

Chapter 1

When Hades had freed himself from the wave breakers, he sailed away from Atlantis and sorrowfully looked behind one last time. He felt a pain because he would never return to the beautiful island, but was pleased that he no longer had to be in the company of the gods he despised.

Hades, the god of the underworld, had challenged the power of his younger brother, Zeus. Finally, he had to give up the battle because no one was on his side. Actually, Athena, the goddess of war, was the only one who supported him. She sometimes opposed Zeus directly as well. In a reckless moment, Hades confided in her, telling her that he was organizing a coup. Athena went straight to the supreme god and acquainted him with those plans. As a consequence, a democratic vote was cast and Hades was banished to the foot of the volcano Pico, where he gathered food and built a tree hut for himself.

There was nothing left for him on Atlantis now and the humiliation of his excommunication had strengthened him to make a long and uncertain journey in a western direction. Against the wind, they would not be able to follow him.

He had built a small yacht that was top-rigged and had a keel so it could navigate against the wind. The design was unknown until then, but Hades was confident it would work.

As he had been living solitary for his last years on the island, his preparations had remained unnoticed by everyone except Persephone, the ravishing goddess of the underworld. They had fallen in love. Persephone had a virginal appearance. She was tall, even by goddess standards, about one meter eighty-five, and every gown she draped gracefully around her slender body looked fantastic on her. She let her long hair hang loosely, or alternatively, she put it up. Her beauty matched that of Aphrodite, another very desirable goddess. Hades was a head taller than his loved one and he had a striking resemblance to his younger brother Zeus, with his blond curls, deep blue eyes and muscled body. Hades and Persephone understood each other implicitly and were blissfully happy during spring and summer. Hades was ecstatic with his sweet and joyous love during these seasons, but after six months, the tide changed. Persephone became grumpy, neglected herself and was simply hard to endure. She transformed from irresistible to absolutely repulsive. Hades could not handle this and cursed her dark moods. Every fall, he sent her away, because he knew she would exasperate him with her moodiness. Grumbling, she fled to her mother, Demeter, the mighty goddess of the harvest. She stayed there until spring when her frivolous joy took over once more, and she and Hades embraced longingly.

Persephone had been staying with her mother for five months, and now the ship was ready to be launched. Hades

could no longer postpone his departure. He feared his wharf would be discovered and he could only sail away from the island in an offshore wind. At the end of March, offshore winds did not happen often. The night before departure, he sneaked into Demeter's palace. He gave Persephone a soporific and kidnapped her. He kept her unconscious until they were on the open sea and far enough from Atlantis. Once she was conscious again, she screamed bloody murder and demanded that Hades turn around.

"I want to go back to my mother," she bellowed. However, Hades did not falter, knowing it would not take long before she would become reasonable again.

It was a slow journey, and often Hades stood at the mast staring in the distance, longing to see land. He could stand there for hours.

Soon their only source of food was fish, which Persephone prepared while she sang a song. After three months, they were sick and tired of fish. When they began suffering from scurvy, it was high time they found land. Finally getting off the ship, the warm sand under their feet felt blissful. From the edge of the forest that bordered the beach, the natives came to greet them with their leader in front and all his followers in his wake. There was no sign of hostility. The leader stopped in front of Hades with a wide smile on his face. Hades took his sharp dagger from the sheath on his belt, and in a quick movement, he cut the

poor man's throat. Wide-eyed and in shock, the leader collapsed gurgling, while his followers fell to their knees in complete surrender. "No mercy" was Hades' policy, and he wiped his knife clean. If he wanted to make an impression, this was the only way. They walked among the kneeling natives, who made way for them, while crouching submissively.

"Well, that sets an example," Persephone said lively, when Hades walked proudly in front of her through the loose sand. On his back, he carried a large bag with thirteen crystal skulls.

Chapter 2

There was a lot of commotion in the round conference room of the OcCommunity headquarters. All thirty-three members were present. No one was sitting at the round conference table until Emile requested that everyone take their seats. The members seated themselves around the exquisite conference table, which had an inlay of the Magical Diamond made from all the existing woods in the world.

Emile was often asked how he got the idea for the Magical Diamond, and he always answered that he had no explanation. In retrospect, the symbol appeared to be the best kept secret by the ultimate top of the freemasonry, until Emile divulged it. All the time, it had been clearly

visible in the street map of Washington D.C., the birthplace of freemasonry.

Emile opened the General Assembly.

“Ladies and gentlemen, I welcome you all. As usual, once every two months, we discuss the developments in the world. For the record, I would like to point out to you that this meeting is not meant for discussion, but purely as an opportunity to establish new guidelines and to vote on these immediately.”

Emile looked at the slightly greying Jonathan who was still the secretary of the community. Emile asked Jonathan to read the items on the agenda that were never divulged beforehand.

“I will begin with a general overview, followed by Safi Nimass who will inform us of the latest developments. After that, Jenny will tell us about the translation unit. During the break, you can hand me your items for the agenda that will subsequently be dealt with in the second part of our meeting.”

Jonathan looked over the top of his reading glasses to ascertain that he had their undivided attention. Taking a sip of water, he cleared his throat before he began speaking.

“After Kronos, the lord and master of the planet Terrade, talked to us and to the rest of the world. The OcOmmunity has grown and become the largest organization in the world with almost three and a half billion members. About half of the global population has now joined. As you know,

the monthly contribution has been cancelled and there is nothing left to stop the rest of the world population from joining. By the way, this is not entirely realistic because children cannot be signed up until they are eighteen, and the excommunicated members must be discounted as well. The same goes for fervent opponents. Finally, I conclude that we can still grow with a maximum of one billion new members. I did not take analphabetic into account, because to my astonishment, they are still a considerable group.”

“I have a question,” Emile said. “Positive changes have been carried out worldwide. Could you indicate approximately how many of the non-members belong to our fiercest opponents?”

Jonathan replied that he estimated the hard core consisted of ten million people.

“Do you know where they are located?” the chairman asked.

“That should be somewhat easy to indicate. These are the self-supporting communities, which have isolated themselves from the rest of the world. The communities are spread throughout the world, but it is a different matter when the non-members are not immediately recognizable for us. They also support themselves with trading goods and gifts, because they cannot use the O one way or another. Recently, a community was discovered in Egypt that had created their own currency with coins and paper money. The consequence was a lot of turmoil in the region.

For the rest, I can only guess, but I assume that many non-members are still directly or indirectly under the influence of the freemasons.”

Emile thanked Jonathan for his answer and indicated to him that he should continue his explanation.

“When the O became the only currency, without cash money and only the Obank, it was the death knell for criminal behavior. This has increased the safety in the world enormously. The old currencies have been ruled out successfully. Fraud, money laundering and black money belong to the past. Criminals now turn themselves in because we can accurately see all the monetary transactions of the stolen money. Checking money flows, however, is time consuming and labor intensive. Until now, we have only just begun an investigation in cases of anonymous reports through the Oline or by random survey. It has now been demonstrated that it pays off to check bank transfers more frequently. Now that money is no longer a target but a means, and it belongs to all members of the OcOmmunity, we speak of public funds that unfortunately are still appropriated illegally, but they are traceable. We are talking here about the nefarious greed, or rather the evil that, in the old world, almost led to the destruction of our planet. This must never happen again and we have to take precautions to be sure that it never will. In our ultimate democracy, tight control of monetary flow is important, even essential. However, we need a larger budget for inspectors who will supervise. Another two billion O is

necessary to prevent further corruption. This investment will be worth every cent. Not only because of the money, but also in view of our mental legacy, because dubious money that is recovered goes directly to the general fund and it has a precautionary effect. We will not allow greed to rule again.”

All the other members of the assembly nodded in agreement and he saw he could count on their approval to allocate the necessary funds.

“Next item is the phOne, which needs an update about now. The new version will have better security. As we all know, the casting of counterfeit votes has been a tricky problem in the new world order. All members are responsible, but nonetheless, greedy people have succeeded in pressuring other members into voting for them. It is unknown how large the problem is, but it has to be eliminated and the technology has to be adapted for that purpose. The new version of the phOne will therefore be equipped with a verification module and the result will be that it will only be possible to cast a vote after an iris-scan and voice recognition has been verified.”

The entire gathering cheered and drummed their fingers on the edge of the conference table. They had been looking forward to this for a long time. With a wide grin on his face, Jonathan gratefully accepted the praise. After this intermezzo, he continued his discourse and said that initially, a billion new phOnes would be produced, and that

the design would be different from the well-known hand-controlled device.

“It will be executed in minuscule form and incorporated in a pair of glasses. This will also ensure that the iris-scan will not inconvenience the members. They will also be available as contact lenses. The entire production process will take three years, until all members are provided with them,” he added.

He produced a pair of glasses from his waistcoat pocket. They looked hardly any different from ordinary glasses.

“With these glasses that we will call the OpticOl, all activities can be performed by voice. You can mention the menu options in your field of view. It is user-friendly and the referenda to which you have subscribed automatically appear in your view. The OpticOl is so advanced that it can deduce if someone is speaking out of free will or not.”

“Kudos, kudos, kudos,” Marina Aseplova from Bulgaria interrupted him. She was the former leader of UNESCO and had joined the council of 33 where she was in charge of the Middle East. “But what do we do with the old hand operated devices? They constitute a vast mountain of phOnes and it seems to me, it is not desirable that they all end up in the waste disposal. Can we recycle them for non-members to persuade them to become members?”

The reaction of Alejandro di Gaga, a man of small stature, indicated that he agreed completely. Alejandro was responsible for Africa and the top controller for that vast continent. This provided an opportunity for him to

convince the Africans who were not yet members to join. In addition, Samantha, Jonathan's daughter who looked after the interests of China, indicated by her body language that she was interested. Marina Aseplova's reaction surprised her father and he was taken aback for a moment, but he quickly recovered.

"I don't like the idea of re-using the old phOnes. After all, we are not satisfied with them. If fraudulent voters in the Middle East, Africa and China get the upper hand, it could go wrong. Although, I am partial to your argument and I will investigate as to whether the old devices can be made suitable for the new technology. At first, it seems like a costly business, because it takes less time to produce a new OpticOl, but it is definitely worth it to investigate further. I thank you for your comment, Marina. After all, we also have to look after the environment."

"Good idea," Alejandro said. I will gladly collaborate if the upgrading is executed in Africa. That way, we battle the African arrears and the existent unemployment." He looked around contented, knowing he had scored a point. This confirmed to Emile that this Portuguese man of short stature had been the right choice for this position. Initially, Emile doubted if Alejandro could make the transition from the small island to the large continent. Now his doubts disappeared completely. He supported him directly by suggesting that he could elaborate this further with Jonathan in a small committee and added that in a later stage, Heinrich Löbler could be included in the

committee. Heinrich was less savvy than Alejandro was and was the leader of another deprived continent: South America.

“This concludes my discourse, and now I give the floor to Safi Nimass,” Jonathan said.

The Egyptian, responsible for the energy issues in the OcCommunity, was wearing his cowboy hat as usual. He began to speak, “The first time we came into extraterrestrial contact with Kronos on the Azores, he gave us a part of a formula that involved hydrogen energy, as we found out later. I discovered the second part of the formula in the Giza Geomatrix exactly in the center of the Magical Diamond, wedged between the pyramids and the Sphinx. Near Easter Island, Kronos gave us the last part. I started working on it, together with a team of scientists. What also helped a lot was the information that I found several years ago when I was chairman of the High Council for Antiquities in Egypt and responsible for the pyramids. All the secrets concerning the origin of our culture and the landing of Zeus and his divine following on Atlantis were recorded in the parchment of the Chamber of Archives. I am much obliged to Vitruvius, under whose command the pyramids were built, for safeguarding the documentation, but in particular, I am grateful to Emile for making it possible to interpret this data.”

Emile thought of the moment that they descended together from the Chamber of Archives into the pyramid of Giza via a subterranean corridor and ended up between the paws of

the Sphinx. There, they discovered the sepulchral vault of Zeus and five goddesses.

“So, the formula as a whole also concerns hydrogen energy,” Safi continued. “The potential of this type of energy is not new, because it has been known for a long time that this type of energy has mind-boggling possibilities. Hydrogen, which is its base, yields an enormous amount of energy by fusion with pure water as waste material. This process was described for the first time in 1671 by the Irish-English chemist Robert Boyle. He described the reaction between iron and diluted acid, in which hydrogen was formed. In 1766, Henry Cavendish discovered that this was a chemical and later, Antoine Lavoisier gave it the name Hydrogenium. Hydro means water and gene stands for creating. Anyway, to cut a long story short, we are now ready to present to you the plans for a hydrogen energy motor. I ask Emile to allow the scientist Maxim Kuppung to join the meeting.”

Emile pressed one of the buttons on the panel in front of him and the entrance door of the conference room swung open. A shy young man entered the room, carrying a briefcase under his arm.