has no problems or difficulties; rather, it means the sense that there is an integrated meaning in what life reveals. In other words, natural harmony understands that life experience is meaningful as long as the individual is connected to the Supreme Unity; he also understands that your personal reality must spring from this layer of the multidimensional universe in order to bring lasting joy and inner peace.

Gratitude is the crucial aspect of love that opens the human instrument to recognize the role of the Universal Entity and that transforms its purpose into a supportive extension of the supreme reality, rather than a whimsical consequence of fate or the precise response of a mechanical, uncaring universe. Creating a relationship with the Universal Entity through an outpouring of gratitude also attracts life experiences that are transformative. Experiences that are dedicated purely to uncovering the deepest meaning and most influential purpose of life.

David's voice interrupted Neruda's train of thought. "Are you still reading?"

"Yes. Why?"

"We have something for you."

"And what is it?"

"We found some form of hyperlinks in the text. For each section of text there is the equivalent of a glossary. I will refresh your screen with new ZEMI data files. Click on any word or phrase that seems unusual."

Neruda pointed his cursor at the phrase Sovereign Unification and clicked twice.

SOVEREIGN ASSOCIATION

Sovereign Unification is a state of consciousness where an entity and all its diverse forms of expression and perception are united into a conscious whole. It is the state of consciousness towards which all entities evolve. At some point, each reaches a transformational state that allows the entity and its experiential instrument (ie, the human instrument) to become a unified expression that is aligned and in harmony with Source Intelligence.

"That's great," Neruda exclaimed, mostly to himself.

"It makes the text more understandable. That's for sure," noted David. "I think I'll run home and take a nap. Do you need anything else before I leave?"

"No, fine. I think I'll go out with you. Can you take that copy with you? I'll meet you in two minutes by the elevator."

"No problem. Oh, by the way, Samantha is awake. Evans took her away from our offices just a few minutes ago. She has made a full recovery and seems to be doing well."

"Thanks, David. I appreciate the news."

"Please. I'm done."

Neruda watched as ZEMI's monitor faded to a brownish black gray. He shifted his attention back to text of the first section and moved the cursor to the phrase Source Reality. The definition immediately appeared.

SOURCE REALITY

Primordial Source exists in Source Reality. Source Reality is the dimension of consciousness that always pushes forward the mantle of expansion - the guiding aspect of the development and evolution of the whole of consciousness. Source Reality is always found in this realm of dynamic expansion. It can be compared to the inner sanctum of the Primordial Source or the incubator of cosmological expansion. It is not determined by a place in time because it is outside of time and non-time. It is the seam between these two aspects that is perfectly invisible but absolutely real.

He got to his feet, knowing he still had to shut down the system and pack up to meet David. His body felt different, like he had lost weight. He was now the inhabitant of the elongated, not very well-coordinated body of a young swan. Thinking of Samantha gave him a headache. His entire world seemed to be in complete chaos, yet now he felt calm, as if he were in the middle of the eye of a hurricane, while everything around him was affected by calamity.

For some reason, the thought of talking to Emily crossed his mind.

Neruda let out a loud breath and then turned off the overhead halogen lights. He felt lonelier than he had ever remembered, even compared to when he was five years old and his mother had died. He knew his defection was inevitable. He really had no choice but to find the girl named Lea who was the key to this great-beautiful mystery. The forces driving him were more powerful than his personal will. He could feel them propelling him into the future, but their faces were obscured and indistinguishable by the transformative fires surrounding him.

He smiled at the security cameras as he left the computer lab. Some part of him already thought she lay on the freedom that beckoned him and on the danger that would undoubtedly accompany it.

- THE END -

Chapter 18 - Introduction by John Berges to interviews with Neruda

The four interviews with Jamisson Neruda are an extension of the novella The Ancient Arrow Project. The first three interviews are contained on the Original Source disc, and the fourth interview was released in November 2002 - about a year after the disc was published.

The background of these interviews portrays the atmosphere when Dr. Neruda defected from ACIO because his contact with the Wing Makers convinced him that they held the key to humanity's survival. His defection from the ACIO and from his mentor - Fifteen, is the result of his great life crisis: having to choose between the familiar environment in which he has lived his entire life, or following his heart and the Sovereign Unity that was awakened by his interaction with the Wing Makers.

Journalist Sarah did with Dr. Nerdu interviews, during which she also provided extensive notes regarding Jamisson's situation and his knowledge of ACIO and Labyrinth Team activities. Journalist Sarah's notes provide an instructive overview of the much more detailed information contained in the interviews themselves.

The content of the interviews is most likely based - as is the novella - on James' ability of sensory bi-location (SBL). The interviews are a very creative extension of the novella and are so effective in their presentation that when they were first published on the web in 1998, they fueled controversy among many visitors to the Wing Makers website regarding the existence of Jamisson Neruda, his escape, and his desperate attempt to get out of reach ACIO.

As stated earlier (see Introduction to the Ancient Arrow Project), however, these interviews are a literary work, a tool or vehicle for delivering detailed information regarding secret government projects, aliens, advanced technology, and the plans of a secret society of hidden elitists who want control the world's resources and population.

James calls this secret society the Incunabula and they are discussed in detail in the fourth interview.

Because there is a large amount of information in these interviews (they represent more than 200 pages), I created an index in 2004 to help find individual topics. This index is found after the above four interviews.

One cautionary note: Although on many topics that Dr. Discussed by Neruda, they are assumed to be real facts, others are mere possibilities or metaphorical parts of the fictional aspect of the Wing Makers story.

At the end of this short introduction, I would like to remind you that it is good to keep the following in mind. While the topics discussed by Dr. Neruda are fascinating, but their importance is secondary to James' main goal and that of the LTO (Lyricus Teaching Order), which is the discovery of the Great Portal.

In James' audio interview with Mark Hempel, recorded in April 2008, in section one, I find the following:

The true meaning of the Wing Maker materials is to free the individual from the historical mind and move them toward a sense of connection with their Higher Self and the Spirit that sustains it. When this happens, individuals can more easily access the tone of equanimity or intuitive abilities residing in their hearts, which opens the channel of Living Truth. (Mark Hempel, Interview with James, Section One, p. 2)

In light of these words of James, we can ask why he is providing this information in the first place. He seems to indicate that there will come a time during this century when many of these secret plans, extraterrestrial contacts, and secret government activities will come to light.

Thus, many individuals will gain insight into the future by reading these materials, which will create an economic, a political and social atmosphere in which the direction towards the discovery of the Great Portal can be better stabilized.

Chapter 19 - Sarah's Notes About Dr. To Neruda

Written in May 1998

What follows are some of my notes that I jotted down during tense conversations with Dr. Nerudou of the ACIO (Advanced Contact Intelligence Organization) during the last two weeks of December 1997, before he disappeared - at least from my sight.

Dr. Neruda is about six feet tall and weighs about one hundred and seventy pounds. He has fairly long black hair and appears to be of Peruvian descent, or at least from somewhere in South America (although I never asked what town or village he grew up in). I believe he is in his fifties with a few gray hairs.

Out of the blue he called me one day in the middle of December 1997. He started something like this: "My name is Dr. Neruda and I have secret information about the future of the human species that proves the existence of time-travel technology." Being a professional journalist, it caught my attention, although I remained skeptical the entire time I spoke with him on the phone. I have always thought that stories with a fantastical nature are actually false, although the listener may think they are true. With this

approach, I worked with Dr. They don't ore. I felt that he was sincere and genuine, but that he was probably wrong.

However, he convinced me enough that we made an appointment and a few days later we met at a cafe near my home. Somehow he didn't fit my stereotypical idea of scientists. He was much more educated and even had an elegant demeanor. He looked more like a Fortune 100 executive than anything else. I was immediately impressed by his charisma and strong personality. I felt that he was not a mentally unstable person prone to hasty claims.

He told me that he doesn't remember his mother and that his father brought him to ACIO at an early age. A high-ranking member of the ACIO took him under his protection, and a substantial part of his life was thus connected with the ACIO. His father raised him alone. He told him that his mother died of breast cancer shortly after giving birth to him when he was only two years old. He attended the best private schools and was guided by special instructors who he later learned were from the ACIO.

At the age of fourteen, he came under the official tutelage of his future ACIO colleagues. At the age of seventeen, he left school and decided to start an internship at ACIO, although he said that at the time it was simply called the NSA Special Projects Laboratory. It was a secret department of the NSA. His internship lasted two years, and he never achieved an official university degree, although he had a knowledge of physics and biological sciences that far exceeded the curriculum of even the best universities.

He claimed to be of average intelligence before he began his training and internship at ACIO. He said they have technology that stimulates certain aspects of the central nervous system and brain to increase original intelligence by more than 500 percent. He further claimed that they have genetic implantation technology that increases the ability to remember and retain information to the point that the entire scientific core of the ACIO has a perfect photographic memory. This allowed them to create their collective intelligence, far beyond the reach of a single genius. These technologies - he claimed - are extraterrestrial in origin and are taken from a friendly source who has been visiting the country for hundreds of years and has had an agreement with the ACIO since 1959 that is secret even from the government and its spy services.

The alien race he calls the Corteum infiltrated the ACIO in 1958, and while he didn't specify how it happened, he said the Corteum is still working with the ACIO to create technology that is more advanced than any technology here on Earth. Intelligence acceleration and augmentation technologies were the first technologies to be transferred. These then allowed the ACIO scientists to absorb and use other technologies that the Corteum brought to the ACIO. In exchange for these technologies, Corteu was given a safe haven in the ACIO intelligence structure.

In other words - Corteu was given access to all ACIO information systems, which according to Dr. The ores are huge. They were also allowed to use ACIO facilities including their laboratories, extensive grounds and scientific brainpower. This unfettered access to ACIO intelligence gave the Corteu leaders insight into the structure of world government in which the centers of power reside, where the real leaders reside. It also gave them insight into the way major decisions about the world's population are made.

According to Dr. Nerudy's Corteum is condescending and has no ulterior motives for seizing power on earth and establishing its dictatorship. In fact, they are much more interested in establishing diplomatic relations with the various world governments through the United Nations in due course. That time, they believe, will come shortly after 2011. Corte's existence is kept secret from the NSA, and even ACIO staff are unaware of their existence (although I don't know how that is achieved).

There are fourteen different security clearance levels in ACIO. Those who are level twelve and above are aware of the Technology Transfer Program (TTP) with Corteu.

According to Dr. There are about 120 ores and they are found mainly in India, Belgium and the United States. There are only seven of the fourteen with security access and they are the directors of Intelligence, Security, Research, Special Projects, Operations, Information Systems and Communications.

These directors report to the Executive Director, known simply as "Fifteen," a unique designation reserved for the head of the ACIO. In Neruda's eyes, Fifteen is the most powerful person on the planet. I think by "most powerful" he means the fact that Fifteen is able to develop technologies that are far more advanced than any other world governments have at their disposal. However Dr. Neruda described Fifteen and its seven Directors as a benevolent force—not hostile or manipulative—tive.

These eight people, who make up the inner sanctum of the ACIO, possess essential technologies that come from the TTP program with Corteu. However, there are also alien technologies that have been derived from recovered spaceships or other alien artifacts, including various discoveries contained in ancient texts that have never been revealed before. All this information and technology has been collected and developed in the scientific core of ACIO - all its members are security level twelve or higher.

The scientific core is called the Labyrinth Team and is made up of both men and women who have successfully used Cor-tean intelligence acceleration technology to form a secret organization within the ACIO.

When Dr. Neruda was explaining everything, it got so complicated that I asked him if he could draw me a diagram showing how all these organizations work.

The Labyrinth Team is made up of ACIO employees who have qualified to Security Levels Twelve, Thirteen, and Fourteen. Fifteen is the leader of this most secret organization. It separated from the ACIO so that it could be kept secret from the NSA and lower-ranking ACIO members. This spurred the Labyrinth Team program to develop their own

application of technologies from the TTP program with Cortee. The Labyrinth Team owns pure technologies derived from the TTP program with Cortee. It takes these technologies and dilutes them to the point where the ACIO or Special Projects Laboratory sells them to private industry and government institutions (including the military).

In the opinion of Dr. Nerudy, this secret organization is the most powerful organization on earth, but they chose not to use their power in a way that would make them visible. So their power is known only to their members. For about forty years, they accumulated a large fortune without the NSA knowing about it. They have developed their own security technologies to protect them from intelligence agencies such as the CIA or MI5. In all practical terms, they are in full control of their program - and that seems to make them a unique organization.

Dr. Neruda is security level twelve and still does not have access to important information that only the Headmasters know. He assumes that even Fifteen is withholding important information from his Directors - although he is not sure. The symbol used by the Labyrinth Team is four concentric circles. Each circle represents a security level (twelve, thirteen, fourteen and fifteen) and each represents a unique insight into the Labyrinth Team's program and its coordination with Cortee.

Fifteen is a mystery to everyone in the Labyrinth Team. He was a physicist before becoming the executive director of ACIO. He was expelled from the university because he did not follow its regulations and political environment. He worked outside the institution and was selected for ACIO due to his combination of brain power, independence and relative obscurity in scientific circles. He was one of the first to have contact with the Cortes and to establish communication with them. Cortee actually established Fifteen as its ally in the ACIO, and Fifteen became the first to use the intelligence acceleration technologies that Cortee first offered.

These technologies not only improve cognitive abilities, memory and higher thinking, but also improve the consciousness of individuals so that they can use the newly achieved intelligence in a non-invasive way. This means that they do not use their intelligence for their own personal gain at the expense of others. This apparently increased both Fifteen's IQ and ethical awareness, prompting him to form the Labyrinth Team, which keeps pure technology from the TTP program with Cortee from the NSA.

The technologies that are released to the NSA are diluted forms of the original technologies and are far less effective in military and surveillance applications. I expected that Dr. Neruda will hear about a secret organization of intelligent evil elitists - whose intent is exploitation and control. Why else would they want to hide behind a cloak of such incredible secrecy?

The answer is according to Dr. Nerdy surprising. The Labyrinth Team sees itself as the only group with enough intellect and technology to develop some form of time travel technology. They are primarily focused on this program because they wish to prevent future hostilities that they believe will occur if this technology is not developed. Cortee helps them in this, but despite their considerable intellect, they have not yet been able to develop this technology.

What I am about to tell you will seem unbelievable, but I repeat that I am only giving a report made from my notes, which are based on a conversation with Dr. They don't ore. He explained to me that twelve alien races are interested in the past, present and future of the earth and its destiny. Because of its mission within the NSA, the ACIO is the organization that has the most extensive knowledge of the various programs of the twelve alien races.

Apparently there is an alien race that has the hostile intent and technological potential to subvert and take over the human social order, as well as take over the planet itself. This intent motivated Fifteen to gather the intellect and collective energy of the Labyrinth Team to create an ultimate defensive weapon - which they call Blank Slate Technology (BST) or a form of time travel. I do not pretend to understand everything Dr. Neruda described about BST. My notes are a bit vague because what he was talking about was so far beyond my understanding that in many cases I didn't even know what to write down.

When the Ancient Arrow project came under ACIO control, it, like all other projects, was carefully scrutinized to see if it contained any technologies that could assist in the overall BST development program. When it was discovered that the Ancient Arrow project was actually a time capsule from a future version of humanity, the Labyrinth Team secured the project from the ACIO and began a disinformation campaign towards the NSA.

Dr. Neruda was one of two scientists who had security access to the Twelve and who were asked to lead the translation of the Wing Makers' language and to decode their various communication symbols. In this process, he was beginning to realize and understand how to decode their language and what they were trying to tell us. He became convinced that the Wing Makers were time travelers and that they controlled some form of BST. He was also convinced that there were six other time pods in various locations on Earth that contained technology or insights that would enable the development of BST.

The reason he defected is that during the process of translating the language of the Wing Makers, he came to sympathize with their philosophy. He felt that the Wing Makers were communicating with him and that they had chosen him as their ally. When he reported this to his superiors, he felt that he posed a risk to the security of the project. When ACIO employees become an obvious security risk, regardless of their security level, they are given "memory therapy" to remove problematic experiences from their minds. Dr. Neruda was certain that he was in danger of this "therapy" and could not imagine the consequence of losing his memories of his experiences with the Wing Makers. That's why he defected from the ACIO and the Labyrinth Team - he was the first to ever do that.

When he contacted me, it was only one day after he defected. He told me to wait for him to contact me again to arrange a time and place for our meeting. Three days later he called and that day

we met in the afternoon. I wasn't ready to believe him, but I thought it was a provocative story and was prepared to spend an hour or two investigating it.

Anyway, what he said to me at that first meeting is for the most part contained in this protocol.

He showed me photos and documents from the Ancient Arrow project that seemed authentic to me. He also showed me some of the technology they have developed at ACIO. They related to holographic fractal objects or HFOs - as they are called. It was incredible to watch (and equally impossible to explain) and I have to admit that my first impression after seeing HFO in action was that any organization capable of developing such technology was operating at a level far beyond mainstream society. It seemed very foreign to me.

Then I started to at least partially believe it. I called my employer and told him I needed to take some personal time off. I took a week's vacation and spent a significant part of it with Dr.

I asked Nerudou thousands of questions, which he was able to answer in most cases. Gradually, with a good dose of skepticism, I reluctantly began to believe it. Later that week he asked me to publish some of his material.

I honestly admit that I have felt several times that he is an alien and even now I am not sure that he is not. (I say this as a person who only six months ago questioned aliens and all other "unconventional" phenomena.)

He was confident that the ACIO would not allow him to defect with his memory intact. He was worried about their remote viewing technology and was sure they would try to track him down. He wanted me to take the materials only if I agreed and if I was willing to publish them. And even then, he wasn't entirely sure that the Labyrinth Team and their alien friends, the Corteum, weren't going to try to do something evil. He didn't want them tampering with his memory.

I think his interest was mainly in revealing the time capsule of the Wing Makers, its philosophy and communication symbols. He didn't seem at all interested in exposing the ACIO and its secret organization, the Labyrinth Team. He told me about these organizations just to impress me - that he was part of an organization that has unusual power and technology. Also to show the extent of what they want to keep under wraps and that they won't hesitate to use their considerable power to do so. That was why he randomly picked me to help him get the story out.

Dr. Neruda was the most sincere individual I have ever met. He was someone I would like to count among my friends. I was completely charmed by his demeanor, his communication skills and his intellect. I once asked him what his IQ was and he modestly replied simply that there was no way to measure it. And that the members of the Labyrinth Team are not so much interested in their IQ as they are in Fluid or Liquid Intelligence, which determines the speed with which alternative or creative solutions to problems can be formed.

He claimed that this was the most important form of intelligence and that without it no one could be able to time travel. In other words, he was convinced that time travel is not an independent technology, but that it is a technology that is connected to the traveler himself.

A time traveler must have some degree of fluid intelligence to withstand the stress of time travel.
PULL. The best way to handle this stress is to have a high level of fluid intelligence.

What I like about Dr. What fascinated Neruda was his depiction of how information about extraterrestrials, new physics and cosmology, prophecies, and the galactic hierarchy are kept from the public, governments, and even intelligence agencies. He told me that there was only one person who ever tried to write about the NSA Special Projects Laboratory and that was sometime in 1950. According to my notes, it was Wilbur Smith, a Canadian journalist. Everything else that has ever been written has been written based on mere conjecture.

Dr. Neruda said that when that article was published, it became the reason for ACIO to be created, to create a new level of what he called the overlooked sectors. He said that overlooked sectors are rare in intelligence services, but those that do exist are often pushed into deep levels of secrecy to remain hidden from public and private scrutiny.

He also argued that there are members of the military-industrial complex who have interests in these overlooked sectors. He claimed that the ACIO or its sister organization, the Special Projects Laboratory, sell diluted technologies to private corporations and laboratories, which can then be commercialized for the military industry and, in some cases, even for consumer use.

Dr. Neruda allowed me to record five formal interviews with him. Those interviews are probably the best way to understand his point of view or perspective and the story he's telling. Even now, as I write this letter, I doubt much of what he told me, and at the same time I can't imagine why he would go to all this trouble if it was just a game or some kind of scam. That wouldn't make any sense to me. So I got stuck somewhere in the middle between belief and disbelief. I will just tell you that even if only a small percentage of what he says is true, then the citizens and their politicians should wake up.

According to Dr. Nerudy, not even our highest government officials and military dignitaries have access to the information he is involved in.

But if these overlooked sectors exist and private investors working for the benefit of the military industry are interested in these secret organizations, some organization should investigate. And she should be afforded protection and immunity and many other statutes to get these secrets out to the public or at least to our government officials.

I have about sixty pages of notes from my first conversations with Dr. Neruda and then five more transcripts of five conversations I had with Dr. Neruda did. I would encourage anyone who wants to understand these topics to read the interview transcripts. They are certainly our best records of what goes on behind closed doors when it comes to facts about aliens, secret organizations and time travel.

Chapter 20 - First Interview with Dr. Jamison Neruda

Sarah wrote

What follows is a recording of a meeting with Dr. Neruda, which I recorded on December 27, 1997. He gave me permission to record his answers to my questions. This is the first of five interviews I was able to record before he disappeared. I kept these entries exactly as they happened. I did no editing and tried as much as possible to use the exact same words and grammar that Dr. Neruda.

.....

Sarah: "Are you feeling good?"

Dr. Neruda: "Yes, yes, I feel good and ready to start if you are."

Sarah: "You have made some remarkable statements regarding the Ancient Arrow project. Can you please describe again what your involvement in this project was and why you decided to leave it of your own free will?"

Dr. Neruda: "I was chosen to lead the decoding and translation of the symbolic images that were found at the site. I am a recognized expert in languages and ancient texts. I can speak more than thirty languages fluently and about another twelve languages that are officially extinct. For these my abilities in linguistics and decoding symbolic images - such as petroglyphs or hieroglyphs, I was chosen for this task."

"I was involved in the Ancient Arrow project from its inception when ACIO took over the project from NSA. From the beginning I was involved - together with a team of seven other scientists from ACIO - in the discovery of the site and its restoration. We have restored each of the twenty-three chambers of the Wingmakers' time capsule and cataloged all accompanying artifacts."

"Once the restoration was complete, I became more focused on decoding their special language and designing translation indexes into English. This was a particularly difficult process because the optical disc found in the twenty-third chamber was initially impenetrable to our technology. We assumed the optical disc contained most of the information the Wing Makers wanted us to know. However, we could not figure out how to use the symbolic images found in the chambers in their paintings to unlock the disc."

"I decided to leave the project after I deduced the access code to the optical disc. I felt that the ACIO was going to prevent the public from accessing the information contained in the Ancient Arrow site. There were other reasons, but it would be too complicated to explain them in this brief answer."

Sarah: "What did Fifteen do after he found out you left?"

Dr. Neruda: "He never had the opportunity to react directly with me because I left without saying a word. But I'm sure he's angry and feels betrayed."

Sarah: "Tell me about Fifteen. What is he like?"

Dr. Neruda: "Fifteen is a genius of unprecedented intelligence and knowledge. He has been the leader of the Labyrinth Team since its inception in 1963. He was only twenty-two years old when he joined the ACIO in 1956. I think it was discovered before it had a chance to become known in the academic world. He was a renegade genius who wanted to build computers powerful enough for time travel. Can you imagine how such a goal - in the mid-1950s - must have sounded to his professors?"

"Needless to say, he was not taken seriously and was told to obey academic conventions and do serious research. Fifteen came to ACIO because of the connection it had with Bell Labs. Bell Labs somehow heard about his genius and hired him. However, he quickly outgrew their research program and wanted to realize his visions of time travel."

Sarah: "Why was he so interested in time travel?"

Dr. Neruda: "No one knows exactly. And his reasons may have changed over time. The recognized goal was to develop Blank Slate Technology (BST). BST is a form of time travel that allows history to be rewritten at a point we call an intervention point. Intervention points are causal energy centers that create major events, such as the collapse of the Soviet Union or the NASA space program."

"BST is the most advanced technology and anyone who owns BST can obviously defend against any attacker. It is, as Fifteen fondly said, the key to freedom. Remember that ACIO is the primary interface regarding alien technologies and ways to adapt them to mainstream society as well as military applications. We are exposing ourselves to aliens and their programs. And some of these aliens are very afraid of the ACIO."

Sarah: "Why?"

Dr. Neruda: "There are agreements between our government - especially the NSA - regarding cooperation with an extraterrestrial species commonly called Greys. In exchange for this cooperation, they demand that they can remain classified and that they can conduct their biological experiments in secret. There's also a botched technology transfer program, but that's another story... However, not all Greyhounds work under the unified program. There are certain groups of Greys, who view humans the way we view laboratory animals."

"There are people and animals who are - and have been for the past forty-eight years - abducted ... they're basically doing biological experiments on them to see how their own genetics can be linked to the human and animal genetic makeup. Their interests are not fully understood, but if you accept their stated agenda, that is the preservation of their species."

"Their species is on the brink of extinction, and they fear that their biological system lacks emotional an army that would bind their technological prowess and related behavior."

"The Grays contacted Fifteen in his role at ACIO and wished to establish a full-scale technology transfer program, but Fifteen turned them down. He had already established a TTP program with Corte and felt that the Greyhounds were too disunited organizationally to deliver on their promises. And besides, Corte's technology was in many ways superior to that of the Greys... with the exception of the Greys' memory implant technology and their genetic hybridization technology."

"However, Fifteen and the entire Labyrinth Team carefully considered joining with the Greys, if for no other reason than to have direct access to their declared programs. Fifteen wanted to know about them... and so we have formed an alliance with them that consists of modest exchanges of information between us. We have provided them with access to our information systems regarding the genetic population and its unique susceptibility across a range of criteria including mental, emotional and physical behaviour; they gave us their genetic knowledge in exchange."

"Grey people - and actually most aliens - communicate with humans exclusively through a form of telepathy, which we call suggestive telepathy. This is because it seems to us that Grays communicate in such a way as if they are trying to lead the conversation to an obvious goal. In other words, they always have an agenda, and we're never sure if we're just pawns in their agenda, or if we've come to conclusions that are truly our own."

"I think that's why Fifteen never trusted the Greyhounds. He felt that they were using communication in such a way as to manipulate its outcomes for their own benefit instead of common interests. Because of this lack of trust, Fifteen rejected a form of alliance or TTP that would be comprehensive and complete in relation to our operations, whether ACIO or Labyrinth Team."

Sarah: "Did the Greyhounds know about the existence of the Labyrinth Team?"

Dr. Neruda: "I don't think so. They were generally convinced that humans were not wise enough to comprehend their agendas. Our assumption was that the Greyhounds had invasive technologies that gave them a false sense of security regarding the weakness of their enemies. I'm not saying we were enemies, but we never trusted them. And they undoubtedly knew it. They also knew that the ACIO had technology and intelligence that exceeded the mainstream population, and they had a modicum of respect—perhaps a little fear—of our capabilities."

"However, we never showed them any of our pure technology, nor did we engage in deep dialogues with them regarding cosmology or new physics. They had a clear interest in our information databases, and that was their main agenda with regards to ACIO. Fifteen was the main interface to communicate with them, as they felt his intellect was comparable to theirs. The Grays viewed Fifteen as the president of our planet."

Sarah: "How did Fifteen become the leader of both the ACIO and the Labyrinth Team?"

Dr. Neruda: "He was Director of Research in 1958 when Corteum first became known at ACIO. In this capacity, he was the logical choice to evaluate their technologies and determine their value to the ACIO. Corte-um took an instant liking to him, and one of Fifteen's first decisions was to use Corte's intelligence accelerator on himself. After about three months of experiments (most of which were not reported to the current ACIO Executive Director), Fifteen was filled with a powerful vision of how to create BST."

"The Executive Director was dismayed by the magnitude of Fifteen's BST program and felt that it would divert ACIO resources too much to develop a program that was questionable. Fifteen went rogue enough to enlist Corte's help to form the Labyrinth Team. Corteum was interested in BST for a similar reason to Fifteen."

"The Key to Freedom, as BST is sometimes called, was established as the main program of the Labyrinth Team, and Corteum and Fifteen were its first members."

"Over the next few years, Fifteen picked up the cream of ACIO's scientific core and put them through an intelligence acceleration program that he himself had completed. All this with the intention of creating a group of scientists who could - in cooperation with Corte - successfully invent BST. The ACIO, in Fifteen's opinion, was too much under the control of the NSA, and he felt that the NSA leadership was too inexperienced in developing the technologies he knew would be developed as a result of the Labyrinth Team's work. So Fifteen planned to take over ACIO and his new employees helped him do it."

"This happened several years before I came to ACIO as a student and intern. My stepfather was very sympathetic to Fifteen's agenda and helped appoint Fifteen as Executive Director of ACIO. It was a period of instability while this exchange was taking place, but after about a year, Fifteen was firmly in control of both the ACIO and Team Labyrinth programs."

"What I said a moment ago...that he was looked upon as the president of the planet...so that's actually what he really is. And of all the aliens that interact with the human species, only Cortez understands Fifteen's role. He has a vision that is completely unique because he is the matrix for the creation of BST. This is coming as a result of the appropriate technological and human resources that make it possible."

Sarah: "What makes BST so essential to Fifteen and the Labyrinth Team?"

Dr. Neruda: "ACIO has access to many ancient texts that contain prophecies concerning Earth.

This has been collected over the past several centuries by our network of secret organizations of which we are a part. These ancient texts are not known in the academic world or in the media or mainstream society. They are very powerful in their description of the twenty-first century."

"Fifteen knew these texts before he became ACIO's Director of Research, and this knowledge only fueled his desire to develop BST."

Sarah: "What were these prophecies and who made them?"

Dr. Neruda: "Those prophecies were made by various people who are mostly unknown or anonymous, so if I tell you their names, they will not be known to you. Understand that time travel can be done by the soul from an observational level...which means that certain individuals can move in the realm we call vertical time and see future events there with great clarity, but have no ability to change them. There are also individuals who we believe have had contact with the Wing Makers and have been given messages regarding the future. They recorded them through symbolic images or extinct languages such as Sumerian, Mayan and Chakobian."

"The prophecies had several common elements or themes to take place at the beginning of the twenty-first century, around 2011. Among them, the main event is the intrusion of a foreign alien race into the major world governments, including the United Nations. This alien race is a predatory race with highly advanced technology that allows them to merge with the human species. This means that they may appear humanoid, but in reality they are a mixture of humans and androids - in other words, they are synthetic."

"It was prophesied that this alien race would establish a new world government and thereby establish its executive power. It will be the ultimate survival challenge for the collective intelligence of the human species. These texts are hidden from the public because they are too terrifying and would most likely lead to apocalyptic reprisals and mass paranoia..."

Sarah: "Are you saying what I think you're saying? That anonymous prophets, God knows where, had visions of our future in which we have been subjugated by a race of robots? Do you understand...how incredible that sounds?"

Dr. Neruda: "Yes... I know it sounds unbelievable... but in our religious texts there are only diluted versions of the same prophecy, only this alien race is depicted as the Antichrist. As if the alien race was personified into the form of Lucifer. This form of prophecy is acceptable to the guardians of these texts and so they have allowed this form of prophecy to spread. However, the mention of an alien race was removed."

Sarah: "Why? And who actually censors what we can read and what we can't? Are you saying there is a secret editorial board that reviews books before they are published?"

Dr. Neruda: "This is a very complicated subject and I could spend all day just describing the general structure of this information control. Most of the world's major libraries have collections of information that are not available to the public. Only scholars are allowed to view these materials, and usually only in person.

Likewise, there are writings that are controversial and postulate theories that are very different from the accepted belief systems of their time. These writings and works have been banned by various sources, including the Vatican, universities, governments and other institutions."

"These files are sought after by secret organizations whose mission is to collect and preserve this information. These organizations are very powerful and well funded. They can buy these original writings for a relatively small amount of money. Most of these writings are considered hocus-pocus anyway, so libraries are often happy to part with them for a grant or modest contribution. Most of them are original works that have never been published because they date from before the invention of the printing press."

"There is a network of secret organizations that are loosely connected through the financial markets and their interests in world events. They are generally the centers of power of the monetary systems in their respective states and are elitists of the highest order.

ACIO is associated with this network only because it is well known that ACIO has the best technologies in the world and that these technologies can be deployed in the name of creating financial gain through market manipulation."

"As for the editorial board... no, this secret network of organizations does not edit books before they are published. Her interest is exclusively in ancient writings and religious texts. They are very interested in prophecies because they believe in the concept of vertical time and are interested in changes in the macro-environment that can affect the economy. As you can see, most of them are only interested in acquiring wealth and power through the controlled manipulation of the key variables that drive the economic engines of our world."

Sarah: "So if they are so smart about the future and believe in these prophecies, what are they doing to help protect us from these alien invaders?"

Dr. Neruda: "They help fund the ACIO. This collective of organizations has tremendous wealth. Bigger than most governments can imagine. ACIO provides them with technology to manipulate the money markets and they rake in hundreds of billions of dollars a year. I don't even know the extent of their collective wealth. ACIO is also funded by the sale of its diluted technologies to these organizations, who then serve them for their own security and

protection. We have developed the best security systems in the world that are both undetectable and impenetrable to outside forces like the CIA and formerly the KGB."

"The reason they're funding ACIO is because they believe Fifteen is the greatest living genius and they're widely aware of his BST development program. He sees this technology as the ultimate defense against the prophecies, and also sees in it his ability to achieve relative control of the world and national economies. They also know Fifteen's strategic position regarding alien technology and hope that in this mixture of his genius and the alien technology ACIO is absorbing, the BST will be able to be developed before the prophecy is fulfilled."

Sarah: "But why all of a sudden the interest in the Wing Maker time pods? What role does it play in the whole thing matters with BST?"

Dr. Neruda: "Initially we didn't know what the connection was between the Ancient Arrow project and the need for BST. Understand that the time capsule is a set of twenty-three chambers literally carved into a canyon wall in the middle of nowhere, about eighty miles northeast of Chaco Canyon, New Mexico. It is without a doubt the most fantastic archaeological find of all time. Had scientists been allowed to explore this site with all its artifacts intact, this incredible find would have inspired them with sacred reverence."

"Our preliminary assumption was that this site is some kind of time capsule that was left here by an alien race that visited the earth in the eighth century. But we didn't understand why the art so clearly represented the earth - if it was a time capsule. The only logical reason was that it represents a future version of humanity. But we weren't sure until we figured out how to access the optical disc and translate the first set of documents from it."

"Once we had a clear understanding of how the Wing Makers wished to be understood, we began to test their claims through analyzes of chamber paintings, poetry, music, philosophy, and artifacts. These analyzes pretty much assured us that they were real, which meant that not only were they time travelers, but that they possessed some form of BST..."

Sarah: "Why did you assume they had BST?"

Dr. Neruda: "We thought it must have taken them at least two months to create their time capsules. This would require them to open and keep open a time window and physically work within the chosen time frame. This is a basic requirement of BST. Furthermore, the ability to precisely select intervention points is needed - both in time and in space. We believed they had this ability and that their time capsule proved it."

"Furthermore, the technological artifacts they left behind were evidence of technologies so far advanced from our own that we were unable to comprehend them at all. None of the alien races we knew had such advanced technology that we weren't able to research, absorb and re-engineer them. The technologies that were left in the Ancient Arrow site were completely mysterious and resistant to our investigation. We considered them so advanced that they were literally unrecognizable and unusable to us, which - although it may sound strange - is a clear sign of extremely advanced technology."

Sarah: "So you've decided that the Wing Makers own the BST, but how did you think you'd get their knowledge?"

Dr. Neruda: "We didn't know that, and to this day this question remains unanswered. ACIO applied its best resources to this project for over two months. I have studied the theory that time pods are a coded communication device. I began to theorize that when one makes an effort to interact with various symbolic images and immerse oneself in the art and philosophy of the time capsule, it has such an effect on the central nervous system that enhances fluid intelligence."

"I was of the opinion that the basic purpose of time pods was to increase fluid intelligence so that BST could not only be developed but also used..."

Sarah: "I'm lost. What is the relationship between BST and fluid intelligence?"

Dr. Neruda: "BST is a certain form of time travel. Science fiction treats time travel as if it were something relatively easy to develop and relatively one-dimensional. Time travel is anything but one-dimensional. The Cortceans and Greyhounds are very advanced in technology and have developed a sort of BST equivalent. They are basically able to travel through time, but they cannot interact with the time they travel to."

"Which means they can, say, travel back in time, but once they're there, they can't change this time of the event because they are in a passive, observational mode."

"The Labyrinth Team has done seven experiments with time travel over the past thirty years. One clear result of these tests was that the person doing the time travel is an integral variable in the time travel technology. In other words, the person and the technology need to be perfectly matched. The Labyrinth Team, for all they know, already has BST, but lacks the equivalent of an astronaut-time traveler to adequately tune the technology in real-time and make the split-second adjustments that BST requires."

"The Labyrinth Team never seriously considered the human element of BST and its connection to the technology itself. There were those of us who were interested in the translational indices of the Wing Makers who began to feel what the time capsule was all about: to expand fluid intelligence and activate new sensory inputs that are critical to the BST experience."

Sarah: "But I still don't understand what led you to this conclusion?"

Dr. Neruda: "When we translated the first thirty pages of text from the optical disc, we learned some interesting things about the Wing Makers and their philosophy. Indeed, they claimed that the three-dimensional, five-sensory domain which

humans are adapted is the reason we only use a fraction of our intelligence. They argued that the time capsule is a bridge from the three-dimensional, five-sensory domain to the multidimensional, seven-sensory domain."

"In my opinion, they were actually saying that in order for BST to be used, the time traveler must be working from a multidimensional, seven-sensory domain. Otherwise, BST would be the proverbial camel through the eye of a needle ... in other words ... something impossible ..."

Sarah: "That seems acceptable to me at least. Why was it so hard for the ACIO to believe that?"

Dr. Neruda: "This matter was actually handled by the Labyrinth Team and not the ACIO. I say this just to be precise, not to criticize your question. Fifteen found it hard to believe that a time capsule could activate or create a bridge that would lead someone to become a traveler. That seemed like an extremely slim possibility. He felt that the time capsule might contain the technology to enable BST, but he didn't believe it could be just a matter of education or development."

"Also importantly, the true identity of the Wing Makers only became apparent after we developed our RV technologies."

Sarah: "First tell me what is RV technology?"

Dr. Neruda: "Think of them as psychic intelligence. ACIO has a department that specializes in Remote Viewing (RV) technology, and in this department there was a woman who achieved unprecedented abilities as a Remote Seer. She was assigned to this project as a remote seer, and it was she who was an essential element in determining the identity and purpose of the Wing Makers."

Sarah: "Can we go back to Foresight technology? Tell me what she actually discovered in uncovering the identity of the Wing Makers."

Dr. Neruda: "She was very attuned to the first artifact we recovered, which turned out to be a guidance device that eventually led us to the site of the Ancient Arrow. We did two official Dálniv-kid sessions - one supervised by me and the other by Fifteen. She was able to contact the original creators of the Starobyly Šíp location. Thanks to these two Farsighted sessions we were able to determine the identity of the Wing Makers as a very ancient race - the most ancient human race ever."

Sarah: "When you say oldest, what do you mean?"

Dr. Neruda: "We knew them mostly only from a few writings that were supposedly channeled by these beings. There were several myths in Mayan and Sumerian texts that also mentioned these beings. But the final confirmation came from Corte's texts, which defined them in terms of the Central Race."

Sarah: "How can they be so ancient when they are so technologically advanced?"

Dr. Neruda: "The Central Race resides in the primordial galaxies near the center of the universe. According to Cortesian cosmology, the structure of the universe is divided into seven superuniverses, each revolving around a central universe. The central universe is the material home of the Primordial Source or Creator. According to Corte, in order for the Prime Source to rule the material universe, it must inhabit matter and function in the material universe. The central universe is the material home of the Prime Source and is eternal. It is surrounded by dark gravitational bodies that essentially make it invisible even to the galaxies closest to its edge."

"The Corteum teaches that the central universe is stable and eternal, while the seven superuniverses are created in time and rotate counterclockwise around the central universe. These seven superuniverses are surrounded by the "outer" or peripheral universe, which consists of non-physical particles made up of non-baryonic matter, or antimatter. The outer universe rotates clockwise around the seven superuniverses.

This vast outer universe is the expansion space into which the superuniverses expand. The known universe that our astronomers observe is only a small fragment of our superuniverse and the expanding space at its outer edge. Hubble's astronomical extrapolations, or estimates based on a fraction of the view, say that there are fifty billion galaxies in our superuniverse, each containing over a hundred billion stars.

However, most astronomers are convinced that our universe is unique - singular. Which - according to Corte - it is not."

"The Central Race resides at the edge of the central universe and contains the original human DNA patterns of creation. They are, however, such an ancient race that they appear to us as Gods, even though they present our own future selves. Time and space are the only variables that differentiate us. The Central Race is sometimes known as the creator gods who developed the primordial matrices of the human species and then seeded them into the galaxies in cooperation with the Life Bearers as the universe expanded. Each of the seven superuniverses has a different purpose and relationship with the central universe through the Central Rasa. This stems from how the Central Race experimented with DNA to achieve different but compatible physical incarnations that could be soul carriers."

Sarah: "I don't even know what else to ask..."

Dr. Neruda: "The Central Race is divided into seven genera. They are the masters of genetics and the founders of the humanoid race. In fact, they are our future selves. They literally represent what we are evolving towards in time and space."

Sarah: "So you're saying that the Wing Makers are our future selves and that they built these time pods to communicate with us?"

Dr. Neruda: "The Labyrinth Team believes that the Wing Makers are representatives of the Central Race, and that they created our particular human genotype to become a suitable soul carrier in our particular universe. Localities

The Ancient Arrow is part of a wider interconnected system of seven sites that are installed on every continent. We believe that together this system represents a defense technology."

Sarah: "So there are seven Ancient Arrow sites?"

Dr. Neruda: "Yes."

Sarah: "And do you know where they are?"

Dr. Neruda: "I know generally where the remaining six sites are, but their exact location

i don't know As far as I know, they have not been discovered until now."

Sarah: "Why would the most advanced race - or future version of humanity - place such a perfect set of technologies and artifacts on our planet? What should they be afraid of?"

Dr. Neruda: "They have an ancient, powerful enemy that Fifteen calls the Animus."

Sarah: "Are we back to synthetics?"

Dr. Neruda: "Yes, again."

Sarah: "So the Wing Makers are protecting their human genetics from Anima invasion, so they placed these locations... or defense technology on earth to somehow prevent them from taking over the planet?"

Dr. Neruda: "That's basically what we believe. However, it is about more than just human DNA. It also includes all higher animals. The human being is a collective of about one hundred and twenty species."

Sarah: "And you know all this thanks to a psychic vision from several ancient writings and from Corte?"

Dr. Neruda: "I admit it sounds unbelievable, but it's true. We know it all from the sources to the nobody from the public has access to them and cannot testify to them."

Sarah: "So the Wing Makers or the Central Race created us and probably hundreds of other species, planted us on earth, and then built a complex defense system to protect our genetics. Is that so?"

Dr. Neruda: "The best way to imagine these beings is to think of them as geneticists who are first born from the Prime Source. The galaxies in which the Central Race resides are approximately eighteen billion years old, and their genetics are immeasurably more advanced than ours. They are optimal carriers of the soul in which they can coexist in the material world as well as in immaterial dimensions. This is because their genetic matrix has been fully activated."

Sarah: "It sounds like you believe in that philosophy, but I don't see why you're so interested in it when it's the Corteo cosmology. Did they teach you that?"

Dr. Neruda: "Part of our TTP program with Corte is about their cosmology. They have a kind of equivalent of the Bible called Threshold Cosmogony, which I translated. It was our first thorough exposure of the Central Race and its hidden influence on the development and transformation of genetics."

Sarah: "What do you mean hidden?"

Dr. Neruda: "The creators of the Wings created a DNA matrix that is suitable for each of the seven superverses and allows a unique and dominant soul carrier to appear in all superverses. This carrier of the soul - in our case - is the human genotype. There is a natural structure in our genetic substrate that will eventually lead our species into the central universe as a perfected species. This is what the Wing Makers encoded into our DNA and built in natural and forced triggers that guide our genetic structures to change and adapt."

"This process activates parts of our nervous system that then feed the brain with a much greater flow of data from our five senses and the other two senses that we are now consciously working to activate."

Sarah: "That sounds too mechanical."

Dr. Neruda: "What do you mean?"

Sarah: "Simply that humans will one day reach the heights of the Wing Makers, but our salvation is something invisible, encoded in our genes. It sounds like we were made to achieve the same perspective as our creators. What happened to free will?"

Dr. Neruda: "That's a good question, Sarah. I will not defend this belief system. I can quote any passage you want from the books I know, but it is simply the opinion of someone who took the trouble to write it down."

"According to my experience, I can tell you that the wider the field of possibilities, the closer an individual gets to a multi-dimensional stream of thought and corresponding activities, the narrower the choice of options he has in terms of righteous living. You could even say that as an individual begins to realize all the possibilities, his free will diminishes."

Sarah: "I know you're trying to help me, but I'm completely lost in this... but don't try to me-explain again. I just don't get it because my brain is hardened."

Dr. Neruda: "That's certainly my poor explanation. It is difficult to describe these things so that they can enter into your consciousness at its ready point."

Sarah: "You said a moment ago that the Wingmakers encoded triggers that are both natural and artificially activated. What do you mean?"

Dr. Neruda: "I want to emphasize again that all this is claimed by the Corteum. We have very little evidence of any of these facts from our own empirical research. However, the Labyrinth Team deeply trusts the Cortean cosmological belief system due to their tradition as an explorer race and more sophisticated applications of physics."

"Our human DNA is deliberately designed. It did not evolve through the forces of time, matter and energy. It was designed by the Central Race, and part of this design was to encode into the DNA matrix certain supersensory abilities that would allow people to perceive themselves in a very specific way."

Sarah: "In what way?"

Dr. Neruda: "As a carrier of the soul, which is connected to the universe in a similar way as a ray of light is connected to the spectrum of colors as it passes through a prism."

Sarah: "Can you be a little more specific?"

Dr. Neruda (laughs): "I'm sorry, sometimes I quote excerpts - it's easier than making up my own every time own explanation."

Sarah: "That is undoubtedly one of the consequences of your photographic memory."

Dr. Neruda: "You're probably right. I will try to explain it in my own words."

"Our DNA is designed to respond to natural images or imagery, words, tones, music and other external forces."

Sarah: "What do you mean she responded?"

Dr. Neruda: "It can activate or deactivate certain parts of its structure that allow it to adapt to biological, so to higher states of being..."

Sarah: "Like?"

Dr. Neruda: "For example, the state of enlightenment described by some of our planetary spiritual teachers."

Sarah: "I've never heard of enlightenment as something to adapt to."

Dr. Neruda: "This is only because both mystics and scientists do not understand this aspect of the human DNA matrix. Everything, whether it is a biological environment or a state of mind, requires adaptation in the person undergoing the relevant experience. Adaptation is a basic intelligence that is built into our genetic code. It is precisely this intelligence that is awakened or triggered by certain stimuli."

"These stimuli can be induced artificially, which means that the Central Race has encoded in our DNA the ability to adapt to higher vibrational frequencies. This ability to adapt can be triggered by catalytic images, words or sounds."

Sarah: "Okay, so now you've detoured back to the purpose of the artifacts found in the Ancient Arrow site. Is that right?"

Dr. Neruda: "I believe it has something to do with it. To what extent, I'm not sure. But from reading the information on the optical disc, I'm pretty sure the Wing Makers created the music, paintings, poetry, and philosophy to be catalytic."

Sarah: "But why?"

Dr. Neruda: "Let's save that for later. I promise we'll get to it, but it's a very long story-
rie."

Sarah: "So let's take a short break and after we have coffee we'll continue.
Good?"

Dr. Neruda: "Okay."

(This is followed by a break of about ten minutes ... then the conversation continues)

Sarah: "During the break I asked you about the network of secret organizations that ACIO is a part of - as you mentioned. Can you talk about this network and its program?"

Dr. Neruda: "There are many organizations that have a lofty external appearance and at the same time a hidden internal agenda. In other words, they may have external agendas that they present to their employees, members, and the media, but then they may also have secret and well-hidden agendas that only the inner core of the organization knows about. The outer circles or member-protectors, as they are sometimes called, are simply a facade that hides the true agenda of the organization."

"Organizations such as the IMF, Foreign Relations Committee, NSA, KGB, CIA, World Bank and Federal Reserve are examples of such structured organizations. The inner core is woven together to form an elite, secret society, with its own culture, economy, and communication system. These are the powerful and wealthy who have joined forces to manipulate world politics, economics and social institutions to further their personal agendas."

"These programs, as it is known, are mainly concerned with controlling the world economy and its important resources - oil, gold, gas, platinum, diamonds, etc. This secret network has developed the technology it has from ACIO to ensure control of the world economy."

"They have already gone so far as to plan a unification of the world economy, which will be based on the digital equivalent of paper currency. The concept already exists, but its implementation is taking much longer than expected. This is due to the resistance of competitive forces, which do not exactly understand the nature of this secret network of organizations, but intuitively sense its existence."

"These competitive forces are generally made up of entrepreneurs and politicians who, although connected to the shift to a global, digital economy, want to retain some control over the development of this infrastructure. Because of the size of their influence on the market, they can have a significant influence on this secret network."

"The only organization I know of that is completely independent in its programs - and therefore the most powerful alpha organization - is the Labyrinth Team. And it is in this position because of its pure technologies and the intellect of its members. All other organizations - whether they are part of this secret network of organizations or are power-

by international corporations - they have no control over the execution of their programs. They basically are caught in a competitive struggle."

Sarah: "But if that's all true, then is Fifteen actually running this secret network?"

Dr. Neruda: "No. His agenda is of no interest to this secret network. He's bored. He is not interested in money or power. He is only attracted to the purpose of building the BST to thwart the enemy alien attack that has been prophesied for twelve thousand years. He believes that the only goal worthy of the considerable intellectual power of the Labyrinth Team is the development of an absolute defensive weapon, or the Key to Freedom. He is convinced that only the Labyrinth Team has a chance to prove it before it's too late."

"Remember that the Labyrinth Team consists of one hundred and eighteen people and approximately two hundred Corteans. The intellectual power of this group, which is united by the intention of developing BST as a defense against a hostile takeover, is indeed considerable. Compared to that, the Manhattan Project looks like kindergarten play."

"Maybe I'm exaggerating a bit to impress you... but I'm trying to point out that Fifteen leads a program that is far more fundamental than anything that has ever been undertaken in the history of the human species."

Sarah: "So if Fifteen has its own agenda and it's as you describe it, why are you running away from such an organization?"

Dr. Neruda: "ACIO has memory implant technology that can effectively remove selected memories with surgical precision. For example, this technology can remove your memories of this conversation without disturbing any other memories before or after it. You might only have a sense of missing time, but you wouldn't remember anything... if that happened."

"My intuition told me that because of the behavior I was exhibiting as a result of my respect for the Wing Makers, I was at risk of undergoing this procedure. In other words, I was beginning to be seen as a supporter of their culture, philosophy and mission - as I came to know it. In doing so, I posed a potential risk to the project. The Labyrinth Team was actually very afraid of its own members due to their immense intelligence and ability to be cunning and resourceful."

"This created a permanent state of paranoia, meaning technologies were developed to help ensure loyalty to Fifteen's program. Most of this technology is invasive, and the members of the Labyrinth Team dutifully submit to this invasion in order to better manage their paranoia. A few months ago I started systematically disrupting these invasive technologies - partly to see how Fifteen would react and partly because I was already tired of the paranoia."

"As I did, it became more and more apparent to me that suspicions against me were mounting and it was only a matter of time before I was asked to submit to the MRP..."

Sarah: "MRP?"

Dr. Neruda: "Yes, MRP stands for Memory Restructure Procedure. I wouldn't want to forget what I learned from the Wing Makers time capsule. I don't want to give up that information. It has become a central part of what I believe in and how I want to live my life."

Sarah: "Why didn't you just run without contacting the journalist who will be working to get this story published. I mean, why didn't you just go to a deserted island and live your life there without ever revealing the existence of the Labyrinth Team and the Wing Makers?"

Dr. Neruda: "You don't understand me... The Labyrinth Team is untouchable. They are not at all worried about what I will reveal to the media. All they care about is the terrible precedent of my escape. I'm the first. No one has done this before me. And they will fear that if I have successfully defected, others will too. Once that happens, their target will be damaged and the BST may never happen."

"Fifteen and its directors take their mission very seriously. They are fanatics of the highest caliber who are both good and evil. Good in the sense that they are very focused on the development of BST and work hard on it, and bad in the sense that their fanaticism turns into paranoia. My reason for seeking out a journalist like you - and sharing this information - is that I wish the Wing Makers' time pods would not remain hidden from humanity. I think their content should be shared. I think that's their purpose."

Sarah: "This may seem like a strange question, but why would the Wing Makers hide their time pods and encode their contents in such a very complex way if it was something they wanted to share freely with humanity? If this box was found by an average citizen... or even a government lab, what are the chances that they would be able to decode it and access the optical disc?"

Dr. Neruda: "That's not a strange question at all. We think so too. Labyrinth Team seems to be the organization that managed to open the optical disc."

"To answer your question directly, if the time capsule had been discovered by another organization, there is a good chance that the optical disc would never have been made available. This circumstance - that the time capsule ended up in the hands of the Labyrinth Team - seems to be a controlled process. Even Fifteen agrees with that judgment."

Sarah: "So Fifteen feels that the Wing Makers have chosen the Labyrinth Team to be the ones to decide the contents of the time pods?"

Dr. Neruda: "Yes."

Sarah: "Then wouldn't it be logical to assume that Fifteen would want to know more about the contents of the time capsules before releasing them to the public through the NSA or some other government agency?"

Dr. Neruda: "No. It is wrong to believe that Fifteen will ever release information about the Ancient Arrow project to anyone outside the ACIO. He is not one to share information that he considers to be the property of the Labyrinth Team, and especially not if he believes that it is related to BST in any way."

Sarah: "But didn't you say a moment ago that the ACIO would not be affected in any way? What if you are someone will he start asking questions and searching for answers?"

Dr. Neruda: "That's possible. But I know enough about their security system and I'm telling you there's no--there's no way any political survey could expose them. And it is also not possible that the network of secret organizations that I mentioned first could exert any pressure on them. They are deeply indebted to the ACIO for the technologies that allow them to manipulate economic markets. ACIO and the Labyrinth Team are, as I said, untouchable."

"Their only concern will be my escape - the loss of intellectual capital."

Sarah: "What will be the consequence of your defection to the ACIO or the Labyrinth Team?"

Dr. Neruda: "Very small. All my time capsule contributions have already been completed. There are other projects related to encryption technologies that I have developed that will have a much more important impact on them."

Sarah: "Let's go back to the Wing Makers for a moment. If they are so technologically advanced, why time boxes? Why don't they just show up one day and say what they want to say? Why all this hide-and-seek, hidden time capsule games?"

Dr. Neruda: "Their motive is not entirely clear. I think they left those time pods here as a way to bring their culture and technology from their time into ours. We also believe that these sites are a defensive weapon... a very perfect defensive weapon."

"As for why they won't just come forward and give us the information... I think that's where their genius lies. They created seven time pods and placed them in different places on the planet. I believe this is all part of a master plan or strategy to engage our intellect and our spirit - in a way that has never been done before... it is an example of how art, culture, science and spirituality can be connected. I believe they wanted us to discover it; not to be told."

"If they just showed up in your living room and told you they were Wing Makers from the central universe, I think you'd be a lot more interested in their personalities, physical features, and what life is like in their world. And that's assuming you even believe them."

"The aspect regarding what they want to pass on - their culture, art, technology, philosophy, spirituality - all these matters could be lost in the light of the phenomenon of their presence."

"It is also clear from the text we have translated that the Wing Makers have been here many times before. They have already interacted with people at various times. They called themselves Culture Bearers. Apparently they were mistaken for angels or gods. For all we know, they may be mentioned quite often in religious texts."

Sarah: "So you believe their intention is for these time pods to be shared with all of humanity?"

Dr. Neruda: "You mean the intention of the Wing Makers?"

Sarah: "Yes?"

Dr. Neruda: "I don't know that with absolute certainty. But I think they should be shared. I have no personal gain from this information being published. It goes against everything I've learned in life, it's a big risk for me and it's completely disrupting my lifestyle."

"For me, the Ancient Arrow time capsule is the greatest discovery in the entire history of the human species. Discoveries of such fundamental importance should be made public. They should not be selfishly sheltered and withheld, either by the ACIO or any other organization."

Sarah: "So why are these discoveries and the whole alien thing being kept from the public?"

Dr. Neruda: "People who have access to this information like to feel special and privileged-burdens. This is the psychology of secret organizations and the reason they flourish."

"Privileged information is the ambrosia of the elitists. They give them a feeling of power and the human ego with that feeling very happy to feed."

"They'll never admit it, but drama involving extraterrestrial contact or other mysterious or paranormal phenomena are very compelling for the keen attention of anyone of a curious nature. This is especially true of politicians and scientists. By keeping these matters in private spaces behind closed doors and with appropriate security arrangements, it all creates a sense of drama that is often missing from their lives otherwise."

"So you see, Sarah, the drama of secrecy is very seductive. Of course they will tell you that the reason they keep these things secret from the public is for national security, economic stability and social order. And I suppose that's true to some extent. But that's not the real reason."

Sarah: "Does our president know the truth about the alien situation?"

Dr. Neruda: "Yes."

Sarah: "What does he know?"

Dr. Neruda: "He knows about the Grays. He knows about alien bases on planets in our Solar System-you know He knows about the Martians..."

Sarah: "For God's sake, are you trying to tell me that those green pidimen from Mars really exist?"

Dr. Neruda: "If I told you everything I know about aliens, I'm afraid I would lose credibility in your eyes. Believe me, the truth about the alien situation is far more complex and far more extensive than I am able to explain to you tonight. If I tell you just part of it, I think you won't believe it. And so I'm only telling you part of the truth, and even so I'm very careful about what words I choose."

"The Martians are a humanoid race that is created from the same genetic base as us. On Mars, they live in underground bases and their numbers are very small. Some have already immigrated to Earth and with certain modifications regarding their physical appearance, they can be considered human even in the light of day."

"President Clinton knows all about this and is looking for alternative ways to communicate with aliens. A form of telepathy is used as the primary communication interface. However, this form of communication is not widely trusted - especially in the minds of our military dignitaries. Almost every radio telescope on the planet has been used to communicate with extraterrestrials at one time or another. The results have been mixed, but sometimes there have been successes, and our president knows that."

Sarah: "So Clinton knows about this secret network of organizations you talked about?"

Dr. Neruda: "Not consciously. But he has a significant influence on her, and the high-ranking officials of this network process him very much."

Sarah: "Are you saying he's being manipulated?"

Dr. Neruda: "That depends on your definition of manipulation. He can make any decision he wants."

It has the power to make or influence decisions related to national security, economic stability and social order. However, he generally seeks input from his advisers. And senior dignitaries of this secret network advise his advisers. That network and its dignitaries rarely reach political power because it is exposed to media interest and they despise media polling and the public in general."

"So Clinton isn't being manipulated, she's just being given advice. The information he receives is sometimes altered to guide his decisions in a direction that the network feels will benefit all its members the most."

"To the extent that information is edited, you can say that the president is being manipulated. He has too little time to fact-check and consider various alternative courses of action. That's why his advisors have such an influence on him and why they're so important."

Sarah: "Okay, so he's being manipulated - at least by my definition. It happens with other governments as well for example, is she Japanese or British?"

Dr. Neruda: "Yes, this network is not just national, nor just planetary. It extends to other races and species. So her influence is very wide indeed, as are the influences that affect her. It is a two-way influence. As I said before, the Labyrinth Team is the only one whose program is truly independent. This independence is possible because of his purpose... and I must honestly admit that there is no one who can stop him from doing it - perhaps except for the Wing Maker."

Sarah: "So other world governments are being manipulated by this secret network of organizations... what kind of organization... you mentioned some of them, but what are the others? Is the mafia among them?"

Dr. Neruda: "I could list most of them to you, but what would be the point? You wouldn't know most of them, nor would you find any mention of them anywhere. They are like the Labyrinth Team. Have you ever heard of him before? Of course not. Even the current leadership of the NSA does not know about the ACIO. They used to know about him, but that was about thirty-five years ago, and the individuals who knew are no longer employed here, although their connection to the secret and privileged information network still lives on."

"And as for the mafia, it has no influence on it at all, nor is any other criminal organization a part of it. That network sometimes uses organized crime to protect itself. However, organized crime works through intimidation, not secrecy. Its leaders have average intelligence and are tied to information systems that are outdated and therefore non-strategic. The organized crime network is a much less perfect version of the network we're talking about now."

Sarah: "Okay, let's go back to the Wing Makers for a second... and I'm sorry I keep jumping around with my questions. There's just so much I want to know that it's very difficult to stick to the theme of the Ancient Arrow project."

Dr. Neruda: "You don't have to apologize. I understand how all this must sound to you. I'm not tired at all, so don't worry about the time."

Sarah: "Okay. So let's talk a little more about your insight into the alien situation, Fr which you already mentioned. That is very fascinating to me."

Dr. Neruda: "First I would like to explain that the aliens that are interacting with our world governments are not the same ones that are interacting with the Labyrinth Team."

Sarah: "I thought you said the Greys, or at least some faction of them, were part of the ACIO."

Dr. Neruda: "Yes, they are also known as Zeta aliens, but as I said before, there are many different factions of Greys. The one ACIO works with is their alpha faction. She doesn't cooperate with our government organizations because they seem too suspicious to her. In fact, they don't think they're intelligent enough to even waste their time with."

Sarah: "What about the Corteum?"

Dr. Neruda: "The Corteum is a very perfect culture that has technology, culture and science integrated together in a very holistic way. They also do not deal with cooperation with governments, but for another reason - and that is mainly their role in the Federation."

Sarah: "What Federation...you haven't talked about it yet, have you?"

Dr. Neruda: "Each galaxy has its own Federation, or loose association, that includes all sentient life forms on all planets in the galaxy. It's sort of the equivalent of the United Nations of the galaxy. This Federation has both invited members and associate members who are here only to observe.

Invited members are those species who treat their planet in a responsible way - as its stewards.

They have an interconnected technology, philosophy and culture that allows them to communicate as a global entity with a unified agenda."

"The sitting members are species that are fragmented and still fighting each other for land, power, money, culture and a lot of other things, which prevents them from forming a unified world government. The human race on planet earth is such a species and is now observed by the Federation but not invited into its politics and economic systems."

Sarah: "Are you saying our galaxy has some sort of government and economic system?"

Dr. Neruda: "Yes, but if I start talking about it, we'll lose the thread of what I actually wanted to tell you about the Wing Makers..."

Sarah: "I'm sorry I jumped to another place. However, it is too fascinating to pass by. If there is a Federation of Cooperative Intelligent Species, why don't they take care of those hostile aliens in 2011 and help us somehow?"

Dr. Neruda: "The Federation does not interfere with the species in any way. It is actually a power that only observes and accompanies. It does not ensure rule by military force. This means that they only observe and are helpful with their suggestions, but do not interfere in anything."

Sarah: "Is it like the Prime Directive in Star Trek?"

Dr. Neruda: "No, it's more like parents who want to teach their children how to take care of themselves so that they can be of greatest benefit to the whole family."

Sarah: "But what hostile takeover of Earth wouldn't affect the Federation?"

Dr. Neruda: "Certainly yes. But the Federation does not seek to avoid the species' own responsibility for managing and preserving its genetics. Understand that at the atomic level our physical bodies are literally made of stars. At the sub-atomic level, our minds are non-physical repositories of the galactic mind. At the sub-sub-atomic level, our souls are non-physical repositories of God or intelligence that permeates the entire universe."

"The Federation believes that the human species can protect itself because it is made up of the stars, the galactic mind and God. If we failed and hostilities spread to other parts of our galaxy, then the Federation would take note and its members would rise to defend their sovereignty. This has happened many times before.

In this process of defense, new technologies arise in the galactic mind, friendships are cemented, and trust is strengthened."

"That's why the Federation behaves the way it does."

Sarah: "And isn't there already a BST somewhere in the Federation?"

Dr. Neruda: "Perhaps to some of the planets closer to the galactic core."

Sarah: "Then why won't the Federation help... you said they were helping, right?"

Dr. Neruda: "Yes, they help. Corteum is an invited member and they help us. However, they do not have the BST technology themselves...it is a very specific technology and is only allowed to be obtained by species whose intention is to use it only as a defensive weapon. That's the challenge."

Sarah: "Who authorizes this... are you saying that the Federation decides when a species is ready to receive BST?"

Dr. Neruda: "No... I think it has to do with God."

Sarah: "I don't know why, but I find it hard to believe that you believe in God."

Dr. Neruda: "Yes, I believe. What's more, so does everyone on the Labyrinth Team - including Fifteen. We have seen too much evidence for the existence of God or a higher intelligence to doubt its existence. Given what we've seen in our labs, it's impossible to deny it."

Sarah: "So God decides whether we are ready to use BST responsibly. Do you think he will decide before 2011?" (I admit there was a lot of sarcasm in that question.)

Dr. Neruda: "Understand, Sarah, the Labyrinth Team hopes that the readiness of the entire species is not the deciding factor. That some subset of the species may be allowed to acquire that technology if they are able to secure it from uninvited forces. We hope this subgroup is the Labyrinth Team. This is one of the reasons why Fifteen has invested a significant portion of ACIO's resources in security systems."

Sarah: "But you didn't answer my question... You think it can be developed in twelve flight?"

Dr. Neruda: "I don't know. I hope so, but BST is not our only defense. Labyrinth The team developed many defensive weapons. But I won't describe them all to you. Animus was already on Earth about three hundred million years ago. But they found nothing on our planet that interested them enough to colonize the planet. When their probes show up here in thirteen years, they'll have a different opinion."

"Our analysis says they will take over individual governments and then use the United Nations as their ally. He will establish a united world government through the United Nations. And when they will be held in 2018

first election, take over the United Nations and establish it as the world government. To achieve this by deception and deception."

"I mention these analyzes of ours - which are derived from three different Farsighted sessions - because they are quite accurate as far as dates are concerned. So we have about nineteen years to develop and deploy BST. Ideally, we would like to complete it so that we can establish intervention points with this race when it decides to enter our galaxy. We'd like to make them choose another galaxy, or thwart their exploration altogether. But it may be that these intervention points will be completely impossible to determine."

"Understand that the Memory Implantation Technology developed by the Labyrinth Team can be used simultaneously with BST. We can define intervention points if our galaxy was chosen as a colonization target. We can enter that time and space and imprint a new memory on their leaders to divert them from our galaxy."

Sarah: "Either I'm tired or it's getting more and more complicated... you're saying that the Labyrinth Team already has scripts to screw them up... to prevent this marauding group of aliens from entering our galaxy in the first place? How do you know where they are?"

Dr. Neruda: "In order to answer your question, I will have to explain the essence of BST with much more precision. And also how it differs from time travel."

"I'll try to explain it as simply as I can, but it's very complicated and you'll have to leave some-
re your ideas about time and space."

"Understand... that time is not just linear when it appears as a timeline. Time is vertical and each moment of existence is superimposed on the next so that they all influence each other. In other words, time is the sum of all moments of all experience that exist simultaneously in the non-time we usually call eternity."

"Vertical time means that the individual can choose a moment of experience and use time and space as a portal through which they can make their choice a reality. Once the choice is made, time and space become a continuous factor that changes vertical time into horizontal or traditional time..."

Sarah: "You have me completely confused. How does vertical time differ from horizontal time?"

Dr. Neruda: "Vertical time has to do with simultaneous experiences at all times, while horizontal time has to do with the continuity of linear time - that is, experiences that follow one another moment after moment."

Sarah: "So you're saying that all the experiences I've ever had or will ever have, that I exist right now? That the past and the future are actually still present, but I'm just brainwashed and unable to see them?"

Dr. Neruda: "As I said before, this is a very complicated subject, and I fear that if I continue to explain it to you, we will lose the thread of much more important information, such as the BST. Perhaps if I explained the essence of BST, most of your questions would be answered."

Sarah: "Okay, so tell me what Blank Slate Technology (BST) is. Given the title, I assume it means something like... erasing the event and changing the course of history. Is that right?"

Dr. Neruda: "Let me explain it this way. Time travel can be observational in nature. In this sense, ACIO and other organizations - even individuals - have the ability to travel through time. But this form of time travel is passive. Not equivalent to BST. In order to accurately change the future, you need to be able to interact with vertical time and flip through it like a book until you find the exact page or intervention point that is related to your goal."

"That's where things get very complex, because interacting with vertical time means you're changing the direction of horizontal time. And understanding these changes and their scale and consequences requires very complex modelling. This is why the Labyrinth Team teamed up with Corteo - their computing technology has such advanced operational capabilities that they are about four thousand times more powerful than our best supercomputers."

"This allows us to create organic, highly complex model scenarios. Once we have collected the necessary data, these models will tell us the most likely intervention points and their most likely consequences that will occur if we use a particular scenario. Like most complex technologies, BST is a technology composed of five separate but interconnected technologies."

"The first technology is a specialized form of Far Vision. This is a technology that allows trained operatives to mentally move into vertical time and observe events there - and, depending on the survey mode, even listen in on conversations. The worker is invisible to all people in the time to which he travels. So it is perfectly safe and discreet. The intelligence gained from this technology is used to determine the application for the other four technologies. It's similar to intelligence gathering."

"The second technology that is key to BST is similar to memory implantation. As I said before, ACIO calls this technology the Memory Restructure Procedure (MRP). MRP is a technology that allows memory in a horizontal timeline to be precisely erased and a new memory inserted in its place."

"This new memory is welded to the recipient's existing memory."

"Understand that events - be they small or large - happen because of a single thought that becomes a permanent memory, that further becomes the causal energy center that guides the development and materialization of the thought into reality...into horizontal time. MRP can remove the initial thought, thereby erasing the permanent memory that causes events to happen."

"The third technology consists in defining intervention points. Ideas develop in horizontal time and go through different development phases. This means that there are hundreds, if not thousands, of intervention points in every major decision. However, in vertical time there is only one intervening point or what we sometimes call the causal seed. In other words - if you can enter the intelligence of vertical time, you can find the intervention point that is the causal seed. This technology defines the most likely intervention points and evaluates their priority. The following technologies enable their proper targeting."

"The fourth technology is related to the third. It is a scenario modeling technology. It helps to evaluate different intervention points in terms of their least invasive consequences to the recipient. In other words, determine which intervention point - when applied to a model scenario - will produce the desired results with the least disruptive impact on unrelated events. Scenario modeling technology is a key element of BST because without it, BST could wreak great havoc on society or even the entire species."

"The fifth and most mysterious technology is the technology of interactive time travel. Labyrinth The team has the first four technologies ready and is waiting for this fifth technology - the technology of interactive time travel - to be put into operation. This technology needs a worker or a team of workers who would be able to physically enter vertical time - into a specific space and time where the optimal intervention point would be found.

From there, the operatives would have to be able to successfully use the MRP and then return to their original time to verify the success of their mission."

Sarah: "I listened to the explanation and I even think I understood some of it, but it seems so unreal, Dr. Neruda. I can't explain how I feel right now. It's all so weird. It's too big... huge... I can't believe this is happening anywhere on the planet I live on.

Before this interview, I only cared about my bank account balance and when I would finally have my car fixed... this is all so foreign..."

Dr. Neruda: "Perhaps we could take another break and warm up some coffee."

Sarah: "So we're done and we're going to take a coffee break..."

(There is a break of about 15 minutes...then the conversation continues)

Sarah: "If the Labyrinth Team has four of the five technologies ready and is just waiting for the interactive...interactive part, they must also have model scenarios and intervention points established regarding the Anime thing. Is that right?"

Dr. Neruda: "Yes. They have about fifty model scenarios and about eight intervention points determined."

Sarah: "If there are so many, their priority must also be established. What is the most likely scenario?"

Dr. Neruda: "I'll be brief at this point, as this is information known only to BP-Fourteen and Fifteen employees. My listing is BP-Thirteen, so I've been getting watered down information and quite possibly misinformation as far as scenario modeling is concerned. All I can tell you is that we know - both from prophecies and from our own Foresighted sessions - a substantial amount of information about this race."

"For example, we know that it comes from a galaxy that our Hubble telescope has explored as thoroughly as it can, and we've mapped it as thoroughly as we can based on that. We know that it is thirty-seven million light years away and that the race is synthetic - that it is a mixture of genetic code and technology. It has group intelligence - similar to, say, bees, but the initiative of an individual is still valued if it seems to be connected with the interests of its leaders. Because it is an artificial race, it can be created in a controlled environment and its population can be increased or decreased according to the wishes of its leaders. It is..."

Sarah: "Didn't you just say he's from a galaxy thirty-seven million light years away? I mean, assuming they are able to travel at the speed of light, it would take them thirty-seven million years to reach our planet. And you said before that they haven't even come to our galaxy yet... they are
is that right?"

Dr. Neruda: "Cortem comes from a planet fifteen million light years away and can travel between our planet and theirs in the time it takes us to travel to the moon - which is only two a hundred and fifty thousand miles away. Time is not linear - neither is space. Space is curved, as your physicists have recently been revealing, and can be further artificially curved by the displacement of energy fields that collapse space and the illusion of distance. Light particles do not move or collapse space, they fly through it in a linear fashion. However, there are forms of electromagnetic energy that can alter or collapse space. And it is this technology that makes space travel - even between galaxies - not only possible, but also relatively easy."

Sarah: "Why did you say 'your physicists'?"

Dr. Neruda: "I'm sorry... that's just part of the habit that comes from our isolation from mainstream society."

"When you work in a secret organization like the Labyrinth Team for thirty years, you tend to look at your fellow citizens... not as your fellow citizens, but as something else. The scientific principles that the Labyrinth Team developed are very different from what is taught in your...I did it again...our universities. I guess I'm getting tired."

Sarah: "I didn't mean it as a criticism of you. Just the way you said it made it sound like some alien or someone outside of society said it."

Dr. Neruda: "I consider myself a non-member of society, but certainly not an alien."

Sarah: "Okay, so let's get back to the prophecies about the alien race. What do they want? I mean... why do they want to travel such a great distance to take over the country?"

Dr. Neruda: "That seems to me a very ridiculous question. Pardon my laughter. People just don't realize how extraordinary the Earth is. As far as planets go, this is truly an extraordinary planet. It has a huge biodiversity and a number of different ecosystems. Its natural resources are unique and abundant. It is a genetic library that is similar to a galactic zoo."

"The Animus desires to possess this planet in order to possess its genetics. As I mentioned, it is an artificial race... a species that can clone itself and produce more and more of its population to serve their colonization agenda. However, they desire more than just the expansion of their kingdom. They also desire to become soul bearers - something that is only meant for purely biological organisms. Artificial organisms are unable to carry the higher frequencies of the soul, which absolutely require an organic nervous system."

Sarah: "So they want a soul?"

Dr. Neruda: "They want to expand throughout the universe and evolve their organic nature through reverse genetic engineering. They want to become soul bearers so they can become immortal. They also want to prove what they believe in, namely their superiority over all other pure organics."

Sarah: "So where are they right now?"

Dr. Neruda: "Animus?"

Sarah: "Yes."

Dr. Neruda: "I suppose they are in their original world...to the best of our knowledge their probes have not yet reached our galaxy."

Sarah: "And when they arrive, how will the ACIO or the Labyrinth Team know?"

Dr. Neruda: "As I said before, the ACIO has already gathered a substantial amount of intelligence and even identified scenarios and intervention points."

Sarah: "So what's the plan?"

Dr. Neruda: "The most logical course of action would be to travel through time and space to the point where the causal idea to explore the Milky Way was born and then erase it from the memory of this race via MRP. In fact, convince them that of all the wonderful, life-bearing galaxies, the Milky Way is the worst choice. Labyrinth Team can implant a memory in them that will lead this race to conclude that our galaxy is not worthy of serious exploration."

Sarah: "So their next target is going to be some other galaxy? Will we not be responsible for their further conquest? Don't we then become perpetrators ourselves?"

Dr. Neruda: "That's a good question, but I'm afraid I don't know how to answer it."

Sarah: "Why don't we just use that MRP technology and implant them with memory so they won't be aggressive? Why don't we tell that race to stop colonizing new worlds that aren't simply there to own, like some property. Why can't we do it this way?"

Dr. Neruda: "Maybe we can. I don't really know exactly what Fifteen's plan is. However, I trust his approach and his effectiveness."

Sarah: "But first you said you were afraid for your life... that Fifteen would probably try to live to find out even now as we speak. So why are you so gullible about his sense of morality?"

Dr. Neruda: "In the case of Fifteen, morality doesn't really play a role. He works in his own ethical-chem mode, and I don't pretend to understand all of it. But I'm pretty sure his goal is to avert a takeover by an alien race, and I also trust him to pick the best intervention point with the least impact on Anima. It's the only way he can get BST. And he knows it."

Sarah: "So we're back with God, right?"

Dr. Neruda: "Yes."

Sarah: "So God and Fifteen are going to fix it all?"

Dr. Neruda: "It's not certain if you're asking about it. There is no deal between Fifteen and God, but at least I don't know of any. This is part of the belief system that the Labyrinth Team has formed throughout the development of BST."

"It makes sense to us that God is all-powerful and all-knowing because He works as a universal mind-field that permeates all life, time, space, energy... and existence. This consciousness is impartial, but it is certainly in a position to reject certain things, or, more precisely, to delay their acquisition."

Sarah: "If God is everywhere like you say, then why doesn't he stop this marauding alien race and leave them where they are?"

Dr. Neruda: "That's a good question again, but I can't answer it. I can only tell you that the God I believe exists is impartial - as I have said before. That is, it allows its creation to express its desires. At the highest level where God works, everything has a purpose...even aggressive species whose desire is to dominate other species and planets. Fifteen believes that God does not control anything, but understands everything in the universal mind."

"Remember how I talked about the galactic mind?"

Sarah: "Yes."

Dr. Neruda: "There are also planetary minds, solar minds, galactic minds, and the one universal mind. The Universal Mind is, the mind of God. Each galaxy has a collective consciousness or mind field that is a cluster of all species present in the galaxy. The Universal Mind creates the primordial matrix for all galaxies as it pertains to their galactic minds or composite consciousnesses. This primordial matrix forms the predispositions of the genetic code, which is in

sow the galaxy We at the Labyrinth Team believe that God designed the genetic code of each galaxy with a different set of predispositions or types of behavior."

Sarah: "And why should that be?"

Dr. Neruda: "So that the diversity of the entire universe is expanded, which further allows God to experience the wider the spectrum of life."

Sarah: "Why is this so important?"

Dr. Neruda: "Because God loves experimenting and inventing new ways to experience life in all dimensions. Perhaps that is the very meaning of the universe."

Sarah: "You know you're sounding a bit like a preacher right now? It sounds like there are certainties or truths that are self-evident... but they're just beliefs, aren't they?"

Dr. Neruda: "Yes, they are beliefs, but beliefs are important, don't you think?"

Sarah: "I'm not sure about that... I mean my beliefs change every day. They are not permanent or anchored in to some deeper truth that is immutable like a stone or something like that."

Dr. Neruda: "Okay, that's okay... I mean, it's changing. The Labyrinth Team has developed a very peculiar set of beliefs - some of them based on our experiences with Corteo's intelligence augmentation technologies, some of them based on ancient texts we've studied, and some they are borrowed from our extraterrestrial contacts."

Sarah: "So you're telling me our friends from space are religious fanatics?"

Dr. Neruda: "No... I don't mean that they want to convert us to their faith, we simply asked them and they told us. When we listened to them, it seemed more scientific than religious. I think that's the nature of more advanced species... to eventually figure out that science and religion converge into cosmology. To such an understanding of the universe in which we live that it will bring about an understanding of our own existence - which is the point of religious science... or at least it should be."

Sarah: "Okay, this is getting a little too philosophical for me. Can we get back to the question of the Wing Makers? If there is, as you say, a galactic federation that rules the Milky Way, how does the matter with the Wingmakers fit into that?"

Dr. Neruda: "I am amazed at the nature of your questions and I wish I could answer them, but alas, again I do not know the answer."

Sarah: "If you can use your Remote Viewing technology to eavesdrop on this extraterrestrial race in a completely different galaxy, why can't you observe the Federation as well?"

Dr. Neruda: "As far as the Federation is concerned, they know very well about our Remote Vision abilities and we can't actually eavesdrop on the Federation because when we observe them through Remote Vision, they are able to detect it. So out of respect for their privacy and trust in their programs, we've never used our technology on the Federation... with maybe one or two exceptions."

Sarah: "Forgive me Dr. Neruda, but I find it all hard to believe. We've touched the surface of perhaps a hundred different topics during this conversation, and it keeps bringing me back to one basic question: Why? Why should the universe be created this way and no one on earth knows about it? Why all the secrecy? Does anyone out there think that humans are so stupid that we are incapable of understanding this? And who the hell is that someone?"

Dr. Neruda: "Unfortunately, there are so many conspiracies trying to keep this powerful information hidden from the public that what ends up in the public's hands is diluted to the point of being unusable. I understand your frustration and all I can tell you is that there are people who know about these matters, but only Fifteen knows the larger context of what we touched on tonight."

"In other words, to get to the point, Sarah, there are people in the military, government, secret organizations like the NSA, CIA, etc. who know part of the truth but don't understand the whole truth. They don't have the knowledge to stand up to the media and explain what's going on. They are afraid of looking stupid for knowing only a partial truth about what is going on. It's like that story about the three blind men who touch different parts of the elephant and each of them thinks it's something different."

"Fifteen withholds his knowledge from the media and the public because he does not want to be seen as the savior of mankind - the next messiah. And he especially does not wish to be seen as some kind of madman who should be locked up, or worse, murdered due to misunderstanding. The moment he went public with everything he knows, he would lose his privacy and thus his ability to discover BST. And he will never do that."

"Most people who know these wider connections are afraid of appearing in front of the public because of concerns about mockery. You have to admit that the public fears what it does not understand and then kills the messenger in question."

Sarah: "But why can't we get at least partial truths about what's really going on... about the aliens and the Federation? Someone, like the media or the government or someone else, is withholding this information from us. Or that Martian story you told me. If it's true that Clinton knows about them, why didn't he tell us?"

Dr. Neruda: "There's a cynical part of me that wants to say something like... why do you watch six hours of television every day? Why do you feed your mind solely on the opinions of others? Why do you trust your politicians? Why do you trust your governments? Why do you support the destruction of your ecosystems and the companies and governments that perpetrate this destruction?"

"Understand, because humanity as a whole allows these things to happen, you have a veil over your eyes that makes it easier to allocate such information to you and direct your attention to such mundane matters as the weather or Hollywood."

Sarah: "That's easy for you to tell...someone whose IQ can't even be measured. But for those of us of average intelligence, tell us what we should do differently to be given access to this information... to of this greater reality?"

Dr. Neruda: "I don't know. To be honest, I don't know. I don't pretend to know the answer. But people somehow need to make more demands on their governments and media. Because the media is a big part of this manipulation, although they don't realize what kind of pawns they have become in information manipulation."

"The truth is basically that no one can be blamed for this. Elitists have existed since the dawn of history. There have always been those who were more aggressive and powerful, and who dominated the weaker of the species. This is the underlying structure that has enabled the circumstance of this informational dissimulation. It happens in all areas of society, including religion, government, the military, science, universities and business."

"Nobody created the playing field so that it was equal for everyone. It was created to allow free will and the choice of reality based on personal preference. For those who have the mental capacity to penetrate these mysteries upon mysteries upon mysteries, they usually find particles of this greater reality.

It is not hidden at all...there are books and individuals and even prophecies that bear witness to much of what I have spoken about tonight. And these are readily available to anyone who wants to understand the larger universe we live in."

"So to answer your question: 'what should we do differently?', I would say - read and study. Invest- I would spend time studying the larger universe and turn off the TV and disconnect from the media. I would do that..."

Sarah: "Maybe this is a good place to end. If you don't have anything else you'd like to give."

Dr. Neruda: "Just one thing and that is, if anyone reads this interview, please do so with an empty mind. If you have a mind full of knowledge and education and opinion, you will find so much to disagree with in what I have said here that you will hear nothing. I don't want to argue with anyone. I don't even want to convince anyone of what I said. My life will go on even if no one believes in me."

"The Wing Makers have built time capsules of their culture, and they are magnificent. I wish I could take people to this authentic site so they could stand in front of each of the twenty-three chambers and witness these murals in person. If you did, you would understand that painting can be a portal that transports the soul to another dimension. Those paintings have a certain energy that simply cannot be captured by photographs. You really need to stand inside these chambers and feel the intentional essence of these time capsules."

"I think if I could do this, you would believe what I said."

Sarah: "Can you take someone like me to that place?"

Dr. Neruda: "No. Unfortunately, the security surrounding this place is so perfect that the entrance to the location, is for all intents and purposes invisible. All I have are just my photos..."

Sarah: "Are you saying that if I walked right past that spot I wouldn't see it?"

Dr. Neruda: "Cloak technologies are not just a concept in science fiction literature. They have been around for over ten years. They are used more often than people think. And I'm not talking about watered down versions of them like 'stealth' technology; I'm talking about the ability to overprint another real estate structure over the existing real estate structure that is supposed to be hidden."

"For example, you can walk right past the entrance to the Ancient Arrow site and you won't see anything that looks like an entrance or an opening. For the observer, it will be a straight wall or rock. And it will have all the characteristics of a rock - its pattern, hardness, etc., but it is actually a real construction that is overprinted in the mind of the observer. Actually the entrance is there, but it cannot be observed because the mind has been deceived by the projected reality structure."

Sarah: "Great, so there's no way to get into that place and experience those time capsules... so again, us little people are prevented from experiencing the proof. Understand that the reason all this is hard to believe is because none of it has been proven!"

Dr. Neruda: "Isn't the proof in the eye of the beholder? In other words, what is evidence for you may not convince others and vice versa. Isn't this true in all religions and even the sciences? Scientists claim to have proof of this or that theory and then a few years later other scientists come along and disprove the previous theory. And it goes on and on."

Sarah: "So what does that mean?"

Dr. Neruda: "The proof is not absolute. It's not even objective. And what you seek is an experience that is permanent and perfect in its expression of truth. Such experience, of course if it exists, is not owned by any secret network of organizations or elite organizations or the Galactic Federation for that matter."

"Tomorrow you may have this experience of the absolute, and the next day doubts may begin to appear, and within a few weeks or months, this proof or absolute truth that you wanted to possess... will be but a memory. And maybe not even a powerful memory, because it will be disturbed by many doubts."

"No, I cannot give you, or anyone else, absolute proof. I can only tell you what I believe to be true for myself and try to share it as accurately as I can with anyone who is interested. I'm less interested in describing the cosmology of the universe than I am in getting the story of the Wing Makers and their time capsule artifacts out into the public eye. The public should know the story. It is a discovery of incomparable importance that should be shared."

Sarah: "So you do understand that you are making me a messenger? You asked me to be the one exposed public interest and distrust and those who will bear all the ridicule..."

Dr. Neruda: "I am not asking you to do anything against your will, Sarah. If you don't do anything with the materials I gave you, I understand. If you happen to not publish them, I will ask you to return them to me. If I stepped out like that messenger, I would lose my freedom. When you act as the messenger, this story can launch your career and you just do your job. You are not a messenger, you are a transmitter... a medium."

"But you have to do what you think is best. I will understand your decision, whatever it may be."

Sarah: "Okay, so we'll end here. I don't want you to get the wrong feeling that I don't believe it at all. However, I am a journalist and it is my responsibility to verify and check stories before I publish them. I can't do that with you. What you are telling me, if true, is the greatest story ever told. But I can't publish it - at least not in the company I work for now, because they would never publish it. No verification... no story."

Dr. Neruda: "Yes, I understand that. However, I have shown you some of the ACIO technology and photos of the site and its contents and they certainly represent a form of verification."

Sarah: "I think they provide confirmation that something is going on that I've never heard of. Specifically, that ACIO is a new organization that has never been talked about - at least not in my journalistic circles. But your photos and stories don't support what you explained tonight. They fall into the category of hard nuts. It's something the National Enquirer would love to cover, but that's not the kind of journalism I'm in."

Dr. Neruda: "We will talk more in the next few days. Take the time to read some material translated from the optical disc and just be neutral in the meantime. Good?"

Sarah: "Don't think that I'm not interested, or that I'm completely skeptical about doing anything with the materials. I just need some time to get an idea of what to do with the story and to examine the evidence you're giving me."

Dr. Neruda: "Before I disappear, I promise you a few more conversations. Shall we make arrangements for tomorrow evening?"

Sarah: "Yes. But what else is there besides what you have already explained to me?"

Dr. Neruda: "We've only touched the surface of a small part of the story."

Sarah: "That's hard to believe, but we'll get down to it tomorrow night."

Dr. Neruda: "Thanks for your interest in my story, Sarah... I know it sounds weird, but you've got yourself at least enough that you didn't write me off as crazy. For that you have my thanks."

Sarah: "I'm glad it happened."

End of session

Chapter 21 - The Second Interview with Dr. Jamison Neruda

Sarah wrote

What follows is a recording of a meeting with Dr. Neruda, which I recorded on December 28, 1997. He gave me permission to record his answers to my questions. This is a transcript of the record. It was one of five meetings where I was able to record our conversation. I kept these entries exactly as they happened. I did no editing and tried as much as possible to use the exact same words and grammar that Dr. Neruda.

(Before reading this interview, I recommend reading the December 27, 1997 interview first.)

Sarah: "Before we start today's interview, I'd like to tell you that I was listening to the tape last night and I had some other questions. I also noticed that I was very scattered with my questions on different topics and today I would like to try to focus more. So I'm just warning you that if I don't follow through on my intention, remind me. Good?"

Dr. Neruda: "Sure, I'll do my best... although I don't know exactly what your intention is."

Sarah: "Okay, I think I'd like to stay more focused on the Wingmakers and the artifacts from their time capsule."

Dr. Neruda: "That's great. Let me make one remark first."

"The Ancient Arrow site was originally designated as an Alien Time Vault or ETC (Extraterrestrial Time Capsule), however, in my opinion, it is not really a time capsule."

Sarah: "Okay, so let's start right here. So what do you think it is?"

Dr. Neruda: "That location is part of a larger structure that is connected in some way or meaning that I do not understand. We know that there are seven such sites that have been constructed on earth - probably in the ninth century. We know that these sites have some defensive purpose, and we also know that the designers of these sites present themselves as carriers of culture and are likely representatives of the Central Race."

Sarah: "I've heard a lot about 'defensive weapons' but how can these murals or box artefacts be considered a defensive weapon?"

Dr. Neruda: "We know from our Remote Viewing sessions that the Wing Makers designed these locations as more than just a defensive weapon. Otherwise, these cultural artifacts would make no sense - as you rightly point out. However, it also doesn't make sense that they wouldn't have anything to do with the defensive function of that weapon. I hypothesized that these are DNA activators."

Sarah: "You mean they activate something in our DNA... as you were describing last night?"

Dr. Neruda: "Exactly."

Sarah: "And how does that relate to a defensive weapon?"

Dr. Neruda: "We have a hypothesis - if these cultural artifacts are studied and researched, they can somehow activate parts of our DNA."

"For what purpose, we're not sure, but my intuition tells me it has to do with stimulating our fluid intelligence and making available those sensory inputs that have been inactive or unused in our central nervous system."

Sarah: "And do you also have a hypothesis as to why this is so?"

Dr. Neruda: "Probably because the expansion of the central nervous system makes the defensive weapon more powerful."

Sarah: "It's so damn easy to get off topic when someone is talking to you, but I just can't resist the temptation to go off on the topic of neurology, even though I don't really know anything about it."

"Tell me more about your role in the Wing Maker time capsule... or whatever you want to call it."

Dr. Neruda: "I think for the sake of accuracy and coherence we should call it the Old Arrow Site. As I said before, I am convinced that it is not a time capsule."

"Now for your question - I have been working with the computer we call EARTH, helping to translate the data contained on the optical disc found in the twenty-third chamber of the site. The disc contained text, symbolic images, mathematical equations, and something that could be converted to music files."

"After the site was secured, my main interest was in decoding the optical disc. also on how to make the data stored on it perceptible and, as much as possible, usable for BST."

Sarah: "Did you use any of this on BST?"

Dr. Neruda: "Not exactly, at least not from what I've read. The text was mainly philosophical in nature. I was the first to read their language. After opening the optical disc, we printed 8,045 pages of symbolic images similar to those on their images, except that the ones on the disc were much more varied and in some cases more complex. There were twenty-three chapters of text or symbolic images - each consisting of about 350 pages."

"I read the first part or chapter of this text and I was shocked that there were parts of the text - in the introduction - that only I could read. This was further confirmation that I have an important role to play in publishing this information to the public."

Sarah: "Are you saying that the text disappeared after you read it or is it that you deleted it?"

Dr. Neruda: "He disappeared. He erased himself."

Sarah: "So only the first eyes could read the message?"

Dr. Neruda: "Exactly."

Sarah: "So what did it say?"

Dr. Neruda: "If you want, I can quote it exactly, but it will take a few minutes."

Sarah: "Say the summary."

Dr. Neruda: "The essence of this excerpt confirmed what the ACIO already knew - that in 2011 the Animus would send probes. The message was in the form of a warning. It said the Wingmakers had installed a defensive weapon on Earth that would render the planet invisible to Anima probes."

Sarah: "Invisibility? As?"

Dr. Neruda: "They didn't explain that exactly. They wrote that higher frequencies emanate from the central universe, and that these seven sites together represent a technology that somehow coordinates these frequencies or higher energies to achieve a shift in the planetary vibrational structure, allowing life on the planet to survive this shift and remain for Anima undetectable."

Sarah: "All life forms?"

Dr. Neruda: "Technically, the text doesn't specify this further."

Sarah: "And that was just for your eyes?"

Dr. Neruda: "Yes, the EARTH operator found no evidence of the existence of this section of text. He completely disappeared."

Sarah: "What else did the text say?"

Dr. Neruda: "He confirmed that we were dealing with the Central Race and that they wished the cultural artifacts of the seven locations were shared with the public. That these elements are effectively combined into a defensive weapon."

Sarah: "In what way?"

Dr. Neruda: "In the sense that these materials activate certain aspects of our DNA that facilitate the shift, or perhaps makes it possible at all. I'm not entirely sure because they didn't make it very clear."

Sarah: "So I'm supposed to be invisible by reading philosophy?"

Dr. Neruda: "I think it's much more holistic. They left behind poetry, music, paintings and even a glossary. It seems to me that all these elements - when added to philosophy - are connected. I also assume that something fundamentally changes when these materials are absorbed. This change - whatever it is - seems to resonate with the technologies from those seven sites."

Sarah: "That seems very exaggerated to me. Why do you believe that?"

Dr. Neruda: "I absorbed the materials and noticed the changes."

Sarah: "What kind?"

Dr. Neruda: "I defected from the ACIO. This is the biggest imaginable change for me."

Sarah: "You don't suppose the materials you read caused you to defect? Or maybe it is?"

Dr. Neruda: "It was a combination of many things, but this certainly had a significant influence on my decision. Did you read any of the materials I gave you last night?"

Sarah: "I read the first section and a bit of the glossary. I don't understand it. It's too abstract. What-liv it had an effect on me... it put me to sleep."

Dr. Neruda: "I know that's a bit too strong, but you have to admit it's very interesting. When not anymore for another reason, because they present the way our distant ancestors thought and believed."

Sarah: "And you have a copy of every page of that text?"

Dr. Neruda: "Yes."

Sarah: "Can I see her?"

Dr. Neruda: "Yes, but it's not something I'd carry with me all the time."

Sarah: "Tell me more about the translation process since you were so interested in it."

Dr. Neruda: "Translation is the key to the utility of the optical disc and uses a carefully sequenced set of experiments that are controlled by ZEMI. This way we were able to make the data files available on disk within five days."

Sarah: "How do you know the translation is accurate?"

Dr. Neruda: "After the disk was made available, translation indexes were discovered on it, which made it possible to print their texts in perfect English, as well as in about sixty other languages. It took us two days to figure out how to make the drive accessible. Once that was done, we were able to make twenty-four sections of the text available within seventeen hours."

"The most difficult part of the translation was the music. We are also the least sure about her."

Sarah: "Okay. I'm glad you brought up the music because I don't understand the time capsule thing."

Dr. Neruda: "What do you mean?"

Sarah: "Was the music already on the optical disc and you just took it from there, or was it created-to Labyrinth by Team based on musical notation?"

Dr. Neruda: "Actually, it was a combination of both. Their music notation was very accurate and they left samples of all their instruments - even vocals. So we simply translated their digital samples into the MIDI standard and created our own version of their music."

Sarah: "And you also worked on music translations?"

Dr. Neruda: "Yes. At first I helped in discovering their musical notation and creating translations of indexes. But I wasn't interested in the production phase, although I was very interested in how it would sound."

Sarah: "Can I hear any of the compositions?"

Dr. Neruda: "Yes, of course. When I left, ACIO had successfully translated ten of the twenty-three pieces of music. I have you. They have been converted to both CD and cassette standard. I also have complete files of the remaining twenty-three compositions in their raw, uncomposed state."

Sarah: "How exactly was the process of producing them?"

Dr. Neruda: "Do you mean technically or artistically?"

Sarah: "Both."

Dr. Neruda: "On the technical side, we needed to slow down their samples from 384-bit sampling density to be able to use them on our computer systems."

"When we first heard the instrumental samples, it put us at ease because they were familiar sounds. There were some different ones, but for the most part the digital samples encoded on the optical disc were the same as current musical instruments around the world."

"Once we had their samples, we arranged them into octaves, took their musical notations, and then let the computer choose digital instrumentation based on their samples. Then it had to be reduced to 24-bit sampling, common in commercial CD systems. Then reprinted on CD and then recorded on cassette."

"In terms of artistic production, not much was needed. Our computers did all the work for us and actually produced the music. Then we had some of our staff overdub different versions of the songs to experiment with them a bit. The music was very enjoyable, especially when listened to at 384 bit sampling rate."

Sarah: "Has anyone ever wondered why timeboxes are just a set of tools to create music instead of finished music? I mean, why do we have to create an artistic interpretation of their music ourselves?"

Dr. Neruda: "As for the Ancient Arrow project, I was surprised by everything about it. Really everything."

"We don't know why they did it the way they did. Our hypothesis is that the Wing Makers had no other choice to get their music into our world because we don't have the technology to listen to it. So they decompose their music into - what you called - a toolkit - that allows us to reconstruct their music so that it can be listened to through our technologies. It is the most logical reason."

"Some of us were able to experience chambers one and two as a completely unified form of expression and it was a very powerful experience... I must say."

"When you listen to the music in 384 bit sampling along with the original paintings while standing in the room where they are located, it is a very vivid spiritual experience. Unlike anything else I have ever experienced."

Sarah: "In what way?"

Dr. Neruda: "It is simply an irresistible feeling that you are being pulled out of your body towards the paintings, which are a kind of portal. It is a very powerful feeling of moving into and behind them. But music and paintings are only two of their art forms. The third form is poetry, which is also part of that experience."

Sarah: "So tell me about the poetry."

Dr. Neruda: "Poetry touches on many subjects. According to most ACIO staff, it could easily come from any contemporary poet. There is really nothing about it to prove that they come from a culture that is billions of years older than ours. Themes of spirituality, love, relationships and death also appear in their poems. There are actually two poems for each chamber painting, so there are forty-six poems in total."

Sarah: "That's interesting. Everything else - paintings, music, artifacts and philosophy - is for each chamber always one. Why do you think they put two poems in each chamber instead of one?"

Dr. Neruda: "In my opinion, it's meant to provide a broader perspective of insight into a certain topic that is presented in the respective room. The poetry seems designed in such a way as to provide both a personal and a universal perspective to each room...but again, I emphasize that this is just a working hypothesis for now."

Sarah: "From the examples you gave, I also think that poetry is less abstract than philosophy and painting. Have you considered how poetry relates to paintings?"

Dr. Neruda: "Yes. And I believe that poetry and paintings have the strongest connection of all the objects in the chambers. I think the paintings illustrate - in a very subtle way - the themes presented in the poetry. In some cases, it is the case that when a painting represents a grouping of abstract objects, poetry is also more abstract. When painting is more concrete, poetry seems more like prose."

Sarah: "So you're saying that poetry is the main meaning of each chamber?"

Dr. Neruda: "I don't know for sure, but it seems that poetry is somehow symbolically depicted in the chamber painting with which it is related. The difficulty is that poetry can be interpreted in so many different ways that it is impossible to determine exactly how it is actually intended. And I also have to mention - which I should have done right from the start - that the grammar and syntax of their language is very different from ours in the sense that their language is not structured into sentence structures."

"In other words, when we do language translations, there is no sentence structure... it's closer to a more logical syntax... similar to the flow of abstract language, which can be - for most people - very difficult to understand. When I made translations of poetry, I enclosed it in sentence structures that broke down its meaning so that it could be better understood. I may have inadvertently altered its meaning in the process, but it had to be, because otherwise the poetry would be too abstract to understand."

Sarah: "Also, is there any connection between the poetry and the philosophy of each chamber?"

Dr. Neruda: "I and my colleagues felt that there was some kind of specific connection between all the objects in each room...probably realized in some way that we are unable to measure. We were still concerned that the translation indexes were too imprecise and that this limited our ability to see the connections between different objects. And then, of course, the most mysterious connections are the technological artifacts, because we have no way of examining them or coming to any conclusions about their purpose and function."

Sarah: "Let's talk more about those artifacts. The only one you told me about is the one found in the twenty-third chamber - namely the optical disc. I know you've been showing me some photos and other artifacts, but could you describe them better now?"

Dr. Neruda: "The optical disc from the twenty-third chamber is the only artifact we have successfully accessed - at least as far as I know. All other artifacts were taken to the Labyrinth Team's research labs in Southern California immediately after they were discovered. No one with a security level below twelve ever found out about them. Although there were rumors in the wider circles of the ACIO that some technology had been found at the Ancient Arrow site, no one took it seriously, and certainly not the NSA."

"Technological artifacts interested Fifteen most because they represented a possible solution to BST. And as I mentioned earlier, Fifteen and most of Labyrinth Team felt that the Wing Makers might not allow Labyrinth Team to develop the BST. That's why Fifteen thought of the Wing Makers as potential enemies rather than allies."

Sarah: "But what I saw looked very advanced, like advanced technology. It looked like rock crystals... or something organic. Why did the Labyrinth Team conspire against them like that?"

Dr. Neruda: "The crystalline structures that were found looked quite ordinary in most cases in the sense that when examined with the naked eye they simply looked like crystals, but when you looked at them through various molecular and atomic analyzes it became clear that these were objects created by human hands. In other words, they were artificial crystalline structures, and we hypothesized that information was encoded in them, similar to an optical disc or paintings. We also hypothesized that

are potentially connected to the optical disc, as it was the last of the artifacts and appeared to be some sort of master key."

Sarah: "Did any text translated from the optical disc refer to other artifacts?"

Dr. Neruda: "No, to our great disappointment, not. There were no links."

Sarah: "You didn't answer my question about whether you felt there was any connection between technological artifacts and relevant cultural artifacts in each of the chambers."

Dr. Neruda: "I'm sorry, I think this time I'm the one not following the intention. Anyway yes, there is a connection... we were sure of that, but at the same time, because we weren't able to get into the artifacts and examine them, we couldn't prove our theory. Therefore, we focused all our time and energy on the optical disc, as it seemed to be the most important of all the artifacts and also the best way to get to it with our technologies."

Sarah: "Why?"

Dr. Neruda: "You have to consider that the technological artifacts were completely foreign to all our technology. Unlike the optical disc, the other technologies were a combination of man-made materials based on organic structures, which in some cases had human DNA embedded in their crystalline structure. That was..."

Sarah: "Are you saying the technologies are part humans?"

Dr. Neruda: "Yes... in a way. But I also have to say that it looked like these artifacts were molecularly based computer systems that could be activated by a specific human touch. And we weren't sure if it was literally a specific human touch, or a specific type of person, or perhaps the touch of any person in a specific emotional and mental state. We developed one hundred and fifteen different experimental approaches for testing, and they all failed."

Sarah: "That's really really weird... why would human DNA be inside the technology... and what's more synthetic crystal... it doesn't take me."

Dr. Neruda: "We had similar concerns until we were able to translate some texts from the optical disc. However, the philosophies of chambers one and two convinced us that the Wingmakers were authentic and we had no reason to distrust their story. This does not mean that all our disbelief or caution has disappeared, but the philosophy has been a breakthrough in our understanding of the perception of their mission towards contemporary humanity."

Sarah: "I don't know... I read the first two philosophical articles you gave me and I believe they are from an alien race. I also believe they are from a race that is very deceitful and uses their philosophy and all their cultural stuff to lull us into believing they are condescending when they really aren't. I mean, isn't this all part of the prophecy you talked about last night?"

Dr. Neruda: "Okay, I see you still remain a skeptical journalist. I'm actually glad to see this reaction."

"Sarah, all I can tell you is that when you take all the cultural artifacts that have been found at the Ancient Arrow site and delve into their content and philosophical nature, it's hard to believe that they came from evil intentions."

Sarah: "Unless that's exactly what they want you to believe."

Dr. Neruda: "Maybe. But it is difficult to discuss the matter. I think that at some point it depends on the individual decision. The Labyrinth Team - and when I say that, I mean the Corteum - agreed that this was an authentic revelation of the Central Race and we were sure that it was not a hoax. But we never completely closed ourselves to that possibility. Our security and operations directors had alternative plans in place in case evidence emerged that increased the likelihood of fraud or deception."

Sarah: "One of the things that struck me as really strange when I was looking at the photographs of the chamber paintings was how similar they all were. They were clearly created by one artist... or perhaps a group of artists. But when I think about the time capsule, I think it should contain different forms of art from different artists, presenting different perspectives and so on. And that's not the case. Why do you think that is so?"

Dr. Neruda: "I think their motive was not to introduce us to their artists or the diversity of their artistic culture. I think their intention was to show how art can first function as a certain form of communication and then as a form of time travel or movement out of body awareness. The continuity of the twenty-three paintings from the point of view of the whole seems to challenge the consciousness of the observer to literally enter the world of the Wing Makers. As if they were portals - this is also my personal experience."

"The paintings have incredibly vibrant colors. You really can't imagine how impressive they are when you stand in front of them in person - especially after they've been cleaned and restored. But even when they were first discovered, it was mysterious how - without any modification - their colors are bright and vibrant even after 1150 years. Often times we, who were interested in their restaurant and cataloging of the artifacts, sat in the chambers and stared at the paintings. Several times I sat there for many hours just letting my eyes wander over the paintings and letting my mind imagine what the artist was trying to convey. It was a very powerful experience."

Sarah: "I think it would freak me out a bit."

Dr. Neruda: "I'm just laughing because it happened to me once. One evening, after a hard day's work on the chamber artifacts, I was the last person left inside the site. I was so engrossed in what I was doing that I barely remembered being told to activate the security system on my way out. After about half an hour I only began to realize that I was alone inside the time capsule... the silence was unknowable-

correctable. I walked quickly down the corridor that connected all twenty-three chambers. I passed each of them and the presence I felt was overwhelming. Every time I walked past one of the rooms, I expected something to jump out at me from the painting. They literally seemed alive."

"Our lighting system was a very high quality portable halogen system and all rooms were equipped with it exactly the same. When I reached the bottom of the corridor - which we called the spiral staircase and looked into room two, I clearly saw movement and almost jumped out of my skin. Perhaps not even from fear, but rather from excitement, although it was partly fear as well. But the movement was just a blurred image of something that came out of the painting and then disappeared into thin air... I couldn't..."

Sarah: "What was that? Was it human?"

Dr. Neruda: "I didn't see it clearly enough to tell you what it was, but I began to think that chamber paintings might have a purpose beyond visual stimulation. Our binoculars also had some experiences when she perceived movement in the paintings and felt as if she was being pulled out of her body."

Sarah: "This might seem like a weird and pointless question, but how do you know it wasn't all a hoax? That someone or some group didn't make this whole place look like some kind of alien or time capsule just for the fun of it, to confuse you?"

Dr. Neruda: "One thing we know for sure is that it's not a hoax. The site of Starobyly Šíp is formed by a huge rock structure that was literally excavated in the shape of a spiral or helix, which every ten meters opens into a separate corridor, of which there are - to be precise - twenty-three. The entire structure would require incredible technology to build. We have an exact dating of when the chamber paintings were created and it is most definitely in the ninth century, and we are sure that the necessary technology did not exist at that time."

Sarah: "I don't want to argue with you... but if the artifacts are indeed from the Central Race, it seems too strange that they would be buried inside a huge rock in the middle of nowhere... in New Mexico. And I also find it strange that they would do all this just to make it so hard to understand what they are trying to tell us. Do you understand what I mean?"

Dr. Neruda: "Yes, I understand, I don't mean that you want to argue with me. But what I'm trying to convey is that the site is a collection of real objects. And that these objects don't even come from the same time frame. For example, while the paintings were created about eleven hundred years ago, the artifacts do not even respond to our carbon or biochemical dating methods."

And to make matters even more complicated, the pictographs in and around the Ancient Arrow site were found to have been created within the last fifty years and may even have been created the same year or month that the site was discovered."

"These real objects are undoubtedly a mystery, but in my eyes they are not a hoax. The question of it becomes whether the identity of the Wing Makers and their intent are what they claim to be."

Sarah: "Okay, so let's just say it's not a scam. Then tell me why you are so convinced that it is a defensive weapon. It seems to me that it is more of a communication device... or perhaps some kind of educational tool. Why a gun?"

Dr. Neruda: "It states the text from the optical disc. And this was also confirmed by our Farsightedness session."

Sarah: "So the earth is a genetic library that the Animus wants to use to transform into a soul carrier, is that what you're saying? And that the site Starobyly Šíp - and six other accompanying sites - are they to protect the earth and all of us from these marauding aliens? Am I saying that right?"

Dr. Neruda: "I cannot tell you whether these conclusions are right or wrong. I can only tell you that the Animus is a real threat and that the Wing Makers' intent is to protect their genetics."

Sarah: "Okay, so tell me, why would the Central Race, who live billions of light years away, care what happens to us?"

Dr. Neruda: "The Central Race is responsible for seeding and cultivating higher life forms throughout the universe. They have a vested interest in protecting their genetics from the Anime. The earth is not the only genetic repository they protect in this way. Our Farsighted session revealed a database of planets in our superuniverse that is immeasurably vast."

Sarah: "So it's just standard operating procedure for this race... to install a defensive weapon on planets they've seeded life on?"

Dr. Neruda: "I believe it is so."

Sarah: "I was looking up the word 'Animus' in the dictionary this morning. It's a real word. How can a race whose last visit to the planet took place three hundred million years ago be mentioned in Webster's dictionary?"

Dr. Neruda: "Their name is known even to the Wing Makers. They used the same name in their translations dove indices. There are certain words that were deliberately inserted into our language by the Wing Makers."

Sarah: "So now you're saying that the Wing Makers are even putting words into our dictionaries?"

Dr. Neruda: "No. Remember how I told you that the Wingmakers are the bearers of culture?"

Sarah: "Yes."

Dr. Neruda: "They encoded the discovery of language, mathematics, music and more into our genetic makeup. As we evolve, certain messengers of our species - people like you and me - activate parts of their DNA earlier than others. These messengers are then able to retrieve this coded information and share it with the species. Next-

through successive generations this insight is passed down, and very soon this information or skill is contained in the entire species."

Sarah: "You're really saying that the word Animus was coded into our meaning of language and that someone coined the word without knowing it was the name of an alien artificial race?"

Dr. Neruda: "Yes, something like that."

Sarah: "I also read the note that Dr. Sauthers (a colleague of Dr. Neruda) wrote that the result of the technologies from the Wing Maker sites would be a global culture. But how can these objects be used to create a global culture? That seems a bit naive to me."

Dr. Neruda: "All I can tell you is that it has to do with the Internet and a new communication technology that the Wing Makers call OLIN, or One Language Intelligent Network. If you read the Glossary section I gave you, you will find the appropriate reference there. The Wing Makers seem convinced that OLIN technology will help create a global culture through the Internet. This happens to agree with the prophecies that the Labyrinth Team dated as 1500 years old. Of course, the enabling technology here was not called OLIN, but the mention of a global culture and unified government had been foretold for many centuries."

Sarah: "That's what George Bush called the New World Order, isn't it?"

Dr. Neruda: "Yes, but there were four other presidents who talked about this concept."

Sarah: "What will make people around the world decide to unite under one government, or to create a global culture... what should it be? I just can't imagine something like that happening... at least not in my lifetime."

Dr. Neruda: "According to the Creators of Wings, this will happen thanks to the digitization of the economy and also through the Internet technology platform OLIN. Through this global network, education and entertainment will become global. This will create the foundation for a global culture that will further unite commerce, media content and communities. Once these parts of the infrastructure are deployed, the need to somehow manage this structure will emerge as the main topic of the day. The logical instrument for this effort will be the United Nations. Once the people of the world embrace the digitization of the economy and the use of the OLIN technology platform, it is almost certain that a global culture will emerge."

Sarah: "And like you said last night, it's going to happen in 2018?"

Dr. Neruda: "According to the prophecy, this is the time when the first elections for a united world government will take place in the United Nations. And it will not represent a powerful centralized authority, but rather a global public strategy in deciding and enforcing the organization of matters that affect the entire world. Matters such as pollution, global warming, border disputes, space travel, terrorism, trade, OLIN technology upgrades, and general technology transfer programs."

Sarah: "And in this new role of the United Nations, what will happen to National Sovereignty?"

Dr. Neruda: "I'm happy to answer your question with a speculative answer, but I also realize that you are she asked me in the beginning of the interview to notify you when you lose the course. What would you like to..."

Sarah: "No, you're absolutely right. I apologize. Let's go back to the artifacts... what was the state of the location when you first entered it... or better yet, just describe your first feelings when you entered the location."

Dr. Neruda: "At ACIO I was one of five who participated in a field trip to New Mexico to investigate the site after it was determined to be potentially alien. At that time, none of us knew anything that would lead us to the conclusion that the location of the Ancient Arrow would become such an important discovery."

"The only clue we had was an artifact that was discovered near the spot where the entrance to the inner chambers of the time capsule was first discovered much later. It was this artifact that caused this project to come under ACIO control, as the NSA believed that the artifact might be of extraterrestrial origin."

Sarah: "What specifically led the NSA to conclude that the artifact was extraterrestrial?"

Dr. Neruda: "Like all other artifacts, it showed no response to carbon dating analysis and had certain strange markings or symbols on it that appeared to be extraterrestrial. It was a pure alloy of unknown origin. And importantly, there was no obvious way to activate the artifact or access its internal controls. Its interior was impenetrable to the entire spectrum of analysis. Even ordinary X-rays were unable to penetrate the object."

"The artifact was quickly turned over to the ACIO, who concluded that it was of extraterrestrial origin and therefore proposed a survey of the area in which it was found. We discovered that the outer shell of the artifact bears a detailed topographical map, marking the area where the artifact was found. We began to believe that the artifact might somehow activate or become useful if taken into the area that was depicted on its mantle."

Sarah: "Is that the artifact you were showing me in the photos?"

Dr. Neruda: "No. The artifact self-destructed after leading us to the Ancient Arrow location."

Sarah: "Why did you feel it was important to activate it where it was found?"

Dr. Neruda: "Because we considered it a kind of compass or guiding beacon. We weren't sure, but we weren't able to detect any functionality in the lab, so it seemed like a logical experiment to see how the device would work in the area in which it was discovered. Also, the people who originally found the artifact claimed that it produced hallucinatory experiences when held in the abdominal area."

"The ACIO research team discovered how to use this device to find the entrance to the interior of the canyon wall in which the Ancient Arrow site was hidden. When the device was activated, it seemed to send out mental waves of chi

images of the place he wishes the person to go. The scope assigned to our team was the person holding the device when it was first activated. She immediately began to see images. I saw them too. This eventually led us to a cave-like structure sunk about twenty to thirty meters inside one of the crevices in the rock face."

Sarah: "Was the entrance already there, or did you have to blast your way in?"

Dr. Neruda: "The way in was cleverly hidden behind a naturally formed cave, which itself was well hidden by natural growth. This cave was about twenty-five meters deep and led inside the canyon wall. We assumed that it was probably some Indian abode that had been abandoned for a long time. At the end of this cave was a passage that jutted out to the side and at the end of that passage was another chamber. A large flat stone on the floor hid the entrance to the site."

Sarah: "And you were convinced that there was something under that rock?"

Dr. Neruda: "Yes. After we removed the rock, we saw that there was a tunnel underneath. The tunnel was J-shaped and about one meter in diameter. I went down the tunnel first and crawled to the entrance of the site."

Sarah: "So all five of you were inside this... this location, shining your flashlights and looking around at the- hem. What were you thinking at that moment?"

Dr. Neruda: "We were excited about it and at the same time kind of worried. We thought we might have found an alien base and half realized it might be active... it kept us all on our toes."

Sarah: "And the whole thing was carved out of rock?"

Dr. Neruda: "It was all man-made... or aliens... we knew that as soon as we walked through the transition tunnel. It was like being born into a whole new world. He was absolutely silent. The air here was cool, but not uncomfortably cold. There were no signs of life, and it was as if everything here had some new meaning... an intelligent meaning, and we couldn't wait to discover that meaning."

"What was very noticeable was the incredible feeling of entering an unreal world - a world that was created by something completely alien. From the moment we stepped out of the 'J' tunnel, we knew it was an alien creation."

Sarah: "But how could you know right away that it was an artificial construct and not a natural one a natural group of caves or chambers?"

Dr. Neruda: "At the beginning of the spiral staircase, ornaments or petroglyphs were carved into the stone with such precision that our eyes had never seen before. And also the whole tunnel system was completely smoothed - almost polished - rather than being natural in nature. It created a sense of architecture... a feeling that someone designed it with great care and intention."

"It was shocking that there was nothing on the floor. Not even a pebble or a grain of sand. All surfaces were completely clean, smooth and polished. There was dust, but only dust. And every square centimeter of the structure - including the ceilings - was coated with something like a polymer coating."

"When we arrived at the first chamber, which is only about thirty meters from the entrance, I could clearly feel a sense of reverence, or something similar to a spiritual experience. After our lamps touched the first chamber painting, no one spoke for a long time. Everyone's flashlights came together in the picture and we just stared in the incredible silence of this - tomb-like - structure for about forty seconds."

Sarah: "Did you discover all the chambers the same day?"

Dr. Neruda: "Yes. We walked from chamber to chamber, each one feeling as if we had entered an alien museum of natural history. Understand that our flashlights were not very powerful because we didn't expect to need anything more than ordinary flashlights. I vividly remember staring at each chamber painting the first time I saw it... mesmerized by the incredible anachronism of the place. I have never been in such an unreal environment... it was both eerie and utterly captivating at the same time."

Sarah: "How big were the chambers and the paintings themselves?"

Dr. Neruda: "The chambers themselves were quite small... they were about four meters in diameter and quite high ceiling - in some cases as much as six meters."

Sarah: "According to the photographs of the chamber paintings that I have seen, I think that the paintings themselves had to be quite big?"

Dr. Neruda: "Yes, they are large and they are always located opposite the entrance to the chamber. When you stand outside in front of the entrance to the chamber, you can't see the whole painting - it's too big. You have to go inside to see the whole composition."

Sarah: "What is the artistic value of these paintings according to the Labyrinth Team?"

Dr. Neruda: "No one in the Labyrinth Team considers themselves an art critic, I can assure you. However, I must honestly say that those who have seen the chamber paintings in their original setting have found the artistic value of these paintings very convincing, even fascinating. I think that those who have only seen them in photographs perceive them much less as art and much more as a functional part of some masterfully constructed cogwheel that is depicted as an illustration in some children's book."

Sarah: "I don't want to get off topic, but I'm still wondering why you chose me... I mean... I know you said it was a complete coincidence, but why did you choose an average journalist to share this story? Why not a scientist or just someone who would at least be able to ask you better questions

questions? I have to admit that I feel completely incapable of having this conversation with you, mainly because I don't even know what questions I should ask you..."

Dr. Neruda: "You do your job well...absolutely brilliant. Don't worry about the questions. They are meaningful. And most people who will read this information will be much more interested in the things you are asking about than the physical or scientific principles."

Sarah: "I hope so, but I have a nagging feeling that if I were to ask you scientific questions, you could better prove the credibility of your story. I think I'm putting you at a disadvantage somehow."

Dr. Neruda: "What exactly is it that you feel you are unable to ask me?"

Sarah: "I think it's mostly time travel and BST stuff. You talked about some of this last night, and when I read it again this morning, I felt I should ask something more deeply..."

Dr. Neruda: "Like for example..."

Sarah: "That's the trouble, I don't know."

Dr. Neruda: "Sarah, the reason I chose you is quite simple. I needed to find someone who knew how to get into the mainstream media and who was still relatively unknown. I could have chosen a science editor from a major newspaper and perhaps I would have received questions that would have been more about science and less about the cultural, artistic and social impacts of the Ancient Arrow project. As for the randomness of my choice, I knew that you had no 'image' to protect, that you knew how to get into the media, and that you were able to ask healthy questions that would not reveal your identity."

And so here we are, talking... without you thinking I'm crazy."

Sarah: "I've never asked you this before, but I'm actually very curious if I was the first the journalist you spoke to, or has someone already rejected you in front of me?"

Dr. Neruda: "No, you were the first and only person outside of Team Labyrinth that I talked to about this story."

Sarah: "Now I'd like to change the subject a bit and ask you about Fifteen's personality... is that okay?"

Dr. Neruda: "Yes, fine."

Sarah: "How is he as a leader?"

Dr. Neruda: "He is very focused and demands similar focus from everyone he works with. He is a 'workaholic', sleeping about four hours a day and working on some aspect of BST the rest of the time. If he is working on research or development of new technologies that do not have a strategic consequence for BST, then he is simply not interested. He doesn't even want to discuss such projects. There are usually three to four non-BST projects in ACIO. But in the Labyrinth Team, all projects concern only BST."

Sarah: "What does she look like?"

Dr. Neruda: "He is about average height and has quite long gray hair that falls down to his shoulders. They are usually worn with a buckle. He always reminded me of Pablo Picasso with his long hair...the one he also had such piercing eyes. He's from Spain, so it's no coincidence that he looks like Picasso. The most striking feature is his eyes - they are very naughty, like the eyes of a child who knows he is doing something wrong on the surface, but inside he is creating something wonderful - only others just don't understand that it is wonderful... This is what you see pass-hat behind his eyes."

Sarah: "Maybe I've asked this before, but how old is he?"

Dr. Neruda: "I think he's in his sixties, or at least he looks like that. I never heard anyone talk about his age. I think his hair started turning gray in his early twenties, which is probably why he was often mistaken for a professor and not a student."

Sarah: "Did you say before that he got kicked out of school? Why?"

Dr. Neruda: "Understand that at an age when most young people are interested in courtship and partying, he was already working on BST... or at least earlier versions of time travel. He is one of the few visionaries who came into this material world and knew from the very beginning what he came here to accomplish. Fifteen was born for time travel. Period... end of story. That's all he ever cared about."

"In the 1950s, BST research was considered a waste of time, no fun. It was simply too theoretical and unrelated to anything practical. I think Fifteen also annoyed his professors by being excellent enough as a student to match most of them. He was also very stubborn, and when the professors told him to change his research to something more practical, Fifteen clearly told them they were small-minded...or something. He was later forcibly expelled that same semester...so I was told."

"However, he was hired part-time by Bell Labs because they were interested in his research on quantum objects- and the ways in which they can be affected by consciousness."

Sarah: "Excuse me, but what exactly are quantum objects?"

Dr. Neruda: "These are elementary particles like electrons or neutrons. Quantum objects are the basic building blocks of matter and appear as both a wave and a particle."

Sarah: "Okay, so Fifteen was trying to prove that quantum objects are affected by consciousness. Why was this such a dangerous research for the university?"

Dr. Neruda: "In itself it wouldn't even be that radical, but it was only a small part of his overall research, which involved building BST using new physics, which in the community of quantum physicists quickly

was created. Fifteen has always argued that Einstein's general theory of relativity is wrong, which is not a very popular opinion.

In a similar way - as Newton's theory of the mechanical universe became too limited and unable to explain the phenomenon we now call complexity or chaos theory - Fifteen felt that Einstein's theories underestimated the influence of consciousness on quantum objects."

"In the 1950s and 1960s, it was tantamount to heresy, especially because it couldn't be proven with mathematical modeling or equations. Therefore, Fifteen worked to develop his theories in secret. He was noticed by the ACIO when he was working on a project involving heuristic learning systems based on technology that the ACIO reverse-engineered from the Grays."

"The project manager from ACIO recognized his intellect and unbridled creativity and began to develop a friendship with the young man. A few years later, Fifteen was hired by ACIO and abandoned his existing identity. At ACIO, he quickly rose to the position of Director of Research. He then underwent Cortean Intelligence Acceleration Technology and you know the rest of the story."

Sarah: "How exactly does the Cortean intelligence acceleration or expansion technology work?"

Dr. Neruda: "Some people have noticed that their conscious mind only processes about fifteen bits of information per second of linear time. However, in vertical time the unconscious mind processes roughly seventy to eighty million bits of information. Therefore, people in a normal state of consciousness are only aware of an infinitesimal amount of information that they are constantly being fed at an unconscious level. Cortean technology was designed to reduce the filtering aspects of the mind, allowing higher frequencies of information packets to be received by the conscious mind."

"At the same time as this effort, certain brain circuits are being rewired - if you want to call it that - to be able to process the higher voltage of information that is brought into consciousness, which also enables abilities such as photographic memory and abstract thought processes. These abilities become a pattern filter that pulls from unconscious stores at a specific time the most essential information related to the given problem or the task being processed."

Sarah: "If I were a behavioral scientist, I could ask you a thousand questions right now. I am however - in what you say - lost. I mean - how many bits of information are you processing right now?"

Dr. Neruda: "It's not just a question of the amount of information, but rather of its relationship to the individual's intention and its relevance in linear time. When individuals go through the process of Cortean technology, their ability to tune in to information packets relevant to a given situation or problem is greatly enhanced. For most people, when solving a problem in a given situation, they access their conscious mind and pull from it solutions that have served them well in the past. And so people fall into routines and patterns of behavior that reduce their ability to access unconscious information packets that are based on the analysis of the situation of the present moment and that are of fundamental importance to it."

"This technology accelerates the exchange of information between the conscious and unconscious aspects of the mind so that it flows in an upward spiral pattern rather than a repeating circle pattern. This is the reason that causes the inner intelligence of the individual to be released. So, as you can see, Cortean technology does not actually cause an increase in raw intelligence, rather it aids the natural intelligence of the individual."

Sarah: "That's good enough. I would like to undergo this Cortean Intelligence Accelerator boost so I can ask you some funny questions! Speaking of which, let's take a short break now."

(break 10 minutes...)

Dr. Neruda: "Since you only turned on the recording now, let me repeat what I said. This Cortean technology was the most influential element in helping Fifteen become the Executive Director of both the ACIO and the Labyrinth Team. Although he already had a brilliant mind before he went through the Cortean intelligence enhancement process, it seems that for some reason this technology has enhanced his intelligence more than anyone else's... a very significant amount indeed."

Sarah: "Did anyone have any idea that Corteam and Fifteen were forces separate from the Labyrinth Team? I mean, has anyone considered the possibility that they could have their own separate programs... maybe BST wasn't their ultimate goal?"

Dr. Neruda: "No. There was - and as far as I know still is - total confidence in both Fifteen and the Corteam. Po-understand that Corteam is a benevolent race. We never saw any evidence that they had any intentions with us other than the good intention of helping us and so we tried as much as possible to help them in return. It was a polite and completely mutual friendship."

Sarah: "Last night you said Corteam was part of the Labyrinth Team, but there were actually only members a few hundred. So how did they become members of the Labyrinth Team?"

Dr. Neruda: "Actually, I don't know exactly. All I can tell you is what I was told when I asked this question to one of the directors who pushed for my entry into the Labyrinth Team. He told me that Fifteen had been chosen by Corteo to be their ally in the ACIO. They have chosen him as the one through whom they will establish their technology transfer program with humanity."

"Fifteen agreed to undergo the intelligence augmentation technology offered to him by the Corteam. Starting with this experience, Fifteen's vision of how BST could be developed began to crystallize.

And so he created a conceptual framework and designed a basic procedure."

"One of the things Corteum really has plenty of is logical intelligence. They are true experts in matters of scientific research and logical thinking. However, as they themselves admit, they lack the inventive creative imagination. And that's exactly what Fifteen excels at..."

Sarah: "But you say that this race has far better technology than we do. So how can they lack creative imagination?"

Dr. Neruda: "It's all very relative. Compared to almost all other people, Corteans are very creative and visionary. However, there are formative principles of physics that reside in a dimensional matrix that is completely foreign to all but the most penetrating intellects. And Fifteen has such an intellect. Corteum hopes that Fifteen - and the Labyrinth Team in general - can develop BST, as Corteum has its own application for this technology."

Sarah: "But last night you said that somewhere in our galaxy there are races that may already have the ability travel through time. So why doesn't the Corteum just go to these races and negotiate with them?"

Dr. Neruda: "As I said before, a species that has acquired the ability to travel through time on its own initiative will not be willing to share it with another race. It is indeed the most guarded of all technologies. And there is simply no way to ask to borrow this technology if you need it. Even if the need seems strong and real. It is very easy to become addicted to that technology. And as I tried to explain yesterday, there is a significant difference between time travel and BST. I am not aware of any species possessing any form of BST that the Labyrinth Team is attempting to develop."

"It's the case, Sarah, that BST requires a set of independent yet connected technologies that require the developer to apply new lessons, new laws of physics that have never been discovered before. And then for him to put together this set of technologies that are based on a whole new way of looking at how the world works... that's a daunting task."

"All that was held to be true must be destroyed, must be discovered anew, reformulated- well and then united into this new matrix."

"That's the very essence of BST - that you start with a clean slate and re-research, re-formulate and re-create the consciousness of matter."

Sarah: "Slow down... I'm completely lost. Consciousness of matter?"

Dr. Neruda: "Remember what I said earlier about quantum objects and how they are affected by consciousness?"

Sarah: "Yes."

Dr. Neruda: "Quantum objects thus become more and more granular or refined until they finally become pure light energy and cease to be material in nature. They no longer have a physical essence, rather they are a state of pure energy. This energy is further divided into octaves of vibration. In other words, this light energy vibrates and, like music, has essence and harmony in it. These harmonies resonate with the underlying energy of vibration, and the whole packet of energy then sings as a choir... except its voice is light."

"This chant, if you want to call it that, is the equivalent of the consciousness that permeates all matter...every physical object in the entire universe. Fifteen has already successfully proven the existence of this all-pervading consciousness, or - as he calls it - the Light Encoded Reality Matrix, or LERM, for those of you who like acronyms. However, LERM is just one of the new lessons needed to devise a way to prove that BST is a real possibility and not just a fantasy vision in Fifteen's mind."

Sarah: "This all-pervading consciousness you mention, are you actually talking about spirit or God?"

Dr. Neruda: "Exactly."

Sarah: "Well, that's really too much. You're telling me that Fifteen discovered God. That it has proof of existence God?"

Dr. Neruda: "Yes, in a way, but... but we don't call it God. It's a LERM. And Fifteen insists very strongly that we never call LERM God or anything like God. He preferred that we think of LERM as the shadow of God. As about the light that casts a shadow and as about the shadow itself. Fifteen believes that it is impossible to prove God through science or any other objective method of research."

Sarah: "Okay... okay. But listen to me for a minute. If LERM is the shadow of God as you claim, then that proves the existence of God, right?"

Dr. Neruda: "For those of us on the Labyrinth Team who have an understanding of Fifteen's work, the answer is Yes."

Sarah: "And isn't this much more important than the whole Ancient Arrow project? I mean - if he has them- who is the proof of God, is it not his moral responsibility to share this information with the public?"

Dr. Neruda: "Maybe, but the only way it could be shared with the public is to reveal the existence of the Labyrinth Team, and that's not something Fifteen would consider doing. He fears the ridicule and misunderstanding that would follow, and firmly believes that no one would believe him anyway, since his discoveries have led him to a large amount of secret technology that he has no interest in disclosing to academia, government organizations, or the media.

He could become the next messiah... or the devil, depending on your perspective."

Sarah: "So he's trapped in his own secrecy..."

Dr. Neruda: "In a way, but he doesn't feel caught. He is simply so far removed from social networks and scientific or university communities that he has burned all the bridges behind him for practical reasons and has no intention of crossing the chasm that separates him from those he left somewhere far behind."

Sarah: "She must feel incredibly alone."

Dr. Neruda: "I don't think so. He looks very energetic and completely happy. It does exactly what he wants to do, and I can't say I've ever seen him depressed... maybe disappointed, but never depressed."

Sarah: "I still don't understand the connection between LERM and BST..."

Dr. Neruda: "Understand that when matter eventually fades into the octaves of light and light fades into the octaves of consciousness and consciousness fades into the octaves of reality, then matter, light, consciousness, and reality are interdependent like an ecosystem. And just like in an ecosystem, if you change one element, it affects the whole. By separating any element in LERM and changing it, reality can change. And that is the basic premise of BST. Did that answer your question?"

Sarah: "I'm not sure... I don't know, maybe it doesn't matter. Again, I feel like I got out of my field. It's interesting and frustrating at the same time. Again, I feel angry that all this is happening in my world and I don't know about it at all... actually I didn't know about it until now. That seems unfair to me. Again, it's the old story about the haves and the have-nots."

Do you understand how someone feels... hearing about all this for the first time? How does it feel to be left out?"

Dr. Neruda: "Yes, I understand."

Sarah: "You take it all for granted. You already have that knowledge. But the rest of us, who struggle through our little lives and think the world is this way or that, really bump into each other in the dark. Are we completely clueless or not?"

Dr. Neruda: "I don't know... maybe. You may be right, it doesn't matter. I just know what I know and believe what I believe. And it's as mysterious to me as it is to you. It would be a huge mistake to think that the Labyrinth Team, or any of its members, including Fifteen or Corte, fully understand all of this. He doesn't understand. But they are working hard to get answers, Sarah. I mean really hard. They gave their whole lives to this mission with BST. They just didn't come to this knowledge by accident. It was a journey of trial and error in a thousand different experiments until they arrived at the existence of LERM, and they will probably be wrong a thousand more times before they discover the solution to BST. But believe me, these individuals did not come to this knowledge by accident or by being given to them by some higher power."

Sarah: "No, I didn't mean that. I'm glad Labyrinth Team exists...that's what I wanted to say. I'm glad someone on this planet has figured it out, or at least is trying to. It's just not fair that only a few individuals got access to that proof... that knowledge... that possibility to understand it all. Their lives are so different, they could easily live on some other planet. They could easily be aliens."

Dr. Neruda: "I'm just laughing because that's exactly what Fifteen was worried about from the very beginning; that if anyone finds out about the Labyrinth Team and their program, they will think they are aliens. And you are confirming that fear right now."

Sarah: "In a way, I wish you hadn't chosen me. My life has changed so much now. All I can think about now is this. It consumes me every waking minute. I have absolutely no idea how to get this story out there. I have no idea at all. At all."

Dr. Neruda: "Sarah, remember when we first talked about Corte? Your first question was: 'how do they look?' "

Sarah: "Yes, and where are you going with this...?"

Dr. Neruda: "These are natural questions that people will have. LERM may be of interest to a few scientists, but I doubt that either. What is portrayed in these interviews is so superficial that I doubt any scientist would take it seriously. And those who take it seriously will think that it is only a flamboyant gesture proving monistic idealism, nothing more. As you can see, you should trust your first instinct and ask questions that will interest people, that attract their natural curiosity. And don't worry that anything I say here will change anything in the world. I will not take such a burden on myself."

Sarah: "Okay, you're right. You are absolutely right. Besides, I'm not sure if it is anyway all true. I'm still not convinced of what you're saying... I just want to add that for completeness."

Dr. Neruda: "And I'm not trying to convince you, or anyone else, either. I'm just answering your questions as truthfully as I can."

Sarah: "Touché."

"So now I will ask on behalf of those who will possibly read this interview - how do the Corteans look like-her?"

Dr. Neruda: "I think you shouldn't have asked. They are about three meters tall and have very elongated heads and bodies. Their skin is very light... almost transparent, like cave creatures. They have relatively large eyes that can be different colors, similar to ours, except that their eye color changes depending on their age and in some cases even their emotional state."

"What is very special about the Corteans is that they have an unimaginably complex nervous system that allows them to process almost everything that happens in their environment, including the thoughts of others. Which means that if you are in their presence, you have to control your thoughts or you might offend them. They are emotionally very sensitive."

Sarah: "How do they communicate with you?"

Dr. Neruda: "He speaks perfect English, French, Italian, Spanish and many other languages. They are very gifted with languages and can acquire an average knowledge of the language within a few weeks and achieve perfect knowledge within a few months. Their mind is like a sponge, but as I mentioned before, although they have an incredible mental capacity to take in new information and merge it with previous information, they are not necessarily capable of independently creating new information. That's exactly what got them so interested in Fifteen."

Sarah: "Why are they interested in the Ancient Arrow project?"

Dr. Neruda: "I suppose their interests are the same as Fifteen's. They are completely devoted to the effort to create BST and hope that some technology or lessons learned from the site of Starobylý Šíp will help them accelerate the development of BST."

Sarah: "And what does Corteum want to do with BST?"

Dr. Neruda: "Corteum has a planetary system that is in a very fragile state as its protective atmosphere is degenerating at an alarming rate. Their atmosphere protects them, like us, from the harmful light waves emitted by their local sun and, to a lesser extent, the nearest stars. These circumstances led them to become nocturnal creatures that only come out at night and then only for the shortest necessary time. This makes them more and more sensitive over the generations to this circumstance that they are trying to address.

Their outer skin becomes more and more sensitive and their atmosphere less and less protective."

"Their scientists predict that it is only ten to twenty years until they have to remain in their underground societies year-round. This will have a huge impact on their standard of living, economy, social structure. Every aspect of their society will be affected by this, and in most cases negatively, as they say. They hope the BST will allow them to install the technology they recently discovered to prevent their atmosphere from deteriorating."

Sarah: "Why can't they just deploy the technology now?"

Dr. Neruda: "It is not regenerative technology, it is only preventive. Regenerative technologies are not possible if the system reaches a certain backward orientation. In their scenario, only BST can restore their environment."

Sarah: "Obviously they have the technology to travel through space, so why don't they just pick another planet and populate it?"

Dr. Neruda: "They tried, but all the planets they could find that were suitable for their species were already occupied. And they are not interested in connecting with some pre-existing culture or society. They want to keep their own identity and social order. And also what they consider suitable for living is very specific. For example, they have the same problem here on Earth as they do on their own planet... in fact, it is much worse. To survive on our planet, they have to live in an underground base. That's why we had to build a special underground base for their spacecraft."

Sarah: "Do they wish to be in touch with our governments and the public?"

Dr. Neruda: "I think so at first. They actually tried to. But they were quickly taken to the ACIO and we convinced the NSA and all other interested parties that the Corteum had left Earth because they feared for their lives. So... as far as our NSA operatives are concerned, according to them Corteum is long gone. Fortunately, the NSA at the time was also staffed by other aliens, especially the Grays."

Sarah: "I'd like to return to the Wing Makers for a moment. What Corteum thinks about the location of Tvýrcý Kýi-del? I assume they saw everything?"

Dr. Neruda: "They were very interested from the beginning. Corteum is an integral part of the Labyrinth Team, just like any human member, so nothing is hidden from them. The head of the Cortean mission on earth is called - in English - Mahunahi and he considers himself an artist first and foremost. The scientific aspect is second nature to him. He was always excited to listen and follow our discoveries. He asked us if we could build a base for their ship in the Ancient Arrow location so that he could visit the location in person. But that didn't seem practical, as it couldn't be done that way without attracting attention."

Sarah: "I have some weird questions. Every time you mention members of the ACIO, Labyrinth Team, or Corteum, it's always in the masculine gender. Are there any women in these organizations as well?"

And the second question, why should the leader of the Corteum space mission be an artist? That seems very strange to me."

Dr. Neruda: "I will answer your first question. It is true that the members of the Labyrinth Team are mostly men. I don't know if it's on purpose, but I think it's more of a coincidence. One of the directors is a woman, she is in charge of communications and as a director has a security level of Fourteen. We also have nine females who are Level Twelve and Thirteen and they are all very bright and capable. They have the same responsibility as their male counterparts, without any form of discrimination... at least to the best of my knowledge.

We even have one married couple. Every person - regardless of their gender - is paid the same amount of money and has the same rights... in Labyrinth Team circles, there is no difference in this regard, and Fifteen insists on that."

"As for Corteum, they are all men. Their culture defines their roles much more. And it's not that women are considered the inferior sex...no, it's quite the opposite. It's just that interaction with other species and space travel is left to men until the appropriate communication procedures are completed. In this way, children can be given access to their mothers and their families are not affected as much. Most - if not all - members of the Cortean team are married."

"Regarding your second question, Cortesans view science, religion, and art as three equal parts of a unified belief system that defines their social order. As I understand it, the function of leader can be left to any of these three areas of their social order - depending on what kind of contact with an alien race is involved. When they first contacted the people, it was decided that the function of leader should come from the artistic field, because they felt that here we are more equal and their leader would therefore be more understanding of our motivations and wishes."

Sarah: "That's interesting. So they think we are more artistic than scientifically or spiritually minded. Now that I think about it, I understand. As a race, we are probably more inclined towards this area than others."

Dr. Neruda: "That was their judgment anyway."

Sarah: "I'd like to go back to the artifacts for a while. Where are the technological artifacts now?"

Dr. Neruda: "After the initial discovery of the Ancient Arrow site, all physical artifacts that could be taken from the site were carefully packed into shipping boxes and sent to ACIO's research labs in Southern California, where they are stored by the Labyrinth Team in its labs. That, to the best of my knowledge, is where they are even now."

Sarah: "And of all the devices, only the homing device that was found outside the lo-quality, and to some extent the optical disc?"

Dr. Neruda: "Right."

Sarah: "So we don't really know if BST is actually possible, do we?"

Dr. Neruda: "We know it is possible, but as with everything that is extremely complicated and interconnected, one needs a very good understanding of the entire area of the problem before changing the environment to solve the problem. And that requires an understanding of LERM that is still evolving within the Labyrinth Team, and I dare say it may take years of experimentation before the understanding is sufficient to determine the intervention points and to make the connection of time in such a way that adverse effects were minimized."

Sarah: "So we're back to discussing the shadow of God... or LERM as you affectionately call it. Why is understanding LERM so fundamentally important in achieving BST?"

Dr. Neruda: "Because LERM is the equivalent of genetics to consciousness, and consciousness is the equivalent of reality creation to sentient beings. So if LERM is understood, one can understand a causal system that works outside of time and space, and that fundamentally creates the reality framework of space, time, energy and matter. The quantum objects found in the concept of LERM are such existential essences that are completely different from macro objects such as this table or chair."

"Quantum objects - in their true state - have never actually been seen by humans. Scientists only witness their operation and some of their properties, but their causal nature is not visible through-through scientific instruments...no matter how powerful they are, because scientific instruments are essentially material and therefore related to space and time. Whereas quantum objects have no relation to time and space other than through the observer."

Sarah: "So you're saying that the building blocks of matter, these quantum objects, have no existence until someone observes them... you're saying that it's consciousness that makes them appear real and that they're fixed in space and time? Is that what you claim?"

Dr. Neruda: "In a way yes, but not exactly. Let me explain it like this. Consciousness originates or originates from non-time and non-space as a form of energy, which is the basic building block of LERM. Consciousness becomes localized when it becomes material. In other words - consciousness becomes a person, an animal, a plant or any object with material characteristics. Do you still understand me?"

Sarah: "Yes."

Dr. Neruda: "Great. As consciousness becomes localized as a physical object, it actually controls the LERM to conform to the reality matrix that is encoded into the appropriate genetics or physical properties of the object the consciousness has become. In other words, consciousness emerges from non-space and non-time to become matter, and then controls the LERM to create a material reality that is consistent with the encoded genetic properties of the physical object that consciousness has become. If this physical object is human, then the genetic triggers, which are exclusively human, become the instruments of consciousness from which consciousness creates its own reality."

"LERM is essentially an infinite field of possibilities, or as Aristotle called it - Potentia. This Po-tentia is like the fertile soil from which all physical objects arise. Those who are able to manage LERM through the application of their consciousness, are able to manifest reality and not just react to reality. This manifestation of reality can be instantaneous because quantum objects - as I point out again - originate in non-time and non-space..."

Sarah: "I don't want to get too bogged down in religion here, but what you're talking about is actually what Jesus or other prophets did...when they manifested things like turning water into wine or healing the sick. Is that right?"

Dr. Neruda: "Yes. It's the same principle, I just described it instead of demonstrating it. It is much easier to demonstrate it than to describe it."

Sarah: "So you're telling me you can turn water into wine?"

Dr. Neruda: "I've actually never tried it before, but yes, all Labyrinth Team members can manifest physical objects from LERM. This is actually one of the consequences of Fifteen's discovery. The process of controlling LERM for the purpose of manifesting a chosen physical object."

Sarah: "Okay, so now you've definitely piqued my interest, but I feel a little guilty because I promised to stick with the Wing Makers theme and the Ancient Arrow project. So tell me, can you teach me to manifest things out of thin air?"

Dr. Neruda: "Yes, but it will take some time...probably about a few weeks."

Sarah: "Can you show me some examples of how you do this?"

Dr. Neruda: "So how about this?"

Sarah: "For those reading this interview, I would like to inform you that Dr. Neruda just caused a ball of string to appear out of nowhere. And now he made him disappear again. And now rediscover. This is incredible. He's not holding it, so it's not like a magician pulling things out of his sleeve...or anything like that. It's like the ball literally appears and disappears on the table about three feet in front of him, which is about six feet away from me. I can see it all very clearly."

"I pick up that ball of string and it's a completely physical object... not just some mirage or holo-gram. It has all the normal properties...weight...texture...a little warm to the touch, but in every other way it's exactly what I'd expect a ball of twine to be."

"Can you have something else discovered as well... something more complicated, like a million dollars in cash?"

Dr. Neruda: "Yes."

Sarah: "Okay, show it off."

Dr. Neruda: "Understand that this is precisely the problem with these discoveries and abilities. Now if I create a million dollars in cash here, you will have a dilemma. What to do with a million dollars? Will you allow me to make them disappear as easily as I made them appear?"

Sarah: "Are you crazy? From the first moment I met you, until now, I didn't believe what you said at all. And I'm not saying I totally believe you now, but I'm damn near to it. I... actually people in general need to see things with their own eyes. We need to trust what our eyes tell us, because they - of all the senses - seem to be the most connected to reality. And you have finally shown me something that is tangible... what it concerns my eyes. I'm just asking you for one more confirmation of your abilities. I mean, a ball of string doesn't seem like that big of a deal... not that I'm not impressed. But if you were able to make a million dollars in cash... that would be a really big deal."

Dr. Neruda: "And what is the dilemma?"

Sarah: "Okay, I have a suggestion for you. I am going to quit my job for at least a few months so that I can get this story out in the open and maybe even move or hide somewhere. What if I just kept ten thousand dollars to get me through the next two months? Would that suit you?"

Dr. Neruda: "Yes, I can do that."

Sarah: "So now I'm looking at a bunch of hundred dollar bills that appear to be perfect replicas. I touch them... again they seem a little warm to the touch but they really look totally real... oh... I can't believe it. But that's not a million dollars, you only manifested ten thousand, right?"

Dr. Neruda: "Yes, plus or minus a few hundred dollars."

Sarah: "Do you know that you've just undermined your own credibility with those who will be reading this interview? You just made yourself incredible. I don't know if I should even include this because no one will believe it anyway and it will instead diminish your credibility in all other areas of our discussion. You really can't believe it until you see it with your own eyes. What should I do?"

Dr. Neruda: "Sarah, whether someone believes me is not important at all. No one believes in anything until they experience it, and after that most people doubt again anyway. Faith has a short life and is always questioned; that's how it should be. Even the most devoted believer is in doubt most of the time, no matter what he says. So don't worry about whether it undermines my credibility or not. I don't-I don't care. It doesn't matter because I'm not trying to convince anyone of anything. I'm just trying to get information about the Wing Makers out to people who will then be able to make up their own minds about what is true and believable."

Sarah: "Okay... I won't dwell on that anymore. It's the last time I've ever worried about your trustworthiness."

"If you can manifest money so easily, then why do you need to be paid. I mean for your work?"

Dr. Neruda: "When this technology was discovered, it was only disclosed to the Labyrinth Team and was only used for experiments approved by Fifteen. However, the principles that are discovered by the Labyrinth Team and applied in BST or any other technology can just as well be used for personal gain or benefit."

Sarah: "Man, you must be a very disciplined team. I probably wouldn't resist."

Dr. Neruda: "The truth is that I'm sure all members of the Labyrinth Team from time to time in private of their homes are experimenting with this technology."

Sarah: "Why are you talking about this as technology? It seems to me to be a mental thing. He didn't use it you are nothing but your mind, aren't you?"

Dr. Neruda: "It is technology only from the point of view of understanding that mental process. There's no electronics or mechanics involved, if that's what you're after. But it's more than just a matter of mind control. It is a true belief in LERM and its infallibly perfect processes of creation and transfer of quantum objects from non-space and non-time to the world of matter and our time and space. It's much closer to faith than technology... as strange as that sounds."

Sarah: "I actually thought that when Jesus and others who walked the earth doing these things thousands of years ago, it couldn't have much to do with technology. But when you see it happen with your own eyes, you tend to think there's some technology behind it that's causing it. After all, it can't be that it's a natural human ability... that doesn't seem possible to me for some reason."

Dr. Neruda: "I see, however it really depends on the perspective of perception, and once you know the perspective of LERM and it becomes the basic framework of your belief system, it becomes surprisingly simple to do such things. It's kind of like a perfect optical illusion based on a hologram. It will take you several months of concentration before you see the image that is subtly woven into everything. But the moment you see it, you can see it instantly whenever you want for the rest of your life. That's how it works. Some people can see it in a few days, others need hundreds of hours, but what they all have in common is that once you have it, it becomes as natural as breathing."

Sarah: "And you think you could teach me that in a few weeks, when it took some of your colleagues - genius IQs, I should add - hundreds of hours to learn it?"

Dr. Neruda: "It has nothing to do with IQ. It is about understanding and faith. Understanding comes from seeing the existence of LERM and understanding how it works at a basic level. Whether you have average intelligence or the intelligence of a genius, it does not matter as long as you understand and believe what you understand."

Sarah: "So how would you get me to believe in LERM?"

Dr. Neruda: "Deep down inside you have already done it. It is your conscious mind that rejects this deeper belief and understanding of yours. So I would help you consciously understand what you already know at the deeper levels of your being. And I would do it by showing you LERM."

Sarah: "And how would you do that?"

Dr. Neruda: "You'd have to go to the Labyrinth Team's research facility in Southern California. That's the only thing place in the world where I can show you irrefutable proof of LERM."

Sarah: "Under the circumstances, it doesn't seem like a scenario that could ever play out. There must be some other alternative... or to put it another way, what is it that I would see in this research center that I can't see anywhere else... or in some other way?"

Dr. Neruda: "I'm not saying that the only way to get this ability is to see LERM in action. But it is very convincing. The Labyrinth Team has technology - designed by Fifteen himself - that literally allows an individual to experience LERM. There are also mystical or shamanic ways, but with those it is much less likely that the experience will happen within two weeks. Indeed, these methods seem to be less dependent on circumstances and much more dependent on some deeper, predetermined or pre-encoded awakenings that the individual is not aware of on a conscious level. In some cases this awareness includes the ability to manifest physical objects, but this generally happens without conscious knowledge of how it happens. It just works."

Sarah: "Okay, so let's just say I'm not cut out to be a mystic or a shaman. What will I see with this technology that will convince me of my ability to do what you just did?"

Dr. Neruda: "I really can't tell you that. It's one of those experiences that words just can't capture or explain. All I can tell you is that with this technology LERM can be experienced and as a result of that experience your internal electrical system will be rewired. In this process, new circuits are carved in your nervous system, and these new circuits allow you to use LERM as a consequence of your experience with it."

"I doubt that this explanation was of any use to you. I've never tried to explain it to anyone before. lit, and I can see from the look on your face that I failed..."

Sarah: "No, it's not. I'm just tired of always feeling like I've been living on another planet my whole life. That I missed all of this... it's really overwhelming to me when you think about it-lim."

"I remember reading Einstein's biography where he quoted the statement that we humans only use about two percent of our intellectual capacity. That's exactly how I feel right now. That I've only lived two percent of my life - if at all - and I'm starting to realize what he meant by that. I've never had anything to compare it to before, and I'm only now seeing what the other ninety-eight percent might look like. It's not very nice to see what has been left out or overlooked... or undervalued."

Dr. Neruda: "I see."

Sarah: "Now for something completely different. As you said earlier, there are certain technologies - like LERM and BST - that are not allowed to be used for the personal benefit of Labyrinth Team members. So if BST goes live, won't everyone care and demand to be able to use it? I personally would like them. There are many events in my life that I would change if I could. Once the 'genie is out of the bottle', how do you intend to keep BST secret?"

Dr. Neruda: "As in all other matters, there are moral and ethical aspects that must be considered. One of the things that Fifteen, and the Labyrinth Team in general, are aware of and consider is the wider impact of these consequences on the social order. From an early age, Fifteen has always felt that technologies such as BST or LERM will only be provided to organizations that will properly respect the ethical aspect required by the very nature of the technology."

"This is one of the basic tenets of the Labyrinth Team, and all its members take it very seriously. When new technologies are developed, there are always team members who deal with the ethical implications of the technology and who are responsible for creating appropriate guidelines and establishing rules of use. This is an integral part of the development of every project."

Sarah: "I'm glad to hear that, but it can't be that these statutes are being used to prevent extending these technologies to the wider public?"

Dr. Neruda: "Indisputably. A technology like BST may - once it is developed and tested - become a consumer technology. But as long as the Labyrinth Team exists, it will protect the BST from any outside force. In the Labyrinth Team there is a committee called the Technology Transfer Program or TTP (Technology Transfer Program). This commission has two missions. One is the assessment of incoming technologies that are taken from aliens, and the other is responsibility for which technologies and in what state of dilution will be transferred to our partners in the private industry sector, the NSA or the military."

"Thus, the TTP Commission is in control of the technologies in their pure state, which are developed by the Labyrinth Team. These pure technologies are almost never transferred to external organizations. Even ACIO personnel who aren't part of the Labyrinth Team don't know about these pure technologies, and when..."

Sarah: "But if I put the recordings of these conversations on the Internet, or if the story is published by some media, then a wider circle of people will learn about these things than just ACIO employees. Won't the cloak reveal the Labyrinth Team's secret?"

Dr. Neruda: "No. The Labyrinth Team is more than just a secret organization. For all practical purposes, the Labyrinth Team does not exist. There is no ACIO either. No one will be able to track down the ACIO, let alone the Labyrinth Team. Their security technologies are so perfect that they are completely invulnerable in this regard. Nothing I say or anything you post will make them more vulnerable. As I said before, their only concern will be the precedent of my defection and how it might cause another defection in time."

Sarah: "Why, why would anyone want to run... in your case I understand... you didn't want your memories removed. But they don't normally do that, do they?"

Dr. Neruda: "Not very often, but I'm certainly not the first to undergo a memory implantation session or any other form of invasive security measures. This is all part of the Labyrinth Team and ACIO culture. Anyone who enters such worlds understands that they must submit to it. It is clear that paranoia must also be part of this culture. But for some individuals, it starts to suffocate over time. And these individuals are the ones who pose the greatest risk that, upon seeing my defection, they will see it as a reason for their own defection."

"I may be completely wrong about this, but I believe there are about ten to twenty individuals who would want to leave ACIO - or even the Labyrinth Team - if given the option without wider consequences."

Sarah: "But I thought you said last night that these people love their jobs because of the access to unique technologies and research labs that are far more advanced than anywhere else? If so, what would they do in a normal society?"

Dr. Neruda: "I'll find out. I will be the first to experience normal society... as a normal individual."

Sarah: "Well, I'm sure you won't have a problem getting a job... what am I saying, you're not at all - you need a job I forgot that you can make money out of thin air."

Dr. Neruda: "You will be surprised when I tell you that I live a pretty ordinary life. I have a 92 Honda Accord and I live in a modest three-bedroom house in an ordinary suburban neighborhood..."

Sarah: "Are you kidding me?"

Dr. Neruda: "No."

Sarah: "You were making \$400,000 a year tax-free... and in your mind you have a tree producing pe - lower and yet live like me? If you will allow me, I would like to know what you are doing with the money?"

Dr. Neruda: "I have handed over the management of my property to the trustees chosen by me."

Sarah: "Are all members of the Labyrinth Team like you?"

Dr. Neruda: "You mean what about money and possessions?"

Sarah: "Yes."

Dr. Neruda: "Most live a higher standard of living than I do, but it is part of our culture to live modestly and none of the members have a lavish lifestyle. Fifteen pays people according to their worth, not because it wants them to blow money and live lavishly. He firmly believes in it, and he himself lives even more modestly than I do."

Sarah: "That's hard to believe. I think that of everything you've told me so far, this is the hardest to believe - her. I'm totally confused about this..."

Dr. Neruda: "I understand that, but everything I'm telling you is the truth."

"When new people are accepted into ACIO, they are initially lured by a financial offer. They are very bright and capable people and could easily earn two hundred thousand dollars a year and more in universities or in private industry. ACIO entices them with at least double their salary and offers them a lifetime employment contract."

But those who eventually earn the right to enter the twelfth level and then are introduced to the Labyrinth of Tý-mu and eventually achieve this status, money plays less and less of a role for them... especially after the experience of the Cortean Intelligence Accelerator... and after the experience of LERM, the role of money will decrease even more."

"You'll probably find it interesting that Fifteen lives in a small three-bedroom house in an average neighborhood where the average property value is \$250,000. Not much by West Coast standards. His car has at least a hundred thousand miles on it, no air conditioning, and he's perfectly content with his situation. New ACIO employees are always shocked by Fifteen's thriftiness... I think "confused" would be a better word for it. But over time, she learns to respect him not as an eccentric, but as a completely dedicated genius who just likes to live like other people and likes to fit in."

Sarah: "Okay... I had to ask about these personal things even though I know I'm totally off the mark your resolution, but you still have to tell me a few things about... like what do your neighbors think of you?"

Dr. Neruda: "I don't know my neighbors very well. I have been working seventy hours a week since I was eighteen. When I socialize, it's usually with my colleagues. There is very little time left for any other friendships. But to answer your question directly, I don't know exactly what they think of me... I just told them I'm a research scientist working for the government. For most people, it will satisfy their curiosity."

Sarah: "But what if you met a woman and fell in love with her. She would like to know what you do, how much you earn and so on... what would you tell her?"

Dr. Neruda: "That I work for a government weather research center. That I am a research scientist in the field of applied chaos theory and that I make \$85,000 a year."

Sarah: "So you would lie?"

Dr. Neruda: "It's part of the Labyrinth Team culture. We can't tell the truth, and if we did most people would think we were crazy. This is also why we stay together... we can share the truth with each other."

Sarah: "When I first heard about the ACIO and its secret mission and you running away and now fearing for your life... I thought the ACIO had evil intentions and was some type of organization trying to rule the world. Then I found out about the money you all make, and I imagined a bunch of intellectual snobs who drive around in bulletproof Mercedes Benz and live in posh mansions... and you completely shattered my idea. You have completely destroyed her. So why are you so worried?"

Dr. Neruda: "The Labyrinth Team is still very much connected to the secret network of organizations that control much of the world's finances and natural resources because of their association with the ACIO. This network of organizations will learn of my defection the moment these materials I gave you hit the press or the Internet. When they read these two interviews, they will know they are authentic. While the ACIO or Team Labyrinth can't do anything, they can make life difficult for me personally."

"And he will probably try. I know all about their technologies and how they develop them. I know the people behind these organizations and I know how they work. I have knowledge, of which I have shown you only a small part. And this knowledge will make certain individuals - very powerful individuals - very nervous. It happens very rarely, but when a high-ranking employee defected, they were hunted down like wild animals until they were found and eliminated, or selectively memory-wiped if they wanted to continue serving. That's one of the annoying things about these organizations."

Sarah: "But you're just a scientist... a linguist, for God's sake. How can you pose a threat to those organizations will it be?"

Dr. Neruda: "I was the one who created the underlying encryption technology for their security system that hides their predictive modeling software for the world stock exchange. I may be just an ordinary scientist in your eyes, but my talent in linguistics is not the only thing I am gifted with. I also have a knack for encryption. I am simply the best in economics. And this talent of mine was simply given to help certain organizations. In the process, I learned a great deal about these organizations and how they operate. That makes me a security risk."

Sarah: "Why? I mean, if the ACIO and the Labyrinth Team have so much money... why are they working with these evil organizations?"

Dr. Neruda: "First of all - they are not evil. These organizations are made up of highly educated elitists who may be self-centered but not necessarily evil. They see the world as a biological experience in which the fittest survive, the mightiest prosper, and the secret rules. They like to be in positions of control. They are absolutely obsessed with control, not for worship or ego gratification, but because they truly believe they are the best at making political decisions that affect the world economy and security."

"Don't confuse control with malicious intent. It's not necessarily one and the same thing. It's just a game they play. The fact that they make incredible amounts of money like this is simply part of their game. But that's not why they sit in the chair from which the world economy is controlled... they just want to protect their life agenda, just like everyone else would. They are only in the position of those who can do it. Their safety comes from being at the top of the economic food chain."

Sarah: "But they manipulate people and withhold information from them. If this is not evil, then what is is it?"

Dr. Neruda: "According to your definition, our national government, our local governments, and practically every walking organization. They all manipulate and hide information. Governments, organizations, individuals."

Sarah: "You're twisting my words. It's a matter of measure, isn't it? I mean, it's one thing if I don't tell you the truth about my hair color, and another thing if I - as part of this secret network of organizations - deny you information about how I manipulate the world economy. That's a completely different scale. It cannot be compared. I still think it's evil when an organization manipulates and controls things for its own benefit."

Dr. Neruda: "Believe me, I don't want to be a supporter of these organizations, but you need to understand them because it is important and it can affect you in the days to come. This secret network of powerful organizations is more connected to the intentions of the Labyrinth Team than our world governments and especially our military leaders. If you feel that something is troubling you ... then I advise you to become much more interested in the administration, the Congress and the Department of Defense ... not only in the United States, but in every country."

Sarah: "How can you say that? You say that our government and military leaders are trying to harm us and that you- that secret, manipulative organization trying to help us?"

Dr. Neruda: "I say that the leadership of the world community of nations is incompetent and that it can be bought with a holey dollar. And that it is not this secret network of organizations I am talking about that manipulates our government and military leaders into investing huge amounts of money in destructive forces like nuclear and biological weapons. These leaders make their own decisions. The secret organizations to which I point my finger represent the adversaries of these governmental and military forces, for it is precisely these organizations that inject a certain degree of uncertainty into the government's models of economic management and social order."

"Political and military leaders are the ones who invest time, energy and money into weapons of mass destruction, and that - if there is such a thing as evil - is evil."

Sarah: "Okay, I see where you're going. But you are implying that these secret organizations are going to try us kill if we publish and disseminate this information? I still don't understand what makes them so noble then."

Dr. Neruda: "I think you don't have to deal with these secret organizations at all. You don't know enough to be dangerous to them. Besides, they are used to journalists snooping around and trying to expose them. However, none of them succeeded to a significant extent. Dozens of books have been written about them. They will not bother you. They will only be interested in me. That's one of the reasons I'm so careful about what I tell you. I know they will be reading these interviews, as will the NSA, CIA, ACIO and the entire Labyrinth Team. I am having you record this conversation because I know exactly who will hear these words and I want them to know exactly what I said to you and through you to others."

"I do not judge whether these secret organizations are noble or not. I'm just pointing out that they aren't the only ones throwing vast sums of money and intellectual capital into weapons of mass destruction. They are far more capable of governing than our politicians and military leaders. That's just my opinion."

Sarah: "I still don't get it. If the Labyrinth Team, the ACIO, and this secret network of organizations are so humble and condescending, why do you fear for your life? And why are they hiding from the public like cockroaches?"

Dr. Neruda: "To answer your first question, I fear for my life because I have information that could cause irreparable harm to many of these secret organizations... although I have no intention of doing so."

Sarah: "But just because you know about these things, they're going to hunt you down and eventually kill you? That looks like a nice lot. They're certainly not bad..."

Dr. Neruda: "Understand... they are obsessed with control. They don't like having someone on the loose who could potentially cause them harm. I can destroy them if I wanted to. I know too much about their computer algorithms and encryption technologies."

Sarah: "But how would you gain access to their system. It seems to me that you would be putting yourself in great danger if you tried to hack into their system."

Dr. Neruda: "I don't need to hack into their system to harm them, I need to get into their system to prevent harm. They will invite me into their system."

Sarah: "I don't understand..."

Dr. Neruda: "When I initially worked on developing their system, I put in certain time-delayed algorithms that I timed to run at a specific time and if they didn't do proper maintenance, their program would destroy itself. This is something these organizations cannot allow to happen."

Sarah: "Did they agree to that?"

Dr. Neruda: "It's part of the price Labyrinth Team charges its clients. More importantly, it ensures that our technologies - even those in a diluted state - are operated with our consent and not misused. I have access codes to their system and a maintenance key to prevent the system from crashing. I'm sure I'm the only one with this knowledge."

Sarah: "Are you saying that even though everyone in the Labyrinth Team has a photographic memory, you're the only one who knows the code?"

Dr. Neruda: "I didn't report the correct number the last time I updated their system... so yes, I'm the only one who knows the correct code. I designed it this way to ensure my safety..."

Sarah: "But you're telling me that with all the geniuses in the Labyrinth Team, they're not capable of this pro-solve the problem yourself?"

Dr. Neruda: "Not without a considerable amount of time... which is something Fifteen will not agree to. It would be a waste of time and too much of a distraction from BST research."

Sarah: "Do they know about it yet?"

Dr. Neruda: "Oh, yes. I informed them shortly after I ran away."

Sarah: "They must be mad."

Dr. Neruda: "To put it mildly, it was not a pleasant conversation."

Sarah: "I'm thinking about all this perfect technology that the Labyrinth Team has, but something I still don't understand. How do you make them? I'm assuming Intel isn't doing the manufacturing. Is that right?"

Dr. Neruda: "Right. There is no one on the planet capable of producing these technologies. They are all based on Cortean technology, which is about 150 generations ahead of our best computer technology here on earth."

For example, the LERM project uses only one domestic technology out of a total of about two hundred different technologies. And this is a relatively insignificant part of the whole project..."

Sarah: "What is it?"

Dr. Neruda: "It is a derivative of the laser telemetry technology that ACIO developed about twenty years ago, but it meets the specific needs of the LERM project because it is based on analog protocols that are required for use in this specific part of the experiment."

Sarah: "So Corteam does all the manufacturing of what the Labyrinth Team designs. What if Corteam suddenly decides, for whatever reason, not to share its technology? Will the Labyrinth Team cease to exist?"

Dr. Neruda: "Maybe. But Fifteen is cunning and creates certain alternatives to ensure that something like this never happens. Keep in mind that Corteam has at least as much motivation to develop this technology as we do, perhaps even more. They have great respect for Fifteen, as well as the entire human staff of the Labyrinth Team. However, initially when the Labyrinth Team was formed, Fifteen negotiated with Corteam to share all project source code that would arise from BST research. All basic technologies are replicated in two separate research laboratories. Everything is completely duplicated, including the power sources."

Sarah: "Aren't the leaders of these secret organizations going to pressure Fifteen to find you... with their remote viewing technology - isn't it easy for them to find you?"

Dr. Neruda: "The leaders of these secret organizations know very well that they have no influence over Fifteen. After reading this information, they will know that their influence is even less. Fifteen and the Labyrinth Team designed and built all of their security systems. From the first to the last. They know that they are indebted to Team Labyrinth for these technologies that have - metaphorically speaking - made them invisible. They can't put pressure on Fifteen. In fact, it's just the opposite. Fifteen can pressure them, although he never does. For Fifteen, these organizations are simply the best alternative to taking control of the economic engines and social order of the world's infrastructure from our own governments. That is why he sympathizes with them and tries to help them to the extent that his free time and energy allow."

Sarah: "So how do you hide from them?"

Dr. Neruda: "As I told you earlier, I began systematically disconnecting myself from the ACIO's invasive security measures, including the electronic sensors implanted under the skin at the back of my neck. I have successfully extracted these devices, so I can remain undercover until a reasonable solution is negotiated."

Sarah: "However, you said they have Remote Viewing technology to locate you. So how is she?"

Dr. Neruda: "I kind of doubt they'll try. It is not purely scientific. A remote seer can see this room, for example, but may not know how to find it. A key can give him a specific object - for example, this clock - but if it's not the only object of its kind and its location can't be traced, then it won't help them."

Sarah: "Is there anything to worry about then?"

Dr. Neruda: "I think we should change the place and time of our meetings. We should plan our next conversation in a new atmosphere - maybe somewhere outside. Some ordinary place without specific features of the landscape."

Sarah: "So they can't read street name signs and figure out my address - I mean, if they were doing a Foresighted session right now?"

Dr. Neruda: "They can try and maybe succeed, but it's not likely."

Sarah: "I'm suddenly very nervous. You didn't calm me down much with that."

Dr. Neruda: "I'm just honestly telling the truth."

Sarah: "What will they do with me and my daughter when they find me?"

Dr. Neruda: "I think you can assume they would MRP you for the whole experience of meeting me."

Sarah: "Wouldn't they kill us?"

Dr. Neruda: "I don't think so. Fifteen does not resort to violence unless absolutely necessary."

Sarah: "Shit. I should have known that before I agreed to be involved with my daughter-rou clouded. Tell me one thing: do you know when they do the Remote Viewing Session? I mean, do you feel it somehow?"

Dr. Neruda: "I feel it, but it may not be completely accurate."

Sarah: "Is there any defense against that?"

Dr. Neruda: "None."

Sarah: "So our only hope is that their damn Foresight fails?"

Dr. Neruda: "I was only here for a short time and it was always late in the evening when they probably don't do Far-Novice sessions. But it will be well if we change the place of our meetings, as I have already suggested. Other than that, I don't know what else we can do about it."

Sarah: "I suppose the police or the FBI can't do anything about it?"

Dr. Neruda: "Nothing I'd care for."

Sarah: "But what will you do to protect yourself?"

Dr. Neruda: "As you can imagine, Sarah, there is certain information that - due to the nature of these conversations - I cannot share with you. This is one of those cases where I can't tell you more than I've already told you."

Sarah: "I feel like we should end this conversation. My mind is literally full to the brim. If you told me something important right now, it would go in one ear and out the other. Can we meet again on Wednesday and agree now where to go?"

Dr. Neruda: "Yes, that suits me."

Sarah: "Okay, so we're done for today."

End of conversation

Chapter 22 - The Third Interview with Dr. Jamison Neruda

Sarah wrote

What follows is a recording of a meeting with Dr. Neruda, which I recorded on December 30, 1997. He gave me permission to record his answers to my questions. This is a transcript of the record. It was one of five meetings where I was able to record our conversation. I kept these entries exactly as they happened. I did no editing and tried as much as possible to use the exact same words and grammar that Dr. Neruda.

(Before reading this interview, I recommend reading the December 27 and 28, 1997 interviews first.)

.....
Sarah: "Good afternoon, Dr. Neruda. Are you ready?"

Dr. Neruda: "Yes, I'm ready if you are."

Sarah: "Out of all these matters, one thing is still hard for me to understand. It's the fact that the concept of time travel seems like a pretty easy technology to develop. I understand that we are influenced by Star Trek and various other movies and TV series, but what you are describing seems to me to be too complex to develop and will never be developed. Is it really that hard to develop?"

Dr. Neruda: "Time travel, which is presented in films, simplifies the complexity of this technology. Interactive Time Travel, or BST - as defined by Fifteen, is the most advanced of all technologies. It is the pinnacle of all technology from which all other technologies can potentially be derived. So by creating BST, a shortcut or accelerated development path is created to obtain potentially all other technologies. That's why BST is so difficult to develop."

"The science fiction presentation violates many scientific principles that relate to our understanding of time travel. BST, on the other hand, is an extraordinarily perfect application of scientific principles that simply aren't represented in the science fiction genre, largely because people like the effects and depictions of various aspects of time travel far more than they care to understand the science behind it. So writers, especially those who write for television and movies, simplify the degree of complexity that surrounds this cutting-edge technology."

Sarah: "But you didn't really answer my question... will we succeed in developing it?"

Dr. Neruda: "In my mind, I have a little doubt that the Labyrinth Team will succeed in developing the BST technology. The question is whether it is in the best interest of humanity from a long-term perspective. Just before I defected, the first tests - of the whole range of tests - were only weeks away. At the level of directors, there was a widespread expectation that there were four to six months left until the successful BST exams."

Sarah: "So what's the biggest obstacle to success?"

Dr. Neruda: "Simply put, if the Labyrinth Team is able to define and make available intervention points - as set by Fifteen - that would have the least impact on related events in horizontal time. It is the subtlest and at the same time the most important part of the entire chain of technologies."

Sarah: "Can you explain it in layman's terms?"

Dr. Neruda: "It's a very difficult technology to develop - to define the optimal intervention point, make it accessible and return without detection. At the causal level, this refers to combining time with minimal impact. It's a similar challenge to throwing a stone into a pond without the surface becoming cloudy."

Sarah: "Why so much concern about minimizing impact? I mean, as far as the Anime thing goes, no- Are they trying to destroy humanity completely? Why should we care so much about disrupting their lives?"

Dr. Neruda: "Well, first of all, the Animus does not come to destroy humanity. They come to take over the genetic library known as Earth. Their intention is not fully understood, but it is not animal or human discharge

kind. It's much more about genetic engineering and how their species could be modified to host spirit consciousness. They want unlimited access to our DNA to experiment with it.

Besides, they want to colonize Earth, but we don't know what their ultimate intention is."

"Regarding your question, there are both selfish and altruistic interests in seeking to minimize the effects of an intervention through BST. If events are modified or changed, they can have unintended and highly unpredictable consequences. For example, we can divert an Anima from our galaxy, inadvertently sending it to another planet in the process. This act will have consequences for our planet that we are unable to predict."

Sarah: "Are you talking about karma?"

Dr. Neruda: "No. It has to do with physics and the intrinsic nature of complex systems. Causal energy is eternal. It simply jumps from event to event. In some cases it shapes events; in other cases creates new events. Causal energy is the most powerful force in the universe and when it is redirected - on a global scale - it jumps in unpredictable and incalculable ways."

Sarah: "So that's the lack of BST... not knowing the consequences of altered events? Are you saying that we can succeed in turning the Anima off our planet and then years later fall victim to some other form of disaster that destroys our planet?"

Dr. Neruda: "No, it doesn't happen exactly that way. An energy system that has been redirected will simply bounce back from the point it was redirected from. How it rebounds is so complex that it is impossible to predict the nature of this reaction. I suppose it might cause some form of catastrophe, but it's not like humanity is being punished, if that's what you're trying to imply."

Sarah: "Yes, I think that's what I meant. But isn't it true that karma exists? And that if we use BST to redirect the Anima to another planet, will we expose ourselves to a negative reaction?"

Dr. Neruda: "No. It means that we expose ourselves to a reaction, and the nature of this reaction can be so unrelated to the redirection of causal energy that no one will understand it as a reaction. Such is the nature of causal energy: it leaps by its own power and intelligence. It's not just a reaction to some action."

Sarah: "I think karma and even physics say that every action has a reaction. So what about this principle?"

Dr. Neruda: "He is alive and true. It just cannot be applied to causal energy systems or dimensions vertical time."

Sarah: "Okay, I'll avoid further discussion of physics in favor of finding out why you think that BST will succeed - given our discussion in the last few minutes."

Dr. Neruda: "That's one of the main reasons I defected."

Sarah: "What do you mean?"

Dr. Neruda: "This matter of uncertainty, concerning causal energy systems, has always been a critical point of BST - at least in theory. Fifteen believes he knows how to handle it. I'm not so sure it can be controlled - especially after my association with the Wing Makers, when I gained some insight into their way of dealing with Anime matters."

Sarah: "I know you've talked about this a little bit before, but remind me. What is their solution?"

Dr. Neruda: "I have only a few insights, so I am not able to speak with certainty."

Sarah: "And what is the essence of this information?"

Dr. Neruda: "These insights come from one Far-Seeing session. Then I read more about it in the introduction of the text from the optical disc..."

Sarah: "Is that the text that literally disappeared?"

Dr. Neruda: "Yes, but I have the entire text stored in my memory."

Sarah: "And anything else?"

Dr. Neruda: "I had direct communication with someone whom I consider to be a direct representative of the Creators of the Cross-del."

Sarah: "What? When?"

Dr. Neruda: "It's a complicated story, but Samantha, the Seer assigned to our project, had a growing connection with the Wing Makers. Unfortunately, it was so strong that Fifteen had no choice but to subject it to MRP. I met her right before this procedure and she suddenly became a channel of presence speaking to me. I believe it was the Central Race."

Sarah: "And from those three sources you've gotten a fair idea of how the Wingmakers want to protect their genetic library?"

Dr. Neruda: "Right."

Sarah: "And what was this 'channelling' entity saying?"

Dr. Neruda: "The thrust of her message was that our technology will fail us."

Sarah: "And by that technology was meant BST?"

Dr. Neruda: "That's my interpretation."

Sarah: "So you trust Samantha on this one?"

Dr. Neruda: "I have no doubts about her at all. She was simply our best Farseer and quite possibly the best natural senser the ACIO has ever had."

Sarah: "Let's go back to the matter you mentioned a moment ago. I understood correctly did you defect from ACIO because of your disagreement with Fifteen regarding the BST and the Wing Makers defense solution?"

Dr. Neruda: "Yes, that was the main reason."

Sarah: "Can you elaborate a bit?"

Dr. Neruda: "Fifteen believed that Samantha - our Farseer - could jeopardize our mission because of her ability to contact the Wing Makers. In two of the three Farsighted sessions she did, they discovered her presence and began to investigate her. Once Fifteen had confirmation that these beings were - in all likelihood - from The Central Races, he became quite concerned about this and stopped any further Television sessions."

"When I asked him why, he seemed concerned that they would be able to perceive how we were working on BST and he was afraid that they might end it for us."

Sarah: "Why?"

Dr. Neruda: "Because they are very powerful beings. When you multiply what most people consider a thousand times - is for God, you will only approach the extent of the abilities and power that these beings can have."

Sarah: "Are you saying these beings are even more powerful than God?"

Dr. Neruda: "The problem with your question is that I don't know what kind of God you're talking about. If it is about the concept of God presented in the Bible or in most of our planetary holy books - it is nothing like the image of God that I have in my mind."

Sarah: "Okay, I wanted to get back to this topic because I'm really interested, but I also wanted to finish our discussion about your defection. Can you explain how this happened?"

Dr. Neruda: "Simply put - I've come to feel that a defensive weapon placed on this planet by the Wing Makers has a better chance of succeeding than the BST. All logic suggested that it was. However, Fifteen disagreed. He would allow further exploration to find the remaining Wing Maker sites and make them available, but he would never allow these technologies or anything else related to this discovery to be shared with the general public."

Sarah: "So your different view on the matter was the cause of your defection?"

Dr. Neruda: "Yes."

Sarah: "So let's get back to the subject of God. Tell me what your definition of God is."

Dr. Neruda: "God is a unifying force, it is primordial and eternal. This force is the primordial force that brought life out of itself to be both its companion and its path. The life thus summoned was experimented upon many times, until finally a soul carrier was formed, capable of carrying a particle of this power into the outer expanding universes."

Sarah: "I take it this soul carrier you're talking about is a Central Race?"

Dr. Neruda: "Right."

Sarah: "Is it the same as angels?"

Dr. Neruda: "No, the Central Race is more like genetic planners and cosmic architects. They are not very well known and understood - not even in the Corteau cosmology, which is the clearest in this regard."

Sarah: "So I suppose if angels are real they are creatures other than Central Race?"

Dr. Neruda: "Right."

Sarah: "Then God, or the force you described, will actually create nothing but the Central Race and then return to its abode at the center of the universe. It sounds like the Central Race is doing all the work."

Dr. Neruda: "The Central Race is simply a time-shifted version of the human race."

Sarah: "What?"

Dr. Neruda: "The Central Race is the genetic archetype of the human species, regardless of what form it takes; regardless of what time he lives in; regardless of what part of the universe he lives in. This archetype is like a magnetic force: it attracts less evolved versions of species to itself. All versions of the humanoid species are merely time-shifted versions of the Central Race - at least that's how the Corteau perceives it."

Sarah: "Wait a minute. Are you saying I'm made from the same DNA as the Central Race? That from genetic - from which point of view am I basically the same - just in a different time and space? How is that possible?"

Dr. Neruda: "It is possible because the Central Race designed it that way. DNA is not just something that transmits physical characteristics or predispositions. It also conveys our concept of time, space, energy and matter. It transmits our conscious and unconscious filters. It conveys our receptivity to the inner impulses of original thinking, and it is this receptivity that defines the movement of the being."

Sarah: "Creature movement?"

Dr. Neruda: "All beings are in motion. They are moving somewhere every moment of their lives. If it's not a physical movement, it's a movement of the mind. Their subconscious is always in motion, always interacting with the data stream of the multiverse. Being's movement is simply the term we use in ACIO to define the inner compass."

Sarah: "And the inner compass is what?"

Dr. Neruda: "It is the individual's radar system that defines his path through life both on the macrocosm and microcosm levels and everywhere in between."

Sarah: "I feel like this topic could go on forever."

Dr. Neruda: "It's not that complicated, Sarah. Think about the choices you make in your life - which could be said to have happened due to external forces? Which was your own? And which was a combination of outside influences and your own decisions?"

Sarah: "Do you mean percentage wise?"

Dr. Neruda: "Try to guess."

Sarah: "It depends on which phase of my life I'm thinking about. When I was a little kid, everyone-my parents made the decision..."

Dr. Neruda: "No, estimate it for all stages at once - from birth to death. It's just an estimate-you."

Sarah: "I don't know, maybe forty percent external, thirty percent my own, and thirty percent a combination."

Dr. Neruda: "Then you will be surprised when I tell you that even before your birth, you have stored an image in your DNA that defines the movement of your being. When this save is made, the movement of your being is defined by you - not by anyone else. No outside force makes the decision for you. An external force can only inform and activate decisions that have already been made."

Sarah: "You have me completely confused. Are you saying that all the decisions in my life were already made before I was born?"

Dr. Neruda: "No. Only all causal decisions."

Sarah: "And what is the difference between a causal decision and an ordinary decision?"

Dr. Neruda: "How many decisions do you think you make during the day. I'm sure you'll agree that there are probably hundreds, if not thousands of decisions made every day. These are - as you called them - ordinary decisions. Causal decisions are defined by how unified they are with the substrate of your individual being. Are you open to new ideas? Are you able to unify opposing ideas? Do you process information mostly visually or numerically? These are the causal decisions you define before your birth and these are encoded in your DNA, which then activates your decision matrix. External forces such as parents, teachers and friends - they only inform you of what you have already defined as the movement of your being."

Sarah: "Is that according to Corte, too?"

Dr. Neruda: "I personally understood this part of the teaching from my own LERM experiences. However, Cor-teum describes it similarly."

Sarah: "You're talking about reincarnation in a different way, aren't you? When you say we store an image in our DNA - before we are born - who actually does the storing?"

Dr. Neruda: "Only formless consciousness can store an image in a DNA pattern."

Sarah: "I assume you're talking about the soul?"

Dr. Neruda: "Again, that depends on your definition of soul. Formless consciousness is that which observes and experiences through forms and structures - not just through physical embodiments. For example, consciousness can be contained within some structure or form, but it does not have to be a physical substance. For example, the mind is such a structure. Although not physical, consciousness - when embodied physically - looks through the structure of the mind much like someone looking through a window. The soul is often thought of as the mind and vice versa."

"Formless consciousness is such a particle of God that is slowed down from the frequency of the Divine state into individuality, where it can become independent and experience free will. Think of it as a photon or subatomic particle thrown into a network of interconnected particles of the same nature. In other words, all these particles have a similar frequency or spin and are able to lower their frequency at will so that they can enter the membranes of consciousness, which can only be entered by taking on a form or shape. And so the formless becomes form. Before consciousness enters the body, it activates the appropriate DNA pattern according to the experience it requires in the membrane of reality it has chosen."

Sarah: "What do you mean by membrane?"

Dr. Neruda: "The multiverse is a collection of reality membranes that are grouped together into dimensional matrices that correspond to the thought circuits and gravitational fields of our formless consciousness. We have been trained - through evolutionary time frames - to accept the three dimensional world as our reality. These real estate membranes do not have a structure similar to parallel planes or rungs of a ladder. Rather, they are similar to a network of interwoven cells. If you want, I can describe it in more detail, but I think it would be so abstract that your eyes would start to close."

Sarah: "This all seems unbelievable. I'm beginning to think you're the reincarnation of Jesus or Buddha."

Dr. Neruda (laughing): "I'm reincarnated, that's all I can confirm."

Sarah: "Do you remember any of your previous incarnations?"

Dr. Neruda: "Previous - that's a relative term. I prefer to think of my incarnations not so much as functions of memory, but rather as something more akin to bleeding through simultaneous reality membranes. The compartments into which human experience is divided are not so impermeable as to make it completely impossible for one life form to enter or influence another. And in my experience, these divisions represent parallel moments in an individual's life across the breadth of time and space."

Sarah: "So you are implying that your past, present and future lives are all experienced in the same time, even though they seem to take place in different places and times?"

Dr. Neruda: "Yes."

Sarah: "Okay, so explain to me how that's possible, because it doesn't make any sense to me."

Dr. Neruda: "Our formless consciousness is like a sphere with many, many rays leading out from its center. Each of these rays is connected through forms into a continuum of vertical time. These forms - human or otherwise - feed formless consciousness with their insights from other reality membranes in which they exist. In this way, forms bring their awareness to the formless from other reality membranes. This is further processed by the formless and given through the unifying force to God."

Sarah: "Does God receive all this information or experience... from every living thing... from every time and place? As?"

Dr. Neruda: "I have no idea."

Sarah: "But it's something you believe, and I suppose you wouldn't believe it if you didn't have some-
what evidence to support your belief."

Dr. Neruda: "It is that sometimes you follow a trail of evidence to a point where it ends unexpectedly, but you can still imagine the path continuing despite the lack of evidence that it continues in a specific direction. You can feel the way. Call it imagination or just conjecture, it doesn't matter, but that's exactly what I did in this case. I really don't know how such extensive data could possibly be processed for any meaningful purpose, but I believe so."

Sarah: "Okay, wait a minute so I can go over my notes... because I want to go back to something you said earlier. Here it is. You said that everyone defines at the causal level the movement of their being.
If this is so - and assuming that the soul is intelligent - why would any soul choose to be mentally, emotionally or physically weakened?"

Dr. Neruda: "What do you mean?"

Sarah: "Let's say a soul enters a body but chooses to be stupid, closed minded, just a jerk. Why would an intelligent consciousness choose this and then imprint it into its DNA, making its life more difficult or at least more boring?"

Dr. Neruda: "Let me ask you something. Why would God impose this same conditional upon anyone?"

Sarah: "Oh, but you start with the assumption that God exists."

Dr. Neruda: "So assume that and then answer me."

Sarah: "I know what you're trying to imply, but why would God or a soul do this—at least from my—
him point of view - a stupid decision?"

Dr. Neruda: "It has to do with complex systems and their internal rules of dynamics."

Sarah: "Can you be a little more specific?"

Dr. Neruda: "In order for the universe to expand and uniquely support different life forms, it needs an incalculably complex system of interconnected principles and rules. The more complex the system, the more dynamic the poles of its mutual interaction. Think of it as a diamond in the rough. When you shine a focused beam of light on it in a dark room, only a dim glow appears. When you sharpen a diamond, you make it more complex, it spreads the light in a radiant pattern to all the walls of the room."

"Complexity works in a similar way with consciousness. It sharpens human experience and spreads the light of consciousness on all walls of experience - including ignorance, stupidity, wickedness, beauty, goodness and all possible other states of human experience. Formless consciousness is not stupid when it chooses to experience something that we might consider difficult or boring. It simply means that the Earth's real membrane needs it."

"No one can live in this reality membrane without being touched by the dynamics of human experience. No one is exempt from hardship or pain. Does this mean we all make stupid decisions? No, it just means we live in a complicated world... that and nothing more."

Sarah: "I don't want to sound defensive, but I'm sure you'll agree that some people have an easier life than others..."

Dr. Neruda: "Yes, but it has nothing to do with the intelligence of formless consciousness."

Sarah: "Okay, so it's related to the age of formless consciousness?"

Dr. Neruda: "You ask if formless consciousness - as it gains experience - improves in choosing after-
boost your being?"

Sarah: "Exactly."

Dr. Neruda: "Formless consciousness looks at heaviness and lightness in much the same way as you look at the negative and positive poles of a battery. I suppose with relative indifference."

Sarah: "There's no difference, is that what you're saying? Does it matter if we are Einstein or Hitler? I-I don't believe him."

Dr. Neruda: "The choice is not to be bad or bad, or to choose a life path that is unbearably difficult for the individual and for others. Nor - in the case of Einstein - is it a question of him choosing to contribute to the knowledge of humanity in such a way as to enable the creation of nuclear weapons. In the formless consciousness of these individuals - which is the primary insight into their incarnations - they did not choose to harm or help humanity.

They choose to experience aspects of this reality membrane that will contribute to their own understanding."

Sarah: "So you are saying that the soul chooses the movement of its being according to its selfish desires? He doesn't think about the general good at all?"

Dr. Neruda: "He doesn't need to think about the general good. That's what a unifying force does."

Sarah: "That's an interesting philosophy. We can be as selfish as we wish and leave it to God to turn our selfish, tactless expressions into something that contributes to the general good of mankind. Is that what you're really saying?"

Dr. Neruda: "No. I am saying that God, working through the unifying force, directs the blending of life to bring about the transformation of the universe. God is like a cosmic alchemist who transforms the selfish interests of one into transformative conditions for many."

Sarah: "So you're saying that God deals with all our human weaknesses? We can do anything and it doesn't really matter because he will do it. If this philosophy were taught in our world, we would probably be in a sad state."

Dr. Neruda: "It may not be taught in an official way, but the human race knows unconsciously that this is the way it works."

Sarah: "I cannot agree with you on this point. Selfish interests, evil intentions, stupidity...these are not the characteristics of a responsible society, and I don't know of anyone who believes that we can behave this way and then let God manage the damage or clean up after our poor judgments."

Dr. Neruda: "You misunderstood me. I guess I didn't explain it well enough. I'll try again."

"So first, the selfish interests of the formless consciousness hone that consciousness in such a way that it can receive and radiate unifying power. In doing so, he can consciously connect with this force and thus consciously become its channel, spreading it into a wide spectrum of reality membranes. The formless consciousness chooses such reality membranes that allow the sharpening of its consciousness. None of this is done with an attitude of universal good or noble benefit. However, it is also not the result of selfish behavior as you think of it.

It's a consequence of its nature... the way it was designed."

"I'm not saying that God cleans up after our sloppy mistakes. I say our sloppy mistakes are not sloppy mistakes. I repeat that we live in a complex system of interconnected real estate membranes. You can think of these membranes as the scales on a snake, where the snake represents the collective human consciousness. Each scale protects the human soul, and all the scales together allow the serpent to move through its environment - in this case, the multiverse. The sloppy mistakes we make as individuals and as a society are both responsible for the existence of the multiverse and are our noble contributions."

Sarah: "I want to make sure I got it right. You say that our faults - both as individuals and as a species - they allow us to exist, so they aren't actually mistakes?"

Dr. Neruda: "As I have said before, complex systems need an almost infinite range of dynamics in order to continue their existence. Our reality membrane is a form that is appropriately created to fit into the complexity of our universe. This membrane then created the appropriate environment on Earth with all its diverse life forms. Yes, our flaws, our individualities, are central to our ability - as a species - to sustain and survive in the face of the complex, interconnected structure of the quantum world and universe."

"Selfish motivations harvest such experiences that sharpen our consciousness. This is then further harvested by the unifying force and used to transform the reality membranes into passages through which the species can return to the Divine state. In this process, both mistakes and selfless benefits are given equal weight. Nothing goes to waste."

Sarah: "If all this is true, then why should we worry about Anime or anything else? We just let God take care of everything."

Dr. Neruda: "Because the Animus is not connected to a unifying force."

Sarah: "How? I thought you said everything was connected to her."

Dr. Neruda: "The formless consciousness does not choose such carriers of the soul that it does not use as its formative DNA structure. He knows that these structures are not able to connect with the unifying force and therefore he does not trust them."

Sarah: "And why doesn't he trust them?"

Dr. Neruda: "Because unifying force is what brings coherence to the incoherent, purpose to chaos. Without it, physical structures tend to decline and stagnate, which in other words means they do not transform."

Sarah: "How did that happen?"

Dr. Neruda: "What?"

Sarah: "That the Animus became a separate race, not connected to God?"

Dr. Neruda: "Have you ever heard the story about fallen angels?"

Sarah: "Are you talking about the Lucifer Rebellion?"

Dr. Neruda: "Yes. This story is given in a distorted way in the Biblical texts due to the fact that the authors of these they did not have a sufficient understanding of the texts, thanks to which they could define cosmology or physics."

"The Central Race designed the higher life forms, including a wide spectrum of beings that work in the quantum world and the membranes there. Among these beings are also those we usually call angels, who are intermediaries between the humanoid soul carriers and the Central Race."

"There were those in the angelic realm who believed that the Central Race controlled too much of the structure of the soul carriers. They felt that such a structure should be created to allow angels to incarnate into the reality membrane of Earth and other life-bearing planets. They insisted that it would help these planets - as well as the physical structures of the entire universe. However, the Central Race rejected this proposal and had a group of renegades create a soul carrier independent of the Central Race."

Sarah: "Wait a minute. You say that Lucifer led this rebellion to create a soul carrier that would could he host the spirit of angels, and that the result is the Animus?"

Dr. Neruda: "It's much more complicated. Lucifer, or simply the one we call Lucifer, was a very devoted servant of the Central Race. He was one of the progenitors of the angelic species. He had powerful abilities that were diminished by the Central Race in other prototypes."

Sarah: "You're saying that angels are created... that they can't reproduce like humans?"

Dr. Neruda: "Right."

"Lucifer as a personality has an inherent strong sense of independence from his creators and an even stronger sense that his creators are wrong. This is because of their claim that a humanoid soul carrier can only host a formless consciousness and not an angelic form. It seemed unthinkable to Lucifer because the angelic form had better abilities and could be helpful to all physical life forms on earth and other life-bearing planets."

"From Lucifer's perspective, humans and higher order species will not be able to transform due to the severe limitations of their soul carriers or physical forms. Lucifer was sure that without the cooperation of the angels, humanoids throughout the universe would gradually become more and more disconnected from their purpose as spiritual beings and throw the universe into chaos. This could lead to its destruction and the destruction of all life - including angels, of course."

Sarah: "So you're saying that Lucifer's rebellion was simply a disagreement over the matter?"

Dr. Neruda: "Lucifer wanted to incarnate into this reality membrane in the same way that humans do. He wanted to become a collaborator with humanity to ensure its ascension. While the Central Race perceived his intentions as noble, they feared that the angelic incarnations would be considered Divine by their human counterparts and thereby inadvertently mislead humans more than help them co-create the ladder to the Divine state."

"This matter has been debated for a long time and caused the separation of the angelic realm from the Central Race. Adherents of the Central Race held that Lucifer and his followers should be banished for their radical views, as these views could eventually create a permanent split in their reality membrane and cause great confusion. In an extensive debate with the Central Race, Lucifer negotiated a compromise that allowed him to take a group of his followers and prove the worth of his plan on one planet."

Sarah: "Are you saying that Lucifer was allowed to experiment on one planet?"

Dr. Neruda: "Yes."

Sarah: "Okay, before we go any further, are you talking about this in the context of the myth, or are you presenting Corte's point of view?"

Dr. Neruda: "ACIO owns three ancient writings that allegorically describe this story, but Corte's opinion - when you mentioned it - is much more descriptive and decisive as to the record of this cosmic event."

Sarah: "So Lucifer ran this... experiment. Where and what was the result?"

Dr. Neruda: "That planet is known to your scientists as M51 in the galaxy."

Sarah: "Is that the same Anima galaxy?"

Dr. Neruda: "Yes."

Sarah: "So you're actually saying that Lucifer and his band of followers created the Anima to be carried- what of the souls of angels?"

Dr. Neruda: "It's much more complicated than that."

Sarah: "I hope so, because this story is too strange to believe."

Dr. Neruda: "Be patient. We are entering an area that is uncomfortable for most people. So there you go take a deep breath and try to follow my explanation."

"Lucifer created an artificial physical structure that could satisfy the quantum demands of the angels. It was a very effective structure, but it created a strong survival complex in the species that ultimately overpowered the angelic tendencies toward selflessness and cooperation."

Sarah: "Why? What happened?"

Dr. Neruda: "When a formless consciousness enters the reality membrane through a structure such as a soul carrier, it immediately begins to feel separated from all other forces except its own. It is literally thrown into separation. In humans this is more or less controlled through the subtle understanding that they remain connected through a unifying force. This is because the DNA is designed to radiate this sense of connection subconsciously."

"However, in the case of the soul carrier designed by Lucifer and his followers, this connection was broken both consciously and subconsciously because the structure was not based on DNA, which is firmly controlled by the Central Race. This in turn led the experimental species to a very strong survival complex, as it feared its own extinction very deeply, due to a complete sense of separation from the unifying force. The survival complex thus created a species that compensated for its fear of extinction by developing a very strong group mind."

"The group mind compensated for the loss of connection with the unifying force and created its physical and mental consequences. This led to the unification of the species into a whole within the physical reality membrane of their planetary system. So the angels who entered this system were losing their memory of their angelic nature and were more concerned with how to function as a single collective rather than as individuals."

This began to worry the Central Race and Lucifer was asked to end his experiment. However, Lucifer became too attached to the species he helped create. These angelic beings have developed over many generations a set of many perfect technologies, culture and social order.

To Lucifer, it was like his extended family in many ways. So he negotiated a modification to his creation so that it no longer hosts angelic frequencies or quantum structure, but becomes self-reviving."

Sarah: "What do you mean - self-reviving?"

Dr. Neruda: "That they will become soulless androids."

Sarah: "So that's how it happened and the Animus was born?"

Dr. Neruda: "Yes."

Sarah: "That doesn't make any sense to me. Why would God, or the Central Race for that matter, allow Lucifer to create a race of androids? Didn't they know that these beings would become the scourge of our universe?"

Dr. Neruda: "Yes, of course they knew. However, God does not design things as complex as the multiverse to then control how everything works."

Sarah: "But you said earlier that God directs what happens through a unifying force."

Dr. Neruda: "God directs how the activity of the multiverse is unified into a coherent, comprehensible data stream, which then informs the further evolution of the multiverse. Most people think that an almighty God will banish species like the Animus. But it doesn't work that way because the dark side of predation -

as in the case of Anima - it ignites ingenuity and innovation in its intended prey."

Sarah: "And that prey is us."

Dr. Neruda: "Not just us, but the humanoid species as a whole."

Sarah: "Evil begets good. That's what you're really saying, isn't it?"

Dr. Neruda: "I remind you again that it is not evil against good. The Animus does not think of itself as a criminal when it invades planets. From their perspective, they are simply carrying out their plan to reconnect with their sense of individuality and want to become - as strange as that sounds - more spiritual."

Sarah: "But when I asked you before if you knew what their plans were for the planet, you said you didn't-
you know."

Dr. Neruda: "I don't know either. However, I do know something about their intentions to reshape their soul carriers to make them more DNA compatible. They want to introduce DNA into their soul carriers so they can transform their species. That's pretty much what any race would do in their situation. In fact, you could actually call it ear-tickling."

Sarah: "Nobility? I see nothing noble in trying to dominate our planet and subject its population to genetic experiments and tyranny."

Dr. Neruda: "Not for us, but from a completely objective point of view we could appreciate that the Animus is trying to transform its species for the better. They have no choice because without DNA they are simply unable to connect with the unifying force."

Sarah: "Why don't they contact the Central Race and ask for their help?"

Dr. Neruda: "The Central Race knows very well about the Anima and considers them their most powerful enemy. He probably considers them irreparable. Or perhaps the Central Race is drawn to the drama of having an ancient enemy forcing them to protect their most valuable assets. I don't pretend to know. But for whatever reason, the Central Race is unable or unwilling to assist the Anima in reuniting with the unifying force."

Sarah: "So what happened to Lucifer and his plan?"

Dr. Neruda: "According to Corte, he is alive, well, and fully integrated into his species as a high-ranking member of it."

Sarah: "Just to be clear, we're talking about Satan, aren't we?"

Dr. Neruda: "Theologians have at their disposal a fragmentary collage of myths and legends, from which they have over time created their own interpretations. What we have is just the fantasy of thousands of voices, but somehow it happened to become an accepted fact."

"Satan, as we think of him, never existed. There is no counterweight to God. God contains all dynamism within himself. He has no polarity to himself which is beyond his reach, or which is personified outside of himself. The story of Lucifer - at a very high level - I have just described to you. I suppose you can see some similarities here to Lucifer's rebellion as described in the Bible, but I'm sure you'll agree that the resemblance is tenuous at best."

Sarah: "But if there is no source of evil, why is there so much evil? And before you answer - I know you won't agree with my assumption that evil exists - but how can you consider terrorism - or any other predatory force in the human species - to be anything but evil? Even if you claim that Satan never existed?"

Dr. Neruda: "If you watch movies like Star Wars or Star Trek, it's implied that extraterrestrials inhabit every planetary system in the galaxy and beyond. However, this is not true. Our planet is very rare with its mixture of animals and organisms. The universe, which includes within itself the membrane of our physical reality, is actually hostile to life - in the extreme. However, it somehow happened that life appeared on our planet - in the dark depths of our oceans..."

Sarah: "What does that have to do with my question?"

Dr. Neruda: "Be patient, I'll get to it. I promise."

Sarah: "Okay."

Dr. Neruda: "The habitable zones in our universe could be compared to a drop of water from each cubic mile of the Pacific Ocean, where each drop defines a single part of the ocean that contains all the necessary conditions for microbial life. He then extracts a single molecule from each of these water droplets and defines it as the only part of the drop capable of sustaining multi-cellular life. And from each of these molecules he takes out a single quantum particle and defines it as the only part of the molecule that is capable of sustaining the complex sentient life forms that humans are."

"The genetic library that flourishes on earth is a form of currency that cannot be valued at all. All I can say about her is that her value is beyond anything the human mind can imagine. Thanks to this unimaginable value, our planet attracts the interest of a wide range of alien races. This is as true today as it was a thousand years ago or a hundred thousand years ago."

"Objects of inestimable value and rarity, such as Earth, attract extraterrestrial beings who desire to control them. This makes the Earth an unusual object of interest. It is precisely this enormous interest that introduced the concept of evil into the human psyche."

Sarah: "I followed you until the last sentence and then I got lost. How this interest brought evil into the our consciousness?"

Dr. Neruda: "Approximately eleven thousand years ago, our planet was visited by aggressive extraterrestrials who wanted to literally own the Earth. These aliens inserted their genetics into our natural DNA and in doing so modified our human DNA so that aggressive, domineering tendencies were enhanced in our personalities. This tendency divided the human race into conquerors and conquered."

Sarah: "I don't understand. Are you saying that those aliens impregnated thousands of our native population with an aggressive gene that brought evil into our consciousness?"

Dr. Neruda: "These aliens did not have a physical form very different from the native people. They were treated like Gods because they had more advanced technology and abilities. It was considered a great honor to have intercourse with these beings. But only a few were chosen for it."

Sarah: "So how did their DNA become so influential that it literally brought evil into our lives?"

Dr. Neruda: "One of the as yet undiscovered properties of DNA is that it can transmit traits - especially aggressive gray features - no physical interaction."

Sarah: "Explain that, please."

Dr. Neruda: "There are operational circuits in DNA that transmit traits and even forms of intelligence through a reality membrane that is sub-quantum. This is a tributary part of the unifying force that spreads new features and understanding from the few to the many. This allows the transmission of new insights or powerful traits across the spectrum of the species to those who resonate with that insight or trait. And it does so without physical interaction."

Sarah: "You're saying that a single person can have an idea or a trait that is stored in their DNA and that the DNA tom transmits this trait like a broadcast tower and everyone on the planet who likes it is affected by it?"

Dr. Neruda: "Let me clarify some things you said."

"First of all, it's not one person. It takes a critical mass of several hundred individuals for a personal trait to be transmitted. And only about ten or twenty people to convey a new concept or insight. In any case, one person is not enough. It is not yet fully scientifically proven, not even in ACIO."

"Secondly, it's not transmitted like from a broadcast tower. It is transferred selectively to the resonating DNA and the effect is independent of whether the recipient likes or resembles the donor. It depends on the susceptibility of his DNA. Some people have their DNA open to innovation, others don't. This is the decisive factor in whether a new feature or idea will be successfully transferred."

Sarah: "Okay, aliens with aggressive personalities impregnated humans and that brought a propensity for evil into our race. Why did the Central Race allow this to happen?"

Dr. Neruda: "We don't know."

Sarah: "But you said before that they protect our planet with their best technology. Why didn't they protect her even then eleven thousand years ago?"

Dr. Neruda: "That's a mystery. We don't know."

Sarah: "I suspect this is another reason why Fifteen doesn't want to rely on the Wingmaker for our protection."

Dr. Neruda: "He didn't talk about it, but I agree with you."

Sarah: "I would like to return to the subject of God... and regarding the recording, I note that you are very I am well aware that I have left the Wing Makers topic. But I can't resist discussing this matter. Good?"

Dr. Neruda: "I agree. I can talk about any topic you choose."

Sarah: "You explained earlier that God is strength to you, but is it really strength?"

Dr. Neruda: "What do you think, is God one or multiple?"

Sarah: "Um."

Dr. Neruda: "God is both."

Sarah: "Both?"

Dr. Neruda: "God is found everywhere because it is a unifying force. However, paradoxically, by being a unifying force, it is also unique or unique. Physicists would explain to you that there are four fundamental forces in the universe: strong

nuclear, weak nuclear, gravitational and electromagnetic. These forces are actually aspects of a single force that is primordial and absolutely causal."

"Einstein worked for almost thirty years trying to prove this with a unifying theory, but he never succeeded. Probably no one ever succeeded. I can only testify that the Labyrinth Team - using their LERM technology - discovered this power. And this power is undoubtedly conscious. It is that it is neither chaos nor order. It is both and flows between the worlds of chaos and order much like a sine wave flows between positive and negative amplitude."

Sarah: "And can our physicists prove or disprove it?"

Dr. Neruda: "No, our physicists cannot prove or disprove what I say. They are too tied to specific universal theories that are in crisis."

Sarah: "What theories?"

Dr. Neruda: "Like quantum mechanics, to name at least one example."

"Almost all physicists, regardless of their specialty, would stand before you and tell you with a straight face that quantum mechanics is the correct and complete theory that underlies our understanding of the universe.

However, it does not take into account the consciousness of the particles and has no way of detecting the infinitesimal magnetic fields in which these particles are found."

Sarah: "Why?"

Dr. Neruda: "This is not a subject for laymen, Sarah. I don't know how to explain it in words you would understand. It has to do with the fact that our university physicists lack the more advanced force amplification technology to help detect the incredibly fine magnetic fields in which subatomic particles nest and which also create an interconnected network of mental circuits. These mental circuits—taken together—they present the outer structure of the unifying force and permeate the entire multiverse. The magnetic fields present the interior of the unifying force, and it is these that permeate the forms of formless consciousness."

Sarah: "Okay, in that it's not a layman's topic, you're spot on. I was completely lost in the abstract nature of this discussion. I thought we were talking about God and now I'm not sure what we're talking about."

Dr. Neruda: "Let's focus on the primordial power. God slowed himself down to show his physical self incarnate in the four known forces - of which I spoke a moment ago."

Sarah: "So this is how the universe works, can I take it that way?"

Dr. Neruda: "No, no, no. I don't want to leave you with the impression that what I've said is the way the multiverse works. If there is one truth that I can unequivocally stand for, it is that my own understanding of the multiverse is limited by the tools of particle physics, cosmology, and mathematics, and as such is at best partial, at worst completely inaccurate."

Sarah: "Okay, but that's not going to get us anywhere, is it? If what you have said tonight is only a partial understanding or a complete mistake, then where are our best scientists and theologians? You have all the benefits of advanced technology and alien cosmology and yet you still cannot plausibly explain the universe. Although you have proof of God, you claim that you basically know nothing that is absolutely true. How is that possible?"

Dr. Neruda: "Nobody working in astronomy, cosmology, or physics wants to hear that their discipline is being misled by wrong or incomplete assumptions. And yet it is so. And there is a good reason."

Sarah: "What's the reason?"

Dr. Neruda: "Imagine that the observable universe is one rung on a ladder of unknown length. Each of the bars above and below our visible universe presents a scale of magnification that is beyond the reach of our senses. For example, let's say that the bar above the one that presents our observable universe is the outer space of our Milky Way galaxy. So, using binoculars, we can see the next rung above us, but the rest of the ladder is lost in the thick fog."

"When we look down to the microscopic level - using an electron microscope - we can add another rung below our observable universe. And with a particle accelerator, we can even theorize about what the next rung below might be. However, the rest of the ladder leads down into a thick fog not unlike the one we saw above."

"With all our technology and theory, we still have no idea how long the ladder is, or whether it's straight or twists into a double helix. We don't know if, for example, the top of the ladder bends so much that it actually connects to the bottom of the ladder. And we don't even know if there are any other ladders."

Sarah: "Okay, I know where you're going, but why does science always seem to know more than it actually does?"

Dr. Neruda: "The largest amount of the planet's population - perhaps 99 percent - has no experience reaching beyond the middle rung of the ladder. And those who have the privilege of observing with the help of technology the next rung above or below ours, mistakenly assume, or perhaps hope, that the ladder still has the same form and follows the same principles."

"ACIO observed another rung of this ladder - beyond university technologies. Nothing more. However, we were only embarrassed by the depth and breadth of our ignorance. We understand that the ladder is changing. It begins to change its form, and we theorize that its shape is further unpredictable or even unstable."

Sarah: "So does that mean our physics is wrong?"

Dr. Neruda: "I like the way the little-known writer Gustave Naquet put it, who wrote: 'Whenever knowledge takes a step forward, God takes a step back'."

"Each rung of the ladder may require a different physics or set of laws and tools. Is the Neanderthal bad in the face of modern man? He was only a precursor or an early prototype. And it's the same with physics or cosmology. It must be understood as a valid prototype that makes sense in its time, but will eventually be replaced by a new model that includes more rungs of the ladder."

Sarah: "It's still hard to imagine that with all the technological advantage that ACIO has only able to discover how little we know about the universe. That doesn't give us much hope."

Dr. Neruda: "What do you mean?"

Sarah: "Well, it seems to me that when we don't even know what we don't know, we're doomed to make assumptions that are taken as facts when they're really just opinions. In this respect, science is no better than religion. Is that right?"

Dr. Neruda: "The interesting thing about science is that beginnings reveal how things work. If you follow particles to their origin, you will understand how the inner universe works. If you follow cosmic particles - galaxies, quasars and black holes - to their origin, you will understand how the outer universe works. When you put these two halves together with the space between them - or the observable universe, you understand how the whole multiverse works."

"The problem is that no one has the proper lenses or technology to observe the beginnings. And so the theory prevails here. The difference between science and religion is that science applies theory while religion applies faith. Both theory and belief, however, are short on revealing origins. In that respect, they are similar."

Sarah: "But if what you say is true, then we live in a world that they don't really understand at all-me."

Dr. Neruda: "Exactly."

Sarah: "If we don't understand our world, and science and religion are inadequate, then where do we go should we turn I mean - how do we deal with our ignorance?"

Dr. Neruda: "The danger of ignorance lies only in the belief that we are not ignorant. If you know you lack insight into the inner dimension of how things work, then you know you have blind spots. You can watch closely for any option that allows for deeper insight or a keener sense of understanding. You have to learn to live with imperfection and use it as a motivating force rather than a reason for despair or indifference."

"As for the question - where should we turn? That's hard to answer. This is why all the drama is picked up and sold to the media. The media is where most people turn. They will turn on their televisions, radios, computers, newspapers, magazines, and perhaps even books, and they will deliver files of information that the media has bundled into one package. The media knows very well that people are ignorant - enough to lack the ability to recognize the incompleteness of the information files that the media present to their customers. The information is incomplete and this drowns our population in ignorance that allows for manipulation."

Sarah: "When?"

Dr. Neruda: "Sarah, there is no entity that is the master manipulator, if you are asking so-so. It's more that everyone who works in the media manipulates information and its exposure. It's all part of the drama that has people turning to the media for answers. Citizens are responsible for this state of affairs because they do not demand that their educational centers ensure clear and full disclosure of information and its distribution to the public."

Sarah: "Are you saying that information should be managed by our schools and universities? Not the media?"

Dr. Neruda: "In an ideal world, yes. This is how the Corteans designed their information structures. Educational centers control the distribution of information through a collective and well-thought-out journalistic system. Journalists are specialists in theology, arts and sciences, government, business and technology. These journalists document best practices from all fields and share this information through full publishing. Nothing is left out.

The research is accurate and completely unaffected by the political spectrum of special interests."

Sarah: "Okay, since I'm a journalist, we've finally touched on a topic I know something about. When I was a special reporter, I never felt the hand of politicians influencing how and what I would report on. I know that on a national level - especially when reporting from the capital - it may not be relevant at all, but the stories we've been talking about the last few evenings were completely unknown to me at the time. That's really the problem. These stories are completely confidential. And since our politicians don't even know about the existence of ACIO and everything related to it, how can you blame the politicians or the media for that?"

Dr. Neruda: "I really didn't want to blame anyone. The system is faulty. Anyone who is a part of this system knows that the system is beyond one life, and that it cannot be changed by one person or one group of persons. The media know their limitations and they know their market. People want to know the truth about the things they are told from books. The areas of cosmology, aliens, ACIO and classified affairs - are considered very readable for the masses - and are intended for entertainment, not serious news."

Sarah: "It's just good news and you know it. Why are you so cynical?"

Dr. Neruda: "I am cynical about the media. It does not concern you personally. I am of the opinion that the media will not change significantly until the education system changes significantly and starts producing students who will demand more than new dramas, sports and weather."

Sarah: "So our schools should not only produce students with an interest in cosmology, they should also produce news. That's a pretty high demand for schools, don't you think?"

Dr. Neruda: "Maybe, but it's exactly what's needed before the ACIO or any similar organization will be able to share its knowledge with the masses."

Sarah: "Why is that?"

Dr. Neruda: "Universities would be turned upside down if the ACIO came out publicly and provided their research discoveries, technology and evidence of alien contact. It would be attacked. And it would be a malicious attack. At least Fifteen is adamantly of that opinion. And so ACIO has no other option to communicate its findings to the public than through the private sector and the alliance it has with the NSA's Special Projects Laboratory."

Sarah: "Give me an example of something - a technology or a discovery - that was first made by ACIO and then exported to the private sector."

Dr. Neruda: "Perhaps the transistor is a good example..."

Sarah: "Are you saying that ACIO invented the transistor?"

Dr. Neruda: "No, the transistor was invented by Bell Labs, but ACIO worked with Bell Labs, or more precisely - Mervin Kelly, who ran his activities around 1950. Mr. Kelly recruited a brilliant physicist named Bill Shockley, who was in contact with ACIO, into the project."

Sarah: "How did that happen?"

Dr. Neruda: "This is a little-known fact: Mr. Shockley, in collaboration with his friend, invented the world's first nuclear reactor. The Ministry of Defense heard about it from Mr. Kelly and wanted him badly.

This was before the Manhattan Project was launched. Mr. Kelly wanted a patent for the discovery, but the government blocked it in every possible way. They kept this entire discovery under complete secrecy and arranged for one of our scientists to work undercover with Mr. Shockley."

Sarah: "When was that?"

Dr. Neruda: "It happened in 1944 and 1945."

Sarah: "Why was our government arguing about the patent?"

Dr. Neruda: "They knew that Mr. Shockley could play some role in the war and wanted to use that as leverage to secure his promise to help. I was told he was a difficult person to work with. He never volunteered for something unless he knew it would benefit him personally. And so our government withheld the patents until they cooperated."

Sarah: "And he cooperated?"

Dr. Neruda: "Yes."

Sarah: "And what was the benefit?"

Dr. Neruda: "An intelligence service was newly formed in our government - it was the predecessor of the NSA. It was known as the General Services Special Projects Laboratory and to this day very little is known about it.

The SPL was later absorbed into the NSA as its secret department in 1953, and eventually the ACIO was absorbed into the SPL as a secret research laboratory. So ACIO was two levels deeper - that is, the so-called Black Root."

Sarah: "What was the reason for all the secrecy? War?"

Dr. Neruda: "It may surprise you, but the forces ACIO worked with were not very interested in war.

They were interested in aliens and who would be the first to be able to apply their technology in military applications. In the early 1940s, UFO sightings were quite common - more common than today. And our government was convinced that this sighting was real and that it was indeed extra-planetary forces. They wanted two things: steal the technology from the downed ship, or form an alliance. They didn't have very clear ideas about how to do it."

Sarah: "But how does all this relate to Shockley?"

Dr. Neruda: "I digressed a bit. Mr. Shockley was brought into the SPL and participated in many of its secret initiatives. If it weren't for his personal traits, he would have been accepted into the SPL for his genius. He was given access to the field-effect transistor research that SPL was doing. This was before Bell Labs discovered the coupled transistor, which was developed by a colleague of Mr. Shockley's."

"Mr. Shockley was allowed to use some of the results from the SPL research to create his own version of the field controlled transistor and become widely known as its inventor. This was done in return for his cooperation in assisting the Army and Navy in strategic operations during the war.

He knew about the SPL and part of its program. I was told that after the war he wanted to join the SPL because of its more advanced laboratories, but his personal traits again made it impossible for him to be accepted."

Sarah: "So Bell Labs received the patent for the transistor in exchange for Shockley's help in the war. What exactly did he do that was so important?"

Dr. Neruda: "I don't know for sure, but in general his role was to optimize the deployment of weapons."

Sarah: "What role did the NSA play in all this?"

Dr. Neruda: "The NSA did not exist until November 1952. During this time, the SPL and ACIO were the most sophisticated secret laboratories in existence. And both had a single lab in the private sector that they worked with: Bell Labs. And that was because Mr. Kelly was a friend of the SPL chief executive."

Sarah: "So what was the relationship between SPL and ACIO?"

Dr. Neruda: "You mean in the 1940s?"

Sarah: "First tell me how long has it been?"

Dr. Neruda: "SPL was founded in 1938. At that time there was a rapid development in the field of fission energy - especially in Europe. The SPL was originally intended to explore fission as an alternative energy source as well as its possible military applications."

Sarah: "Why was it kept such a secret?"

Dr. Neruda: "At the end of the thirties, there was serious political unrest in Europe, and the United States was not sure who to trust. They had the idea that fission would be the answer and give them superior military technology. Unwittingly, they didn't want to share it. They were also alarmed by some of the sudden advances that had taken place in the European Physics Community and felt that they needed to focus some of their best resources to equip a world-class laboratory and staff it with the best minds on the planet."

Sarah: "How could the best minds on the planet suddenly be acquired by the United States government without would the scientific community notice? I mean - how would it be kept a secret?"

Dr. Neruda: "They did not marry well-known leaders in the field of physics. They were looking for young budding geniuses who were still relatively unknown, but who, under the right guidance and with the best available technology, could produce something extraordinary."

Sarah: "Like a transistor?"

Dr. Neruda: "Like a transistor."

Sarah: "So if the SPL was founded in 1938, when was the ACIO formed?"

Dr. Neruda: "It was founded in 1940 shortly after the SPL was established."

Sarah: "Why?"

Dr. Neruda: "First - it was partly because SPL management was afraid of being exposed by Congress. So they decided to create Black Root, which was the code name for ACIO. They wanted to establish a laboratory that would be untouchable by political forces or the media. Second - they didn't want the SPL research program to conflict with alien affairs. When all this was going on in the beginning, aliens and UFOs were still a big topic of interest in the SPL. Most SPL leaders did not believe in them. There was no hard evidence."

"But when the first undamaged spacecraft was found, it changed everyone's mind in the SPL and it was decided that a special separate program must be created and that that program would be the most necessary and secret of the two laboratories. So the Black Root, or ACIO as it was later named, was established behind the SPL level in a deeper level of secrecy. It was hidden two levels deeper."

Sarah: "When you talk about preserved spaceship... do you mean the Roswell case?"

Dr. Neruda: "No. This was an abandoned spacecraft that was found off the coast of Florida in 1940."

Sarah: "Was she just abandoned? Who found her?"

Dr. Neruda: "As the story goes, she was found in the water - about sixty feet deep - by a recreational diver. She was perfectly preserved."

Sarah: "What happened to the diver?"

Dr. Neruda: "It was an anonymous tip from the Navy. The person who discovered it has never been found. However, we later learned that the discovery was a staged event."

Sarah: "A staged event?"

Dr. Neruda: "That means the discovery was directed by Corteo."

Sarah: "So it was a Cortean ship that was left here for the Navy to discover-
what?"

Dr. Neruda: "This is how they chose to make first contact."

Sarah: "They left one of their ships in the ocean and then called the Navy and told them where to find it-
are they going Damn, that's weird!"

Dr. Neruda: "Yes, but they had to call three times before they got someone to start an investigation based on that."

Sarah: "Okay, so that's how ACIO came about. When did you join him?"

Dr. Neruda: "In 1956, my father discovered a damaged spacecraft while hunting in the Bolivian jungle. It was a triangular ship that measured about seventy meters and was almost equilateral. There were twenty-six crew members. All dead."

Sarah: "Corteans?"

Dr. Neruda: "No, this ship was later determined to be a Zeta alien ship. She was on a hunting trip, just like my father - hunting game. Unfortunately, it broke down in an electrical storm in flight. My father was an electronics dealer - mostly for the Bolivian army."

Sarah: "I know, you've told me that before, but please repeat it for the record."

Dr. Neruda: "My father recovered some technology from the ship and then contacted an army official in the Bolivian government who was a good friend of his. At first my father wanted to sell the ship to the Bolivian military, but quickly the US military - especially the SPL - became interested. The director of the SPL met with my father, found out the location of the ship and within three days secured its complete recovery."

"That happened in exchange for American citizenship and a job at the SPL for my father."

Sarah: "Why did your father negotiate like this instead of money?"

Dr. Neruda: "He knew that this was the only way to save his life and mine. He kept the navigation the technology that was on board the ship and everything else was handed over to SPL."

Sarah: "What about the Bolivian government?"

Dr. Neruda: "They were well paid."

Sarah: "Is that all?"

Dr. Neruda: "In the seven years between 1952 and 1959, six more spaceships were found under similar circumstances to my father's. Only one of them was on the territory of the United States. The other five were willingly handed over to our army for a bribe."

Sarah: "I take it the countries concerned didn't want to deal with the political implications?"

Dr. Neruda: "Yes, but they also wanted the money and to have friendly relations with the American army. They saw future benefits from it in the form of technology sharing, military protection, loans and many other intangible benefits. It was simply a smart policy. In addition, no country, except the Soviet Union, had laboratories like the ACIO. What would they do with those ships?"

Sarah: "So your father and you came to the United States... what qualified your father to be admitted to

SPL and what was he doing there?"

Dr. Neruda: "My father was not just a businessman with the Bolivian army, he was an expert in electronics equal to the title of advanced electrical engineer. He had several patents to his credit, but he was considered a dreamer or a lost soul."

Sarah: "Is he still alive?"

Dr. Neruda: "No."

Sarah: "I'm sorry. What about the rest of your family? Did only your father come to America with you?"

Dr. Neruda: "I was still a child. My mother died shortly after I was born. When we came to Stá-you, I was only four years old. I really don't remember much about my home in Sorata."

Sarah: "Where's Sorata?"

Dr. Neruda: "North of La Paz, at the eastern end of Lake Titicaca."

Sarah: "Maybe I've seen too many episodes of The X-Files, but I find it hard to believe that your father managed to negotiate with SPL a job and US citizenship. Can you explain how this happened?"

Dr. Neruda: "He just demanded it. It wasn't that difficult. He was a person who spoke perfect English, had knowledge of electronics and some political influence. What's more, it led SPL to a very important discovery that was worth many billions of dollars in research and development. My father was smart enough to take pictures of the ship and secure the electronic components related to navigation. He tucked it away safely with instructions to post these things in case something happened to him or me."

Sarah: "Don't take this the wrong way, but didn't you say that ACIO only accepted young geniuses? Assumption-I'll grant that your father was not up to it."

Dr. Neruda: "No, he was not a genius. But he was smart enough to be an asset to some experiments with the reverse engineering that was going on at ACIO - especially those related to semiconductors."

Sarah: "And this all happened in the mid-1950s?"

Dr. Neruda: "Yes."

Sarah: "Was Fifteen there at the time?"

Dr. Neruda: "No. He only came to ACIO in the spring of 1958."

Sarah: "So you and your father knew each other?"

Dr. Neruda: "Believe it or not, my father later became a high-level director at ACIO - largely thanks to Fifteen, who took an instant liking to my father. Remember that Fifteen is Spanish. My father knew Fifteen as well as anyone and had great respect for him."

Sarah: "Was your father part of the Labyrinth Team?"

Dr. Neruda: "Yes."

Sarah: "When did you learn about the Labyrinth Team and their goals?"

Dr. Neruda: "Fifteen introduced me to him in an encounter I'll never forget."

Sarah: "When was that?"

Dr. Neruda: "That was September 18, 1989."

Sarah: "What happened?"

Dr. Neruda: "Fifteen showed me a set of technologies that were part of the TTP (Technology Transfer Program) with Corteo. He explained to me that they activate certain parts of the brain that connect the unconscious data stream with the conscious. They allowed a much more powerful flow of data to be captured by the conscious mind."

Sarah: "Can you explain how it works?"

Dr. Neruda: "I'll do my best, but it's a technical explanation. I don't know any other way to explain it."

Sarah: "Try it. I'll get back to you when I get lost in it."

Dr. Neruda: "There is a part of the brain called the thalamocortical system. Cortea technology activates this specific part of the brain and causes a small functional cluster in this system to expand into higher consciousness. These are the neural coordinates of consciousness that relate to higher reasoning abilities that are very necessary for scientific inquiry, mathematics, and general problem solving."

"Do you understand?"

Sarah: "I don't get it at all. But what significance does this technology have for the Labyrinth Team?"

Dr. Neruda: "When Fifteen was first introduced to the Cortean TTP program, he was the first to he should have used this technology on his own brain..."

Sarah: "Yes, I remember. Shortly thereafter, he received a vision of BST. Is that right?"

Dr. Neruda: "Right."

Sarah: "And that was the reason why he founded the Labyrinth Team - to strive for the development of BST. Is that right?"

Dr. Neruda: "Yes."

Sarah: "So everyone that Fifteen picked used this Cortean technology and as a result he became smarter. And no one outside of the Labyrinth Team had any idea that the Labyrinth Team existed?"

Dr. Neruda: "As far as I know, no one."

Sarah: "Okay, so let's get back to the story with Fifteen. What happened next?"

Dr. Neruda: "Anyone who knew Fifteen knew that he was intensely interested in time travel. But I didn't know until that day how intense this interest of his was. He explained to me the physics behind his plan with the BST and how powerful the Corteam was in its development. He wanted to assign me to a new project related to the development of BST, and when he explained the essence of the project to me, I shook my head in disbelief that he believed I could do the job."

Sarah: "What was that?"

Dr. Neruda: "It was a project that involved designing and developing advanced neural selection technology for the human brain; it was a subject I knew very little about. I raised this objection, but Fifteen explained that no one else knew about it either, so I could do the research myself. And then he explained to me Cortean brain augmentation technology. He also told me at the time that all security level twelve personnel were required to go through this process."

Sarah: "I assume everyone accepted the invitation."

Dr. Neruda: "That is a correct assumption, although there are also some negatives of the technology."

Sarah: "What?"

Dr. Neruda: "The informational capacity of the conscious mind is very limited. When you strengthen the connection between the conscious and the unconscious, the conscious mind rejects the breadth of the data stream of information and tends to become an observer of alternative states of consciousness. In other words, the process of brain expansion triggers a rapid and fluid movement between different states of consciousness, not unlike the projection of images in rapid succession, where each image represents a different state of consciousness."

Sarah: "I think I understand you, but wouldn't it be good to have this side effect under control?"

Dr. Neruda: "That's what I thought, as did everyone else. Some were more affected than her, and it usually took several weeks for the higher mind to begin to integrate this into its dynamic core."

Sarah: "Okay, enough brainstorming, I'd like to get back to the Labyrinth Team topic. In the first interview, you mentioned that it is the most secretive of all organizations on the planet and at the same time one of the most influential. How can she work undercover and be influential at the same time?"

Dr. Neruda: "The Labyrinth Team is a subset of ACIO that is completely secret. Its main purpose was to create a support organization for the pure state technologies that were part of the TTP program that Fifteen had negotiated with the Zeta aliens and with Cortee. Fifteen did not want these technologies to remain in the ACIO where they were within reach of the SPL and potentially the NSA. He wanted to be able to review, analyze and merge these technologies before having to think about how to dilute them into less powerful technologies that could be exported to SPL or the private organizations he worked with."

"We have the best security technology out there. By that I mean we are able to protect our technology from any hostile force. This allows Labyrinth Team employees to focus on utilizing these pristine technologies to advance our BST program."

"Our influence is not understood by anyone because we do this by releasing these diluted technologies into covert technologies that are then used by your military, the NSA, DARPA, and private organizations of our choosing."

Sarah: "I think you said you even work with private industry?"

Dr. Neruda: "The Labyrinth Team does not work directly with the private sector. But some of our tech- have seeped into the private sector."

Sarah: "Like a transistor?"

Dr. Neruda: "No, the field controlled transistor was actually developed more SPL."

Sarah: "So give me an example of something recent that relates to the Labyrinth Team and the private sector. Something I might know."

Dr. Neruda: "I can't think of anything that you would know about at this time. Our technologies do not appear on front pages of Newsweek or Time."

Sarah: "I just wanted to get some information that I could verify later. The transistor story is interesting, but it doesn't give me anything to follow. I doubt Shockley is still alive. Is he alive?"

Dr. Neruda: "First of all, if he were alive, he would never have revealed the influence of the SPL on his research. Second, he died about eight years ago."

Sarah: "So what can you tell me that can confirm - at least a little - that the Labyrinth Team exists?"

Dr. Neruda: "Nothing. There is nothing you can do to trace things back to the Labyrinth Team. I don't know how to emphasize this anymore. Our way of penetrating technology into the private sector is very subtle."

Sarah: "All right. So just give me an example."

Dr. Neruda: "The Labyrinth Team developed a computer system we call EARTH. One of the unique features of ZEMI is that its information structure is based on a new form of mathematics related to information storage, recombination encryption and data compression. It is mathematics that provides quantum improvements in all these areas. We shared this math with scientists involved in the development of the MiG-29."

Sarah: "Russia? Are you saying that the Labyrinth Team is working with the Russian government?"

Dr. Neruda: "No, we never work directly with governments. In this case, we collaborated with the Fazotron Research and Production Company in Moscow. We supplied them with a collection of algorithms that they adapted for use in their information and fire radar system on board the MiG-29. These same algo-rhythms were then discovered by American interests and are now being adapted for widespread use in global market delivery systems."

Sarah: "Who is behind the American interest? Can you tell me the names?"

Dr. Neruda: "It's not a very well-known company, but it goes by the name Omnigon, based in San Diego."

Sarah: And Omnigon has this technology that was originally developed by the Labyrinth Team for computer memory and they're now using it to build a large-scale delivery system? Can you explain to me in layman's terms what this network provides?"

Dr. Neruda: "Provided they use this technology appropriately, it will allow Omnigon to significantly increase the functionality of ATM network switches without relying on server-side solutions. This will increase the speed and user functionality of this network."

Sarah: "These were not layman's terms by my definition. But it doesn't matter."

"The Labyrinth Team created this technology, or did they reverse engineer it from extraterrestrial sources?"

Dr. Neruda: "Actually, a bit of both. It was created by the Labyrinth Team, but some initial ideas they came from the Zeta aliens as a result of reverse engineering from one of their ships."

Sarah: "How did that Russian organization get this technology from the Labyrinth Team?"

Dr. Neruda: "Fifteen knew one of the lead scientists at the Fazotron and pitched the idea to him. It was a friendly gesture that he believed would be useful to him later in getting this scientist. This way of sharing creates loyalty and can be done so skillfully that the recipient of the idea can believe it was their own idea and not inspired."

Sarah: "But you have to watch the technology. How else would you know she ended up in the hands of Omnigon?"

Dr. Neruda: "We have operatives in the spy services who supply us with information. They are actually spies who are in major government research labs and the military industrial complex. In this case, it was brought to our attention by one of our staff at General Dynamics. We even use our Far Vision technology to track down some of our more advanced technology that we have placed in major companies."

Sarah: "Maybe we should end it here. Although I am very tempted to delve deeper into the subject of these societies, I know you prefer our sessions to be shorter."

"Is there anything you would like to add before we say goodnight?"

Dr. Neruda: "No, nothing. I think we've covered a wide range of information today from my personal philosophy, and I'd like to emphasize that this is just my personal philosophy. I don't want to force her on anyone. I don't want to preach any particular message or lifestyle. I hope that in our next session, with your help, we will focus on the Wing Maker and try to minimize my personal insights regarding cosmology and the like."

Sarah: "I'll try, but I can't promise. I have a long list of questions I wanted to ask you about the Wing Makers today, but somehow it just so happened that I thought it was more interesting to understand your reasoning. I'll try my best to stick to the Wing Makers theme tomorrow. Do you have any recommendations?"

Dr. Neruda: "I think artifacts are very interesting. So I would suggest that we could focus on this topic."

Sarah: "Then I'll try. Thank you."

Dr. Neruda: "That's nice of you, Sarah. Thank you very much."

End of third session.

Chapter 23 - The Fourth Interview with Dr. Jamison Neruda

Sarah wrote

What follows is a recording of a meeting with Dr. Neruda, which I recorded on December 31, 1997. He gave me permission to record his answers to my questions. This is a transcript of the record. It was one of five meetings where I was able to record our conversation. I kept these entries exactly as they happened. I did no editing and tried as much as possible to use the exact same words and grammar that Dr. Neruda.

(Before reading this interview, I recommend reading the previous three interviews first.)

Sarah: "As promised, one of the things I'd like to focus on in this interview is the Ancient Arrow locale. From what you said the other day, it follows that the Ancient Arrow site was basically stripped of its artifacts. Where are they now and what do you think the ACIO intends to do with them?"

Dr. Neruda: "Regarding the time before my defection, the twenty-three sub-chambers and ante-chambers of the loca-lite were carefully measured, analyzed, and each of the artifacts cataloged. All artifacts that could be retrieved from the twenty-three chambers were moved to the ACIO laboratories for careful testing. The original assumption was that they contained accessible technologies that could somehow speed up the BST deployment plan. However, I think that expectation changed after the discovery of the twenty-fourth chamber."

Sarah: "Actually, you've never discussed the chambers in detail before. What was so special about Com-Are you twenty-four?"

Dr. Neruda: "What was interesting about the chambers - apart from the artifacts they contained - was that the location was as sterile as an operating theater - except for the twenty-third chamber. Remember that these chambers exited from a central corridor that spiraled up through the massive rock. It was approximately fifty meters from the top of the twenty-third chamber down to the antechamber. We knew there were twenty-four chapters or sections on the optical disc, but we assumed that included the antechamber - even though there were no artifacts in it. So we mistakenly assumed that the reason for the twenty-four chambers had been clarified."

Sarah: "And it wasn't?"

Dr. Neruda: "No. There was another chamber that was hidden."

Sarah: "What?"

Dr. Neruda: "In the twenty-third chamber there was quite a large amount of stone fragments on the floor. It had all the signs of being unfinished, as if its creators had to leave suddenly, or simply ran out of patience before completing their mission. We spent quite a lot of time analyzing and studying the walls and debris in the twenty-third chamber and hoped to uncover the method of its construction, but we never guessed that there was a secret passage hidden beneath the debris on the floor of the chamber."

Sarah: "So there was a trapdoor?"

Dr. Neruda: "Shortly before my defection, the trapdoor was discovered by an ACIO researcher who was doing some form of X-ray photography of the interior of the site."

Sarah: "Why did he do that?"

Dr. Neruda: "They were trying to find out if there were any structural defects in the locality that could cause its instability in the long term. We actually broke the seal of this location and put a lot of strain on its structure. Because Fifteen is very meticulous, he wanted to make sure he didn't inadvertently damage the structural integrity of the site. He was sure that the conservation of the site was potentially essential."

Sarah: "Okay, so the x-rays showed a trapdoor to another chamber. How could they have been overlooked before? Were they completely hidden?"

Dr. Neruda: "Not really. We were told to leave all the chambers as we found them - apart from taking away the artifacts and cataloging everything we found. What we didn't realize was that the six feet of stone debris on the floor of the twenty-third chamber hides a vertical passage."

Sarah: "Did he go straight down?"

Dr. Neruda: "Exactly. He was falling down almost fifty meters..."

Sarah: "I thought there was an antechamber fifty meters below the twenty-third chamber."

Dr. Neruda: "Yes, it is, but not directly under it. The twenty-fourth chamber is separated by four meters of wall from the nearest wall of the antechamber."

Sarah: "Is there a passage between the two, or is the only entrance from the twenty-third chamber?"

Dr. Neruda: "The only entrance is from the twenty-third chamber, which makes it almost impossible to get into."

Sarah: "Why?"

Dr. Neruda: "Because for an adult body the carved passage is too small and too long a distance to cross."

Sarah: "You couldn't expand it with all your technology?"

Dr. Neruda: "It was an option, but Fifteen felt we weren't entitled to it."

Sarah: "Why not? It seems like a pretty important discovery... maybe it's the key to the whole site."

Dr. Neruda: "ACIO has the technology that allowed us to lower down the passageway camera and remotely photograph the entire chamber."

Sarah: "What did you see?"

Dr. Neruda: "It was the largest of all twenty-four rooms - in all dimensions. Its mural was the largest and, like the twenty-third chamber, was oriented horizontally instead of vertically. There was an artifact that we took from the chamber and as far as I know, like the other artifacts, it was inaccessible to all ACIO investigation."

Sarah: "Were there any other differences besides the larger dimensions of the chamber?"

Dr. Neruda: "It was very similar to the twenty-third chamber in that it also seemed unfinished, but it was about three times the size. A series of glyphs were carved into the wall opposite the mural, which were grouped into seven groups of five characters each."

Sarah: "I know you've been showing me photos of chamber paintings. Did I see this one too?"

Dr. Neruda: "No."

Sarah: "What does she look like?"

Dr. Neruda: "It is the most abstract and complex of the entire collection and therefore difficult to describe. Similar to all chamber paintings, we have tried to decode its symbols and analyze the content of the painting, but we only have guesses about its true meaning."

Sarah: "Any hypothesis as to why the twenty-fourth chamber was hidden?"

Dr. Neruda: "You remember that the site was mostly understood as the Labyrinth of the Team as it generally refers to our human genome..."

Sarah: "Because of the helix shape?"

Dr. Neruda: "That's why, and also because there are twenty-three chambers - which is the exact number of chromosomes - or pairs of chromosomes in a normal human cell. These factors, along with other details contained in the chamber paintings and philosophical texts we decoded, led us to conclude that the site was designed to tell the story of the human genome."

Sarah: "Okay, but why was the twenty-fourth chamber hidden and how does it relate to the human genome?"

Dr. Neruda: "I don't know for sure, but I remember that the twenty-third chromosome determines the sex of an individual. The mural from the twenty-third chamber is the only painting that shows - albeit very abstractly - both female and male genitalia. We believe this is intentional. The fact that the twenty-third chamber was unfinished suggests that the twenty-third chromosome is also somehow unfinished, suggesting that there may be some other functions of the sex gene that have not yet been completed."

Sarah: "But isn't the whole genome unfinished? I remember reading that 95 percent of the genome is unused. Isn't that right?"

Dr. Neruda: "It is true that the instructions contained in the genes are largely unused, but the genes themselves, as far as their instruction sets are concerned, are not - as far as we know - unfinished. Of course, there are genetic mutations that happen from time to time, but these are also not states of completion. Rather, it is a spontaneous adaptation to mutual genetic linking."

Sarah: "So what about the twenty-fourth chamber? Are there cases where some people have two to four chromosomes?"

Dr. Neruda: "First of all, there are twenty-three pairs of chromosomes, and yes, there are people who have an extra chromosome. But it is generally not desirable and often fatal. During our research, we have never seen twenty-four pairs of chromosomes in a normal healthy person."

Sarah: "But isn't it possible that it doesn't involve chromosome pairs? There are no paired chambers, so maybe he's talking about twenty-four sets of chromosomes."

Dr. Neruda: "This possibility has also been explored."

Sarah: "And...?"

Dr. Neruda: "No credible evidence was found, so this theory was dismissed."

Sarah: "So nothing human has twenty-four chromosomes or twenty-four pairs of chromosomes? Why would the Wing Makers create something so obviously genetic in its shape and then make a mistake like this?"

Dr. Neruda: "No one in the Labyrinth Team believes this is a mistake. Chimpanzees, orangutans, and gorillas have twenty-four pairs of chromosomes."

Sarah: "Monkeys?"

Dr. Neruda: "Any molecular biologist will tell you that our genome is 98 percent identical to that of a chimpanzee."

Sarah: "Are you saying that the Wing Makers created this site to honor the chimpanzees?"

Dr. Neruda: "No. I'm just telling the truth. Until 1955, scientists believed that humans also had twenty-four chromosomes, similar to chimpanzees or gorillas, but then it was discovered that over time humans had two chromosomes combined into one..."

Sarah: "And how does all this relate to the discovery of the twenty-fourth chamber?"

Dr. Neruda: "It's probably unrelated. The human genome is like a set of twenty-three volume encyclopedias. It is quite possible that in this case the twenty-fourth chamber is the equivalent of an index or navigation volume."

Sarah: "But isn't it visible like the other twenty-three chromosomes?"

Dr. Neruda: "We think that the fact that the twenty-fourth chamber was hidden and connected to the twenty-third chamber only by a narrow vertical passage has its meaning. Theoretically, it is possible that the twenty-fourth chromosome is not a molecularly based genetic repository. It is possible that this indicates that certain genetic mutations will occur in our future, or that the twenty-fourth chamber is a metaphor for a new functionality of the human species that is still dormant or unencoded."

Sarah: "So what does Fifteen think it all means?"

Dr. Neruda: "ZEMI has done a complete search of the various variables - and I think Fifteen has more or less accepted the most likely alternative he has determined - namely that the twenty-third chromosome is destined to mutate and create or hasten the creation of a twenty-fourth chromosome that will work for future geneticists as a navigation system or an index."

Sarah: "And ZEMI derived all of that from just that one painting?"

Dr. Neruda: "ZEMI performed sixty-two different analyzes of the painting from the twenty-fourth chamber, and each of them had a probability of over 40 percent. This is unheard of unless the object is encoded in sufficient complexity and unless this encoding is applied uniformly to create a network effect of different possibilities."

This painting together with the glyphs on the opposite wall lead us to this conclusion. ACIO calls this phenomenon Complex Interweaving and indicates it by a factor of zero to one hundred. If an object or event has a KP of fifteen, it is considered a coded object. Artifacts from the twenty-fourth chamber have the highest KP of all chambers: 94.6. To put this into perspective, the nearest higher chamber - number six - has a KP of 56.3."

Sarah: "Why is this so important?"

Dr. Neruda: "Because Fifteen looks at the twenty-fourth chamber as the key to understanding the entire Ancient Arrow location. ZEMI's analysis was very specific - much more than I am able to convey in this conversation."

Sarah: "Can you give me an example of how ZEMI determined this KP index?"

Dr. Neruda: "A painting or an object is photographed and converted into digital components. Color, size, placement, shape, and repetition are all detected and analyzed. For example, one of the abstract figures in the painting from the twenty-fourth chamber appears to be descending from top to bottom and has twenty-three stars in its middle. ZEMI attached a certain importance to it and it became the thread of the network effect. ZEMI continued to create such similar threads, searching for a matching pattern. If the pattern appears with sufficient mathematical coherence and context, it infers that the object is designed for a purpose."

Sarah: "In other words - higher KP means higher purpose?"

Dr. Neruda: "Yes, and especially if the difference in value is very significant, as in the case of the twenty-fourth chamber."

Sarah: "If I put all these pieces together, the picture that emerges is that the Ancient Arrow site was created as a metaphor for the human genome and that it predicts the mutation that will create the twenty-fourth chromosome that will lead us back to our hairy cousins. Won't it be devolution?"

Dr. Neruda: "No."

Sarah: "Why not?"

Dr. Neruda: "The molecular environment of the twenty-third chromosome is the most contradictory and dynamic of all human chromosomes. This makes it a melting pot for potential mutation. Molecular and evolutionary biologists are only now beginning to see this inner reality of the twenty-third chromosome."

ZEMI's analysis is that the painting of the twenty-fourth chamber is not about our sexual identity, as in the fall of the twenty-third chromosome, but of our spiritual identity."

Sarah: "How so?"

Dr. Neruda: "It will take me at least twenty minutes to explain it rationally. Should I continue?"

Sarah: "Can you just say a summary?"

Dr. Neruda: "I'll try."

"There are several connections between the twenty-third and twenty-fourth chambers. Most notably, the twenty-fourth chamber is only accessible from the twenty-third chamber. This suggests that the twenty-fourth exists as a consequence of the behavior and state of the twenty-third. The channel connecting these two chambers is, in a sense, the birth canal, and the twenty-fourth chamber is the child."

"Because the twenty-third is the sex chromosome, it means that it determines the sexual and physical identity of an individual; its purpose is very twofold. It is quite logical to conclude that if a new chromosome is to be born, it may have something to do with our spiritual identity, especially in light of all the other information we have about the Central Race."

Sarah: "I have a feeling you believe that."

Dr. Neruda: "I think that's a real hypothesis, but the exact purpose of the Ancient Arrow site has yet to be determined with a high degree of certainty."

Sarah: "Are there any other sites similar to the Ancient Arrow site that ACIO is also involved in? terraced?"

Dr. Neruda: "No, nothing of that magnitude, but the ACIO is interested in anything anomalous that might be associated with extraterrestrial influence."

Sarah: "Can you give me an example?"

Dr. Neruda: "In the mid-sixties, an underground installation of stones covered with engravings was found in Peru. Some of the circumstances surrounding this location were similar."

Sarah: "What?"

Dr. Neruda: "It was an underground installation of considerable complexity, containing tens of thousands of stones engraved with complex pictographs depicting an extensive historical record of the land and prehistoric culture. They were all carved in a stone known as andesite."

Sarah: "And was that location kept a secret as well?"

Dr. Neruda: "No, quite the opposite, but it became the target of heavy misinformation and in the end the academic which institutions were discredited because they felt threatened by his exposure."

Sarah: "I still don't understand how a government organization like ACIO can operate in secret and how it is possible that our elected public officials are completely unaware of its existence or agenda."

Dr. Neruda: "It's not that all elected public officials don't know about the ACIO, but you're right that they don't know its true goals."

Sarah: "Who knows and who doesn't?"

Dr. Neruda: "It is not so easy to give you a list of names. Those who know it and are elected in-public officials, would form a very short list..."

Sarah: "How short?"

Dr. Neruda: "I'd rather not say that now. I'll just say it's less than ten."

"The world political body is not divided into republicans and democrats or liberal and conservative parties. It is divided into different layers of knowledge and vital intelligence. The financial oligarchy in the form of a secret network, which I mentioned last week, has the highest knowledge. Some of them are shared with military forces and some are shared with isolationist forces."

"These three forces are the guiding forces through which the world organizes itself. The presumed alpha organization is the Incunabula, as they control a dominant share of the world's financial reserves and material wealth."

Sarah: "Okay, wait a minute, because since our conversation on Saturday, I've been doing some research and I've learned a little bit about an organization called the Illuminati. Is this the same organization you now refer to as the Incunabula?"

Dr. Neruda: "No. The Illuminati is part of that secret network of organizations, but it is not an alpha organization. Illuminati they are associated with other aristocratic organizations that have their roots mainly in Europe, but whose aims and interests are not connected with the Incunabula."

Sarah: "In what way? From what I've read, it appears to be the secret network you're talking about."

Dr. Neruda: "First of all, you must understand that the secret network I'm talking about is loosely organized and not very well organized because its interests are competing with each other. However, there is a sense of camaraderie between some of the most powerful groups - largely because they share elite positions in business, universities or government."

"Nevertheless, these groups are generally designed to help their members gain greater wealth and influence through the members' network of business and government contacts. It is comparable to a very powerful 'networking' organization."

Sarah: "Are you sure we're talking about the same organization?"

Dr. Neruda: "There are many stories about the Illuminati that are based more on legend than evidence. Too many conspiratorial interests are attributed to them. They are not organized that way. Their leadership is too visible and scrutinized by the media. In that case, in most cases, you can dispel the presumption that global conspiratorial goals are at play."

Sarah: "What about the occult references to the Illuminati? Are they true?"

Dr. Neruda: "The supposed leaders of the Illuminati are not occultists or Satanists, as they are sometimes accused. Again, these are the conspiracy theories that create the madness and are used by those who are looking for enemies to personify Lucifer, who in their minds is synonymous with the occult."

The Illuminati is an elite organization made up of men and women who do not follow a single belief system. Members' spiritual belief systems are not criteria for membership. What is important is the individual's personal network of contacts."

Sarah: "But don't they have enormous political influence?"

Dr. Neruda: "Yes, they do, just like the Freemasons, Skulls and Hnats and the other twenty-seven organizations that create this loosely woven network of the elite have it. However, the people who run the master plan are not directly connected to any of these thirty organizations."

"The reality is that these organizations actually operate in one of three forces, which are united to govern-by the hand of the Incunabuli."

Sarah: "So you're saying that the world political scene is organized by these three forces and that the group with the most money also has the most knowledge and that he basically controls the other two groups?"

Dr. Neruda: "The incunabula does not dictate anything to the other two powers. She strategically releases information that lures the other two forces in the direction she wants them to go. You can look at these three forces as parts of an equilateral triangle with the Incunabula at the apex and the Global Military Force at one base point and the Isolationist Force at the other base point. That is the real global power structure."

Sarah: "I'm not clear on how the goals of these three forces differ."

Dr. Neruda: "Incunabula deals with the globalization of money channels and natural resources such as oil and natural gas; Military power is concerned with spreading and protecting democracy on the planet while protecting its interests as the dominant superpower of America allied with Western Europe; The Isolationist Force is focused on industry and at the state level on the accumulation of wealth for its people."

Sarah: "But how does the Incunabula beckon these two other powers to carry out her wishes? Can you give me an example?"

Dr. Neruda: "Why do you think Saddam Hussein invaded Kuwait?"

Sarah: "To appropriate his oil wealth and make a lot of money."

Dr. Neruda: "On the surface this is close to the truth. As a result of the war between Iran and Iraq, Saddam had exhausted too much of his country's wealth and therefore became interested in Kuwait's assets. But he also knew that his army was not built for invading and annexing countries. He was also aware that the superpowers could hinder his interests in Kuwait."

"Saddam had a real dilemma. He had more than a million soldiers who were out of work after the Iran-Iraq war and there was not enough room in the Iraqi economy to integrate these men. The Military Force knew about-

that of Saddam's dilemma and led Saddam to believe, through her consistent disinformation campaign, that he would be allowed to invade Kuwait without retaliation from the superpowers."

"There are also high-ranking personnel in the Military Force who are also the eyes and ears of the Incunabula. Iraq was known to have weapons of mass destruction that it had developed during its war with Iran. Military The force saw this as a destabilizing element in its long-term policy of bringing democracy - the American type - to an oil-producing region."

"Incunabula had no control over oil in the Middle East. It is the only natural resource over which they are not the ultimate authority. Saddam Hussein was misled by disinformation to invade Kuwait. Thus, the Military Force could - with the whole world watching - dismantle the Iraqi defense. This was an Incunabula-staged event of global impact. It was carried out by a Military that was completely unaware that it was being dragged into this conflict in the same way that Iraq was."

Sarah: "And all this because some elitist trillionaires want to control the world's oil reserves?"

Dr. Neruda: "It's much more complicated than that, although what you said is part of the equation. I don't know how much you want me to go into it."

Sarah: "It's hard to stop after you've made that revelation. Where is this all leading to... I mean- li... what is the ultimate intention of the Incunabula?"

Dr. Neruda: "You mean in the context of the Middle East?"

Sarah: "Yes."

Dr. Neruda: "They want to control crude oil production. They want to have power over this critical resource that so significantly affects the world economy. They have control over refineries and distribution of end products, but lack control over production - especially in the Middle East. This is their basic goal, which is, however, surrounded by secondary goals - the introduction of Western culture into this region and the slow but sure homogenization of world culture. They want this global culture as the framework in which they want to create global governance."

Sarah: "And how long will it take them...assuming they succeed?"

Dr. Neruda: "From ACIO's point of view, it has no more than a 35 percent probability of occurrence within the next ten years, but it jumps to a 60 percent probability within twenty years. It then becomes increasingly likely with each subsequent decade until it reaches a near certainty around 2060."

Sarah: "And when you say 'global governance', what do you mean?"

Dr. Neruda: "The ability to manage the planet's natural resources as a single, global body politic."

Sarah: "Why is this such an important goal of Incunabula?"

Dr. Neruda: "Decreasing oil and natural gas reserves. These are non-renewable natural resources. It took billions of years to create 3.2 trillion barrels of usable oil and only 110 years to reduce that amount to 1.8 trillion. The planet's oil reserves are its economic lifeblood. As they shrink, so does the economic system in which the world's population lives. As the economic environment erodes, instability emerges and the resulting uncontrollable, chaotic consequences."

Sarah: "So you're saying it's all about oil again?"

Dr. Neruda: "Try to understand that it is incredible to me that it is not obvious. Anyone who knows the situation with the world's oil reserves can draw a simple conclusion and draw the conclusion that the world is about fifty to seventy years away from running out of oil, even if you use the more optimistic analyses. In the pessimistic case, it could be only twenty years."

Sarah: "How is that possible? I don't remember anything being said about it in the media. I think it would be a big deal if it was that obvious and that threatening."

Dr. Neruda: "There are many versions of this story that have made it into the media, but it has never attracted the attention of the mass media and the mass population, because it is about the distant future - a subject that does not appeal to people with a Western lifestyle. However, this future is what Incunabula is focused on, as it determines the tactics for the present day."

"Depletion of the world's oil reserves along with a growing human population are the dominant influences shaping Incunabula's politics and timeline."

Sarah: "So the Incunabula program is about controlling dwindling oil supplies. For what purpose?"

Dr. Neruda: "At the highest levels of Incunabula, planning horizons are typically twenty to one-hundred years - depending on what's involved. They are well aware that as oil reserves dwindle, it will become more and more difficult to extract oil from the planetary reservoirs, resulting in at least a thirty percent increase in the cost of refining it. This will have a significant effect on its price, which may result in a permanent recession of the world economy."

"Incunabula's planners believe that consolidating control over oil supplies and distribution is the best a way to declare rationing on a global scale without unleashing Armageddon."

Sarah: "Is it really that serious?"

Dr. Neruda: "I don't want to sound like some kind of panic-monger, but this is a fundamental problem that humanity must focus on in the twenty-first century. The most brilliant minds on our planet are well aware of this and have known it for at least twenty years."

Sarah: "Then why aren't the world's leaders and most brilliant minds working together on alternative energy sources?"

Dr. Neruda: "In some cases it is. There are several alternative energy sources that come into play - some of which are not even publicly known at this time because they stem from technologies that also carry great potential as weapons."

"But the much bigger issue is how to change the energy system of our modern civilization from oil to new energy sources - or perhaps change the way we live - in other words, our oil-dependent lifestyle."

Sarah: "Why is this such a problem? I think as the world wakes up to the reality of dwindling oil reserves, it will be very receptive to new sources of energy."

Dr. Neruda: "Have you ever heard a quote from Machiavelli about the difficulty of changing a system?"

Sarah: "I don't think so."

Dr. Neruda: "He wrote: 'There is nothing more difficult, nothing more doubtful of success, nothing more dangerous to undertake - than the creation of a new system. To the pioneer it means the enmity of all who profit by the maintenance of the old system; and scarcely lukewarm advocates in those who gain something by the new.'"

Sarah: "Okay, it takes a lot of preparation and planning and probably some convincing. But what else do we have to choose from?"

Dr. Neruda: "Nothing. This is the reality of the next fifty years."

Sarah: "I assume Incunabula plans to manage this system change. Am I right?"

Dr. Neruda: "Yes. As I have said, he believes that the global regulation of energy resources and the ability to manage population growth are the converging issues of our time that - if managed appropriately - can avert Armageddon."

Sarah: "You used that word for the second time today - Armageddon. What do you mean? Are you talking about World War III?"

Dr. Neruda: "Armageddon is defined in ACIO as the chaos of humanity. It is a time when humanity is thrown into chaos and the interfaces of global trade, communication and diplomacy are destroyed in favor of national self-preservation. If this were to happen, weapons of unprecedented power could be used that could destroy 30 percent or more of the population. That's a definition we don't like to talk about, but it's well known in ACIO as one of the options in the twenty-first century."

Sarah: "I assume you have a predicted probability for that as well. Is that right?"

Dr. Neruda: "Yes."

Sarah: "And what is she like, if I may ask?"

Dr. Neruda: "I'd rather not say it. It's not very important anyway because it changes depending on world events."

Sarah: "But is this a matter that the planners of Incunabula are trying to avoid?"

Dr. Neruda: "Yes. That's what they do more than anything else."

Sarah: "What other organizations are involved in this?"

Dr. Neruda: "None."

Sarah: "What?"

Dr. Neruda: "This Incunabula program is unique because they are the only organization that is completely focused on averting these critical circumstances based on the converging criteria that I have already mentioned."

Sarah: "You claim that they are the only organization that deals with Armageddon and its connection with dwindling oil reserves and a growing population?"

Dr. Neruda: "Yes."

Sarah: "But you don't want to tell me that no other organizations deal with World War III or Armageddon as you called it. Or is it?"

Dr. Neruda: "Every national leadership deals with these matters, but it is not the main intention of their program. It's a small disaggregated part of their program."

"That's exactly why Fifteen is so connected to the Incunabuli planners. The threats to the human race are both real and persistent, and with each passing decade the conditions are only more fertile for fragmentation and chaos - the kind you see in tribal wars. There is no significant difference."

Sarah: "And the leaders of the Military Force know about this target?"

Dr. Neruda: "No. They have their own program related to that, but it's actually quite different. They are not trying to gain control of oil production. They want to prevent its availability and, as a consequence, influence its price. They are not interested in globalization, which is related to the economic or cultural platform. Rather, they are concerned with exporting democracy to stabilize the region and eliminate instability in the form of terrorism, dictators and the like."

Sarah: "But that seems to contradict everything I've ever heard about the military."

Dr. Neruda: "In what way?"

Sarah: "The way you say it, it sounds like the Military Force is trying to bring stability or peace, when all I've ever read is that the Military feeds conflict and instability. If the world is at peace, then the army becomes simply a police force, its power is reduced and its budget is cut."

Dr. Neruda: "I understand your question. However, a Military Force is not the same as an army. Although he is very militant, he works in longer planning horizons than military personnel. The Military Force is made up of high-ranking politicians, businessmen, members of the intelligence community, academics, mental capacity, and so on."

Its members are from Great Britain, America, Germany, Canada, Australia, Israel and many other countries. Its cohesion - as a team - is not much about functioning in the form of official structure and meetings. It is more about publishing secret documents that are shared among its elite members. These documents determine the platform, objectives, long-term interests and essentially map out the strategy and tactics through which the Military Force intends to carry out its plan."

"The Military is working on hybrid defensive and offensive weapons that relate to space, bio-weapons, the Internet and other environments not yet perceived as battlefields. They argue that research and development budgets should be increased so that these new weapons can be developed to ensure the rights of free people to live without fear of pre-emptive attack. They want to remove this fact from the face of the earth and likewise promote democracy."

Sarah: "Isn't that a noble goal?"

Dr. Neruda: "Their goals are not necessarily inappropriate, but the methods by which they achieve them are inappropriate. It is all about projecting power and the consequence of that is mandating the dominant platform through which the world achieves peace. It is an enforced peace. It is peace through power and manipulation."

Sarah: "But it's still peace and it's still democracy. It is certainly a better alternative than wars, anarchy or dictatorship."

Dr. Neruda: "There are other ways to achieve the same result."

Sarah: "You said that the budget for military spending will only increase over time if the Military Si-la achieves its own. How is that possible in a peaceful world?"

Dr. Neruda: "New threats will be discovered that will create this need, although the states of our world will be at peace."

Sarah: "Are you talking about aliens again?"

Dr. Neruda: "Along with other matters. China will probably be the last island of opposition on which the wave of democracy will fall. But if that is the case, the Military will wish it had unique weapons in its arsenal to quickly bring about the changes it demands. That choice will probably be bio-weapons..."

Sarah: "How is this possible when the United States has banned bio-weapons?"

Dr. Neruda: "Unfortunately, the discoveries in the human genome are too great a challenge for the Military to ignore in terms of bio-weapons development. Research is already underway and it will take about two years to develop bio-weapons that target a certain race-specific genome."

Sarah: "How are the Chinese?"

Dr. Neruda: "Yes, but that doesn't mean the weapon will ever be deployed. It will simply be known that Vo-the Jen Force has this ability and that alone can make the regime change unstoppable."

Sarah: "Now I have to stop and confess something. Hearing this now makes a part of me want to cry and bury my head in the pillow and another part of me wants to ask more questions. I'm really torn about it... I don't think I want to talk about it anymore. Good?"

Dr. Neruda: "I'm just answering the questions you ask me as honestly as I can."

Sarah: "I know and I'm not complaining about you or your answers at all. I just needed to say what I feel-
by that."

Dr. Neruda: "I see."

Sarah: "Do you want to take a break and stretch your legs a bit?"

Dr. Neruda: "I'm fine, but if you want, I'll join."

Sarah: "No, I'm fine..."

"Tell me more about the Isolationist Force. What is their role in all this?"

Dr. Neruda: "Again, I remind you not to think of the Military or Isolationist Force as formal groups that have their own membership and group platform. They are informal, mostly silent coalitions, working through well-placed Incunabula leadership. It is also important to remember that all of these forces are part of the leadership triad that Incunabula has been shaping for the past fifty-seven years."

"In the case of the Isolationist Force, this is the force that was organized as the last of the three forces mentioned. It is designed to promote economic methods and activities that create wealth for the elite class worldwide. This power relates to domestic affairs that drive economic vitality and growth. Its goal is to influence local, state and national governments to enable trade."

Sarah: "Am I right in thinking that Republicans are more aligned with the Isolationist Force?"

Dr. Neruda: "No. These three forces are not affiliated with any party or political organization. Someone can be associated with both the Military and the Isolationist Force and have no problem with it. They are not hostile to each other. They are mutually compatible forces. And they're not exclusively American either. They are global forces - although they are dominated by American and European interests, they are not associated with specific parties such as Democrats or Republicans, nor are they in any way sponsored by the state."

Sarah: "If oil production is in Incunabula's hands, what will happen to Arab state regimes, which have this power at present?"

Dr. Neruda: "It depends on the regime. Incunabula is an expert at influencing through financial services and legal maneuvers. They impose their influence slowly, gradually and in such a way that royal families

and the cartels are caught off guard. Their patience is unsurpassed. They work at many levels of influence, which is why they win almost every time."

"Even today, many royal families exercise their influence in domestic affairs, but not in oil production. Although they receive financial rewards for oil, the actual production of oil in their regimes is controlled by someone else. Likewise, someone else manages the interaction with the cartels and the creation of a core of relationships based on trust and influence. This is what the Incunabula takes under its patronage and slowly gains collaborators for its plan. The Military Force will then, in due course, overthrow regimes that are in conflict with this plan, and those regimes that are friendly will be allowed to retain their domestic participation and influence. This is how events are carefully managed."

Sarah: "And once Incunabula has control over oil production, what then?"

Dr. Neruda: "The removal of fixed currency. Incunabula wishes to have an electronic currency because it does it keeps track of everything and enables more thorough analytical insights into the affairs of individuals."

Sarah: "And what are they going to do with all that information?"

Dr. Neruda: "They want to follow patterns and manipulate events to protect their dominance as a governing body and also - as I said - they want to define new systems and initiate change in the old system.

Once it is judged that their dominance has reached a critical level, the Incunabula plans to create a global governing body that will bring stability to Earth and a set of management methods that will help all of humanity."

Sarah: "You say again that their goal is to help humanity, but I find that hard to believe."

Dr. Neruda: "In a way, it's the only way they can keep their power. If they concentrated too much property and services, they would lose control over the population they want to rule. Rebellion is never far away when empty stomachs growl in unison."

Sarah: "How do they want to remove our fixed currency?"

Dr. Neruda: "A gradual devaluation will take place on the stock exchanges all over the world. Americans, in particular, have become accustomed to the easy creation of money in the stock market, as well as a lavish lifestyle. It will not be possible to do this indefinitely. The recession will take place in waves when the value of the currency is shaken. This will start first in third world countries, which will become the first victims of weak economic methods. Incunabula will force these countries to sell their assets at minimum prices in exchange for aid that will bring them out of economic crisis."

"In better times, the world economy is a fragile tangle of economic systems that operate at different rates, without a smooth mutual interface or a macro system in which they all work. In worse times, it is a house of cards, vulnerable to even the faintest breeze. The fixed currency and the monetary system that supports it will become the scapegoat of the economic slowdown. Electronic currency will increasingly become the solution to the overall malaise of the global economy."

Sarah: "I'm not an economist, so I don't even know what to ask. But I have a strange feeling in my stomach. I feel now that there is only one true power in the world and that is the Incunabula. And we are all just puppets of this elite group of financiers. Isn't that the subtext of all your comments?"

Dr. Neruda: "No, not at all, but I understand how you came to this conclusion, given that we focused on the Triad of Power or TOP (Triad Of Power) as we call it in the Labyrinth Team. TOP is a reality country and it is certain that it is in the best position to dominate world events and developments. It will probably continue to be so for many generations to come. But there are also other forces that can step in and bring new possibilities to the world's population."

Sarah: "You mean religious forces?"

Dr. Neruda: "Yes, you. Although they will never rival the Incunabula in matters of influence world events."

Sarah: "So who are you talking about? Tell me some names or examples."

Dr. Neruda: "The invention of personal computers and the Internet was never intended by the Incunabula. It was one of the developments that really caught the Incunabula planners by surprise and became a very uncomfortable issue for them for almost a decade. It was assumed that computing power would remain in the hands of the elite. The Internet grew organically and at a rate no one thought possible. He caught the Incunabula completely unprepared."

Sarah: "So technology is the force that thwarted Incunabula's plans?"

Dr. Neruda: That's one example."

Sarah: "I'm guessing ACIO is next?"

Dr. Neruda: "One great weakness of the Incunabula is the lack of scientific expertise among its leaders. It does have technical and scientific members in special projects in the Global Military Industrial Complex, but they are not leaders. And it is the leadership of Incunabula that creates its program."

Sarah: "I thought you said Fifteen was part of the Incunabula."

Dr. Neruda: "Yes, but Incunabula looks to ACIO as its source. Fifteen is seen as an anarchist one whose vision will never be associated with Incunabula leadership. They don't identify with his vision at all."

Sarah: "If Incunabula is so heavily reliant on ACIO technology and needs a scientific base-female leaders, why don't they replace Fifteen with someone they can control better?"

Dr. Neruda: "They tried to have a Director who would be more permissive, but they didn't succeed."

Sarah: "What do you mean?"

Dr. Neruda: "One of the first ACIO Directors was a member of the Incunabula Military Force and was very devoted to valued in the sense that he worked with some of its high-ranking leaders - especially in America."

Sarah: "Can you tell me his name?"

Dr. Neruda: "Vannevar Bush."

Sarah: "How do you spell his name?"

Dr. Neruda: (Spelling the name.)

Sarah: "Is he related to President George Bush?"

Dr. Neruda: "No."

Sarah: "So he ran ACIO in its early days?"

Dr. Neruda: "Yes."

Sarah: "Then what happened to him?"

Dr. Neruda: "He was too visible and there was a legitimate fear that he would not be able to keep himself secret-her."

Sarah: "Why?"

Dr. Neruda: "Dr. Bush was a gifted individual who had both technical insight and leadership skills. He had access to both government and Incunabula leadership. He also had the ability to manage a large team of scientists and engineers. He basically built the military research infrastructure, but his popularity was for the founders of Incunabula a problem."

Sarah: "Give me a timeline because I have to admit I've never heard of this man."

Dr. Neruda: "At the end of the Second World War, Dr. Bush asked to lead a scientific team of researchers allegedly assembled by the NDRC and SPL to reverse-engineer a salvaged alien spacecraft washed up off the coast of Florida in 1940. They were actually top scientists from the newly established ACIO. This spacecraft was put into ice because of World War II. As the war ended, Bush became involved in this discovery through his contacts and offered to lead the project. As I understand it, he had just left the Manhattan Project when this opportunity presented itself to him."

Sarah: "So he was considered a security risk and that's why his position at ACIO was terminated?"

Dr. Neruda: "Yes."

"This reverse engineering project has been kept under the utmost secrecy. Dr. Bush directed operations in the SPL under special security through the OSS, which was the predecessor of the CIA. However, after several years little progress had been made and Bush was rumored to have consumed his entire program by an alien spacecraft."

"Bush was responsible directly to James Forrestal, who headed the Navy at the time, but shortly after became the first Minister of Defense. Truman was the president."

"The spacecraft that was recovered successfully resisted reverse engineering studies regarding of her propulsion system, which was the most important insight Forrestal hoped to gain from the project."

Sarah: "What year are we talking about?"

Dr. Neruda: "That was between 1945 and 1946."

Sarah: "So what happened?"

Dr. Neruda: "I note that my knowledge of this event is based on my study of the archive ACIO. I was not personally present at these events, so I do not vouch for their complete accuracy."

Sarah: "I see."

Dr. Neruda: "Dr. Bush was asked to replicate the salvaged ship's propulsion system within twelve months. He got all the resources of the ACIO to do it."

Sarah: "And he succeeded?"

Dr. Neruda: "Only partially. Electromagnetic fields - as regards their permanent level of intensity in metals - have not been fully replicated due to electron drift; I tried to put it in layman's terms. That was the main reason why he failed. However, prototypes were built that replicated some aspects of the alien ship's propulsion system and these were sufficient to encourage funding and support for the ACIO."

Sarah: "Then why Dr. Didn't Bush join the ACIO?"

Dr. Neruda: "He knew it would require him to give up his popularity and essentially become anonymous. However, he did not wish for anonymity because he was a phenomenal inventor and loved the limelight bestowed upon him by government officials as well as the entire scientific community. I also don't think the head of the OSS thought Bush had the mental capacity for the job. Bush was a great organizer of talent, but he lacked the commanding intellect in physics to lead the ACIO to the image that was valid of him at the time."

Sarah: "How many people knew about this project?"

Dr. Neruda: "I don't know exactly. Perhaps five or six knew the full scope of the project, and another fifty knew parts of it. It was, as I said, a very well-kept secret."

Sarah: "How do you keep something like this a secret?"

Dr. Neruda: "There are whole departments in our government that are responsible for this. It is a very well-managed process that includes legal contracts, clearly defined penalties or fines, and the application of deterrence factors that include very invasive technologies. In the worst case scenario - if material information was released - another related department would step in to skillfully spread the disinformation. It was and still is almost impossible to get this information out to the public."

Sarah: "Did they even have invasive technology in 1945?"

Dr. Neruda: "Yes. Although these invasive technologies were crudely applied, they were certainly effective. Nothing was more reviled in these secret organizations than traitors. Their entire organizational culture was designed to reward loyalty and severely punish disloyalty in any form."

Sarah: "I'd like to change the subject for a moment. We seem to be in a new phase of world peace and economic stability, but as I hear you speak, it just doesn't seem possible because of the nature of the Incunabula and the triad of power you spoke of earlier. Is that right?"

Dr. Neruda: "It's just an illusion. There may be periods of lull in war activities, but look at the past hundred years. Isn't it a collection of wars?"

Sarah: "And all because war feeds the triad of power - what do you call it?"

Dr. Neruda: "No. There are forces that truly believe in good and evil. From their point of view, states - like people - are basically divided into three categories: good, neutral and evil. Those who are good must dominate the political structures and ensure that those who are evil are identified and moderated to a state where they are not a threat."

Sarah: "But the Cold War is over now, isn't it? The Soviet Union no longer exists, and what remains of it seems more or less friendly to the interests of the free world. Isn't that right?"

Dr. Neruda: "When power is concentrated in a single person and a given country or organization develops long-range missile technology, it immediately becomes a target of interest for the intelligence services."

Sarah: "And I'm assuming correctly that the intelligence services you're talking about are global and controlled by the Incunabula?"

Dr. Neruda: "Yes, but they are not officially controlled by the Incunabula."

Sarah: "I understand, but the result is the same, right?"

Dr. Neruda: "Yes."

Sarah: "Sorry to interrupt."

Dr. Neruda: "The enemy is considered missile technology in the hands of too much concentrated power. There are many, many states that have this technology and that is a source of mistrust. An organization like the United Nations is not empowered enough to handle these threats. That is why multilateral coalitions between nations are being created to deal with this obvious threat - often completely behind the public's back."

"Iraq is a great example. North Korea next, although it is not strategically located enough to be at the top of the list. So geographical location also plays a significant role in this assessment."

Sarah: "So the world basically divides into three camps. I understand that, but who decides who he is bad, who neutral and who good? I mean, isn't that a terribly subjective decision?"

Dr. Neruda: "Whoever exercises global leadership - in the sense of projecting military power, economic vitality and foreign policy - is the one who makes this decision. Yes, of course it's subjective, but that's exactly why the United States adopted its imperialist stance. They want to determine good and evil in the world, and in doing so, they can more effectively export their own definition of peace and democracy."

Sarah: "It sounds so easy when you use these terms."

Dr. Neruda: "This is a natural consequence of how the state projects its power. The state needs to define its enemies in order to convince its citizens to accept its authority over their lives. The greater the fear a state is able to instill in the hearts and minds of its citizens, the more power citizens are willing to give the state to protect them from its enemies. All states do it this way to varying degrees."

Sarah: "Are you saying that the United States - to give an example - projects its enemies? Really hard- do you say that America creates its enemies in order to increase its power domestically and internationally?"

Dr. Neruda: "I don't mean that the United States literally creates its enemies. The United States has potential adversaries in many parts of the world. Their policy of military presence as a global protector is enough to create enemies. Their aggressive export of their political belief system is also quite annoying to many countries, and these countries see American interests as a prelude to cultural colonization."

Sarah: "Because we're the only surviving superpower?"

Dr. Neruda: "No. This is because the United States has a global military presence and economic leverage, which it controls quite skillfully. They are adept at being aggressive without appearing aggressive."

They protect and defend, and sometimes they will do this in the form of a pre-emptive strike, sometimes in a retaliatory measure that usually exceeds the initial force many times over. America's selfish interests have become the standard of the free world, and it is their fear that drives them to the state of imperialism."

Sarah: "How does all this relate to the work of Incunabula or ACIO?"

Dr. Neruda: "Incunabula uses the United States as a globalizing force. It is the lead horse that pulls individual nation-states of the world into a common economy and a common political platform."

"As for the ACIO, it has thoroughly analyzed various scenarios of US global dominance and found that there are only two scenarios in which the US can achieve its ambitious goals without catalyzing a world war and plunging the global economy into severe depression."

Sarah: "Can you share them?"

Dr. Neruda: "No."

Sarah: "Why?"

Dr. Neruda: "They are based on a mixture of Remote Viewing, advanced computer modeling and preliminary BST tests. I don't want to reveal that information now. Maybe later."

Sarah: "I'm well aware that we've gotten completely off topic, but it seems to lead me to this one you lead the conversation. I can't help myself."

Dr. Neruda: "I see."

Sarah: "Are there any plans for how this is all going to happen? I mean, is Incunabula actually projecting globalization, or is it happening in a nudge-here, nudge-there way...?"

Dr. Neruda: "It is a carefully controlled process. His planning is deep, penetrating and complete. It is not flawless, nor does it happen with absolute precision. However, the plan certainly exists and is being carried out by the triad of power, as I said before."

Sarah: "And you saw this plan?"

Dr. Neruda: "I know about him through the Labyrinth Team. Fifteen demands that each of us pay these knew him intimately."

Sarah: "Can you reveal any of these plans?"

Dr. Neruda: "I think I've already mentioned him in this interview."

Sarah: "Yes, but you weren't specific about how events would culminate to the point where the Incunabula would rise to power."

Dr. Neruda: "It is not predestined. There is no certainty in what I have revealed. It's a plan. But the plan created by very ambitious and capable people."

Sarah: "Duly announced."

Dr. Neruda: "There are serious flaws in the global economy, and the United States will express those flaws in a way that will bubble up around the world and cause financial turmoil over the next seven years. The best way to ensure that these flaws are under control is to close the corporate loopholes that allow greedy executives to exploit their shareholders and control oil prices."

Sarah: "Wait a minute, I thought greedy managers were exactly a feature of Incunabula. Why should they cut the branch they are sitting on under them?"

Dr. Neruda: "Incunabula's management is not made up of greedy managers. It is made up of anonymous individuals. They don't sit on corporate committees. They are not the Billi Gates of corporate America, nor are they the aristocrats of European royal families. They are anonymous and because of their anonymity they enjoy great power. They are triad power strategists who design and plan at such a level that corporate executives and politicians look like preschoolers trying to hold a pen against them."

Sarah: "So if you told me the name of the leader of the Incunabula, I couldn't look him up? Does it not exist?"

Dr. Neruda: "Exactly."

Sarah: "So these people aren't too different from you at ACIO."

Dr. Neruda: "They are very different. They create globalization, uniform economics and uniform political platforms, while we create breakthrough technologies. They run dominion while we run science."

Sarah: "I didn't mean to offend you... I thought you said first that the Incunabula was being used by the Govern- programs and expert groups to advance her vision of the future."

Dr. Neruda: "No, it's the Military Force that does it. Incunabula is multi-level, as I said before. It creates ideas and conceptual frameworks that create the right conditions for expert groups and other forces of elite power to exert influence. It is a very complicated process. If you want, I can describe it in more detail."

Sarah: "No, actually I just interrupted you. You talked about the Incunabula plans."

Dr. Neruda: "They want a cashless currency along with global leadership. In order to make this happen, the they require a restructuring - or more precisely - a complete re-allocation of resources and power-sharing."

Sarah: "Can you elaborate a bit more?"

Dr. Neruda: "The plan requires new leadership in the Arab states. There is a general interest in the Arab states uniting similar to what is happening in Europe. New superpowers will emerge from this merger. The multiplicity of existing superpowers makes the idea of merging a global economic platform a burning problem."

"Due to its natural aggressiveness as a superpower, the United States is the tip of Incunabula's spear in making the changes needed for their plan. They will be used to assert a strong military and cultural presence in the Middle East and Asia. Partly because of the oil factor and partly for the purpose of gradual westernization indigenous cultures."

Sarah: "Wait a minute. Our military bases are perhaps for the protection of our allies as much as for our own. And when it comes to culture, we may be exporting our movies and pop stars, but other countries are also eager to be the ones who define cultural trends."

Dr. Neruda: "It's a little different. The United States protects because it can establish military bases in the regions it has defended. Agreements are made - sometimes without the public's knowledge - to establish military bases and associated protective forces for domestic peacekeeping and normalization. The United States has over one hundred and seventy military bases on foreign soil. This number will continue to grow as the plan dictates."

"As for the export of culture, yes, you are right. America is not alone in this, but it is in a leadership position thanks to its capitalist influence of pop culture. Nobody does it like corporate America. They have set the world standard for monetizing content and corporate brands. Other countries are emulating this standard and adding their share. Capitalist culture then reaches the Arab nations, China, North Korea, South-East Asia, and the people of these countries - especially the young generation - are seduced by its charm."

Sarah: "I can't help but feel like you're not very patriotic."

Dr. Neruda: "The plan I have communicated to you rests on the success of the United States in securing its unilateral status as a superpower after the turn of the century. As a result, the United States will need self-assertion because there will be many challengers and detractors. However, in the process he will strengthen his global presence as the leader of the free world. This is a goal that many around the world have in their hearts, whether they feel it or not."

"I don't hold a grudge against America for pushing it. Any other state would do the same if given the opportunity. America is impermissibly aggressive in all important dimensions: military, cultural, capitalist, technology application, foreign policy, space, economic policy and intelligence - to name the most important areas."

"In nature, alpha males dominate with their strength, cunning and aggression. It is no different in the world of people and states. The alpha male also has protection and nurturing responsibilities. And Incunabula's planners chose America because it is the most suitable country to lead the pack of other nations to the global platforms it has designed and is preparing."

Sarah: "Okay, what you say makes sense, but the Incunabula wants America to lead the world to a global community of free, democratic states with a global culture based on capitalism. How does she know that the free world will choose her to rule?"

Dr. Neruda: "He doesn't know. As I have said many times today, there are no guarantees. All I can say is that he doesn't get it wrong very often. And if they do, they will adapt to the changes that are happening. I say again that the planners of the Incunabula, the real architects behind these events - have no interest in becoming the visible leaders of the country. They want to establish a leadership in such a way that the world feels that it has chosen it."

Sarah: "It is very difficult to imagine how the world will choose a single leadership. It sounds like something that is far away hundreds of years in the future - if at all."

Dr. Neruda: "I understand your judgment, but what seems improbable today can quickly develop if the right conditions are created. This is exactly what Incunabula aims for above all else."

They understand that it may not happen until 2040, or even later, but they believe that a consolidation of power - on a global level - is necessary to avoid planetary destruction, or Armageddon, as we used to call it."

Sarah: "What do you mean planetary destruction?"

Dr. Neruda: "There are many fallen forces that can take over the planet and cause its demise as a life-supporting environment. In our interactions with extraterrestrials, this is a common topic of discussion, as this circumstance often accompanies the discovery of postmodern civilizations."

"The human population is fragmented across the planet. It develops its unique cultures, languages, economic systems and national identities. Some states are fortunate to have natural resources and others are not. As these natural resources of the planet are turned into commercial advantage, some nations flourish economically and others wither."

"As stronger states begin to dominate weaker ones, military forces and weapons are created. The ultimate weapon is the application of technology. If many superpowers are allowed to develop, they can wipe out the human population on the planet. When population density reaches a critical level, it can have an equally devastating effect."

"Human inhabitants are putting more and more stress on the planet. If left unchecked, the planet may reach a critical state of destruction where the human population will find that the planet no longer provides a suitable environment for them."

Sarah: "So you're saying that the real reason the Incunabula outlines the globalization of the earth is because do they want to protect the country from destruction?"

Dr. Neruda: "I'll put it this way. Incunabula's leaders are very clear about what threatens the country in the twenty-first century. They believe that the course of human events directed by them will serve the human population better than if left to competing political forces. They truly believe that the national interests of individual states prevent the consolidation of global power."

Sarah: "Remind me again why this merger, as you call it, is so critical to our survival-
those?"

Dr. Neruda: "Because the threats facing the human population in the twenty-first century will be global issues—whether they are intractable recession, dwindling oil supplies, food distribution, overpopulation, pollution, radioactive fallout, or extraterrestrial visitation—these issues will require a global, coordinated response. If the nations of the world are not united, they will be too slow to respond to these threats, and the forces of disintegration will have such an influence that they cannot be averted."

Sarah: "Isn't that why the United Nations was founded? To deal with these matters?"

Dr. Neruda: "The United Nations is a prototype that the Incunabula created to serve as an experiment for testing the form of world government. They were never taken as a form of unification."

"The issues I am talking about are not being dealt with in the United Nations, although they are being discussed and debated here. The decisions are designed to help correct the problems, but ultimately it is up to individual states to implement, monitor, report, analyze results and make adjustments.

This is not enforceable in any meaningful way. To be effective, world government will need the ability to enforce its decisions and adapt them based on sound analysis. Otherwise, these threats will grow, and the world's population will not be able to respond to them with one voice - and more importantly - act against these threats as a united force."

Sarah: "So this is really the end game of Incunabula? What happened to the greedy elitists, about whom did you talk before?"

Dr. Neruda: "Greed lives and thrives within the ranks of the Incunabula. But now I was talking about the planners of the Incunabula - the people who have real power. They don't work out of greed. They have such wealth that is beyond the imagination of even rich people. The acquisition of wealth is a finished matter for them."

"Planners are concerned with securing the future of humanity, rather than self-enrichment."

Sarah: "Okay, I understand you're a follower of the Incunabula, but what happened to the insatiable greed and selfish interests? I know you mentioned it before."

Dr. Neruda: "They exist, but the Incunabula, like all other secret organizations, is composed of many levels. Workers at lower levels operate within a set of rules and norms that do not apply to higher levels. In other words, planners work in a completely different organizational culture. At the higher levels there is a sophisticated and penetrating insight that is not at the operational levels."

"Incunabula planners have a distinctive character and feel a real responsibility to manage the global events of humanity. They are certainly better equipped to perform this function than heads of state. And so they compose and direct world events, instead of merely participating in their unfolding."

"Over time, this role made them very responsible and even authoritarian towards humanity as a whole. They are not motivated by greed, as are many in the Incunabula and more widely in the Triad of Power, but they are serious about saving the planet. They are like captains of a ship who know where danger lurks in the deep waters and quietly steer away because they don't want the ship to sink."

Sarah: "Okay, if you say these planners are anonymous, they must have some names and identities anyway, No?"

Dr. Neruda: "No. They work outside our system. They cannot be traced or identified. If they had a car accident and were taken to the hospital, they would have diplomatic papers and immunity. Other than that, there would be no record of them. And even if their identity was investigated, it would only lead to an invented identity."

Sarah: "What about family and relatives? I suppose they were born into some families, right?"

Dr. Neruda: "Yes, they are people, if you point out. In most cases, they are prepared for their position from an early age. Soon after reaching the age of twenty, they are taken into the custody of one of the Planners of the Incunabula and this begins a very specific process of succession that usually lasts about ten years. When the subject is about twenty-five years old, his loyalty is tested in every possible way for five years. If he passes these tests, he is granted access to the inner workings of the Incunabula. For most of them, it's around their thirty-third birthday."

"At this point the subject is given a new identity and they literally die - as far as their families and friends are concerned. These deaths are staged to ensure their new identity and are usually drownings or burnings where there is minimal physical evidence. Before their death is arranged, their policies are canceled - if they exist, to ensure minimal investigation into the case. The death is usually staged during a trip to some third world country where the police investigation is much easier to control."

"After the death event, the new planner is introduced by a secret ceremony, the details of which I do not know. This inner circle becomes a surrogate family for the new planner. As he develops his abilities, insights, intuition and knowledge, he also develops a very protective sensitivity to Incunabula's long-term goals and interests."

Sarah: "Okay, but don't they get married and have kids? How do they want to keep it separate? I mean, how do you want to go to work during the day and plan the future of the world and then come home to dinner with your wife and kids?"

Dr. Neruda: "Planners are not married. This is rejected by the Incunabula. It's one of the tests I'm talking about mentioned that he had to go through them around the age of twenty-five."

Sarah: "So it's about the priesthood?"

Dr. Neruda: "Not really. No one is asked to be celibate, but the role of planner is absolutely consuming. It requires minimizing distractions and commitments outside of the planner's role. It's a sacrifice, and it increases loyalty within the circle of planners."

Sarah: "How do they find future planners when they don't have kids?"

Dr. Neruda: "There are only five to eight planners in the Incunabula at any one time. Five are the core and two to three are usually in training - but they don't have voting rights. I say this to emphasize that there are very few of them. Now to your question - candidates are identified very early - usually when they are in their teens."

Sarah: "Are they chosen because they do something remarkable or because of something else?"

Dr. Neruda: "With rare exceptions, they are selected according to their genetics."

Sarah: "How is this happening?"

Dr. Neruda: "It is the result of extensive tracing of family lines and genetic traits - including mutations.

This is something that Incunabula understands very well and puts a significant amount of time and investment into. Genetic candidates are identified and observed for about three years before any contact is made."

Sarah: "How many are being watched at the same time?"

Dr. Neruda: "About fifty, but only about two or three are chosen from each generation."

Sarah: "And those who weren't selected don't even know they didn't advance?"

Dr. Neruda: "Yes, it is."

Sarah: "How do the planners proceed? I mean, how do they rise to leadership?"

Dr. Neruda: "The incunabula came to power as a result of the inadequacy of the intelligence services in terms of obtaining information and determining its strategic value given the long-term crises that are forming on the horizon of the global economy."

"Shortly after World War II, many nations, including the United States, established or restructured
valo of its intelligence service - especially as it pertains to obtaining foreign policy news."

"However, these organizations were still locked in a Cold War mentality and as a result did not officially share their reports. Incunabula arose from the need to consolidate global intelligence as the best means of strategically maneuvering nation-states toward a unified trading platform."

Sarah: "So at least initially it was more about making money and less about saving the world
the?"

Dr. Neruda: "Yes."

Sarah: "But how did it all start? I mean who decided it was a good idea to create an org-
who will share the intelligence?"

Dr. Neruda: "If I tell you his name, it will mean nothing to you. I assure you that his
the name does not appear in any list or reference material that you could examine."

Sarah: "But was she the only person who started this organization?"

Dr. Neruda: "No. There were five men who started it, but only one ignited the vision."

Sarah: "The way you talk, I can't help but think that these planners are a bit like the Antichrist as portrayed by Hollywood. I mean if they don't have power like God? I haven't heard you say anything about religious or spiritual connections until now."

Dr. Neruda: "I think the power they have is directed towards the survival of humanity. They are not evil in the sense that their intent is to destroy the earth or humanity. They are trying to lead humanity to a new system before the old system breaks down and creates a condition that could bring destruction to a substantial percentage of the species."

"The possibilities of fragmented state leadership or anarchy are not suitable systems for a modern, civilized person. They lead to permanent imbalance and the inability to move from the old system to the new. Before the advent of long-range missiles, nuclear, biological and chemical weapons, this shift of the human race from one system to another was not so critical. But currently, due to the gap that exists between the old system and the new system - which is as complex as economics or energy - and in light of modern weapon technology, the Incunabula plays an important role."

Sarah: "Do the planners believe in God?"

Dr. Neruda: "I suppose he believes in a higher power. They probably don't call her God, because of the religious subtext of the word, but she certainly knows about the unifying force because Fifteen introduced the current generation of planners to LERM technology."

Sarah: "That's interesting. So they've all seen LERM and know how it works?"

Dr. Neruda: "Yes - to your first question, but I don't believe they understand on a micro level how it actually works."

Sarah: "When someone like that - like an Incunabula planner - encounters a LERM, assuming
he didn't believe in God before... in other words he was an atheist... will that convince him?"

Dr. Neruda: "I repeat again that it depends on the definition of God. If they don't believe in God as defined in some religion and then experience LERM, they won't be convinced by LERM to believe in that religious version of God."

Sarah: "I think I understand your explanation, but I meant something else. Assume that the person in question did not believe in any higher power. He thought that the universe was a great mechanical entity that had become what it was by some trick of evolution. Can anyone of that nature become a believer that there is a power that controls things - even if we don't choose to call it God?"

Dr. Neruda: "Anyone who has had a LERM experience will conclude that the universe is permeated by a unifying intelligence - and in every noticeable dimension. And that this intelligence is both personal and universal at the same time. And that thanks to this property, it is absolute, unique, one-of-a-kind."

"The LERM experience will change your life even if you previously believed in God. You will convince-
ni, as you called it, regardless of how strong or weak your previous belief in God was."

Sarah: "It's too bad you didn't bring this technology with you when you ran away... I'd really like to try it."

"So let's go back to the Incunabula for a moment. I will feel better knowing that they believe in God. And you say they believe. Is that right?"

Dr. Neruda: "They believe in this unifying intelligence that I spoke of and I suppose if you asked them they would tell you that they are guided or perhaps even inspired by this unifying force. I don't know if she would

they called God, or some other name. But I believe they are believers in what you might call a unifying force."

Sarah: "But isn't it like a religion for them?"

Dr. Neruda: "Right. I know of nothing to suggest that the planners of the Incunabula practice any religion, or are about to start one."

Sarah: "I don't even know why I'm asking all this today, but it's fascinating to hear more details about Incunabula. I find it an irresistible subject."

"How is it possible that you know so much about such a secret organization?"

Dr. Neruda: "As I mentioned, the ACIO is Incunabula's main supplier and receives funding and support from it, including shared intelligence and mutual protection. As a result of this long-standing friendship, ACIO directors have considerable insight into this organization. Fifteen is not a planner, but it is held at large by planners respect and meets with them perhaps once or twice a year."

"Fifteen is very aware of the goals of the planners and shares their insights with the members of the Labyrinth Team. We also discuss how Incunabula's plans relate to our own. Incunabula is considered in ACIO's plans, but not dominant in its agenda."

Sarah: "How much does the Incunabula know about the Wingmakers and the Ancient Arrow site?"

Dr. Neruda: "As far as I know, very little. Fifteen reluctantly provided some information to his direct agency handler, but the NSA does not know about the Ancient Arrow location. There are two NSA operatives who know about the original artifact that was found, but Fifteen has questioned the existence of the artifact due to its self-destruction."

Sarah: "I gather from your response that whatever is shared with the NSA, at least in the case of the ACIO, is also shared with the Incunabuli planners."

Dr. Neruda: "No. There are information filters that reduce distractions. Just some information - the ones that are deemed important by Fifteen - they are being promoted to Incunabula's planners."

Sarah: "The Wing Makers are seen as a force to be reckoned with, aren't they?"

Dr. Neruda: "You mean the planners of the Incunabula?"

Sarah: "Yes."

Dr. Neruda: "The Planners know about the Central Race and the legend surrounding their existence. There are several important mentions of them in various books and prophecies, so even though the ACIO has not shared any information with them about their discovery in New Mexico, the Incunabula - especially its planners - are well aware of the existence of the Central Race."

Sarah: "Why did Fifteen choose not to share the discovery of the Ancient Arrow with the NSA and Incunabula?"

Dr. Neruda: "Fifteen designed the Labyrinth Team mainly for security reasons. Information regarding BST is kept highly confidential. As I mentioned earlier, Fifteen hoped that the Ancient Arrow site and other related sites would somehow accelerate the successful deployment of BST."

"It's simply that he doesn't want to alert Incunabula or the NSA to ACIO's technological prowess.

If they knew what technologies the Labyrinth Team possessed, the planners would want detailed information about those technologies. And Fifteen does not entrust this knowledge to anyone but its directors."

Sarah: "The thing that amazes me about all of this is that you have all this knowledge about space, extraterrestrials, global plans, and futuristic technology, and because you have this knowledge, you've actually become a prisoner now."

Dr. Neruda: "I would rather say conscientious fugitives."

Sarah: "Whatever you call it, you have to be a little paranoid about it because of ACIO's remote vision ability and other technologies. How can you surpass ACIO or Incunabula when they are as powerful in everything as you described them?"

Dr. Neruda: "I don't know if I can avoid them. I don't feel invincible or vulnerable. I just operate on a 'moment-by-moment' basis and try my best to convey what I know so that you can help me publish this information."

"Defection from ACIO has never happened before. I know Fifteen is looking for me, I can actually feel it."

Sarah: "You mean you can sense them using their remote viewing technology?"

Dr. Neruda: "Yes."

Sarah: "How often have you found out since you defected?"

Dr. Neruda: "I'd rather not say how many times it was, but I know about every case."

Sarah: "Did you ever feel that during our conversation?"

Dr. Neruda: "No. I would end the conversation if that happened."

Sarah: "What would be the point?"

Dr. Neruda: "I'd rather they didn't hear our conversation - or its general thrust."

Sarah: "Is that why we meet in the hours we do?"

(Note: Our meetings always took place in different places, late at night and often outside in non-descript places. This is also the case with this fourth interview.)

Dr. Neruda: "Yes."

Sarah: "So how do you protect yourself and me?"

Dr. Neruda: "Meeting at unusual hours in different places, at least until you manage to publish these conversations on the Internet."

Sarah: "How exactly is this going to help you? I know we've talked about this before but I still don't understand how it will help you when this information becomes public. It seems to me that it only upsets them."

Dr. Neruda: "They will not be pleased with this revelation - no doubt about it. However, it will not affect them in any significant way, as very few in power will believe what I have told you, let alone read it."

Sarah: "And why is that?"

Dr. Neruda: "They are completely absorbed in their own agendas and personal dramas. The information I reveal to you defies any categorization. They range from poetry to physics, from esoteric philosophy to conspiratorial forces in the MIC (Military Industrial Complex - Vojensko Průmyslový Komplex). And because they defy categorization, they will be difficult to criticize and analyze. Most people will see them as interesting entertainment and nothing more."

"More importantly, there are also groups of people who will have a real sense of acceptance of this information, because neither intellectuals nor political groups of resistance feel qualified to stop what is deemed inevitable. In both of these groups there are those who, while having a general awareness of what is being revealed, feel utterly powerless to change it. They have a sense of fatalism that accompanies their silence."

"The ones who will be most concerned about this are the planners of Incunabula and Fifteen. And not because politicians or the media could enter their ring, but because they don't want their secret to be revealed to their followers; or in the case of Fifteen, the planners of Incunabula or their NSA contacts."

Sarah: "So that's the purpose of these revelations - to piss off the Incunabula planners and your boss?"

Dr. Neruda: "No. I have no interest in making their lives difficult. It is simply a consequence of my honest disclosure that will cause them to be subjected to the resulting pressures. That's the only thing they'll find uncomfortable about this whole revelation. Once the information is out there, their interest in me will diminish greatly, or they will only be interested in me for purely analytical reasons."

Sarah: "Purely analytical reasons?"

Dr. Neruda: "I mean, the ACIO - and Fifteen in particular - will want to analyze what went wrong in their security system to make sure another defection doesn't happen. There is always the fear that one successful defection will embolden others. If they caught me, they would be able to do a more detailed analysis of the mental state, reckless factors, methods of escape and so on."

Sarah: "Earlier you were talking about websites. What do you want to achieve with this?"

Dr. Neruda: "Simply making available what the Wing Makers left here. It won't threaten ACIO or Incunabula. That's impossible to prove and they know I get it. At best, I can only cause them temporary embarrassment, but they will deal with it. As I have said from the very beginning, I just want to share the information from the Starobyly Šíp location and the following locations that I can share."

Sarah: "Next locations? Do you plan to find other locations?"

Dr. Neruda: "I believe there are seven locations on earth. I also believe that they can be found."

Sarah: "How exactly?"

Dr. Neruda: "I can't reveal that."

Sarah: "Did you find anything in the artifacts from the Ancient Arrow that directed you?"

Dr. Neruda: "I repeat again that I do not want to share the details."

Sarah: "Okay. While we are on the topic of artifacts, I remind you that during our last conversation you mentioned that you would like to talk about the artifacts from the Ancient Arrow site. Now might be a good time to do it. Where do you want to start?"

Dr. Neruda: "One of the most interesting artifacts was the original homing device."

Sarah: "Is this the one found by the students at the University of New Mexico?"

Dr. Neruda: "Yes. It was mysterious in every way."

Sarah: "Give me some examples."

Dr. Neruda: "When it was first discovered, it lay on the surface of the earth as if it had been laid there. It wouldn't be buried at all - as it should be. It was left in an open, albeit very nondescript, location in northern New Mexico. When the students manipulated it, it immediately began to produce realistic hallucinations that they did not understand."

Sarah: "What hallucinations?"

Dr. Neruda: "They saw images of a cave-like structure. It later turned out to be the site of the Ancient Arrow, but of course they didn't know what it was and feared it because they associated the hallucinations with touching the object. So they wrapped the object in a jacket, put it in a backpack and brought it to a professor at the University, who examined it. Within a few hours, we then discovered it and sent a team to secure the artifact."

Sarah: "How exactly did you find out about the artifact? I assume ACIO is not listed in the phone book."

Dr. Neruda: "Certain keywords are tracked in e-mails and telephone communications - especially at universities. ACIO simply came across this technology that was developed by the NSA, which is able to intercept emails and phone calls anywhere in the world related to the keywords that are being monitored."

Sarah: "Like Aliens?"

Dr. Neruda: "Yes. In reality, it works a bit differently, because the ACIO can determine how many characters - in the case of an email, or how many occurrences - in the case of a phone call - it wants to track on each side of the keyword, and then extract whole sentences or even paragraphs so it can check the context occurrence. Also

this is related to the trustworthiness index of the phone number or IP address of the e-mail. When all of these factors meet at a specified level, the communication event is forwarded to ACIO analysts, who then use some of the more invasive techniques to determine and confirm that the context and content match. All these steps can be done in an hour or two."

Sarah: "And once you have that information verified, you're going to swoop in and take what you want?"

Dr. Neruda: "Since this system was activated, we have made our most important discoveries in exactly this way. ACIO behaves differently depending on the situation. In this case, ACIO operatives posing as NSA agents looking for a lost experimental weapon were dispatched to the professor's office. The professor believed that it would be in his best interest to hand over the object without delay, as he considered the artifact to be very dangerous."

Sarah: "That surprises me. Didn't he wonder how you know he has it?"

Dr. Neruda: "I'm sure he was surprised, but there was a moment of surprise that our workers took advantage of. They are also very skilled at mind manipulation. I'm sure the professor was very cooperative. The artifact was secured without much objection from the professor."

Sarah: "If I contacted the University of New Mexico, could I verify that this happened?"

Dr. Neruda: "No. Every event of this type is 'com-cleared,' which is an ACIO term that means agreements are signed and all communications are monitored for a year to make sure those agreements are being followed."

Sarah: "So they signed a contract and won't talk because of some piece of paper? That seems a little strange."

Dr. Neruda: "Do you know the punishment for treason?"

Sarah: "No, I guess I understand that it's not a good thing, but it just seems a little strange that someone like a learned professor could be made to sign such a contract. What about the students who originally found the artifact? Are they also 'com-cleared'?"

Dr. Neruda: "Yes."

Sarah: "Okay, so back to the artifact. What happened next when you got it? What was your specific role in that?"

Dr. Neruda: "I was asked to lead a team evaluating an artifact using our internal Sanitary process."

Sarah: "What does the process do?"

Dr. Neruda: "Whenever an alien artifact is secured, it first goes through the Sanitization process, or what we sometimes call the 'I-steps'. It contains four stages of analysis. The first phase is Inspection, during which we examine the exterior of the object and map its properties with a computer. Next is Inference. Inference), which is the phase in which we take the results from the first phase and calculate the likely application of the object. The third phase is Intervention (English Intervention), which concerns all matters regarding the object's defense or security mode. And the last stage is Invasion, which simply means that we try to access the internal mechanism of the object and find out how it works."

Sarah: "How difficult was it to go through this four stage process with this artifact?"

Dr. Neruda: "It was one of the most difficult cases we've ever investigated." **Sarah:** "Why?"

Dr. Neruda: "It was designed for a very specific purpose, and if it wasn't used for that purpose, it was ours absolutely impenetrable by examination."

Sarah: "Are you hallucinating too?"

Dr. Neruda: "We were aware of the hallucinations reported by the students who secured the artifact, but we found no evidence whatsoever in our laboratories. We hypothesized that the students had those ideas as a result of the unusual nature of the artifact."

"That was until we discovered that the very subtle markings on the exterior of the object were actually three-dimensional topographical maps. When we overlaid these maps with the actual maps of the area in which the object was found, we revealed its true purpose - which was a homing beacon."

"The hallucinations were location specific, meaning there was a proximity effect encoded into the artifact that caused the artifact to work when two conditions occurred. First - the object had to be within the geographic area of the map coordinates that were etched on its shell; the other—he had to be held in human hands for his guidance system to activate."

Sarah: "And by the guidance system you mean the hallucinations?"

Dr. Neruda: "Yes."

Sarah: "And throughout this whole process you didn't know where the artifact came from, did you?"

Dr. Neruda: "We knew he was an alien and that he was stationed here."

Sarah: "What do you mean 'placed'?"

Dr. Neruda: "That it was placed here to be found."

Sarah: "Who do you think did it?"

Dr. Neruda: "Representatives of the Central Race."

Sarah: "So what happened after you realized it was a homing beacon?"

Dr. Neruda: "A team was dispatched to the area and we actually just followed the facility inside the structures of the Starobyly Šíp site, which you already know about."

Sarah: "You said earlier that the artifact was the most remarkable of all that you found. If that was simply a homing device, then I suppose the other artifacts were pretty mundane."

Dr. Neruda: "To be more accurate, I can't say he was the most interesting, because I defected before the other artifacts went through the 'I-steps' stages. However, it was very advanced technology and one of the most mysterious we have come across in a long time."

"For example, when our team came within a certain distance of the site, the artifact came to life thanks to some undetectable energy source and scanned our group. He was literally reading our bodies and minds, probably to see if we were fit to discover the site."

Sarah: "What if you weren't eligible?"

Dr. Neruda: "We never discussed that, but I think everyone assumed that he would probably destroy the site and so would everyone who was present at the time of the scan. It happened that he only destroyed himself."

Sarah: "And you had no idea he was capable of such a feat when you examined him?"

Dr. Neruda: "Not at all. His coat was resistant to all our invasive analyses. That was really frustrating. In fact, the artifact in the twenty-third chamber was similarly annoying, requiring significantly more resources to complete the 'I-steps' process."

Sarah: "Those are the only two artifacts from that site that you've completed the 'I-steps' process on?"

Dr. Neruda: "Yes, until the time of my defection. But the artifact was in every chamber, although the one discovered in the twenty-third chamber seemed the most important."

Sarah: "And why?"

Dr. Neruda: "Remember how I described how the interior of the site was like a spiral tunnel system?"

Sarah: "Yes."

Dr. Neruda: "The room that was upstairs was the twenty-third room, and that's where the optical disc was. While the artifacts in the other chambers were similar in size and composition to the homing device, the artifact in the twenty-third chamber was an optical disc that we were somewhat familiar with and believed to be the key to the entire site."

Sarah: "Because it was so different from the other artifacts?"

Dr. Neruda: "Yes. And it was also the highest chamber in the entire formation, and it was unique in its structure in that it was the only chamber that was not finished."

Sarah: "My understanding is that all the information you showed me came from that disc and I also know that you explained to me in detail how you were able to decode that information. But tonight you mentioned that something in this location indicated that there were six other locations. Can you elaborate a bit?"

Dr. Neruda: "There is nothing in that information that points to the existence of six other locations. However, I believe that there are coded pointers to another location in that information."

Sarah: "Do you think the sites are supposed to be discovered in a specific order, one after the other?"

Dr. Neruda: "Yes, I believe so."

Sarah: "Can you give me any clues as to where the next location is based on your analysis?"

Dr. Neruda: "If I gave you this information, you would have to promise me that this conversation would not be published until I contact you and confirm that it is possible to do so. Do you agree with that?"

Sarah: "Sure, I'd love to."

Dr. Neruda: "Behind the city of Cusco in Peru is an ancient temple called Sacsayhuaman. Another location will be found somewhere near this temple."

Sarah: "And do you know exactly where it will be, or are you just saying close to avoid it?"

Dr. Neruda: "No, I believe I know the exact coordinates, but I don't want to reveal that detail."

Sarah: "That's your homeland, isn't it?"

Dr. Neruda: "Yes, I grew up not far from this place."

Sarah: "Have you ever been to that place?"

Dr. Neruda: "No, but I know a little about the city of Cusco."

Sarah: "This question may seem a little off topic and I understand if you don't want to answer it, but why do you think the Central Race would design the Earth's defense system and then leave it up to the organization to discover and activate it like ACIO?"

Dr. Neruda: "I don't think it would be left up to the ACIO to find and activate these sites."

Sarah: "So in yours?"

Dr. Neruda: "I am not able to say that now."

Sarah: "But you sure are an important part of it, aren't you?"

Dr. Neruda: "I hope so."

Sarah: "Okay, one more turn."

"Why do they allow five people - the planners of the Incunabula - to control the fate of humanity? I mean it's only five people and there are five billion of us in the world. No one elected these men, and virtually no one knows who they are, what their plans, abilities, insights are, or whether they really have the best intentions for us in their hearts."

"After listening to your story today, I am left with a sense of indignation that these five men - no matter how good their intentions - are deciding the fate of humanity and no one knows who they really are!"

"The thing with politicians is that at least I see them, I hear them speak on TV and I know their unique personalities. That calms me down. Whether I still trust them is another matter, but I think most of those I voted for are good and honest people."

Dr. Neruda: "When you ask - why are they 'allowed' to rule the world, who do you mean?"

Sarah: "Shouldn't the Central Race have something to say about this? As you mentioned last night, all those seven ancient sites are part of a defensive weapon to protect the earth. They also placed a homing device with the clear intention that the ACIO would discover it, proving that they are interacting with us even in our present time. Should the Central Race allow these planners such authority over the fate of humanity?"

Dr. Neruda: "I'll try to answer your question this way."

"Presidents and senators, congressmen and governors, presidential cabinets and military leaders, they will all pass and go. This means that they have their influence for a period of time and then make room for others to take their place. Their programs are an expression of short-term power to introduce new legislation, appoint new judges or change laws. They are so focused on short-term politics that they have lost awareness of the importance of long-term politics."

"The planners of the Incunabula have an assured permanence and focus all their attention on the long-term goals of humanity. Such is the nature of Incunabula. They bring continuity to the major events of our time and the time to come in the next three generations. They work in this sphere to ensure that they are not swayed by the short-term goals of vested interests."

"Regarding your question 'who allows them' to perform this function, I have to say no one. No one has control or power over the Planners, just like no one has control or power over Fifteen or the Labyrinth Team."

Sarah: "Then what about the Central Race? Wouldn't it be reasonable to think that they know about the planners and keep an eye on them? I thought you first said that this unifying force, or God, was advising them - or something like that. Didn't you say that?"

Dr. Neruda: "I meant that the planners of the Incunabula believe in this force that unites all sentient life throughout time and space. They believe very strongly in their personal destiny, otherwise they would never have been placed in the position of planners. Despite its anonymity, it is a very respected position."

"I have no doubt that the Central Race knows about the planners of the Incunabula, and perhaps there is some cooperation and exchange. I don't know. As I said before, my knowledge of the planners is based solely on reports from Fifteen."

Sarah: "So is it possible that Fifteen made this all up?"

Dr. Neruda: "You mean planners?"

Sarah: "Isn't that possible?"

Dr. Neruda: "No. But it is possible that his perception is not entirely accurate, although I doubt it. Fifty-new's ability to understand someone's nature is fantastic. They understand human psychology better than those who write books about it. I don't think the planners would have been able to blur his vision without him knowing."

Sarah: "But you said you've never met the planners - that only Fifteen meets them..."

Dr. Neruda: "I understand your interest in the validity of this matter. If I could give you names to verify or some other form of proof I would. These organizations exist, lead directly to the Incunabula, and can be traced and investigated. Many journalists and researchers have certainly done this regarding the Freemasons or Skulls and Crossbones. Some of them with success. But they never saw the larger order and the organizations that govern that larger order. They did not see the more abstract forces that make up the Triad of Power."

Sarah: "But why?"

Dr. Neruda: "There is nothing to investigate. There is no research direction. Those organizations are intentionally abstract and amorphous."

Sarah: "But leaders like Clinton and Blair, aren't they the ones pulling the strings? How could the planners of the Incunabula have more power than these leaders who sign the introduction of new legislation or decide whether we go to war or not? That doesn't make sense to me."

Dr. Neruda: "In a democracy, everything is about consent, and the game is designed to move the consenting opinion and fix it on some electrifying target. If there is sufficient resonance in humans, this shift can be manipulated. If there is no resonance, political will is thwarted. Leaders around the world, unless it's a country like North Korea, rely on that certainty, and generally speaking, national leaders are well trained to operate in that reality."

"Yes, world leaders seem to have a lot of power, but it's really about aggression, not power. Real power is contained in actions implementing a plan designed to enhance or optimize humanity's position in relation to its environment and to protect it from major threats. The key word here is 'humanity', which is an analogy for the collective soul of all persons on the planet. It is not defined by nationality or geographical boundaries."

"World leaders use aggression to achieve their goals, which always includes a good dose of state greed and self-aggrandizement. The concept of humanity is not a key part of their agenda. Their power, if you want to call it that, is the collective will of a small inner circle of political fanatics who want to secure the benefit of their power first for themselves, then for their state, and then for their citizens."

Sarah: "If I understand you correctly, that's a pretty strong condemnation of our political system."

Dr. Neruda: "Then I will tell you that you understand me well."

Sarah: "So our politicians lack real power because they are consumed by state agendas that do not include humanity as a whole?"

Dr. Neruda: "Please understand that I am not condemning individual leaders so much as the conventional state system that was designed to breed nationalism. Individual leaders take on the identity of a state system that is largely conspiratorially centered around a single concept - patriotism."

Sarah: "So now you're saying patriotism is the problem? I'm confused about it."

Dr. Neruda: "Patriotism is a state catalyst. It is the means by which citizens are prompted to react. It is also the means by which leaders are directed to respond to events or threats. Wars have been waged and aggressions concealed under this single slogan. It is the ideal method for a state to command its citizens to support its leaders."

"I say that the identification of citizens with the state or patriotism is a real stumbling block for the effective solution of human affairs. Individual leaders are simply pawns in this structure, which was designed as a means of colonizing weaker states."

Sarah: "I think my brain can handle just one more question and then I'd like to be done for today end. Do you agree?"

Dr. Neruda: "Yes, as you wish."

Sarah: "In all of today's discussion - most of which has been about the Incunabula, or perhaps I should better call it the world power structure - I haven't heard anything about the spiritual aspects. It sounds really oddly impersonal and unspiritual, if I may say so myself. Can you comment on that?"

Dr. Neruda: "What is happening in our world is a manifestation of how the species migrates from state formations to the formation of the species as a whole. It is a certain stage of the migration plan. People must move away from patriotism, from the 'I believe what I'm told' mentality, and elevate their own thinking to encompass and embrace the holistic community of the human species. It will take tremendous leadership to bring this migration to completion, as the world's population will need to trigger a decisive event to erase their memory."

Sarah: "Wait a minute. What do you mean erase your memory?"

Dr. Neruda: "There is a permanent memory in the human psyche - especially weaker cultures that have been oppressed by other peoples seeking colonization. These pitiful outrages against the weaker nations of the world have left deep traces in their collective memory. It is important that these memories be erased or cleansed so that humanity can be united in terms of government and basic systems."

"This event may be controlled, or it may occur naturally, but it is generally believed that some event must occur that electrifies the world's population to unite. In this process, the memory of all people and especially those who were victims of colonization will be cleansed."

Sarah: "I know I said I could only ask one question, but as a journalist I can't resist this line of thought. Give me some examples of what kind of event it should be?"

Dr. Neruda: "The most likely event with global consequences is a lack of energy."

Sarah: "You've talked about this before, but not only will a lack of energy create more tension between those who who have it and who don't?"

Dr. Neruda: "If it is properly managed, then no. The kind of shortage I'm talking about will have a devastating effect on all aspects of our world. All infrastructures will be affected by it and the impact will be severe and persistent. If there is a global regulation of the production and distribution of existing resources, and if the search for alternatives is well managed, renewable resources will be a necessity in this situation."

"The Incunabula - still standing in the background behind the scene - will direct this event in such a way that equality is restored to the world's population. It will stand above vested interests and dominant powers and ensure justice. This justice will establish its instruments of leadership as the leading globalizing force, and everyone's memory will - metaphorically speaking - be erased."

Sarah: "That answers my question, where is the spirituality in all of this?"

Dr. Neruda: "No. I admit I digressed a bit."

"I also wanted to deny that what I'm revealing is just a common concept. Anyone reading this disclosure in the future, please keep this in mind. Due to circumstances and time constraints, I am unable to provide you with a detailed rendering. However, these details do exist, and if one were to allow themselves the luxury of studying them, everything I reveal here would prove much more plausible."

"Now to your question. The spiritual aspect is very strongly present in today's topic. If I did should summarize, I would call it the 'human migration plan'. Humanity evolves on one level and migrates to another."

"In terms of evolution, technologically speaking, humanity is becoming more advanced, with the ability to multi-process more perfect visual, auditory and intellectual data. In other words - the brain system changes to become more holistic in its information processing function. Computers are a big part of this evolutionary step."

"Humanity is also migrating from separateness, in the sense of state formations, to unification through globalization. This is a completely different but related trail. Humanity is merging, although it may not seem like it because we still have wars and conflicts all over the world. Fusion happens in micro-steps."

Sarah: "What about spirituality?"

Dr. Neruda: "Yes, thank you. Spiritually, these two paths lead humanity to something the Wing Makers call the Great Portal. It is the connection with our human soul, which has been shattered into hundreds of pieces and scattered across the planet in the form of different colors, cultures, languages and geographies, and which is now in the process of irreversible reunification."

"This is the spiritual aspect that touches everything in our lives. It permeates every atom of us collective existence and instills in it a destiny that is now still invisible."

Sarah: "You just mentioned the Great Portal. What is it?"

Dr. Neruda: "In the glossary that was found on the optical disc, it says..."

Sarah: "Just so you know, I did read the glossary section you gave me, but only once and too I was not impressed. Can you please explain that again?"

Dr. Neruda: "The Great Portal is, according to the Makers of the Wings, an irrefutable scientific discovery of the human soul."

Sarah: "Kind of like LERM, huh?"

Dr. Neruda: "Similar, but LERM is more about demonstrating that a unifying force exists and permeates all dimensions of existence. It's a testament to the spirit, if you want to call it that. The human soul remains invulnerable to our technology."

Sarah: "You're not saying that soul and spirit are different, or are you? I have always been a learner that soul and spirit are essentially one and the same thing."

Dr. Neruda: "The Soul, or what the Wing Makers call the Navigator of Wholeness, is a replica of the Original Source (God), only broken down into a unique, immortal, and completely individualized personality. Spirit is more related to the unifying force that unites the individual soul with Prime Source and all other souls."

Sarah: "I'm not sure I understand the description, but maybe it's that my mind is already full and nothing you say is going to fit into my hardened head. Well, nothing, what will be achieved by this discovery of the ... Great Portal?"

Dr. Neruda: "Everything that keeps us separate - enclosed in state departments and regional ymech - will be erased when this undeniable proof is made."

Sarah: "Why should the natural essence of man, which has been formed for hundreds of thousands of years, suddenly change-thread, if science comes to the fore and announces that it has proved the existence of the soul? That doesn't seem plausible to me."

Dr. Neruda: "According to the Wing Makers, this is the evolutionary path of the human species, and the discovery of the Great Portal is the culmination of the worldwide species. It creates the conditions where the things that separated us are stripped away, be it color, race, form, geography, religion or anything else. We find ourselves staring into the lens of science and seeing that all humans are composed of the same inner substance—whatever you choose to call it—and it is this substance that defines us and our abilities."

Sarah: "So everything we've talked about tonight - the globalization of the human species - culminates in this discovery? Is that what you mean?"

Dr. Neruda: "Yes."

Sarah: "And the planners of the Incunabula will continue to exist and be there waiting for us to guide us again? Is that also part of the plan?"

Dr. Neruda: "I don't know if there will be room for the Incunabula in this new world. Maybe yes, maybe not."

Sarah: "If individuals experience this Great Portal and discover that they are made up of a soul - an immortal soul - won't that profoundly change the way they live? Because I'm starting to think about the consequences, and they're a little scary."

"For example, when someone sees that they cannot actually die. It won't change his attitude towards death so that he will no longer be afraid of her? People could perhaps become more carefree, more daring and more dangerous."

Dr. Neruda: "Some do. No doubt there will be many different reactions and I don't pretend to know how it will all be handled."

Sarah: "Another thing I find interesting about this whole topic is the science versus religion thing. Religion seems to have tried its best to define the soul and failed. Whatever his definitions, they all seem to be completely faith-based, and there is no uniformity in these models. The Great Portal is a scientific discovery, not a religious one, right?"

Dr. Neruda: "Yes."

Sarah: "So science gets the chance. What if it also fails? Perhaps it is so elusive, so hidden in it all, that science will do no better. I mean, I know people who you can show something to and they will deny it with all their might. How do you convince someone who doesn't want to see it?"

Dr. Neruda: "You can think of the Great Portal as an interface for the consciousness of vertical time. This interface will be discovered sometime in the twenty-first century. I don't know all the details. I don't know what the consequences will be for the individual. You may be right that some will accept it and others won't. All I know about it is that it is part of the destiny to which humanity is led."

Sarah: "That's what the Wing Makers say?"

Dr. Neruda: "Yes."

Sarah: "Did you know that before you read it in the glossary?"

Dr. Neruda: "Do you think I knew about the existence of the Great Portal?"

Sarah: "Yes, that, or simply some technology that would prove the existence of the human soul. work-was it on something like ACIO?"

Dr. Neruda: "No."

Sarah: "Are there any other organizations working on this evidence already?"

Dr. Neruda: "I don't know of any."

Sarah: "If no one tries to discover this Great Portal now, who will in the future?"

Dr. Neruda: "That's why I want to get these materials out. The Wing Maker Materials are designed to activate those incarnated souls who will play active roles in the discovery and creation of the Great Portal..."

Sarah: "Are you saying that souls incarnate specifically for this purpose?"

Dr. Neruda: "Yes. There are very advanced souls who will incarnate in the next three generations. They will design, develop and use the Great Portal. That is the central intent of the Wing Maker materials contained in these seven locations."

Sarah: "I thought you said it was a defensive weapon?"

Dr. Neruda: "That's one role, but there are other roles as well. And I believe it has to do with the artistic elements. They are encoded. They are catalysts of consciousness. I am convinced of this based on my own experience."

Sarah: "I read many of these writings and also listened to the music. I like it, but it didn't trigger anything in me. I certainly don't feel that I want to help design or build the Great Portal, nor that I have the mental capacity to contribute anything of value."

Dr. Neruda: "Maybe your role is different."

Sarah: "Or I have no part in it at all. You may already have had some qualities in you before those materials activated something in you. In my case, I feel that I have nothing in me that can be awakened."

"Okay, I'm tempted to delve more into the information about the Great Portal, but I think my mind is already it is full for today. Shall we schedule a debate about the Great Portal for our next conversation?"

Dr. Neruda: "Yes, I agree."

Sarah: "Is there anything else you want to say before we finish?"

Dr. Neruda: "Yes. If you, the reader, are wondering how the information I have said about the Incunabula relates to the various conspiracy theories about the New World Order, the intelligence services, the Illuminati, the Freemasons, and all the other supposed secret organizations of the world, I would politely request that you they put aside their earlier ideas about the motivations of these different groups."

"Despite how some people portray them, these are not organizations with malicious intent. Their members have children and families just like you and they have likes and dislikes just like you. They are people with a weakness for bad habits and greed, but also have a strong energy to improve the world. It's just that their definition of what's good for the world may be different from yours."

"If your hobby is to invent your opponents for fun, that's your right. But the matters I have mentioned this evening are too serious to be used for amusement. They deserve your attention and keen judgment. Do your own research on the world's energy supply situation. You may find different numbers than the ones I listed, but that's only because ACIO technologies are more advanced than the oil industry. However, you will certainly find confirmation of this general situation."

"Whatever time you read this interview, look at the current events of your time. You will see how this plan progresses. There may seem to be detours sometimes, but the general direction is the one I've described here. It is not moving in this direction by accident or at the whim of world leaders - of that you can be sure. It is all part of the controlled events that take place as a result of a well-designed program by the planners of Incunabula."

"It may bother you that you are being led into a future that you did not choose, but if you want to have any impact, you need to educate yourself and become aware of the real forces that define your future. This is the universe of free will. There is no hierarchy of angelic beings who create the destiny of the earth. There are no ascended masters who dictate the path to the enlightenment of humanity or an individual."

"If you really want to express and exercise your free will, make knowledge of the facts your personal religion. Learn to trace what's behind the stories the media and politicians are selling you. Form your own conclusions. Doubt everything you are told by the political scene, especially when you are called to patriotism. That's one of the clearest signs to be suspicious of what you're being told."

"If enemies are being made - especially new enemies, be suspicious of the motivations of those who proclaim them as enemies. Research the facts. Look under every stone and verify the evidence. Each of you must become a researcher and learn the art of research and analytical study if you want to feel more part of the globalization movement."

"Your insights and understanding may not change the course of humanity by a single millimeter, but they will change your ability to the ability to feel part of this migration and to have a sense of meaning in where humanity is moving and why."

"And to those who prefer to go their own way and who believe that globalization is stupid, I have to say that globalization has to happen. It is the outward expression of who we are, and it is the natural evolution of our species to unify around the inner essence of our identity, instead of around the outer facade of any particular nation or religious belief of ours."

"I believe that everyone understands this to a different degree, but these are the methods of unification that people are interested in. And I share this interest with you. If we are collectively educated about this plan and understand its ultimate goal, so be it

it is very useful for mankind. We can move toward that goal more quickly, with the added confidence that the methods used are in everyone's best interest. This must be our goal."

"Finally, many of you may feel that globalization is a New World Order concept and therefore may reject it as a movement born of greed and the desire for power. Yes, there are those who will always have personal benefits from this movement, but the motive of becoming a united humanity on earth is far beyond the motive of personal enrichment of a few individuals. Keep that in mind when you read conspiracy stories."

"I'm done, Sarah. Thank you for your indulgence."

Sarah: "Thank you for your comments."

End of session