

CHAPTER 7

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The early morning meeting high up in the Chicago Tower was underway. Mr. Rubin had assembled the congregation of seven to demonstrate ultimate power and to find out who stole one of his gold war pieces. The square table was illuminated with an electronic image of a roulette wheel with a green, black and red betting field. Seven high stake gamblers were positioned around the table in cubicles similar to a voting booth. Their identity was shielded by three quarter doors across the back and one way glass across the front. A slot at table height allowed the players to use long wooden canes to place their bets. Bitcoin tokens were the new currency—today a human element would be the wager.

Mr. Rubin turned a control on the command console and the roulette image faded and a craps table appeared. He turned the control again now a black jack table appeared. Finally a 3D image of a rotating pentagram appeared under the glass. "Comrades, a Bitcoin that is heads up stands for life, tails is for death."

"I don't want any part of this," barely audible words came from one of the cubicles.

"Me neither!" came from the only double wide booth.

Mr. Rubin glared toward the small booth and then the double sized one. "Okay, we are now down to five votes."

An unseen heat and energy intensified with the low sun beating against the black, sealed off booths. Everyone was sweating and had an insatiable thirst that Mr. Rubin was ready to quench. He stood up and then reached inside his black jacket. All eyes followed as he walked to the corner of the table. He twisted the top off a stainless steel test tube and then tapped the metal on the edge of a glass of ice water. One drop of clear liquid fell onto the ice—not a word or a breath was heard.

33 With planned intent Mr. Rubin walked to the heavy vault like door
34 and opened it. "Gentlemen come on in and take a chair."

35 Two agents entered the room and sat side by side to each other.
36 Mr. Rubin coyly moved the glass of ice water equal distance between
37 them.

38 "Gentlemen, I'd like a quick synopsis on what happened down in
39 Texas ten days ago." Mr. Rubin reached for the chrome coffee
40 decanter and poured a cup of coffee. The steam from the coffee
41 caused frost to immediately build on the lone glass of ice water. He
42 picked up the coffee cup and returned to the command console.

43 Agent Fletcher blurted out. "It wasn't our fault! We were going to
44 sneak in and install some cameras and listening equipment per your
45 instructions. But. . ."

46 "One moment." Mr. Rubin took a sip of coffee and then picked up a
47 set of jamming headphones; he mimicked to put them on. Both agents
48 followed his queue. "Can everyone hear me?"

49 "Yes, yes, sure, yes, affirmative, yes." Echoed from each
50 headphone set.

51 "Okay, now that everyone can hear what happened down in Texas
52 please continue." Mr. Rubin slurped a sip of coffee.

53 "We were going to pick the lock but the door was unlocked and
54 music was blaring. We snuck in and looked all over for someone. Then
55 we spotted an opened hatch door that led up to the roof. When we got
56 out on the roof an employee was hiding under some solar panels. We
57 tried to drag him out by his feet. But after he kicked me in the balls
58 Agent Brown dropped his knee onto his throat. That's how the guy's
59 neck got broken. There wasn't much to the guy. A bigger person could
60 have taken that blow to the neck."

61 "Agent Fletcher, what do you think would have happened to my
62 forty five million dollar return on investment if that would have been
63 Mr. Slenski?" Mr. Rubin was agitated, yet spoke in a calm tone.

64 "I don't know sir. But we did cover our tracks by making it look like
65 that graveyard employee fell off the roof."

66 "That you did Agent Fletcher." Mr. Rubin paused. He knew exactly
67 how to play the next card. "Well, anyway both of you are lucky that it

68 wasn't Mr. Slenski." Mr. Rubin sipped at his coffee then set the cup
69 down. He opened an ornate wood box that was on the command
70 center ledge. "Gentleman one of my gold war pieces has turned up
71 missing."

72 Agent Brown instinctively reached for the water glass. This reaction
73 to reach for the glass of water was a normal reflex so to avoid telling a
74 lie. Mr. Rubin was the master of untruth. The moment Agent Brown
75 swallowed he felt his windpipe closing!

76 Mr. Rubin smiled while he glared directly at the two booths that
77 refused to vote. He was an expert at the seven weaknesses all human
78 elements were born with. "Gentlemen Newt 4 is the most deadly nerve
79 agent on the dark internet that Bitcoin can purchase. It closes off the
80 windpipe and takes over the entire nervous system in a matter of
81 moments. It is extracted from a salamander's skin and is impossible to
82 detect since it is a natural poison. Ten gallons of Newt 4 in a public
83 water system could easily kill two million people before anyone would
84 know what happened."

85 Agent Brown started to froth at the mouth his body jerked violently
86 three or four times, then his head slumped forward. Yellow froth
87 dripped on to the 3D glass surface—there was one last gasp for air.

88 "I know nothing about missing gold," Agent Fletcher cried out.
89 "You can search my apartment my car or anyplace!"

90 "The moment Agent Brown reached for the water I knew he was
91 the one that stole my war piece." Mr. Rubin slowly panned around the
92 table; each cubicle held one of the core sins every human element was
93 born with. "Agent Fletcher, can you find and return my gold war
94 piece?"

95 "I can do that. Just give me a description of it?" Agent Fletcher
96 blurted out with unyielding reprieve.

97 Mr. Rubin opened the ornate wood box and removed a jet war
98 piece. He used the wood cane to push it across the glass to Agent
99 Fletcher. "The pieces are made from dental gold. Gold extracted at the
100 Merkers Salt Mine in Germany during World War two. You will notice
101 the small flecks of white material in it. The gold is utility grade, around
102 ten karat weight.

103 Agent Fletcher picked up the war piece. He noticed that the gold
104 was somewhat dull and took note of the UFAF decal. "One of these
105 gold planes is what I should start looking for?"

106 "Maybe? We need to vote first." Mr. Rubin scanned the seven
107 booths. A deadly sin was behind every piece of one way glass.
108 "Comrades, five of you elected to vote. The two that abstained from
109 voting will be dealt with later."

110 "So it is Bitcoin up for life, down for death?" Questioned one of the
111 booth members.

112 "That's correct." Mr. Rubin watched as the brass tokens were
113 being pushed to the center of the table. He looked over at agent
114 Fletcher and then used the wood cane to pull the Bitcoins to the
115 command center.

116 Agent Fletcher stretched upward trying to see the tally. He held his
117 breath, sweat soaked through his shirt.

118 "I'd like to vote." A deep raspy voice came from the oversized
119 booth.

120 "That would make six votes and a possible tie. Unless. . ."

121 "I'll vote also," a female voice replied and immediately pushed her
122 Bitcoin vote to the center of the table.

123 "Good, now I'll count." Mr. Rubin pulled the two additional Bitcoins
124 to the pile. "Is there anyone that wants to change their vote?" The
125 question was purposely meant to intimidate any discernment. "Well,
126 Agent Fletcher it looks as though you'll be looking for my gold."

127 Three giant gasps of air bellowed in and out. In a distraught voice
128 Fletcher blurted, "Thank God."

129 Mr. Rubin jerked his head and then yelled, "Don't be thanking God.
130 He has no influence here."

131 "It was this casting of lots that determined your fate!" came from
132 the wrath booth. "I had voted for your death!"

133 "Agent Fletcher, give your thanks and praise to the four that voted
134 for life."

135 "Thanks to whichever of you gave me a second chance." Agent
136 Fletcher spoke.

137 "So you are with me a hundred percent?"

138 "Yes sir, I am with you." Agent Fletcher felt supremacy in his reply.

139 "Good, I like a man that can give me a quick answer. Not like the
140 two members that waited to vote." Mr. Rubin continued working his
141 intimidation fear.

142 "Sir, I'm with you. I want to be on your team," Agent Fletcher
143 barked out like a lieutenant to his captain.

144 "Good, I want you to dispose of Agent Brown. Don't throw the body
145 off this building like you did down in Texas. I don't want law
146 enforcement finding my private floor."

147 "Yes, Sir! When would you like me to get rid of him?"

148 "Right now." Mr. Rubin walked to the vault like door at the back of
149 the room, pulled the heavy steel latch and opened the reinforced door.
150 The heat and sound from the elevator motors and transmission room
151 poured in.

152 Agent Fletcher grabbed Agent Brown's hair and pulled his head up
153 off the table. A surge of yellow vomit expelled from his mouth and
154 dripped off his chin. The vomit smell gradually seeped into each
155 compartmentalized sin booth. The gag reflex was too much work for
156 **sloth** to hold back. He opened his booth door and puked on the
157 carpet.

158 "You lazy piece of crap clean up your mess!" Threatening words
159 blared out from the wrath booth. "Don't make me come out and over
160 there and make you lick it up!"

161 In the uproar Agent Fletcher used the chair like a moving dolly
162 and pulled the body toward the vault door. The bottom threshold was
163 made of heavy iron, too high for the wheels on the chair. He slid his
164 hands up under Agents Brown's armpit and pulled him out of the chair.
165 The body was heavy and still warm. With all his strength Agent
166 Fletcher boosted the body upward so to lock his hands around back in
167 a bear hug fashion. A big breath of warm air expelled from the body
168 blowing right into Agent Fletcher's face. It was a disgusting smell. He
169 turned his head to the side as he pulled the body out the door. The left
170 foot hooked on the tall metal threshold and a shoe came off.

171 Mr. Rubin picked up the shoe and stepped out into the mechanical
172 equipment area and pulled the metal door closed. The automatic bar

173 locked with a hard *clunk*. He walked over to another door with a
174 **WARNING RF TRANSMISSION ROOM** sign on it. Agent Brown bear
175 hugged the body and pulled to toward the now open door. "Put the
176 body in here. Technicians only go in here after midnight."

177 Fletcher pulled Brown into the room full of wires, transmitters and
178 microwave equipment. He leaned the body against a cinder block wall
179 and quickly exited the room.

180 Mr. Rubin locked the door and handed the key to Fletcher. "Get rid
181 of the body before WGN-TV signs off tonight."

182 "He's pretty heavy. Can I get Carlos to help?"

183 "No, Carlos is not in that deep. Cut the body into pieces if need be.
184 I just want it gone before the graveyard maintenance people show
185 up."

186 Agent Fletcher knew to shut up. He watched Mr. Rubin use a
187 special key to open the vault like door. Some disgruntled mumbles
188 came from around the table when Mr. Rubin strutted back to the
189 command console. "Is there any element, at this very moment that is
190 not committed to the NWO? If so I need to know now!

191 Turning back at the gates of hell was possible, but once deep in,
192 there was no going back. Beneath the glass the rotating 3D pentagram
193 faded out. Next three red **NEW WORLD ORDER** words danced like
194 fire beneath the 3D glass top. Finally from a shadowy cubicle came a
195 sincere, yet disturbing question. "You stated ten gallons of Newt 4
196 could kill millions of human elements, that's good. But does it kill
197 animals or plants?"

198 "That's still to be determined. For some unknown reason plants
199 neutralize Newt 4. So animals and cattle that eat plants do not die."

200 "What about the animals that eat other animals?" Another
201 question from the same dark box. "Animals were here first! They
202 should have all the rights to the earth."

203 "That's yet to be determined."

204 "We could do a test with some flesh cut off Agent Brown." A
205 suggestion came from the oversized booth.

206 "I don't eat meat. The humans that eat animal deserve Newt 4."

207 “Ladies and Gentlemen let's not get too far ahead of ourselves. We
208 still need to produce a large quantity of Newt 4.”

209 “How much Newt 4 would it take to contaminate the water in LA?”

210 “In a town like Los Angeles with televisions in every home, plus all
211 the other forms of communication, probably less than ten thousand
212 humans would die. Homeland Security would figure out that the
213 water system was contaminated and then a civil defense alarm would
214 be set off. Los Angeles would not be a good test city.

215 “Civil defense system! The United States doesn't employ that
216 archaic system any longer. None of those sirens are in existence. The
217 United States is asleep at the wheel.” One of the booths spat out.

218 “Don't let your know it all pride get in the way of the technology
219 disciple types!” Mr. Rubin warned. “Those inventor, scientist
220 engineering disciple types are resilient. They'll give up everything if
221 they're working on something or a project for the good of mankind.”

222 “That's true. Albert Einstein's intent was clean energy for the good
223 of the world. Not the atom bomb.”

224 Mr. Rubin knew to keep pride, greed, lust, envy, gluttony, wrath
225 and sloth in the dark. To hide these individual weaknesses out of sight
226 worked. For decades the Catholic Church hid lust for children in their
227 own private dark box. A few of the pride filled and greed driven
228 hierarchy ordered that the horrific sin against children be kept quiet.
229 Thanks to a few broken, yet brave boys and girls that sin was finally
230 exposed.

231 “Don't forget that humans also consist of prudence, justice,
232 temperance, courage, faith, hope and charity,” an argumentative voice
233 rang out across the table.

234 Mr. Rubin looked down with shattered confidence. He knew all too
235 well about the seven virtues. They contrasted with the team he had
236 assembled. The seven virtues represented the good within the human
237 element. Fear in the moment was what he needed to instill—not a
238 future promise. “Comrades, today we are on the brink of something
239 great. No longer will wars be fought in the air, on the battlefield or in
240 the seas. They will be fought on Wall Street!”

241 "Wall Street, is there going to be a stock market crash?" A
242 panicked voice came from the **GREED** cubicle.

243 Mr. Rubin held up Bitcoin and then flipped it into the center of the
244 table. Next he reached inside his jacket and pulled out the stainless
245 steel vial of Newt 4. "Comrades it takes a lot of money to win a war.
246 First we will destroy the International Monetary Fund with decentralized
247 crypto currency. It also takes a lot of money to sustain six billion
248 human elements. Selective population reduction is the ultimate goal."

249 The meeting turned serious with instructions for the seven to
250 invest Bitcoin in small water companies. Everyone saw the brilliance; it
251 was like a huge inside trading deal. The small water companies would
252 see their crypto currency worth soar. Trillions of dollars would be made
253 off a natural toxin secreted from salamanders.

254 After the meeting was adjourned Agent Fletcher escorted each
255 associate one at a time to the small service elevator. A ten minute
256 interval between each release concealed everyone's identity. Keeping
257 private and hiding mortal sins worked better than ashes and sack
258 cloth.

259 After one hour there was one associate left when Mr. Rubin came
260 back into the conference room. "You can open your door and take off
261 the headphones."

262 "I need to take a leak. I've been in the privacy booth for over two
263 hours!"

264 Mr. Rubin pointed toward the vault door and ordered. "Come back
265 in here when you're done!"

266 No matter how much marble and many gold fixtures were used for
267 the retrofit bathroom, the dry chemical toilets still made it feel and
268 smell like an outhouse.

269 "Over here," Mr. Rubin yelled so to be heard over the motor and
270 humming noise in the service hallway. He put a special round key into
271 a panel. The tiny private elevator still reeked from the gluttony
272 comrade. "I'll follow you down to the sky-deck."

273 "That's not necessary. I know that I'm not to stop and to take the
274 express elevator down to the ground floor and to leave the building
275 and never to look back." The preppy college looking man was still

276 using a comb to get his hair perfectly swooped across his pimply
277 forehead.

278 "Before you get on, I need to know if you are for a New World
279 Order?"

280 "A yeah. . . I'm with you." Lust stepped into the tiny elevator. "I
281 just don't see how I fit into your plan." Lust swallowed, his throat was
282 dried out. He hadn't dared to take a drink of water after the Newt 4
283 demonstration.

284 "I worked very hard assembling this team. Why do you think that
285 you are not a good fit?" Mr. Rubin asked in a firm and agitated tone.

286 "My skill and expertise is free expression. I know nothing about the
287 stock market or Bitcoin crypto currency." Lust answered softly.

288 Mr. Rubin twisted the elevator override key to off, "How much
289 money did you spend last year on legal fees to defend your freedom of
290 expression stance?"

291 "Almost two hundred thousand dollars. Plus a large donation to the
292 ACLU."

293 "Didn't your most profitable website get shut down last month?"

294 "Yes, but that wasn't my fault. I didn't know those Bangladesh
295 girls were fourteen. Their handler has signed documents stating that
296 they were eighteen years old. The ACLU is going to plead my case as a
297 first amendment case. They never lose."

298 "I wouldn't bet prison time on it," Mr. Rubin warned. "You do know
299 that there is a big difference between freedom of speech and freedom
300 of expression?"

301 "No not really. Aren't they the same thing?" Lust replied with a
302 worried look.

303 "Not at all." Mr. Rubin smiled. "You do know what happens in
304 prison to child pornographers don't you?" Mr. Rubin readied to set the
305 hook of fear. "So, I'll one last time. Are you with my new world order?"

306 "Yes! I'm all in with you and the NWO. Please just help keep me
307 out of jail."

308 "Good. There is a small water bottling company in Culver, Oregon
309 that is certified B Corporation. I want you to purchase it."

310 "Oregon, that's way across the country. I've never heard of a place
311 called Culver."

312 "It's a town of less than two thousand souls. Their water source is
313 from very deep underground springs."

314 "Okay, I'll look into it and keep you posted."

315 Mr. Rubin needed a hundred percent, free will buy in. "Culver got a
316 federal grant last year to put in a fiber optic internet line."

317 "Really, so they have high speed internet service there?"

318 "Yes, plus there are remote farm buildings that could be converted
319 to a studio, like they did across the highway at Rajneeshpuram."

320 "Are you talking about that free love community where the spiritual
321 leader had a hundred Rolls Royces and armed guards with machine
322 guns?"

323 "The Bhagwan only had ninety six Rolls Royces and was a good
324 associate that followed orders. If his personal secretary Sheela, had
325 Newt 4 instead of Salmonella the NWO would be at ultimate power
326 today."

327 "I think that that guru leader died from an HIV injection?"

328 "He died from abandonment. After he claimed to be God."

329 "I'll never do that. I just want to be left alone and show people how
330 to be sexually satisfied."

331 "Good, Culver is a place where country folk don't mind anyone's
332 business. A young girl from Texas would fit right in out there. Having
333 her dressed up like a Dallas Cheerleaders would probably go unnoticed
334 out there. Youngsters acting like adults must get a lot of traffic on the
335 internet?"

336 "It sure does! You know a girl from Texas that would want to
337 model for me?" Lust replied with an upbeat tone.

338 "I might have one in the future for you to do a live video."

339 "Oh yeah, how old?"

340 "She's seven and she has a friend that already wears makeup."

341 "Oh that would be great! I'll head out to Oregon this week and buy
342 that small water company."

343 Mr. Rubin turned the elevator lockout key back to on. The door
344 closed—another deal was underway. There were only three round

345 elevator lock out keys in existence. One for the FCC to take monthly
346 transmission readings, one for the elevator maintenance crew and Mr.
347 Rubin's key. The Chicago Fire Department didn't even have one
348 because the Sears Tower was never designed to have office space
349 above the observation deck.

350 Fifteen hours later Agent Fletcher inserted the round key and
351 turned it ninety degrees, a tiny red beam came on in the magnetic
352 strip reader, and he passed his security pass through the slot. The
353 wheeled music case barely fit, he squeezed in and hit the **Close Door**
354 button. At four in the morning it was cool and quiet on the mechanical
355 floor. The round master key also unlocked the transmission room. The
356 grave yard janitors and security guards were the only ones using the
357 express elevators below and WGN-TV and FOX-HDTV antennas above
358 were in standby power mode.

359 Before Agent Fletcher even got the transmission room door open
360 he could smell something like bacon cooked in a microwave oven. He
361 pulled the Bass Cello instrument case through the door and undid the
362 latches and removed the plastic tarp, bow saw, gloves, painter's suit
363 and rope. The rental company told him that a Double Bass Cello case
364 could easily move 200 pounds. What he really hoped was that the
365 upper part of the case was wide enough for Agent's legs to fit in. That
366 way he wouldn't have to cut them off.

367 The plan worked marginally. It was also good that he left Agent
368 brown slumped over and against the cinder block wall, his curved
369 back fit into the bottom of the case. Rigamortus had set in, breaking
370 both legs took a lot of effort; breaking a backbone would have been
371 impossible. All the excreted body fluids had dried up and he'd forgot to
372 bring bleach. Now the bow saw would not fit back inside the case; he
373 used the disposable painter suit to wipe off fingerprints and then hid it
374 behind one of the grey transmission transformers.

375 There were three security cameras on the below ground parking
376 floor that he carefully avoided. In an obscure parking place behind a
377 six foot round concrete support Agent Fletcher loaded the Bass Cello
378 case in the back of the rented van. At the metal roll up gate he swiped
379 Agent's Brown identification pass and held his breath. The metal gate

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sounded like coins rattling in a can as disappeared into the ceiling.
Agent Fletcher drove up the ramp and onto South Wacker Drive.