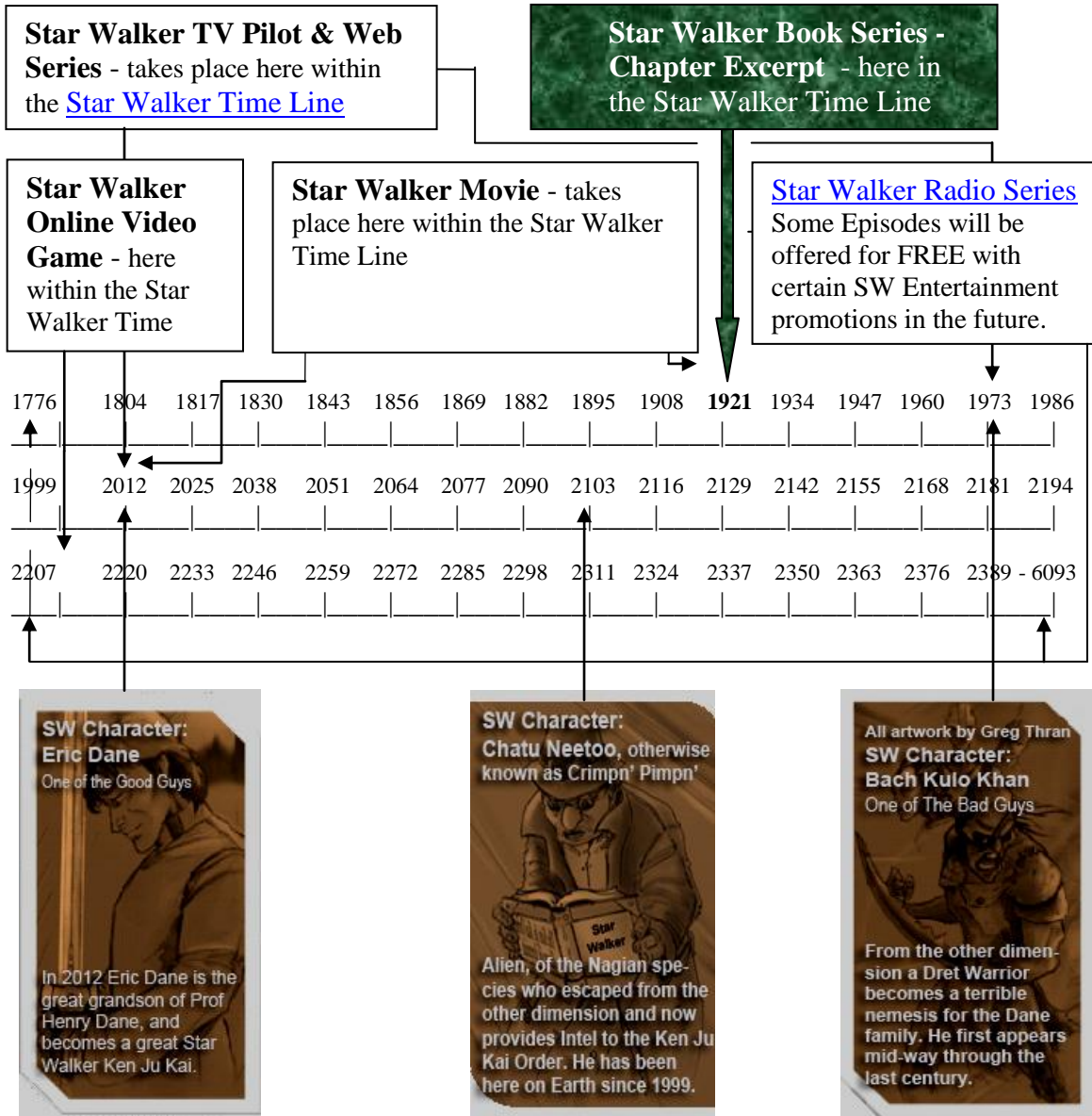


Star Walker

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THE MULTI-MEDIA ELEMENTS OF STAR WALKER



Eric Dane (sketch at far left above) is the great grandson of Professor Henry Dane (in the book excerpt). He also appears in several SW Radio Episodes. The character sketch in the middle is that of CP (an alien of the Nagian species) who will appear in the Web Series. The character sketch on the far right is that of Dret Warrior Bach Kulo Khan who also appears in several SW Radio Episodes and will also appear in the Web Series, to name a few exciting SW characters.



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STAR WALKER: THE VEIL
by G. K. Holland

Table of Contents

Chapter	Page
Introduction	1
1 The Veil (Chapter Excerpt)	5
2 Fire Fly	29
3 The Circle of Prophets	48
4 The Ken Ju Kai Medallion #144	52
5 Something Quite Wicked This Way Comes.....	64
6 Sandow 3 In London.....	75
7 Apollyon	88
8 Mystery of The Seven Seals.....	100
9 House of God	111
10 Death's Review.....	123
11 Discovery At Kilimanjaro.....	140
12 Those Who Fell.....	151
13 The Voyage To Egypt.....	166
14 Silvia's Silk In Monaco France	181
15 Death In The Mediterranean	193
16 Cairo.....	220
17 The North Star	231
18 Dane's Date With Destiny.....	255
19 The Star Walker Prophecy.....	273
20 The Great Ken Ju Kai Prophets.....	300
21 Piercing The Veil.....	333
22 Places Forgotten By Feet	347
23 The Grand Ken Ju Kai Temple.....	362
24 The Ken Ju Kai Run.....	392
25 First House of Ezekiel.....	422
26 Place of The Skull.....	438
27 EnGedi III.....	459
28 Moon Reeneepu.....	475
29 The Quickening.....	500
30 Mission Earth.....	517



The following excerpt is by G. K. Holland

Chapter 1

The Veil

“Nine months ago shortly after completing my last teaching assignment in archeology at the Royal Holloway University here in London, I was hired by the European Antiquities Service. They wanted me to take part in a special excavation of the great pyramids in Egypt. I was excited at the possibilities. From my knowledge, there had not been a successful expedition to the great pyramids since 1908. As I would later learn however, something called the Star Walker Prophecy was about to be fulfilled. At that time I had no idea of the immensity of what I would eventually discover there, or the evil that was about to come for me.” -- Professor Henry Dane, [Ken Ju Kai Journals HD Vol. 41](#) October 21st, 1922

One year earlier.... London, England October 16th, 1921

It's a chilly October night as heavy rain falls over the city of London. The streets bare little foot or auto mobile traffic. A 1919 first issue Bentley automobile is navigated down the street in the hard rain past one other automobile and several peddle cars. The tires of this shining and very polished Black Bentley sweeps up a wave of rain water up against the street curb in front of an old five story red brick building at the corner of Park Road, not far from the Thames River. The Bentley rolls a few feet along the curb and stops.

A tall chauffeur gets out, runs around the front of the car, flicks open an umbrella he is carrying and opens the rear passenger side door. Out steps Professor Henry Dane, he is wearing oddly enough a New York Yankee baseball hat with a long white rain coat. His chauffeur gives him the umbrella and Dane enters the Henderland Building. Built before London's Victorian era, its architecture is still nothing short of stellar as it stands



in strong contrast to the surrounding buildings. The chauffeur gets back in the Bentley and drives off.

Professor Dane now unfolds the umbrella as he now steps into the elevator. He pushes the right button and the elevator begins to ascend. Once the elevator reaches the twelfth floor it stops; its doors open, Professor Dane steps out, he walks to the door of his office, turns a key and enters.

He enters an expansive but cluttered twelfth floor corner office. This is headquarters for Professor Dane. He flips his New York Yankee baseball hat halfway across the room until it lands on the coat rack by the door, followed by his raincoat. He dumps the umbrella down into a basket near his desk and now makes his way across the room to the liquor cabinet. He quickly rubs his hands together, grabs a half empty bottle of brandy and then grabs a glass. He takes a moment to take in a deep breath and then pours himself a healthy measure.

The Professor moves to his large mahogany desk as he sips from the glass of brandy. He has an average height for a male and a body frame that carries just a trace of a belly but it is not enough to slow him down. He has more gray hairs than he'd like to admit, and the Professor's kind eyes are in opposition to the hard leathery facial lines that stand as a testimony to the stress induced exploits his now almost legendary archeological adventures have brought him. More so than the years of exposure to the harsh weather conditions he's braved in places like the arctic circle, the Sahara desert, the ancient ruins of Teotihuacán found approximately forty miles Northwest of Mexico City, or the hot humid jungles of central Africa, or South America, just to mention a few of his exotic travels.



There are numerous artifacts and relics positioned all around his office. Many of these artifacts represent different cultures from all over the world. A few large and small furniture antiques have also been placed around the room in no particular order.

Fighting off a small cold, he quickly sets his small glass of brandy down on the desk and now grabs a tissue from the small stack nearby. He smoothers a sneeze.

He is a professor of archeology, applied physics and science, with other varying academic degrees which he routinely applies towards his knowledge in cartography and Egyptian hieroglyphics. He is also quite the theologian having studied the Bible from legitimate ancient Hebrew and Greek Septuagint texts.

Crisp sounds of falling rain can be heard outside through a half closed window with half drawn blinds framed by long dark scarlet Victorian style curtains. The room seems to have an airy but dusty ambiance to it. High ceilings make the room seem almost cathedral like.

In between his global archeological adventures, Professor Dane frequently uses the seven thousand books that line and fill three of the four walls of his office to do his research and to nurture his 47 year old intellect. Various black and white framed photos are hung on the wall directly behind him. Some of the framed photos are of Professor Dane and his wife Katherine, a noted colleague by the name of Albert Einstein, and an African archeologist named Abassi Khamombu standing with him in front of a cargo ship named Atlantis Star docked at Port of London Authority. These photos are among almost a dozen framed photos. Two large world maps hang side by side on the same wall in the middle of these photos. Beneath these maps is a large newspaper article clipped from the *Illustrated London News*. The headline reads: *"Irrelevant Archeology At*



Unfair Cost to City?” The name Silvia Marie Hollister is printed below an inset photo of a very beautiful woman who is also credited as the writer of the article.

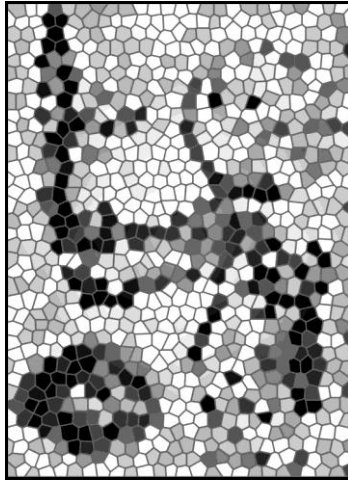
Across the room a warm healthy fire is burning in a rather unique fire place. The front of the fire place has been designed to resemble the head of a lion with its mouth wide open equipped with iron teeth that extend almost a foot from the top of the lion’s mouth and another menacing row of iron teeth protruding up from the bottom of the lion’s mouth. These large iron teeth make up an innovative gate that opens and closes. This gate of iron lion teeth contains the current burning fire. The lion is symbolic for Professor Dane in a number of ways which he will involuntarily reveal to us later.

He glances over at the beautiful hand crafted grandfather clock near the door, it reads 12:00 midnight. He carefully sets his glass of brandy back down on the desk, and adjusts his eye glasses in order to keep them from sliding too far down the bridge of his long nose. He now examines the numerous maps of Africa spread out over his desk. Next to the biggest map of Africa are maps of the city of Cairo as its street layout represents the city in this time of the early 1920’s.

A black worn leather bound book with frayed edges is positioned at one corner of his desk. This book is open to its middle pages with the map documents partially covering the left page, and all of the sketch images on the right page. The top half of the sketch on the left page can almost be made out, it is a sketch of a very intimidating looking individual. He is looking up from beneath a black Stetson hat with a wicked all knowing kind of grin. The hat has been carefully pulled down just within a half an inch from covering his pitch black coal eyes. Next to this book are detailed poster size schematics of the interior and exterior layout of the great pyramids, including the sphinx.



At the other corner of the desk is his personal thick black spiral notebook journal. Next to that is a small book open to a certain page on the right. This page has strange



Encoded page from Professor Dane's copy of the book written by Harriet Tubamn (Araminta Mombutu) called: 'What I've Seen'.

images on it. These images look like thousands of dots and are contained within a square outline by a thin black border line. This image makes no sense to anyone who sees it, with the exception of Professor Dane that is. Does the Professor understand this page of this book? He would tell you that he actually does not. And yet, this book is actually one of his most treasured books within his personal library. The mysteries within this book will ultimately be a key element in his understanding and deciphering his greatest discovery he will soon make in Egypt.

He now picks up a large magnifying glass and carefully runs it over the schematics of the great pyramids. He appears to be looking for some particular detail. After several long passes over the document with the magnifying glass he stops and takes one last long swallow of his brandy. He then sets the glass back down on top of his desk but



further to the edge. He leans in, again adjusting his glasses and then takes an even closer look at the pyramid schematics. A long moment passes as he makes a comparative glance between several of the documents. He then rifles through a thin stack of nautical charts and then stops when he finds the one chart he's looking for. This particular chart covers the Mediterranean Sea off the coast of Egypt. He unrolls the chart and quickly anchors it down in at least at all four corners with a few small stones he retrieves from a small ceramic cup (he's collected these stones from various journeys over the years).

More long moments pass as he stares at the chart a bit longer. He traces a line with his index finger down from the United Kingdom, past France, Portugal and Spain, through the Mediterranean Sea past Morocco and Algeria of Northern Africa and stops at Egypt. This brief tracing of the route his next voyage will take sets off memories of great adventures past and triggers the great expectations he is expecting of his newest upcoming voyage. He smiles broadly because he can almost taste the fresh brisk sea air he will surely be able to soon enjoy.

Now leaning back in his chair, he can't help but relish the fact that each archeological expedition he has undertaken has always given him some deep fulfillment while at the same time always leaving him inevitably wanting to search for so much more.

Each adventure puts him closer to discovering a larger life affirming spiritual paradigm, a search of redemption, a pre-destined reckoning, the divine truth. Although he is not sure what the end result of this ongoing search will be. His study and comprehension of the Holy Bible has given him a more empirical view, a deeper



understanding of the world. It is a view that has allowed him to see that there is so much more to life than meets the perceptions of the human eye or intellect.

He picks up the stacks of letters piled up in the far left hand corner of his desk. He rifles through them. There's a certain letter he's been expecting. He finds it and then sets the other letters to the side. He glances at the letter momentarily and then impatiently rips it open with an iron letter opener, only to carefully pull out the letter and unfold it as if he were unfolding some sacred document. He begins to read it with silent enthusiasm.

The letter reads:

October 14th, 1921

Dear Henry,

How are you old friend? Your continued interest in the writings of the Bible inspires me. It may have even been the catalyst for my discovering my 'Theory of Relativity'. I found your own theories about a spiritual dimension and it being just a frequency away, ('a vibration away as you called it), I found that quite interesting as you described it in your work 'The Veil'. I read it several times. Not too many people know what I'm about to tell you.

A few years ago (in 1916), when I first published my 'Theory of Relativity', I did a rabbinical study on ohr and maohr, I know you read Hebrew, so you know ohr is the Hebrew word for "light", and maohr is the Hebrew word for "from light". I found this in the book of Genesis, "light" in Genesis 1:3 and maohr, in Genesis 1:14, and thereby arrived at not just my theory, but the conclusion of relativity. The light in verse 3 of Genesis appears to be the Divine source, while the light in verse 14 appears to be of a different order. I took the word for maohr, and with a complex series of grammatical divisions and substitutions, arrived at the words for mass ma, light ohr, speed maohr, raised rum and squared rebah. This led me to discover that E "energy" could be derived from M "mass" multiplied by the C² "square of the constant (for the speed of light), for which I



used an ancient and proven rabbinical method for interpreting the depths of Hebrew as the biblical language. This is all quite incredible! It not only proves that my formula works, but more importantly Henry, it proves that God placed this in the very beginning of the scriptures! Of course, I call it E=MC2.

I wonder Henry what other wonders are hidden, or encoded in the Bible? I think Isaac Newton was onto something very profound in the work he was doing trying to interpret the prophecies from the book of Daniel. Everything is determined by forces over which we have no control. It is determined for the insect as well as for the star. Therefore, I'm convinced that God does not play dice Henry. We all dance to a mysterious tune, intoned in the distance by an invisible piper.

So I applaud the work you are doing to bring light to 'the veil' and show the common binding threads between religion and science. I have always believed that science without religion is lame, and religion without science is blinded by 'the veil' your work seeks to at least expose. I want to strongly encourage you to continue your work Henry. I feel the world will one day be in dire need of it.

I was sorry to hear about your wife Katherine, she's a kind, and angelic woman. Whoever would have thought that she would choose to be so far away from you, moving to a desert area in America called, what was it again, Roswell, in New Mexico of all places. I did a little research and confided in a few mutual associates of ours. Of course I did not take any liberties and expose your personal business my friend. But I found out that this Roswell place did not even exist until approximately eleven years ago. I wish her the best. Just the same ole boy good luck on your upcoming expedition to Egypt and in closing I trust that you are indeed well.

*Your Very Good Friend,
Albert Einstein*

Professor Dane sets the letter gently down on his desk. He now contemplates, analyzes and mentally tries to synergize all that he's just read. It is letters like these that



he receives from his distinguished colleagues from time to time, that has left him with no doubt that the spiritual world is in fact the real world. And that it is hidden by a thin, but not totally un-perceptible veil. This concept is at the very core of his own published theories called *The Veil*. It is a theory which embraces the tenements of the unified theory while still acknowledging the undeniable laws of physics, at least as they exist in this realm.

The Professor has been greatly influenced by the work of famed physicist Isaac Newton regarding the scriptures in the Bible called: *Newton's Prophecies of Daniel*, and the '*Theory of Relativity*' composed by his good friend Albert Einstein. Professor Dane is convinced that there is another unseen world closely intertwined within our own. This is what his own writings refer to as, *The Veil*.

However, the most compelling fact about his work is that he makes it clear that the real core of his work is founded upon the many hidden messages and the prophecies of the scriptures of the Holy Bible, specifically the Aramaic, Greek and Hebrew texts. In time *The Veil* document would stand as his most prolific and thought provoking work. And so it is in that spirit of pursuit that he continues to seek, find, and be motivated by some mysterious driving force that is more than not, at odds with the very foundation of his own human logic. Perhaps he is driven by a destiny written on the very strands of his own DNA. He feels irrevocably drawn to a destiny he has yet to discover.

The relics and artifacts that he finds from around the world represent the pieces of a much larger puzzle to him. And because he chooses his adventures so carefully and with great calculation, he feels that each significant archeological find will lead him closer to what he is ultimately looking for. Most of the artifacts or relics he finds from his archeological discoveries are always directly or indirectly connected to the Biblical time



line and history. His deep belief and faith in God more often than not puts him at odds with his professional peers who choose to always demand a scientific explanation to all the mysterious wonders and workings of a force obviously divinely greater than themselves. Never-the-less, his vast knowledge and professional integrity has always demanded their respect.

He now reaches for his Bible and opens it with the intention of doing his usual late night scripture reading. But sleep can sometimes be the slayer of even the most determined of men. And so sleep has already grabbed him, slowly pulling his shoulders and forearms downward. Too tired to resist, he closes his Bible and lowers his head down on the desk. Only another moment passes and he falls quickly into a deep sleep.

The tall beautifully hand crafted grandfather clock near the door now reads exactly 3:15 am. It's the dead eye of night and a time window in which evil often chooses to stalk its prey. Theological studies have revealed that Jesus was crucified at 3:15 in the afternoon according to time in that part of the world. The opposite time of 3:15am is often chosen by evil in order to mock the time of the crucifixion of Jesus Christ. Professor Dane is now just a slumbering human mass, hunched over his desk.

Outside the rain is now falling lighter than it was hours before. In between long periods of silence, thunder can still be heard rumbling just overhead and in the distance. The room is quiet and dimly lit with the lamp on his desk being the only light illuminating the room like soft artificial moon light. The larger artifacts and the few statues placed around the room have casted long and short disfigured shadowy images



across the polished wooden floor. These shadows look as if they could rise up and come to life at any moment.

The door vibrates softly and an ever widening ripple begins to roll across the entire wall. It is as if something were poking a hole through the fabric of time and the reality of this dimension. The spiritual veil the Professor often talks about, is actually now in the process of being pierced. Then as suddenly as it began the rippling and vibrations stop. But something quite wicked has just entered the room.

If the Professor were awake he would feel the almost paralyzing cold supernatural chill of the dark shadow that has now entered his office. Delicate foot steps are now heard creeping towards him. Only a dark shadow in an elusive changing shape of a human figure can be seen. One moment it is clearly the shadow of a human like figure, the next moment this shadow seems to expand, contract and then fall out of any recognizable form. However, there is a hint, a foreboding of something more. As this dark shadow walks in front of the fire still burning in the fireplace, something not of this world, something that can only be described as a hideous demonic creature can be seen reflected in the flickering flames. The flames in the mouth of the lion act like long flashing yellow shards of mirror revealing what this black shadow really looks like. A glimpse of this creature's lower extremities reveals reddish gray, blistered and torn flesh sparsely covering thick black bones. Thin trails of green substance the thickness of bile flows down the length of both sides of the creature's legs. This is an enlightening glance behind what Professor Dane himself would call 'the veil', and it lasts but only a moment. The smell of sulfur and burnt flesh from the creature lingers in the air and permeates an unmercifully strong stench throughout the entire room. The window nearest the fire place slowly closes without anyone near it.



A sudden, yet gentle gush of wind appears out of nowhere and now moves across the room towards the Professor's desk. A few of the documents are swept up from the desk and into the air. After hanging in the air for a moment, the documents slowly float to the floor. The shadow stops and turns to look in the direction of this invisible force moving towards it. There is now a moment of calm. All that can now be heard is the hallow echo of falling rain outside and the crisp crackling of wood burning in the fire place. The rhythms created by the rain and crackling fire reflects the counter balance of energy now in the Professor's office. These two sounds seem to juggle for some kind of superior sound position. A cloud of white fire light and fierce spinning electromagnetic activity about nine feet high and three feet wide now appears. A bold yet soft voice speaks English but with the equivalent ancient

Greek and Hebrew words echoing behind it. It sounds like three entities speaking at once but with one voice delayed but a second behind the other, yet with the English voice dominating. The voice simply says: "Your wickedness can not dwell here!" The author of this voice can not be seen. The shadow feels and hears its presence but can only mumble some demonic string of words under its vile breath. Instead it chooses to move quickly backwards towards the door. The door vibrates and the wall ripples once again, except this time more violently then before as the dark shadowy figure leaves as quickly as it possibly can.

The ball of white fire and light fades away. An angelic creature, the archangel of protection known as Michael now stands where the large ball of white light he use to be a moment ago. The archangel Michael is inspiring to see. He is standing strong, tall and quite celestial. Michael is projecting a powerful divine presence. His appearance is all that we've been lead to believe, but even more so.



Looking down at Professor Dane, the pupils of Michael's eyes change from the color of fire to a bright shimmer of silver. Two magnificent wings seem to almost span the entire length of the room as they ever so gracefully and slowly rise and fall over the Professor. The wings form a large protective umbrella of sorts. Beneath these mighty wings and still resting in the Professor's right hand is his Bible. It is still closed, but now an energy source of brilliant blue and white color is emanating from Michael's wings and it flows over the desk, raining down over the Bible. A brief, small rain of this angelic energy also falls not on top, but into the Professor's closed black spiral note book. Now the Bible opens and the pages flip so fast they are but a blur and then the pages abruptly stop flipping. The Bible is now open to the book of Hebrews. The Professor's Bible is written in Hebrew. The words glow and fade into English. The text reads: "This hope we have as an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast, and which enters the presence behind the veil, where the forerunner has entered for us, even Jesus, having become High Priest forever according to the Order of Melchizedek." The glow fades away and the text turns back to its original Hebrew print.

The archangel Michael picks up the Professor's black spiral note book, opens it and writes something in angelic script. It's an ancient language used by the angels. He then closes the note book and sets it back down on the desk.

Archangel Michael now steps away from the Professor, turns his back to him, looks up and then his wings make what seems like effortless flying motion as he begins to rise towards the high ceiling. He disappears a few seconds later as he dissolves and continues to rise at the same time. A large single white feather from his right wing gently falls, falling, until it lands on the desk just a few inches from the Professor.



It is now morning and Kengi Patel, a tall, thin, slightly scruffy thirty-one year old man of Eastern Indian descent has been standing in the doorway for the last few minutes. More precisely, he comes from the highlands near Nepal. He now walks into the room. The unstable gait in his walk might lead one to think he is simple in mind when in fact he is quite the quick study. He looks like an European aristocrat with the long London Fog trench coat and stylish hat, rather than most collegiate Brit India males of his day.

Kengi moved to London when he was about ten years of age. An only child, his parents (who were both well educated), took Kengi's education seriously by enrolling him in the best schools available to their son. This inspired him to attain the kind of academic record needed for him to be admitted into one of the finest Universities in London, the Holloway University. It is where he would meet Professor Dane. After graduation he would enlist as an intern, and become one of the Professor's most trusted assistants. His education, hard work ethic, demeanor and aggressiveness would make him a favorite among several of Professor Dane's aides.

Just waking up, Professor Dane raises his head from the top of his desk. He hasn't heard anyone step into the room.

"Good morning Professor."

His attention now summoned, a groggy Professor Dane bids him a warm though shaky greeting: "Good morning Kengi? And how are you today lad?"

"I'm okay Professor." Kengi's nose picks up the thin but still present layer of sulfur smell in the air. Turning up his nose he says, "Professor what's that foul smell?"

"I don't smell anything." says the Professor as he reaches for a tissue to sneeze into. His cold has blocked and neutralized any possibility of his detecting the nasty smell. Kengi just shakes his head and then takes a long look at the papers and charts on the



Professor's desk. He now moves towards them. Curious, he picks up one of the charts for a closer look.

"Are these the documents for your expedition to Egypt Professor?" "That they are Kengi." The Professor continues with a smile, "That they are." And with that he extends an empty coffee cup towards Kengi.

"Would you mind Kengi. I've had a rather long night."

Kengi gladly receives the empty cup but not without spotting the half empty bottle of brandy on the desk. He looks at Professor Dane and smiles. Holding up the coffee cup Kengi says, "The old equalizer, right Professor?"

Still fighting sleep, Professor Dane half smiles and politely waves Kengi out of the room without looking at him. Kengi exits. Dane now notices that his Bible is open and remembers that he did not leave it that way. His eyebrows furrow, he scratches his head and now he takes a closer look at his Bible. He picks it up and notices that it is open to the passage from the book of Hebrews. He reads it a loud: "This hope we have as an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast, and which enters the presence behind the veil,...." This scripture and the word 'veil' has grabbed his attention.

His head and his eyes saunter slightly to the right as he contemplates this particular scripture. He reaches across his desk, grabs his thick black spiral notebook and quickly opens it. With its pages now open he turns his head briefly to the side as he looks for his favorite pen. He does not see the angelic script written on the page earlier by archangel Michael slowly disappear. He finds his pen and turns his attention back to his notebook. He makes a quick reference note and then closes his notebook. He then closes his Bible.



Now he re-focuses his attention on the various documents on his desk. But he now also realizes that some of the documents are missing. And then with the turn of the head, he sees them on the floor. He picks them up and sets them back on the desk. He ponders for a moment, looking towards the closed window. But he now realizes it was not left closed, but open. Not knowing what to make of it all, he looks down at the desk in contemplation. The angelic white wing feather which had fallen earlier from one of Michael's magnificent wings now fades away just as the Professor looks down to where it would have been. He finally simply shrugs it all off and goes back to studying the documents further.

A splintered London sunrise falls through autumn clouded skies and seems to cast its own dark transparent city of shadows. It is the kind of shadows that carry a quiet haunting in search of easy prey. Large puddles of rain water fill too many pot holes in the street, hard evidence of the heavy rain storm that fell the night before. Across the street, a small, cozy and popular spot called Café Renaissance is responsible for the sweet smell of pastries hanging gingerly in the air. The mixture of fresh fallen rain and fresh pastries awakens the nose and teases the appetite as it blends with the cool morning air. The smell is simply quite refreshing and uplifting to the senses.

On the terrace of Café Renaissance seated at one of the small thin oak wood tables closest to the street is a large, thick muscled man. He's wearing a black trench coat, dark pants, a white buttoned down shirt and has a black Stetson hat pulled down over his large forehead. The hat covers his very bald head. His deep set black eyes are in



razor sharp contrast to his very pale skin, this is Sandow 3. His skin is coated with the same kind of color you would see on a recent corpse after death. He has carefully placed his crooked cane at the side of the chair he is sitting in. The cane has a strange looking skull made of a pure white goldish color that is affixed at the top. The skull is about half the size of a python head. Except upon closer examination one would see unusual holes and indented bone formations not found in any reptile skull on earth. It is the skull of a Mothra, a large reptilian like creature found in the Black Forest on Viron 3 in the spiritual dimension. Oddly enough Sandow 3 has given his cane a name. He calls it Abaddon, the Hebrew word for destroyer. Certainly people name their cars, their musical instruments and even certain parts of the human anatomy. But this leaves one to ponder why Sandow 3 would give a name to an inanimate object such as a cane?

The *Illustrated London News* covers the rest of Sandow 3's face as he reads it with an air of calm detachment. The date October 18th, 1921 can be seen in the upper right corner of the newspaper. The primary headline reads: 'Prince of Wales – His Successful Visit'. A very subtle, soft gold glow is cast from the other side of the newspaper as Sandow 3 continues to read. He has an aura of other worldliness, a deadly like confidence and an acute supernatural awareness of all that is going on around him. This includes the fact that he knows Kengi is now exiting the Henderland building across the street. Kengi waits for several automobiles to pass and then he navigates his way safely across the street towards the café.

Sadow 3 is still sitting at the table on the terrace. His body language is stiff, silently frozen. It is as if he hasn't moved an inch. His eyes are now positioned at the top of the newspaper and follow Kengi as he walks by him. An inquisitive wind pulls the newspaper down momentarily revealing Sandow 3's face. It's a poker face that thickly masks his



great evil intent. The wind stops and again Sandow 3's face is covered by the newspaper.

Kengi misses this entirely as he steps into the interior of the café and hurries towards the front counter. As one might guess, the interior of Café Renaissance is decorated to reflect the time in history for which it has been named after. Various paintings and various props from the renaissance time period cover all of the walls. Kengi doesn't seem to notice that the place is empty of any other customers.

A short, thick, busty middle aged woman with an infectious smile, a thick cockney accent and charming attitude greets him warmly. This is Dottie Kippleton.

"Kengi. What would you like this morning?" Her genuine warmth subdues him and he can't help but smile. "You know the Professor. A nice hot cup of coffee as usual."

"Ahhh, of course, his 'equalizer'. They both laugh.

"And would you like something yourself sweetie?", as she moves to a large dinosaur of a coffee maker. Without looking at her, he nonchalantly lets his eyes survey the café surroundings, replying with a polite, "No thank you. Dodie. I'm....."

But before he can finish his sentence something has intercepted his glance and his flow of thought. Something sinister has caught his attention. Something cold and uncomfortable has hit him deep in his chest and now hangs from his entire being like a giant stone made of evil. He feels his heart beat quicken. He steadies his look at Sandow 3 who is now staring directly at him from the terrace. Sandow 3 is no longer hidden by the newspaper. Kengi can now see his entire body, especially that face and those eyes. His unusual light gray pupils stand out from those deep black eyes. It is an unsettling sight because seeing sandow 3 is knowing you have seen some unholy anomaly, a close kin of death. He doesn't look to be anything past thirty-five. Kengi feels



the cold laser like force that seems to be coming from those piercing black eyes, in fact the entire body of Sandow 3. It has just shot all through Kengi as he now tries to stare back. But his resolve is no match for Sandow 3.

Finally he has to break away from his gaze least he is pulled into something he may not be able to resist, or escape. He is not sure which. Now feeling the heaviness in the air all around him, and more uneasy than ever, he turns back to Dodie. She notices his look of uneasiness.

“Something wrong sweetie?”, as she pours a deep cup of hot steaming black coffee. Now standing with his back to Sandow 3, he leans in towards her and with a tone just above a whisper he asks, “Dodie, who is that man sitting on the terrace reading the newspaper? He’s a very strange fellow.”

Dodie stretches her short torso as she leans around Kengi to get a good look at who it is he is talking about. But Dodie sees no one sitting on the terrace. She focuses her attention back on Kengi with a muffled laugh, followed by a warm smile.

“There’s no one sitting on the terrace. You sure you don’t want something to take with you?”

Kengi spins around, looking back on the terrace. He’s quite surprised when he doesn’t see Sandow 3 still sitting there. All that is left is the newspaper he was reading as it lay on the table, its pages being played with, flicked up by the wind. He steps forward, looking to his right, and then to the left. There is no one. Looking back at the table one last time, he sees the newspaper gently blown off the table, off the terrace and down the street like some tumbleweed being blown across an asphalt desert.



“Kengi.” But he doesn’t hear Dodie at the moment, his mind is caught up in a web of mystery. A bit confused, he is still looking around for any trace of Sandow 3. Without looking at her and trying to hide his confusion he says, “Well, I guess he obviously left?”

“Kengi.....” she says, this time louder than before. He finally turns back around to face Dodie.

“What?”

“No one has been in here yet this morning. The terrace is for customers only. If someone was sitting on my terrace, I’d have known it sweetie. You’re my first customer of the day.”

He looks at her like he’s seen a ghost or perhaps something much worse. She reaches in behind the glass counter and pulls out a large pastry covered with long strands of white coconut, sprinkles of hot cinnamon, bright white and yellowish frosting in which she hides one of her most secret recipes. The likes for which she’s known for claiming she’ll take to the grave with her. She wraps it in soft paper and hands it to Kengi.

“Here sweetie. This pastry is on the house. I think you need it.” She laughs that warm full laugh that’s earned her the loyalty of so many of her customers. He picks up the pastry and the cup of coffee.

“How much do I owe you?”

“Tell the Professor, it is all on his tab, except for the pastry. That really is on the house.”

“Thank you Dodie.” Kengi tries to ignore the sick feeling of dread he’s just experienced with Sandow 3. She adds, “I think you and the Professor’s been working too many late hours again. Take it easy will ya?” She laughs.



Forcing a smile he replies, "I can't speak for the Professor. You know what a work machine he is. But I will try." Kengi walks towards the door and steps out onto the terrace. He scans the terrace with his eyes again. Still not seeing anyone, he can only shake his head and then he walks back across the street.

As Kengi enters Professor Dane's office building, Sandow 3 is now standing in front of the café observing him. His long black coat is blowing in the breeze like some long black flag of doom. He takes a step towards the office building but then suddenly stops in his tracks as he senses something. He looks up to the roof of the office building and we see emotion on his face for the first time. He tries to hide his fear behind defiant pride but it lingers, daring him to proceed. Sandow 3 holds his position instead. He is held at bay by what he loathes and knows is on the roof.

There on the roof, high above the street, a very large unidentified hazy figure of white light slips out of sight before anyone can even begin to even imagine exactly what it is. Even though Sandow 3 can no longer see this object of mystery he can still feel its presence. And so he remains standing at the street curb. He adamantly fears the mysterious white light. Still looking up, he now focuses his attention to Professor Dane's office window.

Kengi enters the office and then rushes across the lobby area and he hurriedly steps into the elevator the moment its doors open. For what seems like a long moment the doors remain open. Kengi pushes the button for the fifth floor. He is becoming even more spooked now than before. A long unsettling moment passes as the elevator doors seem to take forever to close. Kengi nervously pushes the button again. And then finally, the doors close and the elevator begins to ascend.



The elevator stops at the twelfth floor. Kengi gets off and now quickly walks down the short hall and into Professor Dane's office. He moves to the Professor's desk and then carefully sets the full cup of coffee down on it. He tries to mentally push past the strange encounter he's just gone through. He stares at the Professor looking over the map of the Mediterranean near Cairo Egypt at it's most Northern tip and asks,

“So, where are we off to this time Professor?”

End of Book Excerpt

