

PROLOGUE

Ragnarök: *Old Norse for 'The Fate of the gods.' In old German, Gotterdammerung or 'Twilight of the gods.' In Norse mythology, the Ragnarök foretells the coming events leading to a final war between men and the forces of evil, culminating in natural disasters which will submerge the Earth in water. Afterward, the Earth will resurface anew and a new era in human evolution will begin.*

Webster's New World Dictionary (1953 Edition)

18 August 2012
13:02 GMT
Lat: 24°33'18" North
Long: 81°41'47" W

Ominous shrieks vibrating in humid mist engulfed Ortiz Soula in sinister, eternal night. Sitting in disciplined still, ignoring the insect swarms drinking sweat from face and neck, the echoing howls in jungle's void triggered terrifying revelation. He knew now how the first humans lived as no book could ever teach. An existence of primal fear and mortal danger, devoid of human concepts of justice or mercy.

Throwing a chunk of bark into the small fire, its pungent vapors drove the swarms away as he checked his watch. *Two minutes from my last check. They should have arrived an hour ago,* he thought as a phantom reached out of the void, touching his shoulder as if death incarnate.

"Your travel plans have changed, Ortiz of the Golden Mountain," said Tamgen, pointing into the void. "These warriors will escort you to a seaplane waiting offshore. You shall fly to *Saint Thomas*." Tamgen passed Soula a sealed envelope, "Deliver this to our brother, Frater on your arrival at *Key West*."

"Key West via St. Thomas? What's happened? I was to leave with Danner after the mission."

"Too dangerous now. The jungle has taken him, a demon of the old world has risen."

"Has the mission failed? Is he alright? What's happened, Tamgen? I can help him."

"He is beyond your help my young brother, beyond your world. His destiny has taken him beyond the illusions of your people's science and concepts of reality."

"I know the legends of the *Ntr Guardians*. I can help."

"Your heart speaks bravely of worlds beyond your world. Rare for Americans of today but what you *know* is *not*, knowing. You cannot follow where Kirk of the Vher has trekked. The great goddess, *Nemesis* awakens the Wave Riders in terrible resolve."

"The prophecy," hushed Soula. Tamgen nodded, impressed the young American understood.

"Kirk of the Vher is safely away. At Saint Thomas, you will board a ship of the Golden Mountain. Abraham of the Temple Mount, bids you this message, 'The Bishop is sacrificed. The Queen now protects the Knight.'" Soula eased in Doctor Bethman's coded directive.

"A ship of the golden mountain? I don't understand." Tamgen smiled.

"Your people of the golden mountain are strange to we who live in the real world. Americans board these ships to lounge about, eating themselves into stupor then return to where they started, fatter and slower than when they departed."

"Ah," he smiled, "a cruise ship."

"Go, young brother. You have done well. Deliver the message to Frater in Key West and tell him, 'The stars align, the portal has opened. SHE is here.' He will know what is now necessary." Luminous red eyes stepped from the shadows, beckoning him to follow....

Nemesis...the demon rises...SHE is here. The fog horns' deep roar vibrated the ship, startling Ortiz from the dream, instinctively touching the envelope under his pillow. He sat up, gazing through the porthole, smiling at the vendors jockeying for position to sell gaudy trinkets to arriving tourists along the colorful facades of Key West's cruise ship berths. *Back in America*, he thought, the familiar noise and scents of aimless wandering, overfed people comforting. After three weeks in the Yucatan, he now understood why Tamgen called his nation the 'Golden Mountain.' *I've returned to the land of the sleep-walkers from another world.*

Born and raised in East LA, a PhD in History from USC, nothing in his 27 years had prepared him for the Yucatan jungle. He had been swallowed by a primeval entity, unchanged in eons, scornful of his society's illusions. The domains of the Earth Dragon had altered his view of himself, and his world, forever. It looked the same but nothing would ever be the same again. *It's good to be home* he thought refocusing on the envelope and the dread in Tamgen's eyes at their last meeting, sure only, something incredible has happened.

He had no contact from Dr. Bethman since boarding, unsure if Danner had uploaded the app into the Latin American Commerce and Credit International Bank's computers or why his egress plan had changed. His mission to *Peto* in question, he felt an urgency to find this mysterious 'Frater,' but had no clue to his whereabouts. Brain cascading in unknowns, a whisper from his abyss sighed, *Roll with it.* He shrugged, grabbing backpack, heading for the dock.

Following the obese couple down the gangway, Soula smiled at the lime-green checkered Bermuda shorts, black socks and patent leather shoes, an old thought

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returning, *He saw those on a department store rack and actually thought they looked stylish.* As he passed through the gate he saw chauffeurs holding placards. Scanning them, he saw his name, looking up at the driver.

Over 50, she was pushing 300 lbs, wearing an outlandish beehive red wig and a scarlet-sequined cocktail dress, her masculine features obvious as she hadn't shaved this morning or reapplied last night's thick pancake makeup. "Good morning, ma'am. I'm Ortiz."

"Oh my, yes you are honey. And so good looking I'm wishing I was thirty again."

Her confident comfort in the situation was charming in itself. *Welcome back to America*, he thought, digging her friendly vibe. "Ahh, for me to be so lucky, ma'am." His smile returned with a confident snicker, the driver whirled away, waving him to follow.

The friendly banter lasted the ten-minute ride until stopping at a backstreet bistro-bookstore in the seedy side of town. "Right in there, honey. They're expecting you."

"Thanks. Do you work here?"

"Oh no. I'm a singer in the club down the street. I just do this whenever Kali needs a driver."

"Really? Hopefully I'll be in Key West long enough to catch your set." She laughed.

"Honey, if you walk in there they'll eat you with a fork and spoon. Now go on before I have you for breakfast." He thanked her again, chuckling all the way to the door.

Entering he was hit with scents of percolating coffee and musty books, only a man preparing the coffee visible. "Good morning, may I help you?"

"I am Ortiz Soula and I have a..."

"Yes of course, you are expected. This way," he said, walking toward the back, Soula following. He opened the 'employees only' stenciled door. "Up the stairs, sir."

At the top, Soula knocked on the dark oak door, quietly opening moments later. The bald, shrunken ancient wearing a Victorian era robe with a gold hoop earring stilled, staring through him like a predatory owl. "Ahh, Mr. Soula I presume. Please enter my abode of your own free will, my good sir." Soula hesitated in the bizarre greeting from this apparition looking like a desiccated mummy from the 1800s. Seeing Soula's unease, he smiled with luminous eyes. "I am Frater and the good Doctor Abraham Bethman has alerted me to your impending arrival."

Filled with a strange anxiety, Soula crossed the threshold, ushered into a sitting area of a dimly lit refurbished warehouse, now a vast library. "So my young friend, back from the Yucatan I see. I understand you met an old teacher of mine, Tamgen. Quite an experience I'm sure."

"Uh, yes sir, it was." His smile widened at Soula's caution in divulging anything.

"Well I am sure Abraham has the utmost confidence in you if he entrusted the expedition in your hands. Recent trouble there, I read. The papers have been in an uproar for the last week about a robbery at the LACCI bank's *Peto* facility and all manner of vague mayhem."

"Oh? I...I've been out of touch with media news of late." The old man smiled knowingly.

“Indeed my friend, the truth is in your eyes. One does not travel into the real world without it leaving its mark,” he said, changing the subject. “I was informed your itinerary is changed and everything is arranged. A GMG jet will take you to Washington, DC in two hours.”

Unsure what to reveal, Soula hesitated in his powerful gaze, eyes magnetic, as if drawing energy from him. “Uh...thank you. Tamgen asked I deliver this to you,” he said, passing him the envelope. *That startled him*, Soula thought as the note was opened, its script confusing before he recognized it in surprise. “You can actually *read* Mayan? It’s a...a lost language.”

The old man smiled as he began reading, “I’m a little rusty but...” He silenced, eyes widening, rereading the message in frozen shock. “What did he say, *exactly?!?*” he snapped, the dread in his eyes as obvious as Tamgen’s that night.

“He said, ‘The stars align, the portal has opened. SHE is here.’”

He leaped up, waving him to follow. With feline quickness, he dashed to a bookshelf, pulling a thick leather-bound book from the 1600s and then to a desktop, pointing for Soula to sit as an Australian website for mapping astronomical constellations came onscreen. “Find the inclinations of *Mars* and *Jupiter* six days ago,” he gasped, turning to a far table, focused on the book, scribbling notes.

Ten minutes later, Soula passed his estimates of the planet’s positions to him. He referenced them with the book, comparing his notes of strange algebraic equations. “The calculations confirm! Mars and Jupiter aligned as predicted. The Night Huntress, *Minerva*, has passed the sword of power to the *Valkyries* of the western realms 108 years after the *Equinox*.” Soula stilled, searching memories to make sense of the cryptic message.

“The prophecy fulfilled,” hissed Frater. “The *warlord of the forties* returns in the ninth house of the *Hermit*. In his right hand, the sword of power but his left hand is *empty!* The seas rise, the old world collapses. *Nemesis* has loosed the Guardians. The sacred fire erupts in the *Ninth House*. The *Great Levelers* released! Ten-thousand years of wrath-*Invoked!*”

Soula knew of legends banned as blasphemous evil or scoffed at by modern society. He had studied the *Sumerians* warnings and the sinister prophecies of ancient Egypt’s Priest-magicians. He had read fragments of the lost texts of the African *Isis-nal-la* shamans. All these memories flashed in merciless revelation, staring into the old man’s eyes, only now understanding Tamgen’s cryptic warning. What he *knew* was not, *knowing*.

“The Wolves of the Valkyries,” he hushed. “The *Wave Riders* are loosed upon the *Anti-life!*”

Frater nodded in solemn dread. “I will have your destination switched to Bavaria. Helen and Abraham must be alerted immediately. The Ragnarök is upon us. They are coming.”

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18 August 2012
14:10 GMT
Washington, DC

Walking into the secure conference room, Leila Freyan felt the tension. *Something amiss*, she felt, instantly alert. "Morning gentlemen, what's wrong?"

"Nothing, Leila," said James Vauner, CEO of the Green Man Group Investment bank. "I wanted you here for the GMG majority shareholders conference call. They will link-in from Bavaria in about two minutes." As usual, Vauner's deep Jamaican accented voice relaxed her but three years on Wall Street, she knew better, scanning the others as she sat at Vauner's right.

Dave Hollis, the legendary 'political fixer' in Washington gave nothing away but Preston Gimmel, the COO of GMG, was *too* still. Something was definitely wrong.

She knew it wasn't the Peto op. Danner had uploaded her financial app into the Latin American Commerce and Credit International Bank successfully. She and Simon 'Sym' Moon were monitoring the app's clandestine restructuring of LACCI's *derivatives*, ensuring the data breach was unnoticed by the Peto techies. Freyan's app was invisibly re-collating LACCI's *Collateral Debt Obligations* into tranches of readily marketable mortgage debt securities.

She also knew it wasn't a political issue. Pam Dugent, the legislative director for 'Hollis International Consultants Ltd' had briefed her on the status of the 'Financial Reform Legislation' Dugent was drafting with Senator Andrea Jackson. With those two ladies in charge, Freyan knew the political arena was secure. A recognized math genius, Freyan solved the equation's unknown variable instantly. *Kirk! It must be about Kirk*, she flashed.

There had been no word from Danner since Peto other than vague whispers he was safe. None of her probes had penetrated the obvious diversion, knowing deception when she heard it. Formulating questions to find out what had happened, the monitor flashed as Helen Zimmern and Dr. Abraham Bethman came on screen from Bavaria, sitting in an old manor's library.

"Good day all," said Bethman. "We have approximately fourteen minutes before terminating the link so I would like to begin. Leila, what is the status of Kirk's addition to the LACCI's mainframes?" Freyan archived her concerns, *time for business*, launching into her brief.

"Since uploading into LACCI's mainframes, we've been reorganizing the *Collateral Debt Obligations* invisibly without a hitch. LACCI appears oblivious, Doctor. I anticipate the specific state's mortgages will be collated within the week. These titanic debt instruments were sold without any regulatory oversight which was the primary cause of the 2008 financial collapse. Neither the derivatives creators nor the investors buying them knew what they contained."

"No one at LACCI has spotted the ongoing restructuring?" Gimmel asked.

"No, Preston. LACCI's mainframes are secured against someone taking something out, not reforming them internally. The financial values of their electronic *balance*

sheet and *income statement* ledgers never change and the total valuation never varies. The computers, without a judgment capability, won't notice when they pull the *CDO* to their transaction file for sale. The computer will calculate the valuation in its sell quote then log the new valuation when it's sold. With our app restructuring the derivatives, we will buy and then transfer them as they come on market. The issue is the *CDOs* are a conglomeration of millions of mortgage transactions. It's taking time to unwind and restructure them with their assets in its specific State's origin. Because the banks never knew what each *CDO* contained, once sold, no one will be the wiser."

"I still can't understand how the derivatives buyers and sellers didn't know what they were buying or selling or what they were actually *at risk* for," said Hollis.

"All the *CDOs* and the derivatives created from them have no 'real' value. The buyers and sellers instead 'agreed' to a valuation and then sold them as if it were a corporate bond."

Hollis shook his head. "It's senseless."

"You're attempting to understand the transactions from a perspective of economic logic," said Vauner. "Congress allowed *Fannie Mae* to splice the mortgages together and sell them in the global market as *Derivatives*. The debt-rating agencies gave *Fannie Mae's* *CDOs* a Triple-A rating as they were guaranteed by the '*Full faith and credit clause*,' of our Constitution. Congress has been using *Fannie Mae* *Derivatives* to increase government debt since the late '90s. Only the taxpayers were exposed and only the taxpayers pay the interest on the inflated valuations. For the cartels and the government officials in on the scam, it's a win-win."

"Think of it like *Monopoly* money, Dave," said Freyan. "The Congress allowed banks to create *synthetic assets* like *Derivatives* and *Credit Default Swaps* without a 'real' value but rather an 'agreed valuation' between the buyers and sellers. That's why Senator Jackson's Financial Reform legislation is so important. It is not a socialist takeover of the economy as the politicians are screaming about. Government's regulatory power and Constitutional *Checks and Balances* must be restored in the real economy instead of the financial *fiat* economy."

"The real economy?"

"Yes. The real economy functions everyday with people producing real value. Farmers harvest crops and programmers make computers work. Miners extract minerals and workers refine it, passing it to engineers and tradesmen who build skyscrapers. Grocery stores stock shelves, artists create art. Doctors and nurses heal the sick. The financial fiat economy has nothing to do with it."

"The financial cartels control interlocking corporate boards and the political system," said Vauner. "It's nothing new. Read the history of *Czarist Russia* or the *Polish Empire* in the 1600s. The objective is increasing the government debt to collect the interest payments, siphoning American's wealth off in repayment on the government debt. In the '60s the real economy was over 85% of the total economy, now it's less than 17%. The other 83% is controlled by the *Financial-Government*

complex with *fiat* debt. The nation's wealth has become concentrated into so few hands, there's no economic incentive to invest capital in the real economy. They stash it in tax-free offshore accounts and use it to absorb competition and pay bonuses to management."

"So you're telling me the global cartels are a *Deep State* conspiracy destroying the country?"

"No, Dave, the financial sector or the rich are not the problem," said Freyan.

"Well if it's not the 1% and it's not the 99% of the rest of us, who is to blame?"

"Individuals, Dave. It is not government, Wall Street or industry collectively," said Vauner. "A group numbering less than 200 individuals is bribing individual politicians, their staffs and bureaucrats to get away with it. The one-percent or the ninety-nine percent cannot be blamed collectively for the current situation, just as there is no group, be it gender, lifestyle, complexion or creed who can be blamed collectively for any issue."

"It isn't just *those* individuals," said Freyan. "The most horrific things ever done in human history may have been the evil designs of a single individual but they got a lot of help. Hitler ordered millions to the gas chambers but he didn't plan and execute it all by himself. Our political leadership takes the cartels' money and allows them to pillage our economy. It's not about how much money you have, Dave. It's about what you do with it. Blaming a group collectively ensures the majority of Americans never wake up and join together to demand change. It's the old *Divide and Conquer* strategy the elites have used since the Babylonians."

"And there is the core issue which Americans are kept blind to. Once the leaders have lost the integrity to their responsibility as leaders, the nation falls," said Vauner.

"It's *Oswald Spengler's* prediction in the 1920s, in his *Decline of the West*," said Freyan, "the rise of the *Economic-Caesars*. The 200 individuals with 99% of the world's wealth pay Congress to lower their taxes, avoid regulation and protect their monopolies. Both the Democrats and the Republicans are paid by the same people, playing by the same rules Julius Caesar played by with everyone wondering why since the Roman Republic's collapse in 50 BC to the fall of the Soviet Empire in 1989, it keeps having the same result. Americans must wake up to the *fact* that an economy where 1% of the population has 99% of the wealth is an *unsustainable economic system*. It's not about capitalism or socialism. It's not about revolution, it's about evolution."

"How is coordination with the regional and local banks going, James," asked Bethman, getting everyone back on track.

"Ari Goldblum at Midcentral Bank and I have been in conference with several regional banks. We are not divulging the total picture yet but the regional banks feel the tremors in the global financial markets as in 2008 and are receptive to any proposal which will allow their banks to survive. The elite cartels have become so greedy that the regional banks and the majority of Wall Street will join us when the time comes to revamp the financial system. Everyone not in the elite's cartel wants a functioning system again."

“The majority of Wall Street will support us but only after the fact. The money in play during our transactional execution is too much temptation,” said Freyan. “They will play nice once it’s over. It’s only the elite cartels and their paid minions on Wall Street and in the government who we have to worry about.”

How much have you divulged to the GMG Board, James?”

“As you know, we have a couple members of the old boy Ivy League network at GMG who are connected to the cartels in New York.”

“The Bulltars,” said Bethman, Vauner nodding. Freyan knew Don Bulltar and his son, Marcus at GMG but never realized her bosses knew what assholes they were.

“I know why you have kept him and his son at GMG, Doctor but if the cartels get wind of our plan it will collapse before it starts. I have informed the board only that we are consolidating cash for next quarter. Unfortunately there are too many ears up there. Rumors are in the wind.”

“Agree,” said Bethman. “I will deal with the Bulltars when the time comes. What are our current reserves for the execution phase?”

“\$56.1 billion so we are still short. The Congress allowed the cartels to run riot on the valuations of the *Derivatives*, *Credit Default Swaps* and the *Collateral Debt Obligations*. We’re looking at a notational value over \$120 trillion in the three levels of risk classes. Even at two basis points, we need over \$240 billion of throw-weight. With 30% down, we require approximately \$72 billion capital reserves on hand.”

“I have reviewed Danner’s plan, James. His *Credit Default Swaps* contingency during the operation’s first phase and their exit in phase-two should net us over \$18 billion. As the market contracts, the CDO valuations will drop.”

“I am unaware of that part of Kirk’s plan, Doctor,” said Vauner. Bethman stared calmly at Freyan. *He knows!* she thought. *He’s keeping Kirk’s Luxemburg company from Vauner.*

“Nothing to concern yourself about at the present time, James.” *He doesn’t want to discuss S-O-A Limited with the others*, she thought. “The contingencies are viable. Wouldn’t you agree, Leila?” *Holy shit! He knows I know too!*

“Yes, sir,” said Freyan, probing. “I’m still trying to understand how LACCI is getting away with this. The Treasury Department and the Federal Reserve are turning a blind eye to what this Paraguay registered bank is doing to Americans. Just who are these guys, Doctor?”

“The answer is simpler than you think, Leila. The only conspiracy of the deep state is that the media and Congress keep calling it *deep*,” said Hollis. “In 2011, over \$3.2 billion went to lobbying the United States government and *will be over \$5.4 billion annually by 2022*. That payout is going to 535 members of Congress who annually rake in the so-called ‘campaign funding.’ The elite’s cost of PAC funding is miniscule in comparison to the costs of competition or innovation. Without competition they don’t need to improve their products, invest in infrastructure or pay a decent wage to their employees. With a mere \$5 billion payout to Congressional PACs, they control a \$22 trillion economy. Since 1992 our government has been up for sale to the highest bidder.

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It's why Senator Jackson has a little surprise cooking when this operation goes down." Hollis laughed. "Payback's a bitch." The room eased in quiet laughter. "Individual and small business donors amount to *less than \$450 million* per year. One only needs to follow the big donors' money to those getting paid to see the damage to our nation. There's nothing *deep* about it. It's all been out in the open since 1993."

"Okay Dave, but why has LACCI so much power? That bank is funding dictators, warlords, terrorists, drug cartels and criminal organizations as well as the global *Fortune 1,000* and half the world's governments including the United States," said Freyan.

"Could you dig up some proof on that, Leila?"

"Now that we are behind LACCI's firewalls, I could do a little *innovative surfing* though their mainframes," she said with a wry smile. "But the question remains, why are they allowed to do this to Americans?"

"That is a discussion for another time," said Helen, silent since the conference began. Freyan felt the instant deference from the others, realizing instantly who was really in charge. "As Dave is so fond of saying, Leila, *Between Heaven and Hell, there are worlds, unimaginable*. I am confident you are about to find out how right he is."

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