



**J. PELEGRIN**

# DEATH IS ONLY

# AN ILLUSION

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J. Pelegrin

DEATH IS  
ONLY  
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ILLUSION

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A FICTION NOVEL ABOUT THE  
PARALLEL WORLDS

# DEATH IS ONLY AN ILLUSION

by J. Pelegrin

## Synopsis 2

**Fiction collides with reality on this fascinating contemporary times Novel!**

When Martin Frost, a Philosophy professor at an NYC University closes his class and the lecture year, in a speech to his students, he quotes: "DEATH IS ONLY AN ILLUSION," from the Vedic philosophy. Some curious students want to know more about the subject and invite the Professor to expand on the theme privately.

A visitor from an alternative Planet appears on the scene, looking for help to stop an imminent invasion by some Earthlings' Terrorists, aiding a radical rogue group from the Alternative Planet's to taking over his Homeland.

Invited to travel to the visitor's Parallel World, the group enjoys what they see and commits to helping them.

Some of the student's parents, former CIA operatives, join the Professor and friends to form a "Garrison" to aiding the man from the Alternative Planet to defend his native soil. Being some of the group, high-tech scientists, they build an elaborate spying set-up that unveils a terrible radical's plan to take over the Parallel Planet, plotted by a bunch of the remote planet's rogue inhabitants. Citing 6500-year-old Vedic Scriptures, Professor Frost's insists in binding Philosophy and Science together, thru consciousness, a new element, now recognized by scientists, after new discovering about the Parallel Planets and Parallel Universes.

Science is opening up to include philosophy as the viable reality in human minds, and that is Martin Frost focal point. Colliding with Fiction, Science meeting with Philosophy, allow exciting developments, allowing different ways to see the Multiverse.

Exhilarating action, high in Philosophy, Sciences, Religion, Morals and unexpected developments in an electrifying thrilling plot.



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# DEATH IS ONLY AN ILLUSION

BY J. PELEGRIN

## INTRODUCTION

### *PROLOGUE*

Time: Today.

Place: A US University in NYC.

Martin Frost, a Philosophy professor, is finishing a class on the Multiverse, the Parallel Universes, and the human brain from the philosophical point of view.

He remarks: "So, to make things clear, we can assert without any doubts, that physical death is only an illusion and, the core of our existence: the Spiritual Soul, is eternal and not affected by the elements of this material World."

Amy, one of the students, asks: "Do you mean, the body is a separate entity from the Spirit Soul?"

"Although they are connected, and the Spirit Soul is, let say, the body's driving force, they are different entities." Martin Frost replies. "They involve a series of rules that apart from being cloudy and erratic to our brains, they are completely in sync with the creation. Not only the material one but the Spiritual Energy, which at the same time it's the creator of all material energy." The professor explains.

"Just take the Big Bang, for instance. Obviously, there was an unknown trigger before the explosion or expansion, but

traditional science dismisses the fact. They ignore the trigger. Too difficult to find."

"We all know, an explosion is caused by a detonator because events don't occur by themselves. The Laws of Physics indicate an external force is needed to initiate the action. And of course, this energy must come from another source and on and on. Thus, we call it infinite."

"But then, what is the infinite, Professor Frost?" Alice asked.

The Professor responds: "I wish I could explain it to you, dear. We should establish that the brain is a part of our body, but the actual thought is, although infinite in our appreciation, our personal capacity limits its comprehension."

"Do that means, our lives are a mere illusion?" Jordan asks.

Martin Frost: "Well, our material bodies are, as all material energy, limited and decaying. Our spiritual self is eternal. It wasn't born; it will never die. It is hard to comprehend, and I won't push you for a statement. Just remember these words, and one day you will know and understand the truth. But for now, let our minds accept the facts as they appear before us and keep our brain open to some crazy stuff coming in the future." He smiles... Then continues:

"I hope you all will have an excellent vacation and could begin thinking of the bold ideas you have discovered in our class. It will be, at least, exciting and challenging. Thank you for your attention, and I wish you have a good time on your vacation." The Professor gathers his belongings and prepares to leave the classroom.

The students applaud and exit the classroom in small groups.

Alice, Amy, and Jordan go to the nearby Campus Caff  ; they sit around a table, and Paul, a fellow student that just missed the last class, arrives and joins the group.

Paul inquiries: "So how was the class,? I'm sorry I missed it. I had a car problem." He said. "I couldn't make it on time."

All at the same time: "Fabulous, incredible, far out!" They respond.

"What intrigues me more is the concept of eternity," Amy states. "It's fascinating." She remarks. "In my 26 years of life, I've never thought about it, but now that I heard it from Professor Frost, with such a conviction, it is triggering my mind to go beyond everything I have understood."

"But what is the point,?" Paul questions. "I am puzzled!"

"The point is," Alice continues, "That Professor Frost said, 'death is only an illusion,' and the Spirit Soul, the core of yourself, is eternal."

"Wow, that is far out!" Exclaims Paul. "I remember when I was a child, 12 years old, my family moved to a new apartment complex by the sea, and between the building and the water, there was a grass field with some palm trees. A beautiful open space so, at dusk I used to lay down, looking at the sky, the stars, and the planets and let my mind fly freely into space." He pauses, thinking and then continues:

"My primary concern was: what about if I could reach the end of what I see. What would it be beyond that?" Paul recalls. "The concept that we might be different from what we are normally told has always been in my mind. But I have never paid attention

to the thought, in-depth. I don't know, maybe I've been superficial?" Paul questions himself.

"Wow,! I don't think so. That question has been in my mind when I was at the beach with my parents at more or less that age!" Amy adds.

"I see. It seems that we all had the eagerness to know that because I've also been on many occasions where I asked myself the same question," Alice remembers.

"In my childhood," Jordan speaking, "I was puzzled myself by that issue, but always from something prohibited by my parent's religion or the other religions around town. The whole region was kind of primitive. Although some neighboring Hindus had different thoughts, in the minority." He said.

"So, I think we will have an exciting entertainment time ahead, hmmm. I'm sorry I missed the last class, but hopefully, I can contact Professor Frost and have a chat with him." Paul went on, " I like him a lot, he is a very friendly guy!" Paul suggests.

"Yeah, why don't we call him and invite him to a gathering?" Alice asks.

"That's a superb idea," Amy says excitedly. "I volunteer to call him! I had contacted him in the past and found him very responsive."

"OK then Amy, the ball is in your court," Jordan says, enthusiastically. "Call him and invite him to a gathering. It can be at my home. I don't think my parents would object it. I hope."

"Do not worry, my home is a big place, and Mom and Dad are traveling right now." Paul offers.

"OK, then. I will call him tomorrow." Amy said, leading the motion, and asked everyone, "Is it everybody available for any date?"

Everybody agree with it.

"This is an important subject!" Paul says, showing an overwhelming feeling.

Meanwhile, Professor Martin Frost is leaving the Campus towards his home, nearby in Manhattan.

He lives in a comfortable apartment with sober but good taste furniture. The building is overlooking New York City West Side, his home shows his passion for Music, who he masters in his free time.

Martin had a successful career as a young musician, and now, after the Music Market kind of collapsed at the beginning of the XXI Century, he is still making music to comfort his Soul, but not expecting to make any money out of the business of music.

He is a divorced man, without guilt and especially very happy living alone, without any steady female companion. But is not easy to be every day surrounded by young, beautiful women at the University. Somehow he had managed to stay out of trouble, well, kind of it.

His beliefs are that he's never alone because God is his eternal companion. In good times and the bad ones.

Martin's iPhone rings. He answers the call:

"Hello, this is Martin Frost."

"Hi Professor Frost, this is Amy Wallot, your student."

"Oh, hi Amy. I recognized your voice. What can I do for you?"

"Oh, Professor Frost, I am sorry to bother you. I know the classes ended, but this is a kind of personal call if you don't mind."

"Of course I don't mind. What is it?"

"Alice, Jordan, and Paul suggested we invite you to a reunion at Paul's house, to discuss your exciting ideas about the reality, the Parallel Worlds, and the Spiritual energy, but especially your phrase: 'Death is only an Illusion.' We all find it so fascinating that we would like to chat with you about it, and especially Paul, who couldn't attend the last class because a car problem, is very interested in catching up with the topic," Amy pauses. "We all want to know more about the theme and your personal ideas, but if possible outside the University parameters. Do you think it is possible?"

Professor Frost thinks for a second and then says: "Not only is possible, but I love the idea of chatting with some of my best students about such a fascinating subject. Actually, I'm just beginning a deep study on the subject."

"Oh, thank you, Professor Frost, that sounds fantastic!"

"OK, but since the classes are finished, and this is something personal, you all can call me Martin," he says. "It'll make me feel younger," Martin chuckles.

"That is great. My fellows will be so happy! So, when could it be a good time to get together... We are available at any time. We all think it'll be a crucial event!" She asserts.

"OK, let me see my schedule, and I'll call you back with the details. I have your number now so I will call you tomorrow.

"It sounds great. I can wait to tell the other guys! I'm ecstatic already." Amy expresses, very excited.

They hung up.

Amy, calling Alice. "Hi, Amy, What's up?"

"I called Martin..."

"Who?"

"I mean, Professor Frost. It's that since the classes ended, he asked all of us to call him Martin. He's a cool guy. I love it." She said.

"OK, don't get too excited, Hmmm."

"No, no, silly, he is a sweet guy, he was actually overjoyed about the idea and asked all us to call him Martin, so he will feel younger," She Chuckles.

"That's great I'll call Paul with the news," Alice says.

"And I will call Jordan. So let's meet tomorrow at the Caffée, at 5 pm. OK?"

"Ditto, I'm thrilled already!"

They hung up.

Amy, Alice, Jordan and Paul, who attended the same classes, hung out at a nearby University's cafeteria. They had formed a nice intellectual group, who often exchanged ideas. Professor Martin Frost, now Martin, as he requested to be called, had mentioned to the students a key phrase: 'Death is only an Illusion,' which was the trigger for many questions and concerns in the minds of the young students.

Happily, Martin, who had shown a younger than his age attitude and a jovial behavior had accepted the invitation to privately debate the theme.

For the 42-year-old man was always a motivation to have chats with younger students. He always had thought, that younger minds were curious and eager to absorb new concepts, and he loved it. That was an intense motivational reason, he accepted the invitation from the students, especially on a subject that was something new and underdeveloped for him too.

A few days before, he had a conversation about it with his lady friend Julia, who showed great interest in knowing more about it. Death is always a dramatic subject for discussion, but eternity? That was a new side of it. Interesting enough for him to also evaluate different views on it.



## CHAPTER 1

### *The reunion*

At the University's nearby Caffée, Alice, Jordan, and Paul are talking enthusiastically about their new project.

Amy arrives with a big smile on her face.

"Hi guys," she says excitedly. Professor Frost called me. We are set to meet on Saturday evening!" She added, "And we all should call him Martin. It will make him feel closer to our age". She clicked her tongue.

Everybody show satisfaction.

Paul, joyfully says: "I am so happy he agreed to meet! I'm eager to learn more about the subject!"

Jordan adds: "Yeah, the guy is a cool dude! I bet this will be most interesting and educative."

"I wonder if he is married or what," Says Alice, inquiring.

"For what I heard thru the vine, he is divorced but without pity. That makes him super cool." Paul blinks an eye.

Amy, to all: "OK. We should have a kind of a questionnaire to approach him. Don't you think?"

"I believe we should wait for him to start the conversation," Alice adds, "That way we will talk about new topics, and we also can speak about our ideas and concerns. What do you guys think?"

"Wait a second," Paul warns them. "We are asking for a meeting. The correct thing is, we tell him why."

"I agree with Paul," Jordan notes. "Let's not confine the subject to what we know, but at the same time let him know where to start."

"Yeah, let the guy open up our minds. He must have issues that are apart from his University program." Alice points out.

"OK then. It seems everybody is on the same page." Amy agrees. "The major question is: What is real and what is not. Because what we thought it was, it appears to be wrong, isn't it?"

"Hmmm," Paul muttered.

"Don't forget we are asking the guy to meet. We must have at least one question. I think this could be: Do Parallel Worlds exist?" Alice suggests.

"That's an issue that no one can answer in simple terms," Jordan notes. "There are many if's. Don't you think?"

"What was the issue which triggered our interest in having this meeting?" Paul asks.

"What it's most intriguing is one of his last phrases: 'Death is only an illusion.' Right?" Jordan questions.

"Let's don't put the cart before the horses. Let's be patient and wait until Saturday, OK?" Paul observes.

They all agree.

Meanwhile, at Martin's home, Julia arrives. She is Martin's friend, an actress. In her 30's, Julia preserves her beauty, an athletic figure, showing a witty and funny character.

"How you've been darling?" She says girlishly.

"I've been fine." Martin answers. "The classes are over for this year, and of course, that releases the pressures a little."

"Good. So, now you'll have more free time."

"Well, I don't know about that. Some students called me already to invite me to a reunion to discuss some complex issues." He noted.

"I like when the students find the philosophical challenges interesting. It is rewarding." Martin continues, evidently satisfied.

"And what is the subject, if I may ask?"

"They found very intriguing when I told them 'Death is only an illusion!' I guess I shocked them," He smirks.

"Wow! I don't blame them. Do you?"

"Yeah, although it's not a simple thing. It is a matter of a wider theme that you don't want to start right now because we have to get to the theater on time, right?"

"I see. You want to leave me out," Julia squints. "I'm already a little jealous of your students." she jokes.

"I tell you what." Martin stops and thinks. "I will ask the guys to invite you too for the conversation. Would you want that?"

"I would love it, but all depends on the schedule. When is the reunion?"

"Next Saturday evening."

"OK, let's do it." She agrees.

"Fine. I'll ask them. I don't think they would object it."

"Great, I am excited already."

"We'll talk about the theme after the Theater Play, OK?"  
Martin says. "It'll be a long talk--"

"It sounds like a great evening," Julia says with a smile.

"Did you get the tickets?" Martin asks. "I'm sorry I didn't have time to do it myself. Last week has been a killer for me."

"Yes I did, I've got some nice seats. You know, it pays to have friends on the trade."

"Good," Says Martin with thumbs up. "So, let's go, honey. We'll catch the Subway, right?"

"Yeah, it'll be easy." Julia concurs.

Martin and Julia leave his apartment, going to the Theater.

The City, as busy as ever confirms the thrill of being in New York that, with its wild daily life makes residents and visitors a part of a live Circus.

Martin and Julia go thru the NYC streets with the skills of two New Yorkers riding the Subway at ease.

In the train, they see a strange character, in a suspicious way approaching a young woman. The girl reacts with fear in her eyes, while the stranger suddenly stops his approach and turns his head the other way in a controversial move.

The 47th Street station reminds them to get off the train.

Again, the extremely busy sidewalks are no obstacle for the skilled City residents. They reach the Theater on time.

After the Play ending, Julia and Martin take a cab home, and on the way, they start the conversation about the Parallel Worlds. Julia is thrilled with the theme, and both engage in the issues while riding the taxi.

Once in the apartment, Martin starts explaining some points about the subject to be discussed with his students, while Julia prepares some drinks.

"What do you think about the theme, Julia?

"I believe to be absorbing, fascinating."

"No, what I mean is what is your point of view about it?

"Well, the way I look at it right now is from the philosophical point of view, because from the scientific one, I don't think there's much evidence, right? Julia questions.

"You're perfectly right, dear. Quite right." Martin emphasizes.

"But things seem to be changing rapidly," He adds. "The new scientists are much bolder, and they think that what is mathematically possible, it is viable, period.

"Wow, that sounds ravishing, you're right, Martin!"

"Although I can't understand some of their equations and principally, how they relate them to reality, they seem to be very confident in their findings.

"I don't get it," Julia says.

"They are talking about spaces in between our Universe, that

could house other Universes and an array of planetary systems within them.

"That sounds weird, isn't?" Julia asks.

"Not from the mathematical point of view. In a certain way it's strange, but in their opinion, it isn't," Martin assures. "They play with the existence of four, five and even ten dimensions, not just three as we are used to knowing!"

"And the latest discovering by NASA about the existence of some eight new Planets that seem to be similar to the Earth is a confirmation of the advancements on the subject," Martin says excitedly.

"Anyway it sounds fascinating, I agree."

"Yeah, I need to get some more information, to conclude a study I am conducting. But it promises to be moving!"

"I totally agree with you." Julia concurs.

"The most exciting part is that finally, the scientists are accepting the existence of Consciousness which in my beliefs is what links the philosophical and the scientific elements together."

"That would be a fantastic addition to the theory."

"Hmmm, not only that," Martin pauses, and smirking says: "But the existence of God! The mighty creator of all that exists!"

"Certainly, we are living some unique times," Julia admitted.

"And I hope we could contribute with our grain of sand, to build these, until now incredible uncertainties, into reality."

They continue to chat about other subjects and getting personal.

On the day after, Martin watching the news sees the suspicious guy face they saw in the Subway as the "Person of Interest" on the attack of a young woman on a lonely Subway station. The woman was found dead, and the police are now looking for the man in question. However, no signs of violence were found in her body. The Police are asking the people to contact them if they see or know something about it.

That night, while Martin was shopping for food, he sees the Subway stranger at a distance. He grabs his phone to call the Police. The Stranger-man sees the move and runs towards Martin, stopping short of bumping into him

and says:

"Look, I know who you are and what you're doing. I saw you last night in the Subway, but I assure you, I didn't kill the girl. Her body has been suppressed because she was going to do something terrible. The man disappeared in a second."

Martin was astonished! Speechless.

Then, at home, the Fox News was reviewing the dead woman's case, and he learned that she had three little children at home, starving, disheveled and of poor condition. The Government Children's Service had intervened in the case, and the kids were now safe. It seems the now deceased mother was planning to take her life and the kids in a murder-suicide plot, they learned. Messages on her phone had indications of some kind of deranged intentions. However, the Police didn't find information about the perpetrator of the crime, or if it was a crime.

That, reminded Martin of the duality of consequences, a very tough situation to discern, about the action and reaction, Karma

effects and the complexity of life.

The next day, Martin saw the Stranger-man again, outside his home. Too many coincidences, he thought.---

The man approached Martin and asked him to have a cup of coffee together while he would explain the situation.

"Do not fear me," he said. "I know who you are and you'll understand what I will tell you. Then, you'll make your decision."

"I come from another World," The man said. "And because I am an evolved soul, I was allowed to materialize on the Earth, just to stop a confused mother to euthanize her children and commit suicide. Se couldn't take this material life anymore. Too complicated to narrate."

"I hope you can explain it better..." Martin questions.

"I know you believe death is an illusion." the stranger said. This event is one of these cases, but maybe for some other reasons."

"I am listening," Martin says.

"I would like to invite you to a place, my World, where you'll find some missing pieces to this puzzle if you dare to investigate it." The man said.

Martin could've not believed what was happening and the intriguing character was so interesting that he couldn't resist the temptation to continue to listening to him.

"But if we meet again, how do you know I'm not going to tell the Police to come after me and catch you there?" Martin asked.

"Because you are too intelligent to waste this opportunity!"



The man said.

Martin was overwhelmed by the situation he was getting into. So, he agreed to meet the stranger on Sunday evening, in a place that the man was going to let him know on Saturday night.

Martin, turned his face to call the waiter to order, but when he turned it back to the stranger's seat, he was gone.

The situation could not be more intriguing and exciting. Martin, an entirely open minded person, was surprised and immensely puzzled by the events. It was too compelling to dismiss it. Almost unbelievable.

His methodic Professor's life was about to change, and he suspected it.

That night, Martin fought hard to conciliate the sleep. His main concern was if he should tell his students on Saturday, about the developing situation.

After tossing and turning for hours, finally, he fell asleep, having some dreams at night, regarding the stranger's invitation.

The following morning, confused but excited for the episode, he calls Julia and briefly explains his contact with the Stranger-man. Julia, puzzled, asks for details, but Martin a little confused requested her to be patient and wait a few hours, until the reunion at Paul's home. He needed time to make his cloudy mind up.

So Martin gets into the computer, trying to find some data for his research. He's taking notes and thinking, trying to connecting the dots.

Julia sends him a text saying, <I can be at Paul's home on

Saturday, but after the rehearsal ends. I'll try to ask the Director

to let me leave early.>

Martin answers with an <OK>.

Saturday arrived, and Martin leaves his apartment, takes the Subway going to Brooklyn. He rang the bell at Paul's parents home. The host opened the door and greeted him

with a big smile.

"We are so honored to have you as our guest! You can't imagine."

The rest of the students, Amy, Alice, and Jordan, were also at the door greeting Martin.

"I am also happy to be here with you, Paul and you guys too." Talking to the group, that was already at the house.

"As I mention to you on the phone call, I took the liberty to invite my friend Julia to the reunion. She got a last minute 'call' for a rehearsal this evening, but she promised to make it as soon as the rehearsal finishes."

"No problem, we are eager to meet her too," Amy said.

"She won't be too late," Martin assures. "She just called me saying she was on her way in a Uber car."

"Please come in and make yourself at home." Paul invites him. "My parents would have had a thrill meeting you, but they are on a vacation trip, right now."

They sat in the living room, and Amy took the lead:

"I don't know how to start this. I think maybe you should expand a little on your last phrases, on the final day in class."

What do you say?"

"Yeah, I remember the last phrases." Martin says.

"Our material bodies are, as all material energy, limited and subject to decaying. Our spiritual self is eternal. It wasn't born; it will never die."

"That is more or less coming from the Vedas, the ancient Indian Scriptures. It is hard to comprehend, and I don't push you for a statement about it. Just remember these words, and one day you will know and understand the truth. But for now, let our minds accept the facts as they appear to be and keep your brains open to some strange stuff coming to us in the future."

"What a memory!" Alice notes.

"I don't mean to impress you, but it is a cliché I use at the end of the year." He jokes. "You should understand, this is also my job."

"And I added," Martin continues: "I hope you have an excellent vacation and that you could begin to think of the bold ideas you have discovered in our class. It will be, at least, exciting and challenging. Thank you for your attention, and I wish you have a good time on your vacation."

"Yeah, that was it," Amy says joyfully!

"Wow, that left me thinking hard!" Alice observes.

"First of all, we should understand that, what happens in this and in other material Worlds, that we may not see because our senses are limited to our own Universe, are existing, parallel to the material energy that forms our Planet." Martin continues.

"Also, there is a Spiritual Energy. These are two entirely

different forms of energy. The material one it has a beginning, on the accumulation of particles that arrange themselves triggered by an unknown energy source" The student's eyes are as wide open as they could be. "But this particles," resumes Martin, "In my opinion, are behaving in a certain way because of the action of the unknown energy or trigger, which I call it Spiritual-energy."

Martin pauses, he lowers his voice, and remarks: "This is something that Science hasn't fully accepted yet, but many Philosophers do, and some scientists are beginning to recognize it."

The students were on the edge of their seats, not missing a word said by the Professor, now their friend.

"That was my question to Dr. Brian Greene, from Columbia University, after one of his conferences," continues Martin, "about what was the force that triggered the Big Bang." Dr. Green answered me with a laconic: "I don't know!"

Martin continues: "A simple, honest one. I like Professor Green. I think of him as one of the most knowledgeable scientists of our times, but the way he explains his theories it's really amazingly clear."

The students are in heaven. They waited for something big, but what their beloved professor was revealing, was something, literally, out of this World.

"My position, from the Spiritual energy, as I said," Martin continues, "Not yet widely accepted by the Scientific Community, is that every incident or creation is unique and has no possibility to be cloned. There will always be a difference between the products, even a minute one." He notes. "When they mention another 'you' in a Parallel World, they even talk about different

behaviors and occupations."

"But that deceives the theory of the Parallel Worlds," Alice notes.

"Not necessarily." Martin answers. "The difference is on the separate levels. One is material, subject to our concept of time and the other is Spiritual, a timeless platform. That is clearly established in the Vedas.

"But, how these different Worlds co-exist in the space." Paul questions.

"Can they clash with each other?" Jordan asks.

"Do they share space? Alice urges.

"Because they are made of different types of energy, they can share spaces between molecules. Let's say functioning in between the molecular structure. Just because they constitute a different level, not affected by time nor distance since these are only our perception."

"I don't quite understand." A puzzled Amy says.

"Scientifically, we know everything is possible in Mathematics. Equations are endless and can bring you to incredible results so, if you can picture a flat string and you look at it from the top, you may see a rope going up and down and around as a twist."

"OK," Paul says

"Then, if you add a little ant running over and around the line, that may lead to a Universe squeezed in between the molecular structure of another Universe."

"Wow, what an incredible thought!," Amy lashes.

"And you said, the scientists now believe in that possibility,?" Alice asked.

Martin, pausing for a second, explains: "Well, some scientists do, and that's the way they explain it."

"I have my way to think about it." He meditates for a few seconds and adds: "See, scientists do not consider the Spirit Soul because they can't physically prove it's existence."

"Of course, because they can only determine material energy, isn't?" Alice questions.

"Correct" Notes the Professor. "But at the same time, they can't deny it. Because life is there, it makes the bodies move, think, feel... So there is a big question mark, they haven't been able to solve yet".

"Fascinating," says Amy.

"Now, viewed from the Philosophical point," Martin continues, "and I quote the Vedas as the most important source of information on the Spiritual Energy; there is a Spiritual World that has all the characteristics of what scientists are explaining these days about the Parallel Universes."

"I see," observes Paul "A total different dimension. Another level within the levels."

"The amazing part is," and Martin becomes mysterious, "That the scientist's idea of the parallel Worlds or even the Parallel Universes, it could be the exact same situation with the Spiritual Universes.

Amy, who was looking puzzled all the time and almost

colliding with the exposed ideas, exclaims: "Yeah,!" and after a deep breath, almost like in relief, she says: "I am beginning to accept the theory. I can't understand it totally, but I will, I know it, just one more piece of information and I will."

"My personal theory is that the spiritual energy can create material energy, and that could be the case with the Big Bang, being that the particle that exploded and initiated the eternal inflation and expansion was a minute particle generated by some spiritual energy. This minuscule bit propelled by an unknown fuse of Spiritual Energy, assumable coming from God, the creator, caused an array of Planets, Stars, and other bodies, to crowd Space. And Space, which is another physical element, previously existent, or created at the same time of the Big Bang, adopted the new creation as an integral part of it."

"We should not forget that the Big Bang is not the beginning of life. It is the start of the Universes, but something existed before it."

Alice, who had been quiet listening, asks: "Could it be that the Big Bang, apart from expanding and creating a series of material planets, also created some spiritual ones?"

Jordan adds: "I see. Could it be that the Bang made the material particle explode, but in between that molecular structure, there were some spiritual particles too."

Martin, trying not to let the conversation escaping his realm, clarifies: "OK, OK, I see you guys beginning to try to let this idea entering your minds. That's good. It is positive. A good start. But let's advance slowly."

Then, Paul, as always bright and clear asks: "I have a

question." He pauses to re-arrange his thoughts and continues: "If you have a certain amount of particles that would re-arrange into many options as if you throw up in the air a bunch of coins," He pauses. "And if you repeated that, time and time again could they all fall on edge at once?"

"Well, that's different, because that would be a chance," Martin states. "If you remember what Einstein said regarding Quantum Mechanics": 'God doesn't play dices.' "Einstein didn't trust the ripples at the end of the Quantum Mechanics theory."

"I would say, that is not creation but re-arrangement. I believe in the uniqueness of matter." Martin states. "Now, in the Spiritual Energy, things are different, and everything can happen, but we can't see it because our eyes are not suited for that."

"Wow, it is getting even more complicated, though," Alice comments.

Martin, understanding the complexity of the debate, tries to clarify something essential and observes: "Our material bodies and senses are part of it because they deal with parts of the body. The mind and our Consciousness are part of the body, but Consciousness is also a part of the Soul, or better said, the symptom of the Spirit Soul."

Alice in total mental turmoil: "Wow, you are blowing my mind! Completely!"

"Amazing statement!" Paul concurs, and continues, "I think I am starting to see the light."

Martin, in an attempt to lower the ball to the floor, says: "Let's establish, there is no scientific description of my theory, although there is no coherent negation of it, I feel strongly about it



for many reasons that are hard to explain, either Scientific or Philosophical." And he remarks: "Or at least I can not do it because I don't have the capacity." And he follows: "Human being limitations." He smiles.

The bell rings, and Paul goes to open the door to Julia, that has arrived.

"Ah, everybody, this is my dear friend Julia, who will join us in our conversation. I prepared her last night with most of the information I gave you before so she can join us now without major problems. She and I had these type of talks before."

Paul, who has been a perfect host, announces: "I have some coffee, tea or sodas, so please make your choice and let me know, or you can take it yourself from the table."

The reunion takes a break while everyone is drinking their choices.

Martin takes advantage of the break to update Julia on the past conversation with the students.

Paul, trying to resume the discussion says: "OK then, we already establish the theory that the Consciousness is the link between the Spirit Soul and the Mind. A kind of "Silver cord" that unites the parts. But what about the Parallel Universes?"

"The Multiverse is an idea that little by little is gaining support among some Scientists."

"Yeah, everybody is talking about it, but the lines are blurred because there's no scientific confirmation of proof," denotes Amy.

"Yeah and even religious scholars are skeptical about it because it is a controversy on their faiths," Jordan remarks.

Julia, who is entering the conference points out: "Wait a moment, because many scientific theories, including the Quantum Mechanics, are based on the study of the Vedas, written 5500 years ago."

"Yeah, that is true," mentions Martin. "Schrodinger's experiments, in the 1930's, including his famous "Cat in the Box," are a consequence of Vedic studies. Although, as again, Einstein said about Quantum Mechanics, "God doesn't play dices," meaning that the Quantum theory, in the end, leaves us with a chance, called ripples, that because of their nature, become erratic, at least to our eyes."

"Yes, because the ripples or waves created by the accommodation of the molecular structure, behave erratically to our eyes but with an internal rhythm we can not see, but it must be premeditated, perhaps by the

creator of all that exist?" Julia suggests.

"Yeah, again, the frustration about the limitation of our brain." Paul states.

"Well, we know and must accept our limitations." Jordan considers.

"My God, this is so overwhelming! I hope we can handle it without going crazy! Says Alice.

"My dear Alice, Going crazy is just a derailing on the way. Sometimes we can come back to the track. Other times we get lost in time. But let's be confident, that won't happen to neither of us." Martin smiles enigmatically.

The professor, who has been dealing on his meeting with the "Stranger in the Subway" in a very intense way, can't hold the fact

any longer and bursts!

"Now, the bomb" Martin pauses, creating a suspense moment. He looks at everyone in the room and slowly says:

"I was skeptical to tell you some experience Julia, and I had yesterday, but finally, I can't just keep it to myself. It is also related to the theme of our conversation."

"And what is that? Amy asks. "You are like a kind of Pandora's box. I am so curious about everything you say!"

"Yeah; this is like an astral trip for me. I feel like a newborn." Alice speaks.

"It is a crazy happening that I don't even know why I'm considering to follow thru," Martin explains with concerns. He narrates the episode with the stranger, what he learned on the news, the encounter and the conversation with him, and the invitation to go to the meeting on Sunday.

With some open mouths, exclamations of excitement and awe, Martin went thru the details of the event.

"This person actually invited me to travel to his World to experience their lifestyle!" Martin drops like a bomb!

"I'm afraid to ask, but can I go to that meeting too? Alice ask.

All the group at once:

"I want to go too!" Everybody said at once.

"Wow, wow," Martin, surprisingly exclaims! "I didn't expect this," and smiling, says:

"I wish I could bring you with me but, I am afraid that is too premature and also too dangerous; a big responsibility on my

shoulders to take you there. It's a crazy idea. I don't even know his name or anything else."

"What is your contact with this man.? How you two communicate?" Paul asks Martin.

"Everything happened so fast that I only know he is going to call me tonight and let me know where the meeting is going to be! I can't believe that at this point, it took me so by surprise that I didn't even attempted to have his name or a mean of communication, and I didn't give him my phone number. He didn't ask for it. Unbelievable but true!"

Everybody laughed quietly, in a nervous kind of laugh.

"Now," Martin speaks, "I must tell you that this man is very strange and unique! I don't know what to think."

"But I guess it's also a very magnetic type of character!" Paul questions.

"You can bet on that Paul. And believe it or not, I feel completely confident with him."

At that moment, Martin's cell phone rings. He looks at the screen, and it reads 'Unknown.'

"I think it's him!"

"Are you going to answer it?" Julia enquires.

"I think you should!" Amy suggests.

Martin answering the phone. "Hello." He puts the conversation on the cell phone speaker.

"Hi, I am calling you as I promised."

"Thank you, but I'm a little concern because I don't even know your name."

Everybody is glued to the scene.

"Would it make a difference if I had a name or not? Let's say my ID is # M7535, but you can call me Steve."

"I don't think this is a time for games," Martin says, a little upset.

"I agree. It is not. That's why you should accept my ID as a valid one, but let's not talk about discrepancies." Steve says in a conciliatory tone. "Let's have a positive chat."

"OK," Martin pauses for a moment," Then says:

"I would like to invite some friends to our meeting. Is that OK with you? They are my students and close friends." Martin asks.

"No problem. If they are your friends, they are mine too. But I think they should wait for another time to go with us. It will be better if you come by yourself this time if you don't mind."

"Yeah, maybe it is better if I go alone this time." Martin agrees.

"So, I will meet you on Sunday evening, at Columbus Circle, right at the foot of the statue and we'll take it from there. 6 pm, please be on time." Steve says. "Are you ready to take a trip to my Planet? It will be completely safe, I promise you."

"Yes, I'll be there at six," Martin replies. ---They hung up.

"Steve said that I should go by myself this time and he would arrange another time for you guys to join us. Well, you heard him. I am sorry, but at the same time, I think it is a big

responsibility for me to take you on a trip to another Planet, who knows where. I need to know more about it."

The whole group is in shock but excited and nervous for the news on the meeting and excited for their Professor to take the risk.

"I don't know if this is right or not. I confess that nothing even close to this has happened in my entire life. I still can't believe it." Martin declares.

"I am in a complete shock, but at the same time, it seems like something out of this World, for sure and you Amy?" Alice asks.

"I'm a little afraid, but at the same time, I wouldn't miss it for nothing I know," Amy adds.

"I am speechless, but I'd love to go too. Right, Jason?"

"You bet," Jordan answers.

At that point, Julia and Martin say goodbye to the rest of the group and leave the house to the Uber car they had ordered.

The students continue the conversation in a disorderly way.

In the car: Martin and Julia talk about the prior conversation.

"These events are very puzzling but so interesting... Hmm, at the same time I feel insecure about you going in..." Julia tells Martin.

"Do not worry my dear... I really feel safe about it. I must confess that I'm speechless, but I can't wait for tomorrow evening to meet Steve. I'm already letting my mind flying high, to uncharted territories." He pauses. --"Let's see what the future offer us."

## CHAPTER 2

### *Adventure begins*

It's Sunday 5:30 pm and Martin is getting ready to meet Steve at Columbus Circle.

The evening is beautiful and cool but not cold. Columbus Circle is a walk away from Martin's home.

He is at the meeting point at 5:55, looks around and, a few minutes later Steve arrives at the site. They salute, and Steve invites Martin to walk into the Park towards the central fountain, by the minor Lake.

"Thank you for coming." Steve greets Martin. "Are you ready for an exciting experience?"

"I think so. Let's see." Martin says.

After a walk thru the Park's pathways, they arrive at the old tunnel, next to the Amphitheater, that connects with the big fountain.

A few people around, mainly vendors, street performers and pedicab drivers are gathering their stuff together to wrap it up for the day.

The tunnel connecting the Terrace with the Fountain is empty; the beautiful art on the ceiling and wall panels can barely be seen under the reflection of the dimmed sunlight. Steve leads the way, followed by Martin a step behind. He stops at one point, near the end of the tunnel, where a barely noticed door, on one of the wall panels shows a bright red color and a white porcelain knob. In a sudden movement, Steve grabs the doorknob and looking to the sides for unwanted onlookers, pushes it toward the front. The door opens. Inside, a bright light illuminates the way. Steve and Martin walk in. With his eyes wide open, Martin, in silence, looks in awe at the room with hundreds, maybe thousands of lights, stars, and bubbles floating around in a very complex pattern, crowded and in motion.

The Professor, an experienced man in a wide array of fields, can't give credit to his eyes. He has seen a lot, but this is literally, 'out of this World.' He looks at Steve or whatever his real name is, and wonders if he is worth the trust he decided to grant him. But now it's too late to go back and in addition, this is as exciting as it could be, and what he has been waiting to experience for a long time.

The multiple lights are blinking, resembling the sky, the stars, and a series of planets. Also, hundreds of bubbles are forming part of the scene, each one of them, showing different patterns in a smooth motion.

All look like any 'reality show, viewed thru some special HD goggles.'

Completely overwhelmed, Martin feels a sudden change inside him. He asks Steve, "Where are we?"

"This is a kind of 'Lobby,' in a different dimension. It is not part of your World. From here we can access other Worlds within the Multiverse as you were told."

Martin thoughts were leading him to think that it was all an illusion, only in his mind. Something he usually felt when thinking about the Parallel Worlds. Could they be a fusion in his mind?

"Is this our destination?" Martin asked, knowing it wasn't.

"No, this is an intermediate step. Think of it as a lobby. From here we will go into other choices. The World I am coming from is a similar Planet as the Earth. Only smaller, in a more advanced stage of technology, and other different features, although with some limitations. You will see. Also, our Planet is flat, not spherical."

Martin was in shock. Suddenly, Steve asks him to take a seat on the floor. He also seats down and says:

"OK, this is our first stop. Here I will brief you about the rest of our journey. First of all, you should know that I am from a World: ID P. 2055 populated by people on level 7 of a 10 scale.

"My World rulers: The Romos, are so far, intelligent people, coming mainly from the Earth's afterlife and other alternative reality planets, I mean re-incarnations and some native individuals. My superiors have chosen me to establish a link



between our two dimensions, and you have been selected to be our first visitor.

"And why me?". Puzzled, Martin asked.

"We have, in our World, a high intelligence standard. So, some of the Government elite can see other worlds and even each person's characteristics, thru many ways, mostly spiritual.

"Hmm. Go on." Martin says. He was enjoying Steve's speech

"Lately," Steve continues, "we had some other kinds of individuals, the 'Khwaja's,' challenging our Governing elite. They are weird people, and their goals are dark and mean."

"I see. It seems those are not only on our Planet..." Martin claims.

"They are against the idea of us letting chosen people from other planets into our society. They want to change our World in a way that will clash with our actual thoughts and lifestyle, established long time ago. Our population is peaceful and spiritually oriented.

"I see. and the Khwaja's are violent, and they want to impose a different philosophy?" Martin questioned.

"Some of their intentions are to conquer other Worlds to enslaved their inhabitants and impose a particular lifestyle. They are fanatics and have goals of domination, motivated by some kind of God they envision, in contrast with the Lord of all that exists and creator of the Multiverse." Steve stated.

"Well, it seems something resembling our problems on Earth." Martin reflects, pleased to find Steve's philosophy very close to his beliefs.

"Yes, we know that, and because the results are chaotic on Planet Earth, we don't want the same to happen in our World. But let me continue. Our World is ruled by one Government body, and it's members are for life, which is spiritually eternal, although not all the members stay in the State permanently. We have limits to our material existence. I know it's hard for you to understand the eternity, but try to take it naturally, without challenging it, for now."

"OK. I have my own ideas about eternity. I believe in the existence of unlimited Spiritual Planets. Martin stated. "But I

confess that it is still tough to picture them because I have accepted that our eyes, our five senses respond to physical issues, and they don't relate to spiritual energy that much, although there is a nexus that connects them."

"I understand." Steve reacts. "So, the Romos plans include the communication with other selected Worlds, not as a conquering venture but as a learning or teaching in the case of a lesser level of development. This is the major clashing with the Khwaja's, the confronting party. Lately, they insist on taking down our Government and replacing it with their people, with different and conflicting ideas.

"And how your people is reacting?"

"The vast majority, don't like them, but some of the Khwaja's, have developed unique totalitarian skills, a threat to our lifestyle." Steve pauses. "We believe in a special Democracy, a natural one which is based on a common understanding that we all have equal rights but also equal responsibilities. We also understand that the rewards must be accordingly with the efforts of each individual and their contribution to the people's well-being. The Khwaja's are tyrannical."

"I understand. It sounds familiar. I can see the similarities with our Country and a significant part of the Planet."

Steve makes a pause, closes his eyes for a few seconds and says: "Now we will enter our World's dimension, to show you some aspects of our lives."

Martin, who little by little was accepting Steve's feed, seems ready to continue the fantastic trip.

At this point, Steve gently grabs Martin by the arm and choosing one of the Bubbles, they step inside together.

Gradually, the scene changes completely as they enter a room, similar to a Court-House, where we see about 30 individuals, male and female, dressed in saffron color tunics and barefooted. Their faces are in low definition.

P. 2055 has a plural administrative system of government which limits the power of the 'governing' body, that could be a president

or governor, by distributing power across several elected leaders. It functions almost like a Congress.

The room's appearance is kind of cloudy, and the muddy definition shows languid figures, tall but not gigantic. They all walk like if they had wheels on their feet and their manners are soft and harmonious, like a kind of a ballet performance.

Steve and Martin, in the room, are calling the attention of the gathering.

A woman who appeared to be among the highest rank in the group approached Steve and saluted him with a unique gesture. She looked like a middle-aged female, slim and fit.

They're exchanging some words Martin can't hear, while he looks around in a general motion, trying not to conflict or engage in invasive contact with anybody.

Martin has assumed the situation very well and his dependency on Steve. He is aware that without him, he would never be back to Planet Earth.

He also realizes that at least superficially, there are certain similitudes with his home planet, but so far he is shown only a fraction of the strange place.

Martin's brain, accustomed to the idea that a human being's mind is limited to their own World, is trying to adjust to the thought of being in contact with another Planet, in another dimension.

The puzzle is, understanding both Worlds with a mind until then, limited to his own environment, although now expanding into something else.

Martin remembers some lessons he learned in his Vedic studies. Everything seems to make sense so far.

Steve looks dismayed as he continues his dialogue with the woman, while Martin remains patient, ocularly inspecting the surroundings.

Back at the Caffée, the usual reunion place at home, Julia, busy with her acting, thinks of Martin with preoccupation, while sipping a cup of coffee, reading a script. It's not easy to imagine something so different, she thinks, trying to picture Martin wherever he might be. Her relationship with the Professor is

somehow new, about 6 months, and 16 months after Martin's separation from his wife. They decided to take it slow, without rushing. They are both busy people and mature enough to go step by step in a rough, complicated life they are living. Although they have entirely different lifestyles, they share some love for philosophy, science, especially the mysteries of the Multiverse and of course a strong personal attraction to each other.

They've tried not to be on top of each other so, they talk on the phone daily while spending the weekends together at Martin's pad.

Until now, the exchange of data about the new developments of science and philosophy about the existence of other Universes has been reduced to the basics but growing deeper as the relationship progresses.

Especially on Martin's side, as a professor, he has been careful not trying to impose his academic weight on Julia.

On her part, she has also been shy to reveal her thoughts to Martin, who she considers a brilliant and intellectually knowledgeable person.

But lately, those barriers have been falling down, and a more frank exchange of ideas and feelings between them had been established.

Paul, trying to enjoy his vacation, practicing some sports, especially Martial Arts, now he encountered himself engaged in something new and exciting.

Jordan playing with his dog, in between engineering projects, thinks of Martin venture with the unknown Alien.

While Amy and Alice are sharing some moments together, googling questions about the Multiverse. Amy, a highly intellectual woman in her twenties, is a natural beauty, blue eyes, wearing no make-up (only on special occasions), has an athletic figure, although a little chubby or better said, a strong Saxon look, blonde and natural. She is also an expert in biology. She has no boyfriend. She's entirely dedicated to her studies and personal research into the alternative Worlds, who she is a firm believer.

Alice, also an intelligent woman in her twenties, athletic body, a fitness fan and a vegetarian, shares Amy's interests on the

Multiverse, her views are more inclined to the Philosophical platform and less on the scientific developments, although not against the science views, who she is trying to expand and understand.

Paul, the wealthiest of them, a member of the University's Football team, but also an A grade student, interested in philosophy and science. His wealthy parents travel intensely, often leaving their home entirely to him. His father is an arms collector and believed to have been a CIA Operative Agent. His mother, an everyday housewife, and intellectual person shares her husband's views and could have been somehow related also to the National Security trade.

Although Paul, in the past had thrown many parties at his home during his parent's absence, lately he has intensely dedicated to satisfying his appetite for knowledge, in particular on the Parallel Worlds, a subject he loves to learn about it.

On his part, Jordan, a Middle Eastern Christian, a simpler guy with a conflicting religious background, (he grew up in the midst of a serious conflict between the Islamic, Jewish and Christian neighbors) a troubled family and more inclined to engineering stuff. He is a brilliant Engineer, trying to cope with his friend's higher spiritual intellect, but because of his humble nature, he gets along with the rest well, learning and accepting new concepts of life. He is believed to be involved with some other engineer friends, in developing advanced spy devices, including a mini drone, the size of an insect, carrying an HD camera. He doesn't talk about it because the project is in the development stages and highly secret.

They all try not to think about Martin's venture, although they can't completely hide their speculation on what's actually going on.

The uniqueness of the situation makes their imagination fly high, but because of their solid education, they all are trying to stay calm with their feet on the ground.

Martin will come back soon with some news. Hopefully.

They all have tremendous confidence in him, achieved along the Calendar year at the University, attending his classes with high

interest and respect for their professor's knowledge and intelligence.

Meanwhile, at the P-2055 in the Parallel World, Steve ends his dialogue with the woman and gets back to Martin, with some preoccupying news. There is an unexpected 'coup d'etat' going on.

The gathering dissolves. They leave the room in orderly motion.

Steve and Martin, now alone, continue their talk.

The suspicious character is seen again on a corner spying on them.

Steve looks at Martin and says:

"The Khwaja's have taken some hostages, and they now control part of the Government's primary computer system!" Steve says with consternation.

"Also, they took control of the central power generator, the self-powering energy that keeps our Planet active.

"Wow! That sounds like bad news. How that affect us?" Martin asks with concern.

"We must go back to your Planet right away! We are endangered here!"

"The Khwaja's have sent agents looking for us," Steve says.

Martin seems uneasy of the character watching them from a distance that disappears at times but comes back and keeps watching them, now hidden to his eyes.

Martin let Steve know of his observation. "While you were talking to that woman, a person has been watching our movements on and off," Martin says. "He disappears at times and gets back. Can you see it now?"

"Yes, but do not worry. This character is not a problem for us right now. He is sending information to the Agents that are looking for us. The dangerous ones look different." Steve looks around and tells Martin: "Come on! Follow me. We must hurry up!"

Steve and Martin enter what it seems to be a Lab, full of computers and other scientific paraphernalia.

Steve types some codes into one of the computers and after a pause says:

"OK. I've got a clearance. We'll be back to Earth in no time!" Martin, who has assumed the quick events pretty well, feels some kind of a relief to go back home. In the other hand, he laments their trip has been cut short.

Steve shows the way into some back rooms in the Lab Building, that leads them back into what Steve called the 'Lobby.'

"Come with me." And he points towards the opposite side. As they walk toward the other hand side, the scene transforms into a field resembling an earthly Autumn colored view on a wide, broad road with a line of trees on each side and a vast green area with healthy crops beyond the tree-lines. No people it's seen around.

"This is so lonely. Where is everybody?" Martin asks.

"This is a Soybean crop field. Come this way!" And they shift into a room full of computers and other scientific equipment.

"Where are we now?" Martin asks,

"We are in a Lab, ran by some of our people. Let me check something here." And he types some codes into one of the computers.

"I see, things have taken a rough road. We must return to Earth now."

At that moment the outdoors scene shows some 20 characters dressed in white war-like uniforms carrying firearms, in an apparent aggressive attitude.

"Do not worry, we will avoid them. Here..." He said.

Steve, aware of the danger, pulls Martin toward a rock formation nearby and behind a big boulder, enters a private room, where some activity is going on. Several characters working at different stations, don't even notice Martin and Steve, that quickly go thru the room toward the exit.

Steve leads the way into the outdoors, then back to the chamber with the thousands of lights and bubbles.

Reverting the original process, they get off the bubble and back into the bright room, full of lights and objects in motion, finally out the door where they came in at the Park's tunnel by the Fountain.

Martin looks at his iPhone: it is 6: 15 pm.

"We are back almost at the same time we entered the room on the wall!" Martin notes.

"Remember that time, is about one's observation position." Steve reminds him.

"Yeah, Einstein again!" Martin recalls.

Walking back towards the Columbus Circle, Steve talks to Martin.

"We have a quite healthy life in our Planet. It is a different level than yours or other planets. It is as we function in the micro spaces between the universal molecular structure, at a different dimension and unseen to your eyes unless you are in, physically."

"That convenes with our academic observations and beliefs," Martin tells Steve. "And what about your diet. What do you eat?"

"Our main staple is the Soybean, and the complement is the Apple, among other produce. Our crops are healthy and enough to feed our people."

"And where do you get the energy from?"

"Our Engineers have managed to develop a self-feeding/storage system. A perfect 'perpetual motion system,' thru a simple, smart device that defeats the Fundamental Laws of Physics. We have thousands of generators, and our secret is a target to be stolen by the Khwaja's. They want to control the energy source."

"It's amazing, but it doesn't surprise me because I have always thought of something similar; a perpetual motion system!" "Our Scientists affirm it won't happen."

"It is curious that our minds can hold such a creative thought about the World and the Universes. For as big as they seem to be, we compress them into our understanding and our minds can picture the images that not all of us can reproduce, although some artists can materialize it on drawings and sculptures." Martin remarks with emotion.

"I am glad you think like that. That's one of the reasons we selected you for this project. Also, you have developed an almost perfect way to grow the Soybean and the Apple tree, our basic food staples we survive on. Lately, we have problems with some crops.

"I think our friends could help on that." Martin states.



"We want to learn some of your techniques," Steve mentions. "I hope your students and lady friend can understand things the way they are and help us to achieve some knowledge."

"I am sure Julia will comprehend. I wish my students could do it too. I'm not sure."

"I hope you are satisfied with our first venture."

"Yes, I've got rid of some doubts, but the best part is, that I have no fear of the unknown, although there are some things I'd like to see and experience yet."

"We'll go little by little," Steve says. "Hoping we can solve the Khwaja's problem." He paused. "That is our present concern!"

Meanwhile, Amy and Alice get a puzzling surprise. Their computers get a strange message. A warning sign saying: <Stay within your limits or face the consequences.>

Alice, who is at her apartment, immediately calls Amy and let her know of the warning message.

"I was about to call you." Amy says, "I received the exact same message!"

"This is preoccupying. I wish Martin was available!"

Right at that moment, a text from Martin shows on their phone screen: <I am back. Everything is fine. I see you tonight at the Caff   8 pm.>

Alice: (on the phone with Amy) "Paul and Jordan received the same message." She said.

"OK, I'll be there on time. I can't wait to see Martin again and learn of his experiences." Amy says, and they hung up.

Jordan texts Paul: "So, I see you in a while. I've got to finish something I am doing here and change clothing."

Meanwhile, Steve and Martin, are at Columbus Circle.

"I've got some things to do now, but go back to your normal life, and I'll get back to you later on by text. It's safer than phone calls."

"Superb. We'll stay in touch." Martin replies.

Martin goes back to his apartment, and on his way, he calls Julia.

"Hello dear, how nice is to hear your voice again. How was it? I'm dying to see you and touch you." Julia softly says.

"Oh, I'm so happy to hear you too! Where are you now?"

"I am home. I just took a shower after my rehearsal."

"Do you want to come to my place now?"

"I'll be there in no time!" They hung up.

Paul, at home after getting the same message, sends one to Jordan, asking <Are you going to the Caffée?>

Jordan replies; <Yes I will be there in 45'>

At Martin's home, Julia arrives, and they embrace each other with joy.

It was a stressful day, with all kinds of emotions and uncertainties.

"You can't imagine my mind. I was going crazy thinking about your whereabouts. How was it?"

"In general, it was a fascinating experience. I've got some confidence in Steve. He seems to be for real but he is in some kind of trouble now, and I am afraid that involves me too, somehow."

"No way. And how?" Julia asks preoccupied.

"The Planet rulers, that sent Steve to Earth on a mission have been hacked or challenged by a group of dissenters that appear to be dangerous and threatening to their safety."

"Wow!" Julia says in disbelief.

"They don't like the idea of them communicating with us in Planet Earth. Steve and I had to get out of their alternative World in a hurry! That's all I know up to now." Martin wonders, "We are being targeted too, I'm afraid."

"Oh my God! And what are we going to do?"

"For now, wait. Steve supposed to text me later."

"Look at this: I received a message from Alice, saying...She paused and shows the phone screen to Martin. "Look at it, here it is."

Martin, after reading the message received by the students, looks at Julia and says:

"So, they are moving fast, huh. Let's go to the Caffée. Wait a minute." He reaches a cabinet, pulling a pistol from inside.

"We can't take any chances. Steve said they are dangerous!"

"I can't believe what's going on." Julia worries.

"We got to be very vigilant. We can't be overconfident."

"I've got my pepper spray!" Julia reminds him.

"I don't think it would be of any use," Martin says with a frown.

"You just be with me at all times. You must stay with me tonight.

"Sure. I can't believe this is happening."

They leave Martin's apartment toward the Caffée.

It's 10 pm and the four students, are talking around a table. They see Martin and Julia, arriving and the get up from their chairs to greet him and his Lady-Friend.

Quickly, Martin narrates to them the latest experience and tries to comfort them about the message received.

"What I don't understand is how do they know our connection!"

"Yeah, and why us and not you, Martin! Or Julia?." Paul notes.

"I'm sorry I can't answer those questions." Martin said, "For now, we will wait for Steve's communication or something else happening."

At that moment, four unusual characters enter the Caffée and looking to the group, they talk among themselves and leave the place at once.

"I think we've got to arm ourselves. These guys don't look amicable at all. My father has an extensive collection of weapons. I don't think he would disapprove if we use some of them in our defense! Let's go to my home and grab some of them. What do you say, Martin?"

"I've got my own pistol, but if you guys are able to handle them, why not. This thing is escalating. We must defend ourselves, and I don't think we can go to the police. They wouldn't believe our story! You know how they are. They don't like stories that can't be easily proven. They would deem that we are crazy or something..."

"My father taught me how to shoot when I was 10 years old, and sometimes when I go back home, the whole family practices, just for fun. You know, southern farmers!" Amy speaking.

"Well, from where I'm coming from, weapons are an everyday thing. No problem with me. I have used them before." Says Jordan.

"As you know, I practice Martial Arts, and that include some weapons handling. No problem with me either." Alice tells.

"OK then, let's head to my home. My SUV is a short walk from here, But let's be careful outside." Paul warns.

"Yeah, let me go first. Martin tells. "I've got a gun already. You, Paul, follow me."

"Please be careful! This is totally disruptive. I can't believe it!" Julia exclaims.

"Because of the holidays and the terrorist threats, Manhattan is heavily guarded by Police, but anyway, we must be aware of the minimum movement around us. Let's go." Martin says, assuming the lead.

With Martin in front, the group exits the Caff e towards Paul's SUV, a few feet from the store's door.

Nobody is seen around them, and they all get into Paul's vehicle.

They depart, heading to Paul's home in Brooklyn, near the Bridge. A black SUV is following them at a distance, and Martin makes them aware of the fact. In a sudden move, Paul who's driving makes a sharp turn into a side street, and following his instinct, makes a few turns, trying to get rid of their tail.

The moves seem to be efficient, and soon, Paul's SUV is crossing the Bridge and arriving home. The garage door opens, and they get inside, closing the gate and the garage door after them.

From inside the house, Paul looks thru the window, with the lights off. The street appears to be free of unwanted characters.

Paul invites his friends to go to the basement. He opens a cabinet where his father keeps some weapons and says:

"You can pick the weapon of your choice. In the lower drawers, there are ammunitions for all them. I recommend that you chose compatible magazines ammo."

"Wow, I never thought, this situation could be real!" Alice commented.

"The only weapons I've handled are stage props, but if I need them, I am a fast learner!" Julia says.

"Let's do it!" Amy grunts!"

Paul's father luckily had an array of automatic weapons, easy to handle. It showed he was an expert on them. They all got similar pieces. Paul, Martin, and Jordan got an Uzi sub-machine gun and a couple of AK-47 to keep in the SUV while the women preferred the micro Uzi gun.

Armed to the teeth, they began planning their moves, while they waited for Steve's text message.

For a University Professor, his lady friend and a bunch of students, the developing scene was a kind of dream coming true. None of the students, except maybe for Jordan in his childhood, had any similar experience of some "goon squad" coming from another Planet, to hurt them.

It seemed coming from a bad dream. But that was the group's reality, at the moment. A hot scene that the Police wouldn't believe for a second.

Imagine! Telling the Police: "A group of characters from another planet is trying to kill us! No way!"

So, our guys would have to defend themselves or else.

That night, Paul tried to communicate with Ken, his father but they seemed to be traveling in between cities, so he left a message to call him back.

Everybody in the group was conscious of the danger they have fallen to and the needed to be extra careful but especially, appealing to their senses and survival skills.

One thing was clear: nobody was ducking responsibilities. They were all together, for the better or the worst.

Martin, for his part, felt good that he was leading the group and determined to make his experience and knowledge to work for them.



## CHAPTER 3

### *The Siege.*

An unlikely situation for a bunch of New Yorker intellectuals was developing suddenly and unexpectedly.

A real eagerness for knowledge about the Parallel Worlds had taken the group of students, lead by their beloved and trusted professor, to dealing with a life-threatening situation, they didn't ask for.

Speculating with the possible conditions, the guys in the group, nervous but in control of themselves, never expected to be in such a situation, and the scene was becoming rather unique.

None of them were afraid of their life. They were thrilled that destiny chose them physically, to experience a theory that inhabited their minds for quite some time and they all were ready to even eventually traveling to another Planet, with unforeseen consequences.

Now the facts were so real, that from scary, went to thrilling and challenging, especially on vacation time. It was reckoning time.

Martin's phone screen got illuminated, and a message came in from Steve: <I learned the goons from my home Planet were following you. You must arm yourselves. You must aim to their torso and head and shoot to kill. Do not worry; their physical bodies will disappear to the eyes of the Police or the Army.> He emphasized. "You can pick me up at the Army Plaza. I need a computer, please."

Martin text back: <We'll be there in 30 minutes>.

"I know Brooklyn very well, I grew up here, so we'll be taken roads that are not common, to avoid these guys. How do you call them Martin?" Paul asks.

"Khwaja's! That's the name Steve call them. I hope he knows how to get rid of them for good!. We can't live with this uncertainty much longer!" Martin claims.

"I'll bring a computer I have one with a charged battery and an extra gun for Steve, right Martin?

"Yeah, OK."

On the road, Paul, an expert driver and knowing the terrain, avoids crowded streets and rapidly approaches the meeting place. Just a few blocks from the Army Plaza, the Khwaja's detect Paul's SUV and follow them. Paul sees the move and rapidly turns into a crossing street, then another turn, and after a few dribbles, they appear in front of the Army Plaza without the tail.

Steve is standing on the curb, and Martin waves at him from the SUV with his cell phone lit in his hand. Steve sees the signal and approaches the vehicle. They open the door, and Steve enters the SUV.

"I know this is no time for introductions, but, these are my students and friends. You are aware of their names, I guess.

"Correct. How are you guys?" Steve asks.

"Well, not very comfortable as you can imagine. My question is: How far this is going to go on?" Paul enquires.

"I hope not too long. I've been trying to do something on my end to neutralize the Khwaja's from our Planet. That's why I needed the computer. We must go to a place where I can connect with the Internet."

"There's a hot spot nearby, of if you prefer we can go back to my home. These guys don't know yet where I live". Paul tells them.

"I think your home is probably the safest and more convenient place." Martin points out.

"OK, let's go to Paul's home then," Steve concedes.

Paul quickly takes a turn on the road, back to his place. No signs of the Khwaja's at sight.

The Gate and garage door open, and they enter the premises, closing after them.



Once inside the living room, Steve gets into the computer and types some codes. The screen shows only numbers from a list, which is not of any value for the rest. Steve tells them that he is trying to stop the Khwaja's Agents from continuing the chase. Steve says that due to the 'Coup D'Etat' the signals are unclear, very confusing. The Khwaja's are in control of the central computers."

Then he gets his phone and types some codes. Back to the computer, now a person appears on the screen. It's the same woman talking to Steve in the Parallel World, at P. 2055. They don't emit any sounds. Only gesticulate and have a muted dialogue, reflected on the screen by some symbols. In the end, Steve says:

"My superior tells me that unfortunately, it is impossible to stop the agents from there, at this time. They left with some instructions, and now they will work to complete them."

"And those instructions are, to kill us, right?" Paul asks.

"Unfortunately yes!. And that includes me, of course." Steve pauses and then says. "We would have to do it ourselves unless we manage to find the code with the instructions and change it into self-destruction."

"I'd like to try doing that." Jordan craves. "I am good at hacking!"

"I can provide you with some hints. What do you need?"

"What about if you can connect with the channel they use for communication. Maybe your Government connection."

"What about a link to our server and another one to the Khwaja's server?"

"May I use your phone, Steve?"

"Sure. Here it is." And handles the phone to Jordan.

He quickly types some codes on the computer and at the same time connects the phone to the laptop.

After a few seconds, an image of the agents appears on the screen, from the street police cameras, which Jordan just have hacked. They are on the street and looking at Paul's house.

"Too late. We have to outsmart them." Steve shoots.

"I have an idea," Paul suggests. Let's go outside, by the trees and wait for them to approach the entrance door. Alice and Amy are good shooters. They can stay on the second floor by the front windows and shoot from there."

"We can take the computer and monitor their moves. When they are within our reach, we shoot them all at once. We outnumber them!"

They are all in silence, waiting for their moves.

The Agents are finally approaching the Gate at Paul's home. Dressed in white, with a white helmet, they are not difficult to identify and an easy target at night.

In complete silence, the guys now outside, while the women remained on the second floor and they find their places to watch the Agents get in their sight.

Also in silence and in a planned motion, the Agents find their way into the garden and go towards the house entrance door. Our guys start shooting and one by one, the Agents fall, except for one that manages to escape and gets lost in the woods. Steve, Martin, Paul, and Jordan chase him, while the women watch from the windows, how the bodies of the three agents disappear before their eyes.

After a few minutes, Paul hears his dog barking. They follow the sounds and finally, find the Agent, wounded and almost dying.

They secure the Agent and Steve begin interrogating him, again without any words. Only by gestures and guttural sounds, in a semi-silent dialogue.

A few minutes later, and after the talk with Steve, the Agent collapses and disappears, leaving no trace of him.

"They were only lower level agents, receiving orders and trying to execute them. They have no special powers on the Earth, although their strength and resistance equal your people's conditions. He provided me with some valuable information." Everybody is listening with attention. "They are trying to eliminate me, as a primary option and you guys are to be discouraged to see me or communicate with me. That makes me highly poisonous for you guys."

"We got to find a way to neutralize them so that we can continue with our task," Steve says energetically.

"Yeah, I'd like to know more about you and your planet, Steve," Paul notes. "This opportunity is golden for us." Right Martin?

"Yes, I agree, but we must take precautions to do it in the safest way." Martin, concerned with his students and girlfriend said.

Now, back at the house with the women, everybody is glad the danger is gone for now. But, what will happen in the future?

That is what they are discussing now with Steve.

"I need to go back home to find out some new things happening and see the situation there with my eyes. It is important. I will come back tomorrow or the day after with some news." Steve says, "I'll keep you posted!"

"Alright," Martin says. "Meanwhile we will try to collect some information about our genetic system on the Soybeans and Apple trees. You, Amy, could help. You grew up on a farm and you Alice I think to have some knowledge in Biology too, right?"

"Yes," Amy notes, "I can also ask my father about it. He grows Soybeans, and his crops are healthy."

"Actually I have a friend at the Genetics Lab." Alice let them know. "I can contact him."

"That is great, so let me go now, and I'll see you tomorrow."

"But how are you going to get to the Park to reach the Lobby?"

"Do not worry Martin, we have several 'Lobbies' around New York. Don't forget, this City is the Portal to the Planet Earth!" He pauses. "Now, one more thing. Do not be overconfident, since more agents could try to enter your domains. Be aware and vigilant." Steve is warning them.

"I only hope we can continue to be safe, Martin. And getting closer to him, she adds. "I feel this situation is bringing me closer to you!"

Martin embraces Julia in a comforting attitude.

Steve leaves the house, and Paul asks everybody to get into his SUV and drive back to Manhattan where the rest live.

"Well. As we can see, to know about the Parallel Worlds has its issues, and some of them could be lethal!" Martin tells Julia.

"Yes, my dear, but life is dangerous anyway. Just walking on the streets, it is perilous." She notes and continues. "By being an actress, I am learning that living is not a matter of staying home, covered by a roof and watching TV all day."

"Yeah, the chances of life are the excitement and how some say, the spice of living this life," Alice recalls, and then, she remarks!

"So be it! But be vigilant and prepared for the worst!"

All them agree!

"So, where are we going to meet next? I don't think the Caff  e is the proper place for discussing some of the issues. We also need some computers, a safe Internet connection and a comfortable place to continue our debate." Martin observes.

"My home, as you've seen is an effective one, and it takes only 20 minutes by train to get there. Plus we also have weapons, just in case we need them. My parents would be delightful to see us using them to defend ourselves".

"What do you guys say? Martin asks. "We could also use my apartment for some unexpected occasions. It is not as big as Paul's house, but we can squeeze in pretty comfortably."

"I think it is a good arrangement." Amy comments. "Unfortunately, my pad is minuscule, but it is available if needed."

"In my humble home, I have some engineering equipment in case we need it, but also I have access to the University Lab, 24/7. I have a special arrangement with the guards, and the Principal's OK. They like my nuttiness." Jordan brags.

"OK then, let's meet tomorrow at my place, and we'll schedule the next meetings. We also have to wait for Steve's news." Paul says, wrapping up the chat.

On the morning after, a message, now received by all, reads: <You will pay for what you've done.>

Phones start ringing between the group, and the comments raise a new alarm about their safety.

They convene to meet at Martin's apartment in the afternoon.

At the reunion, Martin tries to keep the calm.

"We don't know if the message is coming from their home Planet or if the agents are already here."

"In my belief," Julia intervenes, "I think the agents are not here yet. Steve said they are "clones-like," without any decision power."

"Yeah, I remember him saying they only follow orders and execute them, if they can, of course," Jordan mentions smirking.

"Yes, in our case, they failed, so far." Martin smiles.

"I spoke with my father this morning. We had a long conversation, and I explained him our situation, including the details of the past shooting with the agents."

"Wow, I imagine he freaked out!" Martin exclaims.

"Well, you should know my Dad, Martin. He is an amazing guy. He's got a vast experience on these issues. The truth is, he showed a full support and even his personal help when he comes back from the trip!"

"That is great news! I believe we could use his experience!"

"That is not all," Paul adds, "He also said that we could use all his weapons, except for the vintage ones. They probably would not be helpful because they are museum pieces, but the new guns, he authorized me to use them as needed."

"That is great." Jordan says, "And for you Paul, it must be a big lift to your self confidence, that your dad trusts you so much, huh!"

"Yeah, I love my father, but this is another proof of his support! It is pure joy."

"OK, then, I wish we receive some news from Steve soon. We need to learn more about the agents and their intentions. I am sorry guys I got you involved in this craziness." Martin regrets.

"I don't think you pushed for it." Says Amy, "I remember well I was the one to approach you and ask you for a meeting!"

"And I remember instigating Amy to do it," Alice recalls. "So, you shouldn't feel guilty of anything. This is life, and I can speak for all of us, we are not about to go thru life unscathed, avoiding excitement to age comfortable watching TV." Alice proudly tells.

"I, inevitably carry DNA from my Dad. He is a brave guy, only kept quiet by my beautiful Mom, who he adores. But my Mom is also not exactly an average housewife. She is a Martial Arts expert." Paul says with a smirk on his face.

"Aha! I wish you had told me that before." Alice exclaims. "I would love to meet her!"

"You will, when they come back home, for sure."

(Martin's phone receives a message, and everybody jumps to see the news coming).

The message reads: "Situation improving. I've got to impose some limitations on the agents. They won't be around for a couple of days, at least. The Khwaja's are revamping their strategy. I will see you tomorrow at Paul's home."

"Those are good news. It gives us time to organize ourselves and explore our most important issues." Martin observes. "Any suggestions or questions?"

"It seems to me, every one of us has taken the events seriously, professionally and in good faith. I personally, feel it in my heart, maybe because I carry the DNA inherited from my parents. I consider them warriors, although living a semi-retired life, aware and vigilant as they were trained." Paul proudly says.

"Despite the fact that I came from an entirely different culture, escaping from the senseless radical violence, looking for a quiet lifestyle, I didn't forget growing up surrounded by violence, and I am ready to defend this country and its lifestyle. my family and I chose to adopt." Jordan states. And continues, "So, I am more than willing to put my knowledge and strength to work for our future."

"Then, we should continue our education and discussion of the Parallel Worlds? Don't you all think?" Amy suggests.

"Yeah," Says Alice, "that is our initial eagerness."

"Question," Martin asks. "Do you believe in the theory I support, of material life being created from Spiritual Energy? We briefly touched the theme before."

"Since I met you, Martin and even we haven't talked much about it, it is in the back of my mind and ever present. The theme, once gets into one's mind it is tough to forget. Now, I need to

make it present and confront it with the real issues." Julia explains.

"And what is that you call real?" Martin asks.

"That is the question. I know you call reality a relative issue. Julia mentions.

"In the ancient Upanishads, part of the Vedas, it is said that the absolute reality is Brahman. Brahman is devoid of name and form, sex and attributes. But in Its immanent aspect, Brahman is endowed with them." Martin gets intense.

"Also, the Upanishads designate the transcendent Brahman by the word "It" and the immanent Brahman by the word "He." This is one proof that since ancient times, relativity was the describer of all situations." (Martin continues with his lecture.)

"But recently, Albert Einstein pointed it on his "Special Relativity Theory" with simple examples. Some Scientists depicted the situation on a train, with two chiefs of State as passengers, willing to sign a treaty at the same time, and on the other side, the people standing, watching the train passing in front of them.

Their vision of the same event in their different positions, did a single act to look in many different ways, considering that one of the Head of State signed before the other, depending on the point of observation.

But also, the people standing outside the train had a different view of the same event at a different time." Martin observes.

"What I see, is a clear proof that everything is relative to the observation point." Alice quotes.

"Exactly,!" Martin snaps! "And that is what makes everyone crazy. But once you understand that our lives are just hanging in the space, anchored to the Earth by the Newton's great discovery: Gravity; we begin to understand the temporary nature of our material existence." And after a brief pause, he adds. "Do we?... And adds: at the same time, we can not forget that what drives our bodies is an internal force that exists in a different dimension but connected to our brains. I call it the spiritual energy."

"Fascinating!" Amy implies, "I guess we must give our minds credit to process these ideas in a coherent way. But does

this theory take us to accept that the Spiritual World, is immeasurable by material tools or thought?

"Yes, it does. When we accept that there is another dimension out of the Material Universes, that generated them, not replacing anything but expanding and creating the material existence that we can explore with our senses, then we come to a conclusion:

"Our minds, although they are not prepared to conceive that Spiritual World, parallel to our material existence, becomes a source of all kinds of options."

"And that, I suppose is leading us to accept the possibility to enter other Parallel Universes. Which you just confirmed with your experience entering the P-2055." Julia recalls.

"To tell the truth, I have not achieved the full understanding of the experience yet, -or better said- we just had. The conflict between the imagination and the absolute reality, I think we will never solve it entirely."

"I see." Julia concurs.

"So, maybe we have to accept our incapacity to process everything because we must depart from the premises that our minds are also material since they deal with the material energy. Is that right?"

"Yes, that is the idea." Martin accords.

"But also, the mind is the nexus to our other dimensions like the Parallel Universes and even our dreams or imaginative creation, which is unlimited. That takes part of it to the Spiritual World or non-material dimension." He remarks.

"Yeah, I remember as a youngster, I read the Bhagavad Gita, and there was a paragraph that described the existence in an easy way: What is Spiritual is non-material and what is material is not spiritual. But in other parts, I read that Spirit and Matter are also connected."

"We must accept for now, that our minds and intellect are not capable of understanding 100% of the creation. That is our limitation as humans." Martin concurred.

"Coming back to the Parallel Worlds. Do you think Steve will reveal more information that we don't know?" Amy inquires.



"Well, it seems to me that although P 2055 is a little more advanced than Earth, in some ways, they are not far more advanced than us," Paul commented.

"Yes, I suspect something like that," Alice says. "The fact they need education about our crops, maybe due to their soil elements and water supplies. They seem to have some technical knowledge we ignore, as in the "perpetual energy" findings or their communication skills. I don't think their Planet is much different than ours. Of course, they have developed an easy way to come and go, and from the Earth, that is a particular skill to be noted."

"Now that I am evaluating all these new concepts in my mind, I am humbled by them, and I began to let my mind change the basis of my education and beliefs," Julia affirms.

"That is a big step," Martin observes."

"In a certain way," Julia continues, "The religious education most of us receive in our childhood, set a limit on our minds that's hard to liberate from and expand. I'm glad to be making these advancements."

"I understand you, Julia, because in my case, without defeating those initial parameters in which we grew up have been positive. Now, with our continuing education, we are able to comprehend them and make them a flexible base for new concepts and ideas," Amy says.

"Yeah, and with a sharp handling, we can add to our knowledge without defeating our integrity and personality," Julia adds.

"I must admit that this chat or discussion is taking unexpected high levels I hardly expected. I am so happy we are having this debate!" Martin gladly states.

In a brief pause to the conversation, our guys have a sip of their coffee and relaxing for a few moments. Then, Martin looks at his phone and says:

"I can't wait until Steve comes back. I am anxious to learn about the developments in P 2055. That "Coup D'Etat" worries me, and I wish they could revert the political situation."

"What I can see is that the Khwaja's seem to be mean people, and powerful enough to control aspects of the Government," Martin recalls.

"I wonder if the Planet is flat or spherical because our scientists lately envision some of the Parallel Universes as being flat," Paul asks.

"Well, Steve already said that P 2055 is flat," Martin recalls. But, let's bring some science here. What we've been talking recently it relates mainly to Philosophy. The scientists are chasing the idea, mainly thru Schroedinger's theory, that everything is possible. The cat living in the box could be dead or alive, and the only way to know is opening the box."

"Yes. For science, if it can be proved then is accepted." Julia affirms.

"OK then, the Multiverse view is not merely a theory but a consequence of our current understanding of theoretical physics, like Quantum Mechanics and the String Theory.

"Here is when I have a discrepancy. For science, the existence of an inflationary mass (a collection of incoherent particles, parts, or objects (regarded as forming one body) ever expanding, if it was expanding, then it had a beginning, which makes it into physical energy. Now, if we go to the beginning, what was there before this mass?" Martin questions, and continues, "Science didn't get there yet, but there is a theory, my theory: The Spiritual Energy as the originator."

"Aha! The Spiritual Energy can create space and within, Material Energy. Right?" Julia asks.

"Exactly. That is my personal inclination." Martin remarks emphatically!

"Amazing! It makes a lot of sense!" Paul concurred.

"Only that Scientists will never accept that unless proven, and that is almost impossible." Alice shoots like a dart.

"You said it, Alice. Virtually impossible. Maybe we won't be able to do it, but we can't deny it either. It is like the cat in the box!" A lapidary Martin states.

Martin's phone chimes and a message is coming in. <I will be with you tonight at Paul's home, and I will bring some fresh, good news. Steve.>

"OK people, let's go to my place then. We could grab some dinner on our way.

"Yeah, let's make it Pizza night! I hope Steve likes pizza! Huh." Julia suggests.

At Paul's home, they are enjoying the Fresh Brooklyn pizza from the local shop. They're saving a box for Steve.

In the middle of the dinner, the bell rang, and Paul rushes to the door.

"Welcome back, Steve!"

"Thank you all!" Steve Replies. "Nice to be back."

"We've saved you some pizza, it's still warm!"

"Thank you, I'll eat it later. Now need to talk."

"I am excited to learn the news!" Martin says, thrilled.

Everybody sit around, and Steve on the center begins speaking.

"My people managed to revert the Coup, and the power is back in our Government. They made a truce with the Khwaja's and managed to delay their plans.

"As you may have noticed, P 2055 functions in a special way in some things, like our communication language, mental in essence, although we also have our own spoken language we use for massive communication. Some dialogues are soundless. But intellectually, we share our thoughts and philosophical means with you on Planet Earth." Steve explains.

"All this is not only new for us but so thrilling!" Amy comments.

"Since we are part of the Multiverse, our creator is the same as yours because we are also part of the Big Bang and the inflationary theory," Steve remarks.

"So that bring you closer to our lifestyle with some material differences, determined by the Planet."

"Yes, one of them is that we don't eat pizza." Steve jokes."

"You don't know what you are missing, Steve! Really, and I hope you eat pasta, Italian pasta! Spaghetti! Julia exclaims.

(All laugh.)

"We share some problems, and one of them is what you call terrorism." Steve quotes. "Meaning some radical people that want to impose their ideas on everybody thru fear. They actually want to become the majority thru violence that creates terror."

"I see. Continue, please." Martin is absorbed in Steve's words

"So this group which we call them Khwaja's, have learned that the techniques used by some radical groups on Planet Earth have been somehow successful and they are trying to copy them. Even they're trying to teleport some of their people to our Planet. In other words, they want to learn from them, and they are ready to apply force to succeed."

"That is what it worries you, right? Paul inquires.

"See, our peaceful people is mainly against it, although they manage, through some kind of brainwashing combined with physical pressure on the weakest individuals, to succeed and turn them into their slaves. Especially women."

"Do you also have homosexuals? Alice asks.

"I know what you mean by that. No. Our sexuality is different than yours. We use sex for reproduction only. It's similar to animal's sex. Used for reproduction. You enjoy the moment but don't live your lives obsessed with it." Steve concludes.

"That is said in the Bhagavad Gita: That the sexual attraction is what keeps the human kind alive and multiplying," Martin affirms.

"Maybe we can discuss that at another time." Steve pauses. "Now I want to tell you that some of the Khwaja's leaders have recently contacted some groups of radicals in New York State. They are building a compound where they have some slaves and the use the facility to train their youngest men and enslave their women and girls. They use their women as a 'working wombs.', to quickly re-populate the World with their child production, to overwhelm the opposition. They are preparing to attack our new Government." Steve let them know.

"No shit! And where is that training camp? Paul asks.

"Up-State New York."

"Is that all you know? Because New York is a pretty large State." Paul asks.

"It is within the Catskill Mountains."

"OK, I am on it," Jordan says. (And he gets into his computer) Paul's phone rings and he answers his father's call.

"Hi Dad, I'm glad you called me. What's up?"

"Your mom and I decided to cut our vacations a little shorter. We are heading back to New York. We'll be there tomorrow morning."

"Oh, I'm sorry you are cutting your fun-time shorter. I regret it, may be our problems here, but I'd love to have you and mom back. I love you guys."

"We love you too son, and we care about you and your friends. It is a pleasure to be back. We'll have time later on to another vacation." Ken says.

"So we are all here with Steve that just got back with some news."

"OK. I'm glad to hear it. I got to go now. See you tomorrow. A big hug from both of us. Bye. We'll talk later. I'll call you." He hung up.

"OK, my Dad will be here tomorrow morning. What a relief! You'll love my Dad and Mom."

"Good news then. So continue Steve, please." Martin urges.

"As I was saying, these people own a large piece of land, and they seem to have some kind of control on the local police force. I don't know what's the deal, but the Police protect them, I think based on your Constitution, but in a strange way."

"Always the same story. The wrong interpretation of the Constitution and the abuse by some people on their rights!" Amy comments.

"We must find out what's exactly their location." Martin states.

"I will talk to my Dad tonight and see if he has some connections with his Military friends," Paul says.

"I've got something! Jordan exclaims! There's a compound near the Town of Hancock, with a series of buildings, large enough to

house hundreds of people. Jordan points out. "It seems to be well isolated from nearby towns and surrounded by mountains."

"See if you can get more information about it, Jordan," Martin asks.

"I am on it," Jordan shoots.

"Continue Steve, please." Martin urges, anxious to know more about it.

"Also, I know they will be sending two commandos. One with high hierarchy individuals with the power to negotiate with these radicals and the other with ordinary soldiers like the ones they attacked you and were eliminated by your makeshift Garrison. I believe there will be 5 or 6 individuals in each group. The regular agents will be trying to keep you far from the elite negotiators."

"This is escalating rapidly." Paul comments. "I believe the elite group must be our target. We should watch their movements, and I wish we could, and it would be great to hear their talks with the radicals too."

"Maybe tomorrow, I can chat with your Dad, and ask him some questions to get some information localizing this compound!" Martin says.

"Of course, my Dad's name is Kenneth, Ken for short. And my Mom is Lindsay: Lynn for short. They're both a unique couple." Paul informs them.

"It's so cool that you have such a great relationship with your parents! I can see they are special." Alice tells Paul.

"Yes, they are. My mom and dad look very young and energetic. They both jog daily and go to the Gym. I'm proud of them. They are more my friends than parents."

"So, Steve; it looks then, that these Khwaja's, guys are planning to import some of these radicals techniques to impose their will and to enslave the P. 2055 population, right!?" Martin asks.

"Also, I am afraid they try to bring some of them to our Planet, and that is against our system, our Constitution and Declaration of rights," Steve says. "Although I believe they don't handle the technology to do it" Continues, "They can go back and

forth themselves, but I don't think they can invite others to do what we are doing with you, Martin."

"I see," Martin says. "But things could change any minute, right?"

"Yes, they can. These people are known to be totalitarian. For what I know, their interpretation of the Creator is twisted and segregationist." Steve says, "But also because they had the computer system under control for several days, who knows what kind of information they've managed to get, and what could they do with it." Steve wonders.

"For what you are saying, I don't want to mention it yet, but I think their description matches a large group in our Planet with whom we have serious problems. But there are also other groups that now have come close to them to aid them in a task that, by confusing the rest of the people with vows of Liberty and false social declarations, are gaining control of some countries, exploiting the poor and uneducated individuals, based on a fear of God."

"Yeah, I think I know who are you talking about. I have the exact picture in my mind. Some call them Liberals!" Paul concurs.

"Wow, And New York State is full of them." Alice accords.

"Yeah and California too." Amy reaffirms.

"The sad thing is that the real meaning of Liberalism is entirely different from the twisted definition they are intended and publicize." Martin comments.

"But the greatest peril is the groups that coming to their help or to make alliances or aid them with war power and even financially," Jordan adds.

"Hmmm, but let's go back to our point," Martin recalls. "Continue Steve, please."

"I will receive a message once the commandos are sent here," Steve assures them.

"But I think it will be different now since they already now that you guys are not easy to beat! They've got hurt, and now they'll be more careful. They learn fast!"

"We learn quickly too, Steve. Plus now we'll have two titans with us: My folks! You'll meet them!" Paul proudly states.

"So we can split now and meet tomorrow," Martin suggests.

"I think on the afternoon. My parents will be here in the morning."

"OK, I will go my way. I have a couple of errands to run, and I may even go back to P. 2055 for some more information."

"OK then. Let me take you back to Manhattan." Paul offers.

"I'll bring my car tomorrow, so you don't have to drive us around," Martin says.

"I don't mind doing it, Martin. It's a pleasure."  
And they all leave Paul's house toward Manhattan.



## CHAPTER 4

### *The new strategy*

Martin and Julia wake up and have breakfast together. Julia seems very comfortable by the new situation with Martin, despite the obvious danger. The unexpected happenings appeared to have brought the couple closer together.

Martin, who after his failed marriage was careful to engaging in a new relationship, is realizing that at that stage, life could be a little better with a compatible companion like his present Lady-friend, but didn't feel yet, the urge to take a bigger step.

Julia, also tired of the single's life in a trade that's difficult to mix with others; acting is a demanding profession and also a complicated lifestyle, mixing all kinds of people and situations. Show Business It is also a kind of glass exhibition case, not comfortable for every woman or every man, especially if they are a couple.

On the other hand, Martin, a quiet guy, although with a very active mind probably needed a new soul-mate, and also both of them, shared physical fitness as a hobby, as well as other lifestyle preferences and a mutual attraction.

The current events had already changed their minds, especially on her side, who now is more involved in some things that are Martin's passions: a mixture of Philosophy, Science, and Investigation of the Parallel Worlds.

In addition, Martin, an all-time sports fan, and arms enthusiastic, since his Military service days, had tried to teach the basic self-defense techniques to Julia, who took the counseling seriously and welcomed the training, now useful for the occasion.

"I'm calling Paul to find out if his parents arrived yet and what time they expect us." Says Martin. "Can you get in touch with Amy and Alice and see how they are doing, please? Let

them know about Paul's parents. We got to get moving." Martin had taken the situation seriously and passionately.

"I'm on it," Julia says, calling the girls.

It's Thursday morning at Paul's home. Ken and Lynn (Paul's parents) are back from their vacation trip.

While they're having breakfast together, reviewing the latest events, Ken, is sipping a cup of coffee and talking to Paul:

"Son, I'm proud of your decisions. You reacted just fine, and it seems my counseling over the years have worked beautifully. I didn't expect you having to take that road, but I understand the events forced you to do it, and you did it right. Now, for what you've told me, things are escalating, and these guys won't quit easily, is that right?"

"It seems that way, dad."

"To tell you the truth I never imagined in my wildest dreams, having to deal with some characters from an alternative World," Lynn said while picking up the dishes. "I've read a lot about it; I thought many times about it, but what's happening now to our son and his friends, it is just mind-boggling."

"Yeah, and now we are getting involved too? Ken said sarcastically. "I've never imagined this, but here we are and to tell you the truth. It's exciting, and it remind us of old times! What do you say, honey!"

"A little concern but exciting, I admit!" Lynn hugs Paul and says: "You may be all grown up but still my baby, and I am a tigress when somebody menaces my cub." Paul blushes. He is proud of his parent's, although "mom" could be overprotecting at sometimes, he thinks...

The phone rings and Paul answer Martin's call.

"Hi Martin, good morning."

"Good morning Paul, I was wondering what time you expect us to be there?"

"Oh, we're having breakfast, chatting and I'm briefing them with the news, I guess you guys can come in a couple of hours, let's say 2 pm. Is that OK?"

"Ditto. We'll be there."

"See you then." And they hung up.

Steve is calling Martin also.

"Hi, Steve. Are you back?"

"Yes. I'm in Manhattan. What time do we suppose to be at Paul's home?"

"I just talked to him, he said 2 pm."

"Could you pick me up at Columbus Circle, please?"

"Sure I will be there at 1:30. Is that OK?"

"Perfect, I'll be waiting for you." And they hung up.

Martin's computer chimes; the 60" screen on the wall lights up, and a message on it reads: <Watch out for your 'New friends,' they may not be who they appear to be...>

Martin tries to see the sender, but it is anonymous.

Then another message saying: <we need to talk soon. Keep this to yourself>

Martin is puzzled by the words and comments with Julia about them.

"This looks weird, don't you think?"

"Certainly does." She pauses, while Martin, is thinking, preoccupied.

"I don't know. It is intriguing. Could it be a spy from P. 2055? I'm not sure if we should tell Steve about it, what do you think?"

"I don't know." She also pauses to think. "What about if it is for real and maybe Steve is not who he appears to be?"

Martin, showing a silence that denoted an unquestionable doubt, responded:

"I don't even want to think about it, but you could be damn right. It is scary." He pauses..."OK, let's move, we got to pick up Steve and go to Paul's home."

"So, we'll keep this to ourselves, right?" Julia says.

"Yes, for now, let's keep it to ourselves," Martin says with little conviction, "We've got to analyze the situation."

"Maybe we should consult with Paul's parents. What do you think?" Julia asks.

"Let's see. We'll decide it on our way there!"

And they head to the building's garage, in the basement.

Martin driving toward Columbus Circle to pick up Steve tries to keep his cool, not showing his concern about the recently received message.

Steve is waiting at Columbus Circle and as soon as he sees Martin's vehicle, rapidly approaches the curb. Julia opens the door, and Steve enters the car.

"Good morning," Says Steve.

"What's new Steve,? How was your trip,?" Martin asks.

"Good. I have some news," Responds Steve. "First of all, I learned that the two units, the Elite negotiation force, and a Commando, are ready to come here, and as I said, one of them will be heading to the Catskill Mountains Radical's Compound, while the other will try to keep us from intervening. In addition, there's another group of agents standing by, in case the Elite force needs some help."

"It seems they are determined to accomplish the meeting with the Radicals on the mountains, huh?" Julia asks.

"Oh Yes," Steve affirms. "They count on receiving some training and ideas from those terrorists because their techniques have proofs of some success in your Country and around your World."

"And what do you think we can do to help,?" Martin asks.

"If we could stop and discourage them to keeping the attempts to continuing their plans, maybe we, on our end could dismantle the organization in our home. Their community is not that large, and if we manage to eliminate the powerful leaders, perhaps they will disappear. Hopefully!"

"It seems like a complicated operation," Martin warns.

"Well, it's not simple, especially because eliminating our people doesn't leave a trace, but if in the process, we hurt or kill some Planet Earth natives, that could alert you Country's authorities, and that would be a problem for you, guys." Steve points out.

"Yeah, of course," Martin agrees.

"How could we involve the authorities on this, and let them know of our discovering?" Julia inquiries.

"They would never believe us. The red tape is unsurpassable in these matters!" Martin asserts. "But I will ask Ken, about it. He has a broader experience in these Government issues."

Martin deep inside kept thinking of the message received earlier. And although he was fighting the idea of Steve being something different, he couldn't forget those words: <Watch out for your 'New friends,' they may not be who they appear to be...> After all, he just had met the guy a few days ago.

And especially the second message: <we need to talk soon. Keep this to yourself>, opened a question mark. Would this person try to contact him again? And when?

Paul's home was nearby, and Martin texts him to let him know. Paul answers back saying: <I'll open the gate and please go to the back of the house and park there>

Martin, parks the car and with Julia, and Steve, enter the house thru the back door that Paul just had opened.

"Hi guys, welcome," Paul says, inviting them to come in.

"Hello people," says Ken with a smile. "Welcome to our home.

"This is also, your home. Get comfortable." Paul says.

"This is Lynn, my mother," Paul introduces her.

"Nice meeting you all," Lynn says with a smile.

The Group joins Jordan, Amy, and Alice who are already in the Living Room chatting. They divide into two groups: Ken, Martin, and Paul go to the armory room, while the rest remain in the L.R. asking questions to Steve about his recent trips and the news from P. 2055 in an animated conversation.

"...and the Khwaja's are sending two units: one with the elite who will be negotiating with the terrorists and another one, a commando like the one you already eliminated, to try keeping us from stopping the elite group," Steve explains.

"So, it's war, huh!" Jordan exclaims.

"It seems that way," Amy states.

After some general talk and Steve relating the latest news, Lynn asks Steve: "For what you're saying, these groups of agents: the Elite and the Commando, are armed and ready to kill, isn't?

"Be sure of that," Steve answers.--- He continues: "They have specific tasks, as I said, and they will try to execute they orders."

"Now, does the Elite group is ready to making alliances with these terrorists in the Catskills compound?" Jordan inquires.

"I assume they will, but I don't know precisely their instructions," Steve commented. "I'm waiting for some information, but so far it is not clear, what is the extent of their power to making deals."

While the conversation goes on in the L.R., at the Armory room, in the basement, Martin decides to confide the tenor of the message received from an unknown source.

"And what are your feelings about it," Ken asks Martin.

"OK, on the one hand, I have gotten certain confidence on Steve's behavior, and so far, it seems credible and honest. But I don't know the other source yet. Do you think I should probably meet this other person, or tell the incident to Steve and see his reaction,?

"I don't know yet," Ken doubts. "Let me talk a little more with Steve. I want to study his words and reactions,"

"Let's go back upstairs now, we shouldn't raise suspicions, don't you agree?" Paul questions.

"Yeah, you're right," Ken approves. And they go back upstairs.

"I was showing Martin, some interesting gadgets in my Armory room," Ken states. "You're welcome to see them too. But now, I'd like to get some more information about these groups of agents, Steve."

"As I was saying, their main tasks are: for the Elite group, to make some physical contact with the terrorists up-State New York and for the Commando, and the Backup team, to ensure the Elite is not being obstructed by us," Steve remarks.

"Now," Ken pauses. "Is there any indications that some other agents from the Khwaja's; 'that's how you call them, isn't,?' Steve nods. "...are they around on some particular tasks in our Country?

"I'm not sure yet," Steve notes. "But I don't rule it out. This community of people is new as a political force. They just got the ideas from other radical conglomerates, especially on the Planet Earth.

Their beliefs are totalitarian, and the leadership supposedly is unquestionable. It is what you call, a tyrannical society.

"But, are they based on religious beliefs?" Ken inquires.

"It is confusing because on one hand they sustain that God is their guide and that they have certain mandates to achieve. On the contrary, their goals are against what we believe are God's will." Steve declares. And continues, "they are a political force serving a religious ideology.

"The way they treat the women, the punishments to

people that disobey their rigid mandates, the privileges the Khwaja's allow to their leadership and deny to the lower levels, the brutality they use with their enemies or the prohibition of many activities we cherished for years, are regrettable. We, definitely don't like it and we must eliminate them. They are poisonous." Steve, emphatically said.

"I see," Ken acknowledges. Then, looks at Martin and with a subtle eye look, says: "We must thread a very fine yarn," He tells. "It seems to me that we should watch the Elite group and try to learning first hand what are their goals and achievements to complete." Ken continues: "For what I see, our Government seems to ignore what is going on by the Catskills, and I am getting the feeling, we should inspect the site ourselves." Ken assures. Everybody in the room sighs!

"If anybody wants a drink or a snack, please help yourselves. In the kitchen we've got some nice stuff," Lynn interrupts. Martin get's up and goes to the kitchen to grab a cup of water. Ken follows him and speaks to Martin:

"I think you probably let Steve know about the message and let's see his reaction and feedback." Ken quickly states and goes back to his seat.

Steve, who has remained on his chair, continues to chat with the rest of the guests. Lynn courteously asks Steve:

"Steve, would you like anything to drink or eat?"

"No thank you, ma'am, ...OK maybe a cup of water, please! They say New York water is the best," He adds, smiling.

They get back to their seats and continue the conversation.

"So, it seems we should contact some friends in the government, avoiding to raise "official conspiracies," you know, I've got some old friends they're still active and in high positions that I can trust in cases like this." Ken declares with confidence.

"I don't have a great experience on these matters, but I am part of a group of scientists working in very advanced projects, and I believe we could use some hi-tech devices that my friends and I would love to testing in real compromising situations," Jordan timidly says.

"And what kind of tools are they," Ken inquires.

"The latest one we've been testing is a mini-drone. Or better said, two devices in different sizes." Jordan explains. And continues: "the most powerful is the size of a small bird. Like a Hummingbird. It carries an HD cam, they are solar powered, with an autonomy of 10 hours a capacity to add 20 more hours, by adding an extra Li-ion battery with a weight of only one gram and the size of a rice grain." Jordan proudly declares.

"Wow," Ken exclaims. "No doubts I've been out of the trade for a long time. That is amazing."

Jordan continues: "and other, the latest one, is the size of an insect." Everybody wows! Jordan continues, "This one is out of our World," He comments. "You can compare it to the size of a small wasp. It looks like a wasp, and its autonomy is of 6 hours, although this week we suppose to try a new battery coming from NASA which would span the autonomy to 12 hours. This "bug" carries a super-cam capable of zooming 20x."

"And you think we could use them for our project?" Martin timidly asks Jordan.

"I don't think we would have any problems with that," Jordan says with confidence. "It is kind of my idea, and I lead the research team."

"And of course you know how to operate it," Ken questions.



"Yeah, That is the part of the project I enjoy. I use my training in computer games," Jordan smiles. "I've been practicing since I've got to the US when I was nine years old."

"Amazing," Julia comments.

"Yeah, In the 1990s we had a resurgence and decline of the arcades, the transition to 3D video games, improved handheld games, and PC gaming. The fifth generation of consoles, which were 32 and 64-bit units, were awesome. Those were my beginnings." He joyfully recalls.

"I guess your parents were against it at the time." Didn't they?

"Yeah all parents are concerned that their children spend too much time on the computer games, but sometimes it could provide a solid base to other scientific tasks. It opens up your mind." he remarks. "Not always, but in my case, it was a significant development, and that is why I've got interested in sciences and Quantum Mechanics. It is fascinating, I love it!" Jordan exclaims.

"OK," Ken shoots. "It seems we are developing a fantastic team. If we manage it wisely, it will be deadly for your enemies at P. 2055, Steve."

"I can see now, why my bosses directed me toward Martin and in consequence to you guys. I don't know how to thank you for your incredible help." Steve gratefully says.

"Yes," Ken intervenes. "You can help us by being loyal and telling the absolute truth about everything!"

Steve, receives the impact of Ken's words, reflects for a moment and then says:

"Do you say that because of the message that Martin received earlier today,? Steve asks.

Ken, Julia, and Martin look at each other in disbelief.

Then, Martin asks:

"How did you learn about the message?"

"Just to prove you that I am a bonafide person, my bosses provide me with a copy of any communication that leaves our Planet toward the Earth," Steve explains. And continues:

"This is an entirely good faith operation and be reassured your help was expected, and my highly spiritual leaders know how to choose good people." And remarks: "The Creator is in control! But we must help, to doing the additional work!"

"I have a good feeling about all this," Lynn states.

"OK then," Ken says. And asking Jordan: "When do you think we can have the drones to get familiar with them?"

"Yeah, this is getting very exciting!" Paul comments.

"Let me call my partners and let them know about it. I also want to make sure they install the new battery in the 'Super-Bug.' I am certain they'll be thrilled to be able to test the devices in real time. See, they are scientists, not Military. Although they know how to use weapons too. They were enrolled in the Army for a year. They are kind of naughty and don't go by the rules, especially the Government ones." Jordan says with a smirk in his face.

"I am positive they would even love to be present when we go into a task."

"Well," Ken says, and asking Martin: "Do you think there is a problem with that?"

"You are the expert, Ken," If you don't see a problem, I believe Jordan wouldn't bring undesirable people to the group."

"No way," Jordan asserts. I feel this team as a family! And I also share the values."

"I'm glad to hear it," Paul adds. "I enjoy your friendship, Jordan!"

"No problem with me guys, your friends are my friends, welcome them, please," Steve says.

"So, let's get to work, then. Hands on! Martin exclaims. "We are 8 people, perfect to fit in the SUV, but we need some supplies and the weapons. So we must prepare the vehicle for the trip up-State.

"Paul and I could take care of the weapons and ammo," Lynn says. "We can use the roof rack. It's enclosed."

"We will take care of the survival stuff," Amy says, looking at Alice.

"I will contact some friends in the Military and find out if we can get a hold of some big-armed drones to assist us." Ken points. In the Military, we have some naughty guys too, willing to get into some 'special' projects, if the goal is helping our country! I know some of them, seasoned men and women."

"I am so happy to see this team growing with a positive thinking.!" Exclaims Steve. "I'm going back to P. 2055 to brief my bosses and seek for some logistic support from them.

And every one of them gets hands on to their assigned tasks.

Meanwhile, Lynn who has been busy in the kitchen, helped by Amy and Alice, says:

"We've been preparing some dinner for everyone, so I hope you'll enjoy it!" Let's go to the dining table."

While everybody gets a seat at the table, Ken speaks to all:

"My friends, because you are my son's dear friends, now you are also Lynn's and I friends too. All this, although dangerous times, are exciting and reminders of sometimes we left behind, we don't mind to revive them if needed!"

Everybody clap the hands, joyfully laughing.

"I'm glad to have the opportunity to meet your family, Ken and I see your point. Exciting people will always be that way." Martin says:

"I know Ken very well, and I am pretty sure he can't wait to work with those amazing pieces of hi-tech that Jordan is developing!" Lynn asserts.

"You do know me well, honey," Ken tells Lynn, showing a smile.

"Yeah dad," Paul concurs. I remember you were always the first one to play with my tech-toys, he laughs. But that's alright. You thought me a lot of tricks."

In a great mood an atmosphere of camaraderie, the dinner goes on. Then, Ken speaks to all them and says:

"Look, we have a big house, and there are four extra empty rooms that you can use to stay here while this is going on. So I invite you to accommodate in those rooms, so we can stay

together and diminish the chances to get stalked by these agents or worse, be attacked when you are alone. Steve can also occupy one of the rooms."

Everybody agree with the proposal and suggest that they go back to their homes that night, to get some clothing changes and personal effects.

Meanwhile, Steve has a reunion with his people at P. 2055.

The news is that the Khwaja's are getting ready to send the warrior's units to Earth with the primary task of collecting information about the terrorist activities which they have already contacted, somehow.

The information gathered by Martin, about the nature of the compound in the Catskills says that it's run by some Middle Eastern people relating to a large tribe or ethnic group, known for their religious activities since the seventh century, labeled as fanatic radicals.

They are known for the inhuman treatment of women, who they enslave, abuse and use them as sexual objects for their warrior's enjoyment and an active babies procreation.

The result of these activities is an almost constant pregnancy of said women, who supposedly, they have the primary duty, to procreate newborns. Then, they will raise these kids in fanatic indoctrination schools and train them, since an early age, to engaging in harassing and killing of people that refuse to obey their orders and surrender to their religious beliefs.

Everything is permitted for the advance of their religion. Lying, prostitution, cheating, killing, torturing and anything that could be imagined. So, the morals are low, and a totalitarian leadership is applied accordingly with the personality of the leader in charge.

The scripture's rulings are interpreted without an academic method, and everything is permitted to keep advancing to a goal, that is as fanciful, bizarre and crazy as one can think.

They act in a four tier structure: Commercial, Military, Political and Religious. They start with the Trading, then brake in with the Military invading and conquering, as a way to the Political

domination to finally forcing the Religion into the conquered people."

They've been doing the same for fourteen centuries, leaving a trail of millions of people murdered, thousands of towns ransacked and an unknown number of cities destroyed.

Also, the finding of pieces of arts, other faiths paraphernalia or any object that would remind the past times, is a target for destruction.

Their fanaticism is such that even the religion that they apparently follow is taking a distance from them to try making a difference between their behavior and the scriptures they say, observe.

While the readings on those ancient books could be cloudy and ambiguous, the wrong interpretation given to them is what triggers the confusion and turns some of their members into objects of fanatic behavior. Then, the leaders use it to take advantage of the less educated or intelligence challenged.

The lower classes are the primary targets to be recruited and be used as an element of terror, in defense of said group of despicable individuals that use others thru servitude practices and mind control techniques.

So, those are the core values of the terrorists that the Khwaja's are looking to assist them in conquering the P. 2055.

Martin, Julia, and the students, plus Ken and Lynn, are now part of a brigade that without any pre-training, ran into a person, coming from a small alternative flat planet, identified as P. 2055, chasing some rogue fellows, trying to expand the conspiracy against their organized and peaceful society.

While Ken and Lynn have prior experience, working for the Government Agencies, the rest are novices, but with an excellent combatant spirit, highly adventurous and highly patriotic.

Martin experience in P. 2055 has been limited for now to a visit, truncated by internal political problems and a manifested danger. Now, the conspiracy in the Planet Earth is about to begin, and the actors are getting prepared.

Accordingly, with Ken's proposal, Martin, Julia, Amy, and Jordan, are heading to Manhattan to gather their belongings for a week of survival on the field. The battlefield!

"I'm going to drop you home, and we'll make arrangements to meet tomorrow again," Martin says.

"I think it will be better if tomorrow we all go to your place, Martin and we depart from there," Jordan suggests.

"Yeah, it'll be easier for you, that way," Amy concurs.

"OK, I don't mind to pick you up at your homes, but maybe it's more practical this way," Martin agrees. "So, 8 am would be fine? Martin asks.

"Yes," everybody agrees.

Martin drops Alice by her apartment, then Amy and Jordan last.

"I can't wait to test our new toys in real time! This is super-exciting." Jordan admits! "A thrill!"

Martin smiles, and Julia says: "I see you as a kid on Christmas day, Jordan!"

"No, a kid wouldn't have a half of the fun I'm going to have," and laughs loudly!

"OK, Jordan, have a good rest tonight and be ready for the main event!" Paul says.

Martin and Julia are heading to her place first and after she gathers some stuff, they go to Martin's apartment.

The night is quiet. Manhattan is almost about to take a break from the intense activity of the day.

A clear sky, that looking at it from the 16th floor of Martin's apartment invites the couple to imagine those parallel worlds, which judging from Martin's experience, they look much different than from the drawing board of a scientific project or even from someone's imagination.

The power of the mind is being tested, and our friends are the actors and also witnesses of the experiment.

The question is: Are those Parallel Worlds part of the material reality, are they parts of our imagination, or are they a part of the unknown Spiritual Universes, we'll never know for real.

A confuse puzzle that our minds are not able to discern as yet.

But the human brain, as curious as the Creator made it, will never rest and will keep pushing to know more and more.

Common sense is yelling at us, you will never know the whole story. So, calm down and enjoy the trip. Learn everything you can on your way. Martin thinks.

There is also another way to approach the mystery. To try thinking in the spiritual consciousness terms. Expand your spirit and let your imagination fly high and deep, into the realms of the Universes, accepting the unknown without challenging it. Try to always make sense and watch for your body signals. Do not forget your mind is part of your body and that there is something called Consciousness which is the umbilical cord that connects the body with the Spirit Soul. Some call it: "The silver cord."

Martin thinks in those terms and Julia, little by little is entering that field. She's enjoying it too.





## CHAPTER 5

### *The Planning*

It is 8 am. at Martin's apartment, and everybody has arrived on time. Each one is carrying a small backpack, and Jordan has an extra case with him.

"This is our lethal weapon," Jordan notes, showing the box.

"Wow!" Everybody exclaims! "For real?"

"Well, maybe not lethal but highly intruding," Jordan adds.

"I'm dying to see it," Amy says!

"Let's get going now," Martin says. "I'd love to see it too, but we got to move now. I don't want to be late."

"OK, just a peek at it," Jordan shoots. "Without getting it out of the packing." He smiles. "I understand your excitement." Jordan opens the container and shows a magnificent piece of engineering, hard to describe. The little robots look exactly like a Hummingbird and a Wasp, even decorated as such, with artistic lines similarly to the real bird's plumage and the bug.

Everybody wows!-- Jordan, after a few seconds, says: "You should see it flying! You'll collapse. Trust me." He jokes and with a smile of satisfaction, he closes the box. "OK," Martin talks to everyone. "Let's keep moving,

then. Are you ready Julia?"

"Yes I am," Julia responds.

And they all take the elevator to the garage.

In the car, Martin gets on the phone and calls Paul.

"Hi Martin, good morning." Paul greets him.

"Good morning Paul, we are on our way. The traffic going out of the City is light, so we'll be there pretty soon. Did you receive any news from Steve?"

"Not yet." Paul answers.

"OK then, I'll see you in minutes.

They hung up.

Back in Planet P. 2055, Steve, after a meeting with his superiors, is at his home, preparing the backpack to go back to Manhattan. He knows that there will be a few hard and dangerous days ahead. The Khwaja's are ready to strike again, and this time they are more prepared, knowing the terrain a little better and the kind of opposition they could face.

Steve looks at a couple of his weapons, the laser type he has at home but refuses to carry them since they are irrelevant on Planet Earth. They function with a different kind of energy not available in the Earth's environment. Although life in P. 2055 is similar to the one on the Earth, there are some substantial differences.

His Planet's Society is structured on a conservative model, comparable to the Earth 50 years ago or perhaps longer. The population is much smaller, and the whole Planet functions as a

sole Country, rather than a Planet like the Earth, with many independent Nations. Therefore the Government is simpler, people is more conservative than the Earth's inhabitants, and technologically, in general, more advanced. There are some exceptions. The land harvesting is a partnership between individuals and the State. The social fabric functions as a kind of Social-Democracy, meaning that everybody is different but with equal opportunities based on their talents and the personal effort to achieve success.

Because of this situation, the poor and disadvantage are maybe only a 1 % of the population. Those are mainly the discontent, and therefore subject to be a target for the Khwaja's brainwashing and recruiting.

The opposition, based on their experience with the uneducated, the poor and disadvantaged, have made a primary target of this population's sector and managed to gather some support from them by promising populists although unattainable goals, which in the end, they will always prevent them to achieve.

The rogue group has carefully chosen a detailed strategy and a philosophical set of rules, that slowly they are trying to solidify, in the dark of P. 2055's society. Their goal is to overturn the Romo's Government and take over the Planet.

The Khwaja's know very well who their targets are, and they keep washing their brains, thru lies and false promises, dragging them into an ideological fanaticism. Thus turning them into an easy prey which they manage it at the Leadership's will, using God's figure as bait while maintaining a totalitarian vertical State.

They mainly accuse the Legal Government (The Romos) and its supporters of being against God's will. In contrast, they allow themselves a privileged life, and at the top, as always happens, the corruption is out of control, dominated by a fanatic elite. Their primary goal, mimicked from another similar group on Planet Earth, is to have the women pregnant as often as possible. They consider this activity, the base of their future population to achieve their purpose: The Planet P. 2055 domination.

They follow the guidance of previous civilizations in other places, and they fundament the chosen method, on a substantial success obtained before. They are firmly following those guidance: The women constant pregnant wombs is their primary weapon of invasion.

They believe that at the end, they will prevail, by pregnancies, invasions, peaceful people's domination and slavery.

The 'Romos' have recently learned all this, and their only goal is to stop, dismantle and eliminate any vestige of these people. But they know very little about War, invasions, and violence, which they do not have a past experience.

The described situation is a synthesis of the P. 2055 people's life.

Steve, a high-class individual, knows the facts exactly as

they are and because of his prestige as a Philosophy Professor and other skills, the Government leaders had chosen him to conduct the task, trying to stop and dismantle the Khwaja's revolt and their political cravings.

The P. 2055 leadership, has developed a way to know about the life of some individual's on the Earth and cultivated some skills, which allow them to enter some people's life and learn about their

knowledge and tendencies, especially in politics and social science.

They've used those powers to find Martin and approach him to ask for some help with their ordeal.

Luckily, the events at the subway and other circumstantial events, had the Manhattan Professor, Martin Frost, matching his interest with enthusiasm for other Universes. His passion for finding out about the Parallel Worlds made the connection with Steve possible and finally fruitful.

They've just constructed a solid group of good people, smart, educated, brave, and decided to help to obtain a common goal, to contribute fighting totalitarianism and satisfying their interest in learning about the Parallel Worlds. A complete Bingo! And also, to confirming that 'Death is only an Illusion,' is a viable thought.

Ready to go back to New York, Steve receives some news. It seems the Khwaja's are getting ready to send their agents to New York in two days. That leaves the group, with some time margin. He grabs the backpack and leaves his home toward the gate connecting to the Brooklyn station.

Once in New York, Steve messages Martin.

<I am near the Army Plaza, in Brooklyn.> He's texting.

<Oh, great. We are heading to Paul's house right now. We are just about to crossing the Bridge, in about 10 minutes.> Martin replies.

<I can be at the end of the Bridge by that time. Just wait for me if you don't see me, please.>

<OK, we'll do.>

In the car, Jordan on the phone is talking to some of his fellow scientists.

"We are coordinating the operation with the drones, as soon as we decide the timing, I'll call you back and let you know. Please be ready and prepare de van for the task." Jordan concludes. They hung up.

"My friends are anxious to work with the drones. We don't need much space. Only a computer and two monitors. I think there's plenty of space at Paul's home. Don't you think Martin?"

"Yeah, but if we are to follow the agents to the Catskill Mountains, is the signal going to reach that far?" Martin Asks.

"Of course not," Jordan replies, "but we could mount a station on my friend Tom's van. We've done it before. So we would drive in two vehicles." Jordan suggests.

"What is the signal's range on these drones?" Martin asks.

"It depends on the weather and the terrain's geography, but using a Military Satellite, those parameters could be dramatically improved. Jordan explains. One of my friends is hoping we can use some of those channels. If we get them, we could operate from Paul's home without a problem, all the way. Even entering their most private spaces, if we use the "Super-Bug," He says with a smirk on the face.

"You are enjoying this, without a doubt, don't you," Julia is kidding on Jordan.

"We've been working on this Drone project for one year, Julia and now is the time to test them in real time!" He exclaims. "What do you think,?" Jordan asks with sarcasm.

"I can imagine the excitement for you and your partners on the experiment," Amy commented.

"It is not an experiment anymore," Replies Jordan. "We already tested the devices in the Lab, and it worked fine. But, live and on a military operation that could save lives and stop the bad guys from doing damaging to our people? That is the real test!" Jordan proudly asserts.

"I am excited, I'm also part of all this." Alice declares. "What a thrill!"

"We're approaching the Bridge, and traffic seems to be light," Martin commented.

At the end of the Bridge, Martin pulls to the curb and looks for Steve. After a minute, he shows up, waving his hand. Martin advances a few yards and meets him. Amy opens the door, and he jumps into the vehicle.

"Thank you for waiting for me, guys>," Steve says. I had to run a few blocks,"

"What are the news," Martin asks.

"The Khwaja's are coming in two days. That leave us some space to move around and make some plans." Steve informs them.

"That's good," Martin states. "I think, Ken and his family would be happy we have some time to sketch our moves."

"Yeah, we must coordinate our movements with the drones and our real-time physical movements," Jordan mentions.

They continue to ride thru some side streets until they reach Paul's home gate. Paul opens it from inside the house, the vehicle enters

and goes directly to the back of the house, where they park at the same usual spot.

Paul opens the back door, and our friends enter the house.

Ken greets them with a broad smile and Lynn, from the Living Room, says hello to everyone.

"There are fresh bagels and donuts on the table, and fresh coffee,!" Lynn tell everybody. Also, after breakfast, I will take you to your rooms." She adds. "Make yourself at home, please."

Once they all are in the Living Room, Ken asks:

"OK, what are the new developments?"

"Steve says that the Khwaja's are ready to send their agents tomorrow. So we have the whole day to tune-up our plans. Do you think it's enough time, Ken?" Martin asks.

"Sure," Ken responds. "Let me tell you what I've been thinking and planning last night. Paul had helped me also, and of course, Lynn had her input too." Ken informs them.

"So it seems you guys didn't have much sleep, didn't you?" Julia asked.

"Well," Ken says, "As I always say, we'll have plenty of time to relax when we die." He jokes.

They all laugh.

"We've been thinking ahead of the possibilities and let's say: if we follow the agents to their meeting place and we find a situation that appears to be dangerous and especially developing into some action on their part." Hw paused. "Then we may have to act aggressively, don't you think?" Ken asks.



A nervous, tense moment in the room, facing the possible violence ahead. Looking at each other, and Ken continues:

"We must face reality and have all options on the table. We should prevent surprises"

"Yeah, I can see that, but continue Ken, please." Jordan urges.

"I went ahead and made some contacts into the Military and found out that the Defense Advanced Research Projects Agency (DARPA) just mounted a Drone Station in the East Coast, precisely Upstate New York, near the Catskill Mountains. But the interesting part is that the General running the base (Gen. Barron Smith) is an old friend of mine. We shared various tours of duty (combat in Afghanistan), and we are best friends."

"Yeah, we shared dinner many times with him and his lovely wife," Lynn added.

"So, I called him late last night, I woke him up, and after he had cursed me (of course in a friendly way), I explained to him, what is going on with our task." Ken continues: "As I said, first he was pissed because the late hours I called him, but once he learned the real stuff, he jumped on the wagon right away. He is ready to do anything to help us, and he has the autonomy to perform what he judges necessary for the security of our country and our allies. He is one of those guys."

"Wow," Martin exclaims. "I can't believe we are that lucky."

Steve is jumping on his seat, and the girls are giggling and striking hi-fives.

"My friend said that the new base is to test a new kind of (UCAV), an unmanned drone initially designed in 1950's, which also featured a Tail-sitter configuration with nose-mounted

counter-rotating propellers. The advantage of these drones is that they don't need a mile-long runway to take off and land. This new design provides vertical thrust for taking off, landing and forward thrust in horizontal flight. He left me with my jaw dropping."

"Yes, I think they call them the 'Tail-sitter,' Jordan adds. "I've heard of that when I was a child, but I also learn thru some trade magazines that they were trying to bring them back," Jordan commented. "They've also said that the aim is to be able to take off and land from a vessel on a rolling deck in Sea State 5 conditions, meaning waves between 2.5 m. to 4 m. tall." Jordan concludes.

"The Predator is the most efficient drone, but the disadvantage is that it needs a large facility to take off and land," Ken adds.

"Yeah, and I also learned that the new drone would be an only wing. Something like a "Mini B-2" but with the lethal payload capacity of an MQ-9 Reaper." Jordan commented.

"Wow." I am impressed, Martin says.

Steve, who has been quiet, listening in awe of all these weapons that are now on his side, says: "People, I don't know how to thank you. I'd like to call my bosses and tell them all these fabulous news, but I better keep it quiet, so nothing could leak and reach our enemy's ears."

"Ken, did you tell your friend about my mini-Drones?" Jordan asks.

"Yes I did, but no details, since I'm just learning what you advanced us yesterday." Ken paused and then said: "But he told

me that he had heard something that was going on in a New York Lab, although he wasn't aware of anything officially yet.

"OK Ken, you can tell your friend that now, you have seen and touched, the prototypes with your eyes and hands, in your home," and Jordan opens his small box and displays the two Hi-Tech wonders: The Hummingbird and the Super-Bug! Jordan proudly presents both pieces for everybody in the room's enjoyment.

"I can't believe my eyes," Ken exclaims! "What a beauty!"

The two devices are practically replicas of their original live models. Careful detailing features had simulated the bodies of the bird and the bug, almost unbelievably. Even at a short distance, most people will believe they are the real thing. The shape, the colors, the details, made of the two pieces an artistic wonder.

"This is one part," Jordan adds. "You have to see them in action!"

"I can't wait to watch them live," Paul exclaims.

"OK," Jordan announces, "Let me make some preparation, while you guys have some breakfast, and we'll have a live test. Paul, please lend me a hand, please."

"Sure, I'll be happy to help you!" Paul responds, enthusiastically.

Everybody else gathers around the dining table and have an animated breakfast conversation about the plan's details ahead.

Ken, with his vast experience in the field, suggests that they use the 'Hummingbird' to follow the agents Elite's vehicle on its way to the mountains. Jordan friend's Van could carry the "Super-

Bug" to a location near the compound and find the way to get into the house where they supposedly would have the meeting.

"By monitoring the two drones, we could learn their plans and anticipate their movements," Ken mentions.

"That sounds like a good strategy," Steve commented.

"Have you made provisions to keep your friend, General Smith informed," Martin asks Ken.

"He supposedly will call me today and give me some directions regarding that," Ken responds.

"We are following your talk," Paul says from a distance while helping Jordan setting the equipment to monitor the drones.

"Are we ready yet for the show?" Ken asks.

"We're almost ready; two more minutes," Jordan answers, "I am rebooting the system," He adds.

Everybody takes place around the monitors while Jordan releases, first the 'Hummingbird,' that initiates the fly and hangs around the dinner table.

"Paul, please open the back door and let the bird go out," Jordan asks. "I must inform you that the cameras, apart from being HD, they have a night vision feature so that we can see the night images almost like daylight quality." Jordan notifies them.

The Hummingbird goes out, and the screen shows images of what the actual device is 'seeing' thru its camera.

The pictures are fabulous, and the little drone moves thru space smoothly. The bird stops and keeps sending images to the screen, turns around, tilts down and up. The image is perfect.

Martin, who is speechless watching the device's incredible performance that his student has led its development, proudly tells Jordan:

"How come you never told me about this marvelous project?"

"Maybe because you never asked me what I was doing in my time at the Lab," Jordan answered with a smirk.

"Yeah, perhaps I deserve that answer," Martin replies, with a grin.

Everybody laughed!

"Many times we take people for granted and never find out in depth about their real interests. As an actor, I am used to research into a character, but it's not the usual." Julia asserts.

"I'm sorry for the naughty joke," Jordan timidly tells Martin.

"No problem Jordan," Martin says. "I owe you an apology for dismissing these talents of yours. What you have done is remarkable! Brilliant! I congratulate you!" Martin sincerely states.

"Now watch the little one, the Super-Bug!" And Paul releases the micro-drone into the air that is hard to see in the dimmed lights.

The device flies around for a few seconds and then, Jordan's commands from a joystick, drive the miniature drone thru the staircase upstairs to the second floor. The view on the screen is as clear as it could be, even in the dark, sending a perfect image of the hallway, entering a room, pivoting, going up and down in a perfect motion.

Ken, that as everyone else has been glued to the screens, says:

"Oh boy! And looking to his wife, laments: "Can you imagine how many troubles we could have avoided if we had this beauty, years ago?"

"Yeah dear, I better don't think about it. But we have to accept the reality and be happy that our son and even us, could have them available now." She comfortably comments.

"But to tell you the truth, I don't regret those old times. We worked with what we had at the time; we had to be creative every day." Lynn proudly says.

Meanwhile, Jordan continues to fly the small drones, now bringing the Hummingbird to the station and then, the "Super-Bug" down the stairs and to the base.

Everybody applauds, and Jordan, in a humble attitude, joins his hands together and gratefully bowed down.

After the high-class show presented by Jordan, they

discuss the steps to take after the Khwaja's Elite group shows up on the ground.

"Once we see them on the City cameras, I think Paul and Jordan have taken care of that; we would follow them at a convenient distance, avoiding their surveillance, if they have some. We don't know what kind of equipment they possess. Do you have any information about that, Steve?" Ken asks.

"They don't have a sophisticated technology. These people are rudimentary, although they acquired some technology available in P. 2055, nothing like you have. We do not own any military equipment in Planet P. 2055." Steve comments. "It is evident that you have far better technology on warfare than P. 2055." Steve acknowledges.

"Now, we should divide ourselves into two groups, so the technological base stays here, while others go on the field. Don't you think, Ken?" Martin asks.

"And how should we divide ourselves? Ken questions. "Suggestions?"

"Two of my colleagues are willing to stay with us while the operation lasts. I know them well. They can stay with me in the room, and they could monitor the drones from here. They can't wait to have that privilege. So that will liberate me so, I can go with you guys. I'm used to fighting since I was a child!" Jordan asserts.

"What about Amy and Alice?"

"We want to go on the field, Amy says. Right Alice?"

"Of course," Alice replies. "We are no manicured girls!. We know how to fight too and how to handle weapons!"

"So then, Lynn would stay here. She would be watching the house and being the liaison in charge of communications. Ken concurs.

"I'd like to go with you, Martin, If you don't mind," Julia asks.

"OK, I'd like you to be next to me, Julia and also, I think I've trained you well enough to be helpful. Right?"

Julia responds with two thumbs up!

"So what are the names of your colleagues, Jordan?"

"Tom and Samir." they are good guys!" Jordan replies.

" Oh, and my fellow General, as I mentioned before, his name is Barron Smith. You can call him Barron. Avoid the last name, although his first gives him away." Ken smirked.

The night is falling and the day has been full of activity. Jordan receives a call from his fellow scientists, Tom and Samir, announcing that they're a few blocks away from the house. Paul gets on the phone and gives them the same directions to go thru the gate and parking in the back of the house.

A few minutes later, the van with the two men enters thru the gate and parks in the back. Paul and Jordan are by the door greeting them.

Tom, in his late twenties, sporting a Marine like looks, clean cut, courteous and educated, salutes with a Service Man style attitude, while Samir, with a nerdy look, longer hair, and a boyish face, although about the same age as Tom, say hello in a humble attitude. Almost shy.

Both men are accomplished scientists and also patriots willing to put their lives on the line to defend their country.

They've been waiting for months to test their inventions on the field, and now that the time has arrived, they are ready and able to accomplish the task.

Jordan shows them the room where he is staying, and they will be roommates for the days ahead.

"Jordan, we rushed the set-up we used on our last rehearsal on our Van. We just have to tune it up and we think it'll be ready right away," Tom informs him.



They leave their backpacks in the room and go downstairs with Jordan right straight to the computers, ready to start working.

They get their hands on the equipment performing some tests, while the rest continue the talking, planning the next day's operation.

Ken's phone rings and he answers Barron's call. They exchanged some words and hung up.

Then, Ken speaks with Jordan, Samir, and Tom, and let them know some directions to maintain his friend, General Barron inside their network.

An incoming message shows on Steve's phone: <The Khwaja's Elite and the commando, on their way tomorrow. Be prepared>

He displays the message to the rest and says:

"I think they will avoid coming to Manhattan, although I ignore if they have access to other "gates," and which ones they would use. So if we could hack the city's cameras, maybe we can track them immediately." Ken suggests.

"I'll try to have my people sending us a more detailed message once they leave P. 2055," Steve says.

"I'd like to know where are they getting their arms from and what kind of weapons are they," Ken asks. "Is it that possible?"

"I will try to find out that information," Steve answers.

"Let's see," Martin says, "They must have some connections in our City. Some support, because if our weapons are different, that means the P. 2055 pieces are useless here."

"That's my case." Steve states. "While I was preparing my backpack, I refused to bring mine because they couldn't be recharged and would be useless here." He added.

"Yeah," Paul intervenes, "Now that I recall, I don't remember seeing weapons when we shot the agents and then, they disappeared before our eyes."

"I see your point, Paul," Martin says. "That is a mystery!"

"You should know that our weapons, could be used here on Earth, but once the charges are consumed, it is not possible to recharge them here, unless they do it back home." Steve states.

"As far as I know, when we are allowed to come to Planet Earth, we can carry our clothing, the phones, computer and that's it. I haven't brought anything else. Maybe the guns could go thru the gates, but I am not sure." Steve responds. "This is my first visit to your land."

"This process of learning is so fascinating,!" Martin exclaims. "Sometimes I feel like I am living a dream."

"So we are. living that dream with you, Martin," Ken says. "For now, you are the only one that had a little taste of the interplanetary traveling, or how you want to call it."

"Yeah, but unfortunately it was truncated by the individuals that we are fighting today." Paul states.

"Maybe when the present problem is over, we can do it again." Steve comments. "I am authorized to bring up to three people with me. See, my superiors want to take things slowly. They are concerned not so much with you people, but with our residents. Our leaders don't want to scare them or open up for other weird ideas. They had enough with the Khwaja's

movement, initiated by some unwanted guests we had several years ago."

"I understand," Martin says. "Whatever will be, we'll accept it."

"I hope I could be one of the next travelers," Julia says.

"Maybe I can be the third one?" Amy naughtily questions.

"Let's see once this is over," Steve adds. "I hope it'll be soon. My leaders are working in taking care of the problem at P. 2055. If we succeed, it will be a big step toward the problem-solving."

"What would they call a success?" Ken asks.

"The elimination of the Elite would show them that their plans could be quickly stopped at any minute and we could publicize the facts as a victory for our system and leadership. It will mean a big deal. Our people is incredibly peaceful and not used to this kind of problems."

"I see," Martin says.

"What's interesting is the advancement you people have made in the Military," Steve says. "And how lucky we are to have met you, because our initial contact was thru philosophy, in Martin's figure."

"Yes, but you didn't vet me completely to learn my other passions," Martin adds with a smile. "Science brings the Military to the surface. You see, Steve, there's a traditional premise in our country that every new development, has to be checked first by our Military and evaluate it for possible use in that field!" Martin states.

"You're right on that," Ken adds. Even the Medical, or any other subject, the Brass has to see the possible Military uses first and then release it to the public. I think it's a smart philosophy that has assured our security in the past. Things are changing now with the damn Political Correctness, I hope we can keep ourselves secure." Ken says, wondering.

"Well, until the terrorists took down the Twin Towers, we were doing it." Martin remarks. "Then we learned that we needed to revise the history and other behaviors." Martin commented. "But I'm not sure we are learning from that. History needs to be reviewed and taken as a warning for recurring actions."

"Yeah, the 'Barbary Wars' and other invasions in that region are facts we shouldn't forget because those terrorists keep pounding even now in the same part of the World, and now including America, besides Europe" Ken adds.

"So, in a way, we may be involved in some historical development," Julia adds. "It sounds like movies, to me. Or maybe it's my actress' mind?" She questions enigmatically.

Meanwhile, Tom and Samir, continue to work on their set-up.

"So, we have mostly covered everything, including a camera on the SUV. The communication system is working, and we have an ear piece for each one of us." Tom explains.

"We also have 'borrowed' one of the military satellites, to have a seamless connection and excellent quality," Samir adds.

"Yeah, and also we've established communication with General Barron, as per Ken's instructions." Jordan says.

"Good," Ken comments, "Barron will be on call for anything big that could be developing, but his subordinates, especially a female pilot that he uses for 'especial tasks,' you know, operations that can't be public and should be kept secret, will be at hand. Barron is also excited to follow up our mission. He wants to make sure nothing major affects our country. He is a real patriot! One of a kind." Ken added.

"That is a nice friend to have," Martin says.

"And now, the strawberry on top of the cake: Barron just called me and offered to send us one of their big surveillance vans with all the necessary equipment to monitoring the communications and our drones! Ken adds with joy!

"And what did you answer him," Martin asks, in anxiety!

"What do you think?" And he adds. "The Van with a driver and two armed custodians are on their way from the base," Ken remarks laughing loud!

"That is the greatest news of the day," Jordan exclaims! "Those are my dream vehicles."

"One more thing. Barron says that the new Base existence, it is only known by a few people. Not even many of the big Brass at the Armed Forces know they are operating. It is a super secret, but he and I go a long way back, and we are FRIENDS in capital letters. We've shared life threatening situations like you couldn't imagine!"

"We'll honor that, we promise!" Martin says, and everyone approves.

"Wow, I can believe we'll have one of these wonders to work in our project!" Tom exclaims in awe!

"Now we can also perform a "Van Eck Phreaking," Jordan mentions.

"And what is that," Martin asks.

"That is the name given to an intrusion on our neighbor's computers. Sometimes is an easy way to monitor nearby networks with a simple antenna." Samir commented.

"I think we are well prepared for the visitors," Ken proudly says. "We should take some rest now because those agents could be here any moment. Barron advised me that the van would be here around 6 am."

"I better go back to P. 2055 to update the situation there," Steve comments. "I would like to be on top of the developments."

Everybody agrees, and they go to their assigned rooms, except for Tom and Samir, who told Jordan, they preferred to tune-up the equipment and perform a few more tests.

## CHAPTER 6

### *The Invasion plans*

At P. 2055 Steve is busy collecting data, meeting with some of the Planet's Council Members and writing on his computer.

The latest news has changed the view of the Khwaja's plan he had learned before. It looks much more ambitious and dangerous.

Then, he goes to the 'Gate,' ready to transferring to New York.

It is 5 am, and Steve is back from P. 2055 at the Headquarters. Lynn is the only one awake. She's in the kitchen making some coffee. One by one, Ken, Martin, Jordan, and Paul, are joining them in the ample Kitchen.

They shift to the dining room, while Julia, Amy, and Alice are coming down the stairs.

Tom and Samir, still resting after a busy night setting up the electronic equipment.

"So, what's new Steve," Ken asks. "How are things going over there."?

"The Khwaja's should be here around 6 am. That's the latest information I've got," Says Steve. "I should receive a text when they're entering New York. So far, I found out they also have a gate here in Brooklyn, near the Park." He adds.

"We have everything connected since last night. Tom and Samir have been working on that all night," Jordan explains.

Ken's phone is receiving a text message from Gen. Barron's people in the surveillance van: <We are a mile away from your Headquarters, as per Gen. Barron's, please instruct us.>

Ken answers back: <We'll open the gate for you. Enter the premises, go straight to the back of the house and park the van>

They open the gate. Ken and Martin observe from the front window, while Paul opens the back door.

A black high roof Mercedes commercial van enters the property and goes directly to the back, The gate closes after it. On the yard parking space, Paul greets the three men.

"Hi," The van's driver says. "My name is Howard, and these are Peter and Travis." They shake hands, and Paul invites them to enter the house. He offers them some coffee.

"Thank you; we are fine. We just stopped by a Coffee shop on the road." Howard mentions.

Paul introduces them to Tom and Samir, who have joined the group and to Jordan, who immediately takes the lead and ask them to show him the inside the vehicle.

Jordan, Tom, Samir and the three men go to inspect the van. They exchange some tech. Information and talk about some planning to going on the road.

They go back to the house, while Barron's people stay talking with Tom and Samir preparing their gear, Jordan joins the dining room table, where Ken and Martin are chatting. They all are wearing black clothing, Martial arts type, including the women and the men in the surveillance team.



"The vehicle is a beauty and has every hi-tech gadget available. We are ready to go." Jordan adds, "These guys, especially Howard know his business, for sure." He commented.

Steve receives a text, advising that the Khwaja's Elite group and the backup team are entering New York.

"OK," says Ken, "Let's Rock and Roll, baby." And asks Jordan: "Do you have them on your screen?"

"Yes, we do. The Khwaja's are driving around the Park, and now, another unmarked cargo vehicle is behind them. Paused. "They are stopping now and transferring some large wooden boxes. By the size, they could well be weapons." Jordan estimates.

"I expected that," Steve commented. "They had to pick up some local gear. They can not use the guns from P. 2055 here."

"Now they go back on the road. I think we should get on our way now," Jordan suggests. "I'll turn on the 'Hummingbird.' It'll be on their tail in no time."

Everybody is moving to their assigned tasks: Ken, Martin, Paul, Steve plus the women climbed into the SUV, while Lynn, Tom, and Samir stay in the house. They had previously loaded the guns into the SUV, the night before.

Howard, Peter, and Travis in the surveillance van, also get on the road. They're all wearing an earpiece to keep up with the communication.

Now on the road, Howard is briefing Jordan about the Elite and the backup group movements." He's also following their moves on Barron's satellite, which Jordan's friends also share.

"They are taking the Route 84 to upstate New York," He comments. "We should follow them at a reasonable distance. So far I don't think they know we are on their tail. They don't seem to have a sophisticated surveillance equipment." Jordan guesses. "At least our radar doesn't show any activity."

"Fine," Ken says. "We'll follow them, but I believe the surveillance van, maybe should try taking another road and find a position near the compound."

"Maybe they could take R 78N," Paul suggests.

"OK, let them take note of that," Ken suggests, and continues:

"Barron told me he would have one of his drones watching the Compound."

Talking to Howard: "Can you get info about what's going on there?"

"I'm on it" Howard responds.

"They are on the road to the Catskills. Their speed is 50 mph. I think they are trying to keep a low profile. The backup team is trailing the Elite about 200 yards behind. Everyone is dressing in white jumpsuits, and they appeared to be all men." Howard informs.

"My base tells me that the activity of the compound seems to be normal, although there is one building that appears to be preparing for a meeting. Some women are bringing food and beverages." Howard added.

"Who is carrying the mini-drones, Jordan?" Ken asked.

"I do," Jordan answers. "I can release them as soon as Tom and Samir OK me." He adds. "They can start the flight on their

own, and the base can assume the piloting. The coordination is working fine." Jordan asks Tom and Samir for clearance to release the mini-drones.

"OK, Tom and Samir just put me on standby so that I can release them at any time, Ken. Just let me know when ready." Jordan advises.

"I believe you should release them as soon as they reach the compound's gate. We'll be around one mile apart from them. Can the drones handle that distance? Ken asks.

"Of course; they have a flight autonomy of 5 miles, but besides, remember 'I've borrowed' a Government satellite, so that extends the range considerably." Jordan reminds him.

"As soon as we get in the area, we should release the drones and positioning them, so we can see what's going on inside the buildings." And adds, "ask Tom and Samir, to prepare for that mission." Ken asks Jordan.

"OK, I am on it" He replies. "Although, I believe we should position the 'Super-Bug' inside the room a few minutes before they arrive at the meeting, to place it in the best possible spot." Jordan comments. "I don't want to jeopardize its safety. Despite the minuscule size, we should be careful not to be caught red-handed."

The I-87 N route is not busy at all, and the Agents will be arriving soon to the destination. The total time estimated is about 3 hours, so they would be getting there around 9 am.

Finally, the two white vehicles carrying the Elite group and the support team, appear at the Compound's entrance.

A simple manually operated gate, five men, and a small kiosk are what we see at the Camp's doors.

The guards, approach the arriving gathering; they identify themselves and another person, coming from a larger building approaches the group of 5 people (the Elite bunch) and escorts them inside one of the buildings.

At all this, Jordan has released the drones as soon as the Khwaja's reached the dirt road connecting to the compound. So, by now the drones are inside the compound. Tom and Samir are trying to find the best way to get the 'Super-Bug' inside the building where the meeting supposed to be taking place.

Jordan begins to get a signal on his computer screen from the drone's activity. The 'Hummingbird' stays outdoors, monitoring the large movements, while the 'Super-Bug' gets inside the building and takes a position where its camera can 'see' what's going on and record the sounds and the scenes around it.

"The signal from the drones is excellent," Jordan comments.

Meanwhile, outdoors, the visitors are introduced to about ten people from the Terrorist group.

They greeted the guests and invited them to seat on the floor, around a low table, where various dishes are served.

The person who appears to be the Khwaja's leader, speaks;

"Thank you for inviting us to your domains," He says. "I believe you already know the reason for our visit."

"Yes, we do," The principal host replies. "I know we share many values, and you would like us to help you, logistically and practically, but we don't have a clear understanding yet, of your needs and our future involvement you are asking us." The Terrorist Leader pauses. "You should know that ours, is an ancient culture that has been the same way for over fourteen centuries without changing our bases. I hope you realize that only if our philosophy matches yours, we could transfer you some knowledge after a financial agreement is performed, however we wouldn't be totally involved. Your financial offering is tempting, but we can't compromise our goals. We want to expand our movement, but at the same time, we must keep our original mission untouched."

The head Khwaja's thinks for a moment and then says:

"We see that, and we praised your steadiness and commitment. We've been evaluating your behavior along with your existence, and we've got to a conclusion: We would like to know more about your thinking, toward a closer approach to a kind of 'fusion of ideas.' I believe we are very close to agreeing with your ways and means entirely. We've been studying your background and history, and despite the fact we are in a Parallel World, we still share many important features in life." The visitor states.

"I also hope your people understand that we must have the ultimate control of the situation if we get involved in removing your actual leaders in charge now." The Terrorist in the turban firmly says."

The Khwaja's chief thinks for a moment and replies:

"I understand. I will go back and discuss your terms with my fellows, and we will get back in one day or two. Is that alright?"

"Yes. Do not forget that what you are asking us is a gigantic step for you and for us. You will have to give up your general command and obey our rules and orders. Only one Commander in Chief must be on the battlefield" He snapped. "And our original way of life shall be preserved!" Laconically finished.

Steve, who has been watching and hearing astonished, can't believe what the Khwaja's plans are.

"These people are trying to overthrow our Government and have our People to be ruled by foreigners, a totalitarian caste; an echelon totally opposed to our People's beliefs and history, just for the sake of their envy and hatred toward our leaders! That is totally unacceptable!" Steve screams!

"Unbelievable, Steve. You're right to be furious!" Martin concurs.

Meanwhile, Samir is working on the radar system in the van and discovers some unusual movements around the house. The screen show some strange figures looking at the house, one of them with binoculars.

"Tom!" He calls. Come here, see this!

Tom, who is nearby is quickly coming closer and looking at the screen.

"It appears to be, like those guys are studying the house, huh!" Tom asserts.

He goes inside the house and calls Lynn, who is on the second floor.

"Lynn." He calls her. "Please come down. We want you to see something."

Lynn runs downstairs and goes out to the yard toward the van. She steps up to the monitors, and Samir describes her that two guys have been looking at the house a few times, passing by as regular neighbors, like studying the situation.

"Let me call Ken right away," She says.

"I think they may be preparing an assault, probably in the evening." Samir guesses. "I doubt they would do something now because there are too many people around and even a regular Police Patrol car is passing by periodically," Tom informs her.

Lynn calls Ken on the phone: "Hi darling, we've got some problems here!"

"What's going on Lynn? What happens? " Ken, says, concerned.

"Tom and Samir just saw a pair of characters passing by the house in a dubious attitude. One of them apparently using some binoculars looking at our house."

"No shit," Ken curses. "Hey Steve, some suspicious guys watching the house, Lynn is telling me."

"Remember I said they might have an extra team ready for additional work," Steve recalls.

"Yes, I do remember," Ken recalls. "We should've thought about this." He still has Lynn on the phone. "Wait, honey. I will call you back in two minutes, or just hold on. Let me reflect on this, but meanwhile, get ready to leave the house with Tom and

Samir, with the van and you in our Mercedes. You must use the backyard exit." Ken suggests.

"I got it. Hands on." Lynn Responds.

At the field site, a general comment about the possibilities is developing.

"We are three hours away from your home, Ken. So we have to discard helping them." Jordan advises.

"Yeah," Ken agrees, "Damn, I should've have thought of this and not letting Lynn and the two guys alone." He laments. "We must act quickly! Any suggestions?" He enquires.

"They won't do anything in daylight," Steve assures. "They will wait until the twilight at least or night."

"Could you ask Barron for some help?" Martin asks Ken.

"Yes, I could, but you know how the Military is, they are not that fast to act," Ken asserts. And he adds, "They have to do it on their own. I have plenty of confidence on Lynn. We've been in much worse shit! Trust me. I think they better run. There is a back exit from our property, Only the neighbors know about it." Ken is thinking...

"And where would they go,?" Martin asks.

"Either our summer home or her mother's." Ken doubts.

"Which one is closer and also safer," Martin wonders.

"I think Nana's home would be better. Our beach house is isolated." Paul intervenes.



"I think you're right Paul, but I hate to alarm Nana about the situation." Ken wonders.

"We could call her and make up a credible story. Nana is not that naive. Don't you think?" Paul was talking to his father.

"OK, then," Ken decides. "You call Nana and let her know that to avoid further complications, Mom needs to take shelter there, and she will bring two guests. I will call Lynn and give her instructions. After all, we have been in much worse situations, and Nana knows it." Ken explains.

Paul call his Nana with the news, and Ken calls Lynn:

"Hi, honey. I'm sorry I accidentally hung up. How are things over there?

"So far these characters haven't returned yet."

"They are probably planning to act at night. We don't know if they have found out we are at the Catskills compound. But they probably try to neutralize us before we go after the Elite. Who knows?" Ken wonders.

"I thought my mom's home is probably the best place to go. She lives in a populated area and with a large backyard parking. We could hide there the van and the car."

"Yeah, I was thinking the same. Paul just called and told her you would be coming with two guests. Ken responded.

"Poor my mom, again being part of these games," Lynn laments. "But she will enjoy the excitement!" What the hell!" Lynn exclaims. "She might be bored watching TV." Lynn added with a smirk on her face.

"You should take a winding way to her home. They might follow you or try to intercept your vehicle. Be aware and armed and make sure Tom and Samir are armed too. Maybe, Tom or Samir should travel with you. The car is agiler. If the two guys go in the van, that will limit your power." Ken suggests.

"Don't forget they are scientists, not cops," Lynn says.

"Well, Jordan says they know how to defend themselves." Ken points out. "But let's move, leave the house lights on and the dog inside with some food and water, please. As I said, take the back exit and let the van go first and advance a few blocks, then you leave and make sure nobody follows them or you."

"OK, I will follow that," Lynn says.

"Take Tom with you, text your mom's address to Samir and let's keep in touch. He's got enough equipment in that van to do amazing things. I think he could scramble any attempts to surveillance the van or you. Let's get going, and God bless you. I love you!"

"OK darling, I love you too. Good luck with your thing over there. How is it going?"

"We are monitoring the meeting. These people are discussing incredible stuff. I'll tell you later. Stay in touch." They hung up.

Samir's vehicle is a regular unmarked van and doesn't attract much attention. Lynn's car is a black Mercedes.

Lynn gives the guy, travel instructions and they are ready to take on the road. Tom will go with Lynn in the Mercedes and Samir on his own in the van.

They are ready to leave the premises when Samir spots one of the characters passing by again. They can't see the van from the street, nor the car, who is in one of the garages. They decide to wait a few minutes for the other person to pass by the house. Following the same pattern, five minutes later, the second character passes by and stops for a few seconds. Then, continues his walk. Thru the street cameras, Samir sees them getting into a car, with two other men. They are wearing white jumpsuits as usual. They start the car's engine and move to the next block. Fortunately, the agent's visibility is not as good as the previous spot, so Lynn and the guys decided to move on.

Samir, driving the van, goes first to the back exit and gets on the road in direction to Lynn's mother. Lynn and Tom, wait a few minutes and communicating with Samir, he gives him the OK to move forward.

The Agents on the front street, suddenly make a turn and they go to the house back street. Lynn, warned by Samir, who is watching the agent's rapid move, stop her exit and turns back, open the front gate with her remote control and leave the house in another direction.

Samir, in contact with them, asks for directions. Lynn tells him to watch for a tail and if nobody is following him, to continue his way to her mom's house. "We will be the decoy so that you can go ahead to my mother's home," Lynn tells Samir. He confirms he is got no tail and continues his road map to Lynn's mom house. Lynn spots the Agent's car, and she steps up the gas trying to get rid of them.

Familiar with the neighborhood, Lynn takes some utility roads, and in a few minutes, she gets rid of the tail. Tom contacts Samir and asks him for his coordinates. Samir tells Tom where he is.

Tom tells him to continue his driving route and wait for them when he is a couple of blocks from the house.

Lynn continues on her way, taking precautions, making sure no more tails are behind her car.

Finally, they meet a couple of blocks from Lynn mom's house, and they wait for ten minutes, to confirm nobody is following them. Lynn's Mercedes enters the premises, then the van, and both vehicles are hiding on the back, behind some trees. Samir and Tom continue to monitor the streets and confirm they have lost the agent's tail.

At the Catskill's compound, the reunion is in full activity, and the news continues to come to the surprise of Martin, Ken, and the others.

By now, we have learned that the Khwaja's are ready to taking a small army of radical soldiers to P. 2055, to try to overthrow the peaceful 'Romos' Government. They have accumulated sufficient weapons and explosives to accomplish the task. It seems the Khwaja's have been stocking some arms and ammo in P. 2055. They count on the Government's Police weakness, a National Guard like force, that without an existent Army, they are the only defenders in the Planet.

The Compound leaders are excited that they could expand their operation, and since the Khwaja's leadership have no problems in transferring the command to them, it seems the deal is a go.

The radical terrorists are anxious to start.

The Terrorists Head tells the Agents:

"So we have to set the time to sending our troops to your Planet, but how does this work? Ho many soldiers we can transfer at one time?"

"So far, we can transport them in groups of 100 people at the time, to what we call the Lobby. But we are working on the possibility to enlarge the operation considerably. I will let you know soon."

"I see," "The Terrorist leader says.

"Once inside the 'Lobby' we can transfer them in larger groups to our Planet, but there are many bubbles available, so that won't take that much time." The Agents' lead says. And he adds: "We have to make sure we complete the process without being noticed by the local Police, or the 'whistleblowers.' We have our plans for housing the warriors and you too." He says.

"It seems you are prepared for this, huh?" The Chief terrorist questions.

"We have been planning this for months," He responds. "We are ready to go!"

Steve can't believe the conversation. The Agents are ready to give away his Planet to a bunch of radicals, just like that!

"Do you believe this conversation?" Steve asks.

"Yes, it is hard to believe, but it sounds real and pathetic!" Martin replies.

"So, we better start taking some decisions here. This is a major issue." Ken suggests.

"We must stop the Khwaja's as soon as possible! We can not allow them to go ahead with this crazy plan. This is War! A devastating one!" Steve sadly says. I don't know how, but I hope you could suggest something!"

"In my experience the element surprise is relevant. The first strike always does it twice." Ken assures,

"The problem is that you, people at P. 2055 must eliminate the Khwaja's in your Planet at the same time, or they will attempt the Coup again," Ken warns.

"Yes, I remember reading a Niccolo Machiavelli's book, where he informs the Ruler; 'The Prince that wounds his enemy and let him survive is worth of pity. He will cure his wound and come back with his friends to kill him'." Martin recalls!

"That's the wisest advice." Ken strikes! And asks: "So what should you do?" Steve is apparently confused and overwhelmed with the developments. A philosophy professor from a Parallel World Peaceful Planet is not used to that kind of pressure.

"I would like to eliminate them altogether. We could take a similar decision back in P. 2055," Steve remarks.

"OK. We can do that on the Khwaja's way back to Brooklyn." Ken suggests. And adds: "Barron has a Predator on the sky ready to shoot at any time. But what concerns me more, is the terrorists, who our Government can not touch because our 'political correctness' and our Constitution forbids to do anything to them. I can't honestly disregard the fact they will continue to grow, to poison their children's minds and one day; they will do the same in our country!" Ken says with consternation in his voice!

"That is scary!" Jordan snaps!

"I think this is part of another project." Martin intervenes. "Let's decide first about the present one, and then we can concentrate on the other."

"I'm glad you agree with me, Martin," Ken, experienced on these tasks, trained to keep a logical order is trying not to divert the energy and the tactical skills. Although they should keep an eye on the future.

Meanwhile, Tom and Samir, at Lynn mother's house have retrieved the 'Super-Bug' and the 'Hummingbird' drones to the van driven by Howard and into Jordan's hands.

"I think we must review the facts and elaborate a conscious plan that could keep us within the Law while being able to achieve our mission," Martin observes.

"Yeah," Ken states. "For some reason, I don't buy the idea to shooting everyone in the compound, even if we could do it without being indicted." Ken continues. "First of all. If we kill the Agents, their bodies will disappear without leaving traces. But in the case of the terrorists, they are humans, Earthlings and won't disappear." Ken assures.

"Yeah, and as a human being, it's very different to make a character from another planet vanish than killing a person. Hmm." Martin reflects.

"Let me talk to my superiors and find out the possibilities and the options we can take," Steve says. "I understand what you people said, and I can see your concerns and the consequences." Steve reflects. "It is not a simple decision."

At Lynn Mom's home, she talks to her mother and explains the happenings.

"You and Ken, always playing with fire, huh!" Dorothy, (Lynn's mom) says.

"Oh mom, you know us,!" Lynn responds. "I imagine it is a way to remain young and active!" Lynn jokes.

"But this time, I don't know, dealing with other Planet's aliens? That sounds scary, my God!" Dorothy worries.

"Yes, I know, but that's what we got now." Lynn states. "We don't choose what is available! It just comes!" Lynn assures.

"I guess you got it, but you could've avoided it, couldn't you? Dorothy asks.

I guess we could've done it, but when the train comes, you have to choose to get in, or let it go." Lynn comments. "But, besides that, Paul got involved involuntarily with his friends, and we couldn't leave him alone!" She added.

"Yeah, I know. You guys would take all the trains, no matter where they would take you, right?. Dorothy questions.

"Well, not precisely, but we certainly are not to stay at the train station forever Mom. We got to move. Keep on running is our motto. And God has blessed us with a marvelous son, that is following our path, not exactly, but with the same philosophy." Lynn asserts vehemently. "Just look how he handled the situation while we were away! It is so rewarding and beautiful, how he has learned from us!" She proudly says.

"Oh, you are right on that," Dorothy agrees. "Paul is a wonderful boy. I love him dearly,!" Dorothy assures. "He has been a blessed soul since the beginning. I always pray for him!"



Tom and Samir, which have listened to the conversation, ask Lynn:

"I hate to interrupt such a nice talk, but we need to know what is next for us if you don't mind. We could contact Jordan and find out the situation there. What do you think?" Tom is asking.

"You can contact him, sure, and we'll take it from there." Lynn answers.

Tom calls Jordan:

"Hi Jordan, what's going on?" Our babies did a good job, right,?" Tom asks Jordan.

"Flawless my friend, perfect. I am so happy and thankful to have you and Samir as partners. An incredible job!" Jordan happily says.

"I hope your friends enjoyed the show, huh?"

"Of course they did! They were thrilled all the time. The sound was also perfect. We heard every word they were saying as clear as being present." Jordan said.

"Wow, that is so rewarding Jordan. It's an incredible experience.!" Tom confesses.

"However, we must keep working on some interference. Some noise we must cancel, maybe find additional channels that can switch on and off. We got to work on that. Got it?"

"Sure, we will." Tom agrees.

"And let me tell you what I heard thru the vine," Jordan says, mysteriously.

"What?"

"General Barron showed some interest in our little toys. He considers them a potentially valuable tool for the Armed Forces!" Jordan says, gradually increasing his voice!

"Wow, wow, wow," Tom repeats! "that sound like a dream come true!"

"OK, stay with Lynn and wait for instructions from Ken! I'll see you later at the headquarters."

"OK." They hung up.

Back at the Catskill's, Howard, Peter, and Travis are gathering their equipment together and getting ready to go back to their base. For them, is mission accomplished! They say bye to the group and Ken, Jordan, and Martin, personally thank the men for their help.

"I will give a good word to General Barron, guys, you are fantastic pros, thanks again. It was an honor working with you!" Ken says with gratitude.

The service men get into the van and drive away.

"Now we should wait until Steve gets back with some feedback. We didn't complete the task yet." Martin commented.

"What it bugs me really, is this compound in the Catskills!" Ken wonders. "I can see this growing as a Cancer in our country."

"Yeah, and for what I heard, there are many others around our towns and cities! Paul adds.

"Yeah, and the Government seems indolent about it. It's like some politicians are siding with the ideology they are pushing" Jordan says. "It is rather scaring!"

"You know, what I think is the politicians or at least some of them, are cashing in the opportunity to secure the illegal aliens, that are already proliferating and their votes for the future," Martin assures. I believe in a conspiracy from the left, attempting to take over the minority Party and build a coalition with certain radical religious fanatics, to oppose the conservatives. If they manage to succeed on that plan, our Nation will turn another European Liberal Country with a chaotic population that eventually will be overwhelmed by the uncontrollable birth-rate inflicted by that the invasion from the Middle-East, to Europe and parts of Africa and trying to expand to America." Martin foretells.

"I agree with you Martin," Ken adds. "Many times, Philosophy only advances the facts that are going to occur. When People are moving erratically and without order, always have caused troubles and unrest among the steady populations. I think that liberty is something good, but the disorder is pernicious, and Countries without borders can only fall into chaos and violence!" Ken concurs.

"Yeah, immigration is a good thing when it is controlled and done in a legal way." Paul comments.

"I see, we agree on a 100%, guys!" Martin says. "We should look to the British People. They jumped out of that stupid European coalition, that is destroying them and their institutions." He remarked.

Amy, Julia, and Alice that were gathering some gadgets together also commented about the busy morning.

"I am relieved that nothing violent happened," Amy says.

"Yeah, for a moment, I feared for Lynn's safety," Julia commented.

"Me too," Alice said. Especially when the agents were chasing her and Tom."

"Well, she seems to have some experience on these matters" Amy assured.

"Yeah, and I am afraid we are getting some of it too," Julia commented with a smirk,

Martin, gets closer to them and smiling says:

"OK ladies, I think that's it for the day. We are going back to the headquarters. Tomorrow will be another day, and we don't have a clue what we'll be doing! Let's wait for Steve's news."

Going back home, Martin, Ken, and Jordan continue to elaborate on the plans, especially with concerns about the homegrown terrorists, a modality that it seems to be getting out of hands and without the proper attention from the authorities.

The size of the training camp in the Catskills shows a serious potential that they couldn't properly evaluate because of the facility presents a much bigger capacity; the number of buildings and their size is not known yet, as well as the number of people involved in it. Not all members live in the facility.

They could investigate further into the details, but the Training Camp occupants appear to be well prepared for defense, and they couldn't check what kind of surveillance system they use. Unless Ken could get some help from his friend Barron, the task could become extremely dangerous, besides illegal. Dealing with the

US Government is not the same as doing it with a Planet in the Parallel World.

But, of course, with the addition of the beautiful mini-drones developed by Jordan, Tom, and Samir, another wider panorama opens up. However, the logistics in a public open field as the massive Catskill Mountains is so significant, that hiding there could present a bit of a problem.

Knowing the character of the terrorist group, we could assume that they patrol the surroundings pretty often.

Also, either Martin, Paul, Ken or Jordan, are sensible people, with high human values and although they may hate the Terrorists and their ideology, they are not about to assassinate them in cold blood.

Although Martin, especially is introducing, quite convincingly, the selling of his theory to his friends: 'Death is only an Illusion,' they are not ready to start an independent bloody war, to eliminate people that are protected by the US Constitution. The notion as said in the Vedas, that 'Death is only an Illusion,' is a spiritual one and science has not accepted that theory as factual because they can not prove it as yet.

Martin continues to push the related facts and his students/friends, and now Paul's parents, have formed a block of passionate believers, helped by the appearance of Steve and his ideas and experiences from the Planet P. 2055.

Steve has promised to bring with him more members of the group to visit P. 2055. The number is not known yet until the danger is over, the political and military problems end and the traveling would be completely safe.

Martin, as well as the rest of the group, are banking on it and patiently waiting for a move and the opportunity to temporarily transfer their bodies to P. 2055. He's got the feeling, but he wants more; a deeper experience.

The whole group desires to have a taste of it, except Ken and his wife Lynn, that have not expressed that any of them would like to be part of the adventure. It is not a negative. Only they haven't talked about it yet.

## CHAPTER 7

### *The Universes realm*

The Gate at Ken's home opens, and the two vehicles enter the premises, and as usual they park in the back. No one can see their ample backyard and parking lot from the front entrance, and although the Khwaja's are familiar with the house, they don't want to volunteer information.

Inside the house, everybody is refreshing their bodies after a full busy and complicated day of hard work.

The women help Lynn to prepare some dinner, while Martin, Ken, Jordan, Tom, and Samir, are commenting the day's events.

"Now, as soon as Steve comes back with some fresh news, we have many hard decisions to take," Martin points.

"I have no problem with regards to Steve and the P. 2055. Their issues don't affect us deep inside. Ken comments. We got involved just because we saw a potential problem that we could've help solving." Ken continues, "But since then, the situation escalated to a higher level to the point that now, our country's safety could be at stakes." Ken, worried, affirms.

"Yes, not only that. But we have discovered some incipient plot that could be of extreme danger to our lives." Jordan says.

"At the beginning, I confess, I didn't see a tremendous danger, but after we went inside with the "Super-Bug," and heard those people talking, I believe they are mean, and decided to do anything to reach their goal," Martin affirms. "They definitely hate our Constitution, and they are ready to replace it with some of their own" Ken declares. "It's very worrisome."

"Also, judging by their words, they have no fear! They are hungry for expansion, to conquering. I see all them as a suicidal kind of people." Tom adds, "And those are the most dangerous individuals you can deal with. They don't fear death." He

finishes his sentence with a question mark. "As a matter of fact, they desire death to reach their goal in what they relate as heaven, with imaginary virgins at their disposal, waiting for their arrival."

"Yeah, but we should not diversify our commitment. I believe we must concentrate on our immediate goal and leave other projects for the future, once we resolve our present task." Martin says with conviction. And adds: "If we are successful at this time," He asserts.

Julia enters the room and announces:

"OK people, Dinner is ready. We've been working hard on it!

"I don't know what life would be without women!" Martin says.

"Well, don't get too used to it," Replies Julia with a smirk.

"Did I sound too chauvinistic?" Martin asks. "My apologies." He adds, blushing.

Amy, Alice, and Lynn are bringing some dishes and the men get up to help them. Some of them, go to the kitchen to carry other stuff and get back to the dinner table.

They enjoy the dinner together and making comments about the food.

Then, Amy who has been quiet for a while says:

"All these past events have been exciting and educating, but I miss the core of our initial project." She pauses, while everyone is listening with attention.

"Our conversation was getting very deep into the subject," Amy adds.

"I understand," Martin agrees. "But believe it or not, we still are circling the theme. All these events happening around us could be applied to enhance the philosophical knowledge about it."

"Why don't we move to the Living Room so we can lift the dishes, please." Courteously, Lynn asks.

Everybody help with the dishes, and finally, they seat around the coffee table. Lynn thanks, everyone and says:

"We'll do the dishes later. Now let's get into the conversation." She says, genuinely interested.



"My dear Julia, I must apologize for my chauvinistic remarks earlier. I hope you realize that I am not like that. It was just a mishap, really! I am sorry." Martin honestly said.

"Do not worry Martin, you have so many great features, that your apologies are not necessary, indeed" Julia confesses. The rest nodded.

"But, let's go on with the lecture," Amy reminds them.

"Death is only an Illusion," Martin remarks and pauses.

"The other day, while in a doctor's office, who a friend of mine manages, I mention the phrase and of course, in Medical terms it sounds kind of silly or rather phony."

"One or the nurses who I had just met, was thinking for a moment and when my friend left the room, she asked me to explain it. I was going to say something when my friend came back and also asked me to clarify my phrasing."

My friend, a skilled Neurology Registered Nurse with vast knowledge and experience, was puzzled by my words, but the office was busy, and they were ready to go home. So we had to dismiss the subject for the moment. The nurse I just had met said:"

"I've got to go home now, but if you write something about it, please I'd like to read it. It was nice meeting you". And she left the room. They were closing the office for the day.

"So, that means that even scientists can get puzzled by the topic, Huh." Julia points out.

"Of course," Tom says. "Being a scientist doesn't mean you don't believe in things they haven't been proved accurately. Since ancient times, literature has been a primary source of scientific inquiry, consequential hypotheses, then the guiding principles of physics apply. Modernization and evolution are valid considerations, so the arrival to a thesis sometimes comes, or not. The process is very lengthy and painful."

"Yeah, but in between, we still have to conduct our lives, huh!, Samir, who had been attentive but quiet, said.

"Excellent observation Samir. Lately, we have to add a very powerful evolutionary change." Martin, laconically states:"The

scientific community's Multiverse acknowledgment is one of them."

"That became the pebble in the shoe." Alice jokes.

"You are perfectly right on that, Alice." Martin agrees. "Science always stumbles when Poets and Philosophers open an inquiry. Some of them hate it, but they assemble the challenges. Especially Philosophers, who every day more and more are bringing Science and Philosophy closer together. Some Scientists don't trust this closeness, but I find it very encouraging and real. Martin words are definitively leaving a mark on his friend's minds.

"The mysteries of the mind are so profound that they have taken everybody hostage of an exciting concept of life, that not only deals with the Planet Earth but now, confirmed by science, is messing with the idea of some Parallel Worlds and even the Parallel Universes."

"I see your point," Paul concurs. "And you affirm that it could be all in our minds?"

"Well, not 'only' in our minds," Martin remarks. "It could be that the minds also represent other dimensions! Martin states. Actually, the Vedas mention sixty-four of them" Martin rubricated.

"But as far as the dimensions concern. According to Vedic physics, the space inside our universe is multi-dimensional. There are sixty-four main dimensions, as said and each one of them further divides into many sub-aspects." He pauses. "Since the inhabitants of the Earth can perceive only three dimensions, their senses have no access to many other realms of universal reality.!" Martin explains.

"We only have learned how to live in a three dimensional Universe," Martin continues, "But for the acceptance of the Parallel Worlds, there's a need, modern scientists say, that we consider at least ten dimensions. That's what many scientists affirm." Martin assures. "Of course that is unthinkable for our limited intellects." He adds. "And that is without considering the sixty-four dimensions mentioned in the Vedas." And with a smirk in his mouth, he adds: "Now, just figure that the Vedas were

written some Fifty-five hundred years ago! But the essence printed at that time reflected thousands of years of prior knowledge passed by the word or mouth! Then with the appearance of the Sanskrit Language, it was written in that code." Consider that Sanskrit is the first language with a full alphabet and high standards. Everybody's jaws dropped at once!

Ken, that had been glued to the topics but in silence, asks:

"So, do you think life has a form? I mean intrinsically." Ken asked.

"Geometrical? Well, we could say variable.

"What I think, is that life is energy, and it doesn't have a definite form. It is like when you put some colored gas inside a balloon; you can see the gas changing its shape and adopting the balloon's format. But this gas still has the same volume and properties. Meaning that the enclosing parameters will give the gas its format." Martin explains. "And it varies accordingly."

"So, regarding life as we know it, when the body dies, or let's say, stops functioning. Where does the life go?" Ken inquiries.

"That is the question. As Shakespeare presented it in Hamlet! 'To be or not to be!' It is surely the most famous phrase in our World, undoubtedly the most intriguing one. It's still a valid question, as we learn now from the ancient Vedas, that since the eternity of the soul's condition, life is indestructible so, Hamlet fears are legitimate and more than possible, we should expect them. Bad dreams could also be called differently, and they could melt in a mix of eternal life, thoughts, and dreams. So what is the use of suicide?" Martin questions. "That was the Shakespeare's character: Hamlet's dilemma." He concludes.

"It is complicated, but at one point it makes a lot of sense." Julia agrees.

"And besides, I've read in the Vedas, that when someone commits suicide, when they come back in another body, their Karma takes over at the same point that they were when they took their life," Paul mentions. "And it makes sense." He remarks. "Peoples actions do not affect Karma, at that point. You can only improve your Karma with good works, but suicide is not one of them because it attempts to alter the creator's purpose."

"I am at the point that every day, I feel the need to learn more about these themes," Alice says. "They are fascinating!" She underlines.

"I could feed you with more information, coming from the Vedas, if you like," Martin asks everyone,

"Yes, please," Amy pleads.

Martin continues:

"Accordingly with the Shrimad Bhagavatam, also written about Fifty-five hundred years ago, give and take, the entire life of the Universes is of 100 universal days and 100 universal nights. Each universal day/night lasts for 4,320,000,000 Earth years." Martin quotes. "Keep tracking of the statement's date: Fifty-five hundred years old."

"After each day, a partial dissolution would take place which starts a Universal night. After the night is over, another partial recreation occurs, starting a new Universal day, and so on. The destruction of the Universe takes place after the 100 Universal days/nights in which, the Planetary system will collapse."

Everybody is glued to Martin's mouth movements, and the sound of his words entering their ears as sharp darts, seeking to reach their brains depth.

"Accordingly to the Vedic cosmology, there are fourteen planetary systems in the Universes. They all have names, but I don't want to jam your brains giving you names to remember." He mentions. "But I can say that the Srimad Bhagavatam locates the Planet Earth in the number seven level: Burloka, in the Bhumandala planetary system, which is divided into seven subdivisions. Said system, from a vast distance, looks like a flat disk. Martin continues, while the rest listened in wonder.

"Now, below the 14 planetary levels, a planet named Pitriloka is located, and on this planet, is the Narakloka planetary system, a hellish one or a lower level of existence, with 27 subdivisions, containing hundreds of thousands of planets more." Martin states. "I see that you've already lost track of them. Didn't you?"

"I am good at math, but I confess that is getting hard even to imagine it" Jordan concedes.

"If it weren't coming from you, Martin, I would take all this as a bedtime children's story," Ken confesses.

"Please continue Martin," Lynn urges. "This is fascinating."

"The Shrimad Bhagavatam states that the Consciousness level of the souls at the Narakloka is shrunk to an extremely low life concentrations.

"The Bhagavatam allow us to calculate the exact age of the sun and even its life span. If you want, I can let you know the exact figures, but they are so large that you have to allow me to consult some drafts I have in my computer." Martin asks his friends.

"As a scientist, I am interested in numbers, so if you guys don't mind I would like to, at least, having a brief look at them, would you please, Martin?"

Martin that already had consulted his computer says:

"The sun's creation, goes back 155,521,960,853,118 years ago, taking 2010, as the present year, and it will be dissolute 155,518,039,146,922 Earth years from now. The dissolution is being partial, as well as the light emitted by the Sun. So the appreciation viewed from different points of observation along the Planet Earth, are rising concerns and they trigger several theories about 'climate changes, 'which are variations accordingly with the life of the Sun just described' and modern scientists' speculation."

"But then, the climate changes they are trying to push on us are opposite to the reality?" Alice asks. "Because they are saying the Planet is warming, while the Sun, for what you are saying, is decreasing its temperature and its light. Isn't?"

"Well, they haven't got to an agreement yet. The politics are playing a significant role on it. But let me continue." Martin says. "In the Bhagavatam 5.12.19, it is said the Sun, in its orbit thru Bhumandala, traverses a distance of 95.000 'yojanas' (ancient measurement unit) at the speed of 2.000 'yojanas' and two 'krosas' a moment." And he adds, with a sarcastic attitude. "The traversing distance (760.800.000 miles) and the speed of one revolution completion, comes out to be 16.004 miles per second,

which is very close to modern science calculations," Martin concludes.

"This tells us that those ancient scientists were amazingly intelligent" Tom replies. "Unbelievable, but the figures match."

"Also, the Bhagavatam 9.3.30-32 tells how on person went to the highest planetary system, stayed there for 20 minutes and when returning to Earth, 116.640.000 years had passed by on Earth. He couldn't find his friends, family or anybody he knew. Something Albert Einstein referred this fact on his Special Theory of Relativity, about time dilation for inertial systems."

"Yeah, and you also experienced coming back from your journey to P. 2055, with Steve," Julia recalls.

"But P. 2055 must be in a different system because the time dilation was different," Paul remembers.

"Correct," Martin accepts, "That tells us that the planetary systems difference, as per the Vedic cosmology, may work fine. Even if we don't know the exact figures, the concept seems to function properly."

"I never imagine that I was going to get hooked on this type of themes. Did you, Lynn?" Ken asks.

"Not in a million years," Lynn responds enthusiastically. And she adds, "Please continue Martin; you got me hooked too."

"There is also some calculation of time measuring, but It is pure mathematics, and I don't want to bore you with numbers. I prefer to keep it on the philosophical side of the issue, so we can talk about it and get to some conclusions." Martin explains.

"And what about Darwin theories? Do they fit in?" Paul is asking.

"OK. Let's call it the Biological Evolution. The Vedic evolutionary theory differs from the Darwinian in that the common ancestor is a super intelligent humanoid, not a single-celled bacterium (microorganisms), as Darwin asserts." Martin explains, and after a pause, he adds. "All species evolve from a complex form to a simple structure and not vice-versa. The product, although refined and not simple, presents a modified version that eliminates roughness. In other words, a polished version of the erratic original." Martin continues, "The genes of

complex species, contain all the necessary genetic information to build other genes of simpler species.

Also, the Vedas describe another type of evolutionary process: Consciousness! An indestructible unit within the body. Consciousness was never born and will never die. It is eternal. Although they are equal in qualities between each other, they display a different range of powers and abilities, which keep an individuality that makes them unique." Martin resounds unequivocal! "As I said before, at the beginning of our conversation, that is the reason I don't believe what some scientists support, that we might have clones of ourselves in other Parallel Planets. This, is my theory, of course not proved but making sense, even scientifically, according to the ancient Vedas writings." Martin smiles, enigmatically smirking.

"That is not all." He pauses. "During the evolutionary process, as the evolution of forms (Physical) descend from higher to lower, degenerating in its course, imperishable consciousness, transmigrates its units from lower to higher species. For example ape to man."

"Amazing," Amy says in awe. "Simply amazing!"

"What it puzzles me, besides a lot of other issues," Alice mentions, "is how the matter manifests itself."

"The Bhagavatam states that matter exists in two conditions: 1) Manifested, and 2) Unmanifested (the absolute). The first one: Manifested, is after the Big Bang, when the expansion is created and when the Universes will be annihilated and transformed back to the Unmanifested condition." Martin explains. "Also: Accordingly to the second law of thermodynamics, the entropy of an isolated system always increases. The entropy is a physical quantity which measures the degree of disorder of a system. By experience, the entropy of a system must always increase if a system is left alone.

"That means that one can create order or disorder, but to achieve that, a conscious being is required to initiate the process. So, for the matter to be ordered, requires a conscious being! Without a conscious being behind it, the laws of physics indicate that the matter only tendency is to increase disorder! The trend of

the Universe to continuously expand comes from the conscious being who activates matter by injecting consciousness into it!" Martin laconically states. And he adds:

"Thus is my theory that, the first material particle before de Bang, had to come from a spiritual energy, located in the spiritual World, as being the trigger; Consciousness." Martin asserts.

"Unbelievable, unbelievable," Ken repeats.

"And to close for today, According to with Vedic Physics, the space inside our Universe(s) is multidimensional. As I mentioned before, there are sixty-four primary dimensions and each one of them it divides into many sub-dimensions. The Earth inhabitants can only perceive three dimensions. Thus, their senses have no access to many other realms of the Universal Material Reality! However, it is said that through the ancient process of some kinds of yoga (specifically kriya yoga), a yogi can achieve access to other dimensions. When he/she obtains those heights, they can perform unusual activities. It is said in the Vedic culture, that a Yogi can attain eight mystical perfections. Each achievement grants him access to eight additional dimensions. Thus by achieving all eight realizations, the person obtains access to all the sixty-four (8 x 8) dimensions, making his body unaffected by space-time bound of physical laws" Martin concludes. "And those are the principles of the Consciousness, as a link to both Worlds. The Spiritual and the Material World. Now called the Multiverse, which includes the Parallel Worlds or Parallel Universes. I hope that what it seems to be very complicated, in the end, I think it is not so. Especially if you open up your mind and liberate it from the attachments of our 'modern civilization.'"

"Cheers and a round of applause, make Martin a red-faced. In reality, Martin is not used to giving this kind of lectures, especially because it would be weird to mix science and philosophy in the way he did it, asserting philosophical concepts that are usually disregarded by the scientific community. Although every day more and more, scientists are allowing philosophical theories to alter their scientific thesis'. The acceptance of the Parallel Universes is one of the recent advances



in recognition of some philosophical concepts, especially coming from the Vedic Physics or Vedic Philosophy.

The Srimad Bhagavatam, Fifth Canto-Part two (by Bhaktivedanta Swami Prabhupada), is an inexhaustible fountain of Vedic cosmological knowledge that continues to amaze the modern scientists, even today! And it is, fortunately, available at your local bookstore.

The phone rings. Martin answers a call from Steve.

"Hi, Steve, what's going on!"

"I've got some news, but I rather tell you personally. I will be there tomorrow morning. Is everybody OK,?" Steve asks.

"Yeah, everything's fine. Just waiting for you and your news! Have a safe trip!" They hung up.

"OK. Steve will be here tomorrow. I think we better get some rest. But before we go to bed, we better help with the dishes. Right, Lynn? You girls worked hard in the kitchen, now is the guys time." Martin tells the men. "Let's go fellows!"

"You know, Martin, I still got some questions for Steve, about P. 2055. I am curious to know more details about their land, their water, raining cycle, rivers bridges, tunnels-- You know, some simple stuff but how do they survive and it puzzles me their problems with some crops. Do you understand me?" Ken questions.

"Of course I do." Martin agrees. "I share many of those issues you have, but I don't want to rush things. Steve is in shock right now, and I've been trying to be as smooth and caring as I can." Martin reminds Ken. "Once the tension decreases, for sure we would be asking him many questions, including the possibility to make a trip that includes all of us," Martin says. "Or at least the ones who want to visit his planet," Martin reassures. "Let's see how things develop in the following days."

"This is getting more interesting by the minute," Lynn murmured.

It's another fashion, different values, strange characters, but I feel like if I was in my twenties again. Don't you feel the same, darling? Lynn asks Ken."

"Yeah, I do feel something exciting, but you're right. It's like we are in another World. Almost like if we were shooting a movie," Ken comments with his eyes squinting.

Meanwhile, Paul, Jordan, Tom, Samir and the three girls went to the kitchen to taking care of the dishes. Then, they came back to the dining table and found Martin, Ken, and Lynn speaking, in a serious mood. They didn't want to break up the conversation, as a signal of respect for the elders, but also, catching up with their thoughts was refreshing and helpful to hear the experienced people talking.

The lecture given by Martin earlier was something that had entered very deep in their minds, and the stature of their Professor was showing his real value.

Ken and Lynn, also benefitted from Martin's contact. Although they had massive skills and wisdom, it was another kind of knowledge that combined with Martin's, it had built a strong, powerful alliance, difficult to define.

Martin, Ken, and Lynn were immersed in their talk, and they didn't even realize the presence of the younger, nor their absence for a few minutes they spent in the Kitchen doing the dishes.

Then, Ken realized the presence of Paul and the guys and said: "OK, let's do the dishes now."

"Too late," Julia said, smirking. "We did it, but never mind Martin, we are so grateful for your lecture today, that I would do the dishes again if I had to." And getting closer to him, she kissed him on the cheek and embraced him dearly.

"It was a pleasure to cooperate in the kitchen, Martin," Amy said.

"It was an amazing day," Alice added.

"OK," Jordan says. "We better prepare the tools and gadgets for tomorrow, right Ken?"

"Yes, I thought that we should place Tom's van closer to the scene, maybe in another better location. What do you guys think?" Ken asks.

"That's not a bad idea. Tom concurs. "Now that we know the terrain, we could take advantage of our experience, don't you think, Jordan?"

"Of course," Jordan replied, "I saw a few spots we could use."

"Tomorrow, when Steve is back, we'll know what time they are going to meet," Martin says. But now we will go altogether. Right?

"Sure, we must learn from our errors, right Lynn?" Ken agrees.

Lynn, who is arranging some stuff around the house, says:

"I'm glad you remember I exist," Lynn jokes from a distance."

"Mom, please don't even joke about those things. You are number one for us. Right, dad?

Ken and Paul embrace Lynn, in a bear hug!

"OK, people, let's get some rest. We'll be up very early. Steve will call me before he comes in. I'll let you know!"

Everybody goes to their rooms, except for Jordan, Tom, and Samir, that engage in preparing the van for the next day's adventure.

"I've been thinking about the sound problem, Jordan," Samir says.

"Oh, yes and what do make out of it?" Jordan replies.

"I think the tree's foliage are preventing some of the channels involved to do the right job. That is a classic on the forest."

"Do you think that adding another channel to a different frequency could help?"

"Yeah, but because the foliage moves steadily but erratically, I don't know if it would be the final solution." Samir wonders.

"Hmmm," Jordan hesitated.

"So, I added a couple of extra channels that would pick up sounds in different frequencies to try something," Samir added.

"I think it could work if they act as superimposed, overlapped and not as 'Push/pull.' circuit," Jason suggests.

"That's exactly what I did. So, I assigned each channel to the left and right but adding a mixer at the end of the circuit. Let's see if it works. I can always cancel the operation from the board." Samir replies.

"OK, it sounds fair. I hope it works. But anyway, the defect is not that great. We can hear the conversation well. It's just that

little noise, but I guess we can live with it anyway. It's no big deal, after all."

"Just remember that in the woods, the foliage moving alters the normal communication with the satellites. That is a known obstacle." Tom mentions. "Limitations, huh!"

"You know, when you said that Gen. Barron Smith showed some interest in our invention, I felt an incredible satisfaction. A sense of accomplishment, but overall, that we could help our military... That is something impossible to describe, Jordan. It made me so happy.!

"I think I didn't have the time to enjoy the feeling, because when the General mention that to Ken, and he told me his words, I think just now I realize the meaning. Now that you said that, I really feel the same way with a few hours delay. It's funny but very rewarding," The two friends hug each other in joy.

"Wow, what's the celebration," Tom says as he is entering the room.

"Come here Tom, this is also to be shared with you, my friend, Jordan screams." and a bear hug is now shared among the three friends. "We are celebrating that our invention will probably help our Military. You heard that Gen. Barron praised our little drones." Jordan recalls.

"Yeah, I didn't have the time to react to that, but it's amazingly comforting and flattering, really! Tom agrees. The three friends and partners continue for a few minutes to comment on the subject and then, turn the lights off and go having some rest, looking out for a new day of service to their country!

## CHAPTER 8

### *Testing The Grounds*

It is 5 am, and Martin's phone rings.

"Good morning Steve, how are you?"

"Good morning Martin. I'm 20 minutes away from the house.

"OK, we're waiting for you."

"I'll be there shortly." They hung up.

Everybody is getting ready for the day. Ken is giving instructions to Paul and the girls to load the weapons in the SUV, while Jordan, Tom, and Samir are giving the final touches to the equipment in the van.

They know that it is going to be an important day, as far as decisions concern. The Khwaja's activities approaching the terrorists will define some action, depending on the reunion ahead.

They are prepared to spy on them and have the right tools to learn every single word they will say and watch every move they make or a plan to execute.

Steve is ringing the bell, and Ken opens the door.

"Good morning Ken," Steve says.

"Good morning Steve, how was your trip?"

"OK, thanks."

Steve walks into the house, and everybody greets him,

They are gathering around the dining table having breakfast.

"Come in and make yourself comfortable, Steve," Lynn greets him.

There are bagels, cream cheese, and coffee if you like it" She says.

"Oh, thank you, Lynn, I already ate something." He responds.

Steve seats at the table and speaks to them.

"OK, the news are that the Khwaja's are already preparing to come to New York, and meet with the terrorists. They suppose to

arrive at the compound on the Catskills around mid-day," Steve announces.

"Good," Ken says, "we've got plenty of time to be there before they arrive," He agrees, then he says: "I don't think we would need the help from Barron's people this time. We now know the field better, and I don't believe we'd have major problems. But anyway, I was talking with him last night, and he offered us to have a drone over the region, just in case we need it." Ken tells them, sneering. He paused, and then mysteriously says. "Of course I accepted."

"The other thing I've got is that my superiors think that we should wait to eliminate the agents until we know for sure of their plans, and even having a concrete date for the invasion they're planning," Steve tells the group.

"Steve," Ken is talking, "There are some questions I'd like to ask you."

"Please do it," Steve replies.

"First of all, I would like to know more about your planet. Why don't you describe the most important features of your land daily life, habits--- In other words, I'd like to have a better idea about you, people. And I think the rest of us would welcome that information too!" Ken asserts, looking to everyone for approval on his request.

"I'll be pleased to inform you that first of all, our Planet: P. 2055, is a flat land of the size of North America. Steve continues: "Our land is separated into two parts by a deep Ocean, which divides the 'two continents,' using your formats and expressions. There are no bridges or passages in between them, and of course, the only way to cross from one Continent to the other is by some vessel, although that other region has no technical development at all. It is entirely wild and undeveloped." Steve continues: " Only one of the Continents is populated by humans while the other is totally virgin and unexplored. There are signs of the existence of an abnormal kind of individuals that are entirely in the savage stages. We believe that they are proceeding from other lower level planets. Hellish planets." Steve mentions. "I don't know if you are aware of their existence," He asks.

"Yes, that concurs with the information I collected in the Vedas. They call it Narakloka. The Vedas inform that there are 14 planetary levels. Below these, a planet called Pitriloka is located and below the Pitriloka planet is the Narakloka planetary system (or hell) which has further 27 sub-divisions containing hundreds of thousands of planets more, all of the hellish characteristics." Martin recalls his Vedic readings.

"I see you've got a vast knowledge of the Vedas, Martin! I am impressed." He remarks

And Martin continues:

"In the Srimad Bhagavatam, it's stated, that the consciousness level of the souls that are sent to the Narakloka Planet are the minimized ones and an extremely decaying layer of individuals," Martin adds.

"I recall some of the references you bring, Martin. Although we have knowledge of the Vedas, our rulers have opted for a more secular interpretation of their philosophy, although the principles in the mentioned Scriptures are part of our philosophy." Steve pauses and adds, "Our people is as simple as the Vedic people tell, but the Idol worshipping is not as prominent as in the Vedic culture. Usually, our citizens read the vast collection of the Vedic literature or passages from it, in the childhood. I recognize some of the names you've just mention, and they coincide with the facts in that part of our land, wild and underdeveloped. But as I said, we don't know much about it." Steve confesses. "Neither our people has been particularly curious about that part of our Planet. Maybe by fear to know the reality, (we've heard that the inhabitants are of a very low life, even sub-human, and anthropophagous), or maybe because they don't care, who knows. But the truth is that so far there hasn't been a significant interest to find out a possibly ugly truth." Steve confesses. "But even if there was something positive about that other Continent to develop, I think we have our plate full trying to learn about the inhabitable part of our Continent, and our people is not curious enough to take the risks that such task would take," Steve explained.

"And what about your 'Gates.' I mean, leaving and returning to P. 2055?" Ken inquires. "Who controls those 'Bubbles?' Who

manages the routing? Because I've heard you saying that you have several 'Gates' here in New York City," Ken questions.

"Our scientists and the Government officials are the ones who manage that," Steve responds. And adds: "That is part of our Security Agency."

"Do you also have 'Gates' in the undeveloped part of the Continent? How do you call them?" Ken inquires.

"The living part which occupies about two-thirds of the land, we call it Home. The other part: we call it 'Alien's Field.'. See, our population is not that numerous, and our lifestyle is not asking for expansion yet. We have enough land to cover our needs, because we try to utilize the sexual intercourse as a tool for reproduction mainly, and our people is educated and knowledgeable of the problems with over population in our living space, our birth rate maintains a wise equilibrium. So, we've never had the necessity to explore the other part of our planet." Steve paused. "One good reason is that some people that tried to explore the 'Aliens Field' never came back," Steve commented.

"And those bubbles that transfer people; how many individuals can they move at one time?" Ken inquires, giving a smirked look at Martin.

"The amount is to our needs, and the Government can change the quantity of individuals being transferred at one time," Steve responds. "I ignore the limit."

"I am curious to know if those bubbles destinations can be changed, let's say, to another Planet," Ken asks, with a strange look on his face. He seemed to be going to uncharted territories, but without revealing the extent of his question.

"That I don't know, but I could ask someone," Steve replies. "I'll let you know." He continues to describe life in P. 2055. "As you know, we have two essential crops to feed us. Soybeans and Apples, besides a series of vegetables that complete our diet."

"But I heard that you have some genetic problems with them, Have you,?" Ken asks.

"Yes, that is due to the acidity of our soil. We are trying to correct the soil's Ph. to a number between 5.5 and 7, although we are working to have different regions with different



measurements. We are afraid that repeating the crops could affect the soil negatively. That's the reason I asked Amy and Alice to get some information and advice about it." Steve concludes.

"Amy and I are working on that. I hope once we are done with the actual problem, we could give you some answers." Alice said.

"I understand," Steve states. "I'm just answering general questions."

"Are you satisfied with Steve's answers, Ken?" Martin asks.

"Oh yeah, I have more, but now we got to get going, right?" Ken asks.

"I think we better get on the road now," Jordan urges. "So we have some time to explore the terrain. I will be in the van with you guys." Talking to Tom and Samir.

"We won't be far away, this time. I think it's better to be close by, for any emergency." Ken says. But we all have the 'comm.-ear pieces,' right? Ken inquires.

"Yeah," Jordan replies, "Also, you'll have a couple of monitors in the SUV, to keep tracking of the van and the drones. All the equipment was tested last night." Jordan explains. "So, let's move on guys," he's talking to Tom and Samir. And they leave the house toward the van.

It's a three-hour drive to the Catskills, and our guys are planning their moves.

Martin, Steve, Ken and the women are gathering their stuff together. Lynn, Julia, Amy, and Alice, are loading the weapons in the SUV and some food and drinking stuff for the day. Finally, they leave the house, going toward the Catskills.

Arriving at the mountains, they get in touch with Jordan, who gives them the coordinates of their position.

They are not far from the Van's location and checking the site from the satellite; Jordan gives them some indications about possible places where they can stay in touch with the operation. He already had released the 'Hummingbird' near the compound, so they have a good panoramic view of the surroundings. The

'Hummingbird' is performing beautifully. The images are sending a clear and sharp look of the Compound to the van's monitors. Suddenly, Tom sees a shadow going thru the terrain nearby and tells Jordan about it.

The person doesn't seem to have noticed the vehicle, which the tree guys have camouflaged with a military net and some tree branches. They remain aware of the possible problems. Jordan, Tom, and Samir are armed with Uzis submachine-guns and a couple of M-16's Assault rifles, just in case, they need them.

The guards are a few yard far from the van, exploring the terrain, inspecting the surroundings.

The semi-clouded sky helps to hide thru the foliage at the mountains.

Suddenly, an armed guard is walking toward the van in a dangerously close move, although he appears to ignore Jordan and his friends' presence. As the guard continues to walk toward their vehicle, another fellow guard comes closer to the first one, and they talk. After a couple of minutes discussing something, Jordan and Tom can't hear, they turn back and keep descending toward the Building's direction. It was a close call!

Meanwhile, at the SUV, Ken and Martin discuss with Steve the agent's actions.

Ken, who has been trying to learn more about the P. 2055, has some other questions for Steve.

"Steve, I have another question, just for curiosity," Ken asks. "Could one of those bubbles who transfer people between planets, be deflected to another planet? And if that would be the case; could the guys in it override your orders?" Ken questions.

"See, Ken. The bubble is a passive vehicle, meaning that doesn't have an input equipment to re-direct the target. I could guess that our scientists could recover it from their labs in P. 2055, but honestly, I don't think that ever happened. So mine is an honest guess only." Steve replies.

"But, do you think that could be happening? I mean, the error, sending the bubbles to a different destination, other than P. 2055,?" Steve insists.

"I think so, although I would have to ask that question to the proper people." Steve answers.

Martin, who has been attentive to the conversation, in silence, is elaborating some theories in his mind about Ken's questions, but he didn't want to intervene. His curious mind is telling him, that question had a double intention, but he prefers saying nothing at that time.

"Interesting," Ken mumbled. He looks at Martin, smirking.

The monitors show some action. We can see the two vehicles with the Agents arriving at the Terrorists Compound. The guards at the gate greet them, and two people, coming from one of the constructions approach them.

The Khwaja's agents are nine individuals, dressing in a white jumpsuit, and they salute the hosts. The two characters that came to greet the visitors invite the agents to go into one of the buildings. Inside, some other members of the Terror organization welcome the incoming foreigners and ask them to seat on the floor around a large low height table. Various dishes with foods and some beverages are served. They invite the agents to have some food, which is accepted by the visitors.

After a brief break enjoying the food, the person appearing to be the terrorist's leading voice says:

"We are eager to know the news you are bringing." He questions, courteously.

The leading Agent responds:

"We've evaluated the situation and decided that we want to have an agreement with your organization to militarily help us in our Planet," He says.

"I hope you remember our conditions and agree with them." The Terrorist leader says. "We want the operation's complete control, and once the new Government is formed and established, we want an equal say and especially, that our way of life will be observed and practiced." The bearded man remarked.

"We have spoken about that subject, and we have some concerns," The leading agent says. "Especially in regards to the leadership." He pauses. "We should not forget that the target,

still, it is our Planet, and we want to keep the Government's power under our grip." He continues. "But we can assure you that we've been watching your World-Wide behavior on Planet Earth, and we like your accomplishments thru the centuries. We value your advancements, so we are ready to learn your techniques and apply them in our domains." He pauses and then adds:

"But, we want to keep our opinion to prevailing our actual way of life. We would like to add some features and modify some of your practices, to adapt them to our common tradition and our way of thinking." The leading agent tells the bearded men.

"It would be good to know what kind of changes you pretend to make to our Philosophy." The Leading Terrorist asks.

"Only minor procedures regarding some of your practices, that won't be accepted by our community because they would clash with our people's way of life." The Leading Khwaja Agent said. One of them would be the status of women in our society, who would have to admit them with equality and respect. Maybe with some restrictions but not as hard as it shows in your communities. That could become an issue of concern for the future, and we know it would be unacceptable for them, in most cases." The Khwaja's Leader said.

"I'd like to warn you that those changes could become dangerous for keeping a tight control of the population," The Terrorist Leader says.

"You must understand that our background is different from yours and some features and customary behaviors can't be suddenly changed," The Agent adds. "Maybe with the time, we could gradually modify people's minds." He paused, "You have to give us credit!" He remarks. "We've got our experience. We know our people!" The Khwaja Leader says.

"We could discuss those issues at a later time. They are minor. What is interesting now, is knowing how many soldiers are we planning to use? How would they be transferred and what kind of weapons would be utilized." The leading terrorist asked.

"We estimate that five hundred expert warriors could be enough to control the main facilities to take over the Planet's control. Maybe up to 800." The Khwaja stated.

At this point, Jordan experiences an interruption in the 'Super Bug' transmission or data. He makes some rapid moves, and in a few seconds, the communication is re-established. But some words were missed from the incoming talk, also to Martin, Ken and the rest of the friends.

(--In two weeks, we will have an annual reunion where all the Government members reunite in one place: The Supreme Court of Wise People. At that moment, every single executive will be under one roof, and it would be easy to secure them, due to our citizen's peaceful behavior tradition, and some spiritual restraint during that days.-- The Khwaja's Leader said)

The above words weren't heard by our friends, due to a technical interruption. So the P. 2055 Government meeting moment was not acknowledged, so the actually planned invasion date is not known for the spying group or Steve.

The Khwaja's Agent continues to speak.

"The sole presence of your Army, bearing the weapons that we will provide them, will be enough to subdue them totality. Remember we don't have Armed Forces. Only a police Corp. They won't oppose resistance. It is not in their nature to fight back." The Khwaja's Leader affirms.

"You make it sound so easy," The leading terrorist wonders. "Are you sure?" He questions.

"We are completely sure." He replies. "We've been planning this for a long time and now is the time to act for other many reasons that are not relevant to our deal. You know, internal daily issues and opportunities left by some leadership weakness." The leading Khwaja remarks.

The meeting is interrupted by an individual entering the room and asking to have a word with the Terrorist Leader. Both men go out of the chamber---

At the SUV, Steve can not believe what he is listening.

"He is right on some facts. Our Government is going thru a period of spiritual weakness, due to our youth shifting on the lifestyle. Our social fabric is changing, and the influence of modern communications is reaching our daily lifestyle and eroding it rapidly. We haven't found a recipe to stop that yet. We've been observing you, and you have the same problem here on Earth too. Isn't it?"

"Yes, we are having major problems with our youth, in particular with the minorities and the undocumented, coming from other parts of the World. They're bringing a foreign culture, mainly an ignorant one. It is a major challenge that our latest Government has overlooked and even enhanced, applying wrong recipes." Martin explains.

"The deterioration is grave, and we hope the new Government will be able to stop it and change it for the better," Julia says.

"Yeah, the lack of borders control has allowed millions of uneducated people, with strange lifestyles from remote parts of the World, to come and practically take over many aspects of our society," Ken adds. "It's hard to recognize our society these days." Ken sadly confesses.

"And also, those women that came with their pregnant wombs, are adding anchor babies as Natural citizens with completely different goals in life, mostly uneducated or trained in odd philosophies, now are voting and twisting our ordinary course of life, we've been perfecting for centuries." Lynn lamenting says. "It is a major disaster."

Steve, nodding his head, is seeing the worries that are coming his way too, and he's trying learning from the North America inhabitants problems.

"These people, the ones the Khwajas are seeking to help them, are dangerous, and they seem decided to do anything to take

over. We are in deep trouble, and we must stop this." Ken declares emphatically.

"What I can foresee, is that if they get their way, we will have an increasing problem, with the terrorists taking and controlling another planet," Paul mentions.

"The situation is terrifying," Amy suggests.  
Alice nods.

Back to the meeting at the Compound.

After five minutes, the Terrorists Leader returns to the conference room.

"I'm sorry for the interruption," The terrorist's Leader says. An unexpected problem arose but is taking care off. Let's continue the conversation."

"Oh, about the weaponry. As you may know, your equipment doesn't work properly in our environment. We have developed better guns, laser type, and although we do not possess drones or aerial capabilities, due to our flat land and other realities, our arsenal is stronger than the firearms you are used to handling." The Leading Agent remarks.

The man with the turban nodded his head and then says:

"And I assume your weapons are easy to handle, huh?"

"Absolutely. Also, we would have a couple of days training in a remote place that nobody has access to." The Khwaja Leader affirms. "It is all precisely calculated."

"The other requirement is the additional payment for our movement. We know you have vast gold metal deposits and also some Uranium. Our top command, actually out of the United States, could use some of that supply," The terrorist comments. "We could use some of that for our development and improving our situation in this World, and being that we will be partners, I believe you could be very generous on your donation." The Terrorist's leader added.

"We will gladly cooperate with the expansion of the ideology," The Khwaja's Leader replies. "You could also think about the possibility of transferring some females to our planet, to

start a generation of our own. We have part of our Planet completely undeveloped and free for you to use it, growing a new household. We will assist you in setting it up." He says, "I just want to reassure, you will have a real partnership. We like your ideology. We've been studying it for some time, and we agree on it." The Khwaja's Leader concludes.

"Good, excellent," The Terrorist Leader expresses with satisfaction. "Our top leadership will be very pleased." He adds, "To tell you the truth, I am very excited." The bearded man remarks.

"So, do you think we have a deal?"

"Surely we do," The Terrorist Leader replies. "We trust you and your people, and we see a significant advancement for our movement and your Planet." He expresses satisfaction. "Let's confirm the date, so our warriors can get their act together."

"They don't have to worry about anything. We'll provide the soldiers with all necessary items, clothing, housing, and other paraphernalia. They can also carry their favorite 'white weapons', although we don't think they would use them. Our people is very peaceful and always avoid any violent confrontation. Especially body encounters." He said.

Steve is in awe. In fear. He never imagined the extent of these rebels intentions that have been growing in the dark of their society.

Because the P. 2055 leadership didn't take the dissidents seriously, disregarding their intentions as a bunch of misfits, the Government allowed them to grow exponentially for years, and now, their plans indicated a crass error, menacing to take over their planet by force, with the help of some known dangerous terrorists.

Ken, Martin, Lynn and the rest, also saw the incoming problem, not only for the P. 2055 but for the Earth inhabitants too, especially the Democratic Countries preferring the freedom of expression, was about to become a grave concern.

Martin and his friends, aware of the possible results, were committed to helping to solving the problem. Luckily, a bunch of



good people, brave enough to take the initiative and knowledgeable to put their brains to work, was taking the lead in this battle.

At the Compound, the reunion is about to end, and after an exchange of body reverences and some prayers, the bases are set, and the date for the imminent invasion to the P. 2055 was set and ready to go.

Only the date was unknown for Steve and his friends.

In Steve's mind, an infinite amount of thoughts were running thru his brain, and his emotions were so confusing that the only words that came out of his mouth were"

"What are we going to do!"

"Do not worry my friend," Ken said, with the firm conviction that he and his friends were in control of the situation. "We'll figure something out." He affirmed with confidence.

"I hope so, I trust you guys very much," Steve conceded.

"But you need to find out some information I asked you as soon as you can. We need to plan ahead" Ken added. "We can not fail. Mistakes are not allowed!"

"I will," Steve answered.

"I think we are done for the day," Martin says. "Maybe we should return back home now. Let's communicate with Jordan, Tom, and Samir.

The radio system wasn't working at the time, and Martin tries to call them on the cell phone. The cell phone didn't work either, and Martin began worrying.

Ken reminds Martin that in the woods, the foliage moving alters the normal functioning of the satellites waves and therefore the communications.

Back at the van location, the two guards came back around and now, that Jordan, Tom, and Samir took the covering net off the vehicle, ready to go back home, the guards began shooting at them.

The guys rapidly took the van to the dirt road and driving toward the asphalted Highway.

About one hundred yards to the main Highway, they see a vehicle, obstructing the access. Tom, driving, Jordan and Samir, Take their Uzis and start shooting at the guys dressed in white in front of the car, also with some weapons and shooting at them. Luckily, the van was bulletproof, and the shots didn't affect their safety.

Tom, an expert driver, took the vehicle out of the dirt road and driving between the trees managed to evade the Road Junction and jumping a few road dividers a median strip and other obstacles, finally made it to the Highway and barely escaped the trap set by the Terrorists.

"Wow, that was a bitch to evade, huh," Jordan commented. "Good job Tom!" He exclaims.

"Yeah, that was neat, Tom!" Samir said.

"Just watch our back." Yells Tom. "Make sure we didn't get a tail" He screams, all excited while driving at one hundred miles an hour.

"No, we have no tail. You can slow down and stop going over the speed limit." Says Jordan. And he adds: "We don't need any trooper in our tail now."

"That was a close call, my friend," Samir exclaims.

"Check your phone, Jordan. I think I heard an incoming call while we were under fire." Tom warns him.

"Yeah, that was Martin calling me. Let me call him back!" Jordan says. And he's returning the Professor's phone call.

"Hi, Jordan!. What happened that you didn't answer me? Martin asks.

"We've got in trouble, but we're alright now," Jordan tells Martin.

"What happened!" Martin asks.

"As we were ready to go, and after we had disconnected and gathered our equipment, I took the net off the roof and drove to the dirt road. Then, two guards that we spotted before but we thought they didn't see us, it seems they went for help, and they placed a vehicle with two armed guards at the Road Junction with the Highway.

"Wow, and did they shot at you?" Martin asked.

"Of course they did, but remember our van is bulletproof, and even the windows are safety glass, so nobody's hurt, thank God."

"Did you shoot at them?" Martin asks.

"Yeah. We emptied two Uzi magazines, thru the sliding door. I don't think we hit them, but it was enough to disperse them, so Tom took an alternative way, drove in between the trees and jumped some road dividers until we hit the Highway. I think our bullets damaged their car because they didn't follow us." Jordan commented.

"Boy, that was a close call. I am happy nobody got hurt!" Martin gladly says. "Where are you now? He asks.

"We are about five miles away from the location," Jordan says.

"OK," Martin says. "We are about 15 miles on the road to Manhattan, on I-78 South. We just passed Woodstock exit."

"OK, we are on our way," Jordan tells Martin. "Where can you wait for us?" Jordan asks.

"We'll wait for you at exit 19S. OK? Flash your lights, so we get back on the road." Martin tells Jordan.

"Copy," Jordan responds.

After the close call, Jordan, Tom, and Samir relaxed and graciously commenting the past events. It's getting darker and looking to meet the rest of the group at Exit 19S.

In a few minutes they arrive at the meeting point, Tom flashes the headlights and Paul who's driving takes the road again and heads the ride back to Manhattan.

Meanwhile, Martin is narrating the events they went thru on the encounter with the Terrorists.

They decide to stop for some coffee at the local Dinner in the Town of Poughkeepsie where they greet Jordan, Tom, and Samir. The heroes of the day!

After a brief coffee break, they get back on the road home.

Entering New York City, Steve asks Paul to stop by one of the 'Gates.' He is anxious to go back to P, 2055 to bring the news about the status of the planned invasion.

After dropping Steve, near the Army Plaza, they go back to Ken and Lynn's home.

At the house, in a relaxed mood, they gather around the coffee table in the Living Room to exchange ideas and future moves.

They now know the plans, although the tentative date is set for in about two weeks, some words weren't heard by them due to a communication failure for a few seconds.

Ken goes to the kitchen to get some coffee and Martin follows him. In the kitchen, Martin, who remembers Ken's insistence questioning Steve about the 'Bubble's functioning, can't hold his doubts and asks Ken:

"I didn't want to expand on your earlier questioning to Steve, but it puzzles me," Martin commented with a smirk on his face.

"I knew you caught my 'eyebrow-raising'," Ken said. "It's that I have some ideas bouncing in my mind, on how to stop this nonsense" He added.

"Can you expand a little bit on it?"

"I have a bunch of ideas in my pool, but not clear enough yet, to comment on them."

"I see," Martin said with a funny smirk on his face. "It sounds like a Machiavellian thought," Making some funny gestures.

"Reading 'The Prince' makes you a better judge of people's behavior. Don't you agree?" Ken asked.

"Yeah, that is the 'must read book' for whoever pretends to be in politics, and that includes the art of War. I couldn't agree more with you". Martin replies. "It's a shame Machiavelli is often misunderstood. "Some People characterizes him as a bad fellow," Martin adds.

"Yeah, but we know his concepts are so right, so accurate that when you read his phrases twice, the man is telling you in advance, how your enemy would react, so you can guess his response beforehand," Ken states vehemently.

"I couldn't agree more with you, Ken. Machiavelli is a writer that rests on my desk permanently." Martin confirms. "But I know there's more in your mind," He adds.

"Once I get the information from Steve, I would sketch out my idea. I believe Steve will come up with answers to my questions tomorrow. Let's see." Ken states.

"OK, I take your word. It'll be interesting to know your plans." Martin says, with a broad smile. The two men go back to the Living Room where the conversation is animated, recalling the day's events.

"You guys handled the situation like pros. Like real CIA operatives, Paul says"

"I could see that scene on a 'Homeland' episode." Paul commented. All laughed.

"Hey, it won't be easy to overpower us, don't you guys think?" Talking to Tom and Samir." They nodded their heads.

"I believe we hit the car tires, that's why the guys couldn't chase us," Samir commented.

"Oh boy, these Uzis are mean machines. They spit bullets like crazy." Tom mentioned.

"I think you guys are the exception on the scientist's community," Alice says.

"Yeah, I don't see most scientists I know at the University, doing that, for sure." Amy remarks. "They are mostly nerds, at least their looks." She says with a Smile.

"Hmm, that, apparently could be the case, 'but do not judge the book by its cover,' the quoting says," Jordan states.

"I know some guys, especially the ones who are in the military field, that they mean business, but looking at them in a classroom or in a reunion, you don't give a dime for them," Jordan affirms.

"I always wanted to take part on one of those series, like 'Homeland' or 'Foreign Affairs,'" Julia laughs, "But I guess I haven't been lucky. And now, see, I'm almost there in real life." She jokes.

"OK, I think I'm going to get some rest," Lynn says.

"Me too," Ken adds. "Let's see what tomorrow will bring us." Everybody is following Ken and Lynn's moves.

"OK, honey, I must write some notes on the computer, and I'll be there soon," Martin tells Julia. She answers with an eye wink.

"I should talk to my dad. I want to ask him about the Soy crops. I got to have an answer for Steve." Amy commented.

"Oh yes, I must contact my friends in the Biology Department, but now is too late. Maybe tomorrow," Alice explains.

Paul that has been silent stays in the Living room together with Martin.

"Hey Martin, I am curious what do you think of my parents," Paul asks.

"I really like them, Paul, for real. I believe they are incredible people and there's an undeniable chemistry between us that I especially cherish. These last days have been so exciting and our minds working together like if we knew each other since childhood." Martin expresses with emotion.

"That makes me so happy Martin! You know, as a child, they weren't around all the time. Their jobs kept them traveling and away from home, but my Nana maintained their image, telling me stories about them and their love for me. And when they came back home and stay for a few days, our communication was always very positive and rewarding." Paul recalls with certain nostalgia in his voice.

"I can imagine, Paul, they seem to be that kind of human beings. I'm glad I had the chance to meet them. Thank you!" Martin states.

"OK, I'm not going to hold you any longer," Paul says. "Good night Martin, sleep tight!" And Paul leaves the room.

Martin, now alone, recalls all the exciting scenes that they went thru in the last week and remembers the last day of the school year, at the University classroom and wonders about his beliefs, the relationship with the facts of life, and the new status of the science toward the Philosophy.

It's amazing that the Scientific Community is changing their minds so fast. Comparing with only 20 years ago, when anything philosophical was disregarded as a plain 'BS.' When for a Scientist, to put down an inquiry coming from a writer, a poet or a philosopher was only an "Oh that's philosophy, not science," they have advanced so much that it's almost unbelievable. Maybe the Hadron Collider answered so many questions and inserted so many hopes! Who knows, he thought. But welcome anyway!.

One thing Martin was sure, every day more and more:

That "Death is only an illusion.", was a way to think.

And he continued to write some notes. Then he went to his room. Julia was awake reading in bed.

On his way up the stairs, he pictured his present relationship with Julia, their newer closeness, and he thought: Maybe God is guiding me to some new avenues? Who knows? Just let's not fight it too hard!

He wasn't feeling that bad, after all. Julia was a good person, beautiful, shared his passions, and absolutely enjoying life together. He considered that there have been only a few days on the new situation, but it was worth it to let it run its course, until the next change of direction, he decided.

"What are you readings hon.? You seem really into it! Martin said while getting ready to jump into bed.

"Oh, I just found this book on your night table: "THE PRINCE" and I can't put it down! It is so fascinating that Machiavelli wrote it so many years ago! Isn't it?

"Yeah, an incredible person. Machiavelli knew the politician's minds like no one else. Their reactions, their miseries, their greed, their ambitions, weakness. Quite a guy! Martin reflected. I'm glad to see you understand the way he sees people."

"It surprised me because I always heard people referring to Machiavelli as somebody sneaky, calculating, cynical. But I realize that the guy only wanted to warn and advise the rulers about their possible enemies and their reactions." Julia asserted.

"Effectively, and the most incredible thing is that the humans haven't changed that much over the centuries. Imagine! He was born in 1469! Martin stated.

"Yes, but some of his stories could be as new as of today's," Julia said. I love it, and now I know why you carry it around all the time!" She smirked. Then she turned the light off and welcomed Martin to the bed. "Come in, you need a good rest darling!"





## CHAPTER 9

### *A new day, another adventure*

Steve is calling Martin; it's 6 am.

"Hello Steve"

"Good morning Martin."

"How was the reunion with your bosses?"

"They're in shock, apprehensive." Steve concedes.

"I don't blame them," Martin commented.

"But I have some good news for you. My bosses ask me to invite you and your friends to visit our planet. All of you." Steve, joyfully exclaims.

"Wow, that is a significant change. A few days ago they were very cautious, huh? Martin remembers.

"Yeah, but they see you people are committed to helping us, and they are appreciative of the fact," Steve replies

"OK, I will communicate the news to our group. Where are you now?"

"I just arrived in New York, and if you don't mind I could be there in 20'."

"Do me a favor, Steve. Make it in one hour, OK?"

"No problem. I'll be there in one hour, and I'll bring you some fresh bagels. I know where you buy them," Steve comments.

"Thank you," Martin says.

They hung up.

That news was what many of Martin's friends were waiting for, but from a desire to reality, it would be interesting to see their reaction. (Martin thought).

Julia was up already taking a shower and ready to start the day.

One by one the friends were showing downstairs, all anxious to learn the news from Steve. It had become usual, receiving the fresh information from P. 2055 every morning.

"Steve is on his way, with fresh bagels," Martin tells them.

"Oh, good," Lynn says. "We are out of them. How sweet of him."

"And I got news for you all," Martin says, "His bosses are inviting all of us to a visit to P. 2055,!" He exclaims!.

"Wow, what a change,!" Paul commented.

"It seems they are acknowledging our help," Martin replies.

The doorbell is ringing, and Paul goes to open the door for Steve, that is carrying a big brown bag full of bagels.

"Good morning Steve," Paul welcomes him.

"Good morning everybody," Steve answers, "I got some bagels, the ones you like," He said. "I learned where you bought them the other day," Steve says, smiling.

"Oh thank you," Lynn replies. "We were out of them. That is kind of you."

"Martin was telling us of your bosses invitation to visit P. 2055, huh! A significant change." Lynn notices.

"Yes. It surprised me too," Steve concedes. "They are acknowledging your extraordinary help, and they believe the occasion deserves some closer relationship."

"That is encouraging," Julia commented.

"Wow, It seems our wishes would be granted," Amy exclaims.

"So, how many of us can go at this time?" Jordan asks.

"They appreciate your help, your honesty and they would like to have you all at once, for a visit," Steve announces. "Your big help and commitment are greatly appreciated, and they know it's not finished yet. So, they'd like to know what you think for the future." He added.

"I like to hear that," Ken comments. "I wonder if you asked them the questions we have pending." He added.

"Sure," Steve replies, "About 'Who controls those 'Bubbles'? Who manages the routing?' The answer is: Our Government officials have control over them, and a couple of scientists administer the system's functioning," Steve explains, and then adds:

"As far as the destinations concern, they can change it to any planet in our system. The problem is that we don't have 'Gates' in most of the planets so it would be impossible for the 'passengers'

to transfer to our P. 2055 if they departed from some different, non-recognized station" Steve adds.

"Now; what about the bubbles that the Khwaja's might use to transfer the warriors? Does your government manage those too?" Steve inquires.

"The bubbles are part of our planet's resources. They are freely floating into space. So, the Khwaja's have hacked the system and learned some codes that allow them to have a limited management over them, although not total control. They take advantage of random bubbles that have been used before, and they manipulate them, although not fully. Our scientists are aware of it, but they've not been able to stop them yet." Steve explained. "The commands are not known to our scientists until the bubble is loaded. They have one only chance to set a destination. Then, changes can be made from our central base, and our researchers have the ultimate power over the commands."

"Hmm, I understand," Ken said. "That means your government scientists have the final control over the issues, destinations, and the possible changes. Is that right?" He questions.

"Yes, unless they are details that I ignore. If you could be more specific, I could ask." Steve mentions.

"Let me think, Steve. I am juggling several ideas in my head, and once I put them together, I'll let you know." Ken tells Steve.

"One more question Steve, do you think if we visit your Planet, would I be able to have a chat with your scientists? Just a chat,!" Ken questions.

"I don't think we'd have a problem with that, but let me ask, just to make sure! I'll get back to you on that!" Steve promises.

"What about having some breakfast," Lynn asks. "I don't know you, but I'm starving."

Everybody sits around the big table and Julia, Amy and Alice are bringing the coffee, bagels, cream cheese and butter. Tom carries the Orange juice and Samir the plates and silverware.

They have a cordial breakfast, talking in general about the happenings on the day before. Finally, after they pitch in with the tableware clean up, everybody sits around the coffee table to discuss the invitation to visit the P. 2055.

"OK," Martin begins, "First of all, it would be interesting to know, who wants to go." He asks. "Of course, there's no obligation and no questions asked if someone decides to pass on the invitation," He states. "So, please raise your hand who wants to go." He requested.

After a few seconds:

All they raise their hands in agreement. Steve shows a satisfaction in his face, as well as Martin and the rest. "It's going to be a crowded bubble, huh!" Martin commented and added: So, we are ten people, Steve, eleven counting you. I hope the 'bubble' can carry that weight," He jokes.

"No problem," Steve answers. "You can carry a backpack with your personals," He adds, "And you can stay as long as you want, although, at this time, we should keep in mind that shortly, things will step-up." Steve reminds them.

"I don't know about you people, but in my opinion, two or three days could be enough for now to learn the general aspects of our friend's planet. What do you have to say?" Martin questions.

"I think that is a reasonable time for this visit," Ken states.

Everybody agrees, and Martin asks: "Does anyone have questions?"

"We don't know much about your planet, Steve, and rather than we are coming up with a thousand questions, could you give us some details of your daily life and what are we allowed to learn or see in our visit, please?" Julia asked.

"OK," Steve starts. "First of all, our P. 2055, is a flat planet. That modify features like Physics, gravity, rain cycle and of course the daily life. It also changes our material and scientific advances, very different from yours in the planet Earth." He pauses. "We don't use cars or airplanes and although we could use marine vessels, as I explained before, due to the wilderness of the "Alien's Field," we have avoided the use of those type of ships. Some people use small boats for recreation, but none of them can reach across the sea." Steve continues with his description.

"We have some methods of short distance traveling communications as a personal transportation of live bodies. They're operating on magnetic cushions instead of your cars' rubber wheels. We also have 'local bubbles' to do what you call 'teleportation,' based on Quantum Sciences, to transporting people across our Continent, except to the other Continent, across the Sea, because we don't have stations in that continent.

Entangled particles are the dysfunctional couples of quantum physics. Your greatest scientist, Albert Einstein described it as 'spooky action at a distance.' This method is also, the principle

used to operate the bubbles you, Martin, have experienced already, and the one you all will use in your visit to our planet." Steve continues. "Because the shape of our land, the space surrounding us, our world doesn't rotate as the Earth does, so the rains are not as erratic as yours, neither we have strong winds as you do. It rains almost every day in P. 2055, although it varies depending on the daily evaporation.

"Our education system is simple, and every child participates in it in early life. Kids go to school because they know they better be educated. The process of teaching is accordingly with the personal abilities and talents, and although it is a constant challenge, everybody accepts the results. It is part of everyone's Karma.

"But that; it seems like a boring life, isn't?" Paul questions.

"Yes, you could call it like that, but we also don't have crime as you in the Earth, we live a balanced, peaceful life, without great surprises, but stable.

"And what about personal challenges; things that one person would like to achieve personally, to be different," Alice asks.

"They can do that. The only thing is that money accumulation is not an issue. The Government provides with the essentials and, what you call luxuries, with a measure, are attainable by extra effort or natural qualities. It's no big deal, trust me. You get used to it, and at the end of the day, it's less traumatic." Steve continues. "But if you want to get in troubles, you can. The experience tells us that it doesn't work. In particular, because of the society's rejection of those people. At one point, when you feel isolated, it works against you, believe me."

"And what about the families. How that works?" Lynn asks.

"First of all, the elder's opinions are respected and cherished, although, sometimes it's overlooked by the youth. The consequences are taken as an example and evaluated within the family to counseling the younger. Some of your communities have that practice. Although the young people, lately have picked up bad habits from other planet's cultures and some have ruined their lives. But we think everyone is free to make their choices. We try to advise them, based on prior data, but the final decision is theirs.

"In addition. sexual relationships are mainly used for reproduction,"

"Only?" Julia questions.

"I said mainly. That means that people try not to cheapen, sexual contact by overdoing it and make it promiscuous. The consequences of recreational sex have proven to have created more problems than satisfactions. Even in your Planet. But your people seems to prefer the passionate life, instead of the brainy or spiritual one. Our citizens have other ways to have fun, relax and relate to each other. Mental activity is a better way to engage in productive relationships."

"That's an interesting way to look at sex!" Paul remarks with a smirk on his face.

"Well, there is a Law of Karma!" Steve quotes. "Action and reaction," Steve notes! "That works even in your society!"

"Do you have jails?" Martin asks.

"No, we don't. At least not as you do. Neighbor's rejection is the punishment for light bad behavior, and regional rejection



forces the person to move to another district. If they keep a serious delinquent behavior, they are sanctioned by living in an isolated part of the Continent together with other low-class individuals. We have gates that prevent them from interfacing with the leading society, but mainly they would feel rejected if they try to live among them, let's say while their punishment is in effect. The Government provides them with food and basics needs, but the isolation from society it's difficult to handle. Not pleasant. These people have periodical reviews of behavior, and if the Officials consider they deserved it, they will have another opportunity to go back to social life and work for the Government in menial labor, with a chance to climb back to better ways of life.

"Well, that sounds like a kind of 'Open jails'," Alice commented.

"In a way it is, but the people that have been separated temporarily from their communities, are not condemned to live a sordid life in Jail! It is different from what you call a Jail in your Planet. And the recovery is more possible."

"Wow, I don't know," Amy says. "In one hand it seems a fair system. Very different than ours. More peaceful and highly mental and somehow spiritual, but I don't know." She, doubtfully comments.

"I hope you don't mind the comparison, Steve. it is natural to compare it with our society, but it is more, a way to correlate it with what we've already have experienced, than judging your way of life." Martin explains.

"Do not worry, Martin. I know exactly the meaning. I've learned quite a bit of your lives, by sharing many experiences with you. I know you are highly spiritual as well," Steve concludes.

"One more thing," Jordan says. "What about religion.?"

"Oh yeah, religion! We believe in God as the creator of all that exists, but our people tries to avoid worshipping idols because they create controversies. Some people do it, but they keep it private, in their homes. We also avoid praying concentrations, because those could cause fanaticism and possible conflicts. Everybody is free to worship God in their way, but without bothering the ones who have other means of praying. Everyone in our planet believes in one God. They could call God by any name they wish because God will answer to any name possible since he is unlimited and owns everything it exists, just because he created the material Universes with the planets included. No one can set limits to God!

"Wow, that is one statement!" Jordan exclaims!

"If we think about it for a second, that would eliminate most of the problems we have here on Earth." Martin laconically says. And he adds. "Maybe one day---"

"And what would we be allowed to see or visit?" Ken asks.

"Anything you want. No restrictions," Steve answers. "But when you compare your way of life and ours, I think it would be strange for you to go alone on the streets, without cars or buses (although we have some public transportation, quite different from yours." Steve comments. "But mainly, if you don't have a particular destination and something to do when you arrive there, It would be weird. So my honest suggestion is that you chose what kind of environments you'd like to visit and I would go with you. You can talk to people. They will understand your language (there are translators, mentally operated and also voice transmitters to communicate their words). No restrictions, as I said. People will respond to your questions." Steve explains. "I'd

like you to know that we keep our people informed about things that happen in other Worlds. That is one task that our TV service does so your presence won't be totally strange for them, although it certainly will be a novelty. Our people are what you could call 'cool dudes.' They won't freak out by your presence! They are consistently warned of the possibility to encounter different people at any time.

"And when can we go?" Tom asks.

"Yeah, I am ready," Samir says.

"Starting now, at any time," Steve calmly says.

"OK, what do you people say, if we go tonight.? Does the time of the day matters, Steve?" Martin questions.

"Not really. Our timeline is different, but it wouldn't matter" Steve replies, and he continues. "Tonight is good. I will forward the request if you will."

"Are we all in agreement?" Martin asks

Everybody nodded the head in agreement.

The group starts to get ready for the greatest adventure of their lives.

A sense of uncertainty, insecurity, curiosity and other feelings and concerns had invaded everybody's mind and made their bodies responding to those perceptions with different reactions.

Traveling to other Parallel World is not an everyday activity.

The thought: 'Death is only an illusion' it seems every minute truer than ever.

Is it Science catching up with Philosophy? Were the ancient Vedic philosophers and thinkers, the precursors of science, real geniuses?

5,500 years ago, really? Are we prepared for those mind adjustments?

Wow, so many questions and a few rationale answers---

The evening arrived, and everybody is ready to go. The group all tightly fit in the SUV. Ken is driving, and a good mood invades the vehicle.

There is not much conversation. It seems everyone is thinking deeply on so many subjects that it would be hard to explain it.

Ken parks the SUV in a public parking garage, and they pick up their backpacks and walking to the site, where the 'Gate' is located.

Steve stops a few feet short of the hidden door and waits until there are no people nearby. Then, one by one, starting with Martin, that already knows the procedure enter thru the door into the so called: 'Lobby.'

The last one entering is Steve. Once inside, Steve picks up one of the thousands of bubbles around and one by one, they enter the vehicle.

Once everyone is inside, Steve says a word, and with a gesture, the lights dimmed, and in a few minutes, the scenery changed into what appears to be a busy Train Station. People walking in all directions. The station looks similar as the new subway station at

the old World Trade Center site. It shows a futuristic look, plenty of light and absolutely clean.

"Welcome to Varanasi City, the Capital of what until now you identified as Planet 2055 or P. 2055. The Planet has a name too: Muralaloka.

I think by now, it's fair for you to know the real name of our World, and Capital City" Steve exclaims.

"What took such a long time to reveal the actual name, Steve," Martin questions.

"I don't know, at first, I wanted to simplify things, and then I got used to you referring to our world as P. 2055, that it was laborious to explain otherwise. Silly, isn't?" And he laughed hard.

"Is this the station with the magnetic cushion trains?" Alice asks.

"Yes. From here we travel to long distance local places." Steve explains. "We also have other 'teleportation stations.' We use those for transferring our bodies to remote areas within our Continent. He adds. "We are taking one of these trains to go to a Hotel, where you can have your privacy and relax at your will. Tomorrow, my bosses invited you to a meeting with them at what you would call the 'Congress.'" Steve informs them.

"It sounds exciting," Amy said.

"Then, we'll go to my family's home to visit and have lunch with them." He added.

"The station is a beautiful architectural piece," Martin comments.

"Yes, we have some talented designers and builders here. You'll find many lovely buildings in the neighborhood where the Hotel is located. You'll see.

Everybody is nervous, but not in fear. The group trusts Steve and Martin's prior experience.

"Before we continue, I would like to know if you have any special request for a particular activity you would like to conduct." Steve questions.

"Do you play sports? Do you have stadiums? Alice asks.

"People like Football. But not American Football. I think you named it soccer. We believe what you call Football is wrongly done since they rarely move the "ball" with the feet; the players handle it with their hands. Also, you don't play with a ball. It is an oval balloon that doesn't roll. Very strange," Steve says smirking.

"Yeah, I always wonder why. But let's not talking about it," Ken replies.

"And yes we've got some large stadiums for 70.000 people. Do you want to go to some of them?" Steve asks and then adds. "But they have games on the weekends only."

"I believe that you should make a tour route, Steve. Anything you think, it would be alright with us." Martin replies.

"Do not forget my meeting with the scientists, please." Ken reminds Steve.

"Oh, no, how can I forget that!" Steve replies. "I'll arrange that immediately!"

Ken can't wait until that meeting. His mind is constantly thinking about solving the problems and a conversation with those scientists is fundamental.

"As I said before, tomorrow, after the meeting with my bosses, I will introduce you to my family. My mom and dad, my sister, her husband and their children. Steve offers. "We could also visit a Mall, so you can have a taste of our daily life." And he continues: "As you can see, the clothing people wear here is entirely different than yours, so if you prefer to go unnoticed, you'll find some clothes in your size, at the hotel room. Those, of course, are optional to suit your comfort.

"In addition, I will provide you with an individual card that allows you to buy anything you need at any store. Our courtesy, of course!" Steve adds.

"That would be great," Amy exclaims. "I love the jumpsuits everybody is wearing. They look comfy." She says.

Steve and the group enter one of the trains. They are modern, clean and a few seats on the side. The rest of the space has some hanging handles. The ride is completely silent and smooth; the suspension is very active, giving the people a beautiful and quiet ride.

The Hotel is a couple of stops away. They exit the car, and the Hotel Lobby is right there. It looks like a regular modern Hotel in the Earth,

"This is a very cool place. I like it." Lynn commented.

"It's amazing how similar to our buildings are they," Ken says.

They walk toward the reception area, where an assistant offers some help to guide them to their rooms.

"So, do you prefer to go to sleep or just refresh your bodies and we can take a walk on the streets?" Steve asked.

"OK," Julia says, "I don't think we could sleep with all this excitement going on," She adds. "What about you guys?"

"You're perfectly right Julia," Martin replies. "Let's go for a walk!"

"OK, then," Steve proposes: "Why don't you take 30 minutes to freshen up, while I wait for you in the Lobby. I have to call some people."

"Alright," Martin replies, and looking at his friends, he says: "Let's do it."

The group goes upstairs to their rooms while Steve waits for them by the waiting area.

After 30 minutes, one by one the group is coming down to the Hotel's Lobby.

Amy and Alice are wearing the local 'jumpsuits'. They feel comfortable in them.

They go out to the streets. The scene is different from the Earth cities. First of all, there are no cars, except for some 'over the surface trains,' open on the sides to facilitate to get on and off the cars. There are no engines seen and no visible drivers. On the



sidewalks, people walk while others are mounted on a slider, resting on magnets. There are some small cars for two people, also over magnetic cushions.

Everybody in the group is amazed at the organization and, in particular, the absence of heavy traffic.

"This is a beautiful place you have." Martin's telling Steve. "Very different!"

"Thank you, Martin." Steve replies, "It is a different World than yours, for sure. I also enjoy your 'Big City madness,' and I acknowledge and somehow understand the driving passion of its residents, the push for success and the competitiveness that is driving everybody nuts!" Steve explains. "I say this as an intrinsic description, not as a mockery or criticism." Steve is careful not to offend anyone. "I could enjoy that lifestyle if I put myself into, although our Planet offers some alternative, where if you are not a big shot, you can still enjoy your life fully. It is all in the mind!" Steve emphasizes.

"I can understand your thoughts!" Martin says.

"It is so refreshing to watch your city's windows and not finding millions of China imports--" Julia adds. "Almost a relief to my eyes," She continues. "Very stimulating, even if I wouldn't wear the fashion." Julia smiles.

"But instead, I can see some models very similar to the Indian styles. Isn't that strange?" Lynn commented.

"You should understand that our people, by reading the ancient Vedic scriptures, has developed an affection for the old-fashioned Vedic lifestyle, including the clothing," Steve recalls.

"Yes, I can see that resembling," Martin says.

"Our lifestyle has a strong similitude with the 'Varnashrama-Dharma.'" The Old Society organization recommended by the Vedic Scriptures!" Steve explains.

Martin sees that his friends didn't get the basics of what Steve mentioned, and clarifies Steve's explanation.

"The Varnashrama-Dharma is a social division accordingly with the age and activities of the individuals, especially the men," Martin recalls.

"It seems to me, a little 'machismo' oriented, isn't?" Amy jumps.

"Not really," Martin explains. "It may be just the opposite." He pauses. "In daily life, men are the clear leaders, but at home, in the Vedic culture, the women are the actual bosses." Martin asserts. "There's a secret code that makes men appearing as the dominant power in the society, but women, walking a step behind the male in most cases, are the ones who manage the affairs, very powerfully and in control. Men usually obey their wives desires." He adds, "Men would never accept that if commented, but it is real."

"And what is that social division,? Ken asks.

"The four varnas are:

- Brahmanas (priests, teachers, and intellectuals),
- Kshatriyas (police, army, and administration),
- Vaishyas (farmers, merchants, and business people),
- Shudras (artisans and workers).

"It is a very simple division that worked for thousands of years to perfection until it got corrupted by so many reasons that I don't even want to start mentioning them," Martin recalls.

"That is exactly how our society intends to work," Steve remarks.

"Now, is that a stiff caste?" Julia questions and she continues, "If one is born on one level, must the person stay on that? Or they can advance or even decrease as they go?"

"Oh no, the individual can ascend or descend according to with which his or her abilities and effort are. And of course his or her Karma." Martin explains, and then remarks, "It is a complicated process, but very simple when you understand it." He concludes.

Steve and the group continue to enjoy the night walk thru the City and exchanging opinions and feelings about such a strange experience for the 'Earthlings.' (The difficulty to describe what our friends are seeing is comprehensible, and the imagination must accomplish the weak parts or faulty data given). Steve, an accomplished Philosophy professor, also educated by the Planet Earth standards, tries to be neutral and wants his friends to understand his World in a fair way. He realizes that imposing his thoughts or preferences, won't be of any help. They must see, feel, compare and accept or reject things, on their own terms, with their own minds. But the differences are so big, that most of the times it's irrelevant trying to elaborate any explanations unless they ask questions.

They continue to walk thru the streets and enjoying the sightseeing. The visitors seem to mainly focus the attention on the Store Windows, where they see clothing, shoes, instruments, tools,

and other paraphernalia, that on the most part, they ignore what the use is for.

Another attention caller is the moving sidewalks, or transportation bands (as seen in many of US Airports). Those are a common practice in the Varanasi City, the Planet Muralaloka's Capital.

After a couple of hours enjoying Varanasi's main commercial area, they return to the Hotel to take rest. The next day will start very early, with the official visit to the Continent's Congress House.

Steve, who also has reserved a hotel room for himself, says good night and everyone goes to their rooms. It has been an unusual day, full of emotions, and overall, a new way to see the Multiverse.

In Ken's room, the phone rings, and he answers a call from Steve.

"Hi, Steve, what's going on.?"

"I called some of my friends, the scientists in charge of our traveling system while I was waiting in the lobby earlier, and they got so excited when I mentioned that you wanted to have a chat with them, that they're calling me, asking me if they could meet you now. It seems they've got as excited as you or even more than that.

"Wow," Ken exclaimed. "Of course I'm eager to meet them, where are they now?"

"They could be here in minutes if you wish," Steve replies. "And also, since you won't have any problems in communicating with them, you tell me who do you like to participate in the meeting."

"OK, I'm not sure if you should be there. I hope you don't mind. But I won't want them to be uncomfortable with your presence. I don't know your scientists, so, let me think for a minute. And of course, I'd like to have Martin and Jordan with me."

"I understand," Steve replies. Why don't you come down to the Lobby, while I call Martin and Jordan, and we'll decide the details in 15 minutes." Steve suggests.

"Ditto. I'm coming down in 5!"

"That's nice. Steve is a real organizer. A treasured guy!" Lynn, that listened to the whole conversation commented.

"Yeah, we're going to Rock and Roll, baby! Ken, enthusiastically says.

Downstairs in the Lobby: Martin, Ken, Jordan, and Paul, who at the last minute, Ken invited to the meeting too, reunite with Steve, who is waiting for his fellow scientists to arrive.

"OK, I think it would be better if you are also in the reunion, Steve. I believe you are one of us too, and also you are a discrete person. So let's meet these guys and please do not freak out if I say something unusual. OK?" Ken warns everybody. "You can always 'veto' my suggestions later, right?" Ken frowned and then laughed hard!

"I see you coming, Ken. I am with you. We both read Machiavelli!" Martin affirms.

Steve doesn't quite understand, but he already learned how to appreciate his new friends and highly respect their knowledge

and skills. Not in vain, they are bound to save his entire Planet from collapsing!

Two young guys with a nerdy look, are approaching the coffee table where they are waiting. They're wearing thick rim glasses, and they look just as many other students from a University.

Steve stands up and greets the men. He introduces them to Martin, Ken, Jordan, and Paul. They salute each other and Steve says: "These are Mr. Wo and Mr. Sankai. Two of our smartest scientists in physics and mathematics.

"They know about you, more than you can imagine, so please you can go straight to the subjects," Steve says.

"OK, Ken opens. I understand that you people, control the transportation or teleportation system, right?

"Yes," Both men asserted!

"And you are the ones that have the last word on the decisions, right? Both men nodded.

"I am a trained military man, and therefore, I'm used to going cutting corners and not trying to be politically correct, if you know what I mean.

Both men nodded again, with interest in what Ken was saying.

"We all are having a problem that is going out of our hands, and it could mean significant damage to your Planet, immediately, and big trouble for us in the long term. In a word, we have a 'Cancer' that we need to eradicate! Am I clear?"

Everyone nodded the head, waiting for Ken to continue.

"So, I need to ask you some questions, and I expect concise answers." Ken is serious but friendly. "My goal is not only to stop the Khwaja's and their Terrorist friends on Earth. I want them out of our lives. Well. They are too many of them. Not easy to eradicate but with time, many of them will change somehow. We hope."

Everybody's eyes are wide opened. The two scientists look at each other, but in contrast with what Ken expected, they seem to like Ken's attitude more, as he speaks. Ken notices that and getting closer to them, he says: "I think you'll like my idea," He whispered.

Martin, who guesses basically what Ken is planning, smirks.

Jordan and Paul, in awe, look to each other and also smirked, although they don't understand Ken's plans completely.

Steve, a little nervous but confident in his new friends, just listens.

"Let's say that we get control of some of your bubbles and load it with 500 to 800 people. Wo and Sankai look at each other and nodded. Then I give the directions to come to Muralaloka. How long it would take for them to get here? Ken asks,

"In our timing system?" Mr. Wo asks.

"Yes, I guess so," Jordan says, looking for Ken's approval.

"With that amount of people? It would take less than an hour of our time," Mr. Sankai replays.

"OK, Ken pauses." So, I understand you are the ultimate controllers of the directions given to the bubble, right? The two scientists nodded.

"One more question," Ken asks, "Is there a possibility that they could override the commands and reprogram the bubble's destination you have set?"

"Absolutely not," Mr. Wo says, backed by Mr. Sankai. We control the commands 100%, and when we issue an order from our control board, nobody can alter it" He remarks. "They will have one chance to set the destination, but after that, it will be our decision."

"One more thing," Ken says, "How can I contact you from the Earth, immediately, without delays?" Ken asks Wo and Sankai.

"We can establish a direct video communication thru your cell-phone." Mr. Wo said. "You can call a particular number, something similar to when you call Steve," He added. "You can either send text messages or video calls," Mr. Wo said.

"Good. Can I have that number now?" Ken asked.

"Sure," Mr. Wo said, and he wrote a number on a small card and handed it to Ken.

"Thank you," Ken said. "Are you available here all the time?"

"For you, 24/7," He remarked. And redirecting the question to Steve, he asked: "For this operation to work, I need your complete support, and of course your whole Government." He explained. In a military action, it only can be one General, one voice, one commander in chief." Ken explained. When the time for action comes, the commander issues an order, and this must be obeyed by everyone involved, without questions." He said, laconically. "Is that clear? he asked. "No questioning at all." He repeated. (In his mind, Steve knew that this rule was only a



theoretical one because non-military people wouldn't obey the precepts without some kind of questioning so, he was prepared for that.)

"I understand," Steve concurs.

"But in addition, I need you to have the OK from your superiors. They need to trust my judgment and not questioning my decisions. Otherwise, I will refuse to accept the leadership." Ken asserted with conviction. "You need to make sure I am in complete control. It is vital." Ken affirmed.

Steve noticed a significant change in Ken's attitude, and he understood his message. He needed to consult his superiors, to make sure the deal was made and Ken would have a complete control of the actions.

Martin, who suspected what was on Ken's mind, just kept a supporting attitude to his pal, acting as Commander in Chief. He knew that these moments were of vital importance to the operation. The professor didn't want to even ask a clarifying word from Ken. He was performing the role he was trained to do. Martin trusted his judgment.

After a brief silence, Steve assured Ken that he would seek his bosses approval. "I will get back to you with the final word."

"One more thing," Ken says. "Can I have a number to communicate with Mrs. Sadi too?" Ken asked. "And if possible, be able to have a conference call among the three parties?" Ken added.

"I don't see why not," Steve replies, "But I would have to ask for that information. I'll work on that immediately," He concludes.

"OK, Gentlemen. I think I have gotten the information I needed for now." Ken says. "I thank you for coming and answering my questions. We'll be talking again soon. Thank you all very much." Steve sounded satisfied, but the rest of the guys in the reunion felt that was not it. Ken wasn't revealing his mind fully. Or at least that was Martin's thought.

Martin, an experienced man, highly trained in Philosophy, History, Social Sciences and other skills knew that Ken had an ace up his sleeve, but also he had learned to respect tactics, and Ken was definitively a tactical man, with a highly trained military mind. Martin's brief youth experience in the Military was coming handy for the case.

"I will ask you now to excuse me," Ken said. "I must go back to my room. I need to take care of some important business." And with an eye winking to Martin, he left the reunion.

Martin, who had learned to act as a military subordinate to his friend Ken, diverted the conversation and after a few more phrases, they dismantled the reunion and went back to their rooms and the young scientists leaving the Hotel.

Steve, thanked the two scientists and reminded them that Ken would be getting in touch with them soon.

"Thank you for your understanding, Steve," Martin said. You see, Even though I am not a military man, I've learned to respect the ranks without asking questions. A good soldier never asks his superior for an explanation, And right now, Ken is my superior in the field." And Martin wrapped it up, with a: "Have a good night everybody." And he left the room, leaving everybody with a big question mark in their minds.

Once in his room, Martin received a phone call from Ken. They exchanged a few words, and all it was heard from Martin, was: "I understand Ken, it's the way I suspected it. You have my unconditional support! Do not worry! I love the idea. Have a sweet sleep."

They hung up.



## CHAPTER 10

### *The Moment of Truth.*

It's 7 am. in Varanasi City, and everybody is gathering at the Hotel Lobby, ready to go to the meeting with Steve's Bosses.

"OK, I see everybody is ready. We are a couple of blocks away from the building so, we can walk over." Steve said.

"Yeah, actually I love walking on the streets. This city has some exciting attraction. It looks cold at first, but when you get into details, I found some warmth in it." Ken said. "I like it."

"Sure," Lynn intervenes, "Varanasi City is so unique that invites you to get inside and discovering hidden things. It is like no other city I've ever visited."

"It's a shame we have only a couple of days to get to know the people here." Martin laments. "I'm pretty sure People are also different. For what Steve has said, the culture is the most interesting feature I detected." Martin continues: "A combination of ancient standards and super-modern technology, but it seems that modernization didn't bring a wide open corruption nor a human decadence.---"Interesting, though."

"I'm glad to hear you commenting and giving your opinions about our Planet. It is refreshing because I don't disagree with your thoughts and feelings. I think your assessment is entirely accurate!" Steve says.

The distance from the Hotel to the "Congress" is a short one, so they are in front of the big access doors.

There are two guards at the entrance, in white uniform with red cap and a red belt. A curve sword is hanging from the belt on the left side of the guards. They stand firm at Steve's and the group entrance. Steve salutes them with a gesture. Immediately after the door, an assistant comes to their help and offers to guide them to the large room where about 30 people are waiting for them.

The spokesperson (it seems to be a woman) dressed in a tunic, barefoot and her hair gathering in the back approaches them and greets them with a bow down. The group corresponds to a similar gesture.

"May I introduce you to our great spiritual leader: Madame Sadi," Steve announces. "Our whole minister's assembly is here to thank you for your services helping our people." Steve solemnly says.

"Welcome to Muralaloka," She says in an excellent English Language.

"We are profoundly thankful for your efforts, helping Steve to stop these savages from damaging our society," Mrs. Sadi says. Please take a seat. We'd like to have a talk with you, people." The Spiritual Leader says.

They all sit down in high back beautiful chairs, so the ministers take a seat too. The leader sits up front and starts the conversation.

"We are aware of every single step, event and move you've engaged in these few days thru Steve's words. We find your effort to help us, a blessing coming from God. We are eternally grateful

for that." The leader expresses and continues: "We know the problem is still unsolved. Steve is telling us that you are sticking with us ready to help on the next step. Is that right?"

"Yes, of course. We have discovered that the people the Khwaja's are trying to recruit, are a potential danger also for our Country and we are

very concerned." Martin expressed.

"We are aware of that too," Mrs. Sadi added.

Ken, who is next to Martin, makes a gesture showing he wants to say something.

"As a military strategist, I am trying to foresee the enemy's next step, and I'd like to ask you a few questions," Ken says. "What would you like to do about the Khwaja's and the Terrorists they're trying to recruit?"

"We would like to stop them, but as far as the Khwaja's concern, unfortunately, we don't have jails here, and since this never happened before, we don't know how to handle it." Mrs. Sadi remarked. "Normally we have a norm to isolate the troublemakers, but we are afraid these people won't follow the established rules."

"I believe we have the solution. A final one," Ken stated.

"Hmm, Mrs. Sadi mumbled.

"And all I ask you is to have complete confidence in us and give us the authorization to decide the final option to end this crisis." Ken paused. "You won't regret it." He assured.

"We are unable to explain in details our plans yet," Martin added. But if you people, trusts us, we won't deceive you. I think

Steve can back us up. He's been with us all this time, and he knows exactly our behavior, our morals and the philosophy we practice."

"OK," Mrs. Sadi accepted. "The future of Muralaloka is in your hands." She agreed. "We trust you and your friends. Steve has spoken greatly about you since he met you. Do as needed. And God Bless you."

"I understand that you people never had this kind of problems, but you must realize that you are short of time to think and debate what to do about it." Ken firmly stated. "You have no time to think of it."

"What do you suggest then." Mrs. Sadi asked.

"I've heard thru Steve that you have control over the 'Bubbles'." He says. "You can redirect them to wherever you want. Isn't? Martin questions.

"We just had a conversation with your chief scientists in charge." Ken continues, "and learned their extent controlling the system."

"We have the master control over our bubbles, so we can do whatever we want with them. There's no way anybody can tamper with the controls," She stated.

"OK, then," Ken says.

"By the way, Mrs. Sadi," Steve recalls. "Ken requested from Mr. Wo and Mr. Sankai, a number where he could communicate with them, and they've provided him with a number that he could text them and have a video conference. So, Ken asked me if you would also provide him with your number, to have a conference communication including you.



"No problem at all," Mrs. Sadi replied, and asking her assistant to write it down, then handed the paper to Ken.

"Thank you, Madame. I'd like to have a direct communication with you and the scientists." Ken acknowledges.

"As with what we were saying," Martin continues:

"As far as we know, the Khwaja's are planning to send a bubble to pick up the Terrorist battalion on a date we are not sure yet, but it supposed to be in about two weeks, more or less. Our communication equipment failed at the moment they announced the date." Martin continues, "But we'll know at least a few hours before by the movements in the Compound.

"Wait a minute," Mrs. Sadi recalls. "We are about to have a big event here, where everyone in the Government will gather at the same place." She reminds.

"Wow," Steve exclaims, "They might be planning to take over at that time!" He exclaims! "I see what their plans are! That moment is the weakest time we could be into."

"That would be terrible," Mrs. Sadi shouts! My God! We'll be praying, meditating and unable to defend ourselves by our traditions." She added.

"But your scientists could continue doing their job, right?" Ken questions. At least the necessary workforce to save your planet!" Ken questions. "Consider this an emergency!" Ken states vehemently.

"Of course," Mrs. Sadi says.

"Look, Madame!" Martin calls Mrs. Sadi's attention, and he adds: "I know that your beliefs are as mine: "Death is only an

Illusion," meaning that nobody can kill the soul. As Arjuna heard it from Lord Krishna in his chariot at the Kurukshetra Battle, between the two families linked to each other: The Kauravas (the impious) and the Pandas (the pious).

In a few words, I can synthesize what Lord Krishna said: 'The Kauravas are soldiers. Dear Arjuna. They want to hurt the Pandas, your friends and family, so you should fight them, and if you have to kill them, you'll only affect their material bodies, but not their souls. Nobody can kill, hurt, or bother the spirit soul because it's eternal. It had no beginning, and it won't end.' Martin concluded.

"You are perfectly right," Mrs. Sadi replies. "It's amazing that you know our philosophy so well." She added. "But things are beginning to clarify now. Sometimes it's good to go back to your roots, and refresh your thoughts."

"I think The Lord himself drove me to these people, Mrs. Sadi," Steve added. "God almighty is in control. No doubts."

"From my strategic point of view, that's the opportunity we have to get rid of these sick people, and as Martin mentioned, in the words of Lord Krishna: They are soldiers, not civilians and it is either you or them. There's no other choice." Ken firmly stated! "It is the moment of truth!"

"Ken is perfectly right, Mrs. Sadi, if you allow me," Martin commented. "We have in mind another solution, even better than that. We are suggesting to play a dirty trick on your enemies, but it's the best way to get rid of them without blood or taking dangerous chances. Strategy, Earthly strategy, my friends," Martin concludes.

"But you haven't told us yet what is the 'trick' you have in mind to end this ordeal," Mrs. Sadi questions.

Ken, looks at Mrs. Sadi and slowly says: "In our culture, people who gamble, and War is a kind of gamble, are reluctant to comment their game strategy because they believe that, would spoil the results. Ken confides. But in a few days, you will know it!" Ken assures. "Trust us, please!"

"There's only one concern left. The innocent people, residents or Muralaloka, hopeful of the Khwaja's promises." Martin mentions.

"Oh yes," Steve says, "They are only a bunch of people in the mode of ignorance left, but I believe we can re-train them with a unique program. They are not evil characters. They are only confused, and these rebels managed to trick them and have them shifting to their side in a very special moment." Steve stated.

"We must assume part of the blame because they needed special attention that we didn't provide at the right time. We neglected those people, and we should admit our error." Mrs. Sadi concluded.

"So, that sounds like a plan," Ken said. "But we should not forget that when the rebels indoctrinate lower class people. they convert them into fanatics and reverting that is almost impossible!"

"So, let's keep our minds open to the reality." Martin underlines.

"I agree, and the rest of our Council I'm sure agrees also," Mrs. Sadi looks for their approval. Everyone nodded the head.

"It seems, soon we'll be able to sleep again," Steve says, "Thank you, my friends, for your ideas and support."

"And we are grateful to you because your issue has to lead us to identify a problem we also share, by unveiling this terror organization that is planning to hurt our lifestyle too," Ken commented.

"Yes, Ken, but our problems only began to reveal, and we must keep working on them." Martin agrees. "But do not forget, we are dealing with a massive amount of individuals." He somberly said.

"I wish we had some "bubbles" available," Ken jokes.

"Well, maybe we can help," Mrs. Sadi said, committed to pitch in.

"Yeah, but our problem is the millions of people we must deal with. They are too many." Martin laments. And he adds. Our labor will take several generations, for sure. And I don't know if we will completely succeed. There are too many ignorant people in our World. Too many!" Martin remarked.

"Yeah, and the problem is that the people empowered with some institutions, especially with religious organizations, are enjoying the powerful positions and not willing to give them up!" Martin said. "They're very comfortable enjoying the perks."

"If we can coordinate the use of our Bubbles, I'm sure we could help you. The entire council members approve the idea." Mrs. Sadi commented.

"That could open a whole array of possibilities, don't you think, Martin?" Ken says. The rest of the group that had remained in silence listening to their leader's discussion, burst into an applause!

"We got to keep thinking of that," Ken mumbled.

"Yes, we should," Martin agrees.

After an informal conversation and the polite salutation between the Council members, Mrs. Sadi, and our friends, Steve leads the group to the building's exit and toward the train station. They are on their way to visit Steve's family.

But for Mrs. Sadi and her people, the question remains up in the air. What is the solution that Ken and Martin will propose to end the ordeal?

The journey in the train exposes a particular landmark thru the City of Varanasi. A few animals, cows and goats, are seen on both sides of the train, plenty of vegetation and a fair amount of farm houses, that resembled some of the Earth's cities, family constructions. Some tall buildings, gathered in small groups indicate commercial centers or residential buildings.

All kinds of comments are generated, and everybody is enjoying the sightseeing.

The train stops at a local station and Steve advise them to get off the car.

A magnetic cushion large vehicle, like a passenger van, is waiting to transport them to Steve's parents home. It's a short ride from the station.

Steve parent's and his sister's family, including her husband and two kids, are waiting for them at their home's door.

They effusively greet Steve and the group and invite them to get in the house.

The place, similar to many country houses in the US, is comfortable and Steve's family, very warmly, offers them food and beverages.

The food looks great. All vegetables and fruits, having the soybeans, prepared in different forms feature the feast. Apples also, developed in various dishes and styles are completing the family's dinner scene. Some other vegetables and fruits are also displayed at the table and different kinds of cheeses. No meat is seen among the dishes.

They sit around the large table and engage in a conversation ranging between inquiries about what are Steve's family occupations and vice-versa with the group of friends.

It happens that Steve's parents are retired, his sister is a housewife and her husband an Architect.

The conversation goes on, and both parties appear to be comfortable with the talk.

Martin sees a medium TV screen on the wall and asks about what kind of programs they watch.

Steve explains that people don't watch TV all the time as in the US.

"See, our population prefers to read or engage in many kinds of conversations." He says. "Because our politics are reduced to the minimum since we don't have several parties, and our sexual life is moderated and never public, the TV transmissions are reduced to educational programs, history or information about other planets.

Lately, a few series of past wars in other planets and other lands conquering have appeared with a moderated success among the

viewers. They seem to mimic some of your latest series on the Earth's TV."

"I can see, you people have decided a peaceful life," Julia says.

"It is not as exciting as your lifestyle, but our population enjoys it," Steve commented. "It is more like rural lifestyle within the cities."

"I can see the advantages," Amy commented. My parents home is a bit like this," She mentions. "Rural or suburban lifestyle."

"So, this is the average family's life in our cities," Steve admits.

"I'm sure it looks kind of dull to you, but it is our normal," Steve adds. "We are contempt with it."

"It is really refreshing to see this scenes," Jordan says. In certain ways, it reminds me of my birth town, of course without the luxurious, clean looks here, but some resemblances. I can dig."

Steve parents show the house to the guests and continuing a general conversation that brings the parties closer to a human relationship, different in styles but sincerely profound.

The experience is being amazing, and both sides feel comfortable with the exchanges of ideas and feelings.

The night is approaching, and Steve leads his friends to leave the house to catch the last train to the city. They salute each other and thank the locals for their hospitality.

Paul asks Steve if there are some 'Night Clubs' around. Steve replies:

"Yes, we've got some, but they are closer to the water gap leading to the 'Alien's Field'. It's operated by low-quality people. It is not the normal here, but we also have our low-life spots, where some rejects from our society hang out. It is a disgusting scene, even worse than in your cities. Degradation is the norm" Steve concludes.

That answer leaves Paul's expectancies truncated. He laughs.

The trip back, changed by the artificial lights, is as pleasant as the prior one. They finally arrive at the center of the City, and they go to the Hotel to refresh their bodies. An hour later, they take another walk around the City, looking at the store windows and entering some of them to peek around.

In reality, there is not much they can do in a couple of days in a complete strange City, in an unknown Planet and with the majority of people that doesn't know their language. The English Language is a privilege enjoyed by many but not all.

Steve has been a good 'Cicerone' and great interpreter.

The tour is fading to an end and the hard task to face the Khwaja's and the Terrorists is waiting for them on their return to Planet Earth.

It's been an educating trip. The group learned a few things and a great experience of an alternative lifestyle, different people, and cultures.

"Amazingly without imports from China!" Julia repeats!

The group goes back to the Hotel to gather their belongings and Steve waits for them downstairs.



Steve takes the group back to the "Gate" where they revert the trip, back to New York.

Back in New York City, the usual noise reminds them their nature and the lifestyle they share, in a World that is a perilous journey, not the peaceful one they've just visited. Life is dangerous on the Planet Earth. But also, makes you feel alive!

They all go back to Ken's home and still commenting about the trip they just had.

The morning after, while having breakfast together, they check the computer monitors, looking for some moves from the Khwaja's, approaching the Terrorists and the final preparation for the trip.

Everybody is preparing their backpacks.

"Anyway, we need to continue monitoring the Compound to spot any preparations to assemble the warriors," Ken mentions. "We must keep an eye on their moves."

"Sure," Jordan says. "We are keeping the "Hummingbird" around the compound, issuing signals on every movement they make." He assures. "I don't think there is a chance for them to discover it, and since the sun operated batteries are rechargeable, during the night, they would use the energy accumulated during the day," Jordan explains. "We can keep 24 hours vigilance without a problem."

"Anyway, we'll stay in touch, regularly, prepared to act on call," Martin said.

The daily report indicates that the Terrorists are assembling hundreds of warriors and intensively training them for several

hours a day. The training is physical and mental. They alternate the martial arts exercises and some extensive mental training sessions. They seem motivated and ready to kill. No joking around.

Although at times is kind of difficult to hear what they talk, at some point, the 'bird' picks up some conversations that are recorded by Jordan's system.

The most interesting ones are when they finally learn that the trip is scheduled for the day after and they supposed to arrive at Muralaloka and stay hidden, while they organize the attack. The Terrorist request is, that the Khwaja's leaders come to New York and leading the Warriors to the bubble. Jordan heard conversations among the Terrorists saying that they wanted to make sure the trip would be safe and there was no better way than having the Khwajas leaders traveling together with the Terrorist battalion.

Steve couldn't believe their luck. They expected the Warriors traveling by themselves and the Khwaja's leaders waiting for them in Muralaloka. The changes were more than welcomed so they could have both groups in one bubble. Easy to manipulate them.

The next day, Martin and Julia, arrived at Ken's home early. Jordan, Tom, and Samir were already there. Amy and Alice came minutes later.

The communications were in action, and at Tom's Surveillance van, the activity was frantic. Jordan and his friends decided to also release the 'Super-Bug' to have an extra camera to take shots from different angles and to getting closer to the scene.

The comm. devices were functioning in perfect sync.

In addition, Ken asked his friend, General Barron Smith, to keep an eye thru his powerful drones, just in case they needed them.

Barron had been an incredible help, logistically and physically by sending a couple of his guys with the Hi-Tech surveillance vehicle.

Now, since the monitoring was a remote one, there was no physical danger, but having the big drones available was an extra security.

Suddenly, there was a massive movement in the Catskill's Compound. Several trucks, carrying soldiers, arrive at the Training Camp and a couple of hours later, two vehicles were seen approaching the Compound's Gate. The guards open the big swinging wooden entrance gates, and the two vehicles entered the premises. About twelve men, wearing white tunics and turbans step out of the vans and walk toward one of the buildings.

Jordan, who had been observant to the moves, drives the 'Super-Bug' inside the building. Now, with visual and sound capabilities, he and the rest of the group are listening to the conversation.

"Is everyone ready,? The man who appears to be the Khwaja's leader asks.

"Yes, we are." The Terrorist leader responds. We received your generous Gold contribution, and we decided to increase our battalion. We have seven hundred well-trained men, and also we are going with you. We are very curious to know our new home," The terrorist says enthusiastically. "What time should we depart?"

"We have set an entrance gate in the Mountains, around here. Right by the small pond in the valley.

Another Khwaja adds: "I know you have a particular influence over the local police and as you said they won't be around, but we are also concerned with the neighbors. They could be suspicious too." The Khwaja's leader said.

"It's an isolated place, and after dark, we won't raise any suspicions from the authorities. The neighbors are sparsely located, and they won't see us." One of the Terrorists says.

"I'm glad you're taking those precautions. We do have some influence with the local Police, but we don't want to abuse it." The Terrorist Chief replies.

Martin, in communication with Steve, is narrating every single word to him so they would be preparing their strategy in combination with the scientists operating the 'bubbles.' Everything seems to be working under the plans.

At the Terrorist compound, they are loading the troops in the trucks, and one by one they are leaving the Training Camp toward the little pond in the Valley, where the "Transferring Gate" is located.

The Khwaja's have been working setting the dissimulated door to the 'Lobby' where they will enter the bubble they hijacked at the Muralaloka Transfer facility.

The leading Khwaja man, with the big turban, talks to another of his men and ask him to get in contact with Muralaloka to replace the bubble with the newer model so they could fit the seven hundred warriors plus the Khwaja's agents and also the Terrorist leaders.

As the night made its way, the trucks were arriving, and the Khwaja's leaders were hurrying the soldiers into the hidden gate and into the traveling 'bubble.'

With the soldiers, the Terrorist leaders and the Khwaja's elite, already in the 'Lobby,' the bubble replacement would take another 10 minutes to arrive. That would leave Ken and his friends an extra time to prepare the actions.

Ken tells Steve about confirming his communication with Mrs. Sadi and the two scientists.

"Let's establish a video conference with Mrs. Sadi. Mr. Wo and Mr. Sankai." Ken tells Steve, with the same instructions we sent to the scientists, just to double check they don't question my orders," Ken said to Steve.

"OK, Ken as you wish."

"Steve dials Mrs. Sadi's number and sends her a text message: <In a few minutes we will ask you to re-route the Khwaja's Bubble. Please be prepared.>

He also dials the scientists' Mr. Wo and Mr. Sankai's number, repeating the message. Almost instantly, Ken receives a reply: <Copy. Waiting for instructions>. from both parties. The video conference has been established.

The new bubble arrived at the 'Lobby, ' and they begin to load it with the travelers.

It took about a half an hour to load everybody in. In the end, the Terrorist Chiefs entered thru the door, and at last, the Khwaja's got in.

At this point, Martin gives the OK to Steve, to send the instructions to Mr. Wo and Mr. Sankai: <Bubble route set to go travel to Muralaloka's west side. Under no way, this shall happen. You must change the destination to Narakloka Planetary System, preference: the lowest planet possible.> Repeat message: <Bubble route set to go to Muralaloka's west side. Under no way, this shall happen. You must change the destination to Narakloka Planetary System, preference: the lowest planet possible. Ken.>

They immediately got a reply: <Copy. Change operation in process now. Repeat, Change operation in process now.>

Inside the 'bubble' nobody knew of the changes in the destination and the trip began in the belief that the passengers would be arriving in Muralaloka, in less than one hour.

Back in Varanasi City, Mr. Sadi, as well as Mr. Wo and Mr. Sankai, got a shock with Ken's instructions.

The Narakloka Planetary System was a 'Tabu' for the inhabitants of the peaceful Muralaloka Planet. Those instructions sent by Ken, the temporary Commander in Chief, although welcomed by necessity, caught the Head of State, Mrs. Sadi and the two scientists by total surprise.

Being morally questionable but definitively needed for survival, the option was clear but potentially not easy to perform.

A controversial ethical decision had to be made, and the promises made by the Muralaloka's Head of State to Ken left no doubts that the execution was unquestionable and had to be done immediately on the battlefield and in the bubble.

But in the two scientists minds, there was a rational thought to be acknowledged, and Ken understood that. The two young men were not trained in a Military philosophy, and their doubts were valid, to some degree.

In a video conference call with Mrs. Sadi, who confirmed the instructions received from Ken, the two scientists look at each other almost terrified, but with a smirk on their face. They probably couldn't believe a guy from Planet Earth would know about the existence of the hellish planet.

Mrs. Sadi knew what to do, but she also wanted to know the 'instructions executors' (Wo and Sankai's) thoughts and asked them: What are your feelings about this?"

"Narakloka?" Mr. Wo asks, visibly altered.

"I see," Mr. Sankai says, with a confused expression on his face.

At that moment, Ken, who has been in line with Mrs. Sadi asked:

"Do you consider my idea too brutal?" Ken questions. Is it against your philosophical beliefs? Is it undoable? Please tell me what do you feel right now! There's no room for doubts." Ken demands, in a friendly way. "We have no time for ambivalence. This is war time!" He snapped!

Steve who was watching and listening to the conference call, couldn't believe what was going on, but he seemed excited about the idea and patiently waited for the scientist's answer.

The two young men consult each other as usual, and then, Mr. Wo says:

"We think that due to the perilous situation presented here, although we have never been in a situation like this before, we could consider it an act of war, a life or death situation and therefore, under our declaration of principles, all options will be available without regrets." He affirmed. And then added, "The preservation of the Planet is a priority."

"So, the answer is yes, Mr. Sankai responded, we would send the bubble to Narakloka's lowest Planet and have the vessel self-destructed, without regrets." He added with a broad smile.

Mrs. Sadi was proud of her head scientists and expressed her thoughts, congratulating both young men for their decision. She knew that a Field Commander couldn't be challenged, but for the peaceful nature of Muralaloka, the young scientists had never before been in that kind of situation, it was natural to be reconsidered in a special way. Fortunately, the moral part of the decision was agreed upon, and the spiritual part was also safe since the principle was covered by the rule: 'Death is only an illusion.' The souls would remain untouched since no physical actions could affect it!

Steve, Martin, Ken, Jordan, and Paul, hardly expected such an answer from the scientists. They showed their approval, without a doubt.

So, practically, Ken's meticulously meditated plan was becoming not only possible but welcomed by the two young scientists in charge of Muralaloka's communications and by the Head of State, Mrs. Sadi.

Ken receives a text message from Mr. Wo and Mr. Sankai: <Order request confirmed: Bubble destination re-routed to Narakloka Planetary System. End of message>



It was a double win.

Ken, making sure all aspects of the operation were covered, asked Mrs. Sadi, Mr. Wo, and Mr. Sankai:

"Now, as we all know, there's a remained part of the Khwaja's that are already in Muralaloka, but we firmly believe that they would have to be taking care of too, to completing the operation as a success," Ken says. "Any ideas on how to get rid of them?"

"Yeah," Martin exclaims. "Machiavelli again! He's always right!" He repeats. "He's always right!"

Everyone looks at each other trying to come up with some solution. The young scientists are in silence for a moment and then, Mr. Wo, who appears to be the "naughty one," timidly says: "Hmmm, I think it could be a possibility, but I don't dare to do it without my superiors consent," He said. And he looks for Mrs. Sadi's endorsement.

Mrs. Sadi waits for the Scientists suggestion.

Looking to Mr. Sankai, Mr. Wo's speaking: "Remember when last week we were looking for some problems on the roads' magnetic strip, and we found the place where these people were sleeping?" He questions.

"Yes, I do remember," Mr. Sankai agrees.

Martin, Steve, Ken, Jordan, and Paul were speechless watching the two characters, so innocent and nerdy looking, planning a war operation. It was surreal, looking at them.

"Well, I was thinking that due to the imperative necessity to get rid of them, we could have a gate constructed at their site and

create a bubble around them and shipping them to the desired place!"

"You mean, Narakloka? Mr. Sankai timidly asked.

"Well, unless you want to send them to your backyard?" Mr. Wo asked with a smirk on his face.

"Look, Mr. Sankai. We probably wouldn't do this kind of things in our lifetime," He said, "But we are lucky to have these people from Planet Earth helping and encouraging us to think differently although within our philosophy. So, if we don't take advantage of it, and do things that we need to do, that our morals would not allow us to normally do, then we're stupider than we think we are.

Mr. Sankai takes a deep breath and then says: "You know what, you are right, and we are maybe beginning to breaking the limitations, Wo. It is to the well-being of our people!" He sanctioned. "Let's do it!"

Mrs. Sadi, who had been watching on the shared TV screen and listening to the conversation, said: "My dear fellows, I've been witnessing your debate, and carefully evaluated your decisions and I couldn't be prouder of your services. This is a very unusual situation that I hope we will prevent from happening again. Our morals and our spiritual strength have been put to an incredible test, and I am satisfied with the decisions. We are grateful to our friends from Planet Earth help, and we are making them Honorary citizens of Muralaloka, with an open invitation to visit our home planet at any time and be allowed to bring any guests that they would find suitable to do so. We trust you forever, our dear friends."

Everybody around the table had a laugh, but mainly, because it was cute, watching these two young nerdy scientists, coming out of themselves, their conservative cocoons and stand by their Planet in a realistic and patriotic way.

So the operation: <Bubble destination re-routed to Narakloka Planetary System. End of message. Wo and Sankai> The order were concluded. They texted" <Mission accomplished!>

Unfortunately, nobody has the technology to find out what kind of surprises the terrorist faces would have shown after arriving at Narakloka Planetary System, nor the Khwaja's leaders. We can only imagine it, but the satisfaction of the accomplished task was more than a reward for the inhabitants of Planet Earth, Martin, Julia, Ken, Lynn, Paul, Jordan, Amy, Alice, Tom, and Samir. Oh, and let's include Barron Smith, Howard, Peter, and Travis. Thank you all!

Some people say that the Terrorists are probably re-organizing their ideology and adapting it to their new Home planet: in the Narakloka planetary system. We also ignore the name of the sub-Planet they arrived to.

In Muralaloka, the peaceful flat Planet, the calm returned to their lives, although the biggest problem, the Alien's Continent, it continues to be a Pandora's box that could be opened at any time. God forbid!

However, there was another problem to be solved.

Back at New York's life, the local terrorist problem was diminished temporarily, while there still various Training Camps

full of radical ideological terrorists around the Country, attempting against our liberties, slaving women and killing dissenters, as it has been happening for the last 1,400 years.

Back at Ken, Lynn and Paul's home, all reunited, Martin issues his last part of the Lesson about his statement: 'Death is only an Illusion.':

"My dear friends, what started as a fundamental lesson on Philosophy, became a real life adventure. I don't need to rephrase what happened. We were all actors in the Play."

"The History will keep remembering us, the informed citizens and maybe one day, the ones that root for a Country without borders, will realize that frontiers are a necessary defense against enemies and intruders, that didn't make it to Narakloka and they still trying to impose their toxic ideas."

"Unfortunately, too many people want to convert the "privilege" to be citizens of our country, as our Founding Fathers designed it, into "the right" to be among us, without earning it. I hope they will find the correct answer."

Maybe one day our citizens would learn the lessons from history and take a concerted action, toward their elimination or at least the isolation of the traditional enemies of our Constitution, until they revise their thoughts and change things that ought to be modified. That is a story that doubtfully we could solve immediately. The human kind still underdeveloped although science is catching up with the brilliant minds of thousand of years ago." Martin explained. "It's amazing, those great thinkers wrote their thoughts so precisely, that today's scientists are just catching up with those "predictions" that in reality, we are finding out today, to be the truth and accurate.

I personally believe on the statements written in the Vedas, as the wisest advice of all times. The power of Maya (or illusion) is what's keeping us from utilizing those concepts. We must change that.

Martin got a round of applause, but more important, the friendship of a bunch of heroes."

Death is only an Illusion, is for real.

THE END

J. Pelegrin





## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

J. Pelegrin creative history goes back to the beginning of the group “LOS 4 BRILLANTES”, formed in Uruguay in the 60’s: Yvonne <Lead Singer> Roberto <bass>, Ricardo <guitar> and me, Jorge <keyboards>. Then, a little later we added Hector (drums), who accompanied the Group and later was an integral part of it until the end, by 1970’s.

They began playing and singing in Uruguay, their homeland, traveling to Argentina, Brazil, Chile, Venezuela, Perú and landing in Mexico, in 1964, where they remained until 1970 when decided to go separate ways. Jorge got employed by CBS Columbia Records Mexico as a Producer-Artistic Director. After two years, working for the label, having produced several successful projects, encouraged by his Boss, he decided to move to New York, where he founded a successful future. Jorge’s relationship with New York City was “love at first sight.” Since 1974 to the present has been his home, except for eight years, between 1989 and 1998, were he had to take some time off to attend to family matters, back in Uruguay.

New York City, has been a great deal Jorge’s life. It brought him the opportunity to develop himself into a better musician, a writer, and a better person, giving him the recognition and success in the English Language market, that to these days had helped him to complete many of his dreams, including writing Newspaper articles, books, and making movies. He is very grateful to New York City and its people.

In New York, he had the fortune to have produced five hit records for the American Market and some others in the hit parade top 40’s:

“WALKING DOWNTOWN,” featuring “Black Ivory,” “IF YOU WANT ME,” by “Ecstasy, Passion & Pain.” “FEEL GOOD, PARTY TIME”, by

J.R.Funk & the love machine.” “ROCK YOUR WORLD”, by “Weeks & Co” and “I DON’T WANNA LOSE IT”, featuring “Wayne Cooper”, former late “CAMEO” lead singer.

In 1998, returning to his beloved City of New York, destiny took him thru various ways until he came back to his heart and soul: the music. In 2005, with best friend Sue Samuels, a dancer, choreographer and multi-talented NYC icon, they approached something new. They began to write a Broadway-bound Musical Play, (THE DREAM FACTORY). By 2008, they finished the writing and composing the music and lyrics. Some Broadway producers, read the script and listen to the music of the play and immediately showed interest in producing the show. They offered to assign an expert budget director and Executive Producer, thinking on a production budget of 5 million dollars and the request to do it fast since they needed to replace their fading Broadway play: “SPRING AWAKENING,” after seven years on stage.

Unfortunately, 14 days later, the Real Estate “Market Crash” surfaced. Jorge and Sue received a notice saying that due to the World’s economic situation, the project had been postponed indefinitely (All the investors were people affected by the Wall Street collapse). The market crash shattered their dreams.

Dented by this disappointing fact, Jorge began a life reorganization, which besides the Musical Play setback, that leads Jorge to his personal life collapse, ended in a bankruptcy and three consecutive brain strokes. Changes in the entertainment market took him to other new ways, were taking advantage of the Electronic Music escalation, he began to produce Music Videos, Film production and, combining his music creativity, the writing and the new visual aspect of it.

He released his first Music-Video production on Youtube, by April of 2012. Being that the Music business is in frank decadence, the music production has fallen to an unrecognizable mediocrity. A few productions in today’s market have a decent quality and the rappers, managed by obscure characters who own most record labels or managed to merge with unscrupulous big Media Corporations CEO’s, have monopolized the pop music market, it became irrelevant to keep producing music for the American Market as a way of living. Instead, the book industry has begun to pick-up, and Jorge now dedicates his time to the book writing. He has written a Musical Film Script, with 23 original songs, titled: DREAM FACTORY, selected by the 2015 Beverly Hills Film Festival, as the best Musical. Then, he wrote a political/Religious book: “SAVING AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL, and a Fiction Novel: **DEATH IS ONLY AN ILLUSION**, on Amazon Books.



## **Other Books:**

**"URUGUAY PUERTO LIBRE"** in Spanish Language. an essay on local Uruguayan economy.

**"DREAM FACTORY"**, a Musical Film Script, Selected as the best Musical at the 2015 *BEVERLY HILLS FILM FESTIVAL*. Include 23 original songs.

**"SAVING AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL"**, a "current affairs" narrative about my arrival to New York City, the process of integrating to the community, my progressive interest in politics, and the Donald Trump stomping the grounds in the political arena. The problem with the Islam insisting in replacing the Constitution with the Sharia Law and the issue with the open borders. I predicted the election's result on the July 4<sup>th</sup>, 2016.

**"DEATH IS ONLY AN ILLUSION"**, my latest Fiction Novel.

## **Synopsis 1**

When Martin Frost, a Philosophy professor at an NYC University closes his class and lecture year, in a speech to his students, he quotes "DEATH IS ONLY AN ILLUSION," from the Vedic philosophy. Some curious students want to know more about the subject and invite the Professor to expand on the theme privately. A visitor from an alternative Planet appears on the scene, looking for help to stop an imminent invasion by Earthlings' Terrorists to take over his Planet.

The Alien invites Martin and friends to visit his Parallel World; the group enjoys what they see and commits to helping. Some student's parents, former CIA operatives, join the Professor and friends to form a "Garrison" to aid the man from the Parallel Planet to defend his remote homeland. Exciting action, high in Philosophy, Sciences, Religion, Morals and unexpected developments in an electrifying thrilling plot.

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