

Chapter 8 – Meeting

There were numerous meetings held everyday and quite many of them were conducted in concealed places. Most meetings were just routine and for record purposes, but a few of them were setting the cultural direction of the human species and in the course they had staged life and death stories of the numerous, the happiness and sadness of a generation.

This meeting was conducted in a very modern and well-equipped conference room and five old men were listening to the report presented by Clarks. Clarks was only close to forties, but he was already the head of the West Coast Head Quarter of the organization. Whenever his father was present, he would choose to stand. This was a way to pay his high respect to an honorable man. It was also related to his long past job being the security head of his father.

The 3-d imager was playing back the circumstances of the attack in the front gate of HLOFPAH (Headquarters of Lows Foundation for Peace and Humanity) and at the energy station where Andy was ambushed.

“Our men were there slightly earlier than Andy and the militants. The team watched them come and ran scanning for their equipment and telepathic signature as well. We discovered that the militants had adapting camouflage and even our equipment could not detect them once they started their cloaking device. We could only ‘see’ their telepathic signature. The team commander aborted the mission as soon as they found the militants emitting telepathic energy and this abided by our engagement rules. Besides, their weapon system was also very destructive and advanced, and our defense might not be strong enough to protect the agents.’ Clarks reported.

“Based on the technology level of these militants, I bet that they should have discovered us too. Their determination to commit the operation showed that they were not afraid of our team. Was our deployment insufficient in this mission?” One of the old men challenged.

“We couldn’t bring too many agents and weapons into the area as you know this was the capital district. But more importantly, we didn’t want to risk uncovering the identity of our agents in case something messed up. This was not supposed to be a combating mission. We are all shocked to discover a daring militant group launching such a conspicuous attack on the capital soil, and they even ‘caused’ to ambush an American military unit.” Another old man explained.

“Andy’s unit is a covert operation under the code name “Eagle Spirit of the Ending Days”. This is highly classified and even Andy himself might not have heard about the name. Therefore, the ambush might not be intended to fight the Americans military.” A third old man added. “Eventually, this is a dangerous world and we live in the most dangerous time ever, and American troops are ambushed everyday in the world, though after all, this incidence is still very significant because we are talking about American soil and it is just like declaring a war.”

Clarks had his own perspective and he really did not buy the decision of aborting a mission. He would commit a mission no matter what. There had to be

ways to overcome the superiority of the enemy. They had a solid flesh body and that was enough weakness to be annihilated. The determination of the militants was firm and quick and it was worth for compliment. Disregarding his own thought, Clarks's tone was neutral. He was a very calm and imperturbable person. He would not flatter people and he was very reluctant to criticize and to blame his colleagues.

"The militants stayed inside the tower for a few minutes and then they left in a haste. Our men tried to track them down, but eventually lost them because their high tech scanning device had stopped us from following too closely." Clarks went on with his report. "In the course, our men found that some militants had met the commanders of two other militant groups who then organized the ambush trying to bring down Andy and his men in the energy station. From our scanning, it was certain that the militants had exercised telepathic control and caused those people to act independently of their own will. Later, we had cleared the identities of these two militant groups. They were slightly hostile to US, but this couldn't provide sufficient justification for their aggressive action against Andy, who was indeed unknown to them.'

Ellearto finally spoke. He was the oldest founder in Lows Corporation, two years older than Lows. He was often respectfully called 'the Eldest' by his peers.

The honor of the man did not come from his senior position in the Corporation, but rooted to his humanistic and courageous work done to the needed. He found the Lows Rescue Organization in the early days of Lows Corporation and had commanded numerous operations under very hazardous and battling conditions. Even his only son was killed in Sudan while he was deploying a rescue convoy. Most people speculated that Ellearto's personal loss was the cause for escalating the armed force in the rescue organization, and the action later transformed the Organization the biggest security company in the world.

Ellearto was a medical doctor and he was known as a good practitioner. His voice was very warm and gentle. Clarks knew very well that he could never speak in this tone.

"The young man and woman coming to the rescue of Andy in the energy station also have extraordinary telepathic power. They broke into HLOFHAP with Andy. With cosmetic alternation of their face, I bet we have to take some time to discover their true identities." Ellearto stopped for some tea and continued. "It makes me worry when we are finding so many incidents of telepathic manipulation in these days. Those militants were clearly after LOFHAP or even Lows himself. Are they also after the US? At least, they were not afraid."

"Developing destructive weapons as powerful as those, and showing no mercy in their course, I simply don't believe their agenda is limited. Who are they? Their supreme technology just couldn't be developed in corporations nor in ordinary countries!" One of the old men soberly said.

All the old men had the same thought and worry, and there was a moment of silence. They were just trying to figure out something to deal with it.

"It is amazed that everyone was taking advantage of the closing of 'Dark Stone' and trying to break into HLOFHAP. It was though a satire that no one

really had got something out.” One old man broke the dead air.

“How much do they know about the power of ‘Dark Stone’? What were they trying to accomplish in HLOFHAP? In this incident, Andy was inside for the longest time and he was therefore supposed to find out something. This would be the likely reason why he got into the present trouble. Indeed, this guy and his friends were not to be underestimated because they could get a way out in HLOFHAP. Ha, Ha, on the other hand, we were just watching all the time outside.” Ellearto was kidding for the last part.

“We stopped because of the formidable militants and their weapons. In case we had proceeded, our men had to fight an unknown enemy and heavy casualty was inevitable. Are we taking life seriously?” One old man was more serious and solemnly explained.

“We should plan ahead to deal with those mysterious militants. We still do not know where they came from and where they had gone. This is unacceptable!”

“Anyway, they hadn’t really defeated Lows. We would not expect to find the whole HLOFHAP had been further protected by such a high tech force shield. I say it is on top of the telepathic safeguard. Lows used to refuse to arm or protect the head quarter by technical means. Did he change his mind later?”

“Lows just wants to alienate LOFHAP from armed might. Anyway, what we watched so far is only defensive!” Ellearto stopped for a mouthful of tea and continued. “We shouldn’t disregard that Lows is a very intelligent scientist with extraordinary wisdom and vision. We do not really understand his whole plan, right? But, it was his research effort and resolution that broke the peripheral layer of the ‘Real Life Code’. Without the knowledge from the decoded material, we wouldn’t have built this powerful organization. It is also because of his unselfishness that we are still sharing the harvest. It is because of his passion in humanity that we could do so many meaningful things for the suffering people in this chaotic world, like the Rescue Organization, the LOFPAH, and the Heated Communities. We all live our times with no regret.”

Ellearto said in a mild, but aspiring tone. He might be old, but he was still enthusiastic. His words put his colleagues into a while of recollection of those years of working together to build up their ‘charity’ empire helping the suffering people in natural disasters and wartime carnage.

In this moment of silence and reminiscence, Clarks looked at these old men. They had been almighty for many years, and they still were. Clarks had only some faint memory about his Uncle Lows and he had some qualm about his Uncle Lows. Sometimes, he would think Uncle Lows could have just been acting generous by sharing only the peripheral knowledge of the ‘Code’, which was all about science and technology. He did keep the core secret to his own, claiming that it was too dangerous and destructive. Comparing to the core, science and technology was nothing important. The core was about the eventual telepathy that controls the whole realm of mind, matter and energy and even space and time. Uncle Lows sealed the core and then disappeared into HLOFHAP...

“Clarks, I will go and meet Andy myself and see what he had found. Prepare the trip and remember to equip the convoy with telepathic scanner and

shielding equipment. We will most likely run into capable telepaths.” Ellearto was the first one coming back from soaking the past. He gave Clarks an order.

Clarks answered quickly. He was heedful of everything in the conference room even though he was himself thinking over the matter. He used to respond instantly whenever his superiority requested a service. Clarks was leading a regional headquarters not because of his identity as the boss’s adopted son. He came that far because of his own talents and skills and most importantly he worked very hard to get the remarkable achievement.

Clarks left the clandestine room and on the way out he was still thinking about the circumstance. Something very important had to be behind the planned operation because ‘the Eldest’ was now leaving his seclusion to follow up the ‘failed’ mission. It was the first time for a number of years. What could Andy get within just twenty minutes of stay inside HLOFPAH? Even if he had found something, it would not be just what the old men were looking for. Anyway, what is the real objective of this mission? On the record, it was just to go inside the HLOFPAH in the time frame and act accordingly. The instruction was so vague and insignificant that the commander had not risked their lives to commit the assignment.

“When I was once Head Security Officer of the whole corporation, I had visited HLOFPAH many times and examined every inch of the buildings. There was no obscured tunnels or passages, which was then said to exist, leading to some kind of secret core area that the urban legends rumored. The overall perspective was that HLPFPAH had been hiding something very important or otherwise it would not get so many ‘visitors’ trying to penetrate it in the same time frame, apparently knowing that the telepathic protection was weakening that night. The old men knew what secret was hidden, but they did not know where, right? This was a top secret or otherwise the commander should be told what to look for. The best bet was it was about telepathy. The event, the people and the area were all tangled in the context of telepathy.” Clarks thought.

“Just like us, trying to get Andy for information about his ‘adventure’ in HLPFPAH, the people setting up the ambush at the energy station could share the same intention, but they had adopted a much more brutal approach. These snipers were apparently mind-controlled by telepathy and they had made many mistakes in their operation first trying to keep Andy unharmed and later trying to kill everyone. Perceivably it was because they didn’t have a free will and analytical mind. This was certainly their weakness. These snipers, however, were only minor characters and caused no concern. Those fierce offenders concealed within invisible camouflage outfits, holding high tech destructive weapons as well as emitting telepathic energy would be the principle role in the big picture. Why didn’t they pursue for Andy themselves? Without resolving countering measures to subdue these potential enemies, the organization would be jeopardized.”

The meeting went on for a short while after Clarks left.

“The fast growth and expansion of the corporation have made the control of information more difficult day by day. We shouldn’t have any doubt on the honesty and sincerity of our employees, and this is also the first premise of the

employment policy. However, it is apparent to find no guarantee for a faithful service even with all the high salary pay and trust.” One of the old men grunted.

“We need too many people to run the business and how could we find everyone honest and loyal. There are simply less good people day by day.”

“Other than those who rotted for a reason, you know, we are too large to bar all penetration by spies coming from government and business competitors.”

“This is why splitting the corporation is necessary. Now we know nothing about the others. A single breach or betrayal, no matter how serious it is, then could not endanger the whole corporation.”

There were numerous meetings a day.

In an enormous and dark space, several hundred people gathered there, but they did not come for a discussion. A sovereign ‘voice’ was giving orders to them. The orders were transmitted via specific telepathic channels and only the operator could ‘hear’ it and nobody else could know more than he needed to know.

People left after having their order and finally only one person was still standing there.

The stiff voice turned soft slightly. “We failed last time, but it happened to help us a lot now!”

“This is perhaps a kind of cause and effect.”

“Every event was the fruit of cause and effect, but one cause does not produce only one effect and vice versa. There is no wisdom in the whole dimension that is able to grasp the entire intrinsically complicate relationship. While everything is changing in the universe, we should make ourselves stronger everyday and to accomplish a historical feat in one’s lifetime.”

“But, what else we will be in our next lifetime?” The standing person asked in his mind.

The ‘voice’ knew his subordinate had asked the question, but he did not answer. Might be, he did not know the answer, or he did not believe there was kind of another lifetime, and why he should border planning it.

“No one has really seen Lows for more than twelve years and he could be dead by now for the ‘injury’ and this was likely the ground for his corporation to fall apart. They couldn’t do big jobs any more. The Good Life Foundation is a telepathic stronghold, but it has no ambition in our matter and so it is not our worry, at least at this moment. Now, you better leave, our clan and its will must go on!”

The only person in the vast and dark space then left.

The natural evolution and selection chose humans to work the best under daylight. The onset of science and technology, however, alternated the natural pattern and expanded the time domain of human activities. It looked like humans could work and entertain equally well in nighttime. Gradually and unnoticeably, more and more people even loved to work in nighttime, and even in darkness. The overall psychology of the human mind started to change, accordingly.

Chapter 9 – The mind

This was a small, but exquisite garden. Under the warm sunlight, Kumbin was standing in front of Uncle's tomb tablet. He was blessing that 'Uncle' would have been in the Western Paradise by now. 'Uncle' was just an ordinary good man, but from him he had learnt grace and humbleness, and from 'Grand Old Aunt', he then learnt the wisdom of mastering his telepathy and the right way to use it. 'Grand Old Aunt' had said many times that without a graceful heart, any kind of power would only lead to disasters and self destruction.

'Grand Old Aunt' had just returned and was standing behind Kumbin.

"They have launched?" Kumbin turned around and asked. "Is there anything my dear 'Grand Aunt' could help prevent a disastrous misfortune from happening?"

"In the long past, we were revealed by the Great Master, Buddha Śākyamuni, the path to go 'there'. We were very obliged and so proposed to stay here to work on purifying the human consciousness and watch the secret treasure he left in this world. However, the time for me to go 'there' is really very imminent now"

Kumbin was an adult now, and he pretty much knew that life was full of sad feeling like parting and death. But, 'Uncle' just died not very long ago, and, you were talking leaving me now. A somber feeling quickly filled everywhere from nowhere, and inspired a sense of strong resentment.

'Old Grand Aunt' very much knew that a few powerful 'minds' had slipped into the garden and then into their consciousness and tried to control their thinking. She did not warn Kumbin because she would like to test his ability to respond.

Kumbin had inherent telepathic ability and he had been a student of 'Grand Aunt' for almost twenty years. He also instantly noticed the interference from an alien mind. His telepathy naturally and instantly reacted and locked it up from further actions.

Grandma was pleased to see that Kumbin could handle the sneak attack easily. She had no delay to strike back and it was a horrible one.

When Kumbin was about to ask how to handle the captive, he found that 'Grand Aunt' had broken up the space-time continuum, and just threw all the offenders into it.

"I sent you guys to what I know as 'hell' and you will serve there for the rest of your life. Then, go back and tell your master to leave the 'Good Life Foundation' alone, or otherwise he will have an almighty enemy. You people don't know who really I'm."

Kumbin really felt that in the broken space there was flaring lava in one instance and freezing glacial ice in the other. There was painful howling and groaning. Was this the said 'perdition' world where 'Old Aunt' came from?

Andy' truck was running on the highway back home. He lied down on a

comfortable couch trying to think over the whole affair. It should start with the meeting with Little Guy. This might not be the true beginning. If General Lorelart, his superior, had not asked him to 'investigate' HLOFHAP, he probably would not be convinced by Little Guy to go for this joint venture. Little Guy had to know me for one reason or the other before setting up the occasion.

"Little Guy and Sue were looking for their long lost token and they ought to think that LOFHAP was somehow related and the token could be there. What the camouflaged offenders were looking for? Like Little Guy and Sue, they wanted to break into HLOFHAP at the time when 'Dark Stone' was close enough to earth to reduce the all year round protective telepathy inside the premise. These fierce and mysterious people had really done nothing inside HLOFHAP. Obviously they didn't know where to look for and their apparent request was likely also a suspicion rather than an ascertained matter. Like Little Guy and Sue who got the suspicion from the telepathy-related sutra on the wall in the main hall of HLOFPAH, those offenders could tread upon the same path. Anyway, the thing they were looking for had to relate to telepathy. There should be no question about that. I should be the least involved party amongst them and was at most curious about LOFPAH and almost wanted nothing from HLOFPAH. But, I was attacked and now being followed. Why? Why there is merely not even a single clue in my mind? It is because of having too comfortable a life in these few years and we don't need pry on everything. A quiet and tranquil life is so easy and nice. There is no struggle and blood. It is so happy that all ordinary people like to live in that peaceful way. Striving deadly with one another would only mean increasing hatred and hostility and more innocent people would die. People could just choose to give a little bit more and take less advantage of the others and the world would be more peaceful."

Thinking of that, Andy had a bitter smile in his face and he could understand that he had undergone a lot of change in these years working in the farm. He had no longer any mentality of a soldier. He should marry and had a lovely family, with Fanies. Once Fanies was in his mind, he felt so contrite about the incidence that happened seven years ago, a period of time he did not want to recall, but he was reluctant to erase it from his mind. It was a period of happiness, but ended in bloodshed and despair. Andy would stop the reminiscence, but there was a recondite and hidden force grasping him back to that time frame, the beginning being the crash of his combat helicopter. Andy was brought back to see the jungle, the village, valley, riverside, the tribal community, families, kids and 'Green Grass'.

The rumbling noise of helicopters was very annoying and disturbing to ordinary people, but not soldiers. Seven years ago, Andy and his squadron had a mission in the tropical forest of Guatemala. Fanies happened to be working on another assignment and was not with him. Suddenly, the alarm in the cabin squealed to warn that they had detected anti-air missiles targeting them. In another second, they found the helicopter was firing anti missile laser beams. The plane also maneuvered forcibly to get away from enemy's ground fire. The other helicopter was almost instantly hit and set into explosion that burst the flame and shattering debris onto his helicopter. Two of his men were down. The

engine of his plane appeared to have been hit too and the helicopter was falling down. Andy was near the half opened cabin door and he could only glance outside once before he grasped a wound colleague beside him and jumped. In the same time, his right hand had thrown out his special whip and tried to reach the branches of a big tree. The other end of the rope had clung to the tree, but the falling was too hard and both people had hit the tree itself and then continued to fall onto the ground through dense branches and twigs. Andy was badly injured and fell into a coma.

It was this blackout that Andy could for a while draw himself back from the miserable memory, but he still could not control his thought and it was still dwelling. In a very gloomy setting, he suddenly found a distant luminance and beside it was a figure in a lying posture. He was Andy's daddy. In numerous nights, the old man would set a fire and lie down, then looked at the starry sky for hours. Very often, he would dance with recondite steps and sing 'songs' Andy could not understand. The old man said this was their ancient message to call for the Almighty who left their ancestors long long time ago. Almighty? Andy had seen nothing happen, not even once and had once asked why. The excuse was that his daddy was not the 'shaman', the chosen one. He then emphasized that without those steps and songs, even the 'shaman' could do nothing. Therefore, the steps and songs had to pass on generation by generation. Andy had no heart for these weird steps and mantra like songs and did not learn much. On the other hand, Fanie was very eager to learn, perhaps for Andy, so that he would not be blamed so often. She was not a genius, but she just could do anything for Andy. And, she could do it very well. It was quite a long time ago.

Daddy once told many stories about the tribe we came from. It was now only a few families left and scattered around in places far away from one another, but it was a huge and resplendent society in the ancient time. If I could not carry the tribal heritage, which was now moribund, the once brilliant culture would then completely die in this generation, at least in this country. Daddy often said in a beseeched tone. Daddy would draw a lot of symbols on the dirt soil, saying they were the language primer and asked Andy to remember them. No way! They were drawings rather than characters or alphabets. They looked like animals, flora, insects, birds and all kinds of unknown creatures.

The old man in the distant setting suddenly sit up and beckoned to Andy for showing Andy once more those steps and chanting mantra. Gradually, some hazy drawings appeared on the ground and they turned into obscure figures trying to stand up. They were all those creatures in the 'language' set! Once noticing Andy was around, they looked eager to leave the soil. With distressing screams, they dashed towards Andy and stretched out their 'hands' or tentacles, trying to reach Andy.

Andy was still drowsy and terrified. He waved his hands and autonomously stepped backward, but now it appeared there was nothing behind him except a void. He felt into an abyss of darkness and for only one moment he still could feel the extremities of a few creatures trying to hold him from falling, but the suction from below was so strong. Andy lost his consciousness again.

When Andy woke up again, he just had pains everywhere and could only see blurred images and hear voices, sometimes vague and distant and sometimes like rumbling. And, he fainted again. After a lot of recurring wake-up and faint, Andy knew he was getting better because he had conscious minds more often. He was lying in a small room, his bed facing the window side. Many people had come to see him and care for him, but the most often caretaker was a woman with a slim figure. He helped Andy eat, take medicine and even cleaned him.

Andy's body was recovering quickly then, but he could not understand their language and he had to learn, and anyway, there was nothing he could do in the bed. For another three weeks, Andy could move away from the bed and walked a few steps and by that time they could understand each other in some way. Andy found that their language was close to that spoken by his daddy and at this moment he was regretted that he had not learnt it very well. By looking at their faces and color, these rescuers were surely Red Indians, like himself.

The woman serving Andy was 'Green Grass', name given for the credit that she was delivered on a piece of springtime grassland. Her father was called 'Sunny Day', who was a kind of medical tribal shaman in the community. When they were gathering medicinal herbs one day, they found him by the side of a stream, in a moribund state. Green Grass speculated that he had fallen down from the tree onto the slope and rolled down to the river and finally flushed to the downstream.

Green Grass was not a beautiful woman, and she had no ornament on her head and no cosmetics on her face. Regardless of this, she had very healthy skin and she was sylphlike. Green Grass was more than thirty, but she chose not to marry because she wanted to learn as much medicine as possible from her father. And, she wanted to take his role one day. There was always a restful smile on her face, a kind of concern and care, thus making her patients feel easy and relieved. For Andy, it was so easy to pass one day with Green Grass and he had little time to think about all the varicolored worlds outside of this primitive jungle. He even forgot Fanies, the girl and then woman long falling in love with him. Fanies was beautiful, sensual and devoted to him all the time. Why Fanies could be forgotten. Why I could fall in love with Green Grass?

At this moment, all around Andy's world had changed, and a figure likely to be Fanies appeared in the distance, drifting closer and closer like a ghost. There was so much grief and sorrow on her glamorous face making her look weird. A closer look revealed her eyes full of hatred and a blazing fire was growing inside and breaking out. The fierce flame swept over Green Grass and her body was instantly burning and Andy saw her father and the villagers rushing to her help and they were set into fire too. All he could hear was pitiful howling, one after another, hammering Andy's mind, like a needle intending to penetrate into his thought.

In the big truck, Fanies watched Andy close his eyes and set himself into

contemplation. While watching her beloved man, she felt so warm and gratified and did not notice that a kind of consciousness had slipped into her mind. She felt tired and sleepy and had to close her eyes as drowsiness flooded her body.

Fanies saw a fire in the middle of nowhere amid in huge darkness capable of devouring the only light in any instant. Uncle Andy and Andy were sitting side by side. Uncle Andy was telling heroic stories of his tribe and teaching her the tribal dance and songs that Andy had forever forgotten the details. He said these could summon the righteous power to fight against devils, especially those who were constantly looking for human souls. Thinking of evils and monsters, Fanies was scared and naturally dashed into the old man's bosom and her hands holding those of Andy. She closed her eyes and felt safe for the moment. Gradually, she found the warmth from the amiable old man had slipped away and when she opened her eyes again, she found herself alone in the dark. She was only leaning on the side of a big stone, cold and lifeless. There was no trace of Uncle Andy and Andy. Yes, that was right. Andy had been missing for weeks. No, he was not missing. No more deceiving for yourself! He had died! Didn't you see the special whip he never left behind? It was a symbol of the family heritage. But, he had also left me behind! I had to stay to accompany him regardless of the order to return. Uncle Andy had once said that souls without companionship of a dear one would drift endlessly in nowhere and be captured by evils. I could not allow that to happen. See, there were numerous sinister spirits over there waiting for Andy's soul. Their bluish, cold, but shiny eyes blinked in the dark and emitted needle-like rays setting a projectile path and trying to puncture through the stones where Fanies took shelter. They exploded into spooky flames with weird popping sound. Right, only with those dancing steps and chanting songs could summon positive powers to drive away those evil spirits. It was terrible to stand outside, but for the good of Andy and for his lonely soul to be saved, I needed to do this. Fanies fearfully got out of the shelter and replayed those steps and rhythms she had not practiced for a long time. She saw those evil rays bursting into flames around her, but apparently not able to break into the virtual protective shell around her and she had growing confidence and became even more concentrated in the ritual. She had forgotten her being sieged and slowly the transparent protection field had widened up and opened up the dark void around her and she was following a lighted path towards the valley.

After more than two months of disappearance, it was almost hopeless for Andy to be alive. One day, her commander delivered a message to Fanies and ordered her to leave for Guatemala immediately. A special unit of Guatemala army said they found Andy captured by a rival tribe in the tropical jungle. They were launching a rescue operation. US intelligence had analyzed the message and found that the Guatemala army had likely hidden some thing and suggested to send a US rescue team to 'follow' up. Fanies was therefore 'ordered' to lead a back up unit for this mission. It was surely a graceful offer for her to meet Andy.

In the way into the jungle, Fanies learnt from the commander of the US rescue that something very wrong had happened. A Guatemala battalion was

conducting a massacre instead of a rescue in a valley where a seemingly primitive tribe resided. The Guatemala army was called to respond in all radio bands, but no one answered. When they saw the US marines closing by, they shot without warning. The US commander therefore returned fire after obtaining approval from his senior.

When Fanies was running into the valley, she saw civilian bodies in bloodshed everywhere. There were also wound marines. The blood and the emerald green color of the grasses and trees were terribly unmatched. She was terrified by the notion that Andy would have been killed too. She trembled, even in this summer jungle. Andy would still lie in bloodshed after all.

It was with the arrival of the US marines that Andy could sustain to protect himself and a small group of the villagers. They retreated to a deep cave in the steep hillside of the valley to take advantage of the topographical setting to defend. When Fanies saw him emerge from the cave, he was tightly embracing a tribal woman who appeared almost dead. He showed a kind of despair only found amongst the life and death of ageless lovers. It was like a sharp blade puncturing Fanies's heart. It was deadly painful and Fanies would prefer dying rather than seeing all that. Tears gushed out from eyes and streamed along her cheeks. This was heart-broken and it was so bitterly painful. The vision was blurred and the 'reality' around her again disappeared and a kind of bleak loneliness was the only feeling. That woman was envied, though she was dying, but she had got Andy on her side and that was happiness. Unnoticeably and gradually, a wave of dark and negative thought had taken over the mind and turned into hatred, anger, cursing and vengeance.

Vincent had lost quite some blood and because of the painkiller and tranquilizer, he had to lie down to rest. He looked at the ceiling light and as the truck moved and jolted, he found the light swinging around and changing shape. He had a gift from Sue and held it in his hands. It was a chain of prayer beads made of some kind of natural stone. He was very bordered by those ceiling light and therefore closed his eyes, but surprisingly they were still there and they even expanded and streamed everywhere. Gradually, he saw nothing except a whitish and harsh backdrop. A fuzzy figure then appeared and came close to him and it was Leg, his best friend since kid time. Leg had died in a mission when he tried to use a new weapon designed and engineered by Vincent. Everywhere was luminance, but only Leg's body and face was murky. Still, his pain and distressing crying at the glimpse of his death could be read with extraordinary clarity and heard as a rumble first and then as high pitch screaming, which turned into physical punctures. Blood was bursting out of his body like a breached levee. The surrounding turned gloomy red and his vigor was flowing out fleetingly fast. The memory and thought was excavated brutally and in lightening speed. Vincent was horrified to the extreme and he shouted aloud with the rest of his breath and gripped his palms excessively. He cried out Sue's name and he had broken the string holding the prayer beads. In an instant, the beads broke into colorful light rays wiping out everything and he had only one moment of serenity. Sue was approaching from an illusory setting turning real. She had only a sheet

of gauze on her extraordinary figure, which was only enticing and tempting without the usual concealment. She whispered sultrily again and again and every call had grappled Vincent's soul to think only one thing, an ancient and primitive lust, no one could resist under this circumstance. This flame of bodily desire was incinerating every living cell of Vincent. In no waiting and like the hungriest beast for the flesh of his prey, he darted himself onto Sue's luring and inviting body. He needed that body to appease his flaming urge. But he missed Sue, who was just within his breath and had not moved away. He tried to clasp Sue again and again, but he just could not get a grasp. Sue chuckled for his incompetent and made fun of him by wide spreading her arms for him, a seductive posture for receiving him. Vincent was frustrated and impetuously acting in every direction to get Sue, but failed in every trial. He could dash through Sue's body, but felt nothing there. One of them had to be unreal, or both of them. Very soon, Vincent was totally exhausted and had to pant for a moment. He then saw Sue straighten her arm to the side, deliberately showing something to him. When Vincent looked to the direction, he suddenly had a bleak horror because he saw himself lying on the ground, obviously dried out of any vitality. He should have no more bodily sensation, but the greedy lust had gone nowhere and still squeezing him. This was the deepest pain!

Ellearto's fleet was running to catch up with Andy's truck and now was only around within an hour of driving distance. His agents had been tracking Andy after the ambush took place at the energy station. Inside his auto compartment, he was sitting comfortably and enjoying a cup of green tea, a beverage he learnt to drink during his service in the North Korean Anti-Terrorism War years ago. Another habit he had was rolling the beads of a string of prayer bead given to him by a kid he saved in the vicinity of a battlefield. He found it tranquilizing.

Clarks knocked the door and came in. He told his stepfather that Andy's truck had suddenly moved away from the highway and driven into a rural road leading to a nearby plantation. It was easy for Andy to discover the fleet and the action certainly could be misconstrued as hostility. It was the time to communicate with him. Ellearto appreciated Clark's delicate thought. A short moment later, Clarks called in with a very strange tone and said the radio signature of Andy's truck had suddenly vanished and they had tried every radio band to talk to Andy, but there was only white noise. In the meantime, Andy's truck was detected by the Satellite tracking system to set course into a rural path amid a cluster of cornfields. In the next moment, Clarks said uneasily that even the satellite had lost Andy. Ellearto stood up and he shut off the Irish music he was listening and ordered to enter a state of alert. He asked the fleet to take a break in the next rest station and sent one car with two agents to follow track Andy's vehicle. Clarks came back a moment later and stood behind his stepfather. Ellearto had already turned on all monitors and they watched closely and listened to the two-way communication from the agents.

'Report: Entering Zone R34A, we were in a cornfield and found the tire track of the truck, clearly indicating the driving was rough and unstable.'

'Report: Two miles from the point of missing, the track was still there. The control of the car was seriously wrong as it had crossed onto the side of the corn field.'

'Report: One mile from the point of missing, the truck had been driving between the field and the path. Accident could happen any time according to the pattern of driving.'

Clarks activated the satellite tracking system of Andy's truck and the jeep they sent into the cornfield. It was clear that the icon for Andy's truck had shown no activity and that of the jeep was still moving ahead towards the missing point.

'Report: Closing to the missing point, Oh, something strange happened. The terrain was changing and the cornfield was disappearing, Ah, we saw a jungle in front of us and, Ye, there was no road anywhere

At this point, the tracking icon became inactive and the communication was dead.

Clarks quickly set the tracking system into other modes of search demonstrating none could show any promise and he also set the system into self-diagnostic and verified that the whole system was in fact properly functioning and there was no concurrent meteorological phenomenon sufficient to interfere so badly.

Clarks had a bleak feeling though the sunshine was bright outside. Elleario had a deep breath and then he sent an order to start up the System B Energy Pack and prepared the telepathic shield and scanner. He carefully put back the prayer bead into his pocket and patted Clarks's shoulder.

"Let' us go for the rescue of our men. They need us badly. I am too slow to stop them from entering the missing zone. I caught a horrified feeling in that instant, but couldn't act fast enough. We shouldn't send them without first setting up the anti-telepathy machine.'

Clarks was excited to see the real world telepathy, but he also worried greatly. Time was needed to start up the system and this was part of its weakness. It also used up a lot of energy and could not sustain a long fight. Clarks held a senior position in the organization, however, even he did not know where the system came from and surely he never heard anything about its testing. Perhaps there was no testing at all because no body in the organization was known to possess this kind of legendary power of mystical origin. Perhaps, except Uncle Lows! Then, why Father had to believe so confidently that they could work and protect us? The core of the True Life Code was about telepathy and the human mind. Does it mean that Uncle Lows had already broken the code and captured this formidable supernatural power? Is Uncle Lows turning his back on us? Will he do that one day, if not now?