

THE
CHILD OF HUMANITY

BOOK THREE

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Prologue

Dear Monica, I don't have the guts to face you. I leave you this confession on this iPad, and I ask for your forgiveness as to what really happened when Yazdon got arrested. Do whatever you want with this. I must tell my side of things, as to how things went down, What I was dealing with at the time etc. I will never forget the kindness I that I was shown for once by you and Yazdon he changed me for the better, may you find peace as what happened. - Clement

It was World war 3 and the earth is in ashes. However, from ashes things have changed, society has attempted to reorganize itself but not for the better in my eyes. Secularism, a nonreligious orientation, practiced only in a handful of countries that had isolated themselves from the rest of the world.

In these countries, the Oil Economy has given way to all sorts of alternative energy. Nuclear, solar, wind, hydrogen, magnetic power, and other new and revolutionary sources of energy have sprung up, and alternative fuels power everything from cars, homes, and businesses. But then again, for humanities progress, there hasn't been an excuse to invade as technology has become a new coin for conquering the world as alternative sources of energy became new priceless jewel, for spoil of war.

Humans have not learned from their past mistakes. Civilizations

have risen and fallen because they could not control the urge to dominate and to destroy the weaker nations, and in turn, they have become the target of domination by other nations and have eventually self-destructed by their own excesses.

As poverty, illiteracy, and absence of democracy had increased, many human rights, which have taken so long to reaffirm, had vanished overnight. In many developed countries, progress that were made in the past decades to gain control over racism and sexism and all other isms has all been wiped out over the span of one single generation. Slowly, but surely, the fanatical religious doctrines had been revived again and applied as the rule of the land. Ethnic cleansing and sectarian violence were rampant. It would be nothing short of a miracle to turn things around and restore earth's equilibrium, and bring about peace on earth. Nevertheless, we will see, as I have lost faith in humanity. I am Clement, vilified by the media, Target of death threats, maybe the reincarnation of Judas Iscariot, the villain who turned in Yazdon to the authorities. This is my confession to all who will read this as I will never forget the man who saved my life, and who called my brother.

CHAPTER 1

My Story: The Beginning

*Monica Found an iPad in an abandoned motel room and
picked it up and started to read.*

I have lived a ‘colorful’ life. I know that I left your circle, When I should’ve stayed. Never felt like I fit in anywhere Monica. Fate always plays that little trick on you, that diverts you down a different path. I didn’t know I was worth saving until I met him. That person called Yazdon, hounded by the media, consoler of the world and some would call him, the reincarnation of Jesus.

I am Clement, the crooked detective, the bad cop, the evil incarnate, the pathetic two-faced coward of a man. I have to rid myself of this shameful life, and receive my just punishment to burn in hell for eternity for what I have done, so here was my confession. Or, maybe, it is not such a just punishment to put an end to myself, or somehow, hell would be too good for me and I am too be stuck on this earth. Perhaps, I should live the rest of my miserable days, and suffer the torment of facing the reality of my evil deeds.

You are probably wondering, what makes a man into an evil incarnate? Well, I don’t exactly have a tail and horns. I used to be

a normal man until I turned into a burnt out cop. But somehow, I felt could never do anything right, and felt shame for the life I had led. I tried to turn my life around and become a cop and got promoted to detective, but as I look back on it, just a weak excuse to justify my actions. I was sure I had seen the worst humankind could offer; the murders, the rapes, all the evil things human beings perpetrated on each other. Sometimes I wished I could put all the vermin on one island and let them just kill one another and end it all. I lived in Los Angeles, But I wondered where all the angels went. It was a city that God and Devil abandoned a long time ago, or so I thought from what I had seen.

Two years ago, I hit rock bottom. My excesses caught up with me and I ended up in the hospital. Before that, I used to get up each day, drag myself to work, and go through the misery of being alive. Five cups of coffee and a pack of cigarettes helped me get a jump-start and deal with the daily sufferings and trauma I called my life, hell even depressants did not help. After work, I would go to the local bar and drink, wishing to forget everything and to escape reality. I would take comfort in a bottle of Absinthe, which I obtained in the black markets of Los Angeles; the dump I called home.

I contemplated suicide several times a week, but I didn't have the guts to blow out my brains. Blacking out kept me alive in a way; it kept me from ending my life.

I had reached my breaking point, and I began to hallucinate each night. At first, I thought the booze had finally gotten to me, but then the hallucinations became more complex and vivid.

One morning I woke up with excruciating pain all throughout my body. I noticed some strange scars, cuts, and bruises on my skin. For a moment, I thought that perhaps I had attempted to commit suicide during one of my drunken stupors and had no recollection of it.

I lost track of time and began to hallucinate in my waking hours. Due to this strange state, I found myself hallucinating in my waking hours finding reasons to stay home for a few days when it got too much. My partner, who was concerned, dropped by to see how I was doing periodically. I knew he was going to give me hell, cuss me out, and maybe beat some sense into me. Usually, when he saw me all bloodied, Kent was shocked and always said, “What the hell happened to you? You’re all fucked up, man, I know you’re a good cop and my friend , But if you don’t straighten out I swear I’ll rat you out, cause I know there is some cocaine missing from the evidence locker from that one drug bust and know you took some of it.”

When I told him I didn’t remember what was happening to me, he always said, “This isn’t normal. You were probably too drunk to remember what they did to you. This is what happens

when you get smashed 24/7. You need to check into detox center right now. Looks like some bastards beat the crap out of you, some gangs or some shit. You probably wouldn't have even noticed if they had sodomized you, you're so messed up." After a pause he asked, "Did they?"

I didn't say anything and he looked at me funny and said, "You are one messed up motherfucker. Let's go" Ok Kent, I give. I know you're just trying to watch out for me. I know you're my friend. I know I can't keep going on like this." I said. "Well come on man, undercover work can get too any cop and yeah sure we're cops and we have seen the worst that humanity has to offer. I know nothing was helping you as I have seen you go so deep undercover to stop some lowlife scum that there were times, you forgot who you were." Kent said.

"Ok Kent, I'll bite. You can drop me off if you want to even," I said. I knew him well enough and I knew he didn't want anything to happen to me. A Week later, Kent dropped me off at a super exclusive place that was reminiscent of the Betty ford clinic. It was in a nice area too, In Santa Barbara, It was one of the last few places that hadn't gotten destroyed by world war 3. It seemed that detox clinics had become a cottage industry looking like a spa resort as I walked the halls. I seen had some faces who were made famous from their exploits in the media, Celebrities, reality stars and the wayward rich and famous to name a few. Kent hugged me and I

asked, “So when the hell, you going to pick up?” “I’ll let you know” was all he said and he left. Again, I felt alone.

The alcohol detox had no effect on me. Then, one night, I woke up to the sound of my own screaming. I had a severe pulsating headache and gasped when I saw that the scars, cuts, and bruises had gotten bigger, more bloodied and blood came out of my nose. I was under a suicide watch after talking to the shrink at the center, and I was not drunk for once. There was no way I could have cut myself because I was sedated. Was this a joke? When the nurse heard my screams, he ran into the room to see what was wrong and he saw that my scars had deepened.

All the speculations by hospital staff did not make any sense at all and could not explain the injuries. But by then, everyone knew something strange was going on that defied logic with me. I lost track as to how long I had been here. Could’ve been weeks or a month. I didn’t care, I was temporarily someone else’s problem. Then one night I was blindsided, as a sharp needle got inserted into my neck. I passed out only to find that I wound up in the trauma ward, unconscious, and getting one blood transfusion after another. Three days later, I woke up and the first thing I saw was the perplexed faces of the doctor and the priest by my bedside. I looked around in bad lighting seeing, a medical room that looked like something straight out of a horror film that was used to punish the insane. I was chained to the bed, in a way I didn’t blame anyone

as I guess someone thought I'd find a way to kill myself anyway or anyhow. I looked around only to see that the Doctor and a priest were talking about me in hushed whispers, but I couldn't hear what they were saying as I strained to hear. Then the Doctor came forward to me. The doctor went into her technical jargon about the psychosomatic nature of my illness, but I had no clue what she was talking about.

Then the priest on the other hand, with his bible in one hand and holy water in the other, started to tell me in some European accent, "You are having a profound religious experience, my son, a spiritual awakening, and even perhaps entering sainthood. You are blessed, my son. The power of Christ resides within your soul. You must join my flock, and..." "Shut your yap padre, I ain't in the mood to hear this religious crap, I snapped. God forgot about me a long time ago. Even If I did believe in God, the Devil etc, I wouldn't subscribe to it, I am an atheist. Humanity is all bad by itself."

The priest was so convinced about the nonsense he was telling me that he got pissed off, and suddenly his opinion about what was going on with me flipped 180 degrees. Belligerently, and with his bible laid on my forehead he said, "You are possessed, my son. The power of Jesus compels me to cleanse your soul of the vile demon within you. I will release your body from the bonds of Satan. I will need to exorcise you directly." I looked at everyone

quizzically and said “What the fuck?”, “You kidding me?” “You’re not going to get any cooperation from Clement” The Doctor said. “Damn right, I ain’t talking to this quack!” I shot back.

No sooner had I said that, a needle was inserted into my arm and I was escorted back to my room. I woke up and stared at the ceiling as I lost track of time wondering what happened. Time passed. For once I felt normal. I walked around the center and dutifully took my meds and made a trip to see the shrink a few times. But I knew that I could never tell anyone my full story till now. Hell, If I did at the time, with what I have seen, I would’ve been committed probably.

I didn’t see the priest for a while, but he came back and continued to hound me on a daily basis, insisting that I was possessed, told him to fuck off. The cuts and bruises had refused to heal and the painkillers and sleeping pills were not working. I knew sooner or later I would die from my injuries, and there was no one who could do anything about it. My therapist said I was retreating into some emotional bubble, But I couldn’t figure out why this was happening to me. I rationed that maybe it was God or devil who might’ve been testing me, in way that thought reminded me I was truly nuts. After trying to find some rationale to my situation, I began to think maybe I was possessed just as the priest had said, and decided to succumb to the exorcism. I was sick of living as I always did, wondering when God or the Devil was

going to come claim my soul. It was like what the hell why not? I figured I had nothing to lose.

The night before the priest would practice his rite, I lay on my hospital bed with my eyes wide open staring at the ceiling again like an idiot as the buzz of light bulbs illuminated the room. A man in a white coat walked into my room unannounced. I assumed he was the resident doctor. He was tall, on the good looking side and had an air of confidence about him that defied his age. I couldn't tell how old he was as I assumed that he was one of those people that looked younger than he looked. There was something about his presence and his demeanor that had a soothing effect on me. He asked me where my pain was, and I showed him my cuts and bruises. He proceeded to pass his hands over the injuries and I had no idea what he was doing. But whatever it was, my pain began to subside and a feeling of calm and surrender overtook me. Before I knew it, I fell into a deep sleep.

I woke up in the middle of the night feeling the soft stroke of a woman's hand on my face. Her harsh voice then demanded that I wake up. "I am tired, leave me alone," I said to her. "I am fine where I am. Do your nursing stuff, and get out of the room." I said annoyed

She slapped me hard, and I jolted up out of bed. I realized then that she did not look like a nurse. She was an attractive, stylish, but

gothic-looking woman, like someone from the grave. She looked stylish in a way wearing a black leather body suit that reminded me of a character from a spy film. Her skin was of the palest white to the point of ghostly. Long black hair done up in a stylish high pony tail from a fashion magazine with long hair draped down her backside as I looked into her black eyes as she looked like she had some style, as her face was accentuated with nothing more than lipstick that was the color of blood and some tasteful red eye shadow. “Whoa! Who the hell are YOU?” I said not sure what to think as I found her captivating in a way. She looked back at me and said, “Now that I got your attention, “I don’t want to freak you out in your condition, but I am the Dark Angel of Death.”

I thought to myself as I stared at this apparition that looked like a high paid fashion model that any man would fantasize about, thinking, this is a fine babe. She can take me wherever she wants me to go. I smirked, “You don’t scare me, Go ahead, take me away, Do your worst,” I said smiling.” I looked into the big black irises of her eyes, as I found myself being captivated by her, I asked her “Are you really death? I always thought he was some guy in a cloak with a sickle or something.” She rolled her eyes at me and said, “Do I gotta really slap some sense into you again?” I found her captivating in some weird way, and I couldn’t stop watching although I wanted too and made a grab for her hand as all I felt was searing pain as I jerked back saw my hand got burnt. She

closed her eyes for a second and my hand healed as the blisters went away. This time I believed her and sat up paying attention to what she had to say.

“Your time is not up yet. You have a mission to accomplish. If you fail Clement you and the rest of humanity will all be dead soon enough. You think you are in bad shape now? Wait till you see this.” She flipped on the TV with a snap of her finger. There on the screen were vivid images of the future that would make Armageddon look like the Garden of Eden. Pictures flooded the screen of such putrid death that would dwarf any other wars, famine and suffering combined. “Ok, Ok! Slow down lady.” I said. She closed her eyes and the images on the TV slowed. Earth had become a ravaged wasteland. Everything was destroyed. In many parts of the world, warlords stacked up body counts and stacked up hills of skulls as some sick form of trophy. Vultures and other scavengers feasted on the dead. Rivers ran red with blood. Some environments turned into dead zones as mass extinction of animals rotted in the blistering sun. Economic decline occurred in some areas as the news messages broadcasted reports of cities doing their own brand of population control by starving people and the number one crime was food thievery, as record numbers of people got arrested.

But then it got interesting. I thought I was watching some otherworldly TV show. I saw visions of hell as some people were

there by accident and that there were thousands screaming in agony from horrible tortures that were inflicted by them, in various parts of this city of the damned. Same was true for heaven were people were stuck at the gates wondering if they would get in or not. It was weird as all I did was look at death for an answer. I looked at her in disbelief as she told me, “There is no escaping from this. This is your eternal life if you fail to complete your purpose.” The woman showed me a gruesome end to the world from a nuclear annihilation if I should die before my natural end. That unless people changed their selfish and destructive ways humanity was doomed. My existence would apparently stop a chain reaction that would otherwise obliterate humanity for good. It was a lot to take in.

“So ok?” What makes me so special? I inquired with this woman. Clement, If there was a real PHD in the ‘humanities’ you wouldn’t have lived out a fate that you have had and you would have a degree by now. Education doesn’t always come from a school. You have known people in both good and bad situations, but don’t give up on people just yet, in a way, Me and other beings of my status need your help. To stave off a huge problem that will help me as well. For even as there is a war that is going on, the influx of souls crossing over has been overwhelming for beings like us and we need to send souls to the right place you know? For even in court of heaven and hell we must judge a soul as where

there afterlife will be, your more significant than you know and who's to say that this savior hasn't tried to 'save' you already? , "Your purpose is to guard The Last Savior.", death said. With that remark, she vanished into the shadows. It was a lot to take in. I was still kind off skeptical about what happened.

But then again, I pondered that some things couldn't be understood and I would have a story to tell some TV show that dealt in the unexplained. My cop instincts went off all of the sudden. "That weird guy, was that him?, My fate is too be intertwined the guy, who the media has dubbed "The Last Savior?" I muttered. I struggled to find some rationale in that, as all I did was meet him for such a short time, But I had a strange feeling that fate or coincidence was trying to tell me something, but I couldn't place it. I sighed, and got up out of bed. I walked to the window and starred out into the night sky. "Maybe God or the Devil wasn't ready for me just yet, maybe I 'can' do some good in this pathetic world", I muttered. So I decided to sleep. First night I slept good in years. I had a really weird dream. Or was it a nightmare? I couldn't tell. Death's words echoed in my head as I felt I had a purpose that was instilled on me and a wave of positive energy that gave me a little hope. I was to guard the life of the last savior of man. But then again there was that organization Guards.org. What the hell did they do again? Was I too be his 'personal' guard? Too make sure that his words weren't misinterpreted or something?

This was the man who would turn the world society around from their path of selfishness and planetary destruction and I was too be a part of it. Fate is interesting in way. Never thought I was good for much in this world.

I contemplated my own life and as to what led me here. My mom had to raise me herself and I was living on the streets from a young age. I was in an out of jail a lot and graduated up the criminal ladder. However, being young and dumb as I was, I knew the devil was in me as all I wanted was more and more power and always thought that I could make my mom proud of me somehow. I worked my way up the food chain and became a killer for hire. However, that one job changed me where I had to kill The blessed peacemaker changed me. I'll never forget that strange guy who was just contract for me to carry out. But, long story short I did do my penance thing and became a cop, too supposedly protect and serve.

All I remember of Yazdon was that he was just some kid trying to find his place in the world. However, who couldn't miss him? The media were always fired up every day as what he was doing. I mean I tried to become a part of his world, but felt I didn't fit, I went back to being a detective. I even wanted to make a move on Celine, but being the insecure douche I was, I didn't have the guts. But somehow, after my little dealing with death, I got the feeling that I would be seeing Yazdon again.

The next morning, I felt much better and my bruises and cuts had almost disappeared. I asked to see the kind doctor who had miraculously healed me the night before. The nurses who were checking up on me frequently looked at each other as if they thought I had lost my mind for sure. I even described the guy and told them that he looked like Jesus. Everyone was scratching their head on that one. Did I have one of those moments of the unexplained? It puzzled me, as I didn't know what to think as I tried to rationalize an explanation for what happened. I started to scratch my head on that one and decided that maybe I should shut up for fear that maybe I would be labeled as crazy and committed to the nut house. But something in my instincts told that 'maybe' just maybe it was him. Or was that wishful thinking? The staff told me, "We have not seen anyone in your room. There was no such doctor on the staff. Doctors here wear blue, not white."

"There was a woman—"I began to say but stopped myself. I thought I had better not ask about the apparition of death. I knew she must have been a hallucination, but she seemed so real. I could almost smell her perfume of an ancient herb that couldn't quite place lingering in the room in that moment. Her last words echoed in my brain, "Your purpose is to guard The Last Savior." What did it all mean, and where was the doctor who healed me? Was he an angel too, or just another hallucination? Where would I go to find this Last Savior? Did I know him somehow? He seemed so

familiar too me. I recollected memories from the time I had with Yazdon, and reasoned that It couldn't have been that same kid that had become The last savior that was glorified by the media, hounded by people, who had made filthy waters dissipate in San Pedro. The guy who singlehandedly changed where humanity was going in the world, by just a few words and challenged people to rise up against the NWO. A guy on a one-man mission. But maybe I was wrong. Or maybe I was right? All I just knew was that there was something telling me to just shut up for now and get the treatment needed in this hospital and answer my questions later and had to convince the staff here that I wouldn't kill myself.

The experience had profoundly changed me. I felt that I had a strange quest to fulfill. I was going to listen to someone else for once and fulfill this quest to seek out The Last Savior. My thoughts strayed as to who this guy was? The Last Savior, The reincarnation of Jesus in the flesh, traveling the world, Preaching kindness that was sorely lacking right now and I was too be a part of some massive global change where people would straighten up for once. I liked it in a way, as even now and again, I felt powerless and powerful as a cop. But yet, reality slapped me in the face as I was expected to go back and do the same job I had done for thirty years, But I found I had a new perspective.

I had no clue where to find the Savior. But I guess in way he found me. Almost two years went by and I kept the memory of

that day alive. Finally, by some bizarre coincidence I met him and his companions, and it was only then I realized that he was the purported savior. It was Yazdon in the flesh, the guy that saved me from my own insanity in the hospital, not the kid I left a long time ago, but now the man who still had faith in humanity. This is how it began over twenty-five years ago. Life is kinda funny that way, It sends you one way, but then go another.

CHAPTER 2

Does God or Devil exist?

Monica continues reading captivated by what Clement is saying

Ok Monica, let me continue. I got too many damn things to explain. In the middle of World war three, I think, I don't watch the news that much. The war to end all wars, the war that has so far made the past two world wars look like the garden of Eden as the bodies stacked up and soldiers remains are brought back to L.A who were from there. But some somehow, a different war came to the streets of Los Angeles, in this multicultural city that once had a greatness about it. I always hated religion in a way. Let me see, Los Angeles? I know that's Spanish for city of angels, but where did they go? What I saw around me at times in this city is the city of some lost angels and nothing more as crime has gotten out of control, people were starving in the streets, the only industries that were really thriving were sex, drugs and booze.

The prison systems were over filled beyond capacity for even the most petty of crimes. I felt bad for some of these people as all some of them were doing was just trying to sell drugs to feed themselves or their families as there was no descent jobs to be had as corporations were forced to come back to the United states and exploited minimum wage laws.

I always thought religion was the cause of all of societies ill's although on the surface, the country looks like "One nation under God indivisible ..." she was divided like never before. Major changes to the Constitution had slowly, but surely eroded many of the rights of the citizens. Among other changes, the separation of church and state no longer exists. Those who had thought that the overt violent acts of religious extremism were only the prerogative of the Muslim extremists, had overlooked the fact that the separation of church and state was the only thing that had kept religious extremism under wraps in the U.S.

Nowhere in the United States was religious tension and bigotry among the different sects felt with more impact than in California. Years ago, some evangelical Christians had gone on a mission to match the religious zealotry of the Muslim extremists and suicide bombers. They raised their own army of children who were willing to lay down their lives for Jesus and God and were willing to blow themselves up for the cause, just as the other side did. I remember when the suicide bombers started getting a little creative. A civil war broke out in Los Angeles where it became Christians versus Muslims. Then it happened, these terrorists started hitting high traffic areas and started blowing themselves up in malls, commuter trains and community centers.

Lucky me, It turned into my case as I became a part of an investigation team for a string suicide bombings that went off at

so many of these places. But I couldn't even escape that. One of the few things I enjoyed was a burger during my lunch break and I saw one of those shit situations happen. Just had to be right near a commuter train station and then bam, a bomb went off.

I ran out and saw that there was no hope and that this train was lit up like a roman candle. The explosion reached all the sections and killed everyone, As I yelled at people to back away flashing my badge, as debris, blood and body parts showered down and I thought someone might get hurt and sue the city. I had to call it in before I had a probable riot on my hands from people who were just too freaked out. All I remember was that around me, people just stood in shock and looked to see what happened as a bunch of commuters, were just blown up to bits. There wasn't much for even the CSI people to pick up as it was utter obliteration. Man, I guess you could say that the system usually doesn't work as there were lawyers on both sides, who knew how to weasel around the law and claimed racism from the LAPD and blamed the other side for the social ills.

All us cops knew that these religious nuts were trying to make a statement and despite the improvements in the CSI, It was never good enough to arrest these zealots. A completely new generation of religious extremists was born in the United States. Religious battles between these evangelical Christians and Muslim extremists had been commonplace, and suicide bombings on both sides had

created a hostile and frightening environment to live in.

History had been rolled back about a hundred some years, in many parts of the world, as well as in the United States, But I was too distracted by the civil war that had erupted on the streets of L.A. Minor offenses considered crimes were used as excuses to frighten and control women and minorities as well. Rumors of life imprisonment and death handed down by corrupt tribunals for such minor crimes were turning out to be facts.

The current Governor, who was a foreign-born citizen, paved his way to the top long before his election. But I suspect that he had some help along the way. The Internet had become more powerful in getting real news out and the NWO had risen up, they didn't hide in the shadows anymore. This guy had been instrumental in passing laws that would allow foreign-born citizens to run for presidency. His election had turned the constitution of the United States on its head. The laws of the country had been overturned by passing amendments to the constitution that gave the president absolute authority and the right to run for unlimited number of terms. Members of congress, elected through powerful lobbying and rigged elections, had no opposition to the whims of the president. With the President at the helm, any semblance of a democracy in the United States had been lost to special interest groups and big business. They had managed to highjack the government and gain complete and utter control over the affairs

of the nation.

But I knew his name, It was Shatak, A Pawn of The NWO chosen by those in power to run Los Angeles. The media didn't miss anything in his dealings. Everyone speculated where he came from. All the news makers on the internet had one agreement was that he was a senator who was really ambitious and knew who's ass to kiss to move up the food chain. He had an unfavorable reputation already. The rumor mill was never short on the scumbag things this guy did, as he was handpicked by the President to run for the governorship of California winning a rigged election with a landslide. He was born and raised in the Middle East with a very traditional Muslim upbringing. The new governor looked like a caricature of self-indulgence with his large stomach and the way he needed to lean back to balance his excessive obesity.

In all the pictures I had seen, there was nothing more than some grease ball scumbag. Always Greasy and panting from the photos that were taken of him, Shatak sweated profusely always when he took a few steps. He was about 5'-10", had bushy eyebrows and a full beard with a shaved mustache to facilitate his round the clock eating schedule to suit his insatiable appetite. He screamed of self-indulgence.

Nothing anyone could have been done to oppose Shatak to have overturned his appointment and one thing I knew about

those in power that those opposed the powerful disappeared. For starters, Shatak was an Arab Sheik who personally owned parts of California and felt entitled to the governorship of the state as our country was sold off to Middle Eastern interests who had a fascination with the USA. In addition, he controlled the police force and all aspects of government in California. Rumors abounded regarding the mysterious disappearances of two of his cabinet members, and there was widespread belief that he had ordered the assassination of a likely candidate in order to pave the way for his own victory. Shatak handled the opposition by turning the attention of his unscrupulous lawyers on them, and these attorneys then drummed up charges of defamation, and slander, to ruin the person financially, or in other ways.

California was going through trying times at the time of Shatak's election. Poverty and illiteracy are widespread, and the public, who had been turned into a population of working class slaves, struggled with the problems of daily living, back breaking taxes and being evicted out of non rent controlled apartments and arrested for squatting when people couldn't afford there rent. Fascism was the name of the game where the super wealthy ruled and used the military to wield their power and guarantee their continued reign.

Shatak's literal appointment by the President marked the end of a democratic era. It was the start of a shameful and dark period

of American history. This was the beginning of a total despotic rule over a country that used to be the pride of her citizens, and one of the greatest countries that ever existed. With the president's backing and changes in the constitutional laws, Shatak was sure to be re-elected numerous times for as long as he pleased and as far as I could see, the NWO was winning.

CHAPTER 3

The Reign of Terror

Monica turned the pages on the iPad riveted by what Clement was saying.

I have tended to find that things in this life are like a cartoon at times. I know what you must be thinking Monica. But I'll clarify, a live action cartoon, that made me wonder where God and Devil was, like I said. I didn't think that people even needed them anymore. People were good, bad and worse on their own. Shatak was continuing his reign of terror for a second term in California. The President of the United States, who preferred to keep pretenses and would rather do his evil deeds behind the scenes, had been infuriated with Shatak's blatant actions. A few authority figures and politicians had grown to abhor him as well, and they formed a meeting to decide how to get rid of him. All options were on the table, including assassination.

Shatak's ambitious son, Harvester, was present at the meeting and was quietly listening. Harvester was hungry for power, and the President was behind him for the plot against his father. Harvester was the product of a 'privileged' upbringing; some say He was more psychotic than his father, I heard he was a gore enthusiast.

Sick huh? He was raised from his father's philosophies on that you kill or be killed; You step on those who are in your way to achieve power. It's hard to explain really, but what comes to me was the son's of dictators and warlords, who followed in their father's footsteps.

I had heard stories about Harvester as to how his father tortured and killed people in front him, how he used his power to get laid with the ladies and that he had a collection of human eyes for those who spoke out against him. From what I saw Shatak was just an obstacle in Harvesters way and he was like a spoiled child who couldn't get enough and was willing to step over anyone even he own father, to achieve power. I guess that's all some people know, when they live a cruel existence. If you believed the tabloids, that Harvester might've been a victim of MK ultra mind programming through his father who had help from the NWO. But then again, some things can backfire as harvesters programming became targeted at his own father. Honestly, Monica, I couldn't tell. Like I said, people are bad on their own, I know I am emphasizing that too much. There was no demonic involvement. Was it to toughen him up? That Shatak had sent his son out with his assassins to witness the killings and torture of his opponents and people he did not like. Hell I even heard stories that Shatak had offered Harvester as a sexual favor to his homosexual acquaintances who had helped him get elected. But I

guess, what goes around, comes around as Harvester planned to seize the governorship of California with the President's backing. Harvester was put in charge of organizing a hit on his father. He had to look for a person who would do the job.

Shatak had made enemies in many places, especially among the police who had been fired and hired at random, if they were not willing to carry out his whims for a side job that was ordered by the governor. His administration didn't have any fear of the police as we were no longer seen as some corrupt organization and that we were slaves like everyone else. It was a losing battle. They were damned if they did and damned if they didn't, Or, based on their willingness to participate in the Governor's dirty tricks.

Well, whenever someone was 'selected' nothing short of viable threat would be produced to do the governments bidding for s side job. I thought I heard it all; Bribes of money where us police were already underpaid anyway, blackmail, death threats, lies, false charges being brought against you and getting your reputation and credit ruined, to name a few things the government did to keep the police in line. All the cops knew that they could be target. We all tried to keep a low profile and off the governor's radar, cause none of us wanted to be picked for anything from that office. Because we all knew that, It wouldn't our lives that would turn into a living hell, but those that were around us like our friends and family. But in a way nobody was perfect, we all had our indiscretions, we had

families to feed, Doctors bills to keep up a depressant addiction amongst other problems.

Unknown to me, and I thought I had kept my information private, Harvester had done research and my name popped up in the police files, fitting the profile that the NWO was looking for. Harvester, knew that someone in the police department with the proper background would be more than willing to take on the job of assassinating his father.

I happened to be that cop. Amazing what kind of shit can happen to when you're at a low point in your life. I was under scrutiny by my superiors at the LAPD for numerous indiscretions; I wasn't one to always follow the rules. Although no one was able to prove or trace anything back to me, many of my coworkers had suspected and claimed some righteous reason that I was stealing various drugs and money from the evidence lockers for my own purposes. I had become excellent at covering my tracks, and no experienced crime investigator could find the slightest clue.

I was called to a meeting at the mansion of Harvester. Only to find myself getting handcuffed; I thought there was a potato sack getting put over my head. "What the fuck is this?!" I said in frustration. All, I heard was a guy with a middle eastern accent telling me to "Shut up peasant, you to know your place and not look at your rulers." I was lead to a dark room and handcuffed to

a chair. I struggled for a bit, But I knew it was in vain. I defiantly said, “Show yourself” as the bag was about to be ripped of my head. “Not just yet” said a computer voice. “I want to know, who I am talking too, if anything happens to me, my partner will come looking for me,” I said out of defiance and fear.

The sack was taken of my head as the speaker continued “Listen up and listen well Clement. Be honored that you have been selected to serve our purpose. We are the NWO, we know everything, see everything and everyone and we have come to know you. Your file is interesting and you have certain skills” The computer voice said. “So what the fuck do you want with me?” I inquired” Your mission is to kill Shatak, and you have no say in any of this. Failure to carry out this task will result in extermination of your life and your family’s life.

“What the fuck are you talking about asshole? I have no family,” Trying to bluff the people on the other side of the computer voice. “We have been following you for a while Clement, you have picked the wrong agency to mess with. We know everything about you. All the way from the time, you had to take a paternity test for your daughter Francesca, as your wife had cheated on you, to the address where your daughter lives with your mother Bianca currently.” “Shit” I muttered. I tried to keep it secret, But then again you can find out anything about anyone from the cloud application. All I remembered of my daughter was

that she was a teenager and I tried to raise her by himself with my mom's help; she ended up living with my mom in the end, I took consolation that they made each other happy and that she got the child she always wanted.

But the truth was me and my wife were kids ourselves and we didn't know what the hell we were doing. However, In the end, My ex- wife got custody and told me to get lost after she was the one that cheated on me and I demanded a paternity test. Then it happened that I needed to go to the coroner to ID her body; She was killed by a drive-by shooter, all the while trying to shop for groceries in a Christian neighborhood, when all she wanted was to partake of the pastry special there. Eyewitnesses said that the shooter shouted at her from the car to cover herself and her hair and his accent was Middle Eastern. Nobody saw his face as it was covered. I knew what would be at stake if I refused. I was to be heavily compensated after the job was done, and a large sum of money was paid to me In a digital transfer to my bank account.

My mind was jerked back to the meeting as the last bit of information got my attention. "Alright!, You don't harm my daughter and my mom. What do you want?!" Attendants came into the room and put items out on the table. "Hey dumbass, Get me out of these handcuffs," I yelled as soon as I said that an attendant unlocked the key and I went to the table. All the information and specific tools were set out on the table. The map

of the Governor's compound was going to be e-mailed to my cell phone, which started beeping a message, and the least guarded entrances at the compound would be pointed out. It was made very clear to me that I was on my own, and I was well aware of what they meant by that, and of the price of failure.

It was a clear windy night, and the stars illuminated the sky. My target was at his exclusive summer retreat, his mansion not far from the ocean in the Pacific Palisades. Inside my bag of stuff, I was given at the meeting, I had the tools I needed to camouflage myself and the mystery pills that could mimic a heart attack. I clipped on a button onto my shirt and found myself being able to be invisible as I looked at my hands only seeing a shadow of them. I started my work in the black of night, using the shadows to my advantage. I checked my instructions and made a mental note, where I could escape and knew I couldn't fail as I slung my bag over my shoulder to proceed to do the reprehensible deed.

There was a major blind spot in the security at the compound. "No doubt planned by the NWO" I muttered. The backside of the building, at the Spanish style Mini mansion, which was against a hill, overlooked the valley and was considered inaccessible, so security cameras had been placed mainly in the front. I entered from the back onto the roof, slipped into the side of the building, and used a code scrambler device to access the security system.

I zapped with a taser gun Shatak's bodyguard and rendered him unconscious. It was past midnight when I proceeded to find Shatak, with only the moonlight to guide me. I knew there would most likely be drones patrolling the property. My senses were heightened as I slipped on some special glasses to find the drones before they found me, I wandered through tiled hall, evading the flying drones along the way, as all I knew was that I would only wind up as a shadow on their sensors. There were opened windows with wind hitting the curtains. I checked my map on my phone and found Shatak's room as quietly as I could as nobody could hear my footsteps. As I approached the entrance to his bedroom, I heard a commotion and I stopped to listen, as I hid in the shadows not sure what was happening. All I could hear was my own breathing, But a muffled groaning and crying got my attention as it came from within the room. A girl's voice said, "Please stop, please."

I slipped through the door and found Shatak in the process of raping a young woman. He was naked, and he was beating her up as he was trying to force himself on her. Her clothes were torn and she had blood oozing out of her nose and a cut on her forehead. She appeared to be a prostitute from her garments, But she looked familiar to me, as I couldn't quite place the bloody and bruised mess of a young girl no more than seventeen, that now turned around and looked at me. I then placed her face, as I remembered her, from a previous bust of mine pretending to be a Jon and

looking to score some meth arresting her on some idiot charge In hopes it would get her off the streets. I muttered, “Fuck me, you gotta be kidding me.” I immediately recognized her from the previous encounter.

I yelled at Shatak’s direction, telling him, “Get away from the girl, you pig.” Before Shatak got a chance to alert anyone, I moved fast and shoved some mystery pills in his mouth. He fell to the ground going into seizures and the terrified girl got off the ground and bolted toward the door.

I ran after the girl and grabbed her before she went out into the hallway, I remembered her name, and she called herself Rio Rita. I knew why she was on the streets; she had to feed her family. I cupped my hand over her mouth to silence her. I held her tight to my chest to keep her from struggling, whispering to her to the point of almost hissing as I could hear her heart thudding in her chest from anxiety, “Calm down! I am not going to hurt you. Keep your mouth shut. I warned you about this. Get off the damn streets, Rita. You hear me?” Her anxious breathing calmed down and she relaxed as I let go of her. The girl turned around and looked at my face that was covered with a ski mask all she could see was a shadow of me. Having recognized my voice, she meekly said, “Clement?” I did not let her say anything more and quickly covered her mouth again. “Shut up, and stay put, I told you something like this would happen sweetheart.” Her blood was all

over the place and I told her, “They will find you and kill you if you run away, so stay put for now.” She got the idea and nodded in compliance remaining quiet. I did a thorough check of the room to make sure there were no surprises and that nobody would come in to ambush us. The room was silent save for the sound of my own ragged breathing.

I checked his pulse to make sure he was dead, and told the Rita, “Wait about ten minutes after I leave, and then call the police and report that Shatak has died of a heart attack. Tell them he was beating you and was going to rape you, and that is how it happened.” Rita only nodded in compliance.

I was running out of time, and I expected some security service to come along shortly to find out why a malfunction in the system had occurred. I grabbed my bag, and made haste to ensure that I had not left any trace at the crime scene. On my way out, I rebooted the backdoor security system so it would appear that no illegal entry had occurred. I felt like a silent predator, But I felt human for trying to save that poor girl Rita, that somehow took a wrong turn again and wound up in this dungeon of a dark paradise. I just hope that girl got the message this time as I knew one way she would’ve gone, was in a body bag. I traced my steps back as the sun started to rise and got free of the mansion. I got an alert on my phone from my bank. A nice little hefty deposit made its way to my bank account. I looked up at the sky and my breathing

returned to normal, “The deed is done,” I said with a sigh and made my way to car driving away not looking back.

The next day, Harvester himself announced that the Governor appeared to have died of a heart attack at his mansion, perhaps because of overexcitement from sexual activity. It was later added that apparently, he had also taken some drugs and they concluded that it might have contributed to his heart attack.

After his father’s death, Harvester was immediately appointed by the President to become the interim governor of California. Later Harvester was officially elected as the new governor. Degenerate and decadent like his father, Harvester had engaged in lewd conduct in public, and had no qualms about continuing with this behavior. He had not received a single warning from the authorities, and now being the Governor, he was completely in charge.

There were rumors of massive corruption and sexual perversions of all kinds practiced by Harvester as prostitutes told the police of the dark sexual degenerate behavior they had been part of. He had been seen in public being too intimate for comfort with his sister, and there were long time rumors of incest in that family. He had announced his sister’s pregnancy, but had purposefully tantalized the public’s imagination to guess who the father might have been. The public had a view of the family as one

in bed with the Devil.

That was many years ago, But It was I something could not tell anyone, Not even my partner Kent, who I cared for like a brother. So It was for the next fifteen years or so I became Harvester's indentured servant and carried out his whims which contributed too so many things, I had to do against my will. When two years ago when I finally had my so-called nervous breakdown and ended up at the hospital.

Well, I go back to the experience at the hospital Monica, I added up everything realized it was Yazdon that saved me again. Yazdon, had always had such a strange effect on people, But my cop instincts told me that he had some unique interest in me. I mean, I accompanied him in the early days, and I don't know If it was just me, But I think so many people misinterpreted what he was saying in his some of the webcasts he did. I mean take your pick, I think that was why people thought he was the reincarnation of Jesus or something, some were so threatened by him, they thought he was holier than thou. But I tended to find that I was listening to the things that he didn't say and that his actions had more or less profoundly changed me

I felt that I could no longer carry out the evil acts I was accustomed to performing for Harvester. However, he was oblivious to the change in me and continued to force me to carry

out his whims by threatening me with consequences if I disobeyed him, I had to do what I had too to protect my mom and kid. But I digress. I remember It was there at the hospital that I was given the mission to guard the Savior of mankind. I had no idea where to look for this purported Savior or who the hell he was. Well, until Harvester assigned me to arrest this man in order to bring him in for being an enemy of the state, for some bogus charge of disturbing the peace and for people starting riots in his name.

It was only when I met this Savior in person, that I realized I had met him before. It was the kid Yazdon, I left behind, and that people were calling him the reincarnation of Jesus, The man who saved me at the hospital. A man who matured beyond his young years as a screenshot was shown to me from the web. I balked at the Irony, as I asked Harvester what this man had done. Nevertheless, in his bravado, Harvester was always like, He is a threat to our order, an anarchist, an anti-Christ etc. etc. etc. Then Harvester would get offended every time I questioned him, but knew how to shut me up when he mentioned my family. I think I developed Stockholm syndrome or something. After all at times I felt I like was a hostage who had to identify with their kidnappers or something you know?

For the brief moment Monica, When I joined his circle, I got to meet the people who where an inseparable part of his life and Therese was among those people. Therese was that middle-aged

French woman, somewhat petite in stature, with flaming red hair. Her blue eyes were inquisitive and deep, like a window to her intriguing and mysterious soul. Being the cop I was, or maybe just because she was a woman, she tried to fix me and Celine up, I was hoping she'd give us an opening, but never did.

Apparently, Therese had followed Yazdon from the day he was born. She had chronicled all the details of his and his family's life, following some strange phenomena that bordered on the unexplained. It was like she was one of the wise men that originally came to see Jesus or something. But I think I was more of a suggestion from Ilham, after all Ilham had her gifts too and saw what an inquisitive person that Therese was and that she would probably write an interesting article of some cosmic events surrounding some things of the unexplained about Yazdon's birth.

I always thought Therese was crazy in a way, but in a good way, as she was a talented journalist, being brilliant to the point of eccentric. Personally? I thought she might've gotten abducted by aliens one time, guess that made her interesting. She lived with the family and followed them everywhere they went.

Well, I guess Yazdon saw something in me that nobody else did. He used to tell me "Clement, sometimes I think that your only one that sees the real meaning of my teachings. You more than what you know. You have way of seeing people that nobody else

does. I mean yeah sure you got Therese my chronicler, my story teller, but I have learned something from you, Humanity”. I don’t why Monica, but Yazdon intuitively trusted me from the start, and wanted Therese to share with me what she had chronicled about his life thus far, but the lady I knew was different from the chronicler, But I do know this Monica, everybody has got a story to tell. I got my side, Therese got her’s.

CHAPTER 4

Turmoil

Monica continued to read further, captivated as she turned the pages

Monica, I always remembered when Lawrence was alive, the media looked at Yazdon as a demigod, the demands and responsibilities of his mission occasionally weighed heavily on him, and he felt especially uneasy at times. Just when everything had come together for him, tragedy sometimes struck from all sides. The evil intentions to discredit and harm him and the plots against him found their way into his psyche at times. He got premonitions that told him about the events that were about to unfold. Yazdon always scanned images that flooded his mind, seeing family and friends in peril as well at times. In a way, I'd always try to reassure him that it was only a probability that something could happen, and that future things, were just what they were, images of the future and that the future could be changed. I used to ask him if there was a God and the devil, and he said that was that it was symbols of good and evil that manifested themselves as visual aids for people. It caused me to get into an argument at times with him as to if he thought that God and the Devil existed and I tried sometimes to press him about the fact that he may have seen the Devil in the Dessert, But he didn't say anything. I told him that as

a cop people were bad enough to each other and that God and the Devil Left Los angeles a long time ago. But still, I pressed him, He had gotten evasive at times in regards to the subject. Then I'll never forget I asked him one time if he ever saw God or the Devil. He did say he saw the Devil one time, but didn't want to talk about it. So, Out of respect, I didn't press him on the subject.

Of all the visions he had ever gotten, one such image was of his friend Lawrence, and something was terribly amiss, it really bothered him. He remembered the vow he made in Africa to heal his friend, which felt like a very long time ago. Had to go to New York where Lawrence lived, and fulfill his promise. I know that me and Therese will probably disagree on the details about what happened, but I'll tell you what I saw Monica. Sometimes his visions were distant and vague about his family, which disturbed him, and after trying to contact them without success, he felt a longing and a sense of urgency to go home to Los Angeles, But never could. While constantly touring and lecturing, bring in a new order to things I guess. Home was the only place in Los Angeles where he could let down his guard and take a break from the business of constantly giving to the needy. It was where he could ground himself, and at the same time, comforted by the never-ending love his family had for him. It was where he could be near them at a time that he perceived they would need him.

Yazdon was about to go see Lawrence and his family when

Bryce told him about an urgent call from Lawrence's sister, Muriel. She had been trying to reach Yazdon for many days to tell him about the fact that Lawrence has fallen deathly ill. She wished for Yazdon to be by his side before her brother took his last breath. Yazdon got a hold of Muriel and she confirmed that Lawrence was now suffering from a full-blown case of AIDS and was on his deathbed. It was crushing for Muriel that Yazdon had not contacted Lawrence all this time since he came back from Africa. Yazdon apologized to her, and said that he was on his way swiftly to be with his dear friend.

I could see it on Yazdon's face. He did think about his friend Lawrence. But I could see that at times he felt stuck. Nobody could give him the right answer. He told me at times that there was a strange force driving him toward a purpose and that he was getting visions of Lawrence in a deceased state, only to find that he would be nothing more than a zombie walking the earth. Yazdon always dismissed that thought.

I always told him that to never let his visions make him crazy that there may have been some things beyond his control like sickness and death. Yazdon went to New York to comfort Lawrence and Muriel, but moments before he finally got to the hospital, Lawrence passed on with a priest by his side to give the last rights. Muriel was beside herself with grief and raged at Yazdon, cursing him for not getting there sooner to help her

brother be cured of his illness. She muttered something about how Yazdon did a lot for strangers but not enough for the people he supposedly loved. Yazdon was disturbed, devastated and ridden with guilt, and wept at the death of his friend. He regretted that he could not do more for him and admitted that he was distracted by his responsibilities and commitments.

Yazdon, was overcome with emotions over Lawrence's premature death from a horrible illness, wanted to reverse his death intensely with every cell in his body. In a fit of rage at the circumstances, Yazdon displayed an episode of rage that shorted out some light fixtures that frightened the people in the room. Muriel pleaded with Yazdon to revive Lawrence while his body was still warm. This was the push he needed to take matters into his own hands. A blue light engulfed Yazdon and he began to glow. The blue light expanded from Yazdon's body to Lawrence's body and they joined into one. Sparks of electricity emanated from Yazdon, bolts of lightning struck Lawrence's body. A wave of calm and peace overtook Yazdon and he started to radiate love that engulfed the room and everyone in it. Yazdon asked The Supreme Consciousness to bring Lawrence back to life, and to return his soul to those who love him. There was silence and anticipation, and suspense filled the room.

In the midst of all this, the priest who was very agitated suddenly started to protest and he interrupted Yazdon, "Lawrence

should be laid to rest. This is sacrilegious. Only God can give life. This is blasphemy; Curses would befall you for raising the dead.” Yazdon was in a trance and oblivious to what the priest was saying. The priest irritated the distraught Muriel, and she told him to “shut up.” The priest continued with his antics and Muriel who was afraid that Yazdon would be distracted and unable to perform his miracle yanked on the priest’s arm and pulled him out of the room, in an abrupt and forceful manner. He started to scream out, “He is the Devil himself.” She told him, “You are an arrogant man, and you know nothing of the soul. You have no compassion, and have no desire to help those in need who don’t deserve to die a horrible death that my brother suffered.”

The security guards arrived to find out what the commotion was all about and find the hospital room filled with light and the people in the room mesmerized. They quickly escorted the priest out of the room, and told him to be quiet, as they stood by the door to watch the revival. When the priest left the room, rambling on, “Blasphemy; false prophet; stop the charlatan; arrest the man!” and he started an uproar.

The commotion attracted a crowd and word went around that Yazdon was in the room with his dead friend. People gathered outside the door, and the mesmerized guards barely managed to hold them back. Some people use their cell phones to take pictures and videotape the occurrence. Yazdon paid no heed and remained

in a deep trance. The room became eerie and abnormally silent, and the stunned crowd gasped in utter disbelief. Staring aghast they witness a ghostly cloud appearing in the room. “Hello Lawrence,” Yazdon uttered; and he commanded his friend, “Please come back to us!”

Lawrence’s chest gasped for air and the corpse began to utter a few words that everyone could clearly hear. Lawrence’s corpse addressed Muriel and Yazdon and told them, “My journey is over and I led a good life. I have no regrets. Do not mourn for me because I am in a good place and I am peaceful. I am here and I’ll always be here with you.”

Muriel sensed the bliss that his presence brought to the room, and the indescribable joy and happiness emanating from Lawrence’s spirit. The incredible joy and bliss was the kind of feeling that is hard to describe in words, and impossible to feel in the physical body. It made her feel as if he was not dead and he was simply living in another dimension. But yet something told me that, she would have a hard time registering that her brother died and that her dealings with Yazdon weren’t over. For now, presently, Her sorrow melted away and she left with a feeling of emptiness as she whispered, “Come back”. She just missed him dearly, crying for brother that had just passed over. Reminded me of a person who had left for a long vacation, but she was comforted to know that someday she will see him and be with her

brother again, if she could accept as to what happened. Yazdon came out of the trance state and things came back to normal again. The crowd that had collected outside, only starred aghast as they didn't know what to think as the video that was just taken would be likely shared amongst the multitudes on the internet.

He embraced Lawrence's body and exhausted from the task he turned to Muriel, and said, "Lawrence knew how difficult this was for those of us who loved him, but what you and I want right now does not matter. I know you were probably expecting some kind of miracle that he would be back in your life, but he is at peace, and he was ok with death, please understand that. He finished his book, his life was complete, and he fulfilled his destiny. As much as we want him to be in our world, we cannot go against his will and the will of his creator."

Muriel cried and gave thanks to the Consoler. She profusely apologized from him and said, "I beg you to forgive me for misjudging you earlier. How could I be so wrong?" She then softly said, "Yazdon, you didn't just save my brother but you saved me, my Savior, and my Consoler," as tears of joy, longing, remorse, and gratitude pour down her face all at once.

Muriel knelt before Yazdon, kissing his hand, and said, "Thank you a million times for lifting my pain." He told her to get up and said, "Let me give you the consolation you deserve, you are

my friend and should he treated as such, he hugged her and nothing further was said, but was that the end?

Yazdon turned around and saw the whole crowd bowed down to him and giving him praise. A sense of calm and peace had taken over all the people who have been watching. Yazdon said, “Go home and rest.” Some people complied and left, But some I think just stayed there too see if something else might’ve happened. Weird how things turn out Monica, you’re not going to believe what happened next. No sooner than uttering those words that, a wave of anxiety hit him. Another emergency was brewing in the mix and he had to go home. He looked at me for some sort of reference and I got an idea. I went into my cop mode. “Ok folks, nothing to see here. Please disperse and go home.” Then all of the sudden everyone was eager to comply on that one.

So anyway Monica, Yazdon decided to go to his parents’ home, he found no one, but the housekeeper. She told him that Ilham would be out of town attending to an emergency, and she would be indisposed for a few days. His father was out of town but no one seemed to know his whereabouts. Yazdon was alone as he contemplated meditated, and centered himself. The revelation came to him that Edward was in deep trouble unexpectedly, and he had been arrested in Italy. He also sensed his mother’s presence with him. Yazdon had to go to Italy where they had detained Edward to see if he could help his cousin. He was

concerned about his mother and he felt her despair. “Clement come with me, I can’t do this on my own, We need to make preparations to go to Italy” Yazdon said. I only nodded in compliance with reassurance that I’d be there for my friend.

I know I never said that much Monica, especially about Jamon. Just then, Jamon, who had been experiencing the same emotional turmoil as Yazdon, called to tell him about the latest news. He said, “I am relieved that you have left New York in the nick of time, brother. But whatever you do from then on, just sit tight, don’t do anything rash like sometimes you have done.”

Jamon had been kept abreast of the situation through The Guardians who were skilled as lawyers, and he continued, “Also, the Guardians have told me that Father was detained in California. He went there for some business dealings and he was arrested.” Yazdon asked, “How did this all happen, on what grounds?”

Jamon went on, “Unknown to our family, Shatak had started a secret file on us years ago when he was Governor of California. Apparently, our abrupt departure made him highly suspicious and he started an investigation on us. Because our father had international dealings with other countries, For some odd reason, there was a deal in CA that offered jobs to people for that palace proposal from Shatak remember?, that got Shatak’s attention. I will take care of this brother. We have a spy in our midst and I will not

rest until I find him, For now I have to manage fathers affairs and find the traitor that did this, Because these charges are bullshit, Someone has been siphoning money out of our company and saying that father is taking jobs from the city ” Jamon said.

“I don’t know, with Shataks murder however, it halted the probe into our family, and his unfinished business and pet projects went to the grave with him” Jamon said. Once his son Harvester took his place, he had his own agendas and planned to exploit the public, and he had no interest in Shatak’s affairs.” As far as anyone could see The Jeffrie family was forgotten, at least at that time. “Apparently, since Harvester became the President a couple of years ago, his paranoid tendencies flared up considerably and he ordered files to be opened on all the citizens especially those with ties abroad. He also ordered the reopening of all unsolved cases, and our family’s files were among them, Jamon said.”

Yazdon felt the urge to rescue Armon, and he suggested to Jamon, “I’ll be back; I’ve been talking with some of guardians who work in the DA’s office who are trying to secure father’s release.” Jamon found it necessary to go into more details about the roles the Guardians have been playing in protecting the family. He then told Yazdon, “The Guardians have uncovered a plot to turn you over to Harvester. On second thought, Don’t leave just yet to Italy. Find some place to lay low. Stay in California, I’ll contact you then with more information. “From what I know about this NWO they

are a powerful clandestine group who were planning to rule the world and have eyes everywhere, they have given Harvester an ultimatum to participate in an operation against you, and to probe into your life and your business. In other words, you yourself are in grave danger. Besides, several of The Guardians' members are in branches of the NWO are arranging for Armon's escape as we speak to get out of the country, and this is all taken care of, Jamon said."

Jamon continued to explain more about the plot against Yazdon. He told him, "We are just hoping that at this time that they don't know you are related to him. Remember we used to have mother's Syrian maiden name until we left California and came to live in Sweden."

Yazdon said, "Yes, I remember that. That was when she decided to change her last name and ours officially to Jeffrie. Then as far as they are concerned in California, dad has two adopted sons with a different last name. They probably don't know any of us are related, good job Jamon, said Yazdon."

Despite the favorable information from Jamon, Yazdon's remained highly anxious and restless. He had already had the premonitions about the situation with Edward and Ilham and he asked Jamon, "What about Mother and Edward? What have you felt about them, and what do you suggest we should do?"

Jamon went on to say, “Yeah, I have heard what is going down with that. Apparently, by an order of decree the Pope had arranged for the arrest of Edward and his followers. They succeeded in arresting him and some of his disciples, and there awaiting a trial. Most of who have heard the rumors have escaped arrest have since scattered.”

Yazdon asked, “What are they accusing him of?” Jamon said, “Edward had spoken out against the Pope regarding cover-ups, plots, assassination attempts against other religious and political leaders, and the resurfacing of rumors of rape and molestation of children.”

He sensed Yazdon’s restlessness and said, “I am also anxious to be with the most important people in our lives. But I urge you not to take any action because you are too closely tied to Edward and your life might be in jeopardy if you leave for Italy. I can’t bear it if something happens to you.” Jamon went on to tell him, “Monica was on her way to pay you a surprise visit but she is now on her way to Italy to help with Edwards’ case, and to protect Mother.” Yazdon told Jamon, “I am thankful to know that you and the Guardians are there to protect the family and me.”

What Yazdon did not know was that Armon was heavily involved with the organization as well, and he and Monica had been closely working together, although Monica did not know

Ilham well except from a distance.

Sadly, the situation for Edward had taken a tragic turn as he sat in a prison cell not knowing what his fate would be. Unknown to the general public, a new religious legal system modeled after the Spanish Inquisition rose up to judge those who were considered contrary to the powers of God. But that was too good for Edward as far as the Pope's cronies were concerned, who found Edward troublesome and easily dispensable. They didn't bother to put him on a trial and unknown to Edward's knowledge and not being able to defend himself, they found a way to do away with him quickly in prison and murdered him, by another prisoner who was promised freedom by God for his service. Things happened so quickly that you did not get a chance to do anything to save Edward or even find the lawyer who was skilled at religious law amongst the guardians. I remember your goal now was to find Ilham and return her home, safely, and as soon as possible. I knew you hesitated to break yet another bad news to her, and chose not to say anything about Armon's ordeal until they got home to Yazdon until she found out more about Armon's safety. Ilham came home with you, and me Yazdon in L.A. and you sat down and told her about Armon's troubles in California, she found it too much to bear and she fell ill. Anxiety and depression paralyzed her with fear and she stopped eating.

Fortunately, for Ilham, your knowledge Monica, of herbs and

remedies brought her some calm and Yazdon's presence could not have been any more timely for Ilham. Yazdon tried to comfort her and reassure her that the Guardians were doing their best to get Armon out of trouble. I just looked at the guy Monica, it didn't take a lot to see that he felt cursed by his own success and that he blamed himself for the suffering of his loved ones. Sometimes I had felt that love killed you know? It didn't take a therapist to see that Yazdon was burdened for just being a human being. That sometimes he still wished that he was a regular person. That he could keep his destiny separate from his family. He got frustrated Monica, He loved his mom so much and she was getting ill from these events. On the one hand Ilham was so strong, but then again she was all too human as well. But how far really was he willing to go as far as keeping his public life from his personal life? I couldn't see just yet. He meditated with ilham to help her get a grip on her emotions and together they projected thoughts for Armon's safe release. Several agonizing days went by and the situation with Armon remained suspenseful. Eventually, with some finagling on the part of a handful of Guardians, and with the use of some forged documents they presented a case of mistaken identity to the authorities on behalf of Armon. They convinced the authorities that they had the wrong man with the same name, and managed to get him off the hook. They got Armon out of the country as fast as they could.

Well? You know what happened with Edward. We all felt that one Monica. Edward's murder set off a chain reaction that swept through the Catholic Church. It was crazy as to how things can move so fast Monica. The disenfranchised people who were sick of hearing about the indiscretions of the church and the discriminating and outdated nature of the doctrines they had to swallow. They took to the streets and a major riot broke out in St. Peter's Square after two Bishops were attacked and killed by an Islamic faction. The rumor mill flew as the newspapers spread stories, that maybe it was Edwards followers who instigated the discord, as some form of protest to get Edward released, as peaceful protests weren't working. Some thought that maybe it was some of Yazdons followers as it was rumored that Edward had dealings with him. I wasn't one to believe in rumors unless I saw it happening in front of me. Bloody skirmishes erupted that lasted for several days and spread to other areas from what I heard. Eventually there was a call for the Pope to step down which led to the downfall of the entire church, but I don't know if it was the end of papacy.

CHAPTER 5

The Quest and the Miracles

Monica continues to read, riveted by Clements letter

So ok Monica, I still got so many things to explain and stuff I couldn't tell you until now. I couldn't stand Harvester, I always wondered if he was lurking in the shadows. Sometimes, I felt that one his people were following me, but then again, I've become paranoid over the years.

So anyway, Harvester was unaware of the connection between Armon and Yazdon, and it was several weeks after Armon's narrow escape, but do to some incompetence on the Harvesters administrations part, for misfiling the information on the family, the President realized he had a file on Armon's family as well. Would the president put things together on the family to realize they were all connected somehow? Did Jamon ever find the mole in the company? From his officials, they gave a detailed background on the entire family including their numerous assets in the United States and all over the world. He received information that Yazdon was a frequent visitor to the United States, and he had set up residence in Southern California. Harvester also learned that Yazdon had dual U.S. and Swedish citizenship and that his mother's country of origin was Syria.

As a spiritual leader who had gained popularity all over the world, Yazdon had the potential to do a lot of damage to Harvester's maintenance of power and control over his government, and Harvester was eager to dispose of Yazdon as soon as possible. He had to drum up charges against him as a dissident who had spoken openly about corruption in world governments including the United States and had incited people to rise up against any government that they perceived as unjust and dictatorial. Harvester could clearly see how beneficial it would be for him to slap the entire Jeffrie family with separate charges of sabotage and dissention, and get rid of them all. Moreover, he could confiscate their huge fortune in the United States and abroad and find a way to claim a stake to it. He thought he could be easily extraditing Yazdon to stand trial for acts of sedition and terrorism against the United States.

In the living room of one of his palatial suites, Harvester was celebrating his birthday. There was sex, drugs, under the table dealings, and an orgy-like atmosphere that I had to witness. There are some exotic dancers teasing the guests, and people were being decadent and indulging themselves to excess. Before the fun was too begin, Harvester had summoned me into a private room to discuss the latest business. I had done his dirty work for many years including killing his father Shatak, and he had handsomely rewarded me for carrying out the dark deeds as I killed all who

opposed him or ruined their lives with the keystroke of a computer. He had his chokehold on me and I had to carry on his wishes whether I liked it or not. He made sure he reminded me each time of the price of failure, which was a life of imprisonment and torture and hell for my family.

There was a meeting underway and he sarcastically introduced me. “Gentlemen, Clement... ‘The Ax’ or ‘the Axed’, as the case may be.” The attendants roar in laughter and the meeting continued. “Come in and join us, ‘Ax’,” one of them says. They were discussing Yazdon and the so-called miracles that he had performed. They thought he was nothing but a magician and a shyster who had the power to control the masses and had gotten powerful enough to pose a major threat to the survival of Harvester’s government. They reiterated that they wanted me to find the self-appointed Consoler and bring him to justice for his idiotic and derogatory lies and insults.

“You can work your gifts Clement, like you’ve done before, and have fun with it if you like,” Harvester says. “I want him out of the picture,” he added. “He has been a boil on my back for many years. Go now, and do whatever is necessary to bring him to justice.” “What is the man’s crime?” I asked. “He is an agitator, proclaiming to change the world and turn our social structure and laws upside down with his nonsense, and disturb the natural order of things. I would say things are working just fine and we like it

this way. He needs to take his nose out of politics and mind his own business.”

As things proceeded from the secret location, a televangelist in the group in the NWO said, “Let’s put it this way; he has made a lot of enemies including a few among the religious organizations, like us televangelists. He had spoken against God and our Lord Jesus Christ. So many people want him dead, including some god-loving politicians.”

“Why do you want him dead? He seemed to be harmless. He preaches love, and peace. How dangerous can that be? Have you seen him in action?” I asked. Infuriated at my remark, Harvester turned his back to me and said, “Listen, and listen good, you little shit. The only system that is going to keep his followers in line is fear. If we scare their leader off, they would fall in line.”

Someone said, “We don’t need a self-appointed prophet to disturb the way things are. He caters to the lower classes who are nothing more than blue collar slobs. It is not as if they are capable of doing anything grand.”

Another person in the group seconds that and said, “They don’t have the brains to do more, besides, someone has to do the unskilled jobs. We need these people to do the work we hate to do.” Another said, “Who wants a bunch of discontented blue collared slobs working for them?”

Harvester let out a bellowing laugh. He added, "Do we understand?" This was followed by more snickering, and laughing, which jiggled his fat gut. He then ended with the usual line, "You know what the price of failure would be, Clement?" "Yes!" I said; "I know the price." Never felt such a wave of anxiety sweep over me, like it did then and there. Harvester laughed some more. "Now I have a party to attend to gentlemen. Let's go on with our festivities."

Everyone was partying and drinking to excess. Harvester's eyes were on his stepdaughter Sidney, and finally the biggest surprise of the night unfolds. Harvester lost control and lust took over him. For a moment, he became oblivious to the stares, and grabbed Sidney close to himself and proceeded to fondle and kiss her. Everybody thought that it was a joke but nobody said a word in fear of crossing Harvester.

Sidney turned to Harvester and slapped him in the face, angrily saying, "You will never have me, you sick pervert!" She dashed out of the room. Harvester called her to come back and after getting no response, muttered, "That little bitch."

Stunned and speechless, Harvester's wife Hazel was destroyed by this action. She started to tremble and broke down right there and then. Her daughter had told her about how Harvester's stares have been of a sexual nature and that she was afraid to be alone

with him but Hazel had dismissed her remarks as a figment of her imagination. Outraged she screamed at the guests and told them, “The party is over assholes. Get the hell out. Go on. Go home.” Some of the guests got really quiet and left. Some of them gave Harvester a dirty look and told him to keep his bitch in line. Other guests scampered to leave the party. But I’ll never forget the arrogance of Harvester Monica, I could see that he didn’t like being questioned about his actions in his makeshift kingdom and I think that if he had the chance, he would’ve made his stepdaughter disappear.

My experience in the hospital had profoundly changed me as I reflected on it from that even, and from that point on, I had not been interested in being a killing machine anymore, I was willing to do anything to get out. I mean anything. Killing had come easy to me in the past, and that is why they hired me to do this assignment and I had a lot to lose. I had no choice but to follow my orders because if I failed, Harvester and his scummy society of religious fanatics would carry out the gruesome acts they had promised to do to me on whomever they chose. One good thing about this assignment was that they did not seem to be interested in having me kill Yazdon, at least not yet. I was supposed to mingle with him and his followers, gain his trust, and either lure him into the United States or find a way to have him extradited to the United States from whatever country he was in to stand trial. They

didn't understand that this person was real and he could actually read people's minds.

Yazdon had been easy to find when he willed it for those who sought his help and In way I didn't find him, he found me, all he had to do get in contact with the guardians who worked for the LAPD. By now, he knew he had powerful enemies out there who were thirsty for his blood and he could no longer make public appearances and go places freely. He had to take even more precautions wherever he went and he couldn't be as accessible as he has been so far. The Guardians had revealed themselves to him one by one and they were no longer keeping their identity a secret from him as they knew eventually, Yazdon would find out about them one by one. The rest of the world was still unaware of their existence and they still carried on their clandestine operations to keep Yazdon safe, even though existence of them abounded on the dark web. They recommended that Yazdon would go into a different mode and hide for a while until things calmed down and the authorities began to forget him.

So here I was, I had to protect him, even if it was from himself at times. Yazdon was distraught over this and he did not want to live in hiding. Moreover, there were people out there who needed him and he couldn't abandon them. So me and him decided that he could live among the people and use his 'hidden illusion' mode to get around, but public appearances were going to have to be

curtailed or restructured somehow if he was going to survive. Finally, there was the question of your safety Monica. It could take a perceptive person to see that you were his constant companion, but It stunk that you now had to go under cover again so that that the powers that wouldn't be able to get to Yazdon through you.

The Guardians who were ex spies come up with a so-called cat and mouse operation to guard Yazdons safety. They suggested that he would make brief appearances to small groups of people in designated homes, and after a lecture and a healing session, he would disappear from view.

They managed to put together small-scale meetings everywhere Yazdon went. The game continued for about a year and it seemed to work. He also used the "the hidden illusion" frequently to get around and remain unseen. Yazdon's following grew even larger into a number to be reckoned with. He made appearances in many different countries where he was welcomed and escorted by guards and police. In many other places, the game of cat and mouse had to continue so that the authorities will never know where or when Yazdon was going to make an appearance.

Even after I found him again I finally caught up with him, and at first glance, I recognized him as the phantom doctor who had come to my room at the hospital and healed me. He recognized me Monica and all this time I thought he had forgotten who I was.

I always knew in a way he saw into my soul, and he knew why I was there, being put in contact with him and everything. I couldn't believe it Monica, I was immediately disarmed by the whole encounter. My heart changed right there and then. Here was the man who had shown me such kindness, and he had healed me and pulled me out of the trenches of hell. There I was, trying to betray him and hand him over to the authorities. How ironic.

I wanted to hear from his mouth that he was the doctor who saved me. Before I uttered anything, Yazdon confirmed that he was there at the hospital and he healed me. All I asked him was that why would he help someone like me? Then he told me something interesting, Monica. He said, "Clement, I have seen your destiny and you have walked the thin line of good and evil. You once asked me if I had seen God or the Devil, and didn't want to talk about it, but that I did. But you my friend I must confess to you that I haven't seen God but I have seen the devil and the Devil can get to anyone, But he hasn't gotten too you. Something tells me that you have seen him as well." "Sometimes, I think I have seen the devil, but my uncertainty creeps up to the surface, trying to make me rationalize if he is there" I said. "Clement, I know you have seen evil, a part of you wants to understand why some evil can't be so easily explained. The devil exists my friend, and he loves to pray on the weak from what I've seen and I know that you have had that seen too." Yazdon said. "So why me?" What did I do to

deserve such kindness from you and you? Weak? Hardly” I said. “Because, I need your help my friend as I’ve always told you, you’re the one person who has truly understood my teachings and I may need your help in continuing on my legacy” Yazdon said. I felt so guilty then and there, I got the urge to confess to him that I was there to hand him over to the authorities.

He smiled and told me, “It is not important what you were planning to do. What matters is that you have had a change of heart and you are sincere.” I found myself overcome with emotion and hugged him. I owed him my existence, and I had been waiting all this time to thank the man who saved my life. I promised him that I would lay my life down for him if it ever came down to such a thing. He told me that he valued me and he wanted me to join his close circle of friends again. I couldn’t help but feel honored by this kind gesture.

Once I caught up with Yazdon fully, everyone could see the futility of the operation they had undertaken to maintain Yazdon’s public life. It had become tiresome and difficult to keep up, and the Guardians were now concerned that it could eventually pose a risk to Yazdon. They abandoned the practice and all operations were done strictly on the interactive websites.

It is at this time, that Yazdon decided to start a voyage on the sea with you, his friends and family, confidants, and a selected few

who want to come along. I was asked to be among the people who get on board, and I accepted the invitation with honor. But I knew sooner or later I would have to report to the NWO and Harvester. Even when those assholes tapped my phone seeing if I was making progress, all I could do was lie and stall them for as long as could.

Some individuals had come forward to get on board to receive private teachings from Yazdon for their own enlightenment and some had come eager to understand his message and help spread it, a few had come to refute him. A few people had come forward from among the Guardians to join the spiritual voyage.

Bryce had obtained a large and comfortable boat for the journey. This was a boat, which had many amenities and was well equipped. The organized party boarded the ship. A few of the guests were experienced sailors who helped navigate the waters, and the Journey of a lifetime began.

Among the people on board, there was a cynical woman named Lara, who was still one of the few who doubts Yazdon's abilities. She has heard of the miracles, and she was skeptical and had to see it for herself. She had no ax to grind one way or the other, and she perceived herself as having an open mind. Like a good investigative reporter, she wanted to get to the truth.

Lara would not hesitate to expose Yazdon as a fake and charlatan if she came to that conclusion. As she sat on the deck

and got lost in her own thoughts for a moment, she thought, “How could this mere man perform miracles and proclaim to save humanity?”

Yazdon noticed Lara in deep thought and put his hand on her shoulder in a friendly gesture, and said, “My dear Lara, there are so many things that we don’t understand in this world that defy logic and the rational mind. You want to understand the world so much on a rational and logical level that you have forgotten about your intuition, and the physical sensations you experience in your body, ‘your feelings’. Learn to listen to your body and trust what it is telling you. Can you explain the passion you feel? I understand the world of the skeptic, and I wanted you to come along on this journey of discovery of the mysteries of life, but for you it would be a journey into the self, the interconnection of the thoughts and the feelings, and trusting yourself again, and developing your intuition. Lara, you will see the wonders of the world, and things beyond your understanding.”

Lara had so many questions and this was as good a time as any to find out the answers. She asked, “I have been following you around the world and many things remain unanswered to me. How is it that you proclaim to do your miracles, but maintain that you are human? Some people say that you are a creature from another star system or some demigod disguised as a human. Who are you?” Yazdon laughed, “I know why you are here and I want you to go

on with what you want to do.” Lara, who felt she still had to explain, told Yazdon, “I am an investigative reporter. I want to write about what I perceive as your ‘escapades’.” Yazdon found this amusing and said to her “I will make it easier for you. You can follow along the journey and write about me openly if you agree to show me your writings and have me put my seal of approval on it, But if you chose to publish this, then all I ask is that you change people’s names for a sense of discretion.” She only nodded and agreed to the terms as everyone knew that’s what might happen and that people might be ruined.

Lara had received an offer she couldn’t refuse and she readily accepted the job. She had wanted to investigate Yazdon more closely anyway, and to write her columns for her readers, but now it would be even more believable if it is authenticated by Yazdon himself.

Ironically, there are other people on board who had skeptical thoughts, but are not speaking about them openly like Lara. They have many questions about this Consoler, and do not understand his reasoning. “Is he a manifestation of God or a mere mortal,” they questioned.

They saw that Yazdon was very much prone to human frailties and he even had family crises from stories in the media and on the internet. Many read about his mother’s episode of depression and

how mentally fragile she was and the truth was some people didn't know what to think. I just concluded that you really can't please everyone no matter how hard you try and It was true of these circumstances Monica. They chronically gossiped amongst themselves, and wondered if Yazdon would abandon them and his teachings as these crises escalated and would maybe bubble over into some kind of crescendo. That was one thing I couldn't tell about him, If he would or wouldn't abandon his teachings, He never said much too me on that one. They developed many suppositions about him, drew their own conclusions, and tended to forget that Yazdon had a higher purpose.

The voyage continued for some time and there was so much to be learned about the planet, the universe, and each person's destiny and place in the world. There was much time to ponder, contemplate, read, write, meditate, and get help from the master on spiritual matters. Lara, the skeptic, had an awakening that had turned her belief system on its head. The experience had been unfamiliar and frightening to her, and had it not been for Yazdon's presence she may have had a nervous breakdown from extreme fear.

On one occasion, when she was participating in a group meditation, Lara suddenly felt like she was spinning out of control. She was bombarded with images but didn't know where they were coming from and what they meant. She started to panic and tried

to end the experience. Yazdon went to her, sat by her side, held her hand, and put his arm around her shoulders. He told her to let go, and reassured her that he was there with her and would protect her through this and nothing bad was going to happen to her. Lara's mind was put at ease with this reassurance and she relaxed, allowing herself to continue with the experience.

Lara completely changed because of this experience and gained psychic powers she did not possess before. It was as if a completely new porthole had been opened into the future and she could see right into it, and foretell future events yet unfolding. Yazdon helped her sort out what was happening to her and guided her through her experiences.

Several days into this, she woke up in the middle of the night frantically seeking Yazdon. Everyone awoke to find Yazdon on the deck. A storm was brewing in the horizon and he was standing on the deck facing it with his arms open, as if welcoming it. I don't know Monica, but maybe he knew that some kind of storm was coming for him, I always thought that's what that action represented about him. The crew did not think anything at first, but quickly the storm grew worse in intensity, and it became a full-blown hurricane. They thought they did not stand a chance, and they began to fear for their lives.

Yazdon remained calm and in the midst of their panic, and

much to their disbelief he threw himself overboard, in a freefall. From their shock and disbelief, no one made a move toward him to keep him from falling into the water. Bryce made the first move and ran after him throwing himself into the water. I also followed him into the water, but he was nowhere to be seen. It was too dark and some people begged us to come back on board. They threw ropes and tubes to pull us out of the water. There was chaos and panic and some other members started to wail and cry, and were about to jump in.

I remember Monica you started shouting, “Calm down everyone. Look into the horizon.” And you Monica, were the only one who was not panicking and apparently knew what was going on, or didn’t you?

I always remembered in the shadows of that brewing hurricane on the horizon, the silhouette of a human was seen inside the storm by everyone. In the eye of the hurricane as a matter of fact, everyone saw the figure of a man parting the hurricane as if it were Moses parting the red sea. It was a shocking and an amazing sight for everyone to behold. I knew that Silhouette was Yazdon and when they saw him walking on the sea he was radiating that strange light. Only a sprinkling of rain was pattering on the hull of the boat. Everyone thought they were hallucinating, as some had their cellphones on them recording the event, which no doubt would wind up on youtube. They stared in shock and couldn’t believe

their eyes. Their leader, stood on the water in a perfectly calm ocean. Everyone started to nervously laugh and looked at each other hugging one another. They started to clap their hands as if Yazdon had performed the best magic trick worthy of any magician or illusionist working at a show in Las Vegas.

All Yazdon did was laugh and he smirked, bowing to the crowd to indulge them, all in good fun as even Lara could marvel at the fact that Yazdon stopped a hurricane from developing and did a stunt that would've been worthy of Jesus himself. Personally, I think Yazdon did that little stunt just to let of some steam and wanted to challenge himself against elements and think with the circumstances of what may happen to him as a demonstration of bravery on his part. Personally. I thought what it proved to me was that he was bravest man I'd ever met and that whatever would be coming for him, wouldn't get him. I never told anyone this Monica, personally at the time, I didn't know to think that he may be brave or be really stupid, but It wasn't my place to tell him as there were all those people around. But I know that little incident was over the top and who was I to judge him. Maybe he was being the ultimate people pleaser, but I guess in way I was impressed as this display of ultimate power, which was otherworldly. I told him later, "You know, If ever your little ministry fizzles out and we manage to get out of this situation with Harvester, you could stage the greatest come back, by changing your name and work in Las

Vegas” I joked. Then it was weird Monica, he gave me some really serious look and remained quiet. Then I asked him, “Maybe you wanted people to see you as some sort of demigod, or that we are not slaves on this earth?” I inquired. “No clement, It was just a display of power and nothing more, that hurricane was a reminder of things that will come for you and me my friend, for now my friend enjoy yourself and allow yourself to live in luxury on this little cruise.” He said. I thought he may have been reading my mind, when he said that comment.

Yazdon went back to his guests and got the attention of Jolene another passenger on the ship, who there from an internet news website. She looked like she had fun as I saw her trying to perfect her powers of telekinesis jokingly by melting a spoon with her fingers as she told Yazdon, “That bit about walking on water was nothing. I can do better than ‘that’.” Everyone laughed and Yazdon said, “Well, come out and try it for yourself if you believe in my teachings and you’re on.” Jolene said, “I was just joking, I can’t even begin to think how it is done.” Now it got everyone curious as they went back out on the deck again.

Yazdon took a rope ladder down to the ocean and asked her to step out from the boat, as Jolene sat at the bottom of the ladder and began to meditate and concentrate for the task ahead. She summoned her power and will and slowly stepped into the water. I saw your face Monica, Even you were impressed by this little

display. Much to Jolene's shock, she did not find herself sinking at she tried to maintain her balance. But at that moment, Jolene felt unsure of herself and things started to turn to shit when she started to sink. A few of us I remember were going to dive in the water, but all Yazdon did was hold up his hand and told us to wait. In her state of confusion and awe, Jolene forgot that she was able to swim and she panicked yelling, "Save me."

"Why would I do that, have you lost faith in yourself, which was the purpose I was trying to show everyone?" Yazdon asked. Just then, he saw that Jolene was in trouble, and he ran over to save Jolene to help her up.

"Oh, you have little faith, and you have so little faith in yourself. I can teach you to fish, but I can't do it for you," he says and rolls his eyes and got exasperated and sighed, I guess it was his way of teaching a new lesson that nobody got, But I think I got it, I am not sure. "Could you not believe in your own actions and your own wisdom to guide you across the waters?" Yazdon grabbed Jolene and guided her back to the boat.

They sat down and had a passionate and heated discussion about what just transpired. Yazdon told them, "My friends, to bring about change, you have to belief in yourself, be true to yourself, and trust in yourself. For now, let us sail as we are all on our own personal quest, for now let us eat as I shall prepare some

red snapper tonight for dinner.”

All The guests smiled, but remained silent as they didn't know how to confront Yazdon about the little 'miracle' He did. They all wondered if they he had some higher purpose for them. Lara chimed in and said too everyone, “Guys, we are all right on this fact. We were all brought here for a reason and not just too improve ourselves.” Yazdon took time to relax on the boat and personally prepared a dinner for his guests and everyone enjoyed. The crew and passengers continued south on their journey.

CHAPTER 6

The End Draws Near

Monica continues to read, feeling that the plot has thickened

Monica, the task before me was impossible. I had grown to care about Yazdon like a brother and he had so much more to give. He reminded me that that there was humanity left in this world and that whatever argument that God and the Devil would have as to if humanity was worth it? would remain in a stalemate. But things somehow catch up too you despite your best efforts to escape what is happening in your reality. I resigned to get what was coming to me from Harvester and the rest of those scumbags.

I decided to abandon my mission to deliver myself to Harvester completely. The members of Harvester's secret group were continuing their harassment and torment of me in order to get me to do the job faster. Every night I laid in my bed in turmoil and mental anguish, not knowing what they would eventually do to Yazdon or me.

I had given them excuses as to why I was not able to complete the task all the while trying to sound convincing enough not to run the risk of being exposed. One excuse was the fact that Yazdon was only appearing on the interactive websites and no one had seen

him in public for weeks. That excuse went over well enough for Harvester's cronies as they were able to verify that I had given them the correct information. They lay off me for a while and allowed me to check in with them every now and then to give them a report. My stalling tactics seemed to work but I knew eventually that they would find out I had caught up with Yazdon and that in fact I was even traveling with him.

Once again, things had heated up in Harvester's circle and there was division and dissent in the ranks. Some of the perpetrators had become more steadfast and wanted the task done as quickly as possible. Harvester's ulterior motive to get his hands on the family assets and to share some of the spoils with his cronies were a motivating factor for the ones who wanted to capture Yazdon as soon as possible. On the other hand, some of the people in Harvester's circle had grown tired of his idiotic tirades and had begun to speak up against him openly. Apparently, a couple of them had had a sudden attack of conscience, and had asked to be excluded from the mission to bring Yazdon to justice. One of them had had a bout with cancer that had opened his eyes to the futility of life; another member had encountered a family crisis where he had wondered if Yazdon could have helped him had he not been a fugitive. Some had recognized the benevolence in Yazdon and no longer saw the point in planning his demise, and worried about the bad luck his capture might bring to them.

During one of Harvester's meetings to eliminate Yazdon, incriminating words and conversations were being exchanged, with lawyers getting involved. Unbeknownst to Harvester, for some time now his stepdaughter Sidney has had a habit of walking to a side door to eavesdrop on his meetings. She hated him with a passion, and she was dreaming about someday when she could expose him for who he really was. The information she used to get at times was scanty at best, but she has gotten good at eavesdropping. She had managed to collect a good sample of her stepfather's exploits and unethical dealings, including some conversations she had recorded by hiding a button hole surveillance recorder in the room she bought from a security equipment shop and downloading it to a flash drive. After Harvester's meeting that night, she went to the conference room to collect her data.

Sidney was an admirer of Yazdon, and on the tape, she heard Harvester talking to someone about the gory details of how Yazdon was supposed to die. As she listened to the tape, she found out in horror that Harvester had sent a spy to track Yazdon's movements and to arrest him. She covered her mouth in shock, and trembled in fear for Yazdon and her own safety, thinking she was likely to be murdered if the information was traced back from her.

I always thought she was just some confused young woman

and she felt all alone. The only person in her life who should have protected her from her stepfather's abuse was her mother who had turned her face the other way and had abandoned her. She felt sickened by the thought of the abuse she had gone through without her protection, and she hated her for it. Her life and her family were revolting, and she was filled with shame and disgust for herself. She decided where her loyalties lay. Her conscience and morals screamed out to her to do the right thing, no matter what the cost. She desperately needed to escape from her perverted stepfather and her self-absorbed mother, and she decided to run away that very night. The plot against Yazdon was the excuse she has needed to break away from the maniacal family. She needed to warn him somehow.

Sidney had thought about escaping for such a long time that she had plenty of time to plan her escape carefully. She had been observing and asking seemingly innocent questions to learn more about the security measures at the compound, all the while thinking of ways to bypass them. She had secretly recorded the security frequency codes on her cell phone, and she knew how to use it to disable the alarms. She went to her room and quickly packed up her belongings and her laptop computer. She took only the essentials, and all the money and jewels she owned from the family safe. Time was of the essence and she would have to locate Yazdon fast, warning him about the punishment he would receive

if he fell into Harvester's web. She had all the information she needed to contact him. She put her laptop in her bag and snuck out unseen into the night never to return.

Sidney got a room at a dumpy motel and used a social media blog spot to find out where Yazdon was. In turn she read the speculations on internet about Yazdon going underground that had been brewing on the net for some time. Sidney uploaded the information on her buttonhole recorder about Harvester's plot in great detail, out there on the Internet anonymously for the world to see without the specific details in order to protect her identity. Consequently, rumors spread that Harvester's witch-hunt had been responsible for why Yazdon had not been making public appearances.

Once again, resentment grew around the world, about the unethical tactics used in the U.S. under Harvester's administration to deal with opposition. Through some searches and managing to obtain Bryce's email, Sidney also sent an e-mail to Bryce warning him of the life-threatening plot against Yazdon. Bryce and others who scanned the Consoler's messages and regularly to answer the adulations of his fans caught on to her e-mail.

Right around that time, I received an e-mail from one of Harvester's cronies, relaying a message threatening me with consequences for not completing the task, I had become

desensitized as to what they were going to do me, I got so angry Monica, But I had to fear the consequences of my actions if I told them to fuck off. Simultaneously, Bryce and the Guardian members intercepted the e-mail. They unlocked the coded attachments that revealed to their horror the startling and alarming information describing the plot against Yazdon's life. They were shocked to find out that Harvester was naming me as the man who was going to turn the Consoler over to the authorities. I know I am kind of rambling here, but the email spelled out the elaborate and vicious plan that was going to unfold beginning with bogus evidence against him.

The goal was to paint Yazdon as a charlatan who had been embezzling money from people to build his own empire. His trial and public execution were supposed to be broadcasted on a reality show, so that his followers would watch their leader die like a common criminal. That would be the final blow to his image as the spiritual leader. They hoped this would result in his followers turning their back on him, and his reign as their leader would end without making a martyr out of him. Bryce who I knew would be in a state of panic, horror, and disbelief shared the information with the inner circle and they decided to take matters in their own hands.

That's when I knew you guys would trail me to where I was staying, weird that even a cellphone these days can have an

application to find an address to find out where it was last used and you can add things up to where I was at. I know Bryce, you and others would find me and bust into my cabin to where I ran off too. I had to tell you this Monica as to what happened on my end and I hope you would forgive me, But then again I do not think I deserved it. I know you will find me Monica, sometimes I think you knew me better than I knew myself.

Monica stopped reading as the letter ended and all she could whisper was “my God”. She called up Bryce on her Cell phone and said, “Hey Bryce, I need you come with me and text me the coordinates of Clements cell phone. Clement might know where Yazdon is too be taken, and he can maybe provide some answers.” Bryce responded, “Yeah your right, that piece of shit is in hiding somewhere and I managed to triangulate his cellphone, I’ll pick you up”. After picking up Monica, Bryce fiddled with the triangulation application on his phone and they knew where Clement was. They busted the door to the cabin where I was hiding. Bryce confronted me, jumped in, and said, “I know who you are, Clement. You are a scumbag and a thief and would sell out your own mother for the right price.” He started to kick my ass.

My survival instincts kicked in and I got into a fight with Bryce. The others hurled themselves on top of me and tied my hands behind my back. Yazdon walked into the room and told

everyone to stop the fight.

Quite to the shock of everyone, Yazdon was in the room and Bryce handed over the e-mail to Yazdon, Bryce said, "Consoler, forgive me; he is a two-faced son of a bitch and a rat bastard. After all the kindness you and everybody else had shown this man, it turned out that he had been conspiring to have you killed. See for yourself."

I told Yazdon, "You know that I will lay my life down for you. I have been sick of life and my agonizing existence for so long until you came along, gave me hope, and changed my life. Now they have made a fugitive out of you and have threatened to harm my daughter and my mom If I don't turn you in to the NWO. Please, I beg you for safety and mine, please kill me and find a place to hide where no one will know who you are. It is better for me to be dead and then they won't have any reason to harm you, my daughter and my mom. Do what you want with me, you have found me out."

Yazdon told me, "I already know about your suffering, your desperation and I have seen the benevolence in you. Together we will do our best to get past this hurdle and who is too say that the NWO won't harm your family anyway? Who's to say that they won't harm me or those I care about," Yazdon said.

Bryce was shocked to hear that Yazdon considered Clement

benevolent and had such respect for someone who had been plotting to turn him in. He was jealous and felt hurt that Yazdon has never called him benevolent. He had long considered himself Yazdon's best friend, and concluded that Yazdon had not found him worthy enough to view him in the way. This bothered Bryce immensely and he abruptly exited the room. Yazdon sensed Bryce's agony and dashed out and calling after him but Bryce ignored him.

Monica asked Yazdon, "Had he told you the details of the plot against you?" Yazdon replied, "No, not the details. He did not know what all the details were. They never told him." I was confused by now and I said to him, "I don't understand. I did tell you about the plot."

Yazdon said, "You thought they just wanted to scare me and have me interrogated and put in jail, but not this." Yazdon handed over the e-mail to me and I started to read it.

I was horrified to read the e-mail and I began to sob and muttered "Sweet Jesus, holy shit". I looked to Monica for some sort of point of reference and told her, "Forgive me. I had no idea. I would never betray you. I love you both like my own family and I would die for you. What do I do? Harvester is getting suspicious, and he has threatened to go after the only family I have and love, my mom and daughter. He was afraid that I would rat on him and

he is set out to destroy me and my family if I don't show my allegiance to him by turning you over to them.”

Yazdon replied, “In times of need and necessity, sacrifices have to be made to save those I care about, and that time is now. You have never betrayed me, and I know I have put all of you, Monica, and my immediate family in harm's way with my views and way of life. I will not let them harm you or your family because of me. I must turn myself over to my enemies.”

I was shocked at this statement, and I looked at Monica. The expression on her face was indescribable. She looked pale and I could see the pulsating of a vein in her neck, as she was numb with shock. She was speechless and on the verge of collapse. Yazdon sensed her agony as she almost passed out, caught her, brought her toward himself, and held her tight. He told her, “I must do the right thing. I promise you that I will be OK.”

I said, “But what you ask of me is a monumental task. I can't betray you and my friends here, becoming another one of world's greatest villains that history will record. This is situation is impossible, I cannot do this, I just can't, you need to make a run for it. I know that many are jealous of my friendship with you, but many would be happy if I am done away with.” I got up from my chair.

Yazdon said, "You know as well as I how the world is

structured now, All It would take was one tip off from something or someone to find out where I am. I will not allow any harm to come to anyone because of my indiscretions.”

I felt strange hearing Yazdon’s remarks, and recognized that Yazdon was correct in his mindset and I broke down again and cried. I knew what I had to do. I had my death threats to deal with and the sanctity of my family to worry about. I needed to see to it that my family was safe.

I told Yazdon, “I have to depart as soon as possible and see Harvester at his palace. You need to stay put and wait for me to contact you.” All Yazdon did was nod in compliance and said, “go”

CHAPTER 7

Doorway to Hell

I felt like a dog that had been beaten one too many times by a sadistic owner. I had to report to Harvester's palace for my punishment. Once I met with Harvester, he immediately ordered my arrest and threw me in jail. The charges were dereliction of duty, desertion, treason and AWOL, interesting how the law can pervert things to its own advantage. The news got to the Guardians immediately and Yazdon was alerted to my situation. The circumstances were dire and Yazdon told his followers that he needed to be alone to collect his thoughts.

Yazdon was unsettled because his work was not done, and he was not ready to let go yet. He was quite sure that what he was about to do the right thing, as anxiety drove him over the edge and as he wiped his brow, he noticed that he started to sweat some blood on his forehead as he paced about the room trying to work out a solution in his head. His senses told him he was going to be at peace no matter what happened. He had to get some air and walked in the night as he contemplated how he was going to turn himself in to save my family and me. He couldn't very well publicize this and let his supporters deal with Harvester because he knew there may be too much bloodshed and innocent people

may die in useless riots. It would also mean that they would end my life anyway.

Yazdon was concerned about the fact that they may very well go after his own family to break him and force him to turn himself in this way. They would hunt him down to the ends of the earth. He will not be able to spread his words and teachings openly and his life purpose would be defeated. He refused to live in hiding like a fugitive.

He was deep in thought when Monica walked in and said, “I need to be with you. Please don’t shut me out at a time like this. My heart can’t take it.”

Yazdon told her what he was contemplating on doing. Monica was distraught at the prospect of losing Yazdon. She asked a rhetorical question, “Do you really want to die after coming this far?” “If I have to,” Yazdon said.

She said, “Why? Do you know what will happen? Do you know what the disastrous consequences are going to be and how those who love you will suffer? Ilham will probably kill herself. You know her sensitive nature. And what about Jamon? He will turn into an empty shell. Think if all those who depend on you. They will all lose hope and curse your name and you will have died in vain. All this was for nothing?”

Yazdon replied as Monica started crying. “It will be fine, and

it is all going to be OK. I know the Divine creator will provide protection and wisdom, and will help my message of love and kindness spread on the earth. For now I am prone to human frailty, Clement is my friend and the one person who ‘really’ understood my teachings, also there is the dilemma with his family, But still things must come to a pass and will whether I go through this or not.”

Monica said, “I cannot bear the thought of not having you on this planet. Without you, life would lose its meaning my love.” She passionately kissed Yazdon, and they lost themselves in the moment.

As their bodies intertwined and the pleasure of the moment engulfed them, Yazdon’s heart was filled with hope that he will fight this and overcome it victoriously one way or the other. Monica’s tears dissipated as she looked to him for some guidance. His message would spread and lift humanity to a higher level of consciousness, which was his goal and mission on this planet. Later as they lay there in each other’s arms, he was confident that the divine creator was watching over him and he will pull through this in his darkest hour. He had to return to Los Angeles to face up to the ultimate task. He would have to face the charges one way or the other. Yazdon was not sure if he would end up living or dying for his views but he was confident that he would use whatever influence he could gather to drop the trumped up charges.

Bryce calmed down and pondered his rash behavior felt ashamed about his fit of anger the day before and wanted to talk to Yazdon alone. He apologized for his outburst, and they talk as two close friends to clear the air. They discussed Yazdon's decision and the need to converse with his inner circle to say any last words to them in case of the possibility he may not see them again.

Everyone started talking all at once at to what to do and we were anxiously waiting to talk to him. They gathered around, and he began to tell them trying to get some semblance of order as he said, "As the vessel for The Divine forces, I have put the tides of change into motion. I have seen many positive effects as well as the union of many negative forces. Now comes the test of time. This is the test that is going to prove if I have had any influence in changing beliefs and paving the way for a peaceful world filled with love and humanity. This is the time for all the good and the evil forces to battle it out and the winner will inherit the world for the next thousand years. I see the end of evil and a bright future ahead, and it is my greatest desire to be there to participate in all of it. My own existence however is uncertain and it can go either way. No matter what happens to me, you are all going to be OK and no harm will come to you. Go, my friends, and give whatever good you have in your hearts to the world, and realize your dream of peace on earth." Everyone looked at him, and thought in that moment that Yazdon might have thought he been insane.

Yazdon looked to Monica, who looked like she was hiding something, but nobody couldn't tell what. I couldn't leave just yet as everyone was silent as I asked, "How do you know what will happen, do you have some sort of plan?" "Just look at it this way guys, If I am I not successful, I want you all too have plausible deniability. But, If I do not make it, everyone in this room must pass on my work and my teachings. You all must preparations to flee. In particular, with Clement, there is that saying that Things happen for reason, I know either way all hell will break loose and things must come to a pass. So far that is all I can see you guys" He said.

Everyone was crying and wailing as they cannot let go of their master, there teacher, there confidant, there love, there friend. Yazdon asked them, "Pray for me and keep hope alive in your hearts." "Go up to the Canadian border and stay there until things calm down, Yazdon said."

Bryce wanted to come with Yazdon but he told him, "I refuse to have anyone come along. I don't want to worry about you about your safety."

Bryce was very persistent and started to say, "You need someone to go with you. I can help." Yazdon yelled at him, "You need to get out of here, don't be foolish Bryce! You have always stuck your neck out for me plenty, But not at the cost of your own

life. I am doing this alone.”

Out of nowhere Lulu the dog showed up and hopped onto Yazdon's lap. Yazdon looked at her and ordered her to go to Monica and Monica picked her up. Monica put her arms around the dog, looked to Yazdon, and sobbed. Yazdon said to Bryce, “See the dog? She's got it. You all need to get the Hell out of here and leave. Bryce stubbornly refused that request.

No sooner had said that, the familiar sirens of police cars was heard. Someone yelled, “Police, we have a warrant.” police helicopters surrounded the area and they busted the door again and separated out everyone. They stopped Yazdon and Bryce and ask them to reveal their identities. There was chaos in the room as everyone was ordered on the ground with police asking the people to put their hands where they could see them.

Before Yazdon got a chance to step forward, Bryce made a futile attempt to protect him and got a baton blow to the stomach, But, it wasn't enough to faze him as Bryce jumped a police officer, and got into a brawl with him. This was just the excuse the police needed to shoot a few rounds into the air. In the commotion, one of the bullets that were fired hit Bryce, fatally wounding him in the neck.

Yazdon moved towards Bryce to attend to him as Bryce was healed of his injury and the pool of blood gushing out of him.

Some of the police marveled at what he's done, but are stuck in knowing what they have to do. "Bryce my friend, Learn from this and know that violence doesn't always solve everything. That those who live with violence, may die from violence in the end", Yazdon said. Bryce coughed up some blood said, "I am so sorry. Please forgive me. I will adhere to what you have said" Yazdon said, heal from this injury and remember that you have been my one of dear friends as well." The police made their way towards Yazdon handcuffing him and tell him that he was to be transferred to Washington DC for crimes against humanity, the United States, and the prophets. Everyone just stared in shock not knowing what to do and feeling petrified with fear.

Yazdon was not about to leave Bryce lying there to deal with an uncertain fate, the arresting officers relinquished their grip on him. He let out a terrifying cry that freaked out everyone. An energy wave exploded out of his body that literally blew everyone back a few feet and caused the bystanders to stagger and fall to the ground. The police became somewhat disoriented and shocked and in disbelief as they watched Yazdon approach Bryce again. He immediately went into his healing mode and stopped Bryce from bleeding and everyone else found a strange peace from the mysterious force. At least Bryce would live and not bleed to death. Bryce staggered to his feet and made eye contact with Yazdon as if they had conversation where words didn't need to be spoken,

but actions would be taken.

The police stood there in awe. Some of the police had their cell phone videos and pictures rolling, and the images were being transmitted on the Internet instantaneously, as things were unfolding. Some recognized their revered spiritual leader and text messaged the information to people they knew. The word reverberated around the world instantly about his arrest.

Yazdon got up and saw guns drawn at him. He told the police, “Put your guns away. You better take care of him immediately, and keep your hands off me. I don’t need handcuffs. I have come here on my own free will. Take me to Mr. Harvester.”

Hastily the police officers lead him to a vehicle followed by five other police vehicles escorting him to the airport. The police converse amongst themselves, in front of Yazdon. He overheard their conversation, and they mentioned the name Clement, who got arrested in the chaos.

“Why have you sold your souls to this evil president?” Yazdon asked. One of the cops replied, “Don’t ask us, man. We’re just doing our jobs.”

The other cop said, “You’ll probably get off with a slap on the wrist, or you’ll just serve some time, Truth is some of us actually admire you.” Yazdon decided to do a little mind reading about his situation and found that the police were kept in the dark much like

the rest of the public, and that there was light being made of the situation where the police really didn't know in how much trouble Yazdon was in.

After a long ride, they came to a special section of the airport hidden from public view, and boarded Yazdon onto an airplane for prisoners and cuffed him to his chair. Some of the prisoners who seemed to recognize him are shocked and mystified to see him sitting next to them. Yazdon did not want to talk, but the prisoners begged him to tell of his stories and words of wisdom. In the third person, he told them the cryptic story of how betrayal of friends can occur even if for the most desperate of reasons as sometimes, that not even the devils or Gods intervention of situations can arise when people were put in bad situations. The prisoners were silent but they took the story to heart. Yazdon was silent for the rest of the trip.

In Washington DC, Yazdon was escorted as a political prisoner into a high security vehicle. When he thought of his family, Yazdon experienced the pain they were suffering right then, knowing what was happening to him. He felt uncertainty, and got a surge of panic and started to sweat. The anxiety took hold and quickly he got a hold of himself and moved on as a prisoner made mention of the fact that he was sweating blood.

After the guards made their rounds of dropping off prisoners

to their respected destinations, Yazdon was alone with an armed guard and one other prisoner who looked like the stereotypical psychotic killer. Apparently, he belonged to a terrorist group, which had perpetrated some of the worst acts of violence the world has seen. In his sick mind, the terrorist thought he had been supporting a good cause.

The man looked Yazdon up and down, smirking and chuckling to himself. “The Good, The Bad, and The Ugly,” he muttered, referring to the three of them, Yazdon, himself, and the armed guard, smiling as he revealed gold tooth on one of his teeth in a sick smile.

Yazdon said, “You have seen too many cowboy movies.”

The man ignored him and went on. “You are a glutton for punishment, Consoler. Aren’t you?” He told Yazdon, “You are such a weakling and a coward. ‘Nice’ is not for real men; it is for girls. You are such a little bitch. Look at you! You are pathetic; no one has any respect for you. People respect terror, and that is the language they understand.”

Yazdon replied, “You’re a sick man, and you need help.” He stared at the man, thinking all along how he could fix his twisted brain, but it was too no avail as he was led by guards to an uncertain fate and had to focus as to what would happen to him.

“You’re going to die,” the man said laughing. “When they kill

you, my followers will rule the world,” he continued.

Yazdon was quiet and did not respond. The man stared at Yazdon for a long time and finally said, “You are a hunk of beef. You are going to be quite popular in prison, they pass guys like you around like currency,” as he stuck his tongue out and flicked it around like a snake and drooling.

Yazdon shook his head, cringed, and thought, “These are just the ravings of a mad lunatic.” He sat back in his seat and was quiet.

CHAPTER 8

The Interrogation.

Yazdon was taken to a prison compound that apparently served as a temporary holding place. No one knew about this place except for a few higher up's in the elite circles of government, in case any sympathizers harbored thoughts of rescuing their comrades, or someone in authority had some clarity of conscience.

Apparently, he was not going to be taken to Harvester from there. Instead, Yazdon was blindfolded by a cloth bag over his head, put on an airplane, and then taken on a boat to an island in the distance to a federal penitentiary where the hardcore and the criminally insane were kept. A maximum-security prison, that was lawless and where all kinds of violations of international laws and codes of conduct for proper and humane treatment of dissidents were practiced on a routine basis at this prison. There were no visitation rights and in most cases, the location of the prison were not disclosed to the family members or friends of inmates.

When Yazdon got there, he was pushed and shoved into a chair and handcuffed, Things moved fast as Yazdon was processed into the system. When his blindfold was taken off, his senses adjust to the small, dark room, and for a moment, he cannot figure out where he might be as he squinted to focus who was in the room

with him. For all he knew, he could be in the infamous Alcatraz prison that the public has been led to believe had been closed since the 1960s.

The prison was nightmarish and as Yazdon sat there, his mind was flooded with images of pain and torture inflicted on the prisoners. The horrors of life in that prison played themselves out like a movie in front of his eyes. He realized that some prisoners had been let out of prison as the ultimate punishment, after their identity has been stripped away, by removing their digital prints, teeth, and wiping their memories after going through a lobotomy that was so subtle that they couldn't remember who they were. The pain gets under his skin and his stomach began to churn.

Stewart Parker, who was the prison warden, had his dark side and his price for doing business unethically. There was another side of him however, that he had guarded as his secret, and no one except for his wife knew about it. He had an ulterior motive for being a warden at this prison. Years of trying to navigate through a corrupt system has made him into a vigilante of some sort where he had managed to free a few prisoners who he had thought were innocent. He had conveniently lost track of some of the dead prisoners' files claiming to have misplaced them, whereas in reality he had secretly let these prisoners free.

He had heard of Yazdon and all the miracles he had performed.

Stewart was impressed by him and admired his struggle to free humanity from itself. He was not sure why he would be imprisoned for his views. He wanted to talk to him the next day to understand to his own agreement if this man was indeed guilty.

Much to Yazdon's surprise, Stewart conversed with him about spiritual matters, and Yazdon gave personal information about Stewart's life that only he would know about. The encounter with Yazdon was uplifting and just like most people who met Yazdon, Stewart felt touched by the experience, that a weight off his shoulders had been lifted to fulfill his agenda in a corrupt system. His feelings towards Yazdon convinced him that Yazdon was truly a spiritual man, and he found no fault with him and knew without a doubt that he was falsely imprisoned.

Stewart asked Yazdon the obvious question, "Do you know what they're planning to do to you?"

"I understand that I might have to die but, I am not afraid," Yazdon replied. He then said something that surprised the warden. "My life belongs to me. No one has the power to take it away from me. It is my will and the will of my creator to decide when I am going to die."

Stewart was puzzled and did not quite understand what he meant by that. He sighed looking at Yazdon as he said, "You got balls, I admit that. You're either very brave or really stupid. I

haven't decided. Interesting how the two can be one in the same. Do you know that they're going to record your execution and put it up for sale in media and use the money to promote themselves by selling this too the masses that there savior is dead?"

Yazdon was silent for a moment and then he said, "No one can control the manner in which I choose to die. That is my decision alone."

Stewart shook his head and thought that perhaps Yazdon was too optimistic and somewhat delusional. He said, "Jesus got crucified on the cross. I don't care how holy you are; you are here and you are in their hands, son," after a short pause he continued, "I'll see if I can work the system to grant you more leniencies. I pray to God that you would get your wish."

The next day, voices were heard in hushed tones as three armed guards approached Yazdon's prison cell. One of the guards unlocked the door, came in, and told Yazdon, "Come with us."

He was taken to a larger room and handcuffed to a chair. There was audio and video equipment and all kinds of electronic gadgets that equipped the room. A few minutes later, they came to Clement's cell and took him to where Yazdon was, and handcuffed him to another chair on the other side of the room. No words were said.

CHAPTER 9

The Show Must Go On

Yazdon and I just stared at each other as tears start pouring down my face. I couldn't believe what I had gotten into. You could cut the tension with a knife. It was so difficult to see him treated this way, but he looked unusually calm. I was at a loss for words. The guards beat the shit out of me really good to try to break me, maybe to get some confession out of me, But I didn't know anything, it didn't work.

After much silence, I asked him, "You Ok?", You don't look the worse for wear. Kept my word, didn't I? Told them nothing about you" All I got was silence on the other end as I said, "say something".

He told me, "Do not blame yourself for this. I made this choice for everyone's sake, and on my own free will. I am prepared to take the consequences of my actions." It struck me how relaxed he was and I decided that it was futile to get into an argument with the guy.

Half an hour goes by, and one of the men who was fixing the monitor tuned it into the White House and Harvester appeared on the screen. He began to talk to the prisoners on a two-way system.

Harvester went into his usual rambling to get me to talk and have him hear what he wanted to hear from me. He told me to confess to my acts of treason and to aiding and abating Yazdon to do his acts of terrorism and inciting the masses against the United States, and her allies. I hesitated, and Harvester gestured to the prison guard who was standing behind me to baton me across the face. All it just did was cause me to spit some blood as I said, "This is best you got?" As I cursed Harvester for making my life hell, Sarcastically, I shouted, "I am not playing your games anymore, you miserable fuck. You can do what you want with me but please let this man go. I know I'm going to hell anyway."

Yazdon was unusually quiet, and when I looked over my shoulder toward him, I saw his eyes roll up and he was in a quiet meditative state. I was mystified as to what was transpiring as starred perplexed, muttering, "What the fuck?" The entire room felt heavy and the guards appeared disoriented. Screens started shorting out and there were some sparks from the electrical equipment. The sound transmitting from the room shut off and Harvester who was unaware of the situation thinking there was a technical difficulty.

We all stared at Yazdon and didn't know what to think. What the hell was going to happen? I braced myself for a disaster of some sort. But I didn't know where It would come from. We all looked at Yazdon as it seemed his spirit seemed to have left his

body as he was slumped over in the chair and his soul was creating electrical disturbances in the room. I began to think that Yazdon was dead. I starred in shock trying to rationalize what just happened. Anxiety gripped me as I said, “Yazdon get up, don’t let these pieces of shit win”. In a state of panic, I yelled at the guards, “He is dead. He willed his own death. You made him kill himself. You bastard motherfuckers. You killed him!”

I was boiling in rage and violently shook the chair I was handcuffed to. I wanted to kill the people who caused his death. Part of me wanted to die right there and then wishing I could take these bastards out with me. One of the guards went over to him, took Yazdon’s pulse, and confirmed he was dead.

The sound and the screen came back abruptly and the officials told Harvester, who was still on standby, that his prisoner had expired. Harvester got incensed. He had not had a chance to get a confession out of him and broadcast his execution yet. He was now going to look like a martyr and become bigger than life. Secretly, I smugly smiled and just watched the show as my friend died a good death, and wouldn’t these scumbags win.

He told them, “This is a trick. He is not dead. Use your baton and give him a good whack over the head. That’ll wake him up.”

My smile dissipated quickly as I watched in horror as the ruthless prison guards took their turns at Yazdon’s body as it was

beaten up to a bloody mess. One of the guards uses brass knuckles on him to get him to stop pretending he was dead. Another one cut his arm with a penknife he had on him. Nothing happened, and Yazdon's lifeless body slumped in the chair.

The guards stopped and asked Harvester what he wanted them to do now. Harvester thought for a moment and he threw his arms in the air in disappointment and told everyone to let it go for now and he would figure out something later.

I yelled at Harvester, "You got what you fucking wanted. Curse you, Harvester, and all your supporters who backed up this senseless suffering. You vermin will all get what's coming to you soon."

Sarcastically, Harvester replied mockingly, "Clement, you were almost perfect in doing your tasks," raising his voice and shouting he continues, "But you are a damn weakling and you have proven to be a coward. You have failed me. Go drown yourself in drugs and booze. You are so pathetic and you don't deserve to be in my circle." I said to him, "I wash my hands clean of this situation. He's your martyr now."

Harvester told the guards, "I don't have any use for this loser anymore. But keep him locked up for a couple of days in case I need him and then take away his identity and let him go."

With that order, they escorted me toward the door to tok me

to my cell. I broke loose and walked up to Yazdon's bloodied body and fell to my knees, kiss his feet and cried, "I beg you to forgive me. I owe you so much and I am indebted to you for the rest of my days, in this life and the next."

The guards yanked me and roughed me up a bit, and threw me out of the room. One of them says, "Get the hell out of here, scum and stop whining like a little bitch." They closed the door and left Yazdon's lifeless body in the room.

It had only been one day from the time of Yazdon's arrest, and already out in the real world, there were riots erupting and grassroots uprisings everywhere. Yazdon had a universal appeal for his views and for the worthy causes, he and his family had done around the world.

Demands for his release were mounting from people everywhere regardless of their differences. Sweden was demanding the release of one of her own citizens, but Harvester was claiming that since Yazdon is a U.S. citizen as well they do not have to release him to them. Sweden was insisting on his release to them accusing the U.S. of inhumane treatment of her prisoners, and there was pressure from the European Union and African countries for his release as well. The uprising in their countries surprised many heads of government and they hoped his release would calm the riots. They had grossly underestimated his popular

appeal amongst the masses.

Harvester who was beginning to grasp the enormity of his blunder was completely dumbfounded and caught off guard by the worldwide attention the situation had received. Yazdon's unpredictable action of taking his own life had created a major problem for Harvester. It was not going to be as easy as he thought it would be to reduce Yazdon to a common criminal. He was under pressure to come up with an explanation to justify his death very quickly, and it had to be a good one. Harvester must drum up the charges, come up with a fake confession from Yazdon, and go ahead with his sick and twisted televised execution to appease the group of zealots. His political and religious backers had wanted to televise Yazdon's death to prove to his followers that their so-called spiritual leader was nothing but a shyster. They needed to frighten the masses by showing them what the price of speaking out against authority was, and by that to prove that they were still in control.

To accomplish this Harvester needed the Warden's participation. Stewart received a phone call in his office from Harvester asking him to help him with the situation. Stewart and Harvester never saw eye to eye, and there was a lot of tension between them. He was an experienced warden who had worked himself up the ranks and Harvester had rewarded him with this grueling job, by assigning him to a prison where corruption and

botched executions were the norm. The goal had been to set him up for failure, and blame him for his own wicked actions. Stewart's attempts to stop the vicious treatment of some innocent prisoners had been met with Harvester's disapproval. He cannot stand Stewart's self-righteousness attitude, and in the end, it was Stewart who was stuck in a job with no way out, having to satisfy Harvester's blood thirsty appetite.

The Warden, who had a disdain for Harvester, told him, "I have heard your case Harvester, but what do you want me to do about it? The man is dead." Harvester reiterated to the Warden, "Those who defy authority and break laws need to be punished, and you are not an exception."

Stewart was quiet and Harvester became frustrated saying with a smirk, "Our religious beliefs forbid the killing of an innocent man," as he raised his voice and said with anger, "This man was far from innocent."

Harvester proceeded zealously. "Yazdon had aggravated people in power and had undermined our system of government. He had jeopardized their safety by encouraging the masses to defy the laws of the country and to rise up against practically all forms of authority."

He came up with a load of accusations against Yazdon. Then he told the warden, "Prepare a confession stating that Yazdon had

admitted to the crimes I just recounted for you. I want that done as soon as possible.”

Stewart did not know what to do. He asked Harvester, “Look, I have seen the man and have talked to him. This is a man of innocent blood and you are not going to convince me otherwise. Why do you want to smear him? You can’t pay me enough to do this dirty work. I have to draw the line somewhere.”

Harvester who was not pleased suddenly raged to the level of insanity. He started to rant like a lunatic and threatened Stewart, “Do I have to remind you, sir, that you work for the government and disobeying the President could cost you dearly?”

That night, Stewart went home to his wife Sara with a heavy heart after Harvester’s tirades. He was in a serious problem and did not know how to get out of the situation. He discussed this with Sara who was a wise woman and he could always count on her for a solution to the problems for which he had no answer.

She pleaded with him and asked him, “Please do not go along with Harvester. I know you would deeply regret it. As far as I am concerned, I reassure you that I would be proud of you no matter what happens to us.”

Stewart responded, “What if I get fired?”

She reassured him, “If such a thing happens, we would manage

somehow and it would be better to live with dignity than to live in shame for undermining the cause of a man who had given his life to serving humanity.”

Back in his office the next day, Stewart received an urgent message from Harvester. He demanded that Stewart obey his authority and do what he said. Stewart refused again, and Harvester was infuriated. Time was running out on him. He threatened Stewart that he would pay for this.

A couple of hours later Harvester sent his messenger to Stewart with two documents. One was Yazdon’s made up confession and the other one was Stewart’s resignation papers. The messenger told him to take his pick as he could only receive one package of documents. He could sign one document or the other. Stewart was caught off guard when he read the resignation paper, which specified that once he signed the paper, his resignation would become effective immediately and he would have to pack his stuff and leave right away. Stewart considered the ultimatum and realized there was no way around this dilemma. He agreed to sign the fake admission. He looked to his wife for some sort of reference and came to the uneasy decision that he needed to sign the fake documents for welfare of himself and his wife. He had read each of the documents thoroughly only to find that it contained blatant blackmail from Harvester. If Stewart made the wrong decision, he and his wife would never be able to get even

the most degrading minimum wage job. His reputation would be tarnished, everything that he worked so hard to get would be taken away from him, to the point of having no security of any sort in the world, that they wouldn't be able to even qualify for welfare and would be consigned to an uncertain fate on the streets. His wife only saw the look on his face as all she could do was nod with uncertainty that her husband would need to preserve their interests. Stewart took a deep breath and reluctantly signed the documents Harvester wanted that stated he was present during Yazdon's confession to his crimes and agreed to its authenticity.

With the signature and documents in his hand, Harvester quickly needed to go to the media and show proof of Yazdon's guilt in his own words. The news of Yazdon's confession exploded like a bomb all over the world. There was much debate on the websites and on the news around the world, as to how the confession was obtained by the NWO. People demanded to authenticate the signature and wanted proof of Yazdon's confession. The Swedish government deployed an ambassador to check into the matter in person. Contrary to what Harvester had anticipated, matters began to get out of hand even more now instead of calming down.

The Consoler was already dead and no one was going to believe that he took his own life. There was no way around Harvester's dilemma. This fact was easy to cover up because no

one knew about the actual circumstances of Yazdon's death except for Harvester and a few people inside the prison. He was confident he could silence anyone who got in his way. Harvester knew that the show must go on and there was no time to waste.

Harvester contacted his bloodthirsty group of zealots and gave the news about Yazdon's death. Outside the death chamber, the televangelist and a few other interested parties had already set up the camera crew to televise the execution. They were in the process of recording the introduction to their show. The messenger whispered into the ear of the televangelist that the star of their show was dead and Harvester had called for an emergency video conference in the media room at the prison. To avoid raising suspicion, the televangelist told the crew to continue with the introduction to the broadcast.

After a call to all the group members, Harvester had a highly confidential video conference with them. Together with the televangelist and a few others inside the prison media room, they decided to use another death row inmate who would bear a resemblance as a substitute for Yazdon. Harvester gave them the seal of approval to go ahead with the program and they quickly sifted through pictures of inmates who were on death row about to be executed. They picked someone who was similar in height and build to Yazdon. This man's execution was a few days away, but they had no time to waste, as they had to move quickly. They

asked the Warden to prepare the prisoner and have him put on Yazdon's clothes from the lockers to make him look more like Yazdon. He was heavily sedated with narcotics that they gave him in his last meal. After they gagged him, and covering his head, with a hood to conceal his identity they took him to the death row chamber, as they proceeded with his execution broadcasted live on TV.

The televangelist Gustav who was hosting this morbid event had been holding a grudge against Yazdon was overseeing the recording of the execution. The photographers and camera crew were ready and set up to record the execution and the substitute prisoner was supposed to be brought out to the execution chamber to be electrocuted in one of the oldest and most primitive electric chairs they had found in order to prolong his death and to dramatize the effect. The crew had even set up a soundtrack playing a clock ticking, and the sound of whistling, clapping, and cheering was playing in the background.

After they executed the substitute prisoner and finished their recording, they pronounced that the Consoler was dead. Instantaneously, the televangelists and other religious leaders around the world who saw him as their rival announced that God's work had been done, and the proof of Consoler's false prophet status was that he could not even save himself.

Gustav put in a call to Harvester to say how pleased he was with the way things turned out. Harvester said with mocking humor in a sarcastic voice, "God had prevailed and has silenced the false prophet."

Meanwhile, the slumping corpselike figure of the real Yazdon had been automatically transferred in a body bag to the coroner's office for an autopsy to determine the cause of death. Stewart had orders from Harvester to arrange for the body to be cremated. Stewart who was exasperated by these events, went to the coroner's office immediately to stop any autopsies or any form of assault to Yazdon's dead body in anyway. He told the coroner to make out Yazdon's death certificate and put down that he died by electrocution.

CHAPTER 10

My Final Chapter

After Yazdon took his life, I was immediately taken out of the room where we both were and I was put into my cell. The thought that he was dead and I had been the instrument of his demise made my heart wrench as I started to hyperventilate and dry heave. My despair knew no end. I grabbed my prison bars and thrashed my body around howling in agony. I tore my prison clothes, and I would have cut myself into pieces if I had a knife, muttering obscenities in my fit of rage. I started tearing my hair out and banging my head on the wall. They came in and darted me with a tranquillizer. I don't remember how long I had passed but when I woke up and was strapped to the bed.

It had only been two days since Yazdon's arrest and already the whole world was in upheaval. Immediately after the televised execution, the riots took on a much more violent and sinister tone. Harvester and his cronies had a much bigger dilemma on their hands concerning the body, and things had to move quickly. They could have disposed of the body somehow if it was another person but they could not have very well done so with Yazdon's body.

As I lay on the bed immobilized, Warden Stewart came in and started to cuss me out. He said to me, "Calm down and grow up,

you pathetic sniveling coward of a man. We have work to do. They are trying to hide the evidence of the manner of his death by trying to cremate his body. I want you to fly him out of here and take him to his family. I want you to do this now. Take him to Sweden. It has all been arranged.”

I was surprised to hear that and I was happy to be of some help. I asked, “What about you? What are they going to do to you? . . .”

Stewart interrupted me and said, “I couldn’t live with myself if I didn’t do at least this for him.” Pressed for time as he said, “There is no time for chitchat. Go. Go, now.”

Behind the scenes, the guardians had followed Yazdon’s tracks, by using their collective psychic powers, and anything else they could gather. They had contacted Warden Stewart who was more than willing to help behind Harvester’s back. He was ashamed of himself and felt like a coward for signing the confession in order to save his job. He had let down his wife Sara as well and he wanted to redeem himself.

An air-carrier was supposed to drop off Yazdon’s coffin to the airport where the Jeffrie’s private airplane was waiting to take off with him for Sweden. I was given an official clearance by Stewart to leave the country with them.

In Sweden, I was greeted at the airport, and met with Jamon

and several other Guardians, Jamon helped quickly carried the coffin into the vehicle, and we delivered him to the family residence. Jamon had arranged for me to stay at a hotel near their residence in Stockholm.

A couple of days had gone by and it had all been so quiet, with no contact. I had been waiting now to hear some news from the family, or from Monica. I was somewhat satisfied that, at least, I was able to deliver Yazdon to them. I felt like such an unworthy coward of a man. In the end, he died to save my life and the world looked at me as the bastard who brought down a benevolent king.

I couldn't bear this grief any longer. I lived in a state of perpetual panic and I couldn't stop it. The sight of food made me sick. I tried to eat something but threw up anything that went down my throat. I felt dizzy. I had started cutting myself several times but the thought of Monica finding me in a pool of blood had stopped me from carrying it out. The thought of living my life was nauseating.

A few minutes later, the phone rang and it was Monica. Despite my expectations, she appeared calm. I was glad to see that she was handling it OK. I figured she must have been in a state of shock. I smiled and told her in a choked up voice, "It's nice to hear your voice. How have you been?"

She ignored my question and went on to say, "I am really sorry

for not calling you sooner. Look, there is something I have to tell you, but I can't say it on the phone. I am coming over to see you soon." I asked her, "How was the family? They must be devastated. Where did they bury him?"

Monica said, "Look it is not what you think. I'll tell you when I see you."

I insisted to know how it went as I sobbed, and she said, "OK, the family consensus was to bury him in an unmarked grave for now." "Who was there?" I asked.

She was very reluctant to talk and said, "If you insist, they made private funeral preparations with the immediate family only, and carried it out a couple of hours ago. I am sorry, they didn't want any of Yazdon's followers or friends to know where and when, considering what is happening right now."

I asked, "What do you mean? What is happening?"

"Haven't you been watching the news?" she said.

I was choked up and not able to answer.

She continued, "There are riots everywhere. Several United States embassies had been burnt down to the ground, and the staff had been killed on the spot. Clement, are you there?"

I can barely talk saying "yeah".

"Clement, are you OK? Clement, answer me. Don't do

anything stupid. I am coming over right now," she said.

My story ended there. There was nothing to live for, except perhaps for Monica. It was the least I could do for her. She needed my support and I had to endure this torturous life a little while longer for her sake, as long as she needed me.

As my final will and testament, I wanted Monica to have the tablet that I wrote my letter on, which was my only valuable possession. I dedicated it to those I loved. Most of all, I dedicated this to the memory of Yazdon, the man who should have been king of the world.

CHAPTER 11

You think you know what's going on with someone?

You know who I am. I have gone by many names, Reincarnation of Jesus Christ, consoler, The Last Savior of humanity, But my name Is Yazdon. Almost a year had gone by and as I sit here on the edge of my bed, reading Clements letter that Monica gave me to read. That day was so vivid in my mind that it felt as if it was yesterday. He sounded very despondent and was oblivious to what was going on around him and in the world. I started to worry about him. I realized I thought he would likely he would do something foolish to hurt himself and I told Monica to pass a text message to him that I was coming to his hotel room to see him.

I prepared after to going over, and I realized that Jamon could get to him a lot faster than I could. I immediately called Jamon, who was still at the family residence, and asked him to get himself to Clement as fast as he could. A few minutes later, Jamon went to his hotel room and he was horrified to see Clement in the condition he found him. He noticed bloodstains oozing through his shirt. He was apparently contemplating cutting his own arteries and had been

cutting himself with a knife to make himself bleed, and some of the cuts were deep. The only thing that had stopped him was the idea that I would be coming over to see him and he did not want me to see a gruesome sight. I arrived at the hotel a few minutes after Jamon and went to Clement's room. Once I got there, Jamon and I tried to comfort him and give him hope as we saw a ghost white face that looked at us in shock. "Did you get my letter?" was all he said. I just nodded yes. That letter was his confession, for trying to tell people to understand why things went down, the way they did, outside of the media and Therese's side of things of how he knew Yazdon the man. He wanted me to have his letter to show the world how sorry he was for the way things had turned out.

I told him, "Listen, this is not your fault. I went there by myself, of my own free will, and I did what I had to do to save you, myself, and all of us. Look, we should have told you earlier, but we didn't want anyone other than the immediate family members to know about this, for obvious reasons and for you to have plausible deniability. If I knew you would be blaming yourself like this I would have told you much sooner."

Clement did not understand what I was saying and he asked, "I don't understand. What do you mean? What are you trying to say?" I began to describe what had actually transpired beginning with the dreadful day in that interrogation room as I said to him, "When I realized that they were about to beat both of us to death,

I decided to distract them by relinquishing my spirit. I went into a deep trancelike state and completely shut down my senses. My body temperature and heart rate went down to undetectable numbers. I forced an out of body projection and my spirit literally left my body, hovering over, and watching whatever was unfolding in that room. Just as I had expected, they stopped beating you when they thought I had died.”

Jamon went on to say to Clement, “When Yazdon left his body I felt a strong pull from his spirit, as if my spirit was about to let go of my body. I knew he was trying to communicate with me and I went into a deep trance that allowed our souls to connect. Call It what you will Clement, Twin connection, spiritual connection etc. It was then when I fully realized what was happening to Yazdon. No one else but the Guardians knew at the time where he was and I had to act quickly, some of the prison workers were with our group. We managed to get in touch with the Warden and requested that he would arrange the release of Yazdon’s body to his family as quickly as possible before they performed an autopsy on him. Much to our surprise, we found Stewart amazingly cooperative and he reassured us he would get him out of there as soon as possible.”

Jamon continued, “When Yazdon’s spirit left his body, Harvester thought he had passed out from fear and ordered the guards to give him a beating in order to awaken him.”

“Could he feel any of that?” Clement asked with tears in his eyes, looking at both of us in puzzled confusion.

Jamon said, “No, his body was numb and he did not react or feel anything. After they got you back to your cell, they took Yazdon’s body to the coroner and left him there. His skull was practically cracked from the blows and he needed to come back to his body to stop the bleeding and swelling and to repair the damage. When he came back, he felt the searing pain all over where he was beaten. He stopped the major bleeding and the swelling just to survive and he went into a hibernating state again.”

Clement asked looking to Yazdon, “So Yazdon your OK now? How did he manage to stay in that coffin without air for several hours?”

Jamon explained that, “Yazdon had been doing a lot of meditation and self healing and he is doing fine now, he learned a lot from his travels in his pilgrimages around the world. Fortunately, in his hibernating state, he needed very little to stay alive.”

Clement turned to me and then Jamon asking, “How did you and Ilham handle all this. You must have been beside yourself with fear.”

“I was worried sick about him,” Jamon told Clement, “But fortunately prior to coming here I had prepared my mother and

myself for his arrival as Stewart had told us about what was happening with Yazdon. He reassured us that he was going to be OK.”

“What are we going to do about his safety?” Clement asked with much concern. “This entire thing was my fault,” he continued and began to cry again.

Jamon told him, “Because of what is happening right now, it is dangerous for Yazdon to be seen in public. Fans and degenerates are coming out from everywhere and they are out to kill each other. They would kill Yazdon too if they found out about his whereabouts. It is perhaps best to let people think he is dead until we can find a safe place for him.”

I said, “We don’t know what is going to happen with the upheaval that has swept the world, and we have to wait it out. This could be a time of cleansing and no one knows which way it will end up.”

Jamon and I took care of Clement’s wounds and nursed him back to health for a few days. He still felt a lot of shame and guilt and could not forgive himself for what had happened to Yazdon and for the global unrest.

“We kept watch over you to make sure you were not going to attempt to take your own life. I know you spent most of your time crying and feeling sorry for what you had thought you had done to

Yazdon and how he had to go into hiding just to stay safe” Jamon continued.

The talking and consoling continued between Clement, me and Jamon which appeared to give Clement hope and a reason to live. Once Clement felt cared for, and needed, and he began to see that Yazdon was in control of his own destiny, he regained his spirit and found a new reason for living. “We continued to tell Clement stories we had heard from Yazdon about that awful day” Jamon said. I began to tell him, “When I got arrested, I began anticipating what my beloved family and friends and followers would be going through emotionally if I were to be killed. I began to hear their thoughts and feel their pain and I could not bear the enormity of the pain they would be experiencing. I wanted to live for them, and to fulfill the promise I had made to them. I was determined to complete my mission, which had not been accomplished fully thus far”.

“Anger began to brew in my heart. It was my life and my life alone. I was not going to let anyone take my life away and stop what I had accomplished so far and I had prepared for all my life. That was my prerogative, my will and the will of the supreme consciousness, to determine the time of my departing.”

Jamon continued trying to explain the situation and continued about the terrible night before the execution. He said, “Yazdon had

a dream that determined his fate and made him more steadfast regarding saving his own life. In the dream, he saw a little girl who was happily skipping and playing in a field of grass with her father beside her and the joy they were experiencing together.

In another dimension, he saw the same little girl gloomy, sad, and sickly. Her father had been lost and she grew up without him in her life. He approached the little girl to comfort her and they sat by a running stream. As he looked into the stream, he saw her reflection in the water. She had a glass heart and there was a void in her little heart where there was a place for the father and saw a void that would never be filled, He saw the depth of sadness in her little heart that was indescribable in words.

He woke up from the dream sobbing and realizing that this was his own little girl and that Monica was actually pregnant with his child. He could not bear the thought that he would not see his little girl and he would not be there with Monica to raise her. He had to live for her, if for no one else”.

“It was at this point that he decided to take matters into his own hands, put an end to all the suffering, and the circus created by his execution. His heart went out to Monica and he tried to communicate with me telepathically at that time. He was determined to rescue himself for the sake of his beloved ones.”

Clement could not stop crying after he heard this story, but

this time they were tears of joy, “Oh my God are guys serious?” Clement said looking at everyone with bewilderment.

“You are pregnant with his child, Monica? Was all Clement could say, Monica smiled and said, “Yeah I am”. Clement said, “I have never been so happy in my life.” Clement got up and gave Monica a big hug.

Our stories kept Clement interested. It was as if Jamon and I were nursing a child back to health, and the only way we knew how was to tell him stories about our lives that were meaningful to us.

“Coincidentally, on that same night of the execution, Jamon and I had a dream that was practically the same” I said. I began to tell Clement about the dream. I continued, “In this dream, Jamon and I were in a cemetery in a dark room that was ominous and scary. There was a body bag in the room and we had to drag it to the gravesite and bury it. Jamon and I opened the door to the outside and see a dark and gloomy cemetery as the two of us grabbed the body bag, dragged it outside, and left it by the gravesite.

As we stood there, behind us, inside the menacing room, it was illuminated and light emanated from the cracks in and around the room. A man found his way out of the illuminated room and lit up the sky. We lost track of time and fell into a deep sleep.

At dawn, we both had that same peaceful feeling. We quickly

got up and looked around, and to our astonishment, the body bag was open and empty. We both knew that the man who emerged from the room was Yazdon. Jamon immediately wandered off to look for me” I said.

Clement cried from joy and thanked the Supreme Consciousness. As I waited for Jamon to return in this vision, out of nowhere I felt a strong warm hand on my shoulder. I turned around and saw Monica as well had entered only to get a response from her as I asked “Woman, why are you crying,” I said.

Without even turning around, she replied, “I missed you my beloved Yazdon and you’re going to be a father.”

“But, my dearest, I stand right beside you right here,” I said.

Monica turned around to stare at the man she loved and cherished, and gave each other a very tight embrace.

“That morning Jamon and I interpreted our dreams as a sign of peace and harmony that I would bring to the world, the light that my existence would shed on the darkness that has been our lives,” I said.

CHAPTER 12

Anarchy

Things have a way of turning into self-fulfilling prophecies as all in our little circle weren't surprised as to what we saw coming. Several months had gone by, and we now lived in a completely different world. The world as we had known it changed forever on the day of the televised execution. That day marked the eruption of anarchy and vigilantism all over the world to avenge Yazdon's death.

Me, Yazdon and Jamon checked the news every day on interactive websites and elsewhere individuals joined together and formed groups whose main cause was to put an end to the operations of corrupt factions of society. Ordinary people, who had had enough of their unworthy leaders and were tired of being used and exploited by a handful of few took the laws into their own hands and settled matters in their own way. They tracked down, killed, or maimed individuals who drew narcissistic pleasure from exploitation of others young and old alike, or had made obscene profits through deceptive practices and had brought financial ruination to others.

They burned down and destroyed establishments that had a record of malicious, human, animal, or environmental devastation

and abuses. The anarchists did not spare those religious leaders who had engaged in depraved and immoral acts. As violence and anarchy unfolded in an unexpectedly rapid fashion, the family and I decided it would be best for us to go into hiding until things calmed down. The day after Jamon and Yazdon went to see me in me in my hotel room, we all talked amongst ourselves and we told Monica and Yazdon to choose a remote area of the world, and leave that night for the destination.

As soon as the location was secured, Yazdon felt the need to tell the world that he was alive and well, But I told him to not do it, as all Yazdon would be hunted and maybe killed for his actions. But Monica disagreed as she fabricated a file, that she created a fake message on her cellphone sending it out on a delayed encryption that Yazdon had one last message for the masses that would've been supposedly made before his arrest. I know Yazdon was blaming himself for the anarchy that was caused in his name. It was a digital file to make it look like it recorded, before his arrest. He had one last communication hoping to ease the unrest he had started communicating with the masses on his interactive websites once again and he made this statement,

“I know my time is short and I say this as a last message to all my followers before my arrest. I am distraught over the fact that my message of peace has been abandoned. I remind you that I have encouraged peaceful solutions to the problems of the world and

have not advocated violence, especially when nonviolent solutions have not been explored and exhausted.

“I had hoped to convey to you not to give in to the natural instinct to respond with violence in the face of anger and frustration. I reiterate that, the powerful force of anger does not have to lead to bloodshed and destruction. Instead, its power can be used to bring about profound changes in history and culture around the world and to achieve results towards a peaceful planet.”

Yazdon continued to make statements hoping to ease the unrest, he said, “I believe that for peaceful resistance to work, first, the power of the collective needs to be behind the movement, and second, people have to have a plan, a strategy, and the steadfastness to demand an end to inhumane laws and practices that threaten their livelihood. Without the collective involvement, there was usually too much bloodshed and no guaranteed results. Do not underestimate the collective power of a peaceful worldwide movement to bring about desired changes.”

But I knew unfortunately, people who had not exercised their collective power over their government, and had no example in history to use as a model, did not fully understand Yazdon’s message. In the end, there was a sense of futility about it, I thought, I think as a species we’re kind of dumb that way. The excesses of a few people in power around the world and the abuses that

ordinary people had endured had fueled the fire that had been festering inside them for a long time.

That uprising would be inevitable, and the actions of Harvester simply were the excuse people needed to rise up against him and other corrupt world leaders. The floodgates of anger and violence had been opened and there was no way of stopping it, not even by Yazdon.

As anarchy, vigilantism and bloodshed-escalated, people began to speculate and debate on websites as to whether or not Yazdon should have submitted to his death. Some called him a coward for not being man enough to facing up to his death and faking it and some thought that he should've died for our sins again as we were an imperfect race, some thought he should've died a bloody horrible death and be a martyr for Harvester. The Rumor mill was on fire as some heard that literally, Yazdon checked out and that maybe he died from fear. Yazdon's death and faked death was only speculated by rumor, his followers being allowed them to think he was dead, and argued he did the right thing by not letting himself be victimized by the vermin of society and applauded his actions.

Some who thought he was the reincarnation of Jesus, who they believed died for humanity's sins, were disappointed at him for not replaying the old version of who they thought he was.

Others pointed to the state of the world since Jesus' crucifixion and responded that original Jesus' death did not accomplish what he had hoped to achieve either. People were still sinning more than ever, and why should another spiritual leader follow the same failed principle. They believed that if Yazdon had allowed Harvester to kill him he would have sacrificed himself for nothing.

Some blamed Harvester for the revolt and argued that it was because people thought Yazdon was dead that the revolt started. Had he been left alone, he would have been able to change things in a peaceful manner. Others believed that the world had been in turmoil for millennia but since the Internet had made communication and awareness via old ways of thinking could not be sustained any longer.

The world had reached a turning point and no matter what Yazdon would have done, people who were fed up with the status quo would have revolted inevitably.

To deflect all the chatter, and to make people understand the events surrounding Yazdon's controversial death decision, as some people believed as he had faked his death, from an encrypted bandwidth, Jamon released a statement to the masses explaining how Yazdon had allowed his soul to leave his body in order to stop the torturing of Clement, hoping that some people would buy it.

But we in his circle knew It was also his deep desire to stay

alive for the sake of his unborn child and his beloved woman, as well as to fulfill his destiny, to serve and guide humanity towards world peace, joyous and harmonious living in the natural world, and a road to enlightenment. Yazdon released a video which was put out as an archived video to his supporters as well in which he said,

“Before I must turn myself in to the authorities, my legacy hasn’t left this planet and I did not and will not abandon you. My words will survive for those who still need my guidance. Live for yourselves, and remember my words”.

After that delayed broadcast, preparations were made for Yazdon and Monica to leave the country for parts unknown. Everyone knew that communication with them would have to be cut off in case; the government or other interests would track anyone who knew Yazdon or his whereabouts. Yazdon looked to Monica and said, “Yes, I am a father now. Monica was pregnant with our perfect little girl who we named Cherish, who had inherited her father’s telekinetic abilities and her mother’s beauty, and mesmerizing eyes. We will live happily and blissfully in a corner of the world, But I will not resurface for I sacrifice myself for all of you as I know you all would still face harm, if my whereabouts are known. This has been my path, my destiny, my passion, and at the core of my existence, the very reason to live on this planet.”

Many had assumed that, who didn't believe the videos that Yazdon may be dead, that some believed that he should resurface and that in order to come out and declare himself King of the World, and that people had to pave the way for him by cleansing the world from all evil elements. I was among these believers who was looking to cleanse my own soul from the guilt and shame I had felt. But even I knew that my time as short. People would be looking for me. But I knew what I had to do. I decided to become opportunistic, and would join any vigilante group that would take me into their hands, For I found that even vigilantes believed it was sometimes necessary to get rid of certain offenders once and for all and wouldn't live in fear anymore.

The death card would be dealt to all the unworthy and the corrupt. People were out to get revenge starting in their own neighborhoods. They dragged out child molesters and sex offenders killing or maiming them. In many churches, the priests who had been known pedophiles were stabbed to death. The CEO's of companies with shady practices, and politicians, who had passed laws to fatten their own pockets at the cost of jobs and the environment knew their time had come and were on the run or in hiding. Some of them were caught and many were forced to turn their assets over to the people they had embezzled and stolen from.

Many world leaders were assassinated, by various factions who had taken advantage of the chaos, and took the law in their own

hands, like the Religious extremists and terrorists who were fighting amongst themselves for power and dominance, wreaking havoc in cities, stacking up the body count rather high. Many were murdered at the hands of other extremists or by groups who had had enough of their bullying, and sick ideology.

A few months had gone by and I knew I had to get lost. I got a tip off from an old informant named Asimov who told me off that Harvester and his people were looking for me. I knew that I had to take matters into my own hands and that my dealings with Harvester would never go away. It was time for Harvester to pay for his evil deeds as well. I made a vow to get rid of him once and for all. I knew Harvester's hiding places and was familiar with his mansions and various compounds.

I tracked the piece of shit down and oddly enough, Harvester was hiding in his father's mansion where he had ordered his assassination to be carried out by me. I was instantly aware of some modifications to the compound and the secret passages Harvester had installed. I entered the compound and used an underground passage to enter the living quarters. I wanted that man to die a horrible death and I got to Harvester and killed him by snapping his neck like a twig. Anything else would've been too good for him as I wasn't going to murder him in much the same manner his father Shatak was killed. It would be chalked up to the fact that Harvester had a list of enemies that were miles long and it could've

been anybody who would've killed him. I felt that a huge weight had been lifted of me. For once, I felt I was free.

CHAPTER 13

A New World

Hello, my name is Yazdon and I write this extra piece to be emailed to Clement on an encrypted code. I along with Monica fled the civilized world to parts unknown, I am unable to send information on my destination as me and Monica must now live under assumed names in a part of the country that has yet to develop. There was only silence between us. Monica broke the silence and asked, “So ok, where are we going?”

I quoted Albert Einstein who said, ‘Any intelligent fool can make things bigger, more complex, and more violent. It takes a touch of genius, and a lot of courage, to move in the opposite direction’. He guides people by appealing to their inner wisdom and by encouraging them to think rationally before they act. “We must not forget the lessons of the past failures, and remember what our history has taught us, so that we may build a solid future without the threat of collapse ever again. We need to work together to achieve this goal. In a world where there is separation, those who don’t understand each other will talk about segregation. The truth is one, and it has no elevations. Understanding all sides will open the door for integration. My progress is based on the will of the people, their unity, their desire, and involvement in changing the world for the better.” Monica only

smiled and looked at me, saying, “Even as our fate is uncertain, you are always so wise.”

I kept in touch with some of the Guardians and continued to work with them throughout this period. Some of the guardians worked in silence and some actively involved in the affairs of the communities of the world. They worked toward bringing about the changes that needed to take place to make the world a better place to live in. They conducted daily forums on several interactive websites for different countries in their native languages.

I spoke to them in the many languages I was fluent in, continuing to urge and guide the guardians to end the bloodshed and to work towards a lasting peace and self-governance.

Soon the violence around the world subsided and people who were tired of fighting eventually began to calm down, listen, and tune in even more. With the help of my followers, and the Guardians, they joined in with the others, and community forums begin to sprout everywhere. People from all walks of life voiced their opinions and come up with solutions to the ails of their community and society. Neighborhoods took responsibility for their own lives and strove for self-governance. Jamon and the Guardians, participated in the forums and gave guidance to the people, conveying my message. The focus, as I would have had it, was on participation through planned action, not just conversation.

In every case, the active participation of each member of the community was solicited and they were given small tasks that they volunteered to perform. People felt empowered by becoming participants in healing their own communities. Ordinary people banded together and started with the basics. They begin educating the young not just with academics, but skills they were going to need for the rest of their lives. Skills such as how to get along with each other, how to communicate, how to be tolerant people's differences, how to participate in support of their community, how to be leaders, how to raise the young, and how to protect the planet and live in harmony with nature.

In town hall meetings and in schools, youth gather and express their experiences and find comfort and support. Parents learned how to improve their family lives, how to nurture and sustain relationships, and raise responsible and healthy children. They learned how to tackle the ills of society and how to solve the problems together. This was the beginning of a profound social change, with peace, happiness, safety, security for all, and the prospect of a life harmonious with the natural world.

In the United States, the seeds for a new beginning were being planted. For many decades, being perceived as the land of opportunity because of her openness to accepting and encouraging new and innovative ideas. She was revered and admired around the world for her advanced constitution, freedom, and justice for all.

She became a safe haven for the refugees who flooded her borders from all sides risking life and limb to escape tyranny, oppression, and persecution. She was a catalyst for change with a proud past that the world had looked up to as a model for an advanced society.

By the turn of the century, many of her citizens had witnessed her gradual decline under the weight of her own excesses. Many present citizens longed to take her back to her former glory. They had set out to make an example of how peace and harmony could be achieved without violence. They began to implement Yazdon's ideology and envision the possibility of starting a movement to reclaim the country by installing a truly honorable government of the people, for the people and by the people. A government that would once again be respected around the world, and make her citizens proud.

The civilization that was powered by muscle and used force for survival, and was a reminder of a less evolved species had to end and the beginning of true evolution, driven by emotional intelligence, use of the brain with all its faculties, and sound thinking has had to emerge. The battle of good over evil and brain over force had begun.

To launch such a transformation, the search for individuals who had the courage and the touch of genius to move the world in the opposite direction began in earnest. The super brains born in the early part of the 21st century had come to age now in the

backdrop of the recent chaos. In a world where hope and despair existed, side by side these super brains brought a glimmer of optimism, and faith to the world that the battle of good over evil could stand a chance. It was now up to this generation to pull humankind and the planet out of the path of extinction.

I was able to identify many of them using my intuitive powers, and the Guardians became the screening agents once again to help in the selection process. Many of these super brains were already leaders in their communities with proven records of accomplishment and public service. These were leaders who were respected and revered, and were willing to plan and carry out the solutions with the whole community backing and involvement.

There were plenty of trustworthy, charitable, caring, and decent people in the world, who were ready to take on the task. These were not demagogues who stirred up people's emotions to rise to power for their own self-interest. They were ready to accept the challenge to serve the people. Imagine that.

The Guardians as well as the communities worldwide called these leaders into action, and issues of concern to the world and to the communities at large are put to the public for referendum. Every citizen was able to vote electronically via a system of finger print recognition. A coded system was devised that could easily match the issues to the candidates who were best qualified to do the job. There are no political parties, no blind casting of votes, no political

contributions, and no action committees. The work began on the issues of concern to the people and the communities instead of the needs of some special interest groups.

The Guardians were in communication with the people and gave them spiritual guidance. They regularly invited them to go within to find peace and to let their actions reflect the divine perspective. They stressed my message of peace and harmony and told people,

“That Yazdon would’ve anxiously awaited the day that people will come to realize, that the divine resides within each and every one of us, and our lives are governed by meaningful, unchanging, rational and logical laws, that coincide with the laws that govern nature. The Supreme Consciousness does not judge us and is not sentimental about what happens to us one way or the other. You receive only when you ask, so do not wait until you are at the depth of despair before you reach the point of asking.

“When we think thoughts and do actions that intend to harm others, we will receive that which we have asked for, thus creating our own unique reality. Think about what you are asking for, and have the guts to admit that you have asked for it.

But I remember those last words of Yazdon as he said, “The day that the principles of self determination are at force in people’s daily lives, and each individual grasps the idea that compassion,

goodness, charity and other noble deeds, will bring joy to their hearts. Just as the opposite, such as exploitation of the desperate and needy, will diminish them and their society at large” and that was what Yazdon was supposed to accomplish in this world.

For every negative force, there is a positive attraction,

Moreover, for every action, there is a reaction.

Find the power that drives your intention.

You choose.

Your lives can be ruled by the law of compassion,

Or you can master the law of exploits.

You choose.

You can take actions that create desirable outcomes in your life

If you intend to assume responsibilities,

Or you can do nothing and have events randomly shape your possibilities.

You choose.

You can live your life deliberately and with joy,
Or you can sit there waiting for things to happen
In case, by chance they deploy.

You choose.

You can live each day with mindfulness,
Or you can live a life of regrets and remorse.

You choose.

You can do good deeds for the sake of goodness,
Or you can do it out of fear of hell
And dread of retribution of the afterlife abyss.

You choose.

You can say you are devout and feel superior to those of other
faiths,

Or you can have no religion and just be a part of human race.

You choose.

You can let your good deeds define you,
Or you can have your religion outline you.

You choose.

Listen to and trust the guiding light inside,
And move in its direction even though at first you can't decide.

You choose.

To improve, first you have to accept yourself
Exactly the way you are and be certain,
Or you can struggle to find yourself and forever hide behind a
curtain.

You choose.

I am optimistic that at the end you will come to realize,
That we are all simply human,
We are all one and the same on this planet,
Meant to do the best we can.”

People thought I had become the guiding light for the world. The people who thought I had faked my death wanted me to come out and declare myself ruler and king of the world. But, as much all wanted to embrace me as the one and only king, ruling the world was far from my mind. Now, I must live a life anonymously among you with my beloved and my child.

I know I was seen as some Supreme Being, and many had called on me to become “King of the World”, but I am no heavenly king, and I know that in my mind I am a mere mortal with particular gifts.

My purpose was to illuminate, not to dominate.

My goal was to teach, not to preach.

My will was to persist, not to insist.

My heart was to lead, not to bleed.

To be a mentor, but from the center.

To strike a cord, but not with the sword.

My desire was to fight, not to blight.

My skill was to heal, not to kill.

My passion was to empower, and not to expire.

My ear was to listen, and not to glisten.

My power was to rule, not to fool.

My destiny was to serve, and have the nerve.

To bring on the peace,

With no one to appease.

My teachings as your guide,

to garner in your mind.

My hope was to settle,

in your hearts without meddle.

The God I create will not hound,

the note was clear, it will spell bound.

Its pursuit was to love, and peace to activate,

by design, it was to captivate.

For the children we cherish,

The future shall not perish.

Together we shall plant,

The seeds that will grow.

Together we can build a community,

with people who taste unity.

We can become a nation, who can heal,

if we allow ourselves once again to feel.

Through the causes that have sprung,

we build a planet, strong.

We live a life of gratitude,

when we let go of our solitude.

That is all I have hoped for,

that is all I have desired.

That was more than a King can aspire,

Worth more than a vast empire.

I AM HERE

I HAVE ARRIVED

SEARCH NO MORE

END OF THE LAST SAVIOR BOOK 3