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Alexander SKURIDIN

# CARGO 069



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Alexander Skuridin

**Cargo 069**

«ИП Березина Г.Н.»

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Originally written in Russian. In the last days of the Third Reich, Hitler's astrologer gives rise to a secret operation to transport... the souls of Hitler and Eva Braun. They will remain in a secret shelter until young bodies are found for "relocation". And... a new round of conquering world domination will begin. Hitler, deprived of his soul, gives an ominous order – to flood the Berlin subway. This terrible sacrifice is necessary to maintain the existence of Hitler's soulless body. Meanwhile, the bodies of Hitler and Eve intend to «hook up» psychics from the CIA. And on the way of the cargo "069" there are psychics of the Russian GRU who will not allow rewriting the bloody history.

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# Alexander Skuridin

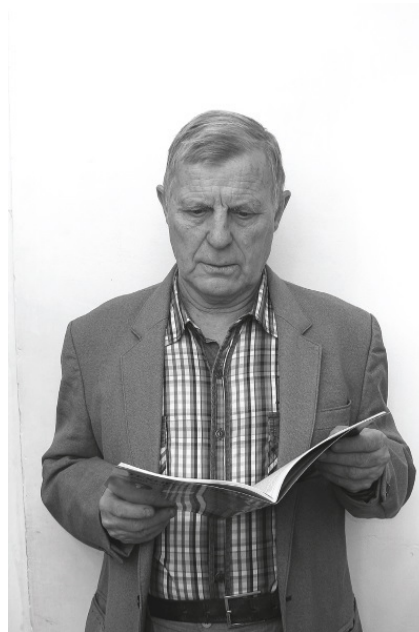
## Cargo 069

**Short novel**

*Sci-Fi Thriller*

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### **Alexander Skuridin**

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Author of several books of prose. Recent publications: the fantastic novel “Maria. Future Visitor” (ERA, Moscow, 2014).

In 2018 novel “Operation of “Marlboro” published by “International Union of Writers” (Moscow). In the same year, under the aegis “International Union of writers” the competition of books passed in English language. Story “Cargo 069” brought the rank of laureate and medal of V. Nabokov to the author. A book prepares to edition in London.

This year in Moscow (publishing house “ISP”) will be published a novel it “Hunts on “Bargusin”.

## Chapter 1

Major Archibald Gottlieb was preparing a report in his tiny office. He was in an awful mood. The commanders demanded only the highest results, but he didn't have any. US battle mages have just started full-fledged activities against their perpetual nemesis – Russia.

For sure, there has been some success and not just tactical one. The guys from Gottlieb's team managed to intrude into Russia's holy of holies – the shipyards where atomic submarines were built – and even dawdle over some novelties in submarines introduced by Russians. What happened next was a complete disaster. Antipodes of the enemy's battle psychics team learned how to put the block and all the efforts of battle mages withered on the vine.

Mages and psychics... such distinction of terms was introduced by Lieutenant Colonel Henry Wood, commander of a special, separate, top-secret military unit. As the Russians say, there is a small choice in rotten apples...

A mage is a completely different category meaning the universality of the individual, his ability to blend with nature and after all, to control it. "This is a higher level than an odious psychic!" he solemnly declared at the banquet on occasion of the President's decree on the creation of the "fighting fighters" military unit.

"Warriors..." he snorted in anger raising his glass of champagne. "We are not some stupid infantrymen with a grenade and an assault rifle, but intellectuals, the brains of the entire army." Here's to us, mages!..

This idiot Wood reckoned himself in this glorious category! He doesn't know shit from the real sensitive job. All he can do is read information in the team, that's all. A real sensitive or a mage for Wood is always a lone wolf. He can easily go beyond the limits of everyday life and soar, without any collective efforts to support him!

But after one of the best mages, Harry Menvil, was killed in the astral duel, the commander issued an order: "Henceforth, you shall not get directly involved in any sensitive war with Russians without an order". This was actually right: the battle mages never managed to find out the identity of the cool Russian psychic or even to get a bit closer to the place where the Russian astral group was based. These uneasy Russian guys were surrounded by a powerful permanent force screen, which none of the battle mages could get through.

However, Miss Gordon promised to overcome this barrier since, as she assured, Dirty Harry energetically nourished her from the other world even after his death.

You never know what a hysterical woman can imagine, but her capabilities have increased many times. It was not only confirmed by many battle mages, but also evidences by laboratory equipment.

And it was the moment when Archibald Gottlieb faced a dilemma. The decision was: to let miss Gordon show herself... well, not as a lone wolf but at least as an astral she-wolf or, on the opposite, to stop the enthusiasm of the Furious Betsy (this is how they called her at the mages base).

Think, Archi, think!..

## Chapter 2

### 1

Lieutenant General Larin and Colonel Burlak were in Leonid Mikhailovich's office. The conversation was slow and thorough.

Officially, Sergei Petrovich came to his friend's office early in the morning with an inspection. The commanders finally understood the significance of the unusual military unit headed by the Colonel. A security operation called BZHRK "Barguzin" was brilliantly performed and impressed even the Chief of the General Staff. There were many other astral developments among Burlak's achievements which showed excellent results. The Main Intelligence Directorate and the General Staff, for example, now had a file where the exact routes of the US nuclear submarines were indicated. Also, they could regularly update the coordinates of submarines in the sea depths. As the famous song says, "the intelligence was accurate in reporting..." And this was done not just by intelligence (strategic or other) but the astral one!

The battle mages team was finally transformed into a full-fledged military unit. They received their own flag, their own seal and other attributes appropriate in such cases. There appeared an economic unit, security unit, communication unit, combat maneuver unit, and a clothing department. From now on, they even had their canteen...

Larin and Burlak walked along the corridor to the classroom where the senior group had classes. It was senior not by students' age but by their skills. These people, in fact, were not students. They were the best military psychics ever.

However, even they had to learn some professional tricks so that to apply them directly on the fly. This was because the techniques worked out by the predecessors – military sensitives of General Alexei Yuryevich Savin – were coming back to life. After all, the esoteric science today does not stand still...

Burlak quietly opened the door of the senior class. Lieutenant Colonel Bystrov, head of the class, made an astonished face when he saw the Colonel and the General. But, contrary to the regulations, he did not make the mandatory commands "Stand up!.." or "Attention!.." This was discussed in an instruction issued by the office: nothing and no one should interfere with the servicemen's trance. But if they were engaged in purely theoretical discipline, His Majesty Regulations automatically entered into effect.

Burlak gave a sign to Bystrov with his hand: "Go on..."

General and Colonel quietly passed through the classroom and sat down at a vacant back table. Larin carefully looked at the group.

There was no ordinary army subordination: all of them were psychics and all of them were equal. In the difficult moment of otherworldly battle, a mutual assistance and an unconditional willingness to help a fellow man is required. There, in the astral, ranks mean nothing. What really mattered was the astral fighter's power available, his professional skills and abilities. An important factor was the high moral component of personality, lack of selfadmiration and selfishness. All this was preliminarily checked by a special test where the aura of the tested "said" all the truth about its owner.

Meanwhile, fourteen people sitting at the tables began to return to their normal state with the help of Lieutenant Colonel Bystrov.

Lieutenant General peered intently at their faces and saw no confusion. As if eleven men and three women had just come from their familiar world and sat at their tables in the classroom.

“Cadets, please describe the places you visited,” said Dmitry.

Cadets leaned over blank sheets of paper and began to write what the head required with simple ball pens.

“Why can’t you put computers here?” Larin asked Burlak quietly.

“We can’t, Comrade General. Electromagnetic fields affect the ability to clairvoyance. We even have direct current lighting here. I had to install extra equipment for this.

Meanwhile, Lieutenant Colonel Bystrov entered test results to his mobile phone and issued the final verdict:

“Ninety-eight percent of coincidences. This is our absolute record so far.”

No applause, no other emotions.

“Well done,” Larin praised the cadets. “I see that everyone is at peace with their own psyche as if they left for some time and returned again.”

When General and Colonel got up and moved along the tables, Lieutenant Colonel said loudly:

“Stand up!... Attention!..”

The cadets jumped up. Dmitry Bystrov continued:

“Comrade Lieutenant General!.. The senior training group has a practical class! Head of the group Lieutenant Colonel Bystrov!” Larin threw his hand up to his cap:

“Hello, comrades!..”

The audience shouted loudly:

“Greetings, Comrade Lieutenant General!”

The inspector dropped his hand and said warmly:

“At ease...”

Soon a trust conversation started between him and the cadets. It was about the studies, the service as a whole, about the goals and tasks of the newly formed unit, which was so important for the security of the country.

## 2

Early in the evening, Sergei Petrovich was summoned to the office of the Deputy Head of the Directorate.

Larin was very alert as he did not like sudden calls to his chiefs but arrived at the appointed time without showing it to anyone.

In his head, he scrolled all the potential flaws in the activities of the analytical department entrusted to him. He could not find any sedition.

But, as you know, man plans and boss laughs. As a man with great powers, he had a special view of reality. So he could easily see white as black or vice versa if he wanted.

Although the Directorate has always tried to have people with positive and objective thinking on top positions... But... none of the subordinates is immune from any unforeseen bossy trick. You never know if he has a sudden bee in the bonnet or his mood is spoiled after a dialog with his quarrelsome wife in the morning. The ways of bosses are sometimes inscrutable.

Lieutenant Colonel’s personal assistant opened the door and said:

“Come in, Lieutenant General is waiting for you.”

After a brief meaningless greeting, Larin sat down on a chair suggested by the office owner and expressed maximum attention on his face. Naturally, attention was not bordered on servility. The Main Intelligence Directorate did not like active opportunists but, as elsewhere in the country, it was worth keeping an eye on when talking with someone who, in fact, controlled you. Even a tiny part of inattention could spoil curator’s perception of the supervisee.

Heck!..

Larin did not like to wear an intelligent face just like that, although he knew that the person sitting at the end of the table likes others to eat out of his hands.

“Why do we need these virtualists?” asked Lieutenant General and found like-minded people of a smaller range in this regards.

But after a couple of successful missions, Lieutenant General changed his mind. This happened as soon as he learned that the head of the General Staff himself was satisfied with the result of the secret unit. And now the deputy of “the One” was an admirer of Burlak’s team..

“How is Leonid Mikhailovich? As far as I know, Sergei Petrovich, you visited him this morning, which means that you are aware of the whole information,” he wondered with an encouraging smile on his lean face.

“Colonel Burlak is ready to fight, in an astral sense of course,” Larin said convincingly and explained: “His people are studying a very difficult but quite effective method of transferring consciousness to a specific recipient. Our success in intelligence mainly depends on how well it will be mastered.”

“Tell me more, Sergey Petrovich.”

The Head of Directorate’s Analytical Department started to share the details.

## Chapter 3

Dmitry had a difficult day today.

He was strenuously mastering a rare technique... the transfer of consciousness into another person's body. The difficulty lied in the fact that a transferring person has not only the opportunity to see and hear the same things the recipient does but also to become his "companion" in consciousness. It turned out that the consciousness of the carrier and the transferring person could become one. The only good thing was that the settler could realize it while his counterpart couldn't!

However, first experiments in transferring to the "rulers of destinies" did not give the desired effect. All the people on top of power, without exception, were protected by some mighty force. This force did not allow such a symbiosis to be possible.

Pity. If the experiment was a success, it would be easy to learn all the secrets and hidden thoughts of any ruler. The tasks in the country's national security, in this case, would be substantially simplified.

Meanwhile, Lieutenant Colonel was solving a simple task. He just transferred to... his friend Victor Kotov. And he completely succeeded!

According to experiment tasks, Victor closed his eyes and wrote what he thought. Dmitry read it from his brain being in Kotov's head. He saw everything with his friend's eyes!

The whole procedure of consciousness transfer was practiced in Tibet a long time ago. The expedition sent there by the heads of the Main Intelligence Directorate brought a lot of useful information in this regards. However, there was a certain difficulty: the Chinese authorities had not long allowed to enter their controlled territory. They also did their best to control the expedition activity in this mountainous region. Naturally, the expedition experts presented themselves as civilians. They did manage to get some relics...

It was a start. But there was one more, the more promising direction in the process of consciousness transferring: the use of an energy twin. The method of creating such an assistant was obtained on the very last day of the Tibetan expedition. It was given by the Lama under the strictest prohibition to disclose it. Otherwise, as Lama said, his monastery storing ancient knowledge could be persecuted by the Chinese authorities. The abbot of the monastery decided to help the Russians secretly, as there were mentions in ancient Buddhist manuscripts about a Northern country which brings light to the whole world.

And now Dmitry began to use this esoteric knowledge that was so difficult to obtain. The first experience of using an energy twin turned out to be successful let alone the headache when pumping the "twin" with internal content. But such a pain was a passing factor, a so-called side effect.

Thus, under the supervision of the parapsychology laboratory staff, Dmitry "transferred" to Victor. Zener cards and all the equipment had a purely applied value.

But for Lieutenant Colonel Bystrov as a person, the coexistence of two personalities in one "vessel" was a kind of shock. Even such a small desire like peeing caused a reaction of uttermost plausibility. And when the experimenter pricked Kot's finger with a needle, Dmitry felt the pain in full. He and Victor were the one and completely identical!

Bystrov's body at that moment laid peacefully on the couch and seemed completely lifeless. To him, while being in Kotov, the situation resembled the famous "Avatar" movie. The experiment was recognized as successful as a whole but required careful verification and complication of further parameters for its implementation.

## Chapter 4

The unit commander and his deputy were sitting in the so-called “corner”: a recreation place after numerous hard tasks. There were two armchairs where they could relax contemplating the decorative fish in the aquarium on a small table under a real palm tree in a tub. For greater detachment from endless pressing problems, Henry Wood turned on the aquarium lighting and quiet music.

It was a routine ritual. As Lieutenant Colonel said, ten minutes of staying in the “corner” could substitute a two-hour sleep. Of course, it was not recommended to sleep at work. But service in the magical military unit required mandatory relaxation of the staff. After lunch, everyone had a relaxation session. Many mages fell asleep listening to relaxing music and lying on the couches. But these were real and necessary features of a purely specific work.

“It would be nice for me to have a similar corner,” thought Archibald Gottlieb. “We’ll have to talk to Henry until the final budget of the unit is approved”.

The Major did not just deputize Wood but was formally known as the “Deputy Commander of the Unit for the Practical

Application of Combat Sensitive Skills”. This meant that he, Gottlieb, was the most important figure in the newly created military unit. Like it or not, he was the person to be appreciated and cherished. However, it was Henry who skimmed the cream off, Henry who did not know a damn thing about the practical magic, well, almost a damn thing...

After ten minutes of relaxation, the commander and his deputy moved from their seats to their places. Pedant Wood sat at the end of the table, while Archibald Gottlieb sat aside. A classic scheme!..

Lieutenant Colonel placed pencils and pens in a pencil case strictly by the size, made a lean official face and asked shortly:

“What do you have, Major?”

“Miss Betsy Gordon is asking to breach the defense of the Russians.”

“What defense, God damn it? Can you be more precise?”

“Yes, Sir! Miss Gordon, one of (our) best mages, wants to revenge for the death of Harry Menvil, her child’s father.

“To revenge! I told you we shouldn’t be driven by revenge,” Wood said angrily.

“Then by what?” replied Gottlieb noticing a tiny gap in the defensive redoubts of his boss.

“Our cold mind, Archie. So, is our madam really that good? I mean, in a sensitive way,” Lieutenant Colonel added quickly fearing that Major would understand him wrong.

“Well, she’s not Astral Harry but something close to that.”

They went silent thinking their own thoughts.

From Wood’s point of view, “Betsey” mission was worth it, especially since there has been a delayed calm on the astral front. And bosses usually become irritable if you don’t please them with successes, even if they are small.

Major Gottlieb’s point of view in this strategically important issue coincided with the Wood’s one. However, he had his own opinion too. The mission would certainly stir up the battle mages’ activity and strengthen their enthusiasm for service. This was obvious, since any individual access to the infrared space required the maximum support of the entire sensitive community. And if Miss Gordon succeeded, his efforts – the efforts of Archibald Gottlieb – would definitely be noticed. He could certainly gain considerable points in this hard game called life. No wonder the Scripture says: “Knock, and it shall be opened unto you”.

Henry Wood promised to issue an appropriate order, so the Deputy Commander of the Unit for Practical Application of Sensitive Skills left the office. He forgot to ask whether they could render him the same relax “corner” he, Archibald Gottlieb, certainly deserved for his important and responsible position.

Well, it shall not open if you don't knock...

## Chapter 5

### 1

“Sergei Petrovich, let’s leave this topic. I mean, this... consciousness transfer, right. You’re trying to say that anyone can easily transfer to the body of another person?” the Analytical Department curator said thoughtfully, pushing aside the papers containing Larin’s written report on the newly formed military unit.

He took his thin little glasses off his nose and started to twirl them in his narrow long fingers. It seemed like he admired his dexterity as he twisted his glasses. But suddenly they slipped onto the polished table. The glasses arms turned upwards resembling a man who fell on his back with his limbs up. Lieutenant General frowned.

“You do know what might happen?” he forced out strained. “And... what exactly, Igor Ivanovich?” Larin asked cautiously as he couldn’t understand the reason why his boss’s mood changed. Obviously, it was not because of the glasses?..

Lieutenant General was sometimes called Eagle for his flexibility, the ability to maneuver and for the consonance of his name with the famous bird. Sometimes, in a narrow circle, someone even made mistakes, mentioning the witty Deputy Head of the department who knew how to get out of any delicate situation: “Eagle Ivanovich said yesterday...”

But words that flew out of the office owner’s mouth were not from yesterday, they were told today, right now:

“Up there,” he made a characteristic gesture pointing index finger to the ceiling. “They can interpret your obsession with Colonel Burlak in a different way.”

For a moment there was a silence in the office.

“Let me explain,” said Igor Ivanovich. For some reason he put his anemic glasses on his nose again, perhaps, to be more persuasive in a hard conversation with the stubborn analyst. “The fact is that anyone can use this opportunity. Imagine, Comrade Larin, someone who can also transfer to the One.

“The One?” exclaimed Sergei Petrovich. “What exactly do you mean?”

“This is exactly what I mean! This experimenter of yours can enter the consciousness of, say, our President. Our President, as you know, is also the Commander-in-Chief!”

“Yes, that’s... but wait, what’s the point in...” Larin startled to find the right words surprised by the unexpected Eagle’s speech. Igor Petrovich interrupted his subordinate:

“Why do you think they dissolved a similar unit headed by General Savin? You know it!.. And you also know how much the heroes of that legendary unit have done for the Motherland. And then bang! – they are dissolved!..”

“Then what should Colonel Burlak’s boys do?” Larin asked in amazement, surprised more by the short inappropriate slang word “bang”.

“Let them continue. They are doing the right thing, since the Americans are trying to attack us lifting their tails. We should cut their tails off so that we could see their asses! But we should not get into all these transfers and settlements.”

“Is this your official opinion, Comrade Lieutenant General?” The analyst asked with pressure.

“Just a recommendation, nothing more!” laughed the office owner. “Sergei Petrovich, please do not take it to heart. But... no arbitrariness in the direction indicated.” Lieutenant General was

pleased with the fact that he explained the whole thing to his zealous subordinate so he uttered the words from Larin's report: "Recipient! Percipient!.." <sup>1</sup>

He turned his head with a certain admiration for the wise terms he learned.

## 2

After coming back to his office, General Larin called the commander of the secret military unit to have the so-called "negotiations".

The negotiations between the head of Analytical Department and Colonel Burlak were pretty short. Leonid Mikhailovich was not surprised by Eagle's Solomon decision and suggested, as he said, an "alternative solution":

"Sergei Petrovich, you should explain to Lieutenant General that we have the opportunity to put a hypnotic block against the experimenters. In this case, they will not be able to influence our political elite in any way."

"I'm afraid that Igor Ivanovich," General emphasized his boss's name, "will not be satisfied with this measure because of... some features of his character."

"The trait of being careful first of all!" The Colonel said cheerfully.

"I didn't say that, Leonid Mikhailovich!" Larin allowed himself to smile.

"But we both thought about it..." Burlak suddenly went serious and made a suggestion: "I know how can we impress our dearest Igor Ivanovich. Lieutenant General, you will need to convince our Deputy Head that the Americans have already started preparing for such a settlement.

First, it gives a unique opportunity to control any politician. Second, it's a way to physical immortality. Why wouldn't our Commander-In-Chief clone himself, for example, and then easily transfer the consciousness into his own clone?"

"Is that really possible?.." "Well, it's not us who'll decide on the clone," General replied to the long Colonel's speech and turned thoughtful. "As for the Americans... that's a great idea." Our curator will definitely agree with the suggestion to throw cold water on the frisky Yankees. Meanwhile, let Lieutenant Colonel Bystrov and Captain Kotov work out the program. And then, well, let's see. I also think that the advanced level of the Americans in this will force our dearest Igor Ivanovich to take a fresh look at the essence of the issue.

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<sup>1</sup> Percipient is the one who perceives the subject.

## Chapter 6

That morning Lieutenant Colonel Wood was inspecting the military unit he commanded. They were waiting for a very important person here in Fort Myers, Congressman Jimmy Scott, the recently appointed Head of the Secret Missions Commission.

The funding of battle mages depended largely on him. Yes, these guys were funded from Pentagon but they were involved in special missions not only by orders of the Armed Forces. Mostly, it was behind-the-scene specialists from Langley office who were interested in sensitives' capabilities.

Major Archibald Gottlieb was obediently following his commander.

“Faithful Gottlieb” – this is how Archie once called himself at a friendly feast. But was it true? Without any doubt, Major was an excellent professional in his specific field. But was he loyal indeed and should his boss expect some weird tricks from him?..

Gottlieb was eager to go to India and Tibet. It was nice, since a trip to the East could help getting some fresh knowledge. But they should keep an eye on Archie and Miss Betsy there. They should appear unexpectedly. This is how they could see whether Gottlieb was faithful or not. This couple could easily apply knowledge and skills for their own selfish purposes. In this case, it's not only the reputation of him, Flenry Wood, who can go down the drain, but also all further career opportunities.

The class jumped up, showing genuine reverence, as soon as the big brass appeared in the room.

“At ease!” Wood commanded.

The students and the teacher took their seats.

He paid attention to Miss Gordon teaching the class: “Very pretty although she recently gave birth to a child...”

The teacher of sensitive disciplines and Major Gottlieb were the most powerful mages of the unit, its so-called “core”. That's why a certain caution and endurance were required when dealing with Archibald. Like the Russians say, measure thrice and cut once, or, as they sing, “better do it once forty times...” This tactic is especially applicable to Betsy.

Recently, Gordon had such a passionate affair with one of the cadets that they even managed to stir the all-female officer's dorm. This newly appeared drunk Romeo was trying to get through Betsy's window at two o'clock in the morning. It would be ok, but Romeo made a mistake climbing into the room of two cadets and staring feeling up one of them. Naturally, their cries have been heard over the entire building. Finally, it came to the garrison commander and they had to expel the indigent drunkard.

The “Betsy” mission should definitely be fulfilled in a little different way: they should first send this perfect couple to a joint trip to India, to tantra followers.<sup>2</sup> Archie would never resist Betsy's charms after an impressive ceremony and being in the Tantric mood. That could be an obvious reason to keep a disobedient deputy in his place.

Yes! This is what they definitely needed to do!..

The inspection didn't show any shortcomings so Lieutenant Colonel returned to his office. An hour later they phoned him from the checkpoint and reported that Congressman had arrived. Henry Wood ran to the gate personally to greet the “very important person”.

By the evening, the American reconnaissance delivered an important and timely report: “Major Archibald Gottlieb and Sergeant Betsey Gordon, Secret Army officers from Fort Myers, flew to India. After that, they follow to China, and then to Tibet.”

It gave a food for reflection.

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<sup>2</sup> Tantra is a general term for esoteric Indian traditions that use special secret practices (including sexual ones) and initiations that lead to liberation and spiritual awakening.

## Chapter 7

Dmitry Bystrov and Vitya Kotov took the news of the suspension of such important experiments very hard. They understood what it was all about. All sober-minded officers knew Eagle's nature and his pathological indecisiveness in all important but not entirely understandable issues. In such cases, he tried to secure himself with the good old "safe side" principle. But the Deputy Head was a former military officer checked in military difficulties and complexities. He even was wounded once.

And besides, all orders are peremptory. The fact that Igor Ivanovich called his decision a recommendation did not change anything. Prudent General Larin did not dedicate his friends to all these semantic subtleties.

Besides, the nature of the Deputy Head was not very much discussed in the system. Sometimes somebody spoke about this in an ironic manner. But that was all, since something "more" could undermine leader's authority.

And as you know, the intentions and actions of bosses are inscrutable.

Administrative "tops" ignored the specific traits of Igor Ivanovich's character. It was worthwhile to have such a cautious leader in our difficult times. You can easily make the wrong move and...

Igor Ivanovich never made big mistakes. He had a couple of minor fails, but they had no effect on the overall positive outcome of the case. That's why higher authorities appreciated and respected Lieutenant General.

However, when it was up to deal with the issue "for the sake of the Motherland" in detail, Deputy Head of the Main Intelligence Directorate did it in a quick and aggressive way. He discarded all of his eagle maneuvering and started acting with a fair amount of gradual and petty scrupulousness.

And now Igor Ivanovich called General Larin and Colonel Burlak to his office in the very morning.

This time, he did not show balancing trick with his glasses, but spoke in a serious manner:

"You already know the text of yesterday's intelligence report, and therefore we will start without any foreword. I decided to send a couple of our best officers to China. We shall not only overcome the United States in this matter, but also to find out what they are going to find in Tibet. Do you have appropriate candidates, Comrade Burlak?"

"Yes, Comrade Lieutenant General!" started the Colonel as if he was a hobbled horse and his restraining bonds suddenly disappeared. "The best professionals in the unit I command are Lieutenant Colonel Bystrov and Captain Kotov!"

"Ah... astral fighters!" Igor Ivanovich smiled showing his white teeth.

"They are not only strong in astral science but are also good at martial arts. Dmitry Bystrov, for example, perfectly mastered the technique of contactless combat!" continued Sergei Petrovich, very pleased with such a rapid positive change.

"That's what we could do in China, astral fights... In some way we could even put the famous Shaolin monastery to shame," exclaimed the Deputy Head of the Directorate, without explaining his words further. He understood that the smart commandos will be more than happy to follow his recommendations not to get involved in any "fights".

It was a good symbolic conversation.

Actually, Sergei Petrovich expected that the office owner would remind that Bystrov was Larin's son-in-law. But the owner of elegant thin spectacles did not say a word, although he knew for sure about the relationship between Lieutenant Colonel and Lieutenant General. He knew that the personal file of each "character" described it in details. And it was the responsibility of Igor Ivanovich to know about this. The famous Russian expression "bosses should be known in person" had a reverse direction as well...

“Colonel, please prepare your unique specialists for another foreign trip,” exclaimed Igor Ivanovich firmly.

He stood up from the table quickly. He still hadn’t gained any weight because of the sedentary job he had. The subordinates also jumped up.

“May we go, Comrade Lieutenant General?” Larin asked formally snapping to attention.

“Yes! You may go!.. This task shall be entirely under your responsibility, Sergei Petrovich,” Igor Ivanovich instructed looking at the analyst’s back.

## Chapter 8

The conversation between Henry Wood and the Congressman took place in a cozy “comer”. Jimmy Scott asked the unit commander about the duties of his subordinates. Lieutenant Colonel started to describe their achievements in an inspired manner.

According to him, it turned out that battle mages are much superior to those of a similar unit of the main potential enemy – Russia.

“We control all the main secrets of Russians.” The Pentagon is very pleased with the disclosure rate which has now almost reached ninety-eight percent!” Wood proclaimed pathetically.

“A very good rate,” the Congressman agreed. He paused and said impressively: “But we, as a commission in charge of special missions, need something more, which is your direct participation in our foreign campaigns.”

“What do you mean by participation?” Lieutenant Colonel started getting worried. “We have a totally different specificity!”

He understood well: if mages would be involved directly to support special operations, that is, to participate in them... Oh! Then the sensitives staff would soon reduce due to combat losses and the unit disappears! No, he had to object this unreasonable decision. Mages should fight only virtually!

“You misunderstood me, my dear Henry,” Scott said in a conciliatory way. “You think that the special missions are connected only with shooting and explosions. We must work for the future of America. I’m more concerned with the secrets you can get by moving into the past. For example, Nazi Germany once strongly outscored all the leading world powers, including ours.

Transferring to an individual is good. But settlement or substitution (replacement) of one person’s consciousness with the other’s is totally amazing! The CIA archives picked up at the defeated Third Reich contain the mentioning of this unique technique. And it is you, Jimmy, who must turn your people who are now in India, to deal with this particular topic upon arrival in Tibet. My committee will give so much money that you couldn’t even dream about, my dear Lieutenant Colonel. And you will become a General!

“Yes, sure, ok... I’ll meet Major Gottlieb and Sergeant Gordon immediately and psyche them up accordingly,” Lieutenant Colonel Wood hastened to assure his valued guest. The prospect of becoming a General was very inspiring.

After Jimmy Scott’s departure, Henry gingerly walked through the training classes, inspiring battle mages for new achievements in the name of true democracy worldwide. Then he gathered the teachers, the “elite” of his military unit as he called them. Wood set a task before his elite: to help Archibald Gottlieb and Miss Gordon meet the right people and find out all the secrets that can exalt America!

The assistance was in energy feeding of the above-mentioned individuals who are on the front line of the struggle against Russia, China and all those countries that are still beyond the USA control.

In view of the changed tasks of the unit, Henry Wood urgently booked a plane ticket to Beijing.

Sitting in the airplane taxiing out to the start, he fully appreciated the situation with Congressman Scott. Yes, what the head of the commission suggested surpassed Wood’s early assumptions about Gottlieb and Gordon. They need to value such employees rather than work against them!

So Henry decided to be much more friendly with them.

## Chapter 9

Bystrov “acknowledged and agreed to unquestioning fulfillment” of the order of the commanding Lieutenant General. He and Vitya Kotov started preparing for the next, a very specific business trip.

Preparation included a conversation with the guys who brought us the consciousness transfer technique. There were three of them. Actually, the extrasensory scouts had nothing new to report. They just told him that they had met a Tibetan who called himself Vangyal on the very last day of their stay in Lhasa.

A peddler approached the three Russians sitting in the hotel courtyard and offered to buy an ancient manuscript. Valka the Sailor, head of the group, unfolded the scroll and asked about its value. The peddler replied in pure English:

“Just one dollar.”

The Russian was surprised with the cheapness so Vangyal silently whispered in his ear:

“I’m not interested in money.”

It was quite interesting: a peddler, one might say, ignored the lust of many people on the planet. It was clear that one dollar was a symbolic price.

When the strange transaction was completed, the unmercenary Tibetan strongly ignoring dollars and yuans again leaned toward the buyer’s ear:

“Give it to Dmitry” and handed him a medallion.

“What Dmitry?” Valka the Sailor goggled his eyes in amazement.

“Your Dmitry, of course...” was the reply.

Vangyal picked up his stall and stepped toward the patio exit.

No, he neither came out nor jumped out! As the members of the extrasensory trio told each other, the Tibetan simply dissolved into the air!

They have just seen a man and suddenly he’s been gone!..

Then, the three carefully examined the scroll in the hotel’s lobby. To tell the truth, they did not understand anything in these strange letters. The group got something although no one ever offered them any secrets. And then all of a sudden – the manuscript!.. As you know, in an empty field, a beetle is meat. Maybe the scroll has a special secret meaning?

The scout tourists truly admired the amulet. It was made of bronze and shaped as a circle that symbolized infinity. The circle of eight and a half centimeters had an embossed image of Buddha in the lotus position. The circle was attached to an elegant chain to wear the amulet on the neck.

After returning to Moscow, they submitted a detailed report to the superiors. The scroll was delivered to the Institute of Oriental Studies where it was properly translated. The text of the Tibetan sages gave much in understanding the problem. But still, there was something behind the scenes.

The whole trick was that the percipient could enter the recipient’s consciousness but could not control the latter. This was a significant gap and its elimination gave a wide field for parapsychological activities. If you learn how to run the show, it would be possible to change the past, and hence the future, within some reasonable scope. And these were two tasks that were not just relevant but really global...

Colonel Burlak ordered to transfer the Tibetan amulet to his rightful owner: “Tibetan Vangyal obviously meant our Lieutenant Colonel.”

From then on Dmitry always wore the amulet around his neck, close to the chest. Sveta expressed an exceptional female interest in this “strange little thing”. But her husband scaled back her curiosity saying that the amulet was designed to protect its owner.

Bystrov unconsciously and even instinctively wiped the tiny head of the amulet Buddha and... saw a man in an orange robe on the “inner screen”.

“As a genie from the Aladdin fairy tale...” Dmitry thought.

“I’m not a genie,” said the man wearing a Buddhist monk’s robe. “I’m the one who your friends know as Vangyal.”

“Do you... really exist?..” was Bystrov’s internal message.

“You bet!” The monk laughed. “And it wasn’t accidental that you rubbed Buddha’s forehead. This is your ancestral amulet.”

“Ancestral?..”

“Well, yes. You wore it when you were a monk, my best student in a past life.”

“Will I see you?” Dmitry asked with concealed hope. He was vaguely recalling a man from his former incarnation who was closer to him than his own father.

“Yes, in the Ganden Monastery...” was the answer.

And the figure of Vangyal began to melt.

What was it? Who was there, right now, in his, Bystrov’s, consciousness? And was this meeting real? Or was it just his imagination? “Did I really find... my former guru whose existence I suspected a long time ago?”

Some day there will be an answer to these questions. No, not “someday”, but quite soon: Dmitry and Victor Kotov will fly to China tomorrow.

Bystrov was in his office thinking about the tricks of fortune. It turned out that there was quite an interesting combination in Dmitry’s life: he was currently an officer of the Chief Intelligence Directorate and... a Buddhist monk in the past! This resembled being a communist with a party card and a cross on your chest in Soviet times.

He forced himself to calm down, then turned on the computer and began to look through the information concerning Tibet.

And that’s what he found out.

The whole house was immersed into travel arrangements.

Sveta Bystrova, who accustomed to her father’s trips from the early age, did not pester her husband with those stupid women’s questions and assumptions. She understood the clear “He has to” and the optimistic “Dima will cope with any dangers, as usual...” And she did not worry much rejecting completely the eternal feminine fears. Only Svetlana’s eyes expressed her deep suppressed fear for her husband.

A strong family is a reliable rear!

## Chapter 10

Friends did not stay long in Beijing.

After spending a night at the airport hotel, they boarded the Boeing early in the morning. Soon the plane landed in the legendary Lhasa.

Bystrov and Kotov stayed in the same hotel, where Valka the Sailor and his comrades stayed a month ago, and took a double room.

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