



VISIONARIES

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CHRIS DONLAN

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For my beautiful daughter Daisy

**May she be a visionary of hope and
inspiration throughout her lifetime**

Visionaries

Planetary Union

Foreword by the Author – Update from Visionaries

Several days have passed since Magdalene and Janithillon made their joint speech at the hastily arranged UN Summit of world leaders and humanity was introduced to intelligent alien life for the very first time.

The burning question of ‘are we alone in the universe’ had finally been answered in truly biblical fashion.

The world had also been introduced to the incomprehensible realisation that Magdalene had been roaming the Earth for more than 2000 years, which attested her immortality.

The audience at the UN was also given a glimpse into how the history of humanity has been influenced by reincarnated intelligence from sadistic criminal minds from the planet Xethenia, as well as those from more rational beings with superior knowledge. This became even more evident when they were introduced to Janithillon, who was an alien reincarnation, born from a human mother and yet retaining his glowing blue eyes and enhanced telepathic skills.

Having barely managed to grasp and accept what they had seen and heard; the delegation went on to witness the arrival of an alien scout craft that had emerged from an orbiting mother ship.

The crew have come to take Janithillon and Magdalene back with them to Xethenia. However, soon after landing, a dramatic skirmish unfolded very quickly, which resulted in the unexpected killing of the ruthless PiruNostram gang leader, known as Nemesis.

By an elaborate means of deception, he had managed to escape from the clutches of the Xethantian authorities, assume the identity of a Mequellium scientist and joined the crew of the Earth Mission ship.

When Janithillon and Magdalene finally met each other, they began to set out their plans to help the human race from annihilating itself, before returning to their homeworld of Xethenia to try and accomplish the very same thing.

They have elected to bequeath the Earth with two immense gifts, which they hope will underpin the necessary changes in planetary society which will guarantee the survival of the human race.

But will those in control of power and wealth be willing to accept the price for receiving these gifts?

In a bid to help humanity face up to its new responsibilities and to begin forging inter-planetary relations with Xethenia, it has been agreed that a small team from the crew of the Earth Mission ship are to stay behind.

The aim will be to put in place a series of regular supply missions, which will bring resources and fresh personnel from Xethenia, as well as introducing a selected group of people from Earth to experience life on another world.

Planetary Union is chronologically the third instalment of the Visionaries trilogy and we pick up the story as Janithillon and Magdalene are formulating a series of plans which will eventually lead up to their departure back to Xethenia.

Chapter 1 – Breakdown

Prime Minister William Grant sat staring through the oval window of the Gulfstream executive jet he was travelling in, as it flew high above the cloud base below, en route to London. He was deep in thought and his eyes were anxiously searching the horizon in the vain hope of finding the answers to all the problems that were running around his busy mind.

He thought he heard someone speaking to him, but his mind was completely elsewhere, but when the same voice asked what sounded like the same question, he turned slowly to focus on the direction of where it was coming from and said 'Er ... sorry, what did you say'?

"I was merely asking if you were OK and could I get you anything" replied his secretary.

"Oh ... yes ... er sorry, I'm fine thank you".

Nicky Martin half-smiled, ran a hand through her blonde hair and stared back at him briefly before saying "This world of ours is never going to be the same again is it?"

Grant was still trying to get his mind back into focus. Like most of Earth's population, he'd been struggling to get a grip back on to reality ever since he'd witnessed the aftermath of Magdalene's epic speech, at UN summit, which the delegates had all been led to believe, would be a discussion on world survival.

However, his underlying plan which unveiled her and Janithillon as alien visitors had drawn a surprising mixture of emotions. Despite accepting them for who they were, there were far too many leaders who were seemingly more concerned about their selfish financial well-being, than they were in recognising the enormity of the announcement and the impact it would have on humanity.

He shook his head in a bid to clear his clouded mind as he looked back at Nicky and with a sigh, he said “Yes that’s right Nicky. It won’t be the same, but I have a deeply-held belief that it will be for the better, but how long it’s all going to take to get where we need to be; I’ve got no idea?”

Nicky turned her attention to speak to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, a young ex-City type, turned politician called Justin Hazelwood, “The world markets are still taking a battering on the back of all this aren’t they?”

“Yes, I’m afraid so Nicky. We’ll need to see some stability and calm very soon. Otherwise, there could be a 1930’s style depression, with banks failing, chronic food and fuel shortages and civil breakdown, but as the PM says, I genuinely believe it won’t come to that.

There might be a lot of wealthy people panicking on the back of the impact that these gifts will bring, along with the vision for a unified and transparent currency, but you know, normal life has to go on for everyone else. People still need to go to work and countries will still need to function as normal, despite this current turmoil”.

“I’m sure, but it’s still very worrying Justin. People’s pensions will nosedive, companies won’t be able to invest and what happens if there’s a continued run on the banks? Everything will just dry up, as there won’t be any money available, so what then?”

Grant interjected “We just have to hope and pray that the value attached to these gifts of unlimited fusion power along with the cure for cancer and serious disease, will mean that we ... er ... the world ... can focus its time, energy and money on making the planet a better place for everyone.

I mean what is money anyway? For decades now, the banks have been creating it out of thin air and plunging countries into an overburdened level of debt. And all so they can reap the benefits of being paid back

in real currency; all of which limits the availability of the bloody stuff. I reckon all the countries are on the verge of bankruptcy, not just the UK ... but everyone. Which is why we all have to pull together now ... now that we know the truth of it all.”.

Nicky let out a heavy sigh and nodded with a hapless look and a thin smile on her face, “But surely there was nothing you or anyone else could have done to change it?” she said turning her head back and forth between the two men.

Grant rubbed both his hands across his face and as he pulled them slowly away he said “Well my predecessors in Government managed to sort out the country’s money problems at the tail end of World War 1, by issuing the Bradbury Pound, which was funded and controlled by the Treasury. They didn’t go cap in hand to any banks”.

Nicky frowned “What was that all about? I’ve never even heard of it. So how did that work?”

Grant looked across at his colleague “Justin?”

“Well quite simple really. It was based on the sovereign wealth of the nation and of course, back then we still had control of a sizeable chunk of the old empire, despite being a bit bashed around the edges due to the outcome of the war, but hey it worked, it really did. It was interest-free money with no dependency on the banks at all. It funded all the essential services, the schools and so on and all without the need to burden the public with additional taxation”.

“Why have I never heard of this before? What happened to it?”

“Well in fact what’s worse is that the pursuit of this sovereign credit system is what many believe led to the assassination of President Lincoln and later, some say, even JFK, because both could see that the wealth of the nation, even then, was in the hands of the few, people like Rothschild, Rockefeller etc and it still is in fact, because people like them are the real powerhouses behind the FedEx for God’s sake”.

So how come we all climbed back into bed with the banks then?" Nicky exclaimed.

"Oh, I don't know Nicky. Why do we politicians allow ourselves to be goaded and guided by forces of influence? They should have stuck to the principles of the system and seen it through. My God, then we had to fund the second World War after that and let's face it, nobody's ever really been at peace since. All these wars have just gone on and on and cost the whole planet trillions of dollars in the process. Trillions that we don't have either".

"Then surely this is what the UK and all the other developed countries should do to get ourselves out of this financial mess?"

Grant stretched out his arms and placed his hands on the back of his head and forced out a single burst of laughter saying "Oh if only it were that simple Nicky. I think the country ... all countries in fact ... are in too deep. It's a bloody mess I know, but it'll take someone very brave and a lot cleverer than me to sort it all out, I can tell you that much".

Nicky pursed her lips and with a forlorn look on her face but then she rallied saying "Well weren't Janithillon and Magdalene talking about the need to initiate some sort of worldwide cryptocurrency in a bid to stop the rot? Maybe you should approach them about the subject whilst they're still holding court at the UN with all the other world leaders?"

Grant looked at her and shrugged his shoulders "I don't know, I really don't. But let's face it, they're setting out their plans to leave Earth fairly soon, so I'm pretty sure they won't want to get stuck into this mess?"

"Well you won't know until you ask them, will you? Now, are you sure I can't get you that drink?"

Grant's head fell back against the headrest of his seat and he let out a hapless laugh ahead of saying "Oh go on why not. I'll have a G&T. Are you joining us, Justin?"

Chapter 2 – Reaction

Janithillon and Magdalene, along with the away team delegation from the Earth Mission ship, were still in New York for their second day of heavy press and media meetings, which were being held at Madison Square Garden, the biggest venue the city could arrange.

There were around 10,000 media people and public guests in the vast stadium, all trying to ask questions and take pictures as TV camera crews whirled around everywhere and a huge team of boom-mike operators were running around trying to get a microphone into the face of a would-be questioner.

TV broadcasting schedules around the world had been completely canned following the UN summit and there seemed little chance of them returning to normal, whilst the insatiable media frenzy continued and viewing audiences had little interest in watching anything else.

Behind where they sat or stood on the stage, there was a huge video wall and from time to time, news channels were conferencing in heads of state, high ranking officials and the occasional celebrity, all of whom had an unquenchable thirst for information and answers to their seemingly endless list of questions.

The previous night they had taken off in the Lander with the crew and returned to the Mother ship, just so they could get some uninterrupted rest along with some peace and quiet from the maddening crowd.

As they all boarded the Lander, the whole area around them, including the night sky was lit up with an array of huge carbon arc searchlights, which when coupled with the TV lighting, camera flashlights and a cascade of mobile phone flashes, was more akin to a Hollywood celebrity gala.

The journey up to the mother ship was swift and effortless and later when they were sat in the galley, Magdalene was the first to voice her concerns over the scene of their departure, "It was so disturbing to see all those people straining and pleading with outstretched arms from behind the crowd barriers, shouting and screaming for us to take them with us? It's as if they're desperate to leave their world and escape the clutches of whatever existence they live in right now".

Janithillon nodded and was about to speak but it was Auralek who responded first saying "Yes it was a strange sight to behold, but then we take the movement between planets and different galaxies so liberally, whereas many of these humans seem so anxious and eager to begin a new life somewhere else. Are we looking to help them achieve that on Xethenia or perhaps with another off-world colony?"

Janithillon joined in taking both points on board as he said "Well we would very much like to take occasional groups of humans to visit Xethenia, but we can only really do that once we know that stability has been restored in our society, otherwise it could be highly dangerous. Having said that, then I think we have a moral obligation to provide a focus for hope, aspiration and beneficial development for the whole planet. So, maybe we ought to consider doing that sooner rather than later when the supply missions kick in? What do you think my love?"

Magdalene pondered briefly before responding with "Yes, yes I agree we do indeed have a moral obligation, but I for one would like to see some noticeable commitment from these world leaders and moreover, the wresting of power and control away from some pretty disgusting, evil and ruthless people in this world. Then I think we can start to make progress on your ideas for a planetary union".

"Admittedly I agree with you, but there's nothing wrong in sowing the seeds at this early stage of the process, even though I know there's a lot to sort out. From the little I've seen and read about the hordes of terrorist groups on this planet, then maybe we should start there first,

as it's a known fact that monetary manipulators and government secret services, fund these activists to help steer world opinion in their favour. What do you think Commander?"

Auralek stroked his chin and raised his eyebrows as he replied "Well, you both know more on this subject than I do for sure, but if you both feel that this race of people deserves and need our help, then we've got to root out the problems which currently exist. Otherwise, we will end up achieving nothing in return for helping them with these life-changing gifts that you're proposing to bequeath to the planet".

Magdalene quickly nodded in agreement and with an emotional outburst, she said "Exactly, that is my concern! This whole planet is controlled, manipulated and frankly deceived, by a relatively small group of obscenely wealthy people. They are so removed from everyday normality, they have no consideration over what happens to the wider population at large and will go to any length to maintain that control. They have carefully crafted and layered society so deeply and so diversely, it's no wonder that elected governance around the world fails to achieve anything. They are just so weighed down by a manifestation of issues which blinds them from the reality of what is causing all their problems in the first place".

Janithillon rested his hand on Magdalene's and she looked him in the eye as he spoke softly 'Look I know it's all frustrating and you above anyone must know, as you've lived amongst them for two thousand of their years, but if we're to succeed with dismantling the scourge of the PiruNostram on Xethenia, then I would like to think we can learn a lot from what we need to do by helping the people here on Earth".

Auralek continued with his thoughts saying "I suppose the difference here is that we're dealing with a race of mortals, who unlike the PiruNostram, could easily be coerced into accepting what we need them to do using fairly conventional weaponry and ...".

But he was cut short by another emotive outburst from Magdalene as she said 'Commander, we cannot go around blasting away opposition to our ideals whilst we try to help this fragile existence to see the error of their ways.

They've suffered for generations at the hands of dictators and ruthless tyrants, which let's face it, we helped to cultivate". She shot an awkward look at Janithillon before continuing, "And I'm not going to take up that mantle by carrying on where others have left off.

Besides, as we know, a lot of the problems are caused by corruption, war and religion. Attributes which certainly didn't emanate from Xethenia". As she finished and sat further back into her seat, she exhaled a deep breath and whispered 'sorry' to Janithillon.

Janithillon nodded in acceptance saying 'Look we all know the history here and what's done can't be undone. We just need to try and help to sort it all out, but I do agree in some way with the Commander in as much as these terrorist groups will need reigning in.

This is why I suggested that we start with them, whilst mediating and brokering the way forward with the world leaders at the next UN summit meeting in two weeks as agreed".

Magdalene nodded in acknowledgement at the point being made, saying "If terrorist groups and drug cartels alike can't be reasoned with, then I accept that we will need to go in hard to deal with them.

In some cases, the former may have some sort of political or humanitarian agenda and I believe they should be given a platform to air their views, so that the world can achieve a greater understanding of their cause.

But as for the latter, then I have witnessed nothing but immense pain and suffering, both in individual terms as well as the impact on society as a whole, so I agree with you, let's wade in and sort that out with every means at our disposal. Over to you Commander".

But before he could reply, Janithillon broke in saying “Hey, what are you saying? That we just walk into some drug dealers’ palace and ask them to be nice just because we’re here?” He laughed at this point ahead of saying, “Do you seriously think they’re going to take any notice of what we say?”

Magdalene replied with a quick riposte “It’s not necessarily down to what we say. It’s moreover what we’re going to do about the situation. Look, we have the means of establishing several important things about these major operators; such as where they are, where their money is and where the drug supply is coming from.

I’ve never really understood why humans choose to take drugs and I can’t share the heightened emotional experience, because the uniform prevents me from taking anything.

However, the point I made earlier is that these gangs who control it all, are just so evil. They don’t have any conscience over what happens to anyone that gets caught up in this vile trade, be they pushers or users alike. So yes, I am suggesting that we just walk in and offer them the chance to step away from it all or face the consequences, plain and simple”.

“OK I hear you, but what’s the alternative? How can you get them to just step away? My concern is I can’t get involved in that kind of an operation, because I’m sure it’ll get weapons hot in there and I’m likely to get seriously injured or worse still, killed. I know we’ve got some OLR units on board which might help compliment what I’m capable of healing by myself, but nothing can help with a fatality. If you’re serious about doing this, then you can only take Xethantian crew with you”.

“Yes of course I appreciate and respect that. With all that we’ve gone through with Nemesis, I’m not going to expose you to any further risk. Besides, I think you can begin the process of mediation with world governments, whilst I and our onboard PPF team pay a visit to see a

few of these inhumane thugs. As for getting them to step away, then it'll be in exchange for their own pitiful lives".

"Alright, but let's not get weighed down too much with this, as we're duty-bound to head back to Xethenia as soon as practically possible. The legacy of Nemesis will still resonate deep into the hearts of the PiruNostram and besides, we haven't even started working with the Apostophet, to broker the way forward to embrace our proposal of amnesty in exchange for peace".

"Well, they know as much as they need to right now about our situation. Besides, Principal Mayan had been working very closely with my Mother, for hundreds of orbinars, to try and educate and reintegrate PiruNostram gangs and their supporters, back into mainstream life on Xethenia, so they'll have an experienced head start on what needs to be done.

We've sent them a report along with video footage concerning the demise of Nemesis, so I'm sure they'll be able to weave the poignancy of that event into their announcements".

"OK, well let's start making some plans. You pick your favourite Mexican drug baron and I'll bang the heads of the Russian President with his stablemate from the US together, when I catch up with them at the forthcoming UN meeting planned for next week".

"I want to be there for the start of the summit Janithillon and then I will leave with a team of PPF in one of the Landers. I suggest you keep close with the Commander in the other". Then she reached out to hold his hand tenderly and said, "I can't risk anything happening to you".

Back on the ground, Grant and many of his fellow heads of state were returning to their respective countries, so they could consult with their advisors, business leaders and of course, the public at large.

They needed to appeal for calm amid the panic on the stock market, the panic on the streets and the uncertainty of what was to come next.

All available media space was filled with government and commercial pleas for calm and an overwhelming appeal for people to avoid panic buying of food and water supplies and to resist the temptation to withdraw money.

They were also being encouraged to go about their lives as normally as they could, whilst being assured that any crimes such as looting, personal violence and property theft would be dealt with by the army without any restraint.

Some regions in countries around the world were reaching the stage where they would have to consider deploying a state of martial law, due to the scale of social upheaval, amid the reaction to the news that not only was humanity no longer alone in the universe, it had thus far led a very scarily inhumane existence.

Chapter 3 – Proclamation

The intervening week had gone by quickly and now the heads of state had begun to return to the UN General Assembly Hall. The cacophony of noise both inside and out was deafening and confusing. The atmosphere was charged like electricity, with everyone fighting to be heard and desperate to force their point of view forward to anyone that would listen.

Any hope of trying to arrest this turmoil and bring order to the proceedings had been abandoned in favour of allowing Magdalene and Janithillon to calm things down in their inimitable style, which they did as soon as they walked onto the stage.

A growling, throbbing hum began groaning out from the huge hall speakers with a sound very similar to an Aboriginal didgeridoo. It was being placed there purely by telepathy from Magdalene's mind. At the same time, she was repeatedly placing words into the delegate's heads, in their native language, asking them to take their places so that the summit could begin.

The speakers were beginning to reverberate with the pitch and volume of the sound, but as order began to be restored, the sound equally began to ease off.

With the delegation reduced to a handful of muted whispers, the Secretary-General, Dominique di S'Andrea, who had hitherto been trying to appeal for calm and motioning with her hands to get the delegates to take their seats, finally invited Magdalene to stand on the raised dais to make her introduction.

She paused to look around the hall taking in the look of anxiousness that was staring back at her. As before it had been agreed that the session would be broadcast live around the world, so a lot of pressure

was bearing down on Magdalene at that moment as she took in a deep breath to start speaking.

“Thank you, all of you, for returning here to join us at the UN. I would like to start with an apology as we are sorry that our earlier announcement has created the worrying levels of disturbance by the people in your respective countries. I can only reiterate that we are here to help the planet and only those that selfishly feel the need to protect their opulent avarice and control of power, have anything to fear from us.

Let me be clear with you all. Humanity is on course for destruction, be it by war, famine, selfish control of power, control of resources or religious hatred. None of these elements has any link to a natural order. In other words, they are of your creation and what you see around you in your own countries, be they poor, wealthy, industrious, or fearful, is the legacy of thousands of years of ignorance.

What we were most concerned about, following our offer to help you, was the appalling way by which the supposed controllers of this planet reacted, for it is they that have created the resulting epidemic of fear, anxiety and desperation.

We can rid this planet of terminal diseases and cancer. We will provide unlimited and sustainable power resources to the whole world, so that no-one ever needs to be cold, hungry or thirsty and unable to travel anywhere they wish. Your earliest ancestors migrated to far off lands using whatever means they had at their disposal at that time. However, that freedom no longer exists and in its place have come barriers, restrictive movement, unsustainable costs and suppression.

This form of control is what has led to a desire to dominate through centuries of war, religious hatred and seizure of wealth.

World leaders and politicians, I appeal to you all to listen to your people. They don't want any more war. They live in fear and

depression and we are going to loosen that stranglehold of control, because you have all made it impossible for them to do so themselves.

What good is a democratic vote if all it brings is more of the same control, but delivered by a person leading a group, wearing a different political colour? The systems need to change and the people in charge of those systems need to change their outlook on what it takes to be a public servant.

As Martin Luther-King once said 'Capitalism does not permit an even flow of economic resources. With this system, a small privileged few are rich beyond conscience, and almost all others are doomed to be poor at some level. That's the way the system works. And since we know that the system will not change the rules, we are going to have to change the system'.

As I speak, there are several, extremely large starships, that are at the beginning of their 30-day journey to reach Earth. They will be bringing more people, resources and equipment, so they can begin the process of constructing the fusion power reactors. along with the means of safely administering the removal of cancer and disease from your everyday lives.

We will show you, with the aid of advanced medical equipment, how you can help your fellow humans to rebuild limbs, repair damaged bodies and failing organs and restore them to perfect health within minutes.

But what I might hear you say; do we expect in return for these gifts and the opportunity to rebuild your lives amongst this fragile existence? Well, the answer may surprise you, as I'm all too aware that there has been much talk, conspiracy and xenophobic opinion towards us, so let me be quite clear about our position once and for all.

I have become very passionate about humanity's existence and in the 2000 years I have lived here, I have seen so much unnecessary pain and suffering that I longed for the day to come when I might get a chance to help heal this dying world of yours.

When Janithillon arrived, his mindset was focused on returning home to Xethenia and taking me with him, because all he could see in the short period of time that he has been here was the future destruction of all life here on Earth.

But his view gradually warmed to my belief, that we have a chance to help and that is what we would like to do. But you have to change the way this world is managed and to do that you have to change the way you run your lives and treat those around you. Not only concerning your human peers, but also towards the plant and animal life.

All life needs to co-exist here as it has done for tens of thousands of years, but what has become very noticeable is the stark disregard that humanity has shown towards maintaining that eco-balance.

You have poisoned the air, poisoned the oceans, killed off entire species and reduced whole swathes of land to treeless deserts, all of which has led to a substantial impact on weather systems and climate.

You've given up farming crops to farming animals with the ill-thought view and narrow-minded justification that this will feed the people of your respective countries, when in fact it just erodes the eco-balance around you even faster. It also creates adverse poverty in countries that are already poor.

The consequences of eating too much meat and let's face it, much of it is manufactured and processed meat, is that you have introduced diseased tissue and potentially cancerous cells into your bodies, which will inevitably lead to unnecessary illness and premature death. No wonder drug companies thrive on the back of this insanity.

There was a time when animals were reared and slaughtered humanely and the quality of their flesh was to be savoured and enjoyed. Livestock are vegans and yet you have contaminated their evolutionary growth by feeding them on ground-up fish, chicken and other chemicals, including anti-biotic drugs, just so you can create a high yield of meat for the world to eat and for nothing more than profit.

She paused to let her words sink in and almost immediately, there was a mass of groaning, with anxious looks and worried expressions emerging on the faces of virtually the entire audience.

So, she continued before they could interrupt too much and dominate her lecture.

“Admittedly, this will take time to administer, but the benefits of doing so will become apparent and clear very quickly. So, let me leave you with the task of thinking how to achieve that whilst I move onto talk about some other vitally important issues.

At the last summit, I talked to you about money and the unfair distribution of wealth around the world, which has led to corruption, manipulative control and as a consequence, this has led to entire economies being fuelled by debt.

Your monetary and fiscal management systems are broken and corrupt and now is the time to consider a new approach. We would like to engage with all the world’s governments and banks to help engineer a solution that would be fairer and more transparent to everyone and not just a few. But to achieve this, then there has to be an unveiling of the truth and a desire to embrace a system which people can trust”.

A pregnant pause at this point in her delivery was all the excuse a large number of the delegates needed to become vocally very angry,

standing up, arms waving and venting their frustration with Magdalene's ideals.

Robert Madison, the American President, was red-faced and bullish when he shouted into the microphone "Who the God damn hell do you think you are lady? You and your blue-eyed friend there are not going to dictate to me, or my country as to how we're gonna live out our lives. My view is that you should just go home and leave us alone, so we can sort out this mess. After all, you're the ones that have been somehow intervening with our history".

There was a surprising number of delegates who rallied in support of President Madison and punched the air with clenched fists, one of whom was Vladimir Kuriyakin, the Russian President, who was quick to add his rant in his native tongue, which no-one could understand or appreciate, apart from Magdalene and Janithillon, whose faces just bore the look of disdain.

Janithillon pathed Magdalene saying "Well that didn't go down very well. What do you think we should do now?"

Whilst still staring at the group of noisy, ranting delegates, she pathed back saying "OK I agree, let me tell them what we're about to undertake and then they can argue amongst themselves, whilst we leave to get on with what needs to be done. Their lack of ability to defend or prevent us from reaching targets around the world will be to our advantage, so I think it's time we used that advantage."

Janithillon just stared at her and then turned his gaze out onto the delegates who, once more, were all talking and shouting at each other, in a bid to try and gain support for their selfish ends.

Once more Magdalene had to project the deep loud and resonating hum of sound around the large vaulted meeting hall to call them all to order.

Some still stood, as others returned to their seats or simply sat where they once stood, as Magdalene took back control and continued to speak.

“We are both beginning to tire of this constant bickering. You’re all supposed to be mature adults with great responsibility on your shoulders and yet you act like spoiled children. Now hear me and take heed of what I’m about to say.

A small team, which includes Janithillon and me, are about to leave and we’re going to begin tackling what we believe is a scourge on this planet and that is the uncontrollable dominance of narcotic drug supply, including Fentanyl. More worryingly is the network of terrorist groups that are used to manipulate and deliver this vile trade, whilst in turn, taking unelected control of entire countries, which are then fuelled by fear and suppression.

As we travel along that journey, if we discover that governments, banks and other wealthy individuals have been in any way associated with these groups, or demonstrate ignorance in the face of regulation, then they will also be dealt with, very severely”.

At that moment, she briefly picked out and focused on a few individuals, including the Russian President, Vladimir Kuriyakin and his counterpart from China, Deng Xi Ping, who were clearly grimacing with guilt and nervously looking around at other delegates in the hall in a bid to avert her gaze.

“Anyone listening to this broadcast won’t have the time to take cover and run or to hide their assets, because we can travel anywhere we like in minutes. We have the means to isolate and track any form of communication or illicit movement of money. You have been warned.

Now I strongly suggest that you all calm down and agree to work with each other for the common good of the whole planet, so that when we meet again, we can have a constructive and beneficial discussion

which will impact on all the citizens here on Earth along with the species you all share your existence with”.

And with that Magdalene and Janithillon left the stage and walked out of the building into an enormous crowd of people who cheered, clapped and yelled their approval on the back of what they had just heard, whilst it was being streamed live onto huge TV screens.

They both acknowledged the crowd and walked calmly across to the floating stepped entrance of the Lander. Once aboard, these simply reformed into being the ship’s outer hull, sealing the entrance in the process.

Seconds later the craft floated effortlessly, quickly and silently into the air, before turning itself skywards and disappearing in a blink of an eye into the high cloud base.

Chapter 4 - Mission

The Lander slid silently back into the underbelly of the Mother ship and the skin of the outer hull reformed itself like paint being poured into an empty tray.

Everyone departed and made their way to the command deck, where they were greeted by flight officer Moraquai and the two remaining Mequellium scientists who had travelled with the Xethantian team.

“So, what’s the plan,” asked Moraquai “Are we setting off for home now”?

Magdalene was about to answer but deferred in favour and respect to Commander Auralek who announced the agenda.

“No, we are not leaving just yet. Magdalene and a small team of our onboard PPF will be taking one of the Landers and embarking on a series of small missions to disrupt and disband a group of disturbing gangs, who manufacture and traffic illegal drugs to vulnerable humans. They will also be attempting to track down a large number of extremely wealthy individuals in a bid to normalise them back into the very society which they have so far managed to completely control for their avarice and satisfaction”.

Magdalene smiled and nodded her approval and then followed by saying “Thank you for that assessment Commander. Yes, we have updated the leaders of this world with our intentions and we are confident that the people of Earth want and deserve a better life than that which they have right now. They understand and accept the immense value and benefits that our gifts can bring, unlike many of their leaders and controllers, who can see no further than the balance in their bank accounts.

So, we need access to data intelligence to help us locate people and assets, be they property or money and to do that we need to tap into a network of computer servers, which I hasten to add are crude by our standards, but fairly functional, both on a widely accessible system they call the internet, or via a much more sinister, encrypted system known as the dark web”.

Commander Auralek responded first saying “Very well Magdalene, I think we should task Nexus and Giger and maybe the two Mequellium scientists with getting underway with that, but can you give us some examples of their computer systems, which we can begin to hack into as a starting point”?

But it was Janithillon who stepped in at that point, as he was feeling a bit left out of the loop. He was beginning to think that their view of him was becoming more human, than Xethantian, despite his glowing blue eyes.

“OK let me show you how we can set up the ship’s interface environment because our systems are modelled on XPACE which has advanced artificial intelligence modes of communication, which believe me, is far and above anything they have here”.

Magdalene gave out a little laugh, whilst nodding with a knowing look on her face, which caught the brief attention of the crew, who frowned slightly as if to say ‘oh really, please tell us more’. However, she didn’t bother to explain, as Janithillon was already embarking on a series of steps at the communications helm.

In a relatively short space of time, he had several holographic displays arranged in front of him, which presented a kind of 3D CGI interface, into which he could reach in with his hands and extract huge files of data and unfold them into easily readable pages containing facts, figures, images and above all passwords and mobile dialogue for anyone he wanted to look at.

Nexus and Giger along with the Mequellium scientists, Binarin and Hemarla, looked on with intrigue and enthusiasm, as ever-increasing amounts of data were being extracted and placed into a virtual image of a desktop folder.

As quickly as anything was being placed into the folder, it was then immediately being indexed and sorted with calibrated connections, which would facilitate the team being able to physically locate individuals of interest and provide them with unchallenged access to all their private information.

Also, the on-board computer system, referred to by name as 'EXEC' was also being tasked with hacking into all the known government security systems from around the world, so that any intelligence that may have been gathered about terrorists and drug cartels along with people of influence and wealth could all be pulled down and analysed.

"This all looks quite simple and very basic," said Hemarla, "I think I've got a handle on this, so maybe Nexus and I could set up over there?" as he wandered off to another communication hub on the other side of the main deck.

Soon afterwards, Giger took over from Janithillon and Binarin sat with him for a while longer, before taking himself off to the resources bay, towards the aft end of the ship.

"So, what have we got to go on at this point?" asked Magdalene eagerly.

"Well there's a couple of rather nasty characters holed up just outside of a town called Nuevo Leon, in northern Mexico, seemingly enjoying themselves in a rather elaborate ranch-style complex" replied Janithillon slowly, as he pieced together the facts from several different files he was looking at.

"Hmmm Mexico seems to have taken over from the Columbians these days" Magdalene mused.

“Yeah, well let’s see now. It seems these two guys between them are raking in around \$20 billion a year, so they’re leading players on the world drug scene. Could be a good place to start”?

“You must be talking about Vincente Hernandez and Juan Jose Mavagusta”?

“Very good my love, you certainly know your drug barons” Janithillon replied with a wry smile as he looked up at her.

“Yes indeed. Well, let’s just say that in my lifetime here, I’ve come across both families and their comrades in arms, so to speak. They are pure evil, all of them and I want to see them reduced to the very peasantry lifestyle that they have imposed on everyone else living around them in their very own country”, she faltered at the last few words and a tear rolled down her cheek.

Janithillon stood up and embraced her in a warm and comforting hug and kissed her on the forehead, whispering “Don’t get upset, we’ll deal with these people soon enough”.

“I know, I know,” she said in-between nodding and snuffling her nose, “I’m OK, it’s just that these animals are inhuman and barbaric sadists. They would think nothing of smashing a child’s skull in with a hammer, just because they were owed money by a gang leader who was trying to quit. It’s sickening and now the world knows we’re here, then I’m determined to stamp out this unnecessary evil and violent form of control”.

Janithillon released her from his embrace and held her at arm’s length. He focused his glowing blue eyes on her face whilst gently clasping her head in his hands and said, “Well, why don’t you take Gaudi with you as your wingman and pay them a visit with a couple of the PPF guys and meter out some justice for all those people they’ve murdered”?

She looked back at him and nodded as she exhaled a deep breath “OK let’s do this” and she walked off to have a briefing with Jebrula and Proteous, who had already been earmarked by Auralek to assist with her proposed mission.

The three of them stood round a waist high, oblong table in a galley area, which presented them an ultra-high-definition hologram of a live-feed of the scene at the ranch. There were around thirty guards in fatigues and desert boots, wandering around the grounds armed with automatic machine guns, grenade belts and small arms holsters.

“It looks like they’re ready for a siege” ventured Proteous.

“Well let’s go and bring them one then” Magdalene replied as she turned to walk back down the corridor to the command deck.

Janithillon stood up from his desk to greet her as she came up to him, saying “So you’ve got a plan? All ready to go”?

“Well, no plan as such, other than we’ll take the Lander in fully cloaked until we touch down near to the ranch, so they won’t get alerted to our presence too early.

Obviously, we’ve got nothing to fear from their guns and other weapons, but we won’t be taking any prisoners other than Hernandez and Mavagusta, who I very much hope we can detain, as I would like the pair of them to come along with us for a ride to all their processing plants and watch us torch them to the ground”.

“Nice, but have you got any more appropriate clothing to wear, as I doubt whether the fashionable gear you’ve got on right now will look that good after you’ve been hosed down in a hail of gunfire”?

Magdalene pulled a look of disbelief as she said, “Well I haven’t exactly packed for this trip and if you think about it we haven’t been back to Paris for a couple of months now, so I can only hope Commander Auralek has got some combat gear in my size!”.

Janithillon laughed with a muttered apology as he wrapped his arms around her into another warm embrace.

They each pulled back slightly and gazed into each other's eyes, as Magdalene whispered "You and I have a lot of catching up to do" at which point their lips melted together in a slow and passionate kiss.