

What would you give to have an absolute dream job? What if that job became a deadly nightmare? Follow Mac across the Mediterranean where he finds the Way and the Truth. But can he save his life?

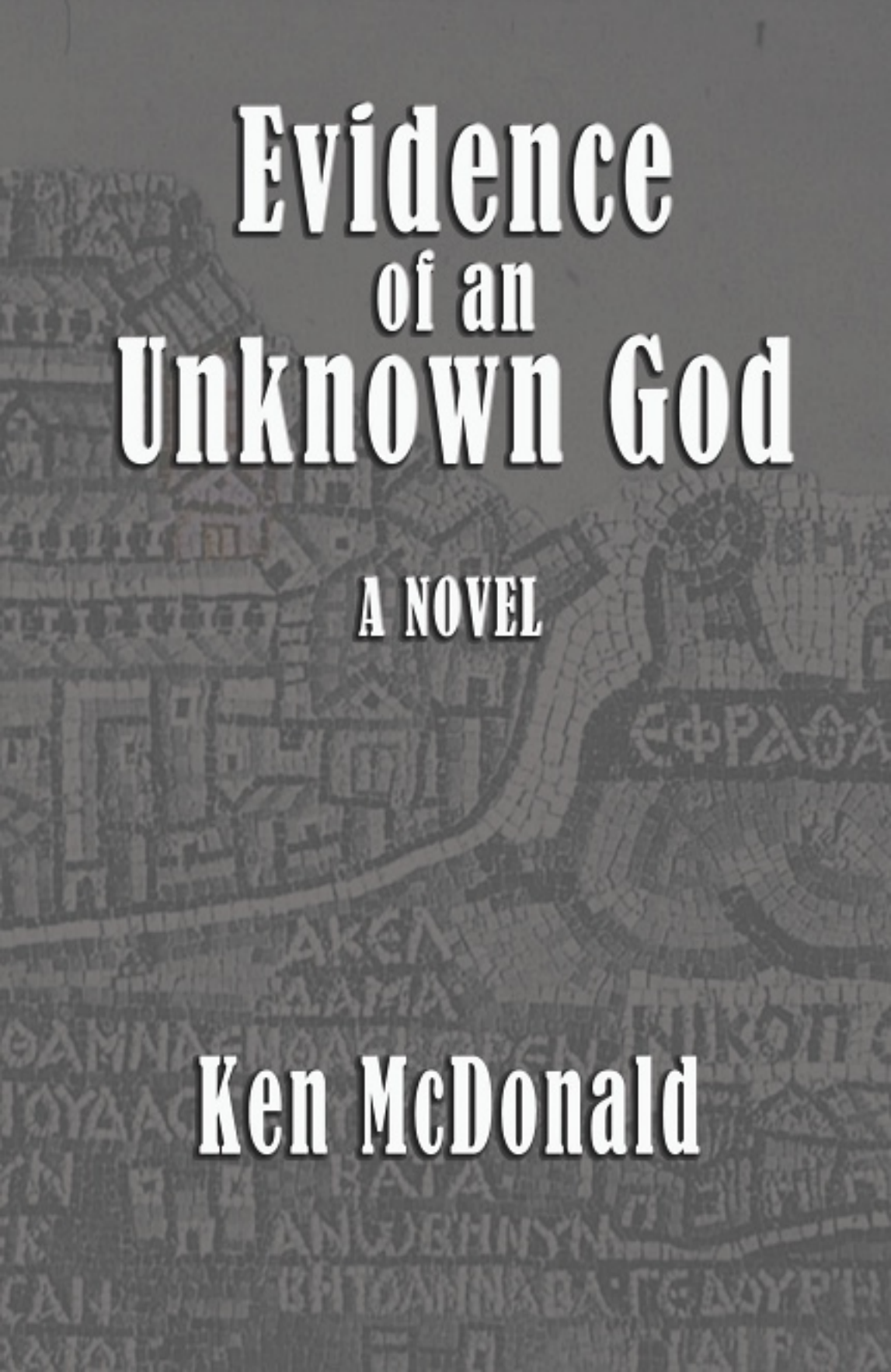
Evidence of an Unknown God: A Novel

By Ken McDonald

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The background of the cover is a detailed mosaic of an ancient city, likely Jerusalem, with various buildings and streets. Overlaid on the mosaic are several lines of Greek text in a serif font, including "ΕΦΡΑΘΑ", "ΑΚΕΛ", "ΔΑΡΙΑ", "ΒΑΙΑ", "ΑΝΩΒΗΝΥΝ", "ΓΕΔΥΡ'Η", and "ΝΑΙΡΘΑ".

**Evidence
of an
Unknown God**

A NOVEL

Ken McDonald

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PART ONE

1

Mac

Conner “Mac” McDaniels found himself in a rare moment of peace as he looked out at the cumulous clouds below, comfortable in his first-class leather seat. Mac was an elite among his peers at a prestigious doctoral program in behavioral psychology, doing groundbreaking research on the arousal patterns of pedophiles. And now he would reap the benefits by working for an international private sector firm.

As the aircraft descended through the popcorn clouds of another spectacular Florida sky, he was struck by the brightness and color. When he left the city of brotherly love, the atmosphere above and everything below melted into lifeless gray. The King of Prussia Mall still had dingy icebergs in the outer lots with cinder-encrusted snowplow remains. The calendar said it was spring, but the penetrating rain sure felt like winter in Pennsylvania. It was like leaving a black-and-white movie and suddenly entering the colorful world of Munchkin Land.

As the plane began descending, Mac started ruminating about making the right impression. If the interview goes well, his lifestyle will change dramatically. No more poverty wages for Doctor Conner Paul McDaniels.

The plane suddenly rocked as it chopped through a final batch of dense clouds. Mac’s optimism disappeared as he felt his ears burning. *Please don’t turn red!*

Now the condemning thoughts began. Mac attempted the techniques he taught his clients, observing his thoughts from a detached, mindful perspective, along with deep breaths. Mac observed himself observing the thoughts.

Smooth landing and a de-boarding process much quicker in first class. Mac was able to make it to the men's room just in time. At the exit of the secure gate area stood the company chauffeur, holding up a placard with Conner's name and the Worldwide Behavioral System Solutions logo. The logo featured an antique double hemisphere world map, with flags posted at the twenty-some corporate locations.

The driver spoke very little on the way, so Mac continued to ruminate about the interview.

Conner was greeted in the reception area by a woman with a warm smile and charming Southern accent.

"Mr. McDaniels?" the thirty-something brunette asked with a soft voice. Dressed in fitted business attire with a knee-length skirt and high heels, the receptionist looked like an actress from a 1940's movie.

"Yes. I'm Conner McDaniels," reaching out for a handshake despite the fear of exposing the clamminess of his palm. She accepted his with a slender hand, tipped in light pink nail polish. Her welcoming soft hands gave Mac a brief moment of respite.

"Hi. I'm Marcy Clarkson. I've heard a lot about you."

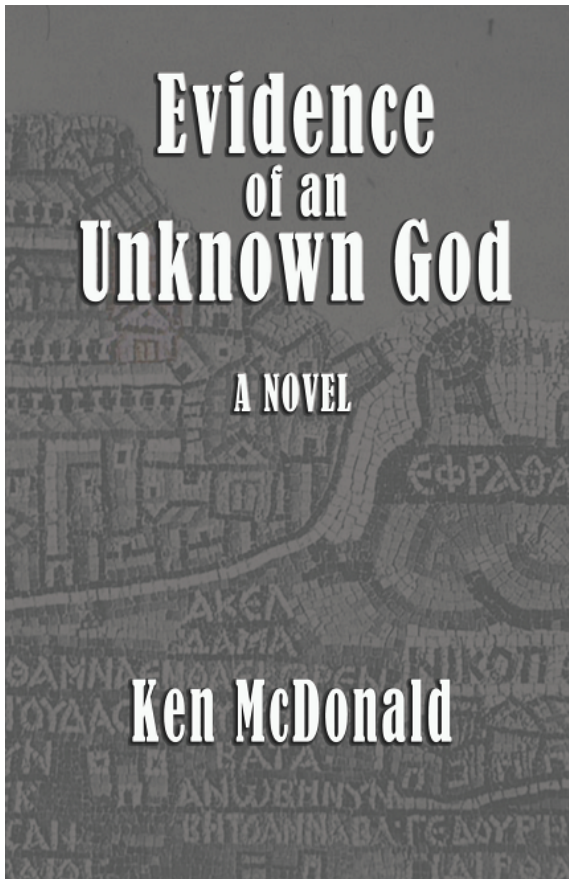
After nervous small talk and a final trip to the men's room, Mac found a single lobby chair across from the rich leather sofa and loveseat. Rustic antique dark brown tables held antiques from all parts of the world. There were Chinese vases from several dynasties, Egyptian busts and Pre-Columbian pottery. The office building was originally built in the eighteenth century and recently remodeled. It was the perfect mixture of old and new; wood beams and stucco with the latest high tech mood lighting. Through the thick leaded glass window, Mac noticed a manicured courtyard with a blend of bricks, greenery and colorful flowers. The classic St. Augustine look.

Ms. Clarkson led Mr. McDaniels through the double doors into the Florida room, a board meeting sized conference room with giant stuffed chairs and an engraved mahogany table. Mac subtly checked his zipper on the way. Before leaving his apartment, he remembered to gently place six tissues evenly in his front pockets, three on each

side. The tissues were always necessary in case of a sudden allergy attack, often erupting without warning.

Mac surveyed the room, admiring original oil paintings of landscapes capturing local scenes of live oak trees, Spanish moss, palm trees, and billowing clouds. Mac wasn't used to this kind of luxury. He had spent the last three years finishing up his doctoral internship at a late nineteenth century mental institution outside of Philadelphia. He worked at a state facility, originally called an asylum, designed in its day to provide a more humane alternative to poorhouses and jails. Now Mac had the opportunity of a dream job in St. Augustine, one of the most desirable places to call home.

As he crossed the threshold of the conference room, Mac felt his ears burning. He felt like running out the front door.



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