

Hitler's Astrologer: How The Third Reich Used Astrology In World War Two

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Hitler's Astrologer

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People usually don't read this part of a book. This is sad, for in the case of many books, screenplays, and movies, the story *behind* the story is just as interesting.

I wish I could tell you all the story of how this story came to me, however this space is for all those I must give my deepest THANKS – for what you are about to read would not be possible without the assistance, encouragement, guidance and love from those I am about to mention.

Family first - to my brother Lucian who since I was little has been, and still is to this day, the perfect role model for good character and success, and who I continue to look to on 'how to do' something. To my sister whose guidance has allowed me to navigate my journeys into the spiritual world and of the heart – a role model to the world for the idea of unconditional love. Of course, to Mom and Dad who raised me to be healthy in mind and body, and are now in the spiritual world. To my daughter Amanda who is my pride and joy that gives life meaning. THANK- YOU - I love you all.

To Peter & Tonye-Marie, who helped me “make it” in other areas so I could finish this story, God bless you both for inspiring me to get to the next level, and to our school librarian, Sheryl Rossi, who has loved books all her life (and even made a special place for me in our library for me to finalize this book during my lunch breaks).

No matter where I've lived or how many years since the time I've seen him last, to my best friend of all time (before 1st grade, actually) Douglas R. Wilkins, who besides being instrumental in finalizing this story for you, is also instrumental in this story transforming into a film version – which Hitler's Astrologer is now an international award winning screenplay.

Last, but certainly not least, I must thank GOD, who had me playing chess in a Hamburg park that introduced me to the only man living in 1984 who could tell the inside story of how the Third Reich used astrology and the occult. It was meant to be.

Introduction

As president of the Holocaust Survivors Group of Southern Nevada, I first came into contact with David when he called our organization expressing his wish to interview holocaust survivors within our group who felt comfortable doing so, to gain insight for a book he was writing. We later met, where I learned of David's research into this little known story about an intriguing character of history that until now, I have never heard about. However, I was surprised that David was actually more interested in our group's story, and his questions showed he not only desired information about our experience, he truly wanted to understand our experience.

Since that time David has invited myself and my friend to come speak at the high school he taught, which was difficult for me to consider at first as I have never spoken of my experiences in public before. However, now this experience is a yearly occurrence, for he felt my story not only assisted in constructing the historical accuracy for this book, but also is a lesson that needed to be heard by all, especially students of the 21st Century.

I would also like to share with you that it is our story that gave David the idea that an item, such as his book, that reaps the rewards of humanity's fascination with the Third Reich, should also benefit the people who suffered the most under this brutal regime, so with this thought in mind, he offered to contribute a portion of the profits of this book to our Holocaust Survivors, for which our organization is most grateful.

If David approached the rest of the book with the sincerity, detailed research, and consideration to the facts as when interviewing our group, I'm sure you, dear reader, are in for an in-depth historical portrayal of this little known, behind the scenes glimpse into the dark forces that made up the most evil institution in world history.

- Ray Fiol, President, Holocaust Survivors Group of Southern Nevada
Chapter 1 - The Passage

* * *

"...their chances of getting caught just increased ten fold."

Captain Best Payne and his partner lay face down in the half frozen mud hastily covered with loose branches and dead leaves within their reach. Before leaving the Dutch city of Enschede, local intelligence informed them this stretch of the Holland - German border had very few, if any, patrols. This information was either unreliable, or someone was misinformed. Crunching boots and occasional shouts in German now filled the dark, thickly wooded forest like a machine with a mind of its own.

They would change the schedule on the day we go in. Payne thought, recalling the training, memorization, and study dedicated to this mission. *Six months of work and we may get caught within six minutes after crossing the border. Shit.*

Frustration and fear flowed from thought into the rest of his body. The sporadic shouts in German became louder. Both minds calculate deeper realms of possibilities. *Was it a change in schedule, or did they know we were coming?* Payne wonders if he will ever see an English soccer game again. His eyes close. An image of his father drifts into his imagination.

A new sound accelerates their already quickened heartbeats. A sound telling both Welshmen their chances of getting caught just increased ten fold.

"Dogs!" Riley whispered.

As threatening barks and excited shouts grow louder, both Payne and Riley hear a loud crack above them, as if a huge tree branch above them suddenly gave way. For several seconds, dead silence.

"Raus! Raus!"

Riley Stevens and Best Payne remained perfectly still. Heavy boots crunching in the snow multiply and completely surround them. A splash of snow from one of these boots spray on Payne's nose.

Easy, easy. Payne remembered in training how a member on the opposite team looking for him, only inches away, did not see him. *Just because they're close doesn't mean they see me.*

More shouts. But directed at *him*, or Stevens? Or *both*? The taste of beer had in Holland before slipping into Germany returned to his mouth. His thoughts strayed from beer to the barmaid who always flirted with him at a pub in Fishguard. He never kissed her.

A heavy thump on his back surged pain throughout his 160-pound athletic body. Caught. Their mission to assassinate the mythical voice whispering prophetic advice into the ears of Nazi leaders was over.

"Raus...Raus!!!"

Did they get Riley, too?

* * *

"...an affair with the nephew of President Hoover."

Goebbels was happy. Once again his wife Magda showed another sign of pure genius which he

would get credit for. Moments like this reassured him this marriage – arranged by Hitler himself – was indeed advantageous to his personal goals.

The most recent tension in his marriage started just after the fall of Poland. Ironically his feelings for her paralleled his feelings on the military issues he had to deal with at any given time. Screaming under the surface of his normally cool, controlled speaking manner was the question he had for both Magda and the Nazi party in 1939:

What next?

Sitting in his spacious office in the Reichstag, he analyzed Magda's current idea with the astuteness learnt while living at a Franciscan boarding school as a young man in the Netherlands. How far he had risen since those horrible, lonely, and deprived days after the First World War. A war he was not allowed to fight in due to a deformed right leg. A war, even when it was over, he pretended to have participated in. A war allowing him to claim the limp caused by untreated osteomyelitis as a child was instead from combat.

Joseph scanned over his huge oak desk; which over the years evolved into a shrine paying tribute to his past. Papers from his studies of literature and philosophy at the universities of Bonn, Würzburg, and Freiburg were neatly stacked in the upper left hand corner. On the right, his leather bound doctoral thesis written while attending Heidelberg University on a minor 19th century romantic dramatist, Wilhelm von Schütz, his favorite writer.

While taking off his metal brace and special shoe, his eyes moved from the old college papers to the clock. Exactly two o'clock in the morning.

A blonde, voluptuous secretary opened his huge office door looking as fresh as when she arrived at work at nine o'clock yesterday morning. She spoke just as the clock began to chime.

"More vodka, Herr Minister?" Bettina asks noticing his empty glass.

"Ja, danke." His eyes focus on his secretary's cleavage as she leans over to pour one of the many bottles sent by colleagues now looting Poland. Every inch of her behind swaying as she walks away from his desk is focused on as the bottle returns to its proper shelf.

Goebbels' official work had ended well over an hour ago, but it was his custom to review the day's work - and Bettina - before actually leaving.

When the Führer returns to Berlin tomorrow, he too would be pleased. As with many of Magda's previous ideas, this one touched and manipulated the mystical need affecting many of those within the upper echelons of the Nazi party.

Goebbels learned as far back as 1927 that Hitler was easily excited over any metaphysical form of control, be it over an individual or the masses - and especially if those affected were unaware they were being manipulated.

Based in this form of black magic, Magda's idea would assist the German High Command's plan against one of the Führer's most hated enemies: the French. Ironically, her scheme to use a famous Frenchman to work against his own people could be applied for both propaganda and a military advantage. The Frenchman she found was France's famed seer & prophet: Nostradamus.

"Adolf will *love* it!" Joseph remembered his wife laughing.

"I'm sure he will." Goebbels replied, but secretly wondered: *When Magda used the word 'love' and 'Adolf' in the same sentence, was this expressing a repressed love for Hitler?*

Immediately attracted to Hitler when she joined the Nazi party in September of 1930, Magda soon learned Hitler adamantly intended to remain single. Adolf Hitler only revealed to three people of his vow never to become involved with a divorcee, especially one with a child. Magda had both.

While highly cultured at society functions, gossip circulated all over Berlin over her infidelity. Several verified a story while touring America with her first husband, Günther Quandt, Magda had an affair with the nephew of President Hoover. These rumors strengthened when Van Ness Hoover Leavitt came to Germany to visit and propose marriage after Magda divorced. The relationship with the celebrity American ended when they were involved in an automobile crash together in which Magda was seriously injured. It was never clear how this tragedy caused them to drift apart.

Magda Goebbels, First Lady of the Third Reich

Hitler, despite all the hints of scandal, was deeply impressed with Magda and wanted her to be the wife of a highly visible Nazi official. Her high social connections were of great value and the upper class air of mannerisms gave the Nazi party validity in these circles. Magda was to be, as the Führer put it, the "First Lady of the Third Reich".

Goebbels looked at the clock. 2:17 am. Should he go home to his wife tonight?

* * *

"...be it sincere or faked"

The interior of the Hotel Esplanade was covered in symbols and colors of the Netherlands for the annual Hollandish Ball. Business, cultural, diplomatic, and most other types of relationships between Germany and Holland were fairly profitable in 1932, so the food, festivities, and guest list were expanded to reflect the good fortune between two neighbors both of whom were struggling in the mist of a world depression.

"...and where *is* your wonderful cousin?" Ludwig von Wohl asked, looking around the spacious ballroom. "You *did* pack her up and bring her, didn't you?"

"Of course, of course," Prince Heinrich answered in a short controlled laugh. Von Wohl knew how to play up to Heinrich's ego by making it appear the Prince was in charge of the ball and his failed marriage.

Besides having a jovial sense of humor in a desert of stiffness and pomp, Von Wohl's talent for making the Prince feel important formed much of the basis for their relationship.

"*Ahhhh*, look who has come to brighten up our little party!" Prince Heinrich raises his glass to an approaching well taken care of middle-aged woman, whom Von Wohl feels immediately attracted to. Her figure, make-up and healthy skin have her appear many years younger.

"Ludwig, let me have the pleasure to introduce the Countess Keun von Hoogerwerd."

"Delighted, Countess." The kiss on the hand lasts an unusually long time for such a formal

function, stirring some notice from some other guests in proximity.

"Likewise." Cooped the Countess, flattered to participate in such a public display. Despite her beauty, the coldness of royalty and stifling dignitary protocols of such events did not have her encountering such displays often. Complementary words and actions were not common at home either, so the Countess was always happy to be the recipient of attention - be it sincere or faked.

"Are you *Dutch*, Herr von Wohl?"

Ludwig never knew how to answer such questions over his origin. Born in Berlin on the 24th of January in 1903, he was the bastard son of a Jewish Hungarian emigrant who serviced a shopkeeper in Prague in exchange for fake marriage papers, allowing her to move to Germany.

The 'von' in his name actually started as a school yard joke while in his first year of high school. His classmates gave the somewhat overweight youngster the title since he tried to act like nobility. Ironically, the always-rotating teachers and staff of School Number 27 became so used to hearing him being called 'von Wohl' that out of habit, one of the school secretaries actually put the 'von' on his official graduation papers. With this one document, he made sure all future documents showed the same, securing his place in Germany and European nobility.

"I was born in Berlin, Countess."

* * *

"Politician or general?"

Bettina got in the taxi, dropping her black embroidered Ministry briefcase on the back seat carelessly. To any other driver, treating such a highly respected piece of property of the Third Reich with such a casual attitude would have been frowned upon or even looked at with suspicion.

Michael, however, was not any taxi driver nor was it by chance his was the cab she entered whenever Herr Goebbels did not take his shapely young secretary home himself. Arriving in Berlin during the 1936 Olympics with perfectly forged papers, one of his many assignments around the Reichstag was to come in contact as much as possible with secretaries and clerks who worked in this important building.

"Home, Frau Meyer?"

"Nein, Maxi, der Schülerstrasse, bitte." There was no need to give the street number, for Maxi, Bettina's pet name for Michael when she learned he named his taxi after his German Shepherd - knew exactly where to go. Schülerstrasse 27 was also an important address for his contacts in London, although Bettina was completely unaware of this fact.

"Ja, Frau Meyer". Even though they were on the kind of friendly terms one would expect for two people who have seen each other several times a week over the course of two and a half years, Maxi remained socially and professionally formal.

Bettina opened her briefcase and occasionally pulled out a document or photo to angle it under the passing streetlights to read.

"Lots of work tonight, Frau Meyer?"

"Too much!"

"Thinking, or typing?" Maxi's usual opening line fishing for more details.

"Both!" She gasps with real exhaustion while looking at a photo of a seemingly interesting looking dark man.

"Politician or general?" Maxi asks catching a glimpse of her focused attention on the photo in the rear view mirror.

"Nein...nein, an *astrologer*, if you can believe that!"

"An astrologer in the Reichstag? Well, these days, I'll believe *anything*!" Maxi said while turning a tight corner.

* * *

"I'll start packing."

SPECIAL DELIVERY - OFFICIAL BUSINESS OF THE THIRD REICH

Ministry of Propaganda

January 22, 1940

Dear Herr Krafft,

The German people request your service in an urgent and sensitive program concerning the area of your talent and abilities. Enclosed in this letter are sample materials that our office would like your expertise and interpretation on, two first class train tickets to Berlin, and confirmation reservation papers for you and your wife at the Kaiser Hoff Hotel on the Wilhelmstrasse in Berlin.

A private meeting has been scheduled between you and Herr Minister Goebbels for January 30th, at 14:00 hours in his personal office, room 137 in the Reichstag.

We look forward to working with you for the glory of the Third Reich.

Heil Hitler,

Bettina Meyer - Personal secretary to Herr Minister Goebbels

Even though politely written, it was clear the letter was an order for Karl Ernst and Elaine Krafft to appear in Berlin. Karl Ernst silently handed the letter to his wife who read it quickly, then slowly handed it back.

"I'll start packing." She says to herself while walking up the oak staircase. There would be no husband/wife discussion over this trip since his silence revealed the decision had already been made - in Berlin.

Karl Ernst Krafft looks out the window as Elaine fashions what will be needed upstairs. His heart

beats with a new excitement as if announcing the joy of finally obtaining official work with the Third Reich. His mind, already excited at the challenge of new mathematical puzzles thrown at him in the letter, had underneath a cold cloud of hesitation. A sense not connected to a thought or feeling crawled into his consciousness. A subconscious hint, a warning. *Danger!*

* * *

"...at least the dog understood he had given up."

The blunt end of a rifle stock smashed against Captain Payne's upper back, making his left arm jump.

"Raus! Raus!"

The spiky teeth of a German Shepherd lock around his ankle and pull him out from the makeshift debris.

"OK, alright...!" Payne moans, realizing whatever damage done by the rifle butt into his back had affected his voice. Rising on his knees, his arms attempt to come up with the universal sign of surrender, however manages to move his left arm up only halfway. The action does not seem to satisfy his captor.

"Raus!!! Raus!!!"

Looking at the German corporal directly in the eyes, Payne waves his arm in the air with the German Shepherd still attached to his ankle. Luckily, the dog was not biting as hard as done at first; giving Payne the impression at least the dog knew he had given up. Unfortunately it appeared the young soldier pointing the rifle at his forehead did not come to the same conclusion.

"Raus!!!" The eyes under the Waffen SS helmet burned with excitement, and fear.

"Aw, come on mate, let's not be a broken record."

"Britsher! Britsher!" An unseen group of voices behind him also begin shouting. Suddenly several pairs of hands grab and pull his arms back. The pain from his left arm could now be felt in his back and over the entire left side of his body.

A thin figure in civilian clothes parts through the detachment, one whose slow, meticulous pace in walking suggests he was the one in command. Captain Payne attempts to give the impression the present situation was not serious.

"Hey, mate, 'ow about a cigarette?"

* * *

"...written over 400 years ago?"

The beginning of 1940 went very well for Goebbels, his family, and the Third Reich. The east was secure with Poland totally crushed and the Russians placated with a non-aggression pact. The English and French were either too weak or too timid - or both - to move against them in the west. Intelligence reports revealed that neither of these hated countries could, or even would, move against them for some time...if at all. All this exactly as Hitler had predicted, and all of this exactly

what he was counting on.

Power rushed through Goebbels' body as his secretary's typing in the next room brought him out of his daydream. "Bettina...?"

No answer.

Goebbels' thoughts roamed to home. His six children and wife had the house and status he only dreamed of as a youth. The entire Goebbels family was indeed enjoying to the fullest the privilege of his position. Magda, whom he loved and hated dearly, was now starting to take an interest in his work. Her attention to matters of state naturally created problems at first, but now in a very unexpected way began to show real benefits.

As for himself, the small, frail, skinny boy who in school was so often ridiculed, teased, and belittled - was now on top of the Reich. He, as everyone else in Germany knew, that in this year of 1940, being on the top of the Third Reich was equal to being on top of the world.

"Yes, Herr Minister...?" Bettina finally walked in.

"Can you believe," he questioned while lifting a paper towards her, "Nostradamus wrote this *over 400 years ago?*"

"Nein, Herr Minister." She remembered hearing about Nostradamus in school and that a few of her classmates seemed excited about his vague and cryptic predictions over the future of mankind penned in the 16th century.

Looking at the medieval text in front of her, she noticed it specified a particular date: September 1, 1939. Goebbels had written 'Aries = War to start with Germany'.

"Do you think he *really* looked into the future, Herr Minister?"

* * *

"...dancing around social niceties..."

"Ahhh...Berlin." The Countess filled her lungs with cigarette smoke, as if the tobacco helped her remember all the pleasant experiences there. "A wonderful city, I should hope to see more of it."

Von Wohl interpreted this as a hint of her wish for *him* to be the one showing her more of it. Was she feeling the same attraction as he?

To the Prince, it was obvious the newly introduced couple were getting along fine without him. He nodded to excuse himself then moved on to a group of Austrian businessmen nearby who were waiting for his attention.

"Ta, ta, *Heinrich*." The Countess made it sound as if she was grateful to the Prince for being given a new plaything for the evening.

Von Wohl took two glasses of champagne off a passing waiter's tray and handed one to the Countess.

"Thank-***you***, Herr Ludwig."

"My pleasure Countess."

Both were experienced in flirting by using pronouns, and their mutual attraction had them doing so right away. After dancing around social niceties, innuendos of interest, and hints of how they might spend their time, the Countess finally reached the point where she wanted to know something about the man in front of her.

"...and just what exactly *is it* that you *do*, Herr Von Wohl?"

* * *

"He's the expert on Nostradamus"

"I've never met an astrologer before..."

"I never have either, but it appears I may be...very soon." Bettina did not lift her eyes from the photograph in her hand.

"Goebbels is collecting astrologers now?" Maxi looked in the rear view mirror to confirm if she was serious.

"Well, he's not coming here to look at *my* stars, at least I don't think so."

Despite working 14 hours a day for several weeks in one of the most bizarre offices in the Third Reich, Bettina still managed to maintain a sense of humor.

"He's *the* expert on Nostradamus who will interpret some text that Herr Goebbels is really excited about." Bettina replied as if the event were nothing unusual. From her nonchalant tone, Maxi wrongly concluded the dark looking man in the photo was merely one more eccentric coming to appease Goebbels' ever changing list of strange new hobbies - such as tarot card readers, African and Egyptian tools and books on magic, ancient Roman and Greek coins, symbols from ancient Nordic tribes, just to name a few.

"Some passage that Goebbels is *very* excited about." Bettina repeated. The repetition was still not enough to have it register in Maxi's trained mind to obtain further information.

Because of Maxi's deduction that Karl Krafft coming in to work on Nostradamus predictions was just another fad in Goebbels' office, this information did not appear on Maxi's next report to London. This omission would later cost the British and French forces thousands of lives, plus prevent the French 5th, 8th, and 12th armies from reinforcing the front lines when the German invasion of France began.

* * *

"Uniforms of the World's Armies: Past & Present"

Karl Ernst Krafft was born on the 10th of May in Basle, Switzerland. Although a Swiss citizen, Karl Ernst was of Germanic origin, with both his mother Anna and father Carl coming from just across the river in Baden-Baden, Germany.

Karl Ernst's sister, Anneliese, was born into the Krafft family a year after Karl Ernst on September 18, 1901. They were unusually close siblings, to the point that many relatives felt uncomfortable the way the two children seemed to know what each other was thinking - and what other people

were thinking - when the two siblings were together.

Karl Ernst's preoccupation with spiritualism and the occult began long before his university days at the University of Basle, where he officially enrolled on April 23, 1919. Fishing with his grandfather on the banks of the Rhine when he was five years old, is where Karl Ernst experienced his first spiritual vision:

"Grandfather, what kind of uniform is that?"

"What uniform...where?"

"The strange one that man has on, over there, on the other side."

Grandfather Krafft looked in the direction where young Karl Ernst was pointing, but saw no one in uniform - only the common clothes of the other fishermen squatting on the opposite bank.

"Hmm."

Karl Ernst could see his grandfather was becoming cross. The patriarch of the family was a serious man and did not like being made fun of, or to end up on the wrong side of a joke or prank. To change the subject, Karl Ernst sidestepped the conversation back to fishing, the only source of pleasure the old man would admit to.

"Oh, perhaps he took that coat off...what bait should we use *now*, grandfather...?"

The truth was Karl Ernst actually did see a man in an extraordinary uniform, and continued to see him as his grandfather returned to setting his line with new bait. Turning to Anneliese, Karl Ernst noticed her staring at the other side of the bank too. Puzzling Karl Ernst equally were the fishermen on the other side of the river did not seem to see this huge figure walking amongst them. Not so much as a glance was given towards the tall, completely pale walking statue, whose colorful costume would have turned the heads of hundreds at any parade.

Anneliese glanced at Karl Ernst, then back at the opposite bank. She saw him too.

When the Krafft fishing party returned home that evening, Karl Ernst researched the uniform burned within his memory at his father's library, which contained a large collection of books over military history, equipment, and strategy. In "*Uniforms of the World's Armies: Past & Present*", written by Herr Thomas Titzel in 1899, Karl Ernst learned the uniform he saw was for a Prussian artillery captain, worn in 1879 in the war with France. Anneliese shook her head 'yes' immediately when he turned to the page the image was on.

"Beautiful uniform, isn't it?" His father said in passing to put up his ledger for the Cardinal Brewery, where he was director.

After a few questions about the uniform, brigades, and battles in the Franco-Prussian war, Karl Ernst and Anneliese learned of a battle occurring on the very spot where all three were fishing that afternoon. The battle, taking place in 1879, included a Prussian and French artillery duel lasted for two days, where his great uncle, an artillery captain in the Prussian 3rd Brandenburg Regiment, died.

Chapter 2 – The Man

* * *

“Even he never thought of annexing Switzerland”

“But he's *Swiss*...are you *sure* he can be trusted?”

“Every indication shows he *can* be, mein Führer.” The Gestapo captain had learned from the many others before him never to answer Adolph Hitler with a simple 'yes' or 'no'.

“And what indications are *those*?” The Führer questioned while turning to look out a recently scrubbed window. His hands were clasped behind his back while waiting for a reply, like a university professor drilling a student for answers he knew long ago.

The Gestapo captain, Hans Zangemeister, took three steps forward and placed a file consisting of several hundred pages on the Führer's jet black oak desk with gold trim.

“Himmler himself has verified and approved his ancestry. Herr Krafft's psychological profile shows he prefers Germany - where he has been living the past eighteen years - over his native Switzerland.”

Hitler nodded his head. “So I've heard...and what of this warning that he gave, the warning at Bürgerbräukeller?”

“Incredible, mein Führer. Before a meeting of the Berlin Astrological Society on November 2nd, Krafft warned of an attempt on your life between the 7th and 10th of November.” Zangemeister swallowed. He had no idea of Hitler's reaction by the mention of the 1939 assassination attempt on his Führer's life. He paused for a moment to see if the Führer's mood was about to swing. Many times in the past he witnessed how one word could change Hitler's mood from joyous to absolute rage.

The Führer looked at him with a plain face, as if expecting him to continue. Zangemeister did not however, for it was common knowledge how a bomb exploded in a pillar behind Hitler's speaker platform on November 8th, 1939 on the 16th anniversary of the failed Beer Hall Putsch. With heavy fog preventing Hitler flying back to Berlin, he was forced to go by train, so finished his speech at the Bürgerbräukeller early. The bomb missed killing Adolf Hitler by 13 minutes.

Hitler closed his eyes and took a breath. His hand began to tremble. “Could he have known about the assassination attempt because he was a *part* of the assassination attempt? Why didn't this warning come to *me*?”

“Mein Führer, it was shown he contacted Himmler's offices on November 2nd giving the warning to a Herr Fesel, but somehow this was filed away and forgotten. The Gestapo questioned Herr Krafft extensively and Himmler himself found him innocent.”

Hitler had already seen Himmler's report on Krafft's arrest and interrogations. Not known to Zangemeister was that Reichminister Rudolf Hess - also an astrologer - verified to Hitler the planetary positions Krafft found on Hitler's chart - verifying that indeed in the practice of horoscope interpretation - Hitler's personal chart indicated an assassination attempt during this period.

Zangemeister remained at attention, but began to lose his composure. He had never been with the Führer for this amount of time alone. Does this mean he is in trouble?

After staring out the window for several minutes, Hitler turned around. “Will he fit in the *party*?”

Zangermeister picked up another folder and flipped two pages. "All recorded statements and logs of his activity show he follows the party line. Completely."

"For example..?"

The captain flipped through two more pages.

"For example..." Zangemeister paused while he pulled one page halfway out. "here is a copy of a letter from Herr Krafft dated October 18, 1935 to a Marguerite Panchaud of Stuttgart. He warns her of international freemasonry and Jewry, and that Switzerland would be absorbed by Germany if the Swiss press prints anymore unjustified criticisms of the Party's actions and policy."

Hitler laughed to himself. Even *he, Adolf Hitler*, never thought of annexing Switzerland, although in the back of his mind he considered this German speaking country technically already part of the Reich.

Captain Zangemeister could tell by the expression on the Führer's face the right example was given. Despite the inner joy he had somehow pleased the Führer he remained at attention.

"Tell me Captain," Hitler now turned facing the captain directly, "what is *your* impression of this Karl Krafft fellow?"

Zangemeister did not expect such a question. All his previous contact with Adolph Hitler was conducted merely to relay facts, this was the first time the Führer ever wanted *his opinion*. The fear running through every organ did not let him experience the honor of what had just happened. An honor he would tell his wife and certainly his children and grandchildren, should he ever have any.

To answer, the captain's mind began to rehash all what he had read in the report, and merely reworded the opinions of Himmler, Goebbels, and General Osterkamp.

"I believe he will serve the Reich *well*, mein Führer!"

* * *

"Did you see it being delivered?"

A good half an hour before his 11 a.m. meeting with representatives from Hungry and Rumania was supposed to finish, the Count began looking out the huge bay windows. His presence was not actually needed at this particular phase of business being transacted, which was the usual way he conducted business. All factors were already decided before the meeting was even set. In this case his presence was needed to ensure trust on both sides. Count von Hoogerwoerd was the only thing each side had in common, and unknown to both sides, the Count was the only one who was really making profit by their joining together.

The need that brought these representatives to join forces in order to survive was actually engineered by the Count and his son in a business deal seven years earlier in Austria. A business deal creating a problem that only the Count & Prince Hoogerwoerd could solve.

"The execution of the Briest matter will occur on February 12th, and should be concluded by the 15th. Then, gentlemen we will..."

The Dutch-Hungarian-Rumanian deal was also one that, on the surface at least, would mutually

benefit the economies of all three nations - and of course the individuals present. Needed oil from the Rumanian refineries would go to Holland and a major portion of the unreported profits would then go to an obscure operation in Hungary. The Count's Hungarian organization would then assist in the elimination of 14 certain individuals within certain institutions in Budapest who were preventing an even bigger Hoogerwoerd deal in banking from being finalized with factions in Russia.

"Gentlemen," the Hungarian representative concluded, "I believe we have a satisfactory offer for each of your concerns...if you'll look on page 11."

All parties were now nodding their heads with approval. The Count got what he wanted...again.

Looking out the window, Count von Hoogerwoerd noticed an attractive young woman - just ending her teenage years - setting up a flower stand across the street. Even through the window three stories up one could see she was stunningly beautiful, the way many eastern European woman are at that age. She did not look at all the kind of person the Count would do business with.

"Would you gentlemen excuse me for a moment?" The Count bowed to each member before leaving the room.

In a matter of moments the Count was down in the street below looking over the flower stand. "Did you see it being delivered?" The Count asks while appearing to examine the variety of flowers. The question concerned her previous assignment.

"Yes, sir."

"Did Herr Krafft arrive on time?"

"Yes, sir."

"Good. Kriederman will have your tickets to Warsaw in the usual place. Mail me a post card when you finish." The Count appears to choose a bunch of flowers. "Then go to Stettin, I will meet you at the Atlantic during the Sea Days Festival.

"Yes, sir."

"And Milena..."

The young girl reacts in surprise. Never has she heard him utter her name before.

Be neat this time. It's said Moretti's blood was all over the inspector's hallway in Trieste. "Please, use poison, or at least make it look like an accident this time."

"Yes, sir."

The girl dipped her head in thanks and gratitude as if this was one of the few sales she had this day, then gave him the mixed bundle of flowers chosen.

"I love you." She whispered as the Count entered the front door across the street. Like many who worked for the Count, she was completely devoted to her boss, and would kill for him should he request it, which he had done on several occasions.

The Count would never know of her love for him, but he could image her gratitude of being saved

from a life of prostitution from one of the most abusive houses in Warsaw where he bought her. It is this type of gratitude that instills devotion, a characteristic the Count demanded, in order to fulfill the types of jobs his 'employees' did for him.

As with so many schemes throughout the ages in history devised by the Hoogerwoerd family, this assignment for the dark haired beautiful Polish girl would affect most of the populations within six European countries, yet will never show up in the history books. It would not be until December 22, 1941 at the three week conference named Arcadia in Washington D.C. where Roosevelt, Churchill and their advisors met that the effects of this particular example of the Count's cunning would bear fruit. Yet in only three weeks after young Milena fulfilled her assignment, the Count would be the only one left alive who had any knowledge or connection with the scheme she was a key player.

Even those who loved the Count were expendable.

* * *

"...make sure everything is ready for our guest."

Captain Best Payne was fluent in German, but pretended not to understand a word.

"Has the Luftwaffe been informed of the speed and course of the drop plane?"

"Ja, Herr Schellenberg."

"And the other one...?" Schellenberg asked while looking around. "There were *two* infiltrators seen."

One of the soldiers pointed his rifle at the lifeless body of Sergeant Stephen F. Riley, still lying on his stomach. The dead 22 year old had his eyes still open and a pool of blood was still forming around his head.

"Well," Schellenberg spoke perfect English, "it seems we have some matters to *discuss*, don't we?"

"That we may, general. Now 'ow about that cigarette?"

In good time, *Captain*, in good time." Schellenberg's stressing Payne's rank was disturbing. It suggested he already knew everything about the two British infiltrators and their mission. Payne's mind began racing through every possible person involved his getting here to determine the traitor or double agent.

"Call Schartz," Schellenberg snapped to a Lieutenant, "tell them we will be there shortly and make sure everything is ready for *our guest*." Again a hint they were expecting Payne.

"Jawohl!"

Schellenberg then looked around the landscape with a beam of satisfaction.

"I believe our work is finished here."

* * *

"...the 16th Century text in front of him"

"Coincidence?" Goebbels grabbed the paper back. "Nein, nein! Look at the *year* when you add up the figures he gave...it comes up to 1939!"

"It is truly amazing..." Bettina remarked while gliding around the desk, "that anyone who lived so long ago could see the *beginning of this war* so clearly." Her stress on the word 'beginning' was put with the hope he would share with her what he must have know if he had the beginning: the prediction for the *end* of this war. But her boss either did not see, or did not want to take the hint and instead changed the subject.

"Do you have a ride home?"

"Yes, thank-you." The question told her several things: one, *he* would not be driving her home tonight, two, he was tired, and three, he was tired of her.

Bettina still wanted to know what the prediction said as to when the war was supposedly going to end, so she threw out a more direct hint.

"Herr Minister," she whispered while walking to the chair to get her sweater, "if Herr Nostradamus was so precise in seeing the start of the war, do you think the year he gave as the end of the war will also be accurate?" She hoped asking this while slipping back into her sweater in a sexy fashion would make the question at least appear intimate. Secret information not shared with generals sometimes was shared with a secret lover; after all, she already knew many of the things kept from the German High Command as well as lurid details even the highest members of the Nazi Party did not know.

"That might be..." Goebbels eyes were now engulfed in another document before him. The distance in his voice revealed he was not really listening to her and she was finished for the day - and night.

Bettina now had her sweater on and was holding the papers she would have reading for tomorrow's meeting.

"Will there be anything else, Herr Minister?"

She stood and spoke with the same professional manner as she usually did during the day, when the office was filled with a steady stream of Nazi personnel, generals, informants, and other assorted dignitaries and visitors.

"Nein, Fraulein."

"Then goodnight, Herr Minister."

Bettina left the room without realizing some of the very files she was holding had the answer to her questions.

Goebbels did not look up as Bettina went through the huge double doors. His mind was on the 16th Century text in front of him:

Sept fois changer verrez gent Britiannique,

*Taintz en sang deux, nonnte an,
Franche non point par appuy Germanique,
Aries double son pole Bastarnan.*

(Actual Nostradamus verse, translated:)

*During the course of 290 years,
Britain would change its ruling dynasty seven times. (It did.)
Then, Aries (war) will come between Germany and another Germanic tribe,
The Bastarnan (a tribe living east of the Oder River, present day Poland),
Who will be protected by Britain. (Poland did have a treaty with Britain)*
- Nostradamus, Century III, Quatrain 57

Author's note: when 290 years are added to the planetary aspects Nostradamus spoke of in the year 1649, one would arrive at the year 1939 – the actual year war broke out between Germany & Poland.

* * *

“Ready?”

His deep, dark set eyes were what most people who met Karl Ernst remembered him by. It is also what attracted his wife to him.

“The train leaves at 15:30.”

Their inner understanding existed at the moment of their first meeting in Prague. From that moment on, what little conversation they had was simply to relay what changes the outside world would have on them, and what they would do to adapt to it. The inner matters were already understood, lifetimes ago.

“Dagmar's son will watch the house and take care of the plants.”

“Herr Zimmerman will forward the mail to the Kaiserhoff.”

Grandmother Krafft thought there was something about Elaine that reminded her of Krafft's departed sister, even though the two by appearance were completely different. The spiritual connection was so strong, it nearly destroyed any unpredictable actions necessary in keeping a husband-wife relationship from becoming routine. Sensing his impulse to buy her a flower eliminated any sort of surprise for Elaine, even though such deeds were appreciated.

"Ready?"

"Ready." The question was more out of politeness than actually wishing to know. In 5 hours after receiving the telegram requesting their presence in the Ministry of Propaganda, the Kraffts were on their way to Berlin.

"...a play that the Führer himself applauded."

"Have you read today's *Der Zeit*?" Von Wohl answered Countess's question with a question, something he learned from his mother.

"Yes...?" The Countess did read the paper, but apparently did not see or remember the article and photo about Von Wohl and his new play. Noticing his attempt did not work, he quickly tried to cover this failure with an extension of the same method.

"Perhaps you saw the critics review about the play, *Der Knoddel-Brot*?"

"No...*should* I have?"

Von Wohl saw the questioning game was over.

"Well, if you *really* wanted to see exactly what I do, then I must find a copy so you may read it. The paper described my work *far* better than I ever could." Von Wohl ended this statement with a muffled laugh. "If the review intrigues you, then perhaps I could personally show you what I do with an invitation to a play that the Führer himself applauded.

"So, you are an *actor*?"

"No, madam.... playwright ." Von Wohl bowed deeply, acting as if to apologize for this statement.

"Well, if you are a *writer*..." The Countess notices her husband coming, yet pretended not to see him, "...then you should meet my son, Baron Haralds Keun. I think *his* profession will interest you...he's an *astrologer*!"

After saying the word 'astrologer', the Countess turns to look at her husband as if to suddenly notice him. She wanted to see the Count hide his shame - to be reminded, which she did at every opportunity, that his only son had taken up such a disrespectful career, in his opinion. "Oh...!" She exaggerated her surprise, "I thought you had left with the Rumanian military attaché!"

The Count hid his frown. Succeeding with her emotional stab, the Countess returned to politeness. "Herr von Wohl, let me present my husband, Count von Hoogerwoerd."

The Count could hide his frown no longer, shocked by seeing someone he thought he would never see again. "Ah...um, actually, we have already met."

Chapter 3 – The Work

* * *

"Take him!"

Captain Payne wondered why soldiers would take orders from a civilian. The name Schellenberg had a familiar ring, perhaps a name from a history lesson or a past briefing; however his smashed shoulder and sickness of stomach made it difficult for him to remember anything, much less think.

"Take him!" Schellenberg ordered as he began walking to a series of headlights in the distance.

The pain finally overcame the British soldier and he passed out while being escorted to one of the three cars. He did not feel or remember being heaved into the back seat.

* * *

"...got a lot closer than anyone in Intelligence had hoped for."

"Schülerstrasse 27, Frau Meyer." Maxi announced while slowing to a stop.

"Danke, Herr Maxi Taxi." Bettina giggled the rhyme giving him the exact fare.

Maxi waited as Bettina rang the doorbell to flat number 14 and was buzzed in. When she disappeared into the spacious hallway, he then headed home only a few blocks away. Taking her to the Schülerstrasse meant he could get home early, since Bettina - usually his last assignment - actually lived on the far outskirts of Berlin.

Even though driving Bettina to her lover, Otto, instead of her house would be a much smaller fare, it was actually good for his real profession: spying. Her spending the night with Otto also meant the second half of a selected team would have time to pull as much information out of Frau Meyer as well.

Bettina's introduction to Otto was engineered by Maxi with the intended purpose of Otto and Bettina becoming friends. It turned out Maxi and Bettina got a lot closer than anyone in British Naval Intelligence had hoped for.

The first contact with Otto was successfully done on December 31, 1937 and was made to appear as an accidental meeting. This was relatively easy to arrange since finding a taxi, any taxi, on New Year's Eve in Berlin was next to impossible. Maxi made sure he was available for Bettina when she left a party both men knew she was attending. It was then easy to make Otto appear as the perfect gentleman willing to share the ride on the busiest night of the year.

* * *

"Will you introduce me?"

The Count quickly regained his composure. To say they had actually already been introduced would have not been altogether true. But the Count did not want to risk insulting von Wohl by pretending not to know him, in case von Wohl remembered their first meeting and, more importantly, *where* they met.

"Herr von Wohl, pleased to see you *again*." The Count's tone, formal and polite, with a hint that he would like to visit with von Wohl again - but not here and certainly not at this moment.

"Please to see *you* again, Count." Von Wohl replied, as if it were indeed an honor to do so. While engaging in this usual 'formal-dinner-party-conversation', von Wohl desperately tried placing where he had seen the Count before. He could not. Indeed, the Count's face did seem familiar.

Where had they met before? Von Wohl could sense the Count's tension beneath the veneer of composure and so moved to change the direction of the conversation.

"I didn't know your son was an astrologer, Countess. Will you introduce me? I would love to interview one who works in such an interesting field. Actually my next play has something to do with the occult, and the truth is, know of no one who practices such mysticism."

The Count's reaction reinforced Von Wohl's perception. This distinguished man was indeed nervous about the current situation. Was it the environment, the subject matter, Von Wohl himself, or the Countess who was the cause? His experience dealing with nobility taught him how to make a graceful exit at the very hint of discomfort, and his intuition told him by asking to meet the son was the way out of this situation.

His intuition was correct.

"Let me take you to introduce him..." The Countess said quickly, finding her way back into the conversation and scanning the ballroom, "...he's over by the punch bowl with that ghastly Italian general."

She nodded and slightly bowed to her husband while simultaneously extending her hand for von Wohl. Her mannerisms making it appear to anyone in the ballroom who noticed that their parting was the Count's idea, or demand.

Normally such a social maneuver to leave him standing alone would have the Count angry with his four-four-year-old wife, who often pulled such stunts to manipulate or belittle him in public. However, in this case the Count felt relieved. Their leaving also eased his immediate nervousness caused by being near the only two people in the world who could easily ruin his life.

* * *

"Scientists are two a penny!"

Entering the Humanistic Gymnasium in Basle shortly before his eleventh birthday, Karl Ernst remained there until his graduation in 1919. During this time he showed an unusual talent for mathematics, and had the hope to go to university for a degree in science.

His father was against the idea, arguing a career in banking or insurance offered better long-term prospects financially.

"Scientists are two a penny!" Father Krafft often shouted during a series of many arguments as Karl Ernst neared the end of his secondary school days.

Grandfather Krafft, who built and owned the still standing Hotel Krafft in Obere Rheingasse in Basle, probably would have taken the side of young Karl Ernst in such a family drama. Unfortunately having passed away just three years earlier, the glue and true authority of the Krafft family would not be able to defend and reassure his grandson.

Grandmother Krafft returned to Switzerland after the death of her husband. She was overly loving and too diplomatic to stand up and take sides in any family disputes.

Grandmother Krafft's second child, Albert, became a chemist and left for Germany the day after his graduation. Karl Ernst never met his uncle, who was only spoken of as Dr. Albert. There were no pictures of his uncle on the family table with the other extended family members, and there was

never any reason given as to why he departed, why he never visited, where he lived now, or even if he was alive.

Karl Ernst's last year at home was the worst in his life, and was the case for his younger sister Anneliese as well, whose main focus in life had nothing to do with studying the curriculum in school. She was totally captivated by the Sumerian cuneiform writings being brought to the Vorderasiatisches Museum in Berlin, where she would travel at least once a month to roam the 14 halls covered with displays spanning six millennia. Many of the staff reported she knew more about these ancient writings and could translate them better than Professor Dr. Heinrich Lutz-Martin who curated the museum. Anneliese died of tuberculosis a week after her older brother left for college. Karl Ernst always believed her death was actually her own way of escaping the soul-destroying, oppressive atmosphere of life under Carl and Anna Krafft.

* * *

"...he could clearly hear the screams..."

After fourteen hours, Captain Payne regained consciousness and still remained in great pain. A severe chill was now added to his discomfort. In slowly moving his head Payne could see why - he was completely naked. Deposited in a small, windowless concrete room that appeared recently built, the solid grey walls and lack of windows gave no clue of his location.

The sound of distant doors opening and closing brought footsteps to his door, which echoed with the clang of a massive metal keys and a loud click of the lock.

"Ah! Good morning, Captain! I trust you slept well?"

Towering over Payne stood Schellenberg, now in an all-black Gestapo uniform. Struggling to notice the Nazi's rank, Payne's eyes were not yet able to focus on the smaller details of on leather coat. Feeling a strange dryness in his mouth, Payne wondered if he could even speak.

"Come, let us have breakfast together." Schellenberg said while snapping his fingers. Two guards then entered. Both half carried Payne out of the room and down the long dark corridor to the left. He noticed Schellenberg turning in the opposite direction after exiting the cell.

As Payne and his escorts neared a stairwell, the screams of two or three men and women could be heard from the bottom of the steps.

* * *

"...what does this passage say about the end of the war?"

Even though he only knew a little French, Goebbels knew the meaning over every word in this particular passage - and especially its significance - thanks to a conversation between himself and Magda had almost two years before.

"...but it works out to be exactly 1939, Joseph...look!"

Herr Goebbels had been in his study working on a speech that was supposed to be delivered to Hermann Göring that evening. However, he learned long ago, to listen to his wife whenever she was excited about something, and Magda was clearly excited now.

"Has this come about by *your* interpretation, or *your interpretation* of *another* interpretation?" His

wife's answer would determine if Goebbels would continue to work on the speech or dive into the idea that appeared to be developing in their bedroom.

Magda sat on their massive medieval bed with a huge red book open and several pages of notes scattered all around her. She ignored Joseph's question as she was all too familiar with his various forms of resistance to her ideas.

"Here...look. These first two lines state during the course of 290 years, Britain would change its ruling dynasty seven times," she referred to another book, "...which it did."

"So?"

Irritated she continued, "The ruler of England at the time of this Nostradamus' prediction was Charles the First, who was executed in 1649."

"So?"

"If you add 290 years to 1649 you get 1939 - this passage is talking about a war that is going to happen NEXT year!"

Magda was an honor student in history, so Herr Goebbels did not ask for verification. "And...?"

"Annnnd...the second two lines say that Aries - meaning war - will come between Germany and another German tribe, the Bastarnan, who are a people that will be protected by Britain."

"But what has this got to do with *Poland*?"

"Joseph, in Nostradamus' time, the Germanic group called the Bastarnan, were settled on the eastern side of the Vistula, which today *is* Poland!"

"Jaaa..." Joseph's tone suggested she continue, for although he was beginning to understand, the big picture she obviously saw was still not clear to him...yet. For in his mind was the question Bettina would ask almost exactly two years later.

"So, what does this passage say about the *end* of the war?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing?" Herr Goebbels began to feel warm. His wife's excitement over some obscure historical fact had taken him away from Göring's speech – which had a deadline. He entered his bedroom with the impression Magda had found a Nostradamus passage predicting the upcoming war with a Nazi victory.

"But I thought you said we can use this for predicting victory for the Reich!"

"We *can*...for victory...or *anything* we want!" Magda was the only person in Germany who could cool down her husband when something he expected did not occur exactly as he pictured it. She could also be one of the few people who could do the opposite.

"Dear, we simply release articles with *this* passage, which is authentic and the interpretation can be verified by any expert...*then* we follow this with other Nostradamus passages known to show Germany in a favorable light...also authentic. Done. The headlines can read: *Nostradamus Predicts Nazi Victory.*"

Magda now had her husband's full attention.

* * *

"...one who travels among interesting company."

The Count kept his eyes focused on von Wohl as he walked off - a look he always gave when sizing up an opponent. *Well*, he thought, *at least that fat little pretender did play along about knowing me.*

As von Wohl and the Countess approached her son, Baron Haralds Keun von Hoogerwoerd, the Count began to scheme how to meet von Wohl after the ball. The Count had to make sure von Wohl remained non-hostile should he later remember where they had seen each other, if he hadn't done so already. He headed to a table full of Dutch shipping agents - his employees - to make the arrangements to have von Wohl intercepted before leaving the event.

"Herr von Wohl, I would like you to meet my son," the Countess said, pulling a young man away from an Italian general, "Baron Haralds Keun von Hoogerwoerd."

Both men gave a respectful bow.

"He will tell you some things about *astrology* I'm sure you could use in your next *play*." Her voice seemed to carry throughout the ballroom, acting as an advertisement for her son and von Wohl - as well as herself as one who travels among interesting company. Her performance was also an act to continue her husband's embarrassment.

Von Wohl's previous plans for this evening were canceled due to a certain husband not going away on a planned weekend hunting trip - forcing his date to fulfill her marital obligations. His second choice for the evening did not pick up her telephone, so he ended up using a ticket for the yearly Ball given to him by a fan inside the Dutch Embassy. He was now completely satisfied the first two did not materialize.

Three years ago he attended this very same event and was bored stiff. Von Wohl swore he would never attend another, however his attendance to this year's ball would turn out to be more than an amusing evening, it was an introduction to his lifeline. In a few short months his connection the von Hoogerwoerd family will be the only thread saving his life.

* * *

"It was Goebbels' wife!"

The giant entrance doors to the Kaiserhoff Hotel appeared to be in a constant state of opening and closing, spewing in and out a variety of hotel and military uniforms, and various styles of civilian clothes. The mixture of textures and colors gave the impression here is the center of European fashion - and the Second World War.

"Can I help you, sir?"

"No, thank-you, I'm waiting for my colleagues." Dr. Heinrich Fesel had originally been a schoolmaster. He was an accomplished classical scholar and one of the few in the Nazi party who knew Sanskrit. To say he was a colleague of Karl Krafft was stretching the truth, since they had only met once in 1935 at an astrological lecture given by Krafft in Mannheim. Fesel had always been fascinated in the occult since he saw - what he believed to be - his grandmother's ghost when he was 11 years old.

"Very well, sir, perhaps I may get you a chair while you are waiting?"

The hotel porter had noticed the special pin of Fesel's collar, which identified him as being a part of the Foreign Service. The extended offer of superior service was motivated by a fact every worker at the Kaiserhoff knew - that foreigners and those of the Foreign Service gave the best tips.

"No, thank-you, I shouldn't be long."

Recruited into the Foreign Intelligence by Walter Schellenberg, Fesel worked in Section VI of the Reichsicherheitshauptamt (RSHA), and was responsible for Krafft and his wife while they were in Berlin. Fesel, an amateur astrologer very familiar with Krafft's work and family background, were the two factors for his being assigned to watch the famous Swiss astrologer and his wife while they were in Berlin.

Immediately after Fesel had said he wouldn't be long, a taxi coasted up with the expected passengers. He turned and grinned to the porter, who nodded back as if to acknowledge his clairvoyance statement. Fesel walked up the car to greet his guests.

"Welcome Herr Krafft!"

"Thank-you." Karl Ernst was not expecting a personal welcome, but was also not surprised. He had observed over the years that the Third Reich could be very caring...when they wanted you. "And how are you Herr...?"

"Fesel. Dr. Heinrich Fesel. We met once in Mannheim when you lectured our group...but that was a long, long time ago. Please, call me Heinrich."

"Ah, yes, Heinrich." Krafft said it as if the name and title jogged his brain into remembering the brief encounter.

"...and this must be Elaine! Madame, you are even more beautiful than the photograph they gave me to recognize you!" Elaine grit her teeth and looked down at the sidewalk. While indeed a compliment, the comment also signaled the party had more than files and photographs of you - and perhaps more information one is not aware of.

"I'm sure you both would like to freshen up, and perhaps have some lunch?"

"Yes, that would be nice."

"Fine, I'll make sure the rest of your luggage from the station gets to your room, and then I'll be back here at two thirty to go over a few things before our meeting on the 17th. Did you get a chance to look at some of the samples we sent you?"

"Yes, *of course*." The answer hinted that even more was done than just looking.

"Good, good! I myself am very anxious to see what you have come up with. You know, Herr Krafft, I am a big admirer of your work!"

"Is that so?"

"Yes, besides having read all your books, I also subscribe to your Economic Bulletin...most intriguing! Your accuracy and insight is truly amazing!"

While it was a tendency for Fesel to flatter his guests - even personal ones in his home - he was playing up to Krafft a bit more than usual for professional reasons. Fesel's intelligence profile of Krafft had the important bit of information that Krafft tended to be gullible to praise, especially celebrity worship from those interested in his field.

"And I am truly amazed concerning your department...Herr... Heinrich." All three entered an empty elevator. "Simply a stroke of genius to use Nostradamus as an ally for our cause. Who was it that did that interpretation of Quatrain III, 57 passage?"

Fesel put his hand on Krafft's arm and leaned in closer. Even though they were alone in the elevator, he whispered the answer as of to stress the secrecy of the matter.

"It was Goebbels' wife!"

"No!"

"Yes! She was reading the 5th edition of C. Loog's book just after the outbreak of the war and saw the relationship with the passage!"

"Unbelievable!" Karl Ernst was indeed impressed with Frau Goebbels' insight, yet at the same time was a bit ashamed he - the renowned expert on Nostradamus - didn't see the parallel between this passage and the events that occurred on the 1st of September.

"I can understand using the text to place the time, but how did she place Bastarnan as being Poland?"

"My dear Krafft, one of Frau Goebbels many talents is history. I was told that while reading the passage she was immediately aware of the fact that an ancient Greek writer named Tacitus had described a Germanic tribe called the Bastarnan. They first appeared on the lower Danube around 200 BC, then later settled to the east of the Vistula River, which is present day Poland.

Karl Ernst swallowed his pride as the elevator opened its doors. Walking to his room he then realized the important lesson in this new piece of information: *In order to interpret Nostradamus correctly, understanding the place where an event occurred was just as important as calculating the time of described event.* Timing events was Krafft's specialty.

When events will happen, were after all, the most often sought after questions people had for astrologers. It was rare indeed anyone ever requested where they would occur. Frau Goebbels had already taught Karl Ernst a valuable lesson.

* * *

"Rough day with the Herr Minister?"

Otto already had the door open as Bettina exited the elevator. *

Why were the Nazis scouring the globe for ancient artifacts?

Hitler's war machine was always one step ahead of England and France in the opening years of World War II. Germany occupied Norway in 1940, just two days before the British planned to.

After being totally outwitted in the conquest of France, the British High Command began hearing rumors that these successes were due to more than precise military planning. The Wehrmacht was using the dark forces of the occult.

The suspicion strengthened when a German refugee writer and amateur astrologer - Ludwig von Wohl - came to the British with a fantastic story: The Third Reich was using one of Europe's best astrologers to influence the planning and decisions of Hess, Himmler, Goebbels, and even Hitler himself.

Soon after, the MI-5 gave von Wohl the rank of Captain and assigned him to find out what kind of astrological advice Hitler was receiving.

Hitler's Astrologer is a riveting historical drama based on the true story of astrology and occult in Nazi Germany during World War II.

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