

CHAPTER 1

~

The stainless steel doors glided inward with a smooth mechanical preciseness; they shut off the real world. Zach pushed the round illuminated button, a *ding* rang out and the elevator started to move. A prerecorded voice from a speaker above his head narrated, "You are in the tallest building in the world. The ascent to the Sky Deck will take a little more than a minute. You will be on the one hundred and third floor." If Zach were on vacation he would have listened more closely, but he was thinking about how he was going to change the country—possibly the whole world. His name would go down in history, next to Thomas Edison, Benjamin Franklin, Albert Einstein and the likes. 'Zachary Slenski' had a good ring to it. If this meeting went as he hoped, within five years his name would be heard around the world. What he had in the aluminum instrument case was the answer for the United States energy crisis.

The elevator slowed and then abruptly halted to an exact stop. The stainless steel doors parted and Zach stepped out. The sun beat directly through the floor to ceiling glass, it blasted into his eyes. At six in the morning even the Sears Tower was void of any diehard tourist. Out into solitude Zach walked straight toward the brass safety railing. His stomach knotted when he looked down! All the other skyscrapers in Chicago were dwarfed by this eagle's vantage point. Out across Lake Michigan, due east, the sun was actually lower in the sky than the 103rd floor of the building. Zach set the aluminum case down and then leaned out over the safety railing. He pushed up on his toes and still could not see the street directly below the Sears Tower.

31 Out of nowhere a voice echoed off the glass and marble
32 floor. "You must be Mr. Slenski?"

33 Zach's heart jumped. His natural reflexes instantly locked a
34 tight grip on the cold brass rail. With his heart racing, Zach
35 quickly twisted his neck to the left and came eye to eye with a
36 man dressed in a dark suit, blue shirt, and black tie. "Yes, I'm
37 Zachary Slenski."

38 "Good, I'll take you to see Mr. Philip Charles Rubin. But, I'll
39 need to pat you down first," barked the dark suited stranger as
40 he pushed his dark glasses up into his greased down hair.

41 "What! Wait a second." Zach moved sideways down the
42 brass railing, a good three feet.

43 Mr. Rubin's agent bent down and grabbed the aluminum
44 briefcase. Before Zach had a chance to react the man reached
45 up under his suit jacket and pulled out a dark gray object about
46 the size of a pack of cigarettes. "I just need to scan this case
47 for explosive material," he said as he moved the gray device in
48 a circular motion over and around the aluminum case. "It's
49 clean! Turn back around put your hands on the railing and
50 spread your legs."

51 Reluctantly, Zach did as he was ordered. "Is this necessary?
52 I'm a scientist not a terrorist."

53 "It's necessary if you want a meeting with Mr. Rubin," the
54 agent answered and then patted down Zach's upper thigh area.

55 "Where is Mr. Rubin? I thought I was meeting him?"

56 "He's above us right now. Watching you."

57 "What? Zach looked back over his shoulder at the agent.

58 "For a scientist you're not too smart. There are more floors
59 above the Sears Observation Deck." The agent handed the
60 aluminum instrument case back to Zach, "Follow me!"

61 Zach followed the man past four large stainless steel
62 elevator doors to a small magnetic card reader that was
63 concealed in the corner. When he passed a security card
64 through the strip, one of the wall partitions slid sideways
65 exposing a smaller set of stainless steel doors. The man looked

66 up into a golf ball sized camera, the doors parted. "Go ahead,
67 get on," ordered the agent.

68 "It would take more than a scientist to know that there was
69 a hidden panel here, maybe if I were a psychic," Zach
70 whispered to himself as he stepped into the elevator. The door
71 slid shut, leaving him alone in the small cubicle. Instantly fear
72 set in and his stomach knotted as the one lone light went dim.
73 Zach turned one hundred and eighty degrees; there were no
74 illuminated buttons, no floor indicators, and no stop button! It
75 was so dark he couldn't even see if there was an emergency
76 telephone. There was a jolt, followed by a loud hum. The tiny
77 elevator went up what seemed about three floors and then the
78 door opened.

79 Another agent was standing guard in front of the elevator.
80 "Mr. Philip Charles Rubin is ready to see you. Follow me!" As
81 the man turned to lead the way Zach noticed a tiny coiled wire
82 coming out from the collar of his dark blue jacket, it ran up his
83 neck and tucked behind his left ear. The narrow walkway was lit
84 up by a yellowish diffuse light. On one side a security fence
85 displayed red and white **Warning High Voltage** signs attached
86 to the wire mesh. The other side had **Television RF**
87 **Transmission Room** painted on the cinder block wall.

88 Red warning indicators on electrical panels were flashing
89 and transformers were humming. There was a dry heat
90 radiating from both sides, it felt like a sauna. At the end of the
91 walkway was a door that looked like a bank vault. The agent
92 stopped and looked up into another golf ball sized camera. The
93 heavy steel door made a loud clunk, a deadbolt activated and a
94 hydraulic ram pulled the massive door to the right.

95 "Mr. Slenski is clean. He didn't stop or talk to anybody all
96 the way from the airport."

97 *From the airport! What the hell. These guys must be spying*
98 *on me,* Zach thought as he followed the man into the room.
99 *This is nothing like any venture capital meeting I have ever*
100 *had.*

101 After the vault like door fully opened a distinguished looking
102 man stood up from a desk in the middle of the room. He walked
103 around the large metal desk. He was tall and looked about
104 forty. "Mr. Slenski, it's a pleasure to meet you." The lofty man
105 extended his hand.

106 Zach shook his hand. "You must be Mr. Rubin?"

107 "It's actually, Mr. Philip Charles Rubin. But, Mr. Rubin will be
108 fine."

109 "Well, Mr. Rubin it is nice to meet you. I really do appreciate
110 you giving me some of your time to listen to my proposal."

111 "That's no problem, Mr. Slenski. It does look like you may
112 be on to something. But, before we jump into business, come
113 and look out here." Mr. Rubin led Zach around the side of the
114 desk to the bronze tinted windows. "Do you have many tall
115 buildings in Texas?"

116 "Not this tall," replied Zach, as he looked out over Chicago.
117 "By the way, how many more floors are there above the
118 observation deck?"

119 "Well there are actually one hundred and thirteen floors.
120 They claim the Sears Tower is only a hundred and ten stories
121 tall. There's no need for the public to know that the top floors
122 are filled with electronic transmission and microwave
123 equipment."

124 "That's right." Zach rubbed his chin. "I had forgotten. Years
125 back there was a permit halt to putting television and radio
126 transmission towers on top of the Sears Tower." Zach paused.
127 "You must constantly be exposed to radio and television waves.
128 Aren't you afraid of getting cancer from all the RF energy?"

129 "Cancer!" Mr. Rubin's eyes shifted to the back of the room.

130 "Cancer is not a concern. This floor is shielded from radio
131 frequency energy. The steel doors can't be blown or cut open.
132 In addition this room is incognito to the general public. RF
133 radiation on this floor is probably less than what a cell phone
134 gives off."

135 Zach looked toward the stranger. "You sound like a fellow
136 scientist?"

137 A man in a white lab coat got off a stool and walked toward
138 Zach. "Let me introduce myself, I'm Carlos Gomez. I'm the
139 person who ran the tests on the solar panel that you shipped to
140 Mr. Rubin."

141 Zach shook his hand. "Good to meet you." They let loose of
142 their handshake. "Mr. Gomez, may I ask what your background
143 in the alternative energy field is?"

144 "Well, I graduated from Harvard with a PhD in geology.
145 Then I spent ten years in the oil exploration fields in Mexico.
146 Now, I work for Mr. Philip Charles Rubin." Mr. Gomez smiled
147 with a kiss ass grin. "I also serve on the Nobel Peace Prize
148 committee."

149 "Do you have any experience with solar energy?"

150 "Not a great deal. But, if you are asking if I think your
151 theory for increasing the wattage output by cooling a solar
152 panel is possible. I think that you might be on to something
153 that is supported by the second law of Thermodynamics.

154 "Okay, enough with the science talk," Mr. Rubin interrupted.
155 "There will be plenty of time to talk shop in a few minutes." Mr.
156 Rubin motioned toward the window for the second time. "In the
157 meanwhile Mr. Slenski, take a look at the view again. You will
158 be able to have most anything out there, if this meeting goes
159 right."

160 A dark coolness seemed to fill the room. Mr. Rubin had
161 offered the same thing to Carlos when he signed on. A similar
162 offer had been made some two thousand years ago on Mt
163 Temptation. Zack's mind froze as he looked over everything
164 below—finally he would get what was due him.

165 "I bet Texas is a good state for solar power." Carlos stated.

166 It took a moment for Zach to respond, "Texas is okay for
167 solar but there are better places. California would be a great
168 place to put a solar site with all their blackouts, but the land is

169 so expensive. A site in Nevada connected into the LA grid
170 feeder makes more sense."

171 "With all the summer blackouts and high demand for air-
172 conditioning, the price of land might not be a factor in
173 California." Carlos offered.

174 "That's true, but California does not have a natural source
175 for cooling. Utah might hold the key to affordable solar power?
176 But, that would depend on how corrosive the water in Salt Lake
177 would be. Mexico could be another possibility."

178 "Hmm," Carlos looked surprised. "Solar sites in Mexico?
179 That would be a good place. Land and labor is reasonable." *

180 "That's a stupid idea!" Mr. Rubin injected. "Solar sites in
181 Mexico? That would be a joke! The Mexicans can't even clean
182 up their water. Nor can they build a good road system. I
183 wouldn't invest a dime on those Latinos."

184 "Mr. Rubin I would have to politely disagree," Zach
185 rebutted. "With all the companies outsourcing across the
186 border, Mexico's demand for electricity has increased
187 substantially. That's why it's so important to develop my quad
188 solar panels. Hopefully, someday they can be used all over the
189 world."

190 "Let's not worry about the Mexican's. They have plenty of
191 crude oil to run their diesel fired generators with," rebutted Mr.
192 Rubin.

193 "Developing affordable solar power is not only about saving
194 fossil fuels. It benefits the whole world by less pollution." Zach
195 paused; debating someone that he was asking money from
196 wasn't smart.

197 There was another uncomfortable silence that Carlos
198 needed to end. "Mr. Slenski, I set up your demonstration a little
199 different than what you asked. I hooked up an automotive bulb
200 in place of the wattmeter. And for the Freon I got R22 instead
201 of the R134 like you requested."

202 "R22 that stuff is a horrible on the environment."

203 “Could you two environmental nerd types just hold off a few
204 minutes?” Mr. Rubin demanded. His tolerance for being
205 corrected was at its end.

206 There was another long uncomfortable pause. “Your
207 company name, Son Source is different. Don’t you feel like you
208 are using God’s name for a business gain?” Carlos asked.

209 “Maybe, but God created the sun and the sun is the source
210 of the energy that my quad panels get solar power from.
211 Everyone knows that God sent His Son to bring hope and a new
212 light into the world. That’s what I want to do. Bring hope to the
213 world by using a better way to capture sun light.”

214 “That sounds plausible,” replied Carlos. “At first I thought
215 you were using the name to catch attention.”

216 Zach looked over at Carlos and grinned. “You have to admit.
217 The name Son Source does catch people’s attention.”

218 Mr. Rubin in a firm reprimanding tone injected, “You’re
219 right, it did catch an OPEC minister’s attention! He mentioned
220 that it could blow the deal with the other OPEC members.”

221 Carlos replied, “If you’re referring to Mr. Obaid Bin Naimi. I
222 would expect that from him. He’s a fundamentalist Muslim.”

223 “Carlos, I want you to keep your mouth shut about God or
224 His Son when you are around any Muslim. Allah and
225 Mohammed are their idols.” Mr. Rubin pointed his crooked
226 finger at Carlos. “You Mexicans worship the Lady of Guadalupe
227 so what do you know? Don’t ever mix religion with my business
228 or I’ll make sure your wife and sick kid gets deported back to
229 that crap hole of a country you all are from!”

230 Carlos cowered back to the stool in the corner.

231 Zack also cowered. Many times he had discerned mixing
232 religion with business. Maybe the Son Source name did scare
233 off potential investors. Gradually Zach moved to look at some
234 huge maps on the adjacent wall of the large office. *Why would*
235 *an OPEC minister be interested in solar energy?*

236 Mr. Rubin came up behind Zach and put his hand on Zach’s
237 shoulder. “Do you know what these maps represent?”

238 Zach scrutinized the maps more closely. "Yes, I think they
239 are maps that show where different wars were fought
240 throughout history."

241 "That's right. These maps represent the major battles of the
242 last two centuries." Mr. Rubin pointed to a map that had **WWII**
243 across the top. "This is the war that was never finished. When
244 you hold WMD's and don't use them to their full extent you are
245 weak. To give in is to. . ." A buzzer interrupted Mr. Rubin's
246 rant.

247 The three men turned and watched the security guard
248 speak into a small microphone concealed in the sleeve of his
249 suit jacket. He opened a solid wood door that opened into a
250 conference room adjacent to the office. Different banks of lights
251 were being dimmed and others were being turned up in the
252 large square room. There was a noise of motors humming and
253 mechanical movement.

254 When Zack entered the room he was escorted to the side of
255 the table that was closest to the windows. The table was thick
256 and had a glass top. It was at least twenty feet across both
257 ways. "That is your place, sit down!" The security guard
258 pointed.

259 Carlos took the chair next to Zach. Directly across the
260 expansive table two men were silhouetted by unique back
261 lighting. One silhouette was a man dressed in a suit. The other
262 silhouette was even more concealed by a tunic and head scarf.

263 Mr. Rubin entered the room last and took a place at a
264 control console on the side of the square table closest to a
265 different door. "Good morning, Prince Amer Nasser and Mr.
266 Obaid Bin Naimi. I am appreciative that the both of you could
267 make this meeting. I know that those oversea flights can be
268 tedious." Mr. Rubin spoke carefully so to pronounce each word
269 clearly.

270 The two men spoke in Arabic to each other. Then the man
271 in the suit spoke. "Thank you. The air travel was fine."

272 "Good. Let's continue on with the introductions." As Mr.
273 Rubin motioned with his left hand toward Zach he knocked two
274 tall objects over that were on the table. The sound of metal
275 bouncing on glass echoed off the concrete walls. In the dimly lit
276 room it looked like two metal candlesticks had gotten knocked
277 over. Mr. Rubin paused and then carefully stood the objects
278 back up.

279 As Zach's eyes adjusted to the dark what he had thought
280 were candlesticks now appeared as small mock oil derricks.
281 There were other gold pieces on a ledge in front of Mr. Rubin.
282 Under the ledge was a bank of switches and controls.

283 Mr. Rubin continued, "That is Mr. Slenski. He is the energy
284 scientist that we have been informing the ministry about."

285 Zach waved toward the two silhouettes. "Good morning
286 gentlemen."

287 "Next to Mr. Slenski is Mr. Gomez. He is the geologist who
288 has been communicating with your people." Mr. Rubin gestured
289 more carefully, so not to knock over anything else at his
290 command console.

291 Mr. Gomez half stood from his chair and squinted across the
292 table into the dark. "Mr. Obaid Bin Naimi, after all the
293 teleconferences we finally meet. It's been interesting debating a
294 petroleum geologist."

295 Zach sat still and was confused. *Why are two Arabs sitting*
296 *in on a proposal for venture capital for a solar energy project?*
297 *Why would Mr. Gomez be debating a scientist with a petroleum*
298 *background?*

299 "Gentleman, let's get started," Mr. Rubin said while he
300 looked down at the bank of controls and switches. "I know that
301 the Prince has a flight later today." Mr. Rubin pushed one of the
302 switches to the on position. There was a low buzzing sound of a
303 motor running and the rattling sound of metal. In the back of
304 the room a heavy security fence was lowering out of the ceiling,
305 similar to what a mall store uses at night.

306 The noise caused both Arabs to look over their shoulders.
307 Mr. Obaid Bin Naimi reached over and under Prince Amer's
308 tunic for a Mac-10. Out of respect and for religious reasons
309 Arab royalty are hardly ever searched.

310 It was too dark to see but Zach was sure Mr. Naimi was now
311 concealing the mini machine gun under the table.

312 "Sorry gentlemen wrong switch!" Mr. Rubin took his finger
313 off the switch and the steel curtain started to retract back into
314 the ceiling.

315 Zach leaned over and whispered to Mr. Gomez, "What the
316 hell is going on?"

317 Carlos put his finger up in front of his lips, making the
318 gesture to stay quite. "Give him a minute, Mr. Rubin is inept
319 when it comes to technical stuff," Carlos whispered back to
320 Zach.

321 Mr. Rubin was still looking around the command center. He
322 pushed on another button and suddenly an ear piercing high-
323 pitched squeal emitted from above!

324 "Put on the noise canceling headphones! They are hanging
325 under the table!" Mr. Gomez yelled out. Carlos grabbed two
326 sets of headphones that were hanging from hooks attached on
327 the underside of the glass table. He immediately put one set
328 on, then handed the other set to Zach. "There is a switch on
329 the side!" Carlos yelled out across the table to the Arabs.

330 Zach put the headset on and moved the small switch up.
331 The ear piercing squeal was gone. A TV station could be faintly
332 heard in the background. Prince Amer and Obaid Bin Naimi got
333 their headphones on and used the commotion to conceal the
334 Mac 10 back in the holster under the Tunic.

335 Mr. Rubin yelled, "Sorry, about that! I turned on the
336 jamming equipment too soon! Can you all hear me now?"

337 Obaid Bin Naimi yelled, "نعم." This was 'yes' in Arabic

338 Zach nodded in an affirmative motion, as did Prince Amer
339 Nasser.

340 “Mr. Rubin you don’t have to yell. In fact it could defeat the
341 purpose of the jamming equipment, someone could be using
342 acoustic bounce equipment to pick up our conversation off all
343 the glass,” Mr. Gomez said and then gave the thumbs down
344 signal for everyone to speak more quietly.

345 From the console Mr. Rubin pushed on a different switch.
346 Another motor noise could be heard overhead. This time a flat
347 plasma display started lowering out of the ceiling behind Zach
348 and Mr. Gomez. Next, Mr. Rubin pushed a button and a
349 spotlight shone on an easel next to where the display had been
350 lowered. The easel held the solar panel that Zach had shipped
351 almost a year ago. The spotlight highlighted the solar panel and
352 Zach noticed that someone had wired in a light bulb where the
353 wattmeter used to be. The light bulb was glowing at about half
354 brightness. Oddly, the panel wasn’t even turned toward the
355 window. Zach felt uneasy.

356 Immediately Carlos Gomez started a presentation stating
357 that Son Source Inc. was ready to mass produce the most
358 powerful solar panels in the world. The flat plasma display
359 coincided with his presentation and showed several charts and
360 graphs of how many million barrels of oil would be saved. When
361 Mr. Gomez started talking about solar power plants in California
362 Mr. Rubin pushed another button. The entire twenty foot square
363 conference table lit up and displayed a map of the world.

364 *Wow, these guys know how to put on a sales pitch, Zach*
365 *thought to himself. This world map looks three dimensional.*
366 *What vivid colors. This is very high-tech and impressive.*

367 Mr. Rubin used a long L shaped stick to push the two oil
368 derricks so they rested over Saudi Arabia and then stated,
369 “Let’s say each derrick represents a million barrels of crude oil
370 that would not be needed every day.”

371 The vivid 3D map seemed to be far below the glass of the
372 table surface and heat could be felt. Zach's curiosity got the
373 best of him. He coyly looked under the table. *How does this*
374 *table work? There is no photo projector or optics under here.*

375 *Maybe it's a huge plasma panel? The three-D effect is really*
376 *impressive. I bet its a hologram.* When Zach sat back up Mr.
377 Rubin had gotten out of his chair and was unlocking a walnut
378 cabinet that was attached to the wall behind his command
379 center. He took a large ornate metal box from the cabinet and
380 returned to the table.

381 "Zoom to the northwest." Mr. Rubin spoke, pronouncing
382 each word distinctly. There was a small motor noise directly
383 above the table and the map zoomed in on North America.
384 "Zoom to the western United States." There was more noise
385 from the ceiling.

386 Zach looked up toward the motor sound. Far up into a long
387 lens he saw red, blue and green intense beams projecting down
388 on the table. *Hologram technology is being used. I bet this*
389 *display table cost at least a hundred thousand dollars.*

390 "Gentlemen." Mr. Rubin touched different gold objects
391 around in the box. "We will use these planes to represent solar
392 sites." Mr. Rubin kept shuffling. "No, we will use these field
393 hospitals to represent solar fields." He took out two pieces that
394 were shaped like army tents with small red crosses on them
395 and set them on the table. Using the hockey stick shaped wood
396 he pushed one of the pieces right over the Arizona Nevada
397 border near Las Vegas.

398 The plasma screen behind Zach started showing a slide
399 show of how a solar site could be connected to the existing
400 power grid. Some more slides emphasized that in as little as
401 two years Southern California could cut down their demand on
402 fossil fuels used for electric power generation by a million
403 barrels a day. The presentation on the plasma display halted
404 and with the wooden L stick Mr. Rubin moved the field hospitals
405 pieces into Mexico.

406 "Gentlemen, the diesel power plants just across the Mexican
407 border are good candidates for solar also. Without all the
408 environmental regulations we could hook up to their grid and
409 be generating solar power in a year."

410 Zach sat in amazement as Mr. Rubin pushed the hospital
411 pieces from Nevada over into Mexico. He looked over at Carlos
412 expecting some sort of reaction. Across the table the two Arab
413 men were now whispering in Arabic.

414 Carlos drew a deep breath and stood. "Gentlemen the
415 Mexico solar logistics are top secret. That's why I was brought
416 on board."

417 Zach sat silent, stunned and lost. Most of the facts on how
418 fast solar would be able to replace existing diesel power plants
419 were exaggerated. Zach kept still. All the years of research and
420 his hard work were finally going to pay off. If a small lie needed
421 to be told he could probably live with it.

422 Another ten minute sales pitch went by. Mr. Gomez finished
423 by passing out a colored bar graph showing that in as little as
424 seven years the United States could cut its glut for imported oil
425 by one third. There was a long pause in the room. Zach had
426 more mixed feelings. He was willing to bend the truth but not
427 to promise something that could never happen.

428 Mr. Rubin stood up and said, "Gentleman let's take a short
429 break before Mr. Slenski gives his presentation. We have one of
430 his solar panels hooked up but he has the newest prototype to
431 hook up."

432 While the two Arab men started quietly talking to each other
433 in Arabic, Carlos pointed toward the solar panel on the easel. "I
434 hope you didn't mind that I took off your meter and replaced it
435 with a light bulb."

436 "No that's okay," Zach replied nonchalantly still looking over
437 the colored bar graphs.

438 Carlos continued talking. "The bronze mirror coating they
439 put on the windows of the Sears Tower reflected about forty
440 percent of the power and gave your watt meter low readings.
441 Plus the light bulb is more effective for demonstration
442 purposes."

443 "No, it's okay. I don't mind that you hooked up a light
444 bulb." Zach looked over at the solar panel and light bulb and

445 then whispered. "I think some of your presentation was
446 exaggerated, maybe even a bit deceptive."

447 "Not so loud," Carlos whispered back. "Just bear with me."

448 There was a dead silence. Both Arab men were listening
449 from the far side of the room.

450 Zach stood and walked over to the solar panel on the easel.
451 He knew he may have been overheard. "I see you used
452 alligator clips when you replaced the meter. That's good. I can
453 connect this light bulb to my newest prototype solar panel."

454 "Newest solar panel! We didn't receive any new solar
455 panel."

456 "I know. I brought it with me!" Zach said and glanced back
457 toward the Arab men.

458 "Where is it? We only have a few minutes to get prepared.
459 Mr. Rubin will go ballistic if your presentation doesn't happen."
460 Carlos Gomez seemed overly anxious and frightened of Mr.
461 Rubin.

462 "It's already here," Zach replied, struggling to hold back his
463 glee.

464 "What!" Carlos started scanning the room for a large box or
465 a second 2' x 4' standard sized solar panel.

466 Zach picked up the aluminum briefcase and laid it on the
467 illuminated conference table. He then rotated numbers on each
468 clasp and they snapped open. Carefully packed in a foam cutout
469 was one twelve inch by twelve inch glass solar panel. He
470 carefully lifted it out and handed it to Mr. Gomez.

471 Carlos took it by the metal frame and started examining it.
472 "I see you are using the same louvered venting system on the
473 back. It looks as if you are using the same aluminum for heat
474 dissipation." Carlos flipped the panel over. "Obviously this is a
475 smaller version. But it looks as though you are applying the
476 same cooling/venting technology."

477 "You're right Carlos. This proto-panel is smaller. In fact, its
478 one eighth the size of a standard two by four foot panel." Zach
479 was holding back the most important fact.

480 "Do these solar cells still have the same negative
481 temperature coefficient gain as the one on the display easel?"
482 Carlos pointed to the panel and light bulb.

483 "Yes, almost the same. A forty degree cooling factor
484 produces almost a fifty percent increase in power output."

485 "Well I don't see the big deal. You just handed me a smaller
486 version of what I've already been running test on."

487 "That's true Carlos," Zach paused. "What would you guess
488 the power output of this one foot by one foot panel to be?"

489 "At the very most twenty five watts!" Carlos quipped with
490 confidant. "It's one eighth the area of the one two hundred watt
491 panel. I'd be amazed if you even get twenty watts up here
492 through the bronze tinted glass and all."

493 "Well, let's get it hooked up so I can finish the
494 presentation."

495 Carlos examined the small panel even more closely. "Wait a
496 second. You have the cells stacked in here. You found a way to
497 stack the silicon wafers."

498 "You got it. My venting of conventional panels yielded a
499 forty percent increase in power. Now, I'm working on reducing
500 the physical size of my panels by stacking the cells. We are also
501 working on reverse current losses so not to lose any power
502 during the night." Zach stopped, his throat was dry and he
503 needed to pee. "Carlos, where is the rest room?"

504 "Go out the door back there. In the hall the door on the
505 right is the washroom." Carlos replied while he examined the
506 small solar panel more closely.

507 Zach walked along the table and directly behind Mr. Obaid
508 he opened a door. There were seven stalls on the left. He
509 opened the first door, there was no toilet. He opened the door
510 on the second stall, same thing no toilet. The third and rest of
511 the stalls same thing; no toilet. He stepped back. The three
512 quarter length doors looked right for changing rooms but why
513 changing rooms would have such a small mirror seemed odd.
514 The middle cubicle of the seven booths was twice as large. That

515 didn't seem odd; it was probably a handicap booth. Out of the
516 corner of his eye he noticed a door at the end of the hallway.

517 The solid wood door on the right was the restroom; an
518 automatic light came on when he entered. The black marble
519 and gold fixtures were more like what he expected on a sky
520 view executive floor. He used the urinal and back at the marble
521 counter cupped water in his hands to splash on his face. Zack
522 stared at himself in the mirror while water dripped on to the
523 gold sink spout and handles. Looking deep into his own eyes
524 Zack discerned: *The darkness and deception in that room feels*
525 *off and wrong. The heat from that display table makes it hot as*
526 *hell in there. There's energy in there that I've never felt before.*