

BEWARE !! DO NOT READ THIS STORY IF YOU VALUE YOUR SANITY.
IT IS WRITTEN BY A SCHIZOPHRENIC.
THE CIA TRIED HARD TO BAN IT. CAN YOU TELL THE DIFFERENCE
BETWEEN PARANOIA AND PSYCHOSIS?



mad or bad part 1 by J.Arthur

Mad or bad part 1

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Chapter 1 - Death afterlife

There is a place that exists reserved for the most evil of all humans. This place is where the soul is kept enslaved, where the conscious memories of earthly mortality remain indestructible for ever. It is a place that ensures the souls of the evil occupants will survive for infinity. Science and mathematics as we know it are too simple to describe the dimension of this place. The fourth dimension is generally accepted as that of time, a simplistic approach, which implies one direction. The relentless passage of time moving forward, which is why we all age. Quantum physics is awash with theories of dimensions up to ten or eleven. These spatial theories will never be proved, as living people will only ever know and experience the basic four dimensions. Up, down, forward, backward and time moving forward. Scientists revered throughout the scientific establishment, merely use the fifth dimension, their own imagination. However, this all changes when we die and the physical restriction of our bodies are lifted. Quantifying is no longer relevant, from the basic numbering system to date and time. Scientists and scholars would obviously have to use quantities to explain the afterlife, in order to teach others. This figure using movement of the soul in all four spatial directions and time also in four directions, plus the ability to communicate within this framework would equate to sixty four dimensions. No higher mathematics needed, no calculus, simply four times four times four.

* * *

Legend has it that in 1892 during a sea journey, a 23 year old Norwegian naval officer fell into the freezing waters of the Baltic Sea. His body was found many hours later, obviously frozen to death. This body was placed in the hot boiler room and after twenty minutes, he came back to life. Cryogenically preserved his body suffered no long term effects. However, his brain had suffered psychological effects; he could only utter a few words. In a whispered voice he

would repeat over and over, "I have shared and travelled amongst the 64 angels." That was all, no attempt at explanation and no interest in his surroundings. Medical doctors declared him brain damaged and he spent the remaining years of his life in an institution, in those days these places were referred to as lunatic asylums, the infamous bedlam.

* * *

In the place for the evil, at first the body still exists, only to act as a container for the soul and to restrict the dimensions to that experienced on earth. The body has no central nervous system and therefore feels no physical pain. The body is shackled by the hands and feet to the floor. The shackles are made of a substance not found on earth. So hard they are impossible to break, the only purpose they serve is to inflict restraint. They also limit movement to a minimum and punish by degradation. The unclothed body is forced into a doubled over position. Permanently stooped forward, spine bent and with the head almost touching the ground. Living humans would liken this place to Hell within Hell, a dungeon where only the worst offenders end up and they would be correct in their assumption. The list of inmates is long and varied. They were all mortals once on earth and committed such atrocities that forgiveness was not an option. None of them showed remorse for their actions, until now and all of them had murdered. Their murders were not just limited to other humans, but in some cases to other life forms on earth, such as animal and even plant life. In this state of suspended animation, no food or water, hygiene shelter or warmth is required; after all they are already dead. Only the mind suffers as they watch their body decay, a punishment far worse than any physical pain.

Only the human animal has the devious imagination to inflict atrocities for the sake of power and money. They had let their victims die without any dignity and with no conscience. Now the souls of those victims visit their assailants regularly. They on the

other hand are living in a heavenly paradise amongst the animals, plants and all that is beautiful in nature.

The evil cry out for pity and clemency, but no-one can hear their pitiful outbursts, as their tongues have been removed. Mute the way their victims once where. They have no eyes and do not see, existing in darkness. Each time the victim's soul visits their executioner, they become stronger and rise further in status, until one day they are healed. Then by a spiritual power misunderstood on earth, the soul is released, like a butterfly emerging from a cocoon. They float within a gossamer of cool white light and return to earth, to become babies. Children to parents with the attributes humans hold to be fair and true. However, once released back to earth there is no guarantee that these kind attributes will remain into adulthood. All babies are innocent, external influences change and mould them into good or bad. Some may even go on to commit deeds of unimaginable horror and end up in the eternal hell described. If so they will never be allowed to return to paradise.

Then there comes a time when the evil soul's victims have all become butterflies and floated away. Once this happens the shackled body completely decays and disintegrates, leaving the soul, still conscious. This soul is then locked into an immense searing cauldron of heat for infinity. They are the wretched ones entering the final stage of hell, where only one dimension exists, that of now. Even as you read this the list grows longer, there is no outside intervention. The only certainty in life is death and only when you die will you get your true recognition. Some people claim that hell is on earth and life is a test, an examination. If you pass your exam you will return to earth. Though there is no guarantee that you will pass it on the next visit. And so the perpetual cycle of life and death continues uninterrupted, the ever increasing population sucking the planet dry, from the oceans and seas to the land and the air. One day something has to

give, is this really civilisation. Are we any more civilised than our neighbours, just because we have more wealth, power or intelligence. You can not take your material wealth with you. It remains, to fuel the fires that threaten to consume our planet. The time has come, the world as we know it is about to face its fate and its ultimate challenge.

Chapter 2 - Human Time Bomb

Since the human race has inhabited this planet we have seen the rise and fall of many civilisations. The population has now exceeded 7 billion and it is an accepted fact that we are now taking more from this planet than it is able to regenerate. In simple terms life for the human species is no longer infinite; resources for existence as we know it are unsustainable. In addition to this, since the existence of the human race the world has been at war with each other. Historians will struggle to name periods when somewhere in the world, there have been no conflicts of human against human. Apocalyptic scenarios are abundant, from meteor strikes, earthquakes, tsunamis, greenhouse gases, acid rain and nuclear warfare. The day will come when life on the surface of the planet will cease to exist. What then will become of the wilderness left behind after a global catastrophe Devoid of all life as we know it, the land would be barren and empty. The two scenarios are either an act of nature or an act of humankind. What if the so called acts of nature are in fact a direct result of us, the human inhabitants? We regard this planet as ours, our own to do as we please with. I have a shocking reality for you every human is contributing to the end of our very existence. Left to nature, the animals, the plants and the smallest of micro organisms, planet earth will not die. We even find it essential to kill bacteria, the beginnings of life. We are so unlike the natural world, what is our purpose. When the last human DNA is eradicated from this planet, life will still exist. In the most extreme of environments, from the deepest oceans, to the coldest regions of Antarctica, life thrives having adapted to conditions impossible for us to live in, without life support systems. We have no right to enter these areas, as our bodies are not adapted for environments of extreme cold or heat and where the level of oxygen is too low. That includes outer space. Even flying is not our environment and the pollution from air travel is a major contributor to the destruction of the planet. How ignorant we are to think that if all

humans were to be eradicated, the world would cease to exist. The life forms in the extremist environments will survive, simply because they remain in the environment they have been adapted for. Even though the most basic instinct of the human race is survival, this is soon forgotten in the name of war and technological advancements, which are exhausting the world's mineral resources. Older people will tell us that we are only on this planet for a short time, 'just passing through'. The realisation that we are only visiting comes too late. It is incredulous how much damage one person can exact on earth, this wonderful creation, in such a short lifetime.

Chapter 3 - Bigger than 9/11

5000 Bayway Drive, Harris County, Texas is a very unique address. It is the location of the Exxon Mobil Baytown Refinery and covers 2400 acres of industrial land. It is the largest refinery in the USA and measures 2.5 miles at its widest point. This grotesque ugly sprawl is a testament to the growing thirst for America's petrochemical industry. There is no better example of the huge gap between industrial pollutants and the clean fresh air of the wilderness. At night, the site is visible for many miles, with its tall thin stacks emitting a bright orange flame, blowing in the direction of the wind. Like the Menorah, an eternal flame in Jerusalem, these monolithic torches seemingly burn forever, but in reality are periodically turned off during maintenance. They are used to safely eradicate flammable gasses that are given off during the manufacturing process. All types of products are refined here from the oil arriving daily by sea in giant tankers mainly from the Arabian Peninsula. The crude oil soon becomes diesel, petrol, methanol, ethanol, paraffin, wax, spirits, and many other by-products. Almost every single one of these petrochemicals is classed as a marine pollutant and is toxic to all life forms.

More than 4000 people are employed here to keep it running, 24 hours a day, 365 days a year. One of these employees is Corey Bradford. Outwardly, Corey appears to his working colleagues as a red blooded, God fearing American. In reality he has a dark side, a self destructive side. His idol is the Unabomber, Theodore John 'Ted' Kaczynski. This was the man who embarked on a mail bombing campaign that spanned 20 years. Finally Ted was arrested on April 3rd 1996, but only after a tip off from his family. They recognised the handwritten message the FBI had received and made public, in an effort to catch the perpetrator. Ted was a highly intelligent man. Accepted to Harvard University at the tender age of 16 and then obtaining a Phd in mathematics. He went on to become an assistant professor at the

University of California, Berkeley. After that his circumstances changed for the worse. He became a recluse, unkempt, living alone and ultimately killing three people using letter bombs during his campaign of violence. Was this a waste of gifted intellect, which could have been used for the good of humankind? Or was it a message, from a power so strong that even the high IQ of Ted Kaczynski was no match to resist its control.

Corey knew every detail about the life of Ted Kaczynski, but kept this to himself. He longed for the same recognition, however misguided. What Corey lacked in the intellect of Ted, he made up for with imagination. Working in the tank truck service department, as a qualified diesel mechanic, gave him the idea. With access to these petrol tankers, which when fully laden would hold up to 9000 US gallons of fuel. Corey knew he could one day become a household name, just like Ted. He also believed the FBI would never catch him. No, he was too clever for them. They would only discover his identity posthumously, from a letter attached to his will and filed with a local lawyer. Any person with a background in psychiatry would record that Corey suffered from *grandiose delusions*.

Corey wanted to be original, he discarded the use of mail or pipe bombs and after years of deliberation the device he chose was a simple one. A limpet mine, first used during the Second World War to sink ships, it incorporated a magnet which divers would use to clamp the device to the metal hull of a ship, below the water line. Undetected, it would be detonated using a timing device and blow a hole in the hull wide enough to sink, or at least badly damage the ship. It was named after the shellfish, which sticks itself firmly to metal or rock. The limpet uses its tough outer shell as a barrier, to protect its soft underbelly from predators. Divers will agree that in order to remove the limpet requires great force. Corey got the idea of the limpet mine from an article about the sinking of Greenpeace's ship 'the Rainbow Warrior' by French secret agents in Auckland

Harbour, New Zealand. No one was ever convicted for that act of 'legal' terrorism.

Corey's device was quite different in design and application, to the original Limpet mine, even though the principal was the same. He would clamp the small metal enclosure to the inside of the tanker, during a routine service. After the tanks were thoroughly washed out, he would have to inspect the inside for any signs of corrosion. This would be a visual inspection using a bright LED torchlight. It was at this point that he had the perfect opportunity to insert the bomb. He would place it behind a metal stabiliser, which compartmentalises the tanks. The role of the stabiliser is to stop the full weight of the liquid contents from slopping around inside, which would make the tanker unstable and difficult for the driver to control. Mounted behind this metal protrusion, it would be hidden from view from other service engineers. He would then replace the service inspection cover and bolt it back in place. The truck would then leave the inspection bay and another one would take its place, ready for the next device to be implanted.

Corey chose a steel enclosure for the shell and a Neodymium (NdFeB) permanent disc magnet as the clamp. This magnet measuring only 15mm in diameter and 5mm thick has the holding strength of 4.5Kg. More than enough to ensure the device would not detach itself, even under the most extreme conditions. Inside he mounted a car compression spring from an overhead cam engine, with a trigger device. Once triggered this would rupture the outer shell and allow the fuel inside. He had already rejected the idea of using potassium based fertiliser or plastic explosive materials, because of the risk of arousing suspicion, when sourcing these chemicals. Also, he wanted the device to be as small as possible. So he filled the inside of the shell with mineral oil and 1gram of Caesium. This chemical element belongs to the alkali metals and has a melting point of only 28°C (82°F), a hot summers day. When it comes into contact with water it becomes very unstable, burns white hot and emits hydrogen gas. This

resulting highly volatile reaction is far more intense than burning magnesium and therefore requires a smaller quantity. Corey tested 0.5 grams, a tiny amount, by dropping it into a bowl of petrol, from a distance using a long extension pole. The result was catastrophic, his small converted wooden shed/workshop exploded into flames and burnt to the ground within minutes. The fuse was a problem and would prove to be the most challenging. He wanted all the devices to explode simultaneously. Then he changed his mind. For maximum effect and confusion it would be more exciting to explode one every five or ten minutes. He visualised the breaking news on television, as panic swept across America. During his childhood, Corey became obsessed with fire; his early years were unhappy ones. His absent Father would beat him and his Mother treated him like an unwanted burden. He sought attention and soon learnt that heroism was the most respected of human traits. At the age of 11 years he would light fires, which became progressively bold and reckless. Typically he would light fires in industrial waste bins located at the back of businesses and then run inside to alert the occupants. "Quick, there's a fire at the back, I was just walking past and noticed it." Or he would set fire to disused buildings and phone the fire department himself. This would always result in the gratitude and acceptance that Corey so longed for.

Until one day the fire rapidly spread out of control. He did not notice the LPG gas canisters and as always waited for the fire brigade to arrive, though by then he had retreated to a distance, so as not to be recognised. The resulting explosion caused extensive damage to a sweet factory and serious injury to one of the fire fighters. The veteran fireman suffered injuries so severe that it took six months of surgery and rehabilitation to save the man's life. The local paper milked this story and a criminal investigation for arson was launched. Corey was never implicated as the police went after an old business associate, who had left the company on bad terms, being owed a

substantial amount of money. The paper clipping Corey cut out of the newspaper paid tribute to the fireman as 'a hero of impeccable character, whose grieving wife and children appeal to the arsonist to come forward, hand himself into the police and repent his sins'. The journalist added the following poem at the end of the article:-

*The longer on this earth we live
And weigh the various qualities of men
The more we feel the high, stern-faced beauty
Of plain devotedness to duty*

Incidentally, the fire fighter of impeccable character, used to drink excessively on payday, stumble home to his devoted wife and beat her for the slightest reason. He obviously regarded domestic violence as an unavoidable part of his career. The trauma his children had to endure, just another continuation of the thin line between good and bad. The result of watching their Mother crying and pleading, not to be beaten, resulting in latent psychology problems that only resurfaced in later life. Corey did not know this secret and the effect of the newspaper reports was enough for him to stop the period of adolescent pyromania, he had unconsciously embarked upon.

There is something, we mortals have no control over, the relentless march of time. Corey got older, left school and finished his college degree, becoming a middle class American, and a normal person, with abnormal ideologies.

Corey was highly competent in mechanics but not electronics. Finally after much deliberation and internet searching he found the result he had been searching for, the first dissolvable polystyrene fuse. He rejected the original idea of the mechanical compression spring trigger and designed the simplest, smallest device. In his own personal view it was a stroke of genius. Half of the shell would contain the mineral oil and caesium, the other half a piece of polystyrene and a tiny hole. The hole would allow the petrol to seep inside, slowly

dissolving the polystyrene, until it reached the oil. The oil would leak out and eventually the petrol would come into contact with the caesium and bang. He had invented a 9000 gallon fire bomb. Very simple and highly effective, but the hardest part would be to obtain the caesium in large quantities. You could buy it on the internet in small quantities, but only for valid reasons, such as for scientific research or demonstrations at educational establishments and it would leave a trace back to Corey. The answer lay within the confines of the refinery itself.

The Baytown industrial complex also houses many laboratories, for all types of process analysis. One of these labs is used to produce caesium formate. This is used as a drilling fluid for petroleum exploration and is entirely safe to use. However, to produce the fluid the caesium in its purer form must be used. Over the 16 years Corey had worked at the refinery he had befriended the staff at this lab. They were used to him dropping by for a chat and lately he always carried a small urine specimen bottle, filled with mineral oil in his pocket. The mineral oil was used to shield the Caesium from the air, heat and liquids. On rare occasions he could steal a small amount of caesium from the stores. This was very dangerous, as not only could he get caught, but he could also cause a chemical fire. Then after the 9/11 attacks in New York, security was tightened up and things got stricter. The caesium was locked away and an accurate inventory held. Corey had enough to make three bombs. It was not enough, he wanted to make hundreds. He tried other alkali metals like potassium and sodium, which were easier to obtain. However, the results were unreliable and he needed much larger quantities. The idea was put on hold, he was in no hurry. The next four years passed without any further advances. Middle class America was safe for now.

Chapter 4 - Goodbye cruel world

Corey lived on a small holding 15 miles outside of Baytown, Harris County Texas and commuted in an old Chevy pick up truck. Secluded and well hidden from view behind giant Bald Cypress trees almost 100 feet tall. A loner, nobody could see what went on down there. Even the occasional small crack of an explosion went un-noticed or ignored. In Texas nearly everyone owned a firearm and practiced shooting on their land. On the night of the 4th February 2006 Corey went to bed early. Tomorrow was a Sunday and he was working the weekend shift. That night he had a dream. He was stuck in thick black mud and could hardly move. Someone was chasing him but Corey could only move in slow motion. The man caught up with him and spoke in a voice that boomed at him from all directions. "You must complete your mission, your time will come." The alarm clock woke him up. He shuffled out of bed and began his morning work routine. While cleaning his teeth, the image of the man in the dream flashed in his subconscious, then in the mirror. He knew this person; yes it was Tim, Timothy McVeigh. The local paper had called him the 'Wacko from Waco'. Although, in reality Tim was not inside when the CIA stormed Waco, he was outside amongst the reporters and thrill seekers.

That day at work an explosion ripped through the ethyl alcohol processing plant. Corey ran outside, toward the fire assembly point. Everywhere thick black smoke swirled around like eddies and currents in a fast flowing river. It reduced visibility to almost zero. He walked swiftly, arms in front of him to detect any obstructions he couldn't see. As he passed the drilling lab, he noticed the building had been badly damaged. The side panels were blown out and drums lay strewn around. He recognised one of the drums. It was caesium. Without hesitation Corey picked up a discarded trolley, lifted the drum and wheeled it back to his workshop, which by now was devoid of people. He laid down the 45 gallon drum, beside his locker. Placed his toolbox on top of it, making sure the

labelling was obscured. He ran back outside, dumped the trolley and joined the growing group of workers at the assembly point. Corey was excited and there was a lot of shouting. He now had enough material for thousands of bombs, although he would not refer to them as such. The name he later chose was the invictus device, which is Latin for unconquered.

Timothy McVeigh, the Oklahoma bomber had killed 168 people, including innocent children in a day nursery, on April 19, 1995, by detonating a truck bomb outside the CIA headquarters. Afterwards, he said the deaths were collateral damage, a term often used by the US military when they kill innocent civilians, in the line of fire and then apologise afterwards. Tim had chosen the poem Invictus as his last statement, before he was executed. It was written by the English poet, William Ernest Henley, towards the end of the 1800's.

*Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the Pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul.*

*In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced nor cried aloud.
Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody, but unbowed.*

*Beyond this place of wrath and tears
Looms but the Horror of the shade,
And yet the menace of the years
Finds, and shall find, me unafraid.*

*It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishments the scroll.
I am the master of my fate,
I am the captain of my soul.*

After the area was made safe and the personnel were allowed to return to their

normal duties, Corey had to hide the drum. This he achieved by painting it in the colours of the Houston Texas American football team. His cover story was that the empty drum had saved his life during the explosion. It protected him from the blast, he told everyone and the drum was now a memento and a shrine. Corey adopted the same method to get the magnets through security. The magnets he purchased over the internet in one order, 1000 in total. His cover story in case the authorities questioned him was in place. He made drawings of a school project, using iron filings and the magnet, along with a plan to sell the boxed set to schools as a science project. He pinned a Houston Texas badge onto his overalls and every day walked through security with a disc magnet clamped to the back of it. All of the security staff being avid fans and most of them attended Houston Texas home games. Some of them even gave him the thumbs up when their team had won on the weekend.

The metal boxes he chose were stock items, used on the tankers as a protective cover and junction box for the electrical wiring. These boxes are manufactured for use in hazardous environments and as such were completely sealed. The polystyrene was even easier to obtain. Styrofoam drinking cups were used at the water coolers and discarded into a container beside the water dispenser. Corey kept built up a collection in his locker.

He continued to experiment and soon realised the timing was unpredictable. It relied on the filling operation. The polystyrene would start to dissolve when the tanker was filled with petroleum for the first time. Corey wanted to place approximately a thousand devices. This would take him a year, working on three tankers a day. He needed a device that would open the hole when required. This he would have to achieve up to a year after the first device was installed. He knew he could assemble the device in the welding bay or spray booth. For safety reasons both of these areas would be closed while in use. A perfect way to ensure he was not detected or suspicions aroused.

Eventually Corey managed to make contact with an electronics company in China. They specialise in countdown timers. He gave them his specifications and they came back with a quotation. The device gave an adjustable 365 day countdown timer, miniature in size. Running on a small watch battery, it would close a normally open contact once the countdown had been reached. The accuracy was exceptional. Corey would need to place an order for the minimum quantity of 3000 items. He would connect the switch to a miniature solenoid valve. The shaft of this valve would trigger a shaft which would push the plug out of the tiny hole in the metal box. Petrol would then leak inside and start the dissolving process. Corey was not pleased, his device was now more complicated and he had to smuggle the extra components into the plant. Could there be a better alternative. This idea would also expose him to the risk of detection, from customs. He also began to become more and more paranoid. Thinking he was under surveillance, Corey had his phone disconnected and threw his mobile into a lake. All electronic data and communications were disposed of. He camouflaged the top of his workshop, which was now a caravan. He encased his television in tin foil, convinced that the CIA or FBI had devices that enabled them to tune into a TV turning it into a bugging device. Only one detail was holding back the plan. How could he delay the opening of the hole in the Invictus device?

Ironically, Corey Bradford shares the same name as the former American football wide receiver that played for Houston Texas from 2002-2005. These were the same years that Corey had put his 'master plan', on hold. Corey the football player moved to the Detroit Lions in 2006. Corey the motor mechanic saw this as a sign. It must be a subliminal message in the form of an instruction. Detroit, the home of the US motor industry, this was too much of a coincidence. The year was now 2009. The US had many more enemies around the world, because of the wars in Iraq, Afghanistan and Pakistan. Security at the plant had become

even stricter and there were random searches even at the Tank Truck Service and Maintenance Department. However, they would always make a comment about the brightly coloured drum, how good it looked and because of this they never chose to examine it more closely. Corey was becoming impatient, he would not risk using any other parts that could be traced to him, or detected. All the components were on site, but the device would only take about half an hour to react then explode.

Except for the metal box, all traces of the bomb would be incinerated. The box would be identified as part of the trucks standard components, thus he assumed it would not arouse suspicion. He was certain that forensics would draw a blank. He decided to try one out, after all BP had a poor safety record and road tank trucks did explode on rare occasions. Other explosions have occurred ever since petroleum refining has been introduced. These explosions always resulted in an enquiry, the resultant enquiry nearly always being summed up as 'an unavoidable accident, the outcome of which has resulted in more stringent safety procedures'. The truth, known to a select few, is that very few of these are 'accidents', but actually sabotage. To avoid widespread public panic, these cover-ups are of course in the interest of public safety.

The next day Corey assembled the first live Invictus device. He attached a magnet to the metal box, which he had already drilled a 3mm hole in the side of. Taking the specimen bottle, already filled with the caesium and mineral oil and the Styrofoam cups, he entered the spray booth. Once inside he flicked a switch which turned on a red flashing beacon outside the booth. A sign was mounted under the beacon and read

! SPRAY PAINTING IN PROGRESS, DO NOT ENTER !

After locking the door he cut off the bottom of the cups to form three discs. These discs were then inserted inside the metal box to cover the tiny hole and stuck in place with

masking tape. Then he carefully filled the rest of the box with the mineral oil to the top and tiny piece of caesium, so there would be no trapped air inside. This mixture pressed against the Styrofoam disc and helped to seal off the hole. The lid was then placed on top of the box and screwed securely into place. He then gave the box a coat of silver paint. This would help to seal it completely and also camouflage the device inside the tanker. In addition to this it would plug the hole and slow down the time of detonation. The process took twenty minutes, he then slipped the device into his overall pocket, flipped off the warning beacon, unlocked the door and walked to the inspection bay. Corey had already serviced the mammoth petrol tanker in the service bay. The bottom inspection hatch had been removed. There was enough room for his upper body to squeeze through. He placed the device out of sight behind a metal protrusion, it clamped onto the metal hull first time solidly, with more force than Corey expected. Once in place it was impossible to remove without a crowbar or similar device. There was no going back; he was now committed, the one man campaign had begun. The inspection hatch was bolted back into place with a new seal. This would only be opened by mechanics in the same department as Corey after six months of service. (It used to be three months at one time, but everyone was looking for ways to increase profit, by cutting expenses). On most occasions the mechanic would even just tick it off the worksheet without actually checking. They knew that only the older tank trucks were at risk of corrosion. Corey continued with his daily duties as always and waited. He watched as the duty driver drove away, unaware of the deadly cargo within. He also knew that it was a certainty that the court of Texas would give him the death penalty if he was caught.

*I am the master of my fate:
I am the captain of my soul.*

That night at home Corey had a flashback, it was the duty driver and he sensed a familiarity about the man. From where though.

He went to bed, fell asleep and at three in the morning awoke with a start. The man, the duty driver had attended the same school as Corey. It was Aubrey, he couldn't remember his surname. Aubrey had stuck up for him when he was being bullied. Corey could not get back to sleep and he lay awake, what had he done. It suddenly occurred to him that the invictus device did not discriminate. He could kill the only person who ever stood by him and protected him. He got up switched on the light and looked at the writing on the mirror, written in black ink, by his hand.

The only CERTAINTY in life is DEATH.

That morning Corey started up the Chevy for the last time and he drove the same route to work. Parked his pick up, walked through security and made his way to the workshop. He was very early and no one else was at work yet in his department. He removed the items from the top of the drum and unclipped the lid. Crystallisation of the caesium on the edges had started to cause small sparks under friction. This was caused because of the drum being years old by then and the metal becoming unstable. Corey walked over to the water cooler, picked up the plastic container, walked back to the drum and poured in the entire contents. It took a short while for the water to reach the caesium and being lighter than oil accumulated at the top of the drum, with the caesium. Suddenly the reaction started and such was the quantity of caesium, the alkaline metal turned the drum into a cauldron of searing white heat, the oil and water boiled and erupted into a blinding fire ball. The metal drum began to melt, spilling the contents, Corey was effectively vapourised and the entire department caught fire as burning pieces of chemical shattered and bounced around like pool balls. The fire took eight hours to extinguish, dry chemical extinguishing foams were the only effective deterrent, but due to the intensity, the fire services decided to only contain the fire and not risk any lives.

In order to avoid adverse publicity, the company issued a statement:

'We regret to announce the death of one of our most outstanding employees, Corey Bradford. He lost his life this morning as a result of a freak accident. New safety measures have been introduced and I can assure the public that the risk has been eliminated. Mr Bradford's next of kin has been informed and this will not be allowed to happen again. To his family and friends we would like to offer our deepest condolences'.

* * *

The FBI received an official report, terrorism was ruled out and the refinery brought back to full production. Explosions were common enough and an accepted part of life at the refinery, the significance was always played down. Corey was blamed for starting the fire while welding beside a used oil drum. He had not followed correct safety procedures and as a result his family was not entitled to any compensation. The oil dollars continued to flow in.

Chapter 5 - The coming

The waiting room was empty, apart from the lady receptionist. A lone figure entered through the front door, from the pavement outside. As the figure entered a chill wind blew in and the receptionist shivered. She was later to comment to a confidant of hers that, it seemed as though a rush of invisible energy accompanied the visitor. It engulfed the room; dead decaying leaves blew across the floor'. The dog eared magazines on the coffee table, that no one ever read, flipped open.

The man walked across the room to the reception desk. He read her name embossed in gold on the name tag pinned to her crisp, clean regulation white uniform. Diana was always immaculate, clinical and the creases ironed like a knife edge. First impressions are lasting impressions and Diana came across as a perfectionist, essential when working for Dr Henry Thoroughgood, Consultant Psychiatrist. The stranger could not have come across any differently to Diana, dark and foreboding to say the least.

"May I be of assistance Sir?" Diana asked. The man remained silent, the dark hood hiding any hint of facial expression.

"Would you be kind enough to close the door?" She continued slightly annoyed but still professional enough not to show her impatience.

"It is." He replied. The stranger gave a slight nod towards the door, obviously a man of few words and actions.

Diana was taken by surprise, she was certain he had not closed the door behind him, but it was now. Another shiver ran down the back of her neck. She quickly spoke, so the man would not notice.

"Anyway, how may I be of assistance?" She asked.

"I have an appointment with the Doctor at four fifty five."

"I think you must be mistaken Mr?" He made no attempt to answer. "The Doctor always leaves at five o'clock sharp. All his appointments finish at four thirty." Diana was back in control.

"Look in the book". The man pointed at the brown leather bound 'page a day' diary.

Diana looked down at the book, on her desk opened at today's date. She froze, unable to think or speak for what seemed like an eternity. There in the book next to 4:55 was written, in her handwriting, the name Mr Blackwater. Seconds passed by like minutes, her mind muddled. A sudden calming fog swept over her. She recovered, pushed the intercom button and spoke.

"Doctor, there is a Mr Blackwater, here at reception to see you. He has an appointment for four fifty five".

"Let him in". Doctor Thoroughgood replied. Diana was shocked at the lack of hesitation. She made a mental note to look up memory loss in the medical books around the office.

The man did not wait for an invitation from Diana, he walked straight to the oak panelled door, twisted the knob and entered without knocking. As the door closed Diana stared at the brass nameplate, Dr H. Thoroughgood Phd. The same one she polished every morning. It was now discoloured and no longer gleamed from the light reflecting off the whitewashed walls. Again she felt cold, even more intense this time and thought 'I must be coming down with a cold or something'. The noise of the intercom crackling into life brought her out of this moment of surrealism. The Doctor spoke rapidly.

"Diana you may go home now. I will see you tomorrow morning".

"Yes Doctor". She replied and without any hesitation quickly collected her handbag, put on her overcoat and hurriedly left. There were too many strange goings on and she was

glad to leave, exiting through the same door this stranger had entered only a short while ago. The door handle was ice cold and she expected to be met by a typical cold and overcast English late autumn day. However, it was just the opposite, the sun shone brightly and the weather comfortably warm. She stepped down onto the pavement of Harley Street London, the elite address for anyone in the medical profession. Diana loved this area, the streets always so clean, but today a terrible feeling of underlying gloom embraced her whole being and consciousness. It felt as though a Boa constrictor was slowly wrapping itself around her body and squeezing all of the life out of her. Diana had become the prey.

* * *

At 7:10 that same evening Mr Blackwater entered the lobby of one of many of the small hotels located near the Edgware Road in London. The reception desk was unattended, Luke Blackwater was pleased. He hurried through the narrow corridor, with the inadequate lighting and the cheap carpet. The smell of cleaning chemicals unsuccessfully masking the dampness of the building, Luke was reminded that this was an old area of London. At Room 5 on the ground floor he swiped the keycard and entered. If the front desk had been staffed the bundle of files under his arm would not have gone unnoticed. He was of course aware of the CCTV cameras in operation at the hotel. However, anyone reviewing the tapes would see only a blur, more like a black smudge. Inexplicably, no images of Luke Blackwater would ever be captured.

Once inside his room, he wasted no time and set the files down on the small desk in the corner then switched on the table lamp. The low energy lamp flickered into life and emitted just enough light for Luke to study the paperwork in front of him. The next process took less than an hour and when he was finished there were two piles. The one on the left had three of the files and the one on the right the remainder of the files. He

ignored the pile on the right and turned his full attention back to the pile on the left. Taking out a pen from the desk draw, Luke wrote down the name address and telephone numbers of each Dr Thoroughgood's patients from the files. They had all been treated by the Doctor over many years for severe mental illnesses. All of them had been prescribed very strong anti-psychotics and suffered relapses with hallucinations, either auditory or visual.

* * *

Diana arrived for work the next morning at 7:55; she had never been late in the last ten years. After inputting the four digit security code she entered the offices of Dr Henry's practice and began the daily morning routine. She managed the entire place and as usual the Dr was in early, inside the only office with the door closed, no doubt dictating letters and reports for Diana to type on her workstation. Mornings were not the best time of her day and she busied herself with the menial tasks, vacuuming the carpet. Tidying the waiting area, dusting polishing, rearranging the magazines neatly on the coffee table, the same magazines that superstitiously announced the arrival of Mr Blackwater the day before. Next she filled the percolator with fresh ground coffee, just as the doctor liked it, checked the emails and started looking forward to the weekend. Two hours passed and Diana began to fidget, something was wrong. She glanced at the doctors consulting room door, all was silent, and there had been no noise that morning. The intercom did not crackle into life and the doctor always made the first move. He could be very grouchy and Diana had learnt not to intrude. His hat and coat were on the rack. The phone rang, an outside line, it came as a welcomed break in the silent monotony. It was Mrs Li, Diana knew her history, bipolar disorder. The woman was very agitated and distressed, she insisted on speaking to the Doctor. Diana, always polite, courteous and professional felt a genuine empathy to the patients. Although Diana had limited formal qualifications in psychiatric nursing, she

recognised that Mrs Li needed help, she was suffering a manic episode. This was something the Doctor would interrupt his morning workload for. Diana pressed the intercom button. There was no reply, so she tried again and then a third time. Mrs Li began shouting loud enough for Diana to hear her even with the telephone cradle on the desk top. Thinking that the intercom must be faulty, Diana walked to the Oak panelled door and knocked softly. Again she received no reply and knocked louder, on the third attempt, there being no reply the devoted receptionist became very concerned and entered the office. It was dark inside, the light switched off, this was odd.

"Doctor Henry," she called out twice before her eyes adjusted to the darkness, she felt for the light switch, pressed it and immediately illuminated the room. At first she could not comprehend the scene before her, first a look of utter shock then she screamed.

* * *

Room number 5 at the Hotel Essex was now empty, Luke Blackwater had left without checking out. The only evidence of his having occupied the room, was the files which he had shoved into the waste paper basket. The contents too large for the small bin, squeezed the plastic liner to bursting point, like a volcano about to erupt. The pretty young Ukranian student entered and went about her job of cleaning the room. She disliked the menial task, but it paid for her education. Her ambitions were high and she realised that a good standard of the English language was paramount if she wanted to aspire. It was hard for her to understand and reading English was even harder, for every rule there were so many exceptions. There were still twelve more rooms for her to clean before 10:00 am, so she dumped the files in the paper recycling bag, destined for the giant shredder operated by the local council contractors, they were never to be read again.

* * *

The response time to Diana's emergency 999 call was under three minutes. Everything for her happened in slow motion, it was as though she was witnessing something surreal. The paramedics rapid response unit arrived first, they declared Dr Henry Thoroughgood dead at the scene and had almost completed their paperwork as the ambulance arrived to remove the corpse. However, they would not touch the body until the fire services turned up. Within fifteen minutes the Metropolitan police also arrived, which meant by this time there were about ten people in the consulting rooms. Diana was now seated and being attended to by the paramedics for shock. They decided to transport her to the nearest hospital accident and emergency and refused to let the police interview her, until her condition had stabilised. Detective Inspector Hughes walked into the doctor's office. Although he had forty years service with the force, fifteen of those with New Scotland Yard, this was a first for detective Hughes. He had been called in because of the unusual circumstances pertaining to this case. He read the paramedics report - extensive, severe burns to over 95% of the body, only the doctor's feet, still inside his brown leather shoes remained intact. The senior fire officer reported that the fire damaged was confined to the body only. None of the surrounding flammable solids showed any signs of combustion, this included furniture, carpeting, curtains and even the paperwork on the desk. A forensic team had arrived and began taking samples for further analysis. Unofficially, the consensus amongst the fire services was that the cause of death was spontaneous combustion. This phenomenon being so rare that there are very few documented cases, but this could be the only explanation as the use of an accelerant would have caused the fire to spread rapidly throughout the entire room. The intensity of the fire had reduced the body to ash.

* * *

Three weeks later detective Hughes received the autopsy report; there were no signs of trauma, arson or foul play of any kind. The

cause of death was given as misadventure and the case closed. The only witness, Diana remained in deep shock and became catatonic; she was admitted to a psychiatric ward for observation, the police had not heard the last of the unusual case of the dead doctor.

Chapter 6 - The chosen

Outpatient # 420721, Trevor Campbell awoke from his drug induced slumber. Light barely made it through the filthy curtains and windows, the same ones which he never opened. He got up slowly and sat on the side of the bed until the fog in his head cleared. The same morning routine Trevor had followed ever since he could remember began with the plastic prescription pill bottle and a hand rolled cigarette.

Chlorpromazine belongs to the group of drugs called anti-psychotic medication and the oldest. Trevor hated the side effects of this very powerful chemical, it made him constantly drowsy, confused and sometimes he would dribble uncontrollable. In fact he had been taking it for so long he could no longer distinguish between symptoms and side effects. There are other alternatives, with fewer side effects but they are more expensive and Trevor being on social benefits did not qualify. He swallowed the tablets and took a long drag on the cigarette, placed it back in the ashtray amongst the mess of discarded butts and dropped tobacco. He hated life, himself, the NHS and above all his parents. They were to blame for his condition, he knew this beyond doubt, a psychologist had told him. Trevor had first entered the psychiatric system at the tender age of fourteen, he was now forty. He had no job, no family support, no friends and worst of all, in his opinion, he had no partner. Over the years there had been numerous suicide attempts and suicide notes, along with admissions to hospital. He once remarked, "I am such a loser, I can't even take my own life." He did however own a Bible and a crucifix, sometimes God would speak to him personally and he always obeyed Gods commands.

The council flat was unkempt, the disarray a reflection of his life, traumatic, disorganised and unproductive. He rarely ventured outside, Agoraphobia the professionals had written in his notes. At least the medication kept the voices away, if

he refused his medication, a relapse would mean admittance to the mental health assessment ward. What a life, two options to choose from, both miserable. His only hope was 'the program', the one the new doctor in Harley Street had chosen for him. Suddenly there was a knock at the front door; the bell had stopped working over four years ago. He had never reported it to the council building maintenance department, which would result in a visit from a handyman, he didn't like visits.

The knock startled him, which was not unusual; anything out of the ordinary caused him anxiety. Trevor had no phone, payment arrears and county court judgements meant it was impossible for him to get credit. Another knock at the door, he ignored it, being in no mood for human interaction. The knocking became more insistent and louder, he could ignore it no longer. Trevor reached the door, opening up he hesitated while his eyes adjusted to the light from the dark interior of the flat. It was Dr Thoroughgood, alone; Trevor was both surprised and curious. The Doc never arrived unannounced and alone, without a care co-ordinator, due to Trevor's unpredictable character, which sometimes resulting in violent outbursts. The Doctor had been working on a research project and sometimes gave Trevor depot injections, these were intra-muscular, designed to be slow acting and last many weeks. The anxiety returned which caused his palms to sweat and his heart to race. The Doc had previously explained to Trevor that he was about to make a landmark breakthrough in Psychiatry, it was a dream and an obsession. Not only would it earn the Doctor an honorary doctorate, but it would completely cure Trevor and greatly improve his quality of life.

"Good morning Trevor, may I come in?"

"Sure Doctor." He replied and walked back into the small lounge. "Cup of tea, I was just putting the kettle on?"

"No thank you." The Doctor always refused his offer of tea and the smell in the flat

nauseated him. "I want you to sit down." Trevor obeyed.

"I have something for you." He held up a small package. Trevor's eyes became transfixed; the object seemed to glow through the suede bag in which it was contained. He wanted to reach out and hold it, to feel its magic.

"From now on Trevor you will no longer need your medication. Bring your pills to me and I will take them away, you will no longer need to take any medication and when I leave open the bag". With that Trevor hurriedly scooped up the pill bottles, and handed them over, just in case the Doctor changed his mind. Then with no further words being spoken the Doctor left, the visit had taken just a few minutes.

Trevor looked at the bag on the coffee table and smiled for the first time in many years, he knew his life was about to change. For better or for worse, personally he did not even care.

Outpatient # 420786, Thomas Brown AKA Tiny Tom, a huge African over 6 feet tall, had converted to Islam many years ago, his chosen name Mohammed Abdullah. It gave him purpose in life, a light at the end of a long dark tunnel and when he was well, Mo, as he preferred to be called, would pray five times a day. When he was unwell, in relapse, the depression would take over and he would remain in bed, neglected his personal hygiene and shut out the world, becoming Tiny Tom again. The contrast between the two characters could not have been greater, as a Muslim he would wash before praying, entering the mosque or touching the Koran, cleanliness being an essential part of the way of life. Neglected by his carers, the community mental health team, CMHT, care in the community amounted to the rare occasional visit. Big, black and Muslim, unofficially he was regarded as a 'no hoper'. They were frightened of Mr Brown, even though the man

was a gentle giant; it was easier for them to ignore him. This they easily achieved, after all he was delusional and the fabricated reports in his file stated that on occasions, Mr Brown would answer the door and then become threatening and abusive, which left them no alternative but to leave. They felt unsafe and handing him their card, they would advise him that if he needed any help he should contact them on any of the telephone numbers, or leave a message. The truth was that the carers would not even go to Mohammed's flat; instead they would sit in the local coffee shop, drinking latte while discussing football, soaps or general office gossip, just to kill time. The only quality attention he received was after being selected for 'the program' under the supervision of Doctor Thoroughgood.

Today Mo received a visit from the Doctor, who entered the studio flat in Tower Hamlets; the small living space seemed to make the patient seem even bigger. The air smelt fresh, the curtains and windows were open and a welcome environment to the one the Doctor had just visited at the flat in neighbouring Hackney.

The conversation went almost exactly as it had earlier with Trevor. Again the Doctor took away all the medication, this time Olanzapine, an anti-psychotic, Amytryptaline, an anti-depressant and Temazepam, an anti-anxiety drug. Enough to sedate a thoroughbred horse, this cocktail had been prescribed to Mo for years and was a reflection of the fear that the medical staff had for this man. The Doctor placed the suede bag on the table and left without looking back or saying goodbye, as though he was in a trance. He had one final visit that day, all had gone according to plan so far and soon it would also be his last day alive. He thought about the three files, each file contained the sad storey of three people, all victims of the sick part of their society. People went about their daily lives and activities. Everyone so tied up in their own selfishness, ignoring the basic rules, showing no empathy for their fellow

humans. These simple rules that have been written to protect our civilisation.

Trevor had grown up with an alcoholic mother; he never knew his biological father and his uncle sexually abused him and threatened to kill him if he ever told anyone. Thomas, trying to rebuild his life as Mohammed had lost both of his beloved parents when he was nine. There had been an arson attack on their home, unfortunately the authorities blamed Thomas and he was sectioned under the mental health act. Spending the next eleven years in a secure unit, he was released into the community, but his prospect of becoming a positive contribution to society had been destroyed. Both men had grown up in squalor, living below the poverty line, residents of inner city housing estates and with no wealth or possessions.

* * *

File number three, out patient # 420639 had an entirely different social upbringing. Cynthia Rosenberg lived in Golders Green, the daughter of a wealthy Jewish businessman. He was orthodox but she was not, although she did pray when things got particularly bad. Her friends nicknamed her Amy Winehouse after the singer, who tragically died at 27, a sad loss of outstanding talent.

Every Saturday her father would walk to the synagogue, no matter what the weather. Cynthia had self harmed so many times that her arms and legs were covered in cuts, some healed and some fresh. She was embarrassed by this and always wore long sleeved tops to hide the lattice of scars. Most of the nurses thought she was an attention seeker, but a psychologist once explained that she cut herself to bleed as an outlet, as though cleansing herself of the horrors within her mind. When under the influence of her prescription Amisulpride and Diazepam, the scars reminded her of the complex and colourful diagram of the London Underground.

Her mother was ashamed of her and acted as though she did not exist, even discussing

Cynthia with friends in front of her as though she was invisible or mute. Today both her parents were out of the house, the door bell rang and Doctor Thoroughgood delivered the last of his packages.

Chapter 7 - The meeting

All three participants in 'the program', Trevor Campbell, Thomas Brown and Cynthia Rosenberg sat quietly in the old disused warehouse in Docklands London. They made no eye contact, had taken no medication for three days and each had a small suede package in their pocket. The four chairs were arranged in a circle, North, South, East and West. Mo faced East towards Mecca out of respect for his religion.

Only one chair was unoccupied and no one spoke to the others, the silence was so complete it seemed to create a noise of its own. The chosen had a mission, a task to fulfil and each ones minds worked relentlessly. Images flashed behind closed eyelids, war, famine, drought, greed, the history of humankind, over and over. Each generation taking over from the last and making the same mistakes, never seeming to learn from others mistakes. An unseen force began to reach out and started to encompass the three, joining the unlikely trio. The circle incomplete for now all the while the empty chair stood waiting for the final link.

"Welcome". The three did not open their eyes or look up to realise the meeting was now complete.

"I have given a message to all of you. You have your instructions and it is time for Civilisation to meet its greatest challenge, a sacrifice of the materialism that is threatening to destroy this planet. We must return to nature for the answer to life, the changeover will begin today. You have been chosen because you have suffered, this corrupt society regards you as abnormal, yet you only hurt yourselves and not others. Under the unjust label of mental illness, you have been carrying the burden of the sins of others who have no conscience; your pain has helped you seek enlightenment. The planet is under siege; it has been hijacked and held to ransom by your fellow beings. We have watched and waited, giving more than enough chances for the prejudice, hatred, greed, persecution,

revenge and violence to end, but it only gets worse. Your race can speak many languages, have many different features and believe in different ideals within different societies, but you are all the same. If any of you cut yourselves you bleed, red blood, if your heart stops pumping you all die. Above and beyond all you are all mortals, no one of you will live forever, so why do you insist on pointing out each others differences? Now is the time for a new world order, one without boundaries and disputes over land. It is time for intervention before you destroy each other. The countdown has begun, forty days from now the world will be a different place."

The man, they all knew as the Doctor stood up and left the room, the meeting was now over. All three of them had developed a sixth and seventh sense because of the trauma of their psychosis; this meant that in addition to sight sound touch taste and smell, they could communicate with each other using their minds and project their thoughts.

Trevor or 'Trev' to his schoolmates, was the first to move, he put his hand inside his pocket and then removed the suede bag. He untied the leather lace and placed the object on the floor in the centre of the circle. The object looked like a beautiful piece of jewellery, with colours of all the precious metals, it shone and sparkled emitting a green tinted aura. Mo was next and he also removed the piece from its bag then placed it beside the first. It fitted like a piece of a 3D jigsaw puzzle and the aura changed colour, more like purple this time. Amy was the last to place her piece and it completed the puzzle, the shape was now a perfectly conical and its aura changed once again to orange. The top part consisted of quartz crystal with a diamond of such purity there were no imperfections. The middle looked like a spiral of entwined platinum and silver, while the base consisted of the purest rings of alternating copper and gold. Underneath the cone a hollow contained a piece of Achondrite. This magical component is a very rare material found only in meteorites from

outside our atmosphere, to be more specific they originate from the Moon or Mars and have fallen to earth over millenium. Apart, each piece looked unique, but once they were conjoined the resulting object became the most beautiful ever produced and no marks could be seen to indicate the joins. If one was to gather the best team of master jewellers from every country on earth, they would never be able to manufacture such a magnificent creation such as this one. Only the three would be able to see the aura, a result of their seventh sense and the orange light rose up engulfing the three in a warm encompassing grasp. After sometime the light shrunk back into the conical object which made the room once again became dark and damp. The potential power that this object held now lay dormant and ready for use, to do good in the right hands or bad in the wrong hands. Each of the pieces had now become latent, synchronised and without any physical intervention it separated into three smaller cones. Then without speaking the three picked up their respective piece, placed it inside the suede bag and tied it up. They stood up and left separately, each in a different direction and all of them with a different mission. The meeting had officially come to an end.

* * *

Leroy Thomas had been driving the London bus routes for the last forty years. He had arrived in England by boat at Tilbury docks so long ago, filled with pride and a passion for the values that England supposedly stood for. This soon evaporated as he was subjected to the post war seventies England of open racial discrimination. In Jamaica he was a young qualified engineer, but this meant nothing in the UK and all of his job applications were turned down. One potential employee even told him that 'we will not have a black man working amongst the elite of British engineering. During the industrial revolution there weren't any of your kind.' Some would argue nowadays that the invention of the internal combustion engine and the associated thirst for oil required as fuel

have contributed to the destruction of the planet.

His only option was to become a bus driver and there was no chance of reaching the level of supervisor. During his time as a driver he had seen the worst of London society; he had been spat at, robbed at knife point, physically and verbally abused. The perpetrators were from all backgrounds, including his beloved homeland. Every evening his wife hung his immaculately pressed uniform on the back of the chair. They had both held onto their pride and above all their respect for others.

This morning he was smiling even more than usual as he clothed himself, ready for the day shift, today would be his last day, his final journey for London Transport. It was his retirement day; he would park up the bus, clock out and take his wife back to Jamaica. The sun and the rum were waiting for him; however, during his years Leroy had not seen it all.

* * *

Doctor Henry Thoroughgood walked purposefully to the edge of the pavement and waited for the opportune moment. Without emotion, looking directly ahead of him he stepped out into the road, directly in to the path of the bus Leroy was driving. The double decker hit the Doctor at 30 miles per hour, his body was thrown forwards and his head flipped back, cracking the windscreen as well as the skull. Leroy slammed down on the brake instinctively, with the force people only find in extremely stressful situations. Henry's body disappeared from view, under the chassis and was dragged along the road for at least ten metres. Every bone was crushed and broken, death without doubt had been instantaneous. Leroy's hands held the steering wheel in a vice like grip; he put his head down and began to cry.

Chapter 8 - Forty days remains

The file marked URGENT was dropped onto Detective Inspector Hughes desk by the internal mailroom worker. He waited without speaking as the detective grabbed his pen, irritated, overworked and nursing a hangover. He signed the slip accepting receipt of the file, more work for him and this one required his immediate attention. The mailroom clerk left and Detective 'Hooker' Hughes opened the file. He got the nickname when he was much younger, in his twenties as a boxer; he had an awesome right hook. Now he was older, overweight and too unfit to last half a round in the ring and wise enough to know it too. Nothing much interested Hooker anymore, but on this day that was about to change as he read the file. It was the spontaneous combustion case now reopened; Doctor Henry Thoroughgood it seems had died a second time. The first time dental records provided his identity. This time there was absolutely no doubt it was his body, with the same set of teeth. Hooker Hughes picked up the phone and dialled the mortuary.

Over 3000 miles away in North America, a petrol tanker pulled up to the filling bay. Only this was not the filling bay for the unleaded kerosene used in passenger vehicles but the A type aviation fuel used in jet aircraft. The operator started up the pump and began to fill the tanker with 9000 gallons of jet fuel, with a higher octane or flash point than kerosene. The limpet mine remained solidly attached with its permanent magnet to the inside of the tank, the fuel started to react with the paint covering the minute hole in the side of the device.

Detective Hooker Hughes revisited the Harley Street practice, this time with the intention of conducting a more thorough inspection. The landlord was waiting on the steps to open up the door, at first he had tried to shrug off

Hooker Hughes request but soon relented after the veteran policeman turned up the pressure.

"We can do this the hard way or the easy way." He had growled on the phone with every intention of intimidating the man.

The landlord chose the easy way and opened up. "Just pull the door closed when you're finished, the decorators will be in tomorrow so I would appreciate if you finished up today Detective."

Hooker did not reply but walked into the consulting room. The heating had been turned off and the inside had a slight smell of dampness combined with an unpleasant burnt odour. Without hesitation he walked into the office, where the Doctor had allegedly died. All of the ashes and body parts had been scrupulously removed. The chair the Doctor had been seated in was hardly damaged and had been left overturned, assumedly by the forensic team. Hooker righted the chair, for no apparent reason, just that it seemed the respectful thing to do. His attention turned to the bookshelves and he glanced at the journals and reference books, most with titles he struggled to pronounce. Next he looked at the metal filing cabinets marked from A through to Z. He opened the drawers and found very few files inside which seemed unusual but he gave it no further thought. Until he opened one particular drawer and found a thick wad of pages within files bound together and simply marked 'the program'. Years of detective work gave Hooker the instinct to know this was all he needed from the visit. He left with all the papers, drove straight back to the office and started to bark orders at his subordinates. One man in particular nicknamed 'Sherlock', who would finish the Times cryptic crossword in ten minutes every morning and could speed read an entire novel in two to three hours.

"I want you to go through these and give me a summary Sherlock."

"When do you want it by Sir?" He replied

"Yesterday," Barked Hooker with every hint of sarcasm.

* * *

Trev, Mo and Amy were all alone at home when the post arrived, they made for the letterbox and each one looked at the small package. They were addressed to Mr Campbell, Mr Brown and Miss Rosenberg and marked 'private and confidential'. Each package contained a passport and a first class air ticket. Trev was destined for Brazil South America, Mo was destined for Johannesburg South Africa and Amy to Sydney Australia. None of them had ever flown before and none of the three showed any indication of surprise, they completely lacked any emotions. An hour after the parcels had arrived, the drivers turned up to chauffeur them to Heathrow airport; each of them had only a single piece of hand baggage. And that is how the mission began, with this unlikely trio on a journey to far off countries and the enormity of their quest not yet apparent.

* * *

The president of the United States of America boarded Air Force 1 on the tarmac at Berlin airport. The Boeing VC25 is actually a customised Boeing 747-200B series and the plane has complex EMI, electromagnetic interference protection, to protect it from invisible sound waves. He had finished his meeting with the leaders of the Euro zone and was not pleased at all with the outcome. The economy of the Western world had begun to falter and the greatest superpower on the planet was in danger of being overtaken by China and then India. He did not need to be reminded that over the years the US foreign policy had contributed enormously to this crisis. Wars are very expensive and do more harm than good. The bombing of innocent civilians will only result in turning the survivors into soldiers, thereby increasing the number of the enemy. Of course the president knew this but was now powerless to stop it, everything had to be passed by the Senate and they had their own agenda. The

plane took off for the relatively short trip across the Atlantic Ocean. They were airborne for only twenty minutes when the cockpit began to light up like Times Square on New Years Eve. The experienced pilots reset most of the panel warning lamps, but the remaining ones gave an ominous indication. Something was wrong with the on board computer telemetry system. The aeroplane consists of miles of cabling connected to sensors all over the structure and these fibre optic cables relay measurements of level, flow, pressure and temperature back to the cockpit. A fault in the telemetry meant that the pilots could not rely on the information. Suddenly engine three gave an indication of fire, the co-pilot hastily made his way inside the plane and looked at the engines through the windows. There was no sign of any smoke or other anomalies and he returned to the cockpit to inform the Captain.

"That was lucky," the Captain said, "I was just about to press the extinguisher button and shut down the engine. Shit, the low fuel warning on engine two has come on."

He reached up and silenced the warning buzzer. "We are going to have to fly manually all the way back, I'm not risking Autopilot."

"Yes, Captain," the co-pilot replied. "Shall I inform the president?"

"Not just yet, let's see if things settle down, I still have full control. He has enough on his mind already."

On the way to Heathrow Airport the three drivers tried to engage their occupants in conversation, but gave up after getting no replies. At the drop off zone they exited the vehicle with their eyes fixed straight ahead and without a word entered the appropriate International Departure Terminal. One of the drivers, a Cockney, who used to drive black cabs in central London whispered so as not to be heard, "Miserable git, more money than bleeding sense. Money don't make you better

than me mate". The ex-cabbie continued to mutter as he drove off to his next pick up.

Each of the chosen ones went to a different terminal and booked on a different airline, therefore ensuring their paths would not cross. However, the proximity to each other was enough to cause the pieces of brilliant jewels to vibrate as though they were communicating, which of course they were.

They all went unnoticed in the vast expanse of the modern terminal buildings, with the rows of check-in counters, the hustle and bustle of people of nationalities from every conceivable country. Each one was fast tracked through because of the first class tickets. At security control everyone is treated equally though and they compliantly removed their shoes and belts, placing these together with the hand baggage into a plastic tray. The tray was then pushed onto a conveyor and passed through the X-Ray machine; the operator saw nothing suspicious, no strange conical shaped object appeared on the display screen. All three passed through into the departure lounge without incident.

"Hooker I've got the summary here for you." Sherlock held out the paper. The phone rang.

"Just a sec," replied Hooker as he picked up the receiver. Then he became silent for some time, "OK thanks," he put down the phone. "That was the coroner, the teeth matched perfectly, his only explanation is that one set of teeth is a copy, but he says that is impossible as they are both human. This one is getting weird."

He grabbed the paper from Sherlock which unsurprisingly was written using the longest words in the Oxford dictionary. "English please Sherlock. Just give me a summary of the summary, OK?"

"Well from what I have been able to obtain from the Doctors notes, he was conducting some form of secret experiment. He had chosen seven patients with Mental Health problems and offered his services on a pro-bono basis to the NHS. The patients were all undergoing treatment under the care in the community programme and had been in and out of psychiatric hospitals on numerous occasions. The Doctor kept meticulous notes which gave me all the information. He would sedate them with a valium drip until they were in a deep sleep. Then inflict electro-convulsive shock therapy, which in effect would stun their brain, this practice has been outlawed in the Western world for many years. As the patient began to regain consciousness he would administer a very small dose of insulin, almost enough to induce a coma and death. Now this is the scariest part, after the insulin shock had worn off, the patient would then be administered a drug which causes complete paralysis, but the patient was still conscious and able to hear. The doctor would then pronounce the patient dead and pretend to go about preparing the body, sometimes he would announce that the body is to be immediately cremated. On other accessions he would pretend that the patient was about to be buried and all the time the person could hear this conversation. After that to finish off it would be another valium drip and a final dose of shock therapy, which has the effect of erasing the persons memory. The doctor was convinced that this unorthodox therapy would cure the patient, but I personally believe he enjoyed it. Oh yes and another thing four of the patients are now dead. Each one apparently committed suicide and all of them had been on 'the program' as it was referred to." Sherlock took a sip of water and waited for a reply.

"Where did all this go on, he must have needed medical facilities?" Hooker asked.

"That's what I was wondering, in the notes he only refers to Area 15 as the narcosis ward." Sherlock replied.

"This one sounds like a case for the conspiracy theorists. Have you got the details of those three living patients?" Sherlock nodded. "Get the uniform boys to pay them a visit and find out more about the ward and what does narcosis mean?"

"It means a state of unconsciousness caused by drugs". Sherlock replied without hesitation, always eager to show off his intelligence. "The doctor refers to the treatment of psychosis using extreme trauma by simulating death while the patient is in an unconscious state. He termed it pseudo-necrosis, I reckon his name should have been Dr Frankenstein."

"No shit Sherlock, keep your personal opinions to yourself, I'm getting the willies. Let me know as soon as you have anything else." Hooker ended the conversation. He watched Sherlock turn around hastily and return to his desk opposite. "What would I do without you?" Hooker whispered under his breath.

* * *

Air Force 1 was now over UK airspace and the crew discussed whether to radio for permission to land at an airfield in England. The Captain decided to advise the president and strongly recommended that they land as soon as possible. Permission was given for the aircraft to land at RAF Greenham Common in the county of Berkshire, West of London. The captain advised Andrews Air force base in Maryland USA. It was decided to use a civilian aircraft to further transport the president. Once on board the call sign would change from airforce 1 to executive 1 and the single jet engine aircraft was immediately diverted in midair while flying over Turkey.

The civilian aircraft was returning from an extraordinary rendition trip with three secret service members on board. They had picked up a supposed Jihadist terrorist from Afghanistan and handed him over to the Turkish authorities. Suspected of bombing a Turkish market place, they knew the man

whether he was guilty or innocent, would never survive the torture. They were in good humour joking and looking forward to seeing their families when the call came in, to divert to the Royal Air Force base. They were told that the Angel had landed, which meant the president aboard the aircraft with the call sign Air Force 1 was now on the ground and safe. It would take them less than an hour to arrive and the mood amongst the secret service agents became more serious and sombre.

* * *

John Boy Rogers climbed up into the cab of the road tanker, now fully loaded with high octane jet fuel. He laid the clip board on the passenger seat with the destination clearly marked. The journey would take John Boy a short way near Houston Texas and then 450Km to Oklahoma City Airport, ironically named Will Rogers World Airport, located just 8Km from downtown Oklahoma. Although the airport has no international destinations it is very busy with many domestic flights which transport nearly 3.5million passengers a year. Oklahoma City is also headquarters to the largest charity in America, the Salvation Army.

* * *

The delegation from the Israeli secret service Mossad arrived in New York. They had been summoned there on a covert fact finding mission with the permission of the US department of defence or DoD. They were there to co-ordinate the swapping of notes and information on missile defence systems using Information assurance (IA) which is the practice of managing risks related to the use, processing, storage, and transmission of information or data. IA is used by the CIA as the standard for protection of sensitive information mainly in the form of digital hardware and software. The delegation were unofficially guests of the IA who's motto is *defenders of the domain* and were particularly interested in protection from hackers, referred to in the IA as information security.

They were due to fly from New York to Will Rogers Airport and visit the Oklahoma State University-Stillwater which taught and researched Information security degrees, under the pretence of awarding grants to the University. In reality they were there to beef up the security of the Israeli developed missile defence systems located on the Golan Heights and the US were very interested in the technology, codenamed iron shield. Within the military it is simply referred to as *katlani amral*, or deadly night-vision.

* * *

At New Scotland Yard Hooker Hughes got three mobile phone calls, none of the three patients were at home.

"Yes Sir we made enquiries with all the neighbours, to no avail." Each of the officers had replied in answer to his question.

"Put out an alert for them, they are all potential witnesses to a murder enquiry and report back to me every half hour." The detective was warmed up and ready for the bout to begin, however the judges would not award points anymore in his fights, but sitting in court was similar to being at the ringside during a boxing tournament.

* * *

The road tanker was almost halfway to Oklahoma when John Boy stopped at the back of a long queue of traffic. In the US the police walk back and inform the drivers about the hold up, which was an accident involving two cars. In the UK they just shut the road and leave you to your own devices, which results in all alternative routes becoming gridlocked. John Boy switched off the engine, so that the tachometer would stop recording. He was only allowed to drive for four hours without a break and this would now become his unscheduled rest stop. He opened the thermos flask, poured a cup of coffee and after checking his wing mirrors, poured in a generous portion of Jack Daniels whisky.

* * *

Within two hours Trev had boarded his flight to Rio de Janeiro which until then he thought was the Capital city of Brazil instead of Brasilia, a common mistake amongst Europeans. The flight time would be eleven and a half hours. Mo had boarded his flight to Johannesburg, which would take eleven and a quarter hours. Amy had the longest flight time of twenty one hours and destined for far off Australia. Without their medication, some symptoms were starting to rear their ugly head, beginning with nervousness, sweating, and then paranoia. Each time the symptoms began to overcome the trio, they simply held the small suede bag and a total calmness would shroud their bodies in a warm protective blanket.

The future of planet earth had now become the responsibility of three tragic people, ostracised and rejected by mainstream society. Would they choose the route of good or evil, vengeance or empathy? Or is the mission one of Armageddon. Is it already too late for modern civilisation?

MAD OR BAD PART TWO COMING SOON