

CHAPTER SEVEN

Until you realize the true Way...you may think that things are correct and in order. However, if we look at things objectively, from the viewpoint of laws of the world, we see various doctrines departing from the true Way. Know well this spirit, and with forthrightness as the foundation and the true spirit as the Way, enact strategy broadly, correctly and openly.

Miyamoto Musashi
Go Rin No Sho
(*A Book of Five Rings*)
(1645)

Damn! This woman can drive. Since being picked up on the private tarmac, she'd been bobbing and weaving through the New York traffic like there's no tomorrow. The black Chrysler sedan buzzed through the great canyons of concrete and steel with a smooth accuracy of graceful maneuver, totally out of context with the look of the driver. A black woman, over 250 pounds, she kept a continuous chatter, driving with the reflexes of a gymnast and the grace of a ballerina.

Danner got into the front seat at the airport. A subtle message she

understood, passing a message back with a smile, pushing the CD button. *Great driver and good taste in music*, he thought. Jimi Hendrix, *Axis: Bold as Love*.

“Probably the most underrated rock album of the 60s,” she began, launching into a dissertation on music from Mozart to Motown lasting from the tarmac to her gentle stop in front of the Lower Manhattan office building.

“Thirty-eighth floor, sugar,” she said pointing to the door.

“Thanks. Without a doubt the most enjoyable ride into the city I’ve ever had.”

Jumping out of the car, the shouts, whistles, honking and flashing blue strobes of police cruisers assaulted his being in the chaos echoing through the claustrophobic canyons of concrete and glass. The sidewalks were packed with people streaming both ways with blank intensity. Frightful to many, Danner’s reaction was always the same, arriving at the heart of the most powerful city on Earth. Whether by taxi or escalator from the catacombs of Penn Station, he always had the same comfortable awe. *New York! Capital of the world*.

Thebes had had its day, as Athens, Rome, Constantinople, Baghdad, Madrid and London theirs. This era belonged to New York. Born and raised a city boy, Danner had lived in cities all his life. New York isn’t his favorite and certainly wasn’t the most beautiful but it is the greatest city of the era. Those who rule in DC come and go but the rulers of New York remain.

His thoughts were interrupted by shouting echoes, as the *Occupy Wall Street Protest* crossed the street, the noise and belligerence adding to the human majesty and power of the city. With Hendrix’s *“If 6 Was 9”* still playing in his head, he nodded in salute, walking inside the old granite skyscraper.

The receptionist reacted immediately without the typical “You have to wait here, because I’m important and you’re not” game, ushering him right into the CEO’s office, unaware he was walking into the strangest interview of his life.

Nice digs, he thought. The dark wood, deep leather furnishing

highlighted the rich patterns of thick Persian rugs in the old-Europe tradition as the two men stood politely. *In their mid-sixties, well dressed and polished. No hint of arrogance or ego. Definitely smart, open to negotiation and ready to do business.* Danner smiled. *Show time!*

“Welcome to the Green Man Group, Mr. Danner. I’m James Vauner, Chairman of GMG and this is Preston Gimmel, our Chief Operating Officer. I hope you had a pleasant flight.”

“A pleasure gentlemen and please call me Kirk. The trip was as pleasant as it is mysterious.” *First volley. What am I doing here?!*

“Please sit down, Kirk. Something to drink, eat?”

“Coffee, black, if available.”

“Breakfast of champions,” said Vauner smiling. He poured a cup for Danner ushering him to the corner easy chairs around the mahogany coffee table, a document Gimmel had been reviewing, face up across from him. Never having learned the bureaucrat’s skill of reading upside down, it was unnecessary this time as he saw it was a background investigation on him. Nothing out of the ordinary nowadays but unusual they allowed him to see it. *They’re serious about hiring me and won’t try to trap me. Showing it makes negotiations tougher on their side.*

“I see you flew fighters in the Marine Corps and went to TOPGUN,” said Gimmel. “Impressive. Did you win the TOPGUN trophy?”

Danner smiled. No matter what else is on his resume; law degree, MBA, Marine Officer, Capitol Hill or business experience, TOPGUN is always the first thing anyone wants to talk about and usually requires dispelling the myths most civilians have about it. “That was a good movie but when I went through TOPGUN they didn’t have trophies for the aircrews going through the program.”

“Really? Why?”

Yup, here we go, he thought. With long experience dealing with civilians, he knew most basically had two mindsets about the military in general and the Marines specifically. The first is that the military is populated with slow-witted automatons who couldn’t hack it in the real world. The other is that people in the military are incapable of innovation or

independent action. Both mindsets are so far from reality, he equated it to trying to explain to an Earthling what it's like to live on Venus. *There is nothing in your limited life experience which allows you to comprehend the most fundamental concepts needed to form a basis in communication.*

In truth, the traits most civilians think populate the military services are the very ones that can't survive there. People with those traits, as those without integrity are the ones who can't 'hack it.' *Let's start this interview easy.*

"When I went through TOPGUN, the instructors knew who they were dealing with. As a group, fighter aircrews are the most aggressive, competitive people in the world. You don't push competition with people like that in a training environment. It's a difficult concept for most people to understand but the competition is honed for life and death situations, not winning trophies or an annual bonus. The instructors when I was there did everything possible to tone down competition between the aircrews."

"They sound like a dangerous group of people," said Gimmel, waiting for his reaction. *Gimmel got the easy part. Let's see if he can understand the important part.*

"You're right Preston, they are very dangerous people which is why they don't get there until passing an extremely rigorous screening process and consistently displaying the most important trait required. The trait which keeps them alive and an asset to your country, your fellow Marines and yourself, which is..."

"Aggression?" said Gimmel. *Not even close,* he thought smiling at them.

"There are lots of aggressive people around, Preston. But the necessary trait, the most important of all, is discipline. Without that you're nothing but a berserk Viking with the ability to burn whole cities in a single pass. That level of aggression in control of such destructive power requires the highest discipline. Without it you're useless to everyone, including yourself. That's what most people don't understand about the military. Without discipline, any military unit is just an extremely lethal mob."

Gimmel and Vauner discreetly nodded at each other. *They got it on the first try*, he thought. *Who are these guys?*

“So aggression and discipline is the key. Those traits stay with you?”

“Unfortunately, yes, James.”

“Why unfortunate?”

“They’re traits intimately connected to integrity and all three aren’t very useful in our contemporary society.”

“I’m not so sure, Kirk. Your bio shows a man without advantage or connections continually going forward. Don’t you think those traits helped you through law school? I see you went to a top law school in DC while earning an MBA at the same time. Sounds like a lot of discipline while working full time on Capitol Hill.”

“Yeah, well that and \$4.50 will get you a cup of coffee in the café downstairs,” he said calmly, never comfortable bragging. Using self deflating humor was a way to avoid it. Many in modern society think it’s out of insecurity or weakness but in his view, just unnecessary. A lion doesn’t need to prove he’s a lion and if someone can’t grasp the reality then tell them to walk over and kick him. Just be sure you’re holding the car keys.

“Kirk, you’re being far too modest. I noticed you left the politics and corporate world to start your own business. Why?”

The tone is interesting, he thought, realizing they were trying to bait him. *Need to get to the matter at hand.* “In my view gentlemen, it’s a matter of perspective.”

“In what way?”

If they want my views on modern society, so be it. Time to give them the face they keep trying to see. “One can spend their time preparing, James or one can spend their time manipulating those around them to reach the position one wants. Once upon a time, being prepared was more important than whose ass you kissed or whose back you stabbed. I spent my time preparing so I wasn’t very good at ass kissing or backstabbing.”

“I can see the aggression coming out, Kirk,” said Gimmel.

He knew this was the moment of truth. He could do the politically correct thing by apologizing or take his usual course of informing them he

knows exactly the game being played, fully aware of the danger. Holders of power in politicized modern America are often threatened by any hint of equality. They want you at their feet or out the door. Danner locked eyes on Gimmel *If you can't handle the truth, then we might as well end this now.*

"Not at all Preston. What you're seeing is the discipline of that aggression. As I said, a matter of perspective. What you construe as some Adlerian acting-out response, I consider a truthful reply in the manner and tone you've attempted to solicit from me since my arrival." *They're still listening*, he thinks, smiling at them. "Out of the blue, a successful Wall Street investment firm flies me up here to sit down with the principals who obviously know who I am and therefore I am bound by integrity to answer in the manner you wish it to be delivered."

"You're right, Kirk, that is an alternative perspective," said Vauner smiling. "You must be a student of quantum physics."

His surprise at Vauner's response was exceeded in admiration of it. *Who are these guys?* "An interesting philosophical discussion we could have over a bottle of vodka," he said smiling, the air warming in the polite laughter. "In all honesty, gentlemen, I'm interested in why you've called me here."

"We currently require someone with your capabilities and experience."

"You have a unique background, with capabilities which we require over the next few months."

"I appreciate your confidence but you must have a slew of Ivy League MBAs who work a spreadsheet as well as I."

"We've access to ample technicians and budding politicians," said Vauner. "We anticipate requiring someone who understands mission accomplishment."

"We need someone who won't fold," said Gimmel. "Or worry about insulting the proverbial next job opportunity."

"Someone unafraid of doing the necessary," added Vauner.

"An interesting requirement in the 21st Century, James. In my experience, it's often requested but not supported. Doing what's *necessary*

inevitably gets tough and that's when the requestor starts looking for an out. The one doing the necessary is often left out on the limb as they express their sincere 'sympathy' for sawing it off."

"Perhaps you've been working for the wrong side, Kirk. We're confident you're the man for the job," said Vauner.

We'll see, Danner thinks. "I appreciate your confidence, James but you still haven't told me what the work entails."

"Interesting," said Gimmel. "Most would want to know what the pay is."

"Well, I'm a sucker for a good cup of coffee," he said, smiling. "After I know what the work is, the investment amounts and estimate how long it will take, 'how much' is easy."

"A rather refreshing inconsistency with most interviews. We are convinced you have the qualities we need," said Vauner.

"Which are?"

"Aggression and discipline of course." All smile in understanding, Gimmel's comeback, perfect. *They're hiring me but still haven't told me what for.*

Vauner pulls a cashier's check out of his pocket, handing it to him. "Three hundred fifty thousand dollars for the next three months. Green Man pays all travel and accommodations. We'd like you to start immediately."

"So be it, gentlemen. I need a desktop and the financials on your project with your investment criteria. I'll review them and provide a preliminary report by 17:00 tonight."

"You really don't waste any time do you?" said Gimmel in surprise.

"Forgot I was talking to a Marine," said Vauner. "I meant you'll be our guest at the Financial Services Black-Tie Charity Event tonight. We've a seat at our table for you."

"I'd just as soon get to work. Besides, I didn't pack my tux."

"A tux is waiting at the hotel for you. Tonight will be more work than you think. Consider it a reconnoiter. You can wire the check into your account downstairs. Return to your hotel and a car will pick you up at

eight.” Vauner’s crisp wrap-up is understood. This has been a done deal since yesterday afternoon. “Welcome to GMG, Kirk,” said Vauner, hand out. Their firm grip, both know, is the only contract needed. Of course the lawyers will send over twenty-pages of legal double-talk for all to sign in multiple copies but the deal is done. Vauner calls in the receptionist to escort Danner downstairs....

Alone, Vauner and Gimmel sat in still contemplation, weighing alternatives from long experience without modern conceptions of mercy or society’s ever changing excuses of right and wrong. “May God have mercy on us,” said Gimmel. “Helen has actually located one of lost bloodlines of the Vher Guardians. Has she informed the group what she discovered after merging with his past lifecycle?”

“She remains circumspect on the entire subject and what she found on merging with his past life. Frankly I was pessimistic they would even locate a Guardian bloodline. We need to alert Bavaria to confirm her success,” said Vauner, the smooth black features of his Caribbean heritage wrinkling in concern. “Did you see his energy spectrum when he walked in?”

“Frightening. I can’t imagine how hard it must have been for him in this society. Although I missed the first half of the twentieth century, I haven’t seen an aura like that since the 1500s. I felt I’d come face to face with a leopard in the tall grass.”

“From what we know The Order killed off most of the Guardians on all sides during World War II. Their rebirth cycles were set for operations in the 1970s when they planned to launch WW III,” said Vauner recalling 1973. *Nineteen seventy-three*, he thought, *when the world hung so dangerously over the abyss*. “When we stopped them, it is surmised The Order decided to wipe out Danner’s generation of Guardians.”

“To think he has gone through this lifecycle unaware, abandoned in a society which unconsciously fears him,” Gimmel said. “What hatred and scorn he must have endured. Incredible he has accomplished anything.”

“Most of them didn’t. The ones that did were left in perpetual oppression like a wolf attempting to live in a sheep herd.”

“Dare we go any further with this project? We have no idea what society’s abuse and fear of him has done to his psyche. What happens if he is resurrected and we can’t control him? He is far too dangerous for us to allow The Order to use him again. I am wondering why Helen is so reticent to inform the group of what she found.”

“Bavaria is investigating his past but The Order nullified him in his last lifecycle and oppressed him in his current one. Would he work for them now?”

“If he does...” said Vauner, pausing at the consequences of the thought. “I believe we need a contingency plan in place.”

“Termination?” hushed Gimmel. “We’ve assets in Europe, certainly no one here.”

“Agree. Let’s send our analysis to Dr. Bethman immediately. There’s only one group tough enough to deal with this guy and Bethman has the contacts in Jerusalem if that’s going to be necessary.”

“Do you really think it is going to be necessary, James?”

“Can we afford not to be ready if it does become necessary? A Vher reborn in America? As you said, a wolf amongst sheep suddenly realizing he’s a wolf? The Order’s social programming has been trying to make Americans believe they’re cattle for the last fifty years. If the average American woke up it could be bad enough. But him?!”

He nodded in answer, still dazed from the impact of the energy vector now called Kirk Danner. Gimmel’s memory recalling the last time serfs realized they had a free will and the right to exercise it. Art and enlightenment hadn’t been the only cultural explosion during the *Renaissance*.

“We’re in dangerous waters,” Vauner mused. “We haven’t utilized the Guardians since the mid-1700s. Let’s proceed and brief Helen.”



Had anyone in the Green Man Group overheard their CEO and COO

discussing the new hire, they would have polished their resumes, contacted clients they might be able to steal from GMG and walk.

Their egos, programmed by modern society, were sure of the world around them. Told they lived in rational world without mystery or the unexplainable, they would have thought Vauner and Gimmel were discussing a plot in a fantasy novel. *Hey get serious, dude!* They watched the news shows and read all the social media blogs so they knew everything important. They had never been taught the ancient's perception of 'reality.' *Between heaven and hell, there are worlds...Unimaginable.*

Such thoughts cause questions the modern ego is just not equipped to answer.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

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After a career spanning over forty years in national security, politics and international finance, WH “Bill” Wisecarver has written the *Resurrection Saga*. The novels are political thrillers based on actual events ripped from today’s headlines.

Born and raised in San Francisco, CA., Bill’s professional experience spans both the public and private sectors. After three tours in the western Pacific with exchange tours in Japan and South Korea, he lectured at the USMC Command and Staff College before becoming a national security advisor on a Senate Leadership staff and as Counsel for the Senate Armed Services Committee. Bill has also served in positions at NASA and the Pentagon. An attorney and financier, he has over twenty years experience in international business.

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