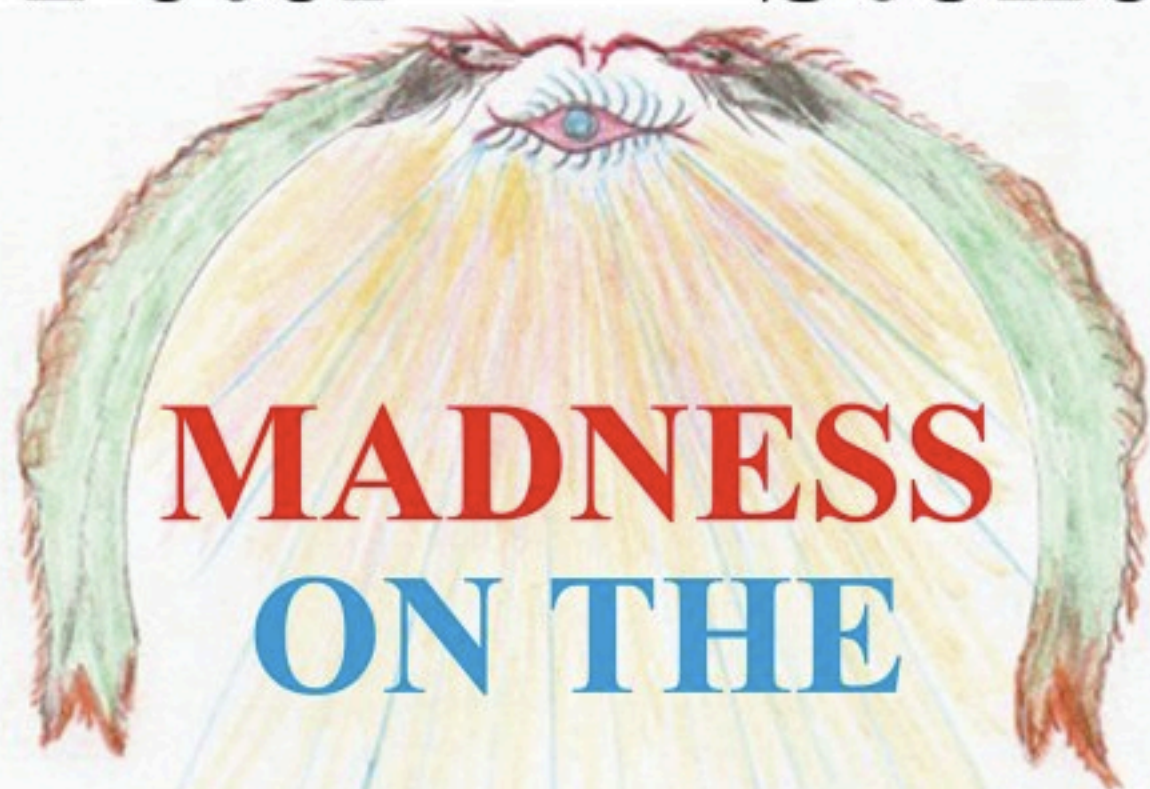


BOOK 1

Peter Stone



MADNESS
ON THE

THAMES

**‘Escape and survival allows Slithers
to attack dangerous rivals.’**





A mad young gang is compromising the River Thames. They all live extremely close to political power. 'The Houses of Parliament' are only a stone's throw away from an underground Thames Saloon. These former psychiatric patients know they must be careful. Their distrustful paranoia keeps them safe from the state. However, unknown to them, secretive psychic government is always watching! Daniel Hunter soon finds himself at the centre of such controversies, with no way out...

Madness on the Thames

by

Peter Stone

Order the complete book from the publisher

[Booklocker.com](http://booklocker.com)

<http://booklocker.com/books/8103.html>

or from your favorite neighborhood
or online bookstore.

YOUR FREE EXCERPT APPEARS BELOW. ENJOY!

Madness on the Thames

Book 1

Peter Stone

Peter Stone

Copyright © 2015 Peter Stone

ISBN: 978-1-63490-496-4

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.

Published by BookLocker.com, Inc., Bradenton, Florida.

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

Printed on acid-free paper.

Stone149books.com
2015

First Edition

Dedication

This book is dedicated to all those who have been locked up in
an asylum.

For some it is a most unfair place to be.

Madness starts to creep in when you finally give from within...

Peter Stone

View the characters and extended picture stories of
this book at: **Stone149books.com**

'We all have to live on this earth,
Just to find out why we are here.
When we finally find out the reason for it all,
An individual might want a day to be adored.
Every person must share the burden of madness that is within
us all,
Why not come with me and see my perspective of it all,
The soul is the great wizard having a ball,
Playing games for the greatest show we must applaud'.

Gangs and main characters in the book

<u>Thames Slithers</u>	<u>Goldboys</u>	<u>London Mafia</u>
Daniel Hunter	*Victor Brover	*Luchano Delbini
Jane Hunter	Stephan	Almartzri
*Libby Hunter	Lanro (romantic)	Reeco
Tiny (Libby's lover)	Donetta (sensible)	Almera
Kate (Eel carer)	Gino	Gloria
Storcha	Betino	Viprino
Rebore (locksmith)		(Brother of boss.)
Joe (D.I.Y. enthusiast)		
Thomas (Butler with gold pants)		
Jerry (local river Policeman)		
James (Step Father of Jane & Libby)		

MOLLY (Largest tropical eel in the world acting under Libby.)		
M.P. Treadbee & Butler Rogers		
Ghost Jack		
'SOVEREIGN OF THE SEAS'. (The Slithers Ship.		
Robert (reincarnated spirit)		

Government Psychic Agents

*MI6 Barns	1 st 1939 Postal Worker
Avon	Psychic Message Advisor
'ONE EYE'	Elite Government Robotic Psychiatrist
ZADAR	Zealous Acid Diving Rocket
Amelia	Powerful Psychic Tax Inspector
William	President of Thames Man
Balloon No.9	Government transportation (*~Boss)

Madness on the Thames

A mad young gang is compromising the River Thames. They all live extremely close to British Royal political power. 'The Houses of Parliament' are only a stone throw away from an underground Thames Saloon. These former psychiatric patients know they must be careful. Their healthy and distrustful paranoia keeps them safe from the state. However, unknown to them, secretive psychic government is always watching! Daniel Hunter soon finds himself at the centre of such controversies, with no way out. Ever increasing circles of sanity may lead to madness. Even so, Daniel Hunter cannot give up.

Chapter One

Birthday Surprises

The moon shone brightly. This evening Daniel Hunter was walking home quite fast. His dark eyes beamed with delight because he suddenly saw the love of his life working diligently in her new kitchen. He had personally designed it only months ago. *Today it was Jane's birthday.*

Hunter was a successful kitchen designer. He was very good with people; knowing instinctively their desires for a better quality of life. After he had almost read their minds, he would rush back to the office and put several designs together. He won many contracts in this way. New projects always had him excited.

The special moment now was for a very different type of passion. The beam of love was in his eyes. He had been planning this birthday surprise for months to the last detail. His wife would be given a night to remember.

He did not know Jane had far more formidable secrets. She had kept them well hidden from him. She wished her husband would find out one day. He would also need to know about her mad younger sister. This woman seldom spoke to the outside world. Libby was a dangerous Thames family secret. Long ago, she had an underwater accident. It had created her warped psychological condition.

Jane was leading a strange double life. *Normality* was actually the surface veneer for a hidden madness. Libby did not want Daniel to know. For her, it was important that he discovered certain things for himself. She wanted fate to run its course.

The large garden on the back of the house was in darkness. Streams of lights lay in the trees. Soon the lawn would be lit up. He was going to show off the most beautiful array of red and white roses in the garden. A 'flowered heart-shape' surrounded her presents. Luckily, the weather would not spoil her birthday surprise because it was an excellent July.

He entered the hallway quietly. He knew Jane was busy in the kitchen, even on her birthday. The party guests were waiting for him. He quickly slipped carefully through the back door. The guests were now moving the sitting room furniture. This was to get a brand new mini into the lounge, through the large open patio doors. The room was large enough. There was ample space for such celebrations. Their four bedroom detached house had a luxurious, 'open-space' design.

Sweets housed in a tall rabbit plastic vase nearly touched the ceiling. They moved it into the sitting room doorway. When Jane would hear the raw of the engine, she would not be able to enter the room. Hunter had bought '*the special edition mini*'. It was the most powerful in its class. A famous French rally driver had used the vehicle in a spectacular stunt at the local supermarket. A national selling campaign of this particular car meant he had bought it for a third of the price. The car was now famous because of the special press it had received. Hunter had yet again made another shrewd business deal.

The electrical car was the new wonder of evolutionary travel. Entering the garage, he could not take his eyes of the sparkling new car. He opened the garage doors and drove the car to the rear of the large mosaic tiled terrace. He went back into the sitting room and among the party people, located the driver. Pierre could not speak English and was a little drunk, but Hunter was not '*put off*' in the slightest.

He coaxed Pierre to the car and the Frenchman swiftly threw himself behind the wheel, with his girlfriend in toe. She for some reason could not stop kissing him. All this passion was only adding to the excitement. He heard Pierre revving the electric assimilated engine. In '*wild mini-rally roars*', there was no time to spare. With wet kisses seemingly going everywhere, Pierre quickly had the mini perfectly placed for Jane's grand entrance. Terrible skid marks on the carpet would not be covered by the insurance!

The surprise and Jane's name was chanted by her guests. She had obviously heard the car and the loud jeers and was already making her way around the back of the house. This was with her own surprise of buns and chocolate cakes placed on two trays. Hunter was in the garden checking the fireworks, when he saw her creeping as carefully as she could towards the back patio doors. Her shadow was too obvious against the sitting room lights.

He also started creeping so she would not notice him coming behind her sexy slim curves. An old spying neighbour thought they were both drunk. He stroked her back and a firework went off. Jane screamed in double fright, but he swung her round in delight. The cakes started flying in all directions, but he quickly kissed her. She slapped his bottom hard and then again with a naughty smile. Jane loved her husband because he always allowed her to be an equal.

Her stepfather had long ago put her in charge of his large estate. The farm was a big part of her life.

Hunter twisted her round again to face the patio doors and all their guests joined them. The mini was covered in multi-coloured balloons and party strings. Singing deeply, the French driver came to his knees, but Jane dashed into the lounge, saving the petrified cat. Like a little school girl she

then ran to Hunter's open arms. Without warning, the cat jumped over his head in fright.

Usually she drove a heavy trusted Range Rover. A new red mini was exactly what Jane needed. Never did she think she would actually own one.

Later, Pierre drove the car back into the garage as the garden fireworks just started.

The guests sang songs as a multi-coloured sky lit up ever higher. Jane had tears of happiness swelling. The garden lights came on and Jane could see a beautiful heart shape of flowers in dazzling emotions.

She danced around her presents and then sat down quite quickly. In excitement she opened them, shouting each time, *"Oh no, look what I've got!"*

No one went to bed until nearly four in the morning.

The party had gone very well, but Hunter woke up the next morning with a hangover.

As if this was not enough, Jerry Hawkes, the old village officer rang the doorbell. Hunter could just about hear the dim sound of the bell inside the garage. He opened the garage door to see who it was. Bright light dazzled his eyes and a dark uniform seemed to stagger quickly towards him. Jerry was smiling at him.

Jerry shouted on purpose, "Now what have we got here then?" He pulled the door wider.

On seeing the new shiny car scattered with balloons he said calmly, "So, everything went according to plan then?" Hunter groaned, giving Jerry the bottle and proceeded to go back in to the house. Jerry locked up carefully, making car noises like a little child.

They both eventually met up in the kitchen, where Hunter noticed Jerry had a parcel for Jane under his arm. He asked if they had been too noisy. The party had certainly gone on late

into the night. Jerry just smiled putting down the present. He needed to leave because he was on duty. At least his boots were shiny.

Jane was shooting around in the mini quite a lot thereafter. The Range Rover had previously worked the estate and held essential medical supplies for the livestock. Jane was a trained vet, but enjoyed art far more and was starting to learn, when the time allowed, how to paint. All her scenes so far were of either the farm or old Tudor ships.

Hunter knew one of Jane's family secrets. He knew there were Second World War tunnels near Jane's farm. They ran all the way to the Thames. After 1945, the tunnels were decommissioned. The M.O.D had no more use for them anymore. Due to certain influences within the military ranking establishment, the documents were discarded.

Jane and her father not only owned the farm, but also the secret tunnels. There was now only three access points. Small green hills concealed these formidable shafts. They blended easily into the countryside. The tunnels were huge in some places. Previous war efforts intended to store tanks and planes in them. The government had ensured full secrecy at the time of building the tunnels. A high command 1942 'Offensive Blitz. Evacuation Order', meant no local knowledge existed.

Hunter visited the tunnels when he wanted to think in peace. The area always seemed very quiet and the feeling of isolation and secrecy was quite comforting. A quick mind had to have absolute calm. He had never walked inside the tunnels because he had never thought of doing so. One Sunday morning he found himself visiting them because Jane was having friends round.

The long wide tunnel echoed as he walked slowly in thought in his suit and new shoes. Work was on his mind. He suddenly stepped on a round concrete plate, which was so

smooth that he thought it must be a floor opening. There seemed to be hinges imbedded in the dusty re-enforced concrete. Tunnel light allowed a search for a switch, which might open the floor door. *He was certainly curious.*

He searched a long time, but eventually gave up. In defeat, he strolled back up the shaft, which led him back to the farm. On his exit, he noticed a row of switches high up, on a thick black metal panel. He smiled as he realized he had probably found the switch he was looking for. He knew he would come back because this was unknown territory. No one had ever mentioned anything about secret doors and switches before. Now he was quite intrigued.

Only after few days, the man was back with a torch, a rucksack, helmet and gloves. He was in the mood for adventure. He was now keen to investigate further. He flicked all the switches on and quickly walked back down the long shaft. The floor plate had not opened. Had it all been a waste of time?

Just then as he was about to turn round and make his way back to the shaft's entrance in some disappointment, he heard a pitch sound. The pitch came again as he walked over the round concrete plate. Hunter kneeled down, putting his head to the ground. A very thin beam of blue light was coming out of a small hole in the concrete door lock. He waved his hand slowly over the hole. The light reflected on his palm. He was activating the high noise by his very movements. On looking up, he noticed a reflecting metal disk in the ceiling.

Trying to mimic the same sound was just not possible. Then he had a bright idea and quickly reached into his rucksack for his mobile phone. A certain '*app*' was selected, which easily made the high pitch tone. As if it were an open invitation for entry, the round concrete slab opened, stopping directly at ninety degrees upwards. Hunter carefully peered

down the dark sloping tunnel. A hidden camera was now observing him. He was penetrating secret areas! His lips and fingers tightened in excitement.

He looked further inside and to his amazement noticed an old rail car covered in dust and cobwebs. The iron wheels were '*locked tight*' by a single hefty brake. The tunnel had little light, but Hunter had a powerful torch. Obvious questions then went through his mind. Why was it here? Where did this secret tunnel lead? Could *pure adventure* suddenly be all his? He rubbed his forehead, wondering whether he could take the risk to find out. A camera suddenly zoomed in.

He asked himself, 'What am I doing here when no one knows where I am? Is this really all worth it? Am I not going into a totally unknown situation?'

His wife had been keeping the strangest secrets from him. It did not make any sense. Did Jane not trust him?

He certainly felt something unknown was waiting for him! After quickly searching for a pen and some paper in his rucksack, a scribbled note was stuck on the tunnel wall.

It read, '*Daniel Hunter has gone down here, hoping to return*'.

He felt a little childish, but he was enjoying it. Excitedly, not giving a second thought, he lifted himself into the rail car. The old '*bucket seat*' was tight enough! Now he felt like a boy again with mystery and suspense written all over his face. He brushed some more dust away and immediately saw the date 1942 imbedded in the metal brake handle. His eyes widened in full fright. *He had to get out!* He then irrationally thought against such fears.

This was excitement into the unknown. *He could hardly turn back now.* In fact, he saved the moment, feeling thrills of happiness go through him.

There was a lever above his head attached to the car chain mechanism. He could pull on the lever and surely, this would control his speed. He paused for a moment, thinking how he would be able to come back up. More importantly, what was at the end of the tunnel? Plans for adventure had him reaching for the lever above, slowly pulling it down. The rail car jerked forward. Hunter then let go of the bar, releasing the iron catch. Again he pulled on the bar, making the small cart glide into operation far more easily than he had anticipated.

Suddenly he was slipping far deeper, wondering how the rail car would ever get him back up!

Rushing cool tunnel air had him feeling quite cold. He did not know it, but he was going deep under London houses, streets and tall buildings within seconds. There was a sudden heat in the tunnel as the rail car was moving a lot faster. A crazy, uncontrollable ride was taking place right under London, while full commerce and civilized travel far above knew nothing about it!

He frantically pulled the lever ever so much harder in high rushing fear, but it was no use! What could he do? He was no longer in control! His speed plunged him deeper and deeper, possibly to nowhere. Helplessly racing ever faster, screeching wheels sent sparks in all directions. He held his ears and eyes tightly. Was this the end? Was death imminent?

His speed was too fast for the rusting wheels and Hunter was becoming quite scared, holding on frantically with all his might. His dramatic speed had the shooting rail car swerving violently. He opened one mad eye to a piercing white light and saw a gaping hole in front of him. The track simply levelled into mid-air before him! In an instant, track seemed to be curving tightly round rough, grey rocky walls. Then there was no track left, but instead a wide empty bright space. Was it a cave? Was he going to die?

Madness on the Thames

Suddenly there was no balance left and the rail car was off the rails, in very unsteady flight. Insane flying seconds could so easily lead to death! He held on so tight, crouching down hard with his eyes squeezed closed for mere survival. He came out of the rail car just before his body hit the ground very hard, luckily with arms first. He dived into a heap of sand as old crate wood smashed on dangerous impact. He had yet again exposed another Thames secret because old crates had luckily hindered a nasty accident. The rail car itself crashed deep, missing his body by inches. He was out cold and there was blood trickling down his forehead. He had fallen badly. Luckily, he had no broken bones. He had left the upper world of routine and order. Now there was no way of turning back to a previous sanity.

Chapter Twelve

Psychic Presentations

Hunter looked up and saw a dark figure in the corner by the very large black piano. Puzzled, he got up and walked over to the unknown figure. The others did not take any notice. This adventure had them fully wrapped up in exciting plans. Unknown to him though, *The Thames Slithers* were being manipulated, like so many times before.

The old man was called MI6 Barns. He lived in Westminster and had a small left canon eye for superior vision. It also served as a weapon, which could *fatally* shoot at very close range. Mr. Barns was a significant powerful government advisor of long-term standing. If you wanted a specialized psychic robot for ultimate safe communications, then Barns was your man.

Hunter had come too close. This was the first reason why Barns decided to manipulate him for greater British duty. It was all being done in another hidden world of illusions where Barns had full control. He set the protocols for certain disciplined parameters. It was for this reason that '*psychic attacks*' could never ultimately penetrate his secret government department. Secondly, he needed Hunter because *The Slithers* were now facing the greatest of dangers by the Mafia. Libby was venturing too close to danger, but Barns and his associates needed her vital gang on the Thames to continue. *Thames Slithers* lived in the physical world where patriotism and loyalty made them indispensable.

MI6 Barns himself had a very interesting life. It all started so long ago, just before the Second World War, when he was the No.1 amphibious Post Office worker. In 1939, when he

was just a young man, all under river Thames green letterboxes were removed because valuable iron was needed for tanks and bombs. Barns and many other amphibious postal workers lost their jobs overnight. Used in the war effort, they regularly swam to Dunkirk. After the war, Barns worked as a secret agent and started to invent telepathic instruments for the government.

It was now time to take Hunter aside, into another hidden world, where time stood still. The ultimate question had been asked, which the government was now compelled to answer.

Hunter asked a little confused, "Sorry, but who are you?"

"I am MI6 Barns. I have come especially to see you."

"What do you want? Are you part of Libby's gang?"

"Please just follow me. You asked if you were being put to the test. In fact, it is you, who have put the government to the test and won! Now it is time for others to meet you."

Barns touched his shoulder and they were both immediately transported to the second cave, upon *SOVEREIGN OF THE SEAS*, which was rising rapidly. The ship came upon the Thames and Hunter, quite shocked, followed Barns to top deck. A resident ghost called Jack, who stayed with the ship and gold all the time was in command of the vessel.

Barns said enthusiastically, "Is the Thames not a marvellous place? Here everything is possible. You have proven it! Can you see Molly, the largest eel in the world? He swims near the surface, knowing he is so needed."

"Yes! Molly is an amazing creature. *The Slithers* always look after the eels at night. Mr. Barns, what is that floating face doing out there with a large balloon so near?"

"I am glad you asked that. The floating face is ZADAR. This psychic power protects *The Slithers* from too much government interference. The balloon above him is *a high*

Thames eye for the government and quickly transports people to various places. It reports to 'ONE EYE' who is our 1922 committee elite robotic doctor. You see, the government has known for a long time that communication signals of all kinds can be intercepted. In the modern world that can be very dangerous. Therefore, it was important to create these communication powers. It is part of this country's protection. Now they are all around us as we speak. You are here because my industrial invented instruments have also intercepted your thoughts. *The Slithers* still think you are in the Saloon. You can now be in two places at once because this energy does not recognize physical boundaries. Are we clear?"

"Well, I am sure I am here. Who is it you wish me to meet?"

"Turn around Mr. Hunter. They are all right behind you!"

He turned round and saw five strange figures looking right at him. He nearly staggered backwards. One smartly dressed woman had blue hair. The smiling man standing beside her, had an eel centralized in the middle of his face, which went right through to the top of his head.

Then, even more bizarre, a standing large green sharp-toothed eel was wearing a blue dress, in 'Thames Man' lit boots! She was hairy and smelled of eels. She had hairs growing out of her dress and neck. It was quite frightening. Luckily, Hunter saw a friendly face. Jerry Hawks was in full police uniform. He was also smiling. Beside Jerry, a well-dressed man with a single large, centralized blue and red eye stood in composure. This was 'ONE EYE'. Shocked, Daniel did not know what to say.

Avon put her hand out and introduced herself.

Hallo Mr. Hunter. I am Avon and have special blue hair, which protects me from in-coming signals. Try not to be too startled. We are just a greater force for good in a bad world.

Hunter replied nervously, shaking her hand, “Your hair looks too blue to be true! What do you do Avon?”

“That is a good question, but you must be serious! What you are witnessing today, upon this ship is the greatest of government secrets. Very few people have seen them. We can be powerful individuals when the need arises. Do you understand? Now, let me introduce you to all of us, so you will have a better idea of how madness can be contained and protected on Thames waters. I authorize psychic message requests from Libby and others.

If you think of me in a special way with a certain mind code, I can communicate with your inner thoughts. Libby and I do this all the time, even though she has never met me.

I receive all sorts of messages and have to decide which ones to ignore and others that must be acted on. Out there in the Thames, Balloon advisor No.9 always reports unusual psychic activities on the river. I convey these activities to ‘ONE EYE’, who helps to control all that we do in this respect. This robot can evaluate all psychiatric problems and territorial dangers.

‘ONE EYE’ is a psychiatrist and has vast powers in all areas of political life.

‘Eel head’ Amelia here, is a powerful psychic tax inspector. We need her because ‘The Thames Man Society’ needs a special tax inspector for our records. You know Jerry Hawks of course. Eel face William is the President of ‘Thames Man’ and always keeps an eye out for Molly. His members can turn into eels and keep stamping in a certain naked ritual. This society only came about because one day our telepathic messages accidentally escaped. William received greater eel powers. This just goes to show how dangerous our world can be! That is it really. Do you have any questions Daniel?

“What sort of question is that Avon? Is this not beyond all normal reason? Is a standing hairy eel taxing a certain part of the population? Are you sure? Am I being put to the test yet again?” He said, totally overwhelmed.

Barns ignored the question but asked instead, “Do you see the pink barge under the bridge?”

“Yes, I can. I have never seen it on the river before.”

Barns explained, “The barge is a psychiatric practice. It is a place where all mad people can go in times of need on the river. Without it, the Thames would witness some very strange incidences. It could be seen as a collector of echoing thoughts, which need to be closed down. Such things must be contained, or we will be blamed and the 1922 House of Commons Committee will question us in some embarrassment.

“If you have any questions or become confused, just visit it at any time. We are introducing you to our special government services because you have passed the tests of madness. *The Thames Slithers* have used you in their Thames exploits and you have come through with flying colours!”

“It is time for you to take a trip into our world of abnormal adventure. Are you ready Daniel?”

“After everything you have said Mr. Barns, I believe I have little choice. I thought that the farm secrets and *The Thames Slithers* were just beyond full reason. Such unknown land and shafts are astounding. It has been quite a lot to accept and comprehend. Luckily, my wife and *The Slithers* have been very understanding. This here is quite beyond me because you exist and yet you do not. You can manipulate all that you want and yet the world is such a mixed-up place. You seem to be a perfect part of my imagination in a wonderful world of mad fantasy.”

Barns replied, “Yes, it is a deviant phenomenon in modern times, but very natural to a previous world, all the

same! I am nothing special when you consider that the spiritual cosmos is all around us. Today, if it cannot be 'seen' then it does not exist! Thankfully, that is a great protection in our business, would you not agree?"

Hunter asked, "So, if I understand you correctly, I can visit this world at any time if I am permitted to do so?"

Yes, because *The Slithers* have suffered the psychiatric system, but have not become bitter and grey. It has allowed the door to be wide open for you. It is just a question of how to do it. Religions are against such practices, but it is our heritage from a long gone-by age where tribes relied on such practices for their survival."

"What is going to happen now Mr. Barns?"

"Now you will go with Amelia. Hold onto her Thames boot as Balloon No.9 pulls Amelia up above the ship. No.9 will take you directly to another destination."

"Have I got time Mr. Barns?"

"No time here and you can participate for free! Relaxation can hang from a steaming eel tree, but you get off now!"

Barns shot a psychic bullet into Balloon No.9. He was just watching a set of young gamers playing on a Thames Barge and was joining in so much higher. Immediately on receiving the blow, No.9 pulled up Amelia with an old anchor chain and hook because this creature was far better than a tax book! Hunter saw Amelia rise and quickly caught her Thames Man boot just in time. Up and up they went into the sky, but no one in London saw them.

They landed in the pink barge asylum where many men and women came rushing towards them in an enclosed courtyard. Amelia let out a huge roar, standing awesomely tall. The mist from her mouth sprayed fine eel soap into the air and others ran away. They all stood by the fence parameter,

knowing Hunter was fiercely protected. Amelia was feared by everyone in this imprisoned pink community. They had been brought here because their bodies had become too exhausted. In the physical world, they lay unconscious in hospitals and private nursing homes. Here they had a chance to carry on. They were able to learn about their lives. Here, they could gain psychiatric advice on how to make it better. They all had tales to tell.

One of them came up and asked, “Are you from the stars?”

Hunter replied, “No, not at all. I have just come from a ship to have a look. Do you know why you are here?”

“Oh yes! I hit my wife in an act of rage and the doctors quickly came and removed me. The neighbours must have alerted the authorities. It was a terrible thing to do, and even though I only struck her once, I still regret it. After that, I was sectioned and put on medication. That’s when things really went off the level.”

Hunter asked quite intrigued, while Amelia talked in a very deep voice to a guard about tax avoidance, “What do you mean, *‘off the level’*?”

“I started to see things that were not there!”

“What sort of things did you see?”

“I saw my wife in many glass bowls above my head, swimming in water! She was displaying different emotions in each one, acting out parts of our previous relationship. It made me feel mad, but when I went to pull them down, I ended up cycling inside a bulb. I was making it ever brighter and could see into the Thames where eels came to collect bright oxygen. I stayed there for a while and was quite happy. Then I came here because eating eels and continuous cycling were making my legs too big.”

How do you feel now? Asked Hunter, trying not to laugh.

“I feel far better now. I am having a rest from life but when I go back, I am going to do things differently. I love my wife. I am going to change my ways.”

Just then, an old woman pushed the man out of the way. She had something very important to tell Hunter.

“Young man! Are you going to take me away? I need to get out of here. They have removed my things from my house without my permission! They said I was mad but there is nothing wrong with me. Can you get me out somehow? I really do need to get back home.”

“Where do you live?” Asked Hunter, trying to be kind.

“I live in a large house with many fine things which give me pleasure.”

“Yes, but where is that?”

“I am not sure, but it must be in my notes. Could you have a look? You could ask Amelia.”

“What is it you like most about your house, which you miss here?”

“I like the large carved out horse which I sleep in at night in full warmth and comfort.”

“He asked, grinning, “Would a warm bed not be better?”

“Well, you have a point, but I like to keep my bag close by and I can lock myself up in there, hanging my bag under the green lamp. It is not even damp and hard wood does not give me cramp! It is very safe and when burglars make a visit, they never find me, or my money! Once I woke up in it, while it was galloping to the Thames. It ate all the old homeless mattresses before the sun decided to rise! How many horses do you know would do that? You see, I do have some very special things in my house and I have not even told you about my wooden bath yet!”

“Does it not leak when it is full?”

“Oh no! A drip a minute is always licked up by the cat I never have time to feed.”

Suddenly it was time to go and everyone rushed towards Hunter as he immediately hung on to Amelia, who was again rising rapidly. This time as crowds of pink-dressed mad people tried to catch him, a hot boot bulb had him continuously shifting his fingers in high Thames flight.

A very small boat was spotted and Amelia placed Hunter in it. Another floating boat came along side, with a live head erected in it in some stability. He wondered if it was another illusion or just a sick Thames joke. To his full surprise, *the head* then spoke, which made him jump in fright.

“Hallo! I am ZADAR. Welcome to the Thames on a bright day, Mr. Hunter. I have been expecting you. Did Amelia bring you here?”

Hunter replied, not knowing what to ask first, “I have a feeling you know he did. With that aside, can you tell me what you do all day out here on your small boat and why you are called ZADAR?”

ZADAR replied enthusiastically, “For once, two simple questions, I can answer in the waves of psychic ability.”

“I am all ears while I see you have no body!”

“Please do not be alarmed. It takes everything you can think of to make up a universe we live in. They call it the big bang theory. From such universal ideas, I was invented. My name stands for ‘*Zealous Acid Diving Rocket*’. I am emotionally controlled by *The Slithers* who can make my acid engines dive at rocket speed should someone try to steal me. I can see for miles and report all types of information, which the gang might need for a mission. Living in the ‘*political waters*’ has many risks. I keep *The Slithers* safe in an uncertain world. I tell them of certain dangers. Here is an example. Only last

week I was arrested by police boat 37. An officer came aboard but fell into my beard and fainted.”

Hunter said, in some frustration, “All this abnormal activity feels too supernatural and weird to be real! How do I know I am here? Is *this*, you and all that I can see and hear just a figment of my imagination?”

“You sound angry Mr. Hunter. Do you need help?”

“Do I need help? Do I look like I need help? What sort of bloody question is that?”

ZADAR replied, bobbing up and down with the same happy expression, “Your problem is that you have not suffered enough in life. Too many fruitful gains have you almost living in unreality! You have a successful business and a beautiful rich wife, who even has time to straighten and hang your washed socks! Try to understand that *The Slithers* in their youth have suffered so much more! They are not so questioning or frustrated. They are so humbled they have left society, to fend for themselves. On top of that, they admire you because you just carry on accomplishing in all that you do. They have brought out another side of your character, nearly developing it to the full. Should you not give something back?”

“What is it you want ZADAR?” Just what do you want me to? Listen ZADAR, I am worthy of normality. I have gone along with all their wild plans and crazy antics. Have I not come through without going mad? What more is there? If this is the strength of madness, then I am through with it! I have work to do and I am always pleased to do it! Now you will get me out of here so I can return to some sanity, because your head is starting to infuriate me.”

“Mr. Hunter, I do believe you have really no idea. You are just shielded in the modern world like so many millions of others.”

“Are you putting me to the test? Will there be some rest from all this? I need to get back. Do you not understand? This is not real, none of it is. It is all just in my mind.”

“No, you are wrong. I am real enough, whether you believe it or not.”

“If you are real then prove it to me. Where is your body? How do you survive? How can you keep a permanent grin on your face, balancing on every wave like this and say it is real?”

“I can prove it, but probably that would be going too far.”

“I want you to prove it ZADAR. In all my anger there is nothing I want more because this feels like hell with no way out!”

“As you wish. The experience you are about to receive will never be forgotten.”

“I am not scared ZADAR, especially when it is not real. What can happen here that will change anything? The psychic world can play games, but I am as solid as they come when I get angry. Now I am determined to see your threats through, whatever your words might be.”

“Then Jerry Hawkes will take you to the place you need to go. It is not far from here, but remember, I am not in your mind. Even though I cannot be seen by the physical world. That does not make me any less important. Goodbye.”

ZADAR then vanished and Jerry Hawks came quickly on the water and picked Hunter up.

He said as he pulled him into the tugboat, “Hi Daniel! I never thought you would be in such a position of wishing this on yourself. Do you really want to proceed? We can go back to the ship and be back home in no time. Would that not be best?”

“Just tell me one thing Jerry. Tell me I am dreaming or hallucinating.”

“I am sorry Daniel. This is all real enough, whether you believe it or not. I know it shatters all your illusions of normality, but that is just the way it is. The other side exists right here, right now. Millions of people pass naturally in and out of the psychic world every day and do not even realize it. You have been given an inside view with much support, which laymen would crave for.”

“Jerry, I did not expect this nonsense from you! Now I am even more determined to find out the truth.”

“Pure hard evidence will not come in a report or a box Daniel. *It is a special emotional feeling.* What you are asking for is not as simple as a ride on a bus! Are we clear?”

“Jerry, all this needs to be proven and I am still waiting.”

“Very well Daniel. You have forced my hand. We must visit Padlock Central Hospital. Of course, you will be protected. We do not want you to become disturbed.”

Hunter just nodded his head in full mistrust, but Jerry was now racing at full speed towards Padlock Central Station pier. Within minutes of docking, they entered the hospital of grand Victorian design.

“They went up in a stainless steel lift and entered a secure ward. Many silent people were walking in white dressing gowns with small green eel emblems on them. White soulless faces walked aimlessly in all directions. Some spiritless bodies lived on just food and water. He felt a vast emptiness rush through him. He wondered what these people were doing here. Jerry ushered Hunter to an operating theatre and closed the door. A group of doctors were standing around the operating table, but made way for him to come closer.

Jerry said quietly, “I will wait outside Daniel. This is now your show.”

Hunter felt quite apprehensive, but one of the doctors pulled him quickly into the circle. He then saw a dead eel on

the table and laughed aloud. All the doctors looked at him in dismay and Hunter apologized.

“Sorry for my outburst, but what is this all about? Are we actually going to perform an operation on an eel, so I will be even less convinced? Please, what is this all about? How is this situation going to prove anything?”

The tallest doctor opposite him, on the other side of the table, replied, “The spirit in the eel will decide for us Mr. Hunter. That is the point of it all. All creatures have a soul, whether humans want to accept it or not. Now, before we go on, we need to make sure that you are one of us. Can you please show us the eel tattoo on your bottom?”

“I don’t have any tattoos,” Hunter replied, putting his arms up in retaliation.

The doctor replied, “Let us just have a look any way. You really have nothing to worry about, but without this special tattoo we cannot go any further.”

They all stared. He knew there was now no way out. He undid his belt and pulled his trousers down, bending over for all to see.

“You see Mr. Hunter! You do have a tattoo and did not even know it! That is all we require. Your special eel marking is our emblem. You are one of us. We can now proceed. Come forward and be with us. It is important we close the circle tightly once more.”

Hunter came forward and ‘ONE EYE’ entered the room, putting a white gown around Hunter’s shoulders. ‘ONE EYE’ then stood by the tall doctor on the other side of the table.

‘ONE EYE’ said, “Welcome Mr. Hunter. You have been brought here because you have reservations about our existence. It is time to put matters straight. Soon, deep in your unconscious mind, very few doubts will exist. You have entered a place of secrecy. These special psychiatric doctors

will protect our operation. Mr. Hunter, A soul has '*passed on*'. It is waiting to be transferred for greater service upon the Thames. These were his wishes when he was still alive. You will now assist this operation and feel the benefits of Thames madness, so you will no longer be under any illusions of our existence."

"Are you ready?"

"I have just found out about an eel tattoo on my bottom. If this has been put there so psychiatrists know I belong, am I to question it! Now I am to assist in a psychic eel operation under vast medical guidance. Has this ridiculous episode now been stretched to the limit? Even so, I think it is too late to '*back out*'."

In that moment, the powerful operating lamp was switched on.

'ONE EYE' commanded, "Pick up the eel on the operating table Mr. Hunter."

Hunter did as he was told, even though he thought he should be wearing gloves. He felt silly, but thought it best to comply. Soon he would be home and these ridiculous events would be over.

ONE EYE then said, "That is good. Now raise it up, into the light."

Hunter held the cold eel up to the light.

'ONE EYE' explained, "I am a spiritual, robotic guide, *protecting all those present.*"

All the doctors repeated the sentence three times and his body trembled for no reason. A frightening strength in the eel pulled his arms even higher. Instantly, 'ONE EYE' opened a psychic passage.

He said, "The spirit in the eel will now come upon Daniel. He will then know our existence is pure."

In this second, he had no choice but to receive another soul who had been waiting patiently close by. Hunter cried out in high emotional pain. He had to be held up otherwise he would have collapsed. He was quickly experiencing a paranormal dimension. A previous life of love, hate and experiences were rushing through him. Another soul was trying to take over, but Hunter's strong character was resisting. In new bewildering consciousness, Hunter saw another mind sifting through his, in full search of new brain activity. His brain was a new discovery, which had to be taken over! Hunter shook from head to toe but others had him quite secure.

'ONE EYE' asked as others held Hunter in full support as he heard another man's voice in his head, "Are you now convinced that we are real? Make no mistake that you have another spiritual essence inside you. It will certainly drive you insane within hours. No one can have more than one soul, without the most disastrous of consequences. You will go mad in spiritual insanity. Many people have been persecuted for it in the past. There is no cure without specialised help, which must be acted on straight away. An ever-spiralling confused state will only increase, leading to a life of insane babbling. It will have you locked up for years."

"Please help me 'ONE EYE'! I did not mean to question something, which I did not understand. I have a very loud voice in my head! It will not stop telling me what to do. I do not want to jump. I do not want to go mad! Take it away!"

Other doctors held Hunter tighter so he could not escape.

'ONE EYE' replied, "Do you feel the stranger's ultimate suffering Mr. Hunter? It has taken a lifetime to manifest it. Now you have proof that such powers and madness are very real. *What is it you should not experience, when you question the psychic British realm?* Is it not time to go mad forever and

let yourself off the hook? You can let others be in charge as another runs around in your head. He will try to use a split personality to keep you on the mad hook! In the morning, you will be Daniel and have an ordered psychiatric life within institutional parameters. By late afternoon you will be running in wild torments, wishing you could commit suicide because your sufferings are too great. Which is it to be? You or him? You can be both on the lawn, while relatives look on in despair on a Sunday visit. Is this not the ultimate escape from a repetitive modern world?"

*'Madness has tried to catch me,
In a moment of insanity,
Which chases my mind feverishly,
As my spirit fizzles in frightened animosity.
Is this the way to go mad before I cry?
As an eel fries on my head so bright.
It has made my feelings straight and tight,
They can stretch towards madness at night.
Once you have experienced such sights,
You can visit a pink barge in Thames delight.
I am going to stamp with 'Thames Man' tonight,
Just to prove a bright bulb in boots can see you right!'*

"No! 'ONE EYE', please help me. I cannot be two people when I care about my life. I need to go back to being just Daniel right now. What this man is telling me cannot be repeated!"

'ONE EYE' replied, "We are not here to question your greater thoughts of stability. A suitable candidate must be found outside, before you can take no more!"

Hunter said in painful head contortions, "Please find someone straight away! I need to get this crazy voice out of my head before I explode!"

He had become a believer in seconds. All he wanted now was to be healed.

'ONE EYE' ordered him to be removed from the room. Doctors rushed into the outside corridor, carrying Hunter in high operational duty. A dangerous limit would soon be reached, which would create permanent insanity.

The tall doctor came to Hunter and said, "Pick a person from the crowd. Then you will be released forever!"

He strained his neck and looked up while a huge buzzing voice was trying ever harder to take command! He then ran towards a young man and grabbed him in full desperation.

"This one looks good! He is young and will be able to cope with it far better than I can!"

The tall doctor looked back and 'ONE EYE' nodded his approval.

The tall doctor rushed to Hunter and ordered him to take the dead eel out of his pocket.

"Put the eel on top of your head and stand up straight. Visualise the light inside the operation theatre and think of absolutely nothing else. This will allow 'ONE EYE' into your mind in an instant. Do it now Daniel, before it is too late!"

Shuddering in pain as vacant faces walked around him, Hunter reached into his pocket, while the tall doctor held onto the young man. Other psychiatrists observed keenly from a safe distance. To come too close to 'ONE EYE' powers, could be psychologically fatal. Hunter had the eel in his hand but now it was very hot! He placed it on top of his head and eel water instantly ran down his face. The eel was quickly drying out and would soon no longer exist. Without thinking of anything else, he stood very straight and concentrated on the

light. His eyes were closed while another voice was shouting ever louder in his head.

‘ONE EYE’ was suddenly very close and the tall doctor stepped away. Hunter was now in another world. His inner voices were increasing, but the white light was clearly above them. ‘ONE EYE’ held the young man and opened a psychic passage. The eel started smouldering and Hunter shook in straight spasms with his mouth wide open.

‘ONE EYE’ said in a loud voice, “The spirit in the eel will come upon Robert. He will then know our existence is pure.”

The robotic government psychiatrist then smiled and suddenly all of Hunter’s pain vanished. The eel had sizzled into thin air and had left a tiny eel marking on his head. ‘ONE EYE’ simply disappeared and all the psychiatrists left. Jerry Hawkes was quickly on the scene as Hunter started to recover.

He looked up and saw Robert smiling with red cheeks.

The man had come to life as another person. It was a government miracle and he was so relieved.

“Oh Jerry, I am back! I am Daniel again.”

Jerry smiled and Robert said, “Are we going to the Thames? I love the Thames! Can we go there now?”

Hunter knew the man needed some clothes. He also knew Robert had been indefinitely suspended in institutional soulless wandering. Clothes for the outside world were not a priority. Jerry and Hunter had a short debate about Robert’s welfare. They decided to take Robert back to the ship.

Once aboard, on top deck, Robert asked, “How is it possible that this ship is moving without sail power?”

Jerry replied, “It is powered by electric engines.”

“Where is the electricity coming from?”

“Jerry explained, “The electric engines have huge batteries which are charged in a shaft when the vessel is off the water.”

Robert asked, “Where does that electricity come from?”

Hunter replied, “Have you not heard of power stations, both nuclear and coal? Have you not heard of wind power and oil or gas refineries?”

Robert said quite puzzled, “Listen I am not an idiot, but all these things you mention are new to my ears. I knew I was in the future when Jerry started up the tugboat and raced faster than ever! It was the thrill of my life! Such a little contained engine in shiny material simply shot us about on the river in no time at all, in fresh air! It is wonderful to have things moving quickly and then slowly without pollution being created in dark grey clouds. There must have been a lot of peace in the world to create these new technologies which have been given to the masses.”

“What period are we talking about Robert? Asked Hunter.

“I am as you can imagine, from another age Mr. Hunter. The Thames in 1907 was far more crowded with lines of huge cargo ships, barges and steamboats. I was only five at the time. Around the docks, working gangs supported by the unions carried imported cargo around the clock. It could be done because rushing horses and carts, carriages and buses in narrow cobbled streets never stopped! It was never ending because Britain held a quarter of the world’s trade, exporting goods to every corner of the globe. It was all done for massive profitable gains, but the poor had a very hard working life. Many families in poverty struggled to eat and a life of misery was the norm. High society had all the riches, but paid very low wages. Still, you were pleased when you had a job, so your wife could put food on the table, always putting herself last. The London docks were the powerhouse of the world.

Everything was transported on the river, not just coal, cotton and iron. Fresh food, wheat and corn, livestock, exotic animals and massive machinery were also the norm. I was put in charge of a 'dock gang' when I was twenty-five. The wages were low and poverty was everywhere. Therefore it was only right that smuggling went on."

Hunter replied, "You are in danger if you speak like that in public Robert! You cannot tell people you are from another age. You will be locked up for being mad. In this time you find yourself now, everyone is under surveillance from the state. Even now, there are London cameras and police that can spot you, wherever you go. It is therefore best to try and fit in."

Robert replied, "I was locked up before in 1951 and never saw the world progress after that. I had to be held in a secure unit to protect the public. At the time, I was very angry to be cut off from society. I did a terrible thing. I was soon caught by the authorities. Now I have been given a second chance. I will change my ways so I can have a better life this time. I am grateful someone has allowed me to keep all my memories. Whoever did such a thing deserves my full gratitude. Will you help me *'fit in'* Daniel? I do not want to be locked up! Things are very exciting in your modern age, but what the hell is that huge round thing that is turning round without falling over?"

"That is the London Eye." It is a way of seeing very high up and was built for tourists to get a better look."

Robert asked, "Do you get a lot of tourists?"

Jerry replied, "We have millions of tourists all over London as we speak. What is the plan Daniel? Have you thought of one?"

Hunter looked in Jerry's direction and suddenly saw 'ONE EYE' standing beside him. He had been asked a

question, which the robotic psychiatrist wanted to hear the answer to.

Hunter exclaimed, “Why do I get the feeling that ‘ONE EYE’ can hear everything I say?”

‘ONE EYE’ decided to answer the question immediately. He needed Robert to be looked after, in the physical world.

“He said, “It is good to see you are well again. You are *chipped* Daniel, so Libby, *The Slithers* and I can hear you whenever we wish. You are part of the team. Therefore, we must keep an eye on you. Even god would be pleased. I have appeared because something needs to be explained.”

Hunter asked, “Oh yes, what might that be?”

‘ONE EYE’ replied, “Robert is not going to fit into the modern age. You will have to look after him Daniel.”

Hunter replied in protest as Robert looked at him keenly, “How am I going to manage that ‘ONE EYE’? I have a full time job, work constantly in a gang and assist in late night barge deals, which makes me very tired the next day!”

“Just show him the basics and he will soon pick up all the modern ropes of a fast, swinging society.”

“That is easier said than done ‘ONE EYE’. Could we not find a job for him where he will be able to mingle in without being noticed?”

“I am a little disappointed in you Daniel. Did Robert not help you out of a very tricky situation this morning? I mean, how would it have been possible, if a boiling, ever disintegrating eel had not been allowed to transfer a second soul in heightened anxiety? Would you by now not be running quite wildly, with a mind of other voices, creating conflicting ideas to your own?”

Robert asked before Hunter could answer, “Is this ‘ONE EYE’ person, who has come out of thin air, also running on charged electricity? Why is he so concerned for my welfare?”

Is there going to be a general strike or are the Germans coming again?" Hunter put his head in his hands. There was so much to do. To consider another as a full time venture was certainly *conflicting!* He then realised that *The Slithers* were all teenagers who had fought against the system. With little knowledge on their side, they had learned everything that was necessary to survive on their own. They had gained government psychic alliances and created a centralised, all functioning Saloon hideout for Thames missions, at any time. It had all been possible because of Libby's deepest desire to be free. In turn, she released others. Now a new person was vulnerable and needed his help.

"Robert, the Germans are not coming because they are already here in times of peace. We won the Second World War. Every nation is represented in our country these days. We are part of the European Union. We have lost our empire, our borders, global superior trade links, our huge Navy and armed forces. We are a former part of ourselves, while an international economy of capitalists have swallowed up abundant commercial activities. Governments are poorer than international companies are. Taxes are far smaller than consumer choice. We have communications assigned to every individual who can contact anyone in the world if they have credit and a battery-charged mobile phone. They have to know the number of course. Since I have started my answer, bank trades on the world electronic stock market have traded in billions and terrorists have exploded bombs. World leaders meet more often than ever because of jet planes, but global safety is at an all-time low."

Robert replied, fully concerned, "How on earth am I going to be able to cope? My mind is full up from a previous life! Now I have to know so much more. Will I not go mad again unless I have something to keep me occupied so that

new information can be absorbed far more slowly? I do not want to go mad before I have even started!”

Hunter replied, “It is a difficult situation. It would be best to keep it to yourself. Others might want to *brainwash* you. You might unknowingly hold many secrets. Others might want to keep them hidden from the modern age. The history books and archives have been written. It would be a scandal if new evidence came to light.”

Jerry intervened, saying, “Daniel, let us call upon ‘Thames Man’. You met him today, when Avon introduced him. He will surely be able to help. He has a special virus that increases brain functioning.”

“Yes, that would be a good idea. Let William decide after he has interviewed Robert.”

Jerry pulled out a special gold police eel whistle. He placed it on his forehead and The President of ‘Thames Man’ instantly appeared.

Hunter asked, “*How do you do that Jerry!*”

Jerry replied, smiling mischievously, “It is just a trick in another world of wonder!”

William came over as the wind blew on top deck of ‘*SOVEREIGN OF THE SEAS*’.

He said smiling as a red thin eel tongue wriggled on top of his head, “You called me just at the right time. I have just finished giving a ‘Thames Man’ presentation on the river. What can I help you with?”

Jerry replied, “William, could you do with more help at your busy shop at Padlock Central Station?”

“It is funny you should mention that. I am having difficulties recruiting night staff. Amelia wanted to step in but I was afraid she might frighten some of the customers. Have you got someone in mind?”

Hunter replied, "Robert here is looking for a job. I am sure he would be more than happy to do the night shift if there was bulb and boot training."

"Hi Robert! Welcome aboard. Do you like working with people? Are you interested in customer satisfaction? Are you prepared to stamp on Sundays naked in the Thames with our society?"

"I am not sure if I could stamp naked, but if I can make new friends and make bulbs glow on dark nights, I just might give it a try."

"What experience have you got?"

"I can tell you this William. I was born in 1902 and passed away recently. Miraculously, I have entered a new body, but still have my old spirit. I worked on the docks all my life. I have seen glorious Britain grow and grow. Does that sum up many experiences you might be interested in?"

"It sounds good enough to give you a try. Our display boots always need polishing and bulbs need to be tested. Customers come from all over the world, just for a brighter Thames at night. Our products are very popular. Billingsgate eel soap and warm clay is always included. At the shop, we have a large eel tank. Customers can step inside it to get the feel of their new boots. A bright pleasurable eel experience always has them laughing! Happy customers always come back."

"When can I start?" Asked Robert, rubbing his hands.

"Robert, first we will give you the standard 'Thames Man' training. This will give you all the practical abilities to do your job correctly. Then you will be ready with an old head. That could be a perfect combination. Come with me and we will find you a Padlock Central Station uniform."

They started to leave and Hunter felt relieved. He liked Robert but there was little time to help him with all that he needed.

Hunter suddenly called out to Robert, “Robert, by the way, what were those things you were confessing to me when you were inside my head?”

Robert stopped and turned round slowly. He then looked up with a far more serious expression on his face.

“Mr. Hunter, are you sure you really want to know the finer details? We could just forget about it. It was after all a very odd situation. I was in your head was I not? My soul was in confusion. Let us forget about it. I am sure that would be the best thing to do.”

Jerry Hawkes, William and Robert stared at Hunter in silence. The Thames had been forgotten as the four stood in full concentration. Could such a spiritual dimension be challenged? Hunter decided it was best to get it out into the open, while he had the chance to do so. He knew very well that the subject could hardly be brought up again. He might never see Robert again.

Hunter finally replied, “Robert, whether it is right or wrong, I still need to know. Your previous voice is still in my head. It is in my memory banks. You were there and you willed your thoughts upon me, but did I have a choice? I had to listen, regardless of what you said. The very least you can do before you leave this ship, is to explain yourself. After all, the comments were quite dramatic!”

“Very well Daniel. I will explain it all too you, the best way I can. There was a time in my life when I had to carry out private service for the government. It went on for two years. Silence was always observed. I worked in the Tower of London as an executioner. The first one was the worst. The pleading and crying can never be forgotten. After that, we

managed to slay twenty to thirty people a day. I got used to it after a year, but the first one is with me all the time. This haunting led me to do terrible things in my life, just to forget it. I made a fatal mistake. I looked into her eyes just before she died. Now there is only regret. Can I go now?"

Hunter just nodded his head, wishing he had not asked. William and Robert then disappeared. Moments later, the ship was coming down the shaft, but Jerry and Hunter travelled in silence. It had been quite an episode, which had them both reflecting on the events.

As they came off the ship, Hunter asked, "Is that how it works?"

"What are you talking about Daniel?"

"What we witnessed in the hospital was a transferring of souls. Is that how it works?"

"Daniel, what you experienced today was extraordinary. This much you have to admit. We must be careful. Things have come and then disappeared. It is there and then it is not. All the while, you are the main actor. Are you not the one who has been pulling the strings?"

Hunter said in denial, "I do not see it like that at all."

Jerry argued, "Are you sure you are not the instigator in such matters? Did you not approach MI6 Barns in the Saloon? You actually followed this stranger. Have you ever done that before without proof of who the person is?"

Hunter replied, "What about all the other things that happened? Are you saying I instigated those scenes as well?"

Jerry replied more understandingly, "You left yourself wide open. You did not protect yourself. Barns told you there was no time. How can something be real if there is no time Daniel?"

"Oh come on Jerry, all these things happened, no matter how crazy they sound. I was there and was part of them. It is

another world others do not see. I understand why it exists. I believe in 'ONE EYE'. He made a lot of sense and he helped me.

Jerry replied, "Do you really believe there is a pink psychiatric practice on the Thames?"

"Yes I do. I was there and spoke to a couple of patients."

"So you believe ZADAR is a floating head on a boat with special powers in his beard?"

Jerry, ZADAR is an early warning system and challenged my ideas. He spoke a lot of sense in my view."

Jerry asked, "Where is ZADAR and balloon No. 9 now?"

"Out there somewhere, taking care of business."

"Where does 'ONE EYE' keep his huge eye when he goes to sleep?"

"That must stay a secret at the very heart of British psychiatric madness. I am a true *Slither* who can walk on the other side. Madness and secret events are all around us."

*'If you have gone to another place,
To receive madness for your shoe lace,
Try to make a psychic display,
A thing, which has you giving your mind away.
The world does not care if there are lost psychic days,
The system needs productivity before madness is displayed,
Therefore, it is better to do it in hidden ways,
It will keep you happy in laughing days,
Which we all need to stay sane in the modern age.'*

"What are you proclaiming now Mr. Hunter?"

"Jerry, it may sound ridiculous. If you had spoken about such things before my Thames experience, I would have probably turned away. I am not here to convince you, whether I am right or wrong. Something has happened to me, which

has made me more than I was before. There has been a *spreading of the wings, so to speak*. I now know that the two worlds are joined all the time. However, there is only certain access for those who respect them both. In a world of reality, I have been put to the test. The young *Slithers* have put their trust in me and I rose to the challenge. This in turn led me to be used in missions, which had a psychic guiding force attached. I know this because my relationship with Jane has totally changed. We have fallen in love all over again. That is a very rare thing to happen when you live with the same person all the time. Something outside the normal parameters have rejuvenated the way we feel for each other. At the time, I did not know what was doing it. Now it is abundantly clear. The other side is helping me and I am learning not to reject it. I am accepting it with open arms.”

Jerry asked, “Do you think William really eats ice cream with an eel’s tongue, when he has got his own?”

“It would certainly be more practical if he put the ice cream bowl on top of his head.”

Jerry replied, “What about putting it with other bowls with emotions inside, which describe parts of your loving relationship?”

Hunter answered cleverly, “It will cool down the different bowls so emotions are kept on ice. Jerry, can you not see? I love it all! I have passed the test. I do not need to be convinced any longer.”

“Go on Daniel, I am listening.”

Before Hunter could reply, James was coming down in the bullet train. He entered the shaft and walked towards them.

He said, “I have come because I heard you both talking on my communication device. The conversation is quite interesting. I am sorry I have interrupted. Please carry on Daniel. I am *‘all ears’*.”

Hunter replied, “I can tell you both that I have been given new powers. They have been provided as a set of tools, which I can use in order to function in the world with better awareness and inner fulfilment. Wisdom has touched me like never before. I have not read it in a book or gone to a seminar to learn it. Instead, due to this particular situation, *I have lived it*. The feeling inside is one of freedom. There are new things to explore, but this environment is protectively enclosed to our particular circumstances upon the Thames. It would be unsafe just to venture out into this world all by yourself. With a certain guide where would I rather be?”

James asked, “Is this not dangerous Daniel?”

“Why do you consider it to be unsafe James?” Asked Hunter with his arms up.

“I do not want to offend you, but it is not real is it? Are we not meant to stay in reality? Will it create uncertainty in the mind? Could it not disturb the soul?”

“I fully agree with you James. To be presented with such a situation, which is outside your control, can be very disturbing. The actors involved might not correctly present themselves. They might even pretend to be someone or something else. I also understand that we as humans have our limitations. To be presented with the full truth or a being’s identity might be too overwhelming. Therefore, a slightly different representation allows us to accept, so we may go forward in the right direction.”

James asked, “How can these tools be of use then?”

“I see it like this James. MI6 Barns and I went on the Thames on *‘SOVERIEGN OF THE SEAS’*. I was then introduced to others who all had a role to play. It was all being done for my benefit and I am now extremely grateful. They individually took turns in taking me on an amazing journey. In this unfolding drama, I was being protected and advised. My

fears and mistrust were challenged, so that I was aware that there was an argument to be had for this world to exist. The events that occurred have allowed me to accept that there is another side to life. This is a great tool to have above all others. The tool is the belief that the door to another world can be opened or closed at any time. I am therefore now a believer.”

“James asked, “What else did the guides do?”

“They made me realize that I can create a *‘wholeness within’*. I am now able to create a *‘second home’*’.

James and Jerry sat down on a smooth rock. They knew Hunter was now going to explain further.

James asked as he rubbed his beard, “Tell us about this *‘second home’*’.

“A *‘second home’* is very special. Now I will describe how to do it.”

Jerry interrupted, “Before you start, can you tell me how you learned about this when it was never mentioned, while you were out there with other beings.”

“I can explain it, but first let me put you right on one thing. Psychic beings might live in one realm. You Jerry, live in both! I learned about it from ‘ONE EYE’, who entered my mind and provided me with this wonderful information.”

Jerry replied, “I am just a guide.”

“Yes, you are a guide, which I am grateful to have by my side. Your help today will never be forgotten. You have questioned me at length to test my ability to understand such events.”

James asked, “Please explain the *‘second home’*’.

“A *‘second home’* is created in your mind. You must sit down somewhere quiet and visualize a place where you would like to be. It might be a place inside a forest, a special garden or somewhere else, where you feel at peace with yourself. In

this place, you create a dwelling with windows and maybe a door. You can imagine all sorts of things, which will make the place unique to you. Once this has been accomplished in your mind, you can then invite people in that you know. You might both sit there and feel the relationship between you. You might want to create more harmony or convey something, which could not be done in the real world. I can now ask for telepathic beings to visit. I could ask Avon to help me with something. Does this make sense?”

Jerry replied, “It can be a psychic advisory service in a modern world where communications are always vulnerable.”

Hunter said, “I suppose the more you visit your ‘*second home*’, the more elaborate the settings can be. There is always work to be done to create a setting so other spirits of wisdom might want to pop in. For example, ‘ONE EYE’ told me that when he visits his ‘*second home*’, there is usually someone waiting for him. This is because he is an ultimate robotic guide that cannot become contaminated, infected or damaged by human psychic phenomena. He is therefore highly attractive to other forces. They need his neutral robotic power, which can observe the *human spiritual condition* in safety. What a wonder it all is.”

Jerry said, “I believe it is time for you to join the others Daniel.”

MI6 Barns appeared and Hunter turned round to greet him.

Barns said, “Daniel, Jerry is right. It is now time to enter your life again with *The Slithers*. When you return to the Saloon, we will still be in your mind; now protecting you psychically from the greater dangers that lie before you. We are a natural phenomenon. Due to this, we will not disturb your daily thoughts. We are a powerful directory for all sorts of problems, which the other side cannot resolve. You will

hardly know we are there, even though we are now an integral part of your mind.”

Hunter asked quite worried, “Am I going to die tonight on the Thames Mr. Barnes?”

Barnes replied sternly, “*You must accomplish the mission!* That is all. You are now with us, whatever should happen. It is now time to go. Good luck, until you suddenly meet us again.”

Hunter felt a little weird, walking away to the humming bullet train. These beings actually existed and he was already missing them. Psychic friends were very special and it made him smile just as he realized it. Unknown to him, he had now been tattooed twice with another green eel on his buttocks. The second instant tattooed emblem would benefit him for the rest of his life. Whatever happened in the next few hours, such rewards would unknowingly help him.

Hunter had now entered the very core of British political interests. Soon he would be put to the test again. He was now part of an integrated government network, for the safety of the Thames and the public at large. The man had entered a place only a few had ever encountered. He had survived his initial madness. He was now ready to take on the most precarious mission the Thames had ever seen. Luckily, he had *The Slithers* and Barn’s team right behind him. It was this love, friendship and power, which was going to be the best protection in a new unknown territory. He entered the Saloon and resumed his seat at the table. Time had stood still while he was away. Therefore, no one had missed him. He felt a greater courage in his veins, but now could see so many serious implications.

Madness on the Thames



A mad young gang is compromising the River Thames. They all live extremely close to political power. 'The Houses of Parliament' are only a stone's throw away from an underground Thames Saloon. These former psychiatric patients know they must be careful. Their distrustful paranoia keeps them safe from the state. However, unknown to them, secretive psychic government is always watching! Daniel Hunter soon finds himself at the centre of such controversies, with no way out...

Madness on the Thames

by

Peter Stone

Order the complete book from the publisher

[Booklocker.com](http://booklocker.com)

<http://booklocker.com/books/8103.html>

or from your favorite neighborhood
or online bookstore.