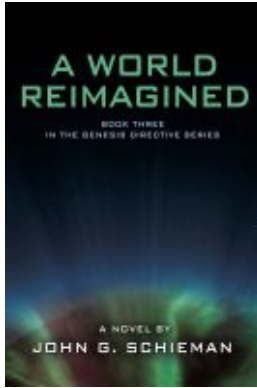


# A WORLD REIMAGINED

BOOK THREE  
IN THE GENESIS DIRECTIVE SERIES

A NOVEL BY  
JOHN G. SCHIEMAN



*The Genesis Directive has been activated. World leaders will fall. Nation states will crumble. The Genesis cloak of anonymity has been removed. Its leaders ascend onto the world stage causing massive shifts in the global balance of power. Time honored institutions are transformed. Benevolence displaces conflict. Optimism replaces pessimism as a new sense of "religiousness" emerges. "Free will" will be crushed. Information will be suspect. History will be re-written and the future will be contrived.*

## **A World Reimagined: Book Three in the Genesis Directive Series**

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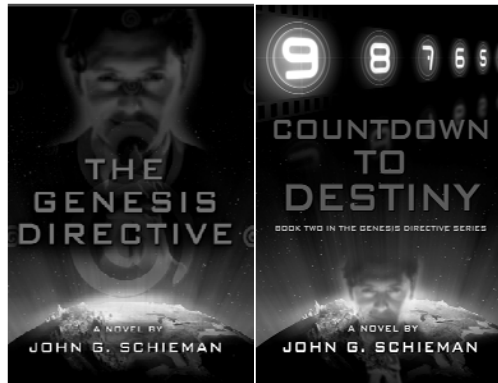
# *A WORLD REIMAGINED*

*Book Three in the Genesis Directive Series*

JOHN G. SCHIEMAN

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Discover how this epic saga began.



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2016

First Edition

*In memory of my Dad and my Brother*

*My dad was remarkable in every way, especially the pride he continuously demonstrated for our entire family.*

*My brother, nine years my junior, left us far too soon. He was an outstanding brother, son, husband, father, and surgeon.*

*To my beautiful niece and handsome nephew who make me proud every day.*

*As always, to my Mom who turned ninety-five in September.*

*Special thanks to William Custer and David Weippert for their invaluable feedback throughout this entire project.*



## Prologue – A World Reimagined

The decades of strategic planning and flawless execution have finally come to fruition. It's all been leading up to this moment. The massive, stealth organization known only as Genesis is on the threshold of achieving its vision of a new world order. Activation of the Genesis Directive is no longer a question of "if", but "when"; and that date is now zero plus eighty-seven days.

World leaders will fall. Nation states will crumble. No one will comprehend the inevitability of Genesis' vision of the future until it's too late. As the vision materializes, the world will bear witness to Genesis' unbridled creativity, its resolute determination, and its masterful, albeit diabolical, tactics.

The Genesis methodology has been architected to repeatedly stun the world with misdirection as it expropriates the capabilities of the worldwide military industrial complex to suit its insatiable appetite for power. Cyber terrorism continues to be the Genesis weapon of choice as it promulgates disinformation and influences social values. Big data has become the new battle ground. Control of energy grids, natural resources, the information highway, and, ultimately, world domination will be the spoils of war.

Genesis' political influence will come to the fore as it exploits human weakness and personal greed for its own advantage. Genesis operatives will shed their cloaks of anonymity and assume their rightful political presence on the world stage. Lives will be sacrificed. Nation-states will be transformed.

The Genesis Directive once loomed on the global horizon like an immense storm preparing to unleash its power and its authority. The impending activation of the Directive is at hand. The entire globe will teeter on a precipice between good and evil; between free will and societal manipulation.

Who is to say “what is good” and “what is bad”? The world ‘*Before Genesis*’ was all too frequently characterized by horrific terrorism, personal brutality, child abuse, genocide, corruption, and wealth mongering.

The Genesis new world order will supplant despair with hope; pessimism with optimism; and fear with contentment.

When the storm that is Genesis finally subsides, worldwide financial, political, economic, and social structures will have been dramatically altered and the balance of global power will have been disrupted in unimaginable proportions.

*Long live the Genesis Directive!*



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## **Chapter 1**

### **Reaching a Point of No Return**

#### **October 01, 2016 (T-85 Days to the Activation of the Genesis Directive)**

“Damn it! Why can’t I just fall asleep?” whispered a frustrated Clayton Armbruster under his breath.

Clayton laid in bed, staring up at the ceiling, unable to fall asleep for the third consecutive night in a row. He jammed the pillow under his head as he rolled onto his right side. Thirty seconds passed. Clayton repositioned his body to his left side. Nothing worked. He couldn’t find a comfortable position no matter how many times he contorted his body or rearranged his pillows.

As he glanced at the alarm clock on the nightstand for the twentieth time that night, he realized another twenty minutes had elapsed since the last time he checked. It was now ten past three in the morning.

One challenging thought after another bombarded his psyche that early morning. Where once only confidence filled Clayton’s mind, there were now pangs of doubt and second guessing.

“Have I done enough to secure victory?”

“Have I overlooked any critical factors that could jeopardize our west coast success?”

“Are any critical path projects misaligned?”

“Have sufficient contingencies been built into our implementation plans?”

Clayton Armbruster glanced at the wireless exercise bracelet that surrounded his right wrist. He had consistently maintained a resting

heartbeat of sixty-seven beats per minute. At that moment, the bracelet registered an elevated seventy-eight.

Clayton decided to make a little productive use of inability to fall asleep as he had done the previous two nights. He reached for the smart phone on the nightstand, promptly activated the screen, and instinctively initiated his financial app. Stocks throughout the Pacific Rim had closed decidedly lower. Currency trading was in turmoil and the price of Brent crude oil was down nearly two dollars. At midday 'across the pond', European markets showed considerable weakness, signaling a downward bias to U.S. markets when they opened. It wasn't shaping up to be a good morning for investors like himself.

As he switched between apps, he wondered how we ever survived before the advent of the internet and the mobile devices that placed an overabundance of information at our fingertips. Clayton queried his personal assistant app and confirmed his supposition that he had a hectic week ahead.

Before shutting down his mobile device, he scanned the global headlines utilizing a news aggregator app. Iran had announced that it was backing away from previously agreed components of the nuclear proliferation accord which came as no surprise to most people. Another headline indicated that terrorists struck once again on the continent of Africa, massacring twenty-seven people and maiming another fifty-two. A second terrorist incident occurred on the outskirts of Brussels where seven people died and scores were injured. A third incident had occurred along the southern border of Texas, but had not yet been classified as a terrorist event. The story intimated that it appeared all three incidents may have been coordinated attacks.

Clayton's restlessness intensified as anger began to consume his thoughts and his pulse quickened. He held the world's leaders responsible for the increase in global terrorism as, one by one, they had removed their support from the Middle Eastern region and forced the ill-equipped, local forces to fend for themselves. He

wondered why they were even called “world leaders” at all. He considered many of them “followers” who were elected through ‘popularity contests’ and not judged based on their positions regarding the substantive issues of the day. The current batch of politicians thrived on attending global summits, taking advantage of photo opportunities, and were content to avoid making the really tough decisions for fear of losing votes.

Armbruster thrust his head against the pillow and thought to himself, “If these so called global leaders don’t exhibit true leadership, why have them at all?”

Clayton was fast approaching the boiling point as he reflected once again on the details of the reported terrorist events. He thought to himself, “Those senseless acts of inhumanity must not be allowed to stand. Governmental equivocation was unacceptable. Tolerance was deplorable.” For Clayton, the solution was crystal clear. Total obliteration of the perpetrators was the only viable option.

As his smartphone went dark, Clayton took some solace from the knowledge that monumental, global change was fast approaching!

Glancing at the clock once again, he was hit with the stark reality that time had advanced another half hour. In a final act of desperation, Clayton stretched his right arm toward the alarm clock and repositioned its glowing face toward the wall, somehow believing that the clock’s illumination contributed to his sleeplessness.

“Dear, what’s the matter?” asked Clayton’s wife Rebecca.

“Nothing. I can’t fall asleep tonight. Sorry I woke you. Go back to sleep. I’ll be okay,” whispered Clayton.

“Seems I’ve heard that before. If you say so, I’ll try to ignore your gyrations. Look, I know you have a lot on your mind these days. I wish you wouldn’t bundle it up inside you and bring it into our bedroom at night. I’m not complaining, but with everything that’s happening, you need to be at the top of your game. Try and get

some sleep. Good night my dear,” said Rebecca as she rolled over onto her left side.

Clayton sighed deeply as he thought to himself, “If Rebecca only knew the entire story her words of encouragement would most likely turn to expressions of disdain.”

Clayton finally managed to fall asleep around four in the morning. After two restful hours of ‘power napping’, he awoke for the final time that morning at six o’clock. Clayton’s pattern of sleepless nights continued throughout the remainder of the month.

Rebecca was correct about one thing. Her husband of twenty-seven years had a lot to think about. The United States Presidential election was a month away. Clayton had spent every waking hour coordinating the election campaign for his best friend, Thomas Parker. Tom had emerged as an unknown ‘dark horse’ two years earlier to become the frontrunner in the election. He was leading in all the polls by more than seven percentage points. It was now his election to lose. Tom Parker owed much of his new-found, popular success to Clayton Armbruster. After what Parker trusted would be a successful election, his best friend would have his pick of cabinet positions. Parker knew he owed his friend at least that much.

It was not an accident that Thomas Parker, a longtime Cincinnati, Ohio resident, had been selected by his party. Ohio had been a major swing state during previous presidential elections. It was essential for Parker to carry his home state in order to win the upcoming presidential election. Politics was in Tom Parker’s blood. His father had been the state senator for twenty years. Tom’s teenage years were consumed by attending fundraisers, door-to-door campaigning, spot appearances in television advertisements, and inventive use of technology. At an early age, he began to realize the importance of the intersection of technology and politics. During college, he grasped the criticality of leveraging social media to his advantage.

In the years leading up to the election, America's 'respect' on the world stage had been in serious decline. International terrorism was on the rise. For more than two years, a new form of internationally-sponsored domestic terrorism was on an alarming upward trajectory. Middle Eastern female terrorists were transported across the globe and served as 'triggers' for imbedded terror cells to act. Some women entered countries as foreign refugees. Others traveled with confiscated infants that provided an excellent cover. Still others entered a country under the guise of a "mail order" bride or a pre-arranged marriage. The initial incidents took place in Canada. The causes of the emerging patterns of violence went undetected for many months. Similar terrorist incidents soon unfolded throughout Europe and in the United States, where the new face of terrorism was discovered.

Domestically, crime in the United States was out of control. The major inner cities and the news media kept score regarding the number of overnight deaths resulting from firearms. Domestic violence was at an all-time high and the number of child abuse cases had become indefensible. The cops were continually portrayed as the problem and not the solution in the media.

On the economic front, two thousand sixteen began with a global stock market selloff of epic proportion and prompted fears of a worldwide recession. Commodity prices plummeted to historic lows and sparked concerns of spiraling deflation. It was as if someone or some organization were manipulating prices to suit their particular interests.

Tom believed that the Federal Reserve was more of a hindrance than a solution to the economic problems facing the country and that the institution was in need of a substantial overhaul, if not outright dissolution.

Tom Parker was a no-nonsense svelte figure of a man, standing six foot-five inches. People looked up to him in a very literal sense. He was the consummate family man. He was married to his wife Andrea and adored by his children Brad, twenty and Erica,

seventeen. The family was in the “upper one percent” of wealth and didn’t apologize for it. Parker had earned every cent through dedication and a strong work ethic. He believed everyone should have the opportunity to succeed, which from his point of view, began with a strong family and was complemented with continuous learning.

Elements of Tom Parker’s platform resonated with every voting demographic. He had a solid plan for improving inner city education. He stood against the proliferation of social welfare, believing a negative income tax system was a much better solution to the poverty issue. He believed in full employment, but he also realized that if a family could earn ‘sufficient’ income, a revised tax structure should accommodate an acceptable standard of living.

Tom took a strong position on domestic crime. His focus wasn’t on crime itself, but the systemic causes of crime. He had a solid plan to revamp the entire system and eradicate the processes that contributed to systemic crime. Tom Parker was extremely critical of the existing prison system. He believed prisons did nothing but sharpen a criminal’s skills, thereby producing habitual, repeat offenders. Tom had a detailed plan that focused on rehabilitation and achieving real life job skills as one of the prerequisites for reentering society. Far too many crimes were committed by repeat offenders.

Tom Parker’s belief was that every person in the world, regardless of age, ethnicity, or religious beliefs shared a common desire for a brighter future for themselves and their family members. If that dream could be achieved, Tom felt terrorism and crime would take a ‘back seat’. But hope wasn’t enough; hope had to be matched by the reality of income equality. Make no mistake. Tom Parker also took a strong, unwavering stance against international terrorists and believed they should be “hit where they lived”.

It had also come to light in the months leading up to the election that high ranking members of the previous administration had knowingly deceived the American public in matters of national



interest. Two mass shootings that had taken place on domestic military bases had been categorized as random events by disgruntled employees with no ties to international terrorist organizations.

During the excruciating FBI investigations of the San Bernardino mass shooting, information surfaced that strongly suggested that the two men responsible for the military base shootings had Middle Eastern ties and might have been radicalized. Parker seized on that opportunity to clarify his position regarding full disclosure. He was emphatic that he was not espousing that the prior administration had committed any wrong doing...he didn't have sufficient details to make such a judgment. What he did say, however, that under his administration there would be total transparency. The American people had the right to know all the facts no matter how dire. Parker's poll numbers jumped two points with that pronouncement.

Parker was an expert at utilizing social media to connect to the people. Although he didn't realize it at the time, Tom Parker also had the invisible backing of Genesis.

The Armbruster family was one of the oldest, wealthiest, most influential families in the United States. Their original fortunes were amassed during the emergence of the industrial revolution as the United States began to assert its world dominance.

Clayton was a force to be reckoned with. Physically, his fifty-two year old presence was unmistakable. He stood six foot-six inches, tipping the scales at slightly more than two hundred thirty pounds of solid muscle. From a distance, his closest friends swore he resembled a slightly taller, heavier version of George Clooney. Intellectually, he knew no equal. Some people have been referred to as a "jack of all trades, master of none". When it came to Clayton, it seemed he was a master of all trades. He was a bona fide overachiever. His wealth opened doors for him to be sure. However, Clayton busted his ass at everything he attempted.

Clayton graduated from M.I.T. in nineteen eighty-six, with an undergraduate degree in Computer Science at the age of twenty-one. He graduated first in his class. The summer following graduation, he decided his future resided in the law. He enrolled at Harvard Law School the following semester. After passing the bar and with the assistance of the family influence, Clayton Armbruster became a State Attorney General in two thousand-five.

His technology degree was the foundation that enabled him to envision the future. The law degree enabled him to comprehend where the law had not kept up with technological advances. Clayton felt the political arena was the most effective platform for him to realign the law and technology.

Armbruster loved the game of golf, consistently shooting in the low seventies on the most competitive courses in the world. Hell, he could have competed on the Pro circuit if he had chosen to do so. The game proved to be a little too slow for his liking, although he closed many business deals on the courses.

Clayton excelled at tennis. His powerful serves and overhead smashes vaulted him to the number one amateur player in Newport Beach ten years ago. He also thrived on a good game of Texas Hold'em poker. Before entering the political arena, he actually competed at the World Series of Poker in Las Vegas. Eleven thousand, five hundred other people also paid the ten thousand dollar fee to enter the tournament that year. Clayton finished in tenth place failing to qualify for the prestigious final table by one position. It pissed him off to no end, although he won over a half-million dollars for his effort, which he promptly donated to one of his favorite charities. He always felt that poker helped to 'read' people.

If and when Parker won the election, Armbruster understood that he would have his choice of cabinet positions. Clayton had his sights set on the Chief-of-Staff position, the highest ranking employee of the White House inside the Executive Office. He was certain that

would be the most effective position to engender the much needed change in the country.

Clayton's wife, Rebecca Connors-Armbruster, was a true Southern Belle from the state of Georgia. She was elegantly beautiful to be sure, but she was no trophy wife. She possessed a brilliant mind. She and Clayton had met during their first semester while at Harvard. They married two years following graduation and have been happily married for the past twenty-seven years.

Clayton Armbruster considered his finest achievement in life to be his two children. Everything else was a distant second. Jason was twenty-four and Amanda's twenty-first birthday was fast-approaching. Jason graduated from Harvard Law School in his father's footsteps. He rapidly achieved the position of "partner" in one of the most prestigious Southern California law firms, making him one of the youngest lawyers to have achieved the title. Hollywood had also attempted to entice him into a career of acting, once having observed him participating in political television commercials with his dad. Jason had a slight resemblance to the Hunger Games actor Liam Hemsworth. Jason also excelled at every sport he participated in. His favor pastime was surfing.

Amanda was the spitting image of actress Elle Fanning. She was the free spirit of the family who was still trying to 'find herself'. She was in her final year at UCLA. Unlike her brother, she thought she might pursue a career in acting.

Clayton loved both children dearly and would do whatever it took to keep his children out of harm's way. He was a great dad in every respect. Despite the family wealth, Clayton challenged his kids to excel, to be the best they could be, and always put family ahead of everything else.

The Parkers and Armbrusters were living proof that the American dream was alive and well. Both families were well-grounded, educated, successful, and extremely wealthy. Tom Parker was continually conscious of his good fortune. Every day, Tom made an

effort to “give something back” to those less fortunate than himself. He was convinced that if and when he became the President of the United States, that platform would enable him to do wonderful things for the country.

On the surface, the two friends were much alike. Inwardly, Clayton Armbruster embraced a much different view of the world and his role in it. He had more money than he could possibly spend in his lifetime. The value of money had lost all its meaning for him. Money served as his metric for success. The more money he accumulated, the more successful he felt he was...and he wanted more.

**October 26, 2016 (T-60 Days):** Clayton Armbruster awoke from another restless night of sleep at quarter past five in the morning, California time. He was at the family’s Pelican Crest home on the Pacific Coast of Southern California within the Newport Beach area. Homes in those gated communities were built with one hundred eighty degree views of the Pacific Ocean. The mean household income for the community exceeded one-half million dollars. Every family in the community qualified as multi-millionaires, including no less than ten billionaires. The Armbrusters qualified for the latter category. The ten bedroom, fifteen bath residence was only one of many homes owned by the Armbrusters. Newport was his favorite residence.

The entire week had been spent solidifying the California vote for candidate Parker. The polls had him eight percentage points ahead in the state. Clayton’s mind could not escape the criticality of the week ahead, nor could he fully comprehend the profound nature of what was to unfold during the ensuing months. His strong work ethic and eighteen hour work days were an essential ingredient to insure Tom Parker’s success. His psyche was a constant reminder of what rested on his shoulders.

Clayton had a multitude of communication events scheduled throughout the entire day and was anxious to get started. His first call of the day was over the intercom to his ‘live in’ personal assistant. Fariad was soundly asleep when the intercom resounded

on the night table next to his bed. Still half asleep, Fariad reached for the com device.

“Fariad, I trust I did not wake you?” asked Clayton.

Fariad glanced at his alarm clock as he politely responded, “No sir, not at all. I was awake. How may I assist you?”

“Great, I know it’s early, but I have much to accomplish today. I will be staying at the residence all day. Could you please ask Mahsa to prepare me an omelet, a side of home fries, and a pot of English tea? I should be downstairs within the half hour,” requested Clayton.

“It will be our pleasure. Have a wonderful, productive day sir,” responded Fariad.

As Clayton terminated the communication, Fariad turned to his wife.

“Mahsa, the master is at it again. You must rise now. He requested that you prepare him an omelet with home fries. He said he would be downstairs in thirty minutes.”

“My God, that gives me so little time. I will shower when I have finished cooking for him,” responded Masha jumping out of bed.

There would have been no adverse consequences had Masha delayed preparing the man of the house breakfast. Fariad and Masha had worked, on and off, for the Armbruster family for years. While Clayton had his dark side, he had always been cordial with the two of them.

For many years, the couple had discretely functioned as ‘erasers’ for Genesis. Whenever a situation got out of control and needed to be cleaned up, there was no better team to handle the problem than Fariad and Masha. The couple took solace in the understanding that the Congressman Axelrod assignment had been their final Genesis mission.

Genesis was a stealth organization of global proportions intent on establishing a new world order. Its war chest was incalculable. Its methods were diabolical. Its strategy was steadfast... world domination. Tactically, it was in the final stages of unleashing the Genesis Directive upon every nation on the planet. World leaders would fall. Nation states would crumble. For Genesis, “the end always justifies the means”.

In September, two thousand fourteen, Congressman Palmer Alexrod III and his wife, Martha, died mysteriously in their sleep while under the protection of the NSA at an Iowa-based compound known as I-Venture.<sup>1</sup> Fariad and Masha were the Alexrod’s housekeepers at that time.

Genesis had presented Fariad and Masha with the option of returning to the Armbruster California compound as the family’s primary service staff or returning home to Afghanistan. The couple possessed sufficient wealth that would have enabled them to return to their homeland with considerable stature. For the time being, the couple elected to remain in America with the Armbruster family.

Clayton Armbruster arrived downstairs on schedule as he had predicted and rapidly ingested less than half of what Masha had prepared for him. After a brief, but sincere apology for not eating more of her food, Clayton proceeded toward his secure communications room. He grabbed two cans of energy drink from the kitchen refrigerator on the way. Over the past two weeks, the drinks had become a mainstay in his diet.

While it was still early on the west coast of the United States, it was already approaching late afternoon where the recipients of his first two calls resided. Armbruster entered his state-of-the-art communications ‘sanctuary’ as he gulped the last energy drink. He got comfortable and promptly placed his first encrypted conference call of the day. His call that would trigger a firestorm of subsequent communications during the ensuing forty-eight hours.

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<sup>1</sup> Countdown to Destiny Book Number Two in the Genesis Directive Series pp. 293

“Mr. Epsilon good evening, “said Clayton Armbruster, a.k.a. Mr. Zêta, head of the Genesis Summit.

In point of fact, the Genesis Summit consisted of only three individuals; Mr. Zêta, Mr. Epsilon, and Ms. Êta. All three shared equal stature in the Summit although Zêta exuded a presence that caused the other two members to think of him as “the person in charge”. They were both fine with Zêta’s de facto role. The three collaborated as well as any three type-A personalities could. However, there were times when one person had to take a stand and make the final decision. Clayton was an excellent strategist and decision-making.

If everything proceeded as planned, Clayton Armbruster, the single most powerful member of Genesis would become the second most powerful person in the most powerful nation on earth, the United States of America.

“What are you doing up so early?” asked Epsilon, the second member of the Summit.

“Can’t sleep. I’m too wired. We are getting so close now. Everything is falling into place as we anticipated. Still, I keep worrying that we may have overlooked blind spots.”

“I guess I know what you mean. I am having a difficult time concentrating on my public responsibilities. We are on the precipice of the entire world experiencing dramatic alterations. Revelations will astonish. Leaders will fall. Nation states will crumble. That’s all I think about. Having said that, how can I be of assistance to you?” asked Epsilon.

Armbruster countered, “Call me paranoid. But as the activation of the Directive approaches, I am certain I will be over communicating with the two of you. I trust you will have patience with me. I submit to you that what we are about to undertake will be one of the most monumental series of events ever to have occurred in recorded history.”

"I agree. Our intentions are historic. Our goals are impartial. And our commitment is resolute. We are about to change the world for the betterment of mankind!" responded Mr. Epsilon. "

Armbruster was quick to follow, "I want to remind you that your packages will be arriving in less than one week. Have all the preparations been completed on your end?"

"Take a deep breath. Calm down. We all share your anxiety. Trust me. Everything is as it should be," replied Epsilon with a laugh that Zêta was unable to appreciate due to the voice synthesizing.

"You're right, I know you wouldn't let anything slip through the cracks," responded Zêta, a.k.a. Clayton Armbruster.

"Listen. I'm with you in regard for the need to check and re-check every element of our plan. There are no problems on my end. To put your mind at ease, we are completely prepared on this end. All local operatives are in place. I am one hundred percent certain that Mr. Lambda has instructed each operative regarding the criticality of their contribution to the overall success of our near term initiatives. Our targets have continued to maintain predictable schedules. Nothing is out of the ordinary. Everything is as it should be."

Mr. Epsilon hesitated briefly before continuing.

"Mr. Omega is currently in the advanced stages of reallocating our global investment portfolios in order to maximize our investment returns. From where I sit, we are good to go from every vantage point vis-à-vis Project Hope."

"Hey! I am confident you won't let anything fall through the cracks. I trust you implicitly. As I said, I'm sure this won't be my last call to you. I can't imagine the paranoia and anxiety I will be exhibiting once we are inside one month of activation. We have all worked tirelessly for so many years to make all of this a reality. Long live the Genesis Directive," said Zêta, as he terminated the call.



Êta's was the third member of the Genesis Summit and its only woman. Her role during the first two phases of the Directive was minimal. Clayton's call with her was considerably shorter although replete with demonstrations of his high anxiety levels. The scope of her responsibility during the initial deployment of the plan was limited to the Israeli transition. Zêta was reassured after having spoken with Êta for less than two minutes that all bases were covered.

Armbruster checked his watch and considered that sufficient time had elapsed to enable him to comfortably place a call to a fellow Californian.

"Good morning Doctor Prometheus, I believe you were expecting my call this morning, were you not?"

"Yes sir I was. You asked me the same question when you called me two days ago. Nothing has changed. We are ready to go on this end," answered the Doctor.

Prometheus was the doctor's Genesis moniker. Doctor Prometheus' expertise and credentials in the medical profession was second to none. He was a citizen of the United States and practiced his medical profession in Southern California. He had proven to be a valuable Genesis operative for many years, deriving fame and considerable wealth. The doctor was fully cognizant of the fact that he had circumvented the law numerous times while supporting the mysterious caller's requests in the past. He had been reluctant at first to support Genesis, but when the large sums of money began hitting his bank accounts, his conscience took a 'back seat'.

Prometheus lived in the Newport community of Cameo Highlands, offering access to private, gated beaches and Roxbury Park. Although both Armbruster and the doctor lived in the same county, Prometheus did not know Clayton socially and was unaware of Armbruster's Genesis affiliation. Both of their communities qualified among the ten richest communities in the entire United States.

“Outstanding,” replied Zêta, “I take it you mean both packages are ready to be shipped?”

“That is correct. Every task that was scheduled has now been completed,” responded the doctor.

“I am elated. I can’t express how important your work has been to the overall success of Project Revelation. This evening I will be transferring one hundred million dollars into your Swiss account as compensation for your efforts,” said Zêta.

“That is substantially more than we originally discussed. In fact, based on the profound nature of this project I would have gladly performed the work free of charge,” announced the doctor.

“I am aware of that fact. Hey, a person needs to live comfortably,” laughed Zêta before continuing. “I am confident we will be in need of your expert services again before this is all over. Consider it a down payment. Are both packages properly prepared and sufficiently wrapped for travel?” asked Zêta.

“Affirmative. Both packages are ready whenever you are,” said the doctor with confidence.

“Great news. I will dispatch two separate transport teams to your location this evening. As you know, each package will travel separately and arrive at different destinations. It is essential that there be total redundancy. The contents of these packages are the linchpins to the entire first phase of our operation.”

According to the Merriam-Webster dictionary, a linchpin is “one that serves to hold together parts or elements that exist or function as a unit.” In the broader context, a linchpin is vital to the success of an enterprise or to the accomplishment of a mission.

“Doctor, I have to say one last time how appreciative the entire Genesis organization is regarding your contribution. Thank you so much.”

“You are sincerely welcome sir,” responded the doctor.

“Before I terminate this call, I would like to go over the plans for tonight one last time. I’m sure everything is set. We are so close. I can’t afford any missteps. You understand?” said Zêta.

“I understand. Let’s do it. I set aside plenty of time for your call. You are correct. This mission is far too important,” replied the doctor.

The two men discussed the details for another ten minutes before ending the call. Zêta glanced at his watch and realized he had one more important call to complete.

“Mr. Alpha, it is good to speak with you my friend. How are things going?”

“Just like clockwork sir. Everything is on schedule. There are no anomalies to report,” responded Alpha confidently.

“Outstanding. I need a favor from you,” said Zêta.

“No problem. What do you need?” responded Alpha, ready to serve.

“I want you to contact Tim Victor. Inform him it’s time for payback. Here’s what I’d like you to tell him,” said Zêta.

The two men continued discussing the details of Victor’s involvement for the next four minutes.

“Mr. Alpha, I feel as if I am dumping a lot of responsibility your way. I apologize for that, but as our time approaches, we will all be called upon to do double duty. Mr. Delta operates a global construction company in his public life, does he not?”

Alpha was quick to respond, “Yes sir. It was a natural career shift since he had developed numerous, powerful contacts while managing the mortgage origination business. The business is also a natural ‘front’ for our West Coast money laundering operations. Why do you ask?”

"I have a major opportunity for him and his company. His support will be instrumental in the success of Project Benevolence. Let me briefly describe what we require."

The two men spoke for another three minutes regarding Delta's new assignment.

"What's the status of Project Helping Hand?" asked Armbruster.

"It's up and running. We have already garnered significant results," responded Alpha.

"Excellent! Please stay on top of that effort. If it is to work as planned, we will need plenty of data," said Clayton.

Alpha asked, "Don't worry. I'll take care of it. With regard to Mr. Delta on that other matter, I'll contact him right after this call. I'm almost afraid to ask, but is there anything else I can do for you?"

Armbruster had to laugh, "Actually there is one more thing. I promise it will be my last request. Please contact Clifton Carl at Global Mediation tonight. Inform him that we will require both assets at six-fifteen AM, November first."

"You got it sir. Speak with you soon... I'm sure," said Alpha sarcastically, as he peered at the new list tasks before him.

Clayton Armbruster sat back in reflection. He had complete confidence in the Genesis Inner Circle members' ability to accomplish the tasks at hand with flawless accuracy. Once the election results were in, he too would be in the optimum position of power to guarantee the success of the Genesis Directive.

"Mr. Delta, this is Mr. Alpha. I apologize for not scheduling this call in advance. Do you have time to speak with me now?"

"Yes sir, of course, but I'm in my business office. I'm certain this line is secure. Let me close the door," said Mr. Delta as he walked toward the door to his office.

“I’m back, how can I assist you?”

Mr. Delta was known in public circles as Mr. Nu. He assumed responsibility for the role of Mr. Delta following the assassination of Abdel Amadi. Nu had been recognized as one of the top mortgage origination and collateralization experts in the world. His organization managed one in every three residential mortgages placed in the United States. He had been sought out frequently during the financial crisis of two thousand nine for his council and advice. Behind the scenes, on behalf of Genesis, he had been instrumental in fabricating a considerable amount of that crisis on the West Coast for Genesis’ financial advantage.

“Your construction company is flourishing, correct?” asked Alpha.

“It sure is. Construction Dynamics Inc. is now one of the most recognized companies in the industry. The infusion of capital from Genesis has been instrumental in our global expansion. The company now has a major presence in China, the U.K., India, and Africa,” responded Delta.

“Excellent, I need you to ramp up your capacity in Africa over the next three months. You must insure that you have an abundance of expert engineers with experience in establishing solar farms and state-of-the-art data centers. Can you do that for me?” asked Alpha.

“It shouldn’t be a problem sir. In fact, I have a new, outstanding architect and project manager named Jeff Schier. He’s a graduate of Cal Poly, but that’s probably more info than you require,” responded Delta.

“Good input and thanks for the background. I like to know something about the people we will be depending on in the future.”

Alpha wasn’t completely honest with Delta. Schier was already on the Genesis payroll.

“One more thing. I expect we will require immediate replication of your initial African project throughout the African continent and in

many other countries. Russia and Brazil come to mind as near-term, high priority areas,” added Alpha.

“Sir, I will be ready to go whenever you need my assistance. You can count on that,” responded Delta.

Alpha ended the call saying, “I know that. I have complete trust in your abilities. It’s wonderful to work with people of such high integrity such as yourself. Good-bye.”

**October 27, 2016 (T-59 Days):** The “chain of command” communications spilled over to the following morning.

“Mr. Victor, its Mr. Albert Phane. I believe you were expecting my call?”

“Yes sir, I was. How may I be of assistance to you?” asked Victor.

“Mr. Victor, I have been following your career with interest since you relocated abroad. You, Doctor Lee, and his entire team have made some remarkable archeological discoveries. You seem to be everywhere significant ‘finds’ are being unearthed. I was specifically impressed by your team’s recent contributions at the Tourville-la-Rivière site in France regarding that ancient settlement dated approximately two hundred thousand years ago. Frankly, for a lay person such as me, it seemed an unimaginable accomplishment.”

“Thank you sir, I didn’t realize you took notice of such things, no disrespect intended,” said Victor, treading gently on sensitive ground.

“None taken... listen, that’s not the reason I called. When we last spoke, I helped you out of a serious jam. You do recall the situation you were in, don’t you?” asked Phane.

Genesis had fabricated a series of events convincing Victor that he had killed Congressman Axelrod’s brother in a hit-and-run accident. Behind the scenes, Phane orchestrated Victor’s escape plan from the U.S.

“Of course sir and for that I will always be in your debt,” responded Victor.

“Good, then you probably also remember we told you there would come a time when you could return the favor. Do you remember?” asked Phane.

“Most certainly, one of your associates mentioned that when he arranged my transportation out of the country,” replied a cautious Victor.

“Outstanding and as you might suspect, that time has arrived. What I am about to request of you is of critical importance. I need you to follow through on my request, no questions asked. That requirement is essential. In addition, you are not to speak to anyone regarding the nature of my request. Is that clear?” demanded Phane.

Tim Victor knew this day would come. He had killed a man. He was prepared to pay the devil is due in order to maintain his lifestyle.

“Yes sir, trust me, I will do as you ask,” responded a reluctant Victor.

“Wonderful! I don’t mean to make this sound like a threat, but we will know if you disobey my instructions. I’m sure you realized that fact. Anyway on a lighter note, the assignment I am about to bestow on you is not without its rewards. First, I am going to transfer one hundred thousand dollars into your private account. Upon completion of your mission, I will transfer an amount ten times that into your account,” stated Phane.

Tim Victor’s mind raced with anticipation as Alpha continued.

“One more thing, once you have successfully completed your tasks, I will expunge any record and/or evidence that your hit-and-run accident ever occurred. You will be free to return to the United States whenever you choose,” concluded Phane.

A trembling Tim Victor could hardly speak, “You could do that for me? How?”

“Don’t sweat the details. Rest assured I can make it happen. Now, here’s what I need you to do for me,” continued Phane.

Their conversation required another five minutes after which time Victor confirmed his understanding and his ability to successfully complete the tasks.

Phane sat back, relaxing in one of his favorite chairs, and sipped a glass of mellow, twenty year old scotch. He savored every swallow as they delighted his taste buds. After filling the glass for a second time, he reflected on the results of the numerous communication touchpoints that had occurred over the past forty eight hours. Phane remained confident that the attainment of the Genesis Directive was close at hand and that the emergence of a new world order would not be far behind.



## **Chapter 2**

### **Retrieving Critical Linchpins**

#### **November 01, 2016 (T-54 Days to the Activation of the Genesis Directive)**

“Doctor Prometheus, we are three minutes out. Please have the bay doors open and the packages ready to go. Our timetable is extremely tight tonight,” said the man seated to the right of the driver in the first of two vehicles rapidly approaching the doctor’s location.

“I understand. Everything will be ready by the time you arrive. Each package requires only one final step in the deployment process that I will promptly complete once you arrive.”

As soon as the call ended, Prometheus entered a large room at the rear of the converted factory and commenced the critical elements of final packaging.

The nondescript factory exterior concealed a twenty-five thousand square foot complex consisting of five, state of the art operating rooms that would have made any California hospital envious. Each room was a mirror copy of the other, containing an operating table, sophisticated medical equipment that defied description, and adjoining private recovery rooms. Behind each recovery room stood a fully stocked medical supply closet to address any unanticipated medical complications.

The rear segment of the complex housed a shipping dock that was as sterile as any operating room. Doctor Prometheus slipped a malleable appliance over his entire head as he checked his watch. He noticed it was time to raise the huge bay door. The doctor placed his thumb on his smart phone for authorization. He then activated the app that silently raised the huge door toward the ceiling. The door was half open when Prometheus caught sight of two large vehicles heading toward him.

Once the vehicles were safely inside, Prometheus utilized the app a second time and closed the door behind the two identical, pristine hearses that had entered the bay. The front seat passengers of each vehicle stepped out their respective vehicles and advanced toward the doctor. The drivers of each hearse remained inside their vehicles. All four men looked 'normal' enough until closer examination.

Prometheus immediately realized each man wore a latex mask similar to his, concealing hair and entire facial features. The apparatus neatly terminated inside each man's black turtleneck sweater. The quality of the masks was outstanding and Doctor Prometheus' medical expertise qualified him as an expert judge. The masks not only prevented the doctor from determining the identity of each man and visa-versa, but also prevented each man from discovering the identity of the others.

"Are the packages ready to go?" asked the first man looking at his wrist watch, "we must leave this area within the next ten minutes."

"I am aware of the tight schedule. The packages are wrapped, ready to transport. Please follow me," said the doctor.

The doctor led the two men through the supply area into the first recovery room.

"There's your package. Its final destination is Tehran," said Prometheus instructing the first man to collect his package.

The man reacted with surprise at the sight of the package since he had not been briefed in advance regarding what to expect.

Turning toward the second man, the doctor continued, "Follow me."

The two men proceeded through the closed door into the second recovery room. Prometheus pointed to the center of the room stating, "That is your package. It's going to Bagdad."

Each package rested firmly on a stainless steel hospital gurney. Doctor Prometheus accompanied the two men as they retraced their steps back to the cargo bay. The men cautiously wheeled their respective packages to the rear of their hearse which signaled the driver of each vehicle to step onto the shiny grey floor of the bay.

“Help me lift this casket into the hearse,” said each man to their respective driver.

The exterior of the two identical caskets were a brilliant metallic bronze color, brightly reflecting the intensity of the overhead lighting.

“Guys, I think the four of us are needed to lift each package into the vehicle,” said the first man standing next to his casket.

“Shit. You’re right. These things weigh a ton,” said one of the drivers.

The four men hoisted the first package into the hearse and then proceeded to the second vehicle repeating the same task. The men could not have been more precise regarding the excessive weight of each package. While the caskets appeared normal to the untrained eye, they were anything but normal. The internal structure of each casket was elaborate and intended to guarantee the safe transport of the precious cargo contained within.

Prometheus raised the bay door as the two vehicles slowly backed out into the night. Each hearse took a different route to their predetermined target, a small, private airport five miles southeast of Los Angeles. Two specially equipped private jets, painted an uncharacteristic dull grey color had finished refueling. It was an eerie sight to be sure. In fact, it was difficult to make out the shape of each plane until the hearses were within forty feet.

Both planes stood at the ready to receive their precious cargo. The pilot and co-pilot of each plane were completing final checks in the cockpit as they noticed two sets of headlights approaching. The

hearses split off and proceeded to the rear cargo loading bay of each plane.

Consistent with their efforts inside the factory complex, the four men helped one another load each casket onto its respective plane. From their forward positions, the pilots were unable to view the packages as they were being loaded onboard. That had been planned also. The driver of each hearse was instructed to return his vehicle where it had been picked up earlier that day.

The two remaining men had been tasked with accompanying their packages to the final destinations. As each man boarded his designated plane, he communicated briefly with the pilot.

“It is imperative that you notify me when you are within fifteen minutes of our intended local target. Is that understood?”

“Yes sir, crystal clear, wheels up in ten minutes,” replied the pilot in each plane.

The sole passenger aboard each plane promptly took his selected his seat and buckled up. Both men fully understood the significance of the package securely positioned in the cargo bay.

As the second plane lifted off the ground, the co-pilot’s concentration was interrupted by a sudden, brilliant flash of light on the ground to his northwest that he estimated to be four to five miles from the airport. As the plane continued its upward trajectory, the co-pilot observed an ensuing cloud of black smoke rising into the evening sky which he took to be the result of an explosion.

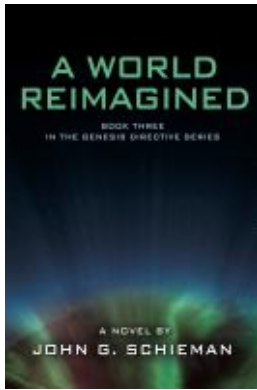
*“Loose lips sink ships.”*

The phrase that originated in the United States during World War Two was certainly appropriate under the current circumstances.

Doctor Prometheus had been a valued Genesis operative for more than ten years, having assisted on numerous, critical international projects. His recent achievement was the shining moment of his

entire illustrious career although even he was unable to grasp the monumental significance of what he had accomplished. However, his contribution to the current project was far too important for any accidental slippage of the tongue or 'sinking of any ships'. As world events unfolded, Doctor Prometheus would have likely connected the dots, and when he did, it would have been impossible for him to contain his silence. Everyone is expendable. Besides, Genesis had numerous surgeons with his expertise at their disposal around the world.

The activation of the Genesis Directive was close at hand. In a matter of days, the operation would surpass the point of no return.



*The Genesis Directive has been activated. World leaders will fall. Nation states will crumble. The Genesis cloak of anonymity has been removed. Its leaders ascend onto the world stage causing massive shifts in the global balance of power. Time honored institutions are transformed. Benevolence displaces conflict. Optimism replaces pessimism as a new sense of "religiousness" emerges. "Free will" will be crushed. Information will be suspect. History will be re-written and the future will be contrived.*

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