

# CHAPTER 2

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**From** the edge of the illuminated 3D conference table Zach began with an uneasy composure. "Gentlemen, so not to waste anymore of your valuable time, I will get right to my demonstration. First of all, I want to thank Mr. Gomez for doing such an outstanding job on presenting the economic benefits of solar." Zach turned and took the large solar panel off the stand.

The world map under the glass table surface slowly dissolved to gray as Mr. Rubin adjusted a control from his command center. "Comrades don't forget to switch your headsets back on," he said and then pushed on a switch.

Zack continued, "Son Source has been working four years on the negative temperature coefficient of solar panels. Basically, what that means is that the cooler environment a solar panel is located in, the more power it can put out."

The two Arabs started speaking to each other in Arabic and then Mr. Obaid Bin Naimi asked. "So, in a country like Saudi Arabia where it is hot your solar panels would not be that be good?"

"That would be true of the old style," Zach replied and then turned the small solar panel around to show the aluminum fins on the back. "But with my venting system I can get solar panels to run twenty to thirty degrees cooler with natural air flow. Additionally, by building solar sites over water the cooling effect can be as much as forty degrees."

"But in most places that are hot and have a lot of sun there is usually not much water." Mr. Naimi stated with a firm rebuttal.

"That's true. But, by drilling deep holes into the earth's crust we can cool the solar panels with forced air flow. I know

32 this will work because of temperature information obtained  
33 from subsurface missile silos in Nevada."

34 Mr. Rubin immediately interrupted, "Excuse me, gentleman!  
35 Mr. Slenski is not here to speak about weapons of mass  
36 destructions. He is speaking off the record and I don't know  
37 why this information is needed for a solar demonstration."

38 Carlos whispered something into Zach's ear as Mr. Rubin  
39 ranted on. "Mr. Naimi you can assure Prince Nasser that we are  
40 presenting new science technology not weapons or threats to  
41 your country. WMD's that the United States of America has and  
42 who they are pointed at is information that a common person  
43 like Mr. Slenski would never have access too."

44 Zach glanced down at his notes. He had several infrared  
45 satellite photos showing small circular locations in Nevada that  
46 showed thirty degrees difference on the desert surface. It was  
47 information he had obtained from the internet. Zach felt  
48 blindsided by what Carlos had just whispered to him. "Well,  
49 gentleman, I'll jump ahead and do the wattage demonstration."

50 There was an uneasy silence in the room as Zach stood  
51 there dumbfounded. Finally he replaced the larger panel with  
52 the smaller one. He turned the easel so the new prototype  
53 panel was facing the window. The intensity of the light bulb  
54 increased twofold. Carlos came out of the shadow to assist  
55 Zach. He was carrying a green tank that had the word **Freon**  
56 on the side. "You want me to give it a blast now?"

57 "In a minute and be careful when you spray this smaller  
58 panel. There is less area so it can't take a large blast of  
59 coolant," Zach spoke quietly, making sure he wasn't heard  
60 across the table.

61 Carlos moved to the back of the easel with the bottle of  
62 Freon and whispered. "Don't forget to point out about the  
63 bronze reflective windows on the Sears Tower. That tinting  
64 could be blocking out a lot of the sun light."

65 "What?" Zach said as he tweaked the easel. "You should  
66 have informed me about the tinted windows before this

67 meeting," Zack spoke softly and with heavy discontent, now  
68 being blindsided for the second time.

69 "Sorry about that," Carlos squatted down to get in position.

70 Bothered by all the whispering both Arab men got up out of  
71 their chairs and came around the table. "How much more  
72 power do you get with this venting and don't distort the facts?"  
73 Mr. Obaid Bin Naimi asked as he pointed at the shiny metal fins  
74 on the back of the large panel now on the table.

75 "Typically about twenty per cent but with additional cooling  
76 there is another big increase," Zach answered without too much  
77 deception.

78 "We just overheard that we might not see that much of an  
79 increase because of the tinted windows?"

80 "I just found that out myself," Zach answered with some  
81 anxiety.

82 Mr. Naimi spoke to Prince Amer Nasser in Arabic and then  
83 asked, "You mentioned mounting solar panels over cooler  
84 places. Have you done any tests like that?"

85 "Yes, at a site in Texas. Those tests have averaged an  
86 additional thirty five percent increase." Zack replied with  
87 inflated facts. The truth was it was just a few panels on the roof  
88 of Son Source lab.

89 The two Arabs spoke to each other in Arabic for about two  
90 minutes and then Mr. Naimi said in English, "We appreciate  
91 your demonstration but a thirty five percent increase along with  
92 having to have the panels over water or missile silos is not an  
93 alarm for us.

94 "An alarm, what do you mean?" Zack asked with  
95 discouragement.

96 "A concern would be a better word. My English is not always  
97 that good," Obaid replied. "We also think the tinted windows  
98 are a good representation of overcast or smoggy days. Oil is  
99 much simpler! You drill a hole in the earth and the energy  
100 comes out; regardless of sunlight, weather or temperature."

101 Zach's stomach tightened! This meeting was a last effort to  
102 raise needed investment capital. "Could I at least finish my  
103 demonstration?" Zach pointed to the small one by one foot  
104 solar panel. "With you or without your investment this new  
105 panel will revolutionize the entire energy field."

106 "No one understands the energy markets like OPEC." Obaid  
107 replied firmly.

108 "Can I please finish my demonstration?" Zach begged.

109 "We have been to plenty of meetings where cars are  
110 supposed to get a hundred miles to the gallon. The latest scam  
111 is those giant windmills that self destruct or fall apart before  
112 they are even paid for. We don't feel threatened nor will we be  
113 blackmailed with your claim of an efficient solar world." Mr.  
114 Naimi pointed at the small panel.

115 "Solar doesn't have any moving parts like a wind turbine  
116 and they'll operate for over thirty years." Zach argued.

117 "That's not true, another lie. Solar farms don't put out  
118 power at night so the panels only are working at most fifteen  
119 years of your thirty year claim. We have heard all these  
120 falsehoods before," Mr. Naimi rebutted.

121 Mr. Gomez was turning the panel in and out of the direct  
122 sunlight. He wasn't paying that much attention to the  
123 conversation. He was astounded that smaller panel seemed to  
124 be putting out the same power the large one did."

125 Zach turned his sales pitch up to full speed. "If you two  
126 would just give me a few minutes." Zack drew in a deep breath.  
127 "I have found a way to increase the voltage of each individual  
128 solar cell by cutting and stacking the silicon wafer material. It is  
129 like taking a 1.5 volt flashlight battery and turning it into a 6  
130 volt car battery!"

131 "Cars have a 12 volt battery, another exaggeration. Don't  
132 lie to us!" Obaid rebutted.

133 Zach swallowed hard. Mr. Obaid was right and knew his  
134 facts. "Old cars used six volt battery. I'm just using this for an  
135 example. You know an analogy."

136            "Yes, I know what an analogy is!" Mr. Obaid's eyes moved  
137 away from Zach toward the light bulb. "I think it is brighter.  
138 That small panel is stressing the bulb."

139            "It should be about the same power. But, take note that the  
140 panel is smaller." Zack was facing the table and Mr. Gomez  
141 what at his side fine-tuning the easel directly into the sun.

142            "No, the bulb is much brighter then when it was hooked up  
143 to the larger panel." Mr. Naimi argued.

144            Mr. Rubin moved a switch on his control panel and then  
145 stood up. "The light bulb seems much brighter to me also."

146            Zach turned and looked at the test bulb. "Gentlemen, a light  
147 bulb is not an accurate way to measure the power of a solar  
148 panel. Solar panels are measured in watts not volts." Zach  
149 wondered if somehow Carlos had rigged the demonstration.

150            "So cooling this panel will give it even more power?" Obaid  
151 Naimi asked as he carefully examined the red and black wires  
152 that ran between the panel and test bulb.

153            "Yes, cooling will generate more power." Small beads of  
154 sweat broke out on Zach's forehead—something wasn't right.

155            "So the cooling fins are an improvement and stacking the  
156 cells is another improvement?" Mr. Naimi asked as he pointed  
157 at the back of the quad panel.

158            "Yes, I'm now stacking the crystalline cells like you do with  
159 batteries in a flashlight." Zach tried to swallow but his mouth  
160 was dry. It felt like it was over a hundred degrees in the room.

161            Mr. Rubin came forward to close the sale. "Gentlemen,  
162 there are a few minor bugs to be worked out, but look at that  
163 light bulb. You are looking at an ultimate power source." Mr.  
164 Rubin took the large panel and held it up. "Look at this old  
165 panel and then look at that one. Think of them as if they were  
166 weapons. More power in a smaller package is what ended the  
167 last world war. Don't you want to be in on this revolution?"

168            Carlos felt the sales pitch and was exhilarated. He wanted  
169 to do his part to help close the deal. With the green bottle of  
170 Freon in hand he sprayed the back of the small panel.

171 "Don't do that!" Zach rushed toward the easel so to unhook  
172 the red and black wires. It was too late! The blast of white  
173 vapor was already spilling onto the Aluminum fins.

174 "Look, look!" Obaid Bin Naimi pointed at the light bulb.

175 The bulb was getting too bright to look at. Zach knew the  
176 demonstration would be short lived when some of the cells  
177 fractured and the bulb dimmed. He froze and mentally prepared  
178 to explain about thermal contraction of silicone when Carlos  
179 sprayed the panel with another blast of Freon. The bulb turned  
180 brilliant white and then went dark instantly. Zach knew the  
181 panel was destroyed.

182 Prince Amer Nasser straightened up and in plain unbroken  
183 English said, "We can offer fifty million dollars for ten years."

184 Overwhelmed by the panel failure and now an unbelievable  
185 offer Zach took a chair. He leaned forward and with his elbows  
186 on the glass ran his fingers through his thinning hair. *I bet*  
187 *they think the bulb burned out? I have to explain about the*  
188 *thermal fracturing and self destruction caused by rapid cooling.*  
189 *But, with fifty million dollars for ten years I'm sure I could get*  
190 *that problem resolved?*

191 "Fifty million seems like a fair offer!" Mr. Rubin stated and  
192 then laid the larger panel back down; it knocked over some of  
193 the gold war game pieces. "But, fifty million for five years  
194 would be a more acceptable offer. Ten million dollars a year to  
195 sit on an energy breakthrough like this is reasonable." Mr.  
196 Rubin pointed at the small panel on the easel.

197 "Fifty million for eight years would be an offer the  
198 consortium might consider," Prince Amer Nasser countered.

199 "I'm sorry, but to sit on a scientific breakthrough like this  
200 for eight years is asking too much."

201 "Seven years!" Prince Amer Nasser bartered forcefully.

202 Mr. Rubin acted like he was adjusting the control on the  
203 side of the noise canceling headphones. "I'm sorry I didn't hear  
204 you. Did you say six years?" Mr. Rubin paused for about ten

205 seconds and then said. "Solyndra Power, over in Oregon is  
206 interested in this new technology."

207 "Solyndra Power?" Prince Amer's tone changed.

208 "Yes, they are a private company that wants to mass  
209 produce solar panels in the United States. They just got a five  
210 hundred million dollar federal grant. They have contacted me  
211 about these small solar panels." Mr. Rubin poured on his  
212 deceptive sales pitch.

213 "Let us talk for a moment." Prince Amer Nasser motioned  
214 Obaid Bin Naimi to follow him. The two Arab men walked  
215 toward back of the room.

216 As they moved toward the darkness Mr. Rubin spewed out  
217 more potent words. "You two have a talk. Saudi Arabia can't  
218 compete with the United States. I just want to let my Muslim  
219 friends in on the next power revolution of the twenty first  
220 century!"

221 Cautiously Carlos approached Mr. Rubin and whispered. "I  
222 got another twelve volt bulb in my toolbox. When that test bulb  
223 flashed open it really got their attention. I'll go get it." Carlos  
224 tossed his noise canceling headphones next to the control panel  
225 and hurried out of the room.

226 Zach knew that it wasn't the bulb that had burned out. The  
227 excessive coolant Carlos had applied fractured one or two entire  
228 cells. The same as how a small crack in a windshield will run  
229 from temperature fluctuations.

230 Prince Amer Nasser approached from out of the shadow.  
231 "Mr. Slenski, would you accept a fifty million dollar deal for six  
232 years?"

233 Zach fought back his gut reaction to be fully truthful. "Fifty  
234 million dollars is more than enough for research and  
235 development. It should be a lot less than six years to work out  
236 any issues. Optimistically within two years Son Source could be  
237 mass producing quad panels."

238 "Two years to start mass production is not what we want to  
239 pay fifty million dollars for!"

240                    “What?” Zach mind was jerked in an entirely new direction.  
241                    “It seems that Mr. Philip Rubin has not filled you in on all  
242 the details.”  
243                    “No, maybe not?” Zach rubbed his forehead. So much was  
244 happening he was having a hard time sorting truth from  
245 deception.  
246                    “You do know what black gold means to Saudi Arabia?”  
247                    “Not really? I’m still at a loss why I’m dealing with  
248 representatives from OPEC.”  
249                    Prince Amer pulled Zack back into the shadow of the  
250 oversized conference room. “Did Mr. Rubin inform you that he  
251 will keep most of the fifty million for himself?”  
252                    “What?” Zach’s brain had been bounced around all  
253 morning—now it halted to an abrupt stop.  
254                    Prince Nasser lowered his voice so that not even Obaid Bin  
255 Naimi could hear. “If you like you can call me James. That is  
256 the name I used when I attended USC. I graduated with a  
257 doctorate in world economics and have a minor in religious  
258 studies. I know all about the American profit motives and...”  
259 Prince Amer Nasser words stopped when Carlos busted back  
260 into the room with a blue and yellow package in his hand.  
261                    Carlos pulled his headset back on and took an automotive  
262 12 volt bulb from the sealed package and replaced the burned  
263 out demo bulb. Everyone’s attention was directed at the new  
264 dim glowing bulb.  
265                    Zach was dumbfounded that any illumination came from the  
266 bulb. He now knew that somehow the presentation display had  
267 been rigged. Emerging from the dark part of the room into the  
268 light Zach discerned. *I can’t be to be part of this deception. But*  
269 *fifty million dollars would....*  
270                    Carlos grabbed the green bottle of Freon and blasted the  
271 back of the panel. The intensity of the light increased twofold  
272 Carlos grinned at Zach. “That’s a 75 watt halogen light bulb. Do  
273 you think it will hold?”



274 "I'm not sure?" Zach needed facts; he coyly examined the  
275 red and black wires. It didn't look like another power source  
276 was connected into the circuit.

277 Coming from the back of the room Prince Amer said, "Okay,  
278 you all have proved your point. It is obvious that this panel has  
279 the potential to revolutionize the solar energy field." Prince  
280 Amer Nasser paced back and forth; in and out of the cool  
281 darkness. At the window it felt like the heat had been turned on  
282 high—everyone was waiting.

283 In the stillness Mr. Rubin moved the large solar panel off  
284 the table and then repositioned the gold pieces. He waited just  
285 the right amount of time to ask. "So fifty million is your final  
286 offer?"

287 "Yes, that would be the final offer. Fifty million dollars for  
288 ten years!"

289 "Your offer before that was fifty million and six years for  
290 zero production." Mr. Rubin said while he pushed some jet  
291 fighter pieces around on the glass table. He then turned up a  
292 control; the gold war pieces were setting directly above the  
293 Middle East section on the 3D world map.

294 "Okay six years! But that includes zero research and  
295 development for those six years also," Prince Nasser sent a  
296 hard glare across the table—he didn't like being played.

297 "It's now up to you Mr. Slenski. Just say the word and you  
298 can walk out of this room a millionaire." Mr. Rubin stated in an  
299 imposing forceful tone from behind his control console.

300 Zach glared back over the table and the illuminated map  
301 started to dim. "So let me get this straight! I would get almost  
302 fifty million dollars for not mass producing my quad panels.  
303 Plus, I could not even do any R and D for a six year period?"

304 "That's sort of how it would go. You would get five million  
305 dollars today before the banks close. Tomorrow you could start  
306 on a six year sabbatical to spend time with your two children  
307 and beautiful wife. "

308            "I couldn't do that. The most important thing to teach my  
309 children is to make the world a better place."

310            "What about your wife? Many well attention altruistic  
311 inventor, environmental types have had their wives run off with  
312 the family preacher or their therapist for not understanding  
313 their needs."

314            "What do you even know about my family?" Zack practically  
315 yelled.

316            "I do know that you are a good family man. And like every  
317 good husband want to be the head of the household and  
318 respected for that."

319            "Yeah that's right! So let's leave my family out of this." Zack  
320 felt better, now that he had put Mr. Rubin in his place. So, I  
321 would get five million dollars today and the remaining forty five  
322 million in six years?"

323            "Yes, I will make you a millionaire five times over before the  
324 banks close today." Mr. Rubin spoke with bold confidence and  
325 then added. "Your wife will be thrilled that she won't have to  
326 worry about what college your son attends."

327            Zach moved both his hands to his head and massaged at  
328 his temples; so much was coming at him all at once. Family  
329 was important—as was saving the environment.

330            The Arab's whispered to each other in Arabic. They felt  
331 played—the Middle East was at the boiling point and at the  
332 verge of a threesome tribal war.

333            Carlos had already folded his hand to Mr. Rubin for a work  
334 visa the month after the Twin Towers were taken down.  
335 Chicago had the best Trisomy 21 research hospital in the world  
336 and getting permanent residence into the United States at that  
337 time was impossible. Without even giving it a second thought  
338 Carlos slowly sprayed Freon. The intensity of the bulb increased  
339 to where it couldn't be directly looked at. Mr. Rubin was  
340 pleased with his loyal recruit.

341            It was a high stakes' poker game. Everyone was holding  
342 their cards waiting for Zach to fold. Mr. Rubin was very skilled

343 at reading people; he had played this game so many times. He  
344 knew for certain that Zach would fold for the money—any man  
345 or woman would.

346 "Take the offer Mr. Slenski. Don't be a fool." Mr. Rubin said  
347 assertively—ready to reel in another weak soul.

348 Zach's moved his hands away from his head. "After six  
349 years how many millions would I get to ramp up research and  
350 development."

351 "After this afternoon we would be done. You'd be a  
352 millionaire and the Middle East would have a six year safety  
353 net. You will have done something that is for the good of the  
354 world."

355 "Are you bull shitting! You would keep forty five million  
356 dollars for arranging an investment capital meeting? No way in  
357 hell would I do a deal like that?"

358 "Here is a little piece of advice for you and that  
359 misconception that you are going to save the planet. It won't  
360 happen! Wealth and power will always trumps good intentions.  
361 That is how it was in the beginning, is now and always will be.  
362 That is a divine fact that no man can change," Mr. Rubin  
363 spewed out.

364 "Maybe so, but I cannot sit on a scientific breakthrough like  
365 this! I get it about OPEC and other oil producing countries  
366 concerns." Zach pointed to his side at the solar panel. "But, we  
367 are talking about a much needed and clean abundance energy  
368 source. Not only for the United States but the entire world.  
369 While it may slow down the amount of oil we buy from OPEC.  
370 Our children will benefit and our grandchildren will benefit by  
371 not depleting the oil reserves." Zach took in a deep breath. "I  
372 just can't take an offer like this."

373 Prince Amer Nasser immediately spoke up. "Mr. Slenski, it's  
374 not about cleaner air or depleting the oil reserves. It is about  
375 people all over the Middle East. Do you have any concept on  
376 what effect your panels will have if the production of oil falls by  
377 just ten percent?"

378 "I don't have a clue! I'm a scientist, not an economist. I'm  
379 sorry, but I think I will wait and pray for a different offer.  
380 Maybe Mr. Rubin can arrange a meeting with Solyndra Power  
381 since they're located in the United States."

382 Carlos hurriedly jotted **Forget about Solyndra Power** on  
383 the back of one of the colored graph handouts. He casually  
384 turned the paper so that only Zach could see what he had  
385 written. Zach was more confused.

386 "Well then! I've got a plane to catch and I don't want to  
387 waste anymore time," Prince Amer Nasser said and then hastily  
388 headed toward the door.

389 Obaid Bin Naimi had his eyes closed, head down and had  
390 been mumbling to himself, *Allah Akbar, Allah Akbar, death to*  
391 *all infidels*

392 The security agent opened the door. The Arab men were  
393 escorted down the darkened hallway past the seven portable  
394 booths to the private elevator. Mr. Rubin slammed both fists  
395 down on the table. "You fool! All you altruistic environmental  
396 types are alike. You all are a bunch of anal retentive misfits!  
397 You all have some grandiose idea that you can fix the world  
398 with technology." Mr. Rubin shot a death glare across the table  
399 at Zach. "You just cost me forty five million dollars and a  
400 foothold in the Muslim world." Mr. Rubin stomped out of the  
401 room and ordered the security guard to follow him.

402 Zach and Carlos were alone. "You just upset the wrong  
403 person," Carlos said in a low warning voice.

404 "Upset the wrong person! I didn't fly up here from Texas to  
405 have someone buy me off. Who the hell does this Mr. Rubin  
406 think he is?"

407 "He's a very powerful person. He's like a wild beast when he  
408 gets mad. You don't want to mess with him!" Carlos kept  
409 talking in a nervous lowered voice.

410 "Mess with him!" Zach was sorting out what had transpired  
411 for the last forty five minutes. This was not like any venture  
412 capital meeting he'd ever had. "I vaguely know about Solyndra

413 Power up in Oregon. I'd be willing to meet with them. Could  
414 you setup a meeting with them?" \*

415 Carlos glanced around the room he knew that it was  
416 probably bugged, or possibly that the headphones had hidden  
417 microphones. He wrote on the back of a piece of paper:  
418 **Solyndra Power is filing for bankruptcy. Mr. Rubin**  
419 **already bilked millions from them.**

420 Zach read the words off the paper and then mumbled, "Now  
421 I get what Mr. Rubin is up to." Zach wadded up the message  
422 and threw it at the solar panel. "He's one of those hedge fund  
423 manipulators. Probably an arms dealer too."

424 Carlos put his index finger up to his lip. "Not so loud. This  
425 room could be bugged."

426 "I don't care!" Zach replied in a defiant tone. "When I get  
427 the quad panel perfected, I might expose Mr. Rubin. I'll tell the  
428 news media how he tried to blackmail the Arabs and tried to  
429 prevent clean environmental power from being developed."

430 Carlos Gomez was now shaking his head from side to side.  
431 "Quiet, don't say another word about exposing him."

432 "Why shouldn't I?" Zach snapped back.

433 Carlos leaned over and whispered, "Because he would go  
434 after your family."

435 Zach's stomach knotted. The look on Carlos's face was  
436 serious—dead serious.

437 Carlos changed the discussion by asking about the quad  
438 panel flaws. Zach was honest and filled him in on how the cells  
439 always fractured when they were cooled off too rapidly. Carlos  
440 hypothesized that the tinted windows somehow skewed the  
441 demonstration. For the second time he sprayed the aluminum  
442 heat sink to the point where the fins were covered with a layer  
443 of white frost. The 75 watt halogen bulb popped like a camera  
444 flash!

445 Zach and Carlos had their heads down examining for  
446 fractures when Mr. Rubin reentered the room. "Mr. Slenski, I  
447 caught up with the Prince and Oil Minister, they still want to

448 make a deal. Say the word and five million dollars will be in  
449 your bank account today. This afternoon you'd be going back  
450 home a Texas a millionaire."

451 Zach didn't look up or react to Mr. Rubin. He kept inspecting  
452 the quad panel.

453 Carlos thought Zach was playing it cool and holding out for  
454 a better offer. He held his breath as Zach unclipped the red  
455 wire and then the black wire and then placed the panel into the  
456 foam cutout in the aluminum case. Finally Carlos blurted out,  
457 "That's a good offer!"

458 Zach now had control, knowing that he had a lot less to lose  
459 than Mr. Rubin. He closed the aluminum case and didn't even  
460 glance over at Mr. Rubin. "Carlos, earlier you hypothesized the  
461 bronze window tinting was cutting down on the UV rays."

462 "Yeah, I did some research beforehand. The tint  
463 manufacture claims that fifty percent of heat energy is blocked.  
464 That was their sales pitch to reduce the air-conditioning load on  
465 the Sears Tower. They also claim that harmful ultraviolet rays  
466 are blocked so to protect office furniture."

467 "Could you send that data to me?" Zach grabbed the case  
468 and brazenly exited as though Mr. Rubin wasn't even there. A  
469 security guard followed Zach out the door down the hallway  
470 and opened the door to the small elevator.

471 "Damn it!" yelled Mr. Rubin. "You didn't say anything about  
472 Solyndra Power did you?"

473 "No, sir. I didn't say a word." Out of the bottom of his eye  
474 Carlos saw the piece of wadded up paper underneath the easel.  
475 "We were just spraying more Freon on the prototype panel.  
476 There is a major problem with it."

477 "I don't want to hear about any problems! Do whatever you  
478 have to do to get that sanguine human element onboard with  
479 us!" Mr. Rubin was using the L shaped stick to pull the war  
480 pieces into a pile. He had another meeting to prepare for.

481 Below on the observation floor Zach stood silent and closed  
482 his eyes in the warm comforting glow. The sun was reflecting

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hard off of Lake Michigan. Most all the tourists were at the west  
bank of windows taking photos of the other dwarfed Chicago  
skyscrapers. The intensity of the reflecting sun was shedding a  
different light onto Zach.