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"A mistura perfeita de suspense e romance em uma estória sensível e eletrizante. Os ricos detalhes estão implícitos em cada parágrafo que descreve a trama com perfeição e requinte. Somente alguém com tanto conhecimento e capacidade de conexão entre a realidade e a ficção, poderia ter criado algo assim. Uma realização brilhante e surpreendentemente extraordinária - não deixe de ler."

- Gustavo Dicamant, Ph.D - Farmacologista/Imunotoxicologista

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THE RETORNO S SOCIEDADES SECRETOS DE VIRIL



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- Gustavo Diekmann, Ph.D. - Farmacologista/Imunotoxicologista

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“THE BLACK SUN”

THE RETURN OF THE SECRET SOCIETIES OF VRIL

M. C. PEREDA

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PRESENTATION

The history of humanity and secret societies has always caught my attention. Having grown up with limited financial resources, instead of playing with dolls, which were few and far between, I chose to play with an empty tin of powdered milk, where I kept old, expired medicines that my mother allowed me to keep, as she knew I was a mature and responsible child and therefore would not be at risk of ingesting them. They were my treasure. They had different colours, came in bottles of various shapes and sizes, and with them I would lose track of time for hours, mixing them, using droppers and imagining how wonderful it would be to create the elixir of youth or the formula to cure all diseases. The first thing I remember, when this connection began to show possible paths for my future, was my great attraction to the history of alchemy and alchemists, which occurred when I was still a girl of twelve or thirteen. At that time, unlike other teenagers my age, I would isolate myself in my room and read books on this subject, ranging from the "Emerald Tablet" to stories of Cagliostro and his master, the Count of Saint Germain, who appears in official history from the time of Louis XIV to Louis XVI, always reported to be in his early thirties, demonstrating his creations that bordered on magic to those who did not understand how they could be generated. Certainly, at that time, I took little advantage of what I read, but I continued, looking for data that would lead me to this understanding and being patient, based on the knowledge that one day I would understand at least part of what I read. Undoubtedly, this attraction was consolidated by my university education in chemistry and later by obtaining the title of pharmacologist. Apparently, I continued mixing the contents of tubes, changing colours and appearances, and working on the search for the formula or elixir of youth in the field of cosmetic chemistry. After more than twenty-five years doing what led me to maintain the same standard of creation, inventiveness, science with innovation and, why not say it, alchemy, in parallel with my studies of secret societies and spiritual-philosophical schools, new events conspired to open the doors to new realities that had accompanied me since my earliest age: the ability to study, understand, relate facts, generating new hypotheses that could be proven, or close to it. Thus, I launched myself into my second parallel world, that of human history, combining academically accepted data with that still considered mere fiction and even nonsense. I discovered that it makes sense when the imagination flies and everything can then be connected in a way that becomes captivating and makes us grow even more in the search for reality that is lived but not fully understood. I believe that the academically told story of the origin of man is about to collapse and, within a few years, various hidden facts will come to light, causing part of the fiction to be accepted as scientific reality. But until that happens, there are still the protesters and writers who, like me, find an excellent source of creativity, generating new hypotheses, or just good stories.

The plot developed in *The Black Sun* is based on existing data from the real Thule Society, Thule Society and Vril Society, which were formed, each in their own timeline, explored in the book, shortly after the First World War and advanced with their expanded configuration during the Second World War. The followers and descendants of these societies migrated to various

countries; in the book, a faction from each settled in Brazil, engaging in some of the same dangerous acts that their members had committed in previous eras. In the plot, in the city of São Paulo, a young and attractive scientist, gifted with great intuition and courage, collides with these secret societies, meeting the love of her life and becoming involved with him in mysterious crimes and dangerous events. From then on, Dr. Maya Angel's life would never be the same, transforming a quiet existence as a cosmetics scientist into an adventure full of danger, mystery, action, and fierce persecution. During these moments, historical data on hypotheses about the origin of humanity are presented in a provocatively grounded manner. The characters in the plot are normal human beings who suffer, love and have fun, with a sense of responsibility generated by their knowledge and understanding of something greater, the same factor that led them to these discoveries. The plot is presented in constant motion, taking its protagonists to various cities around the world, all strongly interrelated to the synchronous events that appear, maintaining the eternal struggle between good and evil, linking it to the historical facts presented and developed.

With the intention of entertaining and bringing new possibilities for knowledge and breaking paradigms to the public, data that is not readily available was used and formatted to generate questions on the part of the reader, thus presenting an intriguing and eventful story in which everyone can maintain their attention and have fun, entering a world that is sometimes real and sometimes imaginary.

Enjoy your reading!

M.C. Pereda

1.

"Let the future tell the truth and judge each one according to their work and achievements. The present belongs to them, but the future I have always worked for belongs to me." Nikola Tesla, scientist and inventor.

LATITUDE 44° 31'00" N

LONGITUDE 64° 17' 57" W

Nova Scotia. Thursday, 11 May 1577. The correct date, according to the strict instructions given and exhaustively calculated by Lord John Dee. The moon is hidden by dark clouds and partially discharged by a strong night storm. There is no more time. It is necessary to risk going to the beach. In the middle of the night, there is still some rain and the strong undertow hinders the three small boats that are lowered from the ships anchored near the island. The 150 tonnes of the largest ship rock in the water, strongly propelled by the undertow, and from time to time, the light manages to appear behind some clouds, allowing the engraved names to be read: the Pelican, a majestic English galleon, with eighteen cannons ready to fire at any moment. Its dark wood is decorated with yellow and red flags and ribbons. The white sails have been lowered, preventing the wind from driving it chaotically at its pleasure. The leader of all the galleons imposes itself with arrogance. To its right, the Elizabeth, sixteen cannons in eighty tonnes of an agile and powerful galleon. On the left, the Marigold, ten cannons in thirty tons, and just behind it, the small and heavy Swan, with fifty tons, carrying provisions for the voyage that will still take two years until the estimated return. This was the first strategic point on the itinerary. A severe and very important order for the future of many. The three small rowing boats arrive at the beach carrying a total of fifteen men and two wooden boxes, one weighing approximately twenty-five kilos and the other around one hundred kilos. Captain Drake, leader of the expedition, calls the group's attention to protect the boxes with their own lives. On the beach, several other men were already waiting for this reunion. Captain Drake moors and his boat is tied to tree trunks, keeping part of it in the water and part on land. The other two boats reach the same point and disembark, carrying the boxes carefully. Captains Doughty and Winters, commanders of the Elizabeth and Marigold, respectively, seemed surprised to see a remarkable feat of engineering in front of them, with what appeared to be a well in the centre. The two captains showed little understanding of the reason for this deviation from the main purpose of the voyage, the only thing they were interested in: the Inca treasure.

"Come on! Carry the boxes to the top of the island, where the lights are. We don't have much time, and we'll leave before the sun appears on the horizon," said Captain Drake, showing complete confidence in the orders he had given.

"Francis and Walter, stay by my side at all times. We still don't know if the tunnels are safe until we take the boxes down and shut down the system," Captain Drake continued to order.

Francis Drake, a great and loyal ally of Queen Elizabeth I, kept two young men carefully by his side. Francis Bacon was sixteen years old and seemed surprised and amazed by what was happening in front of him. The older of the two, Walter Raleigh, aged twenty-two, had a more serene expression and seemed certain that he was participating in something with greater significance than appearances allowed. For some reason, these two young men were connected to the boxes that John Dee had prepared in London, together with the Queen, to send their greatest secrets to America. The boxes were lowered one by one with the help of a kind of improvised crane, assembled with ropes and pulleys supported by a huge, strong tree trunk, which hung conveniently in the direction of the well. The construction took two months and involved twelve men and an engineer, who constantly consulted the project. "Few could know the secret and keep it forever," thought Bacon, young and very aware of the importance of the treasure of these two brothers, who together watched the engineering work in its final stages.

The opening was wide enough for two men to descend at the same time, suspended from a platform. Along with them, the boxes descended, seemingly going deep down to a secret chamber where they would be hidden until one day in the future when they would be found. "When the world needed them... When the time came," thought Raleigh.

Shortly before sunrise, the team manages to finish the job, closing the last stage of the well. The men remove the traces of the work and destroy them so they cannot be identified. The rain had stopped and everything had worked out, contributing to the success of the operation. Captain Drake coordinates the return to the ships and the Pelican sets sail first, followed by the Elizabeth, and further behind, the Marigold and the Swan glide along, setting a course for Brazil, an important stop before attempting to pass through the Strait of Magellan and search for the treasure of the Incas.

On the continent of Nova Scotia, Mahony Bay, hundreds of metres away, a man watched those lights with his telescope throughout the night, sometimes with the help of moonlight, and had spotted the intriguing English ships. *"What were they hiding?"*

"Nothing happens by accident. Every single event is part of what needs to happen now."
David Bohm, physicist.

SÃO PAULO, CAPITAL, 14 JULY 2011.

"My life has a purpose... I feel that there is something I need to do, even though I don't know what it is yet. It's wonderful to realise that, after so many years of study and dedication, whatever field I'm referring to, everything is connecting, becoming synchronous, opening up new awakenings, which are important only to me, because they were created by my inner self, my higher self, whatever name you want to give it, which projected me in directions that I didn't even understand myself, or rather, I did not fully grasp the message I was receiving. However, what I did know was that I had to store this information and that it was part of a more complete context, a jigsaw puzzle, forming a whole, which would finally have an expression and communication of a

"special message," said

Dr. May, looking up to her left, maintaining a vague yet curious expression, typical of someone who has travelled to another dimension, tilting her head to the right and remaining that way for a few minutes, trying to remember many things, always analysing, comparing, validating facts. Suddenly, she comes out of her trance and says to one of her three colleagues from a large pharmaceutical company: *"Something has bothered me since I was little, the need to understand what made me feel that I wasn't really connected to anything, making me think I was someone without real importance, lost out there. On the other hand, I knew I had to search for something, I didn't know what, but I would find it, and at that moment, the revelation would come. Yes, I know it's complicated, but as Ana asked..."* They were having their coffee break in the hall, sitting in tourmaline green armchairs, the same colour as the company logo, with their white espresso cups with a subtle, thin green stripe and two small, buttery cream biscuits.

"When I started studying these things, I was always searching for and archiving data, and now, more than ever, I have started to process it. In fact, last year was the big turning point, just when I began to understand this connection. It must be the age of reason that has arrived," everyone laughed at the phrase and the funny facial expression she made.

May Angel turned thirty-four in 2011, on 25 March to be precise. She has a soft, delicate appearance, elegantly groomed down to the smallest detail. She has short blonde hair, cut in a modern style with longer bangs falling to her ears, which are visible, fair skin, medium brown eyes with a greenish-honey tone, and a slim body, but not too thin, size 42, for her height of one metre seventy, well-contoured, reminiscent of Latinas, which was the origin of her Spanish family. Single, without any serious relationship at the moment, which was not her main goal, since she was on "that search that is unclear and sometimes distressing". She works doing what she really likes, her best excitement or part of it, as scientific director in a division of

dermocosmetics from a large multinational pharmaceutical company, with mixed German-American capital, located in São Paulo, the capital. Her aforementioned best excitement can be explained by the fact that she has to discover and relate/correlate things, perfect for a scientific mind and, as Pythagoras would say, the profile of a reliable seven! In her case, the seven haunts her! This could be part of the explanation for her enigmatic and charismatic way of being. Attractive to some, enigmatic to others, irritating to a few, a n d crazy to a minority who live ordinary lives a n d only seek ends, without being interested in exploring where things come from and why they are what they are. She works with a group of twenty-five researchers, focused on a small, capricious niche in an industry that is strong a n d large in the field of medicines. Probably for this reason, her department is not considered the most respected by those seeking status at National Pharmaceuticals, b u t rather attractive to those who want to work with something that borders on the perfect blend of science with the world of perceptions, inventiveness and emotions, creating innovations at speed, visualising what is called the "wave" or market trend: the cosmetics area. Here, a mere Cartesian view does not lead to higher levels.

Dr. May's team is composed of a group of PhDs, masters and researchers in the fields of phytochemistry, pharmacology, toxicology, physical chemistry, organic synthesis, and some cosmetic formula manipulators, who were tasked with applying the molecules created by the team of new active ingredients and excipients in possible anti-ageing treatment lines aimed at the end consumer. Of these twenty-five researchers, twelve were closest to her, either because of their leadership positions a n d the need for constant contact for decision-making, or because of the same level of radiant and positive energy they spread around them, the same as Dr. May. It was during coffee breaks or after work, at one of their homes, a restaurant or bar, that May took them to another world, one of new horizons, new dimensions of reality, combining t h e science of what she saw clearly with what she considered worthy of analysis a n d what she glimpsed as the truth, or at least what she considered to be a great possibility, within an $n!$ (n factorial) of events.

During these coffee breaks, she and her closest colleagues discuss various topics, and on this particular day, the story of Francis Bacon was the focus.

"I read about Francis Bacon, Maya, as you suggested, and found it really fascinating and intriguing. His origins are unclear, or rather, there is much controversy surrounding whether or not he was the son of Queen Elizabeth I. It makes sense, as he had the kind of education that only a prince or someone belonging to the nobility would have, and the Bacon family was close to the queen, but not blue-blooded. Nor were they very wealthy by the standards of the time. Besides, being ambitious and powerful, she could have had children, hidden them, and no one would have interfered," explained Lurdes, as always accurate in her position, determined in her point of view, and focusing on the material world as her main point of support. She is one of the managers of the department responsible for clinical safety a n d efficacy studies for final products, finished cosmetics, a n d an advisor to the raw materials development group, with an emphasis on toxicological evaluation, under t h e parameter of cosmetic risk. Brunette, tall (five foot nine), thirty-five years old, long hair tied back in a low ponytail, reasonably pretty, engaged to a friendly mechanical engineer and friend to all four of them. *"But, on the other hand, it was very unfair to Bacon, knowing that he was the crown prince a n d not being able to take the throne. It must have generated a pent-up anger inside him,"* continued Lurdes.

"Yes, in fact, that is the question we will address in a few meetings. Who really or which famous figures owe their fame to this enigmatic being primarily known as Francis Bacon,"

said May, *"but right now, we have to return to the real world, the present time, and solve other enigmas, those of our research laboratory! To the present time!"* This last sentence seems to have become a slogan for everyday life, helping us to refocus on our work.

The friends arrive at the plant extract and identification laboratory (LabFito), which is responsible for generating new molecules or plant fraction concentrates for use in dermocosmetics and/or nutricosmetics. There were several preliminary efficacy studies to be evaluated based on different extraction processes. A new plant, obtained through organic cultivation, was the focus of this centre's research at the time. Here, in addition to Ana, who held the position of principal scientist, three researchers worked passionately and diligently to separate and concentrate a molecule, identified as the generator of the main effect sought and studied primarily, through a concentrated extract containing the active ingredient. Ana presented May with the data they had found, and at her side were Paulo, a Ph.D. specialist in phytochemistry, Luis, with a master's degree in pharmacognosy, primarily trained in chemistry, and Valéria, also a chemist, both working as the duo assigned to do most of the extractions and analyses in association with the Instrumental Laboratory team.

The Bidens genus plant is widely found in Egypt, as in other regions of the world, including Brazil. world, including Brazil. In addition to reports in scientific publications on its phytochemical composition and the winning paper presented by the Brazilian team of Gustavo Dieamant et al. at scientific conferences, both the 2010 Brazilian conference and the Latin American and Iberian conference of cosmetic chemists show that it has great anti-ageing potential, generating a super-response in the production of dermal fibres, enhanced as well as densification and renewal of the epidermis. They found several genetic mechanisms involving histones and chromatin balance. This was exactly what we were able to validate here. In fact, this could be used for cancer. The Brazilian research team, together with Prof. L. C. Di Stasi from UNESP in Botucatu, who presented the work at this congress, did not find the main molecule responsible for the effects, stating that all the excellent results found came from the extract as a whole. Which is correct, from that point of view. Based on our company's objectives, we are carrying out a differentiated extraction process and searching for a compound that can give us a clue as to which is the most important generator of these effects and, at the same time, locate a new molecule to be patented," said Ana, with the serious and direct expression that is peculiar to her at such times. "We will study all the data and see what we should do next," she continued.

Ana and May pored over the data in the documentation, presented in the form of reports, sometimes on the computer, sometimes in huge notebooks containing a collection of compiled studies. After two hours of evaluation, as the end of the workday approached, May and Ana looked at each other, having the same idea: "Do we still have the human skin tumour cell culture?" asked May. "Yes," replied Ana, "I understand, and I also think we have something to clarify, a probable effect." For a few moments, the two looked at each other, without speaking and without really seeing each other. In fact, they were overcome by something that only a researcher who delves deeply into science can understand. "As Aristotle would say: we are in a great catharsis, only this one is scientific," said May, generating the

awakening both of them from their previous state and making them laugh. *"Just imagine if the possibility existed... If we could find an extremely positive effect for healing, let's say more humbly, for mitigating cancer, in a plant that is cheap to grow, grows anywhere, with a lot of water or little water... WOW! That would be amazing! We would have made a great contribution to humanity!"* said May, and both expressed surprise with wide eyes, continuing: *"We have to test all the extracted fractions and find out which one has the greatest potential for what we are envisioning."* Time passed so quickly that they didn't even notice that everyone had left and that only the two of them remained in the laboratory.

"Wow, what happened to the clock?! How can it already be seven o'clock in the evening?!" exclaimed May. *"I think we're going crazy with this research,"* laughed Ana, throwing her hands up in the air and shrugging her shoulders, like a typical Italian, something typical of her family from São Paulo, but with origins, on her mother's side, in Calabria.

"That must be why I like football... Calabria is right at the tip of the Italian boot!" said Ana seriously, making May a, who was picking up her bag and turning off the lights, laugh again.

"How about we eat something at the Italian restaurant, since you mentioned Italy?" asked May. "I think that's great!" replied Ana, *"I'll have penne with tomato sauce and Calabrian sausage!"*

"Oh, come on! Stop with that Italian provincialism! You sound like my father, who thinks everything from Spain is

better: fruit, fish, everything Spanish!" exclaims May a. And they leave laughing again.

When the light in the central laboratory goes out and the door closes, at the back of the huge conglomerate of research areas, separated by white partitions with transparent glass halfway up, a discreet light on a desk comes on, and the sound of papers being leafed through is heard.

"The difference between the past, the present and the future is only a persistent illusion."
Albert Einstein, physicist.

Spring 1578, Brazilian coast. The Pelican is renamed Golden Hind by Captain Francis Drake. The imposing galleon is then blessed with a new engraving, to represent the hope of further confusing the Spanish ships that feared it so much. Drake was a more noble pirate, titled a privateer, with royal blessings. Although he said he acted on his own, everyone knew he was Queen Elizabeth's protégé and very loyal to her," May tells Ana and Lurdes during dinner, whom she had met directly at the restaurant. Lurdes arrived a little late because she had to visit her fiancé at work. He had to stay late today. "That even sounds romantic," says Lurdes, "they didn't have anything extra, did they?!" asks Ana, referring to Drake's loyalty to his Queen. "Well, that was the first thing I thought, because Francis Bacon... Well, his name was Francis too, and I did consider this theory, but after studying it further and gathering data, it turns out that Francis Bacon was the son of Robert Dudley, born three years after she was crowned queen and already had a son, born four years before she was crowned, whose father, everything points to, was Dudley himself, Elizabeth's only love... It's really romantic, but sad to have to hide your children, give them to others to care for, because you never married, and watch them grow up, closely, but not too closely," May exclaims laconically, a wrinkle on her forehead, taking another bite of her vegetarian lasagne, as she didn't eat red meat, only fish and chicken, sometimes.

"Another hidden child?!" asks Lurdes. "In the film Elizabeth, starring Cate Blanchett, there is a brief mention of her having a secret child with Dudley, Earl of Lancaster, after her coronation, but not before," adds May.

"Well, films are films, the plot is based on some data considered historical and accepted, and others not so well accepted, or even not accepted at all, but invented. That's fiction for you," says Ana. "But who is this other son older than Bacon?!" asks Lurdes.

"Ah... Someone who would have stolen my heart, if I had seen him. His paintings show a gallant, drop-dead gorgeous guy, and history hides one of the world's great brilliant minds, who worked alongside Bacon on plans for the founding of the United States of America... Walter Raleigh... It really is confusing to know which of the two brothers was the more brilliant. I don't think you've been following the Sanctum studies, right?! By now, you would have learned about Bacon, his influence and correlation with American history, in addition to the writings of William Shakespeare..." May couldn't even finish and was overwhelmed by her friends, who practically jumped out of their chairs asking what one had to do with the other.

"As for the Celestial Sanctum," says Ana in a tone of voice that justifies her for having taken a

bronca, "Well, actually, I've been receiving the handouts to read, but it's nicer to hear it from you," she laughs shyly, "because when you tell us these things, we have someone to ask right away, and we get an answer. That thing about lighting the candles, putting on the skirt and standing in front of the mirror looking at my face while I read aloud what I received in the handout... Well, I don't know... It's a little weird," she explains, with a certain pang of conscience.

"I agree. I've been reading it and I think the information is great, when I'm reading it, I get excited and then..." she sighs deeply and leans back in her chair, "I end up putting it down, and I'm not reading it every Thursday," adds Lurdes.

"Dear ones, the Rosicrucian teachings of AMORC – the Ancient and Mystical Order of the Rosicrucians – They are for those who want and desire to receive this information and who, deep down, are not satisfied with just the data received in the handouts, but seek more. There is much more in the Order's libraries, in countless books, a wonderful collection, many of which are freely published and available to the public. There is no longer 'the occult and inexplicable, the mystery hidden by the mist'... mist, in English... As in The Mists of Avalon... Ethnology, origin of the word mysticism. The time of the Holy Inquisition is over, at least in a way, and they no longer need to hide in the mists, nor do I see any reason for them to do so, since they have always been very misunderstood. Their foundations are pure, wonderful, built for the greater good of all... But there are always those who spoil it. Disciples like the Anakins Skywalker who, when faced with the challenge of the soul, with great power in their hands, instead of raising their light quotient even higher, turn to the dark side of the force!", emphasises May a, narrating in a theatrical and slightly humorous tone. Maya was like that, graceful and light, managing to introduce themes and make profound analyses while projecting a subtle and attractive energy. "Ahaahh, George Lucas' Star Wars! I love that series... And I understand, I understand what you mean, or rather, what you said... OK, I'll keep training with Master Yoda," says Ana, which makes everyone laugh, with mutual understanding. There were never any judgements.

"OK, I confess that I won't be able to keep up with this Sanctum nonsense to read and study... But we can continue like this, and when you speak, we can research and make it more interesting. We could write it down, or rather, start recording it, and then type it all up," Lurdes had barely finished speaking when May interrupted her: "If you can't read the booklets you receive, imagine if you were to write down everything we've been talking about." The friends continue laughing. "I wonder how you managed to write your thesis for your defence. You must have raged for a whole week before you started and then for months until you finished," May exclaims ironically, and continues: "I advise you to read the Rosicrucian Manifestos, consisting of three books entitled 'The Call of the Rosicrucian Fraternity-Cruz' or 'Fama Fraternitatis R.C.', 'The Testimony of the Rosicrucian Brotherhood' or 'Confessio Fraternitatis R.C.', and 'The Alchemical Wedding of Christian Rosenkreuz' or, again in Latin, 'Chymische Hochzeit Chistiani Rosenkreutz Anno 1459'. These names were given and the books written by the man identified as the creator of the order, Christian Rosenkreuz, who has a very suggestive name and everything leads us to believe that, well, it was a name invented to once again hide one of the most brilliant minds history has ever known... Sir Francis Bacon!

"What do you mean, invented again?! He had other names besides Bacon?!" asks Ana, with a challenging look on her face.

"Yes, I already mentioned that, but I realised you were asleep, since you forgot... Do you remember a while ago, when we went together to the Cosmetic Chemists' Congress, the cosmetics fair in London, we went to the wax museum and there was William Shakespeare, looking very lifelike, and I called him 'orange'?" asks May. "Ahh, yes,"

exclaims Ana. *"Yes, that's right... Now I remember what you mean,"* says Lurdes, with a thoughtful expression and slowly shaking her head. *"Well then, let's go together, follow me."* May picks up her inseparable iPad, on which she had saved countless documents to use and keep as reference while she was studying. *"Francis Bacon was the son of Queen Elizabeth, born in the third year of her reign and, shortly after his birth, given to the Bacon family, or rather, Anne Bacon and Nicholas Bacon. Sir Nicholas was Lord Chancellor of England during her reign and Anne was the Queen's chief lady-in-waiting when Francis was born and was therefore put in charge of caring for him, attesting that he was her son and Sir Nicholas's. Anne was very cultured, unusual for the time, she sang, played the piano, composed, wrote beautifully, which certainly greatly influenced the destiny of our... Little hidden Shakespeare. The Bacon family kept little Francis always in the Queen's sight, in her constant company."*

"It seems obvious to me that Bacon knew who he was... Don't you think?! The successor to the throne... a Tudor to

... Without a claim to the throne," exclaims Ana, in utter sadness, and continues: *"To be or not to be, that's the question! Now I understand the skull in his hands and Hamlet's speech... Thinking his mother was evil... It makes perfect sense! Damn him!"*

The three were laughing, still with their main course in front of them, vaguely enjoying their food, when suddenly, a tall man, dressed in a classic petrol blue suit, white shirt and lead grey tie, with an athletic build, straight brown hair, sapphire blue eyes, incredibly mesmerising and penetrating, very white skin, black acetate prescription glasses, 1950s style, startles them. Faced with the surprise and speed with which he presented a pamphlet with mystical symbols, well known to May, she froze inside, her eyes widened and nothing came out of her mouth, even though she tried.

"Excuse me, and I'm sorry if I startled you," he says politely and gallantly, communicating with them in an extremely direct manner, standing beside the table, facing three pale, voiceless young women.

"I didn't mean to disturb you, but after hearing the whole conversation, the story of Bacon... And when Mention Raleigh, well, I couldn't help myself. From what I can tell, they might be the right people, I mean, the ones who might like what I'm going to present and what my group has to offer. My name is David, it seems like a coincidence, but maybe not so much... Who knows... My surname is Bacon." May looks surprised and thoughtful at the same time. *"My father was English and my mother Brazilian, if I may clarify. Well, this brochure belongs to a philosophical society, one of in-depth mystical studies, I would say, very much based on the teachings of Manly P. Hall... Perhaps you..."*, he addresses May, and she leans back instinctively, *"... know him, I mean, his books".*

"Yes... No, no... Actually, I know who he is, and apart from the colour of your eyes, because yours are a darker blue, you remind me a lot of him, you really look like him... Only more handsome!" May blurts out without thinking and blushes. Speaking without thinking was not typical of her, and something about this man captivated her immediately. *"Are you related to him?! Do you mean a Masonic lodge or a Rosicrucian temple, I mean, which one do you attend?!"* May asks.

"Actually, it all starts like that, or around there, then we look for our own path and drifting towards a new identity," says the enigmatic heartthrob, who appears to be thirty-six years old, *"I will leave the brochure with you, it has my mobile number and my name, David Bacon,"* he emphasises, although it would be impossible to forget. *"I wrote it down while you were talking... If you're interested, give me a call. I'd be delighted to introduce you to the group. Forgive me again for interrupting."* The enigmatic man exits elegantly,

disappearing as quickly as he appeared.

"Good heavens, what was that?!" asks Lurdes. *"Good heavens indeed, I think he left so quickly that he didn't even pay the bill,"* says Ana. At that moment, a waiter who witnessed everything from behind the girls' table replies: *"He's the owner of the restaurant, he doesn't have to pay. It's a bit strange, really. We get strange people here all the time. But so far, well, I've been here for about four months, he seems like a serious and nice guy, because he keeps his promises. We just have to do our job properly and not ask questions."* At that very moment, a customer at a table in the back calls the waiter's attention and he quickly leaves them.

Ana was still a little pale and confused. She takes a sip of her orange juice and says:
"How about we get some dessert... somewhere else?"

The other two nodded in agreement and asked for the bill.

At the sweet and coffee shop, the three girls' adrenaline levels returned to normal. May was quiet, thinking about the unexpected encounter, while Ana and Lurdes couldn't stop talking about *"that handsome guy who appeared out of nowhere beside us and whom no one had even noticed until he got up and approached us"*.

"Really strange," was the first thing May said since then.

"Weird?! That's an understatement! What was that? You're the witch, so you can start explaining!" Ana said this loudly, and everyone in the sweet shop heard her and turned to look at them, whispering among themselves.

May was still serious and in a trance, as if analysing everything, and said: *"Coincidence or synchronicity? David Bacon... David... Bacon..."*, she said slowly, staring at the group's leaflet presented by David and running her finger over his name and phone number.

"Explain it quickly!" says Lurdes, *"what did you find out?"* *"Actually, nothing, nothing yet, I'm just trying to interpret the facts. Synchronicity means a coincidence that occurred because the person attracted something that had to do with something else that, for them, may be important, and the fact of this appearance only strengthens this understanding, and what happened in itself is not of greater importance, but the message is."* Ana and Lurdes exchange glances with expressions of not understanding what she was saying. *"Just last night, I was watching a documentary on YouTube about the mysteries of the founding of the United States of America... An excellent documentary, with several chapters, I mean, connected videos, and there, Manly P. Hall is mentioned several times. That's why I immediately downloaded his books available on Amazon Kindle. There are some, but not all. I spent several hours, until dawn, reading and finding it very interesting. I was a little confused at first about his intentions... Whether they were more positive or more negative, and in the end, I thought they might be good, or even very good, given the level of information... But I need more time to know for sure, studying and reading more extensively. Although I had heard about it in Rosicrucian circles, I hadn't studied it in depth. I believe this is not a mere coincidence,"* says May calmly, in a meditative, distant, somewhat robotic state, the kind she usually gets into when she is connecting facts and gathering data, *"just like she does in the laboratory,"* thinks Lurdes.

"Well, it's already past nine o'clock at night and we have to go home. Since we don't have children yet, we can stay like this, enjoying our friends. However, tomorrow we have a lot to do." With this sentence, the three say goodbye and head for their cars parked on the street, right in front of the bakery. Ana, getting into her car, half her body hanging out, shouts to May, who is still standing in the back seat of her car, organising her handbag and work bag: *"You know, I'm starting to think it's better for you and me to find boyfriends, like Lurdes did, so we'll have other things to do besides talking about people who have died! We'd better do it soon, before we go crazy!"* She starts the car and drives off cautiously, while May closes the door, starts the car, but remains stationary for a few seconds, contemplating the sound of the engine running with

a thoughtful expression. Suddenly, a knock on the bonnet of the car startles her, but then she realises it is just the usual lad who looks after the cars on the street, wanting a tip for acting as a lookout. She gives him the tip, thanks him and goes home calmly.

May lives alone in a modern flat decorated in shades of white and beige, with a touch of grey and some details in more intense colours, such as purple and blue. It can be considered a place with a lot of personality, while still being cosy. Being north-facing, the sun is a constant presence. Her only companion is a white Chihuahua, whom she adores. When she arrives home, he runs and jumps happily to greet her, sometimes making a face that looks like he is smiling, pulling his mouth into a tight line, showing his teeth.

After her bath, already in her nightgown, with her Chihuahua Dock on her lap, she resumes reading what she had found and filed away about Francis Bacon and, at the same time, asks herself: *"Why is this so important to me and what is the reason for this uncontrollable urge to gather data that might shed light on his story, linking it to the founding of America? Bacon... David..."*. It had definitely been a long time since a man had caught her attention so intensely.

"Could they meet again?!"

"I don't think there is any emotion more intense for an inventor than seeing some of his creations working. That emotion makes us forget to eat, sleep, everything."
Nikola Tesla, scientist and inventor.

The following week, six researchers from the team gather in the meeting room of the laboratories linked to research, development and innovation. May raises questions and important points to clarify, to ensure that the data is valid and reproducible. The quality of the work is excellent and the results surprise everyone. Ana's team was fundamental in this meeting, as they are the phytochemicals responsible for isolating and identifying the active ingredients of the chosen plant, *Bidens pilosa*, which is native to Egypt but also found in Brazil, with the same properties. Paulo is the most mature, at around forty-seven years old, and is the lead scientist in this department, having worked in the laboratory for ten years. Ana was his employee when she joined five years ago, and in the end, he lost his position as manager to her, as she had more team leadership and project coordination skills than he did. However, Paulo's scientific quality was undeniable. Because he was not promoted, to Ana's detriment, his relationship with her was strictly professional, without any emotional ties, at least, without personal ties. Other than that, the work was very good. Ana and Paulo's opinion on the isolated molecule and the most efficient process for obtaining it was fundamental, along with that of Lauro and Maria, both from the cellular and molecular biology laboratory, where numerous studies had been carried out on mapping the mechanism of action of this herbal medicine, which was intended for cosmetic use only. Lauro is a tall, dark-skinned young man in his thirties, already married to a pharmacist who worked in the national pharmaceutical industry, with two children. His concern with always maintaining the importance of his position, and, if possible, climbing the promotion ladder, was clear, as he was always trying to do something exceptional that would attract attention. Maria, his boss, was almost the same age. She was closer to May, however, even though she enjoyed listening to May's stories, she had little time for it, as she was always busy with the needs of her two-year-old daughter and her husband, a solicitor who travels a lot, leaving her with almost no free time after work. Maria is naturally kind and diplomatic, always searching for the best words and phrases to convince people of her points of view and leading the team, composed of herself and three other people, including Lauro, to meet the company's objectives.

Lurdes was still at the table, waiting for her turn to speak, focused on clinical trials. She would have to set up research protocols based on preliminary results obtained from in vitro studies, which were currently being evaluated, and estimate the time it would take, along with the cost.

"It's incredible that we've managed to isolate a novel phytoalexin that is, on top of that, two hundred times more potent than Pterostilbene. We will immediately patent the molecule and the process of

extraction. Include the antioxidant effect. Pass on the data we already have to the regulatory team. They already have enough to start the international PCT patent application. Next, we will file other patents for the new results we find. In any case, we will repeat everything again, all the studies, with new production batches of the plant, controlling organic cultivation, the degree of stress from pathogen attack that we vary, given the fungi already used, and the concentration of active ingredient we obtain throughout the year, according to the harvest season. The number of tests and controls to be done is enormous, so I ask the team to give their all on each point and to help each other. This plant is wonderful because it grows all year round and allows for two to three harvests, but that does not mean we will always have the same level of active ingredient. One thing is certain: it has enormous potential to be a success in anti-ageing treatment, certainly, but we also have to test it on diseased skin, other tumour cells and in vivo." As May gave the team the new guidelines, she remembered an article she had read about molecules that can be classified as Salvestrols.

"Ana, do you remember an article I sent you a year ago?" she searched the archives.

from his notebook, "Here, look: Nutrition and Cancer: Salvestrol Case Studies, Brian A. Schaefer D. Phil, Journal of Orthomolecular Medicine, vol. 22, no. 4, 2007. This team reports cases of healing from a variety of cancers with Salvestrols, which are a more generic classification of phytoalexins, as they include fat-soluble ones. In our case, our novel molecule has an optimal partition coefficient, meaning it is soluble in both oil and water, which leads us to believe that it is much more stable. I want you to evaluate this, its average lifespan in various systems, especially in the body, if ingested, and at the same time its stability in cosmetic systems. I want teams set up for each case." May was very involved in the subject, realising that they had achieved something that could be very important for humanity. This transcended her area, as she would have to pass this discovery on to another division of the pharmaceutical industry, followed by a committee for approval of the project they were currently working on, the division of drugs and cancer treatment.

Lurdes, who had been thoughtful until then, makes it clear that she agrees with everything that has been said, but raises the precautions they must take: "People who work with diseases, especially cancer, will not want to see results in tumour cells, much less those we have in greater numbers with a focus on reversing the biological clock, even if we have a wonderful result. Without data on animals, at least on animals with various types of cancer, no one will want to come down from their pedestal and pay attention to us, since we know very well that the team that works with diseases considers itself more noble than the one that works with cosmetics. We know how much we are discriminated against in the scientific world. They will say that we are meddling where we are not wanted. It could cause a big problem for us," she grimaces.

Lauro, who was following everything that was said, constantly consulting the results of the in vitro tests that had been carried out on his notebook, which was resting on the table next to the team, wanted to be absolutely sure of what he was going to say before exposing himself. Finally, plucking up his courage, he said: "Look, I understand and I also agree with everything, but when we did the tests with tumour cells, we used several controls, some chemical and others plant-based, such as resveratrol and pterostilbene, and the first thing to mention is that the mechanism of all of them is the same, via Cytochrome P450 1B1 (CYP 1B1), but our isolated molecule was faster and more potent, draining the tumour without any cytotoxic effect. And that's the most surprising thing, no toxic effect whatsoever. The tumour simply disappeared in the tumour tissues tested. Total reversal. Imagine a cancer treatment where people had no side effects! We need to work with people who have sick animals with various types of tumours, not just skin tumours. I understand the concern, but if we don't have more consistent data to present to the committee, they won't

they will pay attention to us, and then they will say that we meddled where we weren't invited, but on the other hand, with consistent data... I imagine we will be reprimanded anyway, but with some chance that the research will be expanded and we will do the world a great favour.

"OK, we can say that, initially, we worked with tumour cells in order to obtain more data and publish in a high-impact journal, because, as Lurdes rightly pointed out, our field is very segregated from the scientific world... But there will be some questions as to why we actually tested tumour cells," says Lurdes.

"There have always been questions and there always will be, but the answer to what has already been done is simple: we were verifying the full capacity and mechanism of action of the new molecule. By the way, we haven't given it a name yet." She raises her left eyebrow, as she often did when thinking.

For a few seconds, all that could be heard was the sound of each person's breathing, and finally, May breaks the silence.

Silence: "Folks, there's only one way we can work here, and that's with certainty of results. Let's reproduce everything we've done so far, from the plant and its cultivation to the in vitro and ex vivo tests, and with this reproduced data, we'll see what to do and who to present it to. OK?! If necessary, we'll run everything by the committee. Is it possible to do all this in six to seven months?! We have a few batches of the plant in stock, varying the cultivation, right?!"

Paulo and Ana were very excited about research of this level. They practically spoke at the same time.

"Yes! It's the minimum necessary to generate enough active ingredient to apply to cell culture and animal tissues and reproduce what we need," concludes Ana, and May continues: "So, let's move forward with cosmetic and non-cosmetic testing simultaneously. Lurdes should set up the protocols for us to evaluate the main anti-ageing parameters in humans, and Paulo and Ana should extract more active ingredients, deliver them to Maria and Lauro to reproduce the results and select the best process x best yield of the main molecule x best effect compared to pterostilbene x a famous anti-tumour drug. We have to select one that is potent against a specific type of cancer that we want to use as a control, in addition to skin cancer... Let's research it."

For seven months, the team at the laboratory headed by May worked with extreme dedication. Everyone was focused on obtaining as much data as possible in the shortest amount of time. They would have to submit their reports to the scientific committee in order to formalise whether or not to continue with the results. "Sometimes, it doesn't depend on the results. When we have all the studies for analysis and conclusion, we can reach a decision on what to do," she tells the team.

*"Our senses allow us to perceive only a small portion of the outside world."
Nikola Tesla, scientist and inventor.*

One weekend, on a beautiful Sunday morning, enjoying the sun and warmth, May was wearing a tank top, shorts and a cap, skating in Ibirapuera Park, accompanied by her Chihuahua, Dock, who ran alongside her most of the time, travelling along the tree-lined streets, suitable for bicycles and skates, and sometimes carrying him in her arms when he got tired, making the scene very funny, as some people looked and waved with smiles at them. On a steep bend, she suddenly heard her name called out loud and clear: *"Maya! Maya! Here!"* shouted David Bacon, the mysterious and attractive man they had met in a restaurant near the laboratory and who had impressed her. In fact, she didn't have the courage to look for him, nor to forget him. When she braked her skates, she stumbled and shot off on the tip of the brake rubber, walking without rolling, until she fell on the lawn, without hurting herself. After she fell, the Chihuahua jumped out of her arms and started licking her face. *"Blah! Stop it! Your breath smells like dog food!"* said May as she sat up on the grass, almost laughing and feeling a little embarrassed by the fall she considered *"ridiculous"*. *"Are you okay?!"* Gosh, it seems like I'm always scaring you, and I swear that wasn't my intention," said David, sitting down next to her on the grass.

"It's okay, I always wear knee pads and elbow pads, because when you fall while rollerblading, those are the parts that get hurt. Wow, what a coincidence that you're here! Do you come here often, or did you come to stalk me?" She tries to make a joke, since he makes her feel awkward, which is something rare in her life experience, as she usually feels very confident. Taking advantage of the question and their close proximity, David looks deep into her eyes, making her freeze, and again she leans back, moving away from him, afraid. He remains seated next to her.

"Why didn't you go to the study group I introduced you to? I asked them almost every day. if you had shown up or called."

They stand up, David gently lifting her by her right arm, holding her waist. At that moment, she leans on his arm and feels that he is not only tall and handsome, but also very muscular.

"I think it was because you scared me that day... By the way, this is the second time you've scared me." They were very close to each other, and again she moved away, putting what she considered a safe distance between them. *"Are you alone? Just with the doggie?!"* asks Dave. *"Yes, I mean, well, there are quite a few people here in the park."*

May showed her insecurity as he took a step towards her, comically synchronised with the step she took backwards on the tips of her skates, avoiding his approach.

"Maya, are you afraid of me?! I understand. I'd like you to get to know me better so that your bad impressions go away. Look, it's lunchtime, we can have lunch here at the park restaurant, the MAM. It's very good and quiet. I know the maître d', he can get someone to look after your little dog Dock." May is surprised that he knows the dog's name, but he points to the Chihuahua's neck.

"Name on the collar," he says, and she ends up laughing at the scene and her state of mistrust, which was really unusual for her.

"OK, it will be a pleasure to accompany you to the restaurant and discover the enigma of your person and, on top of that, be able to talk about my favourite subject, above all else: everything involving historical figures who influenced the world, conspiracy theories, the hidden side of what is told. Manly P. Hall is one of those who intrigue me greatly, along with others, such as my favourite: Francis Bacon. Oops, I just remembered that your surname is Bacon," she says, falling silent, breathless, looking deeply into his eyes. At this moment, she is the one who makes him feel awkward.

"Your surname is Bacon? I mean... What a coincidence! Well, the question was ridiculous, but you understand why," they both laugh heartily and after a few seconds, they blush as their eyes meet.

My father was English, and because of that, this common surname in that country came to me, and, Perhaps because he was a Freemason and I grew up hearing stories about various characters, Francis Bacon ended up becoming one of my favourites too. I practically considered him family. David revealed a gentle and gracious side, just as May is on the inside when she feels she doesn't need to protect herself. Then she swapped her skates for trainers, which were in the rucksack she was carrying on her back, which, from now on, he insisted on carrying. They both put aside their preconceptions and began a long conversation. When they arrived at the restaurant, the harmony between them was clear.

David's acquaintance, the maître d', takes Dock with him, who, being extremely docile, loved everyone who petted him.

"Don't worry, I'm not going to cook you. I'll give you a steak with plenty of fibre and you can gnaw on it in the waiters' dressing room! Come in, the receptionist will help you find good seats," said the maître d'.

During lunch, May discovered that David was, at the very least, very interesting, as well as probably be the person who understood most about conspiracy theories, the mysteries of humanity and secret societies, which made him extremely special, in her view. The men she had dated always found her complex. At first, the subjects she liked to study attracted them because they instilled mystery, but on the other hand, she couldn't talk about them more than superficially, otherwise it would bore them. Perhaps that was why she preferred to be alone, at least for a while, so she could focus on what she affectionately called her best excitement.

"Maybe he could be a friend to exchange information and knowledge with, or... something more," she thought. It was so intense that she was worried it had shown.

"When I met you with your friends, you were talking about Queen Elizabeth's children, which seems was a reality. Elizabeth I of England had a son four years before becoming queen and another a few years later, both by Robert Dudley, her companion and constant advisor for many years. Few people know about this or dare to mention it," says David.

"It's so obvious, isn't it?! If history accepts that she had a long affair with Dudley, obviously, for those times, without pills or effective contraceptive methods,

children would have been conceived. Why avoid the obvious?! The biggest problem is history books that force people to accept what I call creeds, which are considered scientific, without data, just as they accuse these 'conspiracy theories of being unfounded', but the ones considered official are the same, completely without sufficient data to affirm one thing or another."

"Maya, this is true and it is a pattern that is widespread in the history of the world considered official in schools and books. We have to accept that man after

Adam and Eve have a history marked with dates considered official, and everything that is discovered revolves around them, as if carbon-14 testing were stuck at five thousand years. The vast majority of new discoveries at archaeological sites are declared to be up to five thousand years old, that is, from Abraham onwards, which would be approximately 4000 years, depending on the reference source. What is most interesting is to follow the facts we have via official bodies, or rather, I call them 'the controlled ones', such as leading universities, some American and European top-tier institutions and their, at least some, famous professors. They have a code to follow, by order of others who command them, and they must say what they want them to say. That is why I prefer to follow scientists or historians who work independently, through NGOs or foundations, or even some groups with relative independence, as they will have the freedom to speak. Much of this high-quality research work, focused on seeking and revealing the truth, is sponsored by various entities called secret societies, a name that is appropriate for humanity's past, but no longer for today's world. What I mean is that 'good secret societies', those that work for good, are no longer so secret, and those that really work for evil, well, these are very hidden and, when they appear, they show an unreal version, usually innocent and with noble foundations 'for the greater good', this 'good' being focused on their own very dangerous advantages, such as the 'Bilderbergers'. Nothing is reported about this dangerous group in the official media, only in the parallel media. Men like David Icke, Jean Mars, Alex Jones and George Noory, the latter two with their FM radio programmes and others, risk their lives to wake up the sleeping public. They have a lot of courage and a desire to help by informing and revealing things that would not be revealed without this action, considered unofficial.

This was a subject David knew a lot about, and in order to move forward and clarify it in detail, he would need a lot of time for discussion. However, he had just found his best colleague for the topic. May continued, showing excitement.

"I agree one hundred per cent with what you say, and that's why I do exactly the same thing." *thing. I have been following each of the ones you mentioned and I think they are very courageous and well informed. Anyway, as a scientist, I listen to classic opinions and look for independent opinions, with excellent scientific references, preferably groups, with people who speak in a more pleasant way and lean towards a more scientific side, even purely spiritual, when the topic allows it, like Gregg Braden. I really like his style, besides being handsome!"* She is embarrassed by her own spontaneity. "Well, that's a nice thing to add to entertainment, beauty for the eyes. And now, speaking seriously again, whenever someone wants to know more about what I study, I talk to people according to their level of awareness and whether they are scientists or not, taking care not to create paradigms, so Gregg Braden is a great recommendation. The vast majority of people to whom I recommended his YouTube videos and books ended up liking them. By using the word 'when', it becomes clear that there is a limited number of people who agree and continue to want more data. Some of these people want to know more, and I realise that it is possible to go further. I start them off

referring to the Rosicrucian Order. If someone wants to know about the real history of the world, I recommend Graham Hancock, for example. I have really enjoyed high-quality documentaries made by the History Channel, many of which feature some of the people we have mentioned. Incidentally, even when covering recent major discoveries of pyramids around the world, the History Channel's editors did a great job, adding researchers with slightly different opinions, generating antagonism and discussion, but managing to cover a little bit of everything," explains May a

It was surprising to see May and David talking. They seemed to have come from the same background, as they shared almost one hundred per cent of the same knowledge. This was undoubtedly a force of attraction between them, which was not yet fully understood, but which initiated a process of connection. During lunch, the discussions covered a wide range of topics. None of them were explored in depth, but they served to give each of them a good idea about the other, with a few details missing that would be clarified over time.

"David, what is your educational background? What did you study at university?"

"I am an economist, graduated from USP, and then I did an MBA with an international extension at the University of California. That's why I have a small, expanding chain of international restaurants, focused on the Mediterranean diet, which sometimes leads people to think it's a northern Italian style... Well, there is that style too, but I prefer to call it the Mediterranean diet."

"I found the name of the restaurant where we met, well, I can say, not very unique and very enlightening, now that I know you... Pelican... It even has the bird in the logo, and of course only now do I understand that it was not by chance, much less out of love for pelicans, that you chose that name!"

They both laugh at the friendly way she approaches the subject. May gives David a challenging look, almost unintentionally, but her sharp, investigative mind liked to draw people into discussion with provocative questions.

"I think you want me to say whether the name Pelican was given because it's the name of the famous Francis Drake's ship, the Queen's pirate." He looks at her with a mischievous gaze, causing her bright, clear eyes to react in a way that she actually wanted to provoke in him, but failed.

"Yes, that name was given for that very reason... Very well observed and concluded. One of my other three restaurants is called Golden Hind, the Pelican's former name, before it was changed."

"The other two are called Walter's and Francis's, respectively!" May adds in a comical tone, making David laugh.

At that moment, they were the centre of attention in the restaurant. The pair formed a sight to behold. pleasant, not so much because they were physically attractive, but because they left a special magnetic energy in the room that attracted people and lifted their spirits, making them feel good. Even the waiters liked to serve that table.

"I think everyone is looking at us... How about we get out of here?!" Looking at her watch, May stares ahead with a blank expression, as if she is no longer present. "My God! We've been here for two hours! Poor Dock! Can you ask your colleague to bring him in as soon as we leave through the front door?!"

Outside, Dock reunites with his best friend with the most complete demonstration of pure and true love, something that only a little dog is capable of giving, and for free.

"Look, it was a pleasure and a huge surprise to have had the chance to get to know you better. Wow, I can imagine how many things you have to tell me!" she says.

"I believe we both have many things to surprise and share with each other, and that's why I'd like to invite you to see my flat. I have many things, especially antique objects that I'd like to show you. Don't worry, I'm not a bad guy, and you'll enter and leave my flat as my best friend. Besides, I'll be inviting Chef Armando, from one of my restaurants, to cook for us. This week the restaurant will be closed for necessary renovations, and he told me he wants me to try some new dishes for approval. So we won't be alone." Deep down, May didn't know whether to be happy or sad, but shaking her head to clear certain thoughts, she agreed to go.

"Wow, don't worry, I already feel confident." They laughed, looking into each other's eyes, without thinking about anything, and time stood still... When it returned... *"What time do you want me to be there?!"*

"I insist on picking you up. We live relatively close, and a gentleman must pick up a lady."

"Well, thank you for the 'lady' and I must say I'm not used to that." *"Is seven o'clock okay for you? We have a lot to talk about."* *"Certainly,"* replied May.

They had another whole hour to talk and get to know each other, until May got into her silver Pajero TR4 and drove off.

As the car drove away, David stood watching, pensively, uttering a phrase that no one else was there to hear: *"Synchronicity, or do I really have to do something about it?!"* The phrase can only be fully understood in light of the events that are to come.

The black BMW X5 SUV pulls into the garage of the building where David lives, near Ibirapuera Park in Moema. May's flat was located in Campo Belo, and on a Sunday with no traffic, you could say they were ten minutes apart.

Upon entering the two-storey penthouse apartment, with 400 square metres of floor space, May is greeted by an incredible view.

"Now that's a good view! Twenty-first floor!" she exclaims.

"Yes, it's beautiful and has a rare view of the city, with nothing in front to obstruct it. It's very beautiful here during the day. I chose this flat because of the light that penetrates from all sides. It's very pleasant to have light all the time, and at night we have this view. The living room was the main factor in my choice. It has a ceiling height of over five metres and lots of windows. Upstairs are the bedrooms, which, of course, being single, I ended up adapting to suit my hobbies. I'll let you see them after dinner, which we will have on the balcony, the continuation of the living room." David had integrated the balcony, installing sliding glass doors with solar curtains to block out excess radiation when desired, as the sun shines all day long because it faces north. At night, they are partially retracted.

At that moment, Chef Armando appears, dressed in character, wearing a uniform from one of the restaurants, which reads *"J. Dee"*. Upon reading the name, her left eyebrow rises and she utters a phrase she stole from one of her favourite films, C3P0 in Star Wars:

"Typical! Really, typical. Did you have to be so precise?! It's John Dee, right?! The alchemist, astrologer, astronomer and everything else from Elizabeth! Is the name of the other restaurant 'Kelly', Dee's number one partner?!"

"Wow! You got it right! I knew you would solve this riddle! In fact, you're probably one of the very few people who could figure it out. It takes a lot of study and not watching TV soap operas to do so," David praises her.

May noticed that Armando was still waiting for her to fulfil her promise, looking at them both patiently.

"Oops, a thousand apologies, I was distracted by the name embroidered on your uniform pocket. I'm Maya, pleased to meet you, Mr Chef."

"From what I can tell, David has finally found someone who knows what he's talking about, because no one understands him except when he talks about special foods, restaurants and similar things... Well, at least in my case." Armando was of average height and weight, neither fat nor thin, with broad shoulders, though not athletic, and honey-coloured hair and eyes. He had full, rosy cheeks. He appeared to be around forty-two years old.

"Ah, my dear Armando, always full of compliments for me!" Everyone laughed.

"May I invite you to come to the chef's kitchen? I want to show you what I'm preparing for dinner... By the way, beautiful young lady, do you have any dietary restrictions?!"

"Me?! Well, I just avoid pork and pork products. If there's any, I push it to the side and eat the rest. I prefer fish and seafood to red meat. I like poultry, especially chicken and turkey... But I eat everything... Well, not everything. Those horrible things from the

Indiana Jones, the second film, when he goes to India... Well, as long as it's not stuff like that, I eat it." Armando shrugs with a "uhm" expression and invites them into the kitchen. There he presents wonderful appetisers, made with vegetables, seafood and colourful salads, prepared by hand, delicious mushrooms in butter, fish with mango and passion fruit sauces and mini desserts prepared so that they can enjoy a different one with each bite.

"And to accompany them, we have several wines to choose from. Do you have a preference, Maya?!"

"Well, that's the hardest part of the conversation with the boss... Well, I don't drink alcohol. I know it's a bit antisocial, but I prefer water or diet cola, any fruit juice," she says in an embarrassed tone.

"My dear, nowadays people are going for a more natural, lighter lifestyle and are not drinking as much as before. This has become clear in David's restaurants, although there is still high demand for beer and light wines, but in a more controlled way. Don't worry, we have zero-calorie guaraná, as well as juices. I'll serve you... Oh, while I prepare the dishes, take the opportunity to look at David's collection, which I must say is a bit 'bizarre', but interesting nonetheless. You'll have half an hour to forty minutes, to be precise."

"Always the same Armando, always the same guy who doesn't understand the figurative value of my belongings. They're all replicas, so don't be surprised by their value. Let's go!" David takes May's right hand and leads her upstairs.

"Yes, sir!" she says cheerfully and happily, which was normally her emotional tone.

Upstairs in the penthouse were the bedrooms and a winter garden in the centre of the hall, onto which four doors opened, presumably four bedrooms. The garden was enclosed by glass, including the ceiling, and was flooded with light during the day. Nature was present throughout the apartment, in every room, harmonising with each space and respecting its style.

"What good taste! Did you know you have really good taste?! I bet you have a team of architects to help you put together these amazing rooms!"

"Actually, I needed help. I like decorating, but I'm not that good at it!" David opens the door to a room and invites May to go in first. It was a large room, about fifty square metres, with walls covered in wood panelling and aluminium trim, which softened the sober and heavy atmosphere that could have taken over the room. As soon as the door opened, one could see, at the back, an imposing desk-like table, made entirely of wood and leather covering the top, in black. The table was delicately carved, full of symbols, very reminiscent of the Resolute Desk. May immediately walked over to it, without noticing the countless objects that were resting on pedestals or placed on the shelves in the room.

"OK, it's not the Resolute, but it's very similar... Full of symbols... Some familiar... It's new... Did you have it made?!"

"Good observer and investigative mind! Yes, it was made a year ago by a group of artisans from Itatiba, São Paulo. They have several carpentry shops and a hobby, which is to make objects like this. They are traditional Freemasons and, therefore, knew every detail of what was placed on it." May listened to David, but could hardly take her eyes and hands off the table.

"Beautiful... It's wood... Red... Brazilwood?! Wow, it really is! It's written here. Jewish symbols, Assyrian, Akkadian, Olmec or similar symbols... Aztecs... Wow, you've put everything in there... The Ark of the Covenant... And... Zarathustra, Zoro
Jewish symbols, Assyrian symbols, Akkadian symbols, Olmec symbols or similar... Aztec symbols... Wow, you've included everything... The Ark of the Covenant... And... Zarathustra, Zoroaster. Just to talk about that one, we'd have to spend weeks discussing the ancient religion of Persia. And I'd say, a little beyond that. These ancient people, full of bird wings in their symbols and drawings. From what I can see, you agree with the Ancient Astronaut theory propagated by many writers, such as Erick Von Danicken, Giorgio Tsoukalos, Zecharia Sitchin, Robert K. G. Temple, David Wilcock, David Hatcher Childress, for example, among others... Wonderful! I'll stick with it until I get sick of it!"

Crouching down, going over every corner of the table, May spoke to her, running her hand over all the engravings, as if receiving some kind of energy from her. *"Vimanas!"*

Her ability to evaluate this data always surprised David, who thought: *"There are few like her... It must be her, and she will have to know..."*

He then led her to the objects he had, calling them replicas, which were on pedestals or on the shelves of the bookcases. All the objects had spotlights focused on them for greater emphasis. If the room were lit entirely by each of these small lights, they would be overshadowed by excessive lighting. Fortunately, David had requested that a light control system be built that responded to his voice command, so that the specific light on each object was only turned on when he said its name. Vimana Seti. With this phrase, a light points to a pedestal containing a rectangular golden wooden board, whose images of helicopters and similar flying objects were electrifying. Along with the board was a very interesting text, clearly printed from an article obtained on the internet:



Spanish journalist Javier Sierra wrote the following about the Egyptian tombstone with strange inscriptions of helicopters and spaceships:

In 1995, I spent some time in Abydos gathering all the information regarding this relief, which is on one of the walls of the temple of Pharaoh Seti I, very close to the entrance.

I took photos, drew diagrams and spoke to local archaeologists who had no idea what it was.

I brought all the material back to Spain and published something in *Año Cero* in an article called *Egypt: traces of the future*, where I realised what these inscriptions were. I consulted an expert in ancient languages, the epigraphist Jorge Díaz.

He analysed them and solved the mystery: what looks like a helicopter, a firearm and even a submarine is nothing more than the result of a relief of Seti I usurped by his son, Ramses II.

"Ramses did this with the inscriptions at Abydos; he did not erase Seti's texts, but wrote over them. Therefore, those drawings were made by predecessors in Egyptian history," says David, following May's reading aloud.

David watched May with curiosity and a somewhat investigative air.

"What do you think of this, Maya?! Do you believe in a past for humanity that is different from what they tell us in history books?!"

"Certainly. That's why I read books and watched lectures by the researchers I mentioned... Wow, you have the Vedas books here!"

"Yes, and they mention the *Vimanas*, which were vehicles that we now call UFOs. There were several types. They existed thousands of years ago and were certainly created by a civilisation superior to ours in scientific and technological knowledge. The complete description in the Vedas, or Hindu texts older than the Bible itself, is indisputable. One example is found during the Rama Empire, which existed at least fifteen thousand years ago in northern India, probably existing in parallel with the Atlantean civilisation, which, according to Plato's calculations, must have been destroyed twelve thousand years ago, before the great flood and cataclysm that sank it... It is interesting to note that the Nazis developed engines based on 'pulses' or propellers for their V-8 bombs, similar to those reported in the *Vimana* texts. Hitler was particularly interested in the ancient occult knowledge of India and Tibet and sent expeditions there as early as the 1930s. There are even reports that they managed to reproduce a *Vimana*, and some of the high command fled to Antarctica, others mention the North Pole, to finally form the 4th Reich. Fortunately, they did not achieve more than that. There are even photos of the German construction plans that were captured by the Allies. I have a copy of this article, published in the *Wiener Montag* newspaper on 29 December 1947. These complete references are in the file folders, some printed and others only on the computer, over there." He points to the table May had liked, which had a notebook on it.

"Take a look at this text: [Vedic Theories of Creation – Vimanas](#), adapted by Rui Palmela, which I found randomly repeated on the internet: 'In the Mahabharata, we have a description of a nuclear-type attack (or the misuse of so-called VRIL energy), which reads as follows: Gurkha, flying aboard a powerful *Vimana*, launched a single projectile at the city, charged with the power of the Universe. An incandescent column of smoke and fire like ten thousand suns rose in its splendour. It was an

unknown weapon, the iron thunderbolt, a gigantic messenger of death, which reduced the entire race of the Vrishnis and the Andhakas to ashes. The bodies were so badly burned that they became unrecognisable. The hair and nails of those who survived fell out. Pottery broke for no apparent reason, and birds turned white. After a few hours, all food was contaminated... A beautiful description of an atomic attack that took place before the great universal flood. It is interesting to note that when Alexander the Great invaded India (more than two thousand years ago), his historians report that at a certain point in the battle, they were attacked by 'bright flying shields' that dove into their army and frightened the cavalry.

May listened to him, almost without breathing and with total concentration, based partly on the text she had saved on her notebook and partly on his own interpretation. Suddenly, her attention was drawn to a curious object, a metal shaft with a knot in the centre, connected at each end to a hollow crown shape, approximately twenty centimetres long. She couldn't help herself and immediately headed in its direction.

"You mentioned VRIL, and you have the generator!"

As she approached, just as she was about to pick up the object with her right hand, it glowed, causing David to rush in front of her and grab the device, forming a claw-like position with his right hand, his thumb pointing up and his little finger pointing down, each resting on one of the crowns found at its ends. The remaining three fingers surrounded its apparent central axis. The two crowns stood out and were clearly visible. Immediately, to May's surprise, a light resembling energetic plasma was created within these crowns, increasing in amplitude until both merged into a huge energetic vortex. She notices that her hair was the first to show signs of a dangerous expanding electromagnetic field. Anticipating the danger that would follow, David spun the object and anchored it at its base on the pillar where it stood, causing the magnetic field to cease. However, this magnetic field affected him, causing him to gradually collapse, first falling to his knees and becoming vaguely conscious, then falling forward, completely unconscious on the floor.



Photo by M.C. Pereda: DORJE or VRIL Generator.

Leaning David forward, Armando makes him smell strong herbs crushed in vinegar, including chilli powder, causing him to regain consciousness.

"I always tell him not to mess around with these things! And on an empty stomach, no less! Of course it would end up like this! David is so stubborn! I warned him several times not to abuse this stuff!" Armando was different, tougher, uttering these phrases, and May realised that there was much more to understand than simply the light and magnetic field generated by the object.

"Drink this. It's mango juice! Full of carbohydrates and minerals that your body needs right now!" Armando orders, and David obeys, his hands and chin still trembling. Until this moment, May had been crouching beside them, holding David's left hand and realising that his physical energy had been... sucked out.

"My God, I don't even know what to say! I already had a replica of this and ended up throwing it away, because Nothing happened, and I thought it was silly... What was that? And I'm sorry, I never imagined it could cause such a problem!" May was completely bewildered, feeling guilty for causing trouble.

After a few minutes, David managed to get up, but he was still shaky and weak. He sits down on a black leather sofa next to her, leans forward towards his knees, raises his arms and brushes his hair back with his hands, while taking three deep breaths in and out. He then speaks for the first time: *"This VRIL generator is activated, yours probably wasn't, otherwise you would know the risk... Don't worry, it's not your fault. You couldn't have known, and I didn't warn you. I'm feeling better now, let's go downstairs because we need to have dinner and that will restore my energy."*

While Armando helped David get up and leave the room, May looked at the generator with curiosity. Her light-hearted and playful manner gave way to her other side, a very serious, investigative scientist who knew, at least in part, what had happened there. Still feeling the atmosphere electrified by electrons running through her skin, she noticed that the hairs on her arms were standing on end, and when she touched her hair, she heard a sound as if thousands of tiny things were crackling. She made a move to leave, and when she turned the door handle, a spark flew out, giving her a slight shock.

"Ouch! There are electrons everywhere here," she said, leaving immediately and closing the door.

"It turns out that I have discovered a direct relationship between magnetism and light, as well as electricity and light. The field that opens up is so vast and rich." [Michael Faraday](#), physicist and chemist.

David, May, and Armando were having a quiet dinner. The table had been set informally, American style, with everyone helping themselves to whatever they wanted. David was feeling much better and had regained his strength, returning to normal shortly after dinner. In order to enjoy the delicious dishes that chef Armando had prepared, they agreed to talk about what had happened only after dinner, over coffee, sitting comfortably on the sofa. During dinner, Armando took the lead in the conversation, focusing on the art of preparing the great gourmet dishes that the chef created, which occasionally appeared in magazine articles on the subject.

"That means we have someone here who is becoming famous! Soon I'll have to ask for for an autograph and we won't be able to get a dinner like this anymore! He's going to be important!" jokes May a.

"I'll always be happy to share my art with my friends! It's what makes me happy! Who wants an Italian espresso?!"

"I want one with milk foam... But let's get on with it, I want to know and now is the time: what was that? That energy that was activated through the vril generator electrified the whole environment and sucked you in, which it shouldn't have done, since vril is another interpretation for vital energy, prana, shi, blah, blah, blah, whatever name you want to give it. It's an energy available in the Universe, so it can be channelled, but something went wrong there and it gushed out uncontrollably! That's the problem I want to know about... Why the lack of control and why did you seem to be completely aware of what would happen if I touched the generator?" May was direct and to the point, dissecting the points as was her peculiarity when something inflamed her.

"Are you familiar with the Secret Society of Vril?" asks David, sounding very excited.

"Well, what I know is what I learned when I bought a Vril Wand that was being sold on the internet, or rather, a Vril generator. It was one of the subjects I studied briefly, and I'd prefer you to pretend I don't know anything about it and start from scratch."

"OK, let's go this way, then. Maya, there have always been several secret societies, some good, others not so good. Even within the good ones, sometimes there was or is an inner circle, unknown to those in the same society. An example is the degree of secrecy, or rather, levels of information that NASA employees can know. It is not a secret society, but it deals with secrets in the same way. Those at the lowest level cannot even dream of the things that those at the highest level know or experience. Often, these people are not allowed to have contact with higher hierarchies, or even cross paths in the corridors, as they are isolated. Something like this occurs within Freemasonry, within the group I attend and in any other that chooses to protect, influence or damage, to gain power, or

Furthermore, saving others from the power of a few, which is most common in my circle. In short, what is called a secret society is, in fact, secret to everyone, including those within it, and what is made known, whether through written books, television documentaries, reports, etc., are not the truly secret parts, but rather those that can or are of interest to be discussed, up to a certain level. A low-level Freemason, who attends a lodge of little importance and power compared to others, has no idea what goes on at the higher levels, unless someone tells him, and this is another problem, both for the person telling and for the person receiving the information. I used Freemasons only to give an example of a well-known group. At the same time, there are secret societies that are formed solely for their own shady interests, focused on evil itself. In some groups we have already mentioned, such as the Bilderbergers and the Trilateral Commission, there seems to be a rebirth of what we thought was just ashes, but it is not: the Vril Society.

May was motionless, seemingly holding her breath so as not to miss a word. David sighs, shifts position on the sofa to relax and find the best way to continue with the subject.

"Vril was born, or reborn, as it seems to have been widely used in Vedic India, and Shortly after World War I, it was incorporated with extreme enthusiasm by Nazi Germany, and its top members, Hitler's high-ranking officers, such as Goering, Heinrich Himmler, Rudolf Hess, among others, were the ones who showed total interest in mysticism and paranormal power, finding a way that seemed to make their plan for power infallible to Aryan supremacy. According to a very well-written documentary by the History Channel, vril is presented as an intangible energy, a universal force that could do anything for those who manipulated it, and at that time, it was used to commit political assassinations, evoke spirits of the dead, promote frenzy, sexual orgies and the most macabre, practised throughout the Nazi period: human sacrifices, especially of children. It was believed that the sacrifice of a child would release a much greater power than that released by the sacrifice of an adult... This leads us to understand what was done in the concentration camps and how 'the excuse of purifying the race and decimating the Jews' became something beyond the economic and social problem behind it; they believed they had found a great way to release vril energy in large quantities. Dead Jewish children were used for this purpose, and before World War II began, orphans from Bavaria seemed to be the most perfect for sacrifice, as they had no family to look for them... And, astonishingly, hundreds of these orphans were killed until the Jews took their place."

May was horrified! This was a side of the story she had never heard before. Being a very sensitive person, her eyes filled with tears, and when she looked at Armando, he was already wiping away his tears. David takes a breath and continues.

"There are few records about this society. They believed that this supernatural energy could be used to obtain material power, and the most interesting thing is that they sought to channel it through sexual practice, obtaining what Indians call, in a way, the rise of the kundalini. The practice of meditation was used for the same purpose, without the aspects of spiritual seeking. It is a technique commonly used by philosophical or spiritualist schools, which employ it so that people learn to achieve enlightenment and do not have power of domination over others. Hence the duality that is in everything. Vril is not a bad or 'evil' energy. Nothing is evil, no force is, what makes them negative is the qualification we give them, how we use them. This is the case with vril. The problem is that this energy is very difficult to control and many die or go mad trying. Converting to evil is a very common consequence for those who are not pure enough to control themselves, let alone control it," David takes a new breath.

May had her thoughts wandering for a few seconds, and then she asks a question.

"Where did this concept come from, that is, why did a group find this knowledge lost for more than... Let's say, seven thousand years, to be closer to what is called an academic concept, and I would say, based on my own studies, more than fifteen thousand years?!"

David gets up and goes to the library to fetch a book.

"I want you to keep this book. You should read it as quickly as you can to understand everything I'm saying and things that are going to happen," David says mysteriously, causing May to recoil, throwing herself back, leaning back on the sofa, her eyes wide with surprise.

"Things that are going to happen?! Where? When?! What?!"

"Calm down, I'll explain as much as I can today. Armando, are you all right?!"

"Yes, yes, of course... I just became more than certain that cooking is the best thing I've chosen for my life since that day..."

May looks at Armando even more surprised and, this time, does not dare to ask, just gesturing in good Italian style, with her arms open and palms facing upwards, as if to say, "What on earth?!" David interrupts May's gesturing:

"Look, this book is the beginning of the Nazi idea. It's called 'The Coming Race' by Eduard B. Lytton, who was English and published it in approximately 1870. In it, Lytton talks about a superior race called Vril-ya, who lived in underground caves and had access to energy that came from a strange electromagnetic fluid called vril. The term may have become official after this mention. Just to give you an idea of what the book contains, it shows that a child can use

vril to destroy an entire city... Hence the Nazi obsession with obtaining its power." "I swear I'll never make German dishes at J. Dee's again!" exclaims Armando, horrified.

The Vril Society became the centre of Nazi mysticism and the ideal term to describe an almost religious undercurrent of Nazism, characterised by the combination of [Nazism](#) with the [occult](#) and the paranormal... It is still alive and more present than ever! Several priestesses were trained in the same style as the most famous Nazis, such as Maria Orsic, an Austrian woman who bordered on Olympian perfection in terms of beauty and who headed the group of priestesses-mediums who used the power of vril for the benefit of the Nazi party."

"What!?" asks May, jumping off the sofa. *"I beg your pardon.' Explain this to me better and how do you know?! The better question is... What does all this have to do with you?!"*

THREE YEARS EARLIER. MIDNIGHT. CURITIBA, BRAZIL

An attractive man, appearing to be in his forties, thin, with light brown hair and eyes, was in his home office, typing on his laptop. The only light in the room came from a lamp near the table where he was working. He seemed intrigued and very focused on achieving something in particular.

"I'm in! Gotcha! Now I want to see what you're hiding from me! Trying to steal data from my server, huh! Take that! Now I'm going to download everything you have on yours!"

Pedro's computer had been hacked. For some reason, or even for no reason at all, someone located his IP address and began a process of circumventing his firewall, finding the access port. In response, he located the hacker using a trace route command and, out of revenge, after locating the hacker's IP address, began a lengthy process of copying the enemy's files. When he finished, he generated a DNS, invalidating the attacker's server. While downloading files with names he found interesting, even if he didn't know what they were, he enjoyed his revenge. He would not allow intruders to damage or steal data. For this very reason, he continued to download more and more. Around two o'clock in the morning, sleep overcame him and he ended up falling asleep, comfortably supported by the high-backed, reclining chair with footrest.

At sunrise, the first rays of light streamed through the open window, waking him with a start. It was 6:30 a.m. on Monday. He had a meeting to present a project to customise management software for a famous chain of stores. It was a big project, for which he had to be ready at 8:30 p.m. at their headquarters in São José dos Pinhais, near the city's airport.

Looking half asleep at the computer screen, he noticed only the message "download complete". Without looking at the rest, he closed his laptop and went straight to the shower. Forty-five minutes later, he was elegantly dressed in a navy blue suit and tie with a white shirt. *"Very classic! What needs to stand out is the project being presented, and it's perfect!"* he thought.

The phone rings: *"Pedro? Are you ready? I'll be at your door in five minutes. Wait for me at the building entrance. We have to arrive early to prepare the presentation."*

"OK, I'm ready! I'll be right down!"

Daniel, his colleague and business partner, parks his BMW X5 outside Pedro's building. He quickly gets in and starts chatting excitedly.

"My dear friend, you have no idea! You know that access I wanted to get, the one from the guys who hacked into our server, the one called Vrill-ya, which I found kind of sinister because of the files I opened, talking about special powers, energy sources, etc.?"

"Pedro, Pedro, stop meddling where you shouldn't! This could cause a big problem! You have no idea that the fact that you are the best and most qualified programmer I have ever met is putting everything at risk because of these night-time incursions. One day you'll end up in jail or something! Stop it!" Daniel speaks emphatically so that Pedro understands that he could get into trouble and damage the success of the venture. *"Just when everything is going so well!"*

Daniel thinks.

"Oh, I know, I know... I'll stop, but they hacked into my computer. I'm just getting my own back! I just wanted you to know that after two whole weeks of trying, I finally got into their system. But remember, they started it, they hacked into our company's server and messed everything up, they copied a lot of stuff. Luckily, they took everything

scrambled... Security system... They wouldn't have been able to use much of it," Pedro justified himself.

They arrived and the team, consisting of a secretary and two programmers, was waiting for them.

"All right, everyone. Let's install the notebook on the network and prepare the programme to run.

We still have thirty minutes," says Daniel.

"I'll get two espressos and you prepare the presentation."

"OK, Daniel. Leave it to me! I've already turned on the sixty-inch TV screen. We'll use the big screen so we can see better how we place the products on the programme pages. It will look great and be very convincing! Look at Jobs!"

Daniel goes to the kitchen and returns in five minutes with two espresso macchiatos. Upon entering, he finds Pedro with a terrified and completely white face. On the projection screen in front of the table, phrases were being written in a font that looked like a golden vein of fire, creating words, and the sound, in a guttural form, was being constructed at the same time.

"What is this?!" Daniel was stunned, he let the tray with the cups tilt and one of the coffees spilled, falling on the floor. At that very moment, the secretary enters and, noticing the mess, grabs a paper towel and cleans the cold floor. When she gets up, she stares at the TV screen and the notebook screen, as they were projecting the same image. *"This is German. They mixed it with English, and it was difficult to understand. It would have been better if it were only German,"* Valda exclaimed calmly, as she was much more relaxed than Daniel and Pedro.

"Valda, try to translate what's written there!" asks Daniel, standing next to Pedro, who is in shock, probably because he thought he had lost his entire hard drive and presentation.

"I didn't connect to the network! I didn't connect to the network, so the problem is only with my laptop, the rest is safe!"

"Death... Revenge... The black sun will destroy those who bother it. What black sun?! It's a game programme, right?! It's the name of our company: Black Sun, but I don't think that's what they're referring to. The black sun is something else to them, from what I understand. Pedro has done it again, I imagine... Vrilya... I don't know what that is, my grandparents never said that word." Valda had no idea what it was about, and since she had been working with Pedro and Daniel for over three years, she knew that they had been involved with video game people before she joined, and thought that this was something related. She was twenty-seven years old and trilingual, speaking English, German, and Spanish. Her family on both her father's and mother's side was of German origin, but her parents were born in Brazil, in a small town near Blumenau, Santa Catarina.

Daniel takes the lead and turns off Pedro's laptop. *"We'll see what this is later. Your laptop can no longer be used. Luckily, I have a backup on my computer and the presentation is saved. Valda, call Luís to install mine and I'll talk to Pedro in my office. Pedro, come..."*, with an emphatic gesture of his hand, Daniel takes Pedro and, without sitting down, asks: *"What do you know about these guys who broke in?! Did you read anything last night?!"*

"No, I mean, almost nothing... I was very sleepy and what I saw, which I understood because it was in English, talked about meetings somewhere in São Paulo, with a strange name and mentioned several

names of people, most of whom seemed to be German. This term 'vriil' that we saw today appeared several times to me in files, and they mentioned a castle... Wewe... Wewe..." Pedro couldn't remember the full name, but to his surprise, Daniel mentions it perfectly: "Wewelsburg".

"That's right! I mean, I think that's it."

"Pedro, as I warned you, you, and by extension, now us, are in trouble..." "What do you mean?!"

Daniel sighs deeply to relax, moving his arms and shoulders to improve his concentration and breathing. His blue eyes seem even brighter when tension bothers him. He has a habit of running his right hand through his dark brown hair while he thinks.

"Look, what I'm going to tell you, quickly, needs to be verified with the data you should have on your notebook, if it still works... And..."

"They're here!" Valda announced that the clients were settling into the meeting room and that the presentation was ready and working well, according to programmer Luis.

"Let's do what we have to do now and then we'll look into this matter."

For approximately two hours, Daniel took the lead, as he represented the company's marketing and commercial area, presenting the management software. The client left very enthusiastic, already with the value of the proposal in hand, promising to discuss the project on the same day and give an answer the next day, as they were in a hurry to start installing the system.

Daniel and Pedro accompany the two company directors to the front door of the two-storey building and say goodbye. As they do so, they walk away towards the car parked in front of the door. Daniel notices a dark van-type car about ten metres away on the opposite side of the street with two men inside. One of them had a camera with a very large zoom lens and, without worrying about being seen, took photos of them.

"It looks like they're taking photos of us. Are we going to be in a magazine again? Is that paparazzi?! We were in Exame magazine... Maybe..."

"Pedro, I think they're taking pictures of us, but it's not a good thing. Get in quickly!"

As soon as they got in, the car sped off down the street towards the airport, without the two occupants looking at them as they passed.

Upon entering, Daniel asks Luis and Valda to make some minor changes to the project, in accordance with the client's request, and to send this difference in value to the visiting company's managing director after lunch. He then pulls Pedro by the arm, asking him to temporarily turn off the Wi-Fi network as a precaution.

"Let's open your laptop and see what we find," says Daniel.

"Everything is lost. They destroyed everything!" Pedro was heartbroken. His laptop was very expensive and brand new. Then he exclaims, *"I think we'll never know what happened."*

"Something tells me that very soon we'll know what happened."

"Daniel, do you know what this is about? Because you've been a Rosicrucian for so many years, more than ten years, right? Is this something you studied there?"

"It could be, and if it is, it's very dangerous."

As soon as Daniel mentioned this, the window in the room, which had been closed due to the air conditioning, opened suddenly and completely, giving them both a big fright. The room took on a golden, sparkling aura, the temperature began to rise rapidly, and an image of a very beautiful, slim, tall woman with very light blue eyes and hair so long that it dragged along the floor began to form. A few phrases in

German, or what appeared to be, were whispered.

"Holography!! Is that holography?! Valda!" Pedro was terrified and asked Daniel while shouting for his colleague to translate.

Valda bursts in and sees the image of the beautiful woman, floating, wandering around the room. The image was not perfectly solid, allowing vision through it. Her clothes resembled those of a Greco-Roman priestess, and the wind blowing through Daniel's room interacted with her hair, or vice versa.

"What is she saying?!" Pedro asks frantically, while Daniel approaches her to investigate.

"She's saying something like... You will provide the vril for us, your death will be our strength."

"Good heavens, what is this?! She is repeating someone's name over and over." Valda tries to understand better what the image is saying, moving closer, realising that the sound is not coming from the image, but from all sides, albeit faintly.

"The Master... Haushoffer... Haushoffer... Hess... They will come now and we will harvest the vril, now," Valda understood from what the holographic image was saying.

A reflex to throw themselves backwards, taking several steps towards the wall, is immediate in the three colleagues when an enormous heat emanated from the image, which held in its hands a device that appeared to be made of gold, shaped like two hollow crowns connected by an axis with a knot in the centre. With her arms stretched out in front of her, both hands held the device, supporting it with her thumbs, while the other fingers of each hand were open, like antennas to an underworld. At that very moment, the woman's figure seemed to go into a trance and the vortex of energy expanded, generating unbearable heat, causing them to run out of the room before they were burned.

The fire spreads and Daniel shouts for everyone to leave the building, where other companies also worked. Approximately thirty people were on the street, trying to understand what had happened. The disaster was mitigated because the building was new and had a good fire protection system. When the fire brigade arrived, it took seven minutes to bring the fire under control. Daniel's office and the meeting room were completely destroyed. The rest of the building was preserved, with some areas closer to the fire suffering minor damage.

"You mean your name isn't David, but Daniel Rodrigues Bacon?!" May asks emphatically.

"Actually, as I told you, my father was English and my mother was Brazilian. He had registered me registered, according to Brazilian law, first with her surname and then with his. I used Rodrigues more, because I am Brazilian. So, when I changed my name, I removed Rodrigues and kept Bacon."

"In my case," explains Armando, "I made everything up. I had to disappear to make it work and stay calm. Being a hacker and having many friends, that wasn't difficult. I even got a death certificate for us... That was more difficult, but I managed it."

"During these three years that we have been in São Paulo, I have been participating, under the guidance of the Rosicrucians, in some groups that could help me with the subject of vril. So I was introduced to it and am working to master its energy. The people who help me do not appear anywhere, because their lives are also in danger, since their goal is to control vril for good, to prevent its use for evil purposes, something that has been happening since long before the Second World War. Armando did not even try to get close to this force, but he understands everything we are talking about."

"That's why my name is Armando Silva. I did some research and found a few hundred thousand Armando Silvas in Brazil. So I kept that name, and now I cook to have a perfect disguise, which is brilliant and works!" Armando's buffoonish manner concealed his great intelligence in various areas, which was only known when he was around. However, such genius could generate some effects stemming from his overly intrepid attitudes, such as the one that put them in this need to be disguised.

May and David looked into each other's eyes, unable to find the words to continue the conversation. That look was deeper and more revealing than any words could be. She felt a mixture of compassion, admiration and fear when she looked at him, not to mention a very strong feeling of attraction, which was obviously mutual. Being someone who was not afraid to let her emotions show, her light brown eyes filled with tears that did not fall. Immediately, but gently and affectionately, David takes her hands and squeezes them. Still speechless, the seconds seemed like minutes to both of them. Armando interrupted, doing exactly what David had asked him to do, which was to cut off any chance of personal involvement between the two.

"Look, let's have some tea! I have some almond biscuits, made by me, which are divine. Let's get up and exchange energies!" He was always friendly in everything he did. David and May separate, getting up to have tea at the table.

"I have a question," says May, as she helps herself to a biscuit and tea, "I believe that coincidences don't exist, and the things I study, what you study, and what happened to you. Well, does that have anything to do with me?!" May's insight causes Armando to spill some of the tea he was pouring into his cup. She looks at Armando.

"That already answers my question... And the next one is... What?!"

David makes the typical body language expression of concern, thoughtfulness and tension, runs his right hand through his hair, throwing it back, and takes a deep breath.

"Maya, I'm still not sure, but there's something that... For your own safety," he thinks better of it and breathes again, "for your own safety, I won't tell you unless the suspicions are correct and you realise it yourself, if anything happens... It's just that now, more than ever, you'll realise that you must tell me. I'd rather you carry on as normal, without anything bothering you or leading you to draw the wrong conclusions."

Armando eagerly munches on a biscuit while listening to the conversation with wide eyes and a tense expression. That was the reason why, in the last three years, he had gained more than fifteen kilos. In Curitiba, he used to be slim and athletic. Now, the anxiety he lives with and the environment full of offers in which he works part of the time have made his appearance less attractive, but the friendliness he generated wherever he went was contagious, making him successful with girls, although for their own good, at least that was what he thought as an excuse, he did not get attached to anyone. At that very moment, his mobile phone rings. He speaks quickly with a woman named Roberta, sounding very interested, and hangs up.

"Well, now that everyone trusts everyone else, I'm going to my girlfriend's house, and I must say she was a little angry because I'm late. I was supposed to be there at ten, and it's already twenty past ten. Maya, it was a pleasure to meet you, and I can say that I'm sure we'll have more moments like this! See you!" He leaves quickly, and silence reigns.

"Well, my dear scary and suspenseful man, a beautiful enigma, but now there will be influence, anyway. Choose whether to tell me or not, I'll be thinking I'm seeing things the whole time... So, you better tell me."

David gets up from the table and May follows him. He picks up her bag and motions for them to leave.

"I think I've taken up too much of your time today, and tomorrow you have to work, being So, the best thing for you is... I'll take her home." He tried to appear decisive, even though he was completely uncertain, as he would have liked to stay with her longer. David knew that things could get complicated and that they shouldn't get involved. She understands the dilemma and, with the same regret, heads for the living room door.

MONDAY, 8 AM, COFFEE TIME, IN THE LAB.

As usual, her friends were gathered together and May told Lurdes, Ana and Maria everything that had happened. They could hardly believe the whole story. They had to whisper so as not to be overheard and agreed to continue discussing the details later that afternoon at a restaurant, where they would have dinner together and get more information. However, some events could add new facts to their evening plans.

When they arrived at the cosmetics research and development laboratories, they found a small group of researchers, all looking surprised, gathered around the computer of the person responsible for data and document control, Caio, a man with a very Latin appearance, brown hair and eyes, tanned skin, but at that moment, not even his eternal tan could hide the paleness of his face.

As soon as she noticed there was a problem, May approached them decisively.

"What happened?! What's the problem?! Caio?!" A few seconds passed before he took his attention away from the desktop screen and explained what had happened.

"Dr Maya, I don't know what happened... I really don't understand."

"Well, start at the beginning and try to make me understand," when faced with a worrying situation, May becomes a totally direct and objective person. Her lighter and friendlier side disappears completely.

"OK, um... When I arrived early today, at half past eight, I soon realised that something was wrong with the system. There was unexplained overheating. That doesn't happen, you know?! It was as if someone had turned on an incandescent lamp above my terminal; it even smelled like burnt plastic. Faced with this, I took a look at the other computers in the lab, and some, not all, had the same problem. I went to the central server, ours in the cosmetics area, and found the same overheating. At the time, I thought it might be some kind of intrusion that was generating abnormal data processing, but no, everything was normal. However, that bizarre heating continued, and when I got too close or touched the desktop screen, I got a little shock that even made a crackling sound. I could hear and see the crackling. Surreal, I would say. That's when I decided to shut everything down and restart. That's when I warned everyone that they would be without a terminal for about five minutes to reset the system. When the system came back up, it seemed to be improving in terms of overheating, but some messages started coming in, such as missing files."

"Why didn't you tell me right away?!" May asks sharply.

"I wouldn't have known what to say, and I wanted to understand what had happened and why."

"OK, then, go on," May continued with a raised eyebrow, a common gesture when she began to have ideas or find a possibility. The overheating and electric sparks after last night were familiar to her.

"So, I started tracking which files had disappeared and found several, all related to the Bidens project... However, the most unusual thing was that the main file folders were there, with their proper names, but all empty... That doesn't happen. When someone deletes something, which cannot occur here without a code or security signature, the entire file is deleted"

the entire file, not just its contents."

"Could a virus have done this?!" asks May a.

"That was the hypothesis I came up with. I called a friend of mine, the best person I know about this possibility, the guy knows everything about it, and he told me that, based on the characteristics left in the system, which I read to him so he could analyse them, he had no idea what it could be. Deleting, yes, someone from within would do it, but with our security system, only with authorisation and identification... There's nothing here, meaning no one tried to access the files in order to delete them. On the other hand, this heating and static... We have no idea what it could have been." Caio rubs his hair with both hands, looking like he wants to wake up from a nightmare.

"Maya, all the phytochemical analysis data... Everything... Gone! We lost everything on the network," says Paulo, the coordinator of the Phytochemistry Laboratory who works with Ana. She rushes to the paper files, which would contain most of the analytical data, as they were often generated before being entered into the system, and sometimes served as templates for the data that was on the network. Upon locating the files, Ana begins to open drawers and, removing some folders, her face white and looking stunned, she exclaims: *"They took it... They took everything... Lurdes, Maria, look for your data on the network and in the folders!"*

"They're gone! They took everything! Someone came in here and opened these files, which are locked, the room is locked... Only those who enter the codes can enter the laboratories," exclaims Maria.

"Caio, check with security to see who came in and out, at what time, entering which security code security code... Identify everything. I want a report! We have internal security cameras. I want the footage from Friday afternoon until today at 8:30 a.m. to be studied so we can find out who came in," May orders a series of actions and procedures to investigate what happened, before involving the president and vice-president of National Pharmaceutical.

"It's eleven o'clock... Get everything up and running by three this afternoon! I want to know exactly what we've lost and what can be recovered. I want to see the internal circuit footage immediately. Let's speed it up four to five times so we can watch everything. The footage must have recorded who came in and did this... The files wouldn't have flown away without being filmed! Let's go!"

Three hours later, the team was still in the same place, without lunch, but dedicated to finding and saving whatever they could. However, the assessment was not the most encouraging. Lurdes, Maria, Caio, and Ana were together in May's room, all poring over a map of the laboratory on an A1 sheet of paper, with drawings of the location of the data, the name of the team, and the scale of each. Caio held a rolled-up piece of paper one metre long and ten centimetres wide, with a printout of every time someone had entered and left the laboratory from Friday until today, Monday.

"According to this printout, which cannot have been tampered with, as the central server would have reported any changes, no one entered or left here outside normal hours, that is, no one set foot in here!" exclaims Caio, becoming increasingly nervous and beginning to scratch his head even harder, causing his not-so-short hair to become completely messy and his nerdy appearance even more evident. *"The only entry we have reported here is from the cleaning team, today, at half past five in the morning, leaving at exactly eight o'clock."*

"Who are these people?! I want their names, addresses, and the footage of them cleaning, not stealing folders... Caio, check with HR (human resources) and look into this. Where is the footage from Friday until today?!" asks May a.

"The security staff are looking into it for us and said they would call us as soon as they found something to show us." The phone rings, and Caio answers: *"It's them, and they're calling us to the security video room on the sixth floor."*

May, Caio, and Ana went up to the sixth floor together. As they entered the lift and it began to ascend, for a split second, May felt a strange sensation of heat and heard a buzzing in her ears. The door opened and they stepped out. May turned to Ana as they walked, and Caio took the lead, heading for the room.

"Did you feel that?!" May asks.

"What?!" Ana asks.

"The heat and the buzzing... For a few seconds, an unbearable heat, almost burning my skin, and a buzzing..."

"You must be nervous. It could be adrenaline and the lift light, I thought it was a little stronger than usual."

"You'll see that's all it was." Ana seemed to want to convince Maya n d herself, since both of them thought something unusual was happening. They enter a cramped room, but it's big enough to accommodate them along with three other people responsible for security in the pharmaceutical industry, including t h e head of security, José Eduardo. He explains what they found in the videos, showing the parts on a monitor. selected.

"We sped up some parts up to ten times, because there was nothing unusual about them, until..."

"Until...", insists May, impatiently, moving her hands and fingers to encourage José Eduardo to speak.

"This!" He points to the monitor and steps back to make it easier to see.

On a twenty-four-inch LED TV, the upper image of the laboratory area was visible in the left corner of the screen, showing a central rectangular region composed of low partitions containing two desks, one belonging to Helena, the secretary, and the other to IT, where Caio sat. Just ahead, they could see t h e central entrance door to the cosmetics laboratories, which was made of glass a n d faced the lifts. Within this floor plan, the first door was May's office, followed by the others, all connected in a U-shape. Behind this U-shape was a second corridor leading to an emergency exit. The entire area was immediately visible, as only half the wall was made of masonry or drywall, the rest was built of glass, allowing easy viewing of everyone working and maintaining excellent lighting. The four-metre ceiling height contributed to the feeling of well-being, which was reflected in the environment by everyone. To film details, each laboratory had another internal camera, high on the wall, just above the entrance door, which was visible on the security LED TV in smaller squares to the right of the central image. Each of the laboratories had another door, for emergency exit, which led to an isolated corridor, leaving the building via a fire escape. The purpose of these cameras was more to be used in times of need, such as what had just occurred, than to promote constant surveillance. This allowed for privacy for people in their work.

For about thirty to forty-five seconds, this was the image that could be seen on the cameras, which also showed the date and time of filming.

Central camera: Saturday, 11:50 p.m.

The image projected on the left side of the screen, along with that of each laboratory, begins to turn yellow, as if the Sun were rising inside these environments and beginning to expand. In a matter of fifteen seconds, the image begins to become particulate, looking as if millions of particles were colliding with t h e camera lens, until, after thirty seconds, nothing could be seen but a strong light that seemed to move something like a

storm in the desert, without sand, but with particles of light, which made it impossible to see, not only because of the intensity of the reflection generated, but also because of the turbidity caused by the more solid particles, partially blocking the image capture.

"My goodness! What is this?!" Ana asks, extremely surprised, but May is completely focused on the image on the screen.

"How long has this been going on?! I bet until today, around half past five, right?!"

May asks the head of security, José Eduardo.

"Exactly. How did you know?!"

"Elementary. The cleaning staff came in at that time and no one reported any anomalies," May explains.

"Can you play it so we can see the part where the image is normal and the cleaning team comes in?!"

The head of security places it exactly in this spot, speeds up four times, and they monitor the entire cleaning of the environment, without anything out of the ordinary happening.

May and Ana leave the room together with Caio and the head of security.

"Well, José Eduardo, we have to report this to the president. Please follow your procedures and I will follow mine. I will have to write a report and summarise the facts. It is essential that we send this today. I will copy you on this report for your information. The board will have to decide whether to call the police or open an investigation."

May and Ana left the lab around seven. They were very hungry and wanted to continue discussing both yesterday's and today's events, as something told them they were related. They arrived at the same time, but in separate cars, at a very quiet and elegant restaurant called "J. Dee."

They chose a table for six, the most secluded one in the place, where they could talk without being seen or heard. Coincidentally, just as they were settling down at the table, David called May on her mobile, wanting to know if they could meet up. She immediately told him where they were, and he arrived in less than fifteen minutes.

"Good evening! It's a pleasure to see you again. Maya, how are you?!" David sat down next to her and looked at her intently.

Even with all the worries in her head about what had happened at work, she blushed. Ana laughs quietly at the scene and at the fact that her friend is losing control, only now, at the end of the day, after everything that has happened.

"Wow, it was fantastic that you came here, I was just on my way and I called to invite you her to dinner... Here... What a happy coincidence!" David is extremely sincere when he says this. He was very attractive and matched the two women's outfits, as they were dressed in smart casual style. May and Ana were always very well dressed and delicately made up, while David exuded class.

Ana showed signs of restlessness, which was common when she was hungry.

"Guys, what are we going to eat?! Can we order?!"

"David, that's Ana for you, skinny as a rail, even though she eats really well!"

"Ah, skinny or not, I eat anyway and don't gain weight, at least for now. After forty, we'll see. I still have time. That's the litmus test for female weight maintenance... Evil hormones that change the game!" The three laugh at Ana's charming way of making fun of herself. She was similar to May, and that was probably why they got along so well.

"Ana is also a great cook. She loves to experiment in the kitchen. I'm a disaster, not because I don't know how, but because I have no patience with pots and pans. The day she finds a husband... Ah!" May whispers in David's ear, giving him a hint: *"He'll be very lucky, because he'll eat the best food!"*

David decides to call the chef to get his best tips for dinner. Armando shows up, not yet dressed in J. Dee's clothes; he was wearing dark jeans and a lead grey shirt, very elegant and discreet.

"Maya and Armando already know each other, but I'd like to introduce Ana: Ana, this is my long-time friend, the great chef at John Dee and also at the other restaurants I own. This is the main location, but you may find him from time to time at one of the others."

Armando and Ana hit it off immediately, and during the evening they ended up exchanging some cooking tips while they waited for their chosen dishes to arrive. Armando ended up having dinner with them, but at dessert time he had to go to the kitchen to give some

guidance, and decided to take Ana with him so she could experience the beauty and quality of J. Dee's culinary art.

"Maya, I know something is going on. Even though we haven't known each other long, your transparency is very clear to me... What happened? You are tense and constantly wringing your hands together."

"Well, I hadn't said anything yet so as not to ruin the mood." May changes the subject: *"I thought Armando was a very special man, and Ana needs to find someone."* David interrupts her: *"We all need someone, and the danger lies in going too long without anyone. We can end up getting used to it and even be afraid of being with the right person."* David moves even closer to May, touching her short hair and face at the same time. She didn't know what to do. Their lips almost touch when she pulls away a little. He keeps his hand caressing her hair and she accepts it. At the same time that she felt an immense attraction to him, something like a mixture of fear about who he was, where he had come from, what he intended, and all the stories he had told, added to what had just happened, kept her a little distant from the possibility of a relationship. He exerted a hypnotic attraction on her, and this was one of the points of questioning. Why did he generate this force of attraction, reaching the level of trance? Was this something coming from a positive source or something negative that she should be extremely careful about? May's head was in a loop, between resisting or giving in to the desire of her parted lips, wanting to find his. Only now did she realise how perfectly shaped and full his lips were. Little did she know that in his mind, the desire to embrace and kiss her almost exceeded the limits of control of a man who was extremely well-mannered.

Ana enters the room where they are, looking very cheerful, accompanied by Armando, carrying a beautiful Portuguese-style fruit dessert, delicately decorated with egg threads and honey. She carries her own plate and Armando, knowing May's weakness for sweets, brings a plate specially prepared by him, with black and white chocolate truffles inside a white chocolate mousse. Armando asks David what he would like to have, and May offers to share her plate with him, as it was large and she was not hungry or craving sweets at that moment. David couldn't take his eyes off May as they picked up their dessert spoons.

Realising the mood that was developing, Armando invited Ana to eat her dessert with him in the kitchen, saying he was going to prepare her favourite surprise dessert.

"I love it! I'm in!" says Ana, feeling happy to have another dessert to eat and enjoy, and realising that May and David might be getting closer.

"I think they noticed," said David.

"What exactly?" asks May, torn between having to say something and feeling a little embarrassed.

"That I really enjoy being with you and that yesterday, I overreacted."

"What do you mean, you went too far?!"

"I should have stayed with you a little longer. I wanted to protect you, so that nothing would happen to you, but when I left you at your flat and went back to mine... I realised." May tied the ribbon around his eyes, her cheeks flushed by their closeness and by what she knew would follow: *"that you are the woman I have been searching for. Someone like me who will understand and share what is important to me."*

Once again, they were interrupted, this time by the maître d' who came looking for David for some administrative detail about the restaurant. He had to leave for a few minutes.

Ana, who was watching from a small glass window in the kitchen, since the table they had chosen

them was nearby, returns, leaving Armando in charge of the kitchen.

"Wow... I think this time you're really into him... I've never seen you lose your cool the way you do with David... But then again, the guy is very handsome and charming! He's a bad boy! Mmm, mmm."

"I'm really falling for him... But he scares me and I can't get rid of that feeling... It's this hypnotic feeling that bothers me... I end up freezing up, I don't know!"

"Have you told him yet? I mean, about what we found out today? Do you think it might have something to do with what he was going to tell you and didn't? That vril thing?"

May looks down and takes a deep breath.

"Don't you think it's too much of a coincidence?! The handsome guy, my type, talking about the things I like to talk about, shows me, as if 'by accident', a dangerous energy that explodes in a beam of light just like the one we saw in that recording today... Don't you think there are a lot more strange things going on, making all this fit together... Coincidence?!"

"Look, Maya, it is a bit strange, but a guy like that doesn't just appear out of nowhere. I think it's worth looking into further. I mean, you'll have to let it happen to find out. Let's tell him and Armando what happened in the lab today and look them straight in the eye to see what happens. I also thought Armando was really nice. Did you say he has a girlfriend?!"

"That's what he showed yesterday, he went out to meet her, but he also made it clear that it wasn't anything serious, it seemed more like a fling than dating. I think you'll have to do some research too."

"Wow, and with cooking like that, we're going to get along great!"

The two friends were laughing when David and Armando appeared. The waiter brought coffees with whipped cream on the side, just the way May and Ana like them. The two sat down next to them.

"David and Armando, we have something to share with you and, obviously, I need your analysis of what might be happening."

May decided to recount the day's events in detail. Ana enriched the story with details that May had left out of her narrative and that she considered relevant. When they finished, without interruption, they found themselves facing two men with deeply concerned but emotionless expressions, who looked at each other and began an enigmatic conversation that only they could fully understand.

"You were right. They are getting stronger and more dangerous. We're going to need help. Have they already managed to take complete control?" A different Armando than the one commonly seen, more mature, seemed to speak.

"It seems they are getting close, but if they had mastered it, they wouldn't need the product that Ana and Maya described." David takes a sip of coffee with a complete absence of self, focused on some point, as if on a strong memory.

"Hello! We're here! Could you explain to me what you're concluding, or rather, what what you know that we don't?" May asks the question sharply, yet humorously.

David made his most typical gesture. With a deep breath, he leaned back in his chair leaning back in his chair and running his right hand through his dark hair, pulling his fringe completely back from his forehead.

"This plant-based dermocosmetic active ingredient you described..."

*"The *Bidens pilosa* extract..."* Ana finishes.

*"Yes, this *bidens* extract, from what I understand, among everything you have researched for*

various applications, can reverse skin cancer..."

May interrupts David's reasoning.

"Do you think someone is trying to prevent the advancement of product testing for application in skin cancer?!"

"Not exactly. I think someone who knew about the results thought they would be very interesting to them, somehow, and that's why they took everything, including the plant samples they had in stock, data, extract..."

May tries to keep her mind focused on science, reasoning in an exclusively logical way.

"Look, for this to be useful to someone, in the form it's still in... I'd say, raw, as it is... Well, it would only be useful if those who took it were able to continue their studies or if... If the product was ready to produce the desired result in one of the effects... Skin burns... It has proven to be incredible since studies in cell culture, preventing and recovering when damage to cellular DNA occurred, to tests on animals and human tissues ex vivo... Preventing burns from both IR and UVAB radiation. Does what you're thinking have anything to do with skin burns?!... Ah... That heat from the vril generator..."

"Yes, Maya. At higher intensities, the energy you witnessed, if not immediately controlled, can burn deeply in a matter of seconds, blind people who witness it without protection, and worse... The problem with this energy is when it is not controlled and expands exponentially... It can kill and cause explosions similar to one or many atomic bombs."

"But, David, what does that have to do with information leaked from the laboratory about this research? Or rather, let me rephrase the question: what does that have to do with the laboratory where we work, and why was it broken into?"

David looks around to see if anyone at another table is listening. As they were in a more private area separated by screens, speaking quietly as they were, it was unlikely that anyone could hear them.

"Let's whisper from now on, so we can be sure no one hears us.

so move closer to the table," David requests, and everyone complies, moving very close to each other. He continues.

"Maya, you remember what happened that brought us here to São Paulo, right?!"

May and Ana, who already knew the story, at least the main points, nodded their heads in unison, meaning yes.

"Well... After our office was partially destroyed, a series of strange events began to occur. The feeling that we were being followed was constant for over a month. My car and Armando's car lost their brakes a couple of times, but luckily we managed to stop by driving up onto the pavement," David said, and Armando interrupted: "Throwing me into a garden full of bushes that stopped the car before it hit the house... I was all bruised! Well, it was just scratches... But it hurt a lot!"

"Things like that and more, like our mobile phones and home phones ringing non-stop. We changed our numbers and it all started again. There was always a new car with people inside, parked in front of our houses. Day and night. It was clear that we were being intimidated, and as the siege tightened, we decided it was time to disappear, at least for a while."

"So the computer genius created fake but perfect identities. I got rid of all the information about us and even created a death certificate for each one," adds Armando.

"OK, you had to disappear due to reprisals, but why does it seem that all this has to do with "What happened today?!" asks May.

Armando serves a biscuit on Ana's coffee saucer and she smiles at him.

Looking very serious and thoughtful, David lowers his eyes to the table, remembering the facts.

"When we left Curitiba, my friends from AMORC (Ancient Mystical Order of the Rose Cross) put us in touch with the right people in São Paulo. People who already knew and practised vril for good, and not for evil purposes, as was the case with Hitler's Germans during the Second World War."

Leaning closer, Ana whispers in Armando's ear: "Are you also a Rosicrucian?!"

"Me?! Well, not exactly... I mean... I wasn't there in Curitiba... I thought it was all very Strange, but I respected David. Only after what we went through and the crazy things that happened, I thought it was better to study it properly. So I can't say I'm one, but David has been giving me books to read since then and now I understand a little... And I liked it. It's something for good, which can be used for evil, by bad people... Which there are plenty of in the world!"

David waits intently for the conversation between Ana and Armando to end, and continues.

"There is a small, secret group, practically hidden, necessary so as not to be hindered or manipulated for evil, which subjected me to arduous training."

"Training?!" exclaims May, almost without realising. David nods his head in agreement and continues with his explanation.

"Yes. I explained what had happened and who we were having problems with. They said that there is no way to control the power of vril, except one: by mastering the same power... By being chosen... Someone who is ready to manipulate it and block it, if necessary."

"And you know how to make the vril's magnetic field appear, as I witnessed, but you don't fully control it yet," May says again without thinking.

"Yes, after almost three years, I still haven't managed it. Sometimes I can block an attack, I can dissipate the energy sent against me, but..."

"You black out and faint," May put the words in David's mouth.

"That's what you saw. Sometimes I just get weak, and other times, yes, I pass out. I've been out cold for a whole day."

"Armando, are you also in this training?!" Ana asks, curious.

"I tried, but nothing happens to me. They say it's because... Well... Because I can't do without... And I would need to concentrate my energy... You know..." Armando becomes very embarrassed and his face turns red. May and Ana look at him, waiting for his answer. David covers his face with his hands, also embarrassed and understanding the disaster that the revelation would be for both of them, each in their own way.

"Well, it's just that the training people said that the energy has to be concentrated before it can be released and until perfect control is achieved, sex would be prohibited. They said that sex is a way of releasing vril, it's even good, but it could only be practised under certain conditions and after control has been achieved," Armando continued.

David kept his hands on his face, leaving only his large, bright blue eyes visible.

"And what did you do?" Ana asked with great interest, causing May and David to look at each other and chuckle.

"You know, I actually tried. I spent about two months in training... But the girls would call me and... I couldn't stay like David can... I don't know how he can go without sex for three years! Oops, sorry! My bad!"

The subject made Armando a little nervous, which made him speak loudly, so that the table closest to him could hear only the last sentence. The couple sitting there commented on what they heard, showing their discomfort.

This revelation causes May and David to look at each other curiously. She was surprised, because that was exactly how long she had also been without a relationship. Ana immediately interprets the fact in the same way, but out of respect for May, she says nothing. The two exchange very expressive glances. David tries to cover it up, gesturing for silence.

"OK, I get it, let's talk quietly," May asks impatiently.

"I've done everything and followed the group's guidelines one hundred per cent, but for some reason, the control seems to be happening, and suddenly, it's as if I lose a thread that manipulates the energy vortex that forms after the first two minutes and... The energy dissipates," David continues.

"But... What does that have to do with the lab, specifically?"

Maya, working with the group that trains me, I received information that there are several Germans who fled at the end of World War II, just as the Allies began to win, mainly shortly before they entered Berlin. Many came to Argentina and Brazil. Several members of the Vril Society, including some priestesses, who were reported 'missing', ended up in Brazil. One of the main groups is here in São Paulo and, from what it seems, most of those who are active are actually their descendants. For them, Aryan origin is a fundamental condition, that is, they have to approve the genealogical lineage before anyone can join or replace a member of the order."

Oh, oh... The pharmaceutical industry we work in has German-American capital. Fifty-one per cent are German, the president is German, the vice-president is German, and the board is mostly composed of Germans and their descendants. Those who are German by birth are mostly elderly people who, during World War II, would have been children aged three to five on average. And the most interesting thing is that they all look about twenty years younger and are in excellent condition. I thought it was the red wine that did that!" adds Ana.

"Very well observed, and in fact, we believe that one of these groups, perhaps the main one, is working underground in the laboratory, in the same building," adds Armando. *"I found messages and data that lead us there. It's my hacker side, but this time, I'm being more careful. They have no way of locating me... At least, not easily."*

"Why didn't we ever notice this?!" asks Ana.

"Because they only meet at night, around midnight, until before sunrise. There is an underground passage that comes from the land next to the plant, which belongs to them and seems to be unused. From there, they enter the basement of the laboratory," adds David.

"Now explain to me why they stole our data and product," says May.

"I'm not sure, but I think it has to do with the damage that vril energy causes to the bodies of those who are trying to harness it, and your findings may help reverse that."

As soon as David brought up the subject, the restaurant lights went out completely. The block where J. Dee was located was in a state of blackout. The building's generator immediately kicked in, and in less than thirty seconds the emergency lights were on. The atmosphere was a little dark, but the lighting was sufficient to keep the service going until the power came back on completely. The maître d' asked the diners to remain calm and said that everything was working thanks to the generator. He came over to talk to David and said quietly: *"Mr Bacon, it seems that the problem is concentrated only on this*

section of the street. Fifty metres ahead and behind, everything is fine. We are already calling the São Paulo power company and I will let you know as soon as I find out how long it will take for the power to come back on."

"Thank you, Antônio," David replied.

May was a little agitated and asked David, "Is there any chance these people know where you are? Have you had any problems here in São Paulo?"

"No. I don't think they're looking for us anymore. After so long without any connection."

"That's better... OK, then it's time to go. Will you walk us to the door? It's eleven o'clock and tomorrow we have to see what we're going to do about all those problems," May was still impatient and even she didn't quite understand why.

*"Of course, we'll walk you out. I'll ask the valet to bring your cars around, it's safer
safer. Do you have your parking ticket?"*

May and Ana hand over their keys and wait for David to call the valet. As May gets up to go to the bathroom, she notices several sparkling particles of light in the middle of the restaurant, dancing between the tables. Some people noticed the effect and thought it was beautiful, believing it to be coming from the emergency lights. David was standing next to the valet, near the door, handing over the car papers and staring at that subtle dance of lights. May tries to get closer to the centre of the room and, when she touches the metal counter, she gets that same shock again, already familiar to her, in her right hand, burning her middle and ring fingers without visible damage. The spark was so big that David noticed it. Sensing a bigger problem, he called May and Ana to the door. The valet had not yet brought their car, but Armando and David's were right in front. David looked at Armando, who was already approaching, and he immediately understood, even without words, that they had to get out of there fast, taking the two women with them.

"Come with me, now!" David grabs May by the arm and puts her in his X5, almost without explanation, speeding off.

Armando does the same, taking Ana, who is stunned. As he fastens his seatbelt, she asks, *"Why, I mean, what's going on?!"*

"David looked at me and I understood right away what he meant. If we got you out of there and left, nothing would happen to the restaurant. Those little lights were the same ones that appeared in our office three years ago, and then they got bigger and hotter... Until they started burning. We learned that if that happens, you have to break the connection by leaving the area."

As soon as they turned the corner, the power came back on in the building and within fifty metres of it.

"There is energy throughout the space. It is merely a matter of time before men succeed in mechanisms linked to its use." Nikola Tesla, scientist and inventor.

The black BMW X5 arrives at May's house. She asks the doorman to let her into the garage. He parks in the usual spot.

"Maya, I'm sorry about what happened. I really hadn't had any incidents with the vril until fifteen minutes ago. I need to understand what's going on. Your car will be delivered here early tomorrow. What time do you leave?"

"At eight, I get to work at half past eight, the lab is a few blocks from here, but can you come up for a moment? Come and see my flat... I also have things to show you. Of course, nothing like yours, but they're interesting. There's also my best friend, Dock. You two are practically close friends!" She smiles charmingly, generating a very strong force of attraction in David. He tries to resist.

"Thank you." David behaves formally. This behaviour could be a way of protecting himself, given what he was feeling and needed to control, due to his vows during training. *"I'm going upstairs to check that everything is OK. What just happened may be related to you. They may be interested in you, as well as the missing product, and not in me and Armando. This is something to consider."*

They go up and enter May's flat. Upon opening the door, David notices the similarity between this place and his own home. Although smaller, May's flat has huge glass windows, high ceilings in the living room and a balcony approximately four metres high, which allows plenty of light to enter during the day. There were several replicas of Egyptian, Assyrian, Inca, and Olmec objects. Mesopotamia and India seemed to be her favourite regions, with Vedic themes throughout the flat.

Dock noticed their presence and, as expected, threw a huge party to welcome them. Then he stood quietly watching.

May takes a tour of the flat, having turned on the minimum amount of lights. She shows David the guest room.

"Why don't you stay here?! Tomorrow I'll make some delicious coffee and we'll go out together."

May's surprising invitation made David extremely happy, and he didn't even realise he had let it show.

"I think that's a good idea. Except I'll have to wear the same clothes again." David seems confused, due to the surprise. *"But, of course, I can stop by my house and change early in the morning."*

"I'll look for a big T-shirt I have, it will be useful for you to sleep in. In your bathroom, there are towels and everything you need for a shower. Make yourself comfortable, I'm going to take a shower too, but first I'll bring you the T-shirt."

As soon as they were both ready for bed, May appeared in a white lace nightdress, a few inches above the knees, with a short, light lace cardigan over it, which

did not effectively prevent the transparency of the fabrics from being noticed. She was softly perfumed, without make-up and with an air of freshness. Her short, blonde hair was still a little damp.

When he sees her, he exclaims: *"Angelic and beautiful! A sensual little angel with glasses!"*

May touches the frame of her acetate glasses, as if she had forgotten they were there.

"Thank you! Yes, they're part of me," she says with a smile.

"You look very funny too! That oversized T-shirt looks like a nightgown!"

David wore a short-sleeved, V-neck T-shirt, also white, which only covered him down to his pelvis. His muscular legs and chest were visible. It was obvious to her that he compensated for his body's impulses by exercising a lot. May let out a sigh. Both tried to avert their eyes from the inevitable attention.

"Gosh, has anyone ever told you that you're in great shape? Oops, sorry! Please understand me."

like a close friend, or perhaps a sister..."

May knew she was saying a lot of disastrous things as he looked her up and down with a mischievous smile.

"I've put the kettle on and we can have a relaxing cup of tea... Maybe even a

calming one, shall we?!" When she makes a move to leave the room, he gently holds her by the arms, pulls her close to his chest, caresses her hair and face, as he had done in the restaurant, and then lets her go.

"I want to show you something." He takes two steps back, removing the borrowed T-shirt. At that moment, she realises the seriousness of the problem. David's chest was covered with marks, not deep, but clearly showing signs of widespread burn scars.

"Don't be alarmed. You can touch them. They don't hurt, they're not serious."

May approaches him, with both hands and without any shame, running her hands over his strong chest, touching him affectionately on each scar. Keeping her hands on his chest, she lifts her face and understands: *"It was during training, right?! That's why you made the vows?!"*

"Yes, I couldn't control it before that. I still can't fully, but I've become stronger stronger. It won't happen again."

She lowers her head, seeming to think. She takes a step back and says.

"I want to show you a book I have, maybe it will help. Let's have some tea and read it together."

At the kitchen table, with cups of fruit and flower tea and butter cookies in front of them, David was wearing a T-shirt again.

"You see, this is a book that contains several excerpts taken and compiled from parts of other books, Vedanta scriptures, such as the Upanishads, Mahabharata, Ramayana, Bhagavad Gita, Anusasana Parva, etc. There are so many that I get confused. There are several passages in which the energy we now call vril is clearly present. In the epics of the Mahabharata and Bhagavad Gita it is striking, as in all Vedanta texts in general. So we have the same chicken-and-egg discussion: whether tantra generated Vedanta or vice versa. It is officially considered that this knowledge originated between 5,000 and 7,000 BC. As we already know, it goes back much further than 12,000 BC.

May approaches and stands close to David's side, feeling a warmth when she touches him. She highlights a particular passage from the book, speaking calmly and sweetly:

"If you lower your reading a little... Here," she points with her index finger, "you will see this passage, which talks about why staying out of contact with the opposite sex is important for bringing forth and raising the fire of the twisted serpent, the awakening of the Kundalini, so to speak, culminating in

the generation of vril. But it can be generated, and even more powerfully, through sex between a man and a woman. Polarities united, something that the Germans of World War II misrepresented for the purpose of sexual orgies and lost the real power of the spark of ignition that comes from sex, which, when done correctly, can be transformed into a union beyond the carnal, leading to the double passage from impure to pure principles, in an extreme state of ecstasy due to a deep love between the two, who unite and practise various physical interactions, so to speak, during the act, generating, through climax, the energy vortex, at a given moment, sufficient to reverse the head of the snake, which represents energy, which pointed from top to bottom, and then is reversed from bottom to top, from the base chakra to the crown chakra, in the ascent of the initiatory fire, promoting purification in the end. Wow... These two will never be the same again... Here it says that the presence of the sacred object, the vril generator, also called dorje, will cause the serpent to expand, generating the most powerful vortex of pure, unqualified energy, that is, without human distortion, since every source is immaculate. The generator must be held by the man at the right moment. Here is a drawing of the suggested position. This

The vril generator is one of those objects. May had it beside her and lifted it up to the height of the table.

David looked at her, deeply involved in her knowledge and what she was saying, feeling both burning and numb at the same time. He could no longer think of anything but the words she was saying and the image of the couple in the book, associated with her face and body. A white aura surrounded her, partly because of the diffuse light in the room and partly because he felt as if he were passing from one universe to another, with a certain dizziness. He took a deep breath to recover.

Noticing what was happening to him, May skipped about fifty pages of the book, moving on to a compendium with photos.

"Here we have several drawings and photos of these objects, the dorjes, found at archaeological sites, some of which resemble exactly what you have and I have."

"Are you saying, then, that physical contact could create the necessary polarity and give the vril the consistency needed for manipulation, or at least generate the quantum of transmutation potential, recording the frequency in our subtle field and allowing us to reactivate it when necessary, as a kind of quantum memory, from this moment onwards?!" asks David, almost affirming.

"If this contact is made based on the precepts I just mentioned, it is quite possible. It is. We need to have the frequencies of the right polarities to generate perfect resonance and sustain this magnetic field. Sustaining and manipulating it can only be done with the energy of aggregation, the most powerful of all, which keeps the Universe cohesive, true love, not the love of the ego," she adds.

Looking deeply into David's eyes, who was motionless, totally dominated and surrendered to her words, she breathes and continues.

"Vril can be a source of light that can be used for good, if controlled correctly, and for that it is necessary to understand the tantric concepts of Samsara, Karma, Dharma, and Maya... My name." I smiled at him. "When I approached your generator, I realised that we were connected. Only your other polarity could have opened the connection to your generator; no one else could have had power over it, and from what I understand, you foresaw this fact, which is why you immediately wanted to avoid my contact. The interesting thing is that at that moment I already realised that you knew..."

David's thoughts were confused, and he couldn't think straight.

"You didn't mention that you understood this subject; on the contrary, you said you knew little about it... Why?!"

She responds in a soft, slow voice, breathing deeply and looking intensely into his eyes, touching his right shoulder with extreme sensuality.

"I was afraid of you. I didn't have a clear idea of who you were, and now I feel like I know, and I'm not afraid anymore..."

An enormous heat runs through both their bodies. May tries to control herself, breathes and gets up quickly, going straight to the bedroom, carrying the generator in her right hand.

"I'm sorry!" she says.

He follows her. When he reaches her, he asks why she apologised.

"For... breaking your vow..." She throws the generator on the bed and takes off the lace cardigan that covered her thin-strapped nightgown, revealing, through the transparencies, a beautiful body, extremely desirous of this union.

The light in the room was dim, with only a faint lamp lit, conducive to concentrating on the fusion that was about to take place.

Gently, with an intense and passionate gaze, he undoes the ties of the nightgown that kept it closed. The view of her body was almost complete now. He touches her face and runs his hands over her desired body, gently, recognising the area of her breasts, kissing her passionately. The clothes that bothered him are thrown to the floor, hastily. Once again, he admires the figure before him, completely freeing her from her clothes, lifting her into the air as if she weighed nothing, taking her in his arms and kissing her, carrying her to the bed, where he lays her down beside him. David touches, kisses and takes possession of everything he sees, with love, warmth and ardour...

For hours, they unconsciously followed the Vedanta teachings related to reaching the highest level of consciousness of union until merging into one, through tantric techniques. David sought to maintain control at all times, while May let herself go so that they could reach the peak moment, no longer two, but bound as one body, reaching the same degree of cosmic consciousness, returning to the monad. The slow and steady dance performed by their bodies reaches a sublime moment when no one coordinates commands and the two minds surrender to a greater mind, feeling the force that will explode in the rise of the Kundalini, from the base chakra to the crown chakra, generating a total loss of self-awareness to connect to the source that unifies them. They were sitting, May on top of him, with her knees bent and slightly arched backwards. He holds her, supporting her with his arms, and at this very moment, feeling close to the uncontrollable explosion, he picks up the generator with one hand, keeping her entwined, placing both thumbs and the base of his index fingers together on the central knot of the axis. The remaining four fingers open like antennas, each hand pointing to one side, but both facing forward, as if to release energy. Keeping the rhythm of their bodies in synchronised motion, David stands upright, eyes closed, breathing deeply. May arches her back and their mouths meet in an intense kiss. They both let go of what they were holding on to, reaching perfect harmony in that unified and sublime moment.

In this state of total ecstasy, the vril generator crackles loudly and a powerful white and golden light begins to expand from inside the crowns, enveloping them in an oval shape, quickly intensifying, taking over the entire room, until nothing was visible due to the sheer intensity generated, exploding in a new crack, accompanying the exit of this incredible light through the couple's eyes, which at this moment, being open, resembled the glow of a supernova star. At the end of the prolonged ecstasy of their bound bodies, unconscious of the here and now, the vril diminishes and the vibration ceases. Embraced, they still trembled slightly due to the electricity they had conducted and still remained. Gradually, they return to normal, and the restored silence is accompanied by an extreme sense of well-being and renewed energy. He lets go of the generator to embrace her tightly, without moving from the spot. May and David, still united, sweaty and with their heartbeats recovering, kiss tenderly, shedding tears of

happiness and excitement.

This was undoubtedly the true proof of the divine energy source, the true grail, presenting itself with its enormous power and tremendous delicacy, since what was felt was far from the burning heat that commonly occurred in David's training sessions. On the contrary, it was pure electrifying energy, like blessed liquid light, running through the body, each organ being charged and excited, each cell being activated and receiving an enormous discharge of strengthening and positive vibrational energy. In fact, they were not tired, but rather happy and invigorated as never before.

"The world is a dangerous place to live, not because of those who do evil, but because of those who watch and let evil happen." Albert Einstein, physicist.

8:25 a.m., MONDAY, IN THE LAB.

May, Ana, Lurdes, and Maria couldn't contain themselves when they heard a short story, but with enough details to understand everything that had happened in May's flat that night. Their typical, feminine giggles were uncontrollable.

"Shhh... Calm down... It's almost time to get to work. Ana, I'm the only one who told you what happened." with me, but someone took you home yesterday, and what happened?

"Oh, nothing much... Just a nice goodbye kiss... Nice mouth... But it was quick, after all, I only met the guy yesterday... Take it easy, right?! But if he's like David, my goodness! I'll want him as soon as possible!"

The four of them let out a stifled laugh and head off to their areas. As always, only Ana and May are left, inseparable friends.

In May's office.

"Now, on a more serious note, see if we'll be received by the big boss, the president. Is there any internal mail confirming the meeting you requested?" asks Ana. May checks the messages on her laptop.

"Nothing, that's strange. It should be something very important, a major emergency. We know that, in cases like this, the secretary who reads all internal messages before him usually informs him by telephone. If we cannot send an email over the internet about such a confidential matter, that is the way it has to be. By now, he should have requested my presence. His car is in the parking space, so he has already arrived. Let's wait a little longer."

Two hours passed before May was called by secretary Ingrid. She goes to the top floor of the building, to the president's office. Ingrid, a fifty-five-year-old woman, typically German, tall, blonde, with straight, very fine hair at ear level, reading glasses perched on the tip of her nose, and slightly overweight for her age, looked at May over her glasses as she stepped out of the lift. She speaks with a slight accent, appropriate for the twenty-five years she has lived in Brazil: *"Dr. Muller said he will see you in a few minutes. Please wait, take a seat."*

Ingrid returns to typing on the computer in front of her, blocking the view. At that moment, the door to the president's office opens and two absolutely beautiful young women emerge, with noticeably long platinum blonde hair tied back in buns and braids, falling down their backs to their buttocks, with very slim figures, reminiscent of Victoria's Secret lingerie models.

"In that case, they would be twin models," thinks May, as they looked exactly alike and could be sisters, aged around eighteen to twenty at most. The two walk decisively past May and, as they walk, both turn to look at her, as if they

they recognised her. They whisper something in German or some other language that May does not understand.

Ingrid notices the scene and, when the girls walk away and enter the lift, she looks at May.

"They're his daughters."

"Huh?" May turns to Ingrid.

"They're his daughters, Dr Muller's, the president's!" Ingrid goes back to typing and hides her face behind the computer screen.

"Ahh! They're beautiful... And... Different!"

May a once again looked in the direction where the girls had gone and, as the partition between the president's office and the lift corridor was made entirely of glass, she could see that the lift had stopped at S3, the third basement level. Interestingly, some could go to S2, where the president's and vice-president's cars were parked, but the area directors had to park outside, in marked spaces with partial coverage, but outside. In the general layout of the pharmaceutical industry, there were two interconnected buildings. The first and largest was the production area, raw materials warehouse and finished product stock, with approximately thirty-five thousand square metres. The second was the five-storey administrative building, with five thousand square metres, where the cosmetics laboratories were also located. In this administrative area, the S3 floor was called the security area, and no one knew exactly what was there. In fact, to go down to that floor, a key attached to the control panel was required; otherwise, the lift would only go to S2.

While she was thinking, she was called by the secretary, Ingrid.

"Dr. Muller asks you to come in."

Disconnecting herself from thoughts about these girls and the S3 corridor, May walks towards a large, tall door made of dark mahogany and turns the handle. Curiously, she had never been to the president's office before. Upon entering, she finds no one there. In front of her is a large table, also made of dark mahogany, and another meeting table next to it, further back, for about eight people, made of the same wood, with black leather chairs and traditional Arabic rugs with dark patterns, all tending towards brown and something red with beige. She was surprised to find, around the walls of the room, which must have been about thirty-five square metres, sideboards made of even darker wood, almost black, on which stood a series of decorative objects that caught her attention, all of which were replicas of objects or sites that had been in existence for over five thousand years. The first was a replica of the central temple of Angkor Wat, located in Cambodia, one of the places where vril is believed to have been used for various purposes since its construction, from moving the gigantic stones of the structures and walls weighing over a hundred tonnes to its use in warfare.

The second was a replica of the city of Mohenjo-Daro, in Pakistan, including sites with people crystallised, stuck to the ground, face down, some still holding hands, as if an atomic explosion had taken them completely by surprise. Mothers with babies in their arms are lying on top of them. All preserved, vitrified, something that only happens in an atomic explosion. This city was found in the 1920s, and its destruction by the winged gods is detailed in the Bhagavad Gita, one of the sacred books of the ancient Vedas. It is one of the most discussed archaeological sites today, due to the gamma radiation still present at the site. The replica had a number of absurd details and was the largest in the room, measuring one metre long by sixty centimetres wide.

"Vitrified walls appear in some sites found around the world: Peru, Scotland, Turkey, France, Ireland. There are also deserts with huge vitrified areas in Libya, Rajasthan

(next to Mohenjo-Daro) and in Mongolia. The first atomic bomb, tested in the New Mexico desert, created a huge area of vitrified sand. All this evidence proves that a nuclear war took place in the distant past, as only the intense heat caused by a nuclear detonation could vitrify rocks or desert sand," May thought aloud enthusiastically, continuing to assess what was in front of her.

The third interesting replica was from Gobekli Tepe, in southeastern Turkey. Its magnificent recent discovery puts Stonehenge in the background, as it resembles the same type of construction, however, it is an entire city built of rocks and megalithic pillars arranged in circular formations. It is accepted by academics as the oldest site found, dating from around 7,000 to 8,000 BC, and built by man. This was strangely a more complete replica than the city that can be seen today, partially excavated, within an elevation that was previously believed to be a mound.

The fourth was the biggest surprise. The pyramids of Bosnia, already fully excavated and cleared of vegetation. The sun and moon pyramids were incredibly precise. These still generate so much controversy and are perfectly represented in the model. They must be the same age as Gobekli Tepe.

On other shelves, instead of books, May found all the replicas of vimanas she had ever seen, and, lest it be said that there were no books, she found the Vedanta books on vimanas, such as the description of the vimana shastra (flying ship), in the six thousand line text called Vy manika Shaastra, which described how these aerial, terrestrial and aquatic vehicles should be built and which greatly facilitated and inspired designs and projects by famous figures such as Leonardo da Vinci, Nikola Tesla and the Germans of the Third Reich, among many others.

All this was running through May's mind when she was taken, as if by surprise, by the call from Dr. Muller, accompanied by his brother, Gerhardt Muller, the vice-president of the laboratory.

"Dr Maya, it's a pleasure to see your interest in these objects. Few people know what they are. Given the way you looked at them, I would venture to say that you knew exactly what you were seeing. If you noticed, none of them have names, and you didn't make the typical gesture of leaning in to see if they had descriptions. You already knew, didn't you?"

The two brothers had appeared by surprise, passing through the door that separated and connected the president's and vice-president's offices. Thus, when they entered, they found her investigating and smiling, without realising it, at each replica, even picking up the best-known vimanas in her hands.

"Sorry," May had a replica of the famous Colombian vimana in her right hand, the most perfect image of a modern Cessna-type aeroplane. She puts it back in its place.

"My brother and I had fun with this, because ninety-nine per cent of people ask the typical question in the first minute: what is all this?! How nice to find someone like this, someone different. Please, have a seat." The vice-president asks: "Would you

the first minute, the typical question: what is all this?! How nice to meet someone like this, someone different. Please, have a seat." The vice-president asks, "Would you prefer coffee or tea?" The brothers were sitting at the front, at the main desk, and May sat on the opposite side, the visitor's side.

"I prefer coffee, with cream, since I see the sachet packaging, I'll take advantage of it."

When May picked up the cup to pour herself some coffee from behind the president's desk, she noticed the picture in front of her. Her face froze and everything became clear in her mind. The tension in her neck became unbearable, as she knew that the two men were testing her and the worst thing would be to find out exactly what was happening in that place, which would probably be beyond her imagination, which was quite vast.

"I believe your face is quite sincere, Dr Maya. You also know what you see. Tell me what you see," Wolfgang Muller requested.

The two tall, thin men, approximately the same age, fifty-five to sixty years old, well preserved, with incredibly blue-green eyes and hair whitish-blond from age, dark suits and white shirts, looked like twins, although she knew they were not, due to their superficial acquaintance of a few years.

"It's the constellation of Taurus... A beautiful painting! Who painted it?!"

Dr. Muller gives a sarcastic smile and continues: *"What else, Dr. Maya? What else do you know about what you see? Tell me..."*

At that moment, May looked at the table, and there was a replica of one of the catalogued models, different from hers, but familiar, of the vril generator or dorje.

"Well, Dr. Muller, it seems to me that you are interested in making things very clear here, and the investigation, at least as far as what's inside my brain is concerned, is ongoing. Well then, this painting alludes precisely to the constellation of Taurus, and the bull's eye is its central point, clearly highlighted in the painting, the alpha star of Aldebaran. Now it's your turn, can you tell me what it represents to you?!"

The brothers laugh in unison, reminiscent of twins when they do everything the same. He then picks up the vril generator from the table, the last object May had focused her attention on, and, holding it in his closed right hand, raises it towards her.

"I would like you to hold it, take it!" he gives an order in the old Nazi style, and suddenly things begin to become clear to her. *"Take it!"*

May picks it up and walks away, refusing to touch the generator with her body language, as she knew that, especially after last night, it could be activated immediately and she would have to be trained to contain the flow coming out. *"David has already managed to do this, as no accident occurred last night,"* she thought.

"Dr. Muller, I'm not sure why you're acting this way, but I'd like to remind you that I'm not here to play with your interesting strange objects, but to talk about what happened in my laboratory, or rather, in your industry's laboratory. Can we talk exclusively about that?! I imagine your time is limited and that we have to take some action on this."

May responds with appropriate authority, but without being harsh. The two exchange cold glances and continue with their strange smiles.

"Yes, my dear, say what you have to say, although I have already been informed," says the president.

"I just received a report from the security team, which said that nothing and no one entered or left the premises between Friday afternoon and Monday morning. Five heavy folders were stolen, files were deleted, a total of three kilograms of product samples disappeared, including plants and extracts, and there is not even a clue as to what happened. What should we do?! Call the police? Hire detectives?"

"My dear, according to the IT team, a virus was responsible for the disappearance of all the data," replies Dr. Muller.

"OK, let's say that this quite acceptable hypothesis is the real one. How do you explain that the physical documents and material samples disappeared? No virus can account for that!"

Dr Maya, whatever happened in your laboratory, it is clear that the reason was a lack of control. If your data had been properly stored and protected, including the extract being studied, it would not have disappeared. It is not your fault that the electronic data disappeared, but the disappearance of your paper documents is your responsibility. If no one entered or left the

laboratory when it was empty, it's because someone stole it when everyone was there. If I were you, I would put all this aside. It is a cosmetic extract, with no scientific value, and it would not save humanity in any way. Here we do high-level research, we create drugs and medicines to treat sick people. The line you work on is just to generate profit and help us invest even more in pharmaceutical drugs. That's what interests us, and not a single piece of data from this area has ever been lost. So I advise you to go back to your creams and soaps and make them more attractive and fragrant, because that's what the public buys. Forget the rest!"

A surge of anger overwhelmed May. What she had just heard was absurd and completely disrespectful. She remembered everything in that room that was related to the Vrll Society. The generator on the table, the painting of the constellation Taurus, highlighting the star that appears in accounts of the origin of the people who brought this knowledge to Earth. Clearly, this was a high-risk situation, and she had to get out of there as soon as possible.

"Very well, you are the president and you are in charge. So be it. We will perfume everything to generate profits. Have a good day, both of you!"

May turns around and leaves. The two brothers talk:

"She's perfect. She should serve us very well." "Yes,
I think so."

8 PM. IN DAVID'S ROOM.

She hugged him, while making fun of the way they were relating to each other.

"I think our friends will call us Shiva-Shakti, the couple who represented the eternal regeneration of the forces of the Universe, since we never tire! We are merging and, soon, we will be so united that what one thinks, the other will already know. Since our first encounter, we have had tele-empathy, and we are certainly getting close to telepathy. What happens to us when we make love is something I would like all women, and I say this for the benefit of my friends, to have the chance to feel with the man they love, what I feel with you... There would be no more bad-tempered women!"

May and David remained tenderly embraced, listening to beautiful music by a singer-songwriter born in Brasília, Chandra Lacombe, who is now successful worldwide, singing new age songs with a greater spiritual emphasis. He sings in several languages, including Indian, playing a difficult plucked instrument of African origin called a kalimba. David had discovered his musical talent by going to an event venue in São Paulo, where he performed a show.

"Since you mentioned that, I want you to listen to this song by Chandra. It's as if I wrote it for you... My Shakti. It's called Tantra."

Using the iPod remote control, he plays the chosen song and embraces her again, so they can enjoy it.

"I come to tell you That this life
is too short
And if you want to understand
me Listen beyond my words
Only the heart
Can conceive eternity
Come, give me your hand
Let's unite the parts If
God made us this way
Let us love without limits
Seeing the beauty of the
garden Knowing that tantra is
art I dive deep into your gaze
We are navigators of the seas
And through contemplation
I love beyond the flesh
Shakti, uniting the two parts It
burns, it is the heart that burns
Shakti, I love beyond the flesh

Burns, it is the heart that burns

May listens to the music embraced by him and, amid kisses and caresses, a new ignition of the flame that nourishes them begins.

"My beloved Shiva, we had better leave here and take a cold shower, otherwise we will start all over again. And that is against the tantric teachings. The right dose keeps the energy balanced! Let's follow what we know!"

She gets up from the bed, but the sight of her beautiful naked body makes David throw himself on top of her and grab her again. They both laugh, kiss and hug each other warmly. Suddenly, David gets up.

"You're right. I'll start all over again. A cold shower!" He repeats the same phrase several times: *"Keeping your balance is the key... Not wearing yourself out is the key! Maintain balance,"* and in ten seconds, before May tries to get up again, he quickly returns, throwing himself on top of her and doing what he knew would be wasting energy, but this time he puts the vril generator on the floor, under the bed, so he won't feel guilty. *"Let go of the guilt!"*

9:30 p.m.

The couple dined in the living room on a delicious dish they had chosen from the freezer. David always stocked up on various dishes from J. Dee and Golden Hind, his favourites.

"Practical! That's what I call a smart man. He's always ready to do all the right things!"

May receives her chosen dish, funghi secchi risotto accompanied by a green salad. David had also chosen a risotto, with sun-dried tomatoes. He sits down next to her, pouring grape juice for both of them, since they don't drink alcohol, another point in common on the endless list.

"My princess, you told me a lot in general terms, but you can't discuss a subject like this like this over the phone. I'm sorry... I cut you off as a precaution. We don't know if we're being tapped. And when you came into the house, I didn't give you time to talk..."

May, who was about to take another bite, interjects: *"For a very good reason and with my full approval!"*

"I wanted you to eat calmly and give me the information we need to understand how risky it could be for you to stay at National Pharmaceuticals," he says, concern written all over his face.

"I know, I sensed today that something is going on, and it's ugly. I think it has to do with the Secret Society of Vril... All those objects... The generators of all kinds... The star of Aldebaran... But in the president's office?! Right in front of everyone?! So obvious?!"

Secret Society of Vril... All those objects... The generators of all kinds... The star of Aldebaran... But in the president's office?! Right in front of everyone?! So obvious?!"

"Yeah... You may be right. That's exactly why I think you should leave there immediately. At least for a while, to give us a chance to investigate. Do you happen to have any holiday time left? Away from there, we could join my group and gather more data."

"Well, yes, I do. I have thirty days of holiday entitlement that I'm entitled to take from next week, by law. I can plan to leave next Monday." May says, taking the last bite of her delicious risotto.

"That's a long time. You need to leave sooner..." David says slowly and regretfully.

May puts on a serious and thoughtful expression.

"Well, if things go that way, I should consider a job offer I recently received from a large cosmetics company. It's best to get out of there. But what about the girls?! They're in danger there... Or are they? We were working without any problems until last week's incident."

"I know it's a tough, difficult decision. We don't have enough data, only suspicions. My group has been tracking this company and its night-time activities for almost two years. I personally have been with two of the group, several nights, listening and using night vision, across the street, on the roof of the neighbouring building."

"Wow, how could you stay there?! How did you get in?!" she asks in surprise.

"It's a commercial complex, it's easier. We rented a room in the restaurant's name. It's too far away to see anything with the naked eye, but we have several small telescopes and we're filming. That's when we realised that everything happens on the empty, walled plot of land that belongs to the pharmaceutical company. That's where, at night, several times a month, several cars enter and use a small facility, about twenty square metres, to go underground. There must be some access tunnel there. We're planning to go in on a weekend, when we've never seen any movement."

"Wow, they like to clock in! They only work on weekdays! I'm kidding, David, this is very, very dangerous. You don't have enough information yet to go in there, what are you going to look for?"

"Darling, although we already know the love that has blossomed between us and that this is for real, we haven't known each other for very long and there's a lot, a lot that I haven't told you yet, since there hasn't been time. We've been using our time for something very good, it's true..."

He pulls her close by her shirt and kisses her tenderly but intensely. When they let go, May's playful side kicks in and she pretends to be dizzy and about to faint, shaking her head as if she needs to wake up. They laugh. Then David's expression changes, he looks serious and distant, as if he is remembering something, before speaking. He then continues: "The danger I'm referring to is this: things have happened that we correlate with all this. Deaths, and not just two or three, to be precise, if we have the number, about five, and young, beautiful, mostly blonde teenagers."

"But, David, this is a police matter!" she exclaims emphatically.

The police have the case of five girls, among many others who have disappeared, and nothing else. We are almost certain that the disappearance of these five is directly linked to your building and that there must be clues there. But we have nothing to prove it, and the story of Nazis in São Paulo, along with their descendants, or just their descendants, killing beautiful girls from upper-middle-class families after sexual orgies, in which they were certainly drugged and raped before being killed to extract the vril... Well, this version, without proof, would be ridiculed, and I would be put in a mental hospital.

"But, my love... Why do you have to get involved in this? That's what I still don't understand. I know what happened in Curitiba, OK, but... Why continue with this?"

May was talking to David a little excitedly. Realising this, she controlled herself: "Sorry, sorry... I'm being selfish. It's my ego that doesn't even want to think about the chance of losing you..."

David and May had finished dinner. She took the plates to the kitchen and returned, taking him by the hand affectionately and leading him to the sofa. Dock, who was there because he was now part of the couple's life, jumped into May's lap. She stroked him but put him down, rewarding him with a special bone to chew on, which would entertain him for a while.

"I have something to tell you. With this information, you will understand, I hope...", says David.

"Oh, I feel butterflies in my stomach, but go ahead..."

"First, what I like most... A kiss... Now I can talk." He stands up and stands in front of her, takes a deep breath and clears his throat, showing that what he had

to say was something that affected him emotionally.

"Maya, the group I have been attending for three years, since I moved to São Paulo, is mainly composed of former Rosicrucians. In fact, some still are, since this is a philosophical society for spiritual development that only does good for people. I have no history to the contrary. These people came together because, in one way or another, they had access to others with knowledge of vril manipulation. Here in São Paulo, some spoke of other names given to this energy, such as orgone, or even centres for the development of kundalini, something that we both already have in practice, the knowledge that it is the same thing, applied for the purpose of activating our body's electrical network and, consequently, the electromagnetic field, sometimes understood as the aura. Well, when I started training in meditation and vril control, right at the beginning, I received a message... And I still receive messages today..."

David looks at May, waiting to understand how she would react, since, due to a lack of broader interaction, he did not know how she would behave in the face of the facts he was about to reveal. She looks at him, her eyes wide open, pressing her lips together and gesturing with her hands for him to continue.

"OK, here we go... During a meditation session, with the generator in my hands, I managed to access a higher plane and came into contact with beings, so to speak, from Aldebaran..."

"The eye of Taurus... The alpha star of the constellation Taurus... The picture in the president's office! Just like in a film... The girl saying that... OK, OK... Go on... It's just that when I get nervous, my sarcasm explodes... Sorry!"

David is not nervous at all; on the contrary, he approaches May to give her another kiss, as he was talking while standing, pacing back and forth, while she remained seated on the sofa. He returns to the story.

"During meditation, I received a message and a vision. At the same time, according to those who were nearby, the vril crackled in that way we know and exploded with a hot energy that gradually increased. I had it at chest height, and the burn you know about happened right at the end of the transmission. I don't know if it was really contact with someone from there, from that region of the star Aldebaran, or if it was an aspect of my own higher consciousness speaking to my lower self. Whatever it was, it has been constant. These transmissions started like that and never stopped. The problem was controlling the vril so that I would no longer burn myself like that. In another attempt, I received an image transmission, I saw your face... It was you, Maya, clearly. I just saw it, I had no information. When I saw you for the first time, I didn't know what to do, it looked like a mirage or something..."

May remained silent, eyes open and barely breathing, waiting for him to add to the story. He notices and continues.

"After what we had, so wonderful, last night... The first thing I did, after After we split up, I called some people from the group and asked them to meet up. We did that right after lunch.

May asked the question that was on her mind, with a slight tone of regret.

"Were they angry about the broken vows?!"

"No, when they understood the result, and in fact, as soon as I entered, the master realised that my energy and vibration field had greatly improved."

"Don't go see them tomorrow because we overdid it today. Oh, sorry, my dark humour again. I'm nervous... Continue."

"The master told me that I had found my other polarity. He meditated and went to

you. He described your physical appearance and your qualities and characteristics. He said that you also need training and that, from now on, we have to do this together... I think you'll like something he said."

May opened her honey-coloured eyes wide and looked up, as David was still standing, talking and pacing between the sofa and the coffee table.

"What... What did he say?!" she asks, wary.

"That with you I could and should break my vow, because you are the person who will enhance my ability to master energy... And there's more..."

"What else? Oh... Tell me."

"You can do the same thing, and possibly even more easily than I can. He mentioned something about being a priestess in a parallel life to this one and that, because of that, you have memories of many things. That explains why you are so easily devoted to these studies, thinking that everything that happens to you is mere coincidence."

May actually liked what he said.

"Priestess... Me?!" she smiled, making light of the subject.

David now sits next to her, touching her shoulders with his hands and speaking very close to her, eye to eye.

"Did you realise how seductive and enchanting you were with me yesterday?!"

She widens her eyes again and comically pretends that the subject has nothing to do with her.

"You were the most perfect sorceress I have ever seen or heard of. You used your power of seduction, you manipulated me completely. I would have done anything you asked! You did what a temple priestess would do. You knew exactly how to activate the vril and more, you knew that together we could do it. I realised that part of what you were doing, I mean, in terms of manipulation, was conscious, but part of it was not, there was a deep knowledge of the details. All I did was give in and go along with it, because there were clearly two of you, your lower unconscious mind and your higher mind, connected to akashic information, dominating and commanding you to act. For which I am very grateful that I obeyed, both you and me... It was the best thing I ever had in my life, and I can say that nothing, not even close, has ever been the same."

May was still standing there, a little out of breath and looking surprised. David noticed and asked her to take a deep breath and exhale to recover. As soon as she did, she turned to him and agreed.

"You know, I hadn't realised... Until now. I hadn't thought about it, but if I stop to think about it, I felt like I was hypnotised, really... I couldn't resist and I didn't even try, to be honest. All I knew was that from the moment you went with me to the garage at home, I couldn't help myself... Giving myself to you and doing what we did... That explosion... I did know... Even without knowing!"

"Princess, there was something that brought us together. I don't know if it's what you would call true love, if it's soulmates, or if there's something or someone invisible pushing us towards it, the only thing I know is that it's very good and strong. Strong enough to generate vril and make it sprout."

"Is that what the master said?!" "Yes."

"What about the commands you've been receiving, the transmissions, did you receive any today?!"

David sits down, moves away from her a little, takes a deep breath and pauses, causing her to startle again.

"Oh, when you do that... Here comes the bomb! What are you going to say now?!" May exclaims, quite

tense.

"When I relaxed and entered a state of meditation, holding the generator in my hands and without fear of being burned, for the first time, I received a strong transmission, clearer than ever, saying..."

May approaches him, almost jumping on David, and gesturing with her hands, signals for him to speak quickly.

"The message I received was clear that we had to do something together. It said exactly what the master had said. Now I had found the priestess, and so I would have to start the process, which has no turning back. That's why we met... Again."

"Do what? We meet again? What?!"

TUESDAY, 10:30 A.M. SHORT COFFEE BREAK. OUTSIDE THE LABORATORY BUILDING.

Discussing the latest events, May and her colleagues, Ana, Lurdes, and Maria, had different opinions.

"I honestly think there's a lot of creativity in that. I'm not saying it's not true, maybe in part, but it's all very exaggerated, right?! It's starting to get a little crazy. You know what? I'm going to take a walk, this has messed with my brain," said Maria, visibly upset, appearing emotionally different than usual. She quickly walks away.

"I don't think you should have talked about how good it was with David and the vril energy. I didn't know either, but she's not getting on very well with her husband. He travels a lot and when he comes back, well, it seems like nothing has been happening at home, and she thinks he has someone else or that he doesn't care about her anymore. So she's been keeping her distance from us because she feels bad. I think she needs to be alone for a while. I advised her to talk to him, to try to understand what's going on. They have a two-year-old daughter who needs them," Ana makes an assessment based on her point of view and the information Maria herself had given her.

"Yes, I've noticed she's been acting strange. She's not usually like that, at least not until now. Maria is all heart, and even though she has problems, just the fact that Maya is with someone like David would have made her thrilled with happiness, because she always thinks of others first and herself second. Could there be something more than just a couple's problem?!" Lurdes shares her thoughts.

"Lurdes, whether she has something else going on or not, it's our duty to help her. She's our friend and has always been very good to us. Whenever someone has a problem, she's the first to help," says May, and then Ana stands up to speak emphatically.

"Well, whatever it is, we really have to help. Let's form a group focused on her, without opening our eyes to everything that is happening around us. We can invite her to happy hour and let her be the centre of attention. I think that will make her realise that we care about her and, who knows, she might say something else so we can help. How about it?!"

"Good idea, Ana. Let's do it!" says May. *"But remember that we have to keep trying to understand what happened to our data and product! Let's go inside, it's time!"*

As soon as they entered, they learned from Helena, the laboratory secretary, that Maria had received a phone call and said it was an emergency, so she had to leave. She did not know if she would be back today. May, Ana, and Lurdes looked at each other. Lurdes picked up the phone and dialled Maria's mobile number.

"Nothing, she's not answering. It's ringing until the line drops. What do we do?! I've never seen her like this!"

"We can't call Fred, she said he was travelling and would be away all week."

"Lurdes, we'll have to wait until the end of the day and try to reach her again," says Ana.

May becomes pensive and remembers things David had told her. One of them was about mind control. The Vril Society used this energy pattern extensively to take control of the minds of people they would use for specific purposes. They would be like servants. Could Maria be experiencing a problem of this kind? Was Dr. Muller correct in saying that someone from inside the laboratory, and not from outside, had removed the data and material? *"Ana, Lurdes, call security. I want to see the films from Friday afternoon. before we finish work. As soon as they have it ready to run, call me!"*

4 p.m. In the security room, José Eduardo had separated some film clips that he thought might be related to possible movement of people inside the laboratory who could be performing some kind of suspicious activity. Ana and Lurdes had not mentioned any probable suspicion regarding Maria, but had requested that all laboratory teams, including their bosses, be checked more thoroughly.

José Eduardo had a good selection and several were discarded by the three. After an hour and a half, they found something. In one image, Maria entered several laboratories with a wheeled trolley, which serves as a support for folders, made entirely of stainless steel and with two shelves, approximately one metre twenty high, designed to carry samples for testing and study data folders. In the scenes, Maria entered, greeted people, stopped with the trolley next to the filing area, left some folders and picked up others. She entered Ana's laboratory, which was empty. Probably lunchtime. Maria leaves one folder and picks up three, knowing full well what she was picking up and checking nothing. She bent down at the counter and picked up two dark metal packages, weighing approximately one kilo, and another white plastic package, apparently of the same weight. She placed the three packages at the bottom of the trolley and left. Luckily, the internal camera had a good angle on the trolley. May asked them to zoom in, and even more, until the image of the sign in front of the trolley could be read. The sign read, with difficulty, *'material for disposal'*. The film continues. In

As she was leaving the laboratory, an employee entered, realising that the trolley belonged to her, as it was from the waste disposal area. She asks Maria something, but it is not possible to know what, as the film has no audio, takes the trolley and leaves. Maria walks away and disappears from the scene.

Ana, May and Lurdes turn pale. José Eduardo notices the problem and intervenes.

"I understand that Dr. Maria may have done something wrong. Apparently, she wanted to throw away what you are looking for, if you are sure that is exactly what it is, in the rubbish, or rather, destroy it."

Taking the lead and looking very serious and concerned, May speaks up.

"Thank you, José Eduardo. We have something to investigate, not to accuse. From the type of video we have, there is no way of knowing if what we are looking for, what disappeared, was exactly what Dr. Maria put in that trolley. What we can say is that it seems strange that she was carrying it. Please keep all of this confidential until we are able to speak with Maria and find out exactly what she was doing."

"You have 48 hours to give me an answer before I have to report this."

With an extremely concerned expression on her face, May stands up with the other two girls.

"OK, we understand and thank you."

The three take the lift and return to the scientific director's office. May sits in her black leather chair, facing a light wood table, with Lurdes and Ana sitting opposite her. The latter resumes the conversation after a period of near-coma.

"Something is wrong in the Kingdom of Denmark, since we like Shakespeare. Maria was really depressed. I noticed it as much as Lurdes did, but this can't have been caused by a relationship crisis. There's something else she hasn't told us." Ana shows concern.

"I'm going to look at what she may have put in my lab. If you remember the film, she went in there, took three folders and returned one. I didn't realise until now what it could be. I'll take a look and be right back."

Lurdes stays with May and adds some information.

"Two weeks ago, she told me she had gone to the doctor and they had found polyps on her ovaries, that it was nothing serious, but that she would need to take some time off to have some more tests and hormone treatments to make them shrink, so I thought that was why she was absent. Now I'm not so sure!"

"Yes, she told me exactly that. Lurdes, go to the clinic and ask the nurses if there is a doctor who knows her, talk to them about her medical records. If they have any difficulty giving you information, tell them to call me and I'll release the data."

Lurdes left and returned in twenty minutes. When she came back, she found Ana talking to May. They were surprised by the contents of a folder that Ana had brought from her area, supposedly the one Maria had left behind and been seen in the film. On the outside, it was a normal folder, containing a label with the name Bidens, phytochemical studies, and the correct study code. Inside were women's magazines, attached to plastic sleeves, and in one of the plastic compartments of the folder was an article about World War II and the Vríl Society, containing a photo of Maria Orsic, the most important medium, understood to be the high priestess of Vríl.

When Lurdes entered, the folder she was holding took a back seat, as the folder that May and Ana were evaluating seemed more impactful. Having waited patiently, Lurdes reports what she found out in the medical department.

"I don't believe it... I mean, I didn't believe it, but now I know that something ugly is happening." with Maria. She must have replaced it with some crazy stuff. This magazine article about vríl and this folder I brought from the medical department... Look, like all of us, once a year, we have to submit complete health exams. Maria submitted hers three months ago and everything was fine, including the gynaecological tests, which included a pelvic ultrasound. She had no polyps or anything like that. She is in perfect health. Nor did she present a medical certificate for the trips she took, saying she was going to the doctors and/or for tests, including the hormone therapy treatments she mentioned.

Ana and May were shocked, as Maria was someone they trusted and held in high esteem.

"I think we have to tell David. It has everything to do with what we're thinking," she whispers, *"don't mention that word here or anything related to it, OK?!"* Only outside," May coordinates. *"Has everyone left yet? It's almost six o'clock."*

"Yes, it's just the three of us here," replied Lurdes.

May had an idea.

"Let's go into her office. There must be something there that can give us a clue."

The three track everything they can, and May restarts Maria's computer, intending to search for VoIP and IM (Instant Messaging) conversations, as well as emails or any other external access system. As a manager and professional considered to be highly trustworthy, she did not have the same access restrictions as other researchers, which could be a positive point for locating useful information. However, as soon as the computer completes the restart, it asks for a password, which they did not have. Only Caio from IT could solve the problem, unless... At that very moment, she has an idea. She takes the

her own laptop, the same Dell XPS model, and placed it on the table in Maria's place. She left with Maria's laptop to meet David and Armando, hoping that the latter would extract everything that could provide a clue, since he was a computer genius. Ana loved the idea, as it would give her another chance to meet Armando and see whether she liked him or not and, therefore, whether she should invest in the relationship. Lurdes had a family gathering with her fiancé's family that she couldn't miss.

7 p.m.

7 PM, AT DAVID'S HOUSE.

Armando opens the door, very excited as always, especially because he can help with what he knows best: computers! His excitement was heightened by the fact that he had also become interested in Ana. He was unsure whether or not he should invest in the relationship, since David had warned him not to get involved with her if he didn't want something serious, which was more common when it came to relationships on his part.

He finds May in the foreground, who gives him a big hug and a kiss on the cheek. Then Ana does the same, but this time he likes it better and stays hugging her a little longer.

"Wow, what beautiful girls! Wow! I'll be happy to help you! I'm preparing a quick and simple dinner quick and simple dinner! Italian style! Monday! It's my day off, we can stay up all night!"

"Wonderful! I like everything, as you already know!" exclaims Ana, leaving her notebook on the corner table in the living room.

Armando realises who May was looking for and points to David's room.

"I think he's taking a shower!"

May enters the suite, which is quite spacious, and hears the shower running. Since she had already brought extra clothes there, she thought it was a great idea. She takes off what she was wearing and surprises him. In the middle of the bathroom steam, David is startled when she sneakily hugs him from behind while he rinses his head with his eyes closed, becoming very happy to find May like this.

Meanwhile, Ana helped Armando prepare dinner. They were so engrossed in cooking and each other's delightful company that they didn't notice that the other two still hadn't shown up.

"I think we'll have to wait a little longer. From what I've heard, things are heating up," says Ana in a playful tone. Armando brings a glass of white wine for each of them and they sit down on the sofa hot stuff...", says Ana in a playful tone. Armando brings a glass of white wine for each of them and they sit down on the sofa.

"Well, since that's the case, let's enjoy being closer to each other. We can take a shower together in the guest room," he invites.

Ana starts laughing at Armando's naughtiness, but deep down she finds the idea interesting.

"Look... I barely know how you kiss, how can I possibly want the second part without even having had the first part properly?!" exclaims Ana with great body language.

"Ah, from what I can see, you two are very similar, witches, you make our blood boil!" Armando approaches her, crawling across the sofa until he is very close, grabbing her and throwing her on top of him in a not-so-romantic way, but she, who was different from May in some ways, likes this wilder style, and amid hot and daring kisses and hugs, the other two appear, happy once again. As they enter the room laughing at something they were saying, they startle the couple on the sofa, who are in an awkward position. They laugh heartily at the situation and the heat of that night in São Paulo!

As soon as they finish dinner, the two couples sit down on the sofas in the glass-enclosed veranda, partially close the blinds to prevent anyone from seeing them from outside, and Armando begins the process of extracting data from Maria's computer. After about ten minutes, there was nothing left unknown. The two analyse what was found and become a little discouraged, until Armando asks Ana a question: *"Does Maria speak German?!"*

"Not that I know of... I mean, no, she doesn't, neither do I, nor Maya. The company is German and American-owned, so only English was adopted as the official language. Is there anything there in German?!"

"There are several messages that were protected, meaning they couldn't be read without a code, and of course, now they can... I love that... But it's the only thing I can't help with, because I don't speak that language, but my handsome friend here does, and well... David, translate this for us!"

"Did you know he spoke German?!" asks Ana, whispering.

"I didn't have time to ask him much yet!" They both laugh like two little schoolgirls.

David notices the joke, smiles and sits down in front of the laptop. With little difficulty, he begins to translate: *"There are several confusing things... MEINE GELIEBTE HERRIN, my beloved mistress... IHREM HEIBEN KORPER, your warm body... GRUPPE ZEREMONIE, group ceremony... It talks about meeting dates, hotels, longing... New meetings... I would say that since it's someone who signs Wolf, a wolf, so to speak, he's been with Little Red Riding Hood... They're having an affair. She calls him GELIEBTE, beloved... She's in love with someone... The vast majority is about pleasure. What worries me is that there is text about a group ceremony... Maya, her friend, is involved with the vril people... there are phrases that show this... FEUER, FIRE... ENERGIE, ENERGY... SCHLANGE, SNAKE... Fire snake... Kundaline!"*

Maya, she is being used to pass information to them. If she was needy, that neediness has been resolved, but at a price: her soul. She is in danger. There is a message from this morning, setting up a meeting at an address in the Alto da Lapa neighbourhood, and it says it's a ceremony... This could be the initiation of a priestess. Following the old Nazi style, they will have an orgy and she will be served to everyone!

May and Ana were completely frightened by the information. They no longer felt like joking and making jokes.

"What time is the meeting?!" asks May.

"As usual, at dawn, scheduled time: one o'clock."

"We have time to prepare," says Armando. *"It's half past nine... Shall we get ready?! We can knock everything down there, just to break it..."*

"Not yet. If she's going to do that, it's because they want her to do something bigger... We have to wait. I'll have to call some people and put them on alert. Of course, we'll have people watching the address, but we can't and shouldn't interfere yet," adds David.

May was sad.

"But Maria... Should I leave her like this?! Without protection?!"

"How old is she?!" asks Armando.

"She's thirty, she turned thirty two months ago."

"A good age to be a priestess. She's still young and beautiful," continues Armando.

"Maya and Ana, whatever her reason for getting involved in this, it's already big enough for her to realise the risk she's taking. What worries me is not only her, but you, especially because of the information she had and has certainly passed on to them. That means they already know about me and Armando... Pedro... And they already know about you, Maya. They'll do

anything to have her as a priestess, and that means they may use the same weapons they may have used on Maria, if it wasn't of her own free will."

Ana gets nervous and asks David what exactly these weapons would be.

Mind-control drugs, hypnosis, not to mention vril. Combined with vril, it becomes more powerful, and people who don't have strong self-control receive so many suggestions in their minds that they may want to kill themselves. I've had training to protect myself from this, and Maya, you're coming with me early tomorrow morning. I'm sorry, but you won't be going back to work at the lab. You will be trained, because I am sure that you will be the target," says David, showing confidence in what he is saying.

She looks at David in surprise. He spoke standing up with an imperial air.

"God does not choose the capable, he makes the chosen capable. Whether we do something or not depends only on our will and perseverance."
Albert Einstein, physicist.

8H.

After breakfast, May dressed casually in light blue jeans, a white and blue tank top, paired with a light wool Twin-Set style blouse and light blue flats. Her white Prada bag matched perfectly. She complemented the outfit with soft makeup, a delightful floral-fruity perfume, Flower by Kenzo, and a flowing Hermes silk scarf, predominantly in shades of white, blue, yellow, and orange. Small earrings matched a large rhodium-plated silver ring with blue zirconium. David accompanied her in style, always smartly dressed, also in shades of blue and white. He wore a white cotton T-shirt that showed off his defined muscles, over jeans in a shade darker than hers. Over the T-shirt, he wore a caramel-coloured leather jacket, a straight-cut sports blazer style. When he dresses in these shades, his eyes look like crystals of water in an incredible deep blue.

The moment they meet, each admires the beauty of the other and their eyes fill with light. It was a mixture of love, pride and something that came from far beyond Earth, probably from God, a feeling of inhabiting Paradise. Best of all was the certainty that this would never end and that, on the contrary, it had existed long before this encounter.

David picks up a light brown leather messenger bag, putting his wallet, sunglasses and the vril generator inside it, wearing it across his body.

"Do we need to bring ours?" asks May.

"They have several, but this one works very well for us. We may need it."

She stops in front of him, looking away, seeming embarrassed.

"We're not going to... I mean, in front of them... We're not, are we?!"

David couldn't hold back his laughter and let it out loudly. He really wasn't expecting that.

"They're not Nazis! At most, they'll put us in a convent, without sex for the rest of our lives!"

"In that case... I don't know which is worse!"

He laughs again, kisses her and hugs her tenderly, heading for the lift hall door.

Less than thirty minutes later, they arrived at the location. It was a large house, with more than two thousand square metres of floor space, located in the Jardins neighbourhood, an expensive area in the city of São Paulo. The house and grounds occupied an entire block, giving it plenty of space, isolated within high walls and iron gates that protected it. David's car is immediately recognised by the cameras and the gates open. As they drive up the stone-paved driveway, surrounded by trees on all sides, May wonders if it is possible

find places like this in São Paulo. In a few seconds, the house appears, imposing in its Greco-Roman style, painted entirely in white and featuring several areas where marble columns support and decorate its façade.

"Your friends are rich, huh?! This costs a fortune! Is it all for this society?!" David nods as he parks.

He gets out of the car and, as always, May is already outside, holding her bag and looking everything with an air of curiosity.

"Wow, how luxurious! How beautiful! Can we live here too?!"

As always, May's sense of humour makes David laugh unexpectedly.

He reaches out and leads her through the front porch. They pass through a huge wooden door, which he pushes open himself, and arrive at a well-lit atrium, whose ceiling was partly made of glass panes, which led to a large central hall.

"If they weren't from another line of work, I'd say we were entering a Masonic lodge... This It must have been one, someday!", she says, amazed by what she saw.

When they arrived in the hall, there were several people sitting and chatting casually. May noticed that there were five men being served coffee by two waiters. They were sitting on two brick-red velvet sofas, which were positioned facing each other, with two darker brown armchairs on either side. The room had a ceiling height of approximately eight metres; heavy crystal chandeliers hung from the carved wooden vaulted ceiling. Large glass windows flanked a dining table for about twenty people. Around it, there were more and more places to sit and relax. Jaipur and Afghan rugs, Turkish vases and classic, tasteful décor in general.

When they are noticed, a man gets up from the sofa. He is quite elegant in appearance, apparently aged fifty-five, dressed in a sporty but luxurious style, with a silk scarf tied around his neck and neatly tucked into his shirt. He reminds her of the image she had in her mind of a yacht owner, from a photo she had seen in a Scientology magazine.

"I think he's really rich, right?!"

At this moment, David pays no attention to her, continuing with a serious air, walking towards the man who got up from the sofa and waited for David to approach, leaving May almost ten metres away.

"How are you, David? I'm glad you brought her. After what you told me, we need to act quickly. Do you know anything about the girl who disappeared?"

"Nothing. Her other friend at the pharmaceutical lab just sent a message saying she didn't go to work and didn't say she'd be absent."

"Our colleagues were near the house and we tried to listen in with the wiretaps, but there were security guards all over the street and we couldn't pick up anything. We can't let them know we're watching. So we don't have any news about the girl either. Several cars drove in, but they had tinted windows and at night it's impossible to see through them."

At this point, May was waiting to be taken to where everyone else was, and, trying to pass the time, she began to look at the paintings in front of her. The first one immediately intrigued her. She moved closer to examine it, tripping over the rug in front of her. At that exact moment, David grabbed her arm, saving her from falling.

"Are you alright?!"

"Oh, sorry for the awkwardness! I wasn't going to fall, but thanks for the help. It's just that the painting caught my attention, it has the shape of several swastikas twisted around a central point..."

"Swastika!" She exclaims, looking deeply into his eyes, as if waiting for an explanation.

"Dr Maya," says the man who was talking to David, approaching them.

"Hello, good morning! It's a pleasure to meet you! I imagine you're the master."

"Master Germano," he turns to David, *"she is full of energy and spirit. That's good, very good. Come, Dr Maya, I'll introduce you to the rest of the group. Our leading gentlemen are here."*

He extends his arm for her to take. At that moment, she turns to David, who had stayed a few steps behind, and winks, playing with an air of superiority. At a glance, she realises that they all have physical characteristics and styles in common. One by one, they stand up, greeting her in a coordinated manner, just as her name is announced.

"This is Dr Maya. This is Mr Uriel."

"Pleased to meet you," she says, extending her hand and looking at him discreetly but meticulously, as was common to her personality.

Everyone was introduced with the prefix *"gentleman,"* which, by the third one, made May raise her left eyebrow and not lower it until the introductions were over. Uriel was an attractive man, approximately forty-five years old, with light brown hair and blue eyes, similar to David's in their intense colour.

Rafael was an attractive man, approximately fifty years old, with charming grey-brown hair and eyes of the same shade.

Gabriel was about the same age, with very blond hair and eyes in a shade between grey and blue-green, difficult to define precisely.

Miguel followed the same style as Gabriel, but looked a little younger and more athletic.

At the end of the presentation, the waiter offered May and David a cappuccino, which they gladly accepted. They sat in the same room, with May and David choosing the armchairs on the nearest side.

"Dr Maya..." the master began, but she interrupted him.

"Maya, just Maya, please. I don't like formalities very much, and if you'll allow me, I'll also call you by your first names, or chosen nicknames, I suppose."

"Direct, objective, and with a good degree of deduction. We will gladly proceed without formalities," continued the master, *"we need to provide good training as soon as possible, as we have little time to help your friend and perhaps you as well."*

"OK, we agree, but I believe that, from what I know of you, you will need to explain a little about what we have here and what we do," says David, and she adds: *"If I may, I would like to know the history of your group. So far, I know almost nothing, because David didn't have... time... to explain it to me better. What I learned in the car on the way here was the name... Thule Society?!"*

Master Germano settles down on the sofa and asks everyone to join him. He will give a report focused on the main points, which should initially clarify the most pressing questions.

"The Thule Society was formed around 1912. The correct name in German is THULEGESELISCHAFT," he pronounces perfectly, which makes her realise that to be among them, this language is crucial. *"Like most secret societies known today, it has a history based on noble and honourable principles, but in the late 1930s, its history took a different turn. This is what will explain the formation of the*

The Vril Society and the fact that we made the Thule Society even more secretive, to combat what would be the polar opposite of its principle. The term 'Thule' appears in classical European literature and related maps as a distant region in the north of the globe, currently potentially referring to lands in Greenland or even Iceland. In medieval geography, there is also the term 'ultima thule', which probably refers to the same region. Along with this concept, there is the well-known and related concept of Avalon, which refers to ships that sailed north from the island of Britain for approximately six days to reach a crystal castle, amid glaciers and misty fog, where the sorceress or priestess Morgana was waiting. There are many reports from navigators who have been to these regions, all in the past, saying they have found this place. The most important thing to describe is the myth that highly developed and powerful beings live there, physically, intellectually and psychically. It was said that they had the power to manipulate pure energy and do whatever they wanted with it. There is a book that inspired the creation of the Thule Society, its name is 'Oera Linda'. It is a manuscript, written around

around 2000 BC and inherited by Cornelis Over de Linden, who brought it to light in 1867. Only 40 years later was it translated into modern German. In 1933, it fell into the hands of Himmler and his cronies, becoming the 'Nordic Bible' under the name 'Die Ura Linda Chronik'. From then on, it was the inspirational basis for secret German esoteric activities."

"What was it based on? I mean, I thought, and this is what I knew until then, that the book 'The Coming Race' was, in fact, the book that had led the Nazi Germans to vril," May asks, substantiating his doubt.

"Indeed, Lytton's book is a major milestone in clarifying what they should use to gain power and create powerful weapons, but 'Oera Linda' gave them the religious concept, let's say the mystical plan sufficient to create a creed and the foundations for a strong dogma, the myth of the superiority of the Aryan race," adds Master Germano.

"This reminds me of H. P. Blavatsky. She spoke of the Aryan race, of the various root races that the Earth would have in turn, being generated, flourishing and being destroyed, making room for the new race. She spoke of four, and her symbol, the seal of the Theosophical Society, presents itself as a fusion of these four root races, through their isolated symbols. One of them is the swastika, which, for some, may represent one of these races, called the Aryan, or the Aryans..."

"Very good, very good, Dr Maya! Now you deserve the title of Doctor... Few could have put it so well interpreted and at the right time," exclaims Master Germano.

May looks at him suspiciously and waits for him to continue.

For these Germans, the fact that the book 'Oera Linda' was written in an ancient Germanic language called Frisian, spoken between the 8th and 16th centuries, dealing with topics that could manipulate history, such as catastrophism, nationalism, the use of priestesses as a certain parameter for matriarchy and mythology, clearly represented in uniforms, flags and banners carried by the German army and spread throughout the Nazi empire, gave it the form of a creed, a strong dogma, a reality that could justify the most horrific principles behind it all... The macabre, allied with black magic and the forces of evil, with a focus on power and devastating domination. Thus, the German people were, for the most part, led like a hypnotised mass by a creation of something that became greater and capable of violently blinding, massacring those who opposed it.

"I imagine that Blavatsky's own books, which lead people to awakening, since I believe in a noble foundation through them, were used to build all this horror," she reports. Master Germano seemed excited to continue the dialogue.

"Yes, perfectly Maya. Our group, derived from these principles, seeks to negate what

remained of this evil society, which was called Thule and, later, through a process of schism, came to be called Vrill, leaving its descendants to save its origin, honour and principles. That is why we need people who can manipulate this energy and who have the right vibration so that we can reconnect with the power that belonged to us and fight the dark side that still exists."

"What is the correlation between Thule and Rudolf Steiner? And how did that happen?!" she asks.

"Excellent, again. This is one of the most important points in defining our history, and I was letting it slip away. In 1918, a large number of secret, philosophical, and esoteric societies were being formed. All these groups were linked to the name and, in theory, to part of the Thule philosophy. As I once read somewhere, drawing a parallel, it is like talking about Christianity and then remembering Catholics, Protestants, Evangelicals, Anglicans, and so on. All are Christians in terms of their fundamental beliefs and varied rules. Well, these groups, which were thus linked, in a few years divided into two factions: briefly, those who understood the dangers of the ego and wanted to serve a greater purpose, above their own, and those who wanted power for personal use. One faction aligned itself with Adolf Hitler, the other faction aligned itself with the principles of Rudolf Steiner and the Goetheanum school. Thus, the symbol of the "Black Sun" was born, which the young lady was strangely admiring in the painting when she stumbled. This symbol is found in Wewelsburg Castle in Westphalia, which later became the site of rituals, orgies, human sacrifices, and also the esoteric school for SS officers. The black sun symbol was adopted in a counterclockwise direction to symbolise its principles: Aryanism (superiority of the Aryan race), authoritarianism, centralisation in the ego of a few, principles based on creeds and strong ideology, making Hitler a true living god. In contrast, the White Sun of Steiner and his followers rotated clockwise, representing a connection with teachings that included all religions and races, demonstrating a new universal consciousness," adds Master Germano, taking a deep breath and continuing with something that seemed to be missing from the explanation. "It is important to mention that what I am telling you is not part of secret and/or hidden information that comes from the archives of the Thule Society. On the contrary, it is easily found published on many internet pages, presented as summaries of texts written by historians and writers such as Nicholas Goodrick-Clarke, Peter Moon, Maximilien de Lafayette, among others, who have compiled an excellent scientific and philosophical database in their published books, including the deeply esoteric.

"And you are a branch or division, faction, or something like that, which identified with Rudolf Steiner and the Goetheans? That's what you're trying to tell me, right? So you're not involved in ceremonies that have a personal or sexual context or exploitation, personal interests, domination, and instead you work for the common good, the greater good, as good Freemasons and good Rosicrucians say?!"

"We can define it that way, Dr Maya," Master Germano concludes his explanation and observes her thoughtful expression.

"It makes sense... I remember a passage I read about Steiner. That, certainly, at the time, would be the focus of the Nazis' esoteric quest for supreme power. It was something like this... He said that peoples had existed on Earth since the creation of the planet. Human beings began as spiritual forms and progressed through various stages until they reached their dense physical form, as we know them today. According to him, humanity is currently living in the period called post-Atlantis, which began with the gradual sinking of Atlantis in 7,227 BC. The post-Atlantis period is divided into seven epochs. We are in the European-American epoch, which will last until the year 3573. After this, human beings will recover the powers of telepathy and telekinesis that they possessed until shortly before the time

of the ancient Greeks... And so on. Combining this with 'Oera Linda' and 'The Coming Race', the mess in the minds of egoistic seekers of personal power began!", she concludes emphatically.

Amidst the kind of proactive discussion May loved to be involved in, she was observed by David's searching gaze, which sought to anticipate what was going on in her mind, while knowing that this would be an impossible task. In the middle of an argument, May leans forward, crossing her arms over her legs, then returns to an upright position, takes a deep breath and taps her feet rhythmically on the floor, looking up at the ceiling... Thinking... She continues: *"Look, I understand all that, but there's a lot that my scientific mind tells me is statistically significant, excessive. The first thing was that I liked these subjects, studied them deeply. The second was working in a place suspected of being involved in all this, and the third was meeting David, who is, 'coincidentally', and I mean that in quotation marks, a kind of soul mate, especially connected to do... I don't know what... To end all this. I'm sorry, but things are very artificial, you know... Who is manufacturing what?!"* May questions her with a certain level of aggression.

David is surprised, as he expected, and looks at Master Germano.

"Don't worry, David, I had already thought about it and knew about your quick mind, capable of connecting the dots. Very well, Dr Maya. There is indeed a fact that has been fabricated and that must be told. We have created a situation with the young lady and it has to be clarified so that we can have her complete trust. I believe that the best person to do this is David. Go ahead, my son."

David seemed quite upset and emotionally compromised as he began to speak, demonstrating this with his hoarse voice. He feared she would react negatively to the revelations.

"Princess, I want you to let me finish and only ask questions when I'm done."

May nodded in agreement and held her breath for a few seconds, her traditional way of showing tension.

"Remember I told you that I had been trying for over two years to find some way to access information about the operations we were mapping, via some informants and through night-time espionage in the room in the building opposite the laboratory, which we rented, right? Well, the people we were in contact with were lower-level employees who knew and saw strange things coming and going, but nothing more, because no one had access to the laboratory's higher echelons, and that's where what we're looking for must be, the leaders of it all," he paused for a second and stared at May's face, worried about what might be going through her mind. May, for her part, had a cold expression, as if she were waiting for something she believed could hurt her.

"That's when we decided we needed someone higher up, and we discovered you, a director, single, without a relationship for a long time, who could get involved with someone... Like me."

Her face changes completely, and an expression of pain, disappointment, and negative surprise is clearly visible. Her eyes immediately fill with tears. She leans back in her chair to distance herself from him. David immediately leans forward from May's chair, grabbing her hands tightly, as she had intended to pull them away, and, with one knee on the floor and the other leg bent, he seems to be asking for forgiveness. He continues: *"Maya, please let me finish, don't judge anything until then. It was your name that a former employee, who has since left and retired, gave me. He said he had never seen such a beautiful and friendly woman going home from work every day. It seemed perfect to us, and I would have to make you accept me, get closer to you, in order to... Get more information. But what*

What happened, after following you for a few days, was that Ana decided to go to the restaurant where you had already had dinner, and I didn't know... I had never been there when you went... That wasn't me, it was really God's doing, I don't know what to call it. That night, when you came in, I could hardly believe it. Even more so when you sat next to me and didn't even notice, such was the intensity of the conversation. In the middle of it, I heard the name Bacon, that was too much. It seemed like confirmation that I needed to talk to you. That's why I approached them and invited them to join a group, which, of course, would be this one. Worried, he continues to hold one of her hands, which no longer tries to escape, so he leaves the uncomfortable position and sits down again in the armchair next to her. He leans closer to her and speaks from the heart, looking her in the eyes.

In the days and months that followed, after the restaurant, I kept checking my mobile phone minute after minute and nothing. I followed you several times to see if there was any habit I could use to create a new way of approaching you that would seem natural. I was worried that if I called, I would feel afraid and might push you further away. That day in the park, I was following you, and it was no coincidence that we met..."

May interrupts him, lets go of David's hand, and, now recovered from her emotional depression, asks: *"One thing: why did you think I would know something to say?! I might not know anything... Since I didn't know, and had no idea... So this story of using me to get information doesn't add up... Unless... Unless..."* Her eyes fill with tears again. *"You wanted to have an affair with this director, regardless of who she was, so you could use her... Seduce her... Take her wherever you wanted... Like you actually did. How awful!"*

She stands up, very disappointed, and makes a move to grab her bag. Master Germano asks everyone to leave and let David and May talk. Everyone leaves through a door at the back, at the master's command.

Still standing, May was very angry, to the point of exploding. She felt deeply and doubly betrayed, because part of the blame was hers, since she had also invested in this game of seduction.

"I fell for the fairy tale of Mr. Perfect Prince!" She imitates him with total mockery and he becomes visibly angry, with his hands on his hips.

"And you, did you know you're a sorceress?! Do you have any idea how much seduction and charm you used on me?!"

May also puts her hands on her hips and faces him, face to face.

"Fake! Liar! You prostituted yourself! You sold yourself! And you would have done what you did to me to anyone! It could have been Ana, Lurdes! Anyone who held the position of director!"

She paced back and forth in front of him, standing, very nervous, but without shouting. She spoke quickly and emotionally, but did not have the strength to shout; she felt very weak. David, noticing her state, embraced her tenderly, with his characteristic gentle gesture, touching her hair and face, kissing her intensely. She gave in, because something told her she might be wrong.

"Maya, I love you! I know it seems like too soon to say something like this... But I am certain of my feelings. I've never felt for a woman what I feel for you... You know... No one can fake what I have with you... It's not sex, you feel it and you know it's much more than that... Look what happened to us with the vril generator... I want to be with you... Don't leave me and listen to me."

He takes her to the sofa. He sits down beside her and continues.

When we met in the park, as soon as we started walking and talking, an incredible connection and strong attraction began. Obviously, my mission was to make you fall for me, but what happened was the opposite... I was the one who fell... And it happened immediately. I

was so smitten that it worried me, so I asked Armando to come over, make dinner for us and keep us company, so that I would have someone to help me stay focused on my goal, which was to seduce you, and not the other way around, which is what actually happened. When the vril generator crackled and vibrated, a few centimetres before you touched it, you and I knew what we could be to each other. But neither of us said anything. What happened from then on was that both you and I became afraid. I was very afraid that my mission would ruin our future, and you thought I was dangerous, which I really am, in a way...

May was calmer, but still very upset and hurt. David had an expression of enormous regret on his face and in his body language, which showed a certain despondency. *"Let's say I understand so far. But if you fell in love and that's not true, I'll be standing in front of the greatest actor in the world, or better yet, the greatest deceitful liar in the*

world... A loudmouth... A deceiver," she emphasises, *"why did you come up with this story of continuing to use me? Training me is continuing to want me to be used... Why is that then? You, I mean, you want to use me, and I don't accept being used. It's not for my protection that you want to train me, but for your personal use... And I don't accept that."*

May could be very harsh and incisive at times. David hung his head. She continued.

"Call the little boss, the name of the ascended master and the group of archangels... Even their names are fake! Do you think I didn't realise that these names together are part of a charade? To be perfect, there would have to be seven archangels and seven masters. It seems I didn't meet the whole group, not to mention the hierarchy of angels, cherubim, seraphim, and so on. Sorry, it's my dark sense of humour that takes over when I get nervous. You know what? I have something to tell you that I haven't said until now, I've only shown you. I know that everything happened in record time, that sometimes these quick things with all this passion don't work out, but I can only tell you that I'm in love, very much so. I must also say that this whole story upset me and you should have said this before I came here and heard everything in front of the audience.

May takes several deep breaths to regain her emotional composure, pacing back and forth, deep in thought.

"You know what the biggest problem is? We don't know each other, and your 'friends from the eighths' superiors' either. I don't know if they really have anything to teach or if they just want to take things away, but I want to know what the training programme is, what they 'supposedly' have to teach me. Based on that, I'll think about it... About them and about you... Since, apparently, you can't live without them. I'm sorry, I'm angry, and give me the right to be. I'm not just angry with you, I'm angry with myself, much more than with you, be sure of that! I always blame myself for everything that happens to me, I've learned that we are solely responsible for creating and attracting the reality in which we live. I created Prince Charming, the king of sex, after such a long period without anyone. The question is what I'm creating next, apart from the fact that he told me he approached me as he would have approached anyone else.

David tries to get a word in, but she won't let him.

"No, no, no. Right now, let me be a woman, and know that this is the kind of thing a woman won't accept from the man she likes!"

She thinks for a few minutes, and he waits.

"Come on... Let's stop with the fairy tale for a moment. I want to know what they have to teach me and how they intend to teach me. You can call them! But first, I need to go to the loo."

Master Germano takes May and David to the north room. Upon entering, they find themselves in a very large round room, measuring around 150 square metres. It was surrounded by small windows, which made it dark even in broad daylight. In the centre, there was a kind of round table drawn on the floor, shaped like a circle, with another smaller one in the centre. In the marking, on top of the larger circle, there were six places for people to stand, at some of the points belonging to a star. Upon closer inspection, May realises that the star was formed by swastika arms, several interposed clockwise, unlike the larger Nazi symbol, which rotated counterclockwise. The priestess was to stand in the centre of the star, where there was a smaller circle marked out. Each person would be approximately two metres away from the others at the points and four metres away at the radial positions, with the central position always two metres away from each of the six participants.

Determined, she quickly made her way to the centre of the design on the white marble floor and observed, in detail, the various swastikas interconnected at a central point and contained within a circle, where the rays ended. The swastikas stood out like a radiant star. May analysed the scene and what was happening around her.

"What did they want to represent with this?" she wondered.

David approaches and says, *"It's the black sun, commonly called 'black sun', in its clockwise version."*

"The name you gave your IT company when you were in Curitiba, what a coincidence." May gave David another suspicious look. He noticed.

Master Germano invites everyone to take their places in the circle of the black star. so that they could get used to them and make a mental connection.

"Maya," says the master, *"I would like you to put on the white tunic, just as a sign of communion with what we are going to experience for the first time in your case. You can change by opening that door and making yourself comfortable. The place is prepared for the priestess. The tunic is hanging there waiting for you. Just put it on with nothing else underneath, and go barefoot. Remove everything so that there is no interference from other electrically conductive materials in the energy that may be generated and circulated through our bodies, if we are lucky."*

David tells her he will be with her in a few minutes. He stays behind to talk to Master Germano. When she enters, she sees that it is a standard room with a bed and bathroom. The woman's tunic was hanging next to David's, on the side of a beautifully bevelled mirror engraved with figures of suns, stars and planets, which ran from floor to ceiling and was two metres wide. She notices the constellation of Taurus, her great acquaintance, highlighted, Aldebaran – The Follower, and next to it, the M45 cluster, or more commonly identified as the Seven Sisters, represented by the brightest stars of the Pleiades or Subaru, for the Japanese, although the car company represents only six of the seven stars.

"How many places, I mean, points are there out there, including the central one?!" May asks

"Seven," he replies as soon as he arrives, "Why?!"

"I would say: *nothing, but that's typical...*" He doesn't quite understand, and disregards it.

After a few minutes of evaluating the images in front of her, May turns to David, who had already undressed completely, taking the initiative to remove her clothes and unexpectedly, without any resistance, she allows him to do so slowly, touching her body deliberately and pleasurably. When he finishes removing all her clothes, he embraces her in a state of deep desire, kissing her neck and chest, fitting himself into her, penetrating her for a few seconds, making her moan and breathe unevenly, and with great effort, he controls himself, pulling away with a soft and loving kiss on her lips. Then, picking up her clothes, he slowly dresses her, tying the white silk ribbon around her waist. He then puts on the tunic that was waiting for him, watched by her, who was in a state of deep desire. When ready, they exchange glances and, without saying a word, leave for the black sun room, feeling a little bewildered.

Master Germano walks towards the centre of the black sun, taking her by the arm, accompanied by David, who is holding the vril generator. Patiently and with positive intent, the master explains various details of the process of generating and controlling energy, going over the main points of the initial instructions on what to do and how to do it. At that very moment, given the state of union of bodies and souls, when David passes the generator into May's two hands, she receives a shock, a little stronger than normal, and the spark can be seen by everyone. Master Germano is surprised and pleased, asking the participants to immediately take their positions. Everyone is wearing the same tunic. He asks May to quickly hold the generator in a horizontal position, supported by her thumbs and the underside of her index fingers, with all the fingers of each hand open and facing forward. As soon as he gave a few commands, she was to turn on her toes, clockwise, for as long as necessary for its activation. With that, they would see how capable she was of activating the vril and maintaining it.

A quick process followed. Some commands were given to the six men present, who were barefoot, letting their arms hang down along their white tunics, seeking to dissipate the electric current through their bodies. They chant musical notes and hold them in a sustained tone, reminiscent of Tibetan monks chanting, until a Tibetan bell is rung by the master at the right moment in the energy pattern. At Germano's request, May begins to spin, and immediately she is overcome by shortness of breath, accompanied by severe dizziness. At that exact moment, the bell rings again and as soon as May takes another wobbly turn, the generator crackles, creating an intense golden light that shoots out of her hands, hitting her and keeping her trapped in an oval of radiant, sparkling energy. At this moment, the magnetic field is so strong that her feet lift off the ground by almost six inches, returning after a few seconds without any problems. The energy dissipated was not the same type that David was used to creating in the circle, but very similar to the one he and May generated when they loved each other. He then realises that this was most likely the pattern of energy she created, perhaps with his help, but it was entirely hers. After forty-five seconds of pure magic, May collapses to the floor, completely fainted.

2:00 p.m., IN THE PRIESTESS'S ROOM.

She began to wake up from her state of catharsis. On a small table, there was a tray with fruit, honey, juices, and cereal breads filled with cottage cheese and blueberry jam.

Only David was by her side. The others waited for her to wake up in the central room where they had been welcomed. May began to stir. Without opening her eyes, she called for David. She was in a state of delirium, between dreaming and waking.

"David... David... I want you!"

He was apprehensive. He held May's right hand tightly, without letting go.

"I'm here... Wake up... I'll always be here for you... Wake up, Maya, come on! You need to wake up and eat."

She gradually regains her strength. He brings her a glass of peach juice and helps her drink it, sip by sip. A few minutes later, she opens her eyes and smiles. David is overjoyed to see her returning to normal. As soon as she manages to eat a little, she regains almost all her energy. David suggests she take a shower, as the water could invigorate her. He prepares the bath and gets in with her, supporting her, holding her close to him the whole time and letting the water fall vigorously. As soon as she regains more of her lost energy, he lets her balance herself, with his constant care. He dries their bodies and lies down with her under the sheets, waiting for his beloved to fully recover. Half an hour later, she seems almost normal, due to an obvious clinical sign.

"Oh, that feels so good... The two of you like that... Close together and naked...", exclaims May a.

He lets out a hearty laugh of happiness, realising that his usual humour and constant warmth have returned.

"If you can get up and walk, I'll help you, of course, and we can go home. Master

Germano will just talk to you quickly, and we'll rest for the rest of the day."

They get up, David gets dressed first and helps May, who resembles someone with a hangover.

"Everything's spinning," she said graciously.

They leave the bedroom and go to the living room where the other members of the group are waiting. Able to walk on her own, David simply supports her, holding her waist for safety. They sit on the smaller sofa, positioned between two larger ones, where the others in the group are seated separately. Master Germano prefers to sit in the armchair facing the couple's sofa, as if chairing a meeting.

"I'm glad to see you regaining your energy so quickly! Very interesting! When David took this test, he slept all day and no one could wake him up, not to mention that he burned himself. Your Maya test was the most perfect mastery I have ever seen. You have excellent control of vril energy. With the right training, you could be a great master. We need to speed up this training as much as possible. I want to see you tomorrow at the same time."

He turns to David: *"Make sure she eats well and rests. No more strenuous physical contact, if you understand me. She needs to come here tomorrow with all her vril energy ready to release. We will try to release the energy plasma through your union with her and without..."*

Master Germano pauses and continues.

"She should become stronger with your touch. Just being physically together, feeling that bond. I believe that if you are physically connected to her at the moment of capturing the vril, she will not faint..."

"I know she won't, because we've already done this during lovemaking, and she doesn't faint."

"Yes, you told me that, so now let's try a simpler contact, like a hug and even something... Even simpler, like both of you holding hands. That may be enough for the flow of light to circulate and not give her the strong impact she received, draining her own vril energy. However, I am sure that, in a short time, she will maintain her energy in a balanced way without your help. Her body is being reprogrammed. You need to be alert and physically fit to channel the flow pattern that comes from the planet, not the one that comes from you. That is the right flow."

May listened without saying anything.

4 p.m. In David's apartment bedroom, Maya was resting.

Carrying a typical large cappuccino with whipped cream and some butter cookies, just the way she liked them, David wakes her up. She opens her eyes, smiles and stretches. The tray is placed next to her on the bed so she can eat. Sitting next to May, he admires her for a long time.

"I want you to recover completely, and then I need to talk to you... Continuing what we started in the group..."

David still looked very worried and spoke in a low, weak voice, but he was always affectionate.

May places the cappuccino cup on the tray after emptying it. She slowly eats a biscuit, rubs her fingers together to remove the sugar residue, and places the tray on the bedside table. She straightens her back, sits on her knees, stretching a little more and showing the shape of her body against the light, which was clearly visible in her provocative white lace nightgown.

"Look, I'm feeling refreshed. In fact, I feel so good that... It's good for us to get out here, out of bed and into the living room... Ah, never mind, it doesn't change anything!" she giggles mischievously. David responds to her laughter with just a smile, but then becomes serious and looks concerned.

"I need to talk to you, otherwise I won't be able to function anymore."

May was fully aware of how dangerous everything that was happening in her life and in the lives of those around her was. For this very reason, due to her positive and highly energetic personality, she found escape in her "little jokes", which, in fact, alleviated the emotional distress of others in certain situations. In fact, she saw beyond everything, through the basic web that clouds people's minds and prevents them from having a basic view of the horizon. On the contrary, she had already predicted, based on pure analysis combined with a great deal of intuition, what the next steps and possibilities for David might be.

"Darling, you can talk... I'm here and I'll listen without reacting. I promise. Go ahead."

Once again, he clears his throat before speaking.

"Maya, when I found this group you met, I already had some training in subtle energy control. Some of it was done with Tibetan monks. I lived in Tibet for almost a year. I was in two monasteries that work with an energy called Chi Kung, spelled and written in various ways, qigong, ch'gung and others. That was over eight years ago, at a time when I didn't even know Armando... Pedro. When I came back from there, I decided to start a business, and that's when we met. Well, that was the beginning of how and why I started to attract related events into my daily life... And..."

She interrupts: *"Oh, I know a little about qigong. But why did you look into it?"*

"Dreams, I had very frequent dreams, which were disturbing. I would wake up in the middle of the night, sweaty and scared, I saw faces of people I didn't know, different images, some interesting and others bad. I saw images described in the same way as the master

Germano described the Ice Castle amid clouds and frozen vapour... And I had also seen your face. When I saw you, live and in colour, I recognised that it was something just for me and that it had absolutely nothing to do with the fact that they had asked me to contact someone from the pharmaceutical industry's board of directors. Then you mentioned my surname... OK, OK, it could be a coincidence, Bacon is a common surname in England, but everything came together in synchronistic facts, parodying a phrase you yourself like to say, and facts you like to correlate. When I went to Tibet, I was very physically exhausted because I couldn't rest properly. Several people advised me to try everything, homeopathy, acupuncture, Ayurvedic medicine... This helped for a while, and then again the dreams, the faces, and I couldn't sleep. That's why I dedicated myself even more to studying with the Rosicrucians. It was the only thing that clarified for me, through learning, what this could be and that, in fact, I could not escape it, but rather needed to develop some mediumistic and perhaps psychic abilities, which were untrained and urgently needed to be controlled. Advised by them, the masters of Curitiba, I went to immerse myself in information that had long been lost and kept sacred by small groups. After Tibet, I lived for three months in Egypt, on the Giza Plateau, the neighbourhood right next to the pyramids. I was twenty-eight years old and felt lost and confused. In Giza, I lived among the people, with elderly people who loved to tell stories about their past and the past of their ancestors. After two months there, getting to know many people, they accepted me as one of their own, and it was only from that moment on that I received the most fantastic information. One night, I think it was February or March, as if they had planned everything, seven elders from the village gathered in a house. The night was very clear. The moon was tremendously impressive, creating an imposing presence, and they pointed to the sky, where, in the midst of that captivating sky, aided by indescribable clarity, the constellation Canis Major stood out, and there it was, Sirius... A little higher up, Orion's Belt and the Pleiades were all clearly visible. They thanked the gods of these places for their influence on men on earth and said that the alignment of the pyramids, which occurred at the equinoxes and solstices, was so that we would remember them and receive their cosmic energy. At dawn, near sunrise, amid ceremonies and a great change in the sky, with most of the other stars having left the visible field, the elders asked me to focus on the line of the Milky Way and locate the constellation Cygnus, or Swan, and stare at its alpha star, Deneb. It was the moment when I felt, for the first time, my heart beating so hard that it almost stopped. I think I went into a trance, helped perhaps by fatigue, by the chants and by some things they gave us to drink. Several themes were revealed to me... Until that moment, I had never paid any attention when I looked at the sky, but from then on and to this day, I look for the stars all the time. It was at that moment that I was introduced to the secrets of ancient Egypt, its true origin, its influences from other peoples who came from the stars... Fantastic information... Something that these villagers do not share with those who come seeking data for books, articles, films, television shows or even archaeologists. They only introduce these mysteries to those they consider their children. My mystical-esoteric studies were worth a lot from that day on, and I never questioned them again.

May settles in, adjusts the pillows, and looks as if she is watching a film, and this is the most interesting one ever produced. For two hours, David described how those elders led him into the pyramids of Cheops through tunnels located and hidden in the village. Through these tunnels, he reached the Sphinx of Giza and, beneath it, passed into the great pyramid, travelling through tunnels and chambers, having incredible revelations.

"It took many nights... They did this and passed on to me most of the mysteries of that region and their sacred knowledge. It was on one of those nights, while in a

chamber inside the pyramid, they made me relax and enter a deep state of meditation. In this state, I encountered a being, whom I have already mentioned to you, who may or may not be a representation of my own higher consciousness or even a being from another dimension and region of space. I do not know what to believe, nor do I question it. All I do is follow what I heard, as I thought it was important for me. This being, female, identifying herself as Maya-Isis... Yes, just like your name, adding Isis, typically Egyptian... She had the whitest skin I have ever seen, long blond hair, large, almond-shaped, greenish eyes, like yours, and wore a very beautiful, unusual outfit made of a shiny metallic fabric that clung to her body. She had a strong, square jaw and a small, straight nose. She told me she was the superior representation, in a universe existing in another dimension, of a person I would meet in what is considered my future. She said that, in the same dimension where I am, I should search in parallel realities for someone I needed to find and that both she, Maya-Isis, and this other person on Earth, when found, would join me so that we could complete a task that had long remained unfinished and that it was our destiny to do so, before other people could take hold of it and cause destruction that the Earth would no longer need to go through, as it was close to ascension...

May frantically waves her arms and gets out of bed, pacing back and forth. When she calms down, she sits back down on the bed, next to him, and asks him to continue.

"Good heavens! What a story! I'm going to write a book and put all this in it... Maya... Another Maya... Or am I Maya, at a higher level of consciousness, in another dimension... The veil of Isis in Egypt has the same meaning as the name Maya... The web of Maya that obscures the vision of those who are not free to see... In fact, it's the same name, just with a different representation! She was talking about me to you, or it was my other 'self' talking about me to you! I've got goosebumps!" She seems a little hysterical about what has been revealed.

He smiles at the comical way she was trying to rid herself of her confused thoughts.

"Did you understand when I talked about different dimensions and parallel universes within each dimension?! Do you understand the concept? It's important that you do, otherwise it's difficult to know what I'm referring to," says David.

"Yes, yes, I know! Or I think I know," she says excitedly. "I've always had a hobby of studying theoretical physics and this concept of parallel universes in the same dimension, that is, horizontal divisions of potential possibilities, each one possible to occur, with the expression of a potential event, coming out of a causality. In other words, in a parallel life, J. Kennedy was not elected president and lived to a ripe old age. In another life, simultaneous, in a parallel universe, he was elected president and died... Or they killed him... In another parallel life, he became president and did not die, and so on, falling into the derivative of 'n factorials' of each event and choices he made. There are infinite possibilities, all linked to free will, that is, choices we make that generate even more infinite possibilities in 'n factorials', and so on. So, according to what Maya-Isis told you, 'she is me' in another dimension... Verticalisation of universes that derive from higher frequencies, like musical tones... Like octaves... That's why they say 'up there in the higher octaves'... And so on, so to speak. And you needed to find me, in the dimensional universe I was in, trying to move from one parallel to another until I made this total change or we entered, with our two universes, into collision and into a common centre, where we would be together... The 'vescica piscis' allowed the union between two realities into one... And you found me! Or we found each other!"

David is surprised at the speed with which she explains these concepts, both

in the field of modern theoretical physics as well as in the world of the invisible to the visible.

"Amazing... Yes, I think that's right. That's what she explained to me, in short... And she asked me to find and take care of the crystals..."

May was almost having an anxiety attack.

"What crystals? What crystals?!"

"The crystals that Himmler, Hess, and their gang sent people all over the Earth to find, and that their disciples and descendants are still looking for. The crystals that Enoch from the Bible worked with to pass from one dimension to another and from one parallel universe to another, in the same dimension. Fortunately, they were never found."

May becomes quiet and speaks as if in a trance.

"The Keys of Enoch... The apocrypha and the writings of... John Dee..."

David changes his state, as he is tremendously surprised by what she says, thinking that he would be the only one on Earth who could correlate these names with what he had just said.

"How do you know?! Where did you get that from? What else do you know?!"

May stands up and walks across the room, stopping in front of David.

I am using my power of correlation more than ever. If I am who I potentially can be and if you are who you are likely to be, well, look at your name... Bacon... My name... Maya... What I have studied and understand perfectly... My greatest admirer in world history: Francis Bacon, along with Walter Raleigh, bastard sons of Queen Elizabeth I, who received the best education in this world, including the best in the other world, day by day with John Dee and others. The two were sent by their mother on a study trip, in this world and the other world, for three years. Wow, now that I realise it, just like you. And in one of those years, they stayed in Egypt, being trained by the best priests. You did everything the same. There, they certainly learned about the history of crystals. I don't know where they got the crystals from, but what I do know is that after John Dee was frightened by them, because they were too powerful for him to control, not even he and Kelly together could... He had them hidden somewhere..."

"Wow, Maya... It took me years to reach that conclusion and you reveal it in a few minutes?! That's charming and frustrating at the same time!"

"Frustrating? I don't know why you find it frustrating! I revealed it in minutes, but it took me years to learn the facts that you gave me the chance to piece together and understand only now! Only now!" she exclaims emphatically.

She falls exhausted onto the bed. She lies there, arms and legs spread out, imitating Da Vinci's Vitruvian Man. And she continues talking as if in a reverie.

"I understand now... I understand now..."

At that moment, it was David who was lost.

"What did you understand?!" he asks, "I was confused, I must confess that I thought I knew, but now..."

She gets up and sits on the bed.

"OK, sorry, I spoke too fast and blurted out a bunch of things that had been on my mind for a long time! What I meant to say is that I understand that I need to learn how to generate, maintain and control the use of vril energy, or whatever name you want to give it. I prefer 'qi', because it sounds more positive to me, without the 'evil history' behind it... And with it, I can find the crystals, which will also have to be controlled... It's like the Ark of the Covenant, which only priests could touch. I saw a video of researcher and writer Graham Hancock saying that there were several types of arks and that the Ark of the Covenant was probably one of them. I believe that one of these arks had the crystals inside, just like the famous ark of the

The Bible had the Ten Commandments. If someone inadvertently touched it, they would receive a shock of millions of megawatts, or simply a huge discharge of electromagnetic energy, and probably... Yes... Probably, that's the main reason, electromagnetic energy... It's the power of God... The same power as the Ark of the Covenant... And this power may have been given by beings who brought it to Earth, coming from one of these higher or parallel dimensions, mistaken for gods... Or the God of the Bible and other ancient sacred scriptures... YHVH, Shiva, Krishna, Horus, Gilgamesh, Enkidu, Jesus, Buddha, etc. All were or had hybrid components from other civilisations, demigods... Children of God. All, in one way or another, dealt with the control of these sacred energies, and look, it is so often mentioned in books and so often represented by paintings in archaeological sites that it is frightening to see how people are unaware of its existence! The little problem I find is in the previous phase... Are we demigods to have the real right to control this?

At that very moment, May's mobile phone rings. It was Ana. They had found Maria and she was at a police station. May gets dressed and they rush to the scene.

7 PM. AT THE POLICE STATION IN THE VILA MARIANA NEIGHBOURHOOD.

Ana and Armando were at the front door, waiting for their friends. David's X5 parks on the side street and, in a hurry, they get out and head for the entrance.

"What happened? Where did you find her?" David asked Ana and Armando.

"We spent the whole day going from police station to police station and also searched several hospitals... And nothing. Then a police officer from this station sent us a photo on his mobile phone, asking if it was her. According to him, she was brought here by a couple who found her wandering the streets, barefoot, wearing a Greek or Roman-style robe, something like that, and unable to remember who she was. They said they couldn't release her without someone from her family coming and proving, through some document, that they were a relative or her husband, and could take responsibility for her," Armando explains quickly.

"I was following the problem and yesterday I took the liberty of calling Maria's husband, Fred. He has already arrived at the airport and will be here shortly. Being a solicitor, he will be able to help. I have already explained to him everything I should and could... Of course, saying that she had some kind of brain problem causing memory loss and that this was the only explanation for her disappearance. Maria's daughter is staying with her maternal grandmother and older sister, who are in a pitiful state of nerves," Ana explains.

When Ana called, she asked May to bring clothes for Maria to change into before her husband arrived and saw her like that. Luckily, after taking her details and photos, the policewoman understood the problem and let Maria take a shower, as she was filthy, and change her clothes. After a thorough shower, deodorant and perfume, she looked much better, and even the water helped ease her state of numbness. In the bathroom, under the bright lights, May noticed Maria's dilated pupils, and when she made her look at the light, they did not contract.

"She's drugged," May said to Ana.

"That's why she's like this, with no memory. She's out of it. But she's calm, very calm, no agitation. What drug could it be?!"

"Don't mention anything here, we'll tell David and Armando when we leave. We can't risk anyone overhearing us. We need to take a blood sample right away. Go to the pharmacy, buy a syringe, and we'll use my belt to hold her arm down. We have to find out what they gave her," May added.

While Maria's husband was not yet home, in order to cover up and truly take care of her friend, Ana went out with Armando to buy chocolate milk and fruit to feed her, as well as a disposable syringe. Ana, being a biologist, would take a blood sample and place it in a tube. Upon returning with the purchases, she hid the syringe and tube in her bag. Thirty minutes later, Fred arrived. Maria had already been eating and was showing signs of improvement, minute by minute, but she still did not remember who she was, remaining calm and distant from everything.

"What happened to her?! Her mother told me she didn't sleep at home last night and that

she had left for work early and never returned." He crouches down so she can see him better. *"Maria, dear, do you know who I am?!"* He tries to bring her back to consciousness, but she shows no response.

Ana and Armando offered to take them to a good hospital, where Maria should be admitted and kept under observation. To cover up, Ana suggested the possibility of a minor stroke, which could have caused such a disturbance. Accompanied by Ana, Armando takes them in his SUV straight to Albert Einstein Hospital.

May and David head home, waiting for news.

It was dawn. The temperature in the room was set at 21°C, slightly higher than outside. A chorus of male voices intones sounds similar to those heard in Buddhist monasteries and temples. All the men stand on the mandala constructed on the floor. One woman stood in the centre of a black circle. From this circle emerged geometric shapes resembling twelve rays, connecting to a larger circle. Six men, dressed in white linen togas, took up positions at the ends of the rays. Six more gentlemen were needed to complete the mandala of the central black sun. Their places were reserved.

The priestess wears an Etruscan-style white silk stole, her head covered by a cloak, similar to a pallium, tied to the stole. Her face is not visible, but her young, slender body is noticeable. She is served an infusion with a bitter smell and taste. Her movements are slow and unsteady, obeying any command given to her. Without expression in her voice or body language, she sways gently as if following an imaginary spiral. When she finishes drinking the infusion, the spinning movement of her body intensifies. Even without moving from her spot, it seems as if she will fall at any moment. Her body begins to defy the laws of physics governing balance. Her feet turn inward and her light blue eyes, now visible in the dim light of sparse yellow lamps, open wide and stare at something on the ceiling of the room that only she could see. Her mouth mumbles words that are almost impossible to understand, except for those who had been trained in the ancient Frisian dialect. Tremors run through her body, she moans sensually, looks with desire at the men present, without really noticing them. They continue to chant the same sounds, but the intensity and speed are increased at the command of one of the seven Tibetan bells, arranged next to the circle, always rung by the same man, who seems to be in charge of the ritual. This process was accompanied by a change of positions each time the bell rang, in a counterclockwise direction, moving from the right to the position immediately to its left.

Next, the infusion is served to everyone in the circle. Another woman, dressed like the priestess, with a light golden cloak over her shoulders, carried the tray and pure gold cups, which contained 50 ml of the drink that everyone was to drink on command. The order is given. For several minutes, the members of the mandala continue to observe the priestess. Some time after drinking, they display the same swaying motion, instantly fixing their feet at their point of strength, the black knot where the ray-shaped arm meets the larger circle, that of the black star.

There were seven bells. Seven notes were played, and finally, the priestess receives in her hands, handed to her by the other mysterious woman, the vril generator, which she strangely places in an upright position in her left hand, holding the tube with the knot of the generator with her ring finger and middle finger, leaving her little finger, thumb and index finger with the antenna paper and representing the signal of the lowest level of vibration of the star's energy.

In a few seconds, several particles of light begin to be seen, projecting from both sides of the generator's crowns, giving the impression of having an order for entry and exit. Gradually, a magnetic field forms around the device and the girl's arm is projected,

automatically, forward, parallel to the floor, beginning to vibrate violently. The men stop chanting and begin to fear what might happen, as the device and its power appear to be expanding uncontrollably. Suddenly, the priestess, who seemed completely automaton-like, abruptly raises her arm above her head, placing the generator in a horizontal position. The force field could now be seen, and it had built an infinity-shaped vortex for the circulation of particles and their greater energisation, going from floor to ceiling. Surprising everyone, the field stabilises for the first time and the particles take over the priestess's body in the same way as they expand, doing the same to those present in the black mandala. The energy was tremendously exciting and their bodies trembled incessantly, due to a mixture of the electricity running through their organs and the visions they had, each in their own way. Some saw horrible images and screamed, others saw images of angelic beings, others still had images of sensual beings in front of them, curiously without preventing them from seeing and being aware of what was happening around them. Several minutes passed before the intensity of the visions decreased dramatically and the members returned to normal. From this moment on, at a command given by the leader, the priestess removes her tunic, lying down on it, in the centre of the star, on her robes, keeping the vril generator on her navel. She relaxed on her fallen clothes, opening her arms and legs, waiting for each of those present to finish what they had to do next. The visions still present for some would impose an order. Those who were not yet ready, who had not awakened, would follow those who were already longing for the final moment. When each man lies down on her and the generator, reaching maximum virility, the energy expands, causing the vril, now of lesser intensity, to leave their bodies through their heads, returning through the base chakra, circulating in their spine in a powerful and tremendously pleasurable spiral, delineating a visible serpent of light, until it culminates in total fulfilment. One by one, they serve themselves, and at the same time, their energy diminishes, as does the electromagnetic field of the vril.

When the orgy ends, they find that the priestess is dead. No surprise there.

As had happened to her predecessors, her body is wrapped in white linen sheets and taken to an incinerator in a nearby room. Nothing remains of her, who participated in the vril ceremony several times.

Only one was spared, because she was saved...

8:30 a.m., IN THE COSMETICS LABORATORY.

"Did you have the lab staff analyse the samples? When will we have the results?!" May asked Ana.

"Around four. How did David react to those people at the house when you told him you wouldn't be going there today?"

"He understood that I needed more time. He was just worried that I came. He thinks I might disappear at any moment. Any news from Maria? Did Fred call? Or did you call him this morning?" May asks.

"I haven't called yet, I thought it was too early. I'll wait a little longer. Yesterday, the doctor who saw us thought her general condition was inexplicable. Like us, they thought she seemed to have taken some kind of drug, but they ran tests and found nothing, I mean, nothing related to conventional drugs. For more in-depth research, Fred would have to pay, and he said he didn't need to. In fact, he didn't want to pay for expensive tests. We know very well that if they are other drugs, the kind used in these rituals, they would not be identified by traditional methods. So, since we have a sample of her blood, we'll find it here. We are equipped for that. Did David really not see you take that bottle?"

"When I went into the bedroom to change, he took two or three minutes. During that time, I saw the bottle of water and immediately assumed it was for me to drink before the 'ceremony' in case I felt thirsty. It would have the effect of providing some 'extra' help to perform adequately, following the 'master's' commands..."

"But how did you hide the fact that you drank it and that it had an effect?!" Ana was confused.

All vril ceremonies were accompanied by scopolamine. This drug was invented for mind control by the Nazis and was used from the beginning by the vril society. They said it eliminated any resistance a person might have to submitting to the energy, allowing it to flow. So I went there prepared to collect samples. I had taken some small tubes from the laboratory for liquids and small bags for powders. As it acts very quickly, I figured they would have to give it to me without my knowledge a few minutes before I entered the suit. Before David went in, I opened the bottle, poured it into the glass, obviously without drinking it, and put it in the small tube I gave you."

"Brilliant! Simply brilliant! But what if there's nothing in the water?!"

Ana, the Nazis put it in water, and according to conspiracy theories, in the United States, in several regions, including New York, it is added to the city's drinking water. This explains the paranoid reactions of young people entering schools and cinemas to kill people. This is a side effect of this drug; it is possible to give any suggestion to the person who drinks it, and they will do it without questioning. Just to remind you, there are several medicines designed to relieve menstrual cramps and pain, such as kidney stones, which are currently the most prescribed medicines with more modern variants of this same chemical chain, with a slight modification."

"But did David know that? Did he offer you the water?!"

May becomes thoughtful.

"When he came in, he did look at the bottle and the glass, which was supposedly used, so he would think

I took. The conclusion on this will be based on whether this drug, or similar derivatives, are in the water. If they are, I will start to worry and observe his reactions more closely and do some tests. If they are not, that's fine, better that way.

May's face looked apprehensive. She continues.

"The abuse of this drug, I mean, imagine if I had taken the whole bottle and it was really there and he knew. Abuse, overdose, causes hallucinations, rapid heartbeat, low blood pressure, dilated pupils, as happened with Maria, mental confusion and even memory loss, not to mention being very toxic, causing numbness and paralysis. Numbness was another characteristic of Maria. We took blood with a huge needle... And..."

"That was the only one they had at the pharmacy, there weren't any smaller ones!" Ana defends herself.

"I'm not referring to that, but to the fact that the needle was large, it hurt, and she didn't even feel it... Classic effect. I believe we will find this drug in Maria's blood."

"Do you think she was used as a... a priestess?" Ana showed more confusion and nervousness.

"From the clothes, the general condition of the body, and the drug... Unfortunately, yes."

"Maya... And David..."

"Let's wait for the test results and, therefore, evidence..."

Around midday, they received news from Maria. She was regaining her memory and would be able to go home by the end of the afternoon. Ana and May would visit her at her house in the evening to see her and, if possible, get some information.

4 p.m.

Ana and Lurdes arrive with a folder in May's office. Both appear tense. May asks them to close the door and sit down in front of her desk. The anticipation was palpable. In the silence, she stares at her friends, watching and waiting. Seeing that they are not speaking, she stretches out her arm, palm up, in a clear signal that she wants the briefcase.

"Let me see..."

Ana finally spoke up.

"How do you get these things right?! I'm amazed! You put scopolamine directly into Maria's blood and... And... In... The water sample... What are you going to do?! Well, there's more. You didn't predict this, but there were atypical plant components in Maria's blood. Various alkaloids, including DMT."

May is surprised.

"Yes, now you've got me... DMT?! Alkaloids, I understand the intended use, to increase hallucinations, and DMT creates a state of surrender, of communion with others. Some people see angels, some see nymphs and Greek gods of sex, it increases sexual appetite and predisposes you, that may be why, but mixing it with scopolamine... Wow, what a bomb! It kills you if you abuse it, but first you'll go completely crazy."

"Maya," says Ana, "I remember a professor at the University of Campinas, Faculty of Food Engineering, Dr. Daniel, he told us about Ayahuasca. From what he described and from the HPLC analysis reports, using the 'massa-massa' library, they found... Look... She points out the molecules that could be present in the mentioned decoction, usually a tea. Look it up on the internet, on Google to be faster..."

May searched and in a few seconds read aloud: *"It's from Wikipedia, generic, but it works: Ayahuasca is a drink produced from two Amazonian plants: [Banisteriopsis caapi](#) and [Psychotria viridis](#). The name means vine of the dead. According to some advocates of its religious and ritualistic use, hoasca is not a [hallucinogen](#). Its advocates prefer to use the*

the term entheogen (Greek en- = inside/internal, -theo- = god/divinity, -genos = generator), or 'generator of inner divinity', since its use occurs in specific ritualistic contexts. For its critics, however, the user's sociocultural choice or the religious tolerance of some countries towards its active ingredient, DMT, does not alter its classification, since the objective remains to induce personal visions and altered states through the ingestion of a substance. According to user reports, hoasca produces an expansion of perception that allows one to clearly see the imagination and access subconscious psychic levels and other perceptions of reality, while remaining conscious of what is happening – the so-called mirages. Adherents consider this state to be supramental, "delusion-free" and one of "hyperlucidity" or ecstasy. In a religious context, such phenomena are attributed to clairvoyance, projection of consciousness, access to ethereal records (akashic records) or spiritual contacts. In other experiences, depending on the formulation of each group and particular tolerance, the altered state occurs through inner visions close to a meditative state, in which the user can distinguish such personal visions or "mirações" from "external reality." Scientifically, the psychoactive property of ayahuasca is due to the presence, in the leaves of the chacrona, of a hallucinogenic substance called N,N-dimethyltryptamine (DMT), produced naturally (in smaller doses) in the human body. Rick Strassman speculated that the pineal gland is its producer in the human body, however, there are no clinical studies to prove this...".

Lurdes resumes the discussion.

"Look, from everything I've heard from you, these crazy people must have introduced this drink into the vril cult, and the stuff must be more potent, maybe even crazier..."

Ana thinks aloud.

"I'm going to search the electronic libraries on pharmacognosy, phytochemistry and pharmacology. I'll gather everything and send it to you tonight, let's get the data!"

Remembering David and the problem that could exist from now on, Ana asks again.

"What are you going to do?"

May reclines in the black leather armchair and stares at the ceiling of the room, pensively. She had a pen in her hand and placed it, tip down, on the edge of her mouth, staying like that for a few seconds.

"Test... And see where 'who' wants to go, and what 'who' wants with me. The most important thing is who this 'who' is... After all."

Lurdes looks like she doesn't understand anything, but Ana understands very well.

"What time are we going to Maria's house?" asks Lurdes, and continues: "I think it's better if you two go and I wait for news. There may be a lot of people there, and her husband, mother and sister may be very stressed. It's a good idea to call before you leave and check whether you should go today or tomorrow."

"I understand, and you're right, from one point of view, but if she participated in what I believe she participated in, she'll have to explain it clearly, and we need the details. At least, I need them!" May replies.

Ana and Lurdes look at each other with an expression of a big problem ahead.

6:30 p.m. AT MARIA'S HOUSE.

Maria's mother warmly welcomes Ana and May. Dona Laura is a beautiful lady with brown hair and eyes, fair skin, approximately sixty years old, slim and of medium height. She had huge dark circles under her eyes, showing nights without sleep due to concern for her daughter.

"How is she?! Is she regaining her memory?!" asks Ana.

"Every moment, a new memory appears. She is able to recognise people, especially family, which is the main thing. The lapses are more spaced out. What she hardly remembers is what happened in the last few days. We all want to know where she has been and what happened that caused this problem. Come in, she is in her room, but awake."

Her friends find Maria much better. She had not yet regained her usual youthful and beautiful appearance, but compared to the person they had found at the police station, the one they saw now was wonderful. The two sit on the edge of the bed, each holding one of Maria's hands. They spent a few minutes talking about pleasantries and topics that might make their friend feel better. When they realised that her memory had returned almost completely, they asked if they could ask her some questions. Maria lowered her head, feeling extremely sad, but decided to speak.

"I remember everything, or almost everything. I told my family that I still don't remember just to put off more questions like the ones they've been asking, especially Fred. I'll tell you...", May let go of her hand, encouraging her to speak.

"My friend, do whatever your heart desires. If you can tell us something that helps us understand what what happened to you and that we believe has to do with this crazy story that surrounds us, who knows, maybe we can help more people."

"I'm going to tell you, I can't take hiding all this anymore. I hid it from you for over a month because I thought you would blame me. When you started telling me, Maya, about the things you were going through with David this past week, I thought about telling you, but I was afraid... And... They're crazy and dangerous... And..."

Maria was slow, calm and able to speak, controlling her emotional state reasonably well, which clearly wanted to surface at times. She probably still had some traces of the drugs she had taken in her system. She pauses for a few seconds, looks closely at May and Ana and continues.

"I met him at the bookshop in Morumbi Shopping Centre. I was looking at some books and, on that day, I was alone. When I went to get a book from a higher shelf, a man took it down for me, and when I realised, he apologised and handed it to me. We looked at each other and started talking. We immediately felt a strong connection and attraction. He was everything I could have dreamed of, until..."

She tries to compose herself from her first display of emotion since they arrived and continues, without her friends interrupting.

"We had coffee together and enjoyed it so much that we talked until late. When I realised, four hours had passed and it felt like only a few minutes. We exchanged

We exchanged phone numbers and met the next day. We had dinner at a nice place and then... we got involved. Fred travels a lot, and I could do this without him noticing. I knew he also had someone else, and I felt it was my right. My mother stayed with Mariana, who, being still young, goes to bed early. I said I was taking a refresher course. After a while, she began to suspect something and asked me why the course didn't take place when Fred was around. I apologised, saying that I could arrange the class schedule as I wished, which satisfied her for a while, until yesterday," May listened to Maria's story and comforted her, while investigating further.

"I understand, Maria, I understand that when you're alone, these things can happen, especially if you had already discovered the betrayal before. That's where the first question comes in, if I may, and you have the right not to answer: did you know that we wouldn't blame you for this part and that we would do everything we could to help balance the situation and find a way out, within what was possible? You know that's true, so why didn't you tell us? There's another influencing factor that inhibited the process," says May.

"She can use scientific language at a time like this, just look!" says Ana, trying to break the tension. At the same time, Maria takes a deep breath and raises her eyes to the left side of her head, searching her memory.

Miguel began to dominate my life. I gave in at first because I thought he was perfect. Gradually, I realised that he was trying to lead me down the path he wanted, steering my thoughts towards his goals. He said he was part of a secret society and that they needed me because I had special powers to dominate... That same energy you mentioned, Maya... Vril. When you mentioned the same name, I froze. I thought they were spying on me, so I distanced myself. On the other hand, I realised that something was wrong, and I wanted to tell you. I didn't want you to get involved like I did."

Maria becomes upset, blushes deeply, and begins to sweat. May and Ana look at each other with positive expressions.

"Maria, I can see you're nervous, but that's good. It means your body is getting rid of the drugs they gave you," says Ana.

May was very concerned, as she sensed that, unfortunately, David might have the same intention. Until now, she did not know if the group Maria was referring to had anything to do with Master Germano's Thule Society, or if it was the group in the basement of the laboratory, if it existed at all. At this point, she was becoming very fearful. She asks Maria to continue and try to give details.

"His name is Miguel. He has very light, blue-green eyes, along with a mixture of grey and green. He has very light blond hair, I would say it's a shade of blond with beige."

"Yes, she's definitely getting back to normal!" says Ana excitedly, reflecting her happiness at seeing her friend regain her ability to observe and classify. Typical of a scientist. At this moment, May has in mind the same Miguel she met at the Thule Society with David. A chill settles in her stomach.

"He started telling me intriguing things. Like what it was like to master energies... available on Earth. He told me about the Chi Kung people of China: 5,000 years ago, when there were emperors who called themselves the sons of heaven, attributing divinity to themselves on Earth, something like demigods... They had the power to control chi through kung exercises. He was trained there and, because of that, ended up meeting some people who talked about vril. Thinking it was the same thing, he went to find out. Miguel has been with them for a few years, he told me, his power has increased a lot, but it is far from being the same thing that the Chinese masters did, as much as everyone else in that society, he said. He said that the masters there in China said that he would not be able to properly master shi because he did not quiet his mind. It has to be

empty to achieve this. In the group he participates in, they use drugs, which quiet the mind in a way and take it to a higher state of connection, forged, but it works. You don't have to do anything at all to achieve it, just take the drugs."

May and Ana take a deep breath, already knowing what would come next. May speaks up.

Maria, with your background, you're a biologist, Ph.D. in cellular and molecular biology, how could you let them give you drugs?! Sorry, I have no right to criticise you...

"All right... I know... But what I need to say is that, actually, when Miguel started telling me this, I immediately got scared and wanted to get out of there. I ended everything with him. What I didn't know was that at that very moment, he added some drug to my drink. When I wanted to leave, my body wouldn't respond, I heard voices... And the worst part was that I accepted their commands. Miguel was talking to me, but I saw and heard someone else, suddenly there were a lot of people around me... The images were all distorted... They were men, all older than Miguel, and I... They said things... They suggested things and I couldn't resist. I remember taking off my clothes and doing things with all of them... I remember images... Several images... And then I know I passed out. That happened on the day I disappeared. When I came back, I was in a huge, very large room. Strangely, I was standing up, wearing a Roman-style dress, with nothing underneath. I was barefoot, dirty and cold. I still had no idea who I was or where I was, and suddenly I saw Miguel. He brought me tea and wanted me to drink it, no matter what. He said I had no choice. I looked around; there were no windows, nothing, just a few lamps. I was standing on top of a bizarre design, like a black star, whose image alluded to lightning bolts that were tied at the ends in a circle. I couldn't move. My feet were stuck in the centre of the star and one of those men, the oldest one, appeared, touching my whole body in a stupid way and speaking in a language I didn't understand at all, but at his command, I drank all the tea. It was bitter, certainly made from plants unknown to our palate. Within minutes, I started vomiting, a lot, and when I felt better, I started seeing things. Again, images of faces, strange figures around me. There were a lot of things flying around and a rosette, or something like that, opened up in front of me. It spun slowly, looking like it was going to swallow me. That's when I heard a voice say, "Vomit, vomit, it will save you." I think I must have vomited again.

"Certainly, given the state we found you in. Your clothes were covered in vomit," Ana added, grimacing in disgust. May continued to listen seriously, recognising many of the details she had experienced at the Thule Society with David. Her inner horror began to surface, as he too could have been imbued with leading her to this. Maria had spent a month with them and fallen into the trap. What would become of her in just one week?! How could one get to know someone deeply in such a short time? May asked Maria a question.

"What happened next and how did you manage to escape from there?!"

"Actually, I don't remember everything clearly. I only know that after I vomited several times, the visions diminished in intensity. I was able to start thinking. That's when I realised that the men present, about six or seven of them, were also wearing clothes like mine, Greek, Roman or something like that. Someone appeared... I remember a young, blonde, thin woman. I didn't know if I was seeing something in my head or if it was real. What I remember is that she gave me something else to drink, I think it was coffee, told me to drink it quickly and that she would get me out of there, she had taken care of the others by putting something in their tea. After that, I remember an elevator... Leaving through a garage that led to a field... I remember drums, like the ones in the laboratory's raw material storage... I think I was somewhere like that, but I couldn't see properly, let alone read, my pupils must have been very dilated. I just remember being on the street,

walking aimlessly, and the police took me to the station. They thought I had been kidnapped, that I had the characteristics of someone who had been held captive and drugged, because I had nothing, no identification and no memory. I only remember bits and pieces...

"Interesting... But how did this supposed blonde girl manage to get you out of there?! How come no one resisted?!"

Maria stops talking, making a great effort to remember.

"Drugs... She said there's always a woman who watches over the group during the ceremony... She hands out the drinks, preparing them. She said she put 'the drug' in everyone's drink... Which one, I don't know. She said something about not wanting any more deaths, as long as... I think she said... Her sister... That her sister had been the last one. This sister was very powerful with vril and psychic visions, and she didn't have the same gift, so she would be killed before her sister, for being less useful... That they kill them all with an overdose of drugs so that she spills more vril during her visions... After a few times... To release the vril she has accumulated... Maya, that would be my end and yours too. They keep increasing the dose of these drugs, since they lose their potency with use... They increase the dosage! Any woman will do, but if this woman can concentrate more vril, they use her for longer... Long enough to carry it..."

"Charge what, Maria?!" May asks nervously.

"The crystals... They mentioned Enoch's crystals. They said that all this is to precipitate the crystal they want to get their hands on and that, after getting it, they would have to get the others, so that they could multiply the energy concentrated in one by millions. It seems that they first need to crystallise one and, with it, find the others, which are already in this dimension. I remember hearing it, but I don't know if it was a dream, a daydream, or someone shouting it... It was like reciting a poem, only frantic, that they would get the others and then release the great power..."

May feels herself freeze. Her face turns white and Ana is startled, thinking she is going to faint. Controlling herself, she tries to compose herself, taking deep breaths, but due to her interest in the subject, she manages to catch her breath and asks Maria: "I know things were confusing, but this is a very dangerous subject, that of the crystals of Enoch, so dangerous that it goes beyond you, me, and the death of a few women... This could lead to the deaths of thousands of people. So make an effort. What do you remember about the term 'Enoch crystals'?"

Maria pauses. After a few seconds, she says what she remembered.

"There are confusing words coming into my head... I don't know what they are, but they're stuck in my mind..."

May adds, clarifying: "It's a typical effect of the drugs you took. In the state you were in, everything that was said became like a hypnotic message. Don't be alarmed if, out of nowhere, words, sounds, images and sensations spring up. They are engraved in your unconscious and can be easily retrieved by any other word, sound, or image that reminds your brain of the incident... Or what happened. This is common in moments of deep stress, usually linked to physical or emotional pain, accidents, when the person is unconscious. Anything can be a command for emotional and hypnotic retrieval. It is something we can try with you, a Dianetics listening session. This helps you to consciously remember, taking it from the unconscious and bringing it to the conscious mind. Through this, you will remember without drugs, dehypnotising what was once hypnosis, generated by the predisposition given by drugs. That is what drugs do. They incapacitate, rather than empower, as many think in psychiatric treatments. But in the meantime, close your eyes, relax, I'll give you some commands to get started. Access the moment in which there are suggestive words, containing images, sounds, sensations... Bring everything to your mind and say what you remember... It doesn't matter if it doesn't make sense... Go through the event, with as much detail as possible... Narrate the scene.

Maria relaxes, following May's commands, asking her to go through the incidents that

She has memories. With her eyes closed and following this procedure, Maria remembered countless facts and names that were mentioned. At the same time, her account made it clear to May that Maria had been in the basement of the pharmaceutical company, and not in the same room at the Jardins house, which belonged to the Thule Society in Brazil. During the narrative, she talks about something that was passed over her body and remembers the image of some people passing it over her face. It seemed that they were applying a lotion to protect her from burns. The extract, Maria remembers the word 'extract', her visions and memories become clearer. She remembers taking the extract from the laboratory when she received a command by telephone. It was a command from the master. He told her what she had to do and knew the exact place where things were, which partially removed David from suspicion, as he had never entered the laboratory and only someone familiar with this environment would know what to say. Perhaps David was innocent and Miguel was a double agent. Perhaps her doubts could diminish or disappear, but she would need to test him to know for sure.

9 p.m.

David called several times in the morning and afternoon, but May did not answer. While she was at Maria's house, her iPhone rang three times, but she did not answer. She did not even look at the phone, fearing it was him.

When she enters the house, Dock greets her, as always, with excitement. She takes care of the little dog, checking his food, his water, and the mess he always makes. After a bath, she puts on only a nightgown and caresses the little dog lovingly. Just as she sits down at her desk, thinking about researching on her laptop the things she had heard from Maria, her doorbell rings. It was David. She holds her breath, as always, because she is tense, not to say fearful. Having no choice, she opens the door. He enters without greeting her and, showing great nervousness, walks past her, walking through the flat, stopping in the middle of the room, as if looking for someone.

"I'm alone. Don't worry, otherwise Dock wouldn't be so calm. He missed you... He's all happy!"

Trying to hide her conflicting thoughts and feelings, she walks towards the table where the notebook is, and David sits down next to her. The room was partially lit, maintaining a serene and pleasant atmosphere. As he leans in to kiss her, she pulls away. He doesn't understand, and his face shows it.

"What happened? Why did you disappear in the afternoon without leaving a message? I sent you several text messages, I called you,

I was extremely worried! Anything could have happened!"

At that moment, May would begin a game of perception, for which she did not exactly have a plan, only her intelligence and intuition.

"What could be happening to me?"

"What?!" Well, the same thing that happened to Maria," May wouldn't let him catch his breath and asked quickly and incisively.

"Why?"

"Those people we talked about, the madmen in the laboratory, the ones I've been with for a long time." "Why would they want me?"

"Because you can channel a large amount of energy..." "How would they know that?"

Only the people in your class know!"

David is taken by surprise. He slows down, sits down and shows great regret.

"Well... What... We think one of us might be one of them... Are you suspicious of me?!"

David takes a while to realise what was on May's mind, showing deep indignation.

"Do you think if I had other intentions with you, I would be here now?"

"David, in the room where I changed clothes at Thule's house, there was a bottle of water. When you entered the room, you looked at it strangely..."

"Yes, I knew you needed to drink water first, you could get dehydrated in the heat... But I saw that you had drunk it, because it was open and the glass was used, why did you say 'strange look?'"

"I didn't drink it, I just took a sample of the water and took it with me to the lab the next day."

"Why?" David asks innocently.

"Don't you know?! You take things for this ceremony, I mean, they give you things like tea before you start or during?!"

"No, just water, why? Do you think we would drug you?! I told you that my group doesn't use the drugs that the Vril society used during the Nazi era and that they are probably using now... Maybe even more, given the knowledge that exists today..."

May didn't know exactly what to think, but decided to continue anyway.

"We analysed it and found two things: scopolamine and a mixture of herbs with alkaloids. In addition to scopolamine, the most important and significant finding was DMT..."

"You found that in the water?!"

"In the water, scopolamine; in Maria's blood, all of this in high concentrations. If they had put the herbs in the water, if I drank it, I would have tasted it. Scopolamine, in the dose applied, is not noticeable, nor is it detected by traditional analytical methods."

May stands up, facing David, and continues: *"I was with Maria. She had a torrid affair... A bit like ours, if we take away the fact of how it happened to us and that we are both single... At least, I know I am..."*

David was visibly irritated. He stands up and begins to speak, pacing in front of her, as was also peculiar to him in this type of moment.

*"I'm free, single and completely, totally in love with you! I was having an
I had a nervous breakdown until I saw you, imagining that you might have been kidnapped. I'm here to protect you!"*

"OK, but you got me into trouble, since those madmen didn't know anything about me and now they do, one way or another, it was you! You took me to a place where there was a traitor. You knew I could manipulate vril without burning myself... You knew I would attract attention at Thule, so you used me as bait!"

He gets even more angry.

"I didn't know we had a traitor! I didn't use you as bait! We found out this afternoon, and that's why I started looking for you like crazy! Someone, a woman, left a message encrypted with symbols in the mailbox of the house where you were. One of the members picked it up and called me immediately after deciphering it with others from the order. It was a symbolism known to us and it read: 'Traitor in the house. Priestess was saved by me. I am in danger. Your priestess too. They will want to use her. Find the crystals before they do.'"

May becomes pensive and continues.

"OK, you had no way of knowing. Maria only told me, and the fact that she was saved... And the traitor's die... Warning about the traitor... OK, I'm convincing myself that you're a good guy!" She makes an analogy based on hypotheses.

When she says this, David seems to get even more nervous. He moves towards her, scaring her. When As he approaches, the force that had propelled him changes, and he picks her up and carries her, as if she were as light as a leaf, to the bedroom. David lays her on the bed and, completely in love, hurriedly removes her clothes, making love to her in the most sincere demonstration of his feelings. At the right moment, May takes the vril generator, which was conveniently and purposely placed under the pillows, and hands it to David, the couple being in the same position that generated the expansion of energy the first time they made love. Near climax, David holds the generator and together they reach the most beautiful kundalini of all. At this moment, the device channels and generates maximum expansion, enveloping them in a magical golden energy egg, with

particles that shone so brightly that the couple had to keep their eyes closed. The duration and quality of the ecstasy were tripled. The vril overflowed from the device so intensely that the pictures were dislodged from their nails and hung in the air, as did the objects in the room, which floated as if the electromagnetic particles present throughout the area had cancelled out the gravity of the place. A vortex one metre in diameter takes shape on the ceiling and spins rapidly, making it seem as if the Andromeda constellation had been recreated in the room. From the centre of the vortex, a beam of light projected like a laser, firing and connecting to the couple's solar plexus chakra, formed by the union of their abdomens, connecting their individual chakras and transforming them into a powerful unified generator of a new portal. With this action completed, everything returns to the way it was, with one exception: between David's abdomen and May's, there was a crystal approximately three centimetres long on each facet, with a pyramidal shape. It had its own light, with very fine golden filaments scattered throughout the crystal, which at that moment seemed to be vibrating and therefore reflecting the colours of the rainbow throughout the crystal, as well as producing a delicate glow, which gradually faded away. Gasping, David picks up the crystal in his hands, looking bewildered, not understanding what it was or where it had come from. He stares at it until May takes it for herself.

"Do you know what this is... Where did it come from? Do you have any idea?" she says.

He nods his head positively with a childlike air, answering the question.

"I think we have an Enoch crystal here. It may be exactly what they're looking for." *"My goodness! I was afraid they had one, but when I spoke to Maria today,*

going over the incidents that occurred, she remembered words about a crystal, something like: 'they want to get the crystal', they almost succeeded, but in the end, they failed, they didn't generate enough energy. We did it, David, and that shows me that the crystal prefers people who love each other. Your energy today was instrumental in sealing the process."

"Will you stop doubting me?!" he asks with a serious look.

"I've stopped," she smiles.

May left the position she was still in, connected to David, lying down and snuggling up next to him, who was contemplating the crystal, stopping to look at her.

"I was mad with despair at the thought of losing you. I'm sorry for the way I came on to you you... I lost my mind... But it was love..."

"I think I'll spend my life saying this sentence: please lose your mind like that more often, I'll always like it."

They both laughed for a second, but then became concerned.

"Princess, if this is Enoch's crystal, we have to destroy it before they find it."

"From what my intuition tells me, that's not possible... I mean, we don't have the information on how to destroy it and what happens to it. What I do know is that, from what I've been reading and was going to research more when you arrived, historically there were sixty-four. Let's say we materialised one of them here. Well, it seems we did just that. I imagine we attracted this beautiful little crystal through parallel universes. Maybe it was lost, not exactly in the same universe as ours. The problem is that there are others, apparently in our same universe, and the Germans from the Vril Society spent from 1930 to 1945 looking for them. They still are, in fact, but the point is that, together, they can be activated, and only then can they be deactivated... I think... I just guessed that..."

At that very moment, May feels something pressing against her ribs and realises it is the generator. Without thinking, she sits up and grabs it with her right hand, immediately receiving the impact of a shock from the magnetic field formed between the device and the crystal,

throwing her against the wall.

"Maya, are you okay?!" David rushes to her aid, and she signals for him not to touch her, fearing he might get an electric shock from her. She could feel the electricity in her body, as her hair and body hair were standing on end with static. Still on the floor, she asks him to throw her a pure cotton hobby and a leather shoe with a rubber sole, both available next to the bed. As soon as he throws her the hobby and the shoe, she puts them on, gets up and, with concentration and breathing, begins some chi kung movements. As soon as she feels that the static energy has circulated, she bends down and picks up the generator. It glows in her hands, but does not discharge any new shocks.

"David, don't come any closer. Stay away, especially since you're naked and barefoot. You must wear only cotton, no synthetic fibres or rubber on your feet or leather... Nothing can be metallic... Just like those who carried the Ark of the Covenant. Those who came close to it or, worse, touched it, being unprepared, were electrocuted... This is the same thing. Inside the ark... Well, it's a hypothesis... There were these crystals, or the equivalent of them, called Enoch or Atlantean crystals... Now that I've improved the insulation of my body, I'll bring the crystal closer to the generator and we'll see what happens... But before that, put on the clothes as I told you. I have another all-cotton outfit in the bathroom. Put it on. Put something on your feet... Let me think... Your shoes won't do... They have metal in them... My slippers are too small for you... I think there's a pair in the cupboard..."

David takes a look in May's wardrobe after putting on the hobby and sees that she had some large slippers from a hotel, the kind they give to guests, and as they are always one size fits all, they fit. They were made of rubber and leather. He puts them on.

"Don't look at me, I look ridiculous... But I don't think I'll be generating as much static. Our bodies are conductors and electricity can pass through them, but we hardly feel it because the electricity we generate is so weak that it is difficult to detect," he says.

May held the generator in her hands, carefully, noticing that from time to time it increased the static charge, to the point of discharging. She asks David to go with her to the living room, move the sofa and coffee table aside, making enough space to do chi kung movements.

"Since when have you known that?" asks David, making her laugh.

"Well, we don't talk much, do we?! And I didn't have a chance to tell you. I'm a brown belt in kung fu, I haven't moved up to black yet, nor will I, because I quit when I started getting beaten up a lot. Where I studied, we applied chi control. My master always said that was my greatest talent. It's because I studied this energy control that I feel I can control what you call vril, which, in the end, is the same thing, with different purposes, perhaps... Yes, there's enough space," she said, referring to the distance between the furniture.

May leaves the generator on the wooden table, with nothing else on top of it. She does a new series of breaths and beautiful chi kung movements. David watches.

"Do you know that's sensual? You're not wearing any knickers... And you can see..."

"Can you shut up? I need to concentrate, and all my knickers are made of synthetic fabrics. Be quiet! Now I'll have to start all over again!"

With a smile, David decided to be quiet and just watch.

She performs part of the earth, fire, water, and air series. At one point, she looks at the crystal, which was in David's hands. He understands and passes it to her, who positions herself in a comfortable posture. David takes several steps back. He places the crystal in his left hand and bends down, keeping the crystal at a distance. He holds the vril generator with his right hand and keeps it in an upright position. Instinctively, she aligns the crystal with the top of one of the two

generator crowns and exhales completely. As she draws in air and fills her lungs, her arms begin to tremble, and an enormous light bursts forth, much more golden and powerful than the one produced by the generator alone. When she uses the crystal, the egg of light is transformed into an intense, sabre-shaped beam. It consolidated itself, reaching the point of looking exactly like a perfect laser beam, yet harmless. May could control its size, depending on the distance between the crystal and the upper crown of the generator. She continues to move the crystal, moving it away from and closer to the crown and checking that the light is completely stable.

"Now what? What do I do? How do I turn this off?" she asks.

David suggests that she gently pull them apart. To her surprise, her hands no longer move; they are stuck, and her body seems paralysed. At the moment when the beam of light is almost thirty centimetres long, as if by magic, the crystal inserts itself into the central node of the generator's axis. To accomplish this feat, it liquefied, changing from a solid state to liquid energy, then being absorbed by the node and subsequently vaporising. Upon completion of this process, the generator emitted a flash of light and a tremendously high-pitched sound, causing May to release the device and instinctively cover her ears.

That's what I call a very strange thing to see! Imagine telling someone about it!

It was absolutely fantastic! The crystal told me to be quiet and wait, and I was able to receive the message. It was as if someone was telling me to trust, while at the same time freezing me, because I really couldn't move!" says May, looking at the floor, where the vril generator seemed quiet and normal.

David was confused and surprised by the scenes he had witnessed.

"Maya, I may be wrong, but this generator with the crystal inside, in a form of plasma energy, has now transformed into... It can only be... One of the keys of Enoch. John Dee said he had found them and hid them from everyone because of people's greed, so that they would only be found when humanity was ready for them. The keys of Atlantis, the sixty-four keys of Enoch for the new Atlantis!"

May sits down on the sofa, looking at the generator on the floor, and turns her face towards David.

"New Atlantis, by Francis Bacon?! It's a manuscript in which he describes the creation of a perfect society in the perfect place, which is supposed to be North America... Oh, I see! Do you think that's where the other crystals are?!"

"I think we need to study the subject a little, as you mentioned, and at the same time, we have to get out of here as soon as possible. Let's leave early for the airport! We're going to Nova Scotia!" he says emphatically.

"Wait a minute, wait a minute! I'm confused. What does Nova Scotia, in Canada, have to do with this?! The only thing I know about it is that the Oak Island treasure... Oak Island?!"

Excited, David and May spent part of the night researching and organising details of the trip, in order to follow the best possible itinerary. David used his network of influential friends and managed to finalise the itinerary, including a yacht waiting for them in Boston, belonging to a close friend, according to him. They would travel directly by sea to Oak Island, which seemed the best thing to do, given the time-consuming land access to the island. Via Boston, it would be three hundred and eighty nautical miles and, considering the yacht that would take them, at 25 knots/hour, in most navigable areas, they would be there in approximately fourteen hours. They planned to leave in the morning and reach the island at night, when they would then take action.

With their bags packed, May leaves Dock with Ana, who has been informed, along with Armando, of the whole adventure. They would be following the events from Brazil. Armando arrives to take them to Cumbica airport. May and Ana had sent a formal resignation letter to the laboratory. They could no longer enter the premises due to the great risk involved.

Armando pulls his car up to the boarding platform and, after talking non-stop during the drive to the airport, says goodbye. He was very nervous about the risk involved in this adventure.

"Guys, I'd like to say something else, but I've already said a lot, so for now on, what I can say is... If you need me, my hacking skills, call me, I'll do whatever it takes to help, including finding you wherever you are! Take care, please, and don't do anything crazy... I mean, crazier than what you've already told me!"

Armando gives May and David a big bear hug at the same time.

"Don't worry, brother. We'll have help there... We'll be protected," says David.

"Help?! Did you tell your group what happened?! When did you tell them? I didn't even see it!" asks May, looking very surprised.

"Calm down, I have many acquaintances and I needed to ask for help from some friends there and others I know very well. We can trust them, they have nothing to do with this, and they know the subject well. One of them owns the boat we'll use to get to the island."

"Oh, well, then I hope they're good people, really. Armando, please take care of Ana, don't leave her alone, OK?! After all this... Can I ask you to sleep with her every day?! I mean, at her house or yours?!"

The three laugh at Armando's surprised face, who then asks: *"But does she want me to sleep at her house?! Will she let me?!"*

"Yes, I've already spoken to her. Besides feeling safer, I think she really liked the idea!" adds May.

Armando smiles broadly with a mischievous look on his face. David is surprised and then turns to May: *"Why do you have this gift for bringing couples together?! That's very provocative for a man! Imagine Armando waking up at night on the sofa and 'feeling' that he should take a peek into Ana's room to see if she's okay. Imagine whatever you want, from now on*

on." David talks to May on purpose to provoke his friend.

Comically, Armando puts his hands on his hips, looks up at the sky with a sigh, typical of someone who imagines the best things in the world.

The next second, they were all hugging each other like siblings and smiling at the situation that would surely happen on the first night. David and May knew that the two were interested in each other and it was up to Armando to decide whether he wanted to take a relationship seriously in his life.

The couple heads to the boarding gate.

As soon as they checked in, they proceeded through immigration and, before entering, remembered the X-ray equipment and became concerned about the generator in their bag.

"What should we do? We can't take it on board... It's very valuable... We have to risk. It is a small object with rounded edges, so it won't cut anyone and you can't hijack a plane with this shape," May explains her point of view.

At the moment of this discussion, standing in front of the international immigration entrance, two men run past and grab May's two bags, the one she had on her shoulders, containing her belongings and documents, and the one she was holding in her hand, a black Goyard bag fifty centimetres long, containing a coat, an extra blouse and an iPad, as well as the generator in a toiletries bag. David and May dash after them, and just as the thieves are about to pass through the nearest door, May receives a telepathic connection, as if someone were speaking to her, and she understands what she must do. Stopping running, she looked at the thieves walking away and, placing both hands in the shape of a shield, with her palms facing forward, at the height of her abdomen, she breathed. As she exhaled, she pushed her hands towards the thieves, as if sending something. In a fraction of a second, the two thieves fell to the ground, hitting their faces hard, as if they had been struck by May's hands, hitting them violently in the back. The plasma energy sent them flying through the air for about three metres before they hit their faces and lay unconscious on the ground. The exit door opened, due to the location of their fall, and clearly someone else was waiting to help. At the moment of the fall, the bags were thrown in the same direction. As they fell, a man from the group waited to catch them. David arrives at this moment and the two begin a fight with martial arts moves. Luckily, the airport police arrive, whistling and scaring off the man who was fighting with David, who flees, leaving the two bags for May to pick up. Two police officers chase the fugitive and one stays with the unconscious men. The couple claim to have been mugged. The police officer handcuffs those on the ground, calling for help on the radio and asking for May and David's documents, as well as wanting to look inside her bags. Seeing nothing unusual, he apologises for what happened, copies the number and name of their documents and wishes them a good trip... At least from now on. They turn towards the immigration gate.

"How did they fall? They flew through the air as if they had been struck!" exclaims

David, who, standing in front of May, had not witnessed her sending the invisible energy towards them. In fact, no one noticed, because the thieves chasing David attracted more attention and her movements were very quick, with nothing really to be seen.

"I can't explain it clearly, but I know it was me. I received a telepathic message and I understood that, even without understanding, it was to manipulate a sphere of vril plasma. Interestingly, I could see it perfectly, but from what you said, it was invisible to you and others. I got the message that the generator is connected to me and that it will come back to me whenever I want. So, if someone tries to steal it, I can get it back, one way or another."

. Weird, but cool! By the way, nice karate moves! Are you a black belt?"

David waves his right hand, with his thumb in a thumbs-up position, and nods his head to say "yes." He adjusts the coat he was carrying in his arms and his messenger bag on his shoulder, which had been thrown to the ground during the fight.

*"It's exciting to get to know you better every day! Who would win in a fight? My kung
Are you a brown belt or a black belt in karate?! We can try that at the hotel, on the ship,"* David looks at her seriously, *"OK, I understand, let's tell Armando, he has to get Ana out of her house. It's better for her to stay at his place, it has better security, right?"*

"Yes, let's call him, but from a public phone. From now on, turn off your mobile phone and don't use it anymore."

David helps May take care of the bags, slinging the larger bag over his shoulder and staying by her side the whole time. As they enter the immigration area, they visualise what will happen after passport control: X-rays of their bags. They stop and think about what to do before submitting their bags to the equipment.

Facing the X-ray machine, before joining the queue: *"David, if someone from beyond... I have to use a word to define it, so I'll use this classic one: 'beyond'... Wants to help us, or is deliberately helping us, then the generator will pass through the analysis machine without even being seen. Based on what happened, I could venture to say that the structure of the bronze material it was made of has changed to a different crystalline structure or, better yet, it can change on command and transform into plasma energy, being there, but in a non-detectable form, as it is no longer crystalline solid nor liquid."*

There is only one way to find out, and we have no other choice but to put the bags on the conveyor belt. If it is detected, we will try to get it through by pointing out that it is small, only fifteen centimetres, with rounded, hollow edges. If they ask what it is, say it is a gift, an Indian decorative object, for a friend in Canada. It does not look dangerous at all.

David goes ahead and places his messenger bag and coat on the conveyor belt. He removes his belt and passes through without any problems.

When May places her two bags on the conveyor belt and goes through the body scanner, the woman operating the X-ray machine asks her what metal items she has in one of them. She receives telepathic information again.

"It's my iPad! I forgot to take it out of my bag. Sorry."

The woman is satisfied, saying that was indeed the case, and the bags pass through without any problems.

David puts his arm around May's waist and they walk down the corridors, looking for the airline's VIP lounge.

"Have I ever told you how much I love your intelligence and insight!?"

"Look, to be honest, it wasn't me who came up with this idea, it was this person talking in my head. And I hope it's not a woman, so you don't get attracted to her!"

David bursts out laughing, because these were the typical phrases she used to say, which he found very funny.

They arrived at the VIP lounge.

"Wow, we're flying business class?! You're rich, huh?! Is there anything else I don't know about you, besides the fact that you're definitely loaded?!"

He smiles again and they enter the lounge to wait for their flight, which is scheduled to depart in about an hour.

LATITUDE 44° 30' 44.21" N
 LONGITUDE 64° 17' 41.81" W 3
 p.m.

A beautiful, modern 60-foot yacht approaches the island, anchoring in a safe area where it would not attract attention, as the presence of this type of vessel in that region of Nova Scotia was very common. There were very few tourists observing the famous well, called the "Money Pit," and almost no security in the area. About 150 metres from the site, an inflatable boat takes three men and a very young, beautiful woman from the ship to the beach, without anyone noticing. They walk to the pit and check the conditions of the site. The youngest was an attractive man of about 45, and the other two, who looked very similar, appeared to be around 60.

"How will we ensure that the boxes rise? The surface is closed again. It was sealed due to poor conditions. Seawater has invaded the well since the first excavation, and even with powerful pumps and wall insulation, it always comes back because of the various entrances and exits for water circulation. This gigantic hydraulic system has become a great mystery since it was built here, making it impossible to access the site by normal methods. Are you sure she can do it?"

"From what our medium has revealed to us, my dear Miguel..." he refers to the beautiful young woman with extremely straight, long blonde hair at his side, "Dr. May and her boyfriend David have already retrieved the first key, which is exactly what we needed to get to the others. Let's let them come and do everything for us. When they have the boxes in their hands, we will have the greatest treasure the world has ever seen and the greatest power that could ever be achieved!" The man spoke Portuguese with a distinct German accent. He brutally squeezed the young woman's arm, who was uncomfortable with the poor treatment. All she wanted was a chance to escape before she also died, just like her sister.

Miguel was still not convinced that it would be so easy, as he had studied what is known about the trap-filled construction of the mysterious well, locally known as the Money Pit. Six people have already died, using the most modern engineering techniques, without reaching the bottom of the estimated sixty metres (200 feet). According to a famous local belief, the well would only be conquered when seven people died and when no oak trees remained on the island. Currently, only one remains. He knew that every three metres (10 feet), they would find layers that had not been removed from floors made of oak and coconut fibre. The coconut fibre revealed the possible passage of one or more ships involved in the construction of the well through South America or the Caribbean, carrying materials commonly used there, which raises suspicions about the origin of the people and objects supposedly hidden there. Could these be the treasures of Francis Drake and Walter Raleigh? For him, this was more important and tangible than the so-called keys of Enoch.

"At the bottom of this well are the sixty-three components of the keys of Enoch that are missing to complete the perfect celestial sphere. The 64 vibrational pieces that will give us the power to create the Universe! The language of the angels, the creators of the world!" said

fanatically one of the two older men standing next to the younger one.

"Come on, my dear, let's go to the boat. You need to tell us what our friends, who will give us all this, are doing. Since they will be a long time coming, let's have a ceremony. Serve us the vril that will flow from your flesh... While it lasts!"

"Dr. Muller... I'm weak... I can't go on... I need to rest before they arrive. We don't know exactly what I'll need to do to get the crystals. I need to preserve my strength." The young woman, who had been posing as the biological daughter of the president of the pharmaceutical company for more than five years, was just a Brazilian orphan, taken from an orphanage in Joinville at the age of twelve, along with her late sister, for less than noble purposes. She showed deep signs of depression, most likely caused by the abuse she suffered in her life and by the constant and excessive consumption of herbal teas containing DMT and various opiates, in addition to the more common drug, scopolamine. She no longer seemed capable of expressing her opinion with energy, whispering only phrases that sounded more like pleas than words. Her extreme thinness was beginning to compromise her natural beauty.

"OK, my dear, let's let her eat and sleep well. Perhaps we can use her special talents soon after the success of the attempt, for which we will undoubtedly need a very strong priestess, capable of diverting the vril to you. She will have to be a very effective thief," adds Wolf Muller, with an evil look in his eyes.

After an hour of observing the place and some conversation between them, they return to the boat. In a few minutes, the yacht sails away towards the port of Halifax.

ON THE PLANE, SHORTLY AFTER TAKEOFF.

"Wow, I'm hungry! I hope they start serving dinner soon! In the meantime, I have all the information I downloaded from my existing files about the keys of Enoch and Oak on my iPad.

Island. We can use most of the trip to study the subject," says May, visibly agitated. David, on the other hand, seemed to be meditating. He had his seat reclined and looked sleepy and tired. He opens his eyes and answers her questions.

"Yes, princess. Let's take advantage of this and take a look at what we have."

"Are you all right?!"

"I think I'm just tired. We hardly slept at all last night. Thankfully, this seat is comfortable and spacious. We'll be able to stretch out and sleep," he says in a slow, low voice. Hearing this, May stretches and ends up calming down, changing her originally more excited state.

"Yeah, I know, I'm tired too. It's just that, unlike most people, when I get tired, I get irritable and then I have trouble sleeping until I pass out, which will happen sooner or later. We have about ten hours ahead of us, so we can spend about three studying what I brought and the rest resting."

David approaches May, giving her a tender kiss and taking her iPad from her larger bag, which was clearly visible at her feet, in the same place as the toiletries bag with the generator.

"Don't worry, I know where I put the information. I put everything in Good Reader, a great tool. Let's start with Enoch: priest-scientist, patriarch of the pre-flood period, from the previous cycle of time. Father of Methuselah and grandfather of Noah. Isn't it interesting that the Bible only mentions that he was the third before Noah, who was taken by God, and almost nothing else?" she asks.

"Yes, apparently the revelations in the book of Enoch were too disturbing and were, conveniently considered to belong to the apocryphal books. Fortunately, they were preserved in the Dead Sea Scrolls. In any case, Enoch is also known through Thoth, the lord of magic and time to the Egyptians, and by the name of Hermes, the messenger of God, to the Greeks and Romans. Hermes Trismegistus, 'the thrice great one'."

"Enoch is an old acquaintance of yours, isn't he?!" May asks satirises.

"I'm sure he's mine as much as he's yours, lady of magic and surprises!" "Surprises, me? Surprises, me? Look who's talking! I don't even know who you are yet!"

"Don't worry, you'll have your whole life ahead of you and you'll know so well that you won't be able to stand me telling the same stories over and over again to our children and grandchildren..."

May looks at David, a little suspicious, over her glasses.

"Darling, you're asking me to marry you after only a week of dating?"

Isn't that a bit premature, don't you think?!" she says jokingly.

"Princess, there's something I know... You and I came from the same monad and found each other again, so it's been eons of relationship, not just a week!"

May is surprised by the phrase, especially the word 'eons', repeating it comically several times. The flight attendant approaches them to take their orders for the executive menu, giving May the opportunity to ask a question.

"Miss, how many eons until we arrive in Boston?"

"Eons?!" The flight attendant doesn't understand.

"Yes, ah, sorry, how long is it going to take?"

"Oh, about nine and a half hours. The flight is approximately ten hours."

David laughed quietly, unable to show the flight attendant the joke May had made about the word that caught his attention and meant something close to eternity. They choose what to eat and continue reading on the iPad. He notes important points about Enoch and reads them to her.

"In Genesis 5:21-24, he is mentioned only as the father of Methuselah and was taken up by God, having lived three hundred and sixty-five years. It is interesting, because that is the length of a year in days. It is best to skip to the apocrypha. Here it says: YHVH shows him the secrets of heaven and earth. He returns with weights and measures for all humanity. Specifically in the part about the keys, we need to understand the principle of harmonics, which I believe, after seeing and hearing what happened in his flat, is the fundamental point for us to learn. The language of sound. Knowledge about Enoch reveals the mother tongue as a language of waves. It was the language of angels. Known by the ancient pre-Flood people as 'Hiburu'. This is the first seed of language, introduced at the beginning of time. This part that follows is closely related to our case. Remember the sound we heard? Follow this text: 'Enochian knowledge describes the sonic equations, encoded within ancient mantras and names of God, capable of directly affecting the nervous system and producing a deep state of healing, as well as states of heightened consciousness'. It is similar to what is done with the drugs taken in the rites of some religions, those that use DMT from mushrooms or those plants that you discovered being administered during the vril generation ceremony," he reports, with concentration.

Yes, but, you see, there is a huge difference, and I can say that because, as a pharmacologist, it is my area of expertise. These herbal teas, such as ayahuasca tea, contain potent alkaloids that can cause toxic effects, especially when used regularly. People have a habit of thinking that plants or herbal teas do no harm, but they can be just as potentially harmful to health as a chemical drug, or even worse, taking into account the acute and cumulative dose together... Not to mention unknown substances that may be present in the plant and its phenotypic varieties, i.e. toxic substances not considered to produce desired effects, but rather undesirable ones, such as various alkaloids, for example. A good number of people who use these teas become momentarily very ill, vomit incessantly and see nothing special, that is, there are people for whom these teas, or substances, do not work. Now, DMT itself is a molecule produced naturally by our pineal gland and is easily absorbed by the body. I believe that if it is administered alone, in the minimum necessary dose, it should not cause physical harm."

"Yes, Doctor, who am I to discuss this subject? Well, continuing, without using these drugs to achieve this higher state of consciousness, but rather what they called harmonics, the use of certain words spoken in the right language, with knowledge of the form and order in which they should be pronounced, produced effects. Being sonic equations, they altered everything from DNA strands to non-living beings, such as rocks and inorganic materials."

David, how interesting! That explains the use of the Ark of the Covenant at the point where the walls of Jericho were brought down. They went around several times, I think it was seven, and at a certain point,

the trumpets sounded. The harmonics were sedimented in a magnetic field left by the ark's circulation, with Enoch's keys or crystals inside, or something similar, since there was something inside the ark to generate that field, and perhaps the tablets of the law already had such power... Who knows... And everything came crashing down!"

"Yes, Maya, I agree. I totally agree with your point of view!"

"Actually, it's not even mine, I saw it on an episode of the History Channel and in a video by Graham Hancock. My favourite channel and one of the best researchers on the subject."

He can't contain himself again and bursts out laughing.

"How can you expect me to consider spending my life away from you? Who else can make me laugh like this, besides other things, of which you are the queen."

Just as they were about to kiss, the flight attendant apologised and left the dinner tray on the table. Even though they were hungry and the business class food was good, they ate moderately. They preferred salad, cooked vegetables and fish. No red meat or sweets. Apparently, they felt they had to enable their higher octaves to connect with their physical vehicle, and to do so, it would have to be well cared for, minimising interference.

After dinner, they returned to reading, before sleep overtook them and prevented them from evaluating the excellent texts they had, which could be very helpful at that precise moment. David continues to read aloud.

"Look at this. It's from a book I once had in my possession. When I read it, I must confess, I didn't understand it, but now it seems clear to me. It's by a very interesting author, a Ph.D. named J. J. Hurtak. It's called 'The Book of Knowledge: The Keys of Enoch'. He correlates the name of God given in the Old Testament, YHWH, as being the key behind the code of chemical letter transcription involved in the development of the human body. In 1973, at the University of California, Hurtak, among other authors of scientific publications, mentioned the correlation between the four letters that make up the name of God, YHWH or YHVH, and numbers and nitrogenous bases, components of DNA."

May is excited to have read something similar in Gregg Braden's book, "The God Code," which probably draws on what several researchers in the field of genetics have published, including Hurtak himself. She continues the subject: *"Yes, this is related to what are called codons, which are the known genetic codes, and they are... Interestingly... 64 codons! They are obtained by the possible combinations between Guanine (G), Cytosine (C), Thymine (T) and Adenine (A), and we have four bases, of which only three are combined three times, giving the result: four to the power of three, which equals sixty-four! This represents all possible combinations. Each group of three bases present is responsible for encoding an amino acid."*

That's right, adapting its language. What these researchers want to explain is that the genetic message contained in DNA is formed by a four-letter alphabet that corresponds to the nucleic acids you mentioned and which are represented by the letters A, T, C and G. With these four letters combined, it is possible to form 'words'... 'The biblical verb'... Which act as amino acids, giving meaning. Each of these corresponds to a 'phrase', such as 'let there be light!' or 'produce the cell matrix!'. What is most striking is that only four letters of the DNA alphabet could be combined to correspond to each of the twenty 'words', represented by the twenty different amino acids that occur in living beings. So, here again is the explanation you gave, in simpler terms, and it is a proposal made by several researchers: every three letters (a triplet of bases or trinity) of DNA corresponds to a 'word', that is, an amino acid. That's where the number you mentioned comes from: $4^3 = 64$."

"That's right!" says May a, and she continues: "The correspondence between the trio of DNA bases, the trio of RNA bases and the amino acids specified by them constitutes a coded message called the genetic code, generating the creation... Of everything... Of the living universe! The Keys of Enoch do exactly that in subtle, quantum patterns. Wow!"

May and David exchange looks of great surprise and apprehension.

"David, that means that the knowledge, or rather rediscovery, of this connection between human DNA and the name of God, whether YHVVH or YHWH, dates back more than thirty years! The name of the Ancient of Days, YHVVH, being the breath of life and expansion. And the most interesting thing is that, by replacing each base with the letter suggested by scientists, the phrase 'God is in me' can be read in human DNA all the time."

"Yes, it says here that the keys are encoded with fiery letters containing the sacred 'yod' above each letter, so that one in the light spectrum can biochemically re-space, by activating the chemical processes of people's minds, to participate in many planes of God's word," he adds.

"Wow, that explains why certain drugs, called hallucinogens, are called connectors to God. But this is a falsified process, not pure, and therefore has consequences, as it is a manipulation of something that needs to occur biochemically. OK, I understand, but by order of a greater inner being, a harmonic, and not from a substance that creates a shortcut, if we can refer to it that way."

"Well interpreted, Maya. I think we can consider your words, and that is one of the reasons why those vril people fabricate this connection through drugs. They do not have a harmonic with God, YHVVH, or whatever we are going to call it, they only have a harmonic with the ego, in the name of their personal power, the power of fallen angels, and not the legions of light."

"Yes, that's it... You put it very nicely. And speaking of angels, I'm falling asleep, can we sleep a little?!" she says, snuggling into the armchair and reclining it.

6 p.m. A typical March day. The temperature in the region varied daily from 7 to 14° C. Colder than in São Paulo, especially at this time of year. The first three months were always May's favourite. She enjoyed higher temperatures.

At a marina in Boston's harbour area, next to Constitution Road and Constitution Plaza, May and David step out of a chauffeur-driven limousine sent by his 'friend' in the city. She zips up her coat, a beige Burberry mid-season cape. David also wore a similar one, in gunmetal grey, open, as he was very accustomed to lower temperatures. The cold immediately bothered her. Elegantly, she adjusts a scarf, of the same brand, around her neck.

The driver tells them not to worry about their bags, as they will be taken to the yacht, which is right in front of them, the Aurora B. They should wait just a few minutes for the boat owner to arrive. Without having had a chance to talk, a silver Mercedes CLS parks a few metres away, and an elegant man in his forties gets out, wearing black sunglasses that prevent his eyes from being seen clearly. His physical build and general appearance are very reminiscent of David. He goes directly to May, politely greets her, takes off his sunglasses and reveals his light-coloured eyes.

"Well, I am delighted to see that, finally, a beautiful woman has managed to overcome the My brother's monk!"

May is paralysed as she looks at the copy of David, a few years older and without warning. David's brother hugs him tightly and says playfully, *"She really does look like a nerd, like you said... Those glasses! But I agree with the second quality you mentioned, she's very pretty, I'd even marry her, considering, of course, those special things, the things she likes to do..."*

May glares at David, indignant that he has told intimate details about the couple, apparently to everyone he knows.

"And then they say that only women tell these things to their friends and that men are more reserved! From what I can see, I've found the exception! Well, there's only one thing left to say: nice to meet you, I'm Maya. I only just found out that he has a brother, in fact, I find out things like that... By surprise! Are you also a black belt in karate?!"

"Oh, yes! We studied together! In fact, I taught him everything he knows!"

The two brothers seemed very close and laughed at Solomon's jokes.

"Let's go to the boat, after all, we both bought it, and it's the first time you've seen it... By the way, sorry about that. My name is Solomon, Solomon Bacon!"

May shakes her head, as if in a dream, and utters her most famous line: "Typical... Very typical. Solomon... David... Bacon... And rich... Typical!"

David hugs May, forgetting their problems for a few minutes and looking like they were on holiday with their family. On the way, Solomon explains something else she didn't know.

"Oh, that's right! My father was a very wealthy man in England. On a trip to Brazil, he met our mother. Unfortunately, as you already know, they are both deceased. David and I were born in Curitiba and grew up there, but we constantly travelled to London and New York, places where

Our father had several investments in various areas. Here in Boston, we have inherited many valuable properties and are constantly investing and selling, so we have a lot to appreciate and are happy about the bright future ahead of us. The Aurora B. was a luxury purchase, but David and I wanted something special, just for us, so we could travel with the family. I am married and have two children, a beautiful six-year-old girl and a boy who is almost nine. They are loving the boat trips! You will meet my family soon... When are you getting married?!"

May was stunned and understood why David got along so well with Armando, except for the fact that Solomon was a family man, the way he joked and talked was exactly the same. David is much calmer and more focused, "thank goodness," she thought.

Arriving at the Aurora B., a beautiful 75-foot yacht, the latest model, a 2012 RIVA MotoYachts, with plenty of interior space, a suite with a hot tub and three more guest rooms, as well as two living rooms, a spacious kitchen, a bar, and an upper sun deck. Truly luxurious, as Solomon himself had said.

When they boarded the boat, the captain was waiting for them, along with a cook.

"This is Captain Blake and the general services assistant and cook William. They are my old employees, whom I trust one hundred per cent. You will have safety and comfort to get there and back... God willing... From what David told me, it's not very simple."

Solomon introduced them to May and then whispered in her ear, without the others hearing.

David was just having fun with his brother, whom he certainly loved deeply. Their bond seemed to be very strong, probably because they had lost their parents when they were still young and had to move on, taking care of the business and keeping it solid. This explained David's degree in Business Administration and Economics. She couldn't imagine what other surprises he had in store for her, even though he had a creative mind.

"As I know you are in a hurry to get to Oak Island, everything is ready to set sail. I will leave now and ask you to stay in touch with me as much as possible. The boat has everything, constant satellite communication, so there's a telephone, fast internet, everything you'll need," says Solomon.

"Oh, just one quick question... Doesn't a boat like this need two pilots, especially since it's such a long trip? Sorry for asking, but I can't help wondering what would happen if the pilot got sick or fell asleep at the helm," May asks David and Solomon naively.

"Darling, don't worry. Solomon and I are trained pilots. I'll replace Blake at a certain point in the trip. It's a pleasure for me," says David.

May shakes her head, speechless. "Typical," she thinks.

The Aurora Borealis sets sail gently, with a beautiful sunset ahead, reflecting an orange hue on the green water. May watches the harbour disappear and feels the breeze touching her body, full of electrical particles carried by the shocks generated between the water droplets, invigorating her, making her feel renewed and certain that, since the day David came into her life, nothing would ever be the same again. Uncertainty would be a constant, at least for a long time. Her thoughts led her to question why she always had this need to learn, to seek knowledge, to want the unknown and to feel, within herself, that only then could she understand something. What exactly was it, what did she need to understand? The feeling of searching was suffocating at times. The impulse, the force she felt, was observed and pointed out by everyone she lived with. They became constant phrases from everyone to her: *"What energy you have... Your energy is contagious... You lift the mood when you arrive... We feel so good around you."* These were phrases that, for many

Sometimes, they frightened her, since she did nothing on purpose, it was just what had to be, herself, and that seemed to have an effect wherever she went, generating a great sense of responsibility towards the world, towards everyone, leaving the question *"but what exactly should I do?"*. Perhaps the time had come to understand. She felt that these keys she would find, which she would certainly find and activate, would connect something very important to the rest of the world. She had to do it. What exactly it was wasn't as important as the fact that she knew it was her responsibility and the continuation of a great commitment, made elsewhere, at another time, in front of other people or other beings. *"That doesn't matter now... It would be done!"*

David understands the depth of May's thoughts and, leaving her alone for a few moments, goes inside to pack his bags in the bedroom. He sees her from behind, staring at the sea, and smiles, feeling complete.

"If you wish to understand the secrets of the Universe, think about energy, frequency and vibration."

Nikola Tesla, scientist and inventor.

"Lines of magnetic force convey a much better and purer idea than the current phase of magnetic flux."

Michael Faraday, physicist and chemist.

8 p.m.

Chef William served the dinner they had chosen. It was a dish he used to order wherever he went. Sea bass fillet with tomato and seafood sauce, accompanied by steamed vegetables and salad. They enjoyed some fruit for dessert. As they were not fond of alcoholic beverages, they preferred orange juice and mineral water to accompany their meal. When they finished, they decided to enjoy the view, which was special, on the upper deck of the yacht, feeling the pleasant cool breeze, warmer than usually expected at that time of day. David and May looked out at the sea and some islands that were visible on the horizon, embracing each other.

"It's incredible... I can't say if it's autosuggestion or if it's really real..."

"What?!" asks David curiously, without leaving the affectionate position of a side hug, keeping their heads close together.

"Ley lines, that is, in more scientific terms, represented by the letters EMFs, Electromagnetic Fields, the electromagnetic field lines that are part of the web of light that circulates around the globe or planetary energy grid. The same pattern occurs in the human body, manifested by electrical impulses, generating flows. They were first described by archaeologist Alfred Watkins in 1921, referring to the alignments discovered at ancient archaeological and megalithic sites. There are twelve main anchor points or nodes, if we may call them that, understood to be the most important energy vortexes on Earth. There are many others scattered throughout the planetary geometric grid. These electromagnetic currents are actually responsible for grouping energy in the form of matter, or rather, they are what sustain aggregated matter at each of its frequency levels. We have work to do. With the Oak Island crystals, we must generate sufficient electromagnetic changes to anchor the energy necessary for transformations at the atomic level, on Earth, in all biological organisms. In these, they will be orchestrated through changes in DNA, visible and invisible, still for now, in greater proportion. We are all connected in this quantum entanglement... We are all ONE."

David positions himself facing her, to better hear what she is going to say, looking deeply into her eyes and holding her in his arms. May continues to express her thoughts, in an extremely calm and low voice, her eyes fixed, yet with a natural look, as if

she were somewhere else, with only her body remotely responding to inputs.

We are approaching Nova Scotia, and I can feel... the energy of the vortex in this place. I know that when we get closer, at a certain point, I will be between two dimensions... And I will know... This place, Oak Island, was chosen by Dee, Bacon and Raleigh with full knowledge of the facts. The only question I ask myself is... Why? Why them?! Why them of all people?! At the same time, part of the answer comes to me, I feel that it has everything to do with the keys of Enoch, the crystals... But there are so many places on Earth where you can measure the great energy of the mooring points, of the maximum vortexes... I remember the names of some, besides Nova Scotia, the Great Pyramid of Giza, the Hawaiian Islands, which are on the heart chakra of Gaia-Earth, the Aral Sea, Lourdes in France, explaining why Our Lady appeared there. There are so many, why did they come and put it here? Apparently, this was created by beings beyond our understanding, in order to keep the Earth in a condition to provide for our evolution, but at the same time, I believe that many researchers are right when they state that extraterrestrials used and use these ley lines, the vortexes and the alignments of sites and cities, created in our distant past, for their greater guidance in energy manipulation. These marked locations generate mathematical codes that they can interpret and we cannot. Some of these locations are what we might call points of union or concentration of electromagnetic energy waves. Anomalies are often reported at these sites, ranging from visual to physical, such as disappearances. These locations are coded, and one way to interpret them is to analyse their longitude and latitude in relation to other sites that exhibit the same patterns. There is an alignment between several archaeological sites, including cities. This has all been published and proven; I am not creating any theories. A well-known alignment is that of Stonehenge with Teotihuacan, the Giza Plateau, and Machu Picchu. They knew what they were doing when they created all these monuments at the same time. Only this explains why they are related, connected to a ley line and have the same position in relation to the Orion star belt, as is the geospatial representation of the Great Pyramids of Giza in relation to Teotihuacan. This is what happens with the keys: we cannot interpret them unless we are tuned to the right frequency, in the right position, and have the knowledge to connect to them...

David let her go, staying by her side without touching her, watching the state of near-conscious trance she was in, semi-absent, serious, but exuding a clear and powerful energy that could be felt overflowing from her whole body and, above all, from the light in her beautiful eyes. David noticed that she was fulfilled, having the chance to visualise two worlds simultaneously, without giving up the here and now.

The luxurious yacht cut through the sea with total majesty. The speed of 25 knots produced a breeze that enveloped and swayed the sapphire blue dress made of a fabric ideal for mid-season, with long sleeves and knee length, from which black leather boots with low heels emerged. She wore a black leather vest with a collar and a beautiful scarf with various mixed shades of black, yellow, red and sapphire blue, forming geometric figures. If it weren't for the knot at her neck, it would have flown away. David accompanied her in style, as always, wearing a black leather jacket over a gunmetal grey polo shirt and black jeans. The combination of clothes gave her a mixture of a strong figure with a hint of angelic air, which David loved to admire, especially while she slept. That's how he saw her. Aware of her enormous strength and, above all, understanding that she didn't need to make an effort to appear that way. She was intelligent, strong, beautiful, good-humoured, sexy and angelic, all at once, in the ideal measure, according to his point of view.

The light from the boat and the moon illuminated her eyes, highlighting the beautiful honey colour

of honey that permeates them. May continues to speak, unaware. She turns to the steel railing, staring at the sea, holding on, appearing to lean on the guardrail, aware of everything and much more. Thus, she continues her perceptive description.

"The Nova Scotia vortex is connected to the Florida-Bermuda vortex. It is very strong. There is an alignment of the region with the cities that are above the crystal caves, it all started at latitude 33° North, in the city of Raleigh, North Carolina... Its name..."

David tilts his head to one side in surprise, but does not intend to interrupt his reverie. He immediately recognises the correlation between the Masonic thirty-third degree and the 33rd parallel north that she had mentioned.

"Several historically important cities, and those not yet understood in terms of their importance, will be linked in the coming years. Baghdad is one of them. It lies exactly on the 33rd parallel north, between 29° and 36° north, the most important range for revelation. Thirty-three is balance, a number Nikola Tesla was obsessed with."

May seems to awaken from her state of deep concentration. She inhales and exhales deeply, moving around to activate her circulation. After a few seconds, she turns to David.

"We will need to take whatever is there, on the island, and then we will have to take it somewhere that is in the alignment of cities or monuments, such as Boston, Washington, New York, Baltimore, and Philadelphia... I don't know... Maybe somewhere else where we find an alignment of them. It could be this one or another. That's where we have to take the crystals and where they have to stay..."

David approaches, concerned, without continuing the subject she had just mentioned, but rather expressing his feelings, which had kept him quiet for the last few minutes.

"Wow... Does this happen to you all the time?!"

"Don't worry, I was conscious the whole time. This is just an ability I've developed, to focus on things that are stored in my memories, and I believe I end up receiving some others that are not recorded in the earthly mind, but are equally important. I have trained myself with meditation and I know that when I do this, God is with me all the time, so I trust."

"I liked seeing that, actually, I was surprised by the data you addressed at the same time... But I have a question: can you see anything that would help to better compose the possibilities of the place? Or even, what do we have to take with us?" he asks, intrigued.

"Not exactly. There are just symbols spinning around in my head... I don't know yet... Sacred geometry... Mathematical symbols... Frequencies... 528 Hz... 936 Hz... We have to take something that sounds or plays at these frequencies, and when necessary, I'll know... But we have to produce these frequencies on the island, in the Money Pit. I visualised images of the Tetragrammaton, the symbol of YHWH related to geometric figures, constructing an image... A polyhedron with 144 pentagonal and triangular faces in a symmetrical crystalline matrix (72 on each side before these two merge), the pentadodecahedron, it has figures of various diamonds, triangles connected by their bases that create images of Stars of David, reminiscent of the Merkaba figure. Its brightness will change, from a huge holographic diamond, composed of small ones identical to it, fused, connected, multifaceted, and will transform into a large sphere, being visualised when rotating clockwise... A sphere of fire, like the solar sphere... And the vril will gush forth... Fire... That's what I saw... And it's uncontrollable if poorly worked!"

"How do you know the names of these geometric solids?"

"Coincidentally, or not..." May wondered if there was any coincidence in all this, *"I had studied Platonic solids. I'm crazy about geometry, because of another crazy thing, fractals. But those names came to mind at that moment, and I'm sure they're the same ones"*

same ones. We have to look for more data on the internet to understand how to manipulate this enormous energy."

"I think the answer is in your bag, inside... The generator must have something to do with that geometric figure you mentioned," David says with conviction.

"Yes, I think that's right. You're absolutely right. Let's go in. I want to get something something from my laptop. I have some files that I think might help."

Inside, in the living room, they sit at a rectangular table, one side of which is attached to a large window with a beautiful view of the sea. May opens her MacBook Air and searches for files about Enoch and the sonic keys.

"Here it is: Pythagoras said that geometry is an evolved intelligence, which can communicate a great deal of information. These are shapes that evolve due to their construction, starting from a simple circle and moving on to more complex shapes. It is their combination that conveys understanding. We should not think about what they are, but rather perceive them. Appreciating them provides a subtle form of understanding through a certain frequency that represents them. The symbols we find on earth, from pyramids to circular stone formations and so on, are all connected and work together to build the planetary grid, transmitting a frequency band around the planet, which activates and maintains this frequency. See this... I believe this is our clue: there are powerful crystals in various areas of the world. Some were activated at specific times, and others are found in caves in the form of clusters, agglomerations of hundreds to thousands, or even a single giant crystal. They are buried inside mountains, in caves, waiting to be activated. This activation is necessary for people and the planet to move to a new level of perception... What we can call, mystically if you prefer, planetary ascension, and in the language of modern physics, which I prefer, a change in the density of physical reality and, subsequently, of dimension, from the fourth to the fifth, considering the dimension of time included."

David walked around the table where May and the computer were, placing his hands on his forehead alternately, as if the gestures helped him think.

"From what I understand, Enoch's crystals need a key, a frequency, or frequencies, which would cause them to release another frequency, through this energy, sufficient to activate networks of crystals on Earth, which are connected, like living beings, and together, activated or awakened, will raise the frequency of the planet, allowing the installation of a new computer system to run a new, more evolved programme, is that right?!"

"Perfectly understood, David! I couldn't have put it better myself. Without good hardware, nothing can be installed, and that may be what we need to find, the mountains of crystals. They are the hardware on which the programme we have to develop or activate needs to be installed. In the end, the keys of Enoch can be seen as the activation codes for the programme that we will have to take there and finish the process. With the keys and whatever else is on the island, we will have programmes for a new language. I think the fact that you are working in this exact area is no coincidence. Do you have anything to add to the vision of how we will do all this? I don't know exactly what.

May returns to the computer screen. After a few minutes, she briefly reads what she has found. "Oops..."

Regarding the sonic equations, I need to understand more about that. I know I would need to know some keywords in languages I have no idea about. What I mean is that these sonic equations that create physical patterns dominate energy and make them generate patterns under basic commands, they are... How can I put it... Mantras. These ancient repeated mantras, together with what the name of God represents, in addition to creating physical patterns to control anything

thing, can directly affect the central nervous system and produce a state of relaxation, achieving higher consciousness, healing diseases, or the opposite, depending on who employs it and for what purposes. That's the danger, but..."

May paused. David listened attentively, silently, until this moment.

"But..." he said, wanting to understand where she was going with this.

"I won't be able to do much. I won't know how to make the sound, the pronunciation of the sonic equations! You need to know how to pronounce and understand the meaning of the harmonics. They must have a clearly defined purpose in the mind and heart of the person pronouncing them! I don't speak those languages!"

"What languages?" asks David.

"Look at what is written here, in this excerpt I saved from the internet, from a page that addresses the subject: the keys are structures of light in pyramidal meshes coordinating the dynamic vibrations, gravitational vibrations and life cycles according to the divine plan of YHWH. I think it belongs to the book The Keys of Enoch, with text by Paul White. Here it continues: Enoch's language was a mixture of ancient Egyptian, ancient Hebrew, Tibetan Sanskrit and some Chinese. They are called faithful sounds of light, they must contain the sacred yod. The keys were composed in the geometry of letters of fire, because they are used to shape creation between the powers of light and the octaves of sound. The energetic words must be used to encode your body directly into light. If these ancient energetic words were used in Portuguese or in any modern Indo-European language or any other language, it would deprive consciousness of a direct experience with the power of sacred language. Translating them would cause them to lose their energy pulse! See?! I can't do that! I don't know those languages!"

At that exact moment, bright lights shine into the cabin where they were, blinding them both. The Aurora B. slows down until it comes to a complete stop. They hear the sound of another engine slowing down. David and May notice that another boat, of similar size, has caught up with them, staying parallel, practically touching theirs. Due to the bright lights coming from the other boat, they cannot see who it is or what it is. David rushes out of the cabin, asking May to stay where she is. Loud voices of several men can be heard clearly. Captain Blake announces over the internal loudspeaker that they have a visitor on board. Amidst the lights and confusion, it was impossible to know what was happening. The strange yacht then moved away. A few minutes later, David went to the room where May was, accompanied by an older man.

"How are you, Dr Maya?! It's a pleasure to see you again! I hope I didn't scare you. From the look on your face expression, I'd say my dear David didn't tell you I was coming."

The man sits down on the sofa in the main room, next to David, close to her, who was sitting in an armchair next to the table with the laptop.

"Master Germano?!" asks May, completely bewildered.

"David asked me to come. When they were leaving São Paulo, he realised they would need an expert in ancient languages, specifically Enochian. I am one of the few people in the world who has a deep understanding of it. I want to help, and I know you will understand my presence here."

May is speechless for a few seconds. She sighs deeply and surrenders to the situation, asking David a question.

"Why didn't you tell me?! I wish you had just told me. I don't understand!"

"I'm sorry, Maya. When we left São Paulo, you had a bad impression of the Thule group... And...", David tries to explain himself defensively.

"Of course! There are spies there, or at least one! Who can guarantee that there aren't more, or worse, who the spy is?! Who put the scopolamine in the water I was supposed to drink?!" exclaims

May, visibly irritated.

"It was the spy, obviously, my dear. Our society does not use any drugs to induce trances," says Master Germano, as he settles himself on the sofa.

"Who is the spy?! He's still there and therefore knows that you are with us! From what Maria described, he may be the same Miguel I met at the Thule building, since the description and name match," May continues, still visibly irritated.

"Yes, that's correct. We believe it's him, and all I can say is that he's disappeared. We were going to keep a constant watch on him to take advantage of what he knows and go to other sources, but he disappeared several days ago," adds Master Germano.

"I understand," says David, with the intention of pacifying, *"but one thing I am sure of, Maya, Master Germano is like us. He wants the best for the world and not just for himself. He came here to help us, taking the same risks as us. I don't know anyone who knows exactly what you just concluded better than him. It was incredible that you concluded this, at this very moment. As you say, synchronicity has to do with the higher mind, therefore, it comes from God, and must be heeded immediately."*

Master Germano looked at the two of them, who were discussing their points of view frankly, in a mature and positive manner. May got up from the table, walked around the room and returned to the two of them, who were still seated.

"Look, I think this is weird. In fact, everything is really weird. How did he appear from beyond, just when I concluded that I would need help and was saying so? How did you know I was going to say that, right now, and make him appear out of nowhere?! It's so synchronistic that even an angel would be suspicious!"

Master Germano nods his head in agreement, thinking and agreeing that, if it were up to him, he would also question the fact.

David stands up and walks over to her.

"Maya, I didn't know you would conclude what you just said, right now. I didn't even know everything you told us. What I do know is that Master Germano is the greatest expert on Enoch that I know, and he will be able to help us. Until now, I had no idea how we would approach the well, but now, thanks to what you discovered, we know! I apologise for not telling you anything, but I had told him everything since we went to the airport. We came on different flights so as not to cause any problems or be seen together."

May regains her composure and appears calmer.

"I just think there's no reason for you to hide things from me. I find that strange and I'll continue to find it strange. For as him being here, yes, I need him, if he really knows the language of Enoch. Let's be proactive." May sits down beside them again, looking thoughtful. They stare at her, waiting for what was to come.

"Master, let's do this: because I'm tired, and I believe everyone else is too, I suggest we sleep for about seven hours. It is now half past eleven. We will have breakfast at half past seven, when we can and should study the sonic equations. Teach me what I may need to say, why and how to say it. David can take you to your cabin. William can prepare something for you to eat, if you are hungry."

No, thank you, my dear. I've already had dinner and I'm fine. Really, rest is good for everyone. I agree to wake up early. By my calculations, we'll reach the island around ten in the morning and we'll have to wait until the day's visits are over to act at night. Enough time for me to teach you the basics."

They stand up, relieved to have quickly reached an agreement. They then proceed

to their respective accommodations.

In the spacious and comfortable cabin, decorated with wooden furniture in soft tones, predominantly beige and blue, a king-size bed, a computer table to the right of the bed, and above it, a window with linen curtains in front and a second blackout curtain behind, a dressing table on the left, accompanied by an armchair, a two-seater sofa, a walk-in wardrobe for the couple, completing the cabin's meticulous decoration.

After taking a refreshing shower and dressing in their basic styles, he in off-white cotton pyjamas with shorts and a tank top, highlighting his muscles, and she wearing her trademark, a beautiful and sensual short nightgown with straps and lace embellishments at the bust, this time in sky blue. David was sitting on the bed, legs straight and crossed, one over the other, reading some articles about crystal mountains on May's iPad, looking very entertained. However, when she was ready and came out of the bathroom, all beautiful and perfumed, he looked at her with a mixture of tenderness and desire. He immediately put down the tablet and extended his right arm for her to come to the bed. Responding with a smile to his affectionate gesture, she crawls across the bed until she is sitting facing him, on his lap, their bodies close together, her legs open and bent backwards, keeping him with his legs stretched out, uncrossed, facilitating kisses and gentle movements in an exciting and tremendously sensual position. The temperature in the cabin soon rises.

"Why can't I stay angry with you for more than a few seconds?!"

"Because you know you're going to have to be with me for many, many years, and it's better to be patient. Besides, I don't have much patience to talk right now."

He embraces her passionately, removing her tank top and nightgown. At that moment, he realises that she was already expecting this sequence, as she was wearing nothing else underneath. They tremble with desire. In one swift move, he turns her over, throwing her back on the bed, removes his shorts, which were getting in the way, and without haste, but with great passion, they enjoy the best they have to offer, the incredible effect of their bodies fitting together.

7:30 a.m.

The sky was clear, almost cloudless. A rising sun promised to make the landscape enchanting. The temperature was 10° C.

May meets Master Germano for breakfast prepared by Chef William in the Aurora's main room. At five o'clock, David was already up, taking Captain Blake's place so that he could rest. Before sitting down, they decide to stop by to see David, who was very happy to be piloting the yacht and seemed to have mastered the task.

She approaches him, hugging him from behind so as not to interfere with his steering, and he immediately responds with a kiss.

"I'm worried," says David.

"Why?" asks Master Germano, and May has a facial expression as if she were about to ask, but it was not necessary.

"I've called Armando several times, at his house, on his mobile, at restaurants, and no one has seen him since we came here."

May felt guilty, as she had tried twice to call Ana on her mobile phone, but to no avail. However, she wasn't too worried, imagining that she might be out having fun.

"I have a code with Armando. One way or another, he always has to communicate with me and vice versa. We have to find a way to give a sign of life. A message is enough. And nothing so far. Something must have happened!"

"David, I can help. I'll call the Thule group, the ones I trust the most, and ask them to look for Armando. Let's see if they can find him. Maybe he locked himself in his room and hasn't wanted to come out since," says Master Germano.

May is surprised by his sense of humour, as she had only seen his serious side before. Then, a cold shiver runs down her spine. She has a bad feeling.

"While we have no news, I advise you to take the opportunity to study the sonics and the language needed for tonight," says David, who makes no attempt to hide his extreme concern. He knows that something has happened to Armando and Ana. Communication between them never fails. Armando is certainly unable to get in touch. At this moment, from this distance, all he can do is wait for Master Germano to get some information from his colleagues.

Back in the main cabin, right after breakfast, May and Master Germano were sitting at the side table, leaning against a window, which had four armchairs and offered a beautiful view of the sea. In front of her, she placed her inseparable notebook. Master Germano had another one, as well as a thick stack of printed papers with the information he needed to show May and prepare her for the evening.

"Here we have some films of experts tuning harmonics. The first thing I believe is ideal for you to learn is how this vocalisation should be done, but

First, here is a text that I printed out and would like you to read aloud. We need to understand it very well in order to delve deeper into the subject, encountering the sacred words in the ancient language, pronounced in this way, with the appropriate tone, generating within ourselves the sacred and powerful harmonics.

"Oh dear, I don't think I'll be able to get all this into my head in just a few hours, but let's go ahead!" exclaims May with great concern. She takes a deep breath, places the document in front of her, adjusts her glasses and begins to read, paying close attention. She reads quickly but with great concentration, repeating only the main parts.

"Solfeggio... An ancient musical scale used in songs such as chants and ceremonies. They are frequencies that can be used for various purposes, including physical healing or for the four lower bodies (physical, mental, emotional, and spiritual). Each note of the ancient solfeggio scale has a different pitch from the conventional musical scale. These tones stimulate the mind and the physical or physicalised system. There are six frequencies or tones... Interesting..." May continues reading, pausing at points she thinks she needs to remember and skimming over others she already knows. She lingers on the scale of tones/frequencies that she should understand and commit to memory, so she can use them knowledgeably when the time comes.

1. 396 Hz / (Tone: C): used for liberation from fear and guilt. It decreases the density of matter and prepares for contact with higher levels.

2. 417 Hz / (Tone: D): facilitates change in difficult situations. Expands consciousness.

3. 528 Hz / (Key: E): frequency of love. Used to repair DNA, healing and transformation. Aggregation energy. It should always be the first to be used, followed by the next one you find most appropriate.

4. 639 Hz / (Key: F): frequency of the heart chakra. Integration, connecting structures and relationships.

5. 741 Hz / (Key: G): Awakening intuition.

6. 852 Hz / (Key: A): returning to spiritual order. Connection with the source.

After two hours of singing the frequencies in the right way, she discovered that she could even sing if she continued practising. She felt like an out-of-tune opera singer in training. Her voice was reasonably good and moderately powerful. She particularly identified with the note E, at a frequency of 528 Hz, the frequency of love and healing/transformation, believing it to be related to her choice of profession: chemist and pharmacologist.

"We are doing well, now let's move on to the ancient language of Enoch. At this point, We will need to use your memory to the fullest and be open to the pronunciation of other languages." Master Germano asks her to sit in a more comfortable armchair, relax and pay attention, without trying to understand the words she will hear. She should just feel the words and not strain to identify their meaning. "The words themselves promote an energetic coding that must be received and never questioned." Only after this stage would they move on to a deeper study of the meaning. He begins to explain, randomly, because he knew that May already had enough knowledge to follow him well.

"These words have an energy pulse. They are seed syllables, seed forms that are sent by a universal vortex, sounds of light that connect to the intelligence system still in place to represent and channel the universe of light and make it materialised, present in physical form. As the Bible says, the word became flesh."

After hours of extremely tiring but captivating study, May was introduced to a new world, that of the power of the spoken word. Several phrases or words were taught, some belonging to Jewish mysticism. These were the ones that remained most strongly fixed in her mind, and among them, the following ones marked her, without

she could really understand them:

1. "EHYEH ASHER EHYEH" (Hebrew): "I am that I am." Phrase spoken by Archangel Michael to Moses. According to Master Germano, it would probably serve to activate vril energy in times of need.
2. "KODOISH, KODOISH, KODOISH, ADONAI TSEBAYOTH (prayer in Hebrew): "Holy, Holy, Holy is the Lord of Hosts." Master Germano says that it would serve to activate a higher state of concentration and meditation, a greater connection with the divine source, to be applied when one feels the need to act.
3. "AMEN-PTAH": one of the ways of representing the name of God in ancient Egyptian
4. "KUAN-YIN": representation of the divine Mother or, even, divine personification, in Chinese.
5. "BUDDHA": representation of the awakened state of divinity in Sanskrit. May ponders for a few minutes and asks a question.

"I'll feel like I'm praying in a church. How do you know these words will really help me help me?! And how will I know when to use them, and in what order?!"

"Maya, you will know... At the right time... You will know. All you need now is to learn them. They need to be engraved in you, in your physical mind. When the time comes, your higher mind will speak to your physical mind, and as it will be ready, since it will now recognise the input, it will be able to translate it. It is stored within you. It will be identified. You will then say the words and use the right frequencies."

"Oh, oh, oh, again... Where did I get myself into?! Can you explain these words to me better? To me, some were names of people, not meanings as presented."

"Yes, Maya, I understand that it is confusing. They are seed syllables, they are keys that activate sequences. That is why they were related to well-known personalities, such as Buddha. The person who received this seed syllable was not called Buddha, he was called Prince Siddhartha, he was called "the Buddha", the awakened one, the enlightened one. This word is a frequency and this frequency activates a key of strong connection with the higher mind."

May takes a deep breath. She gets up from the armchair and walks around the room, deep in thought. She returns to him.

"Can you explain more, I mean, why do I have to use a little of each language? What is the connection between them, what is the order implied here?!"

Master Germano patiently wants her to understand that there are no words or phrases to explain this subject. It is something that must be understood internally, coming directly from a higher frequency, one that cannot be translated into lower, denser frequencies, those in which we inhabit. The understanding has to be received mentally as if by transfer, something May used to call "downloading from the heavens." We need some files to be able to open the download sent. These files were the studies she was doing and to which, for some time, she had been dedicating many hours a day, motivated by something she called "the intuition that she had to do it."

He continued training for a while longer. They stopped for a quick bite to eat and then carried on. Before they knew it, it was five o'clock in the afternoon. They needed to be ready. In a few minutes, the island would be closed to visitors and would be practically empty. The yacht would return to the back of the island, opposite the existing entrance and exit road, which connects the small island to Nova Scotia and where the well is located. The guards would probably stay at this entrance, and they could show up without any major problems. As soon as they finished, Master Germano wanted to address some points, believing they could help to finally understand the question of the sacred words.

"The truth of the implied order will come from within. The only certainty I have is that you will know

when and how to do it, at the right time, trust me. I remember a passage I studied about this, which said that spiritual people will understand that this network (the ley lines) is formed by languages that create energy patterns. They can create horizontal magnetic energy patterns, in the case of Chinese and ancient Egyptian, and vertical patterns, in the case of Sanskrit and Tibetan. These patterns build the network and need an activator, the so-called activating vector, which is Hebrew. That is why all peoples and religions of the world should understand that they are nothing but parts of a whole. Does that help?"

May was deeply thoughtful and, after a few seconds, nodded affirmatively, continuing to frown and stare at some invisible point.

"I think it does explain it. I think I understand. Leave it to me. Things will happen, and I will act."

At that very moment, David entered. He had handed Aurora B. over to Captain Blake, now well rested and ready to go. They would set the boat in motion, circling around to the back of the island, waiting for the right moment.

"Maya, let's take a relaxing shower, change our clothes, eat, and finally look at the sky, waiting for a clue. In fact, while I was up there, I realised something, or remembered, I don't know, we have the main stars of the most important constellations that inspired ancient civilisations and were most significant in history to guide us. They will be exactly in the centre of the sky that we will see today at seven o'clock. I suggest we take advantage of the light of Aldebaran and the Hyades, from the constellation Taurus, related to vril and its generator. The Pleiades, related to the enlightenment of many peoples, and Orion's Belt will be accompanying us, just as they accompanied and inspired the Egyptians, Mayans, and Aztecs to shape and align their greatest pyramids, not to mention Sirius, which will be majestically enormous next to Capella, which, according to the map I consulted, will be the central point for our orientation and location in relation to other stars and constellations. We couldn't have a more evocative and powerful sky than this. It will be like this until about eleven o'clock. From then on, we will begin to have fewer favourable energies. What do you think?"

Master Germano agrees immediately. May looks up at the sky, leaving the living room and holding onto the boat's external railing, even though the sun is still on the horizon and she cannot see the stars. She returns slowly, seeming to search for an answer.

"David, thinking about everything that has happened to us so far, if I want to be logical, I would say: let's go. Knowing that nothing here is logical, at least not as we know it, and that something has got us into all this," he exhales and inhales deeply, slowly, *"after one, I don't know what we're doing here..."*, he gestures with the fingers of both hands at the same time, meaning 'in quotation marks', *I think your suggestion is great. May 'they', 'whoever they are'..."*, she gestures in the same way again, *"be present and help us. Let's imagine that they are on Mount Olympus and that they see us, inspire us and protect us. Let's take a relaxing, hot bath, as you suggested!"*

The couple walks hand in hand, with a noticeable air of concern. Now would be the moment they had been waiting for, and the total uncertainty of what they might find generated a high level of anxiety, which had to be controlled so that they could think clearly. Master Germano follows behind, sharing the same feeling.

Near the port of Halifax, the Muller brothers' yacht set sail for Oak Island. Two men, appearing to be security guards, entered a cabin where a young man and woman were being held captive. They were calm, expressionless, and cooperative in everything the men ordered them to do. They were taken to the central room of the boat, where the brothers were in the company of Miguel and the young priestess. When they arrived, walking uncertainly and staggering, the priestess noticed that they had huge dark circles under their eyes, dilated pupils, and looked terrible in general. She walked over to them, appearing to be sympathetic, and helped the girl sit down on the sofa.

"They haven't slept or eaten, judging by their appearance. How much of the drugs did you give them?!" the priestess asks the three men.

"Enough to obey us and do what we need, until they are discarded."

According to the legend of the well, someone must die in order to gain access to the treasures, so we can choose which one of them will die and which one will stay longer. The young lady is quite pleasant, we can have some fun with her before we take all her vril." Wolf Muller laughs loudly, accompanied by the other two. The priestess grimaces in disgust and then looks at the couple, thinking of a way to free them.

Wolf Muller approaches the young man, slapping his face, trying to wake him from his trance.

"Wake up, my boy. Listen to what I'm going to tell you and you'll do everything we tell you to do."

We need your help to obtain something very important."

Dr Muller and Gerhardt give orders in the old Nazi style. He then orders them both to eat what will be served to them in the cabin, as they will need strength to carry out their duties. *"One more thing,"* says

Gerhard Muller, *"take a shower, put on some cologne and wear clean clothes."*

You stink!"

They are taken back to the cabin just as the sun is beginning to set on the horizon. The priestess looks up at the sky and notices the first stars shining brightly, showing their greatness and importance. Rising on the horizon, she sees Venus and decides to ask for help for this couple and for the people of the world, saving them from the evil that these madmen wanted to cause. The power they wanted to obtain, vril, could not be used for these purposes. Its use must be for good, to raise the consciousness of sleeping beings and diminish the danger of the energies that devastated the planet, enslaving nations by those who claim to have dominion or greater military power. She admires the brightness of Sirius, which, within another hour, would be joined by other stars, in addition to the planet Jupiter. If the great beings who built the world and civilisations before the times we remember were watching us, especially those who provided the knowledge of the magnificent vril energy, the masters of Aldebaran, they could save us! Seeing the star just below Sirius and Capella, she would make a request and her own personal sacrifice, giving her life to save this couple.

Anticipating the girl's actions, Wolfgang Muller approaches her, grabbing her in a not-so-subtle way from behind, lifting her into the air, fitting her into his pelvis, which was an easy act

easy task, given her low weight due to her extreme thinness. He whispers in her ear: *"I expect to see excellent work today. You will have to take Dr Maya's place at the right moment, when we order you to. She will be about to be killed and you must continue the process of coupling the keys. You know what will happen to you if you fail... Mein lieber?!"* Almost breathless and writhing, she replies, *"Yes, I know. I will not fail."* She breaks free and walks towards the cabin. He shouts an order from afar.

"Put on your finest tunic, I want to see only beautiful scenes to enlarge my vision enlarged! Today I will obtain the power that the Fuhrer could not control. I am greater than him! He failed and I will not fail! The Vril Society will be reborn and I will be its leader! With this power, nothing and no one will oppose me!"

May and David were ready. They planned their outfits to attract as little attention as possible. They were dressed in the same style and functionality, jeans, waterproof mid-calf boots with rubber soles, the type typically worn by professional motorcycle riders, long-sleeved cotton T-shirts with collars, wool caps hiding May's blonde hair, and leather jackets. Everything was black. As they looked at each other, the tension between them increased. May went to her bag and took out the vril generator. The moment she touched it, a solfeggio sounded for three seconds at 528 Hz, and she recognised the note E. Holding the device in her right hand, she looked at David and realised she had received a tip, from whoever it was, but it was a great tip.

She remembers one more detail.

"David, I brought a cream with bidens extract so your skin won't burn in the light, if it appears. Apply it to your face and hands, to all unprotected areas. I don't need it, because the energy that flows from the generator doesn't affect me, but I don't want to miss seeing my hearthrob's face, always so perfect and beautiful."

As always, when he was worried, he spoke little. He limited himself to short sentences and facial gestures. He agrees, nodding his head quickly, and spreads the cream on his hands, face, neck and ears while looking out the window.

"It's almost seven o'clock. The yacht is ready, we have to go," he exclaims seriously.

"How are we going to get to the island? By boat?"

"No, we'll get there in a more technological way: by jet ski. We have a very quiet model."

May smiles and expresses what she was thinking.

"Not only are you handsome, you're always so chic! I like that!"

David picks up a small backpack and puts it on his back. May puts the generator in a zippered side pocket of her jacket.

As he remained extremely concerned, her efforts to make him smile did not work exactly as she had hoped. He gave only what could be called a hint of a smile.

"Come on, Maya, it's time we found out why we're here and what we're here for."

Leaving the cabin, they descended a small staircase. The black and green Kawasaki Ultra 300X jet ski was waiting for them. Captain Blake helped them climb aboard, wishing them good luck.

"I'll be on the radio the whole time and watching with infrared binoculars. If anything happens, I will call in the Halifax navy. But I hope that won't be necessary," says Captain Blake, clearly tense.

Positioned on the jet ski, the couple prepares to set off. Master Germano would stay on the yacht, as fewer people would attract less attention. They believed that if anyone saw anything, all attention would be focused on the large, beautiful yacht anchored a kilometre and a half away. As this region was known for yacht trips and various types of boats, apart from the style of the boat, nothing else would arouse suspicion. The distance was also adequate for the necessary discretion.

From atop the boat, surveying the area of the island chosen for the invasion, Master Germano used

powerful binoculars with night vision. Making sure the way was clear, he waved both arms forward three times, signalling that they should go, and then raised both hands and held them steady, making the victory sign.

Thus, the jet ski glides smoothly along the practically wave-less sea. David drives it at low speed, making as little noise as possible. In a few minutes, they reach the side of the island, which is somewhat wooded and will camouflage them. The jet ski easily runs aground on a ramp of earth mixed with sand, suitable for disembarking. He pulls the device forward a little, securing it safely to a small concrete column intended for mooring boats. They disembark and slip into the trees. Taking the infrared binoculars out of his backpack, he assesses the location of the well, which was a few dozen metres away. The night was lit by the stars and the full moon. The sky was completely clear and there was almost no artificial lighting in the area. There were only dim signal lamps for the small road that circled the island and led to the bridge connecting it to the mainland.

May notices the extremely clear sky, and for a few seconds, admires the brightness of the stars she sees. She recognises the position of the main ones and, by easily locating Sirius, finds Orion's belt, then Aldebaran. In this case, upon looking more closely, she believes that the star twinkled three times. *"Strange. It spoke to me. I'm going crazy with all this stress!"*

"Maya, let's go to the well. There's no one around here," says David as he finishes scanning the terrain with his special binoculars.

They walk as fast as they can and reach the entrance to the well. Next to it, a few metres away stood the last oak tree on the island, used by Francis Drake and John Dee's team, no doubt, to lower whatever they had placed inside it. The tree was leafy, with an unusual majesty, seeming to generate a faint light of its own that subtly hovered over its leaves. *"Maybe it was just the effect of the lights on the tree,"* thinks May. Estimating the lifespan of these trees, it could be a few millennia old and have a lot to tell. The well was an enclosed space, covered with wooden hoarding, poorly maintained, with a lot of earth thrown around the sides, no grass and several low wooden fences to keep the public out of the excavated area. Nothing else. No decorations, no buildings, nothing but grass, earth, stones and a covered hole.

"Now what? I mean, I think I have to take this." She points to the pocket without touching it. *"And say the magic words. I feel like I'm in the Harry Potter book. I could be Hermione's friend, with a different wand, saying the magic words."*

Unlike David, who remained silent in tense moments, May was eager to talk, generating topics with comical views, which made him, given the moment, give her a disapproving look and expect a more serious attitude from her. She realises the problem, swallows hard, opens the left zip of her jacket, and takes the generator with her right hand.

"OK, sweetheart, let's get to work," she says to the device in her right hand.

The next moment, she looks up at the sky and searches again for the star she thought had twinkled. She finds it, but sees no new visual communication. *"I think they got angry too."*

Changing her facial expression and looking concentrated, focused on the well, she asks David to step back, staying behind her, many steps away. She then positions the generator horizontally, hand down, holding it in the palm of her right hand, wrapped with her ring, middle and index fingers. Her thumb and little finger are open and positioned along the left and right crowns, simultaneously, like antennas. She takes a deep breath, opens her eyes slightly, and

legs, relaxes her shoulders, feeling uncomfortable, as if the woolly hat were preventing cosmic energy from touching her, removes the hat and puts it in her jacket pocket with her left hand. Then she raises her right arm forward, keeping the generator horizontal, and pronounces the sacred Sanskrit word, *om*, at a frequency of 396 Hz, in C, holding it for a few seconds and repeating it three times. She takes a deep breath and pronounces a new word with emphasis on the correct pronunciation.

"LAY-OO-ESH." The generator vibrates, causing May's hand to shake violently. She remains determined to continue, unshaken, breathing deeply, closing her eyes and raising her head, as if listening to someone speaking to her, and as if the voice were coming from above. She pronounces a phrase: *"KODOISH, KODOISH, KODOISH ADONAI TSEBAYOTH."*

A sound she knows well, like a crack, comes from the generator, which vibrates more gently, yet seems to contain something inside that is about to come out. From its crown at the ends of the shaft, a kind of electronic mist begins to become visible. May opens her eyes and, seeing this sign, intuits the sequence, the note E pronounced at 528 Hz, or as close to it as she can get. Her mind is distracted by thoughts of gratitude for the private music lessons she had taken in her youth. She regains her concentration, pushing away the distracting thoughts. At that very moment, she places the generator in an upright position, closing her index finger on the knot of the central axis, keeping only her little finger and thumb open, as if making a sign of connection between heaven and earth. David and May look up at the sky and suddenly a column of turquoise blue light, surrounded by an electrified mist, descends towards the well, first hitting the ancient oak tree that stood right next to it, its leafy canopy invading the area where the lightning struck. The tree burns in a blue flame that does not emit infrared radiation, therefore generating no heat, odour or smoke. In less than fifteen seconds, it disappears completely. Immediately after the oak tree disintegrates completely, the generator vibrates and, on its own, generates the sound of the same note and frequency that May had pronounced, and so perfect, it seemed to come straight from the angelic hosts. Now they notice that the column of blue light was surrounded by this mist of liquid light, which began to snake around the column, bringing to mind the image of Hermes' staff, the Enoch they had met in Egypt. *"This image could not come with a better signature!"*

Surely, it was the place where the keys were kept!", thought May. At that very moment, the ground shook, as if something beneath her feet was coming to the surface. The wooden cover of the well was thrown away, and if there had been earth and water there, it seemed to have disappeared. The winding column of light that penetrated the well receives a counter-column, with the same appearance, but without colouring, presenting only crystalline light. The two beams of light meet and remain stable, one metre above the surface, where thin rays begin to draw geometric shapes, forming rectangles, squares, triangles, and eight-pointed stars at their core, finally stabilising in the shape of a hypercube, which begins to rotate clockwise. The hypercube seemed to bring the fourth dimension of light density into the third. Suddenly, the images that were forming as it rotated began to disappear, and the cube gradually acquired density with an incredibly golden light, until it appeared as a dense golden ark, measuring 1.52 m x 0.82 m x 0.82 m. At this precise moment of total solidity, one metre above the ground, the light that sustained it suddenly disappears, acquiring mass and succumbing to gravity, it falls to the ground, causing a loud crash that startles May, who jumps back, close to David. He quickly helps her up, looking for the generator, which was still firmly clutched in her hand. The golden ark maintained a misty aura from an indescribable bluish light, visibly electrified and subtle.

"Are you alright?!" he asks.

"I'm fine... Wow! What was that?! It came from the bottom of the pit, but from another dimension. From the image of the hypercube, it was in a dimension above ours. Now I understand why it used frequencies."

David took a powerful torch from his backpack and shone it on the chest, taking care not to touch it, as he remembered what the Bible said about those who touched the ark of the covenant without being prepared to do so. She dusted herself off and walked over to the chest. It was a large object, appearing to be very solid and heavy. Apparently, it was solid gold and perfectly smooth, polished and shiny. At the same time, there was no visible place to open it. David shines his torch on all sides and cannot see how it could be opened.

"It looks solid, no openings. Any ideas?!"

"Yes, we can melt it down and become very rich. I mean, you're already rich, but I'm not."

David looks at May with the same look as before, and she understands again. She should control her nerves.

"Imagination is more important than science, because science is limited, whereas imagination encompasses the world." Albert Einstein, physicist.

The golden box seemed impossible to open and, above all, there was doubt as to whether that was what should happen.

"Maybe it was solid and then turned into something... Into keys... Who knows what?!" thought David as he slowly circled around, crouching, looking for a clue or a place to open it, controlling an enormous urge to touch it.

May watched the sky. Less than twenty minutes had passed since they arrived on the island, but it felt like hours. It was a strange feeling. She turned to him, her face showing doubt.

"Maybe I can..."

"Could what, Dr Maya?!" asked Dr Wolf Muller, pushing Ana and Armando in front of him, accompanied by his brother and four other armed men, who ran to surround the two of them next to the golden ark. They appeared from the same path they had taken earlier, which would camouflage anyone entering the island. At the same moment, David looks at the yacht and sees that there is a second one alongside his.

"They are in good hands, don't worry, Mr Bacon. My men will treat them well, at least for now. I decided to bring your friends to the island to visit you. Look, they are in very good health. They have been well treated, for now..."

Wolf Muller lets out an evil laugh that makes his intentions and his state of complete madness clear. David and May look at each other. Ana and Armando seem disconnected from themselves and the whole scene. She worries about her friend, taking a few steps towards her.

"Ana, Ana, wake up! Talk to me!"

"I'm awake... I'm just... I have no strength... What's going on? I feel sick, confused," Ana replies slowly, her voice discouraged and lacking energy.

David calls Armando, trying to check on his general condition.

"Armando?! Talk to me!"

"I know... I know... They got me, brother... I can't react... They injected us with a drug! I don't remember how it happened, I just know I'm here. I'm confused... I'm screwed! Everything is spinning... I'm seeing things... Images, only ugly things... A bunch of women with lizard faces!" replies Armando, equally discouraged, having visions, with no strength in his legs, sitting on the floor. At the same time, the two Muller brothers circled around the golden chest, examining it. May watched everything and everyone, with the generator in her hands, knowing she could do something and intuiting what. However, she feels that she should wait and that she would need the girl, the priestess, who was timidly standing behind the Muller men. Interestingly, David receives the same inspiration and understands. Dressed in character, wearing a typical white tunic for the ceremony that would take place at the opening of the chest, the priestess

waited resignedly.

David takes the lead in the inevitable negotiation.

Look, you two madmen want to obtain something you don't know what it is, just like us. We're guessing what it is, but we don't really know who put it there and, judging by the way it came out, it wasn't just the ones the story says are the possible and probable culprits. This is dangerous stuff, it's not a power game. So if there's anything to be done, it'll have to be by bringing Maya and the girl in the back together. She must know something to help."

Gerhardt Muller goes to fetch the priestess and brings her back by force, by the arm, in an apparent show of confrontation.

"Do you want to negotiate, Mr Bacon? Here's our girl. Let's bring yours and ours together and see what happens."

It's going to happen. If you do exactly what we want, they will live, otherwise they will both die. Look at the beautiful couple in love we found when we broke into the little fort there. They were so engrossed in bed that they didn't even notice us breaking in. What a shame to interrupt that scene!

For a split second, May feels happy for her friend. The level of sarcasm was enormous. Gerhardt points the .45 calibre automatic pistol at Armando's head, who is still sitting on the floor, completely apathetic to what is happening.

"If you don't start right now, he dies! And he'll be just the first in next will be his girlfriend!"

David reacts impulsively, stepping forward to advance on Gerhardt, who doesn't even deflect Armando's weapon and looks at David with a mocking expression, since there were four other men doing the same thing. May restrains him with a gesture and takes the lead.

"Calm down! Let my friend and I work here. We need space. Everyone back! Several steps back! Your energy is getting in the way!" They obey, including David, who supports Armando and Ana.

She approaches the priestess, already knowing, due to her attitude in saving Maria, that the Poor thing, she would be on their side, the good guys. She speaks quietly to the girl.

"Look, I know you're not part of this because you want to be. Let's work together to open whatever's inside the chest and then we'll see what we can do to get rid of the bad guys, OK?!"

The pale, thin girl nods in agreement and says what she thinks they should do. They talk for five minutes, assessing how they would open the chest, using the knowledge and intuition they had.

"I received this information during altered states of consciousness. I was told that I have to start the process and you have to finish it," says the priestess.

"OK, tell me what to do." May gathered all her strength and focused her attention on what was about to begin.

The girls stand one behind the other, walking slowly around the golden box, vocalising the solfeggio mi at 528 Hz. After completing seven turns, they position themselves on either side of the chest without touching it, and the priestess, who had a good voice, similar to that of a soprano and much more powerful than May's, removes a small box containing several tuning forks from her tunic. Choosing one, she strikes it on a wooden board she was carrying, singing the note A at 852 Hz. The tuning fork that generated exactly this frequency sounded beautifully like a choir of angels, joining with the note held by her voice. Suddenly, they notice a change in the appearance of the upper part of the box. It seemed to be trying to rise, and a streak of light accompanied what appeared to be a fracture forming. Just as a soprano can break a crystal glass, the same effect was achieved on the object in front of them.

May opened her mouth, surprised to be the first to notice that the golden box had been fractured, as if by magic, after the appearance of a laser-like light, cutting it twenty centimetres from the surface, outlining what would be a lid. When the cut was finished, the strong light disappeared, but left a discreet illuminated strip, which outlined the location of the lid opening. Frustratingly, it did not open. In a burst of energy, one of the four armed men lunged at the box, sticking his hands into the crack created by the cutting light and using enormous force to open it. When nothing happens, he calls for help, but in less than a second, he is struck by an impact of liquid light energy, which enters his body through his hands, looking like a tangle of illuminated spider webs, drawing them on his skin, including his eyes. The horror of the scene is so great that everyone steps back. He stands stunned, unresponsive and painless, staring at his illuminated skin, which looks like a multicoloured electrical circuit of polarised light. Suddenly, a solfeggio is heard coming from inside the box. With no time to react, Miguel disintegrates, looking like a supernova explosion into billions or trillions of particles of light. Nothing remains to tell his story. He simply disappeared. Everyone is surprised, but sadness and compassion are not part of the scene. *"One less,"*

David thought aloud. At that very moment, May felt the urge to position the generator with her right hand outstretched and hold it upright. Surprisingly, the hazy light that had been contained and static within its crowns for the past few minutes escaped as if it were a ghost flying over the box, forming solid, golden wings, each approximately forty centimetres wide by thirty centimetres high, which immediately attach themselves to the surface of the lid, making a clicking sound as they merge with it. May and the priestess look at each other as if wondering what they should do now. She places the generator back in an upright position and says the words, seed syllables, that came to her mind.

"AMEN-PTAH, KUAN YIN, BUDDHA, ZOHAR, ZOHAR, ZOHAR."

Like magic, the lid rose a few centimetres after a decompression sound and a thud, appearing as if whatever was contained inside the box or chest was not subject to the weight implied by the force of gravity and atmospheric pressure of this dimension, until then. The lid seemed to be fully connected to the generator, and May realised that she was in control of its movements, as if the device in her hands were a remote control. Apparently, it had connected to the system formed between them, as if they were using a Bluetooth programme. Realising this, she pointed the generator at the lid, keeping it horizontal, and made a light, gentle upward movement. The lid lifted easily and she placed it on the floor without any problems. Inside the box, there was light, reminiscent of a central sun stored there.

"Keep an eye on them and no one move without my order! If Mr. Bacon and his little friends move, shoot to kill! No one comes near the ark unless I say so! Keep only these two alive!" Wolf Muller gave orders in a state of complete hysteria to his security guards, pointing his finger at May and the priestess.

The two brothers were elated and completely out of control. They believed they had obtained something that was nowhere near ready to be delivered. As they approach the golden box, the light inside goes out completely. They ask one of the security guards to illuminate the inside. One of the men takes a torch and shines it inside. They see two boxes. One is larger, made of wood carved with symbols unknown to them, measuring approximately 40 cm x 40 cm x 50 cm in height, and the other is completely smooth, with nothing written on it, appearing to be made of metal, something similar to an aluminium alloy, measuring approximately 30 cm x 30 cm x 20 cm in height. They open the first one without difficulty and

They find only papers, leaving it aside. The second, made of metal, seemed impossible to open, just like the chest at the beginning. Dr. Muller turns to May and orders her to open it. May points the generator horizontally and makes an upward movement. The lid opens, but this time it is held in place by an invisible connection on only one side. Inside the box were small pieces of extremely crystalline and shiny pyramid-shaped crystals, just like the ones she had generated with David in the apartment bedroom. When exposed to the light of the torch, the reflection was enhanced, creating the effect of extremely fine electrical circuits, with a fractional light spectrum mimicking an intricate tangle of rainbows, which seemed to be the internal mass of these crystals. Sixty-three were counted. David had the one that completed the number sixty-four in his pocket.

"We have the keys of Enoch! We have the greatest power a man could ever obtain on Earth!" Dr. Muller shouts to his brother Gerhardt. He turns to the two girls and threatens them.

"Now you will activate the keys for me. Activate them now or you will see your little friends die!"

"That's not possible," says May.

"We can't activate them here. This isn't the place," says May a, looking at David so that he understands that *"the cavalry has arrived."*

"Freeze! If anyone moves, they die!" shouts Captain Blake, accompanied by Master Germano, pretending to be armed, wielding pistols attached to laser target markers. The lasers from their weapons pointed randomly at the heads of the three armed men. The Muller brothers, in their eagerness for the chest, had left their weapons on the ground. Wolfgang lunges to grab one of the revolvers, throwing it to his brother, and then tries to carry the box with the crystals. At that moment, May noticed that Gerhardt was pointing at David, intending to shoot, and with a blow to his back, she knocked him down, causing the shot to hit the floor. Another blow to his back, falling on him with force and with the help of her body weight, applied with her elbow, caused him to faint. With extreme agility, David attacks one of the security guards with a karate chop, immediately knocking him out, turning to the other and achieving the same feat. Quickly, he turns his attention to the third security guard, who was shooting at those who had arrived, and spinning in the air, with a blow from leg, throws him to the ground, but as he makes a move to get up, she kicks him in the head again, this time leaving him completely unconscious. Wolfgang Muller gives up trying to drag the box with the crystals and has a gun pointed at his head by May a. Captain Blake and Master Germano come out of their hiding place behind the trees and walk towards May a and David, carrying their "powerful laser signal pistol". Blake and Master Germano tie the feet and hands of the unconscious men and the two brothers with thick duct tape taken from Blake's backpack, while David keeps a revolver pointed at them. Wolfgang Muller verbally unleashes a series of threats against their lives, until Blake, in a state of enormous pleasure, covers his mouth with a large piece of duct tape, wrapping it around his head to ensure it stays firmly in place.

"Shut up, you old fool!" says Blake indignantly.

"Look, I never thought these revolvers could have another use," says Master Germano, frankly in a satirical tone, since there were no bullets in this type of weapon designed to activate the sky view for rescue in case of emergency.

"That was brilliant! Blake and Germano, thank you very much. Without you, I believe we would be in a much worse situation"

more complicated or dead! You arrived at the right time and diverted attention!" says David.

"These guys are complicated. Look, their boat took off," says Captain Blake. The Mullers' ship set sail, anticipating that they would be intercepted. They might return, but they would have time to get well ahead, without considering the fact that David's yacht was more powerful.

The same masking tape was placed on everyone who was lying face down, on their mouths, feet, and hands tied behind their backs, with no chance of escape.

Ana and Armando were there, and just as they had arrived, looking lost, calm and showing little reaction.

"What are we going to do with these lunatics?!" asks Captain Blake, pointing to those who were tied up, some unconscious and some not.

"I'll make a series of phone calls from the boat and everything will be sorted out. We'll say that they tried to steal the well and were heroically detained during the night by an anonymous group." Master Germano seemed pleased to use the power of his phone calls, which were always welcome.

"Are any of those guys still on the yacht?!"

"No, David, in fact, we were taken by surprise. Two men came aboard from the other yacht and surprised us when we were watching you on the island with binoculars. It was at the same time you were approached. They overpowered us, but when we had a chance, I managed to break free and catch the two of them, with Germano's help. They ended up jumping into the sea and swimming, I presume, to their boat. That's when we saw that you needed help and came to the island in a small inflatable boat, without an engine and with oars, so we wouldn't be heard. We left William on the boat because he knows how to start it and keep it sailing in calmer waters if necessary. He stayed on alert. From then on, it was a matter of minutes before their boat took off... Excellent team!"

"OK, I understand, and thank you for everything. The question now is what we will do with the boxes and, the more difficult question, the golden chest," says David.

At that moment, May looks provocatively at the chest and the vril generator.

"If it came out, it has to go back in. On the other hand, if it's gold, we can make a lot of money from it. What do you think?"

"Any chance this could be the Ark of the Covenant from the Bible?!" asks Master Germano.

Everyone looks at each other and silence reigns. May gives her opinion.

"I think we can call it the younger cousin of the Bible's ark. I believe it could be been made by those who made that one, and followed the same configuration. The best conclusion I can reach is that, if the people who made this chest are not the same ones who made the one described in the Bible, it clearly uses the same technology. Apparently, the purpose of these objects is to store sacred or dangerous things, depending on your point of view. Seriously, I cannot say that it is not, however, after opening it, many images came to me, and one of them is that Francis Bacon and Walter Raleigh had the idea of putting the stones in it... We still do not know exactly what they are... But there are sixty-four of them! Coincidentally, therefore, considering what history says, John Dee, with his knowledge of Enoch, may have brought this from the other side, from another dimension or parallel, and was unable to take it back, so he brought it here. The reason for it being here intrigues me. I can only explain it by the alignment and energies surrounding it, including vortexes.

"Well, if it stays buried there, it won't do any good. So let's carry it and decide what to do later," says Master Germano.

"OK, agreed! Let's take it." David hesitates: *"How?!"*

"Did you forget that I have the remote control?!" May reminds him cheerfully, waving the vril generator in the air.

The chest is then lifted by the magnetic field created between the vril generator and itself, being guided directly to the yacht, where it was deposited without any problems.

Returning to the jet ski, David took Captain Drake to the yacht, who quickly prepared the lifeboat to pick up more people. He returned with the motorised boat, which could carry six to seven people at a time. May got a ride from David on the jet ski. Ana, Armando, the priestess and Master Germano returned with Captain Blake.

2H.

The Aurora Borealis departs from Oak Island, taking all its occupants to safety and accommodating the new visitors, along with the treasure that has not yet been fully uncovered. Captain Drake agreed with David that he would steer the Aurora B. for the next few hours, while he should rest. It would be difficult, after so many emotions, and even more so, anticipating those that were yet to come.

In the living room.

Armando and Ana needed special care. They were beginning to regain their senses and self-control, due to the drugs' duration of action. However, to speed up the process, May was prepared, imagining that at some point, she might need to administer injectable physostigmine, an antidote for belladonna alkaloids. In a few minutes, it took effect, bringing her good friends back under their own control. It was easy to see when the antidote reached its threshold. Ana began to talk non-stop, trying to understand what had happened. A side effect immediately set in for the couple, with tingling, burning, and itching all over their bodies driving them crazy, but it was not serious, given that it would only last for thirty to forty minutes.

After everyone had eaten light sandwiches and some fruit that William had hastily prepared, new anxieties and doubts arose.

Returning from the cockpit, David joins the group.

"What are we going to do now? Where are we going?!" asks Armando, clearly recovered.

"We're heading for latitude 29° 16' 30" N and longitude 94° 50' 59" W," replies David, looking mysterious.

"What?! Where is that?!" asks Armando, completely stunned.

"Those are the coordinates of the Moody Complex in Texas, where we will anchor the Keys of Enoch."

"Which place?" asks Armando again, looking lost.

"Let's talk about it tomorrow, after breakfast. We have many hours ahead of us before we arrive. So, don't worry. We will stop again in Boston, at the same place we left, because of the shopping and services available, to buy supplies and take care of the boat, get clothes and everything else. There is a shopping complex in the harbour itself, not far away, where we can buy everything we need. But, on second thought, so as not to waste time, I'll ask my brother to help with the shopping. His wife can buy clothes for the girls. Just write down the sizes and what you need on a piece of paper, and I'll talk to him on the radio. Armando's size is easy, two sizes bigger than mine." David had a little notebook and passed it to May at that moment.

"Are you calling me fat?! It's because I'm shorter than you and two sizes bigger. I'm fat!" Hilariously, Armando looked down, examining his belly. Inevitably, everyone laughed. Then each one wrote down what they needed. May a

She happily observed that the way he was speaking was very similar to her own way of being. Then she remembered some important items and wrote them down in her notebook.

"Ah, give me the list again. Guys, in addition to normal clothes, we'll need , sunscreen, deodorant, and toiletries. I'm completing the list, so if anyone remembers anything else, please say so." David finished the list.

At that moment, they noticed that the priestess was completely silent, speechless, and had eaten almost nothing. May got up from the table to sit next to her.

"Hi, I'm sorry, there have been so many adventures and we're all confused, I know. What's your name?"
I think we're going to be spending some time together, so it's good that we finally introduce ourselves.

The delicate young woman gives a half-smile, sits up straight in her chair and takes a deep breath to gather her energy.

"My name is Gabriela. My twin sister and I were adopted by Dr. Muller when we were teenagers. My sister died due to the abuse of drugs they gave us for the vril ceremonies and because she could no longer feed herself, which is starting to happen to me."

May already knew the girl's story, as she had told Maria when she saved her.

"Yes, Maria told us, and that's why we knew we could count on you, as has been proven more than ever. Look, about these side effects you mentioned, I can say that once you stay away from this type of drug, its effects will wear off. You won't feel dependent. It will be something you can overcome, with all our help and whenever you need it. If you feel weak and perhaps depressed, I have a great solution: eat chocolate! It will help you get through the moments when you feel strange. Well, chocolate is also a drug, but a good one, so let's consider it that way for convenience. The only side effect it will have is increasing your dress size, which, in your case, will be welcome! I confess that this is my addiction, and David, knowing this, ordered an absurd amount of wonderful milk chocolates with nuts for the trip. We can get fat together!" They smile at each other. May had managed to lift her out of her sadness. *"But in my case, changing dress sizes isn't a good thing, since I'm at my limit, as my trousers tell me! Seriously, I'll lend you and Ana some clothes, they'll be too big for both of you, maybe the dresses will fit better, until we can buy clothes for you. Eat as much as you can. Make an effort. Then we'll rest. We'll find a place for you to rest."*

Master Germano, who was listening to the conversation like everyone else, offered her his cabin, since the third cabin would be occupied by Ana and Armando, and Captain Blake and William were staying in the fourth cabin.

"I'll be very comfortable on this wonderful sofa. It's very good for sleeping, and I'll have the pleasure of seeing the sea and the landscape in all its splendour! I insist!"

David thanks Germano for his kindness, going over to him and giving him an affectionate pat on the arm.

"Did you manage to talk to the people you know about the Mullers and the invasion?"

"Yes, David, I said what I needed to say. We trust each other a lot. They are my long-time friends. I am sure that if they cannot keep them in custody for more than twenty-four hours, until they pay bail for trespassing, they will try to create some problem to prevent them from leaving so soon. If we gain thirty-six hours, it might be enough. Anyway, how will they know where to find us?! Without Gabriela, they don't have anyone else who's psychic, do they?!" Master Germano proves, as always, to be very detail-oriented.

David thinks for a few moments and then continues the conversation.

"As far as we know, and from what the priest said... I mean, Gabriela, it would be her and her deceased sister. Her sister had greater mediumistic abilities than Gabriela, according to her. The question is to ask about it tomorrow. It's something important to look into," David replies, looking concerned. *"It would be good to box up the chest. I'll ask my brother to do that too. Wood and nails to build a cover. I'll pass on the measurements."*

"I have some advice," Armando suggests to David, *"instead of talking on the radio, because the conversation is easily traceable, talk on the computer, via Skype, for example. Create a new account, with a very different name, and locate your brother. Everything can be intercepted, but this way is safer."*

"OK, agreed! You're absolutely right. I'll do that from the cabin, my laptop is there. Come on, I'll get some sheets, blankets and pillows so you can have sweet dreams," David agrees emphatically.

"My dear David, the way I am, I'll take a shower and throw myself on this sofa for at least six hours, there's no doubt about that!" adds Master Germano.

"I would say that in my scientific and philosophical work, my main concern has been with understanding the nature of reality in general and consciousness in particular as a coherent whole, which is never static or complete, but is an endless process of movement and unfolding."
David Bohm, physicist.

3H. IN THE COUPLE'S BEDROOM.

After a good shower, May quickly dried her short blond hair. At the same time, David took the opportunity to chat with Solomon, his brother, via Skype, listening to the sound of the shower and now the hairdryer. He was careful not to say anything about what had happened in detail, limiting himself to vague conversation, knowing that Solomon would understand everything very well and would wait to meet him, when he would then be informed of the details. So everything was settled, and when they arrived at the port of Boston in less than two hours, the yacht would be ready to set sail directly for the next trip.

May leaves the bathroom in her nightgown, fixing her hair with her hands and her glasses so she can see the room. David gets up to take his shower, which, like all men, will be much quicker than hers. As soon as he enters, she takes advantage of the internet connection on the laptop that was available to research some points that were still vague in her mind.

When David returns, yawning, she mentions what she had concluded without looking back.

"It's there! I thought I might be wrong. There are several possible locations for us to do this activation. I was confused because of a book I read, written by James Tyberonn, 'The Alchemy of Ascension', which is wonderful, and which mentioned the various areas with Atlantean crystals being activated on Earth, one of which is in Brazil. I thought I might be mistaken and that it should be there, I believe it may even be, but the place is practically inaccessible due to so many foreign NGOs dominating the region. Brazilians themselves have no way of travelling there. Only foreigners have free access. There is illegal mining of gold and diamonds, which leaves Brazil without anyone knowing. It is uncontrolled trafficking. And it would be extremely dangerous for us to go there."

David was exhausted, but nevertheless patiently sat down in the armchair next to her and waited for what was to come.

"So... Continue..."

"I am referring to Tucumaque in Brazil, or Serra do Tucumaque," she points to the computer screen and he follows the images and her narrative. "It can also be called 'Tumuk Humak', it is close to the Guiana Highlands mountain range, stretching for three hundred and twenty kilometres. It would be difficult to find the exact location of the large crystal. In the language of the Aparai and Uaianas peoples who inhabit this place, Tumucumaque means 'the stone of the mountain'. Incidentally, it fits with the story. During the minutes that blue light came out of nowhere, from the sky, and penetrated the well, a series of images were passed on to me. They seemed to be possible locations to

activate the keys, and I would have to choose the most suitable or most accessible one at this moment. That is what I am doing, removing the doubt. Logically, given our current position here in the United States, it would be easier and faster. Actually, being on a boat and already on our way, the right place is where we are going. If something goes wrong, we still have a second chance: the crystal caves of Naica, near the city of Chihuahua, Mexico. It is the largest reserve of giant crystals yet to be activated. Perhaps with what we are going to do, we will be able to reach it."

David stands up and gently takes May by the waist, helping her to her feet. He hugs her as he lowers the computer screen, leading her to the bed.

"Let's go to sleep, princess. I need to wake up in three hours to pilot the boat. We don't want to Blake should sleep while he does that."

"Of course, sorry. Poor thing. Let's go to sleep right now!"

They lay on their sides, curled up in a shell shape, May in front of David, who pressed her against his pelvis.

"Stop it, stud! You have to sleep! I don't want to end up like a crew member of the Titanic! Go over there! To the other side of the bed!"

David turns to the opposite side, laughing, really enjoying himself and forgetting the tension they were in. He falls asleep immediately.

8 a.m.

A truly beautiful day. The illuminated sea reflected an indescribable green colour. May went up to the cockpit looking for David, carrying a tray with coffee with milk, orange juice, fruit and a white cheese sandwich. When he saw her, he smiled and stretched.

"Wow, I'm so sleepy! I think I'll pass out on the bed as soon as Blake comes!"

"I didn't even see you leave. You must have tiptoed out, because I'm a light sleeper and didn't wake up!"

May places the tray on a small side table while David sets the boat on autopilot. He sits on the sofa near the helm, keeping his eyes on the sea ahead, enjoying his breakfast while she massages his shoulders.

"You didn't wake up, because when I left, you were snoring loudly!"

She pinches him in the middle of the massage and he spills some coffee from his cup onto the tray.

"Ouch!"

"Liar! I don't snore!"

He gives a mischievous smile, takes his iPhone out of his pocket and presses the recording app. What was heard was something very similar to the sound of medium-pitched snoring.

"That's not fair! A lady doesn't snore!" May continues to give David sensual pinches, which he tries to dodge, maintaining an ironic smile.

"This lady snores. But actually, it was the first time I noticed. It must have been the crystals. All that energy must have reprogrammed her snoring potential."

He enjoyed her irritation.

"Oh, really? Then you'd better hope the next few crystal sessions fix it, otherwise you'll have to put up with that snoring for a while longer and sleep with earplugs! Or always in another room!"

He moves the tray away so as not to cause any accidents and makes her sit on his lap, ending with a kiss. At that very moment, Armando comes up and finds them kissing, trying not to get in the way, taking steps backwards.

"I saw you, Armando! Come on in! I'll leave you two here, because I'm starving, I need my breakfast! Keep David company. He's very sleepy. That will keep him entertained."

Armando seemed uncomfortable in his tight clothes, jeans with a polo shirt and wool jumper, showing signs of being stretched to the limit. He pulled his clothes from side to side, hoping for a better fit.

"Calm down, mate, in a few hours you'll be wearing clothes that fit you! How was your night? You and Ana..."

"Look, we passed out last night, but early this morning... Uh... She really is my type! I think I'm falling for her, mate!"

David takes the last bite of his sandwich, drinks the rest of his orange juice, grabs some

green grapes, gets up and sits at the helm. Armando settles into the sofa next to him.

"Look, Armando, I hope that this time your relationship panic won't get in the way. If Ana is half as good as Maya, it will be well worth it and... Let's be honest..."

I think you've already realised that she's beautiful and intelligent too. And what about her? How do you think she feels? How is she with you?"

"Wow... That's too much! We were alone in my flat and on the first day everything was fine, I stayed calm, kept to myself, was nice and stuff. But on the second day, she showed up looking all sexy and I realised we wanted the same things, that is, each other. So, neither of us could hold back. It was totally hot! Yeah, I think she's into me, but I'm not going to rush into anything until I'm sure I want a real relationship!"

"OK, mate, take it easy. Let things happen."

"What about you and Maya? It looks like you're already married. You know, that thing where two become one... That's what I see with you two," Armando says, swaying his body.

David takes a deep breath and looks at Armando.

"I'm the happiest man in the world! She's one of a kind... I never imagined I'd find someone like her."

Armando looks thoughtful, staring out at the sea in front of him, prompted by his friend's words. The reason was, in fact, that it was time for him to change the way he looked at life. He saw in David a fulfilment that he had never realised existed. Certainly, he should give his relationship a chance to reach that level of completeness.

"David, what are we going to do now? How long will it take us to get to Galveston?"

"We will have more than three days to discuss a good plan. But... You and Ana will stay in Boston. My brother will put you both on a plane to São Paulo as soon as you go to the embassy to pick up your passports."

Armando gets up from the sofa next to the pilot's chair, where David was sitting, looking a little upset.

"No, no! No way! We came here, things happened, I got involved too, so we're all going back to Brazil together! I've already asked them to pick up my passport and a credit card, and Ana's too, and send them via DHL. Our wallets and documents are in the flat, so I won't be stopped by the police. They'll be delivered to Solomon today, and he said he'd arrange for us to receive them at a stop somewhere in Florida or even in Galveston. All you have to do is tell him where, and he'll send a courier. You guys talk on Skype, so it'll work out. I don't want to be stopped by the police and be without my documents."

"When did you talk to him?!" David is confused.

"I went into your room early this morning with Ana, and Maya said I could... So I called you on Skype and asked you to help me... We're like brothers and sisters, the three of us, right?!"

David nods affirmatively, without hesitation.

"Do you both have valid visas?!"

"I do, and Ana's passport is from the European Union. Her father is Italian. That must be why it's so hot! Wow!" Armando runs his hands over his face, expressing enormous pleasure. David laughs at the scene, then picks up a map and shows it to Armando, leaning it on the table.

"Look, we'll go down the coast, make three more stops, one at the beginning, in the region near Baltimore. It will be quick, for refuelling and safety checks on the yacht. Another in Key West. And the third, near New Orleans. I'm still calculating and will finalise it with Blake. In Key West, in the state of Florida, heading south of the continent and in the

near the Bermuda Triangle, we will have the chance to swim with dolphins. It's something I've always wanted to do, and I think Maya will enjoy it. She is very sensitive, and this contact with these benign aliens could be revealing for us."

Armando looks lost in the conversation.

"I don't understand..."

"OK, I'll try to explain what I mean better, and you'll understand. Maya has the ability to connect to new patterns, whatever they may be. I have it too, but her ability is still different and comes more easily. She doesn't need to make an effort or meditate for it to happen. It's subtle and immediate. Let's understand this as one of the many ways of expressing the Universe through frequencies. In the animal world, dolphins are a representation of this ability. According to many spiritualists, mediums, channellers, etc., these beings were brought by extraterrestrials from the region where almost everything happens, or happened here on Earth, Sirius B, and placed here on the planet to help us in the planetary grid, building frequencies in the physical aquatic universe. I know it sounds confusing, but it may become easier if you go through the experience. I imagined it would be really nice to swim with the dolphins, totally submerged and really letting that connection happen. Since everything in our lives has been turned upside down, and suddenly we're heading to Florida, skirting around the Key West region, let's go find them and see if they want to talk to us!"

"You mean dolphins are extraterrestrials?!" asks Armando incredulously.

"They are currently terrestrial, as they have lived here for a long time, but they are aliens. The difference between an alien and an extraterrestrial is whether or not we have their genetic material in us. In this case, we don't, so they are aliens who have lived on Earth for millennia: terrestrial, like other cetaceans."

Armando sits down again.

"Sometimes I think you're crazy! But after seeing with my own eyes everything I've experienced with you, I have to accept that there are more things between heaven and earth than my vain philosophy dreams of. It's a bit of a cliché, but it always works at times like this."

The two laugh unabashedly and continue talking for several hours, until Captain Blake, recovered, takes command again.

6 p.m. CONSTITUTION MARINA, BOSTON, MA.

The Aurora B. docked conveniently at a spot where Solomon was waiting for David with three men. Two small trucks had brought everything they needed. They set aside a suitcase for each person, with the requested belongings appropriate for each, including several boxes of food and mineral water. While everything was being loaded on board, the marina staff took care of the yacht, cleaning it, checking the fuel and engine, testing equipment, and evaluating the hull.

May and David were with Solomon, watching the two SUVs being unloaded.

My wife bought what you asked for the girls and packed it neatly in their suitcases. We took the liberty of having the new clothes washed, so they are in perfect condition. I hope they fit. Since I know Armando well, it wasn't difficult to figure out what he needed. I included clothes suitable for the Texas heat for everyone. Well, we have time. How about giving me the pleasure of

eating together? There's a restaurant right here, a two-minute walk away," Solomon politely invites.

David runs his left hand through his hair, from front to back, thoughtfully, and turns towards the yacht, somewhat apprehensive.

"I don't think we should leave the things we brought here like this, with no one to watch over them. Armando went out for a walk with Ana to buy some things she wanted. Master Germano is inside with only the priestess, Gabriela, whom I mentioned to you earlier."

"Oh, my! How could I have forgotten that! We can leave the boys here on guard, but even so, I don't think it's appropriate to leave them completely alone, no matter how well trained they are." The two assistants he had brought with him were, in fact, professional security guards, armed, to keep watch while the boat was in the marina. *"We'd better go inside as soon as they finish unloading the supplies. We'll talk more safely inside. I want to know what you guys thought of it, after all!"*

While Chef William put the groceries in his cupboards, fridge and freezer, tidying everything up, the three of them went inside and in less than five minutes, Ana and Armando arrived carrying several pizzas and some shopping bags. They all sat down at the large dining table in the main room, recounting the whole adventure to David's brother. Solomon was a man of great culture and experience. Like his younger brother, he had had some experiences in his life that could be recounted and admired at another time. When they had finished eating, Solomon asked to see *"the golden chest and the crystals,"* which were safely stored in the yacht's cargo area, one floor below.

Accompanied by David and May, they descend the stairs to the locked room where they had left the boxes. They open the door to a storage room containing several shelves with canned goods, bagged groceries, jars, mineral water, soft drinks, and long-life juice cartons, alongside shelves with cleaning supplies, first aid supplies, and even boat maintenance supplies, each in a separate section. The ceiling was low, approximately two metres high, with a total area of forty square metres. Upon entering,

Solomon comes across a large figure covered by a tarpaulin. David leads him to the chest, leaning over and removing the tarpaulin. When he removes it, the surprise is great. Solomon leans over the object, asking if it is safe to touch it. After May affirms that it is, he places both hands on its side and top, noticing the longitudinal crack that had been caused by the blue laser-like beam, which had allowed the box to be opened. His excitement and surprise were enormous. Still crouching, admiring the golden object under the dim light of the warehouse, he turns to the couple.

"Was it for her that you asked for the wood and nails? They must be upstairs. I have to ask Bring it down here. But this is... This is... The Ark of the Covenant?!", he asks, his voice choked with emotion. For a few moments, the mature, strong man had given way to a spiritual romantic, hitherto totally unknown to May a.

David tries to calm his brother down, crouching beside him to admire the piece.

"We believe it is a type of object similar to the ark in the Bible. They must be made in a parallel universe or another dimension. That will remain unanswered for now. They must be manufactured to carry pieces that generate energy, whatever it may be, such as the keys of Enoch, crystals... At least, that's what we've concluded. This ark seems to be very similar to the one described in the Bible, but it contains no scriptures, drawings... Only the wings that were placed, as if by magic, on the lid."

"My God! This must be priceless! We have to protect it from malicious people!"

"Yes, my brother, I don't think it can be revealed to the world. Many would kill, as they are already trying, to obtain it. At the right time and in the right way, it will have to be destroyed," adds David, looking disconsolate, knowing that it will be impossible to present this discovery to the world media.

David and Solomon stand up, talking face to face, their arms tied at right angles, one hand holding the other's bicep, unaware that May was present.

"David, I always knew you were different. I was sure of it when all that happened, and that's why, when our mother died and later our father, I understood that I had to take care of you. That this was my role, to help you do what fate and they had prepared for you. I knew I would do that and then great things would come as you grew up. I never doubted it!"

May had tears in her eyes and was holding back a sob, even though she didn't understand why her two brothers were in such an emotional state in front of that golden box that looked like an ark. As always, she thought about how little she knew about David, or almost nothing, and when he would be willing to tell her. Perhaps this would happen when this phase they were going through was over. After all, she needed to know the unknown story if they were to stay together. Hers was completely mundane and banal, but there was something about David and his secrets, now confirmed by her brother's knowledge, that she needed to understand. She knew she couldn't give herself completely without being properly introduced to the world of David Bacon.

Once they had recovered, David opened the second box, which contained sixty-four perfect pieces of crystal. Solomon did not even attempt to touch them, but noticed the sparkling glow of multicoloured particles that seemed to form an electrical system inside each crystal. Anyone could see this effect, but they would have to let themselves be intoxicated by the sight of the shining brilliance, and only after this visual contact would the electrical-crystalline effect of each of the perfect crystals be noticed.

"They are magnificent! They are simply magnificent! I can see that there is life inside them." Solomon remained excited.

"There's one more thing here. From what little we've snooped around, these are most of the original manuscripts of Francis Bacon, or rather, the original manuscripts of William Shakespeare, which were never found. And that explains why."

Solomon crouches down again and, looking very surprised, picks up the first pages in front of him, entitled '*Antony and Cleopatra*'.

"My God! Judging by the volume, a good part of the plays he wrote must be here. And the most incredible thing is that it is signed: William Shakespeare, but next to the signature, 'I am Francis Bacon', in exactly the same handwriting. This is one of the great discoveries of the century!"

At that moment, Captain Blake appears at the door of the room and announces that they will be leaving in no more than twenty minutes. The three decide to leave the storeroom, if it can be called that, closing the box, covering the chest and locking the doors securely with a padlock.

In the main room, everyone was waiting for Solomon to say goodbye. When he goes to hug May, he can't resist asking, *"We still have ten minutes, and I'd like to ask, why Galveston? Why would Moody's pyramids, built just a few years ago by modern men, have the ability to help in this activation of the crystals?!"*

May asked everyone to sit on the sofas in front, but the answer would not be long in coming.

"The information I am about to share, as always, was given to me as a download at the moment of contact with the blue ray that brought the ark to the surface, so I believe it to be valid. On the other hand, I had already read exactly that in a book by James Tyberonn, which made it easier to recognise the telepathic message that was sent to me. The Moody Complex received what can be called 'energies of an Atlantean frequency pattern'. This pattern was generated by the complex that sank in that region, near the island of Galveston, more than eleven thousand six hundred years ago. The point is that there are dimensional doors within certain Phi pyramids, those that follow the golden ratio in their construction. This is especially true in Galveston and Giza, aligned between 29° and 30° N, forming a vesica pisces pattern, that is, a meeting between two worlds on Earth, which is extremely important. Each of the complexes is located within one of the two interconnected circles of the vesica pisces. In addition, Giza is aligned with the Orion belt and Galveston with Sirius, which channels the light and energetic influence of these stellar regions. There are several types of pyramids, including the no less important ethereal, invisible ones formed around these pyramids, as well as dimensionally invisible chambers within them. These pyramid constructions or ethereal geometries are dimensional projections that mirror the frequencies of light in a spectrum that does not belong to visible light. However, some sound tones can make them more easily visible or even bring them from the ethereal, invisible world into the denser universe. This was one of the secrets of the language of the sonics, and our dear priestess Gabriela, together with Master Germano, has full knowledge of the subject. In the Moody Complex, there are invisible, interdimensional chambers that can be activated, and it is very important that this be done, as they are energetically connected to the pyramids of Giza. Our mission is clear to me now, and it became so after the experience on Oak Island. We have to activate them through Enoch's sonic harmonics, increasing the power of the dimensional chambers, bringing them, at least partially, into our reality as perceived by our basic sensory organs. To do this, we need everyone here, your strength, your courage, your knowledge and, if I may say so... your magic!"

David and Solomon were mentally connected, lost in time until Solomon decided to react to the emotional state he was in, saying what was in his heart.

"David, everything that has happened so far has a greater meaning. There are no coincidences, and it is not

it is because of her that you are all here. This is EMF – Electro Magnetic Force, that which is produced by the force of connection. Some translate it as love, I would say that it may be this energy that brings together and keeps us cohesive, but I would add the word 'intention' coming from you and coming from the universe, from the cosmic, as we Rosicrucians say. With this, just surrender and trust in the course that will lead to even greater surprises at every moment. As the Qur'an says: total surrender and submission. I would like to be with you all the time, but I feel that I can help more in the way I have been doing, supporting you when you need it. Do not hesitate to call me. Do so whenever you need to."

Captain Blake announces over the intercom that they will be setting sail in five minutes.

Friends and crew members say their goodbyes. Solomon descends the ramp of the Aurora B with regret.

"The scientist does not aim for immediate results. He does not expect his advanced ideas to be easily accepted. His duty is to lay the foundations for those who are to come and show them the way."

Nikola Tesla, scientist and inventor.

Tonight was special. Its mystical presence infected anyone who was open to the world of subtle energies. The Aurora B. sailed calmly, accompanied by the faint light of the moon, which, majestically and enigmatically, has accompanied the planet for so long. *"But how long? Who put the moon in this unlikely place? What is the moon anyway? A satellite?"*

Artificial?!", thought May, looking at the sky and feeling the cold wind touch her skin. Wrapped in a hooded coat, she appreciated and thought: *"All moons of known planets are less than ten per cent the size of the planet they orbit. Why is ours the only one that is a third the size of the Earth's diameter? Its location must be responsible for the displacement of the planet's axis. The official theories, which say that the moon was formed by the collision of a celestial object with our planet, were implausible. It seemed impossible that something large enough to form the moon could collide with Earth and still leave another piece three times smaller than where it collided, connected to its gravitational force. Such a collision would have blown up our planet. Who put the moon there and why?! What kind of artificial object would it be? Several scientists unveil the theory that the moon is a satellite manufactured by extraterrestrials... The lies told about its surface and the insistence on falsifying the photos taken... The secret missions of the astronauts, as happened with Apollo 11, where a lot was leaked and it was clear that the astronauts were, to a certain extent, unprepared for what they found and were unable to speak... Not to mention the hidden side... Conveniently hidden... They lead to these possibilities."*

Lost in these thoughts, she is joined by her best friend, Ana. The two look at each other, smile with their eyes, but do not speak. They prefer to admire a sky crowned with beautiful stars and imagine if "they" could see them, just as easily as the Greeks mentioned the "Gods of Olympus" looking down on mortals here below, on Earth.

"There are certainly many civilisations out there in the sky. The history written by ancient man makes it very clear that they must be from the most similar to us, and these walk among us without our knowing it, to the most different, or even those who have nothing to do with us, the aliens themselves. Those I intuit, the ones who tend to be similar, may be from Sirius (the alpha star of Canis Major, The Dog Star), Orion's Belt, the Pleiades, the Hyades, Cygnus, or even, as was believed in Nazi Germany, the vril, being from Aldebaran, the alpha star of Taurus. And the most interesting thing is that they are almost all next to each other, as if there were no space in the sky. They can only be seen like this, I mean, so well, in the northern hemisphere and around winter, or preferably. At this time of year, they are the centre of the celestial dome. That's when they look at us more closely." May continued to think and imagine.

The yacht continued on its way, appearing to be very slow, even at ideal speed. They sailed close to the coast, avoiding the deep seas and watching out for hurricane and storm warnings, so typical of this region. In less than three days, they would be in Galveston. David and Captain Blake calculated the route to follow, and from the wheelhouse, they could see the girls gazing at the sky and chatting. Motivated by an impulse, David leaves the map he had in his hands on the small table next to the helm, asks the Captain for permission, and goes to find May. When she sees him, Ana hugs him like a brother and, knowing she should leave them alone, leaves gracefully and delicately. David leaned on the stainless steel railing next to May, feeling the same cold wind, zipping up his leather jacket and looking at her face, waiting for her to say something.

Something tells me that while I imagine someone who may come from above to visit us and who in the past of our history gave us their genetic material to transform us into what we are, a hybrid race of biological material originating from this planet associated with that of several others... past of our history gave us their genetic material to transform us into what we are, a hybrid race of biological material originating from this planet associated with that of several others... From all those more visible areas up there... Interdimensional or not... Or even from others we have heard about... there must be several of them among us, perhaps their direct children with a greater genetic component coming from these beings. It is possible that some of these children know they are 'demigods', while others have no idea."

May turns to David, who passionately and receptively embraces her, wrapping his arms around her waist and holding her close to his chest. She looks into his eyes and asks a question that has been bothering her for some time.

"You've had an encounter with... Them... Right?! You've been in their presence, and that explains why you pushed me into everything that's happened over the last few days. I have the distinct impression that when I speak what I believe to be intuition, associated with the analysis of data from studies I have been doing for over 20 years in this regard, you simply remain silent, waiting for me to say what you already know. It seems that you could only interfere if it were through the free will of the most human, like me." May looks him straight in the eye, affectionately and without confrontation. He reacts statically, showing no emotion and revealing no detail.

"I have the impression, and this may just be my imagination, that you always expect me to say things so that, based on what I come to believe, I can agree with you, because you had exactly the clear vision of what... You already knew!"

She breaks free from his arms, takes a step back, takes his right hand and leads him to the bedroom in an extremely inviting but subtle way. When they arrive, she makes him sit on the bed, removes his coat and scarf and, sensually, keeping her eyes fixed on his, removes the leather jacket he was wearing, without him even having a contrary reaction or offering any help. He felt dominated and loved this feeling. She was wearing navy blue jeans and a white cotton T-shirt with three buttons on the chest, which were open and suggestive. Still standing, she removes his jeans and socks, leaving them on a stool. Delicately, she crouched down and removed the boots he was wearing, his socks, and ran her hands up and down his legs, reaching his belt and removing it slowly. He leaned back, his eyes closed, still holding himself in a sitting position, his arms extended behind his back, supporting him. David begins to breathe heavily. She removes his trousers, again running her hands up and down his legs, massaging his athletic muscles. At that moment, he moans and tries to cut to the chase, getting straight to the point that had become irresistible.

"Calm down, stud... Calm down..."

She sits on top of him, causing him to lean forward, when she throws herself backwards, towards the floor, on her back, returning in a yoga movement, moving forwards and

back, not allowing his hands to remove the rest of her clothes. Resting her face against his, she speaks into his left ear, low, soft and slowly, exhaling and biting his earlobe.

"Who are you? I want to know. Who did I fall in love with?!"

Unable to resist any longer, he moans, takes charge, quickly removing both their shirts, unfastening May's bra and caressing her full, perfect breasts with total fever. Throwing her back on the bed, he tears the lace side straps, getting rid of what bothered him, loving her like never before.

FORTY-TWO HOURS LATER. IN THE MORNING.

After twelve hours in custody, the Muller brothers returned to Boston on the same yacht they had taken to Oak Island. The vessel docked at the maritime entrance and exit of the Intercontinental Hotel, located on the canal below Seaport Boulevard, behind Atlantic Avenue. Accompanied by two security guards, they disembarked and settled into a spacious room, where they immediately began planning how to continue their search for what they firmly believed belonged to them: the keys of Enoch.

The yacht continues for another four minutes ahead, docking at Birch Marine Inc, 66 Long Wharf. The Mullers were booked in Canada on charges of trespassing and released on bail. The alleged heroes who arrested the island's intruders were declared "unidentified" by police reports. The police and coast guard assumed that it was someone or some group who had passed through the area and overpowered them.

On the other hand, the two brothers were unable to explain what they were doing on the island with armed security guards at that time of night, considering that there was nothing to steal without the use of large special equipment, which was not present. Thus, they were able to leave jail. If the island's owners decide to sue them, the Mullers will have to

appear in any court in Nova Scotia.

"Locate their boat. Find out where they docked. Maybe they went from the harbour to some airport. Locate Mr. David Bacon's boat and Miss Maya Angel. Track everything down, pay whatever it takes to get all the data. I want to know where they are! I want what they stole from us!" Gerhard Muller was in a pronounced psychotic state. His eyes were glazed and demonic, as was his blond, almost white, thin and sparse hair, completely dishevelled and left that way by the countless times he rubbed his hands on his head, demonstrating his tempestuousness. His breathing was audible and irregular, holding the air in his lungs for a long time before exhaling. His brother Wolf displayed almost the same characteristics, accompanied by an icy silence, his eyes always directed at the floor.

In less than two hours, they received news that the yacht named Aurora B., belonging to Solomon Bacon, had arrived in Boston at a marina near theirs, but had set sail two nights ago with no information about its destination.

"There must be a way to find out their route! They must have mapped out a route and informed the harbour master's office of their arrival so they can refuel if they're going far! Find out if they informed anyone," Wolf shouts in the living room of his presidential suite, which connected two bedrooms.

"Not necessarily, sir. We've already checked, and there is no prior notification at any marina of ports on the way south. This can only be done a few hours before they dock. We have already set up a tracking system, both human and electronic. As soon as they inform us of a stop and it is registered, we will know," informs one of the Muller's assistants.

With nothing left to do but wait, they decide to rest.

"I want you to let me know as soon as you have the information," Gerhardt declares.

Several hours later, one of the men enters the living room, where the two brothers are having coffee.

"Gentlemen, the Aurora B. was recorded refuelling an hour ago at a marina in Lynnhaven, Virginia Beach. The information given said that the yacht would continue south, but we don't know where it's going, as that wasn't reported."

The two brothers leave their coffee on the table, exchange a typically cold stare, and order a jet to be arranged so they can go as soon as possible to that region, to an airport near the sea, which could be the one in the city mentioned. From there, they will wait for new coordinates.

The two security guards quickly leave to organise what is necessary.

"Let's take a look at the map and try to understand where they intend to go and what they want to do. I think I'm beginning to understand," says Wolfgang.

"If man thinks of the whole as consisting of independent fragments, then that is how his mind will tend to operate, but if he includes everything, coherently and harmoniously, as a global whole that is indivisible, uninterrupted and without boundaries, then his mind will tend to move in a similar way, and from it will flow orderly action within the whole." David Bohm, physicist.

3 p.m.

Under a clear blue sky, the sun looked enchanting, shining down and blessing the crystal clear waters of the Key West region in Florida. The temperature of 26° C in the shade made it highly attractive for all members of Aurora B. to go outside and enjoy the landscape lined with small islands, often connected by long bridges. The shallow waters near the islands provide a multicoloured backdrop worthy of exemplary photographs and watercolour paintings. The corals adorn and highlight the beauty of the place, which is visited by fish of all kinds. Captain Blake slowed down and, together with everyone else, enjoyed the view, while constantly consulting the navigation charts for the region. When they approached a spot with multicoloured waters, but not so shallow, David and Captain Blake spotted several dolphins with the help of binoculars. They slowed down even more so that they could get closer to the cetaceans. When they reached the ideal spot, the Aurora B. came to a complete stop, turning off its engines.

The captain speaks enthusiastically over the loudspeakers in his typical mix of English and Spanish, which was perfectly understandable. Even though everyone spoke English, he took advantage of the chance to practise.

"Ladies and gentlemen, it is impossible to resist the temptation to swim with these dolphins, so the for those who are interested, I would like to inform you that we will be making a one-hour stop so that we can enjoy ourselves. I will wait here in the external command area. I will enjoy the sun, the heat and the breeze, and you can talk to these friendly animals, if you want to and know how, of course. Captain Blake, a long-time friend of Solomon and David, was also a member of the Thule Society who often spoke in subliminal messages so that those who were ready could understand the "extra" that was present. David smiles at him and pats him on the back, heading towards the lower area where he intends to dive with May.

"Good luck. I hope they talk to you both!"

"Thanks, mate. Let's see what we'll get as a gift from our friends on Sirius B," David exclaims excitedly.

When David comes downstairs, he is surprised by May, who is already wearing a bikini and has a snorkel hanging around her neck and flippers in her hands.

"You're late, come on! I'm not a great swimmer, but I can manage with this thing. Are you a good swimmer?!"

He takes a few seconds to respond, due to his surprise.

"Yes, yes, I trained with professional divers for a few years. I like the agility of the snorkel, but we'll have to stay with them down there for a while, so we'll have to put on small, light cylinders for about twenty minutes."

David opens a cupboard and takes out two small cylinders. He hands one to May.

"Have you ever used this before?!"

"To be honest, only once. I didn't like it, which is why I had my eye on the snorkel. But don't worry, I know how to handle diving in waters like these. I can manage, and I know I'll have a teacher nearby, right?!"

David gestures towards the vril generator with his hands, and before he can speak, May has already placed it inside her diving belt.

"Did I catch you off guard?! You wanted me to take it, and here it is, securely fastened to my belt so it won't fall out. I'll know what to do, even though I don't know right now..."

She laughs and puts the vril generator back in the rubber bag she carries at her waist, attached to a diving belt. David immediately takes off his shorts and T-shirt, leaving them on an outdoor sofa, and keeps his swimming trunks on. He grabs a pair of separate flippers and calls Ana and Armando to get ready to dive. Gabriela cannot swim, and Master Germano prefers to stay with her on the Aurora B., filming the dive.

"With such crystal clear waters, it could be interesting to have the scene to analyse," thought Germano.

May looks at Ana putting on her flippers.

"Is it okay to use these things?! I've never seen you do this kind of diving..."

"Well, I think that in this kind of calm water, I won't drown. I just don't know how to handle stormy seas full of waves. Here it's like a swimming pool, it's easy! I know how to swim with a snorkel, I'll go with that and without a tank. We'll watch you from up here..."

May watches Armando, thinking that his unathletic build could be a sign that it is not safe to let him do this sport. Before she can even open her mouth, David grabs her arm, telling her there is nothing to worry about.

"Calm down and relax. Armando went to most of the diving lessons with me. He's been out on the open sea several times with a tank on his back. They'll be fine. I've already asked them not to get too close to us."

"Why?!" May asks, curious.

"Well, if something strange happens, sometimes people nearby can get in the way more than they help."

She puts on her swimming goggles and shakes her head. David checks the oxygen supply on the cylinder she has on her back.

"Is there any point in asking what you know is going to happen?! No, right?! Okay, then, bye!"

She jumps with her equipment adjusted, throwing herself vertically, feet first, into the water and swims away, sinking calmly, breathing properly with her cylinder.

Then David jumps in and follows her. After five minutes of swimming away from the ship, May lifts her head out of the water to talk to David. They float, very close together. Armando and Ana jump in and swim to the opposite side of the first couple, keeping their attention on them at times. Ana felt that something could happen to her best friend and was apprehensive.

"There are no dolphins here, and we saw several just a moment ago. It seems they've disappeared. I think I know what to do to bring them back." May takes the generator out of her bag, puts her mask back on her face and the breathing tube in her mouth, and sinks into the water. She focuses her attention on the generator, allowing herself to sink slowly, increasing the depth to a point where she can stay, moving her flippers. At the same time, she holds the generator with both hands in an antenna shape.

open, with her thumb and the base of her index finger joined around the connector tube of the crowns. She releases the air from her lungs and the bubbles rise, catching the attention of those on the boat. David dives down and watches from three metres away. In two seconds, a harmonic solfeggio sounds, fully audible only to those underwater. The G sharp tone echoes in waves of 852 Hz. Suddenly, behind May and David, who were facing the same direction, a bull shark appears, typical of these shallow waters and, luckily, not as dangerous as a tiger or grey shark. May remains in the same position, only moving her feet slowly to avoid sinking further. The shark turns around and comes to investigate the frequency that continues to be maintained. Instead of being frightened, both she and David remain calm, breathing normally. He mimics the position of her hands, standing face to face, with the shark approximately three metres long, one and a half metres from her face and between the two of them. At this moment, the solfeggio changes to 963 Hz, clearly causing discomfort to the shark, which becomes more agitated. In approximately five seconds, the combination of the two frequencies is heard, followed by the formation of a bubble of liquid energy between David and May's hands, growing and engulfing the shark, exploding in energy and a sound too irritating for the animal, causing it to swim to the surface in despair, along with a wave that formed with the bubble, which everyone could see and feel due to the movement of the boat. The shark swims away from them frantically until it disappears. Ana panics, pushing off with her flipper, intending to go towards her friend. Armando holds her with his right hand and gestures with his left not to intervene. May and David are unaffected. At that moment, as if by magic, twelve adult dolphins surround them. David approaches his beloved, gesturing for her to lay her hands on the generator again, accompanied by him in the same way. They position themselves. When they exhale, the generator vibrates and the solfeggio D sharp at 417 Hz is heard powerfully. The dolphins seemed to retreat, but in no more than a few seconds, they gathered at a point approximately seventy metres away. Then they seem to form an orderly line, swimming at high speed, describing an elliptical trajectory, until the spiral begins to take shape. With extreme speed, each dolphin does exactly the same thing as the previous one, almost glued to each other. The couple became the central point at the end of the spiral trajectory and, upon reaching it, each dolphin gently touched the generator with its nose, returning to the surface, vigorously slapping their tails and jumping out of the water with their entire bodies. Upon re-entering the water, they returned to the point of concentration, the beginning of the spiral. They repeated the spectacle seven times, which took exactly four minutes. At that moment, inside the circle, a bubble formed, identical to the previous one, coming out of the centre of the couple's hands, growing in fractions of a second, lightening the tone of the water and allowing everything to be seen and filmed from the surface, as if they were inside a magnifying glass. Through the bubble, May could see David clearly, as if he were swimming in crystal, not water. It was then that she noticed the image, which until then had been so clear, begin to fade, but before that, crystal blocks formed around him, creating triangular walls that imprisoned him. The more blocks appeared, the more his image faded, until it disappeared completely. The bubble was about to burst. She hears a scream and recognises his voice. But she knew it hadn't been there. The bubble bursts, carrying her to the surface in a wave of water that is both electrified and gelatinous, throwing her two metres high, out of the sea. She lands on her feet, sinking, then kicks her fins and quickly returns to the surface. The wave rocks the boat again, but without causing any danger. May pulls off her mask and snorkel, frantically calling for David. He shouts her name back, appearing no more than twenty metres away.

Several dolphins approach her and perform tricks to cheer her up. May takes a deep breath to calm herself and strokes the faces of those who approach her, speaking her friendly and communicative language.

Noticing his beloved's agitation, David swims towards her and asks if everything is alright. She nods yes, while two dolphins nudge her with their noses.

"Now you're pretending to be silly, right?! It's all a plan with the David, right?! Smart people!" She had fun, laughing, playing, and so they stayed, with Armando and Ana joining them, receiving the same welcome from the dolphins, for another twenty minutes. Master Germano and the priestess descended to the edge of the boat, trying to place their hands on the cetaceans' heads, which was entirely possible, as they flapped their fins to lift part of their bodies out of the water, when they felt the brief contact of the hands of these two special people. After the agreed time, practically timed by David, he looks at his wristwatch and, without saying anything to anyone, the dolphins take one last leap in the water, as if to say "see you soon," and disappear.

May thinks: *"I didn't fully understand what that was. I'm left with many questions."*

"It is incredible that mathematics, having been created by the human mind, can describe nature with such precision." Albert Einstein, physicist.

Eight o'clock in the evening, after dinner, Armando enters the main room where everyone is gathered, carrying David's laptop and connecting it to the HDMI output of the fifty-inch LED TV. He makes sure everyone is in position to watch.

"Guys, what I'm about to show you is really interesting. I've spent the whole afternoon, up until now, capturing the best images, calling my software friends to send me the right programmes, and after installing them, I started to analyse what I really imagined... And bingo! That was it!" he gestures comically, pointing to the TV screen.

The image from the film was still static.

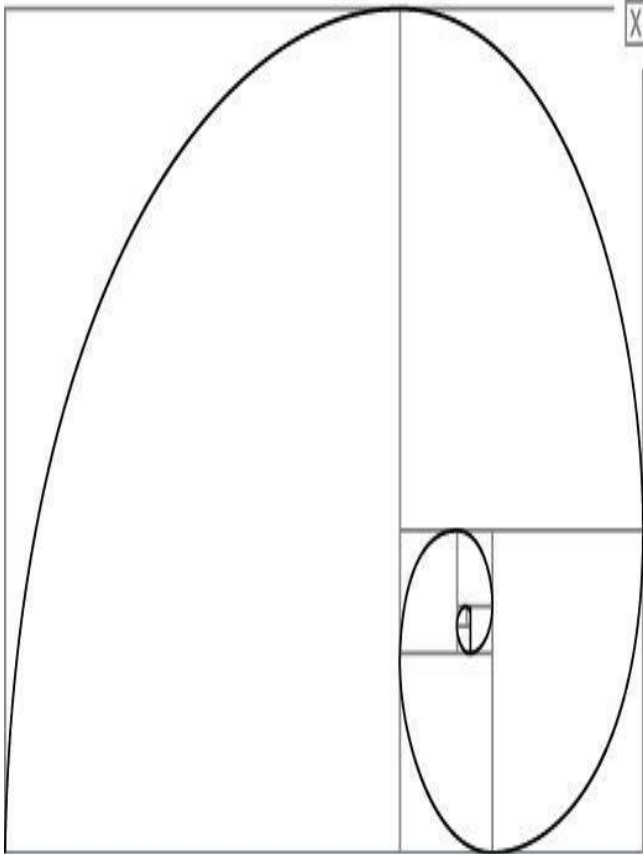
"What was it?!" asks Ana.

He notices that he hadn't pressed the play button.

"Oops... Now it's working... Look!" says Armando, beginning to explain his discoveries.

When Germano handed me the camcorder so I could edit the film, I noticed that from above the boat, it was possible to see what we couldn't see down below in the water. The perfect, identical trajectory that each dolphin made, one behind the other, practically stuck together and without bumping into or disturbing each other. Watch the film. They manage to repeat this seven times. The twelve dolphins follow the same trajectory, clearly with David and Maya as the central point. Now that you have seen the normal edit, that is, without me highlighting anything, using special software and mapping each of the trajectories with a line, which then transfers what has been done to a graph, reproducing the measurement of the coordinates," he points with a pen to the details he wants you to notice, *"see, each dolphin describes an elliptical route, almost creating a spiral, the moment they touch the vril generator. Putting this on the graph, we have the drawing, with the twelve routes superimposed and all of them travelling the same path, at the same time, as if something were guiding them or there were an Ariadne's thread to guide them. It is clear that something was guiding them, and perhaps it was some intelligent language emitted by the generator to them, or even a light or vibration that showed them the way. I don't know what it was, but when I saw this..."*

Armando shows a formatted graph, constructed from mathematical formulas applied to the configuration of images built using the golden ratio. The image pattern followed exactly the configuration of the golden rectangle: 1, 1, $1/\Phi$, $1/\Phi^3$, Φ .



The images and the projection of the graph plotted from what the dolphins had drawn were astonishing. For several minutes, no one had anything to add. It was then the right moment for May to describe what she had visualised, as a revelation, mirage or déjà vu, pressing David to clarify what she believed he knew and was keeping secret.

"I need to tell you something that happened out at sea that explains why I surfaced. screaming for David, desperately, as they saw. You may have thought that this happened because I panicked when that bubble appeared, but the truth is that the panic was caused by a very clear image that I could see inside the bubble. A few seconds before it exploded, blocks of crystal were being placed in front of and around David, building a pyramidal room, where he ended up being enclosed and disappeared. That's when the explosion occurred, and as he had disappeared from my sight, looking as if he had been transported somewhere else, I screamed. I know that this entire region is under the influence of the energy of a very powerful portal, including the most famous one, the Bermuda Triangle, and if there is any place to see crazy things, it is here. But what I saw was not a mirage, it was a projection of a future possibility happening at Moody Gardens with David... David?!"

He looks down, averting his gaze. May waited calmly for his answer, which she knew deep down would not come, at least not now. Master Germano stands up and returns the image on the computer screen to the graph of the golden ratio and the Phi fraction. He freezes the image, looking at it as if he were clearing up any last doubts, and decides to present his version.

"Armando, that was fantastic! You have shown all your genius in this work, and we have I am grateful for that. Some things have become clear in my mind. But first, I want to say one thing: Maya, neither I nor you can know what David keeps to himself. I advise that we let him follow the mission he has. When I met him, we began working on studies and training, when some things became clear, as much as they are to you now. It is evident that this is something beyond what we are allowed to know, and therefore we must respect and wait." May and David exchange glances, hers curious and his asking for understanding.

"Armando, you've been his friend for a long time, don't even you know?!"

Armando is taken by surprise and jumps slightly on the sofa.

"I didn't even know I didn't know something about him. Especially something like this that we have no idea about!"

Everyone burst out laughing as Ana hugged him, without him understanding why he had made everyone laugh.

David finally meets May's gaze, feeling embarrassed.

"Don't look at me with those Puss in Boots eyes!" They hadn't even finished laughing at Armando's funny line when they burst out laughing again.

"OK, master, carry on and sorry for the joke. I needed to lighten up a bit and, luckily, I found a friend with the same sense of humour as me," she receives a thumbs up from Armando.

Master Germano assumes, for the first time, the same solemn and erudite air he had presented at the headquarters of the Thule Society in São Paulo, when he met him. He uses David's notebook connected to the LED TV to show some pages that could help, via the internet.

"I believe that everyone is already familiar with the golden ratio of the number $\Phi = 1.618033988$. It represents the sacred fraction, which can be found in the proportions of the human body, in the ratio of males to females in beehives around the world, in shells such as those of nautiluses, in the geometric formation of galaxies, and in everything, or almost everything."

Master Germano had opened a generic Google page with the term "golden ratio" and demonstrated what he was downloading using the touchpad.

This number is representative of sound vibrations, plant growth, etc. It was well known to Pythagoras, who discovered that the pentagram obeyed the golden ratio, making it the symbol of his brotherhood, as correctly mentioned here on this website.

known to Pythagoras, who discovered that the pentagram obeyed the golden ratio, making it the symbol of his brotherhood, as correctly mentioned here on this website. The Egyptians called it the sacred number. Here is what I was looking for, the Papyrus of Ahmes. A papyrus was found with a sketch of the design of the Great Pyramid, supposedly and academically accepted to be from approximately 4,700 BC."

Impresso approssimativo numero di persone

Reduktion des Energieverbrauchs

$$\left| \begin{matrix} \alpha_1 & \alpha_2 & \alpha_3 \\ \beta_1 & \beta_2 & \beta_3 \\ \gamma_1 & \gamma_2 & \gamma_3 \end{matrix} \right| = \alpha_1 \beta_2 \gamma_3 - \alpha_2 \beta_3 \gamma_1 - \alpha_3 \beta_1 \gamma_2$$

$\Rightarrow \text{H}_2\text{O} + \text{Ca(OH)}_2 \rightarrow \text{CaCO}_3 + \text{H}_2\text{O}$

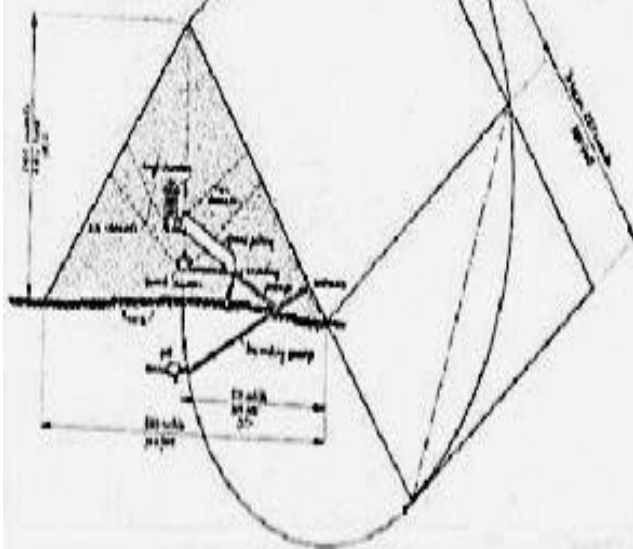
leaf base : petiole : ligule = 5/25

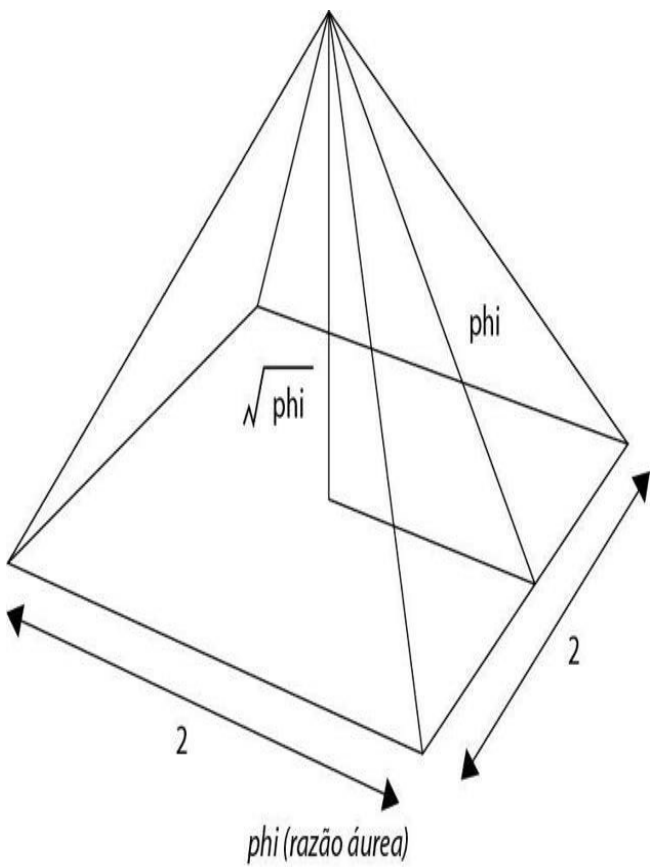
(Kleinman et al., 1987; Kleinman & Lippert, 1986)

$$= \frac{1}{2} \left(\frac{1}{2} + \frac{1}{2} \right) = \frac{1}{2}$$

fully aware that for a day or two, I was

involving the use of

[illegible]



In this drawing, you can see the proportions designed according to the sacred number. Recent measurements call the sides of the pyramid golden triangles. Observe in this figure that if we divide the value of side X of the pyramid by side Y, the value is exactly Phi. The same occurs in the ark of the covenant: 2.5 x 1.5 x 1.5 cubits, something around 1.52 m x 82 cm x 82 cm. It would be the representation of the Phi rectangle. Those who like to study the apocalypse are familiar with the number of the beast, the famous 666. Well, applying the sine of (666) = - 0.809016994, which is the negative half of Phi, that is: $\sin(666) \cdot (-2) = 1.61803$, how about understanding that the negative half together with another half reaches the totality of completeness=neutral. Phi is the representation of the configuration of this world, containing duality. I am looking for more data written by James Tyberonn... Here, I found it! The Atlantean complex that sank next to Galveston Island, where Moody Gardens is located, transferred its ethereal energy to Moody Gardens and is dedicated in honour of Sirius A and B, including dolphins, and has the energy of the cetacean dolphin guardians. The blue pyramid does not have dolphins in its aquariums, but it is filled with their energy, as well as receiving that of the thousands that swim around the complex, where it is possible to see and hear them. As Maya mentioned, and as Tyberonn's book continues, the Giza and Galveston complexes are located between latitudes 29° and 30° N, which is very significant in terms of the gravitational-electromagnetic gradient. There are dimensional doors in Moody Gardens to Giza. The Atlantean masters always triangulated pyramids for the purpose of transmitting and receiving energy. Their location is not random and favours harmonics. There is an octave sonic that generates the connection between Galveston and Giza. The only question that remains in my mind, in order for us to do this, is that it has to be done at the equinox at the same time, in both locations of the vesica pisces. This will activate the interdimensional portals and the crystalline cosmic trigger, which is fundamental for the planetary and concomitant evolution of humanity.

"When is the equinox?" asks Armando.

"23 March," replies David.

"In two days... Typical, synchronous, bizarre, and almost my birthday... Typical again," exclaims May, "but who's going to activate Giza?!" she continues.

David decides to come out of his shy state and be a little more active, remaining seated on the sofa, next to Armando and close to May, who was in an armchair.

"Every year there is a secret ceremony held in the Great Pyramid, in the hope that someone will connect the energy of one of the sites that can be interconnected, Galveston being just one of them. There are people who will do this in Egypt, and they are waiting for our work. There's no need to worry."

It was inevitable that, at this moment, May looked at David with a raised eyebrow, clearly showing surprise and great curiosity.

Master Germano was still reading on his laptop screen, searching for a page from a book by James Tyberonn. He finds more data and decides to read it, thinking it might help.

"Look at this: Phi sounds connect the atoms and molecules of physical objects, as well as cohesively acting in ethereal plasma and light. This explains why pyramids last so long in physical form. Interesting."

He pauses and looks at Gabriela, who is sitting down.

"Dear Gabriela, do you know anything about this? It is by using tuning forks that we will create these sound patterns, right?"

Gabriela, who, as always, shyly remains silent, after these four days

After travelling from Oak Island, with good food, rest and without the drugs she was commonly given, she looked much better, having got rid of her usual dark circles under her eyes. Wearing a simple floral summer dress, she looked like a twelve-year-old girl, certainly ten years younger than she was. She tries to steady her voice, disguising the nervous cough that has set in from having to speak and give her opinion, which she has not been allowed to do over the years. Sitting behind the side table, in order to be more discreet, she tries to express her ideas and warnings for the first time in her life.

"There are several programmes designed to create sounds based on sacred geometry and the golden ratio. They involve universal harmonics and frequencies from sacred solfeggios, which establish coherent internal resonance fields. I used to meditate using the "Sacred Frequencies Series, MP3". If Armando lends me his credit card, we can download some of these albums that demonstrate this very clearly and since I am trained in sounds and frequencies, I realised what it was about. They want us to work together and gave us a hint on how. Maya and David will have to enter the blue pyramid with Enoch's crystals. I will stay at the harbour with the dolphins, and we will create the harmonic pattern based on the sacred geometry of the golden ratio, at the equinox, at sunset."

"How do you know? Did you meditate and receive this vision?!" asks Ana.

"It was almost like that, but without meditation. I could feel what they were trying to say when they performed that beautiful choreography. They described sacred geometry, but at the same time, they spoke, and since I am trained in sounds and frequencies, I realised what it was about. They want us to work together and gave us a hint on how. Maya and David will have to enter the blue pyramid with Enoch's crystals. I will stay at the harbour with the dolphins, and we will create the harmonic pattern based on the sacred geometry of the golden ratio, at the equinox, at sunset."

The silence of the group showed everyone's fear. The only thing audible was the soft sound of the yacht's engine and that of dolphins, which, oddly enough, began to sing in a very striking way. Captain Blake announced the appearance of the dolphins over the loudspeaker. Those who wished to do so should go to the outside of the boat to watch the group of these beautiful cetaceans swimming side by side, causing Blake to slow down, thus allowing these charming and mysterious beings to accompany them for several miles. The brightness of the night allowed for reasonable visibility. In seconds, they were close to the stern of the boat, interacting with the animals. They certainly had something to say, and for that very reason, they talked non-stop, sometimes seeming to shout words. Gabriela watched the scene as the yacht almost came to a halt. There were dozens, perhaps twenty to thirty dolphins, an unusual scene for the daily life of these fish, but suddenly, they jumped into the water and disappeared.

"What a shame!" says Ana, *"I would have liked to swim with them again. It's an incomparable experience."*

At that moment, her friends notice that Gabriela is in a state of meditation, as was her wont, standing still with her eyes glazed over. No one disturbs her, as they understand what might be happening. She mumbles words, without energy. Master Germano puts his left ear practically at the level of her mouth, managing to understand why she was petrified and voiceless. He rises from his reclining position, created by a difference of almost twenty centimetres in height, and reports what he has understood.

"Muller, she said Muller."

A red and white Augusta Westland AW 139 helicopter appears on the horizon, coming from the mainland, near Pensacola, heading straight for them, its powerful headlights shining on Aurora B. David shouts at Captain Blake to accelerate, increasing speed to the maximum, until reaching 32 knots. The aircraft had sliding doors,

with two windows open, each with a man wearing a helmet and bulletproof vest, secured by a seatbelt, leaning out to fire American-made Barret Light fifty semi-automatic rifles, using their high-precision digital sights. Two other men were inside the aircraft, in addition to the pilot, as David observed through his binoculars. The helicopter approaches and flies over the yacht, a voice coming over the loudspeaker: *"This is the only warning we will give. Slow down until the engine is completely shut down. You will be boarded. We don't want to kill anyone. We will do so if necessary. We want you to hand over what you took from the island, with everything inside. Only this can save your lives! You have three minutes to agree."*

The helicopter circles around the ship and flies away a little, planning to return at the estimated time.

David joins Captain Blake, telling everyone to stay downstairs, as hidden as possible, looking for cover to protect themselves from gunfire. At that very moment, May has an idea. She runs to her room to get the dorje and then goes down to the pantry, where the chest was.

David and Captain Blake go down to the main command room, located below, so they are not such an easy target.

"David, I've already notified the Coast Guard that we're under attack from the air. They have a helicopter base just a few minutes from Pensacola. With any luck, they'll be here quickly. We have no weapons and no way to escape the helicopter. We just have to buy some time." Captain Blake was pale, but managing to keep his nerves under control.

David responds to what he said, constantly looking out the windows.

"We'll have to make some radical manoeuvres, as far as the boat can take us! Tell everyone that it's going to shake and to put on their life jackets."

Meanwhile, May opens the storeroom and removes the wood covering the gold box.

"Look here, beautiful little box, if I can lift you, it's because this generator here speaks to you, so you need to help me. I want three pieces to come out of your lid, in the form of solid gold spheres eight centimetres in diameter, with a sun of vril energy inside, explosive and powerful, only at my command. Let's not waste too much. Now!"

She places the generator horizontally and a beam of light that looks like a laser comes out of each end of the crown, joining at the front before hitting the golden box, increasing its power and acting as a light chisel, manufacturing the balls and the central sun. At this moment, she had to close her eyes, such was the light emanating from the spheres, still open. When they closed, the light dimmed, returning to normal. May adjusts her glasses and visualises her creation. Three spheres were covered in liquid energy, which seemed to mimic the Earth's electromagnetic grid, coming out of the north pole and heading towards the south pole of the spheres, causing them to float, given the magnetic field created. When they were ready, they fell to the ground, as if someone had pressed the off button. May picked them up with ease. The expected weight had been cancelled out by the magnetic field, even though it was of lower intensity, while they were "off". She reached the upper area just as the helicopter returned. As expected, its occupants understood that they would not surrender so easily. The Augusta Westland tilts and advances towards them. Captain Blake begins to zigzag at 32 knots in order to dodge the rifle shots. David, from the bow, looks towards the stern and sees May trying to hold on, due to the constant movement and accompanying turns. Some bullets pass by her side, as she is a relatively easy target. When the helicopter seems to level off in the air, she acts quickly, raising the first sphere and placing it against the generator vertically. At that moment, the magnetic field is activated and the shiny golden sphere leaves her hands, looking like

electrified again. Simulating the gesture of a tennis player at the moment of serving, the sphere is propelled by the generator, with incredible energy and speed, towards the helicopter. The shiny golden orb whistles, firing a beam of light accompanied by a C note, hitting the target she had visualised and kept in her mind: the front windscreen of the aircraft and the pilot. Upon impact, the windscreen shatters and, given the movement of the helicopter, the pilot must have been hit. Feeling regret, she controls her mind so as not to make the orb explode. The vehicle tilts to one side and seems to be out of control for a few seconds, until someone turns on the autopilot and the aircraft becomes stable again. One of the shooters moves to the front seat and takes control. Rebalanced, the helicopter resumes the chase. May picks up the second sphere, activating it in the same way and sending it straight to the chest of the remaining shooter. The force of the field generated was so great that when it struck his bulletproof vest, he was thrown from his seatbelt, violently hitting one of the other two men behind him, who was lucky to remain in the aircraft, as he was almost thrown into the sea along with the gunman through the other open door. A fall of more than ten metres. One of the men sitting in the back seat appears to give an evacuation order. Still alongside the yacht, a Coast Guard helicopter arrives, ordering the yacht to turn off its engines and following in pursuit of the other helicopter, which, being a much more powerful aircraft, immediately takes the lead. A Coast Guard boat reaches David's yacht. The officers board and check the shots, without having damaged areas that could compromise the trip. They declare that they were on holiday and were attacked by what appeared to be pirates who wanted to board. While the officers search the boat to check for any problematic cargo, such as drugs, Master Germano makes calls to his "eternal friends," who immediately spring into action to free them. Even so, the officers conduct a general search of all areas, asking to open the storeroom. May winks at David, who trusts the gesture. When they entered, they verified that nothing unexpected was on the shelves, then headed for the two closed wooden boxes. One of the officers opens the larger one and notices a golden chest. He makes a move to open the lid and notices that it is very light. He then picks up the chest by one end, confirming its lightness. He turns to May and David.

"I thought they had a chest of gold here, but of course, judging by the weight, it must be aluminium. What do you do with it?"

"Oh, I bought it at an auction. It belonged to an eccentric chap who liked everything gold, but he wasn't rich enough for it to be real. I'm going to put it in my house to decorate the living room. It's beautiful, isn't it?!"

"Well, it's gold and smooth. It must be beautiful. And this little box? Why so many pyramid-shaped quartz crystals?!"

"For decoration too! I thought they were cute!"

He notices the other box, smaller in size, with an aged appearance, containing many papers written in pen.

"And this, what is it?! It looks very old, is it valuable?"

Incredibly, due to all the confusion, the focus on Enoch's crystals and the golden ark that was found, the box containing the original manuscripts was relegated to the background. May gave a start, without anyone noticing.

"They are copies of Shakespeare's plays, obviously copies. We bought them at the same auction, but they were honest, they sold them as old copies. They have some value, but nothing worth stealing from us, after all, it was at a public auction!"

The Coast Guard officer stands up, addressing David.

"She must spend all her money, right boss?" says the officer, playfully nudging him with his elbow.

"You have no idea. I had to cut up my credit card to avoid going bankrupt!"

The officers left the scene laughing, reporting by radio that the area was clear. After recording the case as an apparent attempted kidnapping or robbery and signing some papers, they were released. Meanwhile, they were informed that the people in the helicopter had fled, except for the one who had been knocked into the water. He would be arrested on charges of attempted kidnapping/armed robbery and interrogated.

"Yeah, the bandits have better equipment than we do! They pulled the guy out of the water, but he seems he was unconscious. He broke several ribs. He was hit in the chest by a projectile, which is strange. As soon as we have any information about him, we will contact you. Where are you going?"

"Moody Gardens in Galveston. That's our final destination. After that, we'll return to Boston. That's where the boat came from, and from there, to São Paulo, Brazil."

"OK, let's keep in touch. It seems like there's nothing wrong here. Besides, you have warm friends looking out for you. I'll leave Captain Blake with a way to contact me. I'll ask him to keep an eye on you along the way, is that OK with you? If they tried to hijack your yacht or you, they may try again."

"On the contrary, I'm grateful, after what happened!" says David with complete sincerity.

"OK, then, have a good time in Moody!"

The two officers return to their boat and leave at medium speed.

"Our virtues and our faults are inseparable, like force and matter. When separated, man does not exist."

Nikola Tesla, scientist and inventor.

After the incident, the group gathers in the main room, unable to hide their extreme concern and caution, as they know that at any moment they will be attacked again by the Mullers, and probably in a worse way.

"They will not give up, and I believe they already know our fate. Evil and intelligence are the main characteristics of these two. They are millionaires, so they can buy and pay for whatever information they want. When we arrive at Moody's in the morning, they may be waiting for us." Curiously, Gabriela breaks the silence that was so peculiar to her and speaks with great confidence, showing an ability to assess facts and make decisions that had not appeared until now. This was probably because she was feeling healthier and was able to take control of herself. May and David enjoyed seeing the results of their care for her, who had shown, since her first contact with Maria, that she was a very kind-hearted person, even though she had gone through terrible times in her life.

David returned to the table, leaving Captain Blake in charge of the yacht for most of the night. They were six hours away from Galveston. He sat down and was served a plate of biscuits by May.

Ana sat down at the table, right in front of her friend, and was intrigued by the sphere that had been left inside the helicopter and the one that remained, unused.

"Maya, what will happen to that sphere that broke the helicopter's window?! Could it explode like a grenade at any moment, or only when the vril generator is activated?!"

"I don't have a concrete answer, only a vague idea, if I may say so. I think that orb disappeared when I asked it not to explode. In fact, it was created for that purpose, but I believe I'm not good at blowing things up. The same thing happened with the one that fell into the sea, but I'm not sure, since this one here..." she shows the golden sphere that was next to the dining table, *"is still visible. I just know that this one is here, still with us, because we may need to use it in Galveston."*

"Are we going to blow something up, I mean, do we have to break into some part of the pyramid to work on the activation?!" Ana asks her friend.

"Possibly, but I don't know yet. Let's get there to get an idea of the size of the problem."

Master Germano was drinking tea and calmly placed the cup back on its saucer, speaking up.

"I have been analysing the facts and have some considerations, which may lead to possibilities. The first is that, if the sound of dolphin song is part of the activation process, we will have to do this while it is still daylight, as that is when we will find these

animals with ease. In the morning we will arrive at Moody Gardens and the first thing to do is to survey the area. We will need to know the position where the dolphins will be grouped, or even how far they can come. I mean, they will have to come close to the shore so that Gabriela can use the tuning forks as close to them as possible. It is the union of these two harmonic patterns that will generate the result that the Earth needs. With a good assessment, on foot, of the area, we will find the place. It is not just a place, but "the place" where there is an energy pattern that can be used to our advantage and that will attract the dolphins. They already know where the place is, we just need to find it, or have those beautiful specimens show us where it is. The interaction between the solfeggios and the dolphins will provide the first stage of activation. For this, the crystals will have to be in the exact position of the secret camera, equivalent to the king's chamber in the pyramid of Giza, as this is the representation of the golden ratio and also the point where the top of the inverted pyramid, the ethereal pyramid, would be. But we may not need to find the secret chamber; rather, it may find us, as the crystals may give signs of activation due to the proximity of the location. The pyramid we see meets another invisible, inverted pyramid, which penetrates the one we see.

physical nature and fixes its connection to the capstone, exactly at this point... Supposedly... So, all we have to do is enter the pyramid with a box or bag."

"I think the biggest problem will be getting in there carrying sixty-four pieces of multifaceted crystals, but we can divide them among all of us. That would be almost ten for each of us. Me, Ana, Maya, David, Germano, William... I think Blake has to stay on the yacht and Gabriela in the place she found that's ideal for the dolphins, so if we divide them up, it won't attract so much attention," Armando explains his idea.

"We can't include William in this. He's just an employee, not a volunteer," Ana tells everyone.

"He's more than that. He's a friend of Thule's who is here on this boat knowing exactly what we have to do and why, whether or not there are dangers. He knows what is needed and is here to help us, of his own free will!" says David.

William, who was at the kitchen counter, gives them an OK sign.

"Typical," thinks May, no longer surprised at this point.

"Well, if that's the case, then we have more people on our side! The more, the better!" Ana is glad not to involve someone who has no idea what's going on.

"The complex only opens at ten in the morning. We'll be arriving in Moody well before that, around six in the morning. The best thing would be if we could 'hide' this huge boat somewhere before we dock there and wait for the right time," observes Armando.

"That's true. I'll take a look at the maps and try to find somewhere approximately an hour from Moody, so we don't stand out too much. I'll be back as soon as I find the place," David agrees with Armando. They both ended up going together to check the maps and coordinates with Captain Blake.

An hour later, they come down from the cockpit, discussing the ideal place to stop: Galveston Yacht Basin, where they could refuel the boat and stock up on supplies.

"Since Moody's doesn't open until ten and we'll arrive at the yacht club very early, we can take care of the our personal needs, since there is a shopping area there, and at the same time take care of the boat until that time, and if we are lucky, blend in more among other yachts of the same level," Armando said to those who were still in the room. Only Gabriela had retired to her suite. She used to go to bed early and wake up before sunrise.

May was relatively quiet and thoughtful, assessing the boat's stopping place via the internet.

the internet. When she finds what she wants, she clarifies her point of view.

"I think we could do the following: from what I can see here in the description of this marina, there are many covered spaces for storing small and even medium-sized boats, like ours. They are huge warehouses, and if a helicopter flies overhead, it won't see the Aurora B."

She had barely finished explaining her idea when it had already received general approval.

"Let's rent cars then!" says Armando. "I can make some enquiries and rent two cars for us online. I'll look into it right away. I think two SUV's of different styles and colours will serve the purpose. In that case, we won't attract attention when we arrive, as that's impossible when you're on a yacht like this. If the Aurora is going to stay in the marina, it's better for Blake and William to stay and take care of things here."

William, who was listening to everything, always wanted to help as much as possible.

"But what about the crystals? An extra person would be helpful."

"Yes, I think we can go in and out of the aquarium pyramid. That's normal. One or two of us stay inside and collect the crystals. If we go in twice, it's discreet to have five or six of them in our backpacks, after all, they're beautiful and harmless little crystals. We can say they're Swarovski crystals if anyone asks, to give as gifts to friends," Ana reflects.

"Perfect! Great idea. So we'll go to this marina, leave the Aurora there in the care of Blake and William, and we'll go in two cars, arriving at different times, something like half an hour apart," says David, closing the subject.

Around eleven o'clock at night, they decide to go to their rooms to sleep, planning to wake up early and take care of every detail of the plan. May and David are still in the main room, sitting on the sofa, side by side.

David, did you realise that we haven't assessed the documents in the manuscript box yet? now? We just glanced at them and put them aside. I always dreamed of having them in my hands, and now they've been relegated to the background. I always dreamed of finding the real manuscript of Sonnet 33, where he reveals himself to be a Tudor, William Tudor, the real name Francis Bacon would have had if he were a legitimate son, speaking of his mother. He used his secret coding and dropped words like 'womb and mother' at points he had previously announced in other sonnets. I bet it's all highlighted in these manuscripts and we can finally reveal the truth to humanity."

"Yes, I want to see this as much as you do. We can look at it positively. We will need a lot of time to examine that box, together with Master Germano and friends who are experts on the subject. I think it's no problem to put it aside until we resolve what is more important right now," David replies calmly, showing deep consideration on the matter.

May remained curious, however, resigned to the priority they had for the moment. She continues talking about what she had in mind regarding the box of manuscripts.

I want to take a look at sonnet 3, when he talks about his mother, the false virgin queen, a mother unhappy for not having assumed motherhood. The most interesting thing is that, counting the lines of verse, from sonnet 1 to 3, in the fourth line of sonnet 3, line 33 considering from the first sonnet, we have exactly Bacon's magic number, and it said: 'you would cheat the world, making that mother who should be, an unhappy one'. She died of depression, spent years in bed at the end of her life, probably because of everything she had to hide and lost out on enjoying. I want to get my hands on sonnet 33, in which he used the name 'Elizabeth Tudor' as the matrix for the coding that followed this poem. I bet again that the table of ciphers with her mother's name

mother, referring to sonnet 33, is in the box. But you're right, we'll need to do that later, because in addition to requiring a lot of reading, calculations, notes and studies in general, we have to have the head for it, and right now we don't. So let's rest, I don't need to sense anything to say that tomorrow we will experience new emotions and we have to be ready, energetically, for them."

Without further words, he smiles, kisses her affectionately and lingeringly on the forehead, takes her hand and they walk arm in arm to the bedroom. After their shower, sitting on the bed, David was leaning back against the headboard, his eyes closed. His energy could be felt, it was low and sad. May approaches him, nudging him gently, making him look at her. As soon as he lifts his head, removing it from the support behind him, he opens his beautiful blue eyes and smiles. May kisses him affectionately on the forehead.

"You're worried about what's going to happen tomorrow, right? It's about the vision I had with the dolphins, that crystalline construction that enclosed you in another parallel universe or something like that, is that it?! It may have been just something that will form but doesn't necessarily have to take you away, what do you think?!"

One way or another, May always wanted to know what seemed far from her right.

He makes her sit in front of him, both with their legs crossed, as if they were going to take yoga classes together, holding hands.

"Princess, whatever happens, and if it happens, I will return to be with you. I won't leave, I may disappear for a while, but we will be together again, because that is my determination, my free will, and nothing and no one can interfere with that."

She raises her left eyebrow, opening her mouth, wanting to ask a question, giving just enough time for a murmur to be heard, when he immediately covers her mouth with his right hand, removing it when she gives up asking, kissing her at first gently, then passionately. *"If this were to be the last time for a long while, it should be memorable,"* thought May, and he surely shared the same thought.

*"Not everything that is faced can be changed, but nothing can be changed until it is faced."
Albert Einstein, physicist.*

10H.

Galveston Yacht Basin. It was a sunny day, with the digital thermometer on the car dashboard showing a temperature of 15°C. Two SUVs waited with their engines running for each group to get settled. As agreed, May, David and Master Germano got into a black 2012 Nissan Murano, and Armando, Ana and Gabriela got into a lead-grey 2012 Dodge Journey. For practicality, they were dressed in jeans, T-shirts and cotton or leather jackets, trainers and a sports bag or rucksack on their backs, already with the crystal compartments for each. Master Germano managed to get three armed security guards from "his friends" to watch over Aurora B., leaving Captain Blake and William much more at ease. Master Germano said they would also provide protection for them at Moody Gardens.

The two cars leave twenty minutes apart, leaving the Aurora B behind to repair the damage it had sustained, refuel and undergo a general overhaul. Captain Blake expected to return calmly to Boston as soon as everything went smoothly at the Moody complex. The two cars drive along 275 Harbour Side, taking 51st, followed by Broadway Avenue and 61st, entering Steward Street, where they find the sign for the entrance to Moody Gardens and its huge car park. In less than thirty minutes, they had arrived without getting lost. As agreed, they would be talking on the Nextel radios that David had requested from Solomon earlier in Boston. Exactly six of the seven devices were taken, one remained with Captain Blake.

The SUV driven by David heads down Hope Boulevard, passing the water park and the hotel, heading further ahead to the large car park located right next to the blue pyramid. Less than half an hour later, Armando's SUV arrives, parking in the same spot, a short distance away. As they get out of their cars, they all put on caps and sunglasses, believing, like American Hollywood celebrities, that this is what they need to avoid being recognised. The result will probably be the same. Someone will recognise them and call others. May, David, and Germano prefer to walk around the entire area, studying the advantages and disadvantages of the location, especially in case they need to escape. Armando, Ana, and Gabriela immediately head to the beach in an effort to find an ideal spot. Upon arriving, they conclude that it is easier than they thought, as there are two piers for mooring boats, including medium-sized ones. The first, just ahead, looked quite good, extending more than twenty metres into the bay. Armando notices that to his left, less than a kilometre away, there is another, more discreet pier, which could have fewer people around and is protected by a small inlet, ideal for dolphins to appear. Gabriela evaluates the two pier options and prefers to go to

each of them, before deciding, giving priority to the one on the left. Walking quickly, as they were arriving, they found a sign that led them to conclude that it was a very busy place, contrary to their initial idea. It was the departure and arrival point for the Colonel Boat, a tour boat that travelled along the canal. At docking times, a crowd of people gathered, coming and going. Without much to say and more to do, they changed course, returning to the pier on the right, where there were only small boats moored and, decidedly, there would be fewer people travelling in the late afternoon, at sunset, when they would have to act. Gabriela walks to the end of the walkway, looks at the sea, analyses and feels. At that very moment, a dolphin jumps in the water, as if to say "we are here". A middle-aged couple, with broad smiles on their faces, rosy cheeks, dressed in shorts, polo shirts, hats and sunglasses, were in their small motorboat, right next to Gabriela, getting ready to leave. They notice the scene and talk to the young, delicate girl.

Wow, that's not common around here. Dolphins don't usually enter this bay channel, precisely because it's so busy. You're lucky! He must have seen something in you that he liked. I always say that they're strange, too intelligent for this world we live in, and always giving everyone so much love, isn't that right, dear?!"

"Yes, yes, they don't come here. We've been visiting Moody with our motorboat for years, as we live nearby, and this is the first time we've seen them like this in the channel! How lucky! Let's take a photo!"

While two dolphins jumped out of the water and seemed to want to approach Gabriela, the friendly couple took pictures.

The young woman just smiled shyly and watched. Ana and Armando were a few steps behind, so as not to attract attention. Gabriela returns to where they were waiting and concludes.

"We'll have to come back here at six o'clock. We'll have an hour until sunset."

"OK, Gabriela. The park closes at six o'clock. I hope there are as few people as possible around, but on the other hand, maybe it's better to arrive a little earlier, just to be sure, before they kick us out," says Ana.

"Out here, there's no problem with opening hours, as the restaurants are open and there's a light show at night. Most people wait to see it, so I don't think we'll have that few people, and that's a problem." Looking towards the hotel, a few hundred metres away, Armando tried to assess all the factors that could help or hinder, preparing himself for them.

At that moment, they decided to call David on the radio.

"David?"

"Yes, Armando, go ahead."

"We found the spot for Gabriela, but she thinks there are too many people and the dolphins might get scared, so she'd rather wait for sunset."

"We can't wait," David said confidently, "we have to act right now. We're being followed. Maya and I just lost two men who were following the same path as us. We changed course and they kept going, until we managed to lose them for a moment. Look around and you'll probably realise that someone is following you too."

Turning his body, in a manner that was not at all discreet, Armando began to search visually for a man who was not accompanied by his family and who appeared tense. This would certainly be the first point of identification, followed by the type of clothing worn. He notices that right behind them, there are two men who fit these criteria, holding mobile phones in their hands and wearing closed blazers, probably hiding weapons. When Armando makes eye contact with them,

taking only five long strides, the two men catch up with them. One of them removes his black sunglasses, reaching inside his jacket.

"FBI! Are you with David Bacon? Are you Mr Armando?" says one of the men, showing his badge.

"FBI?! Yes, this is Armando."

"We have orders to accompany you and prevent the Vril sect from intercepting you. We have been following several leads for years, and one of them is the one that is on your trail. They are responsible for large-scale drug trafficking, kidnappings and murders in several countries, as well as arms smuggling to Latin American guerrillas."

Ana and Armando are surprised, as these Germans disguised as pharmaceutical industry owners were already causing enough damage, and this new information explained why they were so keen to capture a powerful energy source such as the one they had discovered, but not yet mastered. The agent continues.

"Mr. Germano has been helping us for many months. He is our main contact in your country, with whom we have a collaboration agreement. We will keep an eye on you, making sure nothing happens to you, but we have to let the others show up to catch them in the act." *"Yes, I understand, and I appreciate your protecting us. I think... Wait... We need you to hide this young lady until we call for her. Can you do that? She is the one most likely to be identified by the Mullers."* Armando was unsure and showing signs of nervousness.

"Yes, of course, we can enter any area we request and leave her there until necessary, accompanied by an agent."

"Gabriela, your face is very well known, I think you'll be safe with them. Keep your radio. When we're at the spot, we'll call you and you should do what you know best, OK?!"

Gabriela began to tremble, fearing what would come next. One of the two men in black suits and white shirts took the delicate girl inside the Visitors Centre building, where, according to him, there was a secure area used by police officers when necessary.

The agents walked away. Armando picked up the Nextel radio and called David.

"Mate, did you hear everything?! I left the button pressed so you could hear!"

"Yes, I heard. I haven't made personal contact with any agents yet, because the ones behind us didn't identify themselves, so I don't think they were from the FBI. Let's go into the aquarium."

"David, wait! We'll go in with you!"

"We're already going in. When you're inside, after you've gone through ticket delivery, let us know."

"OK."

Ana and Armando moved towards the path that led to the blue pyramid, walking quickly.

"If the facts don't fit the theory, change the facts." Albert Einstein, physicist.

David, May, and Master Germano passed through the aquarium entrance without any problems. In a few minutes, they were inside a huge tunnel, which had a sign describing it as the "Aquatunnel." Sharks swam above their heads and several enormous fish swam around the tank. They passed through a series of tanks, and at no point did any of them feel that they should take the crystals out of their bags and deposit them somewhere.

"I thought we would get a sign, but nothing so far." May walks down a corridor and stops in front of the map of the pyramid, noting that at the top there is a small area, open to the light, with glass panels above them. From this end, the light that enchanted visitors every night was projected.

"Let's go up and see what happens. Maybe it's there, and not in the area calculated as the chamber of the king." Without further questions, they go straight up to the top floor and find themselves in an extremely bright area, with guardrails protecting them from falling to the floors below, as the core of the floors was hollow, excellent for creating an electromagnetic field. There were few tourists on this floor, so the sound of a mobile phone or electronic watch alarm, belonging to someone passing by, was heard, announcing that it was noon. At that very moment, May noticed a powerful ray of sunlight hitting directly on a kind of glass screen, just ahead, with a large waterfall cascading down this pyramid-shaped screen, attached to a metal support. The glare associated with the reflection of the sun's rays was quite strong, and people passing by complained of discomfort to their eyes, fleeing the scene. David and May exchange a quick glance and understand that they should place the thirty-two crystals in their possession on the concave glass plate, bathed in light and water, at the same time. Needing to see properly, due to the tremendously dazzling reflection, put on the black glasses they were carrying. Opening his backpack, David was the first to deposit the eleven crystals in his possession, followed by Master Germano and May, completing the set of thirty-two pieces. To everyone's surprise, a spatial self-arrangement occurred, and the crystals fit so perfectly that it would not be possible to add another one. The light generated and reflected is increased until the fusion of the small pyramidal crystal structures is perceived, creating a golden orb of pure liquid light. The message was perfect. May identifies this pattern, already so familiar and manipulated by her in recent days. Removing the vril generator from her bag and holding it only in her right hand, with her little finger resting on the lower crown and her thumb on the upper crown, she positions it vertically, turning it to the right until it is horizontal, when the orb of liquid light rises, even brighter, causing her and everyone passing by to see absolutely nothing. A strange sound, like a crack and a hiss at 900 Hz, is heard, causing pain to the ears of those present. As they were not part of the group that understood what was happening, they preferred to leave the place in a hurry. In a few seconds, the orb penetrates, divided into two liquid suns, inside each one.

from the generator's crowns, and disappears, along with the reflection of the ambient light. Some people who were on the floor think it was a coincidence of the time of day and the position of the sun reflecting off the metal and glass in the room, commenting on the interesting fact to others, without having the slightest idea of what had really happened. At that very moment, David calls Armando on the radio, telling him to pick up Gabriela and go straight to the pier. He was sure the process was beginning.

"What do I do with the thirty-two missing crystals?!" asks Armando.

"Just take them with you and don't do anything until we get there!" David exclaims breathlessly.

May is confused, as she thought they should stay inside the pyramid and not leave until everything was over.

"It's at sea that things will happen, Maya. Let's go!"

Pulled by David, she runs down the access ramps to the lower floors until they reach the ground floor. From outside, it was already possible to see the light projected from the tip of the pyramid, looking like a play of reflections from the sun penetrating versus a very strong light that was projected upwards. If this happened at night, it would be seen throughout the state. Looking at the top of the pyramid, they are certain of the emergency, running towards the pier, knowing they have little time. In a few minutes, David and May reached the spot and noticed that Gabriela, Ana, and Armando had their backs turned, accompanied by four men, whom they believed to be from the FBI. The urgency was so great that it ended up clouding their judgement. Master Germano did not accompany them, and when they looked back in the middle of their run, they no longer saw him.

"Where's Germano?!" asks May, still running.

"He must have gotten tired of running and stopped!" replies David, reaching the spot where Armando and the others were. The couple arrives breathless, practically at the same time, and only then do they realise that the situation is even more complicated than it seemed. Ana, Armando and Gabriela are standing still, grabbed by their right arms and with a gun discreetly pointed at their ribs. Wolf Muller turns to David and stares him in the eyes with his typical cynical and penetrating gaze.

"Well, well, well, Mr. David and Dr. Maya. From the way you were running, your physical abilities seem to be excellent! That could be interesting, because it might take longer for you to drown when we throw you into the sea tied to weights. On the other hand, I think your friends will die faster, if they don't die first, right here, maybe, who knows, right now, if they don't do what I say."

David looks around for the FBI men and cannot find them. He prefers to negotiate rather than take risks.

"I don't think you realise that you're fifteen metres from a busy spot. If a

If a shot is heard, many people will see what is happening, and you will be arrested!" says David, trying to buy time to think of a way out.

"Maybe, but in that case, you'll all be dead! Either way, if you don't finish what they started, they will be responsible for the deaths of many people. The blue pyramid will explode like an atomic bomb in a few minutes if the energy it is channelling is not sent to its destination! I want control of this vril energy, I want the vril generator as it is now, with the orgone energy charged in its crowns!"

"But without the generator, the pyramid will explode, as you just said!" shouts May a.

"Exactly, but my brother and I will get out of here alive! And you will die! Pass me the generator!"

May a looks at David in an attempt to make him understand her thoughts.

"Since we're going to die... Then..." At that very moment, Gabriela understands what the two were going to do. She pushes the man who was holding her down, and they hear a shot from a silenced gun. David jumps on him, breaking his arm and knocking him unconscious with a blow to the back of the head, attracting the attention of a few people who were about twenty-five metres away and did not understand what was happening. Immediately, he turns and delivers a series of karate blows to the neck and chest, knocking out the henchman who was pointing the gun at Armando, who, in the meantime, grabs the arm of the man pointing the gun at Ana and is then hit by a well-aimed blow from May, delivered in beautiful eagle claw style, right on the glottis. Without much difficulty, David immobilises Wolf Muller, leaving him trapped in an arm lock. Noticing a serious problem, Armando turns to Gabriela, who was sitting on the floor, supported by Ana and with her abdomen covered in blood. Without thinking, he takes off his cotton jacket and compresses his colleague's abdomen. Ana screams.

for medical assistance, and the crowd watching, unable to comprehend what was happening, panicked. Wolf Muller was paralysed, as his courage depended on the number of henchmen protecting him. Without any of them to maintain his composure, his strength seemed to disappear. Three FBI agents appeared alongside Master Germano, two of them pointing their guns at Wolf Muller and his henchmen. One of the agents carried a middle-aged man who was walking with difficulty, appearing to be in great pain. May and David recognise him as Gerhard Muller. The two siblings are handcuffed and kept beside the agents. One of them congratulates David on his actions.

"Sorry for the delay. An agent was killed, the one who was looking after the girl named Gabriela.

We were catching this one, he was hiding in a helicopter waiting for his brother. It looks like he has broken ribs, as if he had been hit by something with great force. We were watching everything, but we needed them to do something more serious to arrest them, since their crimes are not proven in their country or in mine. We only have insufficient evidence to arrest them, so I needed them to do something here and be caught red-handed. They are part of a criminal network that smuggles drugs and weapons from Brazil to Latin America, the United States and Europe. This time, they will be charged with the murder of an agent, several attempted murders and kidnappings, among other offences they have committed throughout this week. If we can't catch them for the main crimes, these will be enough to keep them behind bars for a long time! Mr Germano was a great collaborator in the process."

Moody's medical team arrives promptly, stabilising Gabriela's vital signs and taking her to the ambulance.

"I'm going with her! You finish what you came here to do! Quickly! Here are the crystals that They were with Gabriela, I just took them from her bag. Here are mine... Quick!" says Germano.

The FBI agents did not understand what was going on, but they took care of taking the henchmen and the two Mullers to the car, heading straight for the prison. As they leave, the apparent leader wishes them good luck.

"Whatever Mr. Germano meant, I wish you good luck and hope you don't get into trouble again. I'll leave some agents on standby in case you need them, as it seems there's still something to happen."

Gabriela was placed in the ambulance and regained consciousness from a brief fainting spell, calling for May. She was already by her side.

"Maya... Maya... The tuning forks... My bag... Tuning forks..." She was almost voiceless. May grabs the bag, removing the velvet cover that held the tuning forks. She hands it back to

Germano.

"Take care of it!" Immediately, without further ado, May and David ran to the pier bridge. Looking back, there was the blue pyramid, releasing such a powerful ray from the top that now everyone could see it. A feeling of panic began to take hold of the people at the scene. Armando and Ana, still at the beginning of the bridge, decided to do something.

"I'm going to evacuate the place!" says Armando, starting to shout for everyone to leave. Some obeyed quickly and without question, while others wanted to see what was happening. One of the FBI agents who stayed behind asks the park security guards to make an official evacuation announcement over the loudspeakers. At the end of the broadcast, a sequence of screams and hysteria ensues.

"This will scare the dolphins away!" exclaims May, *"they won't come with all this shouting!"*

"They will come. They know what's going on here, go ahead! You're the one who should use the tuning forks and the vril generator!"

David returns to May with an extremely serious and stern look, in a manner and intensity she had not yet witnessed. Between surprise and certainty of her complete responsibility for what was to come, she takes two of the tuning forks from the velvet envelope, 528 Hz E and 852 Hz A, striking them together. Without further ado, she pronounces "EHYEH ASHER EHYEH" (I am that I am), rotating the frequency tuning forks clockwise in the air above her head, striking them again so that the E tone is heard first, followed by the E and A duet. She was right at the end of the pier when she noticed that the sea water in front of her was churning. Several dolphins, dozens of them, positioned themselves in front of her, waiting for instructions or sonic commands. May changed forks, now picking up the E at 528 Hz and the F at 639 Hz. Repeating the beat and movement sequence three times, she pronounced "*Lay-oo-Esh*," the phrase that was written in polarised light, the synchronicity of several ancient languages unified into one. Upon pronouncing this harmonic, the dolphins join together in a single, rare, and shrill sound. Their jumble of varied and incoherent sounds becomes a harmonic.

Powerful, extremely coherent, synchronised. Sensing what was coming next, the dolphins leap into the water and disappear, just as they came, appearing to teleport from one parallel universe to another in fractions of a second. The ground shakes. The sensation of a 5.0 Richter scale earthquake is clear. The people who had insisted on staying and were watching the "dolphin show" scream and run from one side to the other. The shaking and zigzagging of buildings and trees is shocking. A few hundred metres ahead, May and David notice a whirlwind forming. A multicoloured spiral spins violently and at a certain moment, the appearance of the spiral changes to a giant toroidal serpent, resembling the symbol of infinity, circulating energy and transforming into an incredible cosmic generator, in an attempt to unify other parallel universes into one. The toroid rose from the waters in the most beautiful crystalline form, its diameter exceeding one hundred metres. David caught May's attention, asking her to look at the top of the pyramid. Frighteningly, the same toroidal effect was seen spinning endlessly, in this case made of magenta lights. Its size increases every second, as does the toroid in the sea. Observing the two formations, May believes she must take the crystals to the centre of the formation in the water, as the blue pyramid already had them. Electricity was noticeable between these two sites, each appearing to be the opposite polarity of the other, generating sensations of electric shocks through the fingertips, as if through any extremity.

With great determination, she takes the thirty-two remaining crystals from her bag and looks at the formation in front of her, thinking about how to place the pieces there without being affected by the electromagnetic field generated.

"Use the generator! You have to take the crystals there and activate them, probably with the vril sphere in the generator! That's the key that activates the portal!" says David frantically.

Intuiting that she was right, without questioning, as was usually the case, she took the generator from the bag slung across her chest, careful not to lose this object, which was as important as the crystals, placing the device behind the plastic bag in which the crystals were all together, immediately negating its weight. Turning the generator slightly to the right and left, she realised that the contents were connected to the device. She made the same throwing motion she had made once before, sending the crystals as if they were multiple tennis balls towards the spherical marine toroid in front of her. The stones entered the system and disappeared immediately, but nothing happened.

"What went wrong?!" May asked.

"It didn't activate. It didn't activate!" David looked nervous and distraught, his hands on his head, searching for a better understanding of what had happened. Suddenly, his face lights up, his eyes open wide, and he turns to May.

"At the top of the blue pyramid, there's our answer! The sun!"

"What do you mean?!" she asks, confused.

"It was the sun's energy, enhanced by the formation of the top of the pyramid, that started the process. You have what was generated up there, the vril energy orb. It's in there, in the generator!"

"I know, but it won't come out! I've tried! It's not obeying the command! Unless..."

May reaches into her bag again and finds the golden sphere she had made by removing pieces from the chest. She knew that the generator would lead her to the toroid formed in the water and that she could make the generator's energy go to it.

"That's it! We needed a trigger! Here it is!" emphasises May.

Again, repeating the throwing motion, she throws the golden orb forward and upward, causing it to hover in the air, exactly aligned with the centre of the toroidal vortex formation. With a twisting motion of her hand, May sends a powerful light from the generator's crowns, joining the centre a few metres ahead, increasing its intensity and directly hitting the sphere. A plasma explosion occurs at the site, forming a marvellous storm of lightning and magnetic particles, visible throughout the area where the almost liquid toroid of light had been. The intensity of the particles increases exponentially and the formation of solid geometric substances is easily perceived. Armando and Ana were hugging and marvelling at the colourful images, surrounded by particles and rays intensely impregnated with vibrant energy, which, minute after minute, transformed into solid images. In no more than eight minutes, a crystalline city emerged, where in some places one could see through the vitrified walls that looked like tremendously polished rocks, were it not for their almost total transparency. The city did not affect the water level of the bay at all and coexists in two parallel universes at the same time. David has the urge to step on its floor, being able to see perfectly the water passing underneath. He takes a few steps and tests the density of the floor. Noticing that it would support him, he continues forward. May is distressed, remembering the images when she swam with the dolphins.

"David, don't go in there! Come back!"

Seeming to be completely mesmerised, he listened to heavenly music with solfeggios, and so he continued walking along the paths that practically formed in front of him. They marvelled at buildings that should have sunk into the distant past, more than twelve thousand years ago, when a very wise civilisation must have inhabited these areas and built a city that, together with others, all interconnected and belonging to the same

At that time, it was responsible for maintaining the Earth's electromagnetic grid. When some areas sank due to the cataclysm caused by the reversal of the magnetic poles and the shifting of the crust by approximately 40 degrees, this was one of the areas affected, ending up under the ocean for millennia, until it finally became part of a parallel universe.

Walking near a pyramid, similar in appearance to the pyramid in the aquarium, including the same colour, he falls to his knees when he sees a gigantic sculpture of a cross. However, it was not the memory of Jesus that made him fall to his knees, but rather the recognition that it was the cross of the constellation Cygnus, or the Swan. This cross was seen and venerated by many ancient peoples, long before the times that are considered official times. Its main star, Deneb, identified at the time as the North Star, with its intense blue light, is the nineteenth most intense star and one of the most inspiring to ancient peoples, from the well-known Egyptians and Celts to the totally unknown, who built cities aligned with this cross constellation, Göbekli Tepe and Karahan Tepe, in southeastern Turkey. On his knees, he felt as if he had been reunited with the family that had been taken from him when he was a child and that he now had the chance to reconnect with energetically, even without the physical presence of his family members.

Summoning her courage, or perhaps a little more than that, May enters the city of pyramids in search of David, despite Ana and Armando asking her to return. The couple stood motionless as they looked at the blue pyramid of the Moody complex and saw that at its tip, what had previously been a spiral of light had once again turned into a powerful beam that seemed to rise thousands of metres until it disappeared, such was its power and intensity. The ionosphere appeared to be even more activated by negative polarity particles.

May continued to call David's name, but there was no response. She was afraid of losing her way back, as she thought she had passed the same place for the second time.

"Is the space between objects here different, or does everything simply repeat itself like in a fractal?!" she wondered. In any case, she kept going, trying to maintain visual contact with the path she was travelling, observing landmarks.

Having controlled his emotions, David approaches the monument, the alpha star of Cygnus, Deneb. standing before the enormous cross, over twenty metres high and almost as long as his arms. At chest height, on the main column of the Cygnus cross, he recognises the shape of a human hand carved into the semi-transparent rock. Without thinking and feeling an uncontrollable impulse, he places his right hand in the carved depression. To his surprise, the sculpture carved into the rock was exactly the replica of his hand. All the details, such as the lines of life, were present, including the fact that his right index finger had a slope towards his middle finger. In response to the touch, a flash of light is emitted.

"David?! Don't touch anything!" May had found him, but he wasn't obeying her.

"Look, I've been here before. I made this mark. It's as if I remember..." David kept his hand inside the carved sculpture and a sparkling light began to emerge from beneath it. The column moved backwards, opening up a new space. Clearly appearing out of nowhere, there was a new gallery with more columns, with a ceiling height of more than ten metres. *"In the third dimension of space, it would be impossible to conceive of that reality,"* David thinks. As they observe the new area that has appeared before them, they understand that they are entering the fourth dimension of space, or the fifth, considering the space-time relationship. The room was rectangular, and they had entered through one of the shorter sides. Visually, they note a width of fifteen by thirty-five metres in length, consisting of the same translucent stones, with crystalline light, which made the rooms glow. The two sides were filled with a

wide variety of sculptures. The closest ones resembled Greco-Roman sculptures. May and David approached them and then saw a row containing sculptures that resembled those from the Mesopotamia region.

Walking slowly, she marvelled at the images she recognised.

"David, I would say that this is Gilgamesh, the great king who is featured in the epic of the same name, and these cuneiform tablets, I believe written in Akkadian, must be the ones that tell the story of Noah and the flood, as Gilgamesh is given the same reference. He is Noah, but what

What is all this doing here? We have a mixture of Earth's history, pre- and post-flood, with the history of man.

May sees several images that she only knew from Zecharia Sitchin's books. "Enki," she recognised, and continues to recognise new engravings on stones, *"Annunakis and the tree that represents the mixture of DNA from beings 'from the sky' with those from Earth... The children of Earth..."*

Walking further in, completely amazed, they find what they recognise as a book whose origin no one knew until today. *"The Voynich manuscript, on perfect parchment, as if it had been made today. That explains why no one understands where it came from until today. In fact, everything is as if it had been made today!"* she exclaims, looking at the objects around her.

"Time still exists here, but in a different way. We are in the fifth dimension of space and time, so it has little interference, it is no longer observed in the way we used to," adds David.

"Well, using physics studies, if we stay here too long and it's only a few seconds outside, that's fine, but if it's the other way around, we're lost. There might not be anyone out there anymore. How about we get seconds, that's fine, but if it's the other way around, we're lost, there may be no one left outside. How about we get out of here?!" May is distressed. When she takes a few steps back, she finds the recording of the representation of the twelfth planet, also referred to by Z. Sitchin in one of his books of the same name.

"I think he also wandered around here one of these days!" says May, ironically, as she often did in moments of tension.

David goes to her, holding her hands, but without saying a word. It is May who ends up speaking.

"I'd like to ask you to explain this to me, starting with who you are, or rather, who you think you are. But since we have to get out of here, and I'd say it's already... You know, we weren't supposed to be here... This doesn't officially exist in our universe, so come do us a favour and leave. If we stay, we'll go to another parallel universe!"

"I have to stay, Maya. There's something I have to do and clarify. When I do, I'll be back."

He looks at her with love and determination. May understands that, from the beginning, from the first moment they got involved, they would not have a normal relationship, the kind where "mummy and daddy live together with a bunch of little children...". That was what she already knew, and more than that, above all, for love, she had to let him go. It was his choice and so it would be done.

"OK, I'll go, and you follow what your higher self tells you. He, who is above your personality lived here, guides you in this direction!"

Without further ado, in a huge act of ego liberation, she runs off as fast as she can, and as she passes the cross of Cygnus, her eyes are filled with tears. At that moment, becoming visible to her friends waiting outside, they run to her.

"How long was I in there? For me, it was exactly eight minutes on my watch... And for you?!"

Ana looked angry, very angry about the danger they thought they were in.

"You've got to be kidding! We've been waiting for you to come out for over forty minutes! What do you mean, eight minutes? Where's David?"

"He wants to stay, and I respect that." Armando has an impulse to go get him, and May holds him back by the arm. "No... Leave him. There are many things we don't know, and one of them is what he has to do... Whatever it is... He needs it... I believe he knows what he's doing."

May looks at the blue pyramid and sees the beam shooting up into the sky, flickering as if it were a flag being moved by the wind.

"Let's get out of here! This is going to get exciting now. Move!"

They ran towards the few people who were at the site, including park security guards, two FBI agents, and three NASA researchers, who had just arrived by helicopter, trying to understand and map the electromagnetic currents generated, as well as filming everything. As soon as the effect of the lightning at the top of the pyramid began, they were called to the site by the FBI. Everyone was amazed and terrified at the same time. Many of the people who stayed were actually filming the scene. May prayed that the images could actually be captured and shown to people around the world, making a big difference in everyone's beliefs.

The three friends leave the pier platform, heading towards dry land. When they arrive, the intense beam from the blue pyramid zigzags, similar to a snake, bending towards the identical crystal pyramid that had appeared in the sea. As it approaches, a twin beam emerges from the top of the other pyramid, bending equally at approximately three hundred and fifty metres above the top, meeting its other half halfway. The encounter created an image reminiscent of Tesla's coil, with a sun in the centre, supported on either side by two matrix rays. A rumble like the sound of thunder in a terrible storm was the signal for the emission of several other rays from the solar halo that had formed, which shot off in various directions across the sky. At the speed of light, the same effects seen here were seen in Giza, immediately being the first construction to respond in the world, followed by others, which responded almost at the same time, such as the pyramids of Bosnia, even though still hidden in the mountains, the pyramids of Japan, still under the sea, the pyramids of the Xingu region in the Amazon, Teotihuacán in Mexico, Copan in Honduras, Tiwanaku in Bolivia, Shaanxi in China, the submerged constructions of the Bermuda Triangle, a few kilometres from Miami, Nakhodka in Russia, among many others that allowed the effect of energy activation to be perceived by thousands of people around the world. They witnessed the unique effects of the northern lights that appeared for hours in unison, due to the propagation of electromagnetic waves in the ionospheric plasma, which, behaving like sonic waves, filled the entire Earth with the magnificent sound of God, the solfeggio of 528 Hz. Eleven minutes after the rays appeared at each pyramid or historical site, everything returned to normal, the rays disappeared, leaving only the northern lights, which remained for more than two hours. Throughout this time, Galveston, the city that came from the sea of a parallel universe, remained, balancing the energy network. The three scientists sent by NASA tried to enter the complex and, incredibly, a force field prevented them, simply presenting an invisible and insurmountable barrier. The three friends kept a constant vigil, all sitting on the floor, speechless, waiting for everything to return to its place of origin. What would happen to David? That was the question on the minds of the three, and especially on May A's mind.

A deep silence descends. The solfeggio disappears. A new earthquake, this time weaker, is felt for a few seconds, without repetition. The city by the sea begins to

sink, keeping the water in the bay static, as if nothing were happening. In a slow but steady process, followed by an increase in the transparency and fluidity of their structures, the twin pyramids disappear, being the last points of the city to be seen before its total disappearance. Quickly, nothing remained. David had disappeared with the structures.

Sitting motionless, seemingly emotionless, clearly in shock, the three remain hugging their knees and staring ahead, trying to believe that this had really happened.

The three NASA scientists approach them and ask if they can talk to May. She stands up and says she is available, as long as the conversation is made public to people around the world.

"What happened here and how we got here will be written in a book, which I will publish. You can choose to know now or in a few months," she says, still shaken by what happened.

"Dr Maya, we will contact you so we can talk as soon as you are in good condition. We appreciate the help." The NASA scientists walk away.

With his hands still shaking, Armando calls Master Germano looking for news about Gabriela. They were informed that she was out of danger, but would have to stay in hospital for another two or three days. Luckily, the bullet had not hit any vital areas. She could return with them, even on the boat, after that period. The Aurora B. would be a great place to rest, and by the time they reached Boston, she would certainly be much better. The group decides to stay in Galveston until Gabriela is discharged from hospital.

"If I am right in saying that thought is the origin or source of everything, if we do not do something about thought, we will get nowhere. We can momentarily alleviate the population problem, the ecological problem, and so on, but they will come back in another form." David Bohm, physicist.

5 p.m.

Six days later, in Boston. At Solomon Bacon's house.

The Bacon family was gathered at their home, a beautiful Victorian-style property worth many millions of dollars, located in Back Bay, near Newbury and Gloucester Streets. Anne Cooke Bacon was a beautiful American native of the city, appearing to be about thirty years old, tall and slim, with blue eyes and golden blonde hair that fell down her back, tied in a braid. Her children were equally fair, with bright blue eyes like their mother and father. Elizabeth was six years old and the centre of attention, not only for her beauty, but for her delicacy and friendliness. Walter was a typical boy his age, wearing American football clothes and carrying an oval ball under his arms wherever he went. Anne spoke only a few phrases in Portuguese, always practising with the children who were studying Spanish and Portuguese. The agreed language of communication for the day's visit was English, so that everyone could understand what was being said.

They were sitting at the table in the glass-enclosed winter garden, with a beautiful garden outside and lots of flowers inside, a table full of different kinds of tea, sweet cakes and savoury pies, biscuits and juices. Restless, the children drank their juice, ate quickly, and went outside to play. Anne and Armando were concerned about Gabriela, who still needed special care. Anne Bacon offered her an extremely comfortable rocking chair with a footrest and a spectacular view of the well-kept garden. May had barely touched the delicacies on the table, feeling a little depressed and nauseous, as she had been throughout the entire trip back. Anne kindly calls May over, asking if she would like to see the children's room, which was beautifully decorated in a cheerful style that matched their personalities. May agreed and was accompanied by Anne. The three of them walked around the house, saw the children's rooms, and, deliberately, Anne took them to her room, asking them to sit on the sofa next to the Bacon couple's bed. Anne went into the bathroom but came out quickly, picking up a small box and sitting down in front of them on her own bed.

"Maya, I already have two children and now we're trying for a third, so I have some pregnancy test kits with me. I know how to tell when a woman is pregnant, and I would say you have every chance of being pregnant, am I right?!"

Ana and her friend had already discussed this possibility, as it was unusual for May to be quiet, silent, and even less so, not hungry. Her period was only a week late, but as she was not very regular, she was not yet alarmed. However, Ana had also been insisting on this and, in fact, feeling almost the same things, out of sympathy or

for real biological reasons. This was quite likely, since, due to the way they left their country, birth control had not been planned. With two possible pregnancies instead of one, Anne gladly offered the two kits she had at home. Ana was the first, as she was extremely excited about the possibility. The result was negative.

"Oh, what a pity, but in a way, it's better. I think Armando needs some time to get used to the idea of getting married and being a father!"

The three laugh at Ana's spontaneous outburst, revealing her plans to marry and start a family with Armando.

Then May goes into the bathroom and takes the test: positive result, without a doubt. Inside, she takes a long time, shocked and unsure of what to do. When she opens the door, after the other two girls call her name and ask if she is okay, she looks very pale, as if she is about to faint. Anne and Ana quickly sit her down on the bed and offer her some orange juice to restore her energy. She takes a few sips and feels better as she takes a deep breath. The image was beautiful and moving. The three of them sat on the edge of the bed, not knowing what to say, because the baby's father had disappeared and no one had any idea if he would return, from wherever he was, to be with a child who, in this case, would certainly make him very happy and proud.

"I'll be right back." Anne leaves to talk to Solomon about it, with the best of intentions towards her "almost sister-in-law".

May prefers to get up and take a walk in the gardens, which helps to ease her discomfort arising from the confirmed suspicion. She felt distressed by David's absence and by the baby who would not have the chance to meet him. When they returned to the living room, they found Armando talking to Master Germano and Gabriela, who seemed to be becoming more open and happy every day, engaging in conversations and discussions on various topics, giving opinions and setting goals for a new life. It was with these topics that Maya and Ana found everyone in the same room. Anne had already spoken to Solomon, and he had fully agreed with his wife's ideas.

Salomon stands up, goes to fetch Maya at the entrance to the room and leads her to a set of sofas in the centre of the room, where everyone can sit down.

"Maya, you're my sister now. I know how my brother feels about you, and Regardless of whether he is well or not, although I feel that everything is fine and that, at some point, we will have good news, Anne and I want you to stay here in Boston with us. As you can see, we have two extra rooms available in this house and you could stay there. We would take care of you and the baby. David has a lot of financial assets here and, as you know, I'm the one who manages everything. I'll immediately transfer part of that to you... And..."

May smiles lovingly and interrupts Solomon, touching his arm.

"I know how much you love David and how much he loves you. I also understand your kindness and concern for this child and for me. Obviously, I am now unemployed, but I have some money saved up, which is not much, but it will last for a while. I am deeply grateful for all your kindness, from the bottom of my heart. However, I believe we can think of it this way: we have the ark. It belongs to everyone who was involved. From what we could see, it must weigh about a hundred kilos, so if we divide the gold among everyone, we will be just fine. It is not a magical object in itself, like the crystals or the vril generator were. It is just

a beautiful golden chest and, therefore, is very valuable." May had interrupted Solomon's speech and was talking, trying to find a way not to feel dependent and to move forward normally, as she always did, alone, since she had no living family to count on.

"If everyone agrees, we can do the following...", she continues, looking for a

way to get them financially secure, "Solomon, we need your help again so we can sell that pure gold object we brought back and get a good sum of money. Everyone who was on this trip will benefit from this, and I insist that you be included in the division. You did a lot for us by providing clothes, supplies, a boat, and a crew."

Solomon does not let her finish.

"No, no, I don't need and don't want any of that. I have more than enough! That's why I don't want anything and insist that you keep David's share. It's only fair, it will go to his son!"

May thinks about it and agrees, nodding her head positively, remembering that her detached manner should be more balanced from now on, as she would have someone who would always need her support. Ana's case was somewhat similar. Obviously unemployed at this point, like her friend, she couldn't even go back to her job, so she was happy with the possible source of income.

"How much will we get for her?!" Ana asks Solomon.

"We'll know in a few minutes!" Solomon picks up the phone and looks for a contact to call. *"I'll ask a friend to come here now and check how much she weighs and what she's worth. If it's 24-carat gold, the price could be very interesting."*

Forty minutes later, two of Solomon's friends arrived at his house, carrying an industrial scale in an SUV. They went inside, measured the piece and tested it with gold. After weighing it, they gave him a quote of seven million dollars. Each person would get more than a million if divided among six people. In a quick discussion, they all decided to give Solomon one hundred thousand dollars to pay for the expenses and damage to the yacht, and they did not allow him to refuse. Another one hundred thousand went to the captain and the same amount to William, for his courage and determination in helping them. Solomon's friends called an armoured car and the piece was taken directly to a bank.

At nine o'clock in the evening, after settling all the details, the group prepared to return to the yacht, where they would spend their last night. The next day, they would head to the airport to travel to São Paulo. Solomon insisted on taking them to the airport, arranging for two cars, one of which had a driver. In these last moments, he paid special attention to May and talked to her privately, along with Anne.

"I'll be in São Paulo in a few weeks. As soon as the trip is confirmed, I'll let you know. You could stay at David's flat, it's bigger and you could wait there calmly until we have news... And..."

Preventing him from continuing, May hugs him, smiles, and explains her thoughts on the situation.

"Dear friends, I am delighted that you have come into my life. Regardless of whether David returns one day, you will have a nephew or niece to visit. I will be very happy to have you around. The money I will receive will keep me comfortable in my flat until I understand, what I should do. With that, everything will be settled. Without the Mullers, the Vril sect should be weak or even disband. What we need to know is what will happen to them, as this could put me in danger. The Vril generator is with me, and they may want to get it if they are released or if someone powerful from the group still exists."

Solomon becomes agitated and his wife squeezes his arm, trying to get him to control himself. At this moment, the rest of the group pays attention to the conversation.

"That is the main point of my concern!" says Solomon Bacon emphatically. *"They are mad! They must have many powerful people connected to them in politics, also involved in the drug smuggling that provided the funds to do the aberrations they did. Surely this is not over, and you cannot be alone, with no one and a baby to care for!"*

Master Germano approaches.

"Solomon, you are absolutely right. That is precisely why the Thule Society will help protect Maya. We have several men of great wealth and influence in the group. They will provide bodyguards day and night. The generator should be kept in a secure location, in a highly protected bank vault. I am also a man of means, not as much as Dr. Maya had initially imagined, but I am extremely well off, so we will help at all times."

"David, you big mouth!" she whispers, but everyone hears and laughs. David had told Master Germano about her first impressions when they met.

"I can give up the money from the sale of the chest and use it to pay for your security guards and everything else that is needed until David returns."

The group is confused, trying to extract some information that only he possibly knew.

"I believe he will be able to return. He knew what he was doing when he decided to leave!" Germano justifies himself.

Based on phrases like these, shrouded in mystery that May, until now, had no clear understanding of clear about the complexity, she maintained a certain excitement and hope.

At that moment, Armando took the lead and took Ana by the hands, bringing her closer to everyone.

"Everyone, taking advantage of this gathering of my friends, I wanted to say something: I am formally asking this wonderful woman who has come into my life to accept my marriage proposal. I don't have a ring yet, but I will buy one as soon as I find a good shop that is open, a Tiffany's!

Where can we find one around here?! She deserves it! And after we get married... But even before that... We'll be Maya's shadows. We'll be by her side all the time. That's a promise, for both of us! The three of us can move into David's building. I bought a flat there a year ago and was renovating it. Now Ana is going to finish deciding on the decor. Maya, you have to move there too, stay in the flat that would be yours if he were here. He wouldn't let you go back to yours, the way he loved you... Loves you... He wouldn't let you spend a single day without living with him. You know that."

After so many difficult times in which she had remained steadfast, always courageous and balanced, for the first time, she can no longer hold back and cries, causing Ana to immediately hug her, comforting her friend.

"We'll all stay together! Always together! And one day, everything will be fine. I'm sure of it too sure of it!"

"It's better this way. We have to be close by, and we'll be like one big family. All our children together, my three and Ana's and yours, they'll all grow up together!"

Ana was so surprised by how quickly Armando had decided to get married that she could hardly keep up, even though she loved what she heard.

"I never had a family. Can I consider that I have one now?" asked Gabriela's shy voice, which had been unintentionally forgotten in the background.

Putting her pain and selfishness aside, May walked over to Gabriela, stretched out her arm and pulling her into an embrace.

"You're going to live with me! There! I won't be alone! From now on, I have another younger sister, besides Ana, who is much younger!"

"You don't need to remind me that I'm over thirty!" says Ana, trying to make people laugh and lift the mood. Gabriela is very happy to have a home, since she had nowhere else to go. Her official adoption never happened. She never received an updated identity document with the name of her supposed adoptive father, as the documentation was not approved. Until

today, she lived with a birth certificate listing unknown parents, which she had since she was at the institution where she had been left with her deceased sister. This fact made it difficult for her to attend good schools, having to study in places with less demanding documentation requirements.

"Dear Master Germano, you and your secret friends will have to find a way to deal with her identity document

. Gabriela has to go to school to make up for lost years. And for this to work, we'll need your help!" says May, having recovered from her emotional outburst.

"Of course, of course. We can help and get everything sorted out quickly. As she is already of age, the difficulties will be very minor. I'll take care of it immediately after arriving in São Paulo!" says Master Germano, as helpful and observant as ever.

Gabriela's face lit up. She flashed a huge smile at everyone. She would finally have a normal life.

"And when you're ready, we'll teach you the art of cooking. I realised that I enjoyed helping Chef William. He told me that you could be a good chef. There are schools for this training. If this is one of the things you can do for your future, you could get a job in one of the chain's restaurants!" Armando offers Gabriela this opportunity with the best of intentions.

"Everyone, calm down. She needs time! She's going back to school, and when she finds herself and discovers her talents, she'll decide what to do. Once she's sure of what she wants, all opportunities will be very welcome and appreciated! Thank you, Master Germano and Armando." May seemed to be taking on motherhood completely, both for the baby she was carrying in her belly and for young Gabriela. Apparently, she will be the kind of mother who takes all her children under her wing.

Solomon and Anne take the group to the port, which was located fifteen minutes from their home.

Upon entering the Aurora B., May waves to her new Boston family, looking back at the place where she spent two weeks, experiencing moments that will surely remain unforgettable.

*"The ability to perceive or think differently is more important than acquired knowledge."
David Bohm, physicist.*

SÃO PAULO, 7 DECEMBER 2012. 5:30 p.m.

The doorbell rings. Gabriela and Dock race to the door. Looking through the peephole, she recognises her best friends. She gives Armando and Ana a big hug. They had been married for six months and lived conveniently two floors below the flat where May and Gabriela were staying, David's flat. Ana enters, making a fuss when she sees May on the sofa, next to Lurdes and Maria, breastfeeding a baby who is almost a month old. A beautiful girl with an oval face, straight brown hair and very blue eyes, identical to her father's. Suri Angel Bacon was born on 12 November after a normal delivery without complications.

Armando waits patiently for May to finish feeding Suri and burp her, so he can hold her.

"I'll want two of these, maybe three! She doesn't even cry at night! If they were all like this, parents would have even more!" he says, completely enamoured with the baby.

"Don't worry, those who are quiet now will become the most mischievous later! And vice versa! I should know!" adds Maria, with her deep knowledge of the subject. Her life had returned to normal with her family. Her husband understood what had happened and decided to stay in the marriage, because there was love between them, and a daughter whom they wanted, above all else, to protect and make happy.

Finally, Armando picks up Suri, carefully and lovingly. Ana thought it was very funny. his change, since May's belly was growing. He showed little interaction with this wonderful side of life and when he finally got to know it up close, he decided it was what he wanted. A month ago, Ana had stopped taking the pill and they were trying for a baby, it would be like a "little brother or sister" to Suri.

"You know what I forgot to ask? Where did the name Suri come from? I thought it was beautiful. Was it because of Suri Cruise herself?!" asked Lurdes.

Ana raises her hand mischievously and explains.

"It was my idea! I convinced Maya as soon as I found out it was a girl. You see, David looks the spitting image of Tom Cruise. He used to call her... He calls her... princess. They both love things from the Hebrew, Arabic, Persian and Assyrian cultures, so it was perfect! Suri could be a variant of Sara, which is Hebrew and means 'princess', or on the other hand, from Persian it could be a variation of 'souri', or something like that, and the meaning is 'red rose'. I thought it was perfect and she liked it. I'll be the godmother!", she exclaims proudly and enthusiastically.

Everyone laughed, because something like that could only come from Ana, but everyone agree that the name is beautiful and goes very well with the surnames.

Every month, it became more difficult for people to use verbs referring to David in the present tense. He seemed to be gone for good. May was extremely

understanding about this, but only she knew what she was about to say, which is why she wanted to talk to everyone. The doorbell rings again. Gabriela opens the door to another person she liked to hug, Master Germano.

Armando passes Suri into Ana's arms, who insisted on rocking and caring for the girl every day, as much as possible. Both Ana and May, who were unemployed, spent many hours together, strengthening their bonds of friendship more than ever. Ana sits in an armchair, laying Suri on her side in a special crib for the living room. Making sure she was safe, she brings the crib close to the corner of the table where she sits. Gabriela, Lurdes, and Maria had provided juice and soft drinks for everyone, accompanied by cheese quiche and strawberry pie. Sitting at the table, they chat for a few minutes, when in a conversation that turns to security issues, Master Germano informs them that the Muller brothers have been released. The period during which they were imprisoned had been a quiet time for everyone, as nothing out of the ordinary had happened during those days. However, from now on, the security for May and Gabriela, in particular, had to be doubled. Everyone could be in danger, but they would be the most desirable targets, even though the generator was safely locked away in a bank vault.

"We no longer work at the laboratory, so since we are working at another company, I don't see any risks for me and Maria," adds Lurdes.

Downcast during the time Germano updated the bad news, after a pause, May lifts her face, revealing a worried expression. The reaction generated by her facial expression was immediate. Unanimously, they felt a chill in their stomachs.

"I'm going to need your help again. During the beginning of my pregnancy, I was anxious for David to return, but nothing happened. I didn't feel or receive any messages. It seemed like something was telling me that I had to wait and strive to provide the best for my baby. I decided that this would be the centre of my attention. I calmed down, that's what I did, but since Suri was born, I've been having recurring dreams with images that I've been trying to identify, images that are so clear, colourful, detailed... Dates... Phrases... I searched for these images in videos by David Hatcher Childress and Graham Hancock, among other authors and explorers of ancient archaeological sites, in their books and on YouTube. Then, in one of these videos talking about ancient cities in Peru and Bolivia, Tiwanaku, Machu Picchu, Pisac, Sacsayhuamán, Trujillo, I got the clue. I went crazy searching, because I saw in my dreams the hundred-tonne megalithic stones being lifted into the air and placed side by side or on top of each other by the invoked sonic harmonics... And... And... I saw David many times in these places, but I couldn't talk to him. I could hear him, but he couldn't hear me. I shouted his name, but it was as if he were inside a rocky cave, with some exit that I have to find.

A deep silence fills the room. Even Dock and Suri are fast asleep, and nothing breaks this silence for almost a minute, until Master Germano speaks.

"Maya, I was waiting for this moment to come. If we were people with ordinary lives, who had never experienced the adventures we have experienced and did not know what we know, that man, humans were created by and with divine intervention, these divine beings being inhabitants of other areas of space, where some resemble us, or rather, we resemble them, we would not take what I said into consideration. We know that some love us, try to protect us, others want to conduct genetic experiments on us, and we are indeed their children, made in their image and likeness. These beings left us clues to their existence, in a time before our time, in the time before the flood and other catastrophes, natural or otherwise. These clues are found throughout these wonderful cities and archaeological sites that present

megalithic constructions, impossible to be made by Incas, Mayans, Aztecs, ordinary Egyptians or without 'divine' assistance, and so on. We saw things that men would not normally have accepted, at the same time, we saw that the videos filmed at Moody Gardens were, for the most part, destroyed or contested. Those available on the internet were filmed with low-resolution mobile phones, shaking and glitchy. And these were given the right to be posted on the internet, precisely because they generate doubt and discredit. Therefore, we cannot tell anyone what we experienced, but we experienced it and we know that reality is beyond what people have been led to believe. The truth is hidden, but one day it will come to light, because it is becoming difficult to sustain the false history of the world that is taught to our children in school. Therefore, my dear, having seen your attunement, your open channel to these realities, I can say that there is no reason for you to feel bad or afraid of judgement from the people who are here today. Most have seen it with their own eyes, and those who have not seen it know that it is true."

Ana looks at Suri again and turns her head back to the table, looking frightened, squeezing Armando's hand. They waited for May to continue what she had started.

"Thank you, Master. I know you will always be by my side and by... His," referring to David, *"I woke up sweaty and agonised, several nights, I couldn't reach him. Until one day, I wasn't sleeping, I had just finished breastfeeding, and I saw him in front of me. He spoke to me, but he spoke and didn't hear me."*

Armando can no longer bear the tension and asks abruptly.

"Just tell me! What did he say?" Ana almost twists her hand under the table.

May looks straight ahead, without seeing who was actually sitting in that position. She was simply "reviewing in her own mind" the image that had been projected that night a week ago.

"He will appear, or is already there, in a cave, but occupying the interdimensional 'space' in..."

Markawasi, Peru... Near Lima. I'm going there in two or three days, as I'm confirming the plane ticket and a group of guides. It will take hours on foot and on donkeys to reach the top where it is located."

"Darling, you're not physically ready for that yet! You can't do that for at least 40 days! And there's Suri, she's breastfeeding!" complains Lurdes, worried about her friend and the baby.

"Lurdes is right. No matter how good your delivery was and even if you're in great physical shape is very good, it's an absurd effort for which you would have had to train for months!" adds Maria.

Ana was quiet because, having participated in the previous adventure, she knew that May would have to go.

"Friend, I'll take Suri. Now I understand why you were pumping and freezing milk, while also introducing formula between feedings. She's like my daughter, and you know she'll be fine with me. Armando is going with you, and I'm sure Master Germano won't let you go without him!"

Master Germano gets up from his armchair, showing determination and agreement with Ana.

"You know us well, my dear. I'm going, and from the look on Armando's face, he's in!"

Armando's face showed a mixture of surprise and excitement at the possibility that his best friend was alive and that they were going to rescue him. *"If this is what you call a new adventure, I'm in!"* he says with great emphasis.

May smiles at both of them and continues with her plan.

"We have two days to get everything ready. I've already found some reliable people through an agency who will make the trip by car from Lima to San Pedro de Casta, and from there we'll have to go by donkey to the camp on the Markawasi plateau."

"I'm coming too! I saw the videos you were watching at night. One night I woke up and saw you leave your laptop on. I went over to see what you were studying, and this time, as always, I knew it was related to David. I saw everything you had been studying and also looked for alternatives. I understood what that place was, the Masma culture may indeed be the connection that was missing. There is a very strong vortex there and its mooring point is at the top of a mountain, marked with a cross, the cross of Cygnus, the same thing that convinced David to stay. It may be a connection point between two vortexes, and in a few days it will be the moment of the 12/12/12 portal. If there is a moment when we can a c c e s s it, it is on this date, at noon."

Gabriela seemed to be in a trance. Everyone is paralysed by the sequence of information she has just given, without ayahuasca. Thus, noticing her friends' state of surprise, she clarifies.

"When the body understands how ayahuasca works to facilitate states of connection, it is no longer necessary to use it, or at least, it becomes less necessary. The pineal gland has already been activated and knows what to do. I can see without DMT, almost the same. I can't say it's identical, since I didn't try that hard, but I got close. I also saw David the way Maya sees him, but I didn't know where this place was. Now that we know, I want to go, I can help with my vision. If necessary, I will use the tea and, once there, I will be able to find him."

May smiles gratefully at Gabriela, agreeing that she should join the group going to Peru.

"I would never ask you to come with me after everything you've been through in your life. I wanted to spare you, but if you really want to go, I think it will be very good for us all to be together. You have a wonderful gift that could be crucial. Thank you!"

The next day, the team got busy preparing everything: tickets, equipment and suitable clothing for hiking in the Rocky Mountains. The rest would be taken care of by the agency hired to take them to the camp on the Markawasi plateau.

Ana and May had two more days to completely adapt Suri to bottle feeding, alternating between breast milk and formula.

"We have enough breast milk for almost two weeks, twice a day, but I believe that this won't be the biggest problem, but rather your breasts. They can become lumpy and dry. Well, if you can express milk at least twice a day, you can reduce this and prevent lumps from forming. You have to do your best to express milk with the pump, because if lumps form, you can get a fever... And..."

"Calm down, Ana. I'm taking some things to express and drink to prevent that from happening, but I'll have to take the risk. Thank you for your help. There's no one else in the world I would leave Suri with except you!"

Ana takes a small package wrapped in aluminium foil and plastic out of her bag.

"Take this. I saved it right from the start. I thought I might need it when the time came, remember?!"

May recognises the name written on the label and the packaging. The two friends hug each other.

12/12/12. 7 a.m., THREE THOUSAND TWO HUNDRED METRES ABOVE SEA LEVEL. VILLAGE OF SAN PEDRO DE CASTA, PERU.

The expedition is ready to walk for several hours. Four mules are loaded with supplies, general necessities, and tents for spending the night. The estimated time of arrival at the plateau is three to four hours, uphill. The three friends wanted to spare May as much as possible, so she would carry no weight except for a light backpack, carrying water for the moment, a jacket, cereal bars and protein bars. Dressed for the environment, they prepared themselves with ankle-high hiking boots, denim trousers and vests with several pockets on the sides, and long-sleeved cotton T-shirts underneath, because at this time of year and due to the altitude, a cold wind mixed with a sun that could easily burn the skin. Their caps had a veil that fell to their shoulders, similar to those seen in films showing French legionnaires in the desert, following the old safari style and finishing with essential sunglasses. At the end of the first hour of walking, the reddish desert landscape brought to mind the planet Mars. The vegetation was sparse and dry. The walk accompanied by these images generated divergent thoughts. *"Was David really in that region?! How to do to find him?!"* These were constant questions on everyone's minds, especially May's. The two guides leading the mules, tied together to prevent them from getting lost, signal for the group to stop, drink water and rest for a while.

"Are you alright?! How are you feeling climbing the mountain?!" Gabriela constantly checked on May, concerned about the physical risks involved. *"We'll climb another thousand metres, if you need us to, we'll go slower."* Ana had *"talked Gabriela's ear off"* to make sure she took care of her friend and didn't let her overexert herself. Haemorrhaging could occur if May pushed herself beyond her physical limits, only thirty days after giving birth to Suri.

Trying to calm everyone down, May showed how fit she was, saying that she wasn't tired and felt fine, even though the effects of the altitude were real. She wanted to continue after a fifteen-minute break.

A second hour of walking was completed without any problems. On the way, they met a group of five people, plus two guides who were also resting. They were all from a Spanish family, who kindly interacted with the new arrivals, taking photos and telling stories about the region. A young woman in her twenties, with a scarf tied around her forehead in 1970s style, slim and athletic, recounts what she had seen in a YouTube video showing a supposed giant from Markawasi. According to the video, the young woman said, a mother and daughter recorded a group of people high up in the mountains in front of their house and, at one point, one of the group members got up from a squatting position and stood up, appearing to be twice as tall as those who were already standing and moving beside him. A zoom shows that this alleged giant was wearing different clothes from his companions, being something more

stuck to the body. The Spaniards laughed at their cousin who believed the video was real, saying it must be some kind of camera trick or something. However, the girl seemed to have a lot of information about it and claimed that they should believe that these things exist, since, in recent years, mummies of red-haired men, over two metres tall, have been found all over the world, dating back thousands of years.

"We know that ancient men were small, and giants like Goliath from the Bible existed."

At over two metres tall, they were enormous for the time, but from the video of Markawasi's daughter and mother, comparing the people walking beside him, we can venture to say that he was a giant over three metres tall!", says the athletic young Catalan woman enthusiastically, with brown hair and eyes set in incredibly white, flawless skin. After a few minutes of discussion, the family group gives in to disbelief, given the stories the guides tell, confirming the constant sightings of strange things in the area. The guides tell two special stories, one of UFO sightings and another of something similar to what the girl and her mother in the YouTube video reported, the night-time sighting of giants, of about the same height, walking at night, surrounded by a halo of light and floating without touching the ground. Apparently, friends who were passing by at the time saw the giant and two of them ended up making a lot of noise, given their euphoria at seeing this type of phenomenon, causing "the being" to disappear, supposedly fleeing from being seen. Armando takes the camera out of his backpack and, agreeing with the Spaniards, would walk with it at the ready at all times, because if something like that existed there, he would want to be prepared to film it. The friendly group continues their walk, showing that they want to camp in another location before going to the stone plateau. They say goodbye, knowing that at some point they would meet again on the trails. Everyone continues walking and the guides of this group continue telling fabulous stories of inexplicable encounters.

Master Germano walks alongside May, Gabriela, and Armando, who are walking at a moderate pace, without excessive effort. He continues the conversation.

"We know that what we've been told has a little bit of everything. A little imagination, exaggeration, but in fact, this whole area is one of the most famous energy meeting points on Earth. Here, universes merge. It is very similar to what happens in the Bermuda Triangle. We can be 'here' and 'there' at the same time, without realising it. These extraterrestrials may be coming and going with or without consciousness. Just as we may be being seen by them right now, appearing in their universe without our knowledge, it is a real possibility. David may be appearing somewhere for a few moments, and this may make our job of finding him even more difficult. We will have to split up to search the area as thoroughly as possible!"

May stopped walking, causing the others to do the same, including the guides who were leading the mules.

"Master, you just reminded me of Einstein's passage with Heisenberg: 'God does not play dice with the universe'. Therefore, he will have to appear and may appear with a purpose. There is always a purpose in everything and a force of attraction that unites things into what appear to be synchronistic events, which can again be translated as 'purpose'. He will appear to us, or to me, he promised me, and I know that this is the place where the 'event' can happen. Now we just have to find out when and where it will be, we have to hurry. We need to get there before noon, otherwise it will be midnight, and that is something I would like to avoid. There must be snakes, spiders and a lot of dangerous little things at night in this desert area, now I just want to worry about David."

Returning to the route, a little faster, the guides begin to talk among themselves.

appearing to be a father-son relationship. Accustomed to taking groups of Brazilians, they understood almost everything the guides said. The older of the two decided to talk to May without stopping.

"Madam, your husband has disappeared, and you think he will show up here. Is that right, madam?"

"In short, yes, that's it. Can you help me with any information?" May's constant openness to everything and everyone allowed the universe to send messages and messengers constantly. She knew she shouldn't classify, qualify or, above all, prejudge people, places or events. At any moment, the message or reality would come in her favour, simply because she was open to it, appearing in the most diverse and unlikely ways. It was a matter of being in a state of present moment, paying attention and loving her surroundings, being positive and allowing the Whole to manifest itself. Her communication with the guide went smoothly, as Spanish was almost a natural language for her, since she used it daily with her Spanish parents while they were alive.

"I have been travelling these paths for over twenty years, Madam. I have seen everything and been told many things. I have seen big men like the ones who commented on the film about the young girl and her mother. I have spoken to them. They are good, they only want what is best for us. They showed me the constellation of the star next to their planet, called Cygnus, the bird, the swan. They cannot appear to everyone. They said that one day they will, but there are still many years to go before that happens. We have to want to see them and accept them as friends and family. They told me that we are their children, and that among them, there are those who are big like them and those who are small like us. They said they made the rocks look like images we know so that we would wonder if this was possible and thus seek them out. They said they can appear and interact with those who are ready for it. That our genetic heritage remembers them and that, from time to time, a child on Earth grows too much. It is because the body remembers them and copies them. Many of these good giants appeared here, ma'am, but others appeared too, ones that weren't the same kind, ones that aren't so good. Some of our people disappeared, they were taken away. The ones who take them away look like lizards, they are big lizards. There are also some tiny ones with grey skin, thin bodies, big heads and eyes, they look like insects. It's as if they made the lizards and insects intelligent. We never saw those who disappeared again. Now, who is this person you came looking for? Is he your boyfriend or husband? Did he disappear here, or do you think he'll show up around here?"

"I think he'll show up here. He disappeared nine months ago in a place in the United States, and I believe he may show up today, José."

"Did you come today because of the portal? Today is the day of the portal. The Inca shamans will be working there. You will see some of them; they help open the doors and understand the secret."

"What secret, José?!"

"They say that superior beings from the cosmos lived here in Marcawasi and that the stones are the documentary evidence they left behind, but there is other evidence, which has not yet been discovered and which people are always looking for when they come here. They dig and dig and find nothing. It is not yet visible, which is why they cannot find it. It can only be seen at certain times during the solstices and equinoxes and by special people. Are you a special person?!"

"I wouldn't say special, maybe I was prepared to see it, maybe not, but I came to search, not exactly what you mean that others are looking for, but I came to search for the man I love, the father of my daughter."

José stops walking and looks at May with deep love in his eyes.

"Then you will find him, ma'am, you will find him..."

They start walking again. Master Germano and Gabriela follow closely, not missing a word of the conversation. Armando is busy helping José's son guide the donkeys with their load.

"What are the others looking for here?!" May asks José.

"They want the diamonds. Most of them search in the crevice of the infiernillo, where many have fallen and never returned. It is a cursed place for those who go there with the intention of stealing the diamonds, but only for them."

When José uttered the last word, Armando seemed to snap out of his state of devotion to the load and the donkeys, walking faster to catch up with them.

"Did you say diamonds?! Are there diamonds around here?!"

José looked at him and commented to May.

"If this one falls, he won't be coming back."

She laughed and slapped her big friend on the back, who continued to ask about the infiernillo non-stop.

*"I don't believe that consciousness is generated by the brain. I believe that the brain is more of a receiver of consciousness."
Graham Hancock, researcher and writer.*

10:30 a.m. MARKAWASI PLATEAU.

After nearly an hour of steep climbing, walking along trails that wound their way towards the plateau, called the "Meseta de Markawasi", they catch sight of a breathtaking view. The presence of cave-like and zoomorphic rocks, combined with an energy that at times seemed to lead to euphoria, was noticed by everyone. Gabriela feels dizzy and needs to sit down, trying to get more oxygen into her lungs, due to the altitude of four thousand metres.

"Yes... I'm dizzy... I'll recover soon... It may be partly due to the thinner oxygen compared to São Paulo, but I think the truth lies in the impact I felt when I stepped onto the plateau. It's as if I had crossed a dense curtain that separates where we were and where we are now."

Armando was carrying some oxygen canisters and promptly handed one to Gabriela. In a few minutes, she had recovered. May also took advantage of the same benefit, seeking to increase her energy and avoid a headache.

"Everyone, we don't have much time. Drink some water, eat your sandwiches, and let's go find the place. He'll have to talk to us and give us a clue!"

May was referring to receiving some sign that would show her where she would need to be at noon, at the moment the 12/12/12 portal opened, at 12:12 p.m.

Master Germano picks up the map showing the position of the rocks on the plateau, looking for a clue. José approaches and demonstrates his extensive experience.

"We have to take all the camping equipment to the most suitable place, the amphitheatre, just a few hundred metres from here. From there, you will be able to assess where to go."

Following the advice of their experienced guide, they walked to a large area, which had what appeared to be a wall of very high rocks in the background, shaped like a shell, like those of the Sydney Opera House. They chose the right spot to set up their tents, unloaded the mules, and José, along with his eighteen-year-old son Antônio, began to pitch the tents and prepare lunch from tinned food, dried meat, and dried fruit. Mestre Germano and May kept checking their watches and were getting tense as they looked at the display: eleven o'clock. Sitting on the ground and leaning against rocks that seemed made for that purpose, they analysed the map with great concentration. Master Germano used a ruler and a compass, taking measurements and drawing lines. May just waited for the conclusions of his analysis, which seemed to take a lot of logic into account.

Maya, the most important thing to bear in mind in an analysis such as this is that nothing we will be seeing today is by chance. It may be that certain rocks here in Markawasi come from accidental formations, however, most of them do not. The configurations of their shapes follow a similarity beyond the laws of probability, absolutely incredible, with

many or few visual observations by a layman. In the case of some of them, it is enough to look at them to know what they are, so evident is their shape. Others require someone to give a hint, after which it becomes obvious. Still others require some knowledge of statues, sculptures, paintings, and sphinxes from ancient civilisations, so that through comparison, one can see the immense similarity. This is a shocking part, because we would be saying that ancient peoples, supposedly from different eras, according to the academic version, which we know is not correct, had contact or even belonged to the same race or matrix origin. Look at this rock, which is called the face of Mars. It is exactly the same as the face they let us see on the planet Mars, located in the area called Cydonia. Most of the images of Mars, called official and released, have been tampered with so that we cannot identify their real shapes. This is easily noticed by the fact that the entire surface showing reliefs is completely rounded. Even with this enormous effort, experts managed to reconstruct, from these photos and based on images that were leaked, those that actually represented pyramids and face shapes, such as the face of Mars, which is identical to the one I have here in this photo, which we will see later today. What I mean is that someone passed through there, founded a civilisation, and perhaps it was founded in parallel or sequentially to this one on Earth, not only here in Markawasi, Peru, South America or Latin America in general, perhaps they are a single parent people that divided into areas of colonisation, which is why we are encountering the same monuments with the same characteristics. There are several places in the world where rocks have shapes that tell stories, those of Markawasi seem to be more grouped together and in greater numbers."

May was completely impatient, showing her nervousness with the question that interrupted Master Germano's reasoning.

"So, do we have a pattern that could be our clue? Some kind of alignment?"

"Exactly, young lady. According to reports, there is a place called Cruz do Sul. This place has a strong and altered magnetic field. It has been studied by many scientists, with no explanation other than the one we know very well, that of the vortex. Coincidentally, in the same alignment, we find El Infiernillo, and continuing eastward, following the alignment, we have a rock with a strangely triangular shape, called Santa Maria. I believe we have found our perfect parallel and centre of the vortex through which the portal can be activated."

Gabriela and Armando were helping to set up the tents and filled their backpacks with water and energy bars. When they saw May and Master Germano looking at the map and getting up from the ground with a sense of urgency, they realised they had arrived at the right time.

"Let's go straight to the Southern Cross area next to the face of Mars and El Infiernillo," Maya commanded, walking in the right direction along the trail to be followed.

Monument to
Humanity –
Monumento a la

Landing Site –
Sitio de
Aterrizaje

Humanidad

The Camel

Daniel Ruzo's
Cabin

Altar of the
Frogs – Altar
of the Frogs

The Llama –
The Llama

The Sphinx /
The Frog

The Child

The Buffalo /
Mayorales –
(Buffalo)

The Orangutan
– El Orangután

The Condor –
El Cóndor

The Mouse –
Ratón

Sibriano's
Cave – La
Cueva de
Sibriano

The German
Helmet – El
Casco Alemán

The Catholic
Cross – La
Cruz Católica

The Horse
Head – Cabeza
del Caballo

Pre-Incan –
Pre-Incan
Ruins

The Bull

The Turtle –
La Tortuga

Bear With Hat
– Oso Con

Sombrero

African Lion /
Lioness –
African Lion /
Lioness

Seals

Prehistoric
Turtle

Sacrificial
Altar

Southern Cross
– Southern Cross
– Inca Face –
Cara de Inca

Seguna Turtle
– Seguna
Tortuga

Cat Spirit of
Markawasi–

Face of Mars –

Feline Spirit of
Markawasi

Face of Mars

The Lovers –
Los Amantes

The Inferno –
Hell

The Traveller
– El Viajero

The Bear – El
Oso

The Seat of
Soxtacuri –
Asiento de
Soxtacuri

The Fallen
Horse –
Caballo Caído

Aquatic Turtle
With Broken
Flipper

The Mini
Theuris – El
Pequeño
Theuris

Earth Turtle –
Tortuga de
Terra

The Puma – El
Puma

Amphitheatre –
Amphitheatre

Santa Maria

Inca Head

Cachu Cachu
Healing Place

Dr. Spock

Huayayo
House
(Lightning God)
– House of
Huayayo
(Lightning
God)

Lightning God)

Altar of the
Stars

Dorre

The Prophet
(Dolmen)

Separated
Lovers –
Separated
Lovers

Prophet
(Dolmen)

Egyptian
Goddess –
The Goddess
Theuris

The Pharaoh –
El Faraón

Pampa Grande

The Alchemist

Snoopy

Don Manuel's
Sore Thumb

Mask of the
Fortress

The Monkey –
El Mono

Political King
– El Rey
Político

Chinese
Ideogram

Rock Cave –
Cueva de la
Roca

4 faces –
Cuatro Caras

Iguana

The Dog – El
Perro

Altar of
Kankausho

The Crocodile
– El Cocodrilo

Thumb Rock –

The Cat

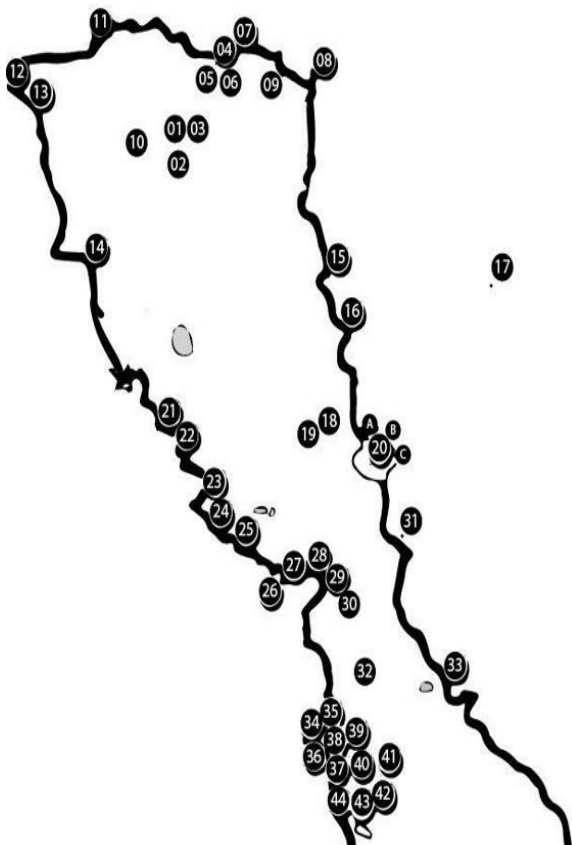
New Rock –
New Rock

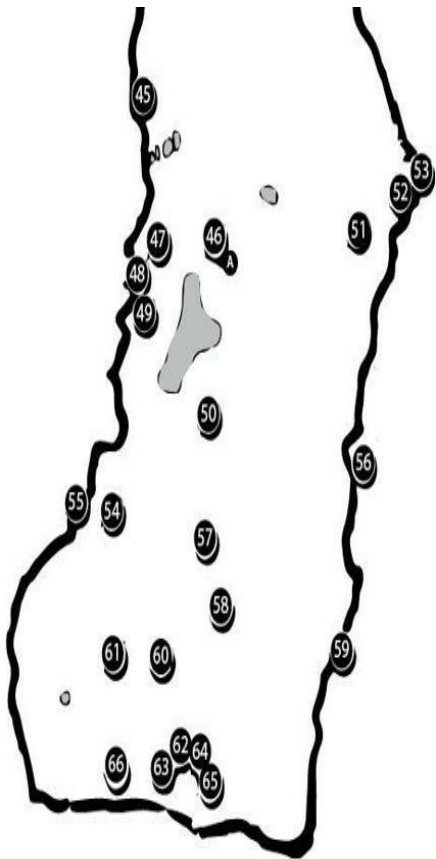
The Fortress –
La Fortaleza

African Queen
– Reina Africa.

Ghost Face
– Cara Del
Fanstasma

Thumb Rock





The four of them set off south, following the GPS and maps.

José realised that he should wait at the campsite, as he knew that something unusual was going to happen and did not want to get involved. If they had called him, being a responsible guide, he would have gone, but he felt reassured when he saw the level of equipment they had. They would not get lost easily.

In thirty minutes of brisk walking, due to the limited time available, they reach Cruz do Sul. A rock with a cross marked on top, drawing everyone's attention due to the irregular movement of their compasses. They climb onto the rock and take their bearings, with Laguna Negra in front of them, the "face of Mars" to their right, and El Infernillo behind them.

The four instinctively form a circle around the cross marked on the rock.

"What now?! Did anyone feel anything?!" asks Armando. "I can't stand up... Everything is spinning..." Gabriela sits down on the rock, right where the cross is.

"Maya, I'm going to lie down on the cross with my arms and legs spread out. The guide said that people do this to receive visions."

"Yes, Gabriela, do it... Go ahead!" May says quickly, with strong, positive energy.

During the five minutes that Gabriela remained motionless, having lowered her hat over her eyes to avoid the sun, which was almost at its peak, she receives some images, but is unable to enlarge the vision. During this time, May assessed the location, trying to get a clearer idea of where she should go. When Gabriela gives up, she sits down to share her impressions.

"I saw images that were difficult to make sense of. Nothing was very clear. I saw a man, but he didn't look like David. At the same time, I heard his voice. It was a very strange place, like an old building, but I couldn't understand anything else. I needed the tea..."

Upon hearing this, May takes the silver packet Ana gave her before travelling out of one of her waistcoat pockets. It says "Ay uda", which in Spanish translates as "help", but for Ana and May, the real meaning was "ay ahuasca".

"I brought the help. Ana knew we would need it. Open your mouth, I'll put a good amount on your tongue and under it, and we'll give it about thirty seconds for sublingual absorption. There you go. Now drink some water. It will start working in fifteen or twenty minutes. This may vary. We only have forty minutes, it has to work!"

With complete dedication, Gabriela ingested a portion of the dry nanoextract of ayahuasca prepared by Ana, on one of her last visits to the laboratory, having taken the extract home with her. She processed the extract and encapsulated it in nanoliposomes during the freeze-drying stage, which enhanced its absorption, especially sublingually. The dose contained in the bag was equivalent to what three people would need to take to have the experience.

Fully accustomed to the horribly bitter and unpleasant taste of tea, this time Gabriela made a slight gesture of disgust with her face, much less than usual, demonstrating the reduced impact of the astringent taste promoted by nanoencapsulation, dissipating as it was easily dissolved in saliva and mainly through the new form of absorption, sublingual. The taste of the dry, concentrated extract was slightly better than that of the tea, due to the freeze-drying process using powders belonging to special sugar families, such as dextrins and trehalose, which soften the taste.

partly the bitterness. After drinking plenty of water, she lies down and in less than twenty minutes begins to have visions. Colourful sparkling lights and psychedelic images invaded her third eye, in spiral formations, geometric figures that formed mandalas, until all this became integrated into a forest densely populated by birds, snakes slithering in front of her, entering her head, divinely coloured birds flying around her, and rocks, many rocks, from small to large, which turned into magnificent giant crystals, similar to those in the Naica cave in Chihuahua, Mexico. Gabriela entered a state of ecstasy. Protecting her from sunstroke, Armando opened his jacket and held it up against the sun, keeping both arms wide open, which helped to protect her face and torso. She was barely aware of the world outside the one she had entered. With difficulty, her tongue rolling, at times pronouncing incomprehensible words, she narrated part of what she saw.

"I see a different world... Birds... Waterfalls... Gigantic vegetation... Very large trees... 'Quechua'... 'Peca Gasha'... They will help us... They will bring David... He is with the... But... With the... 'Masma'... All right... I see him... All right... He will be able to come... He can do whatever he wants... He is a son... 'Peca Gasha'... He is bringing him... El infiernillo... Inside... Inside the cave..."

In a burst of happiness, May puts her backpack on her back to climb down the Cruz do Sul rock towards the Infiernillo crevice. Armando hands his coat to Master Germano, asking him to protect Gabriela from the sun and stay with her until she returns to normal. They would talk on the radio if Germano heard anything he thought might help. Master Germano crouches down to listen to what Gabriela is whispering, saying very little at this moment. It seems that the drug's effect will be shorter than expected, or that she has already received the information she needed. The two friends jump between rocks and in seconds are on the plateau, running towards the depression, accompanied by a large crevice between rocks, called Infiernillo. When they arrived, they were faced with two possibilities for access. A medium-sized crevice had a narrow opening large enough for a man to descend, but it appeared to be a steep drop, and all there was to help them down was a kind of trestle where ropes could be tied. In another depression in the crevice, there was a dug-out area, resembling a path, but they again came to a hole whose depth they could not assess. Armando projected the front of his body into the crevice, holding on with his boots to two protrusions, assisted by May, who supported him, preventing him from falling. In his right hand, he had a very powerful torch and a second torch, whose grouped LED lamps were twenty centimetres long. He secured it by tying a hook on the lower handle to a thinner, longer string and threw it into the pit, believing he might be able to see where the bottom was. The rope was more than fifteen metres long and still did not reach an area that could guarantee solid ground. He sat back down next to May, analysing the situation.

"You can't see where the bottom is, because there are lots of rocks in the middle of the path. From what I could see, going down means certain death, as the path is very narrow and you can't see anything. I don't know how we can get in there."

In a joint reflex, they both checked their watches and the time was compromising: noon. May left the depression where the fracture that created the pit was located and, putting her right hand up to shield her eyes, even though she was wearing sunglasses, she saw that he was exactly in the centre of the sky. Armando reached her as she was taking her backpack off her back, looking for the vril generator.

"Do you think this could... You know... Could it lift things up around here?!" says Armando, taking off his cap and scratching his head.

"If everything is connected, if ancient civilisations from times before time really

used the same technology, I have no doubt about that. I would say that this vril generator, having worked a few times, has to work again."

She picks up the generator and the tuning forks, taking out the F 639 Hz and E 528 Hz, positioning herself in front of the largest crack.

"What was that phrase Gabriela said upstairs... Sin... Something... Do you remember?"

Armando had repeated the phrase several times, finding it interesting and sonorous when Gabriela had uttered it, so he had the sound in his memory.

"... Sin Gasha... Sin Gasha!" he says emphatically.

Upon hearing the phrase, she straightens her body, takes a deep breath, strikes the 528 Hz tuning fork twice until the vibration dies away, spreading it in the air with circular movements above her head. The magnificent sonic wave spreads across the desert landscape, seeming to amplify as it collides with the rocks. She strikes the 528 Hz tuning fork again and, this time, repeats the same action at a frequency of 639 Hz. After repeating each seven times, keeping both tuning forks vibrating, she exhales from deep within her chest, closes her eyes, and pronounces *"Peca Gasha... Peca Gasha... Peca Gasha"*. When she finishes the sixth time, she holds the vril generator, positioning it vertically, and pronounces the seventh time *"Peca Gasha!"*, as if calling for someone. Nothing happens. Armando panics, pacing back and forth behind May, whispering, *"Oh, my God! Oh, my God!"* A few seconds later, a sonic vibration, typical of a harmonic, is heard. May's arm, which remained determined and stretched out in front, holding the generator upright, is tensed with such force that when the familiar crack and ray of light from its two crowns came out, joining in front, it jumped out of her hand, as if it had been pulled, making an ellipse and entering the crack in the del infiernillo. May throws herself to the ground, falling into the depression, with half her body inside the crevice, holding on to a rock with protrusions and trying to grab the generator, thinking she could see it, due to an extremely strong light coming towards her, practically blinding her. Armando quickly threw himself onto the edge of the crevice, using the rope he had previously tied to a tree trunk, tying it to May's legs and pulling it tight, preventing her from falling. She was slipping into the pit, continuing to strain to reach what she thought was the generator, and he couldn't hold back her weight from dragging her into the hole. In an attempt to save her, Armando throws himself backwards onto the ground, keeping one leg on one side of a rock and the other leg on another rock.

"Let go of that! You're going to fall and it won't do any good! Come back here. I'll pull harder harder! What is this?!"

The rope he was pulling, tied to his waist and his friend's legs, was surprisingly loose, but May kept it in place. He realised that she seemed to be floating, and then he also began to float, rising the almost four metres between the plateau and the beginning of the crevice, inside the wedge-shaped depression. Gently, both are placed on the ground, approximately five metres from the entrance to the crevice. A beautiful, sustained harmonic is heard, spreading in a uniform echo across the plateau. The rocks around them take on a sparkling, luminous appearance, seeming to give them an electrical circuit made of silicon, which, being multicoloured like a rainbow, could be seen inside the stones. It was at this magical moment that Master Germano appeared, supporting Gabriela, who was staggering and feeling a little nauseous. With the help of the ayahuasca, she could see the intensely multicoloured, bizarre place with various benign and loving living beings that did not belong to the scene. In the midst of this reality, she gestured, caressing them, and they reciprocated. Master Germano understood that she still had visions connected to the portal and sat her down.

on the ground, under the shade of a tree. He stands a few steps behind May, completely surprised by what he is witnessing. The harmonica continued to sound beautiful. At that moment, a vortex-shaped portal begins to form on the ground at the entrance to the crack. A process of metamorphosis under the standard wedge shape of the crack causes it to transform into a large circular opening, approximately three and a half metres in diameter, accompanied by a multicoloured crystal staircase leading down to the bottom. Without hesitation, May descends the stairs, accompanied by Armando. Master Germano prefers to stay and look after Gabriela. After descending one hundred and forty-four steps, they reach an atrium that leads to the entrance of a four hundred and forty-one square metre rectangular room with a twelve-metre ceiling. They are amazed to see the beauty of the environment, which, as if by magic, had windows that opened onto an unimaginable external environment. They knew for sure that they had passed into another universe. At the back, an oval-shaped light was coming towards them. As it approached, it took on more and more the shape of a man.

"David!" May runs without thinking down the wide corridor. Touched by an even greater surprise, David rushes towards her, completely ecstatic about the situation. For many minutes, an endless hug was all that happened. The friend, showing extreme joy, allowed the couple to have their long-awaited moment.

David and May were completely happy to have found each other again. Tears ran down both their faces. Armando hugs him with the same happiness, but with different intensity, almost breaking David's bones, such is the force applied.

"How long has it been for you guys?! I've been here for a few days, maybe a few weeks," he says to his friend Armando, who asked him if he was aware of how long he had been in that place.

"David, for us you've been here for exactly nine months. I had even lost hope of finding you, my brother!" says Armando, expressing concern about his friend's lack of awareness.

"Wow, wow! I understand that this is possible. It is often reported in experiences like this. But I don't believe that's how it was. I was getting ready to leave and they had agreed, saying I would need to wait for the portal."

"The portal of 12/12/2012, today!" says May, more comforted.

David shows enormous regret for the time he had been away. At that moment, due to the extremely tight and long hug, he notices May's blouse completely wet on her chest, including the moisture spreading to his blouse. He was wearing beige denim-like trousers and a T-shirt of the same shade, all plain and unadorned.

"Wow, what happened? What's that on your chest?" He notices that the substance is a little sticky when he rubs his fingers on it.

Understanding the delicacy of the subject, Armando takes a few steps back and decides to examine the environment, wondering how long they could stay inside.

"I reckon we'll have to leave very soon. We'll get some warning, I'm sure, at the appropriate time," Armando concludes to himself, observing everything around him.

David invites May to sit on a crystal bench, without a backrest, near a window overlooking an extremely charming garden. Holding her hands, he begins to deduce what that liquid in her chest was, realising the increase in volume.

Calmly, she picks up her backpack, takes out a mobile phone, and shows photos of a baby. "This is Suri, our baby. She's only a month old. She has eyes and hair just like yours. That's why my breasts are like this, full of milk. She's with Ana, these days we've been looking for you. I have to go back to take care of her, to breastfeed her. Now we both have to go.

we were looking for you. I have to go back to take care of her, to breastfeed her. Now we can both

can go back to her."

Faced with the surprising reality and feeling that he had failed May, his face contorts into a mixture of shock, surprise, happiness and, at the same time, pain at having lost the chance to see his daughter develop in her mother's womb and be born. His eyes fill with tears. He hugs her again, letting the tears flow, insistently asking her to forgive him.

"Oh, oh... It's okay... Don't squeeze so hard... It's full of milk and it hurts... I need to take it off..." Through their tears, they laugh at her words and situation.

Armando looks around and begins to notice disturbances in the crystals. Turning to the couple, he walks towards them and speaks loudly, seeking to awaken them from the emotional state that had overcome them.

"It's time to go. Come on, everyone together. We have to go, the portal is about to close!"

At that moment, more than ever, David wanted to leave the universe he had been in. They hurry up the stairs and, being the last one, he looks back and finds the figures who had been by his side the whole time, his father and sister, physically similar to David. May was two steps ahead of him, managing to see the people. They wave, she waves back, and with big smiles on their faces, they disappear. As they continue up the stairs, the world behind them begins to fade, as if going out of focus, until it finally disappears completely when they reach the surface. As they move away from the vortex, it dissipates and the crack returns to normal. Next to it, they find Gabriela lying in the shade, sleeping from exhaustion due to the effects of the ayahuasca, and Master Germano sitting beside her. Immediately, Armando and May go to her, helping her regain her senses and drink plenty of water. She was normal, just nauseous, which was a typical side effect of this substance. Master Germano hugs David with great emotion. For him, it was as if his own son had returned from a long journey.

Armando stands up, puts his hat back on, picks up his backpack from the floor, and walks towards David and May.

"Guys, I don't know about you, but I'm starving! Did the guides cook

something nice at the campsite?!" exclaims Armando with childlike sincerity, showing the best way he knows to relieve the tension they have been under. As he adjusts his backpack, he looks down and sees an unusual glint. Right next to the crack, a small opening has formed, one that wasn't there before, he's sure of it. Approaching and calling the others' attention, they check what it is.

"Could they be those crystals we saw in the room downstairs?!" he says, picking one up fearlessly and examining it.

Master Germano picks up another one and looks at it against the sunlight.

"I'd say someone wanted to give us a gift, my dear Armando. I suspect they're perfect diamonds! And there are a lot of them. I'd say they want us to take them all. There must be about twenty in there, each with many carats."

"In that case, here's a bag to put them in. Let's take them! No problem!" says Armando, showing great enthusiasm as he examines the diamonds in his hand.

Armando and Master Germano take the twenty-one blue diamonds, pure and perfectly cut, each weighing approximately seven carats. The fortune was stored in a small bag.

When they remove the last one, the black shell-shaped rock that contained the diamonds disappears.

Embraced, David and May smile, knowing that it would most likely be a gift for

the baby and everyone else, for their courage in going to fetch him. Without the help of those beings, the portal would not have been opened, as it is always necessary to activate both sites simultaneously, allowing the "vesica pisces", the collision between two universes, to manifest itself.

"I think we are all souls. I think the soul is consciousness, it is the essence of everything, and I think it manifests itself in all forms." Graham Hancock, researcher and writer.

5 p.m.

At the amphitheatre camp. After eating and bathing in the waters of the lagoon, they felt much better. The sun was milder and a cool breeze made the atmosphere pleasant. Sitting in a circle, with the guides right behind them, they talked about the magical place and everything that had happened.

Armando made jokes about the images of rocks that could be seen at the amphitheatre site. Using binoculars, they looked at the details of the rock called "Inca Head" and asked José to stand in front of it, many tens of metres away, taking advantage of the perspective of the photo, with perfect framing, José's profile was positioned at the bottom right of the photo and the Inca Head at the top left. Surprisingly, the image revealed a coincidence that was literally impossible by chance. The profile of the Inca face on the rock was exactly the same as José's 100% Inca features. Excited by the jokes, Armando then photographed the rock that was closest to him, which revealed a different face with his name on it, but one that was familiar from television series and films: Dr. Spock, literally an extraterrestrial face. After taking many photos, he decided to sit down with everyone and chat until bedtime. They planned to leave for Lima at sunrise. When the group of friends settled into a circle, a silence fell over the room. The moment of revelation had arrived and was inevitable.

"David, who were they and who are you?!" May asks him a direct and objective question, a consequence of the time this enigma had been with her, capturing the attention of even the guides.

To clarify what had happened, within the limits of what he could reveal at that moment, David decides to sit upright, crossing his legs in a yoga position, taking off his boots and relaxing. Realising that they were about to hear something impactful, the rest of the group sought relaxed positions closer to the couple. David took a deep breath, looked up at the sky, and began his revelations.

"Maya, Master, Armando and Gabriela, some of you have known me for a long time, others for a short time, but

The truth is that I also did not know what I am about to reveal, and that it may be difficult for some, although I believe, from what I know of them and what I have seen so far, that they will understand very well and move forward in the best way possible. Well, the part you know is that I am David Bacon, originally Daniel Bacon, the son of an Englishman named William Bacon, who came to Brazil when he was around thirty-three years old and fell in love with my mother, a beautiful Brazilian woman in her early twenties with family of Portuguese, Italian and German origin, like most Brazilians in the south of the country. They got married in Curitiba, and my first child was born.

Brother Solomon and, three years later, me. My parents died many years ago from an undiagnosed illness. An illness that affected them both. I studied finance so that I could take care of my father's business, and with Solomon, I expanded even further what he left us. When we were teenagers, my father took us on trips around the world. He believed that we should gain a deep understanding of other cultures, religions, peoples and their traditions, closely linked to knowledge and understanding of history. He, like us, believed that the history we were taught about the origins of civilisations could not be based on the last five thousand years. We certainly had a gap, to use the term he liked to apply. His belief in this was so strong that he liked to show us parts of ancient texts, especially from the Vedas, which clearly mentioned highly developed ancient civilisations. My father's need to give us this knowledge was always understood by us, his children, as curiosity and an adventurous spirit open to new realities. However, when I was eighteen, my mother and father decided to call me to tell me something they believed I was ready to hear, since they had been preparing me for it my whole life...

Armando did not try to hide his open mouth and tense expression due to the suspense that was unfolding. May, Gabriela, and Master Germano were completely absorbed, not even moving, much less noticing where their bodies were.

My mother told me that when my brother was two years old, she had an experience of rapture, a term she preferred to abduction. She was taken by beings extremely similar to us and, according to her, we would not be able to tell the difference without great powers of observation. Their intention was to prepare her for a large-scale project they were undertaking on Earth, they, beings from a planet belonging to the Cygnus constellation. According to them, as had been done many millennia ago, they would once again be interfering in our development, or rather, in the development of our physical body, so that it would become more like theirs in terms of mental and frequency faculties, as well as something related to the improvement of psychic abilities. This was necessary for the fourth generation of humans, or fourth matrix race, to achieve the harmonic convergence necessary to transform into the fifth race and, thus, the Earth and part of its inhabitants could move into the fifth dimension of space and time, living the new golden age, so often mentioned by spiritualists in a more poetic way, as a euphemism.

They began to sense what was to come. Even the guides were motionless and no birds sang. The stillness was such that only the clouds and the sun dared to move, sinking into the horizon, offering the sky the shades of red and gold rays depicted in Buddhist and Christian monasteries.

"So my mother agreed to participate in the process, along with my father. They, the people of Cygnus, an orbital planet of the star Deneb, wanted everything to proceed according to my parents' free will. Thus, a year later, when they decided that she would become pregnant, they took them away, removing my mother's egg and my father's genetic material, generating a suitable embryo, with the insertion of a new code from one of them. From this new genetic event, the embryo generated was inserted into my mother. That's me, and I found out at that time..."

Trying to buy time to "digest" David's story, May stretched out, stretching her legs forward, then sitting in a yoga position again.

"But who were that man and that woman?!"

She explains to her friends what they didn't see, because Armando, climbing the stairs in front of her, didn't have a chance to make eye contact with the people May and David said goodbye to inside the cave.

"He is my father from the fifth dimension. He is the source of the genetic material that was given to me. She is my sister, on his side only."

"You mean you really have two fathers and one mother?! Wow, it must be difficult to prove paternity in a test, it will be inconclusive!" Even though Armando said something very funny, given the depth of the subject, no one laughed.

"Yes, in fact, the difference between me and a few thousand humans on our planet is that I know and most who have been altered in this way do not. Most abductions, some considered psychologically traumatic, are done for this purpose, to accelerate our development or to generate new entities for other planets, whether in this same parallel universe, in others, or even in another dimensional space, with variants of parallel universes."

David notices the slightly frightened eyes of some.

"Yes, I know it's a complex subject," he says.

"I don't think it's the complexity of what you said that causes astonishment, David," says Master Germano in a solemn tone, *"but rather what you haven't told us yet, why they took you away for so long and what they want you to do. That's the part that causes concern, because we all know that, in one way or another, we are connected to your fate."* As always, Master Germano used his extreme wisdom and analytical skills, with everyone's agreement.

David inhales and exhales with great intensity, preparing his body's energy for what is to come.

"Well, just as what we might call positive extraterrestrials are among us helping Earth increase our capacity to anchor higher frequencies, others, let's say, more negative ones originating from parallel universes to our dimension, have been here for a long time, doing the opposite. They do not want us to increase our power of connection, so that we can be increasingly useful for their purposes. They use the energy of fear; it is the old struggle between the legions of good and evil, described in so many ancient scriptures," David explains with great seriousness.

Noticing everyone's silence, Master Germano was the only one who had a clear mind to ask questions.

"Can we know what they told you about a purpose for us? Do we have to do something special?"

"Yes, but according to them, we will know in the same way we knew about these recent events. We have to help sleeping humanity. There are many of us who have already awakened and developed psychic abilities related to telekinesis, telepathy, teleportation and so on, but that is not what we should be concerned with. Rather, we should be concerned with the ability to connect with our higher mind, the higher mind of each one of us, which is the one that sees everything and is our real portion, the one that inhabits the sixth dimension and is much more perceptible in the fifth than in the fourth, where we are. This is our real part, our higher mind, which condenses all the realities experienced by our 'diverse lives', realities that are multifaceted by a variety of experiences."

"OK, understood, but help how?!" asks May, again being direct and impatient.

"In the same way that we have already helped to connect a portion of the planetary grid, there are other tasks that we will have to do, in other places, with other interactions and facing many problems, such as the Mullers and others similar to them, those who serve other beings and interests different from ours."

Armando is excited by the explanation and interacts in a way that could only come from him.

"Ahh, I see, now I have an extraterrestrial boss, with pay and everything! That's why they give us so many valuable things, so that we don't waste time working to survive and have the source that gives us that, automatically. That way, we can do what is necessary, whatever it is, whenever it is."

"Yes, Armando. That's why they gave us small fortunes and will continue to provide, whenever we need it. That's one thing we don't have to worry about anymore," adds David.

May takes David's right hand.

"Does Solomon realise everything he has told us?!"

"Yes, he knows everything my mother and father said. Now we just need the rest of the information, and he will be very important in helping us, as he always has."

"Was he also made in the same way as you?! I mean, does his body have the same genetic material? Did you notice any differences?" asks Master Germano, seeming to evaluate each point very intensely.

"He only has the genetic material of my earthly parents. He was not hybridised any more than most of humanity already is, if that's the question, and frankly, I've never been able to tell the difference. The only thing I can say about being different is that I get myself into trouble and he helps me get out of it, just like you do," replies David.

"Wow, my Suri has an extraterrestrial grandfather. That must be why she's so beautiful!" jokes May, once again trying to lighten the mood.

"Actually, princess, she has two extraterrestrial grandfathers, because in your case, the difference is that the fact that you don't know what happened to your mother and she had no idea about it. They told me that you were genetically prepared so that we could have the connection we have and work together towards the same purpose. It's very simple, just ask yourself why you're the only one who managed to activate and maintain the energy of the vril generator, think about it."

Due to the surprise, May becomes serious and speechless, trying to digest the information. Then she remembers a very important point.

"Speaking of which... The vril generator... It was sucked into the crack... I lost it! What happened?!"

"That will be part of our future missions. It will appear when needed and be activated again."

Gabriela overcomes her usual shyness and asks something that has been haunting her in her dreams.

"What about... Muller?! They got out of jail... They're free..."

David realises he doesn't have answers for everything.

"I don't know, but in this case, something tells me that they will still come after what they think belongs to them. A power that they think we have in our hands and that can be taken away, but let's take it one thing at a time, give it time. If we have a mission, we will fulfil it and nothing will stop us from reaching our destination, it is our responsibility. We will have to look for others who are in the same situation and have the same intention. These others exist and we will find them. Together we will be stronger."

José and his son Antônio scratched their heads at the complex information they had been given and because they had missed some of the Portuguese phrases.

Master Germano, Gabriela, and Armando join hands in an act of commitment.

"This hand belongs to Ana, who is not here, but I am sure she would give us the strongest handshake." possible!" says Armando, using both hands to shake hands.

Feeling a little confused by the new reality to which they would be indeterminately

Submitted, May and David stand up, walking towards the rock formation called the "altar of stars", consisting of a circular, open area surrounded by many rocks that resemble stars fallen from the sky. They enter the middle of the altar, with the first stars of the firmament visible at the beginning of dusk. A group of coyotes howl a beautiful song, not threatening, but welcoming those who were there dedicating their lives to increasing understanding and harmony among human beings. They knew that the only way to end the inequalities generated by the domination of evil was to raise the potential to 'return to the Father's house', reconnecting in a way that was once our reality, but had been forgotten and imposed on us in a collective amnesia, which was beginning to give way and allow us to simply remember who we are, why we are here and what we are here for.

May and David stood side by side, holding hands, enjoying the energy of the place. She turned to him after a few moments of silence.

"You know what I remembered? We can finally open and read Francis Bacon's box. I think he must have been prepared, like us, for a great mission. What could he have put inside? It must contain some clues to things that we will only now understand, which is probably why we didn't open it before."

"I suspect he was a being who came to bring about transformation and did so very successfully, appearing under his own name or hidden behind the names of others who never existed. As soon as we arrive, we will have this work to do, and Germano will be very happy to participate."

"So, what's his real name?! Master Germano isn't... Go on, tell me!"

"I knew you'd ask that question one day! But considering how much time you've spent together without me, I thought you'd already asked him about his name and the nicknames of the Thule people directly."

"You know, it never occurred to me? So now tell me, go on!"

"OK, I'll tell you... It's Francis, or Francis Augustus Germano, hence Master Germano. In his case, it's his real name and didn't need to be changed to suit the purposes of the Thule Society."

"Interesting, I thought it would be something like that. His name could only have something to do with the whole story... Typical, don't you think?!" May asked, receiving a smile from David in response.

Feeling a moment of complete enchantment, they admired the landscape illuminated by the especially intense glow that the celestial bodies had in that place. They looked up at the sky, witnessing shooting stars falling in their honour, in honour of their commitment and sense of responsibility for all those belonging to the enormous universal community. Holding the photos of their daughter on their mobile phones, their gaze went from the heavens to the earth in deep devotion.

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