

Lion, Tiger, Bear

Chapter 1

Oval Office

Washington D.C.

July 19, 1942

Prime Minister Winston Churchill sat with a groan, tending to his tea. His Virginia-style buttermilk biscuit wasn't exactly a Ritz Hotel London scone, but the clotted cream and strawberry jam were first rate.

Franklin Roosevelt moved his wheelchair closer to the couch with a slight squeak. Being of stalwart upstate New York Dutch lineage, he had no love of the British Empire or any other one for that matter, but Winston touched him on a deeper level, always had, and their friendship mattered. Franklin would pick up the scorched, shattered bits of empire just like his cousin Theodore Roosevelt had done on a smaller scale, and an American-centric new world order would arise from the old, but only if they won the war. "We're going forward on our plan for the North African invasion, 'Operation Torch,' the Navy calls it," he began. "Americans must get into the action as soon as practicable, and General Marshall has appointed Dwight Eisenhower as overall allied commander. The Krauts will hate that—an American general with a *jur-r-mann* name. I'm at odds with many of my generals and admirals on this, it's a profound and...*unpopular* decision."

"But a good one. The traitorous Vichy will fight, I'm sure of it," murmured Churchill.

"Or...they might surrender without a shot fired," smiled the president. "Keep the sunny side up, Winston."

"*Bum fodder*, but I like the way you think."

Prompt, Chief of Staff General George Marshall entered. "Mr. President, Prime Minister. Sad news from Libya." He handed Winston a pink telegram.

Churchill slowly put down his tea cup. “Rommel’s taken Tobruk. 33,000 taken prisoner. 19,000 were British. The Suez is in his sights. God damn him to hell.” He crumpled the missive in his meaty fist. “Tobruk...defeat is one thing, disgrace quite another.”

After a few moments of silence, the president soothed. “They must have put up a helluva fight, Winston. All of them, the Australians and New Zealanders too. What can we do to help?”

Winston mused the question carefully. Too much of a favor could sour their relationship. “Sir, it seems I’m the most miserable Englishman in America since Burgoyne. That said, we need tanks. Jerry has more and more every day. Army Intelligence and MI6 reports say new ones are to be supplied in a few months’ time to Tunisia, the upgraded and fearsome Panzer IV’s. Tunis is swarming with supply ships.”

Roosevelt looked to Marshall. “Let’s send three hundred Shermans and a hundred artillery pieces, and by the fastest ships possible to the Suez and up to Egypt.”

“Yes sir, that can be arranged quickly. Production has increased in Detroit,” said the general, face pale, sitting across from Churchill in an easy chair. Suspicious eyes found their targets.

Churchill looked Marshall over. He knew Roosevelt had probably picked him as a five-star Chief of Staff not because he had great experience in leadership—he’d been promoted throughout his career curiously fast despite being a substandard regimental commander, and had worked hard on the President’s Civilian Conservation Corps projects as a loyal officer—but because he had sharp understanding of the deepest secrets. Churchill suspected it was Marshall who had cobbled up the idea of letting Pearl Harbor happen on purpose after the Japanese communiqué had been read, the idea being to quickly galvanize Americans behind the war effort, but that was ancient history now and probably for the best, he thought.

Roosevelt reached out for Winston’s hand. “Together we’ll *beat* them. Grind them into that hot sand. We have to.”

Cigar went limp. “Indeed, sir. New command is needed in Egypt, and I know just the chap: Montgomery. Controversial, unpopular with the high command, but tough and inventive. I’ll be in Cairo in August to personally oversee the transition; bad blood may flow. The Nah-zies cannot be allowed to win even in a limited capacity. If they capture the oil fields in the east the war will drag on for years and years, possibly decades. And we three all have a good idea what the Germans are *really* after in that desert region, one that stretches from Morocco to India, a

parched paradise of hidden treasures. And Europe is currently theirs to manipulate, underground facilities for war production increase daily. The facilities I worry most about are built upon Ley Line intersections—Poland, Czecho, Silesia, Romania, Bulgaria, Greece.”

Marshall cleared his throat. “Shall I leave you two alone, Mr. President?”

“No, George. Stay. This warrants deeper discussion,” said Roosevelt, sipping his coffee. “Besides, we need your input on our new whiz-bang science in the works, none of which will be shared with the Stalinists of course.”

Despite his peaked depression, Churchill felt quite privileged. At last, Roosevelt was opening up on certain subjects heretofore highly classified and valued beyond measure. Full cooperation was needed, and now. Their intimate bedroom chat with cocktails the night before with Winston naked in the bathtub was finally bearing low-hanging fruit of the sweetest taste.

Marshall rummaged through his stuffed accordion briefcase. “The file, sir. Latest NDRC and Rad Lab reports and projects. MIT professors Vannevar Bush, John Trump, Varian brothers Russell and Sigrud. Tesla is a help, but he’s getting on in years, frail. These are our top scientists, Prime Minister, all have the highest clearance in the land.”

In pain, Roosevelt leaned back, grimaced, straightened his cramped and braced legs. “Enlighten our dreary morning, General. Cheer us *up*.”

Marshall continued. “Due to their non-aggression pact, our west coast freighters flying Russian flags are reaching Vladivostok unharmed by the Japanese navy. Klystron tube microwave radar research has yielded the following: Long Range Navigation Radar or LORAN for ships, ground approach radar for planes, gun-laying units for the Navy, friend-or-foe beacons, and early warning systems are all moving along well. A defensive fire control radar is being tested on the B-24 Liberator bomber. Shows promise. Jet-assisted takeoff JATO rockets from JPL Labs are proving useful for heavy load aircraft. Chemist Jack Parsons and his team are moving fast on more powerful versions.”

Roosevelt casually rotated his arm and finger to Marshall. “Isn’t he the one...”

“Yes sir. I have the FBI watching him. He’s an amateur occultist, a local lodge, but has engaged in written communication with the notorious Aleister Crowley.”

Churchill snapped: “I know about him well, high-level *Ordo Templi Orientis*. Useful sometimes. MI6 keeps tabs on their back-pocket boy, but he’s not to be fully trusted.”

“Funny ol’ world, ain’t it now?” smiled Roosevelt. “Strange bedfellows we need indeed. Hired occult assassins, psychics and seers on the secret payroll, expensive and untrustworthy privateers and brigands, Russian psychic armies...”

Marshall cleared his throat and continued with his notes. “Boeing is well on their way with the XB-29 long range, high altitude bomber program. Computerized defensive gun placements and pressurized fuselage testing is slow but up-and-coming. They’re scheduled to be combat-ready by mid forty-four. The SC-5 Tesla-based scalar microwave testing is on schedule in New Mexico at Los Alamos. Professor Trump and the Varian brothers are hard at work at making it heavy-vehicle-portable when it matures in an estimated twenty-four months. It utilizes a neutrino tracking system, and if all goes well, any high-speed aircraft up to 150,000 feet should be disabled according to their data.”

“Good. Let us move on to infamous File B,” said Roosevelt. “Make sure Secretary of War Stimson is read-in on this.”

“I’ll brief him personally.” Marshall pulled out the thick blue file. “File B, sir.”

Roosevelt smiled. “Winston, what do you know about our little aerial fracas in Los Angeles back in February?”

“Sir, only that the reports said it was a possible Japanese aircraft, a blimp or dirigible of sorts. Somehow it escaped unharmed to the south at a leisurely pace after much artillery and ack-ack ground fire.”

Roosevelt squinted through his specs. “So far so good.”

Marshall took the cue. He used his finger to trace the text under the heading *Battle of Los Angeles*. “I asked Professor Bush and his team about it after they saw the *Ultra and Cosmic Classified* footage of the craft molting smaller scout craft from its belly; we silenced a few papers on that detail. When Rear Admiral Anderson picked one up in the sea, Secretary Stimson ordered him to have it examined by a special-clearance Navy unit at the San Diego naval base; it had no markings, weapons, or pilot. Another craft crashed in the Santa Anna mountains, an Army G2 unit was quickly on the scene. No ordinance other than scout aircraft was dropped by the larger unidentified airship. P-40 pursuit aircraft with low-light cameras confirmed this action. Professors Bush, Lawrence, and Compton concluded it was most likely *not* Japanese. Since the antiaircraft fire went on for hours with searchlights having acquired the target, they said it’s most likely, and I quote, ‘non-Earthly, and therefore interplanetary.’ All similarly classified reports

from now on will go to the Office of Coordinator of Information Director after my approval. Colonel William Donovan.”

Roosevelt laughed a little. “Old Wild Bill, what a character. *Ultra* and *Cosmic* designations refer to my new little program headed by General Jimmy Doolittle, Winston, the *Interplanetary Phenomenon Unit*, or IPU. The General and his team will keep track of all the strange ‘War of the Worlds’ happenings for the war’s duration, no Orson Wells narration needed. By the by, that radio program was a secret test cobbled up by Army Intelligence and the Secret Service Department to gauge the American public’s reaction to a possible Mars invasion. A False Flag Operation on my order. It only proved that there were far fewer people who sincerely panicked than the vast majority of those who did not. Americans have naturally tough sinew. They—” The black telephone buzzed loudly. “Who? Send him in.”

Fleet Admiral Ernest J. King entered.

“Ah! Come in Admiral,” said the president. “I want you in on this particular part of my briefing.”

Famously stubborn and hot-headed King sat next to Marshall. “Yes, sir.”

“Read on, General.”

Marshall continued. “Sir, according to Army G2 intelligence reports dated from January 1st to June 15th, prototype Northrup P-61 Black Widow night fighters have confirmed close-range sightings of what they term ‘Foo-Fighters’ over western Germany and northern France, but they did *not* appear on the experimental airborne intercept radar they have. The glowing unknown objects paralleled and zig-zagged our planes; one crew shot at the spheres but no return fire was given. Doolittle said they were spectators and probably ‘not of this world,’ but he also said there’s a chance they might be of German manufacture, reconnaissance craft possibly. Television or camera equipped. Form of propulsion unknown.”

Churchill said: “We thought they were Jerry’s own as well, until MI-6 and the Air Ministry reported to me that the Germans thought they were ours. Bit of a mystery, but I can tell we’re all of one mind on this.”

Roosevelt pointed to King. “In the Pacific Theater...down Coral Sea way, the Navy informs me they’ve seen them too on occasion near New Guinea during engagements with the Japanese, as if ‘they’ were observing both sides. No interference was reported, but of course one popped out of the ocean one night and scared the living *shit* out of a destroyer’s crew!”

Mild chuckles.

“Yes it did, sir,” said the Admiral, who found the least humor in it. “Next time...we’ll shoot the little green bastards down if the order is given.”

Cold silence.

Having been Assistant Secretary of the Navy in his younger years, and having absorbed much wisdom through hard political and personal experience, the president frowned at the admiral’s arrogance. He tilted his head to the side and took a long drag, allowing smoke to slowly rise from his wrist and mouth, partially veiling his face. Through his pince-nez, he locked eyes with King and drilled a look into him that could punch a hole through steel. In a serene voice he said: “They’re not green...they’re *grey-y-y*. Very short or very tall, no empathy to speak of. Rather large eyes. Time travelers, spacefarers, and associates of the most elite Nazis, but that stays in this room. Other more benevolent races abound. Ours is not the only war going on. And the shoot-down order is...*not* given. Tell your admirals that. These...‘celestial devices’ as I call them, unless they fire upon you first, no action is to be taken. Make sure Ghormley, Halsey, and Nimitz are all keenly aware. Do I make myself absolutely goddam clear?”

An uncomfortable pause.

Without moving his head, King looked to Churchill then to Marshall. Both gave him the same hard look. “Aye, aye, sir. Very clear. My report,” said the admiral glumly.

The president hefted the file up and down. “Ernie, I’ll...have to ask you to leave us now. Many thanks.”

The admiral got up and left in a huff, a bit shaken. He was not privy to the deeper and more classified conversation to be had and clearly resented it.

When the door closed, the president continued. “Perhaps soon we should bring him into the greater fold, but for now it’s just us three.”

“Agreed, sir,” said Marshall.

Churchill nodded.

The president went on. “Despite our harsh setbacks, Winston, Bataan for us, Tobruk now for you, our victory at Midway and the sunk Japanese carriers should remind us both to stiffen our spines with resolve and count our blessings. And I’ll remind the both of you old soldiers that the Russians are taking the German brunt, and despite their own retreats, Stalin has tremendous

Siberian manpower in res-e-r-v-e. Millions. And the industrial might in the Urals to supply them with tens of thousands of new tanks and aircraft.”

“The wounded but rugged bear will pounce again, and harder,” said Churchill.

Marshall added: “Reports state their casualty lists are growing by the hundreds of thousands from the new German thermobaric fuel-air rockets being tested, a devastating secret weapon system, but that’s being kept classified by both sides. I know this, Mr. President, Prime Minister, because the Reds are tough sons-of-bitches and they fight hard for their Motherland, they’re not cowards by any stretch. Why else would they retreat? It makes sense. No mention of gas or biological weapons. Luckily, the Soviets’ improved T-34 tanks are the best medium tanks in the world right now because of their many numbers. Devastating and simply-built, a good main gun, sloping armor, reliable diesel engines, fast. Their production lines are quicker than the Germans’ by far.”

Churchill re-lit his cigar. “‘Quantity has a quality all of its own.’ Stalin’s words, naturally.”

Roosevelt perused File B; he took a lower tone. “Gentlemen, we are all top-shelf Freemasons here. Let’s discuss freely what we think is *really* going on at the far fringes of this global conflict. As top dog in this fancy kennel, I’ll go first. We all know a tidbit or two about our hidden world history that must remain secret for the war’s duration, but it’s my hope humanity as a whole will be enlightened when we’ve won, though we should spin it our own way to reduce panic. Now, as I’ve come to learn from others far above me spiritually over the decades, especially certain Zoroastrian gentlemen I greatly admire, God created duality and polarity for the loving and benevolent cos-mos to learn harsh lessons; low vibrational energy versus the high. Well, *we* got it in spades down here, I reckon. No pain, no hardship, no great loss to be had, equals *no* wisdom to be gained. ‘Tough titties,’ as my lovely wife and her she-men gang like to say, especially when boozing along in her baby blue Buick for forested parts unknown. She knows a wee morsel of what we’re chatting about, oh yes. A woman after my own *hah-a-r-r-t*, you might say.”

Churchill and Marshall laughed a little, the First Lady controversial, rebellious, warmly loved and bitterly hated, but a class act.

Roosevelt cleared his throat, his health on the downswing. “America as you both know has a secret destiny: She’s *The New Atlantis* said Court Astronomer John Dee to Queen Elizabeth

the First, a beautiful goddess of a land, this very neoclassical city under our feet being built upon the 77th meridian crumbling remnants of the Atlantis Empire's western-edge colony. This city has been reconstructed over time in strict accordance to Hermetic Law, the Sacred Cubit, the Kabbala Tree of Life, and the Megalithic Yard thanks to our fellow compatriots L'Enfant, Jefferson, Banneker, and George Washington, who's monument's obelisk is surrounded by the Sacred Feminine *Vesica Pices*, bless her feet. And Winston, I *personally* chose the location for the new Defense Department, one built around an ancient pentagon-shaped star fort that connects with the city grid using the sacred geometry of our illustrious ancient forbears; I knew we would be drawn into the war years ago; it was our destiny, the 'Arsenal of Democracy' and more. The subtle earth energy coursing through those long hallways properly channeled will help us achieve our inevitable victory."

"Impressive. I never knew the entire gist before," said Marshall.

Churchill removed his damp cigar. "I never conjured any doubts on your part, Franklin."

The president said: "The Russians are cleansing what peoples and history are left of old Tartaria, their fine buildings, gold-domed mosques. In a few years' time, all we'll have left of her are the old maps and a few scattered stones. Lost high civilizations and their close associations with star people are being scrubbed from history. Pitiful, really. Sad."

"And the Japanese are doing the same to the Khmer ruins in Indochina," added Marshall. "Though we'll have their undivided attention soon enough."

Staunchly conservative, Winston said defiantly: "Perhaps that's *best*. If the common people wake up too fast about our true history and reality, our continuing visitations from extraterrestrials, then uprising, anarchy, and deprivation will befall the entire—"

"I *vehemently* diss-ah-gree!" snapped Roosevelt, suddenly emotional. "So help me almighty *God*, I'll stand up in Congress when this war's over and tell them the truth square in the eye, wobbly legs or no. Americans are *tough*, Americans are *smart*, from the farmer to the physicist, from the Negro shop clerk to the Mexican Rosie the Riveter, from the Appalachian sailor to the old money admiral, and they will accept the unacceptable with *stoicism and courage*, their life blood. They deserve that much. And so do your fine people. Am I *clear*?"

Churchill chewed his cigar with vigor as if to say something, but did not. He now fully understood why he admired his friend and peer so very much, a man who dared to accomplish the impossible against all odds, just like himself.

A cough. “Please continue, Mr. President,” said Marshall calmly as the two men leered at one another.

The president flicked ashes. “Sorry, bit tired today. Now listen you two, we servants of the Brethren have kept the idea of true democracy alive for millennia and will continue to do so, the secret dream of all ancient philosophers. In case of sabotage, I’ve sent my people to microfiche the entire Philosophical Research Library in California that Manly P. Hall has accumulated as a knowledge replica of the Library of Alexandria, Egypt, which we three know held the entire wisdom of the Atlanteans and all Prediluvian societies. The film will be stored underground at a new military facility in the Blue Ridge Mountains off Route Fifty. Ditto for the American Philosophical Society of Philadelphia. Let us hope that one day that benevolent destiny will be realized, my slight-of-hand New Deal a hefty start.”

“Which the war has now stifled,” said Churchill.

Marshall added: “Ruined, I’d say, but everyone has a job now.”

“Undeniably,” said the president. “Now then, as you both are aware, our loveable green, lush, and watery world of Eden, lodged firmly in a never-ending loop of time immortal, has been settled by many august cosmic explorers, farmers in their jean overalls, brainy zoologists, keen geologists, sharp-eyed geneticists, traders, miners, and various bloodthirsty conquerors over the mossy ages. In addition to her being a school of sorts, it’s plain to us that Mother Earth is also a bitterly fought-over battleground. The dark minority against the light majority. All the world’s a stage—she’s the grandest of war prizes, and we are but mere thespians, slaves, and soldiers, I fear.”

“Now I understand why you told the admiral to go,” said Marshall. “He’s...quite religious.”

Roosevelt adjusted his pince-nez tighter, knowing full well that Freemasons and other occult philosophers clung to religion publicly in order to carry on with the universal truth—the “Light”—in the shadows without fear of modern-day Spanish inquisitions. The Egyptian goddess Isis represented the all-knowing, all-loving female-vibration cosmos, the big secret, the real threat to Rome’s brutal spiritual totalitarianism based solely on patriarchy. Still, he chose diplomacy at the moment. “I-n-d-e-e-e-d. The Great Hermetica, or ‘The Gift of the Lamp,’ was passed down through history from antediluvian, predynastic Egypt to ancient Greece and Persia, then it was secretly adopted by the early Christian Gnostics, then it was lost for a while until the

dualistic Cathar Knights of France incorporated it into their philosophy with help from the local nobles. From there, the ‘Lamp’ traveled into the arms of the Templars, then to the Rosecrucians, and onwards to the Freemasons. We must remain respectful and gentle on this, those that fastidiously tuck The Bible under their bed pillow must be slowly led by the hand through the dreamland of truth ever so mindfully and graciously. Personally, I don’t see any conflict with *God* over any of this, this is *His* doings, *His* designs, *His* cosmos, but organized religions will suffer someday when their more rigid adherents finally catch wind of the grand scam perpetrated by the illustrious but dubious Anunnaki and their despicable cohorts over the last thirty millennia. That rainy day will be a sad but necessary one.”

“Should I be nervous?” asked Churchill with a slight smile.

Eyes dark and tired, the president tilted up his smoky quellazaire. “No, my friend, you should not. But I know more about you than you think—la-dee-da. My troupe of Theosophical masters that tutor me are indispensable. How far up the pyramid are you...*r-e-a-l-l-y*?”

Churchill thought for a moment. “Three hundred fifty-seventh degree or thereabouts, near the top, but that doesn’t matter as much as does the free-thinking person, I’m told. Bloodline must be pure.”

“Illuminating and fascinating. Three fifty-eight for me and three fifty-four for George here. We three all know the risks, we all know that our darker-minded Masons, a small minority of rich and powerful fellow brothers to be sure, will want us hanged someday, so be on alert. Trust no one completely.”

“Agreed in full.”

“Yes sir. Are we sure this office is secure?” asked Marshall, a bit paranoid.

“*Very* secure. I’ve had security redoubled. So, where was I...ah! First, there were the biblical and mythical Hyperborians in Pangea who suffered cosmic war, then it was the Lemurians in the Pacific, the descendants of which are now helping us fight the Japs island after island, then there was Khmer, then Mu, Lumania, Shambala, Zimbabwe, then Atlantis and her many foes from out yonder, amongst their own, and below; she destroyed herself in hubris, her technical achievements far outweighing her spiritual core. A great empire that rose and fell. From there we moved on to Egypt, Greece, Persia, Mongolia, and the grim Roman empire that inherited much of their technology and architecture from the Prediluvian ancients, and yet still she fell to ruin. Today it’s the fasces-wielding Nazis and Germans and Italians and Japs who are

on the conquering path. Nothing has really changed. Since 1918, the unresolved war has simmered below the surface like an overheating Oldsmobile in a junkyard these past years and has now become our shiny new Cadillac, Tommy Guns blazing and running *flat out*.”

“Hear-hear,” blurted Churchill.

The president shook his head back and forth to accentuate his words. “Proxy wars for the mul-tee-too-din-ous and multinational forces of light and darkness from everywhere and beyond the heavens have been our tearful legacy, our primary focus as a human race despite our myriad achievements in the arts and natural sciences. Allegiances shift with the sands of time, old foemen become new allies and vice versa; pyramids, temples, and civilizations grew tall before their collapse, but the darkness...yes, the *darkness*, oozes and slithers its way in between the cracks of history, meanders around the fallen pillars of the ancients, and rears its head from time to time in purified occult form to feast upon the raw energy of ritualistic mass death, our Earth an abattoir, a Chicago *slaughterhouse*. The Nazis, Black Venetian Nobility, and the Japanese Black Dragons are the purified essence of that darkness, the pinnacle, the current unmasked head of that fearsome *snake-in-a-basket*, hidden in the shadows no more. Their evil, corrupt secret society factions versus ours. This time though, today, with our horrifying new weapons of unimaginable power on the drawing boards and in the sky, I fear the entire universe is watching us very, very closely. It is my belief...we are *all* on trial.”

Winston stood and removed his cigar with vigor. He paced, then looked out the bay window. “I cannot but agree wholeheartedly. As I’ve always said, for better or worse, Stalin, you, and I must attain the ultimate in bully status over our global schoolyard. Otherwise, this joust may be the last for everyone.” He then sat and massaged his belly, his headache worsening.

At this, the three men meditated for a minute or so, their countenances grave.

“George?” Asked the president gently, his voice jovial in its roller-coaster cadence. “You’re being aww-fully silent and sullen. Speak your mind. Or is it...that you require a martini?”

Marshall tightened his brown Army tie and squirmed uncomfortably; he usually kept an official distance from the president, but on this topic, *the topic*, he needed intimate proximity. “Mr. President, Prime Minister, there’s one more issue. Professor Bush has had several conversations with Dr. Oppenheimer regarding the Manhattan Project in development; both are very familiar with ancient history on our level and beyond. Since we know that atomic-type

weapons were most likely used in ancient times in India thereabouts, the Vedic texts warn us of severe complications and possible repercussions. I'm not sure I..."

"Do tell, General," said Churchill during another pause.

Roosevelt ordered: "Yes, do go on. If I remember correctly, it was in the Indus Valley region, Mono...Mohenjo-Daro, I believe."

Marshall gathered his wits. "Yes, sir, that rings a bell. Allow me to read Oppenheimer's personal note which is addressed to you specifically, Mr. President, since I'm not qualified to comment on it. It reads as follows: *'It is not known if a large fission explosion could ignite part or all of the Earth's atmosphere, rendering everything surface-wise to a cinder. In addition, from what I know of deeply ancient historical accounts, an atomic blast of a certain yield may affect more than just the local battlefield at hand. The texts strongly allude that a blast of such magnitude will rip through many of the twelve known densities and their infinite, concentric circle dimensions of our universe, causing millions of additional casualties in those higher realms. The spacetime rip can, for an instant, allow what's known as a 'portal' to and from these dimensions to form unnaturally with no safeguards. A situation could arise where many opportunist dark forces of a low vibration coupled with negative political agendas would enter, thus reinforcing our already perilous wartime reality and timeline.'*" Marshall then showed them an old engraving that was included by Oppenheimer for emphasis. It was the *Avri Potabilis Chemice Preparati, The Alchemical Preparation of the Golden Elixir*. It showed concentric circles with a plethora of occult symbols surrounding a pyramid in the starry sky, rays shining down upon the Tree of Life, Earth, animals, birds, phoenixes, a fiery volcano, the seas, and people of many races. It represented all the dimensions of the heavens alchemically affecting the physical plane, a direct symbiosis. "I can't even begin to imagine what might happen to our world, both seen and unseen."

"God in Heaven..." muttered Roosevelt, examining it. "How close are the Germans?"

Marshall read another report. "Their multiple atomic programs are very active but slow. Heavy Water experiments in Norway, Hechingen isotope-enrichment units may be close to uranium U-235 enrichment with scientists Heisenberg, Hahn, Gerlach, and Strassmann, but reports vary on successes, failures, and dead ends. Minister Speer promised Hitler a bomb that would *'knock a man off his horse from ten miles distant.'*

The president said: “To hell with Speer. We must endeavor to pick up the pace! Non-terrestrial know-how in atomic and quantum science *must* be used for perfecting super weapons to affect the complete destruction of Germany and Japan. We should take firm advantage of every ‘celestial wonder’ that comes our way.”

“Huzzah.”

“Agreed, sir,” said Marshall. “It’s already been assigned to the *Non-Terrestrial Science Special Committee* per your order.”

“Good. Keep on,” smiled the president.

“Polish intelligence operatives claim that AEG and I.G. Farben are perfecting their Version Three chemical laser for isotope purification, but actual confirmation on performance is hard to come by. Telefunken and Siemens miniaturized transistors are being used in radar and U-Boat torpedo calculators and will likely end up in their rocket and advanced experimental aircraft programs. The Zuse Z3 digital computer is of course essential for all their high technology projects, and that’s alarming in my book. But...what’s really troubling are the unconfirmed rumors of special SS mining units that’re scouring everywhere high and low for *thorium*, which is found in rare earth materials such as monazite and euxenite.”

“Mining units?” asked Churchill worriedly. “*Thorium?*”

Marshall coughed. “Yes, sir, a possibility. Professor Trump told me thorium is used to coat tungsten filaments which are then fitted inside electronic devices such as radar. It’s also used in making high-powered scientific equipment and high-quality camera lenses—Zeiss and Agfa come to mind in regards to optics on tanks, ships, subs, and aircraft. But those are just the nifty little side benefits, he said. If the rumors are true and I believe them to be, the Germans aren’t just looking for itty-bitty inferior-quality amounts here and there in occupied Europe or captured Russian territory, but tons of high-grade ore found in select geological pockets mostly in the Middle East, northern India, and Egypt, and *much more* than is estimated for a bomb enrichment or electronics program.” Here he paused, the enormity of the complex issues almost indigestible, the details unbelievable at best. “These elite units are in bed with the Thule, Vril, and Ahnenerbe societies. And, of course...we all know...what that means.”

In a rare display of hot temper, the president pitched his coffee cup and saucer to the front panel of his desk where it shattered. “Damn!”

Nervous and overwhelmed, Churchill ground his cigar stub in the ornate John Adams ashtray, thought fondly of his wife, family, and finally his grandniece Beatrice, the hard-drinking, randy, always-on-report, irreverent Godless libertine he admired so much, mostly because she reminded him of his younger self gone irreparably wild and feral, only more so. He then low-growled: “Now we know *exactly* why the Foo-Fighter pilots are watching us all so closely: Quick advancement armed with little wisdom.”

