

A college student, who uncovers a conspiracy to use Mormons in preparing Earth for acceptance of religious extraterrestrials, is pursued by sinister forces and bargains for his life by keeping the secret.

The Conversion Conspiracy

**Buy The Complete Version of This Book at
Booklocker.com:**

<http://www.booklocker.com/p/books/3205.html?s=pdf>

The Conversion Conspiracy

Copyright © 2007 Shane Lester

ISBN-13 978-1-60145-333-4

ISBN-10 1-60145-333-7

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, recording or otherwise, without the prior written permission of the author.

Printed in the United States of America.

The characters and events in this book are fictitious. Any similarity to real persons, living or dead, is coincidental and not intended by the author.

Booklocker.com, Inc.

2007

The Conversion Conspiracy

Shane Lester

Prologue

Idaho 1921

The shaft of light from the entrance reached far into the straight tunnel of the Monte Cristo Mine. Otto Becker kept his eyes fixed on the light at the entrance of the tunnel to lessen the sting of the bright morning sun once he emerged. Working alone he had forgotten a tool and had returned to the opening of the mine to retrieve it.

Once he reached the entrance, he didn't survey the familiar vista from the ensconced opening in the hillside, rather he stove directly to the chest of tools nearby. After gathering what he needed, he stood up and would have otherwise returned to his task but sensed that something was out of place, that something was wrong about the landscape.

He turned around slowly and saw what had caused his uneasy feeling.

He couldn't discern the object- it was so incongruent against the landscape that it begged disbelief. He fought the instinct to stare and continued to scan the rest of the area to see what else might be out of place. Nothing else was wrong. Nothing else was out of order except for that object.

Otto had diverted water from a stream that ran down the mountain to the left of the mineshaft. The diverted water was channeled into a sluice to separate the gold or copper from the tailings. The stream eventually ran into a small lake within the meadow below the mine. Next to the stream, between the meadow and the mine opening, Otto saw a silver, saucer-shaped craft supported on three legs.

Shane Lester

The scene was unprecedented and Otto was stunned. The static setting would have continued to confound the singular spectator, but the tension was broken as Otto observed a man walking from behind the craft, grabbing a hose and placing it into the rushing stream of water.

The sight of the man calmed the verging feeling of shock and fear. Now Otto was more curious about the man than the strange craft. Placing the tool he had retrieved from the chest deliberately on the ground, Otto walked cautiously toward the man. When the man next to the spacecraft noticed Otto, he calmly walked toward him. When they were facing each other, the man offered his hand and they both shared a warm exchange.

“I’m sorry.” The man spoke in a friendly, perfect voice. “We didn’t know you were here. It is our custom to not be seen by others or interrupt them in any way.”

His eyes were deep blue- his face was bright and cheerful. In all regards Otto felt safe and at peace in this man’s presence. The causal tone of his voice removed all doubt or fear from Otto’s mind. If this man were removed from the significance of the spacecraft behind him and had been dressed in contemporary clothing- not the two-piece, light bluish, slip-on suit—he would have looked no different from any other man.

Feeling the congeniality of the conversation, Otto felt no hesitation in conversing with the man.

“Why are you taking water?” Otto asked.

“We use it as one of our fuel components,” he replied. Otto thought he spoke without guile.

“Why don’t you just take water from the lake?”

The Conversion Conspiracy

“The water from the stream is more pure and free of algae. Would you like to see inside?” he said, pointing to the spacecraft.

Still sensing no deception from this polite stranger, Otto agreed and accompanied the man into the ship. The man was handsome and youthful looking, perhaps in his mid- thirties.

Inside the craft he met a second man sitting at what appeared to be a control panel. He looked older than the first man but still remarkably healthy.

“If you don’t mind me asking,” Otto asked, “how old are you both?”

“I am about six hundred years old, according to your measurement of time,” the younger man said.

“I am about nine hundred years old,” the second man said with kind conviction.

Not fully comprehending the ramifications of this revelation, Otto asked, “Why are you here?”

“We visit to monitor the progression and the retrogression of your societies. We do this on other worlds also. Sometimes we live among you so that we can observe more closely. We know more than five hundred languages. We are still learning yours.”

Something Otto’s father had once said came to his mind. ‘The measure of man can be taken from their believe in God.’ When it came down to it, no matter whom these men were or where they came from, all that mattered was their faith in God. So the question had to be asked.

“Do you believe in Jesus Christ? Do you hold the priesthood?”

Shane Lester

The younger man smiled. It was a cryptic smile, one that didn't reveal the answer but rather was an acknowledgement that he fully understood the weight of the question.

“We would like to speak of these things, but we are unable. We cannot interfere.”

Sensing his reply was honest, there was no need to further press the issue.

“Where did you come from?” Otto asked.

“We live on a distant planet, behind a planet that you can observe, but you don't see our world.” He pointed eastward into the blue sky.

Otto reflected on how warm and comfortable he felt around these strangers.

“Would you like to look further at our ship?”

“Yes, please.”

Otto's host then engaged in a tour guide like narrative. The visitor explained that the ship was propped by two rings, that to Otto looked like disks, which circled the inside perimeter of the craft. These disks were about three feet wide and a few inches thick. They were adjacent to what looked like transformer units, which lined the outer wall. There were rods that separated the disks, causing the disks to move in opposite directions. It was this oscillation that created a force that overcame the gravitational pull of the Earth or any other planet, the handsome man explained.

The science, the physics that were being explained were incomprehensible to Otto. However, this kind traveler did not talk down to Otto, his tone and manner conveyed a mutual respect and Otto felt that he was being treated as an equal.

The Conversion Conspiracy

With emphasis the man explained how they traveled in space.

“We focus on a distinct star and use its energy to draw the ship toward the star through space.”

“How fast do you go?”

“We are only limited by the speed at which we can transfer our energy source. Our ship skips upon the light waves. We can travel at speeds greater than the speed of light.”

The man emphasized that they could go beyond the speed of light. Otto didn't comprehend at the time that this was a significant fact.

The man then showed Otto a photo of a city. The man explained that this was their home. Every building in the picture was rounded and half-moon shaped. There were vast rows of building that were spaced differently or offset from each other. There appeared to be roads and vegetation, such as trees in the foreground.

The man then asked Otto an unexpected question.

“Would you like to accompany us on our journey?”

As fantastic as this experience was, Otto removed his attention from the setting and thought of Ferbie, his wife to be, waiting in Freedom Wyoming.

“No. I should stay,” Otto replied.

Otto shook hands again with the two men and left the ship. He walked a far distance away from the ship and turned to watch these friends leave his terrestrial world.

A simmering roar grew louder and the craft lifted slowly, rotated and wobbled slightly. The three legs or landing gear retracted. The craft

Shane Lester

rose higher and higher. The speed increased exponentially and soon the craft disappeared into the blue sky.

After the craft departed, Otto felt a strange drain of energy. He sat down, sapped of vigor. He almost felt paralyzed for a moment. He was certainly unable to walk so he sat there in the warm sun. After some time his strength returned and he wandered back to the mineshaft.

* * *

Rising bluntly from the Grays Lake Valley, Caribou Mountain remained the dominant feature of the landscape even though the pinnacle of its allure as a bastion of Gold in 1870 had now seemed to dwindle into absurdity. Stout at an elevation of 9,803 feet, the prospects for a gold strike on this timid peak were speculative at best by the 1920's.

Prominent to Caribou Mountain was the Monte Cristo Mine owned by Dan Griffin, which was called by the other miners "the Copper Queen." It earned this name in 1904 when a large vein of copper was discovered. However, the vein had dried out ten years later. Lacking funding, Mr. Griffin hired miners only for the summer to continue the search for copper. The 800-foot tunnel or shaft was the main artery to the adjacent probes that Otto Becker made into the walls in the hope of finding a vein of copper among the country rock.

Born in Germany, Otto's parents joined the Mormon Church or The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints and subsequently moved to Utah when he was but a youngster. Later the family moved to Star Valley Wyoming. Wanting to make his own way in the world, Otto moved to Freedom Wyoming when he was eighteen. There Mr. Griffin hired him to mine the Monte Cristo. He had no idea that this summer would reveal such a marvelous experience.

Latter that day, Otto retired to his favorite spot to eat lunch. His chosen place was a large, tall, pine tree near Caribou Road, where it crossed

The Conversion Conspiracy

over the Old Lander trail. The tree was distinguished by a curious engraving. W. R. Hearst, 1886. The weakness he felt earlier had left him famished. He quickly consumed his lunch.

Sitting in the shade, he stopped pushing the experience out of his mind and tried for the first time to accept it, to reckon it. His was a self-preserving and temporary, denial. To try to take it all in at once would have begged an irrational response. He might have taken off toward Barns Creek and told of his encounter to the other miners there. He could have simply left the mine to never return and make haste to see his true love and confess the fantastic story.

But Otto was not a rash man. He needed time to sort through the experience, to make his own interpretation before he told anyone else, to determine if telling the story was the right thing to do. He took in the full measure of the possible consequences of talking about the encounter. But he was getting ahead of himself. Before he could express it to others, Otto needed meaning and analysis. He took a deep breath and reviewed the experience from the beginning.

Words to express the specifications and characteristics the spacecraft seemed to tumble in his mind. The most significant aspect of the experience was the interaction with the two men. This is where he would start. Reviewing the dialogue and his feelings, he tried to detect some deception, some feeling that would give him reason for doubt.

But his feelings were secure--they seemed to be good men. There were other times throughout his life when he felt a sense of peace and harmony surrounding certain places and around certain people. He had felt this way before while at church and in proximity to the leadership of the church.

These spacemen had a spirit about them that emanated comportsment and calm. And so, Otto couldn't find reason to distrust what they said. *But what did they say*, Otto thought. The only time they were not

forthcoming was in their response to his question about their faith in Jesus Christ.

It was not what they said, but what they didn't say. Otto had asked if they believed in Christ and held the priesthood. The second part his query was tactically shrewd, even though Otto's intent was benign. The structure of the Mormon Church is gird together by a lay priesthood, held by every worthy male. Otto was an Elder in the Church. The fact that these visitors knew the intent and context of the question revealed a piece of the puzzle. Otto's mind was now examining this experience through the lens of his religious faith.

The dialogue of thought in Otto's mind was reminiscent of the discussions about doctrine he had with his father. And so Otto parsed this mental exploration into a speech or into base rhetorical elements. *We know-* Otto spoke to himself within the auditorium of his mind, *that in the book of John, in the New Testament, Jesus said that he had other sheep that should hear his voice.* It is thought that these other sheep were the righteous believers here in the Americas. The Book of Mormon tells of this story. *But, Otto surmised, what if these other sheep are on other planets.*

Otto broke away from this private singular sermon and searched his memory to make this a salient point. The foggy blur of many Sunday school lessons in his youth was lifting and he recalled a lesson or a scripture he had once heard. It was a scripture from *The Pearl of Great Price*, an additional scripture in the LDS canon of inspired works. He paraphrased the lesson or scripture. It went something like this: "Worlds without number have I created, they are as numerous as the sands upon the seashore."

Could there be life on other planets? Even though Otto had firsthand experience that there was, he hadn't fully realized the impact of that knowledge. If these men were telling me the truth, then yes, there are many worlds in the night sky and they have people on them. He now had the answer to a marvelous mystery, to the paramount question that

The Conversion Conspiracy

has given pause to men over the centuries as they view the night sky. However, these were questions he had never asked or thought about. Otto could now see the irony of the situation. He had a treasure, more valuable than the minerals beneath his feet, but he hadn't sought after it, nor was he prepared to prosper from it. The fact that he refused to go with them sealed his fate. He was not an adventurer or spokespersons. In honest self-deprecation Otto realized that the value of this information was wasted on such a common man.

It was this realization of what he knew and who he was that produced the beginning seeds of doubt, not doubt in what he saw but in what would happen if he spoke of it. *I'm a simple person, just trying to make my way in the world. Why should I know these things, why should I be burdened with this knowledge? Who would believe me?* It was that question that sealed his resolve. I will not tell this story, at least not yet, not now.

He returned to the mine and worked an honest days work. He thought periodically about the experience, but with less enthusiasm, for this was a to be sermon not spoken, an argument without rhetorical response.

Usually being alone in the gloomy mine during the day and the solitary confinement in a cold shaft, was contrasted each morning and evening by the welcome hearty interaction with the twenty miners that worked at Barnes Creek. It had been arranged that Otto would meet the workers from the Barnes Creek Placer Mine for transportation to and from Soda Springs.

They were for the most part good men, although rough around the edges. Their bravado was matched only by the hydraulic water cannons they used to drive soil down a 300-foot sluice line. Otto's youth and humble nature were easy targets for their casual mischievousness. Soon, after several unsuccessful attempts to get Otto to join in frivolity of drunkenness on Sunday night, he was labeled the 'Mormon Minor.'

Although not malicious to the point of persecution, today, Otto longed for solitude and a reprieve from the profanity and crudeness of the crew. Otto had been raised with stern conviction about the Gospel and his manner was reserved and circumspect. And so Otto smiled at their jokes that evening, but their chatter added to a numbing feeling of resolution about the experience.

After a late dinner at the Idan-Ha Hotel in Soda Springs, the pendulum of emotions Otto had experienced that day was recessing. He walked away from the hotel into the dark night, feeling the crisp summer air against his face. Despite his reservations he permitted himself to think about this extraordinary day. He also permitted himself to feel unique. To keep the encounter secret was one thing, but he could no longer deny that he was permitted to see something exceptional and that gave him an insight into the predicament of man.

Otto looked up to the night sky. It would never be the same to him now. He held the knowledge of how big or how small the universe is. The abyssal sky was no longer a cold and distant vista. It was inspirational. The sky was more than just a dark blanket of space, illuminated by the dim light of stars and planets. Otto knew that he was counted among the celestial numeric. He now saw, in the midst of the stars, worlds without number.

A college student, who uncovers a conspiracy to use Mormons in preparing Earth for acceptance of religious extraterrestrials, is pursued by sinister forces and bargains for his life by keeping the secret.

The Conversion Conspiracy

**Buy The Complete Version of This Book at
Booklocker.com:**

<http://www.booklocker.com/p/books/3205.html?s=pdf>