

NEXT

PATH 2

Covenant of the Gods

Copyright © 2014 Robert A Webster

License Notes: This book is licensed for your personal enjoyment only. All Rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, copied, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, without the prior written consent of the copyright holder, nor be otherwise circulated in any form of binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser. Thank you for respecting the hard work of the author.

Connect:

Facebook -<https://www.facebook.com/Buddhasauthor>

Twitter -<https://twitter.com/buddhasauthor>

<http://www.buddhasauthor.com>

<http://stormwriter.weebly.com/>

— Prologue —

In the not too distant future

Planet Earth has an uncontrollable virus, which, if no cure found, threatens to destroy every living organism on the planet.

Experts believe that if the virus remains unchecked all life on planet Earth will be extinct within twenty-five years. The reality is however, more like five years.

Thanks to the Saviour System, there is no longer any threat of a nuclear holocaust or missile attacks. Full-scale war is now something of the past and people feel safe and invulnerable. Due to major cutbacks in weapons technology and unnecessary military forces, vast amounts of funds diverted to space exploration and the world of medicine, with cures found for previous life-threatening diseases. Nano technology is now an everyday part of life. Technology and developments in computers and transportation have grown exponentially. The human population is over 12 billion, and growing rapidly.

With the oceans vast array of marine life pillaged mercilessly for food and sport, this, along with pollution from hazardous chemicals, destroyed all sea life and fauna. The waters of the vast oceans were now sour, barren, and devoid of life.

The increasing demand for food now meant land animals had to be genetically created for human consumption. However, by messing with their genetic codes to produce bigger and fatter animals, Humans mutated their genes, making them prone to diseases, leaving governments around the world having to cull entire herds. Meanwhile, the wealthy countries plunder poorer countries meat-producing resources. Major companies now control governments and world media, with them lying to Earth's population that everything is fine. Toxic chemicals spew into the environment at an alarming rate. With fossil fuel almost depleted, rich powerful companies controlled the global power supplies.

The distressed planet sent many signs of its sickness, in the form of mega Tsunamis, droughts, earthquakes, and hurricanes.

Several people tried desperately to seek a solution to the grave problem, but this is now too late. They, along with the rest of the world's human population are unwilling to accept that they are the problem. Planet Earth needs to find a cure for the virus called the human race before they destroy the world along with its other inhabitants.

The gods sent their warnings on the winds but humanity didn't listen... So now, it's time for the solution.

— Awakening I —

George Wolffe poured himself a coffee and checked the monitors in his ultra-high-tech office underneath his large Washington country estate. With the Saviour System well run and maintained, and with the system connected to his office, George now spent little time in the White House bunker.

Previously a cellar, George had extended and designed this to an underground office to resemble the one in the White House bunker, although on a smaller scale. From here, he could monitor Saviour and with the state of the art computers, V-coms, (Voice activated computer) and holographic imagery, he could contact anyone on the worldwide system. Arrays of large screens and monitors adorned the office walls which, as well as monitoring Saviour, several connected to NASA and SETTI, with a few relaying information from the Voyager 3 satellite as it travelled to the outer reaches of space.

Over the past five years, George, along with other leading scientists, engineers, and technicians, had been working alongside worldwide space agencies and SETTI's to build space craft's capable of travelling to distant planets. They were now just hoping and waiting to find a planet suitable for sustaining human life. This was now George's priority because what he did not take into account when he developed Saviour was that wars thinned out the human race, giving the planet time to restructure and rejuvenate. He and other scientists had realised long ago that planet Earth's resources could not sustain the human race for much longer at its current rate of growth.

As George gazed at the monitors, he daydreamed of hurtling through space among the stars and tried to imagine how long any journey could take. George was thinking about this adventure when his intercom buzzed.

"George!" snapped his wife, Alice, "When are you coming up? It's almost midnight."

"On my way, honey," said George sounding chipper.

"Well hurry up... Oh, and Church called."

"Oh, okay honey. How are Sue and the baby?"

"They looked fine," said Alice, adding, "But Church sounded vague."

"Okay," said George "I will call him before I come up."

"Well hurry up." Said Alice sounding perturbed.

George turned on his H-Smart (holographic smartphone) and was about to dial Church's number when a high-pitched squeal came from a monitor screen and distracted him. He looked at the Voyager 3 monitor as the squeal turned into a loud intermittent alarm that George switched off. He then saw reams of information scrolling down the screen,

"Pause screen" George ordered the computer and the information stopped scrolling and he read the data on that page.

'Planet X24609-2016 sector 1640B/64.67., hmm' he thought. 'Where is that?' George looked at the Voyager's position on the monitor and saw it orbiting X24609, 64.67 billion light years away.

As he continued to read the information on the screens, his palms tingled with excitement and his mouth felt dry. George's heart pounded as he reviewed the data and wiping pearls of sweat from his brow, he ordered the computer, "Confirm data contained all elements for sustaining human life."

The computer compared the information from the probe against the essential elements necessary for human survival, telling George the information; Oxygen, nitrogen, hydrogen, levels...

After several minutes the computer confirmed, "This planet contained all the elements for sustaining human life."

George looked at the Voyager's monitor and saw it in low orbit around the planet. "Let's have a look at our new home," he said aloud, smiled, and ordered, "Show video footage of planet X24609."

The computer played back Voyager's images from several days ago as it approached the planet. A green-blue planet came on the screen and George looked at the information about its size and proximity to a large sun. "It's slightly larger than our moon and the climate should be slightly warmer than Earth, but it will be ideal for our needs." He said aloud and looked at the large blue streaks around the planet. George thought about the information given by his computer about water molecules detected in the atmosphere, so he realised that the streaks were oceans with rainfall.

"It looks like a beautiful green blue streaked glass marble," he said aloud sounding ecstatic. He leant over and kissed the screen.

'I wonder?' he thought and ordered, "Check for any carbon-based life forms."

"There was no trace of life forms from the data received," said the computer seconds later.

'Hmm,' thought George, 'this information had taken four months to reach here, and that was when Voyager 3 started orbiting the planet, so who knows.' He sat back in his chair gazing at the planet on the screen, feeling excited about what information the next few days would bring.

"Earth 2," he said aloud and smiled.

The intercom buzzed again and George, sounding elated said, "Yes honey, sorry, I know that I'm late, but I will be right there. I have some wonderful news, you won't be..."

Alice interrupted him and sounding anxious said, "You'd better come up, now."

George furrowed his brow and hearing the concern in his wife's voice asked, "What's the matter honey; is everything okay?"

"I don't know George, but please come quick," pleaded Alice, now sounding distraught.

"On my way," said George, who looked again at the data on the screen and thought, 'This will change everything. Wait until I tell Church that his passenger could have found us a new home.'

George chuckled as he left his office and got on the moving spiral staircase taking him up to the house.

He went to the living room where Alice was looking out of the window. She appeared bewildered and scared as she came over to George, who asked, "What is it, honey. What's wrong?"

"I don't know what it is, but we will see better from outside," said Alice, taking George's hand. She led him outside where he gasped when he saw the cause of her distress. The couple stood on the lawn and looked skywards towards the heavens.

The dark night sky was unrecognisable. It was now a vivid luminescent blue sky with a large, bright, glowing, immense sphere at its centre. George thought that a vast solar system had materialised around the planet Earth, with a translucent white sun at its centre. The immense sphere seemed to have no mass or density, just a cloud of white energy, which, although terrified them, gave George and Alice a euphoric, peaceful feeling.

Alice's voice quivered as she asked. "What do you suppose it is?"

“I have no idea honey,” said George with his mouth agape as they watched orbs of light shoot around the immense globe. George noticed these orbs were both crimson or rainbow coloured and he thought about what Church and Sarah had told him about the spirit world. Their descriptions matched what appeared to be happening here. George knew that the entire world would be watching this event, and he, along with the rest of humankind, were witnessing something magnificent.

A car screeched to a halt, breaking the Wolffe’s concentration of the heavenly event. Sarah got out of the car and rushed towards them. The couple saw how distraught Sarah looked as she neared and George asked, “Are you okay Sa...”

He didn’t finish his sentence as Sarah hugged him. She then grabbed Alice and pulled her closer, hugging them both.

“Are you okay Sarah? Do you know what’s happening?” asked Alice, who felt like Sarah was squeezing the life out of her.

Sarah didn’t reply and hugged them tighter as tears streamed down her face.

Another woman got out of Sarah’s car, walked over to the group, and stopped a short distance away from them. Sarah stood back from the Wolffe’s and looked skywards. Alice and George’s attention then refocused on the heavens, as another phenomenon unfolded. Five huge glowing white orbs emerged from the main sphere and hovered in the sky.

“Do you know what’s happening Sarah?” asked Alice.

Sarah smiled, wiped away her tears, and went to stand next to Joanie.

“Look!” exclaimed Alice and again George looked up as the five orbs glow intensified along with the main sphere, which enveloped the planet.

The air became still and everything felt serene. The Wolffe’s looked at each other as a white spectral light bathed them, and although mystified, felt tranquil, as they held hands and looked at Sarah and Joanie.

Sarah’s lips quivered as she smiled and gazed at the Wolffe’s. The event occurred so dramatically that there was no time for planetary panic or mass hysteria, only confusion, and wonder.

A calm feeling came over the Wolffe’s along with the rest of the human race. Sarah and Joanie raised their arms, and with tears in their eyes, waved at the Wolffe’s.

“Goodbye,” Sarah whispered, as the apocalyptic event began.

— Revelation One —

Several months earlier.

“She’s beautiful darling,” said Church with tears in his eyes as he held his baby daughter for the first time.

“She will make a great Keeper,” said his wife Sue, who smiled as she watched the tender moment between her newborn daughter and beloved husband, as multi-coloured auras filled the room. It had been an easy labour for Sue, even at such a late age for a first time mother. Sue felt overjoyed, with both her and Church unable to understand why it had taken so long for her to conceive, even though Granny Pearl had been assuring them for the past eighteen years that Sue would when the time was right.

“Mr Potts, we are about to take your wife and daughter to the ward,” said a nurse.

The midwife came over, took the baby from Church, and placed her into an incubator, while another nurse gave Sue a warm soapy flannel. The other maternity staff went about their usual post-birth routine, unaware of the kaleidoscope of colours radiating around them.

Church drove back to the cottage with a smile a mile wide. He could not wait to tell the team about his daughter.

Ryan and Pinky were in the living room. Ryan was watching and singing along to his favourite 60's classic on his V-pad, (Portable voice activated computer) “Gold...Finger, da da der da daa” he sang and bobbed his head like a nodding dog.

Pinky was reading, and mumbling under her breath about Ryan's toneless warbles, thinking where she would like to stick a gold finger to shut him up.

Ryan turned the V-com off when Church came in and sat down on the sofa.

Ryan and Pinky leant forward smiling as Church told them how happy he felt being a father, and how much their daughter resembled her mother.

‘That’s a relief’ thought Pinky, trying to imagine how a girl would feel growing up resembling a silver-haired Bob Hoskins.

Ryan chuckled and asked, “Have you changed your mind about the name, boss?”

“No,” said Church, glaring at Ryan. “We are not calling our daughter, Ryanette.”

“Just a thought.” said Ryan, grinning.

“Eve is a beautiful name,” said Pinky, “What does Granny Pearl think about becoming a Great-Grandmother?”

“She and Jack have already seen Eve. They popped into the maternity theatre through a temporary portal, and I heard crying,” said Church, who chuckled and added, “That was Grandpa Jack.”

Church sat back, rubbed his face, and said, “Right, I’ll check my V-mail, (Video Mail) grab some clothes for Sue, and head back to the hospital. Sue and Eve are now on the main ward, do you want to come and see them?”

“Too right,” said Pinky and Ryan nodded. They went to shower and change.

Church walked into the portal room thinking about his new family.

“Who are you?” exclaimed Church, taken aback as a man sat in his chair smiling at him. “And how did you get in?”

Church looked around for signs of a break-in. He looked at the smiling stranger and noticed something peculiar; he had no aura. “Well, who are you and what do you want?” asked Church sounding perturbed.

Church smelled the room’s aroma change and the reassuring smell of Granny Pearl’s sprouts drifted through.

“Your Spirit Keeper will explain,” said the stranger as Granny Pearl and Grandpa Jack materialised in the portal.

“Perhaps we should wait until the rest of your team gets here, Church,” said the stranger with a calming tone.

Pinky and Ryan then entered the room.

“We felt something strange and you needed us here... Who’s that?” Pinky asked, pointing at the stranger.

“Hello Pinky and Ryan,” said Granny Pearl from the portal, “don’t be alarmed team.”

“I don’t understand. What’s going on Gran and who is this?” asked Church, pointing at the familiar looking stranger.

Church felt an emotion of awe and trust coming from Granny Pearl as she explained,

“It is an Eternal... one of the five guardians of the afterlife. The spirit world had never encountered any being from the afterlife until they helped us prevent the catastrophe planned by Hitler’s diabolus many years ago. They’ve moved around unnoticed, both through our realm and the mortal world throughout the ages.”

Church recalled when Granny Pearl told him about something wonderful happening in the spirit world after they’d helped George in stopping the bio-plague being unleashed. He remembered that Granny Pearl said she would explain when the time was right, but that was many years ago.

The team looked at the Eternal; it was not how any of them imagined a god to look like.

“So what do we call you?” Ryan asked, breaking the silence.

“Humans have given us many names throughout the eons, so you can call me what you like, Ryan,” Said the Eternal.

“Okay,” said Ryan. He thought and announced, “How about we call you Shirley?”

The Eternal chuckled and amused by this, said, “Shirley it is,”

“Quiet Ryan, this sounds serious,” said Church sounding concerned and added, “It’s very nice to meet you, but I don’t imagine that this is just a social visit to say hello.”

The Eternal shook his head and sounding sullen said, “You are correct Church. Over the past few years, things have become desperate for the planet. We know that the Earth can no longer sustain the human race and unless something changes, humans will tear the planet apart, destroying every form of life that we created. It would be a dead rock floating in space and leave the afterlife stagnant.

The Eternal looked at the team who appeared nervous as he continued, “we Eternals found a planet and formed the Earth with all its life forms at a time before the memory of humans. We created an afterlife for souls and from where we could watch and protect the planet. We will not allow humankind to destroy planet Earth along with all other life forms... The human race must be changed... or removed.”

Church, Pinky, and Ryan glanced at one another as the Eternal paused.

He then told them, “Humans have no concept of time. Their lives centre on one lifetime and their history measured by generations. Before, the planet kept a status quo, but nowadays humans are belligerent, with the balance tipped toward the destruction of the planet Earth.” The Eternal looked at the team and then with anger in his voice said, “Humans consider themselves an intelligent species, but as you will learn; they are not. We have sent many warnings on the winds, but they have not heeded them. We Eternals cannot change human nature... But perhaps you can.”

The team looked astounded and confused.

“How?” Church asked with a quake in his voice.

“Hello darling, are you okay? You look terrible,” said Sue as Church kissed her forehead.

She smiled at Pinky and Ryan. “Hi team, do you want to see Eve?” asked Sue, who looked confused at an elderly couple standing behind them; the old man emanated a crimson aura, and the old woman’s, multi-coloured.

Church held Sue’s hand and said, “I am sorry darling, but we can’t stay long, we have to go on an important assignment.”

Sue looked confused and disappointed. ‘What’s more important than our daughter?’ she thought, but knew from the fearful emotions she detected from her husband and the others that it was something urgent.

The elderly couple moved toward Sue’s bedside and the old woman said, “Don’t worry Sue; Jack and I will take care of you and Eve.”

“Granny Pearl!” Sue exclaimed taken aback.

“Yes child,” said Pearl as she leaned over and kissed the bemused Sue on the forehead.

“I don’t understand,” said Sue as Pearl held her hand.

Church went over to the incubator, picked up Eve, cradled the infant, and told Sue, “I’m sorry darling, but Granny Pearl will explain, but it’s vital that we leave immediately to start this investigation.”

Church smiled at Eve, who looked up at her father and gurgled before he put her back in the incubator. He hugged his bemused wife and then, along with Pinky and Ryan, left the room.

“I know you are confused Sue,” said Granny Pearl and reassured her, “I am sure Church and the team will be back soon.”

Sue picked up various emotions coming from the now mortal Pearl as she said, “I will explain what’s happening.”

While driving back to the cottage Ryan asked, “Where do we start boss?”

“I have no idea,” replied Church and sighed. “All I know was that we have to undertake and complete the three challenges that the Eternal set us.”

“A lot of things are confusing,” Pinky said, “I still don’t understand what we must do or how?”

“Yeah, Shirley having no aura was confusing, and why did it look like Shirley Bassey?” Ryan asked and scratched his head.

“He looked like a young Brad Pitt to me,” said Pinky and grinned.

“Come on team, focus,” said Church, who had seen the Eternal as Mr Grimley, his old school teacher nemesis. “Let’s consider our first challenge of three.”

“If the Eternals were gods, then how come we need to find three items, they must know where they are?” asked Ryan.

“You weren’t listening. They know where the items are, but as the Eternal explained, they cannot become involved; it is their trial set for the gifted ones. We have the future existence of the human race on our shoulders.”

“I don’t understand either,” said Pinky, “What also seemed coincidental, was that the Chosen-ones families who we know have just had children.”

Church shrugged, took a deep breath, and said, “Perhaps the Eternals have given us the incentive to succeed. I don’t know, but maybe it will become clearer once we start.”

They thought about the Eternals first edict as they neared the cottage:

Protect the Family of the Great White Shark.

“So, where do we find a great white shark?” Ryan asked, “They became extinct years ago, even before the pollution levels rose. Remember all the fuss at the time about the poor creature's demise, and that American conservationists warning of their imminent extinction.” Ryan sighed and added, “But everyone ignored him until it was too late.” He looked out of the car window thinking, and after a few moments added, “I think his name was Dr. Clogmire.”

“Dogmire,” Church corrected him. “Okay, let’s start with him.”

“If Dr. Dogmire is an American, perhaps George can help?” said Pinky and Church nodded.

The team arrived back at the cottage, and while Ryan and Pinky went to use the V-com in the lounge for research, Church went to the portal room to use his V-com.

“PATH,” said Church, activating his V-com. A section of his desk illuminated and a female voice said, “Hello Church.”

“Sally, call George Wolffe,” Church instructed.

After a dialling tone, a holographic image of George appeared on Church’s desk top.

“Sorry, but I am unavailable at this time, please leave a message,” said George’s hologram.

“Hello George, it’s Church. Please call me when you get this message,” said Church looking at the hologram.

Ryan’s voice then came over the intercom, “Boss, we found the address and contact number for Dr. Alan Dogmire Ph.D. He lives in Florida.”

“Okay, thanks Ryan.”

Church again spoke to his computer, “Sally, book the PATH team three tickets on the first available flight to Washington.”

Several minutes later, the V-com announced, “That is booked Church, your flight leaves at 10:00pm.”

Church put his H-smart over the screen, and the information uploaded and his account deducted. Church, Pinky, and Ryan packed some belongings and went to Manchester airport in Church’s aero-car.

While flying over the congested OP7 overpass and M96 motorway, Church’s H-smart rang. He tapped the **H** icon and answered. George Wolffe's holographic image projected from the screen.

“Hi team,” said George.

“Hello George. We are on our way to the States to speak with Dr. Alan Dogmire. We have an address for him in Florida but thought that we would come to see you first, maybe you can help?”

“No problem Church. Alice and I would love to see you all,” said George, “Oh, and Sarah had a baby boy.”

“Great, we can see her and the baby when we get there,” said Church, although Granny Pearl had already told him about Sarah’s baby.

George looked confused, “How is Sue? Wasn’t she due to give birth soon? I am surprised you are coming now, what’s wrong?”

Church smiled at his old friend and said, “Yes George, Sue gave birth a few hours ago. We now have a lovely baby daughter called Eve. Both she and Sue are fine and I will explain everything when we get there, but we need to come now.”

“Oh, well congratulations, buddy,” said George and grinned. “So with your urgency to come here now, it must be important spirit world stuff.”

Church nodded.

“Okay, I will arrange for you to be picked up at the airport. What time do you arrive?” asked George.

“Thanks George,” said Church and gave him their flight details. He then asked. “How’s the Ark project coming along?”

Church saw George’s holograms eyes light up and he sounded excited as he told them, “The Ark is tremendous. We’ve almost completed the first one and just fitted the new solar drive propulsion system. I will show you when you get here.”

“That’s what I hoped you’d say” Church chuckled. He, Pinky and Ryan wanted to see how this incredible project was progressing. They had visited George several times over the past few years and always enjoyed visiting the U.S. space ark. Seeing this colossal starships construction always astounded them. It could now prove invaluable with the fate of humanity in the balance.

“Any news from Voyager 3?” Ryan asked from the back seat.

“Not yet, but I remain hopeful and feel sure we are getting closer to finding a new planet we can call home.”

“I hope so too, we will need one...”

“Okay George, we will see you soon,” interrupted Church, giving Ryan a stern look.

“Okay team; call me when you get here. I will have your rooms ready. See you soon.”

“Bye George,” said Church. He turned to Ryan and said,

“Remember the rules. Shir... I mean the Eternal, gave us to adhere to.”

“I know, I know, don’t worry boss,” said Ryan. “I won’t tell him anything.”

“What reason are you going to give George for our urgent visit?” asked Pinky.

“I don’t know yet, but Sarah and her husband John will have been given the same instruction. Perhaps John is already on a quest,” said Church and sighed.

“At least we know Sarah and Sue having babies on the same day, is no longer just a coincidence,” said Pinky. She gazed out of the car’s window at the clear night sky and added, “I bet they weren’t the only gifted ones who gave birth today.”

As the aero-car approached the aero-car lane at Manchester airport, the wheels folded out and clicked into position. The telescopic wings disconnected and retracted into the doorsill compartment and the rear rudders folded down into the spoiler. They touched down and as the aero-car freewheeled a short distance before they heard the click of the electric turbine disengaging from the rear air thrusters and engaging the wheels.

The car drove towards the electronically elevated multi-story car park. “Manual,” Church ordered the cars V-com and took the steering wheel. He drove into the car park and found a space.

The team checked in and caught their hypersonic flight to Washington.

The team felt exhausted with only napping on the two-hour flight.

George and Alice were in the courtyard when the aero-car that George had sent landed on the aero-car lane close by. It drove up to the Wolffe’s and Church, Pinky, and Ryan got out. It had been almost a year since their last visit and George had a lot of catching up to do, especially about his Ark project.

They hugged, said hello, went into the dining room, and sat around the table. George and Alice asked about Eve and Sue and told them about Sarah and her baby, Benjamin.

“Oh great, I’m starving,” said Ryan as the Wolffe’s staff brought in plates of T-bone steak.

“Why do you need to speak so urgently with Dr. Dogmire?” George asked as they ate.

“We need to find a great white shark,” mumbled Ryan with his mouth full.

George furrowed his brow and looking puzzled said, “But they were declared extinct years ago.” He looked intrigued and asked, “So how, and why, do you need to find them now?”

Shirley’s instructions had been specific. They could not mention about the human races possible demise.

Church said, “The spirit world sent us on this assignment because they believe some exist. They are convinced that finding a great white shark alive in the polluted oceans could hold the key to reviving other sea life devastated by contaminates. That’s why we need to meet Dr. Alan Dogmire and find out if that could be the case.”

“Oh, that’s interesting. I suppose that if any are alive, from what I researched about Dr. Dogmire, he will be the man who would know. How can I help?” asked George.

“We hoped you could arrange an appointment for us. From what we pieced together, Dogmire is reclusive and won’t accept calls from strangers, but maybe he would listen to the former President of the United States,” said Church and grinned.

George smiled and said, “You’re right buddy. That’s why I have already arranged an appointment with him here in two days’ time. He said that he would bring along another prominent marine biologist who he is collaborating with.”

Church smiled, he figured George would have anticipated his request and arranged something on their behalf.

“Thanks George,” said Church, and finished his fries.

“Sarah knows you are coming, she is being discharged tomorrow and dying to see you and show off Benjamin. He is a sweet baby,” said Alice.

“We are looking forward to seeing Sarah and the baby,” cooed Pinky.

“It seemed strange Church, but John was also called away on something urgent,” said George, looking at Church with suspicion.

Church knew that George would realise something strange was afoot in the spirit world and fish for answers. He knew this would not be a secret easily concealed, especially with Ryan engaging his mouth before brain. Church knew they must be careful with George and covered his mouth as he yawned.

“Oh,” said Church, “what a coincidence.”

George smiled and said “Well old friend, that gives me time to show you the new developments to the Ark.”

“And see Sarah and Ben,” said Pinky.

“Now, let’s get you settled in and we can talk more tomorrow, you all look exhausted,” said George.

Church, Ryan, and Pinky went to their rooms. It was now early morning. Ryan sat on his bed and yawned. ‘I can’t be bothered to shower.’ he thought, as his pillow seemed to beckon him. He smiled as he lay down. He then felt his body tingle and he groaned and sat up. ‘Strange’ he thought, ‘I don’t feel well, my head’s throbbing and what’s those noises? They sounded like voices.’ He looked at his aura glowing intermittently, “What’s happening,” he said aloud.

Concerned, he wrapped a towel around himself and rushed over to Church’s room.

Pinky stood at Church’s door, shaking.

“I feel terrible,” she said and Ryan noticed that her aura was also glowing intermittently.

“Yeah, me too,” said Ryan as Church opened his door and invited them inside.

“What’s Shirley doing here?” Ryan asked, taken aback at seeing the smiling Eternal. He felt fine again, as did Pinky.

“What’s happening?” asked Pinky.

“You have all now started your assignments. We have given you an extra gift to make your tasks easier, but be careful and use it wisely,” said Shirley, and then vanished.

‘What was that all about, what extra gift?’ thought Ryan looking surprised.

“I don’t know Ryan, perhaps we will find out later,” said Church shrugging his shoulders and appearing bewildered.

“What?” Ryan asked furrowing his brow.

“You asked about the extra power,” said Church.

“No, I didn’t,” said Ryan, “I only thought it.”

The three looked at one another.

‘Ryan, you are a bonehead,’ thought Pinky, experimenting.

“Yeah, but a sexy one.” said Ryan and chuckled.

“Telepathy!” exclaimed Church, “That’s our new power.”

‘Cool,’ thought Pinky and Ryan.

“It is cool,” said Church, “and it will be useful, especially when dealing with George.” He looked at Ryan and thought ‘Now you can think before you speak, Ryan.’

‘Okay boss,’ Ryan thought and smirked.

The team, now too excited to sleep, talked amongst themselves telepathically for the next few hours.

While they ate breakfast with the Wolffe's, Ryan tried to read George's mind.

‘What are you doing, Ryan?’ Church thought and glared at Ryan.

‘Nothing boss, just seeing if mind reading was another part of the gift,’ thought Ryan and grinned as he shovelled a lump of sausage into his mouth.

‘Unlikely,’ thought Pinky and smirked, ‘because if that was the case, we would have to wait a long time to read anything in your empty head.’

‘Pah, very funny.’ thought Ryan.

‘Stop messing around and remember, we must use this wisely,’ thought Church.

“Is everything okay, Church?” asked George, “You all look deep in thought.”

“Yes, everything’s fine George. We still feel tired and jet-lagged,” said Church feigning a yawn before he smiled.

— Revelation Two —

Several years before the PATH team undertook their first quest.

Dr. Alan Dogmire, along with his eight-man crew, monitored screens around a control centre below the main deck of the converted 200 ft. Arctic survey boat; The Ocean Guardian Six.

The vessel was part of a research fleet that tagged and studied great whites and other species of shark in oceans around the world.

The ship bobbed gently in the calm waters off Guadalupe Island. They waited for 36 great white sharks that their global positioning tags showed heading that way.

Dr. Alan Dogmire and his team had, over the past few years, tagged, recorded, and monitored almost every great white shark that visited the Guadalupe area and at other feeding and breeding colonies around the world.

From the screens within the control centre, they knew the movements of the various sharks. They had named each one, along with its genealogy. Guadalupe was where Dr. Dogmire began his research several years earlier. He knew which females and males would come to mate, along with which juveniles would be ready to breed. Alan Dogmire knew everything that there was to know about *Carcharodon Carcharias*. He loved this animal, having spent most of his life protecting the misunderstood creature. Thanks to the knowledge he had gained by free diving with great whites and the documentaries he had filmed, he made humans less fearful of the maligned predator.

Adventurers around the world took up the challenge to free dive with the great whites to prove their courage. However, Alan Dogmire did not like this risky extreme water-sport. He knew that it would be destined for a calamity. These animals were not pets and killed for food. Although humans were not on the menu, to get more of a thrill, people swam close to the shark's jaws. Alan feared this stupidity would result in someone killed, with his sharks getting the blame.

Dr. Alan Dogmire went onto the deck as a crewmember hurled a float attached to tuna overboard from a lowered section of the deck amidships. Having spent most of his life at sea, Alan Dogmire had a weather beaten complexion and his slender frame gave the middle-aged marine biologist a Jacques Cousteau appearance, with an articulate American accent.

Alan leant on the side rail as the float splashed onto the water and he watched the tuna sink under the surface.

“Morning Alan,” said the young crewman.

“Hi Dave,” replied Alan as he gazed at the ocean as a large dorsal fin cut through the surface of the water as ‘Penelope’ made her appearance and took the offering. Previously, a hook would have been attached and they would have brought her aboard to tag. However, as all the sharks were known and tagged, the food was only a welcome back treat. Penelope thrashed the water as she tugged the food from the rope, her tail sending a spray of seawater over the side of the vessel.

The crewman chuckled, “Penelope’s a little frisky today,” he said getting soaked.

“Hmm,” said Alan smiling and took off his woollen hat to ring it out.

This year the team’s target was a young females pup. They had attached a small fin-cam to a pregnant female called Mabel, and had filmed her giving birth earlier in the season. They expected her pup to come to the Guadalupe Island, where they could tag the new addition, and they knew Mabel was close. Other marine biologists assumed that great whites had their pups and then abandoned them to fend for themselves, or occasionally eat them. Alan Dogmire however, disproved that theory and discovered that for the first few weeks the offspring followed their mothers, although remained a short distance away. The mothers always

make their routes to seal colonies through areas where there were high concentrations of fish, to allow her pup to learn to hunt and feed.

Alan Dogmire proved this theory many times, so knew that where Mabel was, her pup would be somewhere in the depths close by.

He looked at his watch and scanned the calm sea to the northwest with binoculars for a dorsal fin. ‘Mable is in that area now,’ he thought and said, “Dave, get another tuna ready.”

“Alan, can you come to the bridge,” said a voice over the ships tannoy.

Alan Dogmire tutted and made his way up to the bridge.

“What is it Gabe?” he asked the Captain when he entered.

“Ocean Guardian Two's Captain needed to speak with you Alan,” said The Captain, and added, “He sounded anxious.”

“Where is the Guardian II, Gabe?” asked Alan.

“Moored in Sokiyaishi bay, Japan.” replied the Captain.

“Hello Alan,” said the Captain on the V-com screen.

“Hi Yoki. What’s up?” asked Alan looking at the worried looking face of the Chinese Captain as he told him, “Turn on the TV to CNN, we may have a big problem.”

A crewman switched the V-com monitor to television and they listened to the breaking news.

A CNN broadcaster was midway through the story with a red bar across the bottom of the screen reading ‘BREAKING NEWS.’ Crown Prince Naruhito, of Japan and his son, Hiro; were killed in a savage shark attack, while swimming off their private island in the Yatsui basin.

The newscaster then broke off the story and announced, “Let’s go live to Japan.”

A reporter standing outside a Japanese hospital came on the screen and said, “Crown Prince Naruhito and his son Hiro were pronounced dead after a ferocious attack by great white sharks while swimming in the bay of their island residence. Naruhito was the son of the Japanese Emperor...”

Alan furrowed his brow as the news continued.

“We’ve never had any sharks in that area,” said Alan, interrupting the broadcast. He went down the steps in the bridge to the control room, entered an instruction on a keyboard, and looked at the monitors of the Yatsui basin area. He then turned on the control room V-com and spoke to the Guardian II’s Captain,

“Yoki, there aren’t any of our sharks in that area. Nowhere near there... The nearest is Soshu, and she is over a thousand miles away.”

“I know Alan. There have never been any great whites in those waters, they are too warm and shallow with no prey,” said Yoki.

“It’s ridiculous,” said Alan turning on the control rooms TV and listening to the CNN broadcaster continuing, “The eyewitness who was the royal bodyguard, said that he saw at least three great white sharks viciously attack the Crown Prince.”

“I don’t understand, that’s impossible,” said Alan as he listened to the news report.

“I don't either. It makes no sense, but our problem will be proving otherwise,” said Yoki who sighed and added, “he was the Crown Prince of Japan, therefore divine, so there won’t be any autopsy.”

“That's convenient,” said Alan. “So they are only taking the word of the bodyguard, who lied.” He pondered, “There is more here than meets the eye, Yoki.”

“I agree, but whichever way you look at it: it doesn't look good for our sharks,” said Yoki.

“No,” said Alan, “but it will be great news for the finning industry, especially since the recent total ban on shark-fin fishing by the Worldwide Fishing Commission.”

Alan looked sullen as they considered the ramifications. A sombre Yoki signed off, informing Alan that he would investigate further and get back to him.

Alan went topside, stood on the deck, and gazed out over the calm pacific waters. He realised that he needed all his research and knowledge for the inevitable fight to prove the innocence of his sharks. Recalling his childhood, he knew how the fear instilled by the movie Jaws caused the butchering of hundreds of great whites by trophy hunters. He knew this shocking news could result in many thousands more being slaughtered. His biggest concern was that the Worldwide Fishing Commission lifted the finning ban and they started culling again. Alan knew the Japanese finning industry was massive and lucrative with their whaling harpoon and factory vessels also converted to finning following the recent demise of the whale. Powerful Japanese moguls made their fortunes from this bloody industry. Although mainly Chinese who enjoyed this delicacy, it was the Japanese who had the most to gain with their finning fleets. Japan was a rich powerful nation with a strong tradition and reverence to their Emperor; their voice held sway amongst world leaders. Alan realised the massive finning fleet would look for an opportunity to resume their barbarous industry and this was the perfect excuse.

A crewman came on deck and handed him a hot mug of coffee.

“Thanks Bill,” said Alan, taking the mug and blowing on the hot coffee.

“It doesn't look good for our fishy family, Alan,”

“No, it doesn't Bill,” said Alan, taking a slurp of coffee and letting out a deep sigh, said, “the finning industry had sent many shark species into extinction before it was forced to stop due to lack of sharks and worldwide condemnation. Fortunately, great whites were on the protected species list then, but with this happening, I don't know now. ”

He leant on the side rail and through grated teeth said, “It also looked like somebody was getting away with murder.”

— Revelation Three —

The PATH team, along with George and Alice, passed baby Benjamin around while Sarah looked on proudly.

“Has John called you?” asked Alice.

“Yes, three times a day,” said Sarah, smiling.

“When is he due back?” asked George.

“I am not too sure,” said Sarah, who took a squeaky toy from a bag and handed it to Pinky who squeezed it, making Ben chuckle.

‘Have you also been given the extra power, Sarah,’ thought Church smiling at Sarah.

‘Yes,’ thought Sarah, ‘the Eternal came earlier and told me that we all have it. It will make things easier, especially with George being so inquisitive.’

‘Is Joanie with you?’ Church thought.

‘Yes, she's upstairs with Graham, John's Spirit Guide. We thought that now they are mortals it was better they stayed out of sight while George and Alice were here. It will save any embarrassing explanations, and George would ask too many questions’ thought Sarah.

‘Agreed,’ thought Church.

“I bet you get lonely in the apartment,” said George, who leant forward and whispered, “mind you, I suppose you have always got Joanie's spirit for company.”

Sarah smiled and nodded as Pinky handed her Benjamin, who smiled at his mother.

‘What does John need to find? Perhaps we can help.’ Church thought.

‘They have sent him along with three other Guides to find the lost Ark of the Covenant,’ replied Sarah.

‘Oh, no biggy then,’ Ryan interrupted and smirked.

The gifted ones smiled at one another.

“You must be exhausted Sarah, is there anything we can do?” asked Alice.

“No, I'm fine thanks Alice. I am a little tired though and I need to feed Ben,” said Sarah pulling the baby blanket down off the infant's chin.

“Okay, we will be going and let you get some rest,” said George with a beaming smile.

Alice knew why George was in a hurry to leave; he wanted to take the team to the Ark hangars and show off his spaceship. She glared at George and said, “Carol is coming over later for a chat, so drop me at home first.”

‘We'll come back later Sarah. We have a lot to discuss regarding our quests and the planet's quandary,’ thought Church.

‘And see Ben again,’ chipped in Pinky.

Sarah smiled and said, “It's lovely to see you all. Come back anytime.”

They left Sarah's apartment and George flew his aero-car home, dropped Alice off, and flew to Andrews Air force base and the underground Ark hangar.

After they left, Joanie and Graham came downstairs.

"George is always suspicious," said Sarah, "I guess that is just his way, but it is unnerving."

"Did Church tell you anything?" asked Joanie.

"Only what we've already been told. The Eternal didn't divulge too much to them either."

Joanie smiled and said, "Pity the Brits didn't stay longer. Now I'm mortal, I would have liked to have chatted more to Ryan,"

Sarah Chuckled and said, "It's no good having a crush on Ryan, you are far too old. Besides, I thought you liked another Spirit Guide, Jacob."

Joanie smiled and said, "No harm in looking."

The space Arks underground hangar was immense and the Ark a technological marvel. Large robotic machines flitting around, working on the outside of the huge, shiny, metallic spaceship, this looked like a gigantic silver pie. Technicians stood behind Perspex screens that bustled with information, schematics, and technical data as they programmed the large robots and nanobots on specific tasks.

George and the team entered the hangar from a walkway above the spacecraft. It was the team's third visit to the American Ark, and the awesome sight always made the hairs on the back of their necks stand on end.

Overlooking the impressive spaceship, Church, and the team noticed a new addition.

"You've given it a name then George," Church said, gazing at the shiny black letters emblazed on the top of the craft.

George smiled as the walkway platform descended.

"Appropriate don't you think?" he said, looking at the team.

The team nodded as the platform reached the ground and they stepped off it. Several technicians hurried over to George with problems and, after spending several minutes solving them, he led the team over to the gigantic craft. They went up a slipway of the USS Hope, got onto an elevator, and went up to the control bridge.

"There are twenty-six Arks in countries around the world and all in the same stages of completion," George told them as they arrived on the main control bridge.

The main bridge was enormous with different sections attached. Each section manned by technicians who monitored and undertook various tasks within the ship. Church noticed signs above each section.

"They're new," he said, pointing to a sign.

"Yeah," said George. "We had to put up signs because the technicians kept going to the wrong departments."

"Glad to see you have a few sections dedicated to food," said Ryan pointing, and then he asked, "What is Hydroponics? And can I get a sandwich there?"

George laughed and said,

"They are botanical gardens in the aft section Ryan. I suppose you could get a salad sandwich there."

‘Shut up Ryan, and stop thinking about bloody food,’ Pinky chastised him with a thought.

“It certainly is a magnificent vessel George,” said Church.

“It has to be; it carries the survival and hopes for the human race to the stars and find a new home,” said George, and sighed. “I only wish it could hold more people; there is only enough room for two thousand to live on board for the journey, with four thousand in stasis. If the journey took too long, who knows how many there will be when USS Hope arrives at its destination. It could be the grandchildren of the crew waking the ones in stasis. Until we find a planet we just don’t know, it could take decades or generations. ”

“Have you chosen all the astronauts yet George?” asked Ryan, trying to imagine a lifetime in space aboard a vessel with no KFC or McDonalds.

George nodded and replied, “Yes Ryan, all the Arks have aerospace engineers, pilots, navigators, doctors, nurses, biologists, botanists, and scientists; every technical skill needed to run the Arks and build colonies once the fleet reached their destination. Most of them are already here and learning the systems.”

Church rubbed his chin as he thought about how incredible it would be to see a fleet of these immense vehicles travelling through the cosmos. He, along with most people had seen the first Mars One launch years ago. The colony they were now building on Mars, could only be supplied from Earth, and with no survivable atmosphere would only be for temporary stays. This was entirely different, and he asked, “Was it difficult to find people to go, George. I can’t imagine many would not want to ever see home again.”

“I think it was easy to find volunteers. Government departments handled that, but from what they told me, many people with the right skillset volunteered, around 180,000. Many wanted to get away from Earth with all its recent problems. The government departments said the only problem was finding people of the right age and with no children. They needed to be between twenty and forty-years-old, with half being male and half female, so the problem was wheedling the number down to the six thousand most suitable.”

“George, this all sounds unimaginable but amazing,” said Pinky looking awestruck.

George nodded and said, “I wish I was forty years younger,” He chuckled and added, “but Alice wouldn’t have let me go.”

“George, you can still run circles around most people half your age,” said Church, who always felt amazed by his almost eighty-year-old friend’s stamina.

George smiled as Ryan asked, “So who gets put on ice?”

“They will be the engineers and technicians building the colony when they arrive on the planet, along with others needed to create survivable inhabitanicies, the botanists, scientists etc. It will be the older ones and some we still have to decide upon when we have assessed them,” said George, looking over at a flashing light on a console. “Keep an eye on the nano-bot levels in the star-drive coolant,” he shouted at a technician who stopped what he was doing and looked up at the display screens. A gauge within an array of white digital gauges now glowed orange.

“Sorry sir,” said the technician as he hurriedly made adjustments and a notice came onto the screen: Nanobots production for section 3B-169C : normal. The gauge returned to white and the technician who looked embarrassed went back to monitoring but paid more attention.

‘I bet he’ll be one who goes in the fridge,’ thought Ryan and chuckled. Pinky and Church smiled.

“Do you want to sit in the Captain’s chair?” asked George, leading the team over to a large chair at the centre of the control room.

Ryan sat on the leather armchair and looked at consoles on the armrest. “Captain Ryan T Clark!” He exclaimed. “Take us out of orbit Mr Sulu.” He said and chuckled.

Pinky and Church tutted.

George spent the rest of the day showing the team around the gigantic craft. Even though they had only seen a fraction of the ship, they had seen other sections before and felt they had seen enough.

While flying back to George's estate, he spoke more about the USS Hope. Church, Pinky, and Ryan, communicated amongst themselves, with George unaware of their conversation, until Ryan asked,

"Have you had any success with Voyager 3, George?"

"No," said George sounding disgruntled, "Voyager 3 has gone silent. It has reported nothing significant for years and that was from a planet unable to sustain human life."

"That's a shame," said Church, "perhaps it will find one soon."

"I hope so," said George and told them, "That's all we are waiting for. We could launch the Ark's tomorrow if they had somewhere to go. They have been ready for months, but all we do now is check, maintain, and add a few systems to keep us busy."

"I bet old Adolf's diabolus's pissed off drifting through space with no one to order about." said Pinky and chuckled.

"Do they fly?" asked Ryan, leaning forward from the back seat.

"Yes Ryan," said George. "China flew theirs several months ago to Mars."

"Cool," said Ryan and looking puzzled added, "I never heard about it."

"No, you wouldn't have," said George. "The Chinese Ark's hangar is in the middle of Mongolia, which is the most inhospitable place on Earth and thousands of miles away from any civilisation. With the Arks covered in tungsten and carbon fibre, they are invisible to radar."

"How long was the flight George?" Church asked looking at the smiling face of his friend.

"Eighty-two days and all systems functioned as expected. It was a great success," said George sounding delighted.

"Eighty-two days to fly to Mars!" exclaimed Ryan, "Bloody hell."

George grinned and said, "No Ryan, eighty-two days to fly to Mars, and back."

Ryan, with raised eyebrows, looked at Church and thought, 'They're all dressed up with no place to go, boss.'

'And unless we all complete our missions they may never have any place to go,' Church replied.

The aero-car landed at the Wolffe's estate and they went inside the house and into the dining room.

George received a message on his H-smart, which he read, tutted, and said, "Sorry guys, but I need to go to the White House bunker tonight. Have you got any plans?"

"We thought we would go to see Sarah again," said Church.

George smiled and asked, "Spirit stuff?"

The team laughed. "Something like that," said Church.

Alice and Carol, the Wolffe's daughter, then joined them and they ate.

The team went to Sarah's apartment after dinner, Pinky rocked Benjamin and looked broody they sat on the sofa and spoke, and after Sarah explained about her and John's visit from the Eternals, Church said, "The Eternal must have given us all the same instructions. Three quests are given separately and after completing the first, they would give us the second and, after completing that, we would be given the third and final one."

Sarah nodded and told them, "John and his team went to Ethiopia, following up a lead regarding the Ark of the Covenant. He knows the area well, having spent time there before he met me. They were to meet up with an Ethiopian Keeper when they got there, so it looks like we are getting help."

"And they made Spirit Guides mortal to take care of the gifted one's new families," said Joanie, who kept winking at Ryan.

"So we were right about it not just being a coincidence that joined gifted ones had babies on the same day," said Pinky as she rocked the sleeping Benjamin.

"It sure looked that way," said Joanie.

"So who will be looking after the spirit world and the portals?" asked Ryan.

Church shrugged, and said, "I don't know."

Several hours later, the PATH team flew back to the Wolffe's and went to their rooms. Still unsure what was happening, they decided that all would be made clear in time, but for now, they had to concentrate on their quests.

The following morning Dr. Alan Dogmire and his colleague arrived on schedule at 10:00am. The Wolffe's butler took them to the lounge where George and the PATH team were waiting.

Dr. Alan Dogmire and his colleague entered and George went over to greet them.

"Hello, Mr President, I'm Alan Dogmire," said Alan shaking George's hand.

"Hi Alan, it's nice to meet you. I have some friends who need your help."

"Anything I can do to help, Mr President," said Alan, who looked at the pretty blonde woman at his side, and said, "this is my colleague Dr. Jennifer Morse, who started working with me three days ago and has an impressive resume, and an interesting theory."

"Jenny, Mr President," said the woman, as she shook George's hand.

"Please call me George," he said, "Would you like something to drink?"

"Coffee would be great, George," said Alan and Jenny ordered the same.

George led them over to the PATH team sitting on the sofa and introduced them.

"Alan, Jenny, these are my friends; Church, Ryan, and Pinky," said George as he introduced the pair to the silent PATH team who just smiled and look taken aback, as George went over to the butler standing at the door and ordered their coffee.

However, the team were far from silent as they chatted by thought about the new arrivals and asked Jenny why a Keeper was with Dr. Alan Dogmire. 'I'll explain later' thought Jenny, who smiled and shook their hands.

"Coffee on its way," said George and sat on an armchair as Church told Alan about their search for the great white shark. He told Alan that after hearing reports that some still existed they needed to find out if this were true, and if so, try to protect them.

Alan looked puzzled, and although Church never explained who they were, knowing they were friends of the former President, grinned.

Their coffee arrived and once the butler left the room, Alan said, “It would be easier if I demonstrated.”

Alan took out a V-pad and explained to the group about his earlier studies. He put the V-pad in the centre of the coffee table and a holographic image of Earth projected from the screen.

“I am afraid you're wasting your time looking for a great white shark, Church,” said Alan and pointed to the holographic image of the rotating planet Earth with several blue dots orbiting the planet. Alan pointed to the dots and explained, “These are the satellites we used many years ago and were still monitoring for tagged great white sharks. If a shark is present the satellite will show its location in the ocean as a red flashing spot.”

The team look around the hologram at the planet's oceans.

“I see nothing but ocean,” said Church.

“I know,” said Alan, “and it’s been like that for over two years,” he sighed, “and due to over finning, the great white along with every other shark species, are now extinct.”

“Could you have missed tagging one,” asked Pinky,

“Unlikely,” said Alan, shaking his head, “great whites are territorial. They follow a routine for breeding and feeding. Their conditions had to suit their needs, so the areas are specific. I've spent the last two years surveying parts the ocean for anywhere they could be, but to no avail.”

“Could they have adapted to survive somewhere that you haven’t searched?” Church asked.

“No,” said Alan, and explained, “It would be like humans trying to survive naked in the arctic, or in the desert with only grass to eat. Without a suitable environment and sustenance, they would soon perish.”

He then paused, smiled, looked at Jenny, and said, “Jenny is a specialist in marine biology. Although there is now nothing to study in the oceans, she, like you, has a wacky theory that some sharks still exist. Her enthusiasm is contagious, and her research and theories are convincing. I was advised to take her on and follow up on her theory.” He sighed and added, “Although I fear they will prove unfounded, but I live in hope, however futile.”

The room went silent as they all pondered the demise of Alan’s beloved sharks, and then George, looking perplexed said, “It was the sea pollution that killed them along with everything else.”

“No George, that’s what people have been told. The truth is that the Japanese finning industry got their way after the public outcry over their murdered Crown Prince years ago. Subsequently, there was a worldwide culling of the great white and other sharks. However, it didn’t stop there. With their money, power and influence they controlled the Worldwide Fishing Commission, the same way as they did with the International whaling commission in the past. Every Japanese finning vessel hunted sharks, any sharks, and they cut off and sold their fins. The world media put fear into everyone about the alleged attacks by suggesting pollution caused erratic behaviour in all large marine predators. Do you remember how they told everyone that culling was the only way to stem the attacks and protect people? Their lies and propaganda kept everybody fearful of venturing into the oceans.”

George looked at Alan and said, “Yes, perhaps that was the case. But you must admit, after the killing of Crown Prince Naruhito and his son, several shark attacks were reported daily... Even President DiCaprio reported witnessing a fatal shark attack. So, of course, it was worrying.”

“Only if you believed it sir,” said Alan.

Alan furrowed his brow, looked at them all, and said, “This was not the first time that Japan had killed an entire species. Do you remember when the whales started dying?”

“They all died of disease years ago,” said Pinky.

Alan shook his head and said, “No, they died out after Japanese scientists falsely claimed that Krill, the whale’s food source, made genetically modified livestock immune to disease. Because of this claim, Japan and China converted their factory ships to catch and harvest Krill and every country allowed them into their waters to do this. They raped the sea of Krill to feed the land animals and made a vast profit, but the whales starved. The Japanese whaling fleet had easy pickings until the last of the whales died, but not before they stored thousands of tons of whale meat, which they sold.”

Because there was no outcry over this, Japan and China, within a short period, systematically dredged, netted, and killed most of the oceans resources in all waters, which is the reason why the oceans are now barren.”

“Well, that’s ludicrous,” said George, “We all know pollution killed the oceans marine life.”

Alan leant forward and looking into George’s eyes, asked. “Do you know any American who now ventures onto the ocean, George?”

“No, and whoever does is crazy because the daily ocean pollution report on TV always stated unsafe levels,” said George.

“Hmm, do they?” said Alan, who sat back, smirked and told them, “My crew and I still live on board Ocean Guardian Six, as do others who know the truth. Yes, the oceans are now devoid of life, but there is no pollution.”

“Come on, Alan,” said George, furrowing his brow, “are you seriously suggesting the reports are fake? The unsafe levels of contaminates in the seas were brought to everyone’s attention years ago. The environmental boffins and President Amory, who took over the office of presidency from me, instigated the Constant Pollution Monitoring Programme for the U.S. after other countries started the program warning people about the danger.”

“Yes, I know George and the programme was started by Japan, with all the monitoring technology coming from Sakayoma Industries,” said Alan, who took another drink of coffee and said, “The truth has been kept hidden for years... Why do you think Japan is now the most economically powerful nation on the planet? they own the oceans.”

George sighed and said, “I find this hard to believe Alan, why would they do this?”

“Yeah,” said Ryan, “and we still get fish from the fish pens, and they aren’t all Japanese. They are all over the world.”

Alan smiled and said, “Ryan has just answered your question George. And Ryan, you are correct, the pens are owned by private companies worldwide, but they are all made, purchased, and maintained, by subsidiaries of the Japanese Sakayoma company based around the world, so they make a fortune with everyone believing the oceans are polluted.”

“But if it is how you claim, and this has only happened over recent years, then the former President Amory would have known, as would President DiCaprio, and he keeps me up to date with everything,” said George, sounding perturbed.

“I imagine he only tells you what everyone else is told; High sea pollution levels make it unsafe now for humans to venture into the ocean... but he knows otherwise,” said Alan.

“These are serious allegations Alan, Can you prove any of this?” asked George glaring at Dr. Dogmire.

Alan nodded, and George, seeing the rage in his eyes, took out his H-smart and instructed, “Call President DiCaprio.”

“What I still don’t understand is why nobody said something sooner to let the world know what was happening with the sharks and whales,” said Ryan.

Alan Dogmire sounding frustrated looked at Ryan, and said, “We did. Every marine scientist and oceanic groups worldwide screamed out about this, but we all went ignored. The controlled media instilled fear into everyone, who now just wanted to kill the shark.”

“So why did nobody listen and why did the outcry stop so abruptly?” asked Church.

“Nobody listened because nobody knew the truth. None of the major news networks around the world would broadcast our evidence, and the smaller ones that did they discredited as cranks. The media branded us all dangerous eco-terrorist with no concern for human life,” said Alan, and after rubbing his face and heaving a sigh, told them. “Four of our Ocean Guardian vessels were attacked and sunk by the Human Protector Movement, the HPM, with none of the perpetrators ever caught. This happened to many conservation and research vessels throughout the world. The HPM destroyed the entire Sea Shepherd fleet with no inquiry or public outcry.”

“But on T.V. the HPM just look like Asian tree huggers in suits,” said Pinky sounding unconvinced.

“Far from it, Pinky,” replied Alan. “They are a ruthless group of Japanese and Chinese assassination squads; the amalgamation of Yakuza and Tong, with long reaching power. They are a worldwide unstoppable mafia with limitless resources that control governments. You only see what they want you to believe.”

President Leonardo DiCaprio's voice from George's H-smart interrupted the conversation.

“Hi George, good to hear from you, is there a problem with the Ark?”

“No,” said George and looking at the H-smart screen, added, “But there's a problem with the planet Leo, which I don’t want to discuss over the phone.”

“Oh,” said the President, and hearing the concern in the former President’s voice said, “Okay George, I’ll come over as soon as I can, buddy.”

“Can you prove any of this before he gets here, Alan?” asked George sounding concerned after President DiCaprio hung up.

Alan nodded and brought a hologram up on his V-pad. A projected image showed three smiling Japanese men.

George pointed at one man and said, “I recognise the man in the middle, he is Huroya Yamoto the Japanese Foreign Minister and heading the Japan’s Ark project.” George then recalled something, gasped, and told them. “He was the former bodyguard for Crown Prince Naruhito, until...” George checked himself ... “His unfortunate demise.”

“That's right, George. Huroya Yamoto is also a high-ranking HPM founder member. He and the other two, Joshi Unkie, and Lucomo Tirshi, murdered Crown Prince Naruhito and his son Hiro, not great white sharks,” said Alan.

George and the team look puzzled as Alan told them, “I will show you more evidence to back up my statement later. I did not bring it with me because after many attempts on my life, I have to be cautious. However, I was advised to come to meet you.”

‘Who advised him?’ Church thought and looked at Jenny, who just smiled.

“The proof is on the Ocean Guardian Six. I wanted to check you out first and bringing the proof with me would be risky. I hope you understand George. We only have two vessels remaining and we are constantly monitored and always on the move. The information is safe for now. I will try to send it to you George, although I doubt if it will come through, nothing transmitted from any of my communications devices ever

does, and none of my H-smarts work whichever network I use,” said Alan, who took out his phone and showed George the blank screen.

George looked at the illuminated but blank screen, and furrowing his brow asked, “So are you claiming that the HPM also control all the communications systems as well as the pollution monitoring systems.”

Alan grinned and said, “Of course they do...Who developed all the V-com and communications systems?”

“Sakayoma Industries,” said George.

“Yes,” said Alan, “The world’s largest telecommunications company, based in Japan and run by Hiroita Sakayoma,” Alan touched his V-pad and an image of a middle-aged Japanese man in a smart designer suit projected. Alan zoomed in the image to a small gold badge on Sakayoma's lapel; he then pointed, and announced, “Hiroita Sakayoma, the HPM founder, and director.”

Flabbergasted, George looked at the badge with Japanese symbols, which Church translated for them. HPM.

“I wasn't aware of that. You must tell President DiCaprio when he gets here,” said George sounding disturbed.

Alan looked concerned and shaking his head, said, “No, George, and you should tell him nothing about this. It will put your life in danger.” He then instructed his V-pad to show other pre-set footage.

“People risked their lives getting these,” said Alan as the first piece of footage played.

It looked as if a waiter wearing a camera button took the video as glasses of champagne were in front of the camera as it approached President DiCaprio, who stood with a smiling Huroya Yamoto. Yamoto handed the President some documents as the waiter stopped in front of them and both men took a glass off the tray. The camera showed the front page of the document held by DiCaprio; a contract for a luxury yacht purchase with Leonardo DiCaprio named as the owner.

“Next images” instructed Alan.

Other images from a shaky video recording then projected. It showed several burly Asians in a car park handing small bags to former President Amory, the current Vice-President Norris, and their leading Republican opponent. The footage shows all three taking a gold bar from the heavy looking bags, inspecting them, replacing them back in the bags, and smiling.

“HPM has been rigging the American Presidential elections for years, George,” said Alan.

George looked sceptical and asked, “How can you rig an election?”

Alan looked at George, smiled, and said, “As you know George, it's easy to make yourself and your policies unpopular.”

George never replied. He knew Alan was correct, after all, that is what he had done to get out of the Presidency.

“Well at least it got DiCaprio out of the movie business; he was a crap actor,” said Pinky, making them chuckle.

George, still confused, asked, “so Alan, why tell me all this? How do you know that I am not also on HPM’s payroll?”

Alan smiled, finished his coffee, and told him, “two reasons, George. During your terms in office, you had the reputation of being a warmonger who hated foreign powers. I assume that with the HPM only formed around the time of your Presidency, they would be concerned about you targeting Japan if they pissed you off. They would be scared knowing that you were incorruptible.”

“They certainly got the last part right,” said Church.

George nodded, smiled at Church, and asked, “And the other reason Alan?”

Alan coughed to clear his throat while considering his next answer. He’d decided when he came on this appointment not to mention the second reason because he thought nobody would understand, but being with this group, he had an uncanny feeling that they would. He had noticed how Jenny interacted differently with the Brits, so he said, “Because Gabe told me to trust you, George.”

George looked confused, but before he had time to ask another question, Alan said, “We must leave now George, before DiCaprio gets here.” He looked at Jenny and asked, “What do you think Jenny? Gabe said to get your opinion before we brought them to the boat.”

‘Who is Gabe, Jenny?’ thought Church.

‘Gabriel Webber, Alan’s Captain,’ Jenny returned the thought and smiled.

Church thought her evasive, so asked, ‘Was he a gifted one who is protecting him?’

Jenny ignored Church’s question and answered Alan.

“Yes, we can trust them Alan, and with them also believing a great white exists, having them along will be ideal, especially with Gabe gone.”

“Okay team,” said Alan. “Perhaps we can help each other, but if you want to come along, we must leave now.”

George then looked pensive and said, “Alan, Church has my private V-mail address and private phone number, which very few others have, so if you send anything, send it there and it will get to me.”

Alan smiled and said, “Okay George, I’ll try.”

“Oh, and can I have a copy of that footage of DiCaprio and Yamoto?” asked George.

The PATH team said their goodbyes to George and got into Alan’s SUV for the long congested drive to Florida. They saw the Presidential aero-copter-limousine flying overhead as they drove onto the freeway.

‘Be careful George.’ thought Church, a sentiment shared by a concerned Ryan and Pinky.

A motorcar passed them and the occupants waved at the PATH team before turning off the main road and heading towards the Wolffe’s estate.

‘At least George will have protection now Sarah has arrived.’ thought Church and smiled.

— Revelation Four —

Alan noticed how quiet the newcomers and Jenny were while he drove along the freeway. However, the gifted ones telepathic communication waves were full of chatter.

Jenny told the team how she came to meet Dr. Dogmire three days earlier, after the Eternals visit. Gabriel, who, as well as the Ocean Guardians Captain, was also a Guide, introduced her as a family friend and fellow researcher. She told them, ‘Gabe helped me at first, but he was sent on a different quest two days ago. We know the Eternal’s rules and Alan doesn’t suspect anything. He knows nothing about us, or the spirit world. Gabe thwarted many attempts on Alan’s life by using his Spirit Guide, but Alan just thought Gabe to be smart and lucky. They have been great friends for many years. Alan would only listen to Gabe’s advice and now feels vulnerable with him gone.’

Jenny explained about her assignment sounding similar to theirs; locate and protect a living family of great white sharks. The PATH team still felt unsure about why the Eternal sent them on a quest of which they knew nothing about. ‘Even before the pollution, I had never been to the ocean, let alone swam in it,’ thought Ryan. Church and Pinky thought the same. ‘It’s too bloody cold in England.’ thought Church.

‘Maybe that is why they sent us,’ thought Ryan, ‘to learn something new.’

‘Perhaps,’ said Church, ‘or maybe it’s something else that we will find out about later.’

‘I assumed that I was sent because I know about sharks and sea life,’ thought Jenny. ‘I have been working on several theories about sharks and other sea creatures demise for many years and concur with Alan; pollution did not kill them. When we get to the Ocean Guardian Six, Alan will show you conclusive proof. However, unlike Alan, I believe that some must have survived the slaughter and somehow adapted to survive.’

Jenny, a mortal keeper, was in her early forties. She divided her time between the family business and her passion for marine biology, gaining her doctorate in marine biology in her early twenties. She lived with her family in a cottage on the Baja, California coast, where she’d had built marine storage facilities under the cottage to research sharks. However, her tanks were devoid of life, apart for a few small crustaceans and jellyfish. Her mother, a Chosen one Guide, had just given birth to a boy, and her father was the mortal Keeper. Like Church, her now mortal Grandparents, took care of her mother and baby brother, while she and her father undertook separate quests. She had admired Dr. Alan Dogmire’s work for years and felt thrilled by the chance to work with him, and with Gabe being a Guide it was an easy introduction. She’d had an amazing few days on board the Ocean Guardian and learned how to use the state of the art equipment on board.

It was a long tedious drive to the Florida Keys. The journey had taken ten hours along congested motorways and overpasses. They had stopped at several service stations along the way to eat and freshen up, but Alan had driven the whole journey.

During the last few hours of the journey, Church spoke with Alan. He thought how passionate this man was about the oceans and its now depleted sea-life. Church admired this scientist’s tenacity.

Church found it difficult to understand Alan’s theory on shark fins at first until he explained.

“After the first ban on finning, the price of shark fin soup dramatically increased. Once the ban lifted and the culls resumed, the price remained the same, making it the ultimate luxury and status symbol for Asians. A bowl of shark fin soup became quadruple its weight in gold. The shark fin market exploded, with many thousands of sharks killed daily. Unlike the long line fishing they had used in the past, the Japanese developed new netting techniques, which was like vacuum cleaners destroying everything in its path. They had also had a lot more vessels to catch them because now they could target every species and size. It wasn’t just sharks, it was every other predator, and whatever they didn’t keep, by the time they’d returned it to the sea was dead.”

Church could see the rage in Alan's eyes and hoped they could help, but couldn't yet see how.

Ryan and Jenny felt strange as they sat in the back and communicated with each other. They discovered a new side to this extra gift; they could focus on just one person to communicate with, blocking out anyone else. This infuriated Pinky as she tried unsuccessfully to eavesdrop telepathically on them, but looking at Ryan's dopey grin, she knew he was happy. Ryan was happy; he felt a tingle every time he communicated with Jenny, who, with her pale skin, Ryan thought her face looked like a statue of an angel.

They arrived at a small jetty, where a jet boat waited to transport them to the Ocean Guardian Six. Pinky was glad to be getting out of the SUV after the long journey. She felt bored after Ryan and Jenny had ignored her and seemed to get on too well. Pinky was the first onto the small bobbing craft as the others walked over and jumped aboard.

The jet boat sped along at 50 knots, and after an hour, they approached a white vessel with Ocean Guardian Six stencilled in black letters on the side. The vessel rocked gently on the calm dark water as they pulled up alongside. Deck lights illuminated the side of the ship and Church looked down through the water at the anchor embedded in sand, surrounded by small rocks.

"That's a dead coral reef," said Alan, noticing Church looking. "The same as the rest of the planets reefs after being dredged with rake boards."

"What?" asked Church.

"Rake boards," repeated Alan, "Kevlar struts towed behind trawlers, ripping out the coral. They expose the fish living there before other trawlers with nets then come along and vacuum them up, both effective and devastating. I have pictures of what it used to look like," said Alan. "I will show you them, and other reefs, so you can compare what they look like now. It will shock you."

"Greed and ignorance," said Church. "Unbelievable! What gives the human race the right to destroy the other inhabitants of the planet?" He rubbed his chin. "None of this makes any sense."

Alan appeared morose and said, "You don't know the half of it Church. I will show you proof and facts that will astound you."

They boarded the thirty-year-old vessel and the deck lights went off.

"They were turned on for our arrival, but the ship has now gone dark." Said Alan and chuckled. "It's not like anyone will run into us. We are the only ones out here, but just in case someone was searching for us."

Alan yawned as he showed them to their cabins to freshen up.

They all met in the control centre thirty minutes later. Alan and Jenny were already preparing information for the team and George. They noticed the large dimly lit control cabin had thick black screens covering the portals.

'Hi sexy,' thought Jenny, looking at Ryan as she and Alan finished their tasks and came over to the team.

'Hello, lovely lady.' replied Ryan, gazing into Jenny's crystal blue eyes.

The control room had monitors and equipment around the large cabin and a crewman brought them each a mug of coffee. They sat at a table and looked around at the monitors showing vast stretches of ocean with small red laser squares scattered around different parts of the globe.

"Are they the fish pens?" asked Pinky, pointing to the marked areas on a screen.

"Yes Pinky," replied Alan. "The smallest pens are 200 Km²."

The team noticed the pens species displayed on the screen.

One in the North Sea caught Ryan's attention.

"Haddock," said Ryan. "Yummy, I am starving."

"Okay team, you have the eyes and ears of former President Wolffe. I will show you what I intend to send him," said Alan, giving instructions to the ship's V-com.

A shaky video came on the screen of two dead bodies. A Japanese man with a small child lay on a gurney. Large lacerations covered both victims' bodies.

"These images were taken of Crown Prince Naruhito and his grandson, from a medical orderly's camera phone," said Alan. "It took us several years to get hold of this evidence and the orderly was killed after sending it us, but as you can see, this was no shark attack."

He ordered the V-com to zoom onto the bites, pointed, and said, "These are clean straight cuts, made by a knife or sword."

He then showed images taken many years ago of shark bites, comparing them to the ones on the screen.

"There obviously different," said Church. "How could anyone possibly mistake those for shark bites?"

Alan then had the V-com play a video recording. The film, shot from another boat moored on a jetty, showed two Japanese men fetching scuba equipment from a speedboat. The camera zoomed in on two small samurai style daggers. It then showed a close-up of both men's faces.

"They're the two Japanese men who were stood with Huroya Yamoto on the images you showed us at George's," said Ryan pointing.

"Yes, Joshi Unkie and Lucomo Tirshi," said Alan, "They are the great white sharks that killed the royal's, and with their bodies quickly cremated as per Japanese custom, this was all that remained to show the world what happened in the past."

There was a stunned silence before Alan switched on the TV to CNN.

"Let me show you how we are all being fooled nowadays. Church, would you mind going to fill this with seawater?" he asked, handing Church a cup-sized, clear glass beaker. A crewman took a torch and led Church outside and down a boarding ladder.

Church gazed across the moonlit ocean of the Florida Keys, taking in the ocean's beauty in the light of the half-moon. He bent down, filled the beaker with seawater, and took it back to Alan.

"It looks murky," said Pinky, "There's a lot of muck floating around in it."

Alan held up the beaker, smiled and said, "That muck Pinky, is plankton, which is still abundant in the ocean; it's the staple food for most sea-life. Now, however, they are fed synthetic supplements in their fish pens. Most of this plankton is now jellyfish larvae, so with nothing to eat it, the jellyfish population has exploded."

"But if they let the fish out of the pens, the pollution will kill them. At least they are protected inside the pens, nothing gets in or out," said Pinky.

Alan smirked. He took the beaker over to a machine resembling an espresso coffee maker. He tipped some water into a glass petri dish inside the machine and issued instructions to the V-com, "Analyse sample."

Alan looked at his old Rolex watch and then at a TV screen. He turned up the volume as the weather forecast came on and then the announcer read out the weather and then the daily pollution levels.

The team looked as areas flashed across the top of the screen as the forecaster said, “Poseidon pollution index for Miami Beach: Levels 120/ppm – Hazardous – Pollution Excessive... Florida Keys: Levels 125/ppm – Hazardous – Pollution Excessive...”

“Okay,” said Alan, pointing to a plaque on top of the machine. “This is also a Poseidon pollution index detector and we are in the Florida Keys area.”

He stepped back from the machine to let the team see the readings on a large digital display.

Florida Keys: Levels 0.0085/ppm - Safe - Pollution Free.

The team looked astounded as Alan said, “You brought me the ocean sample from outside Church, so there's no smokescreen. It is a fact; there is no pollution.” Alan looked at the team and told them. “If they released all the fish from the pens, there would be more than enough to feed the world many times over. We could return the oceans eco-structure to normality.”

“So if they know this, why lie, and why not release all the fish?” Church asked furrowing his brow.

Alan shook his head and said, “That would never happen. As I already told you, Sakayoma subsidiaries around the world, made, sold, and maintained the fish pens. These subsidiaries are all owned by the HPM, who sold each pen for fortunes along with 10% of the pens annual profit that they take for maintenance and security.”

Alan went over to an oceanic map on the screen, zoomed into one fish pen, and said, “This one for example.” He pointed to the pen that was 400 Km² and said, “Red snapper, owned by Trump fisheries. I know they paid the HPM \$30 billion for this, but there are only two red snapper pens in the world. This pen harvests 20,000 tons of snapper per day and they set the price. Nowadays, red snapper is fetching \$90 per kilo, so you work it out; whoever controls the pens, control the monopoly on that species. Think how much money business's around the world would lose if they simply let the fish back into the ocean. Powerful people would not let this happen,” he said and pointed to another pen that the V-com zoomed in on.

The team gasped when they read the details of a 200 Km² Sea Bass pen, owned by Leonardo DiCaprio.

Church felt angry. “So greed destroyed the oceans,” he said glaring at the screen.

Alan nodded.

‘This assignment is taking a twist,’ transmitted Ryan. ‘We came to find a great white shark, but now we have been made aware of something entirely different. I wonder if the Eternals know.’

‘Of course, they do,’ Church replied, looking enraged.

Alan then instructed further images shown. Two shots came up side by side. One showed a thriving coral reef, complete with colourful hard, soft, fan, and longhorn corals, along with an abundance of beautiful coloured sea-life. The picture alongside it showed a grey, barren waste, scattered with broken dead coral branches and devoid of life. Other similar images flashed across the screen with various locations written on the top. The team looked shocked as picture after picture appeared. They noticed some notable locations. Buccoo Reef, Belize barrier Reef, Andros Reef, and the most famous of all, which now looked like the moon's surface; the Australian Great Barrier Reef. While the team stared at the images, Alan instructed the V-com to gather the information into one folder and asked, “Church, would you mind saying something to convince George that these are the facts?”

“Of course,” said Church and spoke into the V-com, “Hi George, It's Church. What Alan's sending you are genuine facts. Be careful of DiCaprio, and we hope to see you soon.”

Church gave Alan George's personal address that he put into the V-com and instructed, “Send!”

The screen went blank. Red letters then appeared.

INFORMATION NOT SENT - ILLEGAL ACCESS.

Alan frowned, pointed, and said, “That was the power of the people who we are dealing with.”

Church tried to call George but his H-smart screen flashed up the same message. Bemused, he said, “We must go back to Washington and tell George.”

Alan shook his head and said, “Perhaps later, they must know you are here, so it will be too dangerous now. We had problems coming to see you before at Georges. We don’t know who, but someone was monitoring our every move. I fear without Gabe’s uncanny ability to foresee danger, we have our work cut out for us.”

Alan went to the bridge and spoke with the first mate, who was now the relief Captain.

The engines of the old vessel started up, and the crew made ready to set sail.

Alan came back to the control room and looking anxious said, “We have stayed here long enough. We will move to our new location.” He instructed his V-com to plot a weaving course to the Gulf of Mexico and to engage full scrambling and countermeasure systems. It appeared to the team that this old arctic survey vessel had become a warship on the highest state of readiness. The team heard the chains on the anchors lifting.

The Ocean Guardian headed North West on calm seas heading for Jenny’s coordinates.

Jenny went through her theories with Alan and Church. Ryan, not understanding any of it, went to the galley to get a sandwich, while Pinky went to her cabin.

Jenny’s research centred on the bull and tiger shark along with the Shark-watch team of researchers who also studied bull and tiger sharks, before they became extinct. All the Shark-watch vessels were sunk several years earlier, with the leader of the conservation group, Leonard Hink, murdered in a drive-by shooting on the mainland several months ago, with the killers never caught. However, he had shared his research with Jenny before his murder after receiving information about possible dorsal fin sightings in the Mississippi river in recent years. Jenny and Leonard knew the only sharks capable of living in freshwater were Bull sharks, so it was possible that they could have used rivers to escape the slaughter in the oceans. Even though other marine experts denounced the sightings as hoaxes, Jenny had convinced Alan otherwise. They would now search for the elusive creature. It was Alan Dogmire’s plan to join the Mississippi at the Gulf of Mexico. They were now heading to the location where someone claimed to have seen a dorsal fin from their riverside property window six months earlier.

After Jenny gave them the details, she left Church and Alan chatting and went out onto the deck to join Ryan, who was chomping on a chicken sandwich. “Do you want some?” he asked, handing her half.

The vessel steamed along at a steady fourteen knots. Ryan and Jenny gazed at both the starry sky and each other. Jenny told Ryan where they were heading.

“How long will it take us to get there?” Ryan asked.

“We will be there sometime tomorrow afternoon,” said Jenny. “Providing there are no obstructions.”

“What do you mean?” asked Ryan furrowing his brow.

Jenny, biting her bottom lip, looked concerned, which Ryan noticed and held her close.

“Don’t worry,” he said and reassured her, “You have the PATH team here, and we’ve kicked some major arse in the past.”

Jenny felt comfortable and safe being close to Ryan, She pecked him on the cheek. They gazed at each other and, as the moment felt right, they kissed.

The couple sat together on the deck. They knew about the spark that Chosen-ones felt when they met for the joining, and although Ryan knew he wasn't a Chosen one, this felt right. With the feelings they shared for each other they knew that they were destined to be together.

They stayed on deck undisturbed throughout the night. They chatted, kissed, and shared tender moments like two inseparable lovebirds. Dawn broke, and as the sun tapped on the shoulder of the night, it broke through scattered cloud to start its daily shift, which sent a shimmering glow across the ripples of the ocean, making it glisten.

Jenny smiled, stroked Ryan's face, and said, "I need to get prepared for when we reach our destination." She broke their embrace, stood up, and helped Ryan to his feet. Jenny kissed him again and then went into the control room.

Ryan stretched and looked out over the calm, but barren ocean, with the vastness and beauty overwhelming him. Leaning on the rail, while the crew went about their daily routine, he gazed across the ocean, thinking about Jenny and another chicken sandwich.

Something approaching the ship caught his attention. 'Strange,' he thought, as the object got closer and changed direction, gliding alongside the ship. He looked wide-eyed at the object as it cruised along and then he rushed into the control room. Jenny was preparing her research materials. She looked up and smiled.

"I think you had better look at this," said Ryan sounding excited.

"What is it?" asked Jenny, sensing Ryan's excitement and confusion.

"I don't know. I am no expert... But I think it's a shark."

They rushed onto the deck to where Ryan had been standing. They gazed over the still waters.

"It was there!" said Ryan, pointing to where he had seen a large fin.

They looked but saw nothing.

"Maybe it was the sun hitting the waves," said Jenny.

"No," said Ryan sounding frustrated. "It was huge."

Jenny smiled, kissed Ryan on the cheek, and caressed his face.

"Bloody thing," said Ryan. Feeling angry and foolish as the memory of the large grey dorsal fin and the outline of a huge shape in the water entered his mind. He felt a sudden head rush like a brain freeze and stared at Jenny.

"Wooah!" exclaimed Jenny as a sudden wave of thought hit her, and she saw Ryan's image.

The couple looked at each other as Jenny focused on the image.

"What happened?" asked Ryan, rubbing his temples.

"I don't know? But I saw what you saw," said Jenny, concentrating on Ryan's image in her head.

"Thought transference...Cool," said Ryan smiling

"Carcharodon Carcharias." said Jenny.

"What?" Ryan asked looking bemused.

"Darling, you saw a great white shark." She said, with a smile a mile wide.

Although puzzled by this new power of thought transference, Jenny went inside the control room. She activated one of the V-com controls. Ryan remained on deck, scouring the ocean for the shark. He heard something beneath him and looked over the rail. A yellow torpedo-shaped object flew out, landed on the water, and submerged. Bewildered, Ryan went into the control room where Jenny sat at a console controlling a joystick. The screen above her showed the murky underwater world, with a sonar topographic image in the corner.

“What was that?” asked Ryan.

“I launched the soncam. It is a sonar camera, which picks up anything within a 200-metre radius.” Jenny looked at the screen as a large shape came into view. “There it is!” she exclaimed, and entered other instructions.

Ryan watched the screen and saw a blurred grey moving object, which grew larger as the small, fast, underwater vehicle closed in on it.

“Got you!” said Jenny. She pressed a button on top of the joystick, let go of the control, and watched the screen as the camera came alongside the shark, sending back images and data. Jenny gasped and said, “Eighteen foot, female, great white shark... it’s incredible.”

“Shouldn’t you be controlling the camera? What if the shark turns and moves away?” asked Ryan.

“No problem,” said Jenny. “I hit her with a laser. The soncam will stay with her and the ship will follow the soncam.”

She stood up, gave Ryan a passionate kiss, and said, “I’ll go wake Alan. Why don’t you have a sandwich?”

Dr. Alan Dogmire could hardly contain his excitement and trembled as he watched the image of the shark, gliding along five meters deep. She seemed to pay no attention to her little yellow companion swimming alongside her.

The PATH team, along with Jenny and a few crew watched the screens.

“Where has she come from and how had she escaped the mass slaughter? What was she eating? Where was she going? Are there any more?” asked Alan aloud, buzzing with excitement and questions, much to the confusion of the others.

Alan knew he needed to find out the answers soon before anyone found and butchered her. He noted the ship’s position and the shark’s heading. The Ocean Guardian Six, now guided by the soncams navigational link to the shark, had slowed down to 8-knots. Alan, holding back tears of joy, noticed the heading of the shark and tried to plot its route. He then looked concerned and exclaimed, “She’s heading for the Red-Drum fish pens. Damn!”

“What’s the matter?” Church asked.

“She’s heading towards the Red-Drum fish pens owned by a Mexican drug cartel,” Alan told him.

He focused the V-com image onto the site of the 270Km² fish pen off Costa Rica.

“Here,” he said pointing at the screen.

“Maybe that’s where she’s feeding,” Ryan suggested.

“Impossible,” said Alan. “Nothing gets into or out of the pens.” He explained, “The vast enclosures are two walls of thick metal. The first wall housed the filter and pump systems, which filter everything larger than a water molecule, into a kilometre wide reservoir where seawater flushes into the main holding tank through small numerous vents. This keeps the water oxygenated and moving, replicating current.”

Alan instructed the V-com to enlarge an image showing an aerial picture of the Red-Drum fish pens. “The holding pens are immense water fortresses attached to the seabed, and as you can see, this one is as large as a town.”

“What are all those small objects?” asked Pinky.

“They are the pens trawlers. They harvest the fish,” said Alan.

“And what’s that building?” Ryan asked, pointing at a large structure at the edge of the pen.

“That is the processing plant, where they control, monitor and move the day’s harvest and control the fish’s development,” said Alan. He pointed out a runway. “They also fly in and out daily with deliveries. That processing plant is the size of a village.”

“So how do they feed the fish, if there is nothing to feed them on?” asked Church.

“Synthetic dried algae and steroid supplements... made here,” said Alan pointing to a large floating building sailing around the pens.

“Alan, the pens are in visual range,” the Captain shouted from the bridge.

“Damn,” said Alan as he viewed the screen, “She is still heading that way.”

“What does that mean?” asked Church.

Alan looked concerned and explained.

“The pens have invisible underwater sonar laser nets covering five kilometres. Anything triggering that will alert their security forces.” He looked again at the screen and the shark’s direction.

“We are still about 12 kilometres away from the pens,” said Alan looking puzzled. “She must have done this before. Sharks have the instinct to follow a set route. I learned that from my research, so I can’t understand why she appears to be heading straight into danger and why she’s never been caught.”

They all went on deck. Although still on the horizon, the immense pen was getting closer.

“Wow!” said Ryan, as the enormous size of the pens hit home.

Alan pointed to where the shark was now, but they saw nothing as she cruised three meters below the surface.

“What happens if the pen detected us?” Church asked.

“Then we have problems.” said Alan sounding concerned.

“Alan, she's changed course,” shouted a crewman from the control room.

Alan rushed inside. He looked up at the screen and smiled.

“Good girl,” he said aloud as the shark was now heading toward the coast.

He guessed from her new course change, an approximate heading.

“Where are you going?” he said aloud to the screen.

The Captain came into the control room and asked. “Where is she heading, Alan?”

“I don’t know. So let’s just follow her,” said Alan, removing his woollen hat and scratching his head.

“Alan, look!” said Jenny as she saw the soncam image change. Its position shifted, and it now focused on the flank of the animal.

Alan looked at the image of the shark and gasped, feeling stunned when he saw what Jenny pointed out.

“Well that may answer one of my questions,” he said. “However, it raises another... How was this possible?”

The gifted ones felt a sense of foreboding as a broadcast came over the ship’s radio.

“Vessel, Ocean Guardian Six, this is the Mexican coastguard. You are violating the exclusion zone of the Mexican government. Stop your engines and prepare to be boarded,” said a man with a Mexican accent.

“Damn,” said Alan.

“There is nothing on radar Alan,” said a crewman from the control room.

“Turn on the side scan sonar,” Alan ordered the V-com. The sonar's VDU appeared but showed nothing.

“Damn! Must be Hyper-sub,” said Alan, “we can’t see them or outrun them. I wish Gabe was here, he would know how to evade them.”

“Hang on a minute,” said Ryan, “If vessels and people are no longer on the ocean...Why do they need a coastguard?”

“These aren’t coastguards. They are HPM maritime mercenaries paid by the fish pens.” Alan said and sighed. “These, and others like them, are the one’s responsible for sinking all the conservation, activists, and research vessels, including most of my fleet. They are ruthless killers who have the latest and most efficient weapons, and as it must be the HPM satellites that have been monitoring our communications, we now appear to be in deep shit.”

They all went into the control room as the warning repeated over the ships system, except this time, the vessel threatened to open fire should they fail to comply.

“We can’t outrun them, or their sting-fish torpedoes,” Alan told them. “So if we continued on this course, we would be destroyed. If I allowed them to board us, they would take all the equipment and research, and then kill us, before sinking the vessel.”

The others looked at Alan as he heaved a sigh. It seemed a hopeless situation as he gave the order, “Stop engines.”

He then gave instructions to the V-com. The viewer from the soncam went off, leaving a blank screen. The V-com announced; “Soncam is off-line from the Ocean Guardian Six.”

Alan removed the soncam hard-drive from a console. He looked at Jenny and the PATH team and said, “Sorry to have got you into this mess.”

Church put his hand on Alan's shoulder and said, “Don’t worry Alan; we have a job to do... and we intend to finish it.”

Alan pressed a button underneath a console and a panel in the deck slid open. He placed the hard-drive into a small compartment and closed the panel.

“Two hyper-sub are on the surface and coming alongside, Alan.” The Captain shouted from the bridge.

“Okay,” said Alan, with fear etched across his face.

— Revelation Five —

George and Alice stood at the window and watched the hovering vehicle. Four encased side rotors slowed and four wheels folded down as the large black aero-copter-limousine descended to land on the Wolffe's courtyard. A Japanese man got out of the passenger seat and opened the rear door. President DiCaprio, along with two other Japanese men stepped out and George's butler went over to greet the President.

"I don't trust that man," said Alice, squeezing George's hand.

"Oh, good," said George. "Here comes the Cavalry." He chuckled as a beaten up old 2018 Chevrolet pulled into the courtyard.

They sat in George's living room and while Sarah and Alice sat at a table by the window chatting, President DiCaprio, and George sat on the large sofa. Alice felt concerned, President DiCaprio had brought along two of his secret-service bodyguards, who, unlike her husband's former protection unit of Americans; these were Japanese. They stood by the door and glared at Alice and Sarah.

DiCaprio felt uneasy about Sarah when she had first walked into the room and sat with Alice. 'Who was that woman? And why has Wolffe allowed them both into this meeting?' he wondered. He nodded to one of his guards, who took a photograph of Sarah from a jacket button camera.

DiCaprio leaned forward, smiled, and sounding smarmy, said, "So what's the problem George, you sounded anxious on the phone, what can I do to help, buddy?"

The President grinned as George told him a little about Alan's findings of the demise of the oceans and his concerns, although he was careful not to mention any names.

"Oh, come on George. Do you know how ridiculous all this sounds?" Are you seriously suggesting that the Japanese invented a pollution scare to hide the fact they had killed their Crown Prince, so they could kill all the sharks and other sea life for profit?"

"The HPM, Yes, that is what happened," said George "and that is why the oceans are dead." He leant forward, looked into DiCaprio's eyes, and asked, "Did you know about this Leo?"

The President fidgeted, glared at George, and said. "No, of course not, it's ludicrous. Who told you all this and where is the proof?"

"So you don't know anyone in the HPM, Leo?" asked George, seeing the President's demeanour change.

"No, of course not; what are you insinuating George?"

President DiCaprio's blasé attitude infuriated George. Not heeding Alans warning and not known for his tact, said, "Sally, play the footage from Alan Dogmire."

A panel at the centre of the coffee table slid open and projected the holographic footage of DiCaprio and Huroya Yamoto.

DiCaprio watched the short piece of footage, glanced at his men by the door, and as after one smiled and nodded at him, he looked back at George and said, "And you expect me to be concerned over this?" He sat back, smiled, and added, "We both know that this is fake, I have never met the man."

'Pinky was right,' thought George, 'he is a crap actor.'

"I will soon have other proof to back up my claims," said George, watching the President becoming agitated.

"Well," said DiCaprio, "I look forward to seeing that evidence, President Wolffe."

George knew this former actor lied through his teeth, but until Alan's proof came, he had nothing to substantiate any further claims. He realised he had blurted out Alan's name and hoped DiCaprio hadn't noticed that.

DiCaprio looked at his watch, and now sounding angry said, "Well George, we are going round in circles and getting nowhere. I want to see the other proof you claim to have against me and the HPM until then we have nothing further to discuss." He stood up and shook George's hand. He sneered as he whispered into his ear. "You know this is treason Wolffe, and should no proof arrive from Alan Dogmire, you will pay." He tapped at his jacket pocket and said, "I recorded everything." He then smirked and walked out of the room, followed by his agents.

"Damn?" said George, realising he had put the team in further danger.

They heard the hum of the aero-copter-limousine's rotors start and saw it ascending past the window.

Sarah gasped and shouted, "George, I sense danger!"

George looked at the terror on Sarah's face. "Sally, run a G30 sweep," he instructed his V-com.

There was silence for several moments, before the computer replied, "C44 device found in WS-1."

A picture of the doorknob in a room appeared onto a screen on the wall showing a thin cylindrical disc attached to the back of a doorknob.

Alice pointed at the door. "That's in here. What is it George?" she exclaimed, sounding anxious.

"Neutralise C44 device," George ordered the V- Com.

The doorknob glowed for a split second.

"The device has been deactivated," announced Sally.

George went over to the doorknob, removed a magnetic disc, and brought it over to show Alice and Sarah.

He held the disc between his thumb and forefinger and said, "These little devils hold enough explosive to have blown the room to bits, along with us." He hugged his frightened wife and Sarah.

"Thanks Sarah... That bozo DiCaprio has shown his hand. I now think he's going after Alan and the team. I must warn them," said George with a tremble in his voice.

Alice kissed her shaken husband and said, "I'm glad that I married a genius."

"With rugged good looks and charm honey," George added and smiled.

President DiCaprio couldn't understand why there was no explosion as the aero-copter flew a circuit around the Wolffe's estate.

'Goddamn,' he thought. 'That's the last time I buy anything made in America.'

Worried, he contacted Huroya Yamoto to trace the whereabouts of Alan Dogmire and give him other instructions from the information slipped to him by the Wolffe's butler.

George's house was a technological fortress. He didn't use bodyguards or human protection. He used the same advanced technology security systems that he had developed for the Ark and Saviour for his home.

George regretted not listening to Alan's warning and should have told DiCaprio nothing. However, he thought that until the proof came, he still held enough power, influence, and know how, to stop President DiCaprio.

“Sally, contact Alan Dogmire,” he ordered the V-Com. “Will you two be okay?” he asked.

“Yes,” said Alice. “We will be fine. I suppose you're going to work?”

“Yes, I have something urgent to take care of, but first I need to warn Church and the others,” said George.

“Dr. Alan Dogmire’s phone cannot be connected,” said Sally.

“Try Church’s number,” George ordered.

“Churchill Potts phone cannot be connected,” the V-com replied after a few seconds.

“Damn,” said George. “I don’t understand; DiCaprio couldn’t have got things moving that quick, there must be someone else involved.”

“Don’t worry George, they will be fine,” Sarah reassured him, “and don’t worry about us, I will stay with Alice until you return.”

George, although concerned about his wife’s and friend’s safety, realised that he must change the DNA code for the Saviour Systems control, now programmed for the Commander-in-Chief of America, President Leonardo DiCaprio, a puppet of the HPM. However, the code was only accessible from the White House bunker.

He put his V-Com on high-alert status, so nothing or nobody could get into the estate. His staff, who V-com monitored their movements, could leave when their shifts ended.

While George spoke to Alice and let the butler know what was going on, Sarah called her babysitter, Joanie, and told what had happened.

George got into his sports aero-car and flew to the White House. He thought DiCaprio would have already put the bunker on alert for him, but with George having invented the security systems, bypassing them would be simple. However, the human obstacles may prove more difficult to get around.

— Revelation Six —

Two yellow submersibles surfaced either side of the Ocean Guardian Six. Several crewmen wearing contamination gear appeared from hatches, climbed onto the Ocean Guardians deck, and tied their vessels onto the cleats. An armed assault team of mercenaries in camouflage contamination gear then boarded.

Alan, Jenny, and the PATH team, still in the control centre, looked out of the portholes at the mercenaries rushing around searching for the ship's crew.

Alan stared at the V-com screen. He heaved a sigh because his next instruction would destroy all his research, along with the proof he had for George Wolffe.

“Nautilus!” He ordered the V-com.

After a few seconds, the V-Com responded, “Voice identification confirmed, Dr. Alan Dogmire; please enter the code.”

Alan went over to the console and tapped a code on the light-keypad.

After a few seconds, the V-com voice announced, “Confirmation complete for Dr. Alan Dogmire: Nautilus.”

The V-com then requested, “Voice recognition for Captain Gabriel Webber?”

Alan rubbed his brow, “Damn,” he said, “I forgot that Gabe needs to give the secondary confirmation.”

The V-com repeated the request.

“I will have to smash the thing.” Said Alan and the others watched him hurrying across the room to grab a fire axe.

“Captain Gabriel Webber.” Said a voice behind the gifted ones.

“Voice recognition confirmed, Captain Gabriel Webber, please enter the code,” said the V-Com.

The gifted ones turned around, saw a slender man with a large grey beard step out of a temporary portal and rush over to the V-com to input his code.

‘That’s Gabe,’ Jenny told the surprised looking PATH team.

‘Take care of Alan,’ said Gabe, stopping in front of them before going back to the temporary portal and vanishing.

Alan, looking surprised at hearing the confirmation, but bemused because he hadn’t heard or seen anything, walked back over to the V-com and saw the console lights glow in sequence.

“Nautilus initiated,” announced the V-com.

The screen filled with images of flames as the V-Com terminated itself.

“Good old Gabe,” said Alan, “He must have put a safety protocol in before he left.” He smiled at the gifted ones who looked puzzled at one another.

Realising that only they had seen or heard Gabe, Church thought, ‘I don’t understand what happened, but the Eternal’s must be helping us.’

“The problem we have with the V- Com out of commission is that our portable Saviour system won’t work.” He sighed and said, “and they have guns.”

The Ocean Guardian Six's crew, along with the relief Captain, were brought by gunpoint into the control centre. A small Mexican man wearing a black contamination overall with naval Commander's insignia on the front followed them in, along with two Japanese men dressed in blue contamination overalls, who went over to the V-com console.

The commander came over to the group and said. "Good morning. I am Commander Miguel Sanchez of the Mexican coastguard... You've violated the exclusion zone of the Mexican government's property."

"There's nothing here, sir," shouted a Japanese man from the V-com controls. "The V-com is down."

The commander stood in front of Alan and said, "Dr. Dogmire I believe you hold information of an illegal nature, which you must give me."

'How did he know which one of us was Alan?' thought Ryan.

'I imagine they have been warned about him and the Ocean Guardians. They probably all know what he looked like.' Replied Jenny.

'I wonder what else they know' thought Church looking at the gifted ones.

Alan smirked and told the Mexican, "I don't know what you are talking about Commander Sanchez. We were a research ship, but now this vessel is just our home."

Sanchez sneered and said, "You are one of a few vessels still on the ocean. Don't you realise the pollution in the water could kill you," he leant forward glaring into Alan's eyes and added, "Should your vessel have an unfortunate accident?"

"We're only out for a short pleasure cruise. We thought it would be okay. Sorry to have entered your zone, but as you can see, our V-com doesn't work and as far as we were aware, we are well outside your area," said Alan smiling, and he pointed at the V-com console.

Sanchez looked around at the captives. His demeanour changed and he gritted his teeth, glared at Alan, and snarled, "You are lying Dogmire." "Can you recover any data?" He shouted over at the Japanese by the console as they set up retrieval equipment.

"I don't know yet sir," said one man.

Sanchez took out an H-smart and made a call.

'What's he saying?' thought Ryan.

'He is telling someone about the V-com and wanting further instructions.' Jenny said translating.

Sanchez went over and handed the phone to one of the Japanese men.

'Who is he speaking to now?' thought Ryan.

'It sounds like another more experienced Japanese technician, who's giving instructions on retrieving data after a meltdown,' Church told them.

Sanchez again glared at Alan and said, "If you don't give us all the information you have for George Wolffe and about the other item that we know you have... I will take you all into custody. However, if you do as I ask, I will release the vessel and you can be on your way."

Alan knew they would not be taken alive, especially now Sanchez had shown his hand by mentioning George. Defiant as ever, he smiled and said. "Who? Never heard of him, and what other item; as I already told you, we are on a short pleasure hop."

“Sir, we may have something,” said a Japanese man from the console as the blank screen lit up and flashed up an image.

“No matter,” sneered Sanchez. “We will just take what we need.” He looked at the screen, as an image of a fist with the middle finger extended showed, displaying the words: TOUGH SHIT. TRY AGAIN. The screen went blank.

The Ocean Guardian’s team chuckled at Gabe’s little touch of pre-programmed humour. The Mexican commander became irate and barked out an order, which made Church and Jenny gasp before a mercenary shot one of the Ocean Guardians crew.

The others flinched and with their mouths agape looked horrified as their crewmate’s body slumped to the deck. The gifted ones watched his orb float around the control centre. ‘Go into the light,’ communicated Church to the confused spirit.

“Now Dogmire, perhaps we should try again,” said the commander.

‘They must be after something other than what we had ready to send to George; otherwise, they would have just sunk us,’ thought Pinky.

‘That is what I was wondering...But what?’ replied Church. ‘I can only assume that the other item what Sanchez referred to was the shark.’

“Here sir!” said one of the Japanese technicians as he found the space where Alan had removed the soncam hard drive.

Sanchez went over to the console and pointed at the space. “Where is this?” He asked.

Alan shrugged and said, “That was an old servo unit from our navigation system; it was useless, so I threw it away months ago.”

Sanchez took out his pistol and shot the relief Captain twice in the chest.

Blood spattered on the rest of the stunned crew as the Captain jolted back and let out a gasp before his body fell backward onto the deck.

“Now, where is the soncam control?” Sanchez snapped.

Alan, although shocked, remained steadfast, repeating his statement. He knew they were all dead anyway. He’d also figured about the other item being their shark, so did not intend to risk them finding the animal.

Sanchez pointed his pistol at another terrified crewmember, who gulped and trembled. He looked at Alan with fear in his eyes, as a Mexican voice then came over Sanchez’s walkie-talkie.

“Commander, we have a problem,” said a Mexican submariner sounding frantic.

“What is it?” snapped Sanchez, irritated by someone disturbing his killing spree.

“Our sea valves opened, sir,” the submariner told him.

“Well close them,” Sanchez barked.

“They won’t close, sir,” said the man, with the sound of gushing water in the background.

“Well, close them manually,” Sanchez ordered.

“We have tried sir... But they won’t budge.”

‘What are they saying?’ asked Ryan, noticing both Keepers smiling.

‘It sounded like one of their submarines is sinking’ thought Church as he and Jenny grinned, and Jenny thought. ‘It must be Gabe.’

Infuriated, Sanchez hollered out orders to his men in the control room.

“Keep them guarded, and if any of them move; shoot them... Diaz, Chavez, come with me.”

He then ordered the Japanese, “You two, keep trying to retrieve that soncam and the information they were trying to give to Wolffe.”

Sanchez, along with Diaz and Chavez, two of his submarines crew, left the control centre and jumped back on board the stricken hyper-sub.

‘That’s thinned them out,’ Ryan thought. He looked at the six remaining mercenaries and the two Japanese technicians at the V- com. He noticed the remaining Ocean Guardians crew looked terrified but angry.

Ryan looked at the gifted ones and thought, ‘We need to distract them.’

‘What? Don’t be stupid Ryan, you can’t take on armed men,’ thought Church.

‘I can’t, but we can, and the crew will help once they see what’s happening. Church, when I say, grab the man to your left’s gun, I only need a second or two. Jenny, you grab the guard next to him and Pinky, grab any of the others.’

Before the others had time to protest, Ryan shouted over to the technicians, “Hey! What you are looking for is in a safe under there.” He pointed to the deck where Alan had hidden the hard-drive.

Alan gasped and screamed, “What are you doing Ryan?”

“They’ll let us go if we give them what we want,” said Ryan sounding confident.

“No, they won’t,” yelled Alan, “You are stupid, they will kill us.”

Ryan noticed Alan become infuriated, much to the amusement of their guards. He then watched as a technician went over to the spot of the floor.

“The switch is under that console... Here, let me show you.” Ryan went over to the controls.

“Ryan, no!” screamed Alan Dogmire.

The guard’s attention focused on an infuriated Alan as Ryan then lunged at the nearest mercenary.

“Now!” he shouted.

Pinky, Jenny, and Church sprang into action, rushing at their intended targets.

Ryan hit the first mercenary square on the jaw, knocking him out. He felt a surge of power that he had never experienced before. His adrenaline had pumped many times while he was a boxer, but this was different. He felt unstoppable, as he rounded on the second mercenary who had no time to react as Ryan thundered a punch into his face, knocking him out cold. The crew turned on the remaining guards and, along with Pinky, Jenny, and Church, grabbed their weapons. Ryan moved swiftly to each one and like a cartoon superhero gave them a knuckle coup-de-grace, knocking each one senseless. The crew and team felt astounded by Ryan’s vicious assault, which was soon over. The six-armed guards laid spread eagle on the floor, unconscious. Ryan was astonished and he looked at his hands and smiled. “Wow!” he said. “I wish I had this power when I was boxing, I would have been an unstoppable world champion.” He looked over at the Japanese technicians. One cowered against the console, while the other lay on the deck with Alan pummeling him.

The crew took the unconscious men’s weapons and bound them with tie wraps.

“Thanks guys,” said Alan, standing up, “Sorry I doubted you, Ryan.”

Ryan smiled.

“I’ve got my ship back, but we still have a problem,” Alan said, pointing outside at the hyper-sub.

He thought for a moment, looked at his crew and said, “Our priority is keeping our shark safe. They can’t track her without the soncam, but I assume that now they are aware that she exists, they will want to find and kill her.”

“Her fins must now be worth half a million dollars each,” Jenny told them.

“I have a plan,” said Alan, looking at his crew. “They will destroy this ship wherever we go. I am not going down without a fight.”

The crew looked at their murdered comrades bodies and agreed.

Alan opened the deck safe, took out the soncam hard drive control and handed it to Jenny. He then gave orders to his crew, who silently carried them out.

He told Church and the team of his plan.

“That’s suicide!” exclaimed Ryan.

“It’s risky,” smiled Alan. “But I have the best crew anywhere on the ocean. He looked down at the corpses of his two dead sailors. “We all knew the risks. They won’t have died in vain. There is a good chance that we will come out of this unscathed and rendezvous with you later.” He looked at the gifted ones and said, “This way you can find our girl and keep her safe, besides, you aren’t seamen, so will only get in the way.”

“What about the proof for George?” asked Pinky.

“That we can sort out after we resolve this tricky situation.” Said Alan and smiled.

Two crew in the undamaged hyper-sub sat at the helm controls listening to reports coming in from their sister sub about the struggle they were having closing the sea vents. The vessel was taking on water faster than the ballast pumps could expel it, as crewmen from both vessels tried to fix the problem on the sinking submersible.

Footsteps coming down the ladder distracted them.

“What’s happening?” asked the helmsman as a mercenary came down the ladder into the control room with the side of his face swollen.

The man never spoke, as an armed Church followed him down and pointed an automatic rifle at the two crew.

One of the shocked crew tried to send a radio message.

“Stop!” Church ordered in Mexican, waving the rifle at them. “Disconnect the tracker and blank out security.”

Church hoped that the men would comply. He did not intend to shoot anybody and unsure how to even work the weapon.

His threat worked, as one of the terrified submariners entered instructions into the V-com. Church then ordered the three out of the vessel to the waiting armed Ocean Guardian crew above, who took them to join the others in the control room.

Jenny, Pinky, and Ryan jumped aboard and joined Church, while one crewman above cut the submersibles mooring lines.

Jenny sat at the helm and studied the controls.

“Can you fly this thing?” Church asked, looking at the array.

“You don’t fly submarines Church.” Jenny chuckled. “And yes, it looks standard.”

She pressed a few illuminated buttons.

“Good,” Jenny announced. “The engines are at idle so there’s no need to start them. That will make our escape easier.”

While Jenny made her checks and preparations, the PATH team strapped themselves into seats and looked around at the interior of the vessel, which was surprisingly roomy from how it appeared from the surface. All the screens and monitors were at the front of the two pilot’s seats and the section where they sat looked like it was for the armed mercenaries and passengers to sit, with empty gun racks at the side. With no amenities, Church realised these vessels must be used just for hit-and-run tactics. A bulkhead behind the ladder into the control room had a door to the engine room and a hatch in the deck.

Ryan saw Church looking and said, “that must be the torpedo room underneath us and all the subs hi-tech stuff. I will ask Jenny later.”

They then heard a hum, followed by a click as Jenny closed and locked the hatch.

A voice came over the radio from the other sub, which Jenny translated; “They wanted to know what was happening; their monitors detected the hatch closing.”

She ignored their request, took a deep breath, changed the radio to the Ocean Guardian Six’s frequency, and said, “All set here Alan.”

“Stand by,” said Alan.

Jenny’s hand hovered over an illuminated panel, while her other hand rested on a small joystick.

They then heard the engines of the Ocean Guardian Six reverberating through the steel and Kevlar skin of the sub.

“Now Jenny!” Alan shouted through the radio.

She tapped a panel and moved the joystick hard to the left.

The team felt the sub move backward and lurch slightly.

Jenny tapped another control and the sub moved forward, turning port.

“We are clear Alan,” she said over the radio.

“Okay,” Alan replied. “We will meet you at the rendezvous point in two days. Turn off your radio Jenny; we don’t want them to be able to trace you.”

“Understood, see you in two days and take care.” Said Jenny and turned off the radio.

Jenny dived the submersible, levelling off at 5 metres. They could hear the hum of the engines in the rear compartment increase as they travelled at 40 knots. After twenty minutes, Jenny looked at monitors and at a display on the cockpits Plexiglas. “There’s nothing pursuing us,” she said, breathing a sigh of relief. The team heard the hum from the engine decreasing as she eased the speed back to 25knots.

“Good old Alan. His plan must have worked,” said Ryan as he unclipped his seat belt and went over to put his hands on Jenny’s shoulders.

Jenny smiled and, putting her hands over his, said, “I’ve put us on autopilot.”

Taking the soncam hard drive from a bag, she plugged it into the submersibles controls, tapped instructions into the subs V-com and told them, “We are now on course to intercept our shark.”

“Will the soncam still be with the shark?” Church asked.

“Yes,” said Jenny. “It was attached by laser, so even if the control is off, it is programmed to stay on the target, until it received instructions to the contrary.”

The soncam display illuminated on the submersibles screen.

“Great!” Jenny said, studying the data and the sub’s speed. “She’s now heading south, so we should catch up with her shortly.”

The team relaxed as the sub cruised along at 25 knots. While Church and Pinky talked about the adventure so far. Ryan spoke to Jenny, who sounded concerned. He knew something played on her mind and even though she tried to block her thoughts, Ryan knew something was troubling her.

“Don’t worry, darling. Alan’s plan will work. We will see him in a couple of days” said Ryan who pecked her on the cheek, chuckled, and said, “They’ll all be getting drunk on rum somewhere in mid-ocean; that’s what you sailors do, isn’t it?”

Jenny again looked at the surface radar screen’s VDU display on the Plexiglas and sighed.

On the surface, things hadn’t gone well for the Ocean Guardian Six. Alan knew that once Jenny controlled the hyper-sub, and with the radio and tracker turned off, it would make the fish pen finding them difficult. Alan’s problem was now the stricken submersible and Sanchez.

Once Jenny and the PATH team were aboard the other sub and a crewman had cut the tether; one of his crew guarded the bound captives, while the others snuck along the side of the deck and positioned themselves at the ship’s rail. They aimed the rifles at the stricken hyper- sub’s open hatch. Alan knew the crew would be below concentrating on sorting out the sea valve problem, and with the extra weight of water, the submersible submerged with the conning hatch only a foot away from the calm ocean.

“Commander, the other submersibles hatch just closed,” said a submariner looking at a control panel.

“What?” shouted Sanchez, “Well radio them and find out what’s going on?”

“They’re not responding sir,” said the submariner a few moments later.

“What the Hell?” exclaimed Sanchez, shocked by the sudden noise of the Guardians engines starting. He took out his pistol and went up the ladder. He peered out of the hatch, and a hail of bullets whistled past his head.

“Close the hatch he ordered,” jumping down into the control room.

“Merde.” He yelled. He shook with rage and through grated teeth, snarled. “Those incompetent cabrones, they are supposed to be trained fighters, so how did they allow themselves to be taken by unarmed civilians. I will have them all shot.”

The Ocean Guardian Six moving forward interrupted his anger, and like a dog on a leash, the hyper-sub got dragged alongside the larger surface vessel. Alan steered the Guardian hard to starboard like a linebacker, blocking Sanchez’s vessel as the escaping hyper-sub made its getaway.

Alan kept up this manoeuvre for twenty minutes, with the old ships engines straining under this extra load. Once he knew the submersible was at a safe distance, he put the gear in neutral, and the Ocean Guardian Six slowed to a stop.

Sanchez felt livid but didn't call for help. He did not want the embarrassment of reporting that a bunch of conservationists outwitted his trained mercenaries.

Both vessels now bobbed together in the ocean. Alan studied his paper charts.

"Where would Gabe hide?" He said aloud. "Time is of the essence. The pens are bound to send other vessels to sink us."

"We have been in this position many times before and Gabe always evaded them. He knew these waters like the back of his hand," said a crewman.

Alan sighed and said, "I know, but unfortunately Gabe isn't wi...What the hell?"

Stunned, Alan and the crewman looked at the chart, as a large X materialised on it.

"What's happening?" asked the crewman.

"I don't know, but look at the mark," said Alan with a quake in his voice.

They studied the position of the X.

"Perfect," said Alan. "It's close, and will provide cover while we travel into safer waters."

"We still have to disable the hyper-sub," A crewman pointed out.

"And we have to hurry." Said Alan and looked out of the bridge window at their tethered, but dangerous encumbrance.

Sanchez tried in vain to free his stricken sub, but with no one topside to release the tethers, they couldn't break away.

The hyper-sub was still taking on water, with the engines power at maximum trying to pump it out. He tried to figure out Dogmire's plan. 'Why is he taking this futile action? He knows we will get help, and once free, we will sink him. Maybe he thinks he can tow us to safe waters and cut us loose.' He thought, sneered, and then said aloud, "There are no safe waters for you, Dogmire."

With the closed hatch of the hyper-sub now level with the water's surface, Alan knew that in a short while the sub would be completely submerged and drag the Ocean Guardian down. Without his V-com, he couldn't tell whether if any other of the pens vessels were on the way, so for now, he had to assume that they were, and would arrive soon.

His next decision troubled him. He gave the order to his men, who brought the captive mercenaries and Japanese technicians on deck.

He pointed the Ocean Guardian Six's bow in the direction marked on the map and grasped the throttle control.

"Now!" he ordered. His crew pushed the captives into the ocean, close to the front of the stricken hyper-sub. Two of the Ocean Guardian's crew then cut the tethers, releasing the submersible.

Alan pushed the throttles forward and the Guardians engines roared into life.

Alan relied on Sanchez having enough compassion to rescue his crew, giving them time to run for the marked shelter a short distance away. He knew that the hyper-sub would lose power with its battle with the sea valves, and hoped its engines would not have enough power for a pursuit.

“We have a slim chance,” he said, as the Ocean Guardian Six pulled away at full steam. He willed more speed out of the old engines as they strained to the max.

Sanchez, in his sinking cocoon, heard the Guardian’s engine and then dull thuds coming from outside, as the men in the water banged on the hull.

From the Plexiglas cockpit, Sanchez and the crew watched their comrades treading water as they tried to summon help.

“Commander, we are still above the waterline, open the hatch,” screamed a submariner watching his shipmates struggling at the surface.

“No sir, we aren’t, the ocean will get in.” yelled another submariner checking the monitor.

Sanchez glared at the pair, as he saw a Japanese man outside sinking past the Plexiglas, writhing.

“Open the hatch!” he ordered.

The hatch slid open and water gushed in along with one man screaming.

Sanchez gasped and ordered, “Close the hatch,” as the screaming man thudded onto the water covered deck.

Another man slipped inside before the hatch closed and he thudded on top of the first, also screaming.

Sanchez looked at the deck of the control room now filling with seawater, with two sailors on the deck, splashing and screaming in pain. Thin red lines appeared across their faces.

“Commander, we are sinking,” said a voice from the engine room. “We are now a metre below the surface and the pumps have stopped.”

The rest of the crew in the control room panicked. Sanchez felt sharp stings on his legs, which now felt on fire.

Ignoring the pain, Sanchez grabbed the radio.

“Pen 316, this is Subsec 121. S.O.S. Our position is...”

Sanchez, seeing no lights on the radio, realised it wasn’t working. He heard the screams of his crew above the noise of ocean rushing into the vessel. Something in the seawater was attacking them and he felt confused, as he had been told that there wasn’t any pollution. The contamination suits they wore weren’t protecting them. “There is pollution, they lied to us. I bet Dogmire knew, and that’s why he is murdering my men,” said Sanchez, and cursing Alan Dogmire under his breath, he ignored everything else and struggled over to a control panel. He tapped in a code and ordered the V-com to fire. His pain became intense and it felt like his veins were pumping acid around his body. Seawater filled his lungs as he along with his crew tried to scream. The swarm of minute, deadly, Irukandji jellyfish, continued their relentless attack, as the vessel sank beneath the depths.

The submersible imploded as a sting-fish torpedo hit them. Two more of the deadly torpedoes veered away as they registered one target destroyed. The torpedo’s computers then acquired their next target.

Alan, unaware of the drama beneath the waves, steamed along at full speed in the race for their lives.

“Come on old girl,” said Alan pushing on the throttle and willing the old vessel to go faster. He and his crew, now feeling confident that they had evaded Sanchez, saw the islands drawing closer.

“So far so good,” he said to the crew. “I will zigzag among the islands.” He pointed to the first island, “Another fifteen minutes and we will be safe. We can rest there and plot a course to rendezvous with Jenny

and the others.” He chuckled, and like an old buccaneer hollered, “Ah-har me hearty’s, we have eluded the pirates.”

The relieved crew laughed before an explosion then ripped off the stern as the first sting-fish hit.

The crew did not have time to react, as the second small low yield atomic torpedo hit amidships, obliterating the Ocean Guardian Six, and sending the old vessel along with its valiant crew to a watery grave.

The PATH team gathered around Jenny as she checked the hyper-sub heading to catch up with the soncam and the shark.

“Not long now,” she said.

“So what were you and Alan so excited about before?” Church asked.

Jenny checked their position and checked the V-com screen.

“I will show you,” said Jenny as the sub came within range of the soncam. A blurred image appeared on a screen as the soncam hugged the shark, like a remora suckerfish.

Jenny manoeuvred the soncam away from the shark, so they could see the whole animal on the screen. The soncam moved in front of the shark, and they saw its face.

“Wow!” exclaimed Pinky. “She looks nothing like the monsters we were shown in the media frenzy years ago... She looks sad and lonely.”

“There’s only one monster in the ocean, and they have two arms and legs and live on land,” said Jenny frowning.

She positioned the soncam to the flank of the shark and Jenny told them.

“All those pictures shown by the media of shark attacks and the carnage inflicted on humans were made up by the HPM to justify the slaughter. Toasters killed more people than sharks.

She focused on the shark’s markings, sat back, smiled, and pointed, “There!” she said.

“So what are we looking at?” asked Church.

“That,” said Jenny, pointing to stripe markings on the animal’s flank.

“It looks like a fishy tiger,” said Ryan.

“A fishy tiger shark,” said Jenny. “This looks like a great white. However, these markings are the same as a tiger shark.”

“What does that mean?” asked Church.

“This is a hybrid; a cross between a great white and a tiger shark.”

Jenny checked their position.

“Is that a good thing?” Pinky asked.

Jenny nodded. “That’s a great thing...We are looking at the next stage of evolution of the shark species. It certainly explained a lot,” said Jenny, smiling as she looked out of the clear Plexiglas cockpit at the empty undersea world. “We will be in visual range shortly,” she said, pointing out of the glass cocoon.

“How had that happened, did a great white and tiger shark meet and have babies?” asked Ryan.

“Unlikely,” said Jenny. “But I don’t know. I estimate this shark to be about two years old. We thought all the great whites were hunted to extinction about that time, with tiger sharks not long after.” Jenny rubbed her face and looked confused as she told them, “From research carried out by Alan and other top shark specialist’s, including me, it was a well- known fact that because of different shark species biology they could not interbreed.”

“Perhaps you were all wrong,” said Church.

Jenny nodded and said, “Perhaps, but whatever has happened, this shark survived. It clearly has the digestive system of the tiger shark; they eat anything and can survive in far more temperate waters. They were far more resilient than the great white,” Jenny chuckled. “I know what Alan would say if he was here... as long as it has the great white’s temperament and not the grumpy tiger sharks.”

Jenny looked pensive and said, “You are right Church, we were wrong.”

Jenny looked at a satellite image on a screen of the coastal area where the shark was heading. She zoomed closer.

“There!” she said and pointed to a large building on the side of a bay.

The team looked at the satellite footage of the building, which appeared to be spewing something into the ocean.

“That must be her food source,” said Jenny.

“What is it?” asked Church, as the voice of the V-com interrupted them.

“WARNING! Object approaching, speed 18 knots, depth five meters,”

“Fuck!” exclaimed Jenny as she looked on the V-com sonar VDU at the approaching object.

“It’s heading for our shark,” said Church.

“Load sting-fish torpedoes,” Jenny ordered the V-com.

“Wait!” Pinky hollered, still looking at the soncam image reversing away from the female shark. The other target came into view and, although Pinky couldn’t make out any clear image through the murky water, she knew a solid vessel could not move that erratically. The team focused on the screen and Jenny turned the soncam to face the approaching object. They held their breath as the object got closer and focused in the viewer. They watched the large object gliding past the soncam. Jenny laughed. “It looks like our little girl has a boyfriend,” she said.

The team stared out of the Plexiglas as the sub came into visual range approaching the female. They couldn’t see the male, but it was still in soncam’s range and appeared to be following in the same direction.

“Maybe he’s shy,” Pinky chuckled.

Both sharks changed course and headed into Hemenez bay. The team then saw what Jenny had noticed. The hyper-sub edged forward to the outlet pipe of the large Hemenez bay slaughterhouse.

“This is where they are feeding, but I still don’t understand where they came from,” said Jenny.

“WARNING! Object approaching, range ... Object changing course ... No threat,” said the V-com.

“Display sonar VDU, sweep range one kilometre radius,” Jenny instructed the V-com.

“Blimey, we’re surrounded,” said Ryan as the display showed 12 objects in the bay, moving in different directions around the slaughterhouse outlets and their hyper-sub. One object headed toward them.

“WARNING! Obje...

“Cancel all warnings” Jenny ordered the V-com, and said, “These are friends, not foes.” She felt a tingle of excitement, one she hadn’t felt for many years as she watched the sharks gliding gracefully around the bay.

Jenny then looked sad, surfaced the hyper-sub and gave an order to the V-com. The screen showed numbers and areas. Jenny chose a satellite and they all waited and watched the screen.

An empty ocean confirmed her suspicion. Although she and the team had only known Dr. Alan Dogmire for a short time, the passion that he held for the creatures he loved had impressed them. They all felt upset as Jenny told them that the Ocean Guardian Six had gone.

For the next few hours, Jenny manoeuvred the sub to view the sharks. It was awe-inspiring to watch these magnificent animals cruise along, ignoring the hyper-sub and soncam, and feeding off chunks of discarded, decaying animal flesh.

“What do you think, Jenny? Did the two species mate?” asked Pinky.

Jenny nodded. “There’s no other explanation Pinky, but it would be like trying to breed a cow with a dog.”

“Perhaps it is just a miracle.” Said Pinky and smiled.

“Look!” said Church, watching a violent commotion several meters in front of the sub.

“The big one just attacked that little one,” said Pinky, concerned as two sharks writhed together in a ferocious and deadly display.

Jenny looked on amazed. “Well at least we know why they are here,” she said and smiled.

“What, to kill each other?” Pinky asked.

Jenny chuckled and said, “No... To feed and mate.”

The team watched this spectacle for a few minutes until the male broke away and swam off. The female cruised away in a different direction.

“What, no cigarette or exchanging phone numbers?” said Pinky and added, “He must have been a crap shag.”

They all chuckled and continued to observe. Jenny added research notes to the V-com, and mesmerised by this new and unbelievable event, said, “I must get back to my cottage. I have Alan’s research on my V-com along with mine. There may be some way I can figure this out.”

“Maybe miracles don’t need to be figured out. Just accepted and enjoyed,” said Church.

Jenny smiled, nodded, and plotted a course to her coastal cottage.

“If we travel at full speed we should be there in just over five hours.” She told them.

“That one looks different,” said Ryan interrupting as he peered out from the Plexiglas cockpit. “It’s a lot bigger.”

They gazed at a 25-foot shark gliding in front of the sub.

Jenny leant closer to the Plexiglas to get a closer look.

“That must have been a great white pup that Alan didn’t tag before,” she said, looking at a female mature great white shark. She smiled, tapped on the Plexiglas, and said, “That must be Eve, so the pure tiger shark, Adam, might be around somewhere.”

Church smiled when Jenny mentioned Eve and wondered about his little bundle of joy at home. He felt homesick but happy about their amazing discovery.

The hyper-sub sped under the ocean. The team chatted about the amazing discovery. Jenny's thoughts were on Alan, and excited about the work that she would now be undertaking. Everything was new for Jenny. She had many questions and she needed to find answers.

“What will you call the new shark Jenny?” asked Church, “It will need a name.”

Jenny pondered and said, “It's an entirely new species. Its genus was a mix of Carcharodon and Galeocerdo, so until I get DNA and blood samples I won't know the dominant genes, so, for now, the species name will be Carcharodon Galeoceros.”

Ryan groaned and said, “Couldn't you make it simple.”

Jenny smiled at Ryan and then at the others. “That is the species genus name. The common name will be... the Dogmire Shark,” she said.

The PATH team smiled and nodded. “That's a great name,” said Church.

Although excited, Jenny felt troubled, assuming that she would be sent on another quest and not knowing how long the sharks would stay there or how she could protect them. She hoped that her next quest would be with the PATH team, especially Ryan.

Ryan felt the same and he held Jenny as the vessel neared her cottage. They surfaced and Jenny docked the hyper-sub alongside two small boats on a concrete jetty.

Jenny's mother and Grandparents came out to greet them.

Jenny's family cottage was set back from a beach in a small bay surrounded by woodland. With no roads leading to the log cabin cottage, the only way of getting to and from there was by boat.

They walked to the cottage and while Jenny's Grandmother and Ruth, her mother, prepared a meal, Jenny took Church, Ryan, and Pinky to another building at the side of the cottage. Inside were four large round but empty fish tanks, with water filtration units and a small laboratory.

The PATH team could tell from Jenny's sad expression how distraught she was while showing them around and explaining her research with sea-life and the destroyed marine environment. She heaved a sigh and said, “I am happy we found the sharks, but how long they will stay safe is anyone's guess. Now we know about them, others do too, so protecting them will be difficult.”

“George would be able to help; he still wielded a lot of power and influence with the government.” Said Church.

“I wonder how he got on with DiCaprio?” asked Ryan, “he looked angry when we left.”

Church nodded, “We need to get our information to him as soon as possible. Jenny, we need to leave and get to Washington,” he said.

They went inside the cottage and while they ate, Jenny told her mother and Grandparents about what had happened and what they needed to do.

Her Grandparents and mother nodded to one another, and Ruth said, “I think before you decide anything, you should first watch the news or read the newspaper over the last few days.”

Jenny, seeing how anxious her family looked, went over to the V-com in the living room and instructed, “Show the Washington post newspaper.”

“Oh!” she gasped, startled as she read the front page of the Washington post as it came on the screen. “You all need to see this.” She shouted to the PATH team.

The team went into the living room and gathered around the V-com. Ryan held Jenny’s hand as they saw the headline and gasped as they read the headline news item.

“That happened the same day we left,” said Ryan, looking at the date.

The team, although shocked by the news, felt a wave of relief as they read the story.

Church smirked and said, “Maybe that was no accident. Perhaps my H-smart will work now,” and as he took his phone from his pocket, a voice behind them said, “Hello team!”

They spun around to face the Eternal.

“You’ve accomplished your first quest,” said the Eternal, and noticing Ryan and Jenny close to each other holding hands, smiled and said, “Your quests are over Jenny. Your task now is to protect your new charges.”

“What about the news?” Church asked, pointing to the V-com.

The Eternal glanced at the screen and said, “It is imperative you complete your quests and ignore what is happening in the mortal world.”

“But I thought there were three quests?” Jenny interrupted, frowning her brow.

“Perhaps all three quests were needed to be completed before you find the one. Jenny, you have found the one, so your quests are complete,” said the Eternal.

“What?” Ryan asked sounding upset. He shrugged his shoulders and looked at the others. “I don’t understand.”

“Me neither,” said Pinky, also looking as confused.

“You will,” said Shirley. “The second quest is for Pinky and Church.”

The room went silent, as they looked at one another, dumbfounded.

“What about me?” Ryan asked sounding concerned.

“Your quests are also over Ryan...You will stay here and help Jenny with her task, along with your new family,” said the Eternal.

Ryan looked at Jenny, smiled, and then furrowed his brow, looked at Shirley and said, “But I’m not a chosen one.”

The Eternal smiled and said, “You are all now Chosen-ones, Ryan.” He then told Jenny, “Your father will return soon, so now that you and Ryan are joined, your family will be complete.”

Church and Jenny picked up Ryan’s emotions, happiness, and contentment. Jenny kissed her guide. They all felt that with Ryan and Jenny protecting and monitoring the fishy family, the sharks would have a good chance to survive.

The Eternal then announced, “Pinky and Church; your next quest: Uncover the Miscreant Mole; before it is too late.”

Pinky and Church looked bemused.

“Is that it?” Pinky asked.

“Can you give us any more information?” asked Church.

The Eternal handed him a small piece of paper and said, “This Keeper was already on the quest and you will assist him.”

Church looked at the paper with a name and phone number written on it. He scratched his head and grumbled, “Another bloody cryptic clue, and I still don’t understand these quests. You haven’t told us anything about them.”

The Eternal looked at Pinky and said, “Pinky knows why.”

Pinky looked confused and said, “I do... How?”

The team looked at one another and then Ryan asked, “How come Gabe came through a portal?”

“He came to help you,” replied the Eternal.

“So can mortal Keepers and Guides now travel through portals?” Ryan asked. “Are they like transporters from the starship Enterprise?” He chuckled and said, “Beam me up, Shirley.”

“If the need arose,” said the Eternal, ignoring Ryan’s quip.

“So you are helping us?” asked Church.

“Should the need arise,” said the Eternal. “You must complete your quests. We will only intervene if we consider that gifted ones will be put in danger without our help; should the need...”

“Need arise... Yeah we get it,” said Church, completing the Eternal’s sentence.

“So how do we go about using this new way to travel?” Pinky asked, sounding excited.

The Eternal grinned and said, “You don’t. It’s only for emergencies, and without Gabriel’s help, the sharks would have been found and destroyed. You would have not only failed in your quest but have been killed. We won’t allow that to happen.”

“So why did you let Alan die?” asked Church, feeling confused and angry.

“We do not control mortal’s lives, and we have our reasons for protecting gifted ones. What happens to mortals will happen. They are masters of their own destiny, we have given them guidance and warnings throughout the generations, which they have ignored.”

“So these quests are a final warning to the human race?” asked Pinky.

The Eternal smiled and looked at Pinky. He then said, “Do not concern yourselves about individual mortals Church. Alan Dogmire and his crew are at peace in the afterlife; you need to concentrate on the quests ahead.”

“So who was looking after the afterli...?”

The Eternal then vanished.

“He must have got that vanishing act from Granny Pearl, she does that to annoy me.” Grumbled Church, who sighed and said, “So where do we start? We still need to warn George about what’s happening.”

“You need to start on your next assignment, boss, remember what Shirley said, uncover that mole thing, before it is too late,” Ryan said and told him, “don’t worry, we will tell George.”

Jenny went over to the V-com. “We can help with the research,” she said and instructed the V-Com to do a Goodyah image search for the animal; the Miscreant Mole.

There were zero results. Jenny then instructed the V-Com to search the web for any information and search pages came up.

“There!” Church said, looking at the screen. Jenny gave instructions to the V-com that brought up a page from the Scottish Independent newspaper.

“It isn’t an animal we need to find... The Miscreant Mole is a person!” exclaimed Pinky.

“Yeah,” said Ryan as he read on. “But there are no pictures or details of the person, bugger all on him in fact; only about his handy-work, with the police’s futile attempts at catching him.”

“So how will you find him?” Jenny asked.

Church read the information on the screen. “We will start with him,” he said, pointing to the only picture on the article, “Detective John Mearns.”

Quest 1: The greed of humankind has decimated nature.

END OF SAMPLE

Novels by Robert A Webster

Siam Storm:

A stolen holy relic from a secluded Thai Buddhist Monastery sends a combatant monk on a quest to retrieve the sacred item. Three English lads who are having the holiday experience of a lifetime in Thailand, become inadvertently embroiled in the deadly pursuit.

Enjoy the first adventure of Nick, Spock and Stu as they assist in the recovery of the relic and the subsequent voyage of discovery.

Chalice - Siam Storm 2

The discovery of a mysterious corpse leaves law enforcement agencies baffled. This adventure sees the lads join forces with their new friend, the mad monk, Pon, as they once again attempt to recover a holy relic, which has this time been stolen for a completely new and sinister reason. The chase takes them into Cambodia, as they thwart plans that could affect the planet and change them into fruit based drinkers.

Bimat - Siam Storm 3

A kidnap and ransom demand lead our hapless heroes into a pursuit through Vietnam. They encounter an old foe, driven by obsession in his revenge driven quest. This time, they face many challenges in both their adventure and their personal circumstance and although they almost lose everything, they never lose hope.

Trilogy:

The three Southeast Asia adventures.

Protector – Siam Storm 4

The adventure continues in, Protector, the fourth book of the Siam Storm Series...

When descendants of Siddhartha Gautama arrive at the Royal Palace in Bangkok; Prime Master Pon assembles a team to discover who is responsible for the murder of the other descendants, along with their age-old protectors.

The fun begins when Spock and Stu join the team, and as usual, they find trouble. Even with Spock and Stu underfoot, the team uncovers evidence of a plot with worldwide implications.

Protector follows the hazardous journey through unfamiliar terrain as the team races the clock to stop further killings of their brethren, only to discover that things are not always as they seem.

Siam Storm – The series

The complete four-part series

Spice

Ben Bakewell is a master baker with a unique gift, making him the grand master of his culinary craft. More commonly known as 'Cake' he meets up with Ravuth, a Cambodian man residing in England and who has spent the majority of his life trying to trace his long lost family.

Jed Culver is a disgraced D.E.A agent whose bitterness for his old employer and lust for revenge lead him along a deadly path, as he also pursues the plant, although for a far more sinister gain.

This thrilling, but yet sometimes hilarious quest, takes you from the glitz and glamour of the fashionable London restaurant scene to the wild, untamed tropical forests surrounding the Cardamom mountains region of Southeast Asia, as the participants race to discover the whereabouts of a remarkable plant and locate a misplaced family.

Fossils

Enjoy the hilarious antics of an elderly four piece band as they embark on a whirlwind tour of several countries in Southeast Asia, unaware of their amazing worldwide success. The four musicians are inadvertently united and form a band named Fossils, whose unique sound filled an auditory hiatus lacking for decades in the modern day music industry. Pursued and hounded by ruthless record producers, this unassuming rock band discovers a new, exciting and carefree way of life, which they enjoy to the fullest, or at least what remains of it. Viagra, snuff, and Rock 'n' Roll.

P.A.T.H

A team of three psychics use their unique talents to provide a link between the mortal world and the celestial. Commissioned by lost souls; they find lost treasures for the troubled spirits, which they give to the mortal beneficiaries. One particular case finds the team caught up in a plot that was conceived during world war two, which is instigated in the present day. The team has to solve a mystery that threatens to split the delicate fabric joining the two worlds.

Return of the Reich.

NEXT - PATH 2 – Covenant of the Gods

With the fate of humankind resting on their shoulders, the PATH team, along with the mortal Keepers and Guides around the world are sent on various quests. Each individual test will push them all to their limits as time slowly ticks down towards Armageddon and their destiny.

Ratchet and Stench – Animal Sleuths

Dog Gone Mystery

When Cruft's Best of Breeds Champion mysteriously disappears; the finger of suspicion points at the owner of a rival kennel.

Somerset police find the missing Scottish terrier's dermal tracker but cannot find further evidence of a crime. Having no proof they are unable to do anything and drop any investigations.

The other dogs call in Ratchet and Stench, and even though they uncover clues that suggest a brutal murder, the animal sleuths aren't convinced.

Non Fiction

Diabetes Type 2 – Help safely lower your blood sugar with the Tree of Life

This book is not written by Physicians or anyone with Ph.D.'s, but by medically trained diabetics who stumbled across pills capsules and powders made from the leaves and seeds of the Moringa tree. Dubbed The Miracle Tree or The Tree of Life. They found it reduced their blood sugar levels. This prompted research into this remarkable tree and its health benefits, which you will find outstanding. The tree grows in many parts of the world and indigenous people have been using its health giving properties for generations.

Moringa pills, capsules, and powders are now readily available worldwide, This publication will tell you about the research gained and the benefits to diabetics, along with Moringa's other health benefits. It will let you know current suppliers, and where you can research for yourself this amazing tree. It will also tell you

how to grow organically for yourself and a few simple recipes you can use to enjoy the health benefits of Moringa.

Something to Read While Travelling-THAILAND.

Is an informative and entertaining companion to accompany you on your travels, which contains useful information about Thailand, some of which you won't find in travel guidebooks. While comprehensive travel guides will go into more detail on specific areas of Thailand; this publication will only briefly explain about popular tourist hotspots, giving you plenty of time to read and enjoy the Useful Tips: Thai Language Made Simple: Popular Thai Recipes: Fun Quizzes and Brainteasers: Hilarious Jokes: Short Stories: and the full comedy adventure novel, SIAM STORM – A Thailand Adventure.

Leave your cares and woes at the arrivals section of the airport. Make sure you pack a big smile and this travelling companion in your suitcase. Open your heart and mind, and enjoy your wonderful time in the Land of Smiles.



The author or authors assert their moral right under the Copyright, Designs and Patents Act, 1988, to be identified as the author or authors of this work.

All Rights reserved. No part of these publications may be reproduced, copied, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted, in any form or by any means, without the prior written consent of the copyright holder, nor be otherwise circulated in any form of binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

Websites:

<http://www.buddhasauthor.com>

<http://stormwriter.weebly.com>

Connect:

Facebook -<https://www.facebook.com/Buddhasauthor> Twitter -<https://twitter.com/buddhasauthor>

Home Pages :

Amazon-<http://www.amazon.com/Robert-A.-Webster/e/B004ZK975K>

Kobo-<https://store.kobobooks.com/en-CA/search?query=Robert%20A%20Webster&fcsearchfield=Author&fclanguages=all>

itunes-<https://itunes.apple.com/us/artist/robert-a.-webster/id376017369?mt=11>