

The background of the cover is a deep space scene. In the lower half, the curved horizon of the Earth is visible, showing blue oceans and green landmasses. To the right, the Moon is partially visible, showing its cratered surface. The sky is a dark, starry expanse.

OVER SEQUETUS 3

**Nick
BROADHURST**

**The second book in the NEW EARTH
MINISERIES and the second book in
the epic SEQUETUS SERIES**

BOOK 2

Over Sequetus 3

Arrival on Earth



BOOK 2

By Nick Broadhurst

Published by Nick Broadhurst

Sequetus.com Edition

Copyright 2015 Nick Broadhurst

Sequetus.com Edition, License Notes

Thank you for downloading this sample. It remains the copyrighted property of the author, and may not be redistributed to others for commercial or non-commercial purposes.

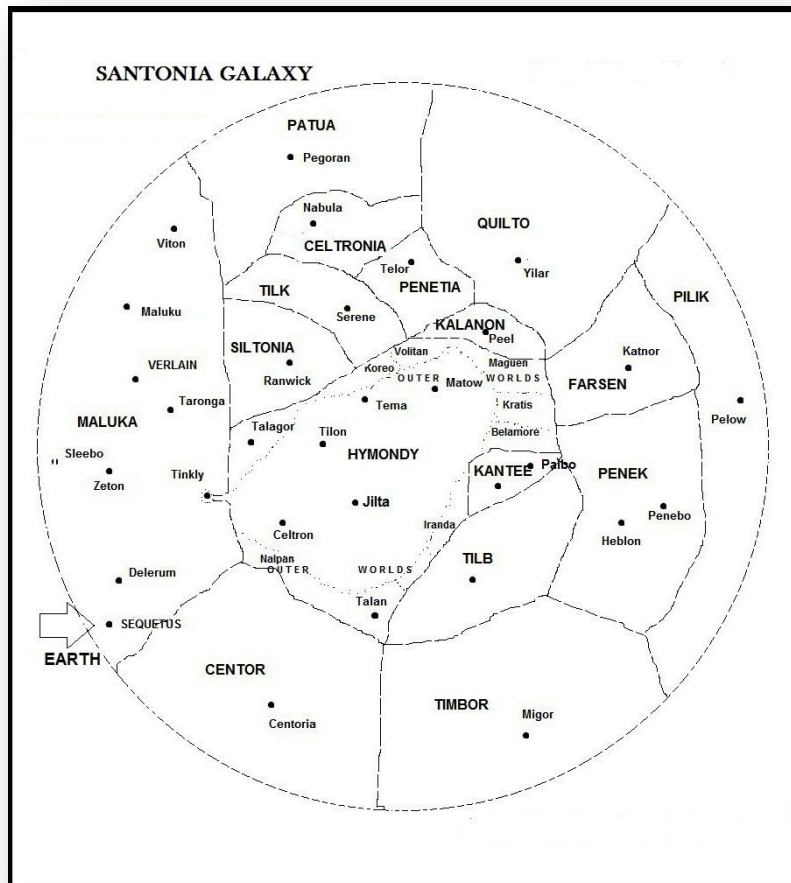
DISCLAIMER

The *SEQUETUS SERIES*, its miniseries and its individual books are works of fiction. Names of individuals and companies used in the book, unless historical fact, are pure fiction.

Contents

CHAPTER 1	ARRIVAL
CHAPTER 2	JENNY WANTEN
CHAPTER 3	SYDNEY
CHAPTER 4	MAKING MONEY
CHAPTER 5	GLOSSARY
	BACK COVER

MAP



Santonia Galaxy

CHAPTER 1

ARRIVAL

After leaving the moon, the first twenty-five hours of travel to the planet was slow. However, it was taken up observing media transmissions of Earth. They generally consisted of war, real or imagined or hoped for, together with transmissions of man's inhumanity to man, plus the plague of disasters that never ceased to afflict the planet or its people. *Erin* noted with interest that the broadcast news was generally all bad news, and was generally presented to the population around its three meal times.

Mepat wondered if the unnaturally short life expectancy on Earth, may not be through old age at all. The news telecasts, movies and documentaries rolled on. Then there was a brief spell of humor with a psychotic duck called *Daffy*.

For most of the journey Earth was a brilliant blue. As they approached, the Antarctic ice cap

appeared as a large dollop of cream on a rich blue plate.

Little Betsie traveled down the authorized line, making sure they did not veer. It had been impressed on them that this was the only way down to avoid the indigenous killer satellites, and the only way permitted by *Moonbase*. Once over the Antarctic they were only allowed into the planet airspace via three alternative routes. If they veered from those routes they would be shot from *Moonbase*. That had been made very clear. They must not stray over the Antarctic. There were other bases there.

In places clouds blurred the icecap. *Goren* wondered how similar this ice-bound continent must have been to *Anqi's* home planet of *Sleebo*. They were now bearing for the South Pole. It was late summer in the Antarctic and the continent had been in sun the whole day.

As *Little Betsie* entered the planet's atmosphere the first speed reduction came when rarified atomic oxygen was encountered one thousand Ks out. This was the exosphere, reducing the speed of the craft to 25,000 Ks.

Soon the four layers of the ionosphere had reduced the speed to 15,000 Ks. Then reaching

the troposphere the *Rangercraft* reduced its speed down to 5,000 Ks.



Rangercraft #3

Little Betsie leveled out at two Ks above the ice. They were heading north to their first rendezvous point with a *Hymondian* agent, if he was still alive. Agent *Illtuck* was to meet them, in one of the most desolated parts of the planet, Lake Disappointment in Western Australia.

The *Rangercraft* soared over the fairyland of ice.

Goren shuddered. The temperature was minus fifty-six outside, with twenty-nine million cubic pacs of ice two Ks thick. The Antarctic wind was whipping the ice crusts and furling the loose snow along the plateaus.

After eight minutes they crossed the continent's edge. They passed the settlement of Casey on their right. Ice was still one K thick at the ocean edge.

Finally a large blue expanse of water came up to greet them. Hundreds of icebergs dotted the screens, some hundreds of Ks long.

Below them a blue whale spouted into the air. After signaling its majestic presence the large lumbering mammal dived to the icy deep.

The icebergs became fewer and smaller. Suddenly all the ice was behind them, nothing ahead but blue waves and white caps.

Goren felt free. *Little Betsie* skimmed the wave tops for twenty minutes. Birds diving on a shoal of fish flashed past in a blur.

ψ

CHAPTER 2

JENNY WANTEN

The Australian coastline appeared as a dark waver on the horizon of a blue world, and quickly loomed as a quivering hot mass stretching east west. *Little Betsie* crossed the flat land over *Culver Point*.

The small silver craft streaked across the treeless *Nullarbor Plain* into the *Great Victorian Desert*. The surface was red, with sparse tufted vegetation. The sand radiated with shimmering heat on the viewscreens, creating false horizons.

Goren loosened his collar in anticipation. Below, the Great Victorian Desert became the *Gibson Desert*. *Little Betsie* slowed, ahead was the dried saltpan of *Lake Disappointment*.

The craft was traveling at only 50 *Ks*. Goren examined the terrain for his contact. To the west were a tent and a wheeled terrain vehicle, a car, as Mepat had pointed out correctly.

Slowly they approached, watching for their man. Goren checked the computer screens.

The desert was over 1500 Ks long. The outside temperature was locally, plus fifty-three degrees Celsius. The illusion was of air-land-water-land-air. The reality through the quivering heat was hot air and hot dirt. The ground cover was barely alive, with small clumps of vegetation clinging to the baked sides of the lake in anticipation of relief. In Lake Disappointment there was little relief. It looked like Mars.

Little Betsie settled, nestling onto the scorching red dirt. The lower hatch opened. Goren and Mepat stepped down from the craft into the burning heat. Goren gasped at his first intake of air; it was dry, hot and seared the lungs, when drawn too quickly.

They stood in the protective shade of the Rangercraft. Goren half closed his eyes to keep out the sun's glare reflecting from the cooking earth. Small beads of perspiration began to form at the base of his hairline.

He squinted in the direction of a wavering motor vehicle. A solitary figure appeared to be approaching. With the heat distorting his vision Goren found it difficult to see until the figure drew closer.

The figure wore a broad brimmed hat, a sleeveless khaki shirt, shorts, and heavy boots

with short socks. As the figure neared Goren thought he saw a glint of a weapon's barrel across the person's shoulder. Mepat stiffened to the same realization.

Goren was unconcerned; Letone would be covering from the rear in the Rangercraft.

The figure stopped. It was difficult to see through the heat.

Goren stepped forward out of the shadow of the craft. The sun bit deeply into his scalp, his hair feeling as though it might ignite. The figure approached another three paces. Goren edged forward. The figure reciprocated. Finally Goren could see the face under the hat. It was a female.

"Agent Illtuck?" Goren called out.

"Like hell I am!" and the rifle lifted in the direction of the independent.

Another vehicle and a cloud of dust could be seen approaching from the west, finally coming to a halt at Goren's right. A short stocky man leaped out.

"Independent Goren Torren?" he yelled from a distance.

Goren looked to the man shaking his head and then back to the woman with the rifle.

Goren let out a small sigh. "Who are you?" he called to the woman.

A shaky voice replied. "More to the point sport, who the bleedin' heck are you?"

Goren searched for the meaning of the question and then answered it. "My name is Independent Goren from the planet Jilta."

"Like hell you are!" came the reply. "Where you really from?"

Goren looked blank. He whispered through his collar microphone, back to Letone, that the woman was frightened. Though not necessarily harmless, she could be talked out of doing harm.

Goren called across the hot sand. "Please. What is your name?"

No response.

Goren watched an insect burrow into the hot sand away from his feet. He called again, while his attention was fixed on the barrel of the rifle for the slightest movement. "We're not going to hurt you. Don't hurt us... Please, what is your name?"

"Jenny Wanten," came her quivering reply. She pointed the gun higher at Goren and looked at him sideways.

"Thank you Jenny. Behind me is Mepat and to my right is Agent Illtuck. If you would lower

the weapon Agent Illtuck and I would feel less nervous. Poor Mepat is feeling very jittery too.”

The rifle did not move.

“You Martians... commos... or yanks?”

Jenny called over.

“We have just come from a visit to the first you mentioned, but the other two planets are unknown to us. We’re new here.”

Jenny let out a slightly audible moan looking to the Rangercraft.

Goren continued. “Mars, Jenny, is quite a beautiful planet, much like this lovely country side of yours.” Goren outstretched his arms to display the heat stricken desert. His chest and shoulders were now getting quite damp. Pearls of perspiration were rolling down his cheeks. Goren felt sure the skin of his face would soon be burnt off. The sun felt like a blowtorch.

Jenny's gun was welded in position.

Goren looked to Mepat. Tiny drops were forming over the Boguard's cool eyebrows. Mepat held his palms out to Goren as if to signal: What now?

Illtuck had remained still the whole time. Finally he spoke, “Jenny, these are my friends. Either shoot us or do what you want, otherwise

let's get the hell out of the sun and talk in the shade!"

Keeping the rifle trained on Goren, Jenny turned to Illtuck and stared. "I might as well shoot you, no one would know!" She then sighed. "What the hell," and lowered the rifle.

Goren took a deep breath of relief.

Illtuck spoke. "We apologize Jenny, but we did not expect you here."

"Nor I you." Jenny nodded to the space ship. "You got anything in there decent and cold to wet the throat, mister?" She called to Goren.

"If you mean a mind-drink, no. Against Federation policy. However, could I offer you citrus drink instead, very cold?"

"You could. Hell I'm outnumbered anyhow." Jenny marched over the hot sands past Goren to the shade of the craft. Passing Mepat she tossed the rifle to him and winked. "Not loaded. Don't believe in guns."

Mepat caught the barrel and gingerly juggled the hot iron until he held the butt end.

Jenny called back from the shade by the craft's entrance.

"Well? You Martians going to just stand there?"

Goren raised his eyebrows to Mepat. Mepat shrugged, uncocked the double-barrel shotgun; no cartridges were in the breach.

Goren went and stood by Jenny. The shade was relieving.

"Would you be interested in coming aboard? It is far cooler."

"You twisted my arm," she replied, and then added, "You aren't gon'na mug me are you?"

Goren unsure of the meaning of the words had to work out what could have been said. "No," he replied carefully and stepped up aboard.

As Jenny clamored into the tight little craft Goren gestured. "Welcome to *Little Betsie*."

"Thanks, sport." Jenny looked around at the inside with mixed amazement and curiosity.

After a moment, Goren drew Jenny's attention. "Please let me introduce you to Instructor Letone."

A brief hello, then she spoke more. "So this is a real flying saucer, eh?"

Goren smiled. "If you say so."

"I do! And you're Martians?"

"Not strictly speaking, Jenny, but as I said, we have recently been there."

“Oh,” Jenny said, still gawking at the instruments. “You gon’na take me for a spin?”

Goren's mind drew blank on the understanding of what was asked.

Letone stepped forward. “I believe sir, the young lady has requested a demonstration of the crafts capabilities, in flight, sir.”

Jenny's eyes readily agreed.

“First,” Goren said, “a refreshing citrus drink is in order, and I feel dehydrated by my introduction to your desert.”

Jenny agreed. It was hot. Actually, Goren wasn't all that thirsty but rather wanted time to assess the situation. Mepat poured the drink and passed it around.

Jenny hesitated and looked at Goren before a sample sip, then decided that should they have wished to harm her they would have done so before now. She sipped and then gulped the remainder of the container. Mepat refilled.

All thirsts quenched, Goren continued. “Well, that wasn't strictly citrus, but a very similar fruit, from another planet.”

“Delicious, my host! Now what about that ride?” Jenny's manner of speech seemed to become slightly more sophisticated. Some of her Australian parochial dialect had disappeared.

Goren would rather have talked more about his homegrown Jiltanian fruit, but he would play the part of host. Letone enabled a small grin to ride his face.

Goren was about to agree to the request when Illtuck reminded Goren of the *Moonbase* rules on native contact and codes of conduct.

Jenny's accent returned. "Really, Illtuck! You're a real spoil sport, aren't you?"

Illtuck shrugged as though to indicate he was only doing what he had to do.

"Illtuck is also considering you, Jenny," Goren said, "But... rules are there for independents to break. Right everybody?" Only Jenny's eyes agreed. The other three seemed to be on a contrary thought pattern. Still, the decision was Goren's.

"Start your engines!" Goren called to Mepat. Goren received four strange expressions. Apparently none of the others saw the black and white movie on the viewscreens a day ago. Still, Mepat motioned the computer to prepare for flight.

Three minutes later *Little Betsie* was once again headed northeast over the red hot sands of the Gibson Desert.

After watching the screens for some minutes Jenny asked, "Where are you really from?"

"Planet Jilta, from the Hymondy sector," replied Goren, becoming a little exasperated at having to repeat himself.

"I suppose I'm meant to believe we're really off the ground?" Jenny asked with a tinge of sarcasm.

"Of course. Where do you think we are?" asked Goren in reply.

"On the desert floor. These screens of yours don't fool me for a minute. I haven't felt any evidence of leaving the ground."

"You're not meant to. You cannot travel half the Galaxy and expect the sort of technology that would give a craft a bumpy ride!" Goren's patience was drawing short. The viewscreens showed a greener landscape racing beneath them.

"I'll put the craft down; you can step out and inspect for yourself." The scene below was of white sand and surf. "It is safe to exit now, if you wish."

Jenny trotted down to the exit stairs. She peered out at the pounding surf, tentatively stepped down and walked a few meters onto the

bleached sand. A wave thundered up the beach and splashed up her legs. She froze still.

Goren heard a whimpering voice from the bridge over the surf.

“Where... are we?” came her weak call.

“Twenty Ks south of Darwin!” Goren yelled down over the sound of the surf.

Goren watched her on the screens. Her legs buckled, a small moan and she collapsed into a ball on the sand.

Goren cursed himself as he dashed down the stairs onto the beach. He was with her in seconds. Mepat was half a stride behind him.

When Goren arrived Jenny was face down in the sand, gently sobbing. Goren knelt, unsure what to say. He took both her hands. Jenny looked up and Goren brushed some of the sand away from her face.

“That machine,” she said, between sobs, “Isn’t a movie prop?” Her eyes were reaching for some reality to share in Goren's face.

Goren shook his head, slowly.

“Am I having a mental breakdown?”

Jenny's eyes pleaded for a yes.

Again Goren slowly shook his head. “No Jenny. You’re quite sane. We only had citrus to drink, and all of us here are real.”

Jenny moaned and began to sob. She clutched onto Goren's arm and quietly wept. After some seconds she looked up with uncertainty. Goren recognized the fear in her eyes.

Goren did not wish to hurt her. Why had he not listened to Illtuck when he had the chance?

Jenny looked around at the surf, propping herself into a kneeling position. This wasn't the Gibson Desert. Wherever it was, a few minutes ago they were over a thousand kilometers away. Jenny's head was spinning.

Goren said nothing. He was there should she want to speak.

Jenny looked at the pair of them. "You really were on Mars?"

"That is correct, Jenny" said Goren.

Jenny sat back on the sand, staring to the water, into the waves as they thundered down and then up the beach.

Minutes passed and Goren could sense the thoughts racing through Jenny's mind.

"But no one will believe me," she said, shaking her head.

"That isn't my problem," laughed Goren quietly.

“Nor mine!” reflected Jenny, as she slowly joined in the laughter.

Mepat broke into the train of both thoughts. “Sir, Australian military surveillance air craft headed this way.”

Goren looked in the direction where Mepat was indicating. An airborne craft was in the sky, most likely sent out to investigate them. That was the risk in putting down so close to Darwin. Goren wasn’t however, prepared to land elsewhere in case Jenny wouldn’t reboard the craft. From here she could walk to civilization.

“Jenny, are you with us or staying here?” barked Goren, who was already standing up to leave. “It is alright for you to stay. Darwin is twenty Ks up the coast that way.” Goren pointed edging away.

He did not know if the aircraft was armed, nor did he wish to find out.

Jenny looked up the coast, then back to *Little Betsie* and then back along the beach again.

“Jenny!” called Goren. Mepat had already begun his sprint for the Rangercraft. Goren began his run too. The jet craft could be seen to be armed with rockets. It was closing fast. Jenny sat there as though in a dream.

Goren made it to the stair ramp. The ground legs had already been withdrawn and the craft was hovering.

Goren leaped inside and yelled to the bridge. "Right! Go! Go!"

The craft did not move; the stairs did not retract.

"Go!" bellowed Goren as he bounded up the steps to the bridge. That aircraft would be upon them any second now. He made it to the bridge and saw the problem and in three strides was on the lower floor again.

There was Jenny, half up the steps from the beach, but losing her footing.

Goren screamed. "Hands!"

Jenny flung her arms up to the voice. Goren caught them and lifted her through the air as though no gravity. He pulled her to the side away from the door, and held her while the stairs retracted and the Rangercraft fled.

By the time the pair had made their way to the bridge the aircraft was a distant dot in the sky behind them.

The Boguard were impressed.

Jenny looked at the screens. The landscape receded at a speed that hurt her eyes. She

looked to the three of them in bewilderment, and she said: "Wow!...Oh, Wow!"

The others watched as amazement dawned on her.

Jenny shook her head slowly. "Are you here to invade us?"

"No," laughed Goren. "Observation, only observation."

"Why?"

"Your species has been under observation since its beginnings, and your planet has developed differently to others in the Galaxy. We're here to find out why. That is all."

"There is something wrong?" she asked.

"Not wrong, but different, Jenny," Goren answered.

"In what way different...Goren?"

Goren felt good. "Well, how old are you?"

"Twenty-seven."

"I'm more than three hundred years older," Goren said.

"Do you mean that all of you who appear as your age are over three hundred years old?"

"That is correct," answered Goren.

"So you're here to find out why?"

"Correct."

"Genetic interference?" Jenny asked, her Australian accent all but gone again.

Goren thought for a moment. He liked the speed of her computation, and breadth of thinking. "Possibly," he said slowly.

"Hmmm. I see," she said.

Goren's thoughts were ahead of him now. "What were you doing in the desert when we found you Jenny?" he asked tentatively.

"I'm an anthropologist," she answered. "I have been studying old aboriginal camp sites for my doctorate thesis."

Goren couldn't withhold the small chuckle that let go. Jenny did not understand it, but who knew alien humor?

They had arrived back over Lake Disappointment and the Rangercraft was settling down.

Jenny watched the viewscreen as her campsite came into view.

Rather distantly she asked, "Do you guys need a hand?"

Goren recognized the offer of help. He had spent hours studying the Earth broadcasts. The English classes however, never catered for this form of informal speech. Goren looked to the face of Agent Illtuck, which read that you almost

made a fatal mistake once jeopardizing the Rangercraft, its crew and Jenny's sanity. Goren looked to the Boguard. Their eyes were impassive, but Goren felt a sense of agreement emanating from them, or at least he imagined he could feel it.

“We accept your offer, Jenny.”

Jenny beamed.

After a second, an amber light began to flash from the console along with a recurring beep, Goren pressed one of the visios to life.

Navia's face came on screen.

“Navia, good to see you.” Goren was all smiles.

“You too, Goren.”

“What have you learned of this planet since our departure?”

Navia quickly glanced at notes she had on a lower screen. “It seems the planet has been in a state of constant war over the past millennia. There seems no period in the current recorded history when a war somewhere wasn’t active. More recently there have been two global conflicts splitting the planet into alliances, each bent on the destruction of the other.

“The amount of technical knowledge appears to accumulate at a hyperbolic rate doubling every fifteen years.

“Staggering is it not?”

Navia did not wait for a reply. “The planet is still answering to the dictates of two super powers, as they’re called. What is interesting is that this super power status changes from one nation to another over the centuries, but the fundamental two sided conflict between them continues. Only once has a nation recently almost attained planet conquest, or at least to become the major influencing power. What is curious here, is that power, called the British Empire at its height, went to war against a league of enemies, won the war, but lost control of the planet, plunging Earth again into a two sided duel. That nation now has a role as vanquished victor.

“Almost all nations pledge support for one super power or the other. The two powers now are the USA and the USSR. They’re shown on this map. Both of these powers have sufficient weapons to destroy the planet seven times over, and they continue weapons manufacture. The main arsenal is atomics.

"Another anomaly Goren is that during the planet's major wars, when one side was about to make an absolute resounding route of the enemy, they fell prey to the most stupid of tactical blunders. According to what I have gleaned from media transmissions, the status of this planet's military and political alliances should just not be."

"Unless...you mean," Goren said coldly.

"That is correct! Unless!" agreed Navia.

"Economy?"

"Ha. Almost the same. The planet's fortunes are won and lost by individuals in a predictable cyclic manner. As a whole the planet's economy rises and falls every thirty or sixty years without fail. But there seems little attention on this by the natives. The political powers at the time perform to the same tune as their predecessors without thought to the past. It all points to the same thing, but this study is only beginning."

"Anything on religion?" Goren asked.

"Not much. Transmissions are weak in that area. But it appears that religions are dictated by the geography of the area of religious founders, but in all areas religion is relatively strong. In the less technologically advanced

regions, the religions are old but consistent. In fact, these are not unlike some of our older galactic religions. Interestingly, where this is the case the technological advancement is predictable from a galactic viewpoint.

“In the areas of technological advancement a new religion seems to be replacing the earlier religions. This new religion goes by the name of psychology. The meaning comes from an ancient language called Latin, a taught root language of Confederate Galactic. The word *psych* means *soul* or *spirit*, and *ology* comes from *logis*, to study.

“Psychology means to study the spirit. But that is where this new religion becomes interesting. Psychology generally claims that there is no real religion, which in itself isn’t unusual - one religion denying the existence of another. However, this religion claims they’re not a religion, but a science. That also isn’t new; many religions set themselves up as the only center point of scientific truth.

“The religion from which psychology has wrested control is Christianity which I understand was here during your last visit.”

Goren smiled. “Yes, that religion was very strong then.”

Navia's face appeared to look past Goren.
"Goren, is that a native female I see there in the background?"

"Well, err, yes, an anthropologist. I'll explain to you later."

"All right Goren, you and your wayward friends. What is her name?"

"Jenny Wanten!" butted in Jenny as she stood beside Goren.

"And I'm not a native. I'm an Australian."

"Nice to meet you, Jenny," Navia said smiling. "I must go now. Time is out. Be in touch Goren." The screen went blank.

Jenny turned to Goren. "Why did she leave in such a hurry?"

Goren answered. "Navia is aboard our mother craft, the *Pegasus*, which is adjacent to a galactic listening post, called *Moonbase*. Both are on the moon." Goren watched Jenny. She gave no sign that he should stop. "Our signals are not transmitted by broad wave, as yours are here on Earth, but rather by laser pulse. We aim our message at the recipient. It is a very tidy manner of transmission. However, there is still some atmospheric reflection, which can be picked up by the *Moonbase* receivers. The only exception is when we transmit in line with the

axis of *Pegasus* and *Moonbase* and Earth. Our computers tell us when it is time to transmit. We still transmit at other times on matters of non confidentiality to prevent *Moonbase* from becoming suspicious. If necessary we can traverse the globe, in line with the poles, to remain in contact, but that places our craft in jeopardy from Earth surveillance.”

Jenny nodded with a blank stare. She had tuned out.

“So Jenny, our task now is to secure your vehicle, for we’re going east.”

Dusk was beginning to settle over the desert. Illtuck, having completed his contact drove back into the desert. His cover as an outback station manager needed to remain intact. His job otherwise was to monitor media transmissions from the southern hemisphere.

Jenny convinced Goren and the Boguard to spend the night in the outback, and set to task to drum up some outback supper.

ψ

CHAPTER 3

SYDNEY

The sun had finally set and the heat of the day was quickly losing to the night. The Boguard used the Rangercraft to scavenge for firewood a thousand Ks away at the desert's edge.

They returned with a hold full of twisted branches.

The flames licked into the darkening sky with cinders vortexing heavenwards to become stars. Around the campsite was a perimeter of orange luminescence; beyond was the eeriness of the encroaching night. For a few moments the scarlet horizon remained as the only evidence of the sun's ravaging during the day. With stealth the air chilled, warmth still radiating from the cooked earth below.

Goren accepted the friendly warming of the open fire. The night desert cold at his back balanced the heat from the small flames.

The jewels of the *Milky Way* shone brightly against the pitch black between them.

After his meal Goren consented to spending the night outside, under the stars. Jenny lay back and stared up until sleep overtook her. Goren had hoped she would have asked questions about his home or his past, for he wasn't tired. Instead he listened to the sounds of the blackness, of the night desert creatures stalking their prey. He hoped the fire would keep them away. After three hours and several startling false alarms Goren finally fell asleep. The Boguard rotated watch.

Following a restless night Goren awoke with a plate of fried eggs beneath his nose. Though unfamiliar, his senses quickly adjusted to enable him to accept his good fortune.

"Sleep well?" Jenny asked as she cleaned the breakfast utensils by the fire.

"Yes fine," Goren lied, wiping the sleep from his eyes.

He shook the blanket off and started breakfast. "The desert has a lot of noises during the night."

"Yes but you get used to that. It is really quite calming." Jenny looked up from her cleaning. "No people. Only Martians!" she said with a wry smile, looking at the Rangercraft.

The sun wasn't yet up, but the night chill was fading rapidly. Goren looked to the horizon as he dunked his toast into *billy-tea*. The dark was disappearing. The ground was light. He watched for the first of the sun's rays to penetrate the desert. Yes it was beautiful.

It would be difficult to recommend destruction of such a varied water bound planet as this. He shook the possibility from his mind. That was a recommendation to be made only after much further investigation.

Goren helped with cleaning of the campsite, dousing the fire, and securing Jenny's car. The sun was climbing into the sky, attempting to repeat its holocaust of the previous day. Goren could already feel its first bite penetrating deep into his layers of skin. He was eager to get away before the discomfort got worse.

Little Betsie departed the desert and advanced east into the sun at 4,500 Ks. Jenny was amused to watch the sun progress quickly into the sky as the Rangercraft raced over the continent. It was her introduction into a world of the unbelievable. Though the view was through screens, and not with the naked eye, crossing central Australia was still a panoramic experience. From the red desert, which covered

much of the continent, they passed over plains supporting sheep, then cattle and finally they arrived at the Great Dividing Range, which separated the thin east coast of Australia from the remainder of the flat dry continent.

Goren explained his plans to Jenny. They would approach the eastern seaboard city of Sydney. There they would sell Goren's gem studded gold rings. From the news Navia had sent via the open relay, the rings were worth far less on Earth than in the Federation.

Compressed carbonate was used extensively in communications on board Federation military vessels. The quantities used were large, devouring almost all compressed carbonate the Federation miners could sell.

Unlike civilian vessels, Federation military vessels used laser pulse in their communications relays, both within the vessel from post to post, and from vessel to vessel. This kept eavesdropping by outside forces to a minimum. The compressed carbonate was used as the receiving and relay points of communication. Civilian craft used contemporary digital electronics, though computerized, for economic reasons. The stones that Goren had were only valued on Earth about four percent their galactic

value. For compressed carbonates, or diamonds, to be used as jewelry was vulgar. Goren shuddered at the thought.

Still, Goren smiled when displaying his box of trinkets to Jenny and watched her excitement at their sight.

“The wealth generated from these will only be slight,” Goren said. “We will have to work on this to become a larger wealth.” The design of his plan was simple. To find the *why* of this little planet Goren would have to find a *who*. There is never a *why* without a *who*, he explained, and the only way to meet the *who* was to be on equal terms in the mind of the *who*. As the planet was being run on economic lines then the *who* would most likely be a person of wealth, and therefore power.

Goren explained, “In an economic society it is the wealthy that do the controlling. It isn’t the politicians or militarists as Jenny had suggested. The politicians are only used as a machine to implement the control over the populace that the financial controllers require. When the politicians lose control, then a military rule is established to maintain control for the wealth barons.” Goren suspected that somehow

the Malukans were in league with one or more of the wealthy barons on Earth.

“Out there,” Goren explained, “The Galaxy is ruled as republics, with constitutional benign monarchies. There economics is used as an expansionist tool of the Federation lordes.”

Goren thought to himself: Could this be what his lorde was concerned about? On his last visit, Earth was being ruled in a similar fashion to the Federation, even if only in a barbaric state. Was the Federation on the verge of losing its control to the economic barons of the Galaxy, who were obviously gaining strength? Was this the purpose of his mission? Was he here to find the economic barons controlling the Federation? There were so many plausible answers to questions of why he was here. Only intense investigation would reveal the *why* and *who*.

The Rangercraft hovered well outside Sydney Harbour waiting for the sun to leave, providing a cloak of darkness. During the following eight hours, Jenny and her alien friends exchanged home stories.

The next morning, before dawn, *Little Betsie* crept towards the coastline once again. An early morning ferry cruised below, its cabin lights ablaze, soon to rendezvous with the first

city trains. *Little Betsie* drifted over the white wave caps to the shore.

Goren, Mepat and Jenny disembarked underneath the south end of the Sydney Harbour Bridge, leaving Letone with instructions to return in twenty-four hours. It was still dark. Jenny stood at the edge of the lapping waterline, as the dark outline of *Little Betsie* vanished back up into the stars.

The three wandered up the road from the bridge towards the towers of lights of the city that overlooked them. Jenny wondered if she should be scared. She wondered what she could be scared of most; her newfound companions or being found with them by others? It mattered little. She had no fear, only curiosity and amazement.

The streets were narrow and the buildings grew bigger. The commercial center, still dormant, waited for the light of day to inject life into its comatosed concrete and glass structures. Goren stood and admired the buildings. They were not the same scale as the superrise buildings of Jilta, but to have the technology to construct seventy story buildings was well beyond what he could have extrapolated from his previous visit.

For all their technology, the streets were dirty, rubbish strewn from the previous evening's orgy of night living.

Garbage canisters overflowed, with litter traveling in a warm easterly breeze that approached with the dawn. Along with the garbage were occasional bodies, twisted and hunched. Alive, but not alive, thought Goren. Drunks Jenny called them, contemptuously.

As the sky brightened and the hum of the city grew, wheeled vehicles took to their domain in the streets, and people soon crowded the narrow paths beside them.

Jenny explained opening-hours, and though she had never been to Sydney she was able to transpose her knowledge and experience of Perth, on the west coast, to this larger thriving metropolis. Time passed until the shops opened.

They made their way along Pitt Street until Goren stopped outside a small jewelers' store. It was in the heart of the city, ground floor of a forty story office block. Inside the window were stands of pearls, and cases of stones; mainly commercial bulk trade. However, at the rear Goren had spied stones that bore a similar size and quality to his own.

The three entered, a bell rang and a little man looked up at them, Jenny in her outback cloths, and the two males in shocksuits. The shop owner was short, lean and old, with what hair he had slicked over his shining bald scalp.

The man looked beyond his thin-rimmed glasses. "Good morning ma'am, sirs." He had seen all types of strange people enter his shop before. At least these did not have frizzed green hair, with yellow stripes like his crazy nephew.

"What can I do for you?" he asked timidly.

"We would like these valued. Can you do that?" Goren held out a small box of gem studded rings.

The little man looked down and back at the three. "Indeed sir, these are beautiful. For what purpose do you need the valuation?" he enquired meekly.

"It is our intention to use them as collateral, or sale," Goren answered. "I need written valuations."

The little man nodded. "Sir, I can perform the task myself. I'm qualified. How long may I retain the jewels?"

"For as long as we can wait."

"It will take more than an hour, sir. The ring bands are easy once I establish what carat

gold they are. We just weigh it and pay the list price. But each stone needs to be inspected carefully for flaws and quality. They're large."

Goren smiled at the old man. "We can wait."

"Fine, fine then. If I may take the first ring?" The little man did so and shuffled back into the rear of the shop. An elderly woman, who took to dusting the shelves, replaced him.

Soon after an hour the little man returned to the three, holding official looking scrolled documents. Jenny handed the little man a plastic card to pay for his services.

Goren read the valuations, certifying to the value of \$225,865. Goren asked Jenny if this was a lot of money. She replied that it almost was. Goren laughed.

After leaving the shop, the trio strolled to another tower across the street, a bank. They returned with a credit note dated two days hence. The rings with the valuations had been deposited and the note would be honored upon a forty-eight hour credit check on their registered owner, Miss Jenny Wanten, plus a police check on the rings themselves. The credit note was to the value of ten percent of the jeweler's valuation. After forty-eight hours they would be

able to draw additional credit against the jewels to the tune of seventy percent of an independent valuation. Jenny also drew cash against her credit card.

The next stop was to eat. After explaining to Goren and Mepat that she really wasn't intending to eat a horse, and that horse wasn't on the menu, they sat down to lunch. Goren wondered if he could ever be hungry enough to eat a horse. He hoped not.

Again Jenny's plastic card paid; soon they were in the upper levels of *The Figent Hotel*.

The suite was large with three bedrooms. The balcony overlooked the harbor, and from the back bedroom they could see all the way to the horizon. The rooms were tastefully decorated in pale pastel greens, creams and greys.

Jenny retired for a few hours sleep. Mepat claimed the television to further his research. Goren now finding all his communication to the Boguard partially or wholly ignored, made his way back to the hotel lobby in search of newspapers.

Jenny roused from a sleep to enter their lounge room to find the pair sitting there. Yes they were still here, hardly the sort of alien encounter of a any kind she might have

imagined. She laughed at the entertainment guide Goren was studying.

“Do you wish to see that movie, called *Alien II*?” she asked. The advertisement showed two star troopers being eaten by reptilian aliens.

“Hardly,” said Goren, only partly amused. “What do you Earth people think we are? Lizard people hatched from eggs?”

“Of course not, Goren. We eat those,” she taunted.

She couldn't see Mepat behind the back of the lounge chair, but she heard him let out a slight chuckle.

“If we, as a planet, are of the opinion that intelligent life forms are visually distorted and grotesque, and we're under interference as you put it, where do you think those ideas of reptilian aliens come from? Fifty years ago the media represented aliens in human form. They were the Buck Rogers days. Opinions have changed. Why?” Jenny looked earnest.

Goren looked up. Her help was turning out to be valuable. Goren smiled and nodded.

“You're correct Jenny. The idea has to come from somewhere, and someone, so why not out there?”

Jenny walked over to behind the Boguard and put her arms around him. Mepat startled, half jumping out of the chair.

"A size 105 I would say Mepat. Good to see that you're awake," she jested.

"What are you doing?" cried Mepat.

"Just checking your chest size," she laughed. "Don't worry. I'm not going to eat you. We draw the line at horses. Aliens are never served in an establishment such as this, so you can sleep well," she chided.

Jenny turned to Goren. "It is time for both of you to be dressed as I would expect of two men such as yourselves.

"Before we came up here I made arrangements with the hotel management to have a tailor fit you out with proper attire. He will be here in ten minutes, so be ready."

Goren and Mepat stared at each other. What was a tailor they wondered?

After Goren's encounter with the tailor, he was unsure if he would ever be able to trust a male of the Earth species ever again. However, he had endured and survived the attack for Jenny's sake. They all joked about the episode over dinner at the hotel restaurant.

The next day began with Mepat making his rendezvous with *Little Betsie*. He returned to find the television gone.

Concealing his real disappointment on missing the *Early Morning Breakfast Hour with Sandy Herring*, Mepat went back to his room.

Jenny had breakfast served in the suite. The radio announced: "Today is a day of total fire ban," and the temperature would reach thirty-nine degrees Celsius. Goren grimaced at the thought.

The morning was spent in boutiques and men's haberdashery stores, a ride on the *Manly Ferry*, a visit to the *Taronga Park Zoo*, and an afternoon at *Luna Park*. Goren found the last place had nothing to do with the Earth's moon, but rather, it was a series of fun rides designed to trap the unwary fun seeker into a state of fear. Goren felt he had died many deaths.

Ω

The evening was more civilized with a light summer's supper at a cafe at the *Opera House*, overlooking the Sydney Harbour sunset. The sky was turning a brilliant orange as the solar fireball sank below the horizon of the bridge,

harbor and buildings. Dozens of multicolored sails darted across the waters. A breeze was gently cooling as it drifted in from the harbor. This was a fitting end to a wonderful day.

As Goren went through the day's events in his mind, he watched the traffic heading north over the Sydney Harbour Bridge slow to a crawl, as parents went home to their partners and families. Hydrofoils, ferries, trains, all manner of transport bustled with life. It was a city full of motion, with a zest for living. Could it be his responsibility alone to determine whether or not these people lived to see another year of their lives?

Ω

By mid morning of the next day the bank had given the all clear on the rings. A credit of slightly over one hundred and eighty thousand dollars was now in Jenny's account.

Goren had the phone book open. "AAAA *Brokers, Our Health is Your Wealth*. Do they sound reputable enough Jenny?" Goren called.

"Dreadful!" Jenny cried back from the balcony. "With a name like that they're bound to fleece you."

Whatever fleecing was, Goren hoped it did not involve a tailor. He made the call.

Jenny came in. "Why are you investing so rapidly? Surely it is better to wait and find out what the economy is doing?"

Goren placed a handful of newspapers in front of her, as she sat at the table opposite. "It isn't premature at all Jenny." He continued soberly. "As you know, Navia said the economy is either on an upward or downward swing. I gather from the economic broadcasts that the planet has been, or is, in a low.

"All the writings I have read agree on this point. However, in the papers in front of you there is great disagreement on the future. There are six articles predicting disaster, while three point to a rising economy. Even within the same paper the experts disagree. So from that I can happily deduce, half the experts are wrong, while the other half just don't know."

Jenny nodded. She had often wondered the same.

"Now," Goren continued, "The economy is either going up or down, not both up and down at the same time. All we have to do is work out which direction.



Jenny Wanten

“That I have already worked out. Yesterday wasn’t lost on me. This city is vibrant. It is moving, bustling, which indicates growth. For this city, the time period of now, say into the

future of a few days to a week at least, the economy is going up.”

Jenny was impressed and nodded agreement. “You mean all you have to do to predict the economy is look, outside?”

Goren sat back into the chair and stretched his arms. His pupil was doing fine. “Perhaps not just a glance, and maybe what I see is only the immediate state of the economy, but in essence yes.

“So what next then, sport?” she asked.

“This afternoon we have an appointment with Mister Albert Alfix of AAAA Brokers.”

“So how do you intend to invest?”

“As short term as possible. With possible intervention from out there, it isn’t safe to leave funds invested for too long.”

Ω

Albert Alfix was a senior partner in AAAA Brokers. Goren looked out from the seventy-seventh floor over the harbor and suburbs below. They were in the Alura Trade Center building, in the city center.

Goren could see sixty Ks up and down the coast, and thirty Ks inland over the suburbs. Outside was another scorching day.

It was a hot and sticky 38 degrees and his new clothes seemed to adhere to him. Small flies came by the dozens to soak in the moisture around his perspiring face. It was so hot that Jenny's new shoes sank into the soft bitumen paving, and holding bare metal burned the skin.

Inside the office tower was delightfully chilled. The background hum of the air-conditioning gave pleasure as Goren looked over the shimmering landscape below.

Goren's attention was brought back to the group around the table. "Mister Torren, how much did you intend to invest?" asked Alfix.

"A hundred and seventy thousand," Goren said rather aloofly. Goren could see from the expression on the broker's face that this wasn't considered a large sum.

"And how did you intend to invest it?"

"I don't know. What would give me the fastest return?"

"Stocks would give the fastest return, but they're risky and prone to failure to the uninitiated."

"That is fine. Now with the stocks I purchase, can I borrow against them?"

Alfix smiled. He had a punter, and a green one, at that. "AAAA Finance can look after your needs, I'm certain."

"Good. I want a list of your thirty most potentially underrated stocks," Goren said.

Alfix left the room and returned half a minute later. He began to read the names of the stocks to Goren.

Goren found selection easy. When Alfix gazed to the floor Goren would agree to the stock. When Alfix's eyes settled onto Goren's the stocks were those Alfix was trying to unload.

Alfix was impressed by Goren's selection.

AAAA Finance was able to loan Goren ninety percent on what he purchased. With the borrowed money Goren bought more shares and borrowed against them, and bought and borrowed and bought and borrowed until there was no further credit. The proviso to the deal was that the stocks would be held for no more than one week, and the interest rate charged was half a percent per day.

Goren walked out with control of over a million dollars worth of stock.

After the third day Goren returned. The stocks he had controlled had risen a few percent across the boards. After interest he had made slightly more than two hundred thousand dollars. He complained to Alfix at the slow nature of making money.

Alfix was indignant about his client's complaint. "If it is higher rewards you're after, may I recommend the futures market. It is volatile at the moment and not a game for the weak hearted. If that isn't enough then there is the Futures Second Exchange, for those with cast iron constitutions." Alfix sat there looking smug.

Goren laughed. "Alfix, it is only money. The risks aren't relevant."

"I warn you Mister Torren, that exchange doesn't deal in legitimate stocks. It deals in the future price of second-rate stocks. It is the future prices you're trading, not the stock itself. The futures exchange has always been subject to external influence and manipulation. This second exchange is no better than betting on horses."

"This sounds just the remedy for poverty Mr. Alfix. Let's select some stock."

Alfix grumbled, shaking his head and left to get a new list.

It took fifteen minutes.

The companies whose stock Goren had chosen were bidding in a government tender for an early warning radar system. Recently, however, a new government had been elected on the promise to disband the system as an expensive folly. The stocks of the companies had crashed.

Goren was delighted with his good fortune. The stocks he had selected were trading at three, four and six cents each. Alfix was certain that there would be no shortage of sellers. However due to the sheer quantity of stock required Alfix doubted that there would be enough stock to fill the order. Both agreed that purchases in parent and allied companies would be an adequate compromise.

Goren hurried back to the hotel. With only having to provide ten percent for the purchase price of futures stocks, he was in control of almost four million dollars of stocks.

Goren was in a hurry. After dark he was to rendezvous with Letone, who would swap places with Navia down from the *Pegasus*.

ψ

CHAPTER 4

MAKING MONEY

Mepat escorted Navia to their new top floor hotel suite. She was impressed after the austere accommodation on the moon. The suite was decorated with antique paintings, huge leather chairs, and carpet thick enough to lie in.

Goren explained his ideas of how to be a financial success.

“You’re crazy Goren, without doubt. Will it work?” she asked.

“Of course,” he laughed

That night after supper *Little Betsie* was seen buzzing the central business districts of Melbourne and Sydney, with full lights glaring. Citizens watched from below in awe as the Rangercraft looped to loop, through their city skies, circles buildings and ran the length of the Sydney Harbour Bridge.

Photographs in morning papers showed *Little Betsie* at her best. Descriptions of her unbelievable acrobatics were accompanied by

angry editorials demanding the government prevent such lunacy from occurring again.

Goren's shares began an instant rise at opening time of the Sydney Stock Exchange. By lunchtime the shares were four times their original value.

The group met in their hotel suite for lunch. Navia had attended the previous night's escapades and was bubbling with the story of events as they unfolded. Jenny was all ears. She had been out all morning while the others slept.

"Jenny you should have seen us. Motorists were shaking their fists as we flew the length of the bridge. Jet fighters scrambled as we buzzed the air force base. And the best was the Rialto building in Melbourne. We hovered up and down it for twenty minutes before anyone took action. They called out the fire brigade to meet us with ladders!"

All were laughing at the events of the night.

So the next night, they did *Canberra*, the Australian capital. The new Parliament House had finished construction only months before. There it lay, inside a low pyramid of earth, with a large exposed polished pyramidal frame overhead. The building was in a street layout of

a pyramid, and that set within another pyramidal street design, all pointing to the eye of providence, with the Parliament House in the center. It certainly was Mars-worship gone extreme, thought Goren.

Above Parliament House, above its glass pyramid that sat over the entry, above the metal pyramid frame, was a tall metal flagpole. Above that was *Little Betsie*. Then above the Rangercraft was an Australian air force jet, circling overhead.

"It isn't one of ours!' Claims Air Force," said Goren as he read the next morning's paper.

Navia said trying to look stern, "It was slightly delinquent Goren."

"Let us talk about that after we collect our winnings," Goren said.

Ω

They had accrued over twelve million dollars. Goren never saw Alfix again. Alfix wasn't disturbed. He had followed Goren with a small investment of his own in the same stocks. Alfix had made half a million the last two nights. This was only the start he assured Goren. It was madness to withdraw from these shares

now. They were only just starting to climb. Yes, they would triple again over the next week without fail. These shares were like gold, but more secure Alfix assured him. Goren thanked him very much but sold the shares and had the check made out into Jenny's account.

There were avid buyers for the shares as the new Government had to honor the previous Government's pledge to build the radar system.

Over the next two weeks Goren invested heavily with a different broker into the futures market again. This time it was the first board and oil was his target.

For night after night he buzzed the Persian Gulf oil fields.

It was the tenth night of their escapades. Navia was with him again. She looked at Goren and Letone. "Which Sheiks are you going to harass tonight?"

Goren shrugged. "We had better try the Saudis again.

"Two nights ago we buzzed four Iranian oil fields. All that happened was that the workers fell to their knees before us. We received only one hostile reaction and that was when a worker was outraged, and referred to us as American pigs. Now I have found out since that a pig is a

fat mammal to be eaten. I hope that he did not mean he would eat us." Goren looked to Navia for an explanation.

"Well, if they eat horses, I imagine that there could be primitives here that would eat us, given the chance." Both Goren and Navia were playing to relieve the tension.

That night six Saudi jet fighters intercepted them as they buzzed their first oilfield. It was only after the first volley of rockets from the ground and the approaching aircraft did the occupants of *Little Betsie* realize that there were no workmen in sight. The trap had been set and Goren and his crew had been sprung.

The little Rangercraft twisted and turned as Arab rockets closed in on them from different directions. *Little Betsie* escaped and Goren vowed he wouldn't return.

The final result was that the price of oil did move up, be it only seventeen percent, and possibly not solely his doing.

But Goren's total worth now had extended to twenty-one million dollars.

During the next two days Goren had Navia and Jenny spend time at the city library researching the planet's finances. Goren knew he had to get into the bigger markets, but

where? The central stock exchanges outside of Australia were Tokyo, London and New York.

Tonight was their last night in Australia. Already, Goren's wealth had somehow gotten mentioned in the press. He was being hailed as a new guru on the Sydney share scene. Goren had to leave.

Navia explained that New York always appeared to be a large finance center of the planet. Any big market fluctuations seemed to originate from this city. Navia likened New York as an epicenter of an earthquake, with its shock waves generating ripples, or tidal waves ravaging the planet. Here Goren was certain that he would find his *who* of Earth.

Mepat had been sent to buy clothes for being in New York. He returned to the hotel with four identical suitcases. Each contained a camera, overcoat, sunglasses, gloves, hat and scarves; all four sets were identical.

Goren and the two girls looked at the contents. Navia wasn't terribly impressed, but Jenny was delighted. "Just like Al Capone, tourist style, eh Mepat?"

Mepat smiled and nodded. "Do you approve?" he asked softly.

“Yes,” Jenny replied. “We will be the savviest cats in town!”

Goren laughed. It was such a strange version of their own language. Still, it seemed good, thought Goren.

“Mepat,” Goren asked, “What is in the other two boxes?”

The Boguard hesitated. “Impulse buying, sir. I couldn’t help myself. It was there and I couldn’t help but ask how much. I cannot remember what happened until walking out with these boxes under my arm.”

“Are we permitted to see their contents?” Goren asked with a look of concern.

The Boguard almost blushed as he opened the largest box. It was a television.

Jenny laughed aloud while the others contained their humor. “This television won’t work in America. It works on a different receiver system.” Upon seeing the disappointment, Jenny put her hand on Mepat’s arm. “When we arrive in New York I’ll shop with you, my friend, until we find a television of excellent quality. Why, I have heard it is possible to receive over twenty stations there!”

Mepat's eyes lit up and he smiled. "The other box, sir, is for the ladies." Mepat began to open the smaller box.

He pulled out matching necklaces. They were large with many stones. "The diamonds are for Anthropologist Navia, as they will reflect the light from her golden hair. The emeralds are for Anthropologist Jenny, as they match her green eyes."

Goren smiled as the Boguard nodded. Goren was pleased. Both women were beautiful. Goren saw the lights shine in Jenny's eyes as she looked at the Boguard.

He suggested all to get some sleep.

ψ



SAMPLE

GLOSSARY, DEFINITIONS, HISTORICAL NOTES AND BACKGROUND DATA

Editorial note: When the term *Terrestrial* appears beside a word or term, or historical note, this indicates it is a terrestrial word from Sequetus 3 – Earth – and the definition is a terrestrial definition, or historical note. It isn't a fictional term or definition.

BACK MATTER CONTENTS

1. [Glossary](#)
2. [Working Notes](#)
3. [Credits](#)
4. [Illustrations](#)

SAMPLE GLOSSARY

Abydos Temple: (*Terrestrial*) 1. Egypt circa 3500 BC. Abydos is the site of the most famous of Egypt's artifacts, the burial site of Seti I who ruled Egypt from 1313 to 1292 BC, and son of Ramses I



2. Glyphs. There appears to be a helicopter, and a toy plane to its right. 3. The temple became the chief temple for worship of Osiris and Horus - who went up into the heavens to do battle in winged discs with Seti. The bottom photo is inside the temple.

Academia: 1. A college of high learning, tertiary education, offering doctorates. 2. (Plural – academias) The institutions of the highest places of learning in the Federation. *Source, Jiltanian* after the gardener *Academos* who used to tend the gods in making their gardens a paradise.

Acron Field: This is one of several kinds of fields that hold free-air inside military craft. The Acron Field is generated around a ship and prevents the free-air from leaving; while permitting large solid objects to enter and leave the ship. This effect is achieved by a magnetic force that is held as a ridge at the perimeter. The magnetic force is strongest nearest the center of the source of the field. Through unifying fields gravitational, electrical and so on, the magnetic fields can be made denser out from specified epicenters. They then prevent free-air molecules passing; while at the same time allow more solid masses and objects to pass. Named after its inventor, *Luis Acron* of Tilk.

Adams, Lieutenant: United States Air Force - NASA astronaut turned Interceptor crew. Survived the *Battle of Sequetus 3*. *Born in Ohio, went to Caltech.*

Aeroitek Corporation International: ACI – The corporation on Earth used by Goren Torren to legitimize his operation being there.

Afterburners: When dumping fuel out through the exhaust system, and igniting it within the system, the continual explosion of such *afterburning* adds speed to the craft.

Agent: 1. Two levels below independent. Starting at the top is: Independent, Junior Independent, *Agent*, *Agent Junior Grade*. 2. Malukan *agents* are on Sequetus 3. They report to *Moonbase* and through the manipulations of world leaders are able to control the destiny of a planet. 3. Agent and Agent Junior Grade are often referred to by the same title – Agent.

Agnest, M.M.: (*Terrestrial*), Soviet, had theories that visitors had been on Earth for some time represented in biblical stories.

Alaca Hoyuk: (*Terrestrial*) Ancient city in what is now central Turkey, was where Hattusa of the Hittite Empire was situated. This site is where the earliest copper tools alongside stone tools were found.

Alfrash: The planet that was first colonized by the Pleiadians. It has 1.04 Standard Gravity, was lush with forests, had deserts, ice poles, temperate and tropical rain forests. A super solar flare, itself a series of 12 flares, took out the colony over a sixty-year period. There were suspicious circumstances to think that the flare(s) may not have been completely natural. Over ninety percent died during those sixty years. The planet was abandoned, and at vast effort, it was engineered to remove all evidence of previous occupation.

Algon Sea: The nearest sea to Jilta PPC, measuring 765 Ks across at the widest point.

SAMPLE CREDITS (BIBLIOGRAPHY):

Below are some sites that may help those curious on the background data of the *New-Earth Series*. These sites and many others shed more color on the tapestry of history upon which this series is written. The following sites were also selected because they include the photos that I used as source materials in the Glossary and this also needs to be acknowledged.

Abydos Temple:



Key words: Abydos temple, glyph, plane, Egypt, UFO, helicopter

Site: <http://www.ufocom.eu>

Notes: Bilingual site. The fascination with Egypt and some connection from outside of earth is more evident when one looks at this temple. Here appears the outline of a helicopter as well as a small-stylized picture of a jet fighter.



Key words: abydos, interior, Egypt, temple

Site: <http://www.all-about-egypt.com>

Notes: Abydos temple is cut into rock. This site is about Egypt and a travel guide. This is just about Egypt, its history, its kings and people.

Bermuda Triangle:



Key words: Bermuda, triangle

Site: <http://www.bermuda-triangle.org>

Notes: Perhaps one of the most professional sites of its kind. It is very detailed. It is the detail that gives one the correct proportions to this phenomenon of the Bermuda Triangle. This is perhaps the premier site for the Bermuda Triangle phenomenon.

Catal Huyuk:



Key words: Catal, Huyuk, early, civilization, mystery

Site: <http://www.ancientmysteries.eu>

Notes: Bilingual site but does have translations. The site itself is very interesting and has its niche in this phenomena. But as it is written originally in a foreign language, you will need some patience. Your time spent is worthwhile.

Condon Report:



Key words: Condon, report, UFO

Site: <http://www.alienwar.com>

Notes: A professional site. The creators are passionate about what they're writing. The site hasn't just the Condon Report, but also alien abductions or various, and horrific kinds. You can get lost in this site with the data. The author of the site has his own story to tell and goes over much of it. His experience is subjective and worth the time to go through the site. This site is put together with a passion not seen in other sites. Read the author's subjective experience and you decide.

Cydonia:



Key words: Cydonia, Mars

Site: <http://www.enterprisemission.com>

Notes: The above site has good data, and the wiki link below has specific information on where this face is found on Mars, its coordinates etc. One will also find there the pyramid, fort and other named anomalies adjacent to the face.

Dinosaur tracks:



Key words: dinosaurs, man, together, footprints, Texas

Site: <http://www.ascensionearth2012.org>

Notes: This is a professional site and certainly shows that this is a real phenomenon. They have even taken a slab of the clay of where the dinosaur footprint overlays the human print and examined the pressure cross-section of the cut, revealing scientifically that this is a true event. Of course this isn't the only evidence of man-created phenomena found on Earth on millions of years old strata of mud.

ψ



We hope you enjoyed reading this sample of the Sequetus Series. We hope it has you interested enough to continue with the full purchase back at the site where you downloaded this sample from.

ψ