

CHAPTER 109

January 1st, 1938

Sandbagged by flu, Bea rang the bell for Collins.

“Ginger ale and oxtail soup are on their way, Miss Bea,” Collins relayed over the new intercommunication box. Her father had immediately disconnected his after Elaine had them installed.

Bea rolled onto her side, but the spiked ball bearings in her skull merely shifted. The knock on the door set her ears afire. Pillow rounded over ears.

Collins sat down the tray. “Flowers from His Lordship; should brighten up yer mood.” “Or my funeral. Thanks.”

“Not to worry. You look on the mend. Anything else, Miss Bea?” Collins felt slightly ill herself. “Water biscuits please, and happy New Year.” Bea arranged her bed tray just the way she liked it.

Hothouse African violets on the Royère bedside table stared back at her. It didn’t help. Scissoring her gleanings, she attempted to augment her new mission scrapbook with images of Porsche, the racecars, and the team drivers to get her mind off her aches and pains, but after ten minutes even that was too much, so it was back to sleep.

Upon waking, bored, she cracked open a book her father had read when he was recovering in Cairo during the war, Lord Bulwer-Lytton’s famous novel *The Coming Race*, which described a man’s adventure at the Earth’s core among tall, godlike, peaceful, and noble Aryan people who worshipped a Black Sun in a higher dimension. They were all vegetarians and controlled a cosmic power called *Vril*.

Her inflamed lower spine sent out a shock or two. “Oww!”

Vril was an old Tibetan word with an accompanying, lightning bolt-style glyph that roughly symbolized the energy source from the inner Black Sun, which was directly linked to the actual Divine Feminine creational energy of the cosmos, the same female energy that was secretly worshipped by the Freemasons and other mystics. The Aryans believed that the universe was, and still is, mental, and that ALL is the mind; they knew that everything and everyone in the great cosmos were part of the same intelligent, spiritual, and sentient whole, thus good and evil, positive and negative, moral and immoral, love and hate, were all one in the same. Only an individual’s perspective and experience were different.

Curiously, her father said that Bulwer-Lytton was an initiate of the infamous, London-based Templar secret society, *Ordo Templi Orientis*, which was of German and Austrian origin. The Theosophical Society of London had ruled the book a work of absolute truth.

“Take heed,” Briggs had said to her, “the Nazis are uncouth, savage, and strange all right, but they aren’t bloody idiots.”

“This is bizarre in the extreme,” she mumbled, remembering some of her Knights Templar history. She snatched her Wycombe folio with all the colorful drawings off her shelf. In it, Professor Aelfric had told her long ago in private that the Templars were the keepers of the ancient knowledge of Atlantis, Poseidia, Lumania, Kumari Kandam, Mauritia, Khmer, Indus, Mu, and other world-wide, multiracial high civilizations that existed long before the Great Flood of 9,600 BC, and that the many pyramids, dolmens, aqueducts, canals, ports, and giant temple complexes worldwide were remnants of those peoples’ grand achievements, Stonehenge too. Modern cities were once their colonies. Their legacy was all around us—architecture, alchemical science, silk, paper, writing, high-quality iron and alloys, the wheel, ships, sails, hemp rope, flint and steel, the bow and arrow, agriculture, irrigation, astrology, airships, and astronomy. One glaring example being that “Gothic-style” cathedrals and castles were really built or even *rebuilt* in Atlantean style by secretive Freemasons; astounding cathedrals sprang up out of nowhere overnight with few prototypes. What was very old was new again once rediscovered and reinvented by the select and prominent few.

Airships? Canals? Aqueducts? Stonehenge? What’s next—fairy castles? This is a lava flow of lunacy, thought Bea.

Sea levels were far lower before the Flood, and much more land mass was available for habitation; islands and continents didn’t sink, the water rose above them. All of those impressive megalithic constructions were closely tied with magnetic Ley Lines, maritime navigation of the globe (using a compass, chronometer, and sextant), sound resonance, astral travel, and the Earth’s electromagnetic grid that birds and animals navigated by. These crystal-based civilizations—powered via a second, smaller artificial moon in orbit—also included underground ones in large caverns hundreds of miles wide. These caverns provided a safe, warm, and dry place to escape the deluge, comet impacts, and the following ice age. Geologists, he said, had discovered telltale layers in rock strata that suggested the flood had really happened, and the many elliptical lakes in the American Carolinas were highly indicative of a massive fragmented comet strike.

Caverns? Just like the one in this here novel. Aelfric said they all warred with one another, too, resulting in a disastrous global conflict of some sort. If so, what idiots. Wouldn’t happen today.

In a flash of inspiration, Bea rifled through her Toymaker file. McMaster’s thick stack of endnotes seemed to jibe with Aelfric’s teachings, notes that she had forgotten to finish.

In alignment with many prominent, open-minded academics he had queried in strict confidence, McMaster now believed that Plato and his ancestor Solon had been right; Solon had been told the Atlantis story in Egypt at the Temple of Neith at Saia in 600 BC, and today it could be found carved onto the walls of the Temple of Horus. The story went that the egalitarian and multiracial Atlantian “gods” were the Pre-Diluvian ancestors of the ancient Egyptian royal dynasties; these Atlantians were allied with the Phoenician traders of the high seas and the masons from Tyre that built King Solomon’s Temple. In what was left of that structure, the Templars were said to have discovered a good part of the true Holy Grail, which he believed—via his secret society contacts—to be a “cup” of knowledge, one part being an ancient instruction for the personal alchemy of the soul via sacred

geometry, the golden ratio found in nature, cosmology, philosophy, and astrology. Benevolent transmutation of one's soul or "light body" to higher planes of existence—an Egyptian specialty along with mummification—was the result, a powerful result that precious few could master. Yet once mastered, the infinite consciousness of the cosmos and all the knowledge associated with it was at one's disposal. Hence, one could become an "ascended master" like Buddha, Isis, Vesta, Shiva, Confucius, Jesus, Count Saint Germain, and Mohammad.

Or an ascended disaster. Bea toasted with her tea cup. *Here's to knowledge.*

The cosmos's "void of creation" was feminine, hence the secret goddess worship by the Freemasons and other esoteric orders, most especially the Egyptian Isis, a.k.a. Columbia. However, the Vatican, kings, and emperors had long ago decreed women to be inferior chattel because Rome was in great fear of their vast creative power, in fear of female druids who clearly understood deeply ancient wisdom, geomancy, holistic herbal medicine, the power of nature, cosmic spirituality, pure love, tolerance towards all, and especially the Grail knowledge, thus resulting in the many witch hunts and inquisitions throughout history. The Cathars of France, the Christian Gnostics, the Druze of Syria, Pythagoreans, druidic Celts, Sufi, Zoroastrians, and the Templars were all brutally persecuted for their adherence to ancient Grail doctrines and Hermetic wisdom.

Mumbly said so long ago, too. What a bum rap, as Bogart would say. Patriarchal society is the rule, not the exception. Well, watch out for us newly-liberated witches frolicking naked in the woods. And armed with African double rifles. Herbal love and tolerance hell, we're going on the offensive!

The rest of the Grail treasure included ancient mariner maps of the entire world that clearly showed an ice-free Antarctica with a thriving civilization (rare public examples being the Turkish Admiral Piri Reis and Orance Fine's maps), an expanded *Hermetica* based on the ultimate Egyptian wise man, Hermes Trismegistus—the wisdom god Thoth's incarnation—various scientific scrolls from the ancient Library of Alexandria, many energetic gems and crystals, a powerful cosmic energy technology of some kind—"the fire of heaven" that powered the infamous Tower of Babel, and an exotic type of white gold powder that Moses had developed for his people to eat baked into their daily bread, one called Manna. Why, McMaster didn't know. He then wrote that somehow, just perhaps, ancient Egypt and its many pyramids and highly advanced temple complexes—not to mention the hundreds in the new world—were the key to all this forbidden history and knowledge.

Maps? We Brits discovered Antarctica first—but in 1820. The Russians and Yanks were close behind. I don't understand...an ice-free civilization? Was the climate that different long ago?

Himmler was in hot pursuit of the Grail knowledge or its equivalent in the Near and Far East, especially the cosmic energy part, and had prepared Wewelsburg castle in Westphalia for its safe keeping. This German quest was an ongoing one going back to the 1840's, but the SS had upped the ante with more professional personnel, more efficient motorized expeditions, and vastly greater funding.

So that's it. Must be some sort of angle, like the Chicago Mafia would obtain for an unfair advantage over the G-Men. Bea looked upon the wall which held a photo of Elaine, her, and

Alice next to The Great Pyramid outside Cairo which they had climbed when she was fourteen. They had spent the night on top, and Bea remembered the sunset and sunrise had been strikingly transformative. *I wonder...*

McMaster wrote that since 1931 the Nazi Party, especially the SS, directly funded the secretive, occult Thule Society, which had been established in 1919 by ardent, high-born Viennese enthusiasts of Bulwer-Lytton's novel. The hallucinogen Peyotl was said to be part of the Thulian mystical syllabus, a psychedelic compound used by Native American Indians for inner spiritual transcendence and astral travel.

Sounds like that stuff would go well with bubbly and my close-knits.

The Ahnenerbe archeological society was a direct offshoot and was staffed by many Thulians. The big secret was that Nazi ideology *itself* was partially based on the belief that there existed an ancient worldwide civilization that had access to the power and secrets of the universe. Somewhere hidden, encrypted, and scattered was the knowledge, artifacts, and remnants that lay preserved. In that knowledge was the recipe to forge the "Aryan Superman," the supposed select and superior race of the multiracial Atlantis Empire that once stretched from Egypt to Ireland, Antarctica to the Americas. The Ahnenerbe was tasked with finding that lost information, and by all accounts they were succeeding.

He also said that the Thule Society truly believed the Nazis were the reincarnated souls of The *Sons of Belial*. The Sons indeed were the select few, the greedy, hubristic, militaristic pure-bred Aryans who were the "negative-minded" ones that ignited the ancient global war that destroyed all those high civilizations. They personified racism and utmost superiority, and as dark lords looked down upon on all others, seeing them as weak and unfit.

Sons of Belial? You mean sons-of-bitches.

"Thule" was the name of the capital of the mythical Hyperborea, which was the land of the inner sun near the Earth's core where many Atlanteans and others had escaped to during The Great Flood via great tunnels that could be navigated by ship.

Within the political-minded Thule Society was the smaller, more spiritual Vril Society. Tightly knit, small in number, the Vril members were all aristocrats and vegetarians, believed they were descendants of an ancient, cavern-dwelling Aryan extraterrestrial race originally from the Aldebaran star system, ardently believed in astrology, alchemy, and cosmology, and were possibly interlocked on a clandestine level to the OTO, the Freemasons, the Knights of Malta, the Mesopotamian Golden Square, and all their supposedly powerful, collective Templar wisdom. However, these societies didn't always get along if at all, and definitely did not share all their information with one another.

I'd better heed my horoscope from now on. Oh, for the love of sam, scratch that.

The Vril Society was also part of a curious nineteenth century German "breakaway civilization," a group of misfit engineers with their own independent social, spiritual, technological, financial, and control structures that Himmler and the SS greatly admired and emulated, but kept most secret from the public. There was also a rumor the SS had cobbled together an offbeat

physics department called *The Vril Propulsion Workshop*. Several noted physicists such as Walter Gerlach, W.O. Schumann, and Viktor Schauberger were also rumored to be members, ones that were involved with the concept of *Unified Field Theory*, a term that McMaster heavily underlined, putting a big question mark at the end.

Bea remembered a snippet of a snippet about Gerlach. *Didn't Oldhubby mention him once or twice? Cosmic sun energy research something-something? Bit boring, I'd say.* She then yawned.

A beautiful, blonde, and potent psychic named Maria Orsic channeled information from “etheric extraterrestrial sources” for the benefit of both the Thule and Vril societies and their mysterious agendas.

McMaster wasn't sure which group held sway over its sibling but was sure they complemented one another.

Hmm, probably shagging each other, too. Another yawn stretched forth.

The Aryan-centric, anti-Communist, anti-Capitalist Thule Society quietly and unofficially included into their circle the talented public speaker and rabble-rouser Hitler in 1920 as a “political messiah” for the German people, a strong, highly motivated one that would hopefully realize the pure Thulian and Vrilian doctrines of Aryan purity, utopian equality, peaceful cosmic unification, technology advancement for the betterment of all mankind, and spiritual enlightenment in lieu of corrupt religions, governments, and banks that gripped the world tight in their fists. The Society had not chosen well, wrote McMaster.

Now we're talking.

The Hindu-origin swastika was representative of the eternal sun, eternal life, good fortune, the torsional bending of space-time, and the god Vishnu. On this, the society had chosen well. The Hindus and Buddhists were also mythically connected to the fabled Aryan Aldebaran explorers via the ancient Bon people and their curious shamanistic and animistic religion. The Nazis and SS were absolutely obsessed with Tibetan culture and Bon rituals, even over in the Colonies amongst high-ranking loyal followers in the American Nazi Party.

Typical Yank Faschies. I remember a few Rockefellers who leaned in that direction. Tan shirts and black short pants with cross braces? Who's in charge of their fashion sense? She picked up an earmarked fashion rag from her side table that held a parody article on German military fashion, especially the black uniforms of the SS. “Oh, I see, Herr Hugo Boss is their *Vogue*-führer.” She pitched it to the growing trash pile and continued reading her notes.

It was written in the papers that the SS had also broken into all the German Masonic lodges in the search for any scrap of ancient occult knowledge. Himmler had publicly made one of the looted lodges a bare-bones museum to keep ordinary citizens and academics from becoming suspicious of their skullduggery. The Nazi Party was in no small way a serious cult armed with a godhead, occult rituals, and millions of rabid, loyal followers, hence the many feverish torchlight parades in Nuremburg. McMaster also wrote that Himmler was very keen on working with both the Thule and Vril societies on unknown projects of “military high technology.”

That's queer even for nutters...

Hitler was recently at odds with sections of the two societies, said one of McMaster's shadowy sources, the peaceful-minded metaphysical sections that included Orsic and other beautiful, long-haired psychic "channelers." Perhaps even occultist Rudolph Hess as well. Hitler and his followers had become drunk with power, and they reversed the potent Swastika symbol to represent "inevitable victory" by virtue of the potential Vril universal energy at the Führer's personal disposal. Conquest, power, racial purity, propaganda, and fomenting war seemed to be *his* form of enlightenment, and he had separated himself from both societies' core values, leaving Himmler firmly in charge of their research work. The Thule and Vril people had now become disillusioned, permanent employees under a heavy SS yoke.

In Wagnerian culture, Hitler was known as a lost soul, and he relished the composer and his works for being a medium of transcendence into a negative spiritual world devoid of mere materialism, his inner longing for omnipotence all too evident and alarming. He therefore felt a deep connection with occultists; his arm-thrusted "*Sieg Heil*" salute was based on the mystical Thule salute "Heil und Sieg," and many of the midnight Nazi torchlight rituals, films, and parades were also directly Thulian in style and content. In the file there was an old picture of him waving the Nazi flag, his expression one of pure passion, a man possessed with destiny. That destiny being a highly-centralized Nazi new world order.

Bea laughed hard and it hurt. "Great Nelson's guns! Grail lore, Hitler, Himmler, Hess, Hindu-Buddha bits 'n' bobs, Sanskrit twits, quack psychics, suntanned spacemen, bally Bon-boys, nutjob occult-driven Fascism...what sort of silly game's this, Colonel? Maybe that's why they're winning so many races over there—*Vril* in the petrol tanks."

At the end of the typed notes on FO-labeled stationary, which of course were carbon copied and filed as per SIS protocols, McMaster provided a large, personal wax-sealed envelope. Intrigued, Bea took down her reference book on family crests, nabbed a magnifying glass, and recognized it to be the Scottish Russell coat of arms. "Must be his lineage," she mumbled, snapping the dark red seal in two.

Within were sheets of lined legal paper scribbled in dense, black-ink longhand. The first paragraph read: "For you SOLELY. Keep silent. No discussion on this topic, ever, with anyone; Winston and I are in agreement on this, and your father knows little of it. Best to digest with a grain of salt but take heed. BURN when done. *This*...is how the world is genuinely constructed, ordered, and ruled. *This*...bit of sub-rosa intelligence if exposed could cost you your life, even here in England. You possess an intelligent mind, USE IT. Toss out your childish misconceptions and kindly grow up now; not next year, not next month, not tomorrow—NOW." His writing was shaky, and had many ink smudges as if written in a hurry or under stress.

Bea discontinued her giddiness. Bile inched up her throat.

In a somber tone, he wrote that via his accumulated intelligence over the last thirty-five years from his Foreign Office world travels that allowed him to brush shoulders with all quarters of international occult society—most especially Gnostic Christian elders, high-ranking Sarmoun and Sufi

mystics, well-respected Arabian philosophers, outcast European royalty with a rare sense of decency, retired Turkish field marshals that wanted forgiveness from Allah, Buddhist monks, Hindu vipras, excommunicated Freemasons, et al—he had connected thousands of uncomfortable, hazy dots that eventually formed a mostly cloudless picture, one that took him many years, tears, sleepless nights, and bottles of whiskey to accept. Finally, he understood that the real world was nothing like how they once imagined it. All the stories and legends were eerily similar, and in his opinion it took an open-minded, highly-educated intelligence officer like him to piece it all together for civilized English eyes like hers.

Bit high on the horse, eh, colonel? Wanker.

Firstly, the basic gist was thus: The Earth had been created eons ago by many groups of our ancient star cousins to be a very special garden planet to support the cosmos in a spiritual sense; she also had a feminine soul, hence “Mother Earth.” All life—every fish, bacteria, tree, plant, butterfly, whale, bird, insect, and animal had been brought here from elsewhere in the universe, and with plenty of life-giving water to nurture them, species after species. Everything and everyone in the cosmos that was given the spark of life was an eternal soul—from the atom to the star—and nothing could ever change that. If Sufism recognized two things it was firstly the *unity* of being, that we are not separate of the Divine, and secondly that love is the highest activation of intelligence, for without love nothing truly great would be accomplished, whether spiritually, artistically, socially, or scientifically. Death was an illusion, a lie, a fear-based, religion-based control system proffered by dark, low-vibrational, interdimensional entities for their own selfish means. Humans were infinite beings with great emotional and creative powers, but few understood this. The fear of death, the fear of ridicule, both kept us enslaved.

Oh, who cares? Anyway, love isn't the answer to anything. Especially if we go to war.

“In the beginning, there was the Word, and the word was with God, and the Word *was* God,” read the Bible, and that “word” was sound; sound vibration was the very creational power of the living, sentient cosmos, whose lifeblood was the delicate but all-powerful vibration of love. Frequency and sound vibration were key in the creation of all life; every living thing with a soul had a distinctive frequency. In simple terms, what we understood to be “God” *was* the entire cosmos—a feminine vibration—and everything that made up the cosmos was part of the eternal whole, the infinite ONE. The ALL there is. Hence the Hermetic “Law of One.” The Christian Cross, Maltese Cross, Celtic Cross, etc., were all representative of this sound, and originally had absolutely nothing to do with religion because religion hadn't been “invented.” The cosmos was made up of uncountable dimensions or densities, of which Valhalla, Heaven, Swarga Loka, Avalon, and the Astral World were integral parts.

Bloody theology lesson. Never was keen on the law, only breaking it. Female vibration, eh? I wonder if the cosmos can hear the ripping sound coming from my Bent's tailpipe?

Everyone had been taught perpetuated lies in schools, he wrote, century after century, generation after generation. Students were carefully molded into compliant, loyal drones that never questioned authority. Her warm and comforting and privileged reality was nothing but a theatrical illusion

behind a silk curtain. Society en masse the world over had been cleverly coerced since the Great Flood to be obedient, blindly religious, willingly sacrificial on the battlefield, hard-working, exhausted physically and financially, hungry, and painfully ignorant as a result, all except for their elite of the elite masters on high who knew the truth, or at least different slices of it. “Compartmentalization” of the knowledge, much like the watertight compartments on a steam ship, was a virtual guarantee of secrecy. Few could piece it all together, even fewer possessed the philosophical wisdom and vision to take it to heart.

I knew school was bollocks at best. Bloody Headmistress trollop.

For the last twenty-five hundred years, history had been distorted heavily and on purpose by emperors, kings, queens, warlords, religious leaders, and most especially the Jesuit monks working for the Vatican; all manners of science, higher math, physics, astrology, and theology too. From Pope Damasus the First forward, what His Holiness and future Popes didn’t care for was cut out, hidden away, or wholly re-written. Anything that was a direct threat to their supreme spiritual authority over Christendom and beyond was destroyed. This applied to the Bible and gospels as well. It was said that Jesus didn’t preach the one true God, he preached *The Law of One*. He and his wife Mary represented loving harmony and balance. Regarding the Quran or the Hebrew Bible, the colonel wasn’t sure, but feared the worst.

Jesus!

Knowledge is power—the burning of the Alexandria Library in 48 BC was most likely on purpose, and much of the surviving ancient knowledge eventually ended up in Constantinople in the hands of secretive church elders. Book burnings of the past were an inspiration to ones happening in Germany currently. When a select few control the past, they control the present and the future, and this was exactly what the Nazis were attempting to do for the German people via radio, official books, State-sponsored films, schools, and tainted newspapers.

Soddy Pontiff poofs and their pious puffery. I was right about them. Blackadders, all. Nazis too.

As far as traditional ancient knowledge went in the Far East, it was not as heavily covered up as far as the colonel understood. Acupuncture, Tai Chi, martial arts, meditation via the “Third Eye” or pineal gland, yoga, and highly effectual Indian and Chinese medicine were said to be inherited from the Mu civilization of two million or so BC, the spicy, healthy, and healing cuisine of the entire Far East, coequal.

As an aside, McMaster wrote that when he was stationed in northern India in 1922 he had a deadly fever and a gangrenous infection in his leg from a riding accident. The British Army doctors did all they could but finally decided to cut it off, and yet despite their bitter warnings he chose to limp out of hospital one late night with a friend’s help and undergo therapy by a traditional Ayurvedic Indian doctor, who then saved his leg using all manners of unusual treatments, ones that included spices, flowers, plants, herbal soups, acupuncture, Tibetan music, and bizarre chants. That experience taught him a valuable lesson: Never underestimate so-called “uncivilized” native peoples, they were *nothing* of the sort.

Just like Jubjub in Africa. Lovable chap for a blackamoor. Saved Poppy's life I reckon. Dogon tribe I believe? Something about his star ancestors...

Over the hundreds of millions of years, countless high civilizations had come and gone on Earth, ones that utilized sound vibration, electromagnetics, harmonics, levitation, crystals, telepathy, and consciousness as a foundational technology, one that could peacefully control animals, harvests, earthquakes, tides, and the weather. How all that worked McMaster couldn't determine from anyone, but he was told that the highly distinctive Aborigines of Australia were the oldest race on Earth, their seemingly primitive culture, oral traditions, musical talents and instruments far more spiritually advanced than one could ever imagine.

"Millions of years ago?" Right. Don't buy it, Silk Road wholesale or resale. Bloody dot-faced wogs, slanty-eyed Asiatic hordes, Aboriginal no-talent orchestras, who cares what they think? Let's revive the Opium Wars, eh? That'll keep 'em in line. A doped-up ignorant Chinaman is a well-behaved...slave with...Tai Chi tea...and...Bea sat straight up when the pitbull truth bit her hard in her crotch just as her horse sense came alive at full gallop. Now her own ignorance, shallow-mindedness, and bigotry was on trial. Her formally cemented intellect slammed into gear at full power with no double-clutching. "For Saint Gonzaga's sake, Colonel, you mean we purposefully...?"

Legends, history, holistic science, philosophy, and religions went hand-in-hand in the eastern hemisphere. But the colonel knew powerful western colonial powers like England, France, Holland, and America had played a major part in deceiving populations and destroying forbidden knowledge in India, Australia, Dutch East Indies, Philippines, and Khmer Indochina for centuries, or at least tried to.

India remained the crown jewel in the British Empire, but the country never lost its spiritual and cultural strength no matter how hard and unforgiving the British occupation. In 1832, Lord Macaulay's address to Parliament on February 2nd of that year stated he had never seen such a wealthy country, one that had no starvation, crime, or intolerance. He related that the only way to subjugate her was to completely replace her ancient educational system with a British one, thereby crushing the Indian spiritual and cultural backbone. Parliament agreed, but Mr. Gandhi's peaceful movement for independence was a testament to that policy's utter failure over time.

But...I don't care for bullies. Oh no, no it can't be. "No-o-o-o!"

More currently, elite government officials decided what history and knowledge were best for their peoples, and of course what things were best to leave out. Historians, archeologists, and scientists were controlled from the top down and were given strict dates, parameters, and paradigms to work within. Any major stone or earthwork ruin from deep antiquity that didn't fit within that small-minded corrupt paradigm was ordered to be labeled a "mystery," "anomaly," "temple," "fort," "motte," "mound," or "tomb" in perpetuity, and probably given a curse legend to dissuade curious-minded snoopers.

Stunningly beautiful sacred geometry star forts the world over were all unique and very advanced Pre-Diluvian electromagnetic "earth energy" production sites and not forts originally;

they made only moderate military sense—high thick walls, bastions, earthworks, moats—but were reconstructed and reused time and again throughout the ages. Many of these deeply ancient man-made constructions had either religious or military structures atop them in order to hide these mysterious wonders in plain sight, or more simply they represented the local high ground and made for dandy, pre-made fortifications or fortified towns.

Like Neuf-Brisach in France? Lovely spot.

McMaster learned that water was “electromagnetically energized” in arrow-straight canals that were constructed—sometimes with dual lanes for shipping—along Ley Lines, and this energized water was somehow converted to electrical energy by star forts, mounds, and pyramids using crystals, silver, and platinum as catalysts. McMaster had asked a trusted scientist about this, and the man said it must have had something to do with the splitting of hydrogen and oxygen atoms using massive amounts of electricity. Megalithic buildings were planetary power resonators that were all connected, and may have been used for radio-style communication. This was a universal worldwide technology, available to everyone at no cost since there was no money, just a simple barter economy. Plus, the treated, filtered water was delicious, clean, and healthful to drink. Unfortunately, the Nazis were making themselves very busy constructing megalithic buildings, radio towers, strange transmitters, and hardened bunkers along Ley Lines to harness this natural “Earth magic” energy for their own nefarious uses.

Woe betide the open-minded inquisitive scientist who postulated the ancients were perhaps more advanced than the people of today, especially the white Europeans, for he would be “silenced” quickly by way of a ruined career and reputation, financial blackmail, and even familial death threats.

Curse of the mummy’s tomb, yes? Makes sense. Imbecilic superstitions are rife. Glad I’m a cynic. Hold on, Fort George wasn’t a fort in ancient times? Magnetized water? What the hell’s earth energy? Bloody druidic dribble...this has to be a fat crock of meadow muffins. Must be.

Most of western humanity’s science, engineering, medical knowledge, and political systems were wrongly based on contextually “recent” Greek and Roman culture and history, and not the many deep antiquity civilizations that far preceded Rome, Rome’s elite, and their white-skinned emperors who claimed it was all their doing while they erased what was left of the earlier Etruscans, Minoans, and Pelasgians, all of whom descended directly from Atlantians. Thus the Pantheon’s architecture, the arch, aqueducts, the ballista, eye surgery, theatrical arts, language, metallurgy, naval ships, bound books, and countless other inventions were *inherited*, not invented. The Romans were very clever engineers and improved upon many things, but the clue was they mostly built, constructed, emulated, and repaired using mud brick, concrete, and small stone blocks, not with giant megalithic man-shaped stone blocks, some examples of such weighed in at 1400 long tons in eastern Roman provinces like Egypt, Judea, and Syria. The megalithic stones and building complexes had to have been made much earlier in history using the techniques of pre-dynastic Egypt and its mysterious pyramid builders. This lost construction technology was a highly probable part of the Grail knowledge too, he mused.

Bea studied an old photo of McMaster and other British officers in Baalbek, Syria, atop a massive rectangular stone block that was as big as a London bus. *Fourteen...hundred...tons? What kind of bloody crane would've handled those? Even our biggest ship-building ones couldn't lift that lofty load. By God's swollen arse, I smell a rotten Roman rat. Hadrian can shove one of those square boulders up his squeaky-tight trumpet!*

In Egypt, the same applied. Pharaohs and queens would carve their names on temples and pyramids to claim them for their own, but those constructions far predated Dynastic Egypt and its hieroglyphic language. The entire Giza complex was over 50,000 years old, and to the west the Sahara held a vast civilization even older, one that was now buried under hundreds of feet of sand. The Sphinx originally had a lion's head and represented the dawn solstice during the age of Leo, and before that time other ancient Zodiac animals such as Anubis.

During the Great Flood, the casing stones of the three Giza pyramids came loose, and the bathtub trench that held the Sphinx was eroded by vast amounts of water over a long period of time.

Napoleon wanted his likeness carved on The Sphinx after the French invaded. Bloody ego maniac. Giza must've been the high ground. I wonder if they had flood insurance?

Gunpowder and so-called "Greek Fire," an alchemical mixture of gunpowder, quicklime, secret resins, and naphtha petroleum, were in actuality many tens of thousands of years old and hailed from the Indus/India region far before recorded history and the Great Flood. Most likely all the high civilizations knew the secrets, producing diverse weaponry for their own uses.

Outnumbered, Hannibal used them as secret weapons against the Romans during his invasion via the Alps in 218 BC. Rockets, buried earthquake mines, flame throwers, and huge satchel charge catapults attached to oxen and elephants were employed en masse, and the Romans had no way to counter the new and frightening technology, the secret of which died with the Carthaginians later in history, that is, until Europeans brought the rediscovered technology back from China in the 1300's. This was the genuine reason Roman children were warned that Hannibal would return and punish them if they were naughty-- the thought of being horribly burned alive, disfigured, or vaporized.

Now that's what I call ingenuity.

Propaganda, historical, scientific, and archeological distortion, confusing and misleading dogma, and grandiose mass lies were not the sole property of Nazi Germany, Russia, or ancient Rome, he jotted, but that wasn't the half of it. "Herein lies the bitterest, sour truth of it," he wrote.

Yikes.

The ultra-secret "Committee of 300," with the Windsor family at its pinnacle, included Bea's English, Dutch, and Prussian aristocratic lineage and McMaster's own Russell clan. *The Order of The Garter* was the inner-inner circle. The so-called "Illuminati" Committee families, which included all the wealthiest American ones that interbreded with one another--Mrs. Drummond's family the Astors, the Roosevelts, and Redway Mellon's family included--ruled the world through their big banks (Example: Rothschild, Bank of England), top-shelf universities, well-funded militaries, all-powerful corporations (Example: Krupps, I.G. Farben), the Vatican, myriad occult societies

and roundtables, institutions such as the Royal Society, the Smithsonian, Harvard, Yale, Oxford, Cambridge, and MIT, major newspapers and radio networks, and finally exceedingly malleable governments and back-pocket politicians. In regards to select, prominent family members in the secret inner circles—the richest and darkest ones who were the only members that knew the entire truth about the world and the Committee itself—ancient occult practices were many, esoteric laws were dutifully obeyed, and horrifying blood rituals and human sacrifices were performed diligently.

Like the Bavarian Illuminati? But they were just 18th century enlightened crackpots...a drinking club, yes? No? What the bloody hell? Why aren't the rest of us told about this stuff? Who chooses the select few?

The various bloodlines, royal or otherwise, some Arabic, some Slavic, some even Jewish, were said to trace back to ancient Babylonia, circa 9,500 BC or more, he underlined. In those far-off days, temples were the very first banks, gold and silver the first currencies, and the corrupt aristocracy of the long-enslaved populace worshipped their beloved gods and kings via lengthy rituals, prostituted themselves as well as lesser people, engaged in pedophilia, provided much beer and alcohol to the lower castes to keep them happy, dull-witted, and numb, and conducted numerous human sacrifices in order to continually receive power, favors, and vast wealth; in a sense they were trustee slaves, the cretinous forerunners of the Committee. Their tyrannical but generous masters, the winged royal Babylonian sky-gods and long-lifetime kings, tall in stature, their blood and eyes blue, magical powers many, were gloriously hailed as the “Anunaki.”

Anunaki? From the Old Testament? I remember them. Mmm, sort of...

These royal caste star beings were brutal, galactic-wide colonizers and ruthless empire builders, and the Romans, Persians, Egyptians, Mongols, French, Spanish, Ottomans, Han Dynasty, and British no doubt followed their lead down through the ages. Dragons, snakes, and reptile imagery throughout history were symbols of the dark-hearted Anunaki, their allies, their rivals, and their elite descendants; all the symbolism of St. Peter's Basilica in Rome secretly represented the worship of these sky gods, and the various Miter hats were indicative of the Sumerian fish god *Dagon*, hence the mysterious fish symbol of Christianity. Pine cones and the Egyptian Eye of Horus both symbolized the brain's pineal gland, the “all-seeing eye,” the gateway to forbidden higher knowledge, a gate protected by the Vatican statue of St. Peter holding a key, a golden key only for anointed elites to use. These corrupt power elites were the same people who fed poison to Socrates, a dangerous man with dangerous ideas of personal, spiritual, and intellectual freedom.

Fish? Pine cones? Keys? Our empire's the best. England above all. And anyway, what's the fun of life without slaying a few dragons?

King Solomon himself was of “negative spirit” Atlantean and Anunaki descent, and as a tyrant he regularly sought their dark energy via rituals for his own power growth. The divine right of kings, slavery, male dominance, greed for gold, and polygamy were his hallmarks. Nothing had changed today.

Bea twirled her gold bracelet. *So that's it.*

“Eden” was another name for Babylonia’s lush Fertile Crescent, and the Annunaki were one in the same with the biblical “Watchers,” as described in The Book of Enoch. But the biggest revelation of all was that this Babylonian human root race was mostly *engineered* into being somewhere around 340,000 BC—not by God, not through Darwinian simian evolution, but by the “Fallen Angel” Annunaki, for the purpose of servitude, toil, gold mining, genetic experimentation, and lustful sexual practices. Thus Adam and Eve, so to speak, had been created and modified without any true divine help. Bits and pieces came from all parts of the globe as a result of an open human genetic market, even from what was left of remote, primitive Neanderthal tribes found in Siberia, whose genetics were used for strength. Universe- wide hybridization was the rule, not the exception, just like tulips—a clip here, a splice there, done and done.

“*What?*” she exclaimed, shaking the pages.

An enforced caste system was implemented: The white-skinned humans tended to the gardens, temples, and kitchens, and the darker-skinned people performed the brutally hard labor. This division kept the early humans distracted by fighting amongst themselves for their master’s crumbs.

As it should be...wait a tick, should it? What, am I a mouse? The hell with crumbs!

The various other high civilizations the world over kept to themselves during that epoch in an effort to maintain the Hermetic universal laws of “free will” and “cultural non-interference,” that is until the worldwide Great Flood disaster—the result of a thundering cosmic war between all opposing parties on Earth—forced almost all races of humans to mingle together as desperate survivors, as was told by the biblical Noah. The Ark was nothing more than a mobile wisdom and knowledge library and genetic sample repository built of wood.

Thoth, Osiris, and Viracocha were all surviving Atlantean “Masters of The Light,” and helped bring back some enlightened civilization for these refugees, but sadly, slow devolution had occurred over the last 11,500 years, and most people eventually fell into civilized savagery under brutal royal rule while the ancient knowledge and wisdom slowly dissolved away with the newer generations. Only the secret priesthods kept the hidden Pre-Diluvian flame alive, and those select priesthods soon became myriad secret societies swelling with masters, adepts, and mystifying, proprietary occult knowledge.

McMaster was informed in no uncertain terms by the Sufis that all in all there were twenty-two distinctive root races on Earth, with every one of them having been artificially designed from scratch, a common practice in our universe.

As for hard evidence of ancient high civilizations, the U.S. Navy had secretly explored the Bahamas, Cuba, and the Azores with a diving bell; they found 400 foot deep ruins so huge, advanced, and encrusted they could only be from the pre-flood era. Many incredible artifacts, crystals, and precious metal *objets d’art* had been dredged up using nets. This was top secret intelligence from Redway Mellon.

Surely you’re joking? Tulips? Noah’s Ark? Insufferable Sufis? Navy dumbbells? These dates just can’t be right. And yet...this does make some strange sense. Gads and zooks, what if all the academic

history books are...non-sense?

Somehow, Fascist Babylonia and Sumeria were spared for the most part from the deluge, and many mystics believed the Annunaki and their allies had won the cosmic war, or at least had survived it. Their strict royal caste system society continued status quo until around 7,000 BC, when many people upped sticks to go to Egypt, Turkey, Europe, Siberia, and Asia, possibly as a result of regional overpopulation, resource depletion, and outright revolt. These rebellious bloodlines conquered as they went. The human race had grown up a bit by embracing the dangerous concepts of freedom and self-determination, and the once all-powerful, bloodlust-ful Annunaki kings had become diluted by their own bloodline manipulation, incest, human interbreeding, and family infighting, which resulted in countless wars; these royal “family squabbles” continued through the millennia to the present day, accumulating hundreds of millions of casualties. But behind it all, distantly watching from the heavens, quiet, patient, hungry for blood, the pure-bred Annunaki emperors still ruled their various domains and solar systems with a hidden golden hand. McMaster underlined: When a conquered people are set to fight amongst themselves, they are far less likely to rise up against their true masters above it all.

That’s a dirty trick all right.

Religious texts were full of such wars and exodus stories, and even the rebellious Moses himself may have had old Annunaki royal bloodlines mixed in with his Atlantean-Egyptian ones; the many important historical prophets, same.

So Jew boy Moses was mixed-breed, eh? Typical.

But the Annunaki and their pirate scum and mercenary minions from out yonder were not unopposed. In Vedic history there were said to be many incarnated “Light Warriors” hailing from all parts of the universe that fought for humanity’s freedom and enlightenment, and the many proxy wars throughout history were a testament to their positive efforts; the American Revolution and the American Civil War were two such examples. If a large-scale war broke out in Europe or the Far East, it would be yet another spiritual conflict between the universal forces of light and darkness, sadly a common theme in all religions.

Most secret societies, the colonel reckoned, including the OTO, Freemasons, Vrill, Thule, and Ahnenerbe, were partially subservient to selected portions of the Committee in one form or another through very old, obscured, and complicated political routes.

As it should be...I suppose. Wait-wait-wait, you mean I have dusky Babylonian bloodlines? Yeehh! This can’t be right. No possible way. Not on my life. The King wouldn’t lie to us. Uncle Winnie would’ve told me...wouldn’t he? Bea suddenly remembered that Mr. Churchill had once told her in tipsy confidence he was a member of the resurrected *Hellfire Club*, the notorious one that secretly worshipped ancient pagan goddesses by having wild orgies and sumptuous buffets in their honor; he had inherited Benjamin Franklin’s own chair, the one with the smiling Liberty Cap psychedelic mushroom on it. “Why those drunken, whoring, lying, secret-stashing syphilitic bedlamites...I’ll fix their wagons!”

Shakespeare's plays, penned by Sir Francis Bacon and his loyal *Knights of the Helmet*, hinted at all this hidden history and control of the masses very, very carefully using drama, satire, and humor to throw the royal dogs off the scent. Bacon and his mentor, Rosicrucian mathematician John Dee, an Enochian magician and genius "adept," both wanted America to be the *New Atlantis*, whose U.S. Constitution was later said to be broadly based on Atlantis's own, one that abhorred slavery, patriarchy, royal rule, and injustice of any stripe. After all, Florida, Mississippi, Ohio, Boston (Norumbega), Washington D.C., Norfolk Virginia, and Crystal Mountain Arkansas had been important colonies of Atlantis before the Great Flood.

Funny, that's actually spot-on if I remember properly. Queen Elizabeth and her mystical spymaster John Dee both had a sweet disposition on the Hermetic occult, but her nasty successor King James hated it, feared it. Well I'll be a son of a gunner's mate...maybe they used some sort of Atlantian higher science to defeat the Spanish Armada. Cyphers, science, symbology, and mathematics were said to be sorcery back then. I must have been paying attention to Aelfric after all.

Somehow, McMaster wrote on, his gut feeling told him that all this strange esoterica and secret history was interconnected in some way and might be pertinent to her assignment at least tangentially. It was his Baconian "gift of the lamp" to her—the *Traditionem Lampadis*. George Gurdjieff and Rudolph Steiner were two philosophers to study for further education, he said. Gurdjieff rightly believed esoteric knowledge could be given, but wisdom had to be *earned*, and earned the hard way.

Her father's Pluckden coat of arms even had the all-seeing eye pyramid and rising sun symbols on it, ancient symbols that represented secret knowledge and enlightenment, therefore the first earl must have been in the know.

Kilpatricke? The "Scourge of Scarborough?" Bloody sod.

In conclusion, the colonel had proposed to the admiral that SIS should someday have an official "Occult Division," but the idea was quickly shot down by the higher-ups. In any case, the radical information might help her understand the deep-rooted and complex Nazi ethos and ideology. War, in his opinion, was inevitable, he stated in capital letters.

"Driggle-draggle drate-poking harlot-arse-fucking hell!" she screamed, tossing the entire file pile in the air; she then closed her eyes and suddenly wept uncontrollably, completely overwhelmed, exhausted, and bewildered. *I guess I'll have to earn it all the hard way. And fast.*

When Bea woke up an hour later, she felt freezing cold as if having swum through an icy river, but her mind was clear; she then devoured the rest of the novel with Hitler in mind. Clapping it shut on the last page, she wondered aloud: "Rubbishing madness, but interesting. So that's why Adolph's a veggie. Wonder if old Porsche's wrapped up in all this Voodoo claptrap somehow?" After tossing the book into her corner pile of half-read books, she then collected the horrifying pages, took the waste bin over to the sill, opened the window, and with a flash set fire to McMaster's hand-written notes using a black powder flintlock lighter. The pages slowly disintegrated into delicate sparks and ash fireflies in the darkness. "Hope I forget it all."

After a long hot bath, one lone task plagued her mind: The South African race that she was supposed to attend that very moment in New London half a world due south. But the German teams had opted out; it was a small event, anyway. They were busy updating their machines to the season's new rules, said Woolf.

Pepper jumped up and nailed a cracker, whisking it into the dressing room for a minor victory feast.

She moaned again. "Your snaughtyness knows no bounds, my dear. I'm whisking you off to inner Earth for a shave and a sunbath." The image of naked, nubile women druids armed with flower headdresses, acorn and oak leaf sashes, unwavering bad attitudes, and elephant rifles remained strong in her fertile mind. Then she read an ad for Holland & Holland, and a feverish idea began to form along with her smile. "Perhaps I'll need something with a little more kick than my pistol. New-issue kit and all that, right Pepp?"

At the end of the bed again he chirped, somehow knowing just what she meant.

...

33 Bruton Street
London

In walked Bea with a heavy leather case. "Afternoon." Mr. Bernard replied: "A good afternoon, miss."

The elderly gentleman examining a rifle grunted under his thick beard.

Bea said: "Mr. Bernard? Sorry to interrupt, I have need to speak with you about this rifle, in private please, when you're done here."

"Very good, madam. Sir, my assistant will help you with your purchase while you consider. Please excuse me for a moment or two."

"Please, go. Humph. Women *shooters*," muttered the portly man as Bea walked off. He aimed again, this time at the head of a wildebeest. "Deadly to everything ahead or behind."

Lights were lit. "And what can we do for you, Lady Sunderland? I didn't want to mention your family's name in front of the gentleman. Discretion is part of our service as you know."

"That's why I came to you, person to person." Bea opened the old case on the large, leather-covered desk. She revealed the shiny twenty-eight-inch barrels of her father's .450 Express. "Can you shorten these for me? I need the gun to be handy."

He looked at her as if she'd suddenly shape-shifted into an antelope. "I...I'm sorry, you want the barrels shortened? May I ask what on earth for?"

"Knew you'd be surprised. For use from a moving vehicle. Twenty-two inches'll do. I realize the cutting will reduce muzzle velocity, but I need something to disable another moving vehicle, lorry or car, the engine block, etcetera. At close range. I'm employed by the Foreign Office to travel overseas

on assignment, so please understand my need.”

“I’ll see to it personally. Twenty-two inches on the mark. Forgive me, but...I was about to cry. The time spent hand-finishing these barrels—”

She tapped the open chambers, fitting in a finger. “I understand perfectly. Now, about the ammunition. Would hardened steel slugs suffice? Would they perform the task?”

He thought for a moment. “Yes, hardened steel, cobalt type—no, tungsten core, copper sheath... yes, that’ll do the job. In the war, I heard of officers using their own doubles to down low-flying aircraft. Anyway, I know a man; he can make them quietly. He’s done work for the Royal Marines and such, discreet work.”

“Excellent then. Twenty-four rounds in a leather bandolier should do, and a leather holster, open-ended. Quick-release buckle. No time to put it together. Quick draw, quick acquisition, quick fire.”

He handled the gun. “Of course, done easily. I’ll balance it again after the cutting, perhaps with weight in the stock. That way it’ll swing nicely.”

“Done.”

“How about a thick rubber recoil pad for the butt?”

Bea smiled. “You think of everything, Mr. Bernard, don’t you?”

“We aim to please, my lady.”