

Chapter 16



December 21

Village of Božkov, Pilzen

12 p.m.

Bea and Bernie reached the edge of town. Having donned top-notch Austrian winter hunting clothes on loan to the U.S. Navy from Universal Studios, they looked posh, but not over the top; anyone posing as spies would have most likely worn modest clothes to blend in more seamlessly, but Bernie thought this ruse would be a touch better. Hiding in plain sight proved a concept worthy of both their sentiments.

“Bit spiffy for a spy in that feathered hat,” she said in German, clopping along in polished riding boots.

Bernie feigned a limp with a cane, but his Iraq mission wound still hurt. “All they had. Tweed suits you as well, Princessa Isabella de la Santiago. Damn that kid Essex, only the officers were supposed to know. He’s becoming a liability for crew morale.”

“He’s young, arrogant and hot-headed, but highly proficient as you said.” She adjusted his tie in front of a bombed-out building. “You were once the same. This fur-lined overcoat of yours...it stinks a bit of mothballs. Let’s head to the restaurant post haste. Need to use the loo.”

He tapped his walking stick on the pavement. “I thought you went before we left!”

She pitched her fox stole around her neck. “Well sorry, *Herr Bürgermeister*. Can’t force the old bowels to react with a direct order, now can I? All that road tar Irish Stew y’ know. Nerves.”

“Let’s take the tram. We’re to meet Gottfrid at the corner

restaurant not far from the Mining University; he looks just like his photo. Shoot, I never asked. Is Gwafa qualified to fly the Bear?"

"Trained him myself. He copiloted a B-25 bomber with me a dozen times at low level and high speed near Muroc base. Spent hours on board at the big beast's controls too at the hangar. He'll do in a pinch. Anyway, Drummy is truly helm-diligent as well, so no worries. Everyone's cross-trained, your best idea yet." *Drumm couldn't even fly a ruddy kite with any proficiency...*

He cane-tapped a light post and read a German broadsheet on a wall. "I've learned to worry a lot. Hmm, 'inevitable victory' propaganda again. I doubt that."

Surrounded by magnificent old world architecture that swelled the imagination—streetcar wires overhead, breathtaking Gothic churches, spires, magnificent Ottoman domes—Bea could almost swear it was Amsterdam, except for the rolling hills in the grey distance. Here in the plaza center there seemed no war, but she knew it wasn't far, for the acrid smell of the busy Skoda foundries and steel works lingered faintly everywhere. It was as if she could sense the very grinding of the steel billets, the rolling out of finished tanks, the delicate tooling of small precision parts, the laborious, circular boring of huge barrels, the faint heartbeats of starved slave labor in vast tunnels.

They passed a bookshop that had an old copy of the 1611 King James Bible. "Thanks to Sir Francis Bacon and his Rosicrucian symbology for that ponderous tome," said Bea. "See the edges? The Rosy Cross. As Shakespeare's voice, he made the English language the foremost literary one in the world."

"I wonder if it mentions the Anunnaki?" asked Bernie.

"Only twice, I believe, but Bacon knew the esoteric truth of our world."

The streets were busy with heavy crowds despite wartime restrictions. After walking a ways and dodging some light traffic, Bea said: "Café Baruska, ten o'clock level. Best Vdolky pastry in

Europe. Did my due diligence and read the Michelin Guide. Need a coffee too, brandy.”

Bernie limped a bit harder with his cane, seeming older than he was. “Good luck finding real coffee.”

Two plain clothes Gestapo men followed by four Czech soldiers passed by; SS Director Mazuw’s defensive, concentric rings around Pilzen were tight.

“Papers and Reichpass?” asked one of the Gestapo. “Austrian, Herr von Bacher?”

“Yes, visiting Sudetanland relatives.” Bernie showed them their stamped papers with a smile, all good. An older Austrian aristocrat and his young wife were suspicious, everyone was, but not overly so. Both having spent quality time in Germany before, they were naturals; swastika pins were worn to be on the safe side, their perfectly-forged documents proof of their affiliation: *Vienna Nazi Party*.

Suspicious, the officer leaned towards Bernie and sniffed. “Moths a problem?”

Bernie quickly remembered his childhood and the family kitchen. “Yes, sir. We have them in cabinets and closets. We think they were in a box of old flour. A real horde of them. Hence the mothballs.” He smelled his sleeve. “Little swine.”

He checked their documents again carefully and curtly handed them back. He looked at Bernie straight in the eye. “My wife uses bleach to clean them out. It’s hard to come by, but perhaps you already have some hidden away in the wine cellar...like most Reich aristos.”

“*Danke*,” replied Bea with a smile. She then remembered an Austrian saying from Ferry Porsche long ago. “I’ve been a nut tree ever since they arrived.”

Routine check. Other citizens had their papers examined. Then more.

Suddenly a car hit a pedestrian. The Czech man began pounding

on the hood, yelling.

The Gestapo men walked off to intervene.

“Lucky.” Bernie held the door open for Bea. “Sugar is probably rationed heavily, but I’ll have a pastry too.”

Bea kissed him. “You’re the sweetest, *Liebchen!*”

When the German patrol had finally gone, he scanned the room for physicist Emil Gottfrid, who sat at the very back in a padded dark red leather booth that was tucked in a corner. Orchestra music played from a radio, patrons sipped expensive and rationed coffee made with Ersatz, smoked and read various banned Continental newspapers. German, Italian, Moravian and Czech were spoken. A large shaggy dog snored in the corner, and excited talk of a football game between German soldiers and the local team was the topic of many at the bar. “Beat the Hun silly,” a man said for all to hear, and Bea did, barely understanding him with what little remained of her Czech lessons at the Shieldmaiden school years ago. *I love this place already. Reminds me of Lutz and Hans Stuck and the old racing days.*

As they sat, Gottfrid put down his newspaper and asked in squeaky, high-pitched German: “May I...be of service?” He smoked calmly, a steady scientist’s hand. His thin aquiline features showed strain under a mostly bald head, the saggy, dark circles under his eyes now permanent. Spectacles were cracked at one edge.

Bernie doffed his soft green hat. “*Guten tag.* We heard Iceland is warmer this winter than it’s been in a hundred and ten years.” He removed his thick overcoat and scarf and hung them on a hook.

Gottfrid nodded and tapped ashes. “And me without a...tartan sheepskin blanket. Pretty company you have.”

“*Danke,*” said Bea in her best Austrian accent, who had dyed her hair blond in San Diego and wore thick black glasses and a butter yellow silk scarf. She tapped a cigarette on her gold case and lit it. “Is this place secure from rodents?”

Gottfrid said: “I know the manager, a proud Czech. Most hate

the Germans here. But security in Pilzen is tight so we must be careful. No rats in here today, not yet.”

“A few were outside nibbling crumbs.” Bernie motioned to a waiter. “*Zwei bier bitte.*”

“We only have beans and onion pasta today, rationing,” said the waiter curtly in bad German.

Bernie nodded. “Two, please.”

“How close are you to cousin Walter? We know him quite well from our last trip,” asked Bea quietly, removing her fancy dark brown leather gloves one gentle, aristocratic finger-tug at a time like her mother had taught her.

Gottfrid leaned in and spoke softly. “Very close. He’s making incredible atomic progress alongside Esau, Hahn and Heisenberg. As for other related projects, I think he’s getting blueprints and advisement from someone, a person or persons with very advanced thinking. His meetings with Himmler and Kammler are numerous, our advancements fast. *Too* fast.”

“Can you get us close to Hans?” asked Bernie about Kammler.

Gottfrid looked surprised. “He’s everywhere and nowhere all at once. It would be next to impossible. Only Gerlach and Oberth have authority to see him on matters of equipment, timetables and labor. Why would you want that? If you’re thinking of terminating him I would think *otherwise*. Legions of combat-hardened bodyguards follow him at all times. In my view, he ranks third in importance behind A.H. and Heinrich, but no one is to know that.”

“Where are they assembling the big egg shells?” whispered Bea.

Shocked, Gottfrid leaned back and surveyed them. “What? *Nein-nein-nein*. If you blow them up it would eradicate Pilzen and the surrounding area for fifty kilometers. Nowhere to run! Are you both *quite* mad?”

Bernie leaned in and took a firm tone. “Listen Emil, if that popgun keeps plugging away at Ivan we may lose the war in Europe.

The special shell works has *got* to go.”

He thought for a moment and became agitated. “Sacrifice everyone in town, eh? Prague too from the fallout? Their many programs are separated *by design*. Norway heavy water works, Berlin University, Hechingen, Haigerloch, Farben. You can’t destroy them all. Now *you* listen. Hans recently built a girls school and a football field above the shell works for protection, did it in a week! A red cross-painted white infirmary too. The bombers will not target the site. Why would they? It’s fairly distant from Skoda.”

“*What?*” breathed Bernie.

“Common tactic these days,” said Bea. “Bastards.”

Suddenly shaky, Gottfrid lit another. “Forget the eight-ton special ammunition, destroy the expensive and complex *gun* instead. It took many years to build. If they can’t deliver a payload, what good are the shells? Even with hastily-added stabilizing fins, a modified eight-ton shell as an aerial bomb is still cumbersome and radioactive to handle. Heavy lift aircraft are useless for a properly-shielded ten-ton fission bomb as you probably have guessed, they cannot fly high and fast enough to escape the blast or enemy fighters, and for myriad design reasons the fancy new discs are unable to do it as well. No-no, it has to be *Gustav*. They’re also working on new atomic shell designs that bore deep into the ground and explode, causing tectonic plate earthquakes that can destroy areas the size of *Latvia*. Cities will literally sink underground!”

Bernie rubbed his greying hair. “*Scheisse...*”

Bea quietly added: “It’s the most heavily guarded piece of equipment they have besides the Tirpitz and Scharnhorst battleships rusting away in fjords. We have only a 1000 lb. thermite bomb to drop onto the gun if we can get close, but precision is lacking; we jury-rigged a rail system that pushes it out the cargo bay by hand. Once...” She watched a person walk by. “We open our big cargo door we’re vulnerable to flak, and man-oh-man do they have *flak*. Even if we disable that big boy by some miracle, Jerry could strap

one of those shells on a Tiger tank or captured T-34 painted with a red star and roll it into the Russian lines at night. They could theoretically detonate it by radio signal.”

“Thermite? Yes...that might do it,” mused Gottfrid. “Melt it down. Yes-yes, I see your point. A slow panzer or heavy truck... but that’s not accurate or efficient either, a failed radio signal means Stalin would have a captured atom shell in his pocket. I doubt the Wehrmacht would risk that. Hell, I don’t know...”

Suddenly a large group of technicians and executives entered and sat down at various tables and booths for the general Skoda lunch hour. Conversations were many. The relatively expensive place became busy and loud at a snap with middle management.

“We need to slow them down until a western front can be established. The shell works, where is it?” asked Bernie, sampling a breadstick.

Gottfrid replied: “Seven kilometers from here. I know the location, I work there. Production is slow but steady. One special shell per three months. Another is ready for shipment any day now.”

Bernie thought for a moment. “I see your point on the blast radius. But we have to—”

Bea spilled her water glass; it ran onto Bernie’s leg. “Sorry, old bean.”

Bernie dried his lag with a napkin. “*Dammt!* Bea, you always... wait a minute...*water*. Water!” He kissed Bea. “I have an idea. Anything underground is susceptible to flooding, yes? Would that work to slow down their operation?”

Their food arrived, but Bea had no appetite. She asked for the famous pastry and strong, very expensive espresso.

Gottfrid thought it out. “Possibly. Water would not detonate anything, but it would ruin a lot of electrical equipment and various shell components. There are two access tunnels and a rail line that leads to Skoda and the main rail yard; a small narrow-gauge train hauls out the enclosed cargo. The main assembly area is a large

fortified concrete bunker two hundred meters in depth, a massive complex. Water lines could be ruptured, electrical conduits too, there's a junction of them. I think I can get the schematics for you, a raw sketch at least."

"Do you know where Aunt Dora is?" asked Bea.

"Somewhere in the vicinity of Kiev...I don't know. Look for the dual railway tracks."

Bea yawned. "Oh deary me..." she said in English by mistake, covering her mouth instinctively.

Bernie leered at her, lips scrunched.

"A crude sketch? Why not the *original blueprints*?" asked Schäfer sipping tea, emerging from the neighboring booth with Geer in tow. "Well, well-1-1...synchronicity enough to swell the heart of Carl Jung himself. So good to see both of you, especially when all points of space and time merge ever so conveniently. I almost didn't recognize you my darling, so fetching as a *bottle-blond*. We kept hearing strangely familiar voices...then, it just hit me."

Bernie and Bea cringed, as if schoolkids caught stealing red-handed. They had not noticed the two men's arrival in the large group. "Bloody ol' hell," mumbled Bea. "Roll out the barrel, the gang's all here..." *I hate this damn universe*. "I do desire that we be better strangers."

Geer and Schäfer nudged themselves into the comfy booth next to Bea. "It's actually gratifying to see you both," said Geer, laying down a recent copy of the Ahnenerbe magazine *Germanien*. "A metaphysical wonderment, space and time coordinates, quantum psychic entanglement, and so...here we are."

Bea thumbed through it, stopping at Schäfer's article on the Tibetan Yeti. "Any other scientific voices in here? Doubt it. You mean...because I was thinking about you two ragged ragamuffins lately? That's why you're here?" *I hope the cosmos implodes*...

Schäfer sighed. "I believe so, yes. You should read this article, the Yeti is not a type of snow bear, but a proto-human of immense

size that can shift dimensional frequencies in order to disappear from view. My, my, dressed for success, are we, *Herr Admiral*?"

Bernie rubbed his aching forehead. "Gott, what now, Ernst? More Yeti pseudoscience? Can't you see we're a tad busy?" *Hell with Carl Jung...but he was right.*

Schäfer warmed his hands around the china cup and spoke softly. "Your German accent has improved, I see, Captain Cook. Ahh, the mystic chords of sweet memories revealed at last; been having colorful Agartha dreams? We have, a trip to the perfumed botanical garden in Prague triggered much, that and some spicy hot goulash. Now what are you two purple llamas doing in Pilzen dining in style with Emil here I wonder? In town for the *opera*?"

"I forgot about those...near the palm gardens?" asked Bea, remembering her sylvan Shambala environs. Alice had unsuccessfully tried to mount one and ride it.

Gottfrid snapped fingers. "Ernst Schäfer and Edmund Geer, *Ahnenerbe Dienst*. You know these men? Famous archeologists, *ja*? I've seen your newsreels. Interesting scientific...mmm, *conclusions.*"

"*Ja-ja*, old friends and shipmates," said Bea mockingly. "Fellow spelunkers and Agartha tourists. What have you two been up to? Measuring skulls of Aryan bull elephants? Astral travelling inside pyramids with the dreaded heroin-sucking Giza Intelligences?"

Schäfer smiled; for once his thick beard was finely coiffed, suit pressed. "Delightful humor from my favorite succubus, I always loved that side of you. If you must know, I'm planning an international inner Earth expedition to 'mythical' Bhoga-Vita after the war's end to learn bio-geometry healing of the body's energy centers, it's the capitol of seven-level Nagaloka. The ancient Egyptians and Indians had many energy balancing tools at their disposal, some in physical form, and we want to learn about them, also their Vastu Vidya architecture that is related to this higher realm science. We think the surface entrance is the Buddhist cave network

of Ajanta on Chandore Mountain in India. And to top it off, lately we have discovered an amazing new water in the Caucasus, one that will change medicine forever, though we can't divulge precise details...to the *enemy* of course."

"The mythical and wise Naga serpent people?," asked Bea. "Yes, I've read about them in my Vedic briefings. An entrance is the Sheshna Well, some sort of door with cobras festooned upon it. Why don't you both dive in deep and kiss their—"

"You two overpaid sherpas better 'balance your energies' right now, *dammit*. Who's an enemy? Ally?" Bernie went face-to-face. "Bea and I are here to offer future employment for certain German scientists, they'll be paid well and live good lives after the war in America; we'll ship them out through via the OSS in Switzerland and Lisbon. You Krauts are slowly losing despite *curious* advances, that we know. Are you going to turn us in, Ernst? Hmm? Go ahead, buster. Or do you two amateur tomb robbers care enough what happens to Germany and the entire world if some of your fellow madmen get their new toys into production *en masse*? Want to survive the war with your families? Teach archeology at universities? Or do you both want to end up corpses on the smoldering slag heap of history as forgotten and hated pseudo-scientists?"

Schäfer gestured wildly. "Once and for all...we are *not* tomb robbers!"

Bea lowered her glasses to her nose tip. "And do you both want to learn Russian? Hmm? Herr Gustav, my uncle, is digging a cemetery plot in Ukraine. Help us and the Allies will rebuild Germany as a bulwark against 'Uncle Joe' Stalin and his Little Red Rascals once we win. If not, how long before the Red Army hangs all of the SS by their bollocks? Best you two get rid of your blood type tattoos under your arms or it's a Commie noose around your scraggly chicken necks."

Geer snapped: "Don't you threaten us with Stalinist—"

Bernie grabbed Geer's crisp lapels. "Shuttup, asshole. You

know, I've done some checking around in my smokey circles. Your precious *Neuschwabenlanders* in Antarctica are quite *choosey* now, only the purest hardworking Germans and thrifty wives, no debate, no excuses. An SS-led clean break from the corrupted Disney Führer Fatherland, a brain-drain of Visigoth eggheads too, the best of them. I'll bet they just love all their Brothers Grimm fairy tale books, Bavarian Krampus demons and beer-soaked pagan *Fastnacht* festivals! Norse religion my ass. See, there was a mild coup in '41 said Admiral Byrd, and I believe him. He said that a small group of Swabian ancestry Americans have joined them yodeling all the way, and Byrd knows all-I-I-I about Agartha-town, he's been there too. So unless you think you two can make it to Argentina soon along with the other *ratten* in a getaway U-Boat—"

"With pleasure!" snapped Geer, whose arrogance pitched a fit. "And by the way, the boats are resupplying in the Canary Islands thanks to engineer Gustav Winter and his network. So we have no problems in neutral Spanish territory thanks to Franco."

"I'll remember that," said Bernie. "Especially about the supposed bomb-proof bunker hospital there for plastic surgery. Runaway rats with new faces....tsk, tsk."

Geer recoiled. He forgot how diligent Bernie was on obscure intelligence.

"The Norse Eddas have a lot of good wisdom in them," said Bea wistfully. "We learned much at Shieldmaiden school. The *Hávamál* poems too. Can we really blame them for wanting to escape from the war? Even the Vikings had a colony down there in snowball-land." She felt a pang of loss for her two friends Roxanne and Ursula, the ones she felt kindred to three years prior. Not all of the SS training had been unconscionable and regressive, for some of the Norse spirituality, stoic Pythagorean philosophy and Germanic equality had burned its way into her splintered soul. *How I miss the girls...it was the only time in my life when I was truly happy. Was that wrong of me?*

Bernie said: “Now that I think about it, we probably can’t blame them for—”

Schäfer retorted: “The Schwabens? I’m glad for them! Physicist (Max) von Laue is helping them with thermodynamics, superconductivity and energetic crystals for electronics, just like the Tellus has in its guts. Alemannic-speaking pioneers of the new space age, a new, non-Christian German civilization under the Antarctic ice. No foul religions! We have written permission to go with them from Heinrich himself, but only after our fictional final victory, one which will never happen, then it will be too late for us. The lucky ones will be the first to leave this miserable planet when—”

Bernie slammed a fist. “So that’s it! *Neuschwabenland*.... ‘New Swabia,’ ‘New Germany.’ Did the remnants of the NYMZA airship society start the breakaway idea while living in lush, green, alpine Swabia dining on Spätzle? It’s the perfect remote Bavarian region for potential anti-Hitler dissidents—old pagan traditions, beer-drenched solstice festivals, a distinct dialect, a culture of innovation, prudish pride and stoicism. Some of the Vrill and Thule Society folks must’ve joined them—the disgruntled SS Ásatrú cults too. Pure Norse spirituality, willing participants and high technology, what a perfect mix of rebels! No wonder they—”

“Stop!” whispered Gottfrid. “Other people are noticing us. Everyone toast and laugh. Do it!” Bavarian folk music played, heavy on the accordion and horns, the owner wary. Germans in the restaurant cheered.

“Prost!” They all clinked mugs and laughed loudly, throwing off suspicions. The waiter brought a round of strong plum brandy from the manager, setting them down sharply. He gave them a harsh look.

“You know, old Drumm can yodel pretty well, must be a blonde Nordic thing,” said Bea to Bernie. “At the school we all took lessons with the Antarctic Settlement Women; love those new pale blue uniforms they have.”

Schäfer pointed to her. “As I said long ago in the Zagros, 10,000 of them are being arctic-trained at Ritsa in the Baltic—Aryan Germans, Polish and German-ancestry Danzig Ukrainians. They will mate with 2500 battle-hardened Waffen-SS soldiers in the *Neu Berlin* geothermal cavern—imagine the many offspring with superior genetics! Perhaps humble *hausfrau* lessons for you, my dear? Do you some good.”

Bea smiled, chin resting on hand. “Not the *hausfrau* type am I, and as for arctic training, I’m more of a rum, sun and shagging type under a palm poolside with a pineapple rum punch.”

“How could we *forget*?” sneered Geer.

“In addition, many thousands of scientists and technicians and slave laborers will swell the Antarctic ranks,” said Schäfer. “Winning the war is no longer Himmler’s ambition, an invincible and unassailable post-war colony and future spaceport is, one for importation, expatriation and commerce.” He scanned for Gestapo or colleagues. “Strange. How on Earth did you two make it all the way here to beloved Pilzen through hundreds of kilometers of German occupied territory?” He squinted. “Or is it...that you *flew* here on the wings of angels?”

Bea made a kissing sound. “Took a taxi.”

Geer looked up. “I’ll bet it’s very high-h-h above the town, hovering peacefully between the stratosphere and mesosphere out of sight. And with new Yankee livery no less.”

Bernie snarled: “Oh, we’re happy to give you a *lift*, Edmund. Drop you off in northern Greenland to fend for yourself amongst the walruses, diddling them in a fur swimsuit.”

Geer shook his head in disgust. “And to think you two saved our lives in...forget this sowshit soup. I’m off.” He tried to stand but Schäfer gently pulled him down.

“Easy, Edmund...easy. Old friends can sometimes exhibit the unwanted traits of bare-bottomed bushwhackers and Zambesi brigands if the situation begs.” Schäfer thought for a moment,

the unusual reunion requiring delicate and precise decisions, the situation dire for all concerned in the loop. “The stunning clarity of a fast-paced modern war going ever further off the rails of our agreed-upon normal reality is apparent to all at this table. I think... at this junction of events...cooperation may prove the best solution lest we fall sacrifice to potential worldwide nuclear destruction. I don’t think any of us, and I’m guessing brilliant Emil is now part of the collective outlaw ‘us,’ wants a corrupt Nazified Germany to *win* the war, only for our beloved Deutschland to survive it without the preening, Berlin ‘Tan Pheasants’ eventually. Many of us in the Ahnenerbe secretly think this way.” He looked behind him at the other diners. “But not all.”

Gottfrid leaned back and took a suspicious tone. “Wait, why the change of heart, my fellow SS zealots? Why should we trust you?”

“Well, they’re ethically limber and fashionably *flexible* on occasion...” said Bea, sipping. “But we don’t trust them either. Damn, this pastry is fabulously not bad.”

With emotion, Geer said: “We are scientists, not *murderers*. Some of our colleagues like Bruno Beger want to kill Jew camp prisoners for a grotesque museum of skeletons that portray false differences in race. I have no love for them either, but he’s a homicidal maniac that will tarnish all of our reputations when he gets his precious little paws on—”

“If we survive the war, that is,” snapped Bernie.

A waitress asked if they wanted beer refills. “*Ja-ja, bitte,*” was the ubiquitous answer.

Bea raised a finger to the waiter. “Actually I’d like your local herbal liqueur, *bitte*. Goes better with this dessert.”

Schäfer handed out breadsticks to all; he shook his in front of Gottfrid’s face. “My dear Emil, trust...is a very black and white concept.” *Crunch*. “I prefer...to think we all have vaguely similar goals for the future despite our various allegiances, agendas and peculiar entanglements. Most people in the world are hard-wired

to serve and trust authority, and the SS took firm advantage of this Anunnaki genetic infusion in the human race, my personal theory of course.”

“Of course,” sneered Bea.

Schäfer ignored her. “The SS has many eggheads on its vast and byzantine payroll, many departments, and precious few of us agree on anything solid, ideological or otherwise, and yet a handful of us against all odds have secretly shown our distinct distaste for Heinrich and Herr Moustache as of late, just like the various characters in the popular film *Casablanca*, or even a bevy of bitter, frost-bitten Prussian generals, their brickbats of drunken criticism filtering through the rebellious officer ranks like a miasmatic plague. Von Kluge tried to kill the madman at the Russian Front, but ‘chickened out’ as you Yanks say, his Prussian honor too great for raw Fuhrer murder. Even the throngs of Buddhist monks in SS uniforms in Berlin are upset at Adolph, the ones busily translating the *Kang Shur* we brought back from Tibet; they’re under the false assumption the resurrected ancient technology will be used peacefully, but it won’t. Just as was done in ancient Sumer, weather weapons will soon be developed.” He turned to Bernie. “Speaking of old texts, I wonder where your precious volume of the *Kannhar* is? Perhaps we will both find scraps of *The Tablets of Destiny* in our combined texts.”

“*Kannhar*? Safe and sound. We have some Tibetans who know Sanskrit on the payroll too state-side,” replied Bernie with a smile. “Happy as clams. As for the mythical Tablets probably hidden in some buried ziggurat, I hope they’re never found, since we might all die from their cosmic warfare secrets.”

“That ship has sailed, Herr Korvettenkapitän,” snarled Geer.

Bernie nodded. “True.”

“How did you nefarious boffins hire so many monks in the middle of the war? And how did you get them to Germany from Tibet?” asked Bea suspiciously, Tibet a distant and very difficult

journey.

Geer proudly bragged: “As a pilot you can appreciate the multi-leg challenges of top secret ferry flights, 350 monks in total. Modified Focke-Wulf Condors can carry twenty-five men and their baggage at a time. At our behest back in early ’40, an SS engineering unit was parachuted in and built a very long high-altitude strip fifty kilometers from Lhasa with local labor and two captured British bulldozers. The planes can easily handle the range with four engines and an added 800-liter fuel tank in the middle of the fuselage for an added safety margin; wings and flaps were enlarged to handle the thin air. They refueled in Kabul, Afghanistan and then Ankara, Turkey. The whole operation took fourteen round trips!”

Bea hissed: “Cheeky sods. Why didn’t we figure that out?”

Bernie whispered: “Never mind that. Go on, Ernst.”

“Please do,” said Gottfrid.

Schäfer loosened his tie. “The *Kang Shur* gave us an idea. You see, Emil, Edmund and I code the highest level scientific work in ancient symbols and languages only a few can read, thus SS security is kept tight on the most sensitive projects; Himmler’s overly-clever idea for future Aryan generations. Back in ’31, Maria Orsic and her sisters channeled information in a lonely alpine cabin near Berchtesgaden and wrote it out in Sumerian code, a code I think is related to the Destiny Tablets, but only their discovery will prove that someday. Once the code was deciphered by an ancient language specialist I know in Munich, the detailed designs of our various flying ‘pie pans’ were made into detailed engineering blueprints, not a small job I might add. All of you I surmise know the rest, the Nazarra brothers, their underlings, et al. Soon traveling in space and time through dimensions will seem an everyday normal occupation. We hear there’s a rather large stargate in Antarctica, a perfect, multi-route train station for travelling the Milky Way in style.” He turned to Bea. “Just think of it, my darling. Sipping champagne by the crystal blue lakes on fifth dimensional Venus in the buff while

petting tame white lions.”

She made a face. “I’ll stick to Nice in November, thank you very much.”

“Wonderful...” moaned Bernie. *I wonder if Professors Bush and Trump know about this? FDR? Admiral King?* “Just wonderful.”

“Who are the Nazzaras?” asked Emil.

Bernie explained their story.

“Let’s hope the entire SS leaves the planet for good,” added Bea, arms crossed. She then reached into her pocket and gripped the precisely-cut Moldavite stone that was given to her by the OSS Psychic Division. Used commonly in royal crowns, the ‘crowns of higher knowledge,’ it enhanced her psychic abilities to a degree. She concentrated her mind, then looked at Bernie and nodded slightly. *They’re telling the truth. They’re scared. They know Himmler and the SS high command are engaged in blood sacrifice rituals in the circular Black Sun crypt using very young prisoner girls at Wewelsburg, that...that filthy castle stronghold I told you about. Slit throats, blood in golden chalices, a potent euphoric drug for the Nazi elite: oxygenated adrenaline with Vril energy. The crypt is a sound resonance chamber with ancient artifacts, symbols, an eternal flame—all symbolizing the control over nature. Dark Enochian Magick at its worst. These two dimwits want no part of the SS anymore. Once they get a solid opportunity to slip through the lines they’ll run due southwest to Brazil, a good hiding place for expat Germans running from the Allies or SS. From there, Antarctica I think. I see massive ancient ruins in Schäfer’s mind. These two have been down there before, remember?*

Bernie nodded in return. *I’ll never get used to you talking in my mind.* Unnerved a bit, he could feel her message with his whole body, feel her concern for their wellbeing, even her deep-hearted love for him which had never completely gone away. “Why don’t you two consider working in America? I can make that a reality.”

Geer said: “For one thing, Captain America, despite its pagan

and genocidal ‘eccentricities,’ the SS has no cognitive dissonance regarding higher occult concepts. Himmler cuts through the red tape and things get done, just ask Kammler. I know about the overly-religious ignorance of American academics, it’s a solid granite roadblock. Many of your common citizens are still illiterate. So the answer is a resounding *no*.”

Go on, Ernst, she thought. We’re listening.

Schäfer sat upright. “Impressive, Beatrice. I hear you...quite clearly now. I have to reluctantly agree with Edmund.” *Can you hear me? Been spying in our minds, eh? Bitch.*

Of course, old jackboot. But you’re about as psychic as a boiled mango, she projected.

“Not so much did I hear you in my mind back in the Zagros... but I see you’ve had training since then,” said Schäfer. You do know, Beatrice, that Hitler stole Emperor Charlemagne’s jeweled crown for himself, the gems being potent psionic enhancers.”

“No, but it makes sense,” she replied. “Bloody ingrate.”

“You were saying, Ernst?” asked Bernie.

Schäfer nervously rotated his gold SS Totenkopf ring. “So... despite strict compartmentalization, a few of us department leaders were recently privy to harsh, almost unbelievable SS reports accompanied by photographs, films. A ripe *example* for the plucking: an officer by the name of Josef Mengele, a genius doctor but a raw emotionless brute, is performing *genetic experiments*...by dissecting young twins in the camps; he found unusually large pineal glands in their brains for psychic prowess, thus proving his wild-eyed theories and sick suppositions with a crude scalpel. As scientists we were on one hand fascinated, but also privately disgusted. This man and his team has also mixed animal and human DNA via a sound resonance technology to attempt the making of intelligent *chimeras*. Why is not clear to us, other than a vague reference to the Sons of Belial in Atlantis who were said to have accomplished this task for various dark purposes 14,000 years ago. Enslaved hybrid creatures with

special skills perhaps—mermaids, giants, centaurs, ape-men, cat-women. Paracelsus is rolling in his grave.”

“Gods...” breathed Bea almost silently. Her heart sank, for she knew Bernie agreed that the brilliant Schäfer was a half-baked, Aryan-centric lunatic at times, but he never did lie to them. Not once. He had been correct about the underground tunnels, the vast caverns and Agartha, the Antarctica base. She saw no reason not to trust him now.

Gottfrid shook a finger. “Forget the legends, I’ve seen copies of SS plans to conquer all the planets and star systems in the Sagittarius Arm for the next 1500 years, if you can believe it. Battleship-sized vessels are on drawing boards, particle beam weapons. Now look, Herr Schäfer, I don’t need another lecture from—”

Star systems? Sagittarius? Thought Bea with alarm. Bernie heard her.

“All I see before us are endless sanguinary struggles for power and conquest, the ultimate aphrodisiacs.” Emotionally charged, Schäfer grabbed Emil’s hand in his fist. “Oh, but that’s not *all*, my bosomy friends. Dr. Strughold’s high altitude, low air pressure, radiation and cold water aerospace experiments are aimed directly at the rigors of future space flight, we’ve witnessed them at Dachau. But that pales when compared to a bizarre retrovirus program that’s to be used to create future German soldiers of fantastic abilities and strength, a molecular biological experiment of the utmost importance. Under command of shadowy General Kruger, Mengele has high-I.Q. pregnant mothers—all Aryans of course—routinely *beaten* bloody while pregnant, the idea being the trauma somehow triggers survival hormones, chemicals...something unusual and metaphysical that effects the human aura or energy body. A high casualty rate among mothers is one result. Another is their clever children turn out to be smart, emotionally hard, obedient to orders, resilient to abuse and physically superior too, especially since the mothers have been given the mysterious DNA-ridden retrovirus

upon initial pregnancy.” He tightened his fist around the man’s shaking hand. “Mengele is even getting close to cloning a human fetus, oh yes, he’s already cloned a small horse; he and Heinrich gave it to Herr Moustache as a birthday present. Our glorious leader just *loves* dogs and animals.” He turned to Bea and let go Emil’s hurting hand. “Remember your H.G. Wells book I found on Dr. Moreau in the Zagros? Mengele could be *Moreau*, how disgustingly prophetic! Someday soon, advanced Hitler Youth will be quickly grown in a *lab* by the millions, soon to be over two meters tall, strong, smart, eighteen, highly trained and in uniform. One wonders if these highly augmented future soldiers will head out to space in order to colonize those planets for the Third...no, *Fourth Reich*. Expand your imaginations. It’s nothing new, this unconscionable DNA cloning program and many others of its foul ilk have been ongoing for many decades at various German and Austrian university labs in secret since the 1880s if you can believe it. Edmund and I are loyal Germans, iron-willed and experienced *kameraden*...but even we have our...*limits*. The Allies *must* prevail.”

A waiter dropped a tray of plates, making them all jump a bit.

“Bloody fantastic,” said Bea, tossing back her cordial. *This is beyond the pale*.

Bernie deflated his lungs. “You said it, kid.” *This is really beyond the damn pale*.

Gottfrid lost color in his face. “This is all much worse than even I could imagine; my sanity is beyond frayed.”

Schäfer cracked his worn climber’s knuckles, an old Tibet habit when stressed or worried. “Sanity is a *luxury*, my friends, a rare, precious one we cannot afford. As I said, cooperation is paramount. We must consider the wider picture here. Atomic weapons not only kill others in higher dimensions, they also create a nasty rip in space-time that can allow extraterrestrial forces to enter our dimension illegally under Universal Law, but since we have used our free will to detonate the devices, it becomes a cosmic legal

loophole. Theosophist Rudolph Steiner said as much when he talked of *Ahriman* and the Eighth Sphere of our reality, so it's nothing new per se. In Shambala, our friendly monk Kunchen told us one day we might be swarmed with regressive forces from now on, ones from other star systems that make the psychopathic SS high command look like kindergarten kids high on sugary Easter cakes. Oh yes, and our mutual friends the Nazzaras are in town meeting with Heinrich and Hans for tea and strudel. They know about the secret atomic side effects, the spacetime rip portals. The Nazzaras will profit from them, and are not to be trusted. Edmund, Kunst, Kiss, Wüst and I... fear the worst for all humanity."

"Bloody hell, that's just swell," moaned Bea. "More horse trading for technology by galactic highwaymen. You know, they actually honored our poker deal as if 18th century gentlemen. The cheerful animals and bedraggled people showed up in England on a private estate."

"Huh. Strange but honorable inner-Earthmen..." mused Geer.

A pause for reflection by all.

"What else, Ernst?" asked Bernie calmly and suspiciously. With you...it's always something else."

Schäfer squirmed a bit, eyes wild as he nervously scanned the room. "Something else? Something horrible, you ask? Yes, yes, yes there's something *else*, you overly-romantic grizzled Nantucket tall ship captain sonofabitch back from the dead! Are you all sufficiently steeled? Gerlach and his minions are also working on a time travel device...one in association with his torsion field free energy experiments, a 'Corridor' they call it. That's the genuine *Projekt Kronos!*"

Geer muttered a pathetic: "Ernst, don't expand any mor—"

"*Kronos*...chronology," muttered Bea.

Schäfer ignored Geer. "Our attentions piqued, Edmund, Kunst, Wüst and I have been researching more Vedic texts on the subject which were helpful, but it was our stash of Sumerian cylinder

seals that held the answers all the time! You remember of course we *Ahnenerbe* got to the Baghdad museum first in '40, yes? The Anunnaki bits and pieces we obtained in Iraq, Iran and Afghanistan proved fortuitous—mere rifles, artillery and bullets for greedy tribal warlords and despot rulers in exchange for beyond-valuable cosmic artifacts. We obtained a large ancient metal octagon and a series of small one-meter wide black granite pyramids near Ur under piles of sand and debris. Once placed over a sacred Ley Line crossing site—like, say, Abydos in Egypt, or better yet an energetic temple ruin we know of in Samarra for example—then fed portable generator high-voltage while arranged in a distinct pattern, a glowing sphere appeared with distorted images, a mirror-like glowing globe. A person could enter, then disappear into the distant, blurry past as if diving into luminous liquid mercury. Someone in another SS department has constructed electronics to precisely insert an expedition team at a precise date, but we don't know who. It's crude, unreliable, but it works. An artificial man-made portal versus a natural one, if you will. Goebbels even made a silly propaganda science fiction film about it to mind-program the German *volk*. Put that in your corncob pipe and smoke it, Captain Ahab.”

“Shit, now we're even more behind the curve,” mused Bernie. “The madness never seems to end. What's the point of fighting a war over this crud? Why can't we...what if...”

“Alice through the Wonderland Looking Glass...” muttered Bea, remembering her psychedelic childhood book. “Just as you said back in Egypt last year, Bernie...all the novels and films tried to warn us of the genuine truth of the world.” She popped open her solid gold compact, applying blood-red lipstick. She then held the mirror to Schäfer's face. “Which is the real *you*, Ernst?”