

*The Twelfth Face
of Ruth's Destiny*
The Armageddon Nexus

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The Twelfth Face of Ruth's Destiny
(The Armageddon nexus)

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Contents:

Dedication

Acknowledgements

Introduction

Chapter 1 The sacrifice: Ruth

Chapter 2 How old was this fatal destiny?

Chapter 3 Unheeded Prophecies

Chapter 4 The 'Planetary energy grid'

Chapter 5 A dead world?

Postscript

The geographical details

Dedication

1. To all the missing people, who for some reason or other, lose hope in this world
2. To the people who burn with passion to know the truth and God
3. To the early mathematicians and geometers in all civilizations
4. To all people who yearn to do good
5. To all those who grieve and can find no peace
6. To those people who risked everything for goodness and truth
7. To all the people who make us stop and think about what we do

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I would like to thank all those people who are my friends and relations - I'm not the world's easiest person to know!

I thank God for intervention in my life and in the life of this world!

Introduction



In the lonely city shadows, huddled in her doorway refuge, Ruth would become a fateful pawn in a process that would engulf the whole world. Her rebellion against her God, her parents and her destiny, could only lead one way - or could it? A passing stranger would be enmeshed in her struggle for life; an impalpable bond of 'love' would have to overcome untold suffering. Only time would tell whether good would triumph over evil!

Most civilizations had creation and destruction myths - often now consigned to the realms of fairy tales for 'third millennium man'. There were, however, people in remote parts of the world that held these myths in great reverence. They would spend many hours looking for signs that might indicate the end was nigh! It was not a bad thing to be vigilant, perhaps even over-vigilant.

Ancient cultures had many other interests besides mythology; the Greeks had a complex and fabulous history. Plato had a lot to answer for when he wrote 'Timaeus'! He believed that the earth's basic structure had evolved from a simple geometric shape into more and more complex shapes. These were the Platonic solids - the cube, tetrahedron, octahedron, dodecahedron and icosahedron. Each shape was associated with one of the primitive elements e.g. earth, fire, air, ether and water. These ancient cultures were seduced by perfect geometric shapes such as triangles and pentagons, known collectively as polygons. They were also searching for perfect solid crystal shapes and polyhedra. These philosophers believed that shapes held fantastic powers and properties; this curiosity was rekindled by the new age movements in the late 20thC. The Greeks were not the only race to hold this view; many other spiritual entities under, on and above this planet were equally fascinated, and it had been so for millennia. Our mind had the innate ability to recognize patterns in everything: shapes and patterns are important to our map-making brain.

It was also no coincidence that the earth might one day be covered by a network of pentagonal facets that could manifest until they enveloped the whole planet. The origins and centres of each pentagon would be meticulously planned and executed, sometimes using willing, disturbed people.

What if the bombing in World War II at Midway was part of a greater plan to de-stabilize the ocean crust? Was Darwin's revelation on the Galapagos a way of unleashing a breed of science that would turn man away from God in the 20thC? This unstoppable destiny was so subtle it was virtually undetectable by science; the only thing that might neutralize the process was the fact that the earth's crust was divided into colossal 'rafts' of rock that slowly moved with time by the Plate Tectonics process (Continental Drift!).

Chapter 1

The Sacrifice - Ruth

In those long winter days I would sometimes call in at the museum to look at their natural history collection. The fossils, rocks and minerals were the basic tools of my trade. I had fond memories of all of them! My mind recalled the innocent wonderment when I first beheld them. I could not imagine what processes had created some of them. Even whilst at university I found it hard to believe some of the explanations. In the fossils and minerals were the mysteries of symmetry and shape.

The crystals were always portrayed as perfect in the textbooks; there were never any flaws or odd faces and facets. In reality, of course, a perfect crystal was virtually impossible to find. Some of the gallery's finest gemstones were near perfect examples, some were pearly in lustre, others bright metallic. The variety of shapes that some minerals had were breathtaking, and perplexing. Rare, or exotic crystal shapes did not necessarily infer rare atomic components. Quite ordinary elements such as Iron and Sulphur could combine to produce genuinely curious and beautiful shapes. The star exhibits were Gold and Fool's Gold. As a student I would confuse these two, they both had crystals shaped like cubes. Many miners had done just the same; stories abounded of the 'panners' running to stake their claim on the strength of a little golden cube. When the assay officer saw it, he would bite down on it with his teeth. If it were Gold the tooth would dent the malleable object, if it were Fool's Gold he would break a piece off his tooth. Such were the mysteries.

For some reason the museum was shut that day. I was just another tired, mindless soul stumbling out of his 'aircon' office block on a winter's evening. I desperately wanted to get home, to escape the rat race, to flee from the emotion-crushing noise of **Atro-city**. People were an impenetrable mob at this time of night; some stumbling into wine bars, some crashing in and out of shops. In the annual 'run-up' to Christmas, the city seemed to lose its soul, rather than re-find its humanity. I could find little comfort and consolation in the half-mile walk to the station. I had to run the gauntlet through the begging and dispossessed. An under-belly of society I found it hard to cope with. This heartless sprawl; this employer of millions; a cardboard city for thousands. This, this was the urban heartland of England. Yet today it would change from this time on!

Tired and miserable as it was, I could not help noticing a blanket-clad figure huddled in a bleak doorway in **Atro-city**. She half-held a tin flute, as if to break into a tune; there was no real chance - she seemed too tired and drunk to play anything. 5.00 p.m. Friday, 23rd December and there was no mercy left in **Atro-city**. I estimated her age as about fourteen to sixteen. She might as well have been invisible or sitting in a parallel dimension. She was as pitiful as she was threatening. The foetid cloak on her hungry shoulders; the dirty blonde hair matted by the acid rain dripping from flying ledges high in the grey sky. How many nights she had sat there, to no avail, were countless and beyond care? I was stunned into motionless fear. I watched as she gradually faded into hungered sleep and slumped on to the path.

At that point **Atro-city's** culture could no longer ignore her; a more alert passer-by called a policeman over to the scene. Within minutes his garbled radio had called for the 'parameds'. A tired and dirty white van fidgeted its way through the pedestrian zone. The 'parameds' rolled her limp body on to a stretcher and slid the litter into the gaping chamber of light and machines. The lifeless face was put into an oxygen mask and her fitful sleep was suddenly energized and she seemed to react to life returning to her numb brain. I watched as the ambulance began to close its doors; I suddenly jumped forward

and decided I could not remain detached from this tragedy. I lied to the 'parameds' and said I knew her and was familiar with her circumstances.

I could not imagine what was going on inside her body and soul. I climbed into the back alongside the stretcher and sat numbed with fear. It seemed to take forever to reach the hospital. The 'parameds' asked me who she was and what I knew about her. I mumbled a few vague lies in the hope that it would suffice until she was admitted to a ward. The ambulance crept along the block paved street until it arrived at a shabby casualty entrance. The doors opened and the stretcher, girl and all, were whisked away into a lobby area. More questions were fired at me; I watched and tried to sound convincing in my story. The girl was being checked over and wired to various monitors. I was not allowed to see her after that. It was like an invisible wall was coming between us - I could not see her and it was obvious I was extraneous for the moment. If she regained consciousness and started answering their questions, they would know I was lying and that would be troublesome for me. I decided to blend into the mass of people sitting in the accident admission area. I took off my coat and tie, picked up a newspaper and buried my head in it - hoping I would become invisible.

I learnt later that the events that followed were more unnerving than my first encounter. She had developed a dull headache and began to fidget; this was an experience she had been through before. Memories of some years ago had become depressingly clear. Ruth, for that was her apparent name, sat wretched and cold; she had been in hospitals and police cells on many occasions! Once the doctors had stabilized her she was abandoned to the law. In walked a police officer; same old questions as last time; name, address, what had she been doing and why?

Ruth had exploded!

"I've told you everything; and I hate being called Ruth. Its some Bible name my old woman called me. I'm not a Ruth; my name is 'Rut'; that's what I feel like; my life is in a 'rut'; it's been that way for years. I'm not going anywhere and never will!"

In a nearby room a jaded hospital volunteer, named Viv, was trying to arrange a home visit for someone. It was just another Friday night in a busy conurbation where the emergency services were stretched to the limit as Christmas approached. The commotion emanating from Ruth's interrogation was disrupting everything; everyone was tired and utterly demoralized by yet another casualty night going wrong. It was a chance meeting with Viv, sometime later that helped me to understand and trace what had happened to Ruth and how that led me on this tortuous voyage.

I crept quietly out of the admission area into the night. I don't know how I got home after that. The experience was tormenting me, as hard as I tried it could not be blotted out of my memory. Trying to sleep was futile, I toyed with going back to the hospital or at least phoning to see if I could find out what had happened. Reading books and listening to music did little to console me, I phoned a few friends in an attempt to talk about it - but I couldn't. It was something I just could not shake off. My feelings were somewhere between despair and desolation. These were inadequacies I was ashamed of, how could I have stayed so remote and detached? What was wrong with me? Failing to react with compassion to someone in such obvious distress was unforgivable. The night proved to be the most miserable trauma I had ever had. I kept re-living the whole experience, seeing her face and despair. Something deep inside resonated with a fear that I been in the presence of intense evil and corruption. My own faith was shattered - how could this have completely torn me to pieces? Where was my faith and belief in a God now? I had lied, denied and doubted so much.

The start of my holiday did little to re-balance my emotions; I tried to summon the courage to re-visit the doorway or the hospital, but could not muster the energy. Tiredness grew in its savage intensity until hours seemed like days, dreams were always nightmares. My only consolation was to get back to work and resume the daily stress and struggle of my job. In that, there might be a more easeful sleep as I grew genuinely tired. At first I avoided passing the doorway as it stirred the tearful memories. In my attempts at finding diversions and alternative ways to the station I always ended up passing someone selling newspapers from a kiosk. They were places that I would never stop and buy 'the news'. Tired and grubby boxes, harbouring old strange people who reminded me of the dark subterranean world stratified beneath **Atro-city's** glitz. Out of some unrequited feeling of guilt I began to buy a local tabloid; it would take a minute to browse and scan the city headlines.

It was some days later that I noticed a picture of Ruth in the missing persons pages. I felt the lump come into my throat and my breathing was choked. It was hard to hold back the tears as I recalled the miserable events of the last few weeks. She was one of a sea of faces, all pale, scrawny, pock-marked waifs - cheeks hollowed and gaunt. Very few pictures were of smiling healthy teenagers. Their circumstances were similar, 'just popped out to the shop to get cigarettes' or a can, and never seen again. What was out there in **Atro-city**? Some behemoth preying on the souls and bodies of children! Or was it the glittering golden path to pastures new - the yellow brick road! How did temptation and depravation weave its deadly spell so effectively? The local crime programme on television put the number of missing persons in the tens of thousands over the last twenty years. My heart sank at the prospect of this missing girl - as the days passed she became less and less of a statistic. Today one of twenty thousand, tomorrow one of twenty one thousand, and so on. There was never any indication of the nature of a disappearance; no hint of the suffering and misery it was causing to the atrophying parents. No answer to the growing mystery of the disappearing people. It was difficult to muster any enthusiasm to get involved again in this tragedy - yet a nagging conscience would not let me ignore it. I dug deep into my heart and soul to rekindle an emotional involvement in this drama.

Ruth's mother had reported the disappearance within hours of discharge from the hospital. A brief description was given of what she was wearing, the amount of money she might have and where she might be heading. A list of known haunts and friends was included with the desperate plea for her to come home. Last of all was the eleven digit 'phone number that became the final link in her struggle with life and death. There was no reward offered, just the usual 'come home, all is forgiven'. Her face joined the rest in the squalid sub-post office window that I used to walk by. If it had not stared out at me every day I may have shunned it all off and forgotten how strange destiny had brought us together, albeit through a veil of lies and secrecy.

As time went by the nauseating worry and anxiety got the better of me. I rang her parents to see if they knew anything - they didn't! They were curious about my interest and asked me questions; I found myself having to lie again and again. Before long they were asking if I could come and visit them - they just wanted some comfort in this tragedy. It was getting harder to keep putting the inevitable off. I finally agreed to visit her home; maybe I could explain how I came to meet Ruth and why I was interested in her so much. As the day approached I knew I had got to be honest and tell them the truth before my story got any more corrupted - no bond of trust could ever develop founded on lies and secrecy.

Christmas and New Year had meant nothing to me and likewise to Ruth's parents. Her father was almost estranged by this whole event and had chosen to go out as I arrived. Her mother, Naomi, was a quiet and oppressed woman, her face recorded the painful suffering she knew from the loss of her only child. She pulled open the strained, ill-fitting

door, dragging yet more strands of the carpet as it gaped. The whole house reeked of unkempt neglect. I painfully followed Naomi into the living room and sat where she beckoned me; I was nervous and wanted to get my words out first. We both spoke at once; then apologized. We sat there in embarrassed silence waiting for the other to speak. It was not to be, Naomi broke into sobbing and almost retching. I had never seen someone so distraught; she was choking just to get any syllable out. She felt totally to blame for the whole thing; a failure as a mother and wife, desperate that she was now alone in all this. Finally trying to hold back the words, *"What if Ruth is dead?"*

For what seemed like hours, Naomi just cried and wept until exhaustion and despair had run their course. I comforted her as best I could - me, this complete stranger, who had invaded their home under false pretences. In all that grief a few disconnected sentences had come out, Naomi knew that Ruth had been dabbling with occult things as well as reading some books on ancient mysticism. There was a heart-rending regret that she had not stopped her or tried to influence her towards better things. I just listened and waited; hoping that a moment would come when I could be truthful, yet gentle, and keep her trust in all this.

Naomi gradually calmed and regained some of her composure; she apologized for the emotional outburst and asked me if I would like a drink. I could only agree in a weak voice, I kept putting it off and yet checking myself. In a few minutes a tray of tea and biscuits appeared with their bearer looking puffy eyed, but at least talking in a less broken voice. I accepted my cup of tea from the shaking hand and began the well-rehearsed, yet dreaded speech.

"Naomi, please forgive me for what I am about to tell you. I got involved with this because I could see your daughter, Ruth, was in deep and serious trouble. I had never seen her before that fateful night, when from the doorway, she collapsed on to the pavement."

I related the whole painful story - for story it was. My curiosity mingled with guilt and fear and the lies that enabled me to get near her in the ambulance and casualty department. How I had even tricked Viv, the hospital volunteer, into telling me what had happened in Ruth's emergency admission and how I had become inextricably wrapped up in this tragic event. I felt I had known Ruth for many years and could identify with how she fell into this deadly and persuasive occult trap. Naomi's immediate reaction was anger, she choked back tears until she could not hold back her fury at me for invading this personal family tragedy. The pain that poured out, the despair, made me feel like some detestable creature for prising my way into the sadness that lived in this house. I gestured to Naomi that I had better go, and moved towards the door, as if to try and just disappear forever. I did not make it, she grabbed my arm and begged me not to leave her in this moment of horror and fear. Reluctantly I shuffled back to the chair where I had been sitting and tried to think of something to say. I said sorry, and apologised again; even asking, did she really want me to stay in touch with her.

After some thought and tears Naomi urged me to stay in touch with her; if for nothing else, than I might be one of the last people she knew who had seen Ruth alive. Thus embarked a new chapter in my busy life. Instead of 'grinding away' at my job as a geologist in a global civil engineering consultancy in **Atro-city**; my weekdays now often ended with me calling in to see Naomi. We would talk about any reports and news, I learned more and more about Ruth and the life she lived as a growing teenager.

Ruth's life had been fairly ordinary until one day whilst at school, Russell Willson, a podgy man of small build, had visited to make a video recording of a school fete. He seemed quite charismatic and had a way of encouraging the young girls to help him with

the equipment and filming. This embryonic relationship soon developed into invitations to his house where he would take their pictures in an attempt to gain their trust and affection. Much of what went on was unshared; the man appeared a respectable, if somewhat eccentric member of the local community. His actions and gestures were seen only in the light of "what a nice man to give his time to school activities." Nothing appeared abnormal or perverse to the onlooking parents. However, Naomi, commented it was about that time that Ruth's behaviour began to change. She would go out more often, not naming a destination or time of return. Her dress and attire began to change and her interests and hobbies likewise. The bedroom began to be decorated with sinister and oppressive artwork as well as ancient cabbalistic symbols.

I listened with curious interest to so much of what Naomi revealed over the next few weeks. It seemed to my naive view to be a catalogue of fairly typical teenage action and reaction to growing up in a modern stressful world. I rarely asked questions because I did not understand what I was hearing, and I could not see any connections with the events that unfolded in the story. As Ruth's development into this troubled adolescent were explained, it was evident Naomi was also losing any comprehension of its significance. Naomi just felt Willson, the obsequious filmmaker, was somehow involved.

Naomi's account of all these strange events included the time when an officer came out of the room after discussing Ruth's case with the welfare officer. It transpired that Ruth had been in trouble on many occasions for smoking, 'drunk and disorderly' behaviour, and using 'soft drugs' resulting in hospital admissions for overdosing. These offences had been used to summon Ruth's parents to the hospital.

Naomi had gone to the hospital to take her home; this time things had not been well. Ruth did not bounce back to her normal rebellious self; she tried to escape the new curfew. She did not eat, would not talk and did not want to leave her room. In the quite darkness of her room she had been haunted by the memory of what had happened under the old railway bridge beneath that ancient Roman highway at the centre of England. Where had that compelling idea come from to go and build this small sacrificial altar that had looked like Stonehenge? Why had she even killed those few small animals and attempted to burn them on that stained pyre?

Pieces of Ruth's story had leaked out to the press and they had tried to interview and photograph her. It had been bad enough seeing the altar photograph splashed over the front of the local newspaper; Ruth was now 'Public Enemy Number One!' Why hadn't people just left her alone; what was so terrible about doing that? Her school headmaster had gone on record to condemn the act, not as a childish prank, but as a dangerously evil one. The school had gone one better; she had been suspended and her teachers were looking at expulsion.

Naomi related how tears had rolled down her daughter's face as she cried and moaned in the stillness of that bedroom. Why couldn't the earth have opened up and just swallowed her; she had wished she had never been born, and even more, wished she did not have to live that pointless life as Ruth. After several hours of wretched half sleep; she had run away, anywhere to get away from home and the hated world of barbecued 'girlpower'.

She stole a few pounds from the purse in her mum's handbag and grabbed the only jacket she could find. With that accomplished, and a growing tired hunger she went into the night to a nowhere destination. A small note was left on her table - it read. "*God, I am so sorry for this altar thing, I don't know why I did it, it was pure evil, pentagons and all that stuff, I have got to try and put things right - won't somebody help me?*" The world was

cold and dark, she was totally alone with no friends to turn to. Who knows what happened next?

I said goodnight to Naomi and promised I would keep in touch, my final parting was to wish her success and continued hope. That night was characterised by a return to distressed sleep, trying to make sense of what I had been told. It was all rotating around in my mind - no beginning and no end. The only answer was to write it all down, it was too complex and too strange to gain an overview. I took all of Naomi's information and organized it into some sort of date order. That clarified aspects of it but there was something missing. This was not just about people and dates; it seemed to have a geographical component to it. I got an old map out of my collection and plotted on to it what I knew about any places that had been mentioned. It began to emerge there was a pattern on the map, especially with the site of the altar, Ruth's home, school and more curiously the home of the charismatic filmmaker, Willson. I could not progress it any farther, so I just put the map away and did not share it with Naomi.

In subsequent weeks Naomi told me several people had phoned her with stories that seemed connected to Ruth. It transpired another girl had disappeared after a similar altar had been constructed in woods just over a mile to the West of Ruth's effort. I did not register any connection at first, but this was to change dramatically in the next few days. I had made several enquiries about Ruth's pagan temple when meeting local ramblers that I knew and trusted. It emerged that one of them had been talking to a local farmer who was incensed at finding an altar on his farmland. With this third site being reported something was beginning to gnaw at my insides. One had been curious, two interesting, three was more than coincidental. I got the map out again and attempted to plot the positions of these three altars. The spot locations were marked, then I drew a tentative line between each of them - it did not appear to be a systematic pattern. I rotated the map and looked at it from different perspectives. Suddenly I saw a sort of pattern, I reached for a pair of compasses, a long ruler and my protractor. I measured angles and lengths of lines, they seemed to be two sides of a regular pentagon.

I played a long hunch and attempted to complete what seemed to be a five sided regular pentagon. The other two spot locations were plotted and the lines drawn to produce the geometric shape. I rotated the map again and looked at the shape from various angles and could not see what I was looking for. At that point the map was almost folded up and discarded. Then I thought more about the centre of this shape, where was that. As I constructed bisecting lines for each angle the lines crossed at a node in the middle of the suburbs near Ruth's school. I got a street map out and checked the streets and roads. The point began to clarify as Willson's house, the 'charismatic' filmmaker. It just had to be a coincidence, how could it be anything else? How could such a shape have been controlled or directed from this home? What did it all mean?

If sleep had been difficult before it was now impossible. My mind was going into overdrive; it was filling with absurd and terrifying notions. Whom could I tell? Was I going mad? What did it all mean? How could this parochial episode be so elaborate and did it have a more sinister and far reaching purpose? What should be done next, it was like Pandora's Box - should I open it? What if I did not, someone else would. Was I in danger, how did Ruth fit in with this? After hours of deliberation I decided I had got to test out the centre of the pentagon. What was so special about this house and its owner? My initial idea was crude and not well thought out. I drove my car at night and parked it near the house. I had seen the 'proverbial stake-out' in the movies. For what seemed like days I parked in and around the street to see if I could find anything unusual. I do not know why I thought this would produce anything - it did not. Nothing appeared significant, the man hardly ever went out, and very few people seemed to visit him when I was there.

I then had the idea of trying to make the acquaintance of this charismatic nemesis. I tried various ploys such as circulating news around the neighbourhood that I was interested in old films, making local films - anything to flush him out of his sanctum. The winter progressed slowly no further clues or leads developed. Then one day at last I had a message on my answering service from the person I had been stalking. He had found out about my advertisements and was offering some advice and hints if I wished to discuss it with him. I had grave doubts about making the acquaintance of this man. My intentions were less than honourable and how did I know he was guilty of anything; if he was as dangerous as I feared, how did I know I could escape his clutches. There was only one way to find out - meet him!

The first meeting was difficult, no one was giving anything away. I found the one weakness that was to my advantage, he yearned to tell stories, usually about his prowess or contacts in this or that profession. I was all ears, trying to remember everything he told me, trying to draw him out on anything that might produce a harvest. My every waking moment when not at work, was spent either visiting him or keeping my visits to Naomi, at least regular. It was tedious, because there was never any good news, time was now dragging, and Naomi sank down into the depths of resigned despair. Her husband had finally abandoned her too.

I could never tell him that I knew of his relationship with Ruth or her school. Then one day as he recalled one of his innumerable fanciful adventures, he dropped a name into the monologue that I had heard of, Lockhart. The name was one of the foremost occult writers in the western world. Another ego, more monstrous than this one. This could not be a coincidence - it was just too strange.

Willson, when he moved into the suburbs, had apparently bought his plot of land when it was a mere pasture being surveyed for a housing estate in the 1950's. As soon as the foundations were constructed he and the 'occultist' began to visit the site. It was always couched in a financial concern that the house should be properly built in that wet winter. There were a few photographs of them at the site, nothing untoward in that I thought. But then I noticed the visits were always carefully dated. I took a mental note of those dates - it maybe significant! After the house was handed over, Lockhart's visits decreased, there were no more photographs and his name seldom occurred in any more conversations.

It was not easy finding out any personal details concerning this filmmaking character. He always spoke in a jocular lilting tone, smiling frequently after every sentence. He had the knack of telling people lots of stories about his earlier life, yet no one knew where he came from, what school he went to. He had been married at a local church to some unsuspecting women who had since withered out of life some years ago. There was some evidence that he had established a cine film club in the city long before the 'common man' had heard of the technique. Alarm bells should have sounded in my head at the time. Cine filming had been very expensive in its early days; it was the preserve of the wealthy! The club contained several other interesting folk - some local businessmen of dubious repute. The club was affiliated to others in the 'home counties'. Much of what they did masqueraded as 'art' but it began to be clear there was a core of occult activity behind it.

I asked myself time and again, how could a man from such apparently humble origins and mediocre education, enter the company of this secret occult sect. There were obvious character traits and strands that identified these people to one another. More importantly, there was money, lots of it! Buying equipment and film, holding these esoteric meetings and soirees, and globetrotting before airfares became so cheap! It must have been in this clique that he made the acquaintance of Lockhart. A man, who I now estimated to be infinitely more dangerous than Willson.

Lockhart knew people in very high places; it transpired he was a modern-day Merlin, a soothsayer, like Elymas, in the New Testament! A genuine 'jet-setter', before the term was ever coined. It seemed that he spent his recent life advising many heads of state about their political decisions – unfortunately he used his occult skills to do it. I was dismayed and disillusioned – modern man had still not moved on. Neolithic man appeared to have mystical Shaman; people who would go into trance states and then predict the future or specify what sacrificial acts needed to be done to 'please the gods'. The day of the Shaman was not over – now they were articulate, computer literate, and masters of psychological mind manipulation. They no longer did 'rope tricks' in the air – they were in the mind, the corporate mind!

How could fear and power drive 'men' to such levels of self-deception and perversion? Moreover, how could a person so successfully hide behind these screens of evil disguised as philanthropy? But this was what it was all about. There was a cosmic battle going on for the heart and mind of mankind. Evil – always the sly and snake-like voice of subtle temptation, Good – the still voice of calm urging the spirit to attain higher and purer truths and service to a living God. My heart yearned in me, what a challenge – if I could break groups like this apart and expose them for what they really were. There were powerful feelings in me; I was drawn towards it with a dangerous curiosity. I wanted to know what was going on in the deep core of their strange lives. My altruistic desire could so easily get overpowered, and then I would just become one of them. I could sense the danger; evil is subtle, tempting, and exciting. The most important thing was keep a 'level head'. I had been given the slimmest thread to follow and to that end all my effort must focus on that. Some of these mysteries were too dangerous for me to touch or investigate. That would have to come later; I did not know what part they played in the mystery that was unravelling before me.

I felt I had learnt as much as I could without becoming inculcated into the web of mystery that surrounded Willson. I had no desire for that, in fact I made excuses and declined any further contact. Feelings of loathing and flesh creeping distaste began to develop if I dwelled on the thought of him too long. There were not many people that brought about that reaction in me! I dreaded the phone calls, his messages on my answering service would drone on for minutes. His lures and deceptions trying to tempt me back into a relationship with him. He was always offering enticements and only delivered broken promises. I was being invited 'to stare at the moon whilst stepping off the cliff'.

Chapter 2

How old was this fatal destiny?

The summer slowly established, it was building into a heat wave, the evenings were sultry with diffuse cloudy sunsets. I spent more and more time in my neglected garden just thinking and re-evaluating what had happened. What did this ragged puzzle mean? I realized that as time had passed my relationship with God was faltering. I could not profess any real faith when I resorted to so much deceit and trickery? It was time to get back in touch with the God that I said I believed in. Praying was difficult, it just consisted of so much sorrow and regret until I was crying uncontrollably. Why hadn't I prayed the moment I saw Ruth when all this began? So much wasted time and tragedy had passed under my bridge. It was a mass of deception and sinful human effort. How could I hope to find any peace and truth in this mess?

I sat for ages staring through tearful, swollen eyes - the sun faded cooler and darker as it sank to the horizon. I found myself thinking, Lord Jesus, what does this mean? Why me? I wish this 'Ruth thing' would go away or become clear so I knew what to do! I was so utterly tired; in my unfocused despondency a vision began to form. I could see a large planetary sphere in the sky, slowly rotating. It was covered in living colours of green, blue, brown and white. Its definition improved until it became quite clearly the earth. My breath was taken away - it was so awesome, yet unthreatening. I felt strangely comforted and encouraged, it must be a sign from God to help nurture my recovery. The weirdest development then took place. The spherical globe began to grow into a bizarre geometric shape - like a crystal. There were twelve giant facets or crystal faces, each one a pentagon. The faces formed one at a time, the first one appeared to be around New Zealand, the next clicked in like a jigsaw puzzle piece. It was in the Pacific Ocean area, the facets developed one after another, moving around the globe in a spiral fashion until the last one clicked into place with England at its centre! At that exact moment all the discernible features, like continents and oceans, began to turn to an opaque whitish grey. I had the impression that all life and colour were dying and draining away. The feeling of wonder and that is received in a trance-like state came over me. It would have been so easy to be lulled into worshipping a vision like that. But no, worship the Creator of the vision, not the vision. As the reality of what I was seeing found expression in my mind, it became clear there were many levels to this miracle. The elation began to subside as I realized there were more sinister connotations to it. The illusion before my eyes stopped me breathing, I just drew a last gulp of breath in - I was struck by terror and confusion, which I then tried to shake off. I shook my head and tried to re-focus my eyesight, it was still there but losing definition.

There had been simple visions in my past, sometimes lasting only seconds, usually static like a vignette. They were often self explanatory, I would know what they meant. Sometimes that would happen after I had prayed or read a verse from the Bible that had really impressed me. This was so different, this appeared to be an intimate and sacred view of something very special. It was so far 'off the scale' of anything I had ever read about or heard people testify to. On another day it would have been reported as an Unidentified Flying Object. In later years every cloud, weather balloon or experimental aircraft was reported as a UFO. All that did was to fuel the speculation about 'Big Brother' keeping secrets from us, or that the 'balloon was about to go up' for a full invasion by aliens. I tried to keep an open mind, but could not help thinking, any intelligence capable of reaching earth would have the technology to know it all before they came. Once they had that introduction they would not want to come here - they knew the friendship greeting

would consist of a nuclear missile care of 'good ole' earth'. Maxims such as 'shoot first, ask questions later' came to mind!

If aliens were coming to this earth, would they be Carbon-based life forms used to our temperature and atmospheric pressure? How could they survive here without massive technological support? It might be argued it would be easier to convert a fairly inert world into a suitable habitat for colonization. To 'terra-form' or 'refit the earth' would mean removing or converting vast quantities of solid, liquid and gaseous substances. That would be costly in time and resources to any futuristic civilization.

I do not know how long I sat there trying to fix the vision in my memory so that I could draw or describe it. The evening eventually turned cooler as the sun finally blended into the infinite horizon; it forced me to move indoors. I snatched the only piece of paper to hand - it would have to do. My sketch was rough and hopelessly flat with no perspective. The only image that was clear concerned the pentagon establishing with England at its centre. Every sensory perception in my body was on overload, I could not think straight or talk coherently. It was as if I had been witness to a moment in this planet's destiny, a sacred and unveiled portent. What did it mean? Or more to the point, was I having a nervous breakdown? Visions and signs and wonders were things that other people saw - not me!

That night would be spent praying and thinking, wondering and reasoning. I was completely lost amidst this landscape of facts and phenomena - somewhere Ruth must relate to what was going on. The next few weeks at work were futile, my thinking kept returning back to the vision. I looked up every reference I could find on pentagons and crystals and the like. All I succeeded in doing was amassing lots of information that just made everything even more unintelligible. How long would it be before enlightenment would return, before another breakthrough that would tease open the clues in this mystery? By now, my living room floor and study were littered with maps, photocopies and lists. Nothing made sense!

Persistence must pay off, I just had to keep working away at the edges until something clicked. In my loft was an old globe of the earth bought some years ago for a teaching exercise. It was dusted off and brought down into the study. Here I began to sketch on it the pentagon shapes. This unscientific act did not get far the first time; however with further consideration and a bit of mathematics I realized that for the earth to be covered by twelve equal pentagons it must be possible to calculate their area and size. The formulae were not too difficult to find and work out. At last I generated a scaled, acetate pentagon. I placed it on my old globe and sketched a line around its five-sided shape. It was possible to move the shape around carefully, drawing around each position until the whole globe looked like a welded upvc football. The only problem was it did not really match the vision that I had seen.

I rubbed all the lines off and started again, this time I tried to guess where the shape would fit over England and proceeded to draw all over the globe. It was nearer but still did not look correct. This was becoming frustrating as well as tiring, it could take days and innumerable sketchings. How could I possibly re-create the picture that had been momentarily glimpsed?

It was time to sit and ponder - as all thinkers must do! I revisited every aspect of the vision and its preceding events. The idea of growth kept recurring; in a serendipitous moment it became clear. This whole vision was one of growth, evolution, changes in scale and power. I remembered the map I had drawn of Ruth's altar site and other spot locations. I unrolled it and looked at its bland five lined shape centred on my own suburb. One side of the pentagon began at the altar site then ran south eastwards near to the old

Roman Road, it had a precise trajectory and compass bearing. What if this primary shape centred on the town was the start or growth nucleus for a much larger shape?

The only answer was to test this hypothesis, every atlas and map I could find was laid out on the floor amidst rulers, pairs of compasses and protractors. Thus began the painstaking magnification of the shape until it could be plotted on to a map of North West Europe. This having been done, and taking into account map distortion and curvature of the earth, the best outline was drawn on to the globe. The new shape was then copied to make another template. Once this template was cut out it was used to complete the crystal facets on to the globe. The overall shape - the pentagonal dodecahedron, did not appear to reveal any startling pattern based on land and sea. In a moment's fury and frustration the globe was tossed on to the floor. How could I be wrong? I had checked and double-checked everything. Was tiredness more than a factor in my concentration? It did not make any sense - no pattern or causal mechanisms were evident!

For half an hour or more, I sat on the floor, huddled in anger and my confidence ebbing fast. The globe was pulled roughly towards my lap, it was picked up and manhandled. In my angry outburst the globe had cracked across part of its surface. The jagged line had started a split that would ruin my companion on this journey into madness. The split was examined and pressed to see if it could be glued or repaired - then in a blinding flash - for that's how it sometimes occurs. Another revelation! It was not about land and sea. How could I have forgotten my basic geological training? The earth was made up of seven large crustal plates, with seven or eight smaller ones. Each plate contained land and sea. Their boundaries were completely different to the land and sea shapes. I frantically got out a Plate Tectonic map and began to sketch the plate boundaries on to my fragile globe. That was it, eureka - that was it! The pentagons were distributed according to some sort of deep and secret ancient knowledge that was to do with these crustal boundaries, some of which had formed over five hundred million years ago.

No one knew when the Plate Tectonic mechanisms first began on earth. There was definite evidence of this type of activity before seven hundred million years ago. It had been observed on other planets in our Solar System. Current opinion dated the earth at about four to five billion years old with molecular life appearing about three billion years ago. The old view on planet formation was molten materials condensing and cooling down to form solid rock planets. This had literally tipped on its head by the time of space exploration. The new idea suggested that dust was bonded by a cold process. A planet getting hotter through nuclear forces in and around it. As the earth's internal structure became defined into crust, mantle and core so the convective mechanisms established that would drive the drifting continents.

The elation was beyond my grasp, I was running around the house with the globe - laughing and shouting. No one heard my outbursts, no one would have understood my ramblings. How much more of this mystery would unravel I was to find out later, my breakthrough had been but microcosmic. I still had no idea what was going on, who or what was controlling it, where it would lead and why was it being done? Perhaps most importantly - was it irreversible, and if so, how? It was tempting to go public - but who would believe me and how could I ever explain the subtle and complex pattern behind all of this?

My psyche had suffered so much over the last few months; sometimes it seemed as if I was dicing with death more and more frequently. My training and background had never prepared me for this - now I was deciphering what might be the end of the world and all its creation. In my paranoia, surely I could not be the only person who had stumbled on this? There must be others - if there were not, then surely I was suffering some sort of

delusional breakdown. The only comfort I could find was when Copernicus and Galileo discovered the earth rotated around the sun. It had been arch-heresy that nearly had them executed. They persevered, alone and steadfast. Eventually others saw their calculations and accepted their new truth.

The only answer was to study the pentagon facets and how they related to the Plate Tectonic boundaries. This would take time, I would have to trace along every pentagonal line and every intersect they made with geological and historical sites. That was soon extended to the centre of each pentagon and what that point indicated. The first site or node was Vuva's Island near Samoa, the line then connected with Capricorn in Australia and then on to the Wylkes Abyssal Plain, then Amundsen Sea near Antarctica, finally linking to the Agassiz Fracture Zone - thus the first pentagon was completed. The next pentagon linked Galapagos to San Francisco to the Midway Islands to Kobe in Japan - finishing in the South China Sea. The rest followed in a similarly pattern connecting the following points in a disturbing way. (Calicut near India to the East of Madagascar to Walvis Bay, off the African coast to the Argentina Basin to Manaus in Brazil to the Mid-Atlantic ridge to Ungava Bay to Ostrov Belyy in the USSR to Tabriz in Iran and lastly Tamaske in Niger.

The centre of each pentagon was equally and precisely located: the first was the Bounty Trough near New Zealand, the second, the Clipperton Fracture zone, the third was Schemmerhorn (a submarine mountain). The remaining centres were Broken Ridge, Gunnerus ridge, Chile Fracture Zone, the seafloor East of Miami, Yukon in Alaska. The last four pentagons had centres at Turfan/Gobi in China, Mogadishu in Africa, the Mid-Atlantic ridge and finally Willson's house near the centre of England - and last one to be established! There was an alarming coincidence, so many of these places - they were either volcanoes or fracture zones with earthquakes!

When I was younger, my simple understanding of the earth's shape and size portrayed it as a perfect sphere. As I read more textbooks, this ideal would be revised continually. The polar diameter was less than the equatorial one, the circumferences were therefore different. The shape was described as like an oblate spheroid; people like Professor Holmes further qualified the shape as approaching an inverted tetrahedron or pyramid, the actual shape was distorted so that more mass was in the northern hemisphere. He went on to describe it as a 'geoid'.

The rotation on the axis was not stable, there were all sorts of wobbles and irregularities - notation, Chandler Wobble and so on. Some were cyclic, some ever variable. It never ceased to amaze me how the whole thing worked. Every planet's gravity affected everything else around it. Even distant stars exerted an affect on us, it was no wonder the astrologers thought they had discovered a truth. The conundrum was everything was always changing in an ever-changing universe. To rigidly explain that by a constant operating system was folly.

The surface of the earth was ever-evolving, continents moved, the shapes of the oceans changed. That in turn would affect the climates and that in turn the living cover or ecosphere. It was not just surface distribution that changed but the land height and sea depth. We were perhaps the first organism that had actually begun to understand that. Most organisms had previously just responded to it, by moving to more favourable habitats or perishing in the attempt. There was evidence in the fossil record that the days and years had changed over time. There were perhaps four hundred days to a year four hundred million years ago. The earth was at a different distance from the sun. Some observers stated the earth was slowly spinning nearer and nearer in its orbit, others said it was poised to fly off into outer space.

The shape of the orbit around the sun was changing. It was an eccentric ellipse, not a circle, as first believed. The nearest and farthest points (perihelion and aphelion) were changing! When these factors were mixed into the melting pot of earth's life expectancy it painted an optimistic figure if you were mortal. Planet earth had at least millions of years left, even if the sun became a super nova. It was assumed by the more fictionally minded beings on earth that we would have long-abandoned our home to colonize new and exciting worlds somewhere out in space. The degree of that success would depend on how revolutionary our space vehicle became. We would never reach the nearest star with our present rocket technology. If we developed near-light speed travel it would take over four years to reach the nearest star!

Noah and his ark seemed truly archaic when compared to the present. To construct a vessel capable of taking at least two of every species to a new star system, with planets, was clearly impossible. We could not even send six astronauts to Mars and survive for more than a few years! The other survival option was some form of suspended animation or cryogenic storage. There were serious experiments in several countries, people with incurable illnesses had volunteered for such preservation. It was hoped that they could be awoken in decades to come when medical cures had been perfected. None of these options was any comfort to human kind at this time. I had read books about Swamis and mystics who claimed to have travelled to the distant stars by astral travel methods. If it had been that good why did they come back?

These meanderings did not really help; it just served to remind me how serious things were and how utterly unprepared we had been.

Chapter 3

Unheeded prophecies

It was time to tell someone, but whom? People like me keep their credibility by peer approval and by staying 'on-side' with balanced judgements and interpretation. A ready and waiting wilderness of oblivion was the reward for wanton ideas. Who would be the most receptive to these facts and observations? A mature Christian with some scientific background; a lateral thinking environmental scientist with some sort of faith in a creator God? The most important factor was that of trustworthiness. If I shared this with anyone, they would have to promise to tell no one else regardless of what they thought of me. They would also have to promise not to obstruct me in my quest to find help. They were 'tall orders' - yet I was sure some of the 'Universal Men' that I had encountered in my life were the right people. People who knew the difference between good and evil and did not confuse it. People who had seen strange things and kept an open mind as to their explanation. Whoever accepted what I told them would have to promise to help me take it higher up the tree of government. Once this journey began there could be no turning back; everyone that got involved shared the same risk as me - total ridicule. Or worse still, to be perceived as a threat to national security.

I ultimately might have to accept that no preconditions could be made; who was I to start dictating terms? At the back of my mind I felt sure that someone, somewhere, must be aware of what was happening. It was unthinkable that the whole of the planet was oblivious to this encroaching horror.

The man that came to mind was Vincent, a diminutive geologist, I had met him shortly before going to university. Our chance meeting at the geological survey some thirty years ago, had grown into a long friendship. He was an 'Oxbridge' man, yet very different from many of his alumni. His sensitivity towards the environment, music, art, philosophy - all were unusual in this profession. His place of work never seemed to quite correlate to what he actually did. I had often suspected he may work with the intelligence community; he had certainly travelled extensively behind the 'Iron Curtain' during the 'Cold War Era' - an unusual activity. It was always challenging to find a reason to visit him at the survey offices - this time however he was not at his usual site. The group manager told me he had been posted urgently to the Lo-Net seismic monitoring station. This was somewhat out-of-keeping with his normal discipline - I knew he had an interest in geological hazards (geohazards) and global monitoring - but this was not his normal study area at all.

I tried several ways to get a message to him, it took a long time before I got a reply - that was not typical for a man who always responded with alacrity. At first Vincent was a little reluctant to see me, again, not in keeping. He seemed weighed-down by a consuming problem that he did not wish to talk about. His normal manner and enthusiasm seemed spent; it was obvious he was in the midst of a serious problem, one that was taking every gram of energy in his being to cope with. This was a strange state to see him in, normally his ability was rarely taxed. He was in my opinion one of the most brilliant men I had ever met. It was no good, I would come directly to the point, if I did not, the meeting would never get past the pleasantries, which he was so good at.

His new laboratory was not in his style; the old survey office was! It had been totally institutional, yet full of his talent and personality. There were weirdly adapted microscopes, draws full of specimens and research papers. The whole ambience had something of the alchemist about it. I could even imagine him dressed in an 'astronomical cloak', scurrying around in the art of creation. We both knew the music score for the Sorcerer's Apprentice and its cartoon portrayal! I always felt that I was Mickey Mouse!

His London office had been full of extremes, the latest technology adorned a desk top, and elsewhere it was like a mediaeval blacksmith's forge. It would have been no surprise to know that in one of those shellac stained and dove-tail jointed wooden draws, he had a toad as his familiar. Knowing Vincent's sense of humour, it would have been named, something like, Amsler (an old family name). His filing system was his mind; he knew where everything was - be it a fragment of rock chipped off a specimen or a hand scribbled letter asking for help.

The new place was sterile, decorated in washed-out palettes of designer colours, a meaningless arty print, humming computers, a mini-bar and stylish work desk. Sterile decor so typical of the modern office! How was anybody supposed to produce genius thought and perception in that atmosphere?

I took a chance, one that I would not normally venture with Vincent. In the confidence of his laboratory I told him that I knew why he had been transferred to Lo-Net. He could see that I knew something about this mystery - perhaps more than he might imagine. That did catch his attention, suddenly it was no longer 'apprentice and master' but a meeting of equal minds. His eyebrows lifted and the deep furrow in his forehead relaxed a little, his hand waved slightly as if to beckon me to carry on with my statement. I struggled to put my story into some intelligent order, starting first with the idea of the earth being destabilized so that huge chemical emanations would gradually change the whole global habitat. He admitted or acknowledged nothing and continued to sit passively. I brought out my map and other proofs and took him through the pentagonal dodecahedron hypothesis. I had to admit I could not understand why it was happening or how it had been set up or by whom. Vincent tried to control his growing excitement as I revealed what I knew. He was obviously learning new information and incorporating it into his own understanding. At last I came to the end of my explanations about the pentagons, their centres and the setting up the nodal points, where each pentagon met its adjacent faces. It was obvious I had no real idea about how this mechanism was started off in the distant past.

After a few minutes Vincent spoke, *"John, I am so glad that you persisted in trying to contact me. I had this odd feeling that if anyone might come forth with a view on this, it might be you. I have always known that you were somewhat unconventional in your understanding of geology. You have always demonstrated an unswerving commitment and universal understanding of it. I was always surprised when you told me the things that you were doing. I must admit, sometimes even envying the things your ability gave you to diversify your career."*

That was praise indeed from Vincent, I knew we had a unique rapport. Sometimes I wished that I could have had his educational background and achieved the success that he had. I never once thought that he may have liked to experience some of the radical and unusual things that my career had produced.

Vincent continued, *"You see John, you are right when you equate this phenomena with some sort of crystallization process - it is just like that. But crystals have several structural levels, there are the facets or faces that gemmologists and jewellers are interested in; there are the Bravais Lattices that are determined by the molecules and atomic bonding and there are the crystal axes that control the growth directions. Perhaps you have not looked into that sufficiently enough. Would you mind handing me your map - can I draw on it please?"*

I nodded in a perplexed way and watched with interest and growing amazement. After a few minutes the exercise was complete, Vincent did a few quick measurements and

calculations and scribbled the results on to my map. It was obvious he now saw more than I did - 'apprentice and master' resumed.

The three crystal axes emerged at the following places: North West Greenland, Australian Dependency in Antarctica, South West of Bangkok, West of Peru, West of Gabon in Africa and the Pacific Ocean.

Vincent continued, *"You are on to something, John, I could not make sense of this process, if the earth was going to crystallize into a giant mass, the process would be so influenced by the planetary rotation as well as the magnetic and gravitational fields. The whole thing would be oriented to the north and south pole alignment - yet it isn't. It is offset, but even more than the magnetic poles, to which it is related somehow. I assumed I must have got it wrong. But no, the reason is the earth's rotation will slow down dramatically and the magnetic and gravitational structure will change violently thus allowing these three axes to establish. Once that happens the pentagons and their centres and nodes will follow. In the past when the magnetic poles flipped from north to south extinction events followed."*

I flinched again in my attempt to digest what I was being told. *"Have these axes been established simultaneously or sequentially?"* I asked.

Vincent flashed a glinting eye at me; *"I don't know, let's look at the evidence."* Within moments he moved to his computer terminal; it was on-line to a vast geo-hazard database of volcano and earthquake records but more importantly it contained a huge list of man-made environmental catastrophes from the last millennia.

He typed in the co-ordinates of latitude and longitude for the three axes, the disc drives responded with their typical high speed clicking and whining. The grey-white monitor screen began to list all known natural and man-made hazards. The anticipation was heart-stopping, every axis was littered with events, both at their positive and negative ends:

- Crashed air force planes with unretrieved live hydrogen bombs
- Sunken nuclear submarine with critical core failures
- World War II bombs and sunken armaments
- Spent uranium dumped on the seabed in huge decomposing containers
- Sites of numerous submarine and subterranean nuclear tests

There were several sites of recent major submarine volcanic eruption as well as earthquake epicentres. But the bulk of the data represented man-made activity of the most dangerous form - nuclear. It was all post-World War II, yet the pentagon layout was obviously much older. Was mankind enacting some fatally pre-determined schedule? Were some of these just sheer accidents or were they guided by an unseen evil intelligence capable of causing such chaos?

Vincent sat silently, thinking, his quick facial expressions changing from smile to worry and back again. I agonized and wanted to say something, but it was best to stay silent. He had admitted nothing about his recent commission - I was none the wiser as to why he was already involved and to what level this was being controlled at.

"John, I think it may be time to tell something about what I am doing here. I will need to get clearance for you and from my superiors before I can tell you much - but yes, you are right. There is a global catastrophe building up, we don't know what it is yet, but early indications point to a planetary annihilation of the whole world." With that he drew the meeting to a sudden end and ushered me towards the door.

"Take care, John, I will be in touch shortly, don't discuss this with anyone. I would be most grateful if you could leave all your notes here with me so that I can study them." With that, the door closed. The wait would be intolerable - but I would have to bear it.

Some days later I received a visit from Vincent, he had arrived unannounced and thankfully found me in. He did not want to talk to me about the phenomena at my house, he ushered me to grab my things and follow him. We both climbed into his car and drove off towards the Lo-Net H.Q. On the journey he talked more freely than before, it seemed that government scientists had noticed increased seismic activity across the whole planet, it was arranged in a pattern, which had proved hard to discern. The initial scientific interpretation was attributed to new activity levels in Plate Tectonic activity - the like of which had never been seen before. It had not been long before the events had been reported to the intelligence community protecting national security. Our discussion about the whole episode now opened up. My initial awkwardness to reveal some of my sources eventually wavered. I told him about Ruth, Willson, Lockhart and my spiritual concern for mankind. His scientific detachment would help balance my spiritual fervour.

We arrived at Lo-Net about an hour later and resumed our meeting in his laboratory. The desks were covered with my maps and notes as well other pictures assembled for the purposes of discussion. The emphasis was now on a crystalline modelling of what was likely to happen. He explained the technique of describing crystal faces as pioneered by W. H. Miller, Professor of Crystallography at Cambridge in his 1839 masterpiece. I remembered vaguely studying that in the first year of my own course. The significance of it was lost to me at the moment. Vincent produced a picture of a pentagonal dodecahedron with all its faces numbered on the Millerian Index system. The twelve faces were indexed with numbers like 102, 021 or 210, sometimes they negative sometimes positive.

It reminded me of basic mathematics, but when the column of twelve numbers were added up the answer shocked me - I wasn't thinking. Of course if there are positive and negative numbers it would all cancel out. It did. When all twelve faces were added up the answer was ZERO - nothing.

How could that be, it was too absurd. How could all this knowledge and discovery be so mystically entangled, how could numbers generated now, relate to ones several thousand years ago or even millions of years ago? Were the mathematicians right after all - was it all just numbers! If it was, what was in charge - chance, randomness, infinite variety and interaction? That meant there were no rules, only chaos to varying intensity. I found that hard to accept, it just stuck in my throat. How could our world have developed thus far by pure random processes? More intriguingly how could it go wrong so mathematically precisely? To my way of thinking this planet had the fragrance of intelligence and design, it was sustained and regenerated by thoughtful and sensitive creator. It had an empathy with its creator if it could just 'tune in'.

Vincent's mind was first class, he was dispassionate and was not easily overwhelmed by emotions, as was mine. It would take an intelligence like that to steadily analyse what had been developing and how to predict what would happen next. My perception was more attuned to the spiritual affect on creation.

Over the next few days we met frequently, Vincent briefed me on all that he knew and I likewise felt more comfortable sharing my whole story. Some of which did not sit comfortably with him, but he was always respectful towards every aspect of my account. The next few weeks would be spent going through the databases trying to locate every known phenomena along the side of each pentagon. The desperate need was to find 'when would it all go critical'? That would generate the abiding question 'could it be

stopped?' We both oscillated between hope and defeat on many occasions. How could a few people prevent this cataclysmic global crystallization?

Sleep was replaced by coffee and exhaustion; eventually when all the data had been amassed it was time to compile a report to take to the head of government intelligence. At least we did not have to struggle with 'convincing the sceptic', the head man came from an earth sciences background. I was happy for Vincent to lead the discussion and briefing, my role was to answer specific details regarding what I perceived to be the completion of the last pentagon. The gravity of this meeting cast a final air of pessimism on the day. No one had any clear idea of how to stop what seemed a juggernaut of inevitability. The government cabinet would have to discuss what policy to adopt both nationally and in the U.N. The military forces would be informed to see if they could offer any technical solutions other than controlled nuclear detonations in the crust. My reaction to that was, no more bombing! - That will just hasten the whole de-stabilization.

I had a secret dread, if the military got involved, they would take over and before long it would be nuclear strategy - in my opinion that would just bring the final end quicker and more distressingly. If it was to be the end, why not let people just live happily, why cause distress and panic that would be beyond belief? And all the time this was going on I felt that the Church leaders should be informed, they had their part to play. Surely prayer and faith must be on this agenda! But, catastrophes like this were unknown, faith often failed in smaller tragedies - but there were people out there with faith big enough to cope with this. People who would genuinely put their trust in God, and not man. I had been so consumed by my findings that I had lost sight of how to share this with the Church. I would now be totally prohibited from sharing it. We were all sworn to the highest level of state secrecy.

In recognising that, I still promised myself that if any spiritually discerning Christian came to comprehend what was happening, and asked me, I would not deny it. I still believed there was a part for faith and prayers in all of this even though mine had been so erratic! The bottom-line was - I could not believe a God of love would let it all end like this. But mankind had to be obedient and faithfully serve his Creator. How I converted that basic belief into effective action was the next challenge? The more people that shared this secret the more the 'so-called' solutions would germinate. To keep internal focus and assent would be difficult, could mankind bury its ego and stay in one mind? It was quite likely the usual feuding and glory-seeking would take over, with parties dealing behind locked doors to curry favour.

I had read the account of how the development of the first atom bomb had become a drug to anyone involved with it. In the end Oppenheimer, at the Los Alamos Laboratory, actually came to regret that he had ever helped construct it. Mankind had a penchant for ultimate weapons and 'The Sword of Damocles'. I could identify with that, if I had given the world the technology to devastate Hiroshima and Nagasaki, sleep would never have come again. That might earn its inventor a low (or high) place in the modelling of Dante's Inferno!

I had to withdraw from the research at Lo-Net, it was now down to the people who could capitalize on the fatiguing 'number crunching' of data and yet more data, Vincent and I kept in touch. It was hard; the 'buzz' of working with him on a daily level would have been fantastic. I could prove an irritating distraction to someone of his mental precision. We were two diametrically opposed personalities and abilities - both capable of flashing inspirational genius, both capable of exhaustion and irritability. We were both used to the techniques of standing outside ourselves, shining mirrors on to our souls. Anything, to refine the thinking and understanding process. I would probably sit looking at a sunset trying to meditate. Vincent would listen to a Mozart symphony at full volume. 'Inspiration engines', one perhaps fed from alternating current, the other from direct? Might that

account for the differences in our effectiveness? My involvement was destined for a more radical and parochial level, whereas the team led by Vincent was now globally resourced and controlled.

Chapter 4

The Planetary energy grid

I felt fairly confident at leaving the Lo-Net group to answer the questions: where, when and how of this global mystery. I would devote myself to the spiritually vexing question of why and who? Much of Lo-Net's 'data trawls' did not help me, I had to go back to the strange beginnings in **Atro-city**. It had been some months since I had contacted Naomi; in the scheme of things my ordinary friendships had suffered at the expense of state secrecy. I had to get clearance to see anybody socially outside of the research group. There would always be an air of suspicion if I talked outside the confines of Lo-Net. I would make an urgent exception in the case of Ruth's family. I put Naomi at the highest priority and arranged to see her. It was not going to be easy.

I drove up to the neglected house that must have once 'sung out' with Ruth's life. Now it was quiet and withdrawn from the human race, Naomi came warily to the door. She looked so ill and crushed by the ongoing tragedy. She was glad to see me and raised a slight smile of gratitude. The first thing we both spoke simultaneously, as before: "Have you heard anything?" This time I lied again - no nothing; Naomi told the truth - no nothing. How those two words could mean so many different things. She was still in the first stage of disbelief, her reality suspended. Goodness knows how long it would take before she could accept what had happened and begin to move on. Perhaps never - some people whose grief is so absolute never move on. They become prisoners of isolated and destructive despair. I hoped and prayed that some good news would come soon. If she only knew that she might be dead in a few weeks, along with everything else - would it have changed her outlook? I doubted it!

Her every stooping movement was decidedly painful, every word uttered with measured grief. I had to fight back my own tears - it would have been so easy to say nothing mattered anymore. There would be no more tomorrows, your grief will end! It was the ever-fainter hope that Ruth might be found alive that kept her going. Only a woman knows that unfathomable bond between mother and child. However much children cause their parents to worry, the bond of love is beyond comprehension. I knew Naomi's life had been traumatized by Ruth's actions in the recent years. And yet if Ruth walked through the door in the next moment it would all be dispelled by the liberating joy. Naomi would stand up straight and steadfast in an instant such is the mystery!

The visit was painful, I could not wait to escape from the utter sadness of that place. I wanted to hold and comfort her, tell her about some of the revelations and how Ruth's life had been so pivotal in understanding the pentagon mystery. But it would be so hollow if we were all doomed anyway. I said my goodbyes and made some excuse about being terribly busy at work - but said that I would keep in touch. As the door closed I could see her aura behind it, her face streamed with tears like a waterfall of pain. I do not know how she managed to stand and turn to walk back into her quiet mausoleum. I thought that paralleled how God sometimes must cry over creation. We must have broken that heart so many times with our actions and hostilities. Yet we were forgiven.

The list I had made contained several names that were less than pleasant options. I had very mixed feelings about contacting Willson again, he may be able to read certain signs in my body language and that would be dangerous. What could I assume about his recent knowledge? Did he know anything of what was being researched? Now that his part was played his pleasures were elsewhere in a fantasy world. Could he know everything that was going on?

I had to think hard about my personal beliefs and revisit my professed faith on these matters. Over the next few nights I parked my car near his house and just spent long times in prayer. What should I do about him? How could I find out his future significance? I walked all around the suburb praying and focusing on God as the sovereign ruler of this earth. This was done in obedience and faith. I gradually learned not to desire knowledge of his involvement or interest. I believed that prayer and faith could bring about some change in the spiritual and territorial atmosphere of this place.

The final matter that I turned my attention to concerned the local manifestations of inexplicable suffering or illness. Being out of touch parochially, I had failed to notice just how many people were becoming ill, how many had been injured physically or spiritually. I visited the local library and waded through pages of newspaper cuttings. The news was desperate, so negative - nothing good was ever being reported. It comprised an endless round of failed health services, minor health epidemics and scares. I looked at the health authority statistics - everything was breaking down. It meant people were careworn with acute compassion fatigue - to use the sociologist's terminology. People were becoming totally absorbed into their own world, it was self centred and self fulfilling.

At best I might be able to identify phenomena, but the chance of enlisting anyone's committed help were zero. This 'city' was beleaguered, as were all its suburbs. Everywhere I looked there were people fighting with no success, dying with no hope. There were obscure cancer clusters, rare forms hardly known to U.K. medicine. There were no resources to study the epidemiology - no professional interpretation - just desperate people who began to suspect something was wrong - but what? My heart went out to them, I visited local representatives who were trying to form action groups to put pressure on the local authorities. But it was all to no avail, I suspected their cases were related to the pentagon phenomenon. I could not prove it, I could not influence anyone to look at the problem from my unique perspective.

Their stories were compelling, one in particular, Mrs Joan Orman. Her account really touched me. I visited her as she was trying to recover from her latest cancer treatment. It was her third encounter with the illness, each time had involved surgery and chemotherapy. She had lost many friends, and was herself, quite ill and weak. In spite of that, her energy to get the local authorities to investigate the local neighbourhood cancer cluster was truly inspirational. All her efforts thus far, fell on stony ground. That was not for lack of enthusiasm or dedication. She had gone to her local college to learn how to use a word processor and to compose factual letters. It was if she was driven by a phenomenal energy to illuminate the passion and suffering in her local community.

That afternoon we had talked and walked around her local streets. It was a dismal council estate trying to hide the fact it has once been built on 'slag tips and collieries'. The landscape was so very poor: pylons and high voltage cables running over house tops, derelict land with strangely-coloured flowers, half-wild gypsy horses grazing the stunted grass. I had seen this sight a dozen times in my professional working life in the conurbation around **Atro-city**. The telltale signs of highly contaminated land were familiar to my eyes and nostrils. I knew I could help her in some definite ways. I researched the area's history and geology and soon found there were serious reasons for concern. The area she lived in had certain obvious problems - old landfills with uncontrolled tipping. The hazards were not only low level radioactive waste but also heavy metals such as cadmium and mercury. I wrote several hurried technical reports urging the metropolitan council to re-investigate the landfill site. I helped secure a sympathetic audience with a clinical epidemiologist. Everyone that met Joan could not help but be impressed by her simple faith, her resolute power to find out why her friends were dying. The authorities eventually responded and instituted fresh investigations into the local cancer cluster. It may or may

not have any connection with the pentagon crystallization. There wasn't time to investigate any further. I half promised to keep in touch with Joan, I did from time to time telephone her. She soldiered on bravely, but her health and the clock were against her. Each time we spoke a little of that effervescent life force had gone from her voice. I think she was very grateful that I had come along when I did, my reports had added credibility to her innate female intuition. She would no longer be dismissed as some neurotic menopausal woman!

The continuing search for information took place on a routine daily basis. It consisted of scanning library journals and periodicals, global newspapers and news network reports. I searched the 'Internet', only to find it was dominated with ideas and theories from the ridiculous to the sublime on certain subjects. It could be little better than a hi-tech gossip shop! A hundred years ago the local postman and farmer would have leaned on a farmyard gate, smoking their clay pipes, exchanging all their local news. It was now couched in buzzwords, green screens and pastel shades of plastic. There were so many uncorroborated opinions! Badly reported natural geological phenomena were interpreted as signs left behind by extraterrestrials. The theories included aliens that inhabited a zone in the middle of the earth. They gained access to it with their flying machines, via so-called dormant volcanoes. These life-forms had established communication and power grids thousands of years ago, they had imparted fantastic knowledge and skills to our early ancestors, even settling among them.

It did not help! Wading through this morass of irrelevant information took time. There may have been odd 'pearls of wisdom' in this, but I did not have the time to evaluate every word. In these people's minds the earth was littered with sites, some known as 'Vile Vortices' (Bermuda Triangle, Snowdonia Pentagon) where navigation instruments would fail. These were variously connected with 'Curry Lines', the 'Hartmann Net', 'Schumann Waves' and so on. The fringes of this fanaticism were populated with people researching parallel dimensions, 'hyper-dimensional bleed-throughs', 'Unified Vector Geometry' etc. There were people who proposed that a planetary energy grid was being established because it was a portal or doorway to the Andromeda Galaxy. Stellar travellers were going to re-visit the earth again once the grid was fully connected up. The 'music of the spheres' had become fixed into the crystalline structure of the earth. I could not believe how many people were 'out there' taking some sort of spiritual comfort from this aimless intellectual meandering.

Strange religious sects believed that some great intelligence was 'out there' waiting for us to come and meet it. The only way was by mass suicide. As the Twentieth Century had drawn to a close mankind believed in more and more bizarre tenuous ideas. Humanity had moved on from worshipping bronze bulls and stone statues to pursuing sophisticated, impressionistic and existentialist nonsense. The axiom was, 'trust your feelings, be true to yourself'. Humanity was lost in a miasma of worshipping its own body, the pursuit of beauty and fashion had taken over society. Pleasure-seeking individualism had been fuelled to a higher level by new 'designer drugs'.

The Human Race was ideal for harvesting in its present hedonistic state. The vast majority had been seduced to looking at themselves in the mirror, the rest of existence did not matter unless it gave you the 'headrush'. This state of cerebral paralysis had crept up on us so subtly in the last few decades. Here was perfect irony - it wasn't new. These forces had grown in the ancient empires of China, Egypt, Greece, Rome etc. There were parallels in the animal and plant kingdoms. Biologists had been obsessed after Darwin, with evolutionary energy. Ideas that embraced things like 'genetic packets of diversity' that would activate in the early days of a new species. Fewer and fewer people were able to perceive the danger in what they did. It was no wonder everyone worshipped celebrities,

they either copied or idolized them, then they joined the press pack in hounding them to death.

When these dark moods settled on me, I could almost wish it was the end of humanity; we had messed up the world so badly. We had the capability of making a wonderful existence for ourselves, and all other living things. That would mean wanting less and desiring to share everything more evenly and fairly. Unfortunately the 'Seven Deadly Sins' stalked our every waking hour.

I had to get a hold of myself; this was doing me no good. There could be no consolation in a 'flea market' of half-digested ideas and attractions. I must take a leaf out of Vincent's book - stick to what I know, work with the proven facts. If we got through this crisis there would be plenty of time to re-visit these paranormal phenomena. Scientific research was littered with badly reported events - it broke up lifelong partnerships. I had got to keep an overview on as much of this as possible.

Much of the recorded phenomena concerned energy emissions coming out of the earth due to rock compression and shears, caused by Plate Tectonics (continental drift mechanisms). When this was combined with electromagnetic fields from the Nickel-Iron core and magnetic fields associated with solar radiation phenomena it got out of hand. The universe was alive with electromagnetic radiation from all over the spectrum - in the cold hearted physics laboratory we could be regarded as products of electromagnetic radiation, because we were all made of atoms and sub-atomic particles.

I was reminded of the old story of the four blindfolded men, or were they blind? Each was asked to describe an elephant - which they had never seen. The man who felt the trunk likened the elephant to a snake, the one who felt the leg likened it to a tree, and so on. That was it! We were all blind to the complexity of this earth, yet our sinful arrogance and flawed pride led us to trust our own assessment of its overwhelming structure. How could 'man' possibly make an objective understanding of something he was inextricably part of? If any man had come near to a revelation it was Lovelock with his 'GAIA' hypothesis. At best, it was only a working idea because there were aspects he could not prove or test. He carefully crafted and tested what he could over a twenty five year period. It came to a point where he began to predict certain patterns of reaction to global phenomena that proved to me he was quite close to 'a truth'.

I recalled reading 'Fate of the Homo sapiens' (H.G. Wells) when I was younger. It always felt prophetic, Wells, had travelled and observed many cultural revolutions in his time. His basic understanding of anthropology caused him to ask some very basic questions about how society conducted itself and created rules to cope with its problems. But he was just one of many great writers who had tried to sit on the fence, not judging, but presenting their personalized view on what they saw. He had inspired some, but had been ignored by even more.

As I looked up at the stars I longed for a 'Great Being' to visit our planet and lead us out of this imminent destruction. Earth's heritage had its share of charismatic leaders; some just appeared at a critical moment and changed the course of history. There were some good and some evil. There was no doubt many of them had led people to bloodthirsty wars, it seemed that 'this type' dominated the equation. It just confirmed that basically we were warlike - we did not know the ways of peace! It was not just our compassion suffering 'low fatigue thresholds', our desire for peace was similarly afflicted. Someone had recently analysed in the last four thousand years there had been less than three hundred years of peace.

Every time I read about vandals attacking a local cemetery or an outbreak of meningitis, my mind returned to connections and coincidences. I had to guard against paranoia; I could only do so much, but it just wasn't enough to give me a peaceful sleep at night. I knew that coincidence was the breeder of false theory. The one thing that I overlooked in all this, man was created by God; however sinful people were, God still spoke to them. Perhaps one by one, people were becoming aware in their deeper spirit that something was desperately wrong with the world. Perhaps everyone was learning to sense a diabolical presence in the world? If I could only harness that energy for God and goodness? It could turn my battle fortunes from failure to success. I found myself getting so angry some days, the Church seemed powerless to do anything, it did not seem to register there was a social problem even though it was on their doorstep. It was as if they could not stop their programmes and agendas. I did not want to get frustrated with the Church, but it seemed they were utterly impotent. The fact that no one had recognized there was problem with the earth baffled me. At least some of the more vigilant scientists had spotted things were not right.

After some days of fruitless and painful experience I decided it would make sense to contact Vincent at Lo-net. He had no news that was encouraging; he was not surprised that my sociological and parochial studies had not progressed any further. We talked for hours about the whole pentagon mystery, reviewing all the progress to date. Vincent was fairly sure that the end was very close. It would be in the next twenty four hours, by 2.30 p.m. tomorrow! The pentagonal centre established at Willson's house had been some months ago, the node that Ruth established with her altar had initiated the growth and emplacement of the twelfth pentagon facet. It seemed that every axis, every pentagon centre and every node had some sort of phenomenon recorded. It was now a matter of trying to refine an accurate date and time, the prospect of that horrified me. How could anyone just sit there working it out for some government official? Were they going to publish it in Hansard just for the record? Vincent was also clear that although activity was increasing everywhere it would still end with massive eruptions on every one of the twenty nodes. The angular momentum of the earth was beginning to decrease, the rotational speed was slowing as was the orbital speed around the sun.

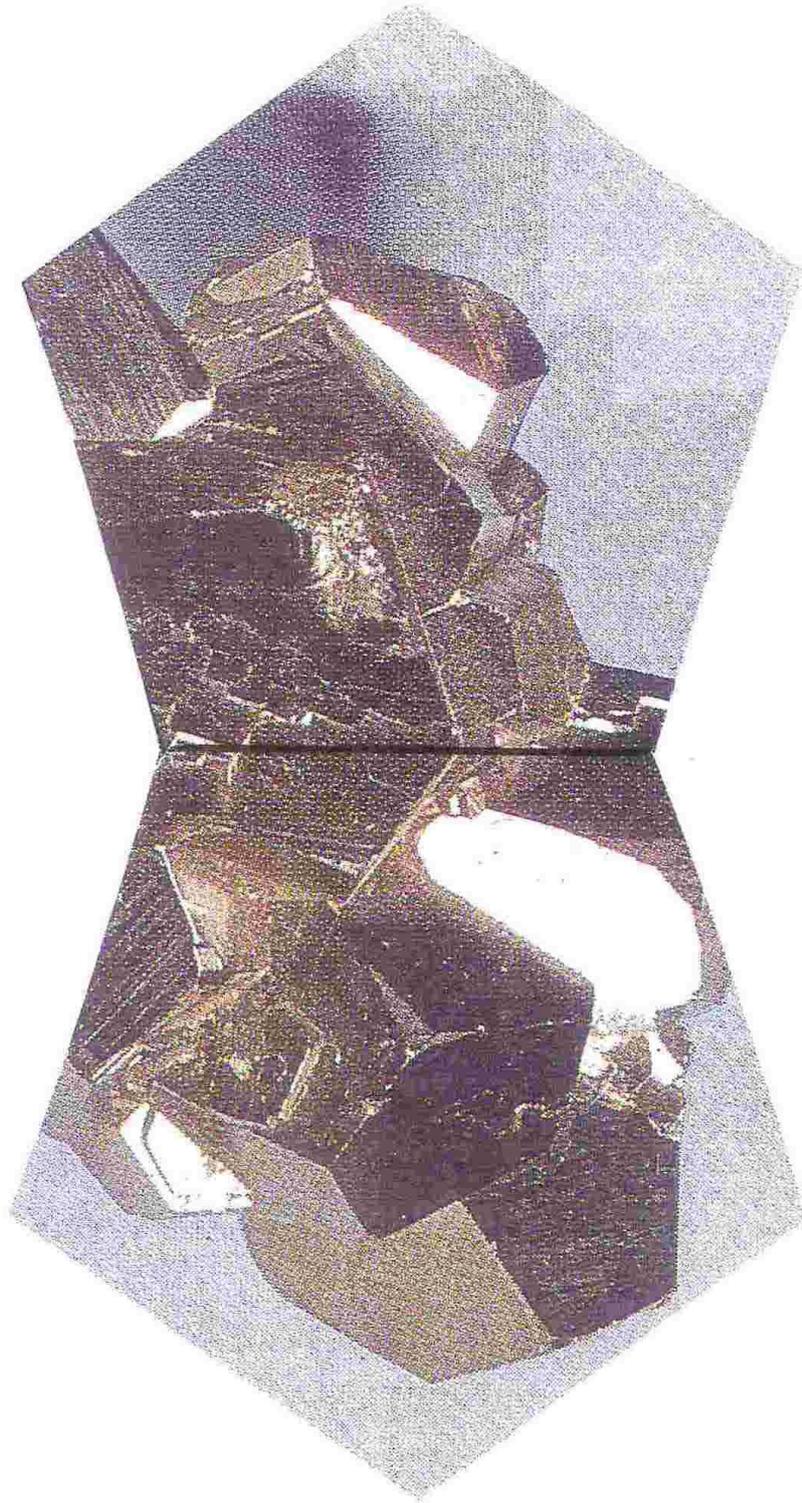
I found it hard to comprehend, Vincent did care, but he had to stay detached, every molecule of evidence must be collected and studied, there may be one clue that could work to our advantage. If there was, his meticulous mind would find it. He had not rested properly for weeks - it showed. He had a heart condition that needed treatment, yet he still went on pushing himself beyond the limit of human endurance. I too was like that but different. He did not waste an atom of his energy in emotional reaction. Every waking and sleeping second was spent studying, thinking, re-thinking trying to win this cosmic game of chess. On the other hand I was getting fraught, tired, emotional and desperate - interspersed with flashes of genius. I knew Vincent of old, he would not stop until he was stopped by the crystallization process. He would process and analyse everything until the last breath in his body stopped. Thank God that the scientists in this research group were of a similar nature and discipline. If there was to be a tomorrow - it needed people like that!

We parted in a resigned and pessimistic manner; if he was right, it would be over by tomorrow afternoon. As I drove home I kept glancing at the sky and clouds; in places there were already dark grey areas forming. From certain angles it seemed to have a structure in it. I put my sunglasses on and that helped emphasise it. There were definite lines or frame-like shapes in the sky, they were the traces of huge pentagonal shapes - it was like looking through a dirty pair of spectacles into a bee's nest with its honeycomb. The lines were vibrating or oscillating slightly, but diffuse, as if something was leaking or seeping out from them, like an ink line absorbing into blotting paper. There was no smell or sound, just a silent and terrifying process that had all the indications that the embryonic

crystal structure was being laid down before my very eyes. There were periodic jets of gas and energy injected into these shapes as if from some giant hypodermic needle. The jets soon dissipated into the gloom; I was an imprisoned onlooker to some monstrous chemical process that was beginning to gain impetus.

For all I knew this process may have been going on unseen for years. Every time there was a stormy overcast day or dark starless night! A creeping deathly chemical manifestation as the giant crystal began to lay down its axes of growth, and its initial facet structure. We earthbound 'pawns' had no idea, our perceptual senses had completely failed us. We had been warned - increasing Sulphur levels in the atmosphere. Instead, we had been looking to blame thermal power stations, jet aviation fuels, car engines and even garden bonfires.

I was distressed even more so by this sight and as I continued homewards my eyes filled with tears, my mind filled with thoughts, ideas and images. Through the tears I saw a vision of the earth, my home planet. It was spinning slowly on its axis. There were the pentagonal plates, one by one connecting and covering the world. The living colour drained out of the picture it became the grey lifeless form. I went home to live, and then to die!



Chapter 5

A dead world?

Once home, I tried to compose myself; the meeting with Vincent had been soul destroying. How could it all just end? How was it that mankind had been defeated so precisely? In those dark moments of the soul, the 'what ifs' return. There were so many critical moments that had emerged from the research, each one, if it had been stopped, could have meant a future for humanity. Some made me angry, and some made me cry out with frustration.

In all of this distress and panic there were countries still detonating atomic bombs. The recent nuclear tests at the Pacific coral atoll had upset and annoyed me to the point that I wrote many letters to various heads of government as well as to most major newspapers. It had proven difficult to explain my concern about de-stabilizing the Plate Tectonic mechanisms that propelled the continental crust slowly around this planet. I had met with little professional support, and even ridicule, from some quarters, as well as criticism from others. I had feared that such violent crustal explosions would aggravate an already fractured seabed; this might release lava under high pressure that could re-activate dormant volcanoes in the Pacific Ocean area. It had been noted at the time of the previous explosions, energy reverberations had travelled around the planet for several years setting off small earth tremors. This may have in turn caused submarine tsunamis that upset the ocean current circulation, possibly influencing the formation of 'el nino'.

I had a fairly clear idea about the distribution of modern geological plate boundaries, they were freely published in atlases. The more ancient ones were still hotly debated, they were often covered by miles of younger sediment and could be in the middle of continents. The earlier perception of such sutured crustal joints was now under serious revision. They were indeed still active, they behaved differently under stress, earthquakes did generate from them as well as quake energy travelling freely along them. The last pentagon node was plotted in Africa. There were no known boundaries; how could this fit in with the scheme of things so far witnessed?

The Cook Islands in the Pacific were the predicted final point of the giant crystallization process. The history of volcanoes and earthquakes in this region showed periods of inactivity. It would need a super volcanic event to complete the crystallization process. All that was needed now was a cataclysmic outpouring of Sulphide and Iron-rich lava with flows of boiling ash and dust. At the centre of each pentagonal facet were deposits of Iron Sulphide, along each side of the pentagons were similar Iron Sulphide mineral zones. Where the pentagons intersected at a node, there were volcanic vent structures connecting to the earth's mantle. Each one of these would serve to vent colossal volumes of Iron and Sulphur into the atmosphere. This in turn would provide the fuel to produce the gigantic crystal. The overall chemical composition of the earth was computed to be a little over five percent Iron and Sulphur. In mass, that approximated to 3 billion, billion tons!

The only answer must be an unknown ancient plate boundary or suture between two old continents. That joint must be complex and very deep-seated; perhaps in touch with the semi-molten mantle.

Within hours a chain reaction would occur with all of the other nineteen nodes becoming active, from these nodes material would be ejected from the mantle-crust boundary. The earth would be enshrouded in a poisonous searing chemical fog of corrosive Iron Sulphides and Sulphuric acids. All life would perish within hours, oceans would boil or solidify with descending ash and tuff. Nothing could stop that - it would be

the end of the world. The final analysis and prediction were beyond comprehension. The earth dying, dead! Spinning more and more erratically, breaking free from its orbit to either fly out of the solar system or even crash into the sun. That could in turn de-stabilize the neighbouring planets' orbits - the whole thing was beyond the most gruesome imagination.

I could not sleep, it was like waiting for your execution in the prison cell - it was inevitable, some one would come and lead you to the place and that was it. As the minutes ticked by I began to feel sick with despair, each second seemed to be tearing my mind to pieces. How could I have failed? How could everybody have been so utterly deceived? Why did the world go on about its daily business - when it was the last day!

My total physical and mental collapse was not helping anybody; I was one of a few that knew of the impending doom and now I was incapable of doing anything. How could my life have ended in such a useless and pitiful way? Why had I been allowed to learn so much and change so much? I had become powerless to stop this terminating crystallization. The waiting was unbearable; I half expected to feel the deep vibrating rumble in the planet beneath me as it began to go into a critical mass failure. The tearing and rending would follow and then the people would be thrown into global panic and distress. Billions of people were going to die a horrible asphyxiating death because the atmosphere would turn to a corrosive gaseous mix. The agonizing minutes ticked by, I crawled into a corner of the room and wrapped a ragged duvet around myself so I could not feel or see anything. I just waited in a huddle for the beginning of the end - my whole life flashed before me. This Armageddon Nexus (which is what I called it for want of a better term) constituted twenty nodes and was finally coming true. This process, that had begun years before, and set in motion by fiendish intellects, was finally exalted.

Terror and exhaustion overcame me in the stifling cocoon that I had made myself. I had cried and choked until tears and breath were all but impossible, my throat and chest hurt so much I could not swallow. My eyes felt as if they would burst with the pain of crying and sobbing.

The guilt of thousands of hours of failure haunted my soul; the darkness came upon the world as the sun finally disappeared beneath the brooding cloudscape. I had lost all reason and hope, as I knew others were about to do in this final moment. The last nagging thoughts that kept goading me were 'why had mankind lasted so long only to be defeated by such a nemesis'?

I do not know how much time had passed - in my exhausted confusion I thought I had awoken in some afterlife or heavenly Nirvana. I was wet through and shivering, I tore the duvet off and staggered to the window to look out from this strangely familiar room. It was eerily cloudy with a few dimly glowing stars and distant house lights. Stars were rarely seen in the daytime unless there were eclipses or other strange atmospheric conditions. My watch read 2.35 p.m. I could not understand or comprehend what was happening. It seemed as if the end had not come or was somehow delayed. I went out of the room to find my car still parked where I had left it, the keys in the ignition. I turned the radio on and finally found a World Service channel and listened to it for a while. The voice sounded calm and business-like as usual, the world seemed to be going on as before.

I tried ringing Vincent at Lo-net, part of the global earthquake monitoring centre. No one answered. I decided I could not wait or stand the suspense. I set off to drive the 100 or so miles to the mountain laboratory of Lo-net. The time and miles passed as if I were in a trance. As I got near to the access road I could see bright lights at Lo-net, many people and cars were there - it was like a celebration. As I drove up to the main gate I was greeted by a security guard who seemed elated to see me and ushered me through quickly. I parked the car and hauled myself out and started to walk and half-run to the

entrance door. Before I could open it an arm reached and grabbed my wrist and a face appeared, tired, tearful, alive and crying with joy.

It was Vincent, he half cried and half wept, *“John, John it’s over, it’s over. Those nuclear tests some time ago caused a violent movement in the Pacific plate. This caused a knock-on affect that allowed all the other frictionally locked plates to move. But in the previous few hours the other 19 nodal centres were all beginning to deform, going slightly out of alignment as well. There were some outpourings of lava, ash and acid, but the 20th node did not erupt.”*

The mechanisms that drive Plate Tectonics were still not fully understood. Some researchers felt that adjacent planetary motion had an affect as much as the moon’s gravitational pull or even outbursts of solar energy. There were even more exotic extra-terrestrial possibilities such as large meteorite impacts. The predicted positions of the pentagonal facets had gone awry due to the subtle movements and distortions of the crustal plates. It meant that although Ruth’s actions had been timed with evil clockwork precision they were still failing to take into account the inbuilt mechanisms created by God. He had promised in the Old Testament never to allow destruction of His creation again by global flooding. The last side of the last pentagon had been ready to connect up to complete the global pentagonal dodecahedron thus starting the mineralization of the whole planet to a giant crystal of Iron Sulphide. But it was not to be. The whole thing had run out of energy and the critical mass was not reached, there were just short-lived volcanic eruptions of dust and steam. Every sensor on Lo-net indicated it was all dying down.

Within hours, the best-kept secret of the modern era began to emerge; over the last few days geo-scientists all over the world began to detect something unusual had been happening. Very few were party to the truth; that did not stop them making noises at the highest political levels. The diplomats were at a loss to make any sense or policy decision about what they knew to be happening. A few enlightened government leaders had withheld the enormity of the devastating truth. The prognosis was surely the extinction of all life on the planet in a matter of hours. There was nothing anybody could do to stop it, and nowhere to escape to. The spectre of it had paralysed the leaders of humanity to the point of ‘giving up the ghost’.

It was as if global conscience had died - what point was there in revealing this to anybody. Everything was going to die, there would be no one left to get angry or seek justice or explanation. It just did not matter anymore - there would be no judicial review or public inquiry; no United Nations’ trial for crimes against humanity. It was felt that the best service to humanity was to avoid panic reaction. This would have caused so much distress and suffering as people scrambled on top of each other trying to escape the inevitable. It was deemed best for everyone to be going about their daily business as normal. Once the super volcanic eruption began the end would soon come, darkness, cold, suffocating and poisonous gases. Nobody had even tried to assess the risk of this hazard. It was envisaged as a health hazard that modern medicine could not combat. If anyone did survive the initial volcanic outbursts they could not survive the crystallization process. That would be entombment in a toxic semi-metallic coffin.

After the great deliverance it felt as if the world should have burst into a great fireworks party to celebrate this. It did not happen - perhaps a fireworks display was too near the truth of a volcanic winter. The secret danger of the destiny had been kept quiet so that people were not that aware of how near the end had been. In some respects it might be better for it to stay largely unknown. The global businessmen that drove world economy would ‘go ballistic’ if they found out it was all going to end without a great fight. Any world

leader would be pilloried for inadequate preparation, how could this have crept up so silently on this administration or that dictatorship?

The people that knew the truth decided it was better to take the secret of its magnitude to their 'grave'. An elaborate cover story would have to be circulated and established. It must silence the critics and sceptics; it must present as much of the truth as possible without causing further public unrest. The spokesmen would be few, they would need impeccable credentials to stand up to the intense media gaze. It just had to be hoped that time would heal all memories, that daily routine and business would soon fill all quieter moments.

It was inevitable that someone would pry the secrets out of the mystery in the end. All archives and data would be locked away for many decades safe from public research. There was a genuine desire that the whole truth should be preserved so that one day it all could be revealed and talked about openly. A small group of trusted and erudite people would be allowed to continue research into the whole 'Armageddon Nexus'. There was a need to prevent this sacred knowledge being re-activated, but more importantly to prevent anyone trying to initiate a variant on the crystallization potential. The decision as to whether the earth could be saved if a similar phenomenon occurred, was to be taken by another generation.

It never ceased to amaze me how fickle the human race (and the media) could be. Some news items become global tragedy where everyone weeps uncontrollably and can not express their grief by any means. Other items were hardly registered on the consciousness, yet their gravity was worthy of prolonged international mourning. Heaven-help the human pawn in the midst of that enigma. Fame and infamy were made in the same forge - it all seemed to depend on 'Dame Fortune' - whom I did not believe in.

The psychological baggage of this trauma at first felt unbearable, yet it would lift with time. There would be one remaining problem that would consume me. What should I do next? Should I too just withdraw from the public glare or should I continue to illuminate the recent nightmare by every means at my disposal? I had to find out for my own peace of mind - was the pentagonal entity finally defeated or could it come back. From many perspectives it felt that it was over and defeated, it could not be reactivated. It had been a process taking millions of years to set up and the final scene and act had been thwarted. At the back of my mind I wondered if I would be hunted and pursued to the point of death for my part in this great defeat. But I had acted all along for the cause of good, and for God.

I firmly declined all offers to be involved with the painstaking research, and I certainly did not want to travel around the world at the invitation of the U.N. or governmental heads. I did, however accept the role of reviewer of the research programme from time to time. This meant I would be kept informed of all new understanding and any further research priorities that were identified. That personal stance was brought about by the anguish I had suffered. At first I would have gladly accepted hypnotherapy to remove all memory of it. In the end I knew I could not forget it for Ruth's sake. I would have taken that abdication of responsibility to my grave. If I could change the destiny of another young despairing adolescent - I would do whatever it would take. I would never ignore another doorway child. I trusted that somehow I would cope if it ever happened again! For the moment I would happily retreat into oblivion on this whole matter.

As I looked back on what happened, the 'old me' no longer existed. Something had drained out of me, I was often overcome by enervating, relentless tiredness that spread rapidly throughout my body and soul. If I lay down it might ease and after a fitful sleep it

would feel better. The 'old man' in me felt suffocated or even dead, or at least beguiled in sleep; I didn't laugh so readily and found it hard to see the 'funny side of things'.

If I were not careful it might stay this way forever, how easily it would have been to retreat to my study and never venture out into the world again. Somehow I knew reality had to be faced up to, I would have to go back to work, try and pick up the ordinary pieces of my life. What were the meanings of this momentary fame and celebrity, when compared to what had just blighted the world for the last thousand years? I was restricted in what I could say about the whole nightmare. It had changed the whole way I approached my work, how could it not have done so. It helped to integrate my faith and belief in God with my geological profession. My best recourse was to stay vigilant, use my position and ability to try and share with the disbelieving multitude the need to be vigilant. To remind mankind that it was not alone in this cosmos, that we were part of a cosmic battle between good and evil. The battle lines had been drawn before Calvary; after the crucifixion is was a different world. The Church was just beginning to awaken to what it was created for. There was both great joy and sadness at 'Calvary' just as there was now.

Jesus was not a defeated hero, He was the valiant Captain of an army that would now rise to take its rightful place on the battlefield. His wisdom and perception about creation and its ultimate purpose were now awakening mankind. His miracles and parables now found space in men's conscience and thinking. I was reminded of the 72 men Jesus sent out, as recorded in Luke Chapter 10, verses 17 to 20. They came back so excited at what they had seen and done. Jesus reminded them to be excited because their names were written in heaven. I would do well to remember that when I returned to the 'world of geology'.

In my daydreaming moments there remained only one thing that bothered me; why had the enemy of all that is good, devised this pentagonal crystallization. Had there been a weakness in God's design for the world that the enemy could exploit? Had it been people's sinful management of the planet, especially the nuclear test explosions that enabled weaknesses to develop in the crustal plates. I trusted my colleagues on the research group as much as I trusted the few enlightened governmental leaders that guided this research. I knew that I was the only person who had the complete overview of this, except perhaps for one other, Lockhart.

I had time on my side now; I resolved to set about locating this man. He posed a threat to the whole human race because he perhaps possessed some of the knowledge and evil ability to start this whole process again. I would have to pray long and hard about this vigilante idea, if I did find him what on earth could I do? No court in the land would try any person on such circumstantial evidence. The world is a big place and people like him had a habit of disappearing without trace. They certainly do not leave a trail of clues behind them. I could envisage a quest that could take me into new danger and with little prospect of success. I would ponder for many hours on this quest. How much time and energy should I give it? Over time, the urgency might dissipate and perhaps I would grow wiser with age.

At last I was able to spend a quiet evening looking at the strange sunsets that were still occurring every so often. The sun would break through and briefly line the clouds with silver-gold hues; crepuscular rays would shoot upwards casting a radiating fan of light and dark silver grey zones. The mayflies were flying in the breeze vortex; they too were briefly illuminated in the ethereal sunlight. For a moment I could detect a residual shape in the sky – was it the pentagon? Was it the dying energy from the crystal axes? There were few birds on the wing anymore; but perhaps they too would venture out again as life and the seasons began to return to normality.

The dark evening clouds always looked more menacing because of their opaque stillness. There were hidden landscapes if you just stopped to look long enough. I could see canyons, mountains, gorges, waterfalls, even limestone pavements. Before this tragic event the sunrise and sunset had been my precious companions. It was a reminder that each day had been created by some ONE, they were not freak coincidences caused by atoms and molecules. My soul needed to experience these tranquil private moments – it was a sign. When God created the rainbow to remind Noah of the miraculous presence of a Living God.

I had to return to the everyday routine of work and existence. My career had been on hold for some time and it was time to get back. It would have been so easy to just run away to a safe place and not face the world anymore. Tomorrow the alarm clock would be set; I would awake and begin the next chapter.

The daily journey to work by train would never be the same; the faces of tired or bored commuters were no longer indifferent strangers to me. They were souls who had shared the same near-death experience as me. They were like long lost brothers and sisters. If I were not prayerful they would soon become unknown faces in the crowd again. We would all become consumers and the consumed.

In a moment of daydreaming I stared out of the mud-spattered train window. I could see in the cloudscape the colourful dust ejections from the volcanic eruptions. Every jolt or thump, as the train crossed the points, reminded me of the earth trembling and quaking as the 'Armageddon Nexus' tried to complete the giant crystal boundaries. That mystery had many subtle and curious coincidences in it - some of which I still did not understand. It was time to remember who God is: loving, omniscient, omnipotent and omnipresent, the ONE in this universe. It is to that calling and agenda that we should respond.

The train shuddered to a halt at Platform 12 as usual; I stumbled out of its confining shelter and made my way up the escalator into the concourse. Within minutes the stale air greeted my nostrils. It could not be called fresh; it had a chemical odour, not a pleasant scent. The breeze would return as the city warmed up; the air would gradually improve as the day wore on. The frequent showers that occurred brought grey dust to earth but it was getting purer each time. The suspended materials from the eruptions were getting purified by the relentless global cycles that powered the planetary atmosphere. It was hard to remain optimistic when the weather was poor, but I knew things were going to get better. I still had to walk along several tired streets to reach my office - it had always been worse in the dark windy winter evenings. City's always felt unfriendly hostile places, the summer sun at least made them feel that an optimistic future beckoned. As I walked, my mind was always haunted by the sad nostalgia of the recent months. I could not block it out, every smell, every noise, every flashing light.

If I ever had time to visit the museum it would be worth looking at their specimen collections again. The crystals would always hold a fascination; I hoped I would never confuse Gold with Fool's Gold. The crystals, as indeed all the specimens, were like prisoners - all serving a life sentence in their cabinets. For an ironic moment it was still 'them' behind the plate glass with me on the outside - free to look at them! It could have so easily been us entombed in Iron Sulphide Fool's Gold!

It seemed like an immeasurable time had passed since I last walked along this dull street in ***Atro-city***. I could never look at that doorway, where I first saw the wretch, that I later learnt was Ruth, without thinking! Was it all a dream? Why me? Why her? It pained me! Here I was, alive; back at my geological career, almost as if nothing had happened. But where was Ruth? That cold fragile wraith! Were people any the wiser or even grateful? At least there was a tomorrow to look forward to; there was a new and better

hope for us all. I may never know what happened to Ruth! I hoped that she had found her way into a new and better life, but secretly I doubted it. In my blackest quiet moments I felt sure she must be dead.

I wonder if she ever realized that she had helped save the world - but in doing so, had probably lost her own life. She had at first just been one of the many 'pawns' used in this evil-driven destiny over the last few decades. It had been her fateful action on the Roman Road in the late 1990's that sent a warning to me. At first it all seemed a coincidental childish prank; then it grew in its sinister complexity until it became a race against time. The rest, as they say, is history! What was left for me was to try and rejoin the human race and be thankful for our second chance! Maybe one day I too would be able to share the whole story with the world when it was ready to listen and believe.

The End

Postscript:

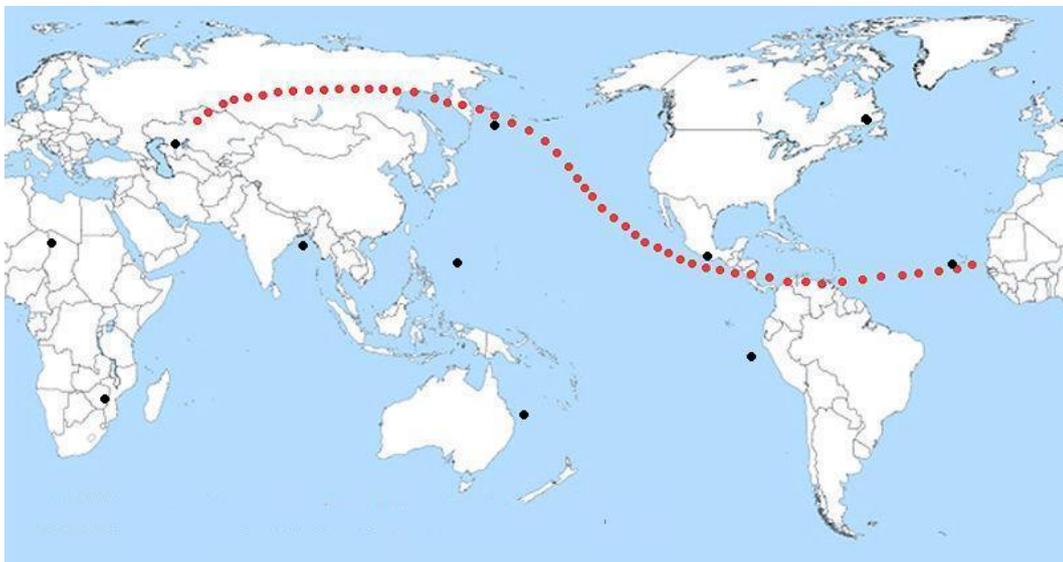
- **The Fool's Gold crystal** - I never looked at that innocent metallic object the same again. Every museum in the world had got an example. They were so common, so instructive. I remember in my early days just collecting from any site and bringing the spoils home to put in my collection. Occasionally I would give duplicates to local or national museums. As I got older I began to have doubts about that and stopped collecting. I felt that these were God's earthly treasures, perhaps I had no right to remove them. They were put there for a purpose, one that I did not fully understand. They were not necessarily put there for me to find, steal or sell! These feelings were shared by Aborigines and American Indians. Although Fool's Gold was common, it was not found everywhere. With all the mineral collecting that had taken place, Fool's Gold was now widely distributed over the whole planet. What if each little piece had the potential to link up with every other piece to form a new matrix - The Armageddon Nexus? What if someone (or something) knew how to do that [**anagogy**]? What if the pieces were collected by acts of fateful destiny to ensure the grid was fully re-established? One's mind could lose its senses, the potential locked up in each crystal was actually amazing. If you viewed it from 'crystal magic' you could believe anything. If you viewed it from physics and chemistry it was equally amazing. Any crystal was an unfulfilled entity, its 'innate desire' was to go on growing along each of its axes until all the 'chemical fuel' was used up. The energy of nuclear forces that created that mineral were transmuted into cold, still matter. To convert it back to energy might be more spectacular than an atomic explosion. Could the global crystallization begin again? All that glisters was not Gold!
- **Ruth's altar** had been constructed at the geological and geographical Centre of England. The remote bridge on the Roman Road, once had a railway beneath; it had carried the kings and queens of England to their holiday destinations. In latter years it was home to the North Sea Gas pipeline and a reservoir pipeline. The archway was now filled in - the only transients were the badgers, via a small tunnel. **This chosen site had been no coincidence!**
- **Lockhart** knew he had failed, his one greedy mistake was to have acquired so much esoteric knowledge. He had gained a principality in this evil scheme of things and had blundered. One by one his powers were lost or nullified. He walked into the ether, gazing into a starless night. He cried out to sleep somewhere, anywhere! A barbed, spiny hedge lay on his left; after several attempts he crawled into what looked like a vault. Within minutes he suffocated into exhaustion; darkness filled his mind. His pain ceased, yet burnt cold. The night grew deathly cold, the last thing he remembered was a vision of something approaching that absorbed all light, humanity, memory, love and life. Separating him from God, for all time. Inferno!
- **Willson** slipped into another reality, spending more and more time in his fantasy world. He had deceived so many people in his time, the vague and endless enticements were no more. His health declined so severely he was institutionalized suffering from dementia and Alzheimer's; he eventually died there.
- **Joan** died peacefully after losing her fourth battle with cancer. What an inspiration she was, coming from humble educational origins. Joan proved it was never too late to learn new things. Unknown facts and techniques did not deter, or frighten her. Everything was there because it was available to her. She, at least knew, that she had done more than anyone else locally to help people. The landfill was cleaned and many of the dangerous substances were removed. The leakages from the old clay hole were sealed so that all groundwater was contamination free.

- **Naomi** eventually came to know the part Ruth had played in the pentagon crystallization, she accepted that her daughter was dead, but took lasting comfort in the fact that Ruth's death had not been in vain - far from it. It was with her kind that humanity had a future, going to the edge of the evil abyss and turning away from its ultimate temptation of power and knowledge. Her precious daughter would not be a celebrated heroine in our time, no statues would be erected or thanksgiving performed. Her time would come in the future when the full truth would be revealed and history could record this event in its rightful perspective. If I had any influence over this, I would do all I could to make sure posterity remembered Naomi and Ruth.
- **Ruth** Her mind and spirit had been a battleground for too long. In that fragile child the last savage piece of the diabolical plot had been enacted. As subtle as evil is, it can not destroy the fact that we are all made for good works by a loving God. She had walked out into the infinite lonely night, after a few miles of staring into endless car headlights, she decided to sleep somewhere, anywhere! A thick hedge bounded the highway verge; after several attempts she managed to break into what looked like a dark shelter of leaves and undergrowth. Within minutes she was asleep and began to dream; journeys with no end and no beginning. Tiredness filled her mind and every so often the dreams would cease. The safety of the hedge had been unsure; the night grew colder and her hungered illness was not in her favour. Gradually she sank into a comforting sleep. The last thing she remembered was a beautiful vision of someone coming towards her with what seemed like a golden robe and she was bathed in warmth and light! Then -

- The incandescent flash!

- The Rapture - she was gone!

- To a place, far, far better than she had ever known!



The geographical details

Positions

'plate'	Central Location (S = seismic activity)	Longitude	Latitude
A	Eurasian plate , Fox Avenue, Nuneaton, Warwickshire (S)	1.5° W	52.5° N

B	African plate , E of Ascension Island, Atlantic Ocean floor	5° W	10° S
C	African plate , Hafun, Somali Peninsula, Red Sea seafloor spreading zone	52° E	9° N
D	Eurasian plate , Hentlyn Nuruu	110° E	48° N
E	American plate , Wrangell, Ketchikan (S)	130° W	56° N
F	Caribbean plate , Puerto Rico, plate boundary (S)	66° W	18° N
G	American plate , Porto Deseado	66° W	48° S
H	Antarctic plate , S of Crozet Islands, Indian Ocean floor	50° E	55° S
I	Austral Indian plate , South of Malang, a subduction zone	111° E	17° S
J	Pacific plate , Marshall Islands, Sea Mounts on plumes in Pacific	173° E	11° N
K	Pacific plate , E of Marquesa Islands, Pacific Ocean floor	125° W	8° S
L	Pacific plate , S of Campbell Island	178.5° E	52.5° S

The details of the twenty intersecting corners (nodes) of the twelve pentagonal facets, order of establishment

Node	Latitude	Longitude	Location
1	20.0° N	18.1° E	African plate Tibesti Highland, Chad
2	45.6° N	56.25° E	Eurasian plate Guryev, Urals (S)
3	81.5° N	95.0° E	American plate N of Ostrov Komosolets
4	52.2° N	63.5° W	American plate Romaine River, Burnt Lake, Labrador
5	23.4° N	26.3° W	African plate SW of Canary Islands
6	16.8° S	43.25° W	American plate Monte Clores, Brazil
7	45.9° S	8.4° W	American plate S of Gough Island, Gough Fracture Zone (S)
8	21.1° S	30.5° E	African plate Shabani, Kyle Dam (S)
9	24.8° S	75.2° E	Austral Indian / African / Antarctic plates E of Madagascar, Mid Indian Ridge, Rodriguez Fracture Zone
10	17.2° N	90.95° E	Austral Indian plate Bay of Bengal.
11	16.8° N	135.7° E	Pacific plate halfway between Marianas and Philippines, Palau Ridge (S)
12	46.25° N	170.0° E	Pacific plate S of Aleutians Islands, Emperor Sea Mounts
13	22.6° N	150.9° W	Pacific plate NE of Hawaii, W end of Molokai Fracture Zone.
14	24.8° N	104.3° W	American plate Durango, Madre Occidental, Mexico (S)
15	16.35° S	87.1° W	Nazca plate W of Tacno Arica, Peru Basin, Salay Gomez, Quiros and Easter Island Fracture Zones (S)
16	45.25° S	124.1° W	Pacific plate W of Archipelago de las Clones, Udintsev and Eltanin Fracture Zones
17	85.0° S	57.0° W	Antarctic plate Antarctica
18	53.25° S	115.6° E	Antarctic plate Wilkes Abyssal Plain, S of Albany, Australia
19	22.6° S	153.3° E	Austral Indian plate E of Rockhampton, Downeast Seamounts
20	18.25° N	162.15° W	Pacific plate Cook Islands

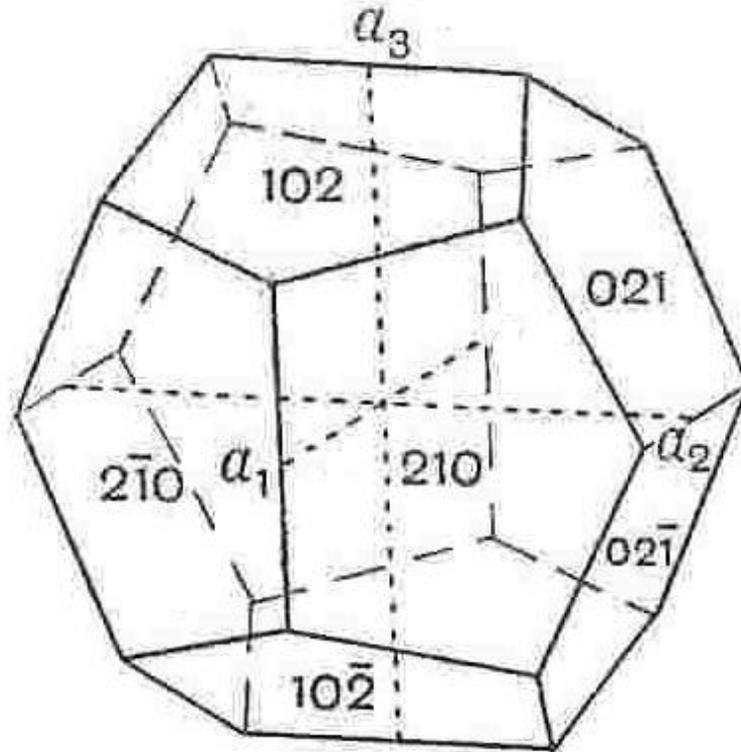


Plate Tectonics and crystal and Miller's Indices

The Cubic Crystal System: Pentagonal Dodecahedron: twelve faces with their Miller Indices: (underlined means a negative or minus number)

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	<u>102</u>
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