

CHAPTER 19

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Carlo experienced his own couple days of enlightenment. After he'd left Marie and Cecelia at Sequoia's ranch the lone drive up to Oklahoma had become a life changing examination of conscious. There would be no more spinning of environmental studies, no falsifying temperature data and most importantly no more illegal citizenship. First thing was that Maria's birth date needed to be corrected; she was underage when their original Holy Matrimony document was issued which made the marriage ceremony invalid. Fr. Joe offered to help with an annulment and then remarry them. Carlos welcomed the help; going back to Maria's home village with a priest would be less dangerous.

The past week had been a spiritual roller coaster. It started off with the sacrament of reconciliation and then ended with Holy Communion. After the Sunday service Carlos left Holy Cross church and literally felt like he was on a hallowed mission. He picked up some oil and coolant and then bee lined back to Son Source. A thorough check over of the van was prudent; breaking down in a region controlled by the Los Zetas Cartel could be fatal. His plan was to leave Monday afternoon after meeting with Zach. Handing over the unaltered thermal breakdown data sheet probably would put an end to Zach's ambitions of environmental fame. In addition, Mr. Rubin would probably lose out on leveraging a solar energy threat against OPEC.

Over the weekend Cecelia had become fixated on animals. Baby pony obsessed would be a better portrayal. The two week old foal took to her like she was a surrogate mother. The skittish mare would only let Cecelia get close to her first born. What eleven year old girl doesn't dream about being around and helping animals on a sanctuary ranch?

Maria had grown up around farm animals in rural Mexico. Cleaning stalls, gathering eggs and slopping pigs was the way of life she experienced as a child. Burros outnumbered horses ten to one because

33 they were used for packing crops, not for riding. But being small and
34 athletic, she often got to work out quarter horses on a drug lord's
35 ranch that her brothers worked on before getting married to Carlos.

36 Sequoia immediately noted Maria's ranching experience and
37 appreciated the extra help. She was also happy to put her second
38 language skills to real life use. In turn Maria was glad to converse with
39 someone in her native language. By Sunday they both learned that
40 religion was not a good subject to discuss—no matter what language.

41 Mending fence before the sun got too high was followed with
42 stacking hay in the barn. Lack of skin pigmentation always kept Birch's
43 jobs scheduled so to avoid intense sunlight. As a child he'd never been
44 able to do outdoor sports. Even riding horses with an oversized
45 sombrero put him at risk. Regardless, he planned to saddle up their
46 most gentle horse and lead Cecelia around some trails before the sun
47 set on Sunday. Riding a horse was something she had never
48 experienced.

49 Early Monday morning Cecelia begged to stay at the ranch to help
50 with the morning feeding. When Sequoia learned that Carlos had a
51 planned early morning meeting with Zach she said she'd bring Cecelia
52 and Maria to Son Source at noon.

53 Birch drove straight across the parking lot toward the camper van
54 to let Carlos know that Cecelia and Maria would be dropped off by
55 lunch time. He was hoping that Carlos could give him a hand relabeling
56 panels and boxing. Birch gently knocked on the side door. He expected
57 to hear movement inside the camper. He knocked again with more
58 force! Nothing, no movement, not a sound. He cupped his hands up on
59 the small glass door window and peeked through the small slit in the
60 door curtain. Carlos was slumped over at the small table!

61 The camper door wasn't locked. Birch opened it and yelled, "Carlos
62 wake up?" There was no movement! "Carlos are you okay?" Birch
63 yelled louder through the screen door. A sour vomit smell migrated out
64 through the gray screen mesh. Birch made out slimy yellowish brown
65 fluid all over a chocolate milk container. There was also a half eaten
66 burrito, two small gold toy pieces, a small box and a shipping label
67 made out to someplace in Chicago. Birch ran full speed for the

68 employee entrance and called 911.

69 Zach showed up as a body bag was being loaded into the coroner's
70 van. He ducked under the yellow crime scene and ran over to Birch
71 standing next to a police officer. "What happened?"

72 "I showed up early to start relabeling panels. I went over to tell
73 Carlos that Maria and Cecelia would be here about noon. I found him
74 cold and slumped over at the table in the van."

75 "Wow, what do they think happened?"

76 "Our Medical Examiner thinks he could have choked on a burrito
77 and then tried to wash it down with chocolate milk." The detective
78 offered information he should not have.

79 "He was checked last week for cancer. I can give you the doctor's
80 name if that helps," Zach offered medical information he probably
81 should not have.

82 "Sure what is the doctor's name?" The officer jotted down the
83 information along with the names Maria and Cecelia and asked Zack if
84 they could go inside to talk.

85 Birch didn't go inside. He got back in the Dodge flat bed and
86 headed back home. Cecelia was bottle feeding the new foal when he
87 drove down the fence line. Sequoia and Maria heard the truck coming
88 down the long gravel driveway and emerged from the barn. By the
89 look on Birch's face they both knew something was wrong—dead
90 wrong.

91 Sequoia translated the bad news to Maria. Then they embraced for
92 the longest time. Cecelia heard the sobbing. The foal was still sucking
93 on the bottle. Zach walked toward her not knowing what to say or
94 what to do. When he got about five feet away Cecelia turned, looked
95 up and asked, "Why did Jesus take him?"

96 Birch was stunned and lost for words. The foal nudged at the bottle
97 and Cecelia turned back and continued to feed. Birch put one hand on
98 her shoulder and stroked the foal with his other hand. *Why did Jesus*
99 *take Carlos* was an unexpected question that Birch had no answer for.
100 He was raised with Jesus being an abstract dark part of history. Jesus
101 was just another deity that mostly white males attached themselves
102 too. His college professor grandparents articulately pinned

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xenophobia, misogynist, racialism and bigotry on all Christians.

Christian phobia is something Mr. Rubin has spread since the first apple was plucked from the tree of knowledge. The news media, the print media and most human elements don't acknowledge or report on the unspoken phobia towards Judeo Christians.

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Envy had no indifference to Jews or Christians. She just hated anyone that got more attention than her. It didn't bother her to poison an eleven year old special needs child. Mr. Rubin's message of an elite ruling class dominating a robust working class rang true for her. Any misfit that had to be exterminated for the good of the New World Order was not a problem. Envy still resented the Downs girl in her class that was elected home coming queen instead of her. The handicapped being considered special was an antipathy she carried ever since high school.

Envy never did her homework. If she had, she'd known that Downs children had to be careful about cow's milk protein. As an infant Cecelia had developed intolerance to most dairy products.

Accident or not, Mr. Rubin came unhinged when he found out that Carlos drank the chocolate milk laced with Newt 4. It had taken years to find someone with a degree in environmental science. The PhD in Geology was an excellent fit so to push for more fracking for natural gas.

Agent Fletcher unbuckled the chest crossover seatbelt and leaned to the left so he could hear both sides of the cell phone conversation. Envy was already pinning the mishap on him saying that she wanted to scope out the camper van for a longer time. Just like the first trip to Son Source when Eric Helzer died; he was being blamed for a death he had nothing to do with. Mr. Rubin demanded that they be back in Chicago within twenty four hours.

The moon was full and there was no traffic on the interstate when the red Porsche was halfway between St. Louis, Missouri and Springfield, Illinois. Agent Fletcher hadn't said more than ten words

138 since they blasted out of Dallas, Texas and crossed Oklahoma. Finally  
139 he presented a challenged, "I bet the good looking girl that drives the  
140 lime green NASCAR would do at least a hundred miles an hour on this  
141 open road. You drive like an old church lady."

142 Envy pushed on the pedal and the Porsche shot up to 90 mph.  
143 "That Daddy girl is not that good. She'll never win a race. It's all about  
144 who she knows or blows."

145 "She's still more skilled than you. Prettier too!" Envy took the bait.  
146 She pushed down on the gas pedal harder.

147 Agent Fletcher watched the speedometer climb to a hundred and  
148 twenty six miles an hour. With one motion he gripped the steering  
149 wheel and yanked it down. The left front of the 911 Porsche veered  
150 onto the soft shoulder and the alloy wheel dug in to gravel. The  
151 Porsche immediately cart wheeled six times alongside a barbed wire  
152 fence line. It came to rest against a blooming Dogwood tree with the  
153 headlights shining straight up into the night sky. The passenger side  
154 air bag broke Agent Fletcher's neck. Envy pushed the air bag away  
155 from her face and looked in the rear view mirror. She felt lucky to be  
156 alive and that there wasn't even one scratch on her face. A seeping  
157 trail of gas ran toward the electric fence wire.

158 The accident made the Chicago morning news. Mr. Rubin verified  
159 the crash and explosion with an internet report of a speeding Porsche  
160 losing control on a back county road. The identities of the two fatalities  
161 were pending dental identification.

162 Without Agent Fletcher it took over two hours for Mr. Rubin to  
163 escort the six remaining comrades into their private cubicles. At 3:00  
164 am the 3D war table was switched on and everyone had on their noise  
165 cancelling headphones. "Comrades it seems that one of your peers and  
166 my agent have been killed in a fiery car accident."

167 There was some gasping and internal mumbling followed by an  
168 immediate offer from the Sloth booth. "My cousin would be a good  
169 replacement. She always comes with me to the meetings. She's my  
170 driver since I've never bothered to study and get my license."

171 Mr. Rubin did need another Envy candidate for the empty booth.  
172 Cronyism, Partisan and Hate were additional booths he had thought

173 about adding to his litany of capital sins. But, just keeping pride,  
174 greed, lust, envy, gluttony, wrath and sloth from imploding was  
175 impossible. "Write down your cousin's name and slide it to the center  
176 of the table. We should interview her."

177 There was a dead hush from the other booths. The remaining five  
178 knew that the interview would be an interrogation to see if Sloth's  
179 cousin shared what she knew with anyone else. The NWO Charter  
180 prohibited mentioning time and meetings to anyone. Not adhering to  
181 the covenants, conditions and rules compromised their undisclosed  
182 middle of the night meetings. Being too lax and not memorizing the  
183 charter on the wall in Sloth's booth was about to have serious  
184 consequences.

185 Mr. Rubin used the rattan dice stick to pull the paper to the  
186 command center. He briefly looked at the name. From a shelf under  
187 the command console switch panel he pulled out the ornate wood box  
188 that held the gold war game pieces. "Comrades another vote is in  
189 order."

190 "A field hospital will be to show mercy. A tank will be to crush out  
191 any chance of a leak."

192 "What if there is a tie?" Gluttony belched out with foul breath.

193 Mr. Rubin opened the ornate wood box and immediately noticed  
194 more war pieces missing. Something bigger than him was in control.  
195 Now, a human element had to be offered up—in contempt against the  
196 **Old World Order.**

197 "My cousin is waiting in underground parking. She could come up  
198 to cast the deciding vote if needed." Sloth was always too lackadaisical  
199 and never paid much attention to anything.

200 Mr. Rubin slammed the lid on the wooden box and then pushed the  
201 scrap of paper across the table toward the wrath booth. "Go down to  
202 the basement parking and find Sloth's cousin. Her name is on that  
203 piece of paper."

204 "Okay, I'll need your special key to bring her back up here." Wrath  
205 used the rattan cane to retrieve the piece of paper.

206 "I don't want you to bring her back up here! I want you to find out  
207 if she told anybody else about our meetings."

208 "Don't worry, I told her not to tell anyone about us. She's good,"  
209 Sloth replied.

210 "Just like how the charter states to never share the NWO goals."  
211 Mr. Rubin ignored Sloth and looked directly at the Wrath booth. "Take  
212 down any names of anyone that she might have told and then get rid  
213 of her."

214 "Get rid of her like I should kill her?"

215 "Get rid of her so that she can never be found. But first find out if  
216 she told anybody else. If she did get rid of them also!"

217 Sloth's reaction was lukewarm at best. Slothfulness is more about  
218 not doing. Standing up to evil just takes too much effort.

219 The silence from the other five booths was unsettling. Finally out of  
220 fear Lust chimed in, "I have never told anyone about what we stand  
221 for."

222 "Of course you wouldn't, because you're a disgusting deranged  
223 pedophile," came from the oversized Gluttony booth.

224 "At least, I'm not a fat, sweaty five hundred pound carnivore that  
225 can't even wipe his own ass," Lust retaliated.

226 Next Greed jumped in, "What about our stock in that Crystal  
227 Springs water company out in Madras, Oregon? Are we going to get  
228 our money back? Shouldn't Lust pay for screwing up that deal?"

229 "No one knew the Rajneesh's were bioterrorists. They portrayed  
230 themselves as peaceful free love followers of the Bhagwan. The FBI  
231 was caught off guard too. Who knew that the cult leaders would  
232 deliberately contaminate a water system with Salmonella? You can't  
233 pin that on me." Lust had to redeem himself.

234 Greed wasn't through, "There's more to it than that. The FBI found  
235 some child porn snuff videos on the Muddy Ranch water company  
236 computer. That video probably came from you. Your claim that you're  
237 only into the adult entertainment business is a lie. You're probably a  
238 Chomo, or maybe that Pedophile on the snuff video.

239 Mr. Rubin had to step in. No matter what capital offense a booth  
240 housed, child molesters were always considered scum. Even in  
241 prison, if the Chomos weren't locked in a private cell they'd be beaten  
242 by the other prisoners. "The water company deal fell apart. It's over!"

243 Greed was relentless; losing money was not in his DNA. "Where  
244 are we with that Son Source slash Amerco oil deal? The forecast for  
245 Saudi Arabian crude is for it to drop to less than thirty dollars a barrel.  
246 If that happens I'm pulling my money out!"

247 "I'm working on that bribe!" Mr. Rubin flipped a switch on the  
248 command console and the illuminated 3D table went black. Next the  
249 room went dark. The only illumination was the moonlight thru the  
250 tinted windows. "Pull your front privacy curtains. I will start to lead  
251 you all out one at a time." Mr. Rubin purposely left the box of gold war  
252 pieces out in the open.

253 The screeching sound of curtain hooks being pulled across metal  
254 rods rolled out into the dark stillness. The next sound was Mr. Rubin  
255 circling around the back of the booths. The rear sliding curtain noise  
256 on the Lust booth broke the silence. "For your protection you can wait  
257 in my office."

258 It took almost two hours for Mr. Rubin to escort Pride, then Greed,  
259 then Gluttony, then Wrath and lastly Sloth, 103 floors down to the  
260 lobby and out onto Wacker Drive. Each trip back up he'd check the  
261 ornate box to see if any more pieces went missing.

262 Lust fell to sleep waiting in the office adjacent to the WWO  
263 conference room. The sun was just about to rise out to the east over  
264 Lake Michigan when the heavy vault door opened. "We don't have  
265 much time before the observation deck tower starts to fill up with  
266 tourists." Mr. Rubin scurried around to the back of the desk.

267 Lust yawned and stretched. "I'm really tired from flying out from  
268 Oregon and then a midnight meeting without a break,"

269 Mr. Rubin pulled an 8 x 10 color photo from a brown manila  
270 envelope and slid it across his desk. "The name and address of the  
271 ballet school is on the back. The seven year old, blond hair, blue eyed  
272 girl is the target. Do not screw up and follow the directions exactly."

273 Lust's sluggishness turned to excitement as he pointed at the  
274 photo. "Are you talking about this one that you have circled?" Lust  
275 used his shirt sleeve to wipe drool from his mouth.

276 Mr. Rubin snapped back the dance team photo from Lust and  
277 shoved it back into the brown envelope. "Her name is Chelsea. The

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detailed instructions are inside. There's an airplane ticket and motel reservation. I'll expect a call from you by tomorrow night. You're going to help bring Son Source back to the bargaining table."

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