

The Observer - Trilogy -: The Brave Ulysses

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For Simon, the Sci-Fi Man.

The birth of a graphic new style...

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Chapter I

The Ides of May

SDT Facility

Behavioral Science, UCLA

May 15, 1969

Navarro opened the hatch to his Number One tank. Hart was looking nervous. Murmuring and mumbling to himself. He paced up and down along the gray concrete wall.

"The time has come the walrus said," Michael whispered under his breath.

"Beware the Ides of May, you once crooned down the phone line. Followed by a lot of cryptic shrieking, as I recall," said Navarro.

Michael recounted the moment. From the call he made from his hotel room in New Orleans.

"I tried hypodermic application twice with this stuff," said Navarro. "Found the results too sudden. Frankly, they're sudden enough. No need to go any further down that track."

"Good. Never been too fond of needles."

"Ditto. We'll stick with the tried and trusted. The old Indian method. Infusing it through the stomach linings. It gives you a brief chance to settle in for the ride. You'll be taking it orally. As per the ceremony in Mexico."

"Okay. I guess they'd know. Wouldn't they?"

"I'm sure they do. We however. Are going to take their knowledge and tradition a step further. You'll have to lose the clothes. Unless you like your shirts well starched," he said, referring to the saline content of the water in the SDT. "I'll leave the room so you can do the body-cleanse thing. Just give me a tap on the glass. When you're feelin' ready, amigo. And I'm back with the gear."

"Okay then."

Navarro walked out and closed the door behind him. Michael paused and let out a sigh.

"I've got to get my head around this thing," he muttered to himself.

He stripped naked and sat down on the toilet.

He emptied his bladder and colon. And climbed into the shower. He washed his body thoroughly. He stepped out of the cubicle and stood there. Looking at the tank. With a sense of awe and apprehension. Casting his mind back to that eerie cave in the Mexican highlands. All those wild fleeting colors. That incredible stone palace in the stars. He wondered if he would go there again. Navarro looked in to see what the holdup was. He saw Michael standing there nervously. Wisely he allowed him some room. He knew it wasn't good to push. Several minutes passed as Hart contemplated the great void before him.

"Whenever you're ready," the doctor's voice came quietly over the intercom. "I've got your

medicine right here. All measured out.”

Michael took a deep breath and replied.

“Ready when you are, Paul.”

Navarro entered the tank room. With items in both hands. A bottle of drinking water. And a small white cup. Containing 10 cc of Michael’s individualized potion. It had been kept frozen. In light-free storage. Since Navarro returned from Mexico. Filed under a specially coded number. In his personal system. Only he knew what it was. He’d marked it with the skull and crossbones. As if to indicate a toxin. No one else dared go near it.

“So. This is it then?” Michael thought to himself. “The Ides of May is finally upon me. My god, I’m here. This really is it.”

Navarro could feel the nervous tone in the air.

“I had no idea what I was in for in Mexico. So I had no fear of it. But now I do. This is a much bigger moment for me, Paul,” he said.

“I’m sure it is. You’re probably feeling a little anxious right about now—”

“A little? A lot is more like it.”

“Understandable.”

Navarro placed a calming hand on Hart’s shoulder.

“Here drink some water. You’re gonna need it. We usually drink first. Take the solution. Then wash it down with some mouthfuls of cool water. I’ll leave the bottle just outside the tank. If you need it, you’ll find it, don’t worry.”

He handed the small cup to Michael. Hart looked down into its dark composition. And just like before, in the mountains of Puebla. He saw his own beguiled image. Shimmering on its tiny surface. He placed the cup to his lips. And looked into the reflection of his eyes. He saw the gateway to another world.

“Wait up,” said Navarro. “Before you do that. I have the tank verbally monitored now—as well as all the vital signs stuff. Okay?”

“I know. You’ve told me ten times already.”

“I just need you to keep in touch—as much as possible. Just keep spittin’ it. All the time. Whatever you see. Wherever you go. Just keep talkin’ to me. If you can—y’know.”

“Yes Paul,” said Hart.

He gave the doctor an understanding look.

“I’m just as anxious, I guess,” said Navarro.

He wiped away some tiny beads of perspiration from his upper lip.

"You're my first real guinea pig. The others have all been one-offs. Recreational day trippers at best. Just to get some test results happening. But I'm serious about you. We can go places here with this stuff, amigo."

"I'm honored, Paul. Really. I am."

He paused for a moment and placed the cup to his lips.

"Anyway. Here goes," said Hart.

At 11:45 a.m. on May 15, 1969. Professor Michael Hart swallowed down the measure of shamanic potion. It tasted as bitter as ever. If not more so. There was no way of avoiding that corrosive pungent aftertaste. The drinking water only softened the blow slightly. His gums and tongue went numb. Just like before in Mexico. He entered the SDT and lay down in the saline bath. Navarro connected the water-resistant electrode harness monitoring his heart and lungs. But most important of all was his brainwave readout.

The adventurous Navarro was about to sail into uncharted waters. To map the unique progress of a parallel world voyager. A man on a quest to achieve a level of adeptness rarely considered imaginable. Let alone possible, by modern science.

Hart was born with an unusually rich nerve wreath in his brain. A high neuron count per cubic centimeter of cortex volume. This gave him his great mathematical pattern-spotting and problem-solving abilities. His IQ. As well as his powers of deep reasoning and acute observation. The vast neural wreath of his brain. With its myriad of highways and byways of synapse junctions was about to become an entity of a totally different kind. A universal trans-dimensional reactor.

"I'm just here in the next room. Okay, hombré?" said Navarro.

He closed down the hatch of the SDT. Removing all external light and sound.

"Check," said Hart, as the darkness closed in around him.

In an instant the blackness began to take shape and form. The spirit within the dark potion was reactivated. It raced to his brain posthaste. Rewiring things at an incredible rate.

"Can you hear me, Michael?" said Navarro.

"Crystal clear. I'm seeing things. Already."

"Yep. I noticed that too on my second visit. It comes on faster. I think on the initial journey some doorways get opened. Which sort of stay that way, second time 'round. It's not like the road's been totally paved. But you can tell a grader's been over it. If you follow my drift."

"I do. I can see your words. Before you even say them. I'm drifting...through what looks like...liquid malachite. It's so beautiful. Swirling layers of green and white."

These were the last words Navarro would hear from Michael Hart on his new venture in the SDT. His vital signs would have to tell the story for him. His heart and lungs remained regular. But his brainwaves were going off the chart. As though he was coming up against something he'd never seen before.

Michael whirled through a dimly lit cosmos, resembling space. But it showed no signs of anything

known to him in his life as an astronomer. He visualized himself as some sort of growing embryo. Inside a translucent cocoon. He felt a dramatic surge of pace every now and then. Just as before, down in Mexico. Navarro monitored the surges and looked on anxiously. Only able to imagine what his test subject was witnessing. He kept silent. So as not to disturb Hart's journey. He knew from his own experience that interruptions were not productive.

Hart moaned out loud with the rush. The temptation to call him via the intercom was overwhelming. Navarro resisted. He checked the heart and lung monitors to reassure himself. Michael had been drawn at great speed through a huge bright vortex. It sent a sudden spasm of electrical pain through his entire being. It was over in an instant. And before him sat a huge sphere filled with swirling white clouds. It was like a giant crystal globe. Perfect in every way. Rolling and swirling before his eyes. And glowing from within.

He felt tiny before its immense size. Like a meteor approaching Jupiter. He made a conscious effort to touch its surface. As he did, he was instantly drawn inside. Where he saw nothing but white for a time. He approached its core. Or at least what he perceived to be its glowing center. He could hear a sound like the distant rolling ocean.

The whiteness began to take on form. Cycloid lines spiraling inward. Toward a single remote point. He drifted closer to it. And was extruded through a tiny aperture. Back into total darkness. Colored beams of light began forming all around him. Until there was only color. Swirling so wildly it all turned white again. This process seemed to go on forever. With no visible result. Or perception of progress in any tangible form. All in pristine silence.

In Navarro's world, the time was approaching 7 p.m. His side of the study was quite dull mostly. Until he got to interview his subject. He'd kept himself busy writing preliminary papers and the like. But he knew he had to be there in case anything unusual happened.

A naked English mathematics professor wandering around the campus. Drugged off his brain on god knows what. Might not be deemed too appropriate by the powers that be at UCLA. It might get a few side-ways laughs from the students. But definitely none from the administration.

Hart suddenly burst the tank door wide open. Grabbing for the water bottle. He had the dry horrors badly. Navarro ran to the tank room. He found Michael crawling out onto the floor. His glistening wet body looked like a newborn baby elk leaving its mother's womb.

"Easy. Easy compadré," said Navarro. "Let me unhook your umbilical. This is the world of gravity again. No need to rush. Just take it easy. Out y'come. I'll get ya a clean robe to towel off with."

"Tha-thank you," he said.

Michael sat on the floor and leaned back against the wall. He rehydrated his jittering body. Navarro closed down the equipment and filed the study data. Away from prying eyes. He had a floor safe installed, for just such privacy. Tampering with any of it was strictly forbidden.

The doctor had a hidden desire. To be the first scientist to publish a complete set of works. Relating to this type of shamanic experience. And its effects on subjects of non-indigenous extraction. In a controlled environment. Modern man. As opposed to the primitive Indians who'd developed the ritual over thousands of years. It was cutting-edge stuff.

Navarro had been mocked by a number of his peers. Over the years. He felt he had something to prove. This new study was going to be the defining work of his academic career.

The time was 9:30 p.m. They sat on his deck looking out over the dark sea.

“Like a beer, man?” said Paul.

Michael’s body still had a case of the jitters. But he felt a cold Corona and lime shouldn’t hurt.

“Cin-cin, my friend,” said Paul, returning with two opened beers. “You did very well, I think. You were mostly silent. What was happening out there? What were you seeing?”

“Not a lot really. Maybe the brew’s gone flat or something.”

“Hardly. That stuff never goes flat. I can tell you that. If anything, it cranks up.”

Navarro was speaking from personal experience.

“What this means is, you’re ready to go up a notch. I need you to be eating good nutritious foods for the next week. No junky deep-fried takeout crap, okay? No hydrolyzed oils. Just good fresh food. You know—fruit and veggies. Cereals. Grainy breads. And seafood. Lots of fresh seafood. Fish. Shrimp. Oysters. Crab. You name it. And short-chain fatty acids. Like for example if you’re having a salad, make sure you put vinegar in the dressing. It helps to break down the food into a nutritional format that your body can assimilate. And add some sea salt. I need you to be fully amped up on mineral trace elements for your next session.”

“Trace elements?”

“Good for the circuits,” said Paul, pointing to his head. “Each trace mineral in your bloodstream has a certain frequency that it—covers—for want of a better term. If you’re deficient somewhere, certain parts of your electrical spectrum won’t be performing properly. And you could end up off course.”

“Off course?” said Michael.

“It was you who put me onto that train of thought. Remember? Up in the mountains? I’ve done some homework on nutritional supplementation. And related ionic chemistry, since then. You’d be stunned at how little there is to read on the subject. I’m only theorizing at present. But this research may eventually have some serious ramifications for public health. I mean aside from what we’re really doing.”

“I’m sure it will. Good for you. Doctor Paul.”

“Might even end up with my own TV show,” said Navarro.

Hart laughed, with a side-ways glance.

“Don’t worry, I was only kidding. Right now though. I need to know you’re at full strength. It’s just a way of ensuring you reach your maximum potential. If such a thing is quantifiable. The soils our food is grown in these days are so poor in trace elements it’s not funny. People are getting sick and ailing with all sorts of conditions much earlier than ever before. We’ve known about the soil depletion problem since 1925, for Christ’s sake. Did you know that the average age of an MD at death in this country is a pitiful fifty-eight years? Fourteen years below the national average. Can you believe that? Doctor knows best, my ass. I don’t know if it’s bad habits. Bad management. Or both. But something is wrong with this picture and I’m going to prove it.”

Michael politely listened to the concerns of his colleague. But his mind was beginning to fade. He scanned the distorted curve of the dark horizon.

"You're lookin' a bit wrecked, amigo," said Paul. "I was hoping we could discuss your journey while it's still fresh in your mind."

"Sorry to disappoint you. Nothing much to tell, really. It was frustrating. Couldn't seem to get going in any direction that meant anything. Wasn't like Mexico at all—I can safely tell you that," said Michael.

"No. My first time up here wasn't either. What it all means to me is that your brain has compensated for the first journey you took in Puebla. So now we have to ramp up the measure. Provide your mind with a deeper challenge. I was being conservative today with the dosage of the brew. We need you to get to the level I went to. While not exactly in a sane frame of mind, I will admit. But I proved something to myself, if no one else."

"Really?" Hart said as he yawned. "And wha-was-at?"

"I don't think you're composed enough to handle it right now, bwana. The short version is, I drank the whole lot in one go."

"What? How much was that?"

"About fifty times what you had today."

Michael's eyes flew wide open.

"Good god, man. That's a half liter," he said.

"Like I told you before. I didn't care if I lived or died. If they were taking my tanks away. They were taking my dead carcass with 'em. I got seriously stressed out over it. But it all came good. That was a very dark cloud for me, Michael. The thought of losing it all. My life's work. It ended up having a silver lining. A gold lining, really. We've still got the SDTs. I paid off my house here in Malibu. Even bought myself a plane. So I could ramp up the connection with Mexico. It's far quicker to fly down there. I got the MISFID built. And the TIC box. And—" he said, raising his palms. "I donated a set of five brand new Braun movie cameras to the Behavioral faculty. I can sit back and relax now. It's all under control. I surprised everyone. Including myself. I survived."

Michael listened. But his face was a picture of disarray. Navarro continued...

"I'm generally considered a bit of a crank nutbar around campus these days. They only put up with my shenanigans 'cause of past glories. I was once a brilliant up-and-coming young anthropologist. Or so I kept reading in science journals. Hah. I surpassed 'em all," he crowed, with a celebratory swig of beer.

Hart looked perplexed by what he was hearing. Navarro hadn't seemed so tangled before.

"The only one who'll ever get past me is you, amigo," said Navarro. "And you'll only be able to do it with my help. The shamanic journey you took in Mexico is considered to be a once-in-a-lifetime experience. By the Indians themselves. They won't do it for you ever again, Michael. Not ever. They're quite strict about that."

A revelation dawned in Hart's mind.

"That means we only have a finite amount," he said.

"Correct, compadré. A finite amount is all we have."

"Is there enough? To do what needs to be done?"

"We'll just need to use it carefully. Or should I say, wisely. You have exactly 2.1 liters left. I've drawn up a graduated dosage plan for the next 1500 cc. That will leave you with a 600 cc remainder."

"We need to get cracking," said Hart. "The days are ticking down."

"They sure are," said Navarro, nodding his head.

Michael was referring to the Apollo 11 launch date. But he had something he needed to do first. He'd already told Navarro of his change of plan. Relating to his primary motive for going in the SDT.

"There's something I have to do firstly. I have to make contact—"

"Don't worry, I didn't forget about your folks. You need to let 'em know you're okay. But the very next step for you, my friend. Is to be sure you eat nutritiously over the next week and beyond. Maybe you ought to hit the sack. You do look a bit jet-lagged. Plenty of sleep is important too. Recuperation. We'll do the interview tomorrow."

"Interview?" said Michael.

"Yeah. I have to interview you. Find out about your session. It's part of the deal. Some of my students'll be there too. Hope you're cool with that. Come in around one, can you?"

"To UCLA? At one o'clock?"

Michael gave a confused look.

He had no idea what this interview would reveal. To people he hadn't met before. The thought was disquieting. Michael was normally a reserved person. He thought Navarro's study of his personal mission was going to be held behind closed doors. But the doctor wasn't one to miss an opportunity like this. He had far more experience in this field. And he also knew that Hart was seeing the world through post-hallucinogenic eyes. A good night's sleep would tone down his Strawberry Fields syndrome.

Next morning. Hart went down for a swim in the ocean to clear his head. He got pounded and bashed back onto the sand. Time and again. By the ice-cool surf. But he was loving it. It was just what he needed to bring him back to Earth.

The hours he'd spent in the SDT seemed like minutes at the very longest. And yet, like an eternity. Time and its unusual spiral. Would be the main thrust of his discussion in front of the student body attending the lecture. Navarro had neglected to mention he was going to conduct the interview in the behavioral science amphitheater. In front of forty or fifty students.

Hart was a man obviously in need of some shocks. He'd received quite a few in recent times. This was turning out to be another one. Navarro gave him the impending news at the eleventh hour.

"C'mon, man—you'll be fine. I'll just ask a few simple questions and you fill in the blanks. You'll be

fine, you'll see."

Navarro walked away. Before Hart had a chance to rebuff the idea. He stepped straight out into the center of the presentation floor of the amphitheater.

"Students. I have a treat for you today. A caucasian intellectual who did the sacred shamanic ceremony. With the Mexican Indians at the Valley of the Kings region in the state of Puebla. About a hundred miles south of Mexico City. Make him welcome, please—Professor Jim Woodlock."

The students began applauding. They fell silent as Hart appeared from behind a curtain. Being a teacher himself, he was used to giving presentations. Never before with subject matter like this.

"Professor. If you could just take up that microphone there. And talk into it when you speak, please," said Navarro.

Michael pressed lips close to the mike.

"Certainly," he said, in a deep dry voice.

The students all giggled. He'd won them over immediately.

"Professor Woodlock—could you tell this student body about your experience in the Mexican highlands, please? From scratch?"

"Be happy to, Doctor. Greetings students," he said, looking out into the tiered arena. "My name is Professor James Woodlock. My degree—somewhat ironically, is actually in mathematics. I just happen to have a serious interest in astro-kinetics and I was in Mexico to see if I could rationalize a theory I'd been working on. While traveling there. I ran into a certain anthropology nutbar who told me about this wacky tradition the local natives have. In their arsenal of local entertainments."

The theater broke into loud cackles. They all knew exactly who Hart was referring to with his anthropology nutbar comment.

"So—being a man of adventure. Just for fun I thought I'd better give it a whirl."

They cracked up into laughter again.

Navarro had never seen them like this before. He went along with the buzz of the moment.

"I had no idea when I'd be in Mexico again, you see—"

The class erupted again.

"So, I did it. Just for kicks. And here I am to tell the tale. Alive and well."

Hart went on to speak in detail. Of his experience with the Indians and their ways. The facet he'd been shown. The response was lively. With many in-depth questions. Navarro felt a tiny twinge of jealousy. But he was happy with how it was going. He tape-recorded the entire event as part of his own evolving thesis.

"There, y'see. That wasn't so bad, was it?" Navarro said to Hart, back in his office.

“Not exactly what I was expecting here today, Paul. You said an interview. Not a lecture before a bloody packed house.”

“Yeah. I know,” he said with his hands in the air. “I’m sorry about that. You didn’t have to do it if you didn’t want to. I would’ve understood.”

“I just need time to prepare in future, that’s all,” said Hart.

“O-kay then. Sure,” said Navarro.

“I’m a man of mathematics, Doctor. A man of precision with everything I do. And that’s how I want it to stay. We need to be very clear with one another. If our work together is going to succeed. I’ve had enough surprises and shadows lately, to last a lifetime.”

“I’m sure you have,” said Navarro. “By the sound of things.”

“No more surprises, hey? That’s all I ask.”

Navarro threw his hands in the air.

“Fine. Sure. Done. I can do that. I am a little slapdash around here at times. But believe me when I tell you. This work is the most important thing I’ve ever come across. By a country mile, my friend. I can only hope I haven’t just blown it,” he said, holding Michael by the shoulders.

Hart looked him in the eye.

“No. You haven’t blown it. I’m still a little disorientated from yesterday, that’s all. And when you put me on the spot in front of a student group like that—good god—I almost folded a couple of times.”

“You were great. You had ‘em in the palm of your hand. Right from the get go.”

“I was flying on vapor,” said Hart.

“You could’ve fooled me. You certainly fooled them.”

Exactly one week after his first controlled voyage in the SDT. Hart was ready for his second venture. His resolve was strengthening with each new revelation.

“Okay. You know I’ve upped the dosage, yeah?” said Navarro over the intercom.

“I do. And I’m ready,” said Hart, standing naked before the open SDT.

“I’ll be there in a sec,” said Navarro.

He walked into the tank room carrying a small white cup. Containing a 20 cc measure of the shamanic beverage. Hart took it in hand. Without a second thought. He eagerly drank it down. Followed by some gulps of fresh water.

“Let’s see where we get to this time,” he said.

He slid into the tepid saline bath.

The SDT was only ten inches deep. An adequate depth for the purpose it served. It created an environment in which a subject could focus their mind without the external distractions of daily life. Particularly the draining effects of gravity. The idea was to create a womb. Where the subject felt safe.

The time had just approached 11 a.m. on May 22, 1969. Hart gave a quietly confident look. Without a word, he closed down the SDT hatch. Navarro went back to the monitoring room and checked in. All systems were go. Michael lay back and relaxed. The harsh taste began to fade from his mouth. He took a deep breath and slowly exhaled. A great sadness descended over him as his mother suddenly sprang to mind.

"My poor mother," he thought. "Her heart is broken. I know it is. I must go to her at once."

He lay there in the darkness. A shimmer of light rose up off his body. Surprised, he immediately sat up. As though someone had opened the hatch.

"Paul?"

"Yo! I'm here, man. What is it?"

"Did you just open the tank door?"

"Nope. I'm in the control room. There's no one in there, man. I can see from here. No one has touched the SDT."

"I just saw light. White shimmering light. Rising above me."

"It's okay, man. I've seen that too. It's a good sign actually. You're descending into a deeper state of relaxation. That's all it is."

He lent across and checked the heart and lung monitors.

"You're goin' good, Michael."

Hart took another deep breath. He allowed himself to sink deeper into the floating void. He began to see colors and hear sounds. He drifted upwards. With a fuzzy tingling sensation. Leaving his earthly flesh in the warm bath.

He ascended through the tall rows of palm trees that lined the boulevards. He could see the campus grounds. And hear the hum of distant conversation. Nothing definite. More like a passing murmur in the background.

He drifted above the hazy smog cloud blanketing Los Angeles. As he rose higher he could see the Sierra Nevada. He began to head in that direction. The Earth seemed like a large dome. He saw its broad curving horizon roll past beneath him. A short time later. What felt like seconds. He was directly above Halifax, Nova Scotia.

He came back down to Earth. Descending through the roof of his old family home. He found his mother in the drawing room. Reading. In her own world of silence. His father was out in the shed. Tinkering with his old lawn mower. The late spring sunshine of the early afternoon. Beamed into the rear windows of their austere weatherboard home.

Michael had no way of reaching out. To touch his mother. No way of comforting her. After the

tragic news of his untimely death. What could he do? How could he make his presence felt? He was nowhere near the level Navarro had reached. Not yet. He could only sit and watch. As the lonely hours of her life ticked by. His soul cried out for justice. He chastised himself for everything that had happened. For the decisions he'd made regarding his career. For being so selfish.

"How did I let this happen?" he said.

He beat himself up, time and again.

"How, you idiot? How could you do this to your parents? They gave you everything they had. They gave you love."

His mother sat with the look of a woman defeated by life. She'd had many more visitors than usual, since Michael's funeral. People wanting to help alleviate the pain. To let her know she and his father were not alone. They had many friends and neighbors. Community that would lend a warm hand of support. But none of it would bring back their son.

They'd lived three decades at the same address. Since Michael was a child. Right through his growing years and beyond. The news of his death had struck their world. Like a savage lightning bolt. And with this sudden shrieking horror came a feeling. That most awful of feelings. That God had abandoned them. That they were being punished. Their greatest achievement in life had been swept away. As though Michael's existence had meant nothing. Their son's great potential would remain unfulfilled.

The funeral service was held at the local Church of England. The minister sympathetically quoted several passages from the scriptures in his eulogy, including...

"The Lord giveth, and the Lord taketh away."

It was of little comfort to the Harts. They were in a state of shock and deep bereavement. The weathered face of his mother, April. Told a story. That no words could ever convey. She'd been a younger looking person for her age. Until this inexplicable event shattered their world.

A feeling of loss and remorse haunted her every waking moment. The only thing she had left in the world was Michael's father, Malachi. He'd been a schoolteacher himself. He'd inspired their young son to become the man of science he was.

Michael sat in a state of frustration and despair. At not being able to make contact. The twilight closed in. His mother was fading into a silhouette. He knelt at her feet and begged her forgiveness. He could feel the gentle touch of her fingertips on his hair. He began to sob uncontrollably.

Navarro heard the sound. He checked the monitors. Michael's vital signs were still relatively normal. But his brainwaves were deeply disturbed. He was reeling from a gut-wrenching moment of emotional revelation. One he felt totally responsible for. Yet he was powerless to change it.

He was able to delve into his parents' hearts and souls. And feel their grief. It was an awful and despairing place. Beneath it all was the most damning thought one could imagine. Michael knew he had to act. And soon.

As his parents looked into one another's eyes. After so many years of warmth. Respect. And devotion. A feeling of doubt had coldly crept in. Stalking their love for one another like a malicious silent hunter. They tried to deny it to themselves. They'd certainly never aired it to one another. Out of respect. But a question of self-judgment was hovering over them. Like a shadowy wraith.

Did I marry the right person? Is this God's way of punishing me? For some selfish wrong I've committed? Questions like these were tearing at the heart of his parents' love. This cold unwanted presence cut into the core of Michael's being. In a crescendo of emotional overload, he cried out in pain and anguish.

"Aaaah! Release them! They've done nothing wrong!" he screamed.

Navarro heard the desperate cries. A shudder of trepidation flushed through his blood. He looked across to the monitors for reassurance.

Hart kicked and gouged his way through a maddening quagmire of distress. His blind frustration exploded. Into a seething bitterness for Jeb Riarsen. And the organization he'd represented. The heartless calculating manner of J. Edgar Hoover's FBI had cost them all dearly.

Michael hadn't been raised to be a vengeful man. But the situation required an antidote. Something had to be done. As soon as possible. To help his parents find redemption.

Chapter II

Alpha-Negatory

Navarro's head was spinning. He didn't know what to do. How he could help his friend?

"Excuse me there, Paul?" spoke a male voice from behind.

Navarro jumped with surprise.

"Sorry," said the man. "Didn't mean to startle you like that. I was talking to the dean earlier today. He said if I saw you, to tell you that he needs to speak with you."

"So aeronautics is running errands for the dean, now?" said Navarro, with a hint of sarcasm in his tone.

"No, not really," said the man. "I just happened to be in a meeting with him earlier today and er—he just wants to talk with you, that's all."

"You mean right now?" said Navarro.

"Soon as possible, I think."

"I have someone in my SDT at present. The dean'll have to wait," said Navarro.

"I can take watch here for a while, if you like."

"Er—that's a big alpha-negatory. Umm—this is an important study we're doing here. That's not a student in Number One. It's a professor, actually. I'll talk to the dean in the morning, Ron. Thank you."

"I see. Perfectly okay, Paul. As you wish."

"Thanks very much for dropping by. Appreciate it," said Navarro.

Ron Quaide turned and left the room. Navarro closed the door quietly behind him and locked it. Drawing down the blinds as well. He wanted no further interruptions. *

The Brave Ulysses is the final piece of The Observer Trilogy enigma.

Opening chapter, The Ides of May, marks a turning point in the research of Professor Michael Hart and Dr. Paul Navarro. Their grail quest begins.

Michael Hart has been reported killed, in the press, across the South. He has to find a way to contact his bereaved parents, in Halifax, Nova Scotia. And let them know he is alive and well. Without the FBI finding him.

J. Edgar Hoover realizes Hart isn't dead. He learns it was one of his own field agents in the South, Jeb Riarsen, who was killed in a car accident, by mistake, in the manhunt for the fugitive professor.

Hart and his lady lover, Lois Strencke, escape by road to California. Where he and Navarro embark on their unusual line of research, at UCLA. Their study turns into a mission of salvation. They discover the human race is in great danger, if it persists with the development of a space-borne nuclear strike force.

The two men learn that the Earth itself is being transformed. Into a revolving battle star. One with far reaching capabilities. And even further reaching ramifications.

If humanity becomes a danger to the galactic federation. What will be the reaction of the Earth's nearest neighboring civilization, the Nephilim? The spacefarers who came to Earth and created Homo Sapiens in the first place. They will see Man as Frankenstein's monster. Rising up to destroy its creator. Their reaction will be swift and final.

Hart and Navarro realize the Armageddon is not just a biblical myth. It will become a dire reality. If something isn't done to prevent it. Their mission to enlighten the people of the United States, grows exponentially, to encompass the entire world. They must find a way to halt the creation of space-borne nuclear weapons.

Hart's series of journeys inside the Akashic record, shine light on the dangerous path Man is treading. They also reveal the identity of the being leading humanity to destruction and why.

Empire after empire, have risen and fallen. Taking mankind one step closer to the precipice, with each new era.

Britain launches the industrial revolution. And the age of steam. It leads the way into the 20th century, where, after two world wars, Man discovers atomic, and subsequently, nuclear technology.

All that is required now is a space-borne delivery system for the warheads. And the Beast of the Apocalypse is ready to strike.

The cold war and the space race are set in motion, to complete this final phase of development.

Hart realizes that the foreboding death star from the Book of Revelations, is planet Earth.

His mission becomes cripplingly complex. How will two unknown intellectuals, from two diverse fields of scientific endeavor, convince the world of the danger it is blindly wading into? Especially when the Earth's major political leaders are the victims of demonic mind control? An evil trance, designed to keep the technological thrust moving forward. And the devil's agenda hidden from the masses.

Hart does his best to warn America. In April 1970, he risks his life, in an attempts to stop the launch of Apollo 13. Devil's advocate, Siegfried Otto Borsch, reveals his hidden power. He orders two heavily armed Harrier fighter jets into the sky over the Kennedy Launch Center. To destroy Hart's light plane. As he illegally buzzes the

spectator stands to drop his warning leaflets. The saga plays out in front of a crowd of onlookers and network news cameras. Borsch orders a media blackout. Not one single frame makes it onto national television. All eyewitnesses are detained. And forced to sign the official secrets act.

Hart narrowly escapes death. He rattled the devil's the cage, but the victory is hollow. The launch goes ahead, despite his best effort. He realizes his name has just been elevated to the top of the devil's search and destroy list.

The maverick professor retreats into hiding. He knows his war with the evil Siegfried Borsch is far from over.

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