



The Link

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a novel by b.sandy

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First Edition

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Library of Congress Cataloging-in-Publication

ISBN 10: 1-4243-2020-8

ISBN 13: 978-1-4243-202-2

Sandy, B.

The Link : The Third Millenium : a novel / B.Sandy

Dr. Etcetera Media, LLC

P.O. Box 80164

Las Vegas, NV 89180

www.bsandy.com

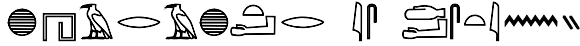
Printed in the United States of America

The Link



This book is dedicated to you.

(Go ahead smile; it is really dedicated to you. It was about time.)



I **Capitulus Unus**

I have been given a mission. This is the last chapter or perhaps the first depending on how you accept my story or my history. Today my name is Sydney—it hasn't always been my name. I can start my story from anywhere, from any point in the past. But for you to understand the consequences of my actions I better begin at the end of innocence, my innocence. It seemed too much to handle all at once but I had no choice. Life as I know it began to change.

Listen. Listen very carefully because perhaps we have met—then you may see or find yourself here with me, and if we have met this is our story. To me the paradigm shift began my last time in the Hamptons—the last time I thought my life was normal. For many years I had a very wealthy client there. He wanted to employ me full time, as a consultant, because a position as an astrologer in a Fortune 100 company would be suspicious. In

spite of his persistent and varied requests, politely, I declined. I continued providing my insight to his path, always ending sessions with the phrase most important to myself, and my teacher: "Character is Destiny." To us, it remains the absolutely vital law of astrology. So I said...

"You have to believe in yourself."

"You've told me much, Sydney," said Paul. "But not that with which I should be most concerned?"

"It's funny Paul, the simplicity of nature has not changed since you were in kindergarten. Consider this: your vocabulary grew larger, your toys became more expensive, but the same rules of conduct apply. When the moment comes, you will know what to do. Character is destiny."

There was a knock at the door. "Come in," said Paul.

"I'm terribly sorry to interrupt Mr. Stein," said the butler. His white-gloved hand clutched the doorknob. "Agent Fitzpatrick informs me the pilot and helicopter are ready."

Paul nodded. "Thank you Alfred. We're just about done."

The butler hesitated, blustered as he glanced at his billionaire boss, then about the room impeccably appointed in white. "Sir, shall I?"

"In due time, Alfred." Paul raised a hand. "In due time, neither Agent Fitzpatrick, nor the next client notwithstanding."

Sydney noticed Alfred's reflection in the mirror next to the entrance. Alfred looked consumed with worries. *He must have a big decision to make*, thought Sydney. For a fraction of a second while looking at Alfred's reflection, the butler's outfit suddenly changed into a uniform of a World War II Nazi Officer. When Sydney shifted his focus to the original, Alfred was as he had been. Sydney tried not to overanalyze the phenomena and had no doubt that this was a product of his imagination.

Alfred bowed as he backed out. Sydney settled back in his chair, recognizing Paul's need for more time, and for this room, in this way, with light glistening from his pool, sunshine beaming

through high windows. It was all in his charts. Here resided his alignment. This room, the entire house, was picture perfect and primed for any home or garden magazine's feature spread, though no current magazine technology could synthesize the harmonious fragrance all about or the soothing gurgle of the pool's majestic water fountain.

Paul rose from the spare, elegant table. "We'll get you a home right here in the Hamptons. Curtail your commuting."

Sydney stood, gathering his spread of astrological charts and papers. "Well Paul, at this point in my life it would only be a waste of time. At the rate that I travel, I would likely be paying just for a housekeeper. Maybe later I'll be ready for it." He disconnected his laptop and portable printer, stowed each into a briefcase. He stopped the tiny tape recorder, extracted the tiny cassette and handed it to Paul, who put the tape in his desk.

"If you wish," said Sydney, "I could have Olive make a transcript." .

Paul shook his head. "Not necessary. I have someone I trust." He motioned toward the door. "Sydney, I sold the Central American factory, thought I'd put that cash into tech stocks."

"You should wait," Sydney said as they moved to the door in tandem. "Saturn's about to enter Taurus, which governs money. Better to keep that cash liquid for another month. After your birthday you'll have a better idea of any lurking volatility."

Paul's grasp was firm but sensitive as he touched Sydney's shoulder. "A month... Very well. Thank you for seeing me again Sydney. Here's your well-deserved consultation fee." He pulled a certified check from his breast pocket, handed it to Sydney who did a double-take.

"Are you sure?" Sydney eyed the check again, then held it back to Paul. "I can't take this, it's too much."

"Aussie, listen to me. I have a staff of one hundred in my brokerage alone—statisticians, stockbrokers, experts. You've done for me in one year what they can't in five." He chuckled, pushing the check away. "You've earned every single cent. Enjoy

it. Now you are a millionaire too, before taxes of course. Then, you settle with the feds and everything's back to normal."

"Yes," said Sydney, scanning the check, memorizing the relief and depression of each mechanically-fixed number and the multicolored stamping's gradations. Paul opened the door, peered at the military helicopter in the distance as we walked toward it.

"Are you seeing someone," he paused, "important next?"

"Going to Washington, Paul. Can't say more, and you would expect no less in terms of client confidentiality. Then, too, I can say in absolute terms, everyone is important, no?"

Paul Stein raised his hands. "I apologize. You see before you a business man who will never tamper with the hen while golden eggs are being laid."

"Unless I'm mistaken, Paul, you just called me a chicken."

"Sorry, bad analogy. Have a good flight."

Sydney extended his hand. "See you later." Paul shook it brusquely then retreated to his office before Sydney could turn to Alfred, now waiting nearby. The day was beautiful; breezy with a sparkling sky nearly more remembered than present, and carrying a hint of life on the ocean—after a storm. *This is a perfect day to see an admiral*, thought Sydney.

Alfred stood in Sydney's path. "Allow me to carry your briefcase sir."

"No thanks. This has already become an extension of my body." Sydney smiled. "I fear losing my balance without it."

They had to walk past the pool area to get to the heliport. Mrs. Stein roused from her pool chaise and set her book aside.

"Sydney! Sydney! Darling what's the hurry? Leaving already, how curt."

"Sorry, Patricia, I must."

"I have some friends, dying to meet you. Please, when can you see them?"

"Oh, have them call the office and Olive will set them up."

"But your darling Olive's now scheduling for next year. I've one quite special friend, needs to see you as soon as possible."

"Patricia, I'm sorry."

"Oh, please, dear man. She needs your help."

"Okay, I have to be in this neck of the woods in a month. I'll squeeze in a couple of hours but, in the meantime, have her read my new book. My version of take two aspirin." Sydney leaned to kiss her on the cheek.

"Thank you ever so. She'll be thrilled. Have a safe trip." She blew a kiss as he moved on with Alfred.

Agent Fitzpatrick signaled the pilot, then moved toward Sydney as the rush of rotors whipped the air. A cell phone was barely audible in the din.

"Sydney here."

"Sydney? It's Olive."

Sydney frowned. It wasn't like her to ask if it were him answering his cell. "What's the trouble?"

"Sydney, an emergency. The professor."

He handed Alfred the briefcase, freeing a hand to shield his open ear from the chop of helicopter blades. "Tell me what's going on."

"It's the Professor. Took him to the hospital this morning. I went to his home to check on him and he was on the kitchen floor. I called the ambulance right away. They took him to Doctor's Hospital here. I thought it was a stroke or something." She gulped air, sobbed. "The doctors are asking for family members, decisions. But, oh Sydney, you have to get here. He only wants you, keeps saying 'where's Sydney, I can't die yet, get me Sydney.' Things like that."

"Olive, Olive. It's okay, calm down. I'll be there first thing tomorrow but I've got to go to Washington now."

"No Sydney, today. The doctors say he won't last that long, won't make it through the night."

"Olive, I'll be there as soon as I can. Tell everyone that I'm on my way!"

"Please hurry Sydney. Please hurry."

"I will, I will. Olive I have to go now, ciao." He folded the phone and took his briefcase. Agent Fitzpatrick pursed his lips, his face rigid, the tone in his voice low but forceful, breaking through the helicopter's noise.

"Sir, we need to be airborne in one minute! This is a nonscheduled stop, and we have to get to the meeting on time."

"I'm very sorry," said Sydney, forcing his voice just above the noise. "I just had an emergency call. I can't go to Washington but Coral Gables instead."

Fitzpatrick looked as though he were biting his nails. "Sir, the admir..." He glanced away. "My boss is going to be very disappointed."

"I understand. I need a lift, the nearest airport?"

"Sir, I've got orders; airborne in one minute, one flight plan, one destination. A very tight window crossing through restricted air space. My superior, the admiral will not..."

"Please, apologize to him on my behalf—it's family. I'll call him, first chance."

The special agent nodded, turned for the helicopter.

"Alfred," said Sydney, "I need to be in Miami as soon as possible."

"Stuart's available, sir. The airport's less than half an hour away."

Now moving back to the house, Sydney noticed that Paul Stein has joined his wife at the pool. Mr. Stein rose, his face questioning as he looks past Sydney to the helicopter lifting off.

"An emergency," said Sydney. "My father was taken to the hospital. It doesn't look good. The doctors are quite pessimistic. He may not last the night."

Mrs. Stein frowned. "Dear Sydney, no." She gnawed at her lip.

"I must get to the airport as soon as possible," said Sydney, "the first flight to Miami."

Paul Stein shook his head. "No, nonsense. Alfred, have Stuart take Sydney to my Lear."

"Of course, Mr. Stein. Immediately." Alfred stepped away, retrieved a small, wireless voice activated phone from his vest pocket. "Calling Stuart."

Paul activated a second cordless. "Bob. I need birdie ready to go as soon as possible, flight plan for Miami Opa-locka." He paused, listening, then, "good idea. And purchase some of that Cuban stationery, wooden box. I'll call when your passenger's on the way." He set the phone on the table. "There. By the time you reach the airport the jet will be ready for take off."

Mrs. Stein touched Sydney's arm. "Darling, be well. Call us. Let us know how things are going."

"Thank you both," said Sydney, reentering the house. "You're so very generous. I must be going now." He crossed the lavish entertainment area with Alfred in tow, struggling to keep pace. The butler jogged ahead to open the front door. Sydney stepped out just as the white Rolls circled the entrance's garden island.

"Thanks for all your help, Alfred."

"Farewell, sir. I pray it's merely a false alarm."

Sydney nodded, hustled down the steps and opened the car's back door before Stuart could step out.

Stuart settled back into his seat. "Good noon sir. To Mr. Stein's plane?"

"Yes, Stuart, thank you. By the way, my name is Sydney."

"Very well, Sir Sydney. Please secure your belt, sir."

The car circled the driveway's crescent, exiting the mansion's gardens Sydney caught a glance of the Gestapo officer again. This time the vision lasted longer. The Gestapo officer extracted a device out of his breast pocket, held it in front of him like a walkie-talkie and finally motioned it to his ear. Sydney tried to focus and the officer morphed back into Alfred, the butler.

"Mr. Tobias did not leave in the helicopter to Washington. He is going back to Miami on our private jet." Alfred folds the phone and reentered the mansion as the Rolls was gaining at the front gate.

Sydney Tobias we need to talk, this time you can't deny. Thought Sydney to himself. *Why is this happening? Let me worry about one thing at the time. Perhaps I'll tell father.*

"Bob is your uncle, Sir Sydney. We shall be at the airport very soon." Said Stuart.

"Bob is not my uncle, Bob is the pilot," replied Sydney smiling, familiar with the British lexicon.

"Pardon my British expressions, Sir Sydney. Old habits die hard."

Sydney mused over Stein's penchant for British servants, their nearly-regal formality, and his preference for white. He chuckled, and considered reminding Stuart to use the right side of the road. The thought didn't last—Miami was more immediate. Sydney powered his laptop and checked on his computer program for the exact positions of the stars according to his location. He knew better than to become a slave to his chart—he only plotted for himself out of need. This was the very real practice of horoscope; "the scope of the hour" and its current influences. He'd often gritted his teeth at inane, vacuous daily blurbs in newspapers. There were more than twelve possible combinations taking place with the population each day. Combine all the planets and all the astrological houses and every individual receives a unique reading or outcome. After plotting his own, Sydney checked his father's chart for afflictions.

It was not Sydney's first time on the Bombardier Lear jet. The plane did not have the luxuries of the Greyhound bus such as head room interior, Sydney laughed to himself. On the other hand, he'd rather sacrifice head room interior for two hours than two days of his life to reach in Miami. He made himself comfortable in a very short time. Sydney's head snapped to the side. He thought he heard a voice, accented, speaking his name and "Miami, not Washington." It drifted away in a haze of white.



II *Capitulus Duo*

Sydney fought a certain smugness as he approached Doctors' Hospital a mere three hours after leaving the Steins. Opalocka to Coral Gables seemed a longer trip, time wise, than the jaunt from the Hamptons to Miami. He found Olive, pacing and fidgety, as he neared the hospital entrance. She began to break down even before he got out of the car.

"Oh, Sydney, I'm so glad you're finally here. Hurry, you've got to see him right away."

He wrapped her with both arms. "There, Olive, there. Thank you. Thank you for saving my father's life."

"I've known the Professor since you were ten. I can't believe this is happening."

He guided her toward the doorway. "It'll be okay." He draped an arm over her shoulder. "Olive, please, today or

tomorrow, soon, please call the hotel in Washington. Have them ship my suitcase.”

They rode the elevator in silence. She pointed weakly as they stepped off. Nearing the room, Sydney pondered Saturn and Neptune; the former ruling suffering, medical affairs the latter. And at this moment they held the fate of his father—his professor, and his best friend. He acknowledged them as he pushed open the door to the Professor’s room. Now at the bed, he stood for a time, glancing back at Olive outside the room’s window. Monitors hummed and flashed, charting the professor’s progress by the second. Sydney held his father’s hand in his. The Professor’s head lolled to the side, his eyes opening.

“Oh,” he said, “you’re here.” He freed his hand, moved it, trembling, to his oxygen mask.

“Please,” said Sydney, “keep it on. You need it.”

“No, Sydney. Not enough time. So much to tell, so little time.”

Sydney’s face scrunched. “Dad, Horace, there’s nothing I don’t already know.”

Horace laughed, coughed. “Well, yes. But,” he closed his eyes, “I’m not your real father.” He grimaced, moved the mask back to his face for a few breaths. “But then, you were not my real father either.”

Sydney was puzzled by what seemed to be his father’s nonsense. “What? Why? Dad, what are you saying? How could I have been your father?”

“Sydney, I need a promise. Promise me that you will look for me.” He took Sydney’s wrist. He lowered his voice. “You must promise me you will look for me. Make the link.”

Sydney nodded, humoring the old man in just the way he had so often.

“Sydney, this is serious. I’m here, and very awake.” He stared at Sydney, forcing attention. “Thirty years ago, I bought you. I bought you from a family in Australia, in Sydney. You were just a year, no more. It was, for them, difficult. But they

couldn't refuse; two million was a lot to turn down, especially then."

Sydney stepped back, his breathing labored. "That is so wild. Two million, you mean dollars? Me? What? Where did you? Why?"

"Money. It's only money. Who is richer, a person who has money or one who doesn't need it?" Horace coughed, took another deep breath of oxygen. "When you become a true master in astrology, the money and the objects don't take center stage anymore. You aim for a higher purpose." His head nestled back into the pillow. He stared at the ceiling. "Oh, I could not find Him this life-time. Perhaps you will."

"What is this, Dad? Him? You've never been, you're not the religious type. Do you want that for me now?"

"Yes, and no. And I don't care. I'm not talking about that. You don't understand."

"What should I understand?"

"Sydney, I need your promise. You must look for me, teach me. Make the link!"

Sydney circled the bed, his hand to his chest. "Look for you where? Make the link to what? You're here, right here."

Horace did not know which thought to convey first. He knew he didn't have long to live, "Sydney, you got me that laptop, and I've been lazy. You stopped doing calculations by hand. You stopped using the ephemeris¹." He glanced aside. "I must have missed something, a calculation. Damn that computer. I'm supposed to have another ten years, but look at me now. Maybe not even ten hours." He hacked again, his body seizing with the violence of his coughs. He sucked more oxygen from the mask. "Maybe not ten minutes. Sydney, please. Don't forget, keep your mind sharp. The abacus. Paper. Write, don't type. Early this year I felt my heart, erratic. Since I didn't do the calculations by hand, I didn't know if I was right or wrong, couldn't afford to, couldn't

¹ Ephemeris is a table of coordinates of celestial bodies at a number of specific times for astrological charts throughout the year.

take the chance, not teaching you. I made tapes, video. Fifteen in the vault."

"Tapes? Teach me? What, Dad?"

"How to find me, find money, anything you...your heart desires. Great knowing, Sydney, great knowledge. Greater than the Philosopher's Stone."

Sydney stood with his hands atop his head, his fingers entwined. He had the feeling his skull would come off.

Horace raised a feeble finger. "Don't be shocked. You are Elijah. You're the one who taught me.. My turn this time, but couldn't do it sooner—the planets, their alignment, finally proper." He lifted a trembling hand to his face, wiped a tear. "And, my dear boy, I had to keep you in the dark, I had to keep you safe. Sydney, this may be too much for you, all at once like this. I thought we had ten years left. Afraid not...old Saturn is calling."

Sydney gazed at Olive standing outside the glass, her hands to her face. Did he know her? Did he know himself? He turned quickly. "What about me, my real name from birth? Is it Elijah?"

"No. Elijah was my teacher long, long..." Horace looked away. "Long ago, before the birth of many countries, before America. Elijah is of a time when the Earth was flat, supported by elephants, and turtles."

"So what is your name?"

"My name, Luke Jeremiah. Your favorite pupil. What you taught me, I now leave to you. The tapes, the notes. Read them, learn, and destroy it all, please. Don't let it fall into the wrong hands, the greedy. It could upset the balance." His chin quivered. "Please, Sydney, Elijah, look for me. Promise you'll find me and make the link."

Sydney nodded. "I don't know how. I don't know, but, I will, somehow."

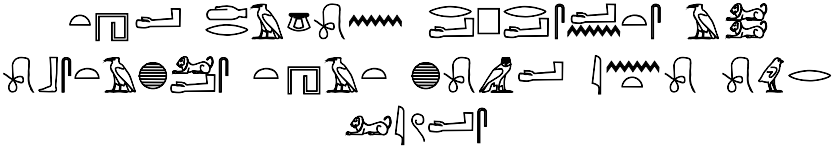
"That is what I needed to hear. I can go now." Horace raised his hand toward Sydney, who took into his. Horace's voice was raspy, a weak whisper. "Until again, Elijah." He smiled softly, his gaze fixed on his son.

Sydney felt the rise of his own chest, the rush of blood behind his ears. A part of him was electric and growing, but the man before him, the man he'd known as father, seemed to be falling back, fading even as Sydney held fast to his hand. Sydney secured his grip, held tighter, but the distance increased and he knew he was helpless to stop it.

Sydney reached out to the man's face, smoothed the forehead and slowly brought his hand over the man's eyes, shutting them.

Sydney expected that the nurses and doctors would rush to his room at this moment but everything was peaceful and everything was normal, the cardiogram continued to beep at the same continuous interval as before. Maybe his father did not die; maybe he just drifted into sleep.

The doctor entered the room while checking his notes, looked at Sydney and asked, "Are you his son?"



III *Capitulus Tres*

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e are back in five, four, three, two, one.”

The floor director’s cards came down in a single wave, as if starting a race. A woman beamed at camera three, her smile flashing even rows of shiny teeth. She clapped her hands together just as the lamp atop the camera lit red.

“Welcome back,” she said. “Today, we are thrilled to bring to you professor and best-selling author Dr. Sydney Tobias but before I bring him here I want to refresh your memory to the last time he was here. He is a famous astrologer to many celebrities. I have tried to ask him who but he never reveals them. The last time he was here he came to introduce his best seller, *Archetypes in Our Lives*. Please watch the monitors.”

The live show was cut to tape; Margaret and Sydney had the interview already in progress.

“Sydney, there is a chapter here that intrigued me so much. It is called The Recipe to Lasting Love. I guess we all would like to know that wouldn’t we?”

Sydney waited for the affirmative applause to die down and he said, “In summary it goes like this, the recipe for lasting love it is given to us in symbols and archetypes while children. For instance, everyone was taught fairy tales in kindergarten. A famous one is of a valiant knight wearing shining armor coming to save the virtuous princess locked at the tower. However the tower is guarded by a terrible dragon. Do you know this story?”

Margaret said, “Of course I do. Audience let me see your hand who has heard this story?”

The camera scanned the audience to find all hands rose unanimously.

“Ok, Sydney everyone knows the story. Tell us more”

“Well the mistake we make is that we hear this story when we are four or five. The boys relate to the knight and the girls relate to the princess and that is wrong.”

There was a murmur coming from the audience and Margaret took the lead, “Quiet down, you will all like what comes next. Sydney go on.”

“All the elements in this story are symbols of values and archetypes in a lasting relationship. The knight in shining armor represents integrity, honesty, loyalty that both husband and wife should hold towards each other. The chase maiden at the tower represents that we should hold each other in high esteem and respect. So the elements of integrity and respect make a relationship enduring and strong.”

Margaret tried to stump Sydney, “So what is the dragon.”

“The dragon is terrible, the dragon is strong and every new day we must be a knight to fight and kill this dragon for lasting love. The dragon represents all obstacles that come into our lives and relationships. It could be a loss of a job, temptation, the bills, all the things that need to be conquered on a daily basis.”

The audience erupted in applause and Margaret and Sydney exchanged glances and the monitor was back into a live feed.

“Ladies and gentlemen please help me welcome Dr. Sydney Tobias.”

Sydney came from the right behind a lavish set and found the audience giving him a welcome in standing ovation. They hugged, greeted and sat down.

Sydney offered a slight smile. “Margaret, thanks for having me on your show.”

“And your latest book, *Letters to Myself*, has been on the best-sellers list for the last five weeks. That’s an intriguing title for a wonderful book. Please tell our audience a little more about your book.”

“Well, the book is based on the premises of improving yourself, either individually or as part of a family, and doing so in the future. It teaches you how to write letters to your offspring, even a grandson and or great-granddaughter, and show them how we survive or become who we are. For instance, when you are fifteen you write a letter to your future grandson or granddaughter for her to open when she is fifteen. One for each year and so on.”

“You mention reincarnation. Does a person have to believe in that in order to use the book?”

“In this book I mentioned that, if there is a law of reincarnation, it’s possible that we will reincarnate with the people that are familiar to us or people with whom we either have good or not so good karma.”

Margaret turned to the camera briefly. “How exciting, don’t you think?” She returns to Sydney. “So in that sense you could be writing yourself a letter to be read by your very self in your next reincarnation. Therefore the name of your title *Letters to Myself*?”

“That is very good. That is exactly the reason for the name.”

“So how can the book work for someone who doesn’t believe in reincarnation?”

“I think the word ‘believe’ is too strong. Belief is often connected to religion. For instance, we say the word ‘love’ very loosely the same way that we say the word ‘believe.’ Instead of using the word ‘believe,’ I like to say; I give it some credit. So using this premise, it doesn’t hurt to give reincarnation some credit. Arguably, even if you don’t give it credit, you and your family will benefit as a whole. Once you start writing down how you could have prevented your own mistakes, your grandkids or great-grandkids gain a treasure of letters that serve your family as a private history.”

“It’s funny that you said that. We tend to say ‘believe’ the way we say ‘love.’ I love chocolate, and I love my husband, and we all know it’s not the same love. But tell us more.”

“Margaret that is a very good example. And, to elaborate on your example, I use ‘give credit’ as a way to face the belief. If you are not absolutely sure about something you can give credit to the premise, test it, and then note your experience of it. Now the word ‘believe’ comes from ‘to live by’ and, unfortunately, ‘to live by’ often implies ‘to die for.’ People are still killing each other because they ‘believe’ that they are God’s favorite in this entire universe. As for the private history, we should see it as a complement to our collective history. Now we are evolving as a better society because we have been keeping track, through writing, of our collective mistakes and triumphs and we call it history. For instance, if we did not keep records of all the damage caused by the atomic bombing of Japan, or the genocide from WW II, and we only know about it from word of mouth from our parents, then we would probably relive the very same problems today. However, we have written accounts, and that helps keep those experiences with us. Now we can do the same thing privately. My book is a tool not only to keep a collective account of history but also a private history. A private history is a great way to bridge the generation gap and also to keep a private impression of the facts as they were for your family. For instance, let us imagine that you found, in your attic, a diary from an

ancestor that you never met. Right there in your hands is a diary of him or her when he or she was about your age and the diary mentions the current events and their affect on your ancestral family.”

“So, it’s a peek into the past.”

“Maybe just a peek, and maybe a chance to discern patterns. For instance, in the early 1900’s we had stock market investors going into any kind of industry as long as it was a market novelty for the turn of the century. The same occurred as we entered this new millennium—money dumped into Dot-Coms without reason, primarily for the novelty value of the offering. Of course, in both cases those were bubbles, and they burst, leaving a lot of people broke. Now, when we see the pattern repeating itself, we can guard our family from all the hype, separating the propaganda from reality. Another way of looking at it is it helps avoid the ‘five-mile in the snow’ nagging.”

Margaret chuckled. “Yes, we’ve all heard it before in one form or another. Put another way, it’s an elder saying ‘you kids have it easy’.”

“Yes. And, if you read this in their diary, and you know it’s contemporaneous, it’s not a nagging. It’s not propaganda it’s reality. You’re reading about your mother’s difficulties or tribulations in high-school, in her own voice, at your age, it’s like having a time machine.”

“Fascinating... Now Sydney, you’re a well-known astrologer, and so many people count on your chartings and guidance. Is there any technical information about astrology in this book?”

“When I told my publisher about this book idea, the editors asked me not to include any sort of astrological information. The thinking is most people just want to have the product and not know how the product is made. It would be similar if you ate a delicious meal in a restaurant and the chef came out and told you every single step as you enjoyed the meal. The editors also felt if I had added astrological information here it would intimidate readers and

I would lose them. It's a very easy book to read—right to the point.”

“Are you touring, or do we have a singular honor on my show?”

Sydney readjusted himself in his chair. “I've been in a bit of a battle with my publisher regarding that, and I have to explain to everyone that because of family issues, I better spend some quality time at home. So, I've compromised with the publisher. I still have to do three more television or radio interviews.”

Margaret with her quick wit says, “This is great—so we can have you next week?”

Sydney smiles unprepared for the question and says, “I guess as they say in Hollywood, ‘Have your people talk to my people...’ but please leave me out of this for now; I can't take the pressure.”

They all started laughing for a while and promptly at the signal of her studio producer who was standing off camera, Margaret regained her warm composure and addressed the camera for another commercial break.



IV
Capitulus Quattour

Sydney entered his office, breezing past Olive as she placed forms on a table. “Hello Sydney. The interview went well yesterday.”

“Thank you, Olive. Guess it’s one down, three to go.”

“I taped it, and I edited out the commercials.”

“Good, thank you. Call them for a copy of the script version of the show. Excuse this redundancy but I would like to have that also for my files.”

“I’ll get on it today,” she said.

“Any word on when and where for the next one?”

“Phillip didn’t leave any names but it looks like a syndicated radio show, a late night TV appearance, and another afternoon show like Margaret’s.”

Sydney moved to Olive's desk, looked at the note scribbled with dates. "Looks like I have this week off. Have you been able to cancel my appointments for the next three months?"

"Roberto's been scheduled to fill in the consultations for you, and he'll bring along an autographed copy of your book. I guess everything is under control. No complaints."

"Good."

"Don't forget to sign the books on your desk. Roberto needs to take them with him for the next week."

Sydney stepped toward his office door. "Any word from the hospital, dad's prescription?"

"I talked to Doctor Jiménez. He was very apologetic, again. The only thing that they were able to tell me is there was an intern there at the time. So bizarre. Now they can't trace him anymore."

"Yeah, blame it on the intern. Where's Dad?"

"He's in the office, waiting for you."

Sydney arched his eyebrows, offered Olive a smile as he opened his door. Horace sat in a wheelchair, thumbing through a magazine he tossed aside as he looked up.

"Hi Dad," said Sydney. He kissed Horace on the forehead. "How are you?"

"Not so bad," said Horace, clearing his throat. "They said I'll be out of this wheel chair in another week. Mixed up meds went right to my heart. So weak. Just need to be off my feet for a while, get my strength back."

Sydney sauntered to his desk, shuffled papers as he stood. "Dad, how could they have done that?"

"First things first. When we're in private I want you to call me Luke. Secondly, I don't think this was a hospital mistake. This was a set up from an old mutual nemesis of ours."

"Well Da..." Sydney rubbed his forehead. "Uh, Luke, I feel like you better start telling me everything, beginning with why I have to start calling you Luke."

“As soon as you sit down. And have Olive bring us some coffee. Going to be a long story.”

“Okay, I’m all ears—no appointments. The only thing that I am waiting to hear is the confirmation of the new TV interviews.” Sydney pressed a button on his phone. “Olive, can you bring some coffee and cookies for us?” Her “sure thing” crackled back.

Horace, now insisting on being called Luke, wheeled his chair closer to Sydney’s desk. “Let me start by telling you all the things that you don’t know about me. In fact, you are going to realize that you are not the first one in this situation. I was born in Germany, Bonn. A financier befriended my father and had him move his machine shop to the suburbs of Vienna. He told my father that he needed his parts to be manufactured there.”

“What kind of parts?”

There was a rap at the door, then it opened; Olive with coffee and cookies on a green plastic tray. “Here we go gentlemen. Need anything else?”

Sydney shook his head. “No, thank you, Olive. Just let me know as soon as you hear about the next interview.”

“Of course.” She whisked out, the door closing softly behind her.

Sydney motioned to Horace’s mug, then took his own. “Please, go on.”

“Where was I?”

“I asked you what kind of things your father used to make in his shop?”

“Well, back then, when a part in a machine broke you couldn’t call an 800 number for a replacement over the phone.” Horace eyed Sydney. “You’d take the broken part to a person like my father. He’d make a new one, or cast one. At any rate, this person who befriended my father was just keeping him busy. The German economy was in really bad shape, just recovering from the First World War, and the whole country was in pandemonium. Mr. Nielsen, that was his name, Peter Nielsen. He saw an

opportunity he could manipulate, so he moved us to Vienna. I remember, once, he stood over me as I played there on the sidewalk outside my father's shop. I wore that favorite sailor's outfit, my wooden toys all strewn about. 'How old are you, now?' he asked. I told him almost eleven, and he said, 'you are becoming a big boy now. Do you have a bicycle?' I did not look up, just shook my head in that slow turn I've always had."

Sydney peered over his coffee cup. "I know that turn."

"Yes. And he said, 'How would you like to have your own bicycle?' But this time he spoke in English, no German accent, and I nodded, and I looked up at him. And before I could say anything else he said, 'Now, when I see your grades are better than 90 percent, I will confirm with your father that it is all right for you to have one. And, one thing more. I am going to ask you three questions you must answer correctly for your bicycle.' And he took a small, mythology book from his coat pocket."

Horace leaned forward in his wheel chair. "Later that year I got my bicycle and I also heard that we were moving again and this time it was to England. And, with Mr. Neilson's guidance I excelled in mathematics and history. During my first year in Oxford, Hitler invaded Poland and Mr. Neilson disappeared for a while. The next year, because of my language and math skills, I became a code breaker for English intelligence. I can tell you this because it is certainly declassified by now. I was assigned to a mansion in Milton Keynes, 50 miles northwest of London. The place was called Bletchley Park. My superiors knew that I was born in Germany but they told me to keep it a secret to make my work go smoothly."

Sydney frowned. "Why keep it secret?"

"Because, although I did not have an accent, I was a German national. Some of my colleagues might think that I was undercover for the Gestapo. Remember, this was 1940."

"What did you do there?"

"I worked nonstop trying to decipher the German transmissions. My skills were pushed to the limit. The next year,

trying to crack the Enigma Code, we had a lucky break. One of the Enigma machines was recovered from a U-boat. Our work took off at an amazing pace. We began to crack code just as fast and we began to translate faster than for the officer it was intended. It was all that we did the whole day. Those U-boats officers had other duties but all we did was code breaking. Then, in '42, I began to work on a computer project called Colossus¹. It was the most advanced computer at the time, though it was more like a mechanical computer than an electronic one. I made some American friends that used to work at different parts of the mansion called Hut-3.”

Horace looked about the room for a moment, his eyes softening. He lowered his head, his chin meeting his chest.

Sydney searched his father’s face. “What’s wrong?”

“Our messages used to be called *Code Ultra*.” We worked so hard to decipher those codes, only to find out later that General Montgomery ignored our reports. Our team at Bletchley Park spent sleepless nights in trying to make the war end sooner. By then our family knew Peter Nielsen very well, and we knew that he was also an astrologer, or better yet he never needed the parts that my father made for him. It was all an elaborate façade to get us out of Germany.”

Sydney sat back, his chair creaking. “Why do you say that?”

“Because the parts that he had my father make, he would forget or never collect them. One day I recognized an aero-photo of our old neighborhood in Bonn, Germany flattened by carpet bombing and I began to wonder if he had foreseen that situation taking place at my first home and I began to study astrology on my own.

“So during my days in Bletchley Park when there was not much to do I would break codes for most of the day and study

¹ The Colossus computers were early data devices used by British codebreakers to read encrypted German messages during WWII. The Colossus Mark I and II were operational at Bletchley Park in 1944, ten more were built by the end of the war.

astrology by candlelight. We had mandatory black-outs because of the air raids.

“By the end of the war I was 24 and a full time astrologer. I had enough money from all those years as an intelligence officer and my father’s shop had several employees by then. Mr. Nielsen—I took to calling him Peter because he wanted—was waiting for me in New York.

“While crossing the sea I was, eh, seduced, as they say, by Hollywood because of some actors and musicians on board. I changed my career plans. I wanted to become a movie star or something like that.”

Sydney leaned forward. “So, what happened?”

Horace sipped coffee then gently settled his mug.

Sydney tapped his desk. “Do I have to ask you again? So, what happened?”

Horace sighed. “Peter and I began to have a very similar conversation like the one we are having now; in fact he asked me to call him by another name while in private.”

“So what name was that?”

“Elijah.”

“Elijah? Elijah? But, at the hospital, you called me....”

“Precisely.” Horace stared at his son, waiting.

“So, now.” Sydney raised a finger. “You’re telling me... You’re saying, I, Elijah...that I was Peter Nielsen? In a previous life?”

“Precisely.”

“Don’t you think that this information is a little bit too late?”

“No. In fact, I wanted to tell you all of this before the proper planet alignment because I don’t think I am going to make it.”

“No, I mean, *Letters to Myself*, my book. I could have used this. You should have said something.”

“Sydney, I couldn’t. You couldn’t use it. What I’m telling you it is not to be repeated to anyone, even under torture. If this

knowledge falls into the wrong hands it can upset the balance of this planet.” Horace traced a shaky hand across his eyebrow. “It already has.”

“Dad, I’m not calling you Luke anymore and I think that it is too late in your life to have an identity crisis.”

“In due time I can tell you more.”

Sydney raised his voice. “No, Dad. I need proof. I need some evidence. I need something more than talk. I need some backing so you can have my attention. A birth mark, maybe Peter’s handwriting, his picture, something to make me a believer.”

“Believer? You? Is that you picking that word?”

Sydney raked his fingers through his hair. “Well, it’s not everyday that I am asked to keep a secret, even under torture” He massaged the nape of his neck.

“Good,” said Horace. “Let me give you a sample. Keep your feet firmly planted on the floor, do not cross them, and give me your hands across the desk.”

Sydney cleared space on the desk, brushing aside stationery, cookies, and resettling the coffee mugs. Horace wheeled closer.

“We’re going to relax for a couple of minutes,” said Horace, “then I’ll recite some lines from the Egyptian Book of the Dead¹. I want you to focus on my left eye. This experience will last as long as you keep your concentration on the eye. It’ll be like a staring competition; if you lose the focus the images will end.”

Sydney frowned, then nodded, closed his eyes. Both sat silently for a while, breathing slowing. Sydney’s palms were face up, covered by Horace’s hands. As Horace began to recite verses from the Book of the Dead, Sydney opened his eyes and gazed at Horace’s left eye. Sydney felt himself lost in a thicket of foreign words, though a few stood out: Isis, Horus, Seth, Osiris. He fixed

¹ The name "The Egyptian Book of the Dead" was coined by the Egyptologist Karl Richard Lepsius in 1842. It comprises of charms and conduct for the afterlife compiled from the walls of sarcophagus. The best manuscript was smuggled to the British museum in 1888 is known as The Papyrus of Ani.

on Horace until the older man's face began to morph into someone Sydney's own age. Luke/Horace at 30. Sydney felt his breath grow raspy as he struggled to concentrate, to stay focused on Horace's left eye. Horace's face changed again, this time with the room morphing, too. It was a face Sydney didn't know; but the eyes, remained familiar. He was now confronted with a blond young man with a mustache, in red garb. The office was gone, replaced by a Victorian Saloon. And the face evolved once more, this time pallid, Caucasian, in blue and green with a leather hat. The room resembled a scene from the French Renaissance. Through it all the faces had something in common; the age, the familiar eye. Horace fell silent, the prayer echoing in Sydney's mind as he continued to see all of images and faces. Olive's voice broke through the transformations. Sydney's speakerphone.

"Excuse me, Sydney. Just got a confirmation for a radio interview, but they're on hold. Want to know if next Friday will be okay?"

The room regained its familiar look. So did Horace. Sydney gripped Luke's hand for a moment then, his voice strained, he responded to Olive. "Friday is good. No travel, right?"

"Here in Miami. Already have the studio information."

"Thank you, Olive." Sydney watched the intercom light go off. "Okay Luke, you have my undivided attention."

Sydney whirled as he spoke the words, sure he'd heard himself. He went to the window. Street traffic seemed normal. The usual delivery trucks outside, SUV's clogging the parking stalls—just a panel van seeming a bit out of the ordinary.

Across the street the same words are echoed inside a stolen van. "*You have my undivided attention.*"

A woman's hands muted the radio transmission and the recording machine and dials a cell phone and says; "It's time to

execute the package.” After a brief pause, the female voice continued; “Correct, no survivors.”

Sydney left the window to sit back behind his desk. He massaged his forehead as he fell back into his chair.

“So,” said Luke, “let’s go back to our story. I was in New York City when my many lives were revealed to me, freeing me from the forgetfulness of reincarnation. There is more to this awakening that I cannot tell you now, but I was awakened to three thousand years of my personal history. Peter, or better yet, Elijah also awoke me to my true purpose.

“No need to tell you that I cancelled my fantasies of going to Hollywood. I began my inner journey. I began to understand how all my relationships with all my friends began to make sense. I delved into astrology much more than before and began to re-teach myself along with Elijah how and when to re-awaken Elijah on his next birth. Again, Sydney, nobody should know about this. In the wrong hands it can wreak havoc on this planet.”

“How is that?”

“Not only because you can see the astrological or timing patterns much better than anyone, but an awakened person can also see everything that astrology or timing has to offer. This person can manipulate others, knowing their weaknesses and virtues better than anyone. For instance, do you think Hitler could have done everything on his own, or did he possibly have help from unknown sources? How can an artist of landscape portraits from humble beginnings rise to become chancellor of Germany and begin a megalomaniacal frenzy against the world?”

“Well,” said Sydney, “I’m guessing you didn’t help him, nor did Peter Nielsen. So, this means that someone else besides us already knows of this process?”

Luke bowed his head. “Yes, unfortunately. This is what it means. He is our nemesis. His name is Nicholas, the librarian. And I have no doubt he was behind this medication swap, trying to kill me.”

“No doubt, but go on with the story,” said Sydney.

“I had to be careful, not keep logs or diaries. As I mentioned before, once awakened to this much history, a person is able to see and understand a pattern of timing that exists in the universe.”

... The saga continues.

Bellow:

Gratitude Page

Bibliography (for continuum exploration on topics)

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My deepest gratitude I want to give to everyone who helped me during the course of this book. Following the theme of the book, we take different roles; as teachers and pupils and we all learn something new from each other, for this I'm thankful. Special thanks to Jerry B. Grayson, Maureen Mohan, Dirk Thomas, Amber Rossiter, Deo MacEna, and Shelly Cochran, for making *The Link* possible.

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